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OMAHA'S THIRD WARD.

The most positive and convincing statement made in the message of the governor in relation to Omaha election frauds was the one in which he declared that it was "a matter of record" that in the Third ward "there were three times as many votes cast" at the fall election "as the census report shows there were male inhabitants in said ward."

There is an air of positiveness about this assertion which does not quite accord with the showing which the World-Herald attempts to make on that point.

That paper shows that it sent to its Washington correspondent for the census report of the enumeration of Omaha by wards, and received from him an assurance that Director Durand of the census bureau advised him that the tabulation of population of Omaha by wards is not yet complete and will not be given out for several weeks yet.

From the statement of the governor in his message one must conclude that he has somehow discovered what "the census report shows" as to the male inhabitants of that ward. Naturally the question arises, if the report has never been made public, how does the governor know, and where did he find out?

It is true, the census authorities in this state must have known, but inasmuch as they are under oath not to divulge the information and liable to heavy penalty if they do, it is quite out of the question to suspect that the governor may have learned from them what the report shows.

The World-Herald, however, in the absence of any newer evidence as to what "the census report shows," digs up the report of ten years ago, and shows that it discloses that the population of the Third ward of Omaha then was 11,682, comprising 1,091 families, and that the adult male population, of 21 years and over, was 6,067, while the vote of the Third ward in the last fall's election was 1,897 and the registration 2,274.

These figures show that instead of being three times as large as the number of male inhabitants shown by the census report in that ward, the vote was only 31 per cent of the male adult population of the ward as shown by the census of ten years ago.

Now, unless the population of the Third ward in Omaha has declined about 1,000 per cent during the last decade, it is going to be mighty difficult for the governor to sustain at least that part of his showing of fraud in Omaha.—Lincoln Star.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

Senator Brown's determination to support the Canadian reciprocity agreement is significant. It means that the agricultural west in congress is not rushing to the opposition. And it is on the farmers of the country that the success of the measure depends.

To take his stand involves some personal risk, for unless the farmers are able to see a little farther than the tip of their nose they may yet be stampeded against the measure. The cold fact is that the proposed reciprocity deprives the Nebraska farmer of whatever protection he has had from the tariff, while returning him nothing but some possible savings in the cost of lumber and fish. It has long been the habit of interests or industries to fly into a panic at the suggestion of losing so much as a comma from their tariff schedule. They seldom look, the farmers least of all, to see whether their sacrifice of a penny may not save them a pound. They grab at the penny and let the pound go. Thus do tariff iniquities arise.

The manufacturing interests, which have had seats at the tariff table while the farmers picked a few crumbs from the floor, are watching us with a cynical sneer. Last year we wanted revision downward on their schedules. This year we get it on our own. "Watch them stand pat," they say. Incidentally, as they know, we will in that case continue to trade them bread for our crumbs.

It is to be hoped that the farmers will see the point and stay with Senator Brown, and that the Nebraska legislature will decisively defeat its anti-reciprocity resolution. Once get the farmer free from his petty direct interest in the tariff, and the serious tariff abuses under which he suffers and which have maintained themselves by playing upon his foolish fears will crumble like a scarecrow in a cyclone. The simple fact is that the western farmer has not received and is not now receiving appreciable benefit from the tariffs on his products. The president points out that the day his reciprocity message went to congress the price of wheat at Winnipeg and at Minneapolis was only one cent apart. A tariff of 25 cents a bushel on Canadian wheat no more profits our farmers in such case than a tariff on the green cheese in the moon. It doesn't take courage to consent to removal of such a tariff. It takes only sense. The farmer will gain dollars where he loses doughnuts by giving up his own small and mostly imaginary tariff interests, thus setting himself free, morally and politically, to batter at the unjust tariffs favoring other interests at his expense.—State Journal.

GOVERNMENT IN THE OPEN.

Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey voiced a very popular maxim in asserting that "The root of all evils in politics is private concealment." Whether it is too broad in its application or not, the principle is sound. It has long been so accepted by most people, and particularly by the political party that has been in power continuously for the last fourteen years. Dr. Wilson indirectly admitted this when he told the National Press club that "The popular movement in our country is to change the machinery of our government from privacy to publicity."

It took us a long time to realize this fact. That was natural, since we had not taken the time to think very much on the subject for such a lengthy period. Our people and political parties had, in this as in other things, fallen into the current of a system that swollowed them up before they brought themselves to understand just what had happened and what would happen if they did not change the system. Eventually they awoke and we are now appreciating some of the results, as Dr. Wilson says. The awakening, we have to admit, came about during these fourteen years of unbroken republican rule. And it would not be at all difficult to point to some of the individuals who had taken leading parts in effecting this new order of things.

Yet it is not a matter to be viewed from partisan standpoints. It is only worth while noting that the reform came by and through the republican influence. The faults of the past have not, we think, been so much with the character of our institutions as with their perversion, and therefore it does not occur to us as essential that completely new forms of government be instituted. We do not have to restore popular government, but to keep our government popular, and that can best be done by keeping it in the limelight. —Omaha Bee.

LEE'S FEELING TOWARD PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Undoubtedly Lee esteemed and admired Davis, but the expression of these feelings does not go beyond kindly cordiality. Soon after the war he writes to Early: "I have been much pained to see the attempts made to cast odium upon Mr. Davis, but do not think they will be successful with the reflecting or informed part of the country." After Davis's release from captivity, Lee wrote him a letter which is very charming in its old fashioned courtesy. "Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have no words to tell. * * That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy is the sincere and earnest wish of your most obedient and faithful friend and servant." Lee is, of course, even less outspoken in criticism than in praise of his superior. It is only very rarely that we catch a trace of dissatisfaction, as in reference to the anxiety of the authorities in regard to Richmond: "The general had been heard to say that 'Richmond was the millstone that was dragging down the army.' In the delightful memoirs of General Gordon we get perhaps the most explicit statement of what Lee's feeling about the president really was. It was at the time of Davis' refusal to abandon the capital. Lee spoke to Gordon in the highest terms of the great qualities of Davis's character, praised the strength of his convictions, his devotion, his remarkable faith in the possibility of still winning our independence, his unconquerable will power. 'But,' he added, 'you know that the president is very tenacious in opinion and purpose.'"—Gamaliel Bradford, jr., in the January Atlantic.

A ROOSEVELT LETTER.

The right to criticise the courts when they are properly subject to criticism has rarely been more forcefully demonstrated than in the letter of Colonel Roosevelt to Governor Baldwin of Connecticut. This letter, even more than the original criticism, passed by Colonel Roosevelt on a Baldwin decision—handed down when he was a judge—shows how just and pertinent that criticism was.

It is true, as Colonel Roosevelt says, that he has for years interested himself in legislation bearing on employers' liability, and that he could not ignore the Baldwin decision as something that might go far toward nullifying an act of congress that the ex-president regarded as vital to the proper protection of employees.

The criticism of Baldwin became acutely personal because it was passed at a time when he was a candidate for governor. But the personal bearing was not the fault of Colonel Roosevelt, who was aiming at an impersonal thing. Roosevelt has shown in many instances that he can be wholly impersonal in his acts and utterances, even when they may vitally affect even him, but more than any other man in public view in his time he has had the courage to work and fight for the right regardless of the particular applications that might be made of his policies or principles.

Incidentally the Roosevelt letter seems to have convinced Governor Baldwin that his critic was well within his rights.—Kansas City Star.

THE FIRST AMERICANS.

In the beginning the Hohokam dwelt in the land. They were the first Americans—before the Pilgrim Fathers, before the Spaniards, before the Indians. They were the Unknown People who lived in the United States so long ago that their name is utterly lost. Out in the Southwest old tribes of Indians like the Zunis and Navajos know nothing of them save by vaguest tradition. The Pimas and Papagos of Southern Arizona, who occupy part of the land that once was theirs, know that another race possessed the country long ago. More they cannot tell. They and their fathers for hundreds of years have seen what we see—the scanty remnants of ancient villages. For inhabitants of the villages they have no name except the Hohokam, that is, the "Unknown." The modern archaeologist describes the implements and pottery of the Hohokam. He cannot do much more, for their houses are laid low. Except in a few places, such as the ruins of Casa Grande, near the Gila River, the very walls have vanished. Casa Grande itself may be the work of a people later than the main body of the Hohokam. We can never know the whole story. Yet little by little we may learn its chief facts. Arizona and the adjacent regions are full of ruins unknown to scientists and even to the people who live within a mile of them. They are so nearly obliterated that there seems at first sight little to repay study. Archaeology begins the task of reconstructing the past; geography must finish it. Modern geography enables us to determine the mode of life which must prevail, especially among primitive peoples, under given conditions of physical environment. If we can correctly picture the geographic environment of the Hohokam, we may learn much of the history of our earliest fellow countrymen.—Ellsworth Huntington, in Harper's Magazine for February.

THE REAL GENERAL LEE.

The general's headquarters for the moment were in some public building, and the women sent in breakfast. Loaves of hot bread, butter and coffee. During breakfast the general astonished me by saying, "Captain Ranson, I fear you have not had a good mother." I was indignant, and rather hotly replied: "You are mistaken, general, I have the best mother in the world." The general replied: "Well, I may be wrong, but there is one thing she did not teach you—how to cut bread and butter. I will show you how." He then took the loaf of bread in his hand, and spreading the butter on the end, cut off a slice and handed it to me, saying: "Now that is the way to cut bread and butter. Look what a mess you have made by cutting off your slice first and then trying to butter it afterward."

I was beginning to understand General Lee and that this was his little joke, and that I should not deprive him of the pleasure of it. I knew he was a grave and serious man and had few moments of fun. He was carrying the weight of the whole Southern cause on his shoulders, almost unassisted, and sometimes seriously handicapped. Moreover, I became aware that he was treating me like a son when he scolded me, and I tried to remember this in later days, when his scoldings were hard to bear. On this occasion I took the slice of bread and thanked him gravely for teaching me something.

I had noticed by daylight that a wide sweep had to be made so that we could strike the bridge at a right angle to the stream. When all was ready I rode to the leading mule, and taking it by the bridle rein, swung around on a wide curve. It was dark, but we hit the bridge in the center, the mules going down hill at a gallop, and the lead mules were nearly over the plank road on the farther side, when suddenly something happened in the rear. There was a quick stop, and the mules were jerked back on their haunches with great force. I rod back and found the high wheels of the carry-log had cut through the bridge and into the mud underneath, the gun resting on the bridge. We jacked it up and tried another start, but there was no more pull in the mules that night; a dozen pairs would pull forward, but a dozen more would pull back, and after seesawing for a while, I sent the mules back to Petersburg. The day was breaking, so we cut green bushes and twined them about the high wheels of the carry-log to deceive the enemy, and returned to the camp, arriving about sunrise.

I had been sleeping in my tent for an hour or two, when I heard General Lee asking for me. I went out and found him sitting on his horse. He asked me if I had gotten the gun out, and I explained. "Then you failed," he said. I went on to say that if he would give me two hundred men who would pull together when ordered, I could get the gun out that night, the bridge having been strengthened. He turned away, saying. "No, sir; you have failed. I will send Captain W. to report to you."

Captain W. came in the course of a day, and I rode down and showed him over the ground. He made rather light of it. He had moved the heavy guns from Fort Sumter, and therefore had experience. I cautioned him that moving guns over the paved streets of Charleston was a different proposition from this. He tried it that night, but did not move the gun six feet. The next night another officer tried it and failed. On the third morning General Lee rode up to my tent and said: "What was it you said to me about moving that gun with men?" I said that with two hundred men who would act with intelligence and pull together at the word of command I could bring the gun out. He was turning away when I said: "Am I to try it tonight, general?" "No you failed; I will not give you another chance. I will send an officer to you."

During the day another officer called, and I went with him and his two hundred men that night, and by 2 o'clock the gun was in Petersburg and loaded on the car. When I knew that the surrender was a fact, I mentioned to Colonel Baldwin, my chief, that the secret service money of the army was in our wagon, and asked for instructions. The secret service money of the army was used in paying spies and informers who ran the blockade and entered the enemy's lines in search of information, and to obtain such supplies as were not obtainable in the South. Up to the time when Overton Price, clerk at the ordnance office of the chief of ordnance, left the box containing the money was in his keeping, and he paid out all moneys. No books or records were kept. When an order was presented, the money was paid to bearer and the order was instantly destroyed. Nothing was kept that could incriminate any one.

Colonel Baldwin asked General Lee about the money, and he replied. "I know nothing about it." Colonel Baldwin said, "But, general, I am asking for instructions." General Lee replied, "Colonel Baldwin, I know nothing at all about the matter, and will not discuss it."

Colonel Baldwin then asked General Longstreet, who said: "Divide it among the officers present. The government owes me a month's pay and I should like to have it."

I brought the iron box containing the money, and Colonel Baldwin counted it. He gave General Fitz Lee and Rosser $2,500 each. The money was in 50 and 100 dollar bills, United States currency, and some gold. Colonel Baldwin gave me $100 put $100 in his own pocket, and then gave each of the officers present $100, beginning with General Longstreet. The money soon gave out, and Captain Duffy, chief gunsmith of the reserve ordnance train, complaining of having been left out, Colonel Baldwin gave him $50, the half of his own $100. I heard at the time that Colonel Baldwin offered General Lee some of the money and that he refused it. I was not present when this occurred, but I am perfectly sure it is true.—A. R. H. Ranson in Harper's for February.

Useless Talking.

"You can always tell an English man," said the Briton proudly.

"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good, because he thinks he knows it all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LAST OF THE PURITANS.

So many of our interesting American fauna have met with extinction that I feel like entering a plea for the Puritan. We think now with keen regret of the long gone bison herd, charging in a cloud of dust upon the unwary Western traveler, and effectually preventing his ever writing a book of travel. He was not agreeable, but he was individual. Shall we not shed a few of the unwept tears we had preserved for the buffalo when we view the last of the Puritans analyzing the bars of his cage at the zoo? Or when we gaze upon a stuffed specimen of the New England conscience mounted in a lifelike way on the corth of an "ancient elm," molting in the glass case of a museum? We drop the tear of sentiment upon the Indian—now that he is not near enough to return our courtesy with the tomahawk—let us now call a meeting and weep for the Puritan. So scarce is the pure Puritan becoming that the next generation may feel a few salt drops brimming to their eyes when some wintry day they see the bluff old back country farmer sleighing to town, snugly tucked in a rare warm robe of Puritan hide—the last of his race, slain by American laughter, the cruelest weapon ever aimed at a brother's breast.

Why not grant this little rock walled field of New England to the Puritan for his reservation—a mental reservation, perhaps—but always a happy hunting ground for him and his conscience, before he and it, too, meet with extinction in the flashlight of humor?—Elizabeth Maury Coombs in Lippincott's Magazine.

Making Insurance Maps.

In making insurance maps certain features are considered essential, and the growth of the system has proved their wisdom and changed them only as regards the amount of detail that has been incorporated. Of first importance were the colors to show the different materials used in the construction of a building. Naturally red seemed a proper color to signify brick and yellow to signify wood. These colors have always been employed for these materials. Other colors have been added from time to time, thus blue for stone, gray for iron, etc.

In fixing signs and characters for such details as stairways, fire escapes, dumb waiter shafts, etc., a principal object was to make them plain and distinct. They must be easily understood by an underwriter without reference to my key or marginal footnotes.

This object has been carried out, with the result that when these insurance maps are examined by an insurance man today each sign or character has such an individuality of its own that it can be easily distinguished and is not confused with another.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Word "Fudge."

"Fudge" is a word with a history. There are prosaic etymologists, as there always are, who derive it from a Gaelic word meaning decoption, but Isaac Disraeli's view is much more interesting. He derives it from a certain Captain Fudge, who seems to have been a marine Munchausen. "You fudge it" is said to have been his crew's equivalent to the modern "Rats!" In a collection of some papers of William Crouch, the Quaker, published in 1712 it is recorded that one Degory Marshall informed Crouch that "in the year 1664 we were sentenced for banishment to Jamaica by Judges Hyde and Twisden, and our number was fifty-five. We were put on board the ship Black Eagle. The master's name was Fudge, by some called Lying Fudge."—London Standard.

The Leipzig Book Fair.

Leipzig is the largest publication center in the world. More books and periodicals are printed there than anywhere else, and more people are engaged in making and using printers' supplies than in London, New York, Berlin or Paris. Many of the orders for these publications come from England, France, Austria and other countries because the mechanical work can be done in Leipzig much cheaper than elsewhere. More than half of the transactions in books take place at the Leipzig book fair, which occurs every year at the jubilate, the first week in Easter, when booksellers and publishers from all parts of Germany assemble to compare and balance accounts and to make contracts for the next year.

A Bawbee From Carlyle.

I used to see Carlyle when I lived as a child in Chelsea. I regarded him with extraordinary aversion and fear. One day I was sent to post a letter. I suppose I was older, though unconscious, as always, of anything ahead. I cannoned into Carlyle. The impact laid me flat on the pavement, where I yelled for some minutes, though soothed eventually by England's great thinker. And then—this is the point of the story—Carlyle dived into his pockets, produced a halfpenny and said kindly, "Here is a bawbee for Bobby." I have the halfpenny to this day. When Mr. Carlyle died I was put into deep mourning. He was the first and perhaps the most interesting of all my street acquaintances.—Robert Ross in London Bystander.

Self Reliance.

The spirit of self help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual, and, exhibited in the lives of many, it constitutes the true source of national vigor and strength. Help from without is often enfeebling in its effects, but help from within invariably invigorates. Whatever is done for men or classes to a certain extent takes away the stimulus and necessity of doing for themselves, and where men are subjected to overguidance and overgovernment the inevitable tendency is to render them comparatively helpless.—Samuel Smiles.

Watch Farm Development in Wyoming

The Board of Army Engineers appointed to apportion the Reclamation Fund to the various projects, has set aside $2,000,000 from the special fund, and $2,185,000 from the regular fund for use in the North Platte Valley project in Wyoming and Nebraska, and $2,000,000 from the regular fund to complete the Shoshone project in the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, making a total of more than $6,000,000 that will be spent by the Government upon these two projects, in making desirable homes in Wyoming for our citizens.

CAREY ACT PROJECTS

SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS will be spent by private companies in Wyoming, and many of these projects will be pushed rapidly to completion.

Just think what the expenditure of SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS for irrigation is going to mean to the State of Wyoming It means work at good wages for many people, many new opportunities to get valuable farm homes, more new growing towns and new business locations.

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A DENTAL CURIOSITY.

The Set of Artificial Teeth That Washington Endured.

It may not be generally known that the Father of His Country was one of the first Americans to wear artificial teeth. By the time the war of the Revolution had ended he had parted company with most of the outfit which nature had given him. An ingenious physician and dentist of New York city undertook the then unusual task of re-equipment and produced at length a full set of artificial teeth. These are now, of course, a dental curiosity and offer an additional proof of the heroism of our first president, for it is a matter of fact that General Washington wore those teeth for many years and, so far as we know, never complained of them.

The teeth were carved from ivory and riveted, wired and clamped to a somewhat ponderous gold plate. Three large clamps in particular figure conspicuously in the roof of the mouth and must have caused difficulty, if not anguish. There were an upper and an under set, and the two were connected and held in position relatively by a long spiral spring on each side, says Harper's Weekly.

Nevertheless Washington wore them long and well, a fact sufficiently attested by the worn and dinted condition of both teeth and plate.

At the last account these teeth were the property of a dental institution in Baltimore.

A Useful Coffin.

A writer in an English church magazine once found in a collier's cottage in Staffordshire a coffin used as a bread and cheese cupboard. Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrance, he told the story of the coffin as follows: "Eighteen years ago I ordered that coffin. The wife and me used to have a good many words. One day she said, 'I'll never be content till I see thee in thy coffin.' 'Well, lass,' I said, 'if that'll content thee it'll soon be done.'

"Next day I gave directions to have the thing made. In a few days it came home, to the wife's horror. I got into it and said, 'Now, lass, are thee content?' She began to cry and wanted the 'horrid thing' taken away. But that I wouldn't allow. In the end she got accustomed to seeing it, and as we wanted to turn it to some use we had some shelves put in and made it into a bread and cheese cupboard. We have never quarreled since it came."

Abuse.

Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.—Johnson.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Their Effect in the First Theaters in Which They Were Used.

The first theater in the world to use incandescent lamps was the Academy of Music, on Halstead street, Chicago, the plant being installed by the Western Edison Light company. The theater was wired for 150 sixteen candle power lamps. The lighting was confined to the auditorium. No electric lights were used on the stage, as dimmers had not been thought of at that time. On the opening night, after the new lights were installed, the actors struck, claiming that it was impossible to make up by gaslight and play their parts under the glare of the electric lights. It was with difficulty that they were persuaded to proceed with the second act.

The first theater to be completely lighted with incandescent lamps was the old Haverly theater, then located on Monroe street, where the Inter Ocean building now stands. This plant consisted of two dynamos with a capacity of 637 lamps. On the opening night only sufficient lights were started at first to enable the ushers to seat the audience. When the curtain rose every light was turned on, causing a tremendous sensation among the audience and eliciting applause that continued for fifteen minutes. The innovation was so successful that McVicker's theater and the Chicago Opera House immediately installed similar plants.—W. C. Jenkins in National Magazine.

A Field at Home.

A Boston gentleman was showing a West African who is interested in missionary work a number of photographs.

"What is this?" asked the visitor, gazing in wonder at one of them.

"Oh, that's a snapshot taken during a football scrimmage at the stadium."

"But has your church no missionaries to send among these people?" was the quick rejoinder. — Boston Transcript.

Cruikshank's Long Artistic Life.

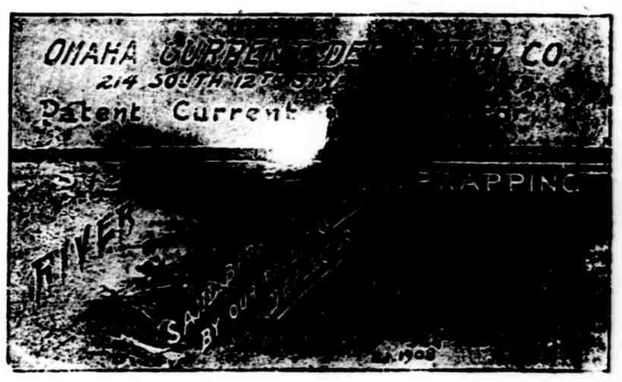
In 1863 Cruikshank was asked by the committee who exhibited his "Worship of Bacchus" to associate with that work some of his early drawings in order to prove that he was not his own grandfather!—Chesson's "Cruikshank."

Getting In Debt.

Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.—Spurgeon.

Pretty Poor.

Hicks—Bluffer is talking of purchasing an automobile. Wicks—Bluffer! Why, he couldn't buy a charge of ammunition for an air gun!—Boston Transcript.



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