

ent is an increase of about 2 per cent over the Dingley rates, according to the latest authoritative reports. This in addition to the 25 per cent general increase to take effect after March 31, totals 27 per cent increase. And this, too, as the best the republican party has to offer when it was pledged to give us substantial relief from the already excessive Dingley rates. 'Tis strange it took a special session of congress and protracted wrought-up harangues and debates to decide to give us upward revision. 'Twas downward revision we wanted, needed and expected on pre-election pledges. The tariff had better have been unchanged than to be increased, a thing we neither needed nor wanted. And yet the statements have been repeatedly made recently by prominent republicans and republican newspapers that the bill is "a substantial revision downward on the whole" and "the best that could be obtained under the circumstances." Which same is a base untruth, unworthy of an intelligent person's credence. It stands to reason therefore, that the party in power has basely violated its pre-election promises of relief. Of course it will be heralded about the president did not and could not, make a tariff bill, but he could have lent all his influence for the people's good as he promised, instead of aiding and abetting such men as Aldrich in their schemes and manipulations. He (the president) is known to have been several times in conference with Aldrich, and but for this aid Aldrich never could have succeeded in giving the people the corporation tax amendment lemon as a subterfuge for the income tax. With Taft's influence and co-operation the income tax amendment would have stood a chance, but as it is—well you know the result. In lieu of the party's "promise and performance" what excuse will the average intelligent republican have for voting his party's ticket next time? It remains to be seen, as always.

Helen Chamberlain, Storm Lake, Iowa.—The nation is lost, the nation is sold, that bendeth the knee to the calf of gold.

D. S. Burson, Richmond, Ind.—Thomas B. Macauley, the celebrated English writer, in 1857, made the following significant prophecy relative to the economic destiny of this country: "Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by the barbarians of the twentieth century, as the Roman empire was in the fifth; with this difference, the Huns and Vandals, who ravaged the Roman empire, came from without, and your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within and by your own institutions." Just now the American people seem to be awakening to the truthfulness of Macauley's vision.

**HE KNEW THE TEXT**

Robert Saltman, a prominent citizen of Erie, Pa., was in town the other day long enough to relate the strange church-going experience of his son, Chester. The boy had been in the habit of going to church with his mother, but one Sunday she was unable to go, and he persuaded her to let him go by himself. Well, when he returned from the seat of gospel dispensation his mother was anxious to learn how closely he had paid attention. She asked him what had been the text for the sermon. "Don't worry, you'll get the quilt," replied the boy promptly. The mother failed to see the connection. Once more she inquired about the text, and the boy repeated his remark: "Don't worry, you'll get the quilt."

This about convinced the mother

that her son was getting a bit too fresh for so small a child, and she made up her mind to punish him. Just then she saw a friend going home from church and she called after her to learn what the text had been.

Here's what it was: "Have no fear, The Comforter will be with you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**WHAT IF THE PEOPLE SPEAK, MY LORDS?**

But what if the People speak, my lords, what if the People speak, Suppose that they weary of cuffs and blows and turning the other cheek! What if the Atlas who bears your world refuses to carry the load, Tiring at last of penury's grip and the sting of the ceaseless goad? Oh, steadily upward prices go, and yours is the lion's share, While the paupers build, with a sigh, of woe the multifold millionaire, And the skies are brass, and our God is deaf or haply His rest doth seek—

But what if the People speak, my lords, aye, what if the People speak?

Time was in Britain when your kind laughed at the cries of "the mob" accursed,

But a Cromwell rose, and the price was paid, the head of a Charles the First;

Time was in France when the nobles danced while the peasants writhed in pain,

But the People spoke, and we pray our God that never and ne'er again

Shall the streets run red with a crimson flood while fiends their orgies hold;

Yet out of that chaos a New Earth swung, displacing the shameless Old.

Oh, the tale of life is the tale of strife 'twixt Greed and the poor and weak,

But they sometimes rise in their black despair—and what if the People speak?

From out of the gulf of the voiceless depths there soundeth a muffled sigh,

The fleeting ghost of a woman's sob or wrath of a childish cry.

Palace and hovel, not far apart they stand in the murky gloam,

And one is the home of your pride, my lords, and one is your brother's home.

Your factory wheels go round and round, grinding your golden grist,

While Death draws near to the toiling babes to enter then on his list,

And the wealth to add to a wealth unused forever in greed you seek—

But what if the People speak, my lords, aye, what if the People speak? —A. J. Waterhouse, in California Weekly.

**BORN**

It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house?"

To which the Majah replied: "General Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. General Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah."

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratah?"

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked of a bo'n oratah he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination, the result, suh—and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment—the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh, the result is fo'.' That's a bo'n oratah."—Lyceumite.

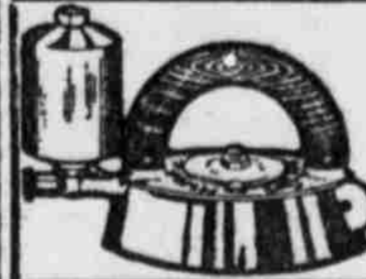
"Rufus, you old loafer, do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash tub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, jedge; it's all right. Mah wife don' need any watching. She'll sholy wuk jes' as hard as if I was dah."—The Herald and Presbyter.

The Hotel Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir, but what is your name?"

The Visitor—"Why, you idiot, haven't I just put my signature on the register?"

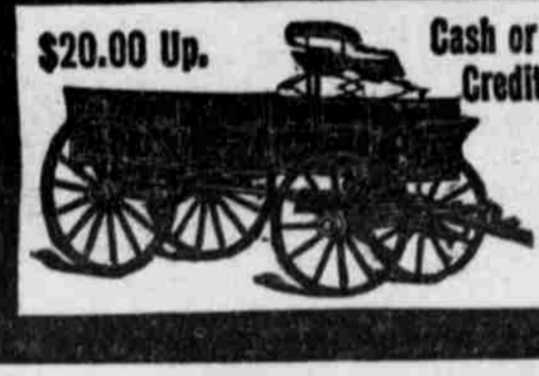
The Hotel Clerk—"Yes, that is what aroused my curiosity."—The Sketch.



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**J. K. BARR, 641 So. 13th St., Lincoln, Neb**