

# Esthetic Essays on Esthetic Subjects

## About The Habits And Habitat Of The Country Store Keeper.

Looming conspicuously up in the midst of a little group of dust-covered buildings in the center of a prosperous farming community in central Nebraska, stands a small weather-beaten edifice—a structure celebrated in song and legend. It is a country store and the opportunity to take a look into it must not be allowed to pass. This is the great emporium that sells everything from tacks and harness to sugar and blueing-paddles, and sends out through the channels of trade sustenance to many human beings. Within sits the proprietor, floor-walker and head clerk, all cemented into one solitary-be-nighted-looking individual upon whose shoulders rest business cares untold. He sits enjoying the pleasures and comfort afforded by a copipe of uncertain age and sanitary condition. From his settled posture it is evident that he is not accustomed to be disturbed by such intruders as a customer.

His garb is simple and glaringly unpretentious—a shirt faded from black to green, a pair of tobacco-colored jeans, held up by one of what was formerly a pair of suspenders, a couple of substantial, if not artistic shoes, comprising his attire. Thunder and lightning! The red handkerchief tied in a knot about his neck must not be forgotten. What visualization would be complete without the red handkerchief? His hair hangs in streaks and it is barely possible that he may have had a shave within the last decade.

As two customers enter, he stares sadly and reproachfully at them, as if in rebuke for disturbing his ease. Then with a martyred air and with a multiplicity of complicated movements and a creaking of unwilling joints, he rises and attends to their order. With a torturous effort he ties up the articles purchased, the final act of breaking the string seeming to cost him an abnormal amount of interior suffering—perhaps in regret at parting with so much precious cordage. He reluctantly shoves the articles toward the customers, gripping them tightly, as if in fear lest they might grab them up and make off with them without stopping to settle. He handles the money handed to him with an air of curiosity as if he were unaccustomed to such a sight. When informed that nothing else is wanted he looks insulted and wronged and then shuffles back to his accustomed place, to reign undisturbed in the midst of his possessions.

And his possessions are certainly a curious lot. The piles of soap boxes, and of sugar, flour and salt barrels, the assortment of harness and hardware, and the various other commodities stacked wherever they can find a resting place form the bulk of his staple groceries. Parallel rows of shelves on either side of the room contain the precious burden of his imported and fancy articles. From the nature of his stock it would appear that he was making a collection of curios, large in varieties, but limited in duplicates. Lamps, shoe-blackening, canned fruit, etc., form an odd mixture on his shelves—a thousand and one articles contributing to make up an assortment as odd as it is wonderful. What may be seen of the show-cases through the apertures left by the sheets of fly-paper—containing victims of many years—cast irregularly about—is certainly interesting. Pipes, playing cards, cigars and candies and a hundred useless arrangements, that never sell, form a wildly disordered chaos that nothing can straighten out.

Having investigated the stock, let us return to the proprietor again. A glance at his face leaves an impression bound to be a lasting one. It is the face of a man whose ideas have become narrowed through his isolation and monotonous course of life. True, he does have visitors occasionally, but the subjects of conversation never change and the sluggish channels of his mind are seldom stirred up by pleasure or excitement of any kind.

Upon him seems to rest the seal of fate. The days pass by with practically no interruption in the monotony that governs the course of his life. His profits are just sufficient to support himself and family after a fashion, and there is no progress possible for him,

nor yet is it sought. He grows neither richer nor poorer, but continues on in the same old routine. He is simply dragging out his allotted time, because he has to live, and his life is indeed a journey to the grave and he cares little when the goal may be reached.

### Filthy Lucre.

In the far east an American dollar entered the world as pure in its silver gleam as the soul of a flower, for all of the fact that it was an extra one which came into the hands of the coiner wrongfully, by a slight change in the scales. It went into the hands of a baker, who obtained it by selling smaller loaves that was usual to his customers. It was several months before he obtained it, so it did not appear out of place. He could not keep it then, but was forced to pay it for an extra five-gallon can of kerosene oil. It had taken several years to collect enough quarter-cents to make this amount, but the oil magnate pocketed it with a smile of content. He had occasion to find a certain office and took a cab. The cabman drove him six blocks out of his way and charged him an extra dollar for the trip, taking it with a feeling of satisfied revenge. The cabman went to the saloon that night and spent it for liquor. In that way it became blood-money and was paid into the city treasury as part of the tax. When the teachers of the public schools were paid it fell to the lot of a young woman who was not a true teacher, but who had a relative on the school board, and who, therefore, was permitted to teach and draw a salary.

One day she went to a dressmaker to order the making of some article of wearing apparel. The price charged was agreeable so the work was done. But when she went for it there was an extra dollar to pay. She paid it and went her way.

The dressmaker put it into some shares of a mine in which her brother-in-law was interested. The mining stock decreased in value and she lost her money. The brother-in-law did not, however. He put the dollar along with nine hundred and ninety-nine others and bought the mine, which was worth twice as much, so that three or four hundred other people just like the dressmaker lost their shares. The man from whom he bought the mine obtained a small amount of stock in it for more than it was worth, so the silver dollar came back into hands of the new owner of the mine, who by the way, was the same one who, long before, had done the coining of the dollar. In this way it came back to its original possession, now a mine magnate, and a "bloated bond holder."

It had been tarnished and blackened by contact with the many hands through which it had passed.

There was a Home in the city where a child was being trained while its parents were abroad. All things necessary for its development were provided except toys and games, so the child worked and worried, being dwarfed in one respect by lack of pleasures. The mine magnate came and offered it the extra silver dollar for some games. When the parents heard the news they telegraphed the keeper of the Home not to touch the vile dollar for it was blood-money. Now the child wanted the toys, so it wept and asked: "But where can you get a dollar that is not blood money?" This the parents did not answer, so the child pined away and finally died. The mine owner took the dollar and bought a Havana cigar made in Chicago. It was worthy 25 cents, and the dollar was no better than it had been in the first place.

Our price is 15 cents, and we give 15 cent shaves.

The R. & C. and Palace Barber Shops.

Wright Drug Co., 117 No. 11th, phone 313.

Earl B. Woodward, M. D., treats diseases of the eye, ear and throat. Rooms 207-08 Richards block, Phone 866.

# Woman's Home Companion

## THE IDEAL HOME MAGAZINE



Is in its twenty-eighth year; is printed on fine paper and profusely illustrated. It gives 40 to 54 pages a month, each page 11 by 16 inches, and a new and beautiful cover in colors every issue. Its editors and contributors are the most popular American writers; in short, it is the ideal family magazine, magnificently illustrated. Its departments are edited by experts and are full of interest. As a home magazine it has no superiors, and few, if any, equals.

### 600 Pages—1,200 Pictures

EACH PAGE IS EQUAL TO FOUR ORDINARY MAGAZINE PAGES...

Hundreds of thousands consider it a family necessity. It is clean, pure and inspiring. Its contents, while varied, are entertaining and of the highest order. It contains neither sensationalism nor provincialism. number is constantly increasing.

It already has 340,000 subscribers, and this

A Live Agent Wanted in Every Community. Most Liberal Terms.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year. Ten Cents a Copy.

Send Ten Cents for a sample copy and we will send you an elegant engraving, 20 by 25 inches in size, of Landseer's famous painting "Defiance, or Stag at Bay." Mention this offer when you write.

Address WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Springfield, Ohio

LOST—A cartoon of the Rockefeller Temple Fund, drawn by Mr. Butler, and the property of The Nebraskan. Finder return to The Nebraskan office.

**BAKER BROS. ENGRAVING CO.**

DESIGNERS  
ILLUSTRATORS  
ENGRAVERS

The Largest  
Half-tone  
plant in the west

### I CAN QUICKLY SELL

for cash, without local publicity, your Business, Real Estate or Partnership no matter where located. Send me full particulars, prices, etc. Address

**CHAS. E. POWELL**

19 W. Mohawk St Buffalo N Y

We wish all our students friends to

know that the

**Best Ice Cream**

COMES FROM

**Franklin Ice Cream and Dairy Co.**

183 So. 12th St.

Phone. F 208

## THE ELASTIC BOOK CASE

### Grows With Your Library



Take case of the books you have. A good beginning is one or two sections of our Elastic Book Case, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 per unite, finished in Golden Oak, Flemish, Weathered Mahogany and Waxed Oak. Come and see them, and by the way we would be pleased to have you inspect our new store, 1033-1043 O Street.

**RUDGE & GUENZEL COMPANY**

Hardware, Carpet, Queensware, Furniture