

The Nebraska Independent
Lincoln, Nebraska

PRESSE BLDG., CORNER 13TH AND N STS

ELEVENTH YEAR
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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The Nebraska Independent,
Lincoln, Neb.

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A lady writing to The Independent remarks: "Those gold democrats just make me tired." A good many other people have felt that way.

Things in this world seem to be topsy-turvy. The Americans are "carrying coals to Newcastle," shipping sauerkraut to Germany and making it pay.

The republican vote in the "solid south" which is nearly all negro, was 182,000 greater in 1900 than it was in 1896, and still the republican editors of the north continue to weep over the disfranchisement of the blacks.

Roosevelt has at last come to the conclusion that the Associated press reports are extremely unreliable. The readers of The Independent may recall the fact that it has also made remarks of that kind when Mr. Roosevelt did not agree with it.

The Globe-Democrat says that silver is on the wane. If the opening of the mine in India and the coinage of more silver during the last year in the United States than was ever coined in the same length of time is a "wane," then The Independent says: Let her wane.

Lord Roberts is said to have made an "eloquent address at Cape Town when the jingoism there presented him with a sword. Lord Roberts has always been simply a soldier and was never accused of "eloquence" until after he had rubbed up against Botha and Dewet.

The smallpox scares are numerous in different parts of the state and are liable to occur frequently from this on until the population is made immune by vaccination. The faith healing fads have been so extensively believed in that vaccination has been greatly neglected in the last few years.

Hanna declared in his speech in the senate the other day that he had no other motive in introducing the ship subsidy bill than the good of the country. That settles it. Hanna nor any of his friends will ever make one cent out of it if it is passed. It is pure philanthropy and nothing else.

The republican editors think that calling it by another name makes it different. The suppression of debate, the virtual installation of a dictator whereby millions are appropriated in ten minutes, they call "administrative ability." Let them do it. It doesn't smell any sweeter when called by that name than by any other.

The proceedings against the Standard Oil company in Ohio have come to an end. When Attorney General Monnett was overthrown by Hanna's influence, every one knew what the end would be. The people of Ohio seem to want the trust to continue its extortion upon them and if they like it, no one else should object.

General Chaffee may not be much of a diplomat, but he has the instinct of honor that has made a reputation for our little standing army. That old army, officered by the men of the Chaffee stamp, has passed away for ever. In its place comes a new army of 100,000 men which will be officered for the most part by men of an entirely different stamp. Chaffee's letter to Field Marshal Count Waldsee may not have been couched in diplomatic phrases, but Waldsee was not left in any doubt about its meaning.

A long dispatch from Washington tells of a special meeting of the cabinet wholly devoted to the consideration of a request from the missionaries for a warship to go to the Hebrides where they say that their converts are in danger from the unconverted inhabitants. The cabinet decided that as that country was four thousand miles away from any naval station it couldn't go to the expense of sending a war ship that distance to shoot the religion of peace and love into those degenerate heathen. The use of war ships in spreading Christianity is a late development of modern civilization, but the principle is fully recognized by our benevolent assimilation president.

A MILLIONAIRE CHRISTMAS.
This millionaire Christmas dinner and celebration, of which The Independent will give an accurate and truthful account in every detail, occurred just fifty years ago. It is safe to say that there is not a millionaire or multi-millionaire in all America—not even Rockefeller himself—who could duplicate them at the present time.

The preparations for this event began only the day before its celebration. The millionaire himself was fifty years old, six feet two inches tall and as straight as an arrow. His eye was bright, his step elastic and he had no bald spot on the top of his head. He was the father of nine children, the oldest of whom was a fine boy of eighteen. There had been a discussion in the family a day or two before about what day Christmas came upon, for the string of the almanac which had hung for a whole year on a peg above the fire place, had become worn with much use, the document had dropped into the fire and burned, not a legible page being recovered.

The day before Christmas the old millionaire shouldered his rifle and went hunting, not having to take a long railroad journey of days to get to a country where there was big game, as the degenerate millionaires of our day have to do. He was not bothered with a lot of flunkies, cooks and Pullman car porters, but walked out of the house and in a few minutes he was in God's primeval forest, where the giant branches waved high above him. He needed no trailers or beaters. His trained eye and quick ear were more effective than all the assistance that a modern millionaire could obtain, though he were the president of a trunk line or owned the majority of the stock in a great trust. In these things he was richer than any of the modern millionaires and had what all of their money could not buy. He did not belong to the tender-foot kind of modern millionaire hunters. He did not have to hire a cowboy, or a Buffalo Bill to show him the way and kill his game for him. He strode through the forest, not only a millionaire, but "a monarch of all he surveyed." There is not one of all the 10,000 modern millionaires who would not look with envy upon him.

He strode on with that strong and swinging movement that on one occasion had taken him 117 miles in twenty-four hours when the rate of those who resided in his dominions depended upon his strength of body and fleetness of foot to bring reinforcements for the defense against hostile savages. His deer dog, which seemed endowed with almost human intelligence, kept in advance, timing his speed to that of the hunter who followed. Suddenly the dog stopped and looked wistfully toward his master. Instantly the hunter was flat upon the ground behind a log. The dog crept back and crouched by his side.

"What is it, Trip?" the hunter asked of the dog. But Trip, could not talk. He could only look wistfully out of his great, brown eyes at his master. "It's no deer," said the hunter to himself, and he lay closer to the earth and the log and listened. Then he heard a sound—one which no modern millionaire could have detected even if he had supplied himself with patent ear drums. "It is footsteps! It is the sound of moccasined feet!" The dog pressed close with all his feet under him ready for a spring.

The moccasined footsteps approached. Then the sound of voices was heard. The dog looked more wistfully into his master's face. Presently a twinkle came into the hunter's eyes. The dog saw it and laid his head upon his paws and pretended to go to sleep. The twinkle in the hunter's eyes grew to a smile that spread all over his face, and he said to the dog, having no one else to talk to: "That's Little Chief and his wife. I wonder how he found out that this was Christmas when we could hardly figure it out ourselves. I remember now. I told him last Christmas to visit us again the next Christmas. I'll have just a little fun with him. Now Trip you just keep still."

The Indian and his wife came straight toward the log. When they were a few feet distant the hunter sprang to his feet with a yell, the like of which had not been heard in those woods for a year. The Indian was unarmed, but he only stopped, drew himself up and looked. A second later the musical laugh of his wife rang out on the still air. Then they advanced and shook hands. After that the Indian and his wife sat down on the dry leaves and the millionaire on the log. Little Chief brought forth his tobacco pouch and long stemmed pipe and the two had a smoke. Mrs. Little Chief spread out a cloth in which there were nearly a peck of hazel nuts. Then the millionaire and the Indian began cracking them with their teeth—a thing that no modern millionaire could do, even if he had just come out of the most aristocratic dental rooms in New York city. After eating nuts for a while they had a little talk and then they all went on their way, the Indians to the mansion of the millionaire and the millionaire on his hunt.

In front was a sparkling stream of water and on the other side low hills were covered with a growth of plum trees, sumack and hazel brush, intertwined with wild grape vines, bitter sweet and other low-growing shrubs. Into this tangle of wildness plunged the hunter and his dog. Some times the dog would be out of sight, then he would return and dash away again. Finally they came near the further edge. The dog stopped and stood as if turned into stone. The eye of the old millionaire began to sparkle and the rifle was swung from the shoulder to the position known in the old tactics as "porte arms." The advance of the dog and the man from this on was as silent as the march of time. The verge of the covert was soon reached and there in the open prairie, about 150 yards distant was a herd of nine deer. The hunter did not select the old buck with the huge antlers, although he was much the nearest, but a young buck. The rifle cracked and the victim fell, while the does and the old buck fled away.

Then the old millionaire walked out to where his game lay, and did what one of that sort would not now even attempt to do. Resting his rifle against his leg, he stooped over, took the four legs of the deer in his two hands, swung it over his head so as to rest on his shoulders, with the limbs in front, placed his rifle across his breast and grabbing one leg and the rifle with each hand, started towards home with as much grace and swiftness as though he bore no burden at all. The dog looked in the direction that the deer had gone, but finally turned and followed his master. That is the way an American millionaire hunted fifty years ago.

The morning of Christmas the millionaire's wife said to her oldest son: "I want six chickens." The boy took down the rifle, looked in the box in the breach where the bullets, patches and tallow were kept, then he sat it down, took a ladle, melted some lead, and moulded five more bullets, for there were only two in the box. Then he shouldered the gun and started for the nearest corn field. In an hour he was back with six prairie chickens, all shot through the head or neck. The old millionaire took the rifle from the boy's hands, saying: "You did very well." Then he opened the box that held the bullets, and called out with someasperity in his voice: "Look here, you youngster. Where is that other bullet?"

The boy hung his head and made no reply. "Why don't you speak?" said the old millionaire. "You didn't go out there and makea clean miss on Christmas day, did you?" "No, sir," answered the boy. "Well, what become of that other bullet, then?" "One of the chickens rose just as I fired and the ball went right through the breast. I didn't like to bring it home."

"Well, everything goes on Christmas," said the old millionaire, although it was plain to be seen that he thought that that son of his was a very careless boy. Then there began to be an uproar around the millionaire's mansion. It was only about 9 a. m., but the invited guests were arriving. There was shouting and screaming by the young children, the young ladies were being welcomed by the girls of the household and later by the old millionaire himself, with a courtesy that none of the modern brood of millionaires could attain if they should practice for weeks. The cooking of that dinner was the thing of interest to most of them. There was a fireplace eight feet broad. Not many of the modern millionaires would think of going to the expense of building a fireplace which required half a cord of wood to get up a fire. But this old millionaire of fifty years ago regarded that fireplace and the wood it burned as a very small item which did not deserve a second thought.

There were three great tin "reflector" set in front of that fireplace, while the third was reserved for the baking of a bushel or so of biscuit. Oh! the odor of that roasting dinner. We can still smell it across the years of half a century. There is no millionaire in all the land today who could get up such a dinner, although he paid his chef de cuisine \$10,000 a year and gave him carte blanche as to the cost.

Finally the great table was set with steaming hot dishes brought directly from the fireplace. The roasted saddle of venison was placed in the center with three prairie chickens on each side and around them were the hot biscuit, large quantities of wild honey, plum jam, strawberry preserves and pumpkin pies. No millionaire in the land today could get up such a dinner, far less furnish the appetites that attacked it. After dinner the fun began. There was a shooting match—the old millionaire barred. Then there was a running and wrestling match—the old millionaire still barred. Finally there was the long running jump. Now there happened to be present a youngster from a distance who had a reputation in that line and he requested that the old millionaire be allowed to come in. Several told him that he "did not know what he was fooling with," but he insisted. A suitable place was selected—twenty-

yard run and then jump, three trials for each. The length of the jump after each trial was carefully measured and recorded with a piece of charcoal on a board. The younger ones tried first. The score started with twelve feet and gradually increased to fourteen feet two inches. Then to sixteen feet five inches, seventeen feet one inch, and finally the stranger took off his coat, buckled up his belt, sailed through the air, and amid much shouting the record of eighteen feet seven and one-half inches was put upon the board.

The old millionaire had been a delighted spectator all the time and now it was by common consent his turn. But there seemed to be something wrong. He was having some sort of a controversy with his wife and oldest son. They stood a little to one side, the wife and the son were jesticulating violently and the son's face was fiery red. "You shall do it," said the wife. "If you don't I'll run away," said the boy. "But just think of it," said the old millionaire. "He's a fine chap and that's a magnificent jump. It will be a great thing for him to go home and say that he beat us all. It will make him feel good for a whole year."

Then one of the daughters—sixteen years old, with cheeks like the wild roses, the flashing eyes of her father and the brown, curling hair of her mother—evidently having heard something or surmised it, rushed up with tears in her eyes and said: "Papa you are not going to disgrace the whole family. If you do I shall cry for a week. Just think what a disgrace it will be to all of us. The girls will twit me with it for a whole year." Then she reached up and tried to kiss the old millionaire, but he was too tall and did not stoop down. Then she began to cry in earnest. "Well, well," said the old millionaire, "don't cry, Sissy." "He had no business to insist that you come in. It's all his own fault. He beat me mor'a foot," said the boy, "and if you don't jump your very best I'll run away, that's what I will do." "Oh! well," said the old millionaire, "seeing that you all feel so bad about it I will. But the young chap is a nice fellow and our guest and I would like for him to go home with something to brag about."

The old millionaire took his place about half way back to the starting point and after two or three swinging strides leaped forward. The scorer marked up twenty feet, five inches. The stranger's countenance assumed a most doleful aspect. "We told you not to let him come in," said a half dozen at once. "We all knew that you would have no chance if he did." Then they all concluded that they would go and gather nuts. The great shell bark hickory trees grew in abundance not half a mile away, and Sissy, the little sinner, took particular pains to walk beside the stranger and bestow her sweetest smile upon him. Half an hour afterward he did not seem to be feeling bad at all.

Those hickory trees! There is not a millionaire in the United States today who has on his estates anything that would compare with them in the grandeur of their beauty. He may have straight rows of elms, some English walnuts, prickly pines and swaying larches, but such trees as were these he could not get with all his money. Great streamers of loose bark hung down their trunks, their bodies shot up straight for fifty feet and the tops spread out in graceful curves. Underneath there were bushels of nuts for any one to pick up who desired to do so. There is not a spot in the whole country that for statelyness and magnificent natural beauty would in the least resemble the grounds of this old millionaire of fifty years ago—not even after hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended upon it. There is nothing like him or his estates left. Along with other things the millionaires have degenerated. They do not in the least resemble those of fifty years ago.

At last night came and everything in the lower rooms of the house were carried out and piled up in the yard. There was nothing left but the bare walls and a row of benches along two sides of the two rooms. The boy brought out his fiddle, stood up in one corner and began to play. The old millionaire went out in the yard, got his private cowhide bottomed chair, brought it in along with his wife's rocker and they sat down at one corner of the huge fire place, smiled and clapped their hands while they urged on the dancers. Dinner had been late and they all declared that they didn't want any supper, but about 11 o'clock some of them began to complain of a "goneeness." The "reflectors" were brought in, a bushel or so more of biscuits were baked, a huge wild turkey that had been hidden away was warmed up, was wadded half full of wild honey was brought in any every one feasted to his stomach's content.

It was not long before the fiddle was tuned up again and the merry crowd were dancing break-downs and cotillions just as if it were not 1 o'clock in the morning. In the midst of the festivities a horseman rode up. He dismounted, came in and worked his way through to where the old millionaire and his wife sat. He whispered some-

thing in their ears and consternation seemed to strike them. They both sprang to their feet. The old millionaire called out in a tone of authority: "Stop this dance. Bring in the beds and other things outside. Put this house in order and do it immediately."

Then there was a rushing to and fro and the sounds of revelry were silenced. "Who's dead?" someone asked. "No matter who is dead. Get those things into the house and this house in order, and do it quick," came back in the commanding voice of the old millionaire. It did not take many minutes to put that house in order, and when everything was arranged and the company stood in silence before him, the old millionaire said: "Peter Cartwright has, as most of you know, been holding a quarterly meeting over at Woodville, and he sent me word by the man who just came that after the meeting was over tonight he would come here to stay. Think what would have happened if he had arrived when that dance was going on!" "I wouldn't have been afraid of him," said the stranger. "Well, you would be, if you knew what kind of a Methodist old Peter was," said the son.

"I advise you all to hurry off to bed before he gets here, or he may suspicion that something is not right," said the old millionaire. "If he did he would hold a prayer meeting and have you all at the mourner's bench before morning."

Thus ended this millionaire's Christmas of fifty years ago.

ALL HAIL SAUNDERS.

The Independent has received the report of the Saunders county fusion executive committee, the members of which are M. A. Malloy, Dr. J. E. Lamb and P. R. Schee. The fusionists of Saunders county raised \$852.60 and expended for campaign purposes \$852.58.

The name and amount of every donor is given. An itemized list of expenditures is made and is open for the inspection of the public, without reference to race, creed or previous condition of servitude to the republican party. The committee has the name, address and politics of every voter in Saunders county. It was the work of this committee that made Saunders county an oasis in the desert of defeat. If such work had been done in every other county, the state would have gone fusion by an overwhelming majority. There was no importing of voters in Saunders county. Every man that was entitled to vote, voted and no others. But with the closest economy it cost \$852.58 to do it. The committee reports that some of the office-holders in the county refused to pay their assessments and the money had to be contributed by those who held no office and never expected or wanted to hold office. The truth might as well be told. The fusionists have elected to office a few men, as mean and despicable as God ever let live on Nebraska soil. There are hundreds of farmers in this state who have for ten years expended from fifty to a hundred dollars every year, attending conventions, paying the county campaign expenses, besides giving many days of time to elect some men to offices where they got a bigger salary than they ever received before, and when they got the office and the salary, they refused to contribute a cent to pay the expenses of the party.

As I hail to Saunders county and its business-like committee! May the time come when we shall have the same kind of an organization and the same sort of a committee in every county in the state.

A farmer in the western part of the state wants The Independent to tell "just what the republican majority in the legislature is." As near as this editor can find out from the returns, it is seven, but that is no indication of what it will be when the republicans get through pitching fusion members, who have small majorities, over the transom. Before they get through, they will probably have a majority of twenty or thirty. The republican majority is the court of "dernier resort" in all contested cases and if one will be in contempt for forecasting what the decision will be in a case where a pop or a democrat is on one side and a republican is on the other.

The Independent don't believe very much in omens. If it did it might comment on two occurrences at the centennial celebration of the founding of the government at Washington, which took place last week. The house of representatives was decked with flags. The British flag was very appropriately, considering the policy of this government for the last few years, hung all by itself in front of the gallery occupied by the president. Some man with the remembrance of past events went up and spread the stars and stripes over it so as to cover it all up. Just as the commander and staff of the American army was passing the reviewing stand, the horse of the commander-in-chief threw his rider flat upon the ground. That horse might not have taken that plan of showing his disapproval of the new standing army of 100,000 men, but the believers in omens said he did.

ALTHOUGH This year's holiday business has broken all previous records, although the amount of business done is greater than that of any year in our history, we are able to give even greater care and attention to your wants than in former years. Our system is as nearly perfect as it's possible to be, our salespeople are thoroughly trained, our delivery service is unsurpassed, our cash and transfer systems are the best known anywhere. Add to this plenty of floor space and an abundance of light and a pleasanter shopping place is hard to find. Then, most important of all, every article in in the store is priced at the lowest possible figure, priced at a figure made possible only by large buying, purchasing direct from makers as we invariably do. If you can't come to the store write to us. Our mail order department is entirely at your service.

A Merry Christmas

A. Herpolsheimer & Co.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

A REASONABLE QUESTION.

The American federation of labor sat down very hard upon the aspirations of socialists. A resolution introduced in that body favoring a co-operative commonwealth and the public ownership of all the means of production and distribution was defeated by a vote of 4,169 to 685. During the discussion, Mr. Mitchell, president of the mine workers' union, said: "There has not been one important step taken by the mine workers that has not been bitterly opposed by the socialist labor party of Pennsylvania. If the believers in socialism can point to a practical solution of the industrial problem I am not so biased as not to be ready to join them."

The Independent has often asked the socialists to indicate what would be the first practicable step they would take to turn this government into a socialistic commonwealth, providing they had control of all branches of the government and not one of them has ever attempted to reply. The Independent, like Mitchell, would be ready to join them if they would present any reasonable plan for the betterment of mankind. None of their great authors have ever attempted to tell us, and their agitators throughout the country always get angry if asked to do it. What would be the first bill that they would pass if they had a majority in both branches of congress? It seems to The Independent that that is a reasonable question to ask.

"ON EARTH, PEACE"

Nineteen centuries have elapsed since the angels appeared on the plains of Palestine and announced: "On earth, peace, good will toward men." The last Christmas of these nineteen centuries finds in the nations that profess to be Christian 3,000,000 men with arms in their hands and 20,000,000 reserves who have been more or less trained in the art of killing men. Never before in all these long nineteen centuries have there been so many men under arms, ready to spring at each other's throats and shed each others blood as on this Christmas day of 1900.

There has been one nation that has hitherto refused to tax its people to support large numbers of men whose sole duty was to drill themselves to kill men. Its policy has been crowned with most glorious success. By following out that policy, which is in accordance with the teaching of Him whose birth we celebrate, it has in a little over a hundred years grown from a handful of people to be the most powerful and richest nation in the world. But now, this last Christmas of the nineteenth century, what? It, too, is to arm. It, too, is to have a standing army of a hundred thousand men. It will take the man from 500,000 families and place him in the ranks of those whose vocation it is to kill his fellow men.

Two centuries ago, Christian missionaries presented to the Chinese the best and latest instruments of science. Now two centuries later the commander of the troops of the nation from which those missionaries came joins with his hereditary enemy in stealing those instruments and shipping them back to the countries from which they came, while the troops of these Christian nations loot and murder the innocent inhabitants. In the churches the priest still croons the lines: "On earth, peace, and good will to men." If there is any peace it must be that kind that St. Paul describes as "that which passeth all understanding."

A pop editor out in the state wrote a letter to the editor of The Independent and began it in brackets with these words: (Personal, confidential and not for publication.) Now that editor knows very well that such words as that, as one senator said to another senator when he wanted a bill passed, "as between friends the constitution don't count," they don't count. We won't give his name, but

he wrote something like this: "I rely a good deal upon The Independent and usually read the most of it, but I have not read the columns under the head of 'News of the Week' because I thought that it was simply a summary such as is generally found on the patent insides. Last week my wife called my attention to them and I was surprised. I looked back through the file for several issues and came to the conclusion that they contain the most valuable matter to be found in any publication. Could not some arrangement be made with The Independent so that the country weeklies of the state could get that matter in advance?" He will have to write to the business manager about that, and he will have to learn that instructions "don't count between friends" or he may get into trouble.

FARMER PROTECTORS.

Whenever the plutocrats want a special privilege or a direct gift from the treasury of a large sum of money, they make their plea on the ground that the benefit to be derived is not for them, but solely and wholly for the dear people. Those who appeared before the senate committee advocating the passage of the ship subsidy bill, never once hinted that they would receive any benefit, but it would be a lasting benefit, they said, to the whole of the farming interests and all the rest of the dear people. But there was not one farmer or a representative of the farming interest before the committee asking this great benefit to them or any of their co-workers. Every man of them who desired the passage of the bill was a rich plutocrat or the hired representative of one. This thing reminds one of the old Indian ring tactics. One time up in northern Nebraska a lot of sharpers got together who desired to rent one or two hundred thousand acres of very valuable land from the Indians at about ten cents an acre for ten years. They figured out that if they could get the scheme through, there would be a net profit of \$100,000 a year for ten years. They resolved to put it through and the first thing they did was to organize an "Indian Protection Association."

Hanna and his friends seem to be working the same game. They have organized "A Farmers' Protective Association." This subsidy bill is all for the good of the dear farmers. They must be protected against the possibility of having their corn and wheat shipped to England in "foreign bottoms." There is nothing in it for Hanna and the other millionaires who are so anxious to have it passed. It is all for the dear people.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Independent sends to its readers its twelfth Christmas Greeting. In all these years it has faithfully worked for peace and good will and tried to be an exponent of the Brotherhood of man. It has also been a recorder of facts as the years went by as well as a commentator upon them. Now it wishes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all its friends and to its enemies as well, if it has any. With the republican party coining silver by the ton and the volume of money increasing at a ratio not deemed possible by the most enthusiastic pop five years ago, The Independent does not see any reason why we should not all have a happy Christmas. The populist can feel glad over the realization of his dreams and the republican can be happy because he realizes that times are somewhat better, although he has not the faintest idea of what made them better. He can feel just as good because he believes that it all came from the benign influence of McKinley as the populist who knows that it comes from the republicans having adopted populist policies. Therefore The Independent says to all: Make merry and be happy on this Christmas day—the last Christmas of the nineteenth century.

Merry Christmas; Happy New Year.