

BURDEN IS BUTTERINE.

The Republican Press Grasping at Broken Straws.

A VAIN EFFORT TO SAVE THEIR LIVES

All Talk of "McKinley Prosperity," the War, or Other Subjects of Moment, is Sidetracked, While the "Butterine Express" is Let Loose on a Clear Track

[By CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE.]

From a thousand stumps in the state of Nebraska republican orators of more or less renown are explaining why the republican nominees should be elected. Little is now said about "McKinley prosperity"; still less is said about the recent war with Spain; but the whole burden of song bursting from the lips of these impassioned orators is "butterine, butterine, butterine!"

Immediately after the republican state convention and the organization of the republican state central committee, the grave question arose: What shall we do to be saved? What shall we say in this campaign? We can't point out many places where the McKinley prosperity hippodrome wasn't compelled to cancel its dates; our record at the state house looks rather black; we can't make much political capital out of the war, because Mc and Mark and Steve opposed it to their utmost. What shall we do? This was a poser. Chairman Schneider went to the mountains of Colorado "for a week's rest and recuperation preparatory to prosecuting a vigorous campaign," and the rest of the committee Micawber-like, waited for something to turn up.

It did. The Omaha Bee reporter at Lincoln felt equal to the task of holding down two jobs at once, and accepted a position with the committee as manufacturer of campaign thunder and speech writer extraordinary to Judge Hayward. This was a god-send to the committee; they were at their wit's end for something to say, and besides, Rosewater was doing absolutely nothing in his paper for the republican state ticket. It was killing two birds with one stone; the reporter would send to the Bee, as Lincoln correspondence, day by day, the results of his work with the committee, Rosewater would print the stuff as news matter, Hayward would read the same from manuscript under the pretense of making a campaign speech, and harmony would be apparent, if not real.

This reporter is a knowing chap, well acquainted at the state house and with the records there. Many a piece of information that showed up the popocratic administration in a favorable light, he had garbled until it bore little or no resemblance to the reality. But, notwithstanding, expert manufacturer of misinformation that he is, he was about to be prostrated by brain-fag, brought about by his constant endeavors to make something new and startling, when, lo and behold! In digging through some vouchers in the auditor's office, he beheld the magic word, "butterine." "Eureka," he cried, "That is the very thing. These pops have been feeding the blind children, deaf and dumb, old soldiers and other inmates of state institutions on butterine instead of real cow grease. Won't the explosion of that bomb cause consternation in their ranks? Well, I guess yes!"

Of course the state committee was pleased. "Trifles light as air make up the sum of human happiness." Even if it didn't amount to anything as a campaign argument, it varied the monotony. Anything, however diaphanous, was better than harping on McKinley prosperity or explaining how Ben Baker tried, convicted and sentenced Joe Bartley and then got slapped in the face by the republican machine when he asked to be nominated for governor. It would be much easier to cry "butterine" than to explain republican mistreatment and maltreatment of volunteer soldiers. Butterine would explain why the school apportionments are larger under popocratic administration. The pops feed butterine to the insane and blind and deaf and feeble minded; therefore, "Uncle Jake" is enabled to collect more rentals and interest on school lands leased and sold. Warden Lehigh feeds butterine to the unfortunate prisoners at the state penitentiary; that explains why he was enabled to maintain 350 convicts, officers and employes at that institution during the six months ended May 31, 1898, at a cost to the taxpayers of Nebraska of only \$280,000. One hundred eighty-two days maintenance for 770 to the person could only be accomplished by the use of hellish butterine, that's certain.

To its credit be it said that the State Journal at first held back, feeling that the butterine story was entirely too puerile for even its columns. But the Bee and the state committee had started the buying and soon every little office in the state was yelping "butterine, butterine; the pops use Phil Armour's butterine." Then the Journal could stand it no longer and added its

On Sunday, October 2, it said editorially.

"The pop state officers are feeding the blind children, deaf and dumb, insane, feeble-minded children, old soldiers at the home, and other inmates of the state institutions, on oleo, instead of butter. What's more, they go to Kansas City to buy it of P. D. Armour, the packing house plutocrat. This is standing up for Nebraska and her dairy interests with a vengeance. This is one of the pop's streaks of economy."

Yes, the pops have bought some butterine for use at state institutions. Most Nebraska people use some sort of animal fat or vegetable oil for culinary purposes, and most of them consume as an article of food at the table, butter, butterine, or oleomargarine. Nice, fresh dairy butter is sometimes hard to procure in considerable quantities in many localities in Nebraska. The state officers buy good butter for use in state institutions as long as it can be had at a reasonable price; and good butterine as a substitute when the market is glutted with rancid butter. Yes, the pops buy butterine of Phil Armour, and for the same reason that they buy kerosene from the Standard Oil Company—it's hard to get these articles elsewhere.

Any well-informed person knows that good butterine is preferable any time to stale butter. Your travelling man is somewhat of an epicure himself, and he will tell you that he prefers good butterine to rancid butter on his cakes for breakfast. Most supplies for state institutions are furnished on contracts let quarterly by the board of purchase and supplies; but butter is one of the articles for the purchase of which an "open permit" is usually given the head of each institution, authorizing such officer to buy good dairy or country butter, wherever it can be procured, at the market price. At times the supply of good dairy butter is entirely inadequate to meet the demand for it, and good butterine is the only available substitute. Yes; the pops buy butterine, when good butter cannot be procured at a reasonable price, for use at the state institutions.

There are approximately 1,550,000 people in the state of Nebraska today; most of them use butter for culinary purposes and eat it at table. There were, on May 31, 1898, all told, 2873 inmates, officers and employes in all state charitable and penal institutions of Nebraska, or less than one-fourth of one per cent of the population of the state. These inmates, officers and employes are not greater consumers of butter or substitutes for butter than an equal number of average individuals. Suppose that under republican rule every inmate, officer and employe in state institutions were supplied with butter, good, bad, or indifferent; then the demand for butter in Nebraska might be represented by the number 100. Now, suppose that a popocratic administration should decide to buy nothing but butterine for use in state institutions; that would absolutely strike a death-blow at the dairy interests of Nebraska, because the demand would be reduced one-fourth of one per cent. "Stand up for Nebraska."

But what are the facts? The republican pettifoggers have told you about the use of butterine under popocratic administration; they have howled themselves hoarse from every stump about the disastrous effects this has had upon the dairy interests of Nebraska; they have professed the most profound love for the creameries and dairies of the state, but—they have utterly failed to say anything about the many thousand pounds of butterine they bought of Plutocratic Phil Armour at Kansas City during the years 1893-4-5-6 for use in these same state institutions.

Demopop officials believe it to be no crime, and no injustice to the people of Nebraska who bear the expense, to furnish butterine as an article of food for strong and robust criminals at the penitentiary, at such times when it is practically impossible to procure good dairy or country butter. They believe its use for culinary purposes at insane hospitals and other state institutions is not only justifiable but proper at such times. And, acting with this thought in mind, they have made no change in the established republican policy of buying butterine for such purposes when good dairy or country butter was hard to get in sufficient quantities at reasonable price. In one case only have they reversed the republican practice in this regard: They have felt that in the maintenance of the soldiers' and sailors' homes, the gallant defenders of our nation in its hour of peril deserve the best; that the best is butterine.

strong and healthy criminal at the penitentiary, is an absolute necessity for these veterans now in the evening of their earthly career. Hence, no butterine has ever been purchased under the present administration for use in any way at the soldiers' and sailors' home. No better expression of this thought can be given than the following quotation of a letter written by Colonel John W. Wilson, commandant of the soldiers' and sailors' home at Grand Island, to Auditor Cornell, under date of September 28:

"Replying to your inquiry as to the use of butterine in the soldiers' home, I beg to inform you that we have never bought any butterine since I have been commandant of the home. The board of purchase and supply have allowed us to purchase all the butter, telling us that the best was none too good for the old soldiers, and we have always endeavored to supply the tables with the very best dairy or country butter. We have found it difficult the past month to procure dairy butter, and, after visiting several counties, and failing, we made arrangements with the Grand Island Creamery company to supply us with what we need of their product. There is no hotel in the city of Lincoln or elsewhere that uses purer butter or better meats or food of any kind than the soldiers' home at Grand Island."

Vouchers in the auditor's office show the following amounts of butterine purchased under the republican administration from August 4, 1894, to March 5, 1895, a period of eight months, for use at the soldiers' and sailors' home at Grand Island:

Table with columns for date, quantity, and price. Includes entries for Aug. 4, 1894, and Oct. 11, 1894.

And every ounce of the 2400 pounds of this "wagon dope" (as some republican peanut politicians are disposed to call it) was bought of Armour Packing Co., Kansas City, Mo. Ye gods! Is it possible that republican state officials would compel battle-scarred veterans to eat "wagon dope?" The records so disclose.

O, Butterine, Butterine, Butterine! Thou art a monster of so frightful mien As, to be hated, needs but to be seen; Yet seen too oft, familiar with thy face; We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But this is not all. Popocratic officials buy butterine of Plutocratic Phil right at this climax of McKinley prosperity, with price of everything mounting up, up, up, for ten cents a pound. During the hard times of 1893 and 1894 republican officials paid this same Phil Armour 13 to 20 cents per pound for the same kind of wagon dope that the pops now buy of him for ten cents.

The industrial school for boys at Kearney used 7,435 pounds of butterine in 1893 and 1894 under republican administration, at an average cost of 17 cents per pound; 3,558 pounds of butterine were used during the same period at the institute for the blind at Nebraska City at an average cost of about 16 cents a pound; 3,448 pounds of butterine were used at the Norfolk hospital for the insane at an average cost of 14 cents per pound, and so on.

The Bee reporter, the republican state central committee, the State Journal, and the whole litter of whining yelpers, find one after another of their political bombs turn out to be mere boomerangs, hurting the thrower worse than the party assailed. Better stick to talking prosperity, even if the people know it is only "prosperity" we're getting; better try juggling figures, garbling the records, and swinging the bloody shirt brag about Melkiejohn's "republican war," do most anything—but keep their fingers out of the butterine.

The Highland Regiment. A. Dawson, formerly a sergeant in the Black Watch, writes the Family Herald and Weekly Star from Providence, R. I., about the relative strength of the various British nationalities in the Scots regiments. Claims have been made that the regiments purporting to be Highland ones are filled with Englishmen and Irishmen, but in refutation of this, Sgt. Dawson quotes the following official statements of the composition of two well-known regiments: First battalion Seaforth Highlanders, English; 270; Irish, 28; Scottish, 705; born in India or colonies, 12; total 1,015. First battalion Cameron Highlanders, English, 379; Irish, 12; Scottish, 613; born in India or colonies, 7; total, 1,012.

Money in Investment. A patent for fastening kid gloves has yielded a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars for its fortunate owner, and the inventor of a collar clip enjoys \$20,000 royalty a year as the reward for his endeavor. A new kind of sleeve button has made \$10,000 in five years for its patentee, and the simple twisting of a safety pin in such a way that there is no danger of the point sticking in the child, promises to enrich its owner beyond any of his early dreams of wealth.

Charity Among Ape. It is certain that ants intentionally sanction the residence of certain insects in their nests. This is the case, for instance, with a curious blind beetle, which is absolutely dependent upon ants and is habitually

THE MUTE PRAYER

Which a Deaf and Dumb Mother Offered in a Chicago Court.

There was a pathetic scene in a Chicago court recently. A divorce case had been called for judgment. The wife sat surrounded by her legal advisors. Her face she kept shaded with her hands. Through the open door that led into Judge Horton's private room occasionally came childish prattle and peals of innocent laughter. The mother's head was bowed with grief. Then the judge spoke. His solemn tones rang through the room. His words were few. He bade the woman go in freedom, and charged her with the safety of her child.

But she did not need the spoken decree. Her lawyer bent over to explain. Apparently she did not understand. Suddenly there was a happy shout. Like a ray of sunlight a golden-haired child sprang out of Judge Horton's room and rushed pell mell into her mother's arms. The two lost themselves in each other's embrace. Tears of joy coursed down the mother's cheeks. She kissed and felt her darling's face with trembling fingers.

Then she left her seat, and, going to the front of the judge's bench, fell upon her knees. She lifted her hands first to heaven, then to Judge Horton, and then to her child, as if to invoke divine blessing on his wisdom. Her eyes were red with weeping.

For several moments the strange pantomime continued. And the little daughter stood with her hand upon her mother's shoulder, smiling through her tears at the judge.

"Mamma's deaf and dumb, sir," she finally said. "She's asking God to bless you for giving me back to her."

A BRAVE BRAKEMAN.

Alone He Saved a Train of Twelve Cars From Destruction.

Rhode Island papers are bestowing praise on William Eastman, whose father was long the Free Baptist preacher in the town of Parkman, Ma. Mr. Eastman is a brakeman, and not long ago a freight train on which he was employed, and from which the locomotive had been uncoupled to allow it to run to its destination, alone, broke in two, leaving Eastman the only brakeman on fourteen cars, which were headed straight for the harbor in Stonington with a prospect of going overboard. Employees in the yard shouted to Eastman to save himself by jumping, but he stuck to his post, braking one car after another, until, in the short interval allowed him, he had tightened up the brakes on half the train. At the last instant he sprang across to the top of the caboose on the next track, and the train he had just abandoned crashed heavily into the bumper at the end of the depot, and through the west wall of the structure, the first car went over the waters of the harbor, while it came to a standstill. Seven cars were more or less damaged, but the brakeman escaped unhurt. Now they are saying around the yard at Stonington that if Eastman had dropped off the train in the first place and left it to take care of itself, several cars would have gone overboard.

ALL HE WANTED.

The Tramp Was Not Hard to Please Under the Circumstances.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied, with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No'm. I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet."

"I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jest dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie, anyhow."

"No'm. I druther hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me an' the rest of the boys has hustled around till we've got a turkey, fan' some celery, an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

An Exercise for Henry's Father.

Mr. Lowry is a man with a moderate income and one child, a boy of 11 or 12 years, whom he is already sending to a French master, who is accustomed to be paid every Monday. Recently Mr. Lowry sent Henry to his lesson without the usual bank-note. That evening the father did as he always does—looked over the boy's exercise, and this is what he found Henry doing his best to put into Parisian French: "I have no money. The week is up. Have you no money? Has your father no money? I need money. What is the day of the week? The day of the week is Monday. Does your father know the day of the week?"

A Spring Chicken Don't Ask.

The rooster in the yard of a country boarding house called an old hen aside. "You want to look out," he said, kindly. "The proprietor told his guests yesterday he would give them a spring chicken and he's laying for you." "Well," she sighed, resignedly. "I presume I have no right to object. I've been laying for him a good many years."

Fresh Water in Delaware Bay.

A few days ago, for the first time in many years, the water of Delaware bay was nearly as fresh as the water of a mountain stream. This condition of affairs was brought about by

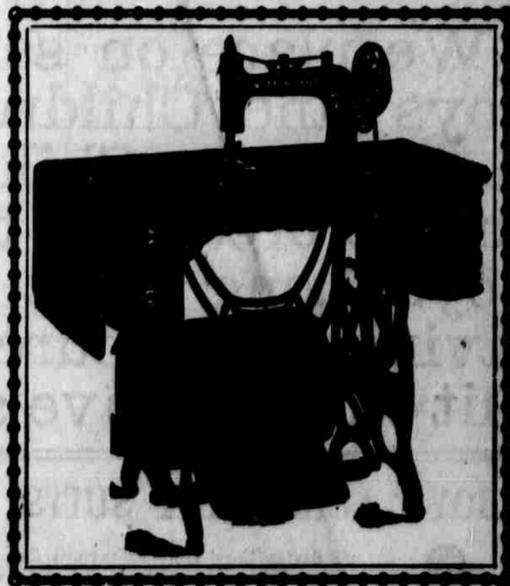
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Our "Independent" is a strictly high-grade Sewing Machine, and finished throughout in the best possible manner. It possesses all modern improvements, and its mechanical construction is such that in it are combined simplicity with great strength, thus insuring ease of running, durability, and making it impossible for the Machine to be put out of order. It sews fast and makes a perfect stitch with all kinds of thread and all classes of material. Always ready for use and unrivaled for speed, durability and quality of work.

Notes the following points of superiority.

The Head swings on patent socket hinges, and is firmly held down by a thumb screw. It is strong, substantial, neat and handsome in design, and beautifully ornamented in gold. The bed plate has rounded corners and is inlaid or counter sunk, making it flush with the top of the table. HIGH ARM.—The space under the arm is 31 inches high and 9 inches long. This will admit the largest skirts, even quilts. IT IS SELF-THREADING.—There are absolutely no holes to put the thread through except the eye of the needle. The Sewing Machine is cylinder on the end, entirely self-threading, easy to put in or take out; bobbin holds a large amount of thread. THE STITCH REGULATOR is on the bed of the Machine, beneath the bobbin window, and has a scale showing the number of stitches to the inch, can be changed from 8 to 32 stitches to the inch. The Foot is double and extends on both sides of the needle; never fails to take the goods through; never stops at seams; movement is positive; no springs to break and get out of order; can be raised and lowered at will. AUTOMATIC BOBBIN WINDER.—An arrangement for filling the bobbin automatically and perfectly smooth without holding the thread. The Machine does not run while winding the bobbin. LIGHT RUNNING.—The Machine is easy to run, does not fatigue the operator, makes little noise and runs rapidly. THE STITCH can be changed with the same on both sides, will not unravel, and can be changed without stopping the Machine. THE TENSION is a fine spring tension and will admit thread from 8 to 150 speed cotton without changing. Never gets out of order. THE HANDS are straight, self-adjusting, set on one side, and cannot be put in wrong. HUMANITARIAN DESIGN.—All parts are made of cast-iron steel, and can be easily adjusted with a screwdriver. All instructions can be taken up, and the Machine will last a life time. A VOUCHER.—Each Machine is furnished with the following set of best steel attachments: Press, One Foot Hammer, Sewer, one Footage of Sewing, six Bobbins, one French, one Sewer, one Driver, one Shuttle Sewer Driver, one Presser Foot, one Belt and Hook, one Oil Can fitted with oil, one Gauge, one Gauge Screw, one Quilter, and one Instruction Book.

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