

gone from nothing on the dollar to par since those two young "book farmers" showed what may be done by intelligent effort.

The Nebraskan who wants to go into the apple raising business is a sucker for paying hundreds of dollars an acre for "Oregon fruit lands," when he can get better fruit lands right here in Nebraska for far less money. As a matter of fact, the man who wants to raise anything that may be profitably raised in the temperate zone can find no country superior to our own Nebraska. Corn? Nebraska raises more to the acre than any other state in the union. Wheat? Nebraska yields more wheat per acre than any other state. Alfalfa? Nebraska leads them all in yield per acre. Apples? The finest apples ever raised in the United States were raised in Richardson and Nemaha counties last year. Some of these days the finest vineyards in the world will be found along the bluffs on the Nebraska side of the Missouri river.

Near North Bend, Dodge county, is a German-American farmer who is living upon eighty acres of the land he homesteaded many years ago. Five or six years ago he was lured to the Canadian northwest by the glittering advertisements of the land boomers. He sold his eighty acres for \$110 an acre, cash, and thought he was making a good sale. He went to Canada and invested. After two years of it he came back to Nebraska post haste and bought back his eighty acres, paying a bonus of \$15 an acre for it. The man he sold it to and then bought it from made just \$15 an acre on it, besides having the crops from it for two years. Agriculturally and horticulturally Nebraska is the best state in the union.

Once there was a man who owned a nice home, but he was dissatisfied and wanted a change. So he put his home in the hands of a real estate agent for sale. The agent wrote a description of the property and inserted it in several newspapers. The owner read them and recognized in the description just such a place as he was yearning to own. So he chased down to the agent and wanted to know all about it. When the agent told him he had been reading a description of his own property the man said: "I didn't know it was such a fine place until I read about it. Take it off your list, for I wouldn't sell it at any price." The man who owns a farm or an orchard in Nebraska usually does not know what a lucky man he really is, and is apt to be lured to other and far less desirable lands by merely reading the glittering and alluring advertising matter pertaining thereto.

A few years ago a wealthy lumberman of St. Paul was afflicted with a peculiar malady. Having plenty of money he hastened to Germany for a surgeon to operate upon him. At Berlin he called upon the most noted of German surgeons who examined him thoroughly and then said: "I am not competent to perform this operation. There is only one surgeon in the world who is competent." "Who and where is he?" asked the Minnesotan. The German surgeon replied: "His name is Mayo and he lives in Rochester, Minnesota, United States of America." That Minnesotan had traveled 7,000 miles to learn that within two hours' ride of his own city lived and worked the most noted and successful surgeons in the world, Mayo and sons. Thousands of Nebraskans have gone to Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the Canadian northwest—only to learn that the best wheat lands, the best corn lands and the best orchard lands in the world are in good old Nebraska. And ere long they will come drifting back, and be tickled to death when they get back.

Is anyone really surprised at the stories of political corruption coming from Danville, Illinois? That is "Uncle Joe" Cannon's home city and the metropolis of his district. Cannon has never been disguised as a statesman. He is merely one of the best "poker grabbers" that ever represented a congressional district. Being a congressman is merely incidental to Cannon business. He owns banks, manufacturing plants, street railways and other public service corporations. As congressman, and especially as speaker, he is able to take care of these interests to an appreciable extent, and the salary of \$7,500 a year that Uncle Sam pays him wouldn't pay his campaign expenses for a month when the fight is on. "Uncle Joe" is billed to speak in some town in his district. Somebody hires a special train of ten or fifteen coaches and takes over a thousand or so loyal Cannon

"rooters." There is unlimited booze, beer and tobacco aboard. Everybody has dollar bills stuck in their pockets. Most of them are either jobholders or relatives of jobholders. The others are hopeful. Somebody foots the bills, but they never show up in "Uncle Joe's" campaign expense account. With banks, public franchised corporations and big manufacturing and mining concerns to look after, of course "Uncle Joe" must have a lot of men looking out for him. And it takes money to employ them. And how nice it is to have men doing the work for you while Uncle Sam foots the bill. Cannon gets the "labor vote" of the Danville district—not because he has ever done anything for labor, but because organized labor has not yet been able to get away from the idea that the man with the "bushwa" the year 'round and a pocket full of money during campaign times is the man to whoop 'er up for. And that's why organized labor gets so little consideration from the hands of congress and state legislatures.

Speaking of political bribery, is there any difference between the wage earner who sells his vote for \$5 cash, and the real estate man who votes for a man he knows will not represent the people merely because he thinks the man he votes for is most likely to get an appropriation for a public building, which public building when erected will add to the value of the voter's real estate in that vicinity?

Senator Depew's sudden concern about the elective franchise is one of the humors of present day politics. Depew is, of course, opposed to the popular election of senators. When the people elect their senators they will elect men to represent them, which means, boiled down, that representatives of railroads, tariff protected industries and other special interests would not have special representatives masquerading as representatives of the people. And, of course, that would mean that the Chauncey Depews, the "Billy" Lorimers, the Penroses, the Aldriches and the Quays would be absent from the senate chamber. Depew is sorely afraid of the sway of the "demagogic orator." Isn't that one of the most delicious of all the long list of Depewisms? And doesn't it fall trippingly from the tongue of a gentleman who is always interested in the dear people—providing the interests of the dear people do not conflict with the interests of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad? A Chauncey M. Depew opposing the election of United States senators by direct vote is one of the best arguments that could possibly be made in favor of the proposition.

Did you "wire President Taft" urging the claims of San Francisco? Of course you did not. If you did, you merely demonstrated that you had nothing to do and plenty of money to do it with. And if you are built right you rather resented the San Franciscan waving of the "bloody shirt" when it endeavored to arouse prejudice against New Orleans by charging "sectionalism." If Nebraskans never become any more excited over anything than they have over the location of the "Panama canal exposition," it is quite sure that they will always be the most placid people imaginable.

"The National Progressive Republican League" is its name, and its announced purpose is to "lead the party back to its old ideals." The men who have organized the new "league" have a job cut out for themselves, for the republican party of today is about as far from the republican party of Abraham Lincoln's time as Tammany democracy is from Jeffersonian democracy, or sumptuary legislation by a democratic legislature is from the old tenets of the democratic faith. Present day republicanism has traveled at an almighty swift gait to get so far away from the ideals of its founders of sixty years ago. The principles announced by the founders of the league are all right—but those principles are not more republican than they are democratic or populist. Indeed, several of those principles are the direct result of populist agitation, and the writer has more than once heard Senator Norris Brown denounce them as "visionary," "harebrained" and "impractical." That was in the old days when Senator Brown was a country lawyer and making an occasional g. o. p. speech in the "Big Third" or the present Sixth district. If what he is now advocating is "progressive republicanism" then are most of us "progressive republicans." The trouble is that it is not "republicanism" at all; it is genuine democracy. And by "genuine democracy" we do not mean the partisan brand. The chief, and about the only, difference be-