

It is said to be a **POOR NEBRASKA.** conception of Mark Hanna's, the project to make Mr. Bryan governor of Nebraska, thus insuring him another nomination for president, and another defeat, as a matter of course. The scheme looks very attractive to down-easterners, but somehow Nebraskans do not seem to take up the idea with the same degree of alacrity exhibited by politicians in other states.

The Massachusetts editor who has discovered that Andrew Carnegie has made these many munificent gifts to libraries and educational institutions solely for the purpose of advertising himself and a paper he intends to print, and that business sagacity, not benevolence prompted the gifts, certainly rivals Sherlock Holmes as a searcher of men's hearts, and a reader of men's motives. Knowing as he undoubtedly does that endless billions are to be reaped in the journalistic field, this man Carnegie slyly expends a few hundred millions in paving the way for the introduction of his journal. These deductions do credit to the astuteness of this journalistic Hawkshaw, and rear a lasting monument to the business enterprise of Foxy Grandpa Carnegie.

We see a picture affecting in its simplicity and pathos. A frugal farmer sits in his cheap \$50 chair, in his rude \$6,000 barn, beside his poor \$500 heifer, and allows his gaze to wander through the plain \$75 window, across the crude \$17 per-rod fence to the humble \$20,000 cottage which will soon be ready to receive his family and his small \$3,500 store of furniture. While ruminating over the failure of his recent \$1,000,000 campaign, he hears the voice of his truly beloved son droning a lesson from the dog-eared pages of his common \$3.75 grammar, and, turning, sees him write the lesson with his poor 25 cent soapstone pencil across his regulation \$1.75 slate, and peering over his shoulder reads:

"Run, Ran, Ruin.  
Barn, Barned, Barnacle."

This is the picture, and from the look in the father's eye, there is every probability that a worn \$8.50 slipper will soon impinge upon a pair of every-day trousers (which were purchased upon bargain day for exactly \$7.87 in cold, beautiful, tangible, American silver,) without waiting for the aid or consent of any nation on earth.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The defeated democratic candidate for mayor of Council Bluffs is named Jennings, and to this he attributes his defeat. He contends that in the limited time between the convention and election day it was impossible for him to convince the voters that he is not related to the various branches of the Jennings family scattered over the western states.

#### BOOMERANG.

The oleomargarine bill passed the Senate, and dairymen are congratulating themselves. Western farmers are also congratulating themselves and each other, under the mistaken impression that the bill is a good thing for them. Later on they will find that they are not dairymen, that nearly every pound of the butter which they send east is worked over, and that a tax is imposed upon the manufacture and sale of renovated butter. In other words, the western farmers have become inextricably entangled in the cord with which they were attempting to strangle a legitimate industry, and there is every assurance that if the law is enforced, it will be repealed at the earliest opportunity, and at the solicitation of the very men who have caused it to be enacted.

#### PROMISING.

The New York patrolmen who refused to bear the odium which their superiors thrust upon them, and, by making dozens of arrests in a few hours, proved that they were quite capable of enforcing the excise laws if they were permitted to do so, are said to have the support of Colonel Patridge. In turn Colonel Patridge is assured that Mayor Low is behind him, and the people are behind Mayor Low. This looks very encouraging to those who would see New York well governed, but are all of the parties sincere? Of course there is no fear that those patrolmen will be called up and discharged in a body for having obeyed orders, but perhaps the more subtle method of gradually transferring them to back districts will be adopted, and one by one they may be shoved off the force, ostensibly for neglect of duty, drunkenness, or under some such pretext, while in reality their only sin lies in their unwillingness to be considered incapable of enforcing the law, if allowed to do so. Mayor Low is, to all appearances, above that sort of thing, but whether or not he can find time to protect the roundsmen from being punished by the captains remains to be seen. If he succeeds in doing so the death of the "protection system" is in sight.

J. Sterling Morton, editor of The Conservative, has gone to Chicago, to remain for two weeks or more.

#### UNDER SUSPICION.

Look with suspicion upon the wench who exploits her chastity, for real chastity advertises itself. Look with suspicion upon the man who embraces every opportunity to publish his own honesty, for real honesty earns its own reputation. Look with suspicion upon ostentatious charity, for genuine charity works secretly. Look with suspicion upon Marcus A. Hanna's reiterations of the statement that he will not be a candidate for the presidency in 1904, for there is no man more certain to be a candidate than the candidate who is not a candidate.

#### NOTICE.

Uncle Sam has, through the secretary of war, given notice that Cuba has left his bed and board, and that he will not be responsible for debts which she may incur, subsequent to April 20th. Whether it will be a permanent separation or only a temporary estrangement, time alone can tell, but it is surely one of those cases wherein "absence makes the heart grow fonder;" at least, Cuba will surely like us better when she is certain of being able to keep us at a distance.

#### PINGREE'S POTATOES.

Pingree's potato plot project for poor people has been adopted by several large cities, this spring. Hundreds of vacant lots will be planted, and Pingree's memory will flourish like a green potato vine. Poor people are displaying a gratifying interest in the work, and are planting with an enthusiasm that promises well for the harvest, though there is some fear that their ardor will cool, when the August sun warms everything else; when weeds corrupt and bugs break in and steal.

Mr. J. P. Morgan will see the coronation show. He will occupy one of the best boxes, and enjoy the privileges of the green room. It is even hinted that if he likes it he may hire them to do it over again in New York. No objection can be raised to this, but it is earnestly hoped that Mr. Morgan will not introduce any of the court customs or costumes on this side. We can stand the thing alright as a show, but would not like to have any part of it inflicted upon us as an every day affair. If Mr. Morgan will just be content to bring the Prince of Wales over with him, and let it go at that, we are quite willing to take his word for the rest of it.