

this fair beauty cannot unreservedly read her lesson to everone: Go thou and do likewise."

To die, fighting the usurping whites like the aboriginal chiefs of his race, with a chance of conquering them, is the hope of the Indians. It has struck many a spectator of the sham battle and war dance of the Indians at Omaha that there was no vaudeville inertia in their performance. They dash up to the audience of pale faces with a vim and a blood-curdling eagerness, with yells and grins that causes many a man to fondle his scalp reassuringly. Dressed in feathers and red blankets, with the paint only partially concealing the dirt on bronchos and riders, the Indians, armed with knives and guns, sweep up to the grand stand filled with open-mouthed and unarmed whites in altogether too realistic a fashion. They do their turn every day, but why should they be so eager about it? Why should they enjoy it so? Even the lions, tigers, leopards and elephants of Hagenback's show have the vaudeville yawn and the perfunctory, tired-to-death, absentminded air of the regular vaudeville performer who does his act like an automaton. But endless repetition has not been able to chill and paralyze the interest the wild men have in even the semblance of fighting. The hereditary instinct is hard to kill. The footlights burn up love and various sentiments of what men are pleased to call honor, but the play is as real as the prairies their ponies still leap upon, to the Indians. When Geronimo's, big chief, turn comes and he rides up to the grandstand and looks it over, his small eyes gleam, his lean face is irradiated by the spirit of the chiefs of his long line, and only his natural shrewdness keeps him from scalping the gaping men and women before him. I suppose there is really no danger, but without doubt the Indian parade, fight and war dance is the best illusion on the grounds. Crows, Black Feet, Chippewas, Sioux, Flatheads and Whites. There is bloodshed, burning murder, dispossession, and broken treaties between them.

The war investigating committee has already had enough evidence, in many cases extracted from unwilling witnesses, that the regiments officered by political pets are the ones which have been most decimated by disease. The science of war can not be learned in a few weeks study of army tactics. If it could, the four year's discipline and study at West Point and Annapolis would be a farce. Actually no schools require sturdier mental fibre and character than the military and naval academies. Graduates from these schools know how to take care of themselves, their men and their horses. The four year's drill and the high standard they must reach to stay in the class make soldiers of the boys and eliminate the poor material which may be useful in some other and less important position.

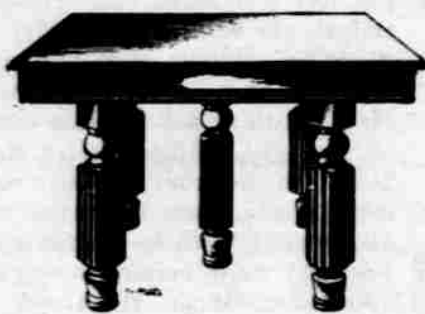
Volunteers who enlist are ignorant of the sanitary horrors of a crowded camp, their patriotism, their devotion to their country, should be accepted by that country in the same spirit. They should be officered without regard to politics by officers who know how to instruct, as well as to command their men. If the investigating committee unearths half the mischief caused unwittingly by political appointees the system may receive such severe condemnation from congress this winter that the boys that respond to the next call to arms will have the best protection in time of war and that is thoroughly educated and experienced officers. Not even a

politician with a pull would accept a position requiring expert knowledge of electricity, chemistry or botany, yet he accepts a colonel's or captain's job with an aplomb that would be ridiculous if it were not so fatal to the youths whose lives are sacrificed so lightly. Mr. Bryan is the only colonel by reason of his candidacy for the presidency, but there are many other colonels and majors for less relevant reasons. The system is thoroughly vicious and so selfish and cruel that even politics will have to relinquish it. Unless congress places military patronage out of the reach of governors and the politicians who control them, the time may come when volunteers will be unwilling to sacrifice themselves for a country dead to a sense of responsibility to its soldiery. The record of the First Nebraska under Lieutenant, now Colonel, Stotsenburg, may be studied with profit by those who contend that political officers are as good as real ones. Patiently, persistently, severely, he has taught the men of his command how to be well in camp. The small percentage of deaths is directly due to his knowledge, example, fidelity and sense of his high calling. The First Nebraska is composed of students and some of the strongest and best youth of the state to whom their loss would be irremediable in the years to come. The contrast of the health reports from the department of the Pacific and the department of the Atlantic is due more than to any other cause to the greater proportion of regular army officers in the former department. The boys who died at Chickamauga from typhoid fever contracted in a filthy camp cannot be recalled by an investigating committee, but that committee can recommend changes in the present system which will be the means of saving the life of the babies who will go to war in the course of the next twenty-five years.

Hot weather doubles the number of suicides. If the melancholy maniac would pause with the knife or the pistol or the pellet in his hand and reflect that he is only about to verify the statisticians report in regard to the relation of hot weather to suicidal mania, and that to prove the statistician correct he is breaking the heart of his mother and his wife and blighting the lives of his children, he might lay the instrument of death aside until cold weather, when two to one he would conclude to live. If the suicide would only confide his intentions to a friend who could prove to him that it was hot weather and not trouble that was causing him to finger a pistol reflectively, fewer young children would be left unprovided for. This effect of the sun upon the people who live eight mouths of the year in a cool temperature is unfortunately uniform. Loss of property or position or sweetheart, when occurring in a temperature over 100 fahrenheit and coupled with a disponding disposition, is very apt to result in suicide. The cooling effect of philosophy and the ascription of the desire to heat rather than a broken heart or impending poverty would save members of the community who have been hard and expensive to raise and who have perhaps just begun contributing their share to the travail of the world. Business invariably picks up in the fall and just as good fish as have been caught come back from the seashore and mountains in the shape of girls willing to be wooed and wed. If the hand which is just about to make some girl an old maid for life will only give pause to the mind to reflect on the weather and the effect of fall on love and business and the general health a goal worth running for may yet be won.

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### TO A NEW BORN BABE.

Thou babe, whose opening eyes creat' st anew  
This round and whirling world, the blue abyss  
Oh heaven, sun-spangled with innumerable lights;  
The surging, vast grey sea; the earth with green  
Engirled; thou babe; whose ears unstopt, creat' st  
All sound anew; the thrilling thrush's song;  
The rippling laughter and the moan of pain,  
The thunder and the booming of the sea;  
The crash of cataract, or pulsing plash  
Of tiny brooklets in the moss; tell me  
Whence camest thou?  
Where wanderest thou without  
In that unknowable land, from whence I came  
But entering this, forgot? Bethink thee pray  
Where was that land? Do not forget, but tell  
Me if in icy regions, cold and bleak  
Or torrid zones, sun scorched, or dark, or light  
Thou camest.  
Thou blinking, blinded babe,  
Hast been  
In God's great arms asleep, but new awakened  
By kiss of His to life. Hast been in hell,  
And now redeemed from pangs of wrath and death  
Returned once more to know the joy, the bliss  
The terror and the woe of life?  
Wert once  
In some great hero's breast in ancient years?  
Or didst inhabit craven coward's flesh  
In other ages on this earth? Knowest thou  
The path thy feet must tread. Art shod  
With sandals that will give thy feet surcease  
From rocks and thorns? Art strong enough  
to bear  
The ills that come full charged, as river,

through  
High frowning banks? If not, pray, close  
thine eyes  
Upon thy birth-bed, thus obligating  
Earth and seas and skies, and seek again  
The chaos, the dark unfathomable land.  
—William Reed Dunroy.

Clerk—He did not ask the price of any of those suits he ordered—must have loads of money.

Tailor—H'm! I guess I'll look him up. More likely he hasn't a cent!  
Life Insurance Agent—I fail to understand by what right you ask for a reduction of the premium on your policy.

Insured—I have just joined the United States navy.

Heiress—Yes, you love me now, but I shall not always retain my charms.  
Suitor—You will if your money is safely invested.

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