

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS.

Engle is to have a telephone service.

Frank Boone caught a fifty-pound bullhead fish at Blue Springs.

A new Catholic church and parsonage is to be erected at Geneva.

The Sunday closing order now applies to all business and mercantile stores at Greenwood.

John Brady, living six miles south of Champlin, lost six head of very fine cattle by lightning.

John James, a man suffering from consumption, who was on his way to Colorado, died at Hansen.

Lee M. Briggs of Elgin is charged with mayhem in that he bit Joe Hutchinson's ear off during a fight.

James G. Cleveland has been appointed census enumerator for Madison precinct, including Madison city.

Flossie Windle, aged 14, daughter of David Windle of Holmerville, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

City Electrician J. A. McDonald of Norfolk has been appointed engineer at the industrial school at Wadsworth, Nevada.

Taken all together the crop prospects around Fairmont are good, including the grass; the land is in nice shape for corn planting.

C. R. Smith, who murdered his wife at Brownville recently and then attempted to shoot himself, is recovering. He is in the Auburn jail.

John Gross of Gering accidentally discharged a revolver, shooting Joseph Barnes in the abdominal cavity. The bullet has not been located.

A trainload of fat cattle, consisting of eighteen cars, was shipped from Brainard to Chicago for export. They belonged to farmers in that vicinity.

The outlook for fruit and grain in the vicinity of Ashland is splendid. Everything is coming up nicely and the farmers have their corn all planted.

The Grand Army post at Ashland has been in correspondence with Representative Stark with a view of securing for Ashland one of the cannon captured in Cuba.

The smallpox scare at the soldiers' home in Grand Island is said by the physicians to be without foundation, although the home hospital is quarantined.

Ernest Webb of Madison had his foot caught between the brakebeam of the wagon he was driving and the wheel. Before he could remove it the bone at the instep was broken.

The State Eclectic Medical association met at Lincoln and listened to discussions and papers on medical subjects. The program included a demonstration with an X-ray machine.

A young man by the name of Hudson came home from the grading camp of Wyoming about a week ago to Fairfield; then a doctor was called and pronounced the disease smallpox.

Nebraska City business men met and took the preliminary steps to organize a commercial club. It is the purpose of the club to hold a three days' street fair some time in August or September.

While cleaning out a cistern in Plattsmouth the dead body of an infant was found. The premises had not been occupied for some eighteen months. There is no clue to its identity.

J. W. Dinsmore, superintendent of the district schools, has tendered his resignation. He goes August 1 to Berea college, Ky., to take the office of dean of the normal department and the chair of pedagogy.

While moving an elevator from the basement of a store at Grand Island, Frank Dunham was caught by a roller of the moving machinery and had the thumb of his left hand crushed. Amputation was necessary.

Postal Commissioner Lewellen was in Tappah and went over the proposed rural postal delivery route from that place through Arizona township. One hundred and eight families will be served on the route of 28 miles.

The tollard of Tecumseh died at Hastings from effects of a fractured skull. Tollard sat down on a cross tie outside of the railroad track to rest and it is supposed fell asleep in a sitting position and was struck by a train.

A Nebraska couple, after being married by the county judge, returned home and made preparations for a wedding by their local minister, when they discovered for the first time that they had been legally married for two months.

The office of James H. Snell's mill at Ashland was broken into and the mill ground off the safe. Nothing of value was secured except 50 cents in cash. There is no clue, but it is thought to have been the work of a burglar.

The early planting of sugar beets at Ashland is coming up and a good crop is expected without any special care. The city is smaller than it was some years ago. The Standard Oil Company is the largest employer.

OWNERSHIP BY PUBLIC

WILL BE A FEATURE IN COMING CAMPAIGN.

The Individual of the Present Day Has No Chance Against the Giant Monopolies.

The demand for the public ownership of public utilities is a demand for the recognition of the facts of social evolution.

When an animal ceases to be adapted to the conditions by which it is surrounded, it dies. The same rule prevails in the affairs of mankind.

Society has become a perfect organism. There is no longer such a thing as an individual—every man has become a cell in the great whole. If the organism is to keep its health every cell must work for and be worked for by every other. But in this country the process of evolution is still so far incomplete that some cells are idle and others overworked, some starving and others gorged. That means social disease, and, unless right conditions be established, social death.

In some respects we have even retrograded. A hundred years ago the farmer could send his produce to market on a public highway, on which he had precisely the same rights as anybody else. He competed with other farmers who were subject to just the same expenses for transportation as himself. Now he must ship his goods over a railroad which belongs to a private corporation and sell them to a trust. If he tries to carry on his business independently, in competition with the trust, he finds that the railroad is giving advantages to the great combination which insure it absolute control of the market. Perhaps, as in the case of the Standard Oil company and the independent refiners, it is actually taking part of his freight payments and handing them over to his rival.

On the socialist theory of government, public ownership is, of course, a necessity. But it is equally necessary on the individualist theory. The individual has no chance without it. He cannot compete with the gigantic masses of capital in whose interests the whole power of the private railroad and telegraph systems is exerted. Monopoly in the means of communication leads steadily to monopoly in everything. When an independent sugar refiner can ship sugar over a government railroad as cheaply as the sugar trust can, it may be possible to keep the trusts under control.

Public ownership would be more than justified if it brought only these indirect benefits. But it also promises direct advantages of the most inviting sort. The profits of the Prussian state railways, after paying the interest on the whole public debt, including the railroad debt, amount to more than the entire revenue of the government from taxation.

The streets of a city belong to the people of the city. Why should not the people gather the profits from the use of their own streets, instead of allowing them to be harvested by capitalists whose motto is: "The public be damned!"

The other day in Philadelphia the city councils and the machine mayor gave away a telephone franchise worth \$4,000,000 without any guaranty that the persons to whom it was given ever intended to build a telephone system, any limitation on their charges if they did, or any safeguards against the creation of an obstructive and blackmailing monopoly. Why should not this franchise have continued to belong to the community that owned it?

The government, said ex-Senator Ingalls not long ago in an argument against the acquisition of the railroads, "is a pauper." That, indeed, has been the principle upon which we have gone hitherto. Our governments, national and local, have lived from hand to mouth, borrowed money for immediate needs, and allowed all the heaping profits created by the joint activity of the people to flow into private pockets, there to fructify and grow by compound interest into gigantic, menacing fortunes.

But there is no reason why the government should remain a pauper. If the railroad system of the United States is not too great to be controlled by a few Vanderbilts and Huntingtons, the telegraph system by the Goulds and the telephone system by the Bellas, they are not too great to be handled by the American people. If the government of the United States invested its surplus revenues every year to the amount of \$100,000,000 in productive enterprises, and every state, county, city and village a corresponding amount, proportionate to its resources, each government in its own sphere would soon be a greater capitalist than any individual or corporation within its jurisdiction. The people of the United States collectively would be billionaires.

Long ago it was said that the government would have to own the railroads or the railroads would own the government. If that was a solemn truth then, it is an infinitely more solemn truth now, when the railroads have become the mere adjuncts of one gigantic system of leagued capital, ramifying through every department of commerce and industry. Public franchises are the fibres that hold the whole trust system together. Unless the people recover their control, this republic is destined to a baser serfdom under more repellent rules than any great civilized nation has ever had to endure before. Let the democracy be ready to stand the way to freedom.—New York Journal.

JAPANESE CONTRACT LABOR.

It appears that the horde of Japanese contract laborers pouring into the United States has attracted the attention of the government, which has information that about 50,000 are being thrown in by way of British Columbia, which is under the dominion of our friends the British. The government officials have a theory upon which they are working, and that theory is not based upon the injury to American labor, but is based upon almost certain facts that these Orientals are being imported by one of the gigantic trusts. A rigid search of the country is being made to learn where these Japs are at work. Suspicion runs all the way from the Standard Oil company's mines in the Cour d'Alene to Carnegie's new steel trust, and the theory is that one of these big trusts will turn up with a full complement of Japanese laborers and cause prodigious scandal in the coming campaign, one that will do incalculable harm to the republican cause. A resolution has been introduced in the house by a republican member from California, which, however, may only result in ascertaining the facts without being able to apply a remedy, for the reason that there is no restriction against the importation of Japanese labor. Ugly stories are floating about with reference to the failure to enforce the immigration laws on the Pacific coast ports, and these are also being rigidly investigated. The matter is serious enough to justify President Gompers in calling the attention of the public to it. He says, speaking of the Japanese: "They are coming into this country in droves. It is pretty near time something is done in this matter, as the first thing you know you will be overrun with cheap Japanese labor, which will supplant you as the Chinese attempted to do." Things are coming to a pretty pass under the republican regime of the trusts, and it may not be going too far to say that a continuance of the McKinley administration will leave very little for the American laborer except a miserable existence.

A JAPANESE MCKINLEY.

There are many points of resemblance between the Japanese Mikado and our own McKinley. Both of them came out of a war won hands down. Japan had a full treasury from the Chinese indemnity. Our own is full to reptation from the pockets of the taxpayers. Both are progressing and have entered into the oriental open door.

But more than all is the adoption of the gold standard. The Japanese royal treasurer published a beautifully bound volume containing lurid accounts of the blessings of the gold standard, and immediately all of the republican organs controlled by Lombard and Wall streets said "We told you so." But Japan seems to be enjoying the same blessings as the United States. A wall has gone up from the people and from the merchants of that progressive country to the following effect:

"The financial condition of the country is getting worse, and, the strangest symptom of all, that long-suffering worm, the Japanese public, is beginning to turn. In other words, the Tokio merchants are complaining, it is said, of the government's policy, which has spent all the money got out of China after the war in unproductive armaments, and is still spending money for the same object at an alarming rate, to the great detriment of merchants and manufacturers, who suffer from such a stringency of capital that the banks have raised their interest on loans to a very high point. The matter is regarded as being so serious that the Tokio merchants are going to call the attention of the minister of finance to it."

Adding to this the fatal results of the gold standard in Chili and the starving millions of human beings in India, practically due to the demonization of silver, there ought to be certainty in the mind of every thinking man, whether the gold standard is not the curse the democratic party has always claimed it to be.

A FINANCIAL STAR.

They haven't been married long, and they are as loyal and devoted a young couple as ever made the confirmed bachelor search for a new argument against matrimony. She has pronounced and original ideas upon domestic economy, and in this and other ways she strives to make her husband's home a perfect Utopia. She is trying to teach him to forget that he ever belonged to a club.

There was a lovelit smile upon her pretty face when hubby came home from the office the other evening.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, observing the glow of enthusiasm that shone through the soft, peach blown cheeks and sparkled in the Kohlinoorlike eyes.

"I made thirteen cents today," said she, and her roebud lips parted in a proudful curve.

"That's good; how did it happen?"

"Why, I sold nine cents worth of old rags—and three cents worth of bottles—and let me see!"

"Yes, that's twelve cents. Where does the other cent come in?"

"Oh, yes—now I remember—an old pair of your trousers for the other penny."

No Napoleon of finance ever looked more satisfied or smiled with so much self-complacency after a successful monetary deal as did this fair young wife when she had related her little commercial accomplishment. And she looked awfully grived when he smiled smiling. It was really their first misunderstanding.—Detroit Free Press.

WM. J. BRYAN--THE MAN.

There is something about Mr. Bryan that makes all who associate with him more earnest, more ready to make sacrifices and more American.

The moral passion which dominates and enfold Mr. Bryan's public life is also the key to his private character. When Cicero spoke the people said, "How eloquent is Cicero!" but when Demosthenes spoke the people said, "Let us go against Philip." There is something about Mr. Bryan that makes all who associate with him more earnest, more ready to make sacrifices, more indifferent to more abuse, and more intensely and peculiarly American. There are no secrets in his life. To be with him is like walking on the seashore in the sunlight. At forty he has still the unsoftened ideals, the unbroken faith of a boy. And any man may be his comrade if he will; nay, his very brother.

The other night in Chicago a committee of strangers called to escort Mr. Bryan to a public banquet. Mr. Bryan went on shaving himself before a mirror while he talked to the committee, and presently his visitors were busy putting the studs in his shirt bosom. An hour or two later he soared out of himself in a really great oration, lifting his hearers to the supreme height of patriotic thought—an appeal for a republic so just in all its ways, so majestic in its virtue, that all the nations of the world would turn to it as the arbiter of their differences.

Mr. Bryan is temperance incarnate. He loves literature rather than art, the trout stream rather than the theater, the farm rather than the city, the small church rather than the cathedral. He loves men more than books and books more than money.

There was a time when Mr. Bryan felt that some day the crimes of lawless wealth and rapacious corporate power against the toilers of the country would bring on a physical struggle, and in those days Mr. Bryan was a gladiator. But a new tenderness of spirit has come into his life. He seems to be filled with the idea that love is the only uplifting force in the world, and that love is as necessary and as natural in politics and statesmanship as in private affairs. I have heard him defend Mr. McKinley from unjust attacks. He loathes and avoids personalities of any kind. He is delectable and tolerant in his speech; fair, just, even tempered.

Two days ago a distinguished woman said to me: "You have associated with Mr. Bryan great deal. Isn't it a fact that he is provincial, that he has not the polish enough for the white house?" It is true that Mr. Bryan is provincial, but only in the sense that Abraham

Lincoln was provincial. He is careless of his clothes, but careful of his morals. He cannot speak French or lead a cotillion, but he can give you in the purest and sweetest English the story of the struggle of man for liberty in every age, and is familiar with the solid literature of the world. He has the outwardness of a man who is big of mind as well as of body. There is the ruggedness of truth in all his ways. He lives simply and sometimes frugally, not because he cares for money or because he does not know that there are other and more extravagant ways, but because his tastes are simple. The very simplicity of his life and speech is a corollary of his native dignity. His quaint points are the quaintness of his country. Like Lincoln, his peculiarities are the signs of his pure and undiluted Americanism. Nothing can be more graceful than his unaffected, sincere home life. It may be true that many of the present elements of social life in the white house would be modified if Mr. Bryan should be elected president, but he would bring to that place the glory of a manhood that he has not known for many years. He will attract to the white house scholars, statesmen and philosophers, rather than money changers of political harlots. And the humblest man in the nation would have access to the president.

I have met almost every great man of my own time, in the principal countries of the world, but I have never met a greater man than Mr. Bryan. As a rule, one finds the idealist a man of frail body, physically incapable of making a continuous struggle. But here is an incurable idealist with the physical strength of an ox. Nowhere in the world is to be found a more perfect combination of mind, spirit and body. The three are evenly balanced in the democratic leader—mental energy controlled by intelligence, imagination inspired by philanthropy, vitality disciplined by virtue. He seems to grow broader and deeper every year. His religious convictions are vital to him, but he avoids religious discussions. He seems to feel that religion is a private thing between a man and his God. "We are all trying to cast out devils," he says, "and each man works in his own way."

Four years ago Mr. Bryan was a western man. Today he is national—almost international. Then he was an agitator; now he is a statesman. His life and conduct are based on what he believes to be the truth, and nothing can induce him to abandon a cause if he believes it to be righteous.

"And yet," he said only a week ago "I would be a fool if I did not rejoice in the triumph of right rather than in the triumph of what I believe to be right."—James Creelman in the New York Journal.

THE FARMERS' PROSPERITY.

There is not a single occupation, business or profession to which is not attached by the republican organs the label "prosperity." Every individual man knows better than the statisticians whether he is prosperous or not, and it is useless to expect an aggregation of individuals to loudly express thanks for prosperity when they do not come up to the label. The notion has been going about that the farmers are afflicted with "astounding prosper-

ity mortgages by payment of the principal, or even to pay the interest in full without securing an extension of time! Are his wife and children better dressed, is his farm in a more flourishing condition, has he purchased any new carpets, curtains, furniture for his household? Is he enabled to employ more help to relieve his aching bones and those of his wife and children from the arduous labor they continually undergo to save their homes from the maw of the mortgagee? We trow not, and the proof of it is that beyond the mere means of existence, whatever he makes or earns must go into the ever expanding tax mill which is grinding him into poverty when he is not paying into the trusts and combines.

THE IDAHO INFAMY.

The republican party will be kept busy during this year's presidential campaign in trying to explain away the infamous action of President McKinley in authorizing and approving the imprisonment of hundreds of American citizens, not even a-cused of crime, in a pen guarded by soldiers of the regular army. The offense of these men was that they were alleged to belong to a miners' union. In other words the republican president of the United States assumed the responsibility, through his war department, of pronouncing membership in a labor union to be a high crime, punishable by confinement in a convict camp, without even the benefit of a court martial to decide upon the guilt or innocence of the victims.

No European despot, no czar, no knaiser, would have dared to be guilty of such an atrocious act of oppression as that barbarous herding together of American freemen who had dared to organize in a lawful manner for the upholding of their interests as workmen. This outrageous attack upon free government and the rights of the citizen must be answered for at the polls. Workingmen everywhere will exact a reckoning at the ballot box with the republican tyrants and upstarts who dared to brand as high treason the workman's cherished exercise of his only weapon of self-protection—labor organization.

The republican party stands sponsor for this infamous assault on the rights of man, and only by repudiating that party can the people of the United States show their just indignation at the hideous wrong against liberty and humanity perpetrated by General McKinley under the aegis of President McKinley.—New York News.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

About the Winning of Eric Hope's Father-in-Law.

"Do you think, sir, that you can support my daughter in the style in which she has been accustomed?"

Mr. Hope did not hesitate to tremble. He loved Cecilia Buddington with all his heart, and he knew that he could never be happy without possessing her as his wife.

They had walked in the park the day before. The sky above them was blue and soft, and happy birds sang gaily in the branches overhead. They stopped beneath a stately oak to watch two gleeful robins at work upon the nest that one of them was soon to occupy.

"How busy they are," the girl said, "and how they seem to enjoy it! I wonder if the dear little things are looking forward to the happiness that is in store for them?"

"Ah, I wonder!" Eric Hope replied. "And I wonder, too, if the robin re-breast up there was compelled to pluck and coax for long, long weeks before his little companion would consent to let him help her build the nest?"

Cecilia Buddington looked away across the shimmering little lake near which they stood, and blushed. At last she softly answered:

"I suppose so. If she had not done that he might not appreciate her as he seems to. You know men do not cherish the prizes that are too easily won, and I fancy that it is the same with robins."

Mr. Hope suddenly caught her hands in his and asked:

"Is that the reason you have kept me in doubt so long? If so, please do not try me any further. I shall appreciate you, sweet Cecilia, be sure of that!"

There was something in her look that made him draw her to his breast and kiss her, unmindful of any danger they were in of being seen by others. Thus his doubts were put to flight, and he was supremely happy.

On the way home they talked of all the joys that were in store for them, and made many plans for the future, until Miss Buddington stopped suddenly, and, with a frightened look in her eyes, exclaimed:

"But, Eric! We have, in our joy, forgotten that papa has not given his consent—that he knows nothing of our love for each other—and that he may refuse to let you have me!"

He seemed to be plunged in doubt. The skies that had been so blue turned gray in a moment. But he took heart again at last and said:

"Ah, sweet little one, let us hope for the best. I will go to him tomorrow and ask him for you."

After a long embrace and seven more of the first rapturous kisses that seal enduring love he went away.

It was on the following day that Eric Hope did not hesitate nor tremble. He had told her father that they loved each other, and, with a frown, Henry Buddington had asked him if he thought he could support the girl in the style to which she had been accustomed.

Mr. Hope was about to reply, when the father of the one he loved fell at his feet and cried:

"Forgive me, sir; I—I didn't look up to s-see who it was. I b-b-bag a thousand!"

"Never mind," the younger man said, laying an encouraging hand upon the other's shoulder. "I'll try to make her comfortable." Eric Hope was merely the president of the mercantile establishment in which Henry Buddington held the position of assistant superintendent of cash boys.—Chicago Times-Herald.

CATS ON OCEAN LINERS.

Pussy is a Great Favorite on Board the Big Ships.

Every ocean liner carrying passengers always has on board from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as appearing on the vessel's books as regards the rations they draw.

And, even beyond this, on most of the great lines, particular employes are instructed to feed daily as a part of their duties certain cats in their part of the ship. And there is promotion for pussy as well, for any cat that is particularly amiable, clever or interesting is permitted to enjoy the run of the first and second or third-class saloons, according to the popular vote. In this way certain of the first-class saloon pussies have become quite celebrated, especially on the long voyage boats that go to India and Australia, and the stewards of the various classes are usually quite commonly eager to push their own favorite cat into first place. Of course, says Tit-Bits, there are amazing favorites with the staff of the ship that are fine hunters and do not scow "so-ciety."

When the ship is in port a certain man has the duty of feeding the cats at regular hours and of entering the rations in a book, but every cat on the ship that has long been there seems to recognise at once, the professional rat catcher who always goes to work in the hold of every passenger liner when it comes to dock, and who lives by ridding ships of rats. The "stiff cats," as the stewards call them, never leave this man till he has finished his duties. Large sums have been offered for one saloon cat on a great line, and the staff have to guard it closely from acquisitive admirers, in whose luggage it has several times been found.

Indianapolis Journal: "Pa, what are hindsight and foresight?" "Tommy, you can't understand it, I know, but hindsight is what a politician needs to help him to make safe bets on his foresight."