



Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

A Personal Choice

They say there's a land that is fairer than this,
A land of eternal delight;
A region where reigneth perpetual bliss,
With never a shadow to blight.
Mayhap it is so—I opine it is true—
They've told it to me often enough.
But honestly now, just between me and you,
It sounds very much like a bluff.

There may be a land in some dim far away
That beats old Nebraska, but I
Am doubting the claim and preferring to stay
Beneath the deep blue of her sky.
The songs of her rivers are sweeter to me
Than any I ever have known;
Her wind harps are ringing a melody free
In many a heart swelling tone.

Her children are laughing a harvest refrain
As homeward they troop from the fields.
Her bins are piled high with the ripening grain
That only Nebraska soil yields.
'Neath the starstudded sky when the toil of the day
Is over, and rest is well won,
They thank the good God, as they fervently pray,
For all the good things He has done.

What, leave such a land as Nebraska? Not me!
That is, if I'm given my say.
They say there's a land that is fairer to see,
But I'm perfectly willing to stay
Right here where the sky is a beautiful blue,
Where life is a pleasure sublime;
Where love is the king and his subjects are true—
Nebraska for me, every time!

Restaurant Note

The difference between "boullion in cups" and plain soup is usually about 15 cents.

Specifications Wanted

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Bimberly; "I am a republican!"
"That so?" queried Slimberly.
"Bull Moose, Steam Roller or Stock Ticker?"

Versatile

"Now that you have got through college, son," observer Farmer Oats-andthings, "tell me what you learned."
"Three kinds of curves, the mandolin, bridge whist, pinochle, the turkey trot, second tenor and how to dodge the cops."

The Good Old Days

"Things ain't what they used to be," sighed the old politician. "There ain't no telling which way the cat is going to hop any more. In the good old days a few of us met in a back room and fixed up the slate, and that's all there was to it. We put Judge Spineless on to head the delegation, and he'd swell up so over the honor that he'd spend all his time posing, while some of us would do the fixing. Then we'd select Col. Chesty as our member of the resolutions committee, and he'd get so busy writing up something that would sound well that he'd not get

through with it until after the insiders had put their schemes over."

Brushing a tear from his eye the Old Politician sighed and continued: "We always had a few figureheads on the delegations, and while they were telling the people what great reforms were in store, the chosen few were busy picking the plums and handing the people the seeds. But it's all off now. The people are actually taking an interest in politics, and insist on keeping the figureheads at home. Just about the time we think we are going to put something over, along comes some fellow we never heard of before and makes such a fuss that we don't have time to remove from our whiskers the traces of the eggs we've been sucking. Once we could go out and collect sizeable campaign funds, and nobody ever thought of asking how we spent the money—or whether we even spent it. Nowadays there ain't no use collecting campaign funds 'cause every cent has got to be accounted for. Them days my vest pocket was all bulged out with the votes I carried around in it every campaign, but now I'm never sure whether I've got my own vote tucked away safe."

"But don't you think the modern way is the best?" I asked.

"Speaking personal, I should say not!" ejaculated the Old Politician. There ain't nothing about politics any more to arouse enthusiasm in the breast of us old timers. Why, we've either got to vote for the candidates the people want or stay at home on election day, and when we try to run in a 'ringer' this fool Australian ballot law makes it impossible to tell whether our fellers stay bought. That means we ain't got no way of telling whether a voter is honest or not."

Advanced

"How is young Swiftly getting along?"

"Bully! He's passed the stage of drawing wages and now gets a salary."

Natural History Lesson No. 1

The Bull Moose is a fearsome beast that haunts the forests grand. It roams the north, south, west and east

And roars to beat the band.
Its head of horns is chiefly made,
And horn is simply bone.
If one you meet in forest shade
Just leave the beast alone.
It shakes its head and paws the dirt
And seeks to do you deadly hurt.

Grave Error

Thrice did Caesar refuse the crown.

It must be remembered, however, that they had no progressive party in Rome then.

Else might a fourth offer been accepted as a patriotic and self-sacrificing act.

Clearly Caesar was not up to taking advantage of his opportunities. Had he been surely he would have been organizing while refusing.

Experienced

My next-door-neighbor is a man who keeps pretty close track of public questions. After reading up carefully on the "third party movement" and its leader he came over last evening, and sitting on my front porch remarked:

"Mr. Roosevelt's recipes for the curing of our political ills reminds

me of a woman I met in Battle Creek, Mich., last summer. Battle Creek, you know, is a city of sanatoriums. I stopped at a hotel over night, and while there wife and I engaged in conversation with a woman who had come to the city to take treatment. She was not favorably impressed with the results achieved.

"Why," she remarked, "there are twenty-one sanatoriums here, offering thirty-two courses of treatment. I have tried every sanatorium and every method of treatment in the three weeks I have been here, and I haven't been benefited at all."

BRYAN, THE MASTER OF MEN

By Olin W. Kennedy in Denver News: Bryan, master of men!

A great painting has been lost to posterity on account of the absence from the democratic convention at Baltimore of a master of the brush, able to reproduce scenes such as the world may never again witness.

Writers may try to paint the picture in words, but they must fail because mere words fall before art.

William Jennings Bryan was the name of the physical body, but the mind, heart and voice were of the millions of men awakened to new civic life and thought. The silver-toned voice carried out to the thousands in the four walls of the armory the message flashed from the minds and hearts of the sweat-stained farmer in the fields, the begrimed workman in the mill and the business and professional men of the town and city. They could not be there to speak for themselves. They had as their spokesman the interpreter of the people's will.

Absolutely unmindful of Bryan, the man; Bryan, the politician—Bryan, the commoner, faced the multitude and gave, in succinct form, the message that had been confided him to deliver.

No one with imagination in that tumultuous gathering but could see stretched behind Bryan, in columns and legions, the clean-minded and courageous people of the ambitious nation.

The hall echoed the shuffling of feet while the scarlet-gowned prelate invoked the divine blessing, but silence came as Bryan, unperturbed, stepped forth to give the dictum that Parker was not of and for the people. He placed the armor about Kern. Then the dramatic moment came, when Kern, handing back the armor, Bryan, like a Roman warrior, buckled it about his own body, and bade defiance to the enemies of the people. As the long roll call proceeded no smile played about his lips. Bryan, the determined, sat there as if breathing defiance to every opposing vote.

It was not for the spectators to know, but at that very time Bryan was measuring the courage of the suave Clark, who, fifty miles away in the gilded capitol at Washington, was equivocating with progressivism and reactionarism. As the referee counts the moments above the fallen gladiator, Bryan was counting the votes that ended the presidential hopes of the Missourian.

Victory, empty as the air, was with the reactionaries. Parker was to be chairman. Victory, as full as the perfect head of golden grain, was with Bryan for he had forced the enemies of the people into the open. From that hour on, Bryan knew whom he had to fight. He could choose the weapons most suitable to each individual case.

Too late, Clark and his followers realized that they had been run to ambush.

None in the convention can ever forget the scene—most dramatic of all—when Bryan, with no gleam of mercy in his eye or feeling of solicitude in his heart, lashed Murphy, Ryan and Belmont until those chief-

tains of politics and finance writhed and gnashed their teeth. The painter might have wanted to have depicted the pallor of anger on the faces of Ryan and Belmont, but he would have neglected to do that in order to have transferred to canvas the flashing eye, the distended nostril, the firmly set lips of the commoner as he waited for the hisses and howls of the hurt and the yells of approval of the pleased to cease. Bryan, accustomed to the plaudits of the masses, must have gained greater pleasure from the wailing of the men whom he had dared to move to their proper places on the checkerboard of public life.

Back of him, on the platform, the veteran Congressman Talbott of Maryland was in a frenzy. Up from the floor came tiger-like Hal Flood of Virginia, veritably to spit fire in defense of Ryan. Like a ghost of the past came McCorkle of West Virginia—long ago a governor, now white-haired and forgotten by many of this and the preceding generation—to oil the waters.

Bryan had seen enough oil on the waters on which democracy had tried to float her craft. As Flood and McCorkle talked, Bryan heard the whispered pleadings of scores of men who, perhaps honestly, believed he had cast the die that meant party disaster.

It was not until days later that the world learned that Bryan, girded for battle to the death with the Ryans and Belmonts, had in a moment's time tempered his now famous resolution so that a little woman seated in the balcony might not return with hurt heart to the White House over on the banks of the Potomac.

A few minutes before Bryan arose to read the resolution he was told of the presence in the balcony of Mrs. Taft, wife of the president. The resolution as written contained violent strictures on Taft, the president. Cavaliers still live in America. Bryan proved it. That part of the resolution dealing with Taft was not read. At this late day there are those who recall that Bryan hesitated once for a moment as he read the burning words. That moment of hesitation was when he omitted the part mentioning Taft. The little woman in the balcony was spared humiliation. The band had played the national air and the crowd had stood as she entered. No word had come from the lips of the master of men to destroy the pleasure she must have felt in the deference shown her.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

To the Editor of The Public: Governor Trusten Polk and Waldo P. Johnson, senators from Missouri, were expelled from the senate January 10, 1862, charged with disloyalty. To do this did not take as long as it did to call the roll in the Lorimer case. They were expelled on motion. The only interruption was the request by Governor Polk, who was a retired Methodist minister, at the opening of the proceedings, to offer prayer. This was refused.

Acting Provisional Governor Willard P. Hall of St. Joseph, in the absence of Governor Gamble, appointed John B. Henderson of Pike county, now classed as a republican, and Robert Wilson of Audrain county, known as a conservative, to the vacancies. Henderson and Wilson were, in 1863-67-69, succeeded by B. Gratz Brown, Charles D. Drake and Carl Schurz, republicans.

St. Louis, July 16.

M. K.

THEIR FEELING

"Well, old sport, how do you feel? I've eaten a bowl of ox-tail soup and feel bully."

"I've just eaten a plate of hash and feel like everything."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.