THE REAL ISSUE.

In our eagerness out here in the middle west to herald to the world the magnitude of our corn and wheat crops, the superiority of our beef cattle and thoroughbred swine, and the tremendous productiveness of our domestic hen, we are prone to lose sight of the real issue, namely, the splendid crop of strong sons and fair daughters that the country is producing. In their joyous natures we behold at once the bright sunlight of hope and the beautiful bow of promise of our future greatness and glory. Drought and deluges may destroy our growing crops, disease and degeneration may play havoc among our cattle on a thousand hills and our treasured porkers in the alfalfa fields; yea, our boasted domestic hen may even occasionally cease her productive labors—all these calamities might conceivably come upon us in its turn, and yet our glory not be dimmed, provided, that our boys and girls be so safeguarded and trained in the home, so educated and disciplined in school, church and other institutions of the country, that they will develop into well-rounded, magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood.—Prof. McKeever.

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THE CAMPAIGN.

The lines are truly falling in most happy places for the progressives. Everywhere the people are arising and asserting their might and shaking themselves free from the grafter and the boss. Nebraska is falling into line rapidly. A clear cut issue is before the people this fall. No one but a fool can possibly err in taking sides. It is a challenge to men to assert their manhood and stand as men for the things that make for home, peace and intelligent prosperity. The Tribune will throw its whole strength into the contest. We have right on our side. For the right we can afford to fight. The issue must be presented to the intelligence of every voter in Richardson county. Not as a party advertisement but as a matter of right and wrong. Men's consciences must be appealed to. No father, can honestly vote against the pleading eyes and pure hearts of his babies. Our people are human. They are also prejudiced. The truth will make them free and as free men they will break the yoke of the oppressor and proclaim themselves to be men by voting for men.

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JAMES C. DAHLMAN.

On the face of the official returns of the primary election, Jim Dahlman is nominated as the democratic candidate for governor over Shellenberger by a majority of about 70 votes. Barring the possibility that in a recount that lead will be wiped out, that makes the issue in Nebraska this fall a plain one of wet or dry. Mr. Dahlman stands for a wide open state, the so called rights of the saloon, and the rule of the bosses. It will be a fight for decency, selfrespect and popular control in the state. All party lines will disappear and men will vote as they eat and drink, and aspire or conspire.

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GOV. A. C. SHALLENBERGER.

Governor Shallenberger has asked for a recount of the primary ballots. Dahlman expresses himself as heartily in sympathy with the plan. It was a clever move of Shallenberger, as the logical head of Nebraska democracy to claim for himself the full democratic vote and to attribute 20,000 of Dahlman's votes to wet republicans. Naturally, the democrats will take very kindly to this easy way of salving over their defection, and the wet republicans who were so eager to be identified with the new democracy, now find themselves cast off without so much as a thank you. Whatever may be the result of the recount, the general effect of the result growing out of the primary election will be overwhelming in favor of the republicans. If Dahlman was wise in the wisdom that is really worth while, he would have with drawn at this time, with all his honors. But—is he thus wise?

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C. H. ALDRICH.

Senator Aldrich of David City, the republican nominee, stands serenely above and away from the storm that is agitating the opposite camp. His lead on Cady was so large and so substantially classified as to fix him firmly in the public mind as the logical representative of the sober thinking people of Nebraska. Before the curtain drops on the Shallenberger-Dahlman medley, Mr. Aldrich will have fully vindicated his claim to be the peopels candidate as against the allied interests. Men will vote their convictions. It is a fight for decency and selfrespect. Only one result is thinkable. Nebraskans cannot deny themselves. Nebraska will go dry in 1910.

CANNON IS FIRED.

The question Congressman Longworth has answered is not the question whether Joseph G. Cannon shall be speaker of the next house. Mr. Cannon was not to be speaker again, no matter what Longworth or the president did. What the administration had to decide was whether the next speaker should be a republican other than Mr. Cannon, or else a democrat.

That is, to have let it be understood that Mr. Cannon would have the republican support for speaker would have been equivalent to having no republican speakership to fill. The country is done with Uncle Joe, and will not elect a congress that promises to keep him in the speakership. The republican party could not win with Cannon on its back. Cannon shows himself incapable of quitting his party for his party's good, so a surgical operation becomes necessary. Before the campaign is over more than a majority of the republican candidates for the house will have taken Longworth's hint and thrown off the Cannon handicap. Danville is out of it.

It is distressing to see the old man go down fighting in blind fury. To have a long public career end in defeat and discredit as so many have in the past half dozen years is always unpleasant, but that is the common fate of the man who stops learning half of a lifetime before he stops working, or whose eminence was built on a false foundation. And Speaker Cannon now joins the caravan of Forakers, Depews and Aldriches who are dead yet living, politically buried though physically alive.

Mr. Cannon would have done better to follow the course of Aldrich, and retire in advance of the foreseen kick. The fight that seems so brave and stirring when there is a chance to win becomes ludicrous when it is merely an obstinate butting of the head against stone walls.—State Journal.

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THE COUNTRY'S CALL.

The country is calling loudly today for honest, law respecting and patriotic citizens to get to the front and take charge of affairs. In the political field especially is there demand for such men. Graft, bribery, corruption and demagoguery have gained a footing in our politics which can be dislodged only by the combined efforts of good and trustworthy citizens in all parts of the country.

In Nebraska, as in every other state, the call is for men who hold manhood and honor above pelf and dishonor, to fill the places of trust and honor at the disposal of the electorate, and to this end no effort should be spared to warn the electorate of the dangers that confront them. Graft in the industrial and commercial fields is bad enough, unsettling confidence, which is the basis of all legitimate business, but when graft invades our politics and seeks with its slimy hand to defile our lawmakers, it strikes at the foundation of the government and imperils the entire government fabric. Political graft, boodlerism, bribery and corruption have shown their hydra heads in unseemly places, even in the highest legislative tribunal in the land, and the time has come for prompt and decisive action casting out the grafters, boodlers and corruptionists and placing in their stead men worthy of trust and confidence.

The representative government does not mean government by and for spoilsmen or government by and for grafters, boodlers and perjurers. It means government by and for all the people and is supposed to reflect the wishes, sentiments, hopes and needs of all the people.

Now the sovereign people are intelligent, honest and patriotic, and in this free country of ours, are in favor of equal and exact justice to all men; they want equal rights extended to all men and special privileges to none; they want business competition to regulate prices rather than speculative manipulation of stock they are opposed to monopolies and trusts of every description, and hold that all corporations doing an interstate business should be subject more or less to governmental supervision and control; they want a tariff that is just and fair to all, the consumer as well as the manufacturer or dealer, whose schedules are based upon the difference in cost of manufacture of foreign and home made articles of the same class, with a reasonable profit added for the home dealer or maker; they are eternally opposed to a tariff whose arbitrary schedules open the door to corporate greed and rapacity, whereby the people are despoiled.

The sovereign people are honest, and their combined judgment on any or all public questions can be depended upon, and the representative who listens to this judgment and is governed by it, is the true representative of all the people. But too often the people have been deceived in the character of the men called to represent them. By false pretenses, sophistry and other means employed, men unworthy the public confidence have found their way to places of trust and honor, and thus the high standards of trust and honor of true representative government have been lowrd until grafters, boodlers, perjurers and "jackpotters" have gained a strong footing and have in some instances made a farce of popular government. The call is loud and imperative for honest and trustworthy men to serve as representatives in every legislative district, every congressional district, in every state, and every good citizen will heed the call.

The great issue today is to save the government, in its legislative branch particularly, from the demonstration and destructive effects which follow on the trail of graft, greed, demagoguery and dishonesty. This is a sad commentary on American institutions, and will seem surprisingly strange to those who point to ours as the model republic, but the facts fully justify the statement, and thoughtful citizens everywhere will recognize its truth It follows that if we get reliable, true and honest representative government, the good citizens of the country must take the matter in hand and make their power felt at the polls. There should be no dallying with smooth and oily-tongued politicians, no gum shoe or pussy-footed crusade against those who have been tried and found wanting, but a straight out, stand up, manly fight in the open against the faithless and in behalf of men of known integrity and trustworthiness. The crisis is here, and every good citizen should buckle on his armour. —Lincoln Star.

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Cannot Support Dahlman.

Stromsburg, August 19—Since the indications are that Mayor Dahlman of Omaha will be nominated the headlight, one of the county papers, that has always been populist and democrat, has come out and absolutely refused to support him for governor, and plainly states that while its influence may not be the greatest in the state, it is of such a quality that the editor cannot afford to lend it to men of Dahlman's class, and will either be silent on the governorship or else openly support C. H. Aldrich.

Victor Wilson, who figures that he has the democratic and populist nomination for railway commissioner, says he will be greatly handicapped with Dahlman on the ticket.

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It is hinted. No rumored, yes and out loud too, that there will be a Maybray scandal unearthed in Richardson county politics, compared with which the original Maybray swindle was a mere bag atelle. Watch for developments.

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2,260,000 Unmarried Women.

When the census man was at work in 1900 he went about and counted 2,260,000 American women who were more than twenty-five years old and who were still unmarried.

It is getting worse (or better) with every passing decade, and out of it is emerging a new ideal of education which seems certain to penetrate the whole educational system of the United States, all the way from the elementary school to the universities.

The census man groups us into age periods. The period from twenty-five to twenty-nine is the most important matrimonially, because it is the one in which most of us get pretty well fixed into our life work. Out of every 1,000 women in that period, in the year 1890, the census man found 254 who were still unmarried. In 1900, only ten years later, he found 275.

Poor Jack! Poor Jill! They get lectured at all the time about the postponement of marriage, and they can no more control it than they can control the size of the city of New York. Theoretically, everybody on Manhattan Island could get up and go away and leave the island vacant. Actually, it can't and won't be done. Theoretically, we should all of us get married young. We fall in love young enough. But, actually, we can't get married young, and don't. The reasons are given later. Meanwhile, just notice, and just ponder, the following facts.

It was in the United States as a whole that the census man found 275 out of every 1,000 women in the twenty-five to twenty-nine age period unmarried But the United Stats consists of development and undevelopment. Look at the cities:

In Chicogo, out of every 1000 women in the age period from twenty-five to twenty-nine, there were 314 who were unmarried. In Denver there were 331. In Manhattan and the Bronx there were 356. In Minneapolis there were 369. In Philadelphia there were 387.

Southern New England, however, is the most industrially developed part of the United States, the part in which social conditions like those of the older countries of the world are most nearly reached.

In Fall River, out of every 1000 women in the twenty-five to twenty-nine period, the unmarried were 391. In New Haven they were 393. In Boston they were 454.

In view of such facts, how can anybody object to the steps which have been taken recently toward giving the women in the manufacturing trades, as well as the women in the commercial trades, some little preparation for the work in which they are likely to spend so many years?—Everybody's Magazine for Aug.

A Pioneers's Experience.

A young preacher in a wild mountain region, several years ago, improved what he counted a comfortable opportunity for the delivery of a temperance sermon which he preached in several of the log school houses in his cir- political campaign, with enadicuit.

It was the midst of a heated dates riding about with saddlebags filled with flasks of moonshine whiskey, and many men who were ordinarily sober had accepted the free hospitality of the politicians. Against this practice the young preacher's words were unsparing, and he angered both the candidates and the men who had partaken of their liquor.

As he mounted his horse at the close of the service, he saw about him angry faces, some of them still bloated with the liquor he had been denouncing, for one or two candidates had siezed upon the meeting as a good time to be present and to see a number of men together.

A few days afterward he received a message in the roundabout manner of the region —a message emanating from no one and delivered by no one—informing him that if he ever preached again at Brimstone Creek he would be tied to a tree and whipped.

Once a month, on the third Sabbath, was the time of his Brimstone appointment, and there was a time for some quiet inquiry, which confirmed the young preacher's suspicion as to the leader of the gang that intended to whip him.

Somewhat earlier than usual on the third Sabbath of the next month he rode up Brimstone and made a detour to take him past the house of his leading enemy.

"Hello!" he shouted at the fence.

The master of the house came to the door, called off the dogs and made a surely response.

"Are you going to meeting today" asked the preacher.

"Don't know. Like as not I will and like as not I won't."

"Well, I rode round this way to say that I will stop and take dinner with you today. I hope you will come. I'll ride back with you."

"I don't hardly reckon I" get thar," said the mountaineer. "One of the chaps was sick all night, and he's mighty triflin' this mornin."

"Let me see him," said the minister, who carried with him a few simple remedies.

After an explanation of the sick child, he said to the mother, "Here, give him this once an hour and I think he will be better by the time we get back to dinner."

The anxious mother was instantly grateful, and even the father was molified a little.

"If you'll wait till I get my saddle on, I'll ride to meetin' with you," said he.

The sermon that day gave better satisfaction. There was a certain prejudice to overcome, but partly it was overcome already in admiration of the young man's courage, and in astonishment that he rode in under protection of his recent enemy.

Of course there was no attempt at whipping, and at the close of the service many greeted the young man with sheepish cordiality.

When they returned to the house the little boy had improved and the preacher sat down to a good dinner of hot biscuit and fried chicken, the food of preachers in that region, and at the close of the meal he rode off in safety.

There was a meeting in the school house a few days afterwards and a letter was written, not without great labor, and sent to the young preacher. Not very long ago, in an overhauling of old papers, that letter came to light:

"We want you to keep on preaching on brimstone, and as peter sed to Christ though all forsake you yet will not wee. but we think it would be well to preach the gospel insted of temprance and for the presint give us something mor cimple."

The spelling was not quite beyond reproach, but the Brimstone appointment continued.—Ex.

W. C. T. U.

The traffic in intoxicating liquors is at war with every interest of society, is in deadly hostility to every man, woman and child to all eternity.—Neal Dow.

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