

The President's **AS THE ROSE.** proclamation reserving 212,000 acres of Nebraska sand hills for forestry will transform a barren, useless and unsightly waste into a wilderness of sightly and useful vegetation. To Nebraskans this is the most important and least appreciated act of the executive since he assumed the responsibilities of his office. Most of the land is absolutely unfit for agriculture and it requires from twenty to forty acres of it to furnish sufficient grazing for one animal.

Strange to say, this sandy soil is peculiarly adapted to the culture of many valuable trees, notably pines, and if the work of planting and nursing is pursued with intelligence and forethought, the passing of a decade or two will adorn the hills, where cactus and soaproot are now the heaviest vegetation, with a verdant forest such as cannot now be found in the semi-arid region.

While a decade is a considerable part of a man's existence, it is but an infinitesimal portion of the life of a nation.

Besides flowery **SODA AND LAW.** language and savory beans, some of the Bostonese have a penchant for soda-water, which inordinate craving they are forbidden to indulge upon the Sabbath, unless sternly ordered to do so by a regular practicing physician, who sees in the effervescent fluid the only hope of saving his patient's life.

Right here is where the press comes to the rescue of the effete and thirsty resident of Boston, by printing a prescription calling for one ounce of milk, two of fruit syrup and eight of carbonated water, which in the language of those not initiated into the mysteries of pharmacy means soda-water; or, to put it still more simply, "pop." This prescription appears in the column of the daily paper, over a facsimile of the signature of some reputable physician, and the courts have held that it is a good and valid order on the druggist, and one that he is bound to honor; furthermore that the thirsty Bostonian may with impunity clip out the slip, present it at the soda counter, return due thanks to the enterprising press for having broken the Sunday drouth, and sip the refreshing gaseous liquid in peace. Who has anything more to say about the queer laws in China?

A valued exchange, **ABOUT FACE!** which in the upheaval of 1896 presented staunch arguments to prove that money was then too dear, and brought forward all of the tables in

the arithmetic to support the assertion that a dollar was worth too much, measured in products, now grows frantic because "Two dollars and fifty cents in 1901 bought thirty pounds of meat and two bushels of potatoes. Two dollars and fifty cents in 1902 buys twelve pounds of meat and one bushel of potatoes."

These statistics are of particular interest to those who feared that under the malignant gold standard a dollar would gradually become so precious because of its rareness and historic value that eventually two dollars and fifty cents would purchase the season's products of an agricultural community.

The western farmer, who has survived calamitous visitations such as drouths, cyclones, prairie-fires, grasshoppers and the Farmers' Alliance, must at last succumb to a cheap dollar, measured in beef and potatoes. Just think what a large crop of dollars he will have to raise next year in order to keep his poor, half-starved family acquainted with the taste of beef and potatoes!

Now that Judge **LIBERTY FOREVER.** Tuthill has decided that it is a wife's sacred duty to shoot her husband should he attempt to cuff her ears, and a United States Senator has been summarily ejected from a car by a common, every-day conductor, simply and wholly because the astute legislator for some inexplicable reason refused to show cause why he should be allowed to ride, America has at last made good its proud boast that here all men (and women) are equal. That is the way it looks on paper; but the fact is that the woman who protected her ears by taking the life of the father of her children, or attempting to do so, is socially ostracized; while the conductor who so gallantly and fearlessly obeyed the rules of the corporation by which he is employed, is in a fair way to be rewarded for his fidelity, with a discharge, according to the Chicago Chronicle which treats the recent unpleasantness as follows:

"In the dispute between Senator Money and a street car conductor in Washington the conductor was clearly in the right and the senator was just as clearly in the wrong, and when the senator, in resisting ejection from the car, drew a knife and cut the conductor he made his attitude more indefensible. The street car employee could not be expected to violate the rules of the company even to oblige a United States senator and when the United States senator resorted to weapons he merely placed himself in the category of dangerous brawlers.

"It is intimated that the street car

company is disposed to sacrifice the conductor to Senator Money's resentment because the senate has a good deal to say about traction franchises in the District of Columbia. If the corporation does choose so cowardly a course, all fair-minded people will condemn the action.

"Murderous assault and disregard of obligations binding upon other people are not among the prerogatives of a senator of the United States. If anyone is to be punished it should be the senator and not the conductor."

The assessment **ASSESSMENT IN-CONSISTENCIES.** difficulty arises chiefly from the fact that all men are born equally selfish. After the state board of equalization has assessed the corporations, the county assessors convene and vie with each other to see which shall get the lowest valuation fixed for his district, in order to avoid paying any more state taxes than is necessary.

Then comes the wheel within the wheel when one township plots against another, and the country districts unite in placing an entirely inequitable proportion of the burden upon the cities and villages, and in their fortified position, having a majority at the assessors' meeting and upon the board of supervisors, they boldly declare this and that farm property exempt, though the law delegates to them no such authority.

In York county, (Neb.) where the "honest farmer" assessor shines at his best, they assessed farm real estate, the landlord's domain, last year at about one-twelfth its value; personal property, the tenant's only possession, one-seventh its value; city and village property, at one-fourth its actual value. All of this in defiance of the laws of the state, and the laws of common decency and common honesty.

This species of daylight piracy cannot be paralleled upon the face of the civilized globe today, though it is something akin to the conditions existing in the old feudal days when a mighty arm, a good sword, stout followers and a staunch castle were necessary adjuncts to agriculture; the sole difference being that the old-time robber risked something in the enterprise, and expected to be despoiled in return; but the twentieth-century marauder overpowers by force of numbers, while annually whining for "equal rights to all; special privileges to none," when the red fire glows, the torches glimmer through their own smoke, the band plays sturdily, and the district barnyard orator rends the heavens with his bolts of eloquent invective against class legislation and unjust discrimination.