

they insist that the republican party was organized to protect the people, not to exploit them.

If Utah insists upon having the portrait of Brigham Young on the silver service she purposes presenting to the battleship Utah, the government should politely but firmly decline the gift. Brigham Young was a remarkable man, and the leader of a remarkable people. But, after all, he as the founder and the instigator of a system that degraded, disgraced and destroyed womanhood; a system that contravened the laws of God and man; that was intended to minister to the depraved and bestial while being cloaked under the mantle of inspiration. To thus honor Brigham Young would be to honor crime, make polygamy respectable and legal, and advertise America as destitute of respect for womanhood. The battleship would be far better off with tin dishes than to have a silver service adorned with the portrait of such a man.

Recently the daily newspapers have made much of the fact that it has been found possible to telegraph and telephone simultaneously over a single wire. That would have been news eighteen years ago, for eighteen years ago this coming summer this very thing was done between Lincoln and Omaha—not once, but every day and night for months. At that time the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly was the Lincoln representative of the Omaha World-Herald, with offices at the corner of Eleventh and O streets now occupied by Rudge & Guenzel. A telegraph operator used a wire belonging to the Kansas-Nebraska Telephone Co., and this editor used the same wire in telephoning. Night after night operator and editor used the one wire simultaneously in sending in the reports of the day's happenings in Lincoln. And it was so easy that no one then thought of making any splurge over it.

About all that Arbor day amounts to in Nebraska now is to give public officials and banners an excuse for taking a day off. But Arbor day has meant more to Nebraska than any other holiday ever established. Its chief purpose now is to keep alive the memory of a really great man who unselfishly served his day and generation and left his impress for good upon all future time.

Seed time, yet there are fifteen millions of acres of fertile land in Nebraska that have never been touched by the plow. Nebraska wants and needs 200,00 families to settle upon and cultivate those acres.

There is no reason why the next decade should not see Nebraska the leading dairying state of the Union—unless it is that Nebraska sits around and refuses to take advantage of her opportunities.

## PHILOSOPHY BY THE WAYSIDE

### THE VICTIM.

He perused his daily journal, advertising quacks infernal,

Till he had a thousand symptoms of each dangerous disease,

Such as grippe, appendicitis, apoplexy and gastritis,

And he grew emaciated and quite wobbly in the knees.

He reviewed each ill and doped 'em with "gripe nuts" and well boiled "ghostum"

All the while expressing wonder he had lived so many years

Eating plain white bread and bacon with the idea so mistaken

That they could be foods for humans—then he died of groundless fears.

"Ware the coffee!" cried one faker; "ware the butcher and the baker;

Nothing eat but food that's offered on the pre-digested plan!"

And he listened to the warning till he turned with bitter scorning

From the good old ham and cabbage that made dad a mighty man.

Though he grew weak and dyspeptic, grouchy, palsied, epileptic,

For the lack of proper foodstuffs, still the fakers held their prey;

And he looked upon life sourly as he doped his stomach hourly

With some ground-up shells of peanuts and some pre-digested hay.

When he felt an ache or quiver he exclaimed, "O, my poor liver!"

And at once would deeply flood with a quart or two of dope,

Till it swam in seas of "ghostum;" and on meeting friends he'd post 'em

On the way that they might garner, like himself, both health and hope.

"O, my friends," you'd hear him urgin', "ware the knife of eager surgeon,

For he'll carve you like a melon, 'cause he likes to wield the knife."

Thus he'd go on long and loudly, pointing to his wrecked self proudly,

As a sample of the blessings of the "ghostum-gripe nuts" life.

On this hay-bran dope relying till in weakness he lay dying,

He remarked in falt'ring accents from the sick bed where he lay:

"I was saved from taking physick, from all ills from gout to phtthisic,

By the daily use of "ghostum" and of pre-digested hay."

When they laid him in God's Acre, this poor victim of a faker

Who had preyed upon his fellows with the baldest kind of lies,

This terse epitaph they gave him: "He refused the things to save him—

Pork and beans, and ham and cabbage, spuds and gravy, home made pies.

### THE OFFICE BOY SAYS:

A lot o' men t'ink dey are prayin' when dey are really givin' de Lord advice.

Course I ain't lived long yet, but I ain't never seen no mechanic dat de saloon made a better workman.

A lot o' guys dat's allus weepin' over de sufferin's o' humanity don't do nuthin' else f'r de sufferers but weep.

De woild owes me a livin' all right, but it beats hell how I got t' hustle t' collect it.

I'll have more time t' worry about me future when I don't have t' put in so much time takin' care o' de present.

I've notused dat w'en a guy wants t' overwork de kids he allus starts off tellin' how hard he had t' hustle when he was little.

When a geezer like Carnegie drops a millyun into de box o' some ferlanthropy

t'ousands o' poor devils git de credit on de Lamb's Book o' life, 'cause it wus deir dollars.

W'en dad wus sick last winter der finest prayers we had at our house was brung in by de guys w'ot belong t' de same union he does. We et 'em.

Ma says dat one o' her neighbors wimmen is allus so busy makin' clothes f'r de heathen dat don't need 'em dat she lets her own kids go 'round lookin' like de fag end o' poverty. Ma is a mity discernin' woman, too.

No feller dat never does nuttin' gits knocked on.

### THE FACTS.

"I hear that old Gotrox, whose daughter married a foreign nobleman, claims he was flim-flammed."

"That's right."

"Was the nobleman a lightweight?"

"No; bogus count."

Women wear "rats" in their hair because they want to. A lot of men have "rats" in their garrets and don't know it.

Four days to election, and the affection the candidates express for the workingman is lovely to behold.

We are apt to think highly of the intelligence of the man who always agrees with us.

A lot of church members mistake pewity for piety.

### WE INQUIRE TO KNOW.

Why is the basso profundo of the male quartet usually a little man, and the high tenor a big one?

What punishment should be awarded the man who invented that fool paper band around cigars?

If you are forty years old, how much would you give if you knew as much as you thought you knew when you were twenty?

If a bushel of 40-cent corn will make four gallons of whisky that retails for \$10 a gallon, who gets the difference, and who gets the headache?

If hard cider sold for \$4 a quart and champagne for 50 cents a gallon, what would be the result on the apple market.

### OLD SAWS RESHARPENED.

The more said the sooner forgotten. Matches are made in heaven; the fire is struck on earth.

Politics often makes congenial cell-mates.

Recently a Lincoln schoolm'am was stunned by receiving the following note from a patron:

Deer Miss ———: Please excuse Willie from studying about his insides. I think it is undelicate for to teach boys such a subjek and besides it makes Willie sick to his stomach thinking about them."