

lion." observes the Labor Times-Herald of Fort Wayne, Indiana. We watched with some closeness the departure of the republican congress and to us it seemed that it went out braying like a jackass.

Urban Walters edits a red-hot little magazine called "The Harpoon." It is published at Denver in the interest of the railway postal clerks. Walters is what they heartlessly call a "lunger," and he was compelled to quit the railway mail service on account of his health. Walters has thrown the harpoon into the P. O. D. officials, and they are squealing. Recently Walters was arrested for fraudulent use of the mails, his crime consisting, evidently, of having mailed his paper and circulars in which he exposed the gag rule methods of the P. O. D. officials and President Taft, and the frightful dangers the railways postal clerks are subjected to by reason of rickety cars, foul sanitary conditions and polluted drinking water. The time is at hand when a few autocratic gentlemen in the postoffice department should be sat upon with a dull, sickening thud.

The late Dr. Talmage used to preface one of his lectures with the following: "We have the evolutionist to tell us where we came from, and the theologian to tell us where we are going to, and we are still confronted by the somewhat interesting fact that we are here." A number of eminent gentlemen in Lincoln who pretend to hold in their keeping all that is known of right living and lofty action would do well to ponder that statement awhile. There are some few of us who don't give a snap where we came from, and are so interested and busy in solving the problem of the now that we haven't a minute hardly in which to consider the question of where we are going. The wage earner who is jumping sideways to earn a living for a family of five or six, working half time and going up against the present market prices of food-stuffs, has mightily little time to spend in considering his soul's salvation.

Nebraska has sixteen millions acres of fertile soil that has never been touched by the plow. There should be a family on every eighty acres of it. There would be, too, if the land hungry people of the country were acquainted with the conditions in Nebraska. Nebraska, the best agricultural state in the union, is the least known of all the states. The legislature now has an opportunity to correct this state of affairs, and should quit fooling away time on non-essentials and enact the McKelvie publicity bill into law.

The Nebraska legislature should by all means adopt the \$25,000 appropriation to advertise the state. Realizing that there are millions of acres of rich farm lands in Nebraska that has never been cut with a plow and that many farmers are being hypnotized into going to Texas or Canada, the Omaha Ad and Commercial clubs, as well as the state press, are asking to have this law passed to build up the state. Nebraska has been overlooking its own interests for many years and this new move will start the state in the direction of building better things. At the conservation meeting in Lincoln a few days ago there was considerable discussion on interurban electric lines. That, too, is a sign of doing something. After a while the farmers in the counties where there are no railroads will get busy on this "come on" policy and the state will be pickled with men talking and thinking of doing things for Nebraska and themselves, instead of hunting up grouches to nurse.—*Omaha Western Laborer.*

WE MINGLE OUR SAD TEARS

Will Maupin's Weekly is shedding a few tears to mingle with those of its good friend, Dr. Victor Rosewater. It is time for tears, too. When Cadet Taylor was appointed surveyor of customs at Omaha over the protest of Dr. Rosewater, it was high time to turn on the faucet connecting with the tear ducts and let the lachrymal fluid freely flow. Some there be who may not understand all this, but some of us have been in Nebraska long enough to remember when Sterling P. Rounds owned the Omaha Republican and left its management largely in the hands of his two sons-in-law, Cadet Taylor and Omar H. Rothacker. There may have been a lack

of ability in the counting room of the Republican of those days, but there are scores of scrapbooks in Nebraska that contain the burning, blistering, scorching editorials penned by the erratic but brilliant Rothacker. And now, after all these years, to have memories of those old days revived, and revived by the appointment of Cadet Taylor—say, put on your life preservers, for the tears that have already fallen are but as the gentle dew compared to the flood that is coming. We hasten to assure our good friend, Dr. Rosewater, of our deepest sympathy. We, too, have had our share of political heartaches and disappointments, and we know how it goes.

FRED KIND'S OWN PLATFORM

"I am a candidate for exciseman at the primary election to be held March 28, 1911. If nominated and elected, I shall be guided by the policy outlined in the following platform to which I personally and independently subscribe:

"First. The question of wet or dry should be decided by a referendum in which the whole people and all interests participate.

"Second. I do not believe that saloons should be licensed in Lincoln after the policy of the last two years until the people have so decided by referendum rather than by the election of excisemen personally inclined to the wet or dry policy.

"Third. If the people do not change the present policy I shall use my office for a strict enforcement of that policy.

"Fourth. If the people decide by referendum that saloons shall be licensed I shall stand for the licensing of not to exceed 25 saloons, strictly regulated, at a license fee of \$2,000 each.

"Fifth. As an independent candidate I am working for the best interests of the whole people as expressed by them. I believe that a candidate who thus promises to follow the dictates of the people is in better position to aid in unifying all conflicting interests than one who insists on carrying his personal views into the administration of city affairs of such broad importance.

"Sixth. I filed my own petition, paid my own filing fee, and my obligations as a candidate are fully expressed above.

"FRED KIND."

WHAT THE OFFICE BOY SAYS

De real Christian don't haf t' tell his neighbor w'ot he is.

A lot o' men dat's pilin' up wealth down here is overdrawin' de account up there.

Nothin' ain't cheap dat's de product uv underpaid wimmen an' childrun.

De biggest joke is de feller dat takes hisself so serious dat he ain't able t' git wise to hisself.

I know dat prayin' gives a feller stren'th t' fight life's battles, but a square meal don't hurt none.

De longer a kid says tied to' his mama's aprunstrings de older he is before he gits his heart durty.

If I wus a preacher I'd hate to' admit dat I couldn't make my preachin' compete wid Sunday amusements.

I kinder believe dat some people advocate organized charity 'cause it gives dem a chance t' shoik der duty.

Don't reckon I'll ever erect any libraries, but if I do it won't be from de coin I wrenched frum wimmen, kids and helpless men.

I got a sister dat's woikin' fr a man dat goes t' church every Sunday an' he pays her six bones a week fr woikin' six days, nine hours a day. I got a sister woikin' in de same office wid me, an' she's paid seven-

teen bones a week fr woikin' eight hours a day by a boss dat never misses a Sunday ball game. Dat's what's set me t' thinkin'.

De boss advised dad t' build a home fr hissself, an' when dad done it blamed if de gov'ment didn't fine him fr it.

I'll agree never t' go t' a Sunday ball game if de pastor o' ma's church will git me off Satterday afternoon widout losin' me woiges.

Fellers dat don't never do nothin' are de foist git de hammer out an' go t' knockin' on de fellers dat's tryin' to do his fellermen a service.

Maybe you've noticed dat de feller w'ot insists on runnin' his own business is allus de foist t' ask fe'r de troops when he fails t' make good.

Pa says dat hell is bein' made attractive by de men dat is bein' consigned dere by some people, an' I'm bankin' on pa's knowin' what he's talkin' about.

Maybe a feller is excusable fr gittin' drunk once, 'cause it is an experunce. But de feller dat gits drunk de second toime ought t' have his head bored fr de simples.

When I can't boost fr me boss's bizness I'm goin' t' have de manhood t' quit me job. An' when I can't boost de town I live I'm goin' t' have de decency t' hit de road fr another one dat suits.