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side upon the party candidate for the senatorship. There are several candidates for the honor. The party is split as to the nomination and several votes will decide the winner. Finally comes the chance for the member to betray his trust. He thinks to himself, I was not instructed, I can vote as I please. There is no appeal from my vote. It makes very little difference to me who he is just so that he is a party man. Several offers are made to the legislator, bidding for the vote commences, and the man paying the most in money or patronage gets the vote. Take the average legislature of one hundred and fifty members. The dominant party has the average of ten members majority on the joint ballot, thus giving it eighty votes in the caucus. Forty-one votes will decide the winner. So that you see that the candidate receiving this number—but a trifle over twenty-five per cent—a trifle over one-fourth of the legislature gets the nomination and the remainder of the party will support him.

Let us suppose for instance that the caucus cannot agree and the time comes for a vote to be taken on the floor of the legislature. A deadlock is precipitated on the legislature and they ballot on and on for weeks and months until the last hour of the session. Finally perhaps they turn the clock back, and lest the party lose a seat in the senate, a compromise is made and the man elected is scarcely ever known except as a man who has always supported his party. While this is going on no state business is being transacted. In Montana and Nebraska the four present senators were elected after the clock had been turned back—a compromise on all four—three of them dark horses, whose names had not even been considered up to that crucial moment. And at that one moment when all is at stake oh what a chance there is for bribery and corruption to creep in. I remember the instance in Kansas several years ago, when a bribed legislator regretted his deal and lay on the table of the speaker two thousand dollars more than the whole salary of the senator to be elected. Over twenty-five times his own salary. Should not something be done to prevent such workings as this? When a candidate for the senatorship can give more than his whole salary—when a legislator can receive such amounts and his honesty be so severely tested, I say that there should be something done to curb such outrages and protect the people from the candidate.

But often the legislature fails even to elect a senator—as the present case in Delaware will plainly show. This state has no representatives in the United States senate—and all because the legislature refuses to elect one Addicks—a gas magnate—and he, on the other hand, says, you must elect me or elect nobody. So far he has succeeded in keeping that state from having a single representative in the upper house for nigh four years. While these deadlocks last there are very often very disgraceful scenes being enacted in the legislature. For an instance of this I cite the case in Kentucky several years ago, when, to prevent bloodshed, the state militia, comprising several hundred men, were stationed in the capitol and on the very floor. As long as this system lasts, as long as there is a deadlock, there can be no assessments, no taxation, no improvements and no appropriations. All is subservient to the election of a senator. The legislature elected for the very purpose of carrying on the state's business is embroiled with other questions and consequently the business of the state must suffer. This shame is crying out for a remedy. I say that these concrete facts cannot be answered by the advocates of the present system. They have existed and that proves conclusively that they can exist again. These wrongs are unanswerable, unalterable, and vicious in all their tenets.

I ask you, is this method, which we see carried on before us in every section, is this the method that the fathers proposed? Is this the scheme that the quotations about the fathers of the republic are meant to justify. A change

is needed and I venture to predict that the will of the people as demanded by the legislatures of thirty-four states, and thrice demanded by the house of representatives of the nation at large by practically a unanimous vote, I predict the change will come and carry away the old scheme under which so many evils are manifested.

But to the second question asked by our opponents. Will your scheme cure these evils? I answer a most emphatic Yes!

There can be no Gerrymander, because the vote will be taken of the whole state as it is for governor, and other state officials. Under this system every one knows that Gerrymander is impossible. Now to the next statement—the voter will be able to cast his vote for the election of a senator directly, thus declaring his views on the national situation, and when he is called to administer a rebuke, as he desired to do in the Iowa case I cited before, he may vote for the candidates he chooses. Thus he may vote distinctly on both the state and national issues. What a Utopia for the party-laden voter of today. What a chance for him to be a free American, the sovereign in his own idea, having power to reprove and to commend. When this time has come—and I predict it at no distant date—one long mile will be passed on the highway of political independence of the voter. You speak of him as clouded by the will of his party. Give him but the chance and changed conditions will make you marvel. There would be no need for party caucuses and the deadlock would be an impossibility. In one day the vote of the state could be taken, its legislature could go to their business, assessments could be made, taxes could be levied, highways improved, schools built—in short, the legislature could do the work its proper functions demand. The election of senators by popular vote would in one day do the work of months—in short, it would rid us of all the evils foisted by the present system.

The opposition then assert that this would entail on us the possibility of a senate, whose tendencies would not be conservative. Let me answer them in one word—it is the term of the senator rather than the manner of his election that accomplishes this conservatism. It is the fact of his term being three times as long as that of the representative that breeds his conservatism. You then advance that the people would not re-elect the senators. Let me answer this by telling you that I searched for figures and failing to find any and being curious as to the real truth of this statement, I compared the lists of members for the past thirty years and I find that a senator is elected on an average of one and one-half terms, while the usual member of the lower house serves three and one-half terms. So that when they tell me that the people seldom re-elect, I know that they are making false statements, statements that they have taken on the face as the truth, but a study of this question, and the figures that I have obtained convince me that a representative serves three and one-half terms, while a member of the upper house is elected but one and a half times. Thus proving that the people elect three times as often as do the legislatures. The figures in this present congress as compared with six years ago show us that out of 356 members of the house who were there six years ago—and six years is the term of a senator—I find two hundred and forty-six are still members—over two-thirds. We find the figures almost the same in the senate, where out of 90 senators, 62 are still members. Thus showing the average to approximately be the same. If we go back to 1890, we find that but 27 out of 90 senators are in that body now. Taking all these figures it can be seen that the percentage of elections by the legislature as compared with that by the people is one-third, while the terms served by each in the matter of years is nearly the same.

The senate is often called a club of millionaires—often the American house of lords. To find out the truth of this statement, I find that there are twenty-seven millionaires in the senate—almost one-third. For my information on this subject I consulted the World Almanac of this year.

But perhaps the evil that is most harped on by these opponents of progress is the fact that in the system that we propose the senator would be nominated by a party convention. Those opposed to the popular election of senators forget that each of the members of the legislature are nominated by county conventions—equally, if not more susceptible to the control of a boss than is a state convention. If there is a chance for bribery in the state convention why then is there not more chance for bribery in num-

berless little conventions. The power of the local boss over his henchmen is far more potent than is the power of a state boss if there is such a thing. And they forget that behind the bosses, behind the nominee of the state convention comes the voice of the people, who in their power can choose their own masters. This evil has been so much complained of that many have considered a way in which it could be absolutely avoided. The system in operation in many of the southern states and found so capable to avoid the system of boss is the primary system. Under this scheme the power of a boss is "nulla bona" for anyone may run for office and go squarely before the people with as much power behind him as the nominee of a boss. So we see that if the state convention is an evil, it can be remedied by the primary system in connection with the popular election and by the combination of both of these schemes all of the present evils would be obviated by being rendered impossible.

When we meet our opponents on the highway and challenge them to combat for the people's rights, when we demand that in this day of enlightenment the people's rights must be respected, and their voices heard, they fall back to their old argument about the constitution. We believe that the burden of proof is not upon us to prove our system wise, for it is based upon the fundamental tenets of our republic. If the power to elect senators is not in the hands of the people directly, there must be reason for it and this reason we demand. If our opponents fail to show you reason for keeping from the people their just due, if they cannot substantiate the scheme on better grounds than that it has apparently worked well, they have failed to justify a scheme that is undemocratic, unrepresentative and vicious in all of its tenets.

When we have met the opposition and proven that our system, the real defender of the people's rights, would cure the evils that now exist and would keep other ills from brewing, they retreat behind the shelter of the constitution.

I admit that in proposing amendments to this sacred instrument, that great care should be taken not to destroy or injure a single fundamental principle of the republic. But if perchance some stone of the superstructure is improperly laid or if properly laid, has become worn by abuse or corroded by craft methods unknown and unforeseen by its builders, surely the hand cannot be deemed impious that seeks with loving touch to adjust the misplaced stone, or apply some life giving lotion to that "ark of the covenant," that bulwark of liberty for ourselves and our posterity.

WILLIAM W. BRIDE.

HORRORS OF PROSPERITY.

Little Twentieth Century Slaves Who Toil Twelve Hours a Day While Revel at the Clubs and Theatres.

This is an era of prosperity—there can't be any doubt about it—for the trusts and great capitalists. It is also an era of slavery—child slavery—as revolting as the world has ever known. The tales that come from these slave pens are more pathetic and heart-rending than any that have ever been told before with perhaps the exception of the slave ships. The little black picaninies of the south before the war were happy and free in comparison with the pale-faced, scrawny little things who toil in the thick dust and foul atmosphere of the tobacco and other factories of the great cities. And what is it all for? It is permitted so that the millionaires and trust magnates may have prosperity, and the nation something to gloat over in that it has more millionaires, corporation and trust magnates, than any other nation of the earth.

Mr. John R. Rathom, in last Sunday's Record-Herald, told of the lives, sufferings and surroundings of some of the pitiful little white slaves in the factories of the city of Chicago. In some of the other large cities the slavery is much worse. Still the millionaires prosper. Still the trusts expand. Still millionaires grow richer and the supine and indifferent people vote to keep the government in their hands and that of trusts. Mr. Rathom's article was as follows:

It is very dark on these fall nights down in the wholesale district in the neighborhood of the Rush street bridge. The chill of winter in the air adds to the gloom, and the great black, bulky factory buildings keep sentinel watch all about it. It is as if they were proclaiming "Here is our domain. Where our shadows fall there we are supreme."

This forbidding kingdom has its subjects. The men of affairs who are identified with every step of the city's

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progress owe allegiance to it, and are proud to proclaim its sovereignty. But we must not look for them here tonight. Away out on the boulevards where the trees are still full of their glorious crimson and gold, in beautiful homes where they rest after the cares of the day; in the club houses on Michigan avenue where they discuss the responsibilities of life, like the responsible factors of our giant growth that they are; in the theatres where the talented players of the world portray for them entrancing stories of the past, or of our own civilization—there, where every known comfort takes them to its bosom to soothe and refresh them for the struggle of the morrow, they rest contented and happy.

Why linger then in this gloomy domain? Surely its towering walls and slippery cobblestones can have no message for us when all human life has temporarily abandoned it. But wait; just a moment, let us wait. Not all human life, for through the gloom, here and there, are flickering gas lights in the windows and figures are passing back and forth, and feet are moving, and if we come a little closer we can hear the whirr of factory wheels and the clank of machinery in its even monotone of strength.

So we will step back in the shadow of an archway and look a little farther into the marvels that are being spun into this wonderful web of activity. The shadows deepen. Here and there through the break in the fog a star sparkles; a long way off it seems. Soon a bell clangs out, and then we see the shadows passing more swiftly still in the windows; the lights vanish altogether, and the clatter of an army of workers sounds on the worn wooden stairways.

Now for a sight of the brawn of American manhood—the faithful toilers whose labor can move all human things in giant strides upward; whose stayed arm can throw all the world into stagnation. Hats off, then, as they come, for approaching us are the pillars of the republic, those who by their labor reap health, by their health reap contentment, by their contentment open the source of every human joy.

And here, out onto the dirty roadway through the frowsy doors they come. And at the sight of them die all our gathered thoughts of admiration, and in their place come bitterness and pity and shame.

For the night toilers here are not men at all, but women, and girls, and little children. Had we seen the women alone, white and hollow-eyed as they are, the thing would have been enough to shock us. Had we seen none but the tall, thin, frail girls just reaching womanhood the appalling conditions that had brought about such a sight might have seemed incomprehensible.

But when out into the chill night stagger the little hopeless, helpless creatures whose forms and faces mock the name of childhood, what can we do for the first few moments but turn white and sick and stand dumb before the revelation, or curse the iniquity that takes a baby life, squeezes it dry of love and hope and ambition, of heart and of brain, and gives to it, in token of the generosity and the prosperity of our great merchant princes—5 cents an hour and an early grave.

Exaggeration here may be doing someone a grievous and wicked wrong. Conditions may not be as bad as they appear to us in the first few moments after the pitiful procession gropes down the wooden stairways. Let us push back and smother as far as possible the feelings that would otherwise overwhelm us, and become, for a little while, impartial investigators.

Two little girls, clutching hands as they move out into the night, are just in front of us. They stumble and slip along over the cobbles and then make for the opposite sidewalk, where they hug the pitiless unfriendliness of the factory walls and make for "home." We will go with them.

A tap on the shoulder, and both faces, such poor, helpless, old-woman faces, are turned inquiringly, without fear, to our own. A few kindly words, a look of wonder for the uncommon