

manded. And it would be were it not for the fact that the socialists realize that they couldn't come within gunshot of electing a socialist to succeed him—and a socialist in office giving only partial satisfaction seems preferable to an anti-socialist in office. It seems that after all our socialist friends are made out of about the same kind of clay as the rest of us.

Some members of the Nebraska legislature should have heard Will R. Campbell's explanation of the defeat of the \$25,000 appropriation to advertise Nebraska—"it was an unselfish proposition," which is to say that it did not appeal to any special or particular interest and did not therefore present an opportunity for deals, swaps, dickering and trades. Mr. Campbell makes the charge without stuttering and circumstantial evidence will convict the legislature on that charge.—Kearney Hub.

We are not informed as to what Mr. Campbell said, but we are willing to endorse every word of it. We know something about the publicity bill, having been instrumental in part in arousing the enthusiasm that resulted in the demand for it. There never was a bill more unanimously endorsed by the men who are making Nebraska. It had the backing of every business organization in the state, every public corporation, and public spirited men generally. Several things conspired to prevent the bill from coming up. The gentleman who introduced it got himself in bad odor with the majority of leaders to start with, and followed it up by failing to secure the backing of the men of the minority, of which he was a member. Again, the legislature was largely made up of farmers, and they couldn't see anything but increased expenses without any direct return to the farmers. And lastly, as Mr. Campbell says, it did not afford any opportunities for deals, dickers and log-rolling. Hence one of the most meritorious bills ever introduced was allowed to die in committee. Every member contributing to this fatal neglect is guilty of having worked a direct injury to Nebraska.

After July 1 of this year manufacturers using machinery dangerous to operate or calculated to injure health if not properly equipped, will find it cheaper to safeguard it than to pay damages. Heretofore human life has been far cheaper than safety appliances, but the last legislature changed that inhuman doctrine. The new factory law provides that all dangerous machinery must be equipped with guards painted red, and that all emery wheels, grindstones, buffers, polishers, etc., that create a dust must be equipped with exhaust fans and suction pipes. Nor shall the worker assume the risk when he knowingly uses machinery not legally equipped. The law is drastic in its provisions. But it makes human life the chief consideration, not the saving of a few paltry dollars.

State Treasurer George says that farmers pay less tax in proportion to their holdings than other classes. By this he doubtless means that they pay less tax in proportion than other people who pay taxes at all. The fact of the matter is, the people who owe the most taxes pay the least, or none at all. Nebraskans today have more than \$200,000,000 deposited in the banks of the state. Will Maupin's Weekly is willing to wager a handsome penny that the assessors of the state will return less than one-tenth of one per cent of that amount under the item of "cash in bank." A farmer owning an improved quarter section worth \$16,000 is taxed more for it than the owner of a vacant business lot in Omaha or Lincoln worth \$32,000 or \$40,000. In the case of the farmer he is taxed for the value he created. In the case of the lot owner he is not taxed but seizes for his own profit the community-made value that is added to his holdings. The farmer is taxed for his enterprise and thrift; the lot owner is given a premium by the public for being non-enterprising. The value of real estate situated inside of the corporate limits of cities and towns of the United States is worth many times the value of the farm lands of the republic. The farm land values of the nation represent less than 20 per cent of the land values of the nation, yet the farm lands pay nearly 60 per cent of the tax upon real estate. Of all men the farmer should be the most enthusiastic advocate of the land value tax.

West Point, Cuming county, Nebraska, has been on the map for many years. It always was a good town, but it hasn't been letting the people know it to the proper extent. We propose helping to remedy the defect, for West Point has just broken a record. Last week the German-Baumann Co. of that city shipped a few Cuming county eggs to market—36,000 dozen. It required three standard freight cars to transport the shipment. Four hundred and thirty-two thousand eggs, all laid by Cuming county hens inside of two weeks! Placed end to end that shipment of Cuming county eggs would reach thirteen miles! Given an egg of size sufficient to hold the cubic contents of that one shipment of eggs and we'd have to contemplate a hen so big that she could stand at the foot of Farnam street in Omaha and kick a wagon load of dirt across the Missouri river into Council Bluffs with one swipe of her foot, and her cackle when she laid it would sound like the sudden collapse of five or six buildings as big as the New York Life building in the Nebraska metropolis. That one egg shipment equalled about one egg for each male inhabitant of Nebraska over the age of 7 years. West Point is remarkable for more than the record shipment of eggs from a Nebraska point—much more—but the egg shipment affords a golden opportunity for West Pointers to get into the great white light

of publicity. The other good things will be noted in due time, and then West Point's business future is assured.

The "Lincoln Trade Boosters" are out this week, covering a fine expanse of territory, very square foot of which is naturally Lincoln's trade territory. That the results to Lincoln wholesale business will be beneficial is beyond dispute. The business men on this excursion are thoroughly representative of the Lincoln spirit—and the Lincoln spirit is building a big, busy city out here on the plains of Nebraska.

The Evening News offers a five-dollar bill to the reader who finds for it the oldest resident of Nebraska. We are too busy to look for him, our whole time being taken up in getting out the best journal of cheerful comment published in the English language—or any other language. But if the esteemed News will offer a similar amount for the youngest man of his years residing in Nebraska we'll grab it off right now by naming Thomas P. Kennard of Lincoln. Mr. Kennard has not only helped mightily in making Nebraska, but he located the capital in Lincoln and helped survey the townsite. He saw the first house built in Lincoln, and he has helped to build quite a few here. And today, after having seen Nebraska grow from a handful of settlers on the Missouri river to a state of a million and a quarter of people, and develop as no other similar expanse of territory ever developed, he is still with us, hale, hearty and just as energetic and enterprising as he was forty-eight years ago. The sight of his smiling face today is the best spring tonic one can obtain.

Talk about Nebraska soil fertility and productivity! A soil that will produce a farm crop so valuable that a wagon load of it brings \$702 in hard cash is some soil, thank you. And that is what Custer county soil has done. The other day Charles Francis drove into Broken Bow with a wagon load of alfalfa seed and sold it to R. A. Hunter, receiving for it \$702 in real money. Custer county, mind you, is right in the heart of what was once called "The Great American Desert." And just to think that there are something like 16,000,000 acres of just that kind of soil waiting for men to come along and plow and plant and reap from it! High time Nebraska let all the world know what she has to offer to the industrious homeseeker.

Mark the prediction! The supreme court will knock the Nebraska two-cent fare law higher than Gilderoy's kite. Every decision rendered of late along parallel lines with the rate case points to that end. There is just one handle to that jug—and the railroads have seen to it that they have hold of the handle. Paste this in your hat.