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THE MARRIAGE QUESTION

(Continued from last week)

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time, in thy flight, make me a child again just for tonight." When I was a child in the good olden time and played at a fond mother's knee, oh, little thought I that the cares of the world would cast the dark shadows on me. William Wadsworth bursts forth in his poetry:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And all the loved spots which my infancy knew.

The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house high up, And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well."

Such are the sentiments that come from this right kind of unit of government this home, and you will excuse me, but it matters not where we go, how long we live, that home sentiment will forever and ever cling to us.

I know of no better way to bring that sentiment vividly before you than is explained by Thomas Campbell in his "Exile of Erin." There was a story that a man in Ireland, for some cause or another, I do not know what, was banished to an isle of the sea, and Thomas Campbell undertakes to portray this man's feeling for home and country while in this lonely place, and in the second verse of that poem it seems that the exile thinks first of his country, he exclaims:

"Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken, In dreams I review that seashore; But alas! in a far foreign country, I

awaken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

Never again shall my brothers embrace me, They died to defend me, or live to deplore."

And then his heart filled up as he thinks of home and mother. He bursts out:

"Where is the cabin door, fast by the wild wood, And where is the mother that watched o'er my childhood, And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?"

Oh, my sad heart long abandoned by pleasure, Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?

Tears like the rain drop, may fall without measure, But beauty and rapture they cannot recall."

My friends, the beauty and rapture of home cannot be forgotten.

This circle called home, made up of father, mother, sisters and brothers, may have their internal trouble. It matters not if a brother knock another down, or a sister pull another sister's hair, it makes no difference; but when it comes to a common assault against the home, the entire family is ready to defend that home where God reigns and love sits supreme.

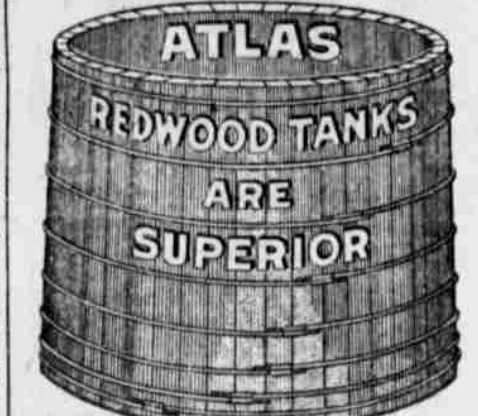
But how did this home begin? It did not always exist. What was the nucleus around which this home life grows? What was the beginning of this home? When God created the heavens and the earth and all that therein be, he created man and he created woman. He did not create man to live alone, neither did he create woman to live alone. It was necessary that this man and woman form some kind of a partnership to start this home, and that brings us directly to the question as announced.

We call that partnership marriage. Nature and the birds form that kind of a partnership. They call it mating; we call it marriage.

Who, then, should marry and who should not marry? I take it for granted that most of this audience are married people. If happily married, "God bless you." If you are not happily married, you might be likened unto that fellow who had the bear by the tail and around a tree, "A little tiresome to hang on, a little uncertain to let go."

I contend here, as I contended in California, that these two people come together according to the plan of Almighty God. The day when he created man and when he created woman he placed in the breast of each the power of coming to the other. I care not whether you call it instinct or intuition, or what you call it, but as I said out there in California, it seems to me that it is far better to call it by the sweetest word in

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the English language, a little word of four letters, spelled and pronounced "love". I can make this no plainer to you by any words of my own than to take you into that splendid portrayal of natural selection. Mark you, I don't say proper selection. We will come to that later on. A natural selection, then, is portrayed by Longfellow in his poem of "Hiawatha." Those of you who are acquainted with that splendid piece of literature will recall that the ancient arrowmaker's daughter was sitting there, perfectly composed and satisfied, nothing of an unsettled nature, and along comes a stranger from a strange tribe, and from some unforeseen means, I cannot explain it, ladies and gentlemen, by some way or another, he was attracted to the maiden and the maiden was attracted to him, and the beautiful language that Longfellow uses as she had left, going down through the woods with Hiawatha—

"Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love and those who love us, Just when they have grown to help us, Comes some stranger with flaunting feathers, Wondering, piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she leaves all things for the stranger."

The only consolation that could be gained from the circumstance was the soliloquy which follows: "As unto the bow, the cord is, So unto man is woman; Though she bends him she obeys him, Though she leads him, yet she follows, Useless each without the other."

Now I have an idea that if my friend Francis Galton had been up there when Hiawatha beckoned to the maiden he would have said: "Hold on, there, by, wait a minute until I see whether this maiden is a eugenic companion for you. "No, Hiawatha; she is cross-eyed and freckled. You can't marry her. For such union will not be conducive to the ideal superhuman."

I want to tell you, my friends, that there is a class of men gone crazy on this trying to arrange so that they can breed what they call superman; that is, man that will be larger and stronger. From the fact that the Chester-White hog is better than the wild hog of the forest, forgetting that the Chester-White is the result of much interbreeding, so much that there is no brains left in him, nothing but avoirdupois. Yet these men are trying to breed us up to this superman. So I thank fortune, my friends, Galton wasn't there to stop that wedding.

Now they propose to tell us that this woman and this man shall not marry because one is an idiot and the other is insane. If an insane man wants to marry an idiot, I say, all right, let him go ahead; but that is simply begging the question.

Nebraska and most of the states of the union have now statutory restrictions upon the marrying of idiots and feeble-minded people, and those that have not will enact them before very long, in all probability.

I can do no better in this question of selection than to briefly relate a little experience at the international conference on race betterment in California last August.

I don't want you to think at all that I am exaggerating, but it was truly interesting. They began the program there with a paper from Luther Burbank, the plant wizard of California. Now, those of you who have read of Burbank know that he is a wonderful man, has done wonderful things in breeding plant life.

In the hybridization, he calls it, of plant life, he has experimented so as to produce the most beautiful flowers. Not only this, but has improved the varieties of cereals so they are much more profitable to the growers, but immediately following him came Prof. Paul Popenoe, of Washington, D. C., editor of the Journal of Heredity, reading a paper for an hour on proper selection in the human family, carrying along the same line of thought that Burbank did in plant life, and after he had finished, Prof. Irving S. Fisher of Yale Eugenics arose and followed in the same vein. During that time, there was absolutely nothing, there was no indication of any of the finer or divine sentiment coming into home life or anything that would bring together man and woman on such impulse. They forgot one thing, and that was that when Burbank was experimenting in plant life, there was a human superintending hand, and I asked them there on the floor who it was that would superintend the breeding of human life.

But who is going to superintend in this breeding of the human family; who is going to superintend this breeding that we can make the superhuman perfect? And when I told them that I believed there was something in this life that was above human power, I tried to tell them there were two kinds of sentiment: one was human and one was superhuman.

Scientists take a grain of wheat and tear it apart; but they cannot put it together again and make it grow. It takes a superhuman power to do that. Further, I contended there, and I contend here, that it takes a superhuman power to bring a man and woman together in holy matrimony and for the benefit of mankind.

In that auditorium there were perhaps 1,500 to 2,000 or more people, and when I argued that there was such a thing as human affection expressed in the simple little word "love" that told of a power, above and beyond human science, and that this was the influence under the superintending care of Almighty God that brought about natural selection, the audience seemed to catch the spirit at once and was quite demonstrative, and Professor Fisher saw the effect on the audience, he became quite excited. Says he, "I owe you an apology. I forgot the very soul of my speech. I meant to say that the proper, intelligent study of eugenics

would bring about the sweetest, the purest and the most enduring love."

There was a little old man, he was an octogenarian, I afterwards learned, he and his good wife were sitting up in front, on loose chairs, and every time anyone was talking, the old gentleman would move his chair and prime his ear; he seemed to be a little deaf, and when I was through, he arose, and said: "Mr. Chairman, I enjoyed this meeting very much; sorry I can't stay longer, but before going I just want to make this statement: Fifty-two years ago I went to a taffy pulling, and there I made my selection of this lady, my wife. We have lived happily together for fifty-two years. To us have been born eight sons, all of whom, thank God, we have lived to see grow up, marry and have families." That was the best speech that was made in that whole program that afternoon, and my emotions overcame me. I had to go up and embrace him. But so it is. There is where the proper, the natural selection is made. Stripped of environment, there would be no trouble in this world of ours along the line of natural selection. It is quite hard for these human scientists to tell us now in this late day, after this human family has lived in open violation of God Almighty's law from the beginning, you might say, for these fellows to come now and tell us that by the proper selection we can overcome all that sin we have committed.

(Continued next week)

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New Zealand has 25,000,000 sheep. Italy's national emblem is the lily. Sulphur is used as a fertilizer in France. Alcohol is made from chicory in Germany. New South Wales has an alum mountain. New York claims to be the world's greatest seaport. Philadelphia, in eight months, has had 71 auto accidents fatalities. Nebraska's 1915 dairy products are valued at \$40,000,000. California's 1915 citrus crop will exceed \$30,000,000 in value. The automobile output of the United States for 1914 was 700,000 cars. Roasted coffee is an excellent disinfectant for sick rooms. All the parks and public gardens of Vienna are to be laid as vegetable gardens. Goethe was a literary genius at 24. A big girder recently shipped from Steelton, Pa., to Chicago, required four flat cars to carry it.

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Delegates to National Convention At the convention of the Nebraska division, T. P. A., held in Alliance April 28 and 29, L. H. Highland of Alliance was elected to the national convention to be held in Lafayette, Indiana, in June. R. C. Strong of Alliance was elected as alternate.

Other delegates elected from over the state were: Omaha, John W. Gamble, O. L. Wholford, H. G. Hoel, N. S. Brown, W. W. Watt, Geo. W. Long, A. W. Miller, Chas. E. Allen; Fremont, P. A. Williams; Lincoln, Zeno Mackay, R. L. Newman, Geo. L. Reeder; Nebraska City, Jas. Kastner; Grand Island, Geo. W. Kelson; Norfolk, N. A. Huse; Hastings, W. C. Alexander; Kearney, H. A. Webber; York, R. Woodruff.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin, of Bayard, drove over in their car last Thursday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Treffney.



"No!— I Said Calumet!"



John Hodgkinson, bar tender at the King & Wilson saloon, was fined \$15 and costs Friday night by Police Magistrate T. D. Roberts on charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Don't Judge This Company by One Act of An Unthinking Employee

Every employee of this company has been taught that his or her duty is to render not only efficient service but to be courteous and absolutely fair in every action.

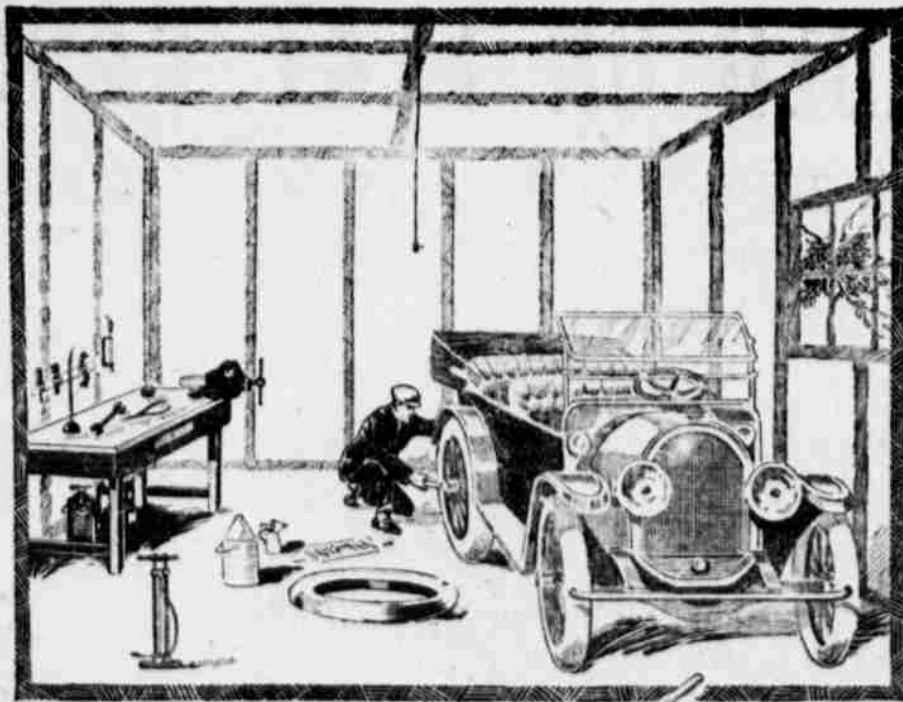
We have been foremost to establish and propose to continue our efforts to maintain good wages and good working conditions.

In return we insist upon efficient service from our employees and courtesy and thoughtfulness in their dealings with our patrons.

We feel sure that all of our employees are imbued with the spirit of service and conscientiously want to serve you, but all of us are human and all of us occasionally do thoughtless things.

When you believe we have made a mistake, when you think we have erred in any way in dealing with you, please call it to our attention. We want you to feel free to do so. We want to correct any error that has been made—any wrong that has been done—and we want you to tell us about it so we may.

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