



The Pioneers

(Verses read at the Old Settlers' meeting at Nemaha City, Neb., August, 2, 1907.)

In the far gone days when the land was young,
 And the west a land as a thing unknown;
 With the golden future a song unsung
 And the sentinel buttes stood guard alone,
 A rumor spread through the rock-bound steeps
 And the stony fields of the eastern slope
 That far out west where the sun-down sleeps
 Was the land of promise, and youth, and hope.

To the stirring call of this far new land
 There came response as in days of yore
 When the great crusades called that gallant band
 That bravely marched with the cross before;
 And on they swept and ever on,
 Till on history's page at last appears
 The names whose fame 'round the world has gone—
 This gallant army of pioneers.

On, on they came like the restless tide,
 Sweeping far out to the sundown west;
 In the matchless strength of their free born pride,
 The nation's hope, and the nation's best.
 And ever and on their far front spread
 Through days and nights of the toil-scarred years,
 Till the desert wastes, like the fog mists, fled
 At the onward sweep of the pioneers.

The prairies, scarred by the ox-drawn craft,
 Spread out before like the Promised Land,
 And then, at the touch of toil it laughed
 To fruitful harvests on every hand.
 But not alone in their strength they wrought
 Through weary days of their hopes and fears,
 For the God, whose help and strength they sought,
 Marched side by side with the pioneers.

With sturdy blows and with purpose true
 They built their homes out of prairie sod;
 Giving the nation a great state new,
 Giving their hearts to home and God.
 And thus was carved from the barren waste
 An empire built for eternal years,
 And the men at the posts of danger placed
 Were these great souls—the Pioneers.

So here is a song to the women and men
 Who pushed their way to the wide-spread west;
 Whose span of life 'twixt now and then
 Has given this nation its grandest, best,
 And ever we'll sing while eternity rolls

Unceasing cycles of gathering years
 Our songs of rejoicing for these great souls
 Who builded Nebraska—The Pioneers.

Heney and MacColl

In the August number of the American Magazine Lincoln Steffens has an article laudatory of Attorney Heney of San Francisco, the gentleman who has been making it so hot for the grafters. Steffens tells a story of how Heney collected a judgment against the Southern Pacific railroad, and it is a really good story.

A cattleman had a steer killed by a Southern Pacific engine and Heney advised him to sue the company. "What can one man do against a big corporation?" queried the cattleman. "Give me the case and I'll show you," replied Heney. Heney was given the case and he proceeded to sue. He got judgment, all right, and presented the bill to the local agent. Of course the local representative refused to pay, so Heney got out an attachment, and the first time a train stopped at the station he chained the engine to the track and stood guard with a rifle to see that the "attachment" was not dissolved. After a few hours of delay the boss at headquarters wired the station agent to pay the judgment and send the train on its way.

That's a real good story, and perhaps it really happened with Heney as the principal character. But it sounds like a rehash of a real incident in the life of Jack MacColl, a pioneer of Nebraska.

About thirty years ago MacColl was clerk of Dawson county, and in those days the county clerk was the collector of taxes. The Union Pacific refused and neglected to pay its taxes to Dawson county, so MacColl proceeded to collect. He prepared to attach the first engine that stopped at Lexington—then Plum Creek—but the Union Pacific sent everything but its mail trains through on the fly. Of course MacColl did not dare stop a mail train. But he bided his time, and one day a freight train was compelled to stop for water. The minute it stopped MacColl had the drive wheels of the engine chained and padlocked to the track. Then he and a couple of deputies mounted guard with rifles. The road's officials offered to give bond, but MacColl said he was after money. Then the officials asked permission to sidetrack the freight so that the passenger and mail trains could get by. But MacColl had the whip hand and refused to compromise. After a delay of nearly twenty-four hours the amount of taxes due was wired to MacColl from Omaha, and then he unlocked the padlocks, removed the chains and let the train proceed.

And the fact that this true story has periodically gone the rounds for thirty years may explain how it comes that the same sort of a story is attributed to Mr. Heney.

Not the First

A few evenings ago we went out to the Nebraska State Agricultural Farm school to watch the operations of a new patent milking device. It worked, all right, but when the man in charge of the demonstration asserted that it was the first successful milking machine ever offered the public we knew better, although we said nothing.

Something like thirteen or four-

teen years ago, during the "hard times," we had a few paltry dollars salted away in a savings bank—just a few. One day the bank failed to open its doors, and a few days later a receiver took charge. That receiver had a patent milker that beat anything ever invented before or since. With it he milked that bank so dry that the steel doors of the vault warped and the stone and cement walls cracked.

Answers to Correspondents

"Myrtle"—Too hot to write love sonnets. Besides we never wrote a love sonnet.

"Admirer"—Forty-four, but really we don't look it.

"Editor"—It costs very little to start a newspaper. It is keeping it going that brings wrinkles to your face and pocketbook.

"Culinary"—We like our pies huntingcase, except in the case of pumpkin and cranberry. We prefer those open faced.

The Main Question

"Can we make people admire and love us?" queries the black-faced capital letter editor of an esteemed contemporary.

O, fudge! What's bothering us is this: Can we persuade the ice man to trust us till next Saturday for a new block of tickets?

Better

Mrs. Theorum—"When the legislature meets I am going to ask it to enact a law prohibiting boys under sixteen from using tobacco in any form."

Mr. Roughly—"All right, you may. But I'm going to hitch an enacting clause on a bedslat and hold it up before my boys."

Natural

"Say, Bingerly; I've just discovered why nearly all of our great financiers are enthusiastic yachtsmen."

"Why it is, is it?"

"Because they naturally take to water in their business."

Of Course

Whilkins—"I see that Mr. Rockefeller's recipe for securing joy is 'doing good to others.'"

Blilkins—"Well, he ought to be joyful. He has been doing us good—good and plenty—for a long time."

Brain Leaks

The lazybug is busiest when the fish are biting best.

One shirker in a shop will demoralize the best of systems.

Politeness is the coin that opens all tollgates on the road to happiness.

The man who takes himself too seriously gets laughed at for his pains.

A family never camps out the second time for the purpose of getting a rest.

One-half the world sleeps better because it does not care how the other half lives.

Diseases that reduce the visible supply of other porkers seem never to trouble the end seat hogs.

A whole lot of people hurry to get somewhere, and when they get there they idle around with nothing to do.

The mother-in-law joke doesn't sound good when the dear woman is worn out watching over your little ones.

It isn't your friend who is always telling you of your good points, but the man who wants you to think so will confine himself to that.

The man who keeps busy at useful work seldom accumulates any worry wrinkles. It is when he gets tied up in selfishness and greed that he begins breeding crowsfeet.

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