

## A Political Potpourri

If the president is ordinarily observing, his western trip has disclosed to him a spirit of unrest bordering on resentment against the "God" of things as they are."

The west has been described as the "meat in the national sandwich," but at this particular moment it comes nearer being the mustard than any other constituent part of the national lunch. The west wants the president to do something, and pretty quick, at that. It isn't saying much just now, but it is thinking some. The fear is growing more pronounced that the chief executive is too easy tempered, that his grasp is not firm enough, that his diplomatic line of least resistance spells "trimmer," that his conduct is more judicial than executive. Still, just remember what they said of Lincoln during his first term, and cheer up—it may not be true.

That the president is a good fellow, that he means well is admitted by everyone; but the public, grown used to the strenuous Roosevelt, frets a little at the daily reading of how many strokes it took Big Bill to negotiate the seventh hole on the golf course.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Taft has had but little chance. He had a special session of congress on his hands immediately after election, and that's worse than the itch, and for the past three months he has been traveling, which has kept him reasonably busy. His western speeches promise well, and now that he is back home and congress is in regular session his opportunity is present.

The tariff measure is largely the cause of the unrest. Every goods-box politician, every seeker after notoriety, every screamer looking for the biggest crowd to holler with, every professional politician is talking the tariff bill, and not a mother's son of them knows anything about it. Consider this item for instance and see where you "get off." "Sugars not above number sixteen dutch standard in color, tank bottoms, sirups of cane juice, melada, concentrated melada, concrete and concentrated molasses, testing by polariscope not above seventy-five degrees, ninety-five one hundredths of one cent per pound, and for every additional degree shown by the polariscope test, thirty-five one thousandths of one cent per pound additional, and fractions of a degree in proportion; and on sugar above number sixteen dutch standard in color, and on all sugar which has gone through a process of refining, one cent and ninety one hundredths of one cent per pound."

Now what do you know about that? It is a long shot that Burkett and Brown and the rest of the statesmen don't know the difference between a polariscope and a polecatiskip. Neither do any of the rest of the wisacres who voted for and against the bill. But somebody wrote the above quoted clause in the tariff bill. Who did? That's easy. You will notice that unrefined sugar (raw material) gets in on a tariff of ninety-five one hundredths of one cent per pound. This is the junk that Louisiana cane growers and Nebraska sugar beet farmers sell. You will also notice that refined sugar, in fact, all sugar that has gone through a process of refining, has to pay a tariff of one and ninety one hundredths of a cent per pound. This is the stuff, the short weight sugar trust has to sell. Put it this way: The Nebraska sugar beet growers gets a tariff of .95 of one cent per pound on his raw material, while the sugar trust gets a tariff of 1.90 of a cent per pound on his sugar produced. Who wrote that provision in the bill? But just a moment, please, before you write the senator and tell him what's what. This provision is a small reduction of the Dingley schedule, and is a big reduction of the democratic Wilson bill schedule. The principle of a protective tariff is right. Under its application from the time of Lincoln to the time of Taft, this nation has out-stripped the world. The greatest contribution made by any party to the material well being of a people has been made by the republican party in its successive tariff enactments. But all at once the life labors of Garfield, McKinley, Blaine, and others of the patron saints of the party and the nation, have become infamous, and the cardinal principle of republicanism that has built factories, homes and firesides, has become a robber unspeakable in its rapidity.

Western republicans had better put the clutch on slow speed. Men like Bristow of Kansas and La Follette of Wisconsin are hardly safe as path finders. Bristow of Kansas is like most men who are always telling of their honesty, they will bear watching. Bristow is for Bristow, even as he was when he wrote that memorable letter to Senator Long asking him to sneak a good job through for

him by political chicanery. There is a middle ground between that occupied by men of the Aldrich stamp and men of the Bristow breed. It won't do, if you have the interest of the party and the welfare of the nation at heart, to get entirely off the reservation. The prosperity of this country will not endure under the democratic theory of tariff reform. True the cost of living would be reduced as democratic tariff always makes America a good country in which to buy goods. The republican theory is to make America a good country in which to sell. If you buy more than you sell your interests are with the democratic party. But, if you sell more than you buy you had better stay at home a little longer.

The tariff is not perfect, neither will it be perfect until the Creator turns out a more finished product of man than at present inhabits the globe. We can, however, improve on the present measure, and in that possibility lies the president's opportunity. He has a tariff commission of his own choosing. If this commission will honestly and unselfishly study the tariff bill with a view to correcting such evils as the wool, cotton goods and sugar schedules and revise the tariff along the lines of protection, we will hear nothing further from the Bristows, neither will the prosperity or business interest of the country be menaced. The west must expect to be stung a little as well as do a little stinging. You know wheat, and corn, and live stock are pretty well protected (Bristow keeps quiet about this), and eastern labor has been talking just as hard about dear bread as the western farmer has about the high price of cotton goods.

Senator Burkett is in for a merry little fight to succeed himself. His official course has displeased numbers of his constituents and they aren't backward about mentioning it. Congressman Norris, who was one of the leaders in the fight against Speaker Cannon, was exposed to the senatorial germ, but it didn't take and he is back in the fight for his present position. C. O. Wheeden of Lincoln has his back up and is breaking into the press almost daily. Wheeden can't get the votes in Lancaster county against Burkett, although Burkett has a fierce war on him in Lincoln. The highways of the state capitol are lined with fellows whose heads Wheeden has cracked in the past and they are all waiting for the old man to show up. The D. E. Thompson machine, headed by Stephenson and others, is sitting up nights figuring on some candidate to beat Burkett, but they hate Wheeden more than they do the senator. If some clean, able fellow outside of Lancaster would come out he would probably take Burkett's home county away from him. In the meantime we will wait results, confident of a fight and a good one.

Quite a crowd of the boys are waiting for Congressman McQuire's term to expire. Who the — is McQuire of Lincoln, you know. Democratic congressman from the first district. Ah, you have heard of him; you've just forgotten it, that's all. He's the fellow that beat Pollard. Of course you know who I mean; I knew you did. Well, his term is up soon, and the candidates are speeding up some. Pollard wants another crack at it. He won't do, however. He is essentially a weak man, and then that \$1,200 that he had to put back, put him on the shelf so badly that little McQuire ran more than 2,000 ahead of his ticket. The first district is either opposed to taking the money or putting it back. I don't know which. Just remember this, that anything written here doesn't commit this paper. They asked me to write this and the views herein expressed are mine alone.

George Tobey of Lincoln is also out. George is a nice little fellow, clean and all that. He was Burkett's secretary when in the lower house of congress and he made the dandiest little errand boy to look up pension matters, etc., in the whole city of Washington. George says he is for county option, which is all right, but congress isn't going to devote much attention to booze selling in Arago and Barada, until government by states has been abolished and some fellow puts a new set of works in the constitution, (think George would have found that out while in Washington). However, he had county option in his system and just had to get it out, so he spilled it on his platform, and there you are.

Will Hayward of Nebraska City, Chairman of the state committee and secretary of the national committee, is being urged by some to run for Governor, and by others for congress. It is believed that Hayward's inclinations are for congress and it would not be surprising if he soon announced himself. Hayward comes of good

republican stock, being the son of the late Senator M. L. Hayward. He is a good lawyer and is a growing young man. He is a great favorite of President Taft and was his traveling companion on the western trip through Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska. It is said that he was offered and declined the position of assistant postmaster general. Hayward is by odds the best equipped of any candidate so far mentioned. A number of other men have been mentioned, among them Judge Frost of Lincoln and Frank Tyrel, county attorney of Lancaster County.

The office of governor is causing some concern. Ex-Governor Sheldon is reported as having designs on his old job. Sheldon made a splendid governor, and his administration was both able and economical until after his defeat by Shellenbarger. It was then that he fell to whimpering and to getting even. He was a poor loser, about the poorest we ever knew. The last six weeks of his term is going to be a big load for the Cass county man to carry, in fact some of his best friends fear that the task is too great for him.

Aldrich, (not of Rhode Island) wants to get in and is printing reform interviews without end. There isn't much that is right according to this candidate, nor will things be right until his cherished ambition is successful.

Senator King may be prevailed to get in the contest, and if he does, should stand an excellent chance. He is a big fellow both mentally and physically, not given much to talk nor to telling how bad the other fellow is. He stands well with his people and is recognized as one of the best lawyers in his section.

So far as the county is concerned, there isn't much to say. It is democratic, but not hopelessly so. Until men who have the time and are capable of leadership take the reins and until the rank and file quit abusing their leaders, and parrot-like repeating democratic charges of bosses, we will have little to hope for. The republican party of this county has never been fair to the men who have done the work and fought the battles. As an instance, George Holland was chairman of the county committee a year ago. He took valuable time from his business, spent money (his own money), drove about the country encouraging and urging action, attended meetings and rode far into the night to get home, and this through all kinds of weather. What did he get out of it? Abuse from the opposition, indifference from his own party and disappointment in "huge hunks" in the end. There isn't much to this political leadership at best, but it's a fright so far as the republican party in this county is concerned. There is no use to scold about it, but the rank and file can make this a republican county if they will. But they won't.

### AT DAVID CITY.

They Converted a Palatial Saloon Building Into a Bank.

One of the curious results of prohibition is seen at David City. That town voted dry last year. It was the usual hard fight, but the dry policy was so satisfactory that the town voted dry again this year.

One of the arguments used by the wets was that the good property would be rendered useless, and there would be a lot of vacant store rooms. They pointed to one palatial saloon building as an example. It had cost \$20,000, and had the finest fixtures of any establishment in the state. The frescoes on its walls were more costly than any similar work west of Chicago.

The editor of the Capital visited that building last week. It has been converted into a bank, with ample capital, and following the model of the saloon, has the finest fixtures in the state. The counters had to be changed a little, that was all. The paintings on the wall had to be retouched to meet the new surroundings. The picture of the farmer holding aloft a stein of beer was fixed so that he now holds a big ear of corn. The fat and satisfied man who formerly sat at the table with a cold bottle, now has beside him on the table a sack of gold. Thus were the frescoes made to tell a good story of what happened to David City. The former saloonman is president of the bank and is glad of the change. Two professional men occupy as offices, what was formerly wine rooms, while the billiard room upstairs has been put to similar use.

Over across the square is another evidence of the new life of David City. A library and club building is being erected and it will be a model for all the other cities of Nebraska. The building is to cost \$25,000. Downstairs it has rest rooms, a plunge, and an auditorium that will seat 1,000 people, where athletic, social and literary events will take place. Upstairs are to be the library and reading rooms. The whole thing is to paid

for by the people of the city and they will not be obligated to greasy oil kings or iron-hearted steel kings for any of it. The establishment will have departments free from the restraint of ordinary libraries, and less exclusive than the Y. M. C. A. buildings. It will be the meeting place of the people—the "poor man's club," and the "rich man's club," alike.

While these good things are coming in, the business of the city has not suffered. Last year there was an organized boycott against the city. Meetings of farmers were worked up to pledge trade to other towns. The boycott was a fizzle. David City has better stocks of goods than ever, and better trade. The owner of the largest store—a department store, told the editor that up to December 1st, his trade for this year was equal to the whole twelve months of former years, and he still has the holiday months for a big increase. And he is a Bohemian, who says the saloon is a curse and that it is out of David City for good.—Nebraska State Capital.

### Notice.

On account of the advanced price of labor and the high price of feed we, the undersigned, shall have to charge, after January 1st, 1910, the following prices to deliver coal and wood to the different parts of the city:

One (1) ton of coal or over, 75 cents each.  
One-half (½) ton or less, 50 cts.  
One (1) rick of wood or over, 50 cents a rick.

One-half (½) rick or less, 35 cts.  
If the same must be carried in that much more will be charged than it costs to deliver the article to any part of town. (Signed).

C. A. HANNAH,  
C. A. HECK,  
P. S. HEACOCK & SON,  
JENKINS BROS.,  
MAUST BROS.,  
JOHN ROSS,  
JAMES MOORE,  
JAMES GILROY,  
FRANK BISMICK,  
DENNIS MCARTHY, 50-4t

### Announcement.

I wish to announce to the ladies of Falls City and vicinity, that I have sold part of my stock to Miss Anderson. Thanking you all for your past patronage, I ask you to extend that favor to Miss Anderson, at our old stand. I am sure she will do her utmost to please you. Respectfully,  
HELEN BREBECK

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