

of old friends will appear the faces of new ones made during the home coming visit. When you return to your stern duties you feel better and stronger for the visit and determine that it will not be so long next time between visits to the scenes of youthful days.

#### After

"Did you catch anything on your fishing trip?"

"No, but I stayed away three days longer than I said I would and what I caught when I got back was a plenty."

#### Symptomatic

"Has your son manifested any particular bent that will indicate his profession in life?"

"Well, I should say he has, by heck! He's going to be a great educator."

"How do you know?"

"I know it 'cause he is always writin' stuff defendin' th' great trusts an' corporations. He'll git the donations if anybody can."

#### After Longfellow

Big beef barons now remind us  
To be careful what we eat,  
For they now will try to blind us  
To the stuff they sell for meat.

#### Wasted Effort

The shade of Napoleon the Great gazed thoughtfully into the mists that arose above the Styx.

"Alas, that my foresight was not equal to my hindsight," he muttered. "I tried to conquer the world by force of arms."

Once more the shade of Nap gazed into the mists.

"I might have won by engaging in corporation enterprises. Or I might have subdued the world by forming a beef trust and selling poisoned meat."

Realizing wherein he had failed to use the proper means, Nap shed some shadowy tears.

#### Brain Leaks

Prayer is a petition, not a demand. It is easier to laugh trouble away than to cry it away.

All the world's a stage, and the press agents earn their money.

You can not down a man who uses his failures for building stones.

Yesterday was a failure if you can not recall it with pleasure today.

The easiest way out sometimes provides the shortest way in again.

A lot of men have lost character by striving to build up reputation.

You can not estimate the good a church is doing by the height of its spire.

God measures the gift by the heart of the giver, and not by the size of the gift.

We are too apt to think about the virtues of our friends and talk about their faults.

The man who spends all of his time boasting of his ancestry is not giving his posterity an equal show.

If the women ever strike for eight hours a whole lot of men will go to working overtime without pay.

Don't make the mistake of thinking the opportunity knocks but once. Opportunity knocks every day.

#### A GREAT WEEK IN KENTUCKY

(Continued from Page 7)

Speeds, the Harlans, the Frys and the Murrays, clasped their hands across the breach and made short shrift of the work of reconstruction with the Buckners, the Prestons and the Dukes. Thus is it that here at least the perplexed grandchild can not distinguish between the grizzled grandfather who

wore the blue and the grizzled grandfather who wore the gray.

"Kentucky, which gave Abraham Lincoln to the north and Jefferson Davis to the south, contributing a very nearly equal quota of soldiers to each of the contending armies of that great conflict—in point of fact, as many fighting men as had ever voted in any election—a larger percentage of the population than had ever been furnished in time of war by any modern state—Kentucky, thus rent by civil feud, was first to know the battle was ended and to draw together in reunited brotherhood. Kentucky struck the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to liberty in Cuba. It was a Crittenden, smiling before a file of Spanish musketry, refusing to be blindfolded or to bend the knee for the fatal volley, who uttered the keynote of his race: 'A Kentuckian always faces his enemy and kneels only to his God.' It was another Kentuckian, the gallant Holman, who, undaunted by the dread decimation, the cruel death-by-lot, having drawn a white bean for himself brushed his friend aside and drew another in his stead. Ah, yes; we have humors along with our heroics, and laugh anon at ourselves and our mishaps and our jokes; but we are nowise a bloody-minded people; the rather a sentimental, hospitable, kindly people, caring, perhaps, too much for the picturesque and too little for consequences. Though our jests be somewhat rough, they are robust and clean. We are a provincial people and we rejoice in our provincialism. We have always piqued ourselves upon doing our love making and our law making as we do our plowing, in a straight furrow; and yet it is true that Kentucky never encountered darker days than came upon us when the worst that can befall a commonwealth seemed passed and gone. The stubborn war between the old court party and the new court party was bitter enough; but it was not so implacable as the strife which strangely began with the discussion of an honest difference of opinion touching a purely economic question of national, not state policy. Can there be one living Kentuckian who does not look back with horror and amazement upon the passions and incidents of those evil days?"

"General Grant once said to me: 'You Kentuckians are a clannish set. While I was in the White House if a Kentuckian happened to get in harm's way, or wanted an office, the Kentucky contingent began to pour in; in case he was a republican, the democrats said he was a perfect gentleman; in case he was a democrat, the republicans said the same thing; can it be that you are all perfect gentlemen?' With unblushing candor I told him that we were; that we fought our battle as we washed our linen, at home, but that outside, when trouble came, it was Kentucky against the universe. Mr. Tilden said of a lad in the blue grass country, who had fallen from a second story window upon a stone paving without hurt and had run away to his play, that it furnished conclusive proof that 'he was destined for a great career in Kentucky politics.' Let me frankly confess that, peacemaker though I am, and at once the most amiable and practical of men, there have been times when I, even I, half wanted to go down to the cross roads and swear at the court.' That was when things did not swing to suit me. That was when the majority appeared to think they knew more than I did. We grow so used to blessings that we heed them not and look beyond. Yet, when trouble or danger assails us, or humiliation or sorrow—or when leagues, oceans, continents lie between ourselves and the vanished land from whose sacred lintels ambition has

lured us or duty torn, and the familiar scenes rise up before us—how small these frictions seem, how small they are, and how they perish from us!

"I have stood upon the margin of a distant sea and watched the ships go by, envious that their prows were westward bent. I have marked the glad waves dancing to a setting sun, heartsick with thoughts of home. And thus wistful, yearning, ready to take my dearest enemy by the hand and forgive him, yea, to sop gravy with him out of the selfsame dish, those words of the vagabond poet, whose sins the recording angel long ago blotted out of his book, have come to me and sung to me and cheered me even as a mother's lullaby:

"In all my wanderings round this world of care  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amid these rural scenes to lay me down,  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose,  
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
Among the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt and all I saw,  
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes my long vexations past,  
Here to return and die at home at last."

"Home! There may be words as sweet, words as tender, words more resonant and high, but, within our language round, is there one word so all-embracing as that simple word home? Home, 'be it ever so humble there's no place like home'—the Old Kentucky Home; the home of your fathers and of mine; of innocent childhood, of happy boyhood, of budding manhood; when all the world seemed bright and fair; and hearts were full and strong; when life was a fairytale, and the wind, as it breathed upon the honeysuckle about the door, whispered nought but of love and fame; the glory strode the sunbeams, and there was no such music as the low of cattle, the whir of the spinning-wheel, the call of the dinner horn, and the creaking of the barnyard gate. Home—

"Take the bright shell  
From its home on the lea,  
And wherever it goes  
It will sing of the sea.  
So take the fond heart  
From its home by the hearth,  
'Twill sing of the loved ones  
To the ends of the earth."

"For it's 'Home, Home, Home,' sighs the exile on the beach and it's 'Home, Home, Home,' cries the hunter from the hills and the hero from the wars:

"Home to my ain countree,  
always Home, whether it be tears or trophies we bring; whether we come with laurels crowned, or bent with anguish and sorrow and failure, having none other shelter in the wide, wide world beside, the prodigal along with the victor—often in his dreams, yet always in his hope—turns him Home.

"You, too, friends and brothers—Kentuckians each and everyone—you, too, Home again; this your castle, Kentucky's flag, not wholly hid beneath the folds of the nation's, above it; this your cottage, Kentucky-like, the latch string upon the outer side; but whether castle or cottage, an altar and a shrine for faithful hearts and hallowed memories. Be sure from

skies they look down upon us this day; the immortal ones who built this commonwealth; and left it consecrate, a rich inheritance and high responsibility to you and me; who, like the father of Daniel Webster, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve their country and raise their children to a condition better than their own. In God's name and in Kentucky's name, I bid you something more than welcome; I bid you know and feel, and carry yourselves, as if you knew and felt that you are no longer dreaming, that this is actually God's country, your native soil, that, standing knee-deep in blue grass, you stand full-length in all our homes and all our hearts!"



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