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BURNED OUT

The Nebraska Independent Loses Everything in the Great Lincoln Fire Saturday Morning.

Last Saturday morning the most disastrous fire in the history of Lincoln occurred. The Nebraska Independent lost everything except the contents of the safe in which were most of the account books and the subscription list. All the files of the paper, all the letters from its foundation to the present time, went up in smoke. The editor's personal loss, while it was not much in dollars and cents, is very trying to him. On the northeast corner of M and 11th streets was located the printing establishments of all the reform forces and the Western Newspaper Union. There were a great many printing presses, large stocks of paper, many books, some finished and some in course of publication. Many hundred people in one way and another were damaged by the fire.

The principle building was the property of Jacob North & Co. He had just been carried to his grave when the fire occurred. Besides this building the Masonic Temple in which was the city library, and the great St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church were burned. There was nothing of value saved from any of the buildings. In all cases it was an almost total loss. A few chairs or things of that sort only were taken out of the buildings.

No man in the city will say that even after the fire was started that this awful loss was necessary. The church was a stone building with a slate roof and was more than 20 feet from the North building in which the fire originated. The total loss is more than a quarter of a million dollars on which there was an insurance of \$122,450. There was no insurance on the plant of the Nebraska Independent.

Why was this fire allowed to spread from building to building? There can be but one answer. An inefficient fire department. The people of Lincoln pay enough and more than enough to sustain a department that is first-class in every respect. But the department in Lincoln is still in the control of the old republican ring and is run just as the state house was run until the reform forces kicked the thieves out of there.

The infernal rottenness of the Lincoln city government, every employe in its service being first a republican worker and after that a servant of the people, is in the main the cause of this severe loss. From the chief of the fire department, whose appointment was secured because he was a republican and not because he was an expert in fire service, clear down to the common laborer, appointments are made, not because of qualification to fill the position, but because of a political pull. If the most expert fire fighter in the United States should apply for the position of chief in Lincoln, he could not get the place under the present city government unless he was a political worker in the republican party. Treasuries raided, cities burned, banks robbed by their officers, inefficiency, corruption, has been the record of the republican party in this state for many years. It is still so wherever that party is in power. The people reap just what they have sown. How long will the people of this city continue to sow republican votes and reap corruption?

THE CAMPAIGN.

There is a campaign carried on under the supervision of the state chairman and his assistants at the populist headquarters, such as we have not had since 1890. There is this difference between this year and last year. Last year the populists were so cock sure that they would carry the state after the magnificent

showing made by the state officers that they did not take the initiative out in the country districts. The state committee arranged for meetings and sent word to the counties telling the chairman there of the date and asking him to make arrangements. It is different this year. All over the state they are calling for speakers and Mr. Edmisten has his hands full to supply them. Every county and every precinct in the state is being looked after. The chairman has been collecting the names of earnest populists for over two years and there is not a voting precinct in the state where he has not the name of some man who is interested in the reform cause. The correspondence at the populist headquarters is immense, many times larger than it ever was in any campaign before.

Accessions to the ranks are being reported from all parts of the state. There is an uneasiness among old-time republicans everywhere. They do not like the denunciations of the Declaration of Independence. They have no heart in this McKinley war. They fear militarism. It seems to them that the very foundations are slipping from under their feet. The constant fall in the price of wheat and the rise of everything that is sold makes the farmers in the republican ranks begin to ask with an earnestness that they never exhibited before what all this means. They don't like the war. They don't like the rise in the price of everything that they have to buy and the falling price of most of the things they have to sell. So they begin to doubt whether the gold standard is the right thing. That means that many of them will forsake the republican party in the next election. They are all being looked after by the state committee.

THE JOURNAL'S VILENESS.

Because a Soldier will not Talk Imperialism it Prints the Vildest Slanders About Him.

"This," wrote the Honorable Geo. D. Meikeljohn to a friend in Lincoln early in May, 1898, "this is to be a republican war as far as it is in our power to make it. Except where we can avoid it, none but republicans will be commissioned as officers in the army." The policy which has undoubtedly been carried out as fully as possible, is widely different from the one pursued by Gov. Holcomb and later by Gov. Poynter, both of whom laid aside partisanship and appointed the bitterest and most uncompromising republicans to high positions in the Nebraska volunteers.

Not only has the national administration made desperate endeavors to make it a republican war so far as officers are concerned, but the most damnable practices are resorted to to blacken the reputation of any officer or man who has the courage to have opinions at variance with the administration. Col. Funston was a demi-god until it was discovered that he does not believe in "benevolent assimilation;" now all sorts of scandalous stories are told about him in order to dim the brilliant record he has made. Lt. Col. Eager did his duty as an American soldier about the wound he received in twenty-one engagements, some of them pretty sharp battles, and escaped unhurt. In the twenty-second battle he was wounded by a Mauser bullet passing through the top of his foot and out at the sole. He lays no claim to having performed any miraculous achievements, but he does claim that the army records will show for themselves that he did his whole duty as a soldier and officer.

Col. Eager is a populist. He does not believe in "benevolent assimilation"—it seems too much like murder. Hence, it is no wonder

that a lot of Miss Nancys who were too cowardly to enlist and go to war, are now circulating maliciously false stories about the wound he received in the foot. Too cowardly to make a plain statement, they hedge and turn, trying to create the impression that Col. Eager's wound was self-inflicted. Such a libel is easily answered, if indeed it should be answered other than by a swift unerring kick of a number ten boot, by the plain statement that Col. Eager was in twenty-one battles before he was wounded. It is passing strange that a man should face death on twenty-one occasions and show the white feather in the twenty-second.

None but republicans need apply. If Col. Eager were a republican—or even if he should play turncoat and swallow the imperialistic pill—he would be lauded to the skies. But because he has a mind of his own, the shafts of venom are aimed at him. No populist or democratic paper has assailed the reputation of any republican officer or man in the Nebraska volunteers—have republicans lost all sense of decency?—Nebraska Post.

MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

There's been a lot to say about the man behind the gun. And folks has praised him highly for the noble work he done; He won a lot of honor for the land where men are free, It was him that sent the Spaniards kitin' back across the sea; But he's had his day of glory, had his little spree, and now There's another to be mentioned— he's the man behind the plow.

A battleship's a wonder and an army's mighty grand, And warriars a perfession only heroes understand; There's somethin' sort o' thrillin' in a flag that's wavin' high, And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by, But when the shoutin' over and the fightin's done, somehow, We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun, And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done; The world has been made over by the fearless ones who fight; Lands that used to be in darkness they have opened to the light; When God's children snarl the soldier has to settle up the row, And folks haven't time for thinkin' of the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade, And all through the awful darkness that the smoke of battle's made; In the halls where jewels glitter and where shoutin' men debate, In the palaces where rulers deal out honors of the great, There is not a single person who'd be doin' bizness now Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're a-buildin' mighty cities and we're gainin' lofty heights, We're a-winnin' lots of glory and we're settin' things to rights; We're a-shovin' all creation how Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things that we have done, And they'll overlook the feller, jist the same as we do now, Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the world's affairs should run, the plow.

When congress meets its first duty should be to knock the props from under this army, illegally organized to fight an un-American and unauthorized war. All further enlistments should be stopped, estimates should be cut down, appropriations should be withheld, promotions should be denied, and every possible thing done to weaken and reduce the army. Ten thousand men, or even five thousand, are enough for the regular army of a republic. No republic can endure that tolerates the demoralizing and debasing influences of a large standing army. Encourage the state militia, but foster the regular army only as you would a dangerous serpent—that is, pull out its fangs and crush its head. No republic needs an army when every citizen is a soldier and ready to die for his country and his home.—Valley Democrat.

News of the Week

The point of interest in the United States for most of the people during the week was the trust conference at Chicago. Almost as soon as it assembled it was clearly to be seen that plutocracy had not neglected the occasion by any means, and the delegates lined up on two sides for battle. It was trust under cover and anti-trust openly. Treasurer Foster, he who first ordered the payment of gold from the treasury for the government obligations and shortly failed in business most disastrously, was an outspoken champion of trusts. Then came Bourke Cochran, the Cleveland gold bug champion of 1893. He fought under cover. His speech, while ostensibly against trusts was the most powerful defense of the system yet made. He put just enough sound economics into his speech to make it go.

His speech in the house in 1893 did not show the slightest knowledge of the science of political economy, but this speech does. He has been reading John Stuart Mill and this speech shows him to be dishonest while the former only convicted him of ignorance. In 1873 he thought taxes were badges of liberty and the more of such badges a man had on him the happier he would be. Now he says that trusts are not altogether good but publicity of all their proceedings would be a perfect remedy and that is all that the law need to provide for. The law provides for that now and always has provided for it. But the trusts continue to increase in power. Bourke Cochran's speech was perhaps the most finished piece of sustained sophistry that can be found in the English language.

As for the audiences, the place of meeting was overflowing with people at all the meetings. The sentiment generally was against monopolies of all kinds. Mr. Bryan made an exhaustive discussion of the subject of trusts which will be printed in full in the Independent.

The situation in the Transvaal still remains critical. A diligent search of both foreign and American papers leads the Independent to believe that England is engaged in a scheme of robbery and bloodshed and that without the least excuse Whenever the Boer government has agreed to a demand by Joe Chamberlain, instead of settling the dispute he has followed with new and more presumptuous demands, until at last his scheme of conquest is wholly unmasked. He means to annex the Boer republic and nothing else will satisfy him. Of course, like McKinley, he is going to do it in the name of humanity and civilization. The Independent believes that England is again engaged in one of her old schemes of inhuman robbery and conquest. Nothing will stop her but bullets. She will have to stand a shower of them before she kills all of the brave, God fearing farmers of this African republic.

The Dreyfus incident has finally closed with a full pardon. It now begins to look as if the last trial was a fake from beginning to end. Without doubt the whole matter was arranged before hand and the officers composing the court-martial were ordered what to do, and did exactly what had been arranged for them to do, when they were detailed upon the court-martial. The generals who had committed perjury time and again to save the "honor" of the army had to be given a chance to escape their just punishment and this was the way taken to do it.

No more reports can be found in any of the great dailies as to the

number of enlistmentes in the army. How near McKinley is coming to getting the 35,000 recruits to go and subjugate the Filipinos no one can tell, but the advertisements for recruits are everywhere to be seen stuck up on the dead walls and bill boards of the cities.

Lincoln has had on her gayest clothes all the week on account of the free street fair which is proving a great success. The streets are crowded from early morn until late at night with visiting thousands. There are blocks upon blocks of gaily decorated booths in which all sorts of things fanciful and useful are exposed for sale. All kinds of exhibits and more profuse in number than are seen at the old fashion fairs.

DARE NOT TRUST THEM.

Editor Independent:—While attending the G. A. R. annual reunion at Lincoln we felt proud of the magnificent reception the warm-hearted people, regardless of political preferences, were able to give the noble men of the First Nebraska. They deserve greater praise than we can give them for their unflinching obedience to orders, for they were braver than we of the army of '61, because we were fighting to save our own country from dismemberment, while they felt that they were fighting to subdue an inoffensive people on the opposite side of the globe.

When it came to speech-making, however, those in charge seemed to assume an entirely different attitude and many a blunderbuss was let off in adulation of our "glorious cause" in the Philippines while the boys who had been there were not trusted with an invitation to say a word, notwithstanding many of them could have given us a very instructive talk regarding the situation there, and we were pained to hear such words as "traitor" and "copperhead" applied to citizens who spoke much more mildly of this wretched Philippine business than would many of the returned soldiers had they been given an opportunity. There was enough incognuity in this whole affair to make it ludicrous had it not included so much of the really pathetic.

The First Nebraska boys were not cuckoos therefore they were not allowed to speak.
B. ROOSA,
Co. E, 3rd Minn. of '61,
Lincoln, Neb.

HOW A BULLET TRAVELS.

Lessons the Soldier is Taught in Learning How to Shoot.

The soldier is taught that the bullet travels through the air in a curved line called the trajectory, and that three forces act upon it—first, the exploded charge, tending to drive it forward in a straight line along the line of fire; second, the force of gravity, and third, the air resistance. At 200 yards, owing to these forces, the bullet, traveling at the rate of 2,000 feet a second, will have fallen about two feet. In the excitement of firing at close quarters the aim will invariably be too high.

It has been calculated that when the enemy approaches within 350 yards the soldiers will instinctively fire as much as two feet or three feet above their heads. Now, it has been found by experiment that the fact of fixing bayonets will cause the bullet to drop a distance of about 2 1/2 feet in 350 yards, and therefore when about this distance from the enemy soldiers are instructed to fix bayonets, in order to counteract the excessive elevation of their aim. The recruit learns that the mean extreme range of the bullet is 3,500 yards, and that the longest shot ever observed was 3,760 yards. He is taught the penetrating power of his weapon, a subject full of interest. To take one or two examples, rammed earth gives less protection than loose; bullets easily find their way through joints of walls, while a concentrated fire of about 150 rounds at 200 yards will breach a nine inch brick wall.

Only experience can teach a soldier how much he must aim to the right or left of his mark to counteract the force of the wind. A side wind has more effect on the flight of the bullet than a wind blowing directly toward the fire. The soldier must learn the habits of his rifle, since some shoot higher or lower than others. Every rifle, like every marksman, has its own individuality.—Pearson's Weekly.

Sho—What did papa say? He—I asked his consent to our marriage by telephone, and he replied, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Boston Traveler.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

An Author Gets an Inspiration From an Unexpected Source.

"What a lie!" repeated the man to himself with a most a wry smile. "Making bricks without straw all the year round. I wish—there, I wish to God I'd never learned how to write!"

And yet it had paid him in solid coin, so far. One of his minor dreams was realized; the window of his writing room overlooked a suburban roadway along which jarring wheels seldom rattled; he had got away from the whirl and drone of the town, where his nerves had been at a tension all day long. He could compose in peace. And yet he sat with the bitter, idle stare, clutching a dry pen.

The door behind cracked; a woman gilded in an uptown. "Don't start—it's only I," she whispered.

"Don't start!" He threw down the pen without a word. "It's all started—the strain of expecting them. I'm sick of it. I tell you—sick of it all."

"What is the matter?" She had paused half way with hands together.

"Can't you write?"

"Write! I've nothing to write. I'm drained dry. And I promised a tragic story"—with a half sneer—"for that Society Sun. Tragic! What's the time?"

"It must be nearly 6."

"Six? Dark in another hour—dark now! I've done nothing. And you—you never attempt to help me, by so much as a word!"

"Never help you?" she echoed; and repeated it to herself. "I never help him! But when have you asked such a thing? What good would be my ideas?"

"Oh, not much. Women seldom have real ideas. They're fitting superficialities. Still!"

A long silence. The door creaked again, but he knew she had only closed it and was still hovering behind him. He was somewhat surprised, but would not turn, vaguely conscious of the sneer's hollowness. Then—

"I never help you," she repeated calmly. "Would you like me to try? Perhaps something has just come into my mind. It is silly, maybe, as I tell it; but you, my husband, might make it clever and interesting. You say your stories are always twaddle as you first set them down."

"Do I? Well, what is it?" he said, staring across at the opposite roofs.

"This situation is novel. Go on. Never mind as long as there is anything at all in it."

"There is—there is a woman's heart in it, I think," she whispered. "Is that any good?"

"Oh!" he said. Her voice had tumbled off as if she had a real idea. He was afraid of the sneer. "Well, there usually is; that's one of the component parts of the average story. Even humor is the brighter for tragedy lurking in the background, you know. Anything in the heart? That's the point. Yes; anything in this heart?"

Another silence. "Couldn't I tell you just as it came to me, then?" she said. "I'm not clever enough to know. It's more of a sketch, perhaps. I—I imagined two lovers, very dear lovers. They got married, and there was a beautiful world before them, with such peace at the end, if they knew! Make the man an artist. He lived for his art. The girl—the girl was only just a girl; she lived for the man. She hung on his every word, you might say; she prayed for his success when he was never there to hear, thought for him in ways that he would never know and checked her singing and moved softly so that he should never be disturbed at his work. You're not writing. Is it so silly?"

"Go on," he whispered. "There—there's nothing to write yet."

"That went on for years. The man, deeper and deeper in his work, never saw that his wife was changing, that the light had gone out of her eyes. He forgot all he had meant to be—forgot after a time even to kiss her, and the girl—she could never bring herself to remind him—oh? She still lived only for him, but he never cared what she wore, never thought that her work might be hard in its little way, and that there are some women for whom years of such silence and loneliness spells death—or worse. She was always crying at first and never dared to tell him why if he did not see for himself and kept out of his way so that his mind should not be spoiled for work. And he—she thought it was something else and spoke harshly and sneered and at last got so that he lived in a world of his own and wouldn't open his door when—when he knew that her heart was bursting out, longing for one kind word again. Or—or something like that. Could you begin anything with that?"

No answer. She could not see, but the man's outward stare was as if it would never again relax. She went on a little faster, her voice taking a thrill—just as though his silence implied that there might be real dramatic possibilities in her small inspiration.

"I think my husband could—yes! The world is used to seeing the man grow indifferent and the woman cold and pale; but you—you might take the tragedy as it is within the four walls and make it live and throb in there. You

might put it that at first the man's mistake was in always straining forward to his goal, forgetting that the happiest time is now—forgetting how, when he looks at last he will not find just the same laughing girl he married. Often he left her, we will say, he wanted cheerful faces and relaxation after his work, and the wife would only like a ghost creeping about the house. And so at last, for her the only alternative to a broken heart was heart hardened to stone. And, oh, she had so loved him—had so determined always to look her brightest and best for him! That might have gone on to the end, as it often does; but then came a blow—some blow more than she could bear. We'll suppose—we'll suppose that one day the wife, somehow or other, heard him talking to a friend. The friend was quiet; he had asked, 'What's the matter with—with her? All the romance gone that you used to talk about?' Make it—make it that she held her breath for the answer, even then—then; that even then she was hungry to put her arms all around him, and tell him, oh, so, it was not gone! And supposing she heard him say: 'Hari! Pooch, take no notice of her—always the same. Wish to God sometimes I'd never married—what with the expenses and the miseries at home. Can't make her out—no like other women. Gives it up long ago. Don't you ever marry, old man!' And supposing the wife stood and cried to God to take her on the spot, and that God did not answer, and that at last—at last, when something seemed as if he would step in her brain—she crept into her husband's study and took out the book that he kept in his desk and put it by her forehead, and—almost pulled the trigger. Wouldn't a paper about a story like that?"

"Still no answer. The man had crept still farther forward, his hands gripping the desk, his face gray in the dusk, his stare widened. It looked—somehow looked as if he feared for her life to look around, in fear of a hand waiting for his throat. It was not his wife talking. It was tragedy that had come creeping into the room, as it sometimes did when he wrote late, and something stood and breathed behind each shoulder.

The voice came again, as from a long way off.

"Yes! Yes she pined the moment, and that saved her. She looked at his work and thought of his long struggles and the mind that always planned and—something in his life that she never found. But the thought—came into her head, and it staid and staid, and more than once, when he had passed her with hardly a word or look—she my God, she could not bear it! God forgive her, she cannot bear it!"

The indescribable sob and a swift rush. A hand had plucked open the drawer at the man's side, and something bright flashed out. Just in time he realized something and averted up, with a hoarse cry: "Winnie! No, no!" and faced the picture that was to cast into his memory for all time.

The dead silence, the stare with which the wide eyes in her worn, white face seemed to search his soul wildly for a flicker of the truth! Then her hand dropped, and his face began to twitch pitiously. His arms were out—and the heart beat there yet.

"Winnie!" he had whispered—such a whisper. "Don't, don't! Come back to me! Come back to me!"

And for those two times put back the hands of his clock. But the story. That was not for publication.—London Star.

Killing of Thistles.

A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer writes as follows about killing off Canada thistles:

The writer's method, which has been very successful, is as follows: The job is let out to a boy (or boys), and the terms of the contract are "no kill, no pay." The result is the boy gets his day.

On my farm the thistles grow in patches, and I pay so much per patch, according to size. The work is begun in the spring. Each week for two or three weeks the boys cut them with a hoe about two inches below the surface of the ground.

Once in two weeks, for about three times and after this about once a month, this job is done during the balance of the season. By fall the thistles are smothered out.

The leaves of a plant are its lungs. You can kill an oak tree by picking off its leaves and buds for one season. I plan to kill thistles in a field devoted to cultivated crops. After the second or third cutting very few plants will appear.

By a little attention to the boy he will attend to the thistles and at the same time earn a little cash. I have tried salt, which kills the thistle, but is expensive and don't help the boy.

How Postal Cards Are Often Wanted.

"Women often send messages to their dressmaker or to dry goods shops on postal cards," says The Ladies' Home Journal, "attaching a bit of cloth, ribbon or lace as samples. This makes the card 'unpleasant,' so it is always sent to the dead letter office and invariably destroyed. Men—presumably men—not infrequently make a clever joke or a telling political fragment upon a postal card and send it to a friend—at least, start it. But it never arrives. Nothing may be attached to a postal card, nor may one word be written upon the address side, except the address itself."