

# NEBRASKA EDITORS.

## Twentieth Annual Meeting of the Press Association.

### MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL

The Quill Drivers Listen to Able Addresses, a Characteristic Poem, Elect Officers, Transact Other Business and Enjoy a Banquet.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Nebraska Press Association held at Fremont, January 28th and 29th, was in every respect the most successful meeting of the association which has ever been held.

The first session convened at 4 o'clock on Friday, the 28th, when new members were enrolled. The president made his annual address and the secretary and treasurer submitted their reports, these being followed by a report of the proceedings of the national convention and the experiences of the delegates who attended it at St. Paul.

The evening program was carried out in the auditorium of the beautiful temple of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The exercises were of public nature and a large audience was present. An eloquent address of welcome was delivered by Rev. W. H. Merrill, of the Hebron Journal, in his appy, characteristic manner.

Ed. A. Fry, of the Niobrara Pioneer, and a historical sketch which was full of interest. It gave many facts relative to the history of newspaper work of early days in north Nebraska, Mr. Fry having had an experience of twenty years in that section.

M. A. Brown, of the Kearney Hub, delivered the annual oration, which was an effort of great merit. His theme was the relation of the press to the upbuilding of the state, and he offered many valuable suggestions and painted a hopeful and cheerful picture of Nebraska's future.

A. L. Bixby, of the Columbus Sentinel, read the annual poem, which proved a treat to the audience. It was prepared by some droll remarks by the author, which set his hearers in a roar. Mrs. Fred Nye rendered two beautiful solos, with Professor Roy Smith as accompanist, and Miss Nellie McPherson, Fremont's talented elocutionist, appeared in two numbers and fairly captivated the audience.

The second day's session opened with business meeting at 9 o'clock. Among the business transacted was the adoption of the following resolutions, which will be of general interest:

Resolved, That the Nebraska Press association is hereby in favor of having Nebraska make such an exhibit at the world's fair as will fitly set forth before the world her advantages and natural resources, and that we will at all times render all reasonable assistance in promoting such an exhibit, and that we will favor such financial assistance by the state as will be deemed to be necessary to enable Nebraska to make a creditable showing alongside of the sister states in this great exposition.

Resolved, That we request the ready preparation and plate houses supplying Nebraska papers to maintain a special department devoted to promotion of the interests of the Nebraska exhibit, in which all Nebraska exhibitors should be and no doubt will be interested.

Papers were read by F. O. Edgecombe, of the Falls City Journal, on "Business Methods;" by S. P. Mobley, of the Grand Island Independent, on "Independent Journalism;" by George P. Marvin, of the Beatrice Democrat, on "Local News." All of these were intelligently discussed, to the profit of all the delegates.

Officers of the association for the ensuing year were chosen as follows:

President—F. G. Simmons, Seward Reporter.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Ross L. Hammond, Fremont Tribune.  
Vice Presidents—C. M. Hulbert, Nebraska City News; Edgar Howard, Papillon Times; M. H. Barber, Fullerton Journal; A. C. Jordan, Beatrice Express; H. M. Crane, Bloomington Echo; L. J. Simmons, Harrison Journal.

Delegates to the national association, whose next meeting is to be held at San Francisco, May 17, were chosen as follows: G. P. Sedgwick, York Times; J. G. P. Hildebrand, St. Paul Press; R. B. Wahlgren, Hastings Democrat; S. R. Rabe, Curtis Courier; E. M. Correll, Hebron Journal; A. L. Bixby, Columbus Sentinel; C. W. Hyatt, Fremont Flail. Columbus was selected as the next place of meeting.

The proverbial hospitality of the people of Fremont was more than sustained by the handsome manner in which they entertained the editors. Everything was at the disposal of their guests "absolutely without money and without price."

The entire delegation of newspaper men were entertained at the Eno hotel, and Messrs. Smith and Collins, the proprietors, were congratulated by all for the excellent attention given to their guests.

Friday afternoon the delegates were given a carriage drive about the city and were thus afforded an opportunity to view the many attractions of what is recognized to be "the prettiest city in the state." The beautiful homes, fine business blocks, commodious churches, numerous and substantial school buildings, granite-streets, elegant public buildings and prosperous factories were all matters of interest. The Fremont Normal col-

lege was visited and the delegates shown through the structure by its president, W. H. Clemmons. This is one of the leading educational institutions of the west and has had a phenomenal growth. Its present term enrollment is about 500 pupils, the total attendance for the year being upwards of a thousand. The Fremont foundry, the largest iron works in the interior of the state; the model printing establishment of the Fremont Tribune; the Excelsior flouring mills; the Nebraska creamery, which is the largest single building devoted to the dairy business in the United States; the extensive planing mills and wood working establishments of the Fremont Manufacturing Co. and Denney & Lumbard, the Creamery Package Manufacturing company; the Nebraska Binder Twine company's plant and the handsome new brewery costing \$125,000, now nearing completion, some of the labor employing institutions which furnish a solid basis of prosperity for the city, were among the places of interest visited and noted. The manufacture of tow from hemp and the making of the tow into binding twine was perhaps the thing of greatest novelty and interest to all the visitors. This factory is a busy hive of industry and will turn out this year a million pounds of twine for binding the grain of the Nebraska farmers. The raising of hemp is a profitable thing for the farmers, and its conversion into binding twine promises to be profitable for the factory. This is the only institution of its kind in Nebraska.

The hospitality of Fremont culminated in an elaborate banquet for the editors at Masonic Temple Friday night.

### EDITOR BIXBY'S POEM.

To be a thrifty husbandman,  
And till the virgin soil,  
And make an honest living  
In the field of honest toil,  
Is certainly commendable  
And not without its joys—  
Besides the farm a grand place  
To educate the boys.  
  
To own an 80-acre farm,  
Out on the prairie broad,  
With but a yoke of oxen,  
And a palce, built of sod,  
Is not the hardest lot that may  
Befall us here below  
While struggling for a foothold  
In this wilderness of woe.

How joyful at the peep of dawn,  
To rise from calm repose,  
And scent the breezes, perfumed  
By the barnyard and the rose;  
To feed and clean the iron grays,  
To milk six cows or more,  
"Slop" forty hogs, then breakfast,  
At ten minutes after four.

To seek the field at sunrise,  
Against the hot-baled tares to war,  
And make two cornstalks flourish  
Where one cornstalk grew before,  
Is a pleasure and a profit,  
And it yields a fund of health,  
And appetite more precocious  
Than Jay Gould's enormous wealth.

Next to farming the mechanic  
Has an independent lot  
In his chosen field of labor,  
And when the forge is flaming hot,  
Or with saw and plane and chisel,  
Earning that, from day to day,  
Which—though root of every evil—  
Keeps the wolf of want away.

'Tis a grand and noble calling  
To proclaim the Gospel truth,  
And exhort to swift repentance  
Old age, middle age and youth;  
Pluck ax brands from out the burning  
Men and women steeped in sin;  
Seek the lost sheep of the Father,  
Shackle them and bring them in;  
Working just for modest profits,  
Storing rust-proof wealth on high;  
Makes a man full good while living—  
First-class when he comes to die.

Then the man well versed in Blackstone  
Claims more than a passing thought;  
Ho who stirs up litigation,  
Rakes our fuel, keeps it hot,  
Chief among our demand law-makers  
And his nose smelling the bill,  
Killing time, but "making records"  
In the legislative fights.  
They are necessary evils  
In the economic plan.  
But the good of their existence  
Has not been revealed to man.

Then the doctor with his physic  
Has a place in life to fill,  
With his moustache propped up  
And his nose smelling the bill,  
And the look of bottled wisdom,  
Corked with mystery away,  
And he notes the patient's symptoms  
And ability to pay.  
  
Ho it is who comes at midnight,  
At a very sprightly pace,  
To assist Dame Nature's efforts  
To increase the human race;  
And through all the ills of childhood  
His nose is ever smelling the bill,  
With his death-to-panic deceptions  
That no one can understand;  
Watches us through youth and manhood  
With professional concern,  
And is called for all conditions,  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;

And the man who wields a power  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;

And the man who wields a power  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;

And the man who wields a power  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;

And the man who wields a power  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;

And the man who wields a power  
From the treacherous cold to the burn;

Add to these the country poet—  
Who, when some dear friend is dead,  
Sends a lengthy contribution,  
With a preface at the head,  
Lines disjointed, dull and formal,  
Mistakenly mournful and distressed,  
But they please the friends and mourners,  
So are "published by request."  
These and many other tortures  
Fill his spirit's life away,  
As he walks the plank of trouble,  
With the ship two miles away.

But what that when the trumpet  
On the last great day shall sound,  
And the bow of glory is added to  
Rise from out the trembling ground,  
When all men are called to judgment,  
To receive the final deal,  
At the hands of Him who sitteth  
At the court of last appeal,  
Then the country who, judging,  
Pays all debts, including board,  
Will receive a seat in glory,  
On the right hand of the Lord.

### ADDRESS OF M. A. BROWN.

#### NEBRASKA AND THE DUTY AND OPPORTUNITY OF THE PRESS.

There is scarce an editor in this state who has not a lofty conception of the duties and obligations of the press. He does not regard journalism as a calling, but as a profession, a mechanical trade, but an art. The fraternity know wherein the press is powerful, and can also point out the weak spots in its armor. The fraternity knows, nearly every man by his individual experience, that the press aims high. And does not he who aims at the stars at least hit the tree tops? If journalism aims so high, and sometimes fails too low, is it not because of a cramped environment or the presence of a stern necessity which knows no law? To make the press of Nebraska able and better, approaching more nearly to the ideal, should not be made more prosperous? And what will bring prosperity to the press, and to all the people, more surely or quickly than the upbuilding of the state in all material things?

Those among us who have spent twenty years in Nebraska know how wonderful has been the development of the state, and how rapid its increase in population, and how marvelous the growth and accumulation of material wealth. And yet in Nebraska we have but made a beginning. The workmen have but simply laid the foundation. We have "pounded our wings" and tested our powers, that is all.

The Empire state has an area of 47,000 square miles—Nebraska exceeds that area by 28,000 square miles.  
The acreage of the Empire state is a trifle over 32,000,000—Nebraska passes it by more than 16,000,000.

But the Empire state will multiply our population about six times.  
Nebraska can maintain a population of 10,000,000, because there is, comparatively speaking, scarce an acre of waste land in the state. But we have barely passed the million mark.

Barring wood, iron, coal and cotton, we have within ourselves all of the needful products and elements to make a people self-sustaining and independent of the balance of the world. All except the cotton we have on our borders. Then why should we not reach out for at least half of the possible ten millions?

Nebraska is the great central state of the Union, and is bisected by the teeming thoroughfare over which passes the main stream of travel between Castle Garden and the Golden Gate. Rich in all that a fertile soil can produce, Nebraska can exchange her products for the pine of Georgia and the north, for anthracite from Pennsylvania, and the soft coal of Colorado, Wyoming and Dakota, for iron from Lake Superior, and for cotton from the south.

Nebraska—an empire in extent, a giant in energy, a Croesus in natural and undeveloped wealth—needs two things:

1. Greater capital for the development of her resources.
2. Increased outlets and inlets by rail and by water that will give the producer the shortest and cheapest routes to the markets of this country and of the world, and to the consumer the benefits of a lower transportation tariff on his domestic imports.

There are two ways to secure capital—by borrowing and by inducing the holder to invest it. We can borrow it only by treating it as a friend and by honorably meeting our obligations to it. We can secure it for investment only by continually presenting the advantages of this state to its holders, so that they may learn that a legitimate investment will be safe and remunerative.

For the present Nebraska people are essentially borrowers, but that must not be so always. We must create. We must upbuild. We must show by our example, no less than by our word of mouth, that this is the proper place for the man who lets us have his money on interest, to couple residence with his investment. Thus we will save to the state the increment that constantly finds its way into eastern savings banks as a return from rents and interest charges.

The press of Nebraska should be the inspiration of the people to renewed and more earnest and intelligent efforts in rearing a commonwealth prosperous in material things and conspicuous for the progressiveness and courage of its people.

As for the "transportation problem," Nebraska is favorably situated to solve it for her own advantage. The trunk lines between the east and west do not offer the solution. To the northeast, a less distance than to Chicago, is the head of lake Superior. Nebraska should have a system of roads for a great line reaching the head of the lakes. Then, looking to the southeast, the outlet to the gulf is both natural and easy. Galveston as a gulf port is assured. Velasco and Aransas are experiments. But there will be more than one deep water harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, and every one of these ports will add to the value of Nebraska farming lands and make farming in this state more remunerative.

Railroads have led the advance in western civilization and development. The approach of a culture, industry, commerce, education, art and science, is heralded by the rumble of the first construction train. Nebraska's progress has been in proportion to the growth in mileage of her railroads. We need more of them, and we will secure them by the adoption of a sensible business policy and by making our community inviting to them by building up our waste places and seizing upon every opportunity for the expansion of our industries.

There is no need that Nebraska should be purely an agricultural state, and it will not long be so. Agriculture, manufacturing and commerce will form the three golden links of our future prosperity. Manufactures are growing in Nebraska. Omaha, the metropolis of this state, a city larger than any in Kansas, or the Dakotas, or Colorado, or Iowa, or in Missouri barring St. Louis,

is a magnificent example of the results produced from this union of agriculture and manufacturing industry.  
Manufactures, allied with agriculture, create commerce, and commerce maintains the steady flow of the financial current.  
Here in Fremont you have built up a large twine industry and have a number of smaller industries, and are now reaching out for the larger and still better things.

Nebraska City finds prosperity in pork-packing, and that prosperity is added to by a variety of lesser industries.  
Beatrice manufactures paper, starch, oatmeal, canned goods, pumps, windmills, paving brick, is erecting a boot and shoe factory and is reaching out for more.

Grand Island and Norfolk are noted for their great sugar factories, which are the foundation of prosperity for both city and country.  
Hastings has gone down into the bowls of the earth and found salt, ochre and other elements of wealth, which will be utilized to the city's advantage.

Kearney's great cotton mill is nearing completion, an oat mill has just been opened, a large plow factory is in course of erection, canned goods and pressed brick are manufactured, paper and wood products will be manufactured this season, and a knitting mill will follow the opening of the cotton mill.  
Lincoln, the state capital, while not yet a manufacturing city, is pushing out in that direction, and may demonstrate before industrial conditions are settled in this state that "the race is not always for the swift nor the battle for the strong." And be it said that the press of our state capital as well as of the metropolis, is an important factor in the improvement of the state's agricultural and industrial conditions.

Smaller cities are working on this same line, and there is abundant reason to believe that the state is entering upon a period of remarkable industrial development.  
You are probably asking yourselves, mentally, what all this has to do with the press of Nebraska, and what business your orator (so-called) has to dismount from his Pegasus in defiance of precedent and propriety, to travel on foot all over this state. Well, this is because your speaker is a crank—a genuine Nebraska crank, a crank on the subject of progress and development, and because he believes that these are problems of policies lying within touch of our hands that outweigh all others in the universe.

Use well the moment; what the hour brings for the use is in thy power; use it, and that thou canst understand.

It is just the thing nearest to thy hand.  
Now suppose a case: Suppose, for instance, that every newspaper in Nebraska, daily and weekly, large and small, was to talk politics less, eschew personal controversy, let the country at large assume the responsibility of saving itself, and enter upon a united campaign for the state and its material interests.

Suppose that the newspapers of Nebraska were talking constantly and in unison for the state in general and each one for its own locality in particular. Imagine a state where every newspaper is engaged in an educational work of this character—educating their own people to a full appreciation of the advantages and opportunities surrounding them, and enlightening the outside world upon the desirability of their respective localities for residence and investment. Not with bombast, not with froth and fustian, but with earnestness united with truth, and zealousness combined with dignity. Imagine such a force and its possibilities for good.

The Nebraska Press association cannot do a better thing than to make this subject a special topic and urge upon every newspaper in the state the importance of a zealous and united movement of this character.

It is said that "the Lord helps those who help themselves." We build up the state, and every citizen is benefited. We help the growth of our own community, build up its industries, and do our part to improve the surrounding conditions, and our reward floats in on the tide in proportion as we have cast our bread upon the waters.

When Nebraska becomes the great state that it may become—when agriculture shall have reached the highest stage of development, when manufactures shall dot our towns and cities, when our avenues of commerce shall radiate toward every point of the compass, when higher education and art shall be within the reach of all, and our present population shall be multiplied by three, and four, and five, the problems that now confront the Nebraska newspaper man will be problems no longer.

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern today!  
The past has had its dreams; the real is thine.  
As an artist had his dream, the real is thine.  
It is not time to loiter or delay.  
  
I see before me comrades of the press who have grown and are growing gray in the treadmill of shop and sanctum. They stand in the presence of the stern today, surrounded by difficulties, beset by discouragements, and with hands that have not yet grasped the reward so well their due for years of thankless service for a tyrant public. Today we meet. Tomorrow we part. The lessons of yesterday are seared upon our brains. The duties of today sink deep into our hearts. And we turn our eyes toward the bright tomorrow with fresh resolves, with higher hopes, with sanctified and silent prayer for the uplifting of the press of this our noble state.

O thou tomorrow! never yet was born  
In earth's dull atmosphere a thing so fair.  
Never yet tripped, with footsteps light as air,  
So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn!  
  
Fresh as the radiant dawn, all unworn  
By the lightest touch of sorrow or of care,  
Thou dost the glory of the morning share;  
By snowy wings of hope and faith upborne!

O, fair tomorrow! what our souls have missed  
Art thou not keeping for us somewhere still?  
The birds of promise that have never flown,  
The tender lips that we have never kissed,  
The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill,  
The one white pearl that life hath never known!

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.  
BY SETH P. MOBLEY.

In the lead of leaders stands the independent paper—the paper that knows no higher law than conscience; the paper that seeks the right according to its best judgment, and that has the courage to speak for it, though all the world may seem to be on the opposite side; the paper that strives to mold instead of being molded by public opinion. The warrior that seeks no advantage except that of having right on his side, and that goes bravely forward, steadfast in the faith that according to the immutable laws of nature, right, truth, justice, conscience, must finally triumph. Such are the papers that give strength to the press.

Do you ask what is the sphere of the independent press? I answer that it knows no narrow confines, but its field is as broad as the world itself; it reaches everywhere, it pervades everything.

The independent paper should be a faithful index of the individuality of its editor. It should be his conscience thermometer and morality barometer. It should aim at originality of ideas, as well as originality in style of expressing them. No matter to what political party principles it adheres, and certainly never so against conscience, as all parties sometimes go wrong and no party should ever claim the right to enslave conscience. A paper should not be a mere organ to simply play each piece by note. Instead of a mere machine it should be a living, breathing, thinking thing, with individual responsibility; recognizing no law higher than the law of conscience, and having no aim above that of absolute truth; and, falling into error, as all papers sometimes will, it should be brave enough to acknowledge error and make amends.

It should aim to stand at the front as an educator, independent of all text books except the text book of truth, and at its own sweet will becoming sponsor for languages never thought of in colleges or laid down in the text books. It should claim the exclusive right to coin and use new words to express new or old ideas, and safely rely upon the fact that families, colleges, text books and worlds, will eventually appropriate the coinage in the future as they have done in the past.

In its news department the independent paper will seek to give only the facts as they are portrayed upon the panorama of the world's actual events, without coloring of party prejudice, personal pique, or vanity, and will studiously seek to avoid sensationalism having the selfish aim of increased sales, remembering that a fake factory is not a necessary adjunct to a newspaper office, but that it invariably proves detrimental to progress in the legitimate newspaper field.

Necessarily depending upon others for sources of information, all papers will sometimes be imposed upon, and thus unintentionally impose upon their readers, but immediately upon the discovery of such imposition, correction should be made and attention called thereto, as nothing will destroy confidence so speedily as recklessness in regard to statement of facts.

The independent paper true to itself and true to its real mission will scorn to do a political opponent, or any one else, an injustice, and will not seek unfair advantage in any direction to gain a temporary success, because it must realize that success thus achieved is really the worst kind of defeat. The paper that prizes respect for truthfulness, candor and fair dealing above any success dishonestly obtained, will prove a lasting tower of strength and the real bulwark of the press. Guarded by such papers the power of the press will ever increase.

In this age, when a man, if given a thousand years to live, could not hope to read all that is printed, it is pertinent to inquire what one should read, but whatever else one may omit, if he desires to keep posted on current events of the age in which he lives, he never even thinks of omitting from his list—select the newspaper, which is first and foremost in everybody's list, to such an extent that one would almost as soon think of doing without his daily physical food. Everybody reads the newspaper, which, more than any other dozen agencies, has made this a reading age, and most people respect and honor an honest paper upon which is impressed the individuality of an honest man, bent upon doing, in his exalted position, what seems best for mankind.

Considering all that has been written upon the subject of the press, it may seem presumptuous in me to attempt to add anything new, and yet so wedded am I to the subject, and so accustomed to military, that duty assigned means an attempt at least to perform it, leaving you to be the sufferers for any lack of wisdom in the detail made by your officers.

It is true that if one had all that has been written upon the subject of the press since Gutenberg or Coster racked their brains to discover a method by which movable characters might be transferred to paper to express ideas, or since Franklin discovered the means whereby the pressman might "pull the devil's tail" and thereby transform blank paper as if by magic into a medium for the diffusion of knowledge of important as well as unimportant events, he would have paper enough to reach to the North pole and wrap it in an anti-freezing depth. And yet I am still bold enough to claim that the subject has not been completely exhausted, but that on the contrary enough might still be written to require paper sufficient to wrap up the sun, moon and stars and fill all the space surrounding our entire planetary system. But be not alarmed; I shall not attempt to exhaust the subject at this time, and as a matter of fact there seems to be no necessity, as it has already come to pass that the press is universally acknowledged as a power without a peer in the civilized world.

The power of the press has been truly marvelous in its growth and influence, surpassing almost human credulity as to possibility, and the art preservative is acknowledged chief of chiefs, the absolute essential of all arts and all sciences, so that the world would as soon think of attempting to get along without the elements of fire and water as without the medium of the press, and when we stop to think we are led to wonder how the world managed to get along at all in the slow-going old way ante-dating the birth of the press.

Only little more than a century ago the pulpit and the rostrum were the recognized powers in control of governments, but that period speedily sped away when the press was born, and in the short space of a hundred years, rostrum, pulpit and people have been taught the fact that the only power higher than the power of the press is that power which keeps this little ball of earth which we temporarily inhabit in its proper position in space.

Time has indeed wrought a wonderful change, so that one asked to give in their order today, the chief agencies for the advancement of civilization, progress, education, morality, and general enlightenment, would be required, out of respect for truth, to name them as follows: The press, the public schools, the railways, the pulpit, and the rostrum. Thus it is, that in this short space of time the recognized head has passed down to the foot and the foot without dispute passed up to the head of the class, and the press become an irresistible force which recognizes no immovable obstacle. It sways armies, shapes governments, and makes and unmakes men at will, and sometimes makes a great man out of very scant material

and receives little thanks from, or for its creation, and is itself ashamed of its progeny.  
Whatever the resistance may be, the power of a combined press may be safely depended upon to conquer, with not even a possibility of failure. The only foe man worthy of its steel is itself. It is only itself to fear. Power abused and misused becomes a source of weakness; a means of self destruction, and if the reigning influence of the press is ever weakened, it will be only by the strength of the press itself. Strong—Samson-like, indeed—when in the right, it may yet totter and fall when in error, and hence it should ever be carefully on guard against its only dangerous foe—itsself. Let us see to it that the power we possess be not abused. Proper use of power but adds to its strength, while abuse of power but the certain ultimate destruction of it.

The main strength of the press lies in the confidence of the people—destroy that confidence, and by that destruction your influence vanishes, and all power is gone, and instead of a respected leader you become a pitiable object of contempt, scorn and ridicule.

Today the press in the recognized leader of advanced thought in every avenue of human progress—the leader in every enterprise calculated to benefit mankind, morally, socially and commercially. Let no act of its own hurl it from the proud eminence it occupies by the common consent of all enlightened people, but let it strive to remain a power worthy of confidence and respect. Give none cause to fear except those who are in the wrong.

It is undoubtedly true that the same energy, and the same ability, applied to any other calling, would bring richer reward, but as the girl said in regard to kissing, "There may be sweeter things on earth, but if so, I have never happened to taste them," so with the newspaper business there appears to be something so fascinating and satisfying about it that we almost unconsciously stick to it, and as a matter of fact there is no other field so fertile for usefulness to humanity.

As nothing in nature is quite perfect, not even the independent press, it might be proper to mention one of its chief weaknesses, one of its besetting sins, if you please, which is its seeming inherent disposition to fight itself, to cripple its own influence through jealousy. The man who declared that women, some women, were given to jealousy, probably never closely observed the predictions of the press in that direction. Touch the topic of its circulation with even intimation of doubt in regard to the strict veracity of its circulation, and you touch it to the heart, and inaugurate a war even in advance of a declaration of war.

It must be said to its discredit that there is no other calling in which so much attention is given to tearing itself to pieces; to weakening its own influence. There is no other calling that could stand so much internal strife without toppling over. We spend by odds too much time in fighting each other and trying to prove to the world that the press is a fraud. The same effort directed toward the upbuilding of the material interest of the localities in which the papers are published, would result not only in greater good to the community, but would prove both strengthening and ennobling to the press, and give the people far greater confidence in it.

One trouble is, that, with most of us, hate is a stronger passion than love, and we permit it to move us to greater extremes. \* \* \* \* \* This is not as it should be, and good results would follow a more careful cultivation of the crop of love for our fellow men, and from absolute neglect of the crop of the spirit of hate, in the hope that it may eventually be choked out by nobler and better thoughts.

Let us encourage confidence in our calling, and, wherever we can, assist each other, and realize the fact that the curling of a stone through our neighbor's window, in reality, but shows our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.

Brethren of the quill, I ask you to draw the blue pencil of your mind through this matter, brush out the chaff, and ask the devil to consign it to the hell-hell, and preserve the grain, if any you find, in the gallery of live matter, and permit me with a brief flourish of my pen to wish a brief slathers of our own glass. If we would, every time we feel an inclination to attack our neighbor, turn our attention to saying something good of our locality, we would soon cure our worst chronic complaint, and become altogether lovely without the aid of any other physician. This internal strife may be edifying to a certain element in society, but it is death to the combatants. If we must go to battle, let us not turn our guns upon ourselves, but upon our enemies.