



Thoughts on a Variety of Things

A few weeks ago the conspirator who concocts thoughts and near-thoughts for this department, explained a difficulty he was in and asked for advice. The difficulty is just this—a son big enough to wear the pater's hose, neckties, shoes, etc. What the pater wanted to know was how he could obviate the difficulty.

The answers have been numerous enough, but in most cases the remedy was worse than the disease. For instance, one kind friend tells how he managed it under similar circumstances. "The son does not get out of bed of mornings until 6 o'clock," says he, "while I get up at 5:30."

For the land's sake! We never yet saw a pair of hose, a necktie, a pair of shoes, or any other article of wearing apparel that would impel us to arise at 5:30 a. m. What we wanted was relief, not a new addition to our troubles.

Another good friend, anxious to help out, suggests a "community of interests." He says that he and his six grown sons hold practically everything in common, and that there is never any trouble.

That sounds pretty good, and may work out all right, providing the six or seven have somewhere near the same taste in matters sartorial. But we can see wherein trouble is likely to arise. Suppose for instance that the sedate head of the family is the last to arise some morning, and instead of apparel of simple design and quiet taste he finds nothing left but a pair of toothpick shoes, peg-top trousers of a vociferous plaid design, hose that would almost call out the fire department, a shirt vociferous enough to drown the strains of a street band, a flowing red necktie, one of those dinky little white hats with a yellow band and turned down on the thumb hand side, and one of those abbreviated little coats that flare out around the skirt like the bell end of a tuba horn? Wouldn't a middle aged, gray haired, rather stout and somewhat slow moving father look pretty going down street rigged out like that now?

Still another well meaning friend suggests that the father have a bureau drawer that can be locked, that he keep all his wearing apparel therein, and that he carry the key himself.

Not much! We tried that once. One morning we woke up and discovered that the missus had sent to the laundry all the washable clothing we had removed the night before. Blithely and cheerily we hastened to the trousers and reached for the key to the bureau drawer. But alas and alack! That particular key, together with all the other keys on the ring, was resting quietly on the desk in the office down town. It cost fifty cents and the loss of three hours of valuable time to have the keys brought out by a messenger boy. Since then the drawer has been unlocked. We'll take our chances on finding something less rather than run the risk of having nothing at all.

One gentleman who may mean well, but who must be a dyspeptic, says: "Issue your orders, then enforce them with a club, if necessary."

Now isn't that fine advice to give a proud father? Why, bless the

boy's heart, he can have everything dad's got, and then some. We'll go necktieless and sockless and shirtless forever rather than let any one or all of those fleeting things interfere with the spirit of comradeship and good fellowship that now exists.

No sir-ee! What we want is some good natured scheme that will enable us to outwit the youngster; something that will enable us to get ahead of him without entailing too much effort on our part. We are rapidly approaching that stage of the game when extra exertion results in shortness of breath and a desire to flop over on a couch and puff.

Nothing we have received from well meaning friends seems to fit the case. We are still calling for help.

A. L. Bixby, better known as "Bix," one of the cleverest of the newspaper wits in this or any other country, is now touring Europe as the guest of a friend. "Bix," who conducts a column in the Lincoln, Neb., Daily Journal, intimated to a wealthy Lincoln banker, who happens to be a bachelor, that if he didn't know what else to do with his money he might devote a portion of it to paying the expenscs of a hard working newspaper writer on a tour of Europe. The article was witty and full of genial humor, winding up with a bit of verse that set the whole city to laughing.

The morning the paper came out "Bix" was called to the 'phone and heard the voice of his banker friend asking:

"When can you be ready to start for Europe?"

"Bix" thought it a good joke, so he replied that he could be ready in a week.

"All right," said the banker friend. "I'll be up with the money pretty soon."

An hour later the friend walked into the office and slapped down \$600 in gold on Bixby's desk.

"Have a good time, 'Bix,'" said the banker. Then the banker turned and disappeared through the door before the astonished "Bix" could recover sufficiently to even stammer a word of thanks.

As these lines are being written "Bix" is on the briny deep, and by the time they reach The Commoner's half million readers "Bix" will be shedding tears over the tomb of Adam, or standing by the tomb of Shakespeare and mentally comparing the Bard of Avon to John D. Rockefeller.

In order to save time the architect of this department seizes this opportunity to state that he will be able to start for Europe within twenty-four hours after some admiring friend deposits \$600 in gold, silver, greenbacks or national bank notes on his office desk. Indeed, he will undertake to start if only \$575 is thus left. He wouldn't let any mere bagatelle like \$25 stand in the way of a tour of Europe.

The election of E. L. Fulton to congress from the Second Oklahoma district, while not a surprise is gratifying to a big host of Nebraskans who have known the young man since early boyhood, and who have watched his career with interest and pride.

Up here in Nebraska his old friends still call him "Linnie," and

they are confident that he will make good in congress. Mr. Fulton comes of a republican family and was raised in Pawnee county, which is so overwhelmingly republican that only one democrat has been elected to county office therein in thirty years. In 1894 Fulton, then only a year or two past the voting age, thought he would get into active politics. But he thought best to ask the advice of an old family friend, who happened to be a democrat.

"All right, Linnie," said the friend. "Every young man ought to take an interest in politics. But before you start out, just ask yourself, 'why am I a republican?' and then seek for the answer."

Fulton took the advice, with the result that he couldn't find the answer. But he found enough to convince him that the party he had affiliated with was not the party of his mature and thoughtful choice. When 1896, with its campaign of vindictiveness and enthusiasm arrived, Fulton enlisted under the banner of bimetalism and he proved to be a splendid recruit. In 1898 he was nominated by the fusionists for state senator from the district comprising Pawnee and Richardson counties. He had a majority of about 800 to overcome, and he came within less than forty votes of doing it. He carried Richardson by a few votes and reducing the overwhelming republican majority in Pawnee by nearly 95 per cent. In the meantime he had been admitted to the bar, and some six or seven years ago packed up his law library and went to Oklahoma, locating in Oklahoma City. The same zeal and energy, and the same ability as a platform speaker, soon made him a leader in the democratic army, and when the democrats of the Second district looked around for congressional timber they at once selected him. The selection was a compliment to Fulton, but it was more a credit to the democrats of the district.

The leaves are turning brown and falling. There is a text in this for a long sentimental article, but somehow or other the architect is not feeling sentimental this morning. He fixed up the coal bin in the cellar last night, and on his way to work this morning he stopped in and ordered a couple of tons of coal—cash in advance.

Now isn't that enough to knock galley-west all the sentiment that even the most sentimental might possess?

Brain Leaks
No loaf is healthier than some bread. A consecrated life means a consecrated purse. Half the world wonders how the other half lives. When a man goes out looking for advice he never hunts in vain. Some men imagine they are good just because they refrain from doing evil.

A wife can manage a husband just as long as she can keep him from knowing that she is doing it.

A dime's worth of flowers in a sick room is better than a beautiful "Gates Ajar" floral offering on the tomb.

We haven't had much experience at golf, but it doesn't strike us as being in it with the old game of shinney.

When a man gets his slippers on after supper it is a wise wife that refrains from suggesting that they make an evening call.

IN BORROWED LIVERY
"It often happens," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man wants credit for bein' truthful an' outspoken, when he is simply indulgin' a desire to be disagreeable."—Washington Star.

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