

and the beneficiary of one of the strongest freaks of fortune ever known. Wilson was the financial agent of the Southern Confederacy, having to do with the sale of cotton that was run through the blockade and sold in Europe. When the Confederacy went down Wilson had a big bunch of "cotton money" in his hands, and no Confederate government to pay it to. There was no one with a valid claim to it. The men who had raised the cotton had been paid for it, and even if they had not Wilson did not know who they were. He just kept the money, went to New York, invested it and made millions with it. He died worth millions, but during his life he gave millions to the cause of education and religion, knowing neither north nor south in his benefactions. A child of fortune, the foundation of his fortune was better bestowed upon him than if it had gone to any government.

It is announced that on Tuesday evening, December 13, at New Haven, Conn., Theodore Roosevelt will give his opinions concerning the result of the recent election. This announcement would be interesting were it not for one thing—there are almighty few people left in this country who give a dam what Roosevelt thinks about anything in particular.

We have often thought, and now believe thoroughly, that one of the pleasures of old age is to be able to look back over a life well spent. If this is true how happy Thomas P. Kennard of Lincoln must be these days. Measured in years Mr. Kennard is an old man—measured in spirits he is a mere youth, a blushing, downy-cheeked, irrepressible youth. You may see him almost any day on the streets of Lincoln, hale, hearty, always in a good humor and still able to do a little more than a man's work in boosting for Lincoln and for Nebraska. Now just pause for a moment, gentle reader, and gaze out over Lincoln. Note what a big city it is; what a beautiful city it is, its fine homes, its prosperity, and all that sort of thing. Then call to mind that all this has been wrought in considerably less than the lifetime of Thomas P. Kennard. Mr. Kennard was one of the founders of Lincoln. He came here with Charles H. Gere and others and laid out the townsite of Lincoln. This was by authority of the legislature. Mr. Kennard was even then a mature man. Yet here is with us today, able to look back and recall every step in Lincoln's progress and say with Cesar: "All of these things I saw; a part of them I was." And a mighty big part of all of this was Thomas P. Kennard. May he remain with us another generation, for we younger men need the influence of his daily life and the inspiration of his example.

Secretary Whitten of the Commercial Club wants a slogan for Lincoln. Not one of your dinkey little old stereotyped slogans, but a real slogan that will be representative of the spirit, the push and the go-aheadiveness of the municipality. It is very easy to think up some old stock slogan, shop worn and frazzled around the edges, but that's not what Secretary Whitten wants. It must be new, up-to-date and distinctive, and he will have no other. And don't think to palm off any old one on Whitten. He's a wise old head, and he's been in the slogan game too long to have an old one put over on him. So get busy with your thinkeries and hand Secretary Whitten some new ones.

Col. John Maher will not be master of ceremonies at any inaugural banquets in the very near future, but he is just now pulling off a stunt that beats any "liberal" banquet he ever dreamed of in all his life. He together with Will Schwind are just now busy allotting land in a big Texas deal they have just pulled off, with great profit to themselves and the promise of ultimate profit to their customers. There's a pair of live wires for you—Schwind and Maher. We have often thought that Maher's convictions along certain lines were cut on the bias, but there is no discounting the fact that he is a shrewd capable man of business. Schwind is the organizer, the man who makes the plans, and then furnishes the inspiration to push them through. We rejoice that they have made enough money to fill a hay wagon. Now if they will pull off some stunt that will boost Lincoln like their present stunt has boomed the little Texas city of Francitis, all will be well.

After eight years of faithful service as the Lincoln correspondent of the Omaha Bee, Horace Philpott has gathered together his lures and penates and moved them to Francitis, Texas, where he will publish the Francitis Bee. We congratulate the people of that section of Texas on the acquisition of such a splendid newspaper man as Philpott. He will be a Texas booster for fair. He knows the newspaper game, from the little country paper in the backwoods to the big metropolitan daily. He will make the Francitis

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