

BILL NYE AND GROVER

WILLIAM DROPS IN ON THE PRESIDENT AND HAS A CHAT.

During Which He Learns Some Things Not Intended For Publication, but Is Able to Say That Everything Will Be All Right Soon—On the Income Tax.

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Probably next to Mr. Cleveland himself Secretary Daniel S. Lamont is the strongest evidence and the brightest example now living of what may be done by an ambitious American boy. Lamont is the favorite in the present cabinet not only of those who know him generally, but of the president himself.

With all due respect to the present secretary of the treasury, I think he is a greater legislator than financier. Why we should think in this regard that a man who can make a good speech can therefore shine as a warrior or a financier I do not know. Eminence of one kind is not the evidence of greatness in a totally different direction, and that is where we make a great big mistake in



WITH THE PRESIDENT.

national affairs. Edgar A. Poe wrote some wonderful poems, but as a business man he did not resemble Russell Sage in any way.

We often find a bright editor sold out by the sheriff because it is very different writing comments on current events from preparing dividends for stockholders.

Mr. Lamont is a sound headed, cool business man who could not on the spur of the moment write a sonnet that The Century Magazine would give over \$8 for, and yet he makes a most successful minister. He also turns down his wine-glass, and that is a good thing to do in these days of "overwork."

"Overwork" is getting altogether too common among great men—overwork of the growler it would be called if found in the lower walks of life.

It requires a good deal of genuine courage sometimes for a man who is called gent to go through a four hour dinner and make a humorous and sparkling speech on apellinaris. But it can be done—so I am told—and has been done.

I made a visit at the White House not long ago, and though I am not at liberty to repeat fully the conversation between Mr. Cleveland and myself I can truly say that times will be easier and better inside of a few weeks.

With a card from the secretary of war I dropped in on Secretary Thurber one pleasant afternoon with no designs on the president, for it was cabinet day, and you will never catch me breaking up a cabinet meeting with the condition that national affairs are now in.

Mr. Thurber is a very busy man in a trying place, but he manages to keep good natured and preserves the peace pretty well between the enterprising press and the administration.

One of his experiences, if I have not told it before, may bear telling here, for it shows one phase of his life as a body-guard to the president of a great Democratic nation.

A very attractive and gentle mannered woman called to see the president on an important matter, but he was very busy, and the secretary said it would be out of the question.

So she laid her case in extenso before Mr. Thurber in order that he might present it to the president. The matter involved a good deal of detail, and the secretary saw at once that he could not trust his memory with it. So he asked her to be kind enough to write out the case as clearly and succinctly as possible for his convenience.

"But could you not remember it yourself, Mr. Thurber?" she inquired, with big, blue, appealing, childlike eyes.

"No, madam," said he. "With the volume of other matters and the great variety of widely different affairs that I am obliged to keep in mind from day to day I am sure that I could not rely upon myself to retain all these details. It would be a physical impossibility."

"So you could not keep the matter in mind without a written memorandum?" she asked.

"No, I am quite sure I could not."

"Well, then," said she as she drew herself up to her full height, "all I've got to say is that you've got a d—d poor memory!"

With this terse remark she turned the blinding glare of a big diamond on the astonished secretary and floated away like a beautiful dream.

While we were talking the cabinet filed out, and the president, with ill concealed delight, asked me to come in. He does his work in a large, bare looking room at the back of the White House, on the second floor, overlooking the park and monument.

As we talked he toyed with the waste paper basket, swinging it to and fro by the ears while four or five official heads, still warm and wet with clotted blood in the clustering hair, rolled about and bumped against each other inside.

(The above is a figure of speech, of

course, for, as a matter of fact, there was nothing in the basket whatever except a torn note from a New York publisher asking the president to write an article for his holiday number on "Advantages and Disadvantages of Bait That Has Been Spat Upon.")

"I am glad to see you, Nye," said the president, "for I know that you don't want anything. You don't know how welcome the friend is these days whose cup of happiness is full and who does not yearn for anything. Would you mind looking through the keyhole of that door a minute to see if any one has his eye or ear against it on the other side?"

"Certainly not," said I, going to the door and cursorily glancing through the keyhole as he bade me do.

"Well," said he, dropping his voice to a whisper, "I wanted to say a word to you privately. You are a safe man to intrust with a confidence, I know, for even though you write for the press you would not betray me, I know, and even if you did no one would believe what you said."

"I have been wanting to tell some one for a long time this little truth that is eating my life slowly away. I could not tell it to members of the cabinet very well, for each of them has his own personal troubles to worry over. I cannot even tell my wife, for she, too, has her household matters to think of, but I wanted to tell some kind friend, who would not run right to the telephone with it, that I fear congress is concealing something from me!"

"I do not know what it is, but I know it is something. Whenever I run across congress suddenly it stops what it was speaking about and looks out of the window for quite a spell and seems to be celebrating. Of course that is all assumed, for congress never celebrates. Now, no one can understand how unhappy all this makes me unless he has been president himself and had a congress in his hands that does not yield him its full confidence."

"The first sign I noticed of reserve was when congress was out till after 12 o'clock one night and did not tell me where it had been. The next morning it could not look me in the face. I fear that it is leading a double life."

"What would you do if you were in my place?"

"Of course some of the things congress does gets into The Congressional Record, but that is only a blind, for surely what we see in The Record could not take up one-fourth of its time."

"Now and then congress passes an act authorizing the building of a bridge perhaps and sends it down here for my signature, but that is only to mislead me and make me think that I have its confidence and am allowed to come in on the ground floor."

"Formerly congress used to come right up to me and look me straight in the eye and allow me to smell of its breath, and there was absolute confidence between us, but now the moment I go up there to listen to the conversation both houses go into executive session, and I have to go out and sit on the doorstep. It has been so all winter."

"No one can fully sympathize with me, for no one understands the case. Some ask me if I intend to call an extra session. What should I call an extra session for when congress is so reticent and taciturn when in my society?"

"Of course I feel hurt and grieved, for when a congress will not give the president its confidence and comes in late of nights and takes off its boots to go up stairs one feels that it must come to a bad end."

With that the president wiped away a big hot tear. As I came away his head was bowed sorrowfully on his desk, and



GOING THROUGH A BANK.

a live green Potomac frog that the president had in his pocket to fish with after 4 o'clock had escaped and had, after a cold plunge in the inkstand, quietly voted a bill relative to the collection of the income tax.

I like Washington, as we say in North Carolina, right much. I have had no leisure for loneliness or ennui. The man who can be ennuied in Washington must be an abnormal anthropoid. Here you see everybody. The people send their statesmen here and then come here to see how they are behaving themselves. Thus we have the opportunity of meeting the eminent and those who made them so.

Here we find the blade, then the ear and after that the full corn in the ear. The root and branch of government are here, and if you keep your eye out you will also find the foliage—the verdancy, so to speak. It comes to seek appointment or appropriation and sometimes blows out the gas.

I am interested in politics—only as every citizen the head of a family should be, I apprehend. As a taxpayer of course I am interested. I am emphatically down on the income tax, as every man is who has any principle or interest.

When we got where we must tax enterprise and impose a fine upon business intelligence by taxing a laudible ambition and exempting and rewarding mismanagement, we used the aid and commiseration of other nations. It is the praiseworthy ambition of every good

citizen to make of his particular business an honorable success. The income tax punishes him for this and encourages him to do exactly what Ananias did. And to go still further with the simile he is supposed to report the income of his wife Sapphira. Sapphira is not a citizen. She has no rights, and the collector has no authority to question her about her income; but I, for instance, still carrying out this idea, will be required to report my wife's income, and if our united incomes should be over the stipulated amount I must pay a tax on it, so my wife is not only disfranchised, but the fact is emphasized by making me a detective, and I must not only pay a tax on my efforts to earn more than \$3,500 per year, but I must go through my wife's pockets after she has retired, no matter how difficult it may be to ascertain where those pockets are and how to get into them, in order to ascertain what she got for her butter and eggs during the current year, and if I fail to do this and to add it to my own income I am a traitor to my country.

Whatever future generations may say of our intelligence and statesmanship I know not, but I am positive that their remarks regarding the income tax will be entirely unfavorable.

I am also required to report the income of minor children and to go through their little toy banks while they are asleep.

I was a postmaster once, and I point to that era of prosperity with pride. I held the office but four years, and yet it was a period of uninterrupted peace and comfort. Wheat was \$1 a bushel and hay \$20 per ton. Everybody had employment, and dress sleeves did not require crinolines to hold them in shape. There were no strikes, and poor people did not study Delsarte.

My office was rinsed out thoroughly every spring, and I have never repeated a word outside of my family which I read on any of the postal cards passing through my hands. I regarded the office as a solemn trust, and I never failed to put back the illustrated papers and magazines into their wrappers after I had glanced over them. Good white oak and hickory wood sold for \$4 per cord, and we were at peace with all the nations of the earth. Letters left unopened for the required time were advertised in my own paper, and patrons of the office who suffered from drought had their stamps licked for them without a murmur.

Only once I had congressional ambitions, and that was temporary. I visited Wyoming at the time of her admission to the Union as a state, and the legislature offered to make me a senator if I would become a citizen, and I was tempted to do it, for it was a great honor, but I remembered how close the air is in the senate chamber and how many interruptions I would have while doing literary work and while other senators were speaking and when I needed absolute quiet, so I declined the seat. Besides, too, the salary is only \$5,000 per year, and I would have to make campaign speeches every fall without any box office receipts. I would have to give a large part of my salary to various charities, and little red babies would be named after me, each of whom would have to receive a silver mug. The papers at home would attack me every time I failed to vote, and even harder perhaps when I did vote. My business at home would go to the dogs, and if I failed of a re-election I would be mad and sick at heart. My boys would grow up to think the government ought to provide for them and the railroads give them passes. My wife would need a new dress, and we would feel hurt if we did not get as much attention as the senators from New York and Massachusetts. I would have to bring my team here to Washington, where feed is high, and the reporters would be all the time asking me what was done during the executive sessions, and they would roast me and rake up old personalities if I refused to tell them, and the senate would despise me if I did not refuse, and there you are.

On the whole, I decided to remain free as a bird, free to eat with my knife, free to express my opinions, free to ride on the horse cars, free to attend whichever church I chose, free to criticize legislation, free to go to sleep in the press gallery and free to write as I am now writing.

Yesterday I received advance sheets of a new poetic volume which will soon astonish the world. It is by a rising poet, who asks me to mention the book casually in the paper, so that the public may be prepared for it and not feel away its money on other literary trash prior to the appearance of this work.

In a frank outburst of poetic passion the poet writes on the title page as follows:

If all the poems I have written  
Were piled together in a pile,  
And with a candle lit was lit,  
You could see the fire for 1/2 a mile.  
If all the gold that I have gotten  
For all the poems I have wrote,  
It would not hurt the feeblest kitten  
To pour it molten down her throat.

The book tomes with such beautiful figments of the brain as this and will mark an era in the literary history of the United States. I was about to say that it sounds the tocsin of a literary revolution, but perhaps I should say the antitoxine instead.

*Bill Nye*

A Great Baby.  
Adoring Grandmother—Isn't he a lovely child?  
Calm Visitor—Yes; he's a nice baby.  
Adoring Grandmother—And so intelligent! He just lies there all day and breathes and breathes and breathes.—Tit-Bits.

Explained.  
"Has Mr. Staylate regular evenings for calling here?"  
"Yes, Why?"  
"I've often wondered where he called when I refuse to see him Tuesdays and Fridays."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PEACE IS CONCLUDED.

Japan and China Agree to End the War.

London, April 17.—A dispatch to the Times from Shanghai says Li Hung Chang's son-in-law telegraphs that a peace convention was signed at Shimonoeki Monday by the plenipotentiaries of China and Japan. Following are the terms of the convention:

1. The independence of Korea.
2. That Japan retains the places she has conquered.
3. That Japan shall also retain the territory east of the Liao river.
4. That the island of Formosa be ceded permanently to Japan.
5. The payment of an indemnity of \$100,000,000 and
6. An offensive and defensive alliance.

There was no information obtainable on the subject at the Japanese legation last night. The official to whom the dispatch was shown was inclined to credit the report, but a treaty of peace has been signed, as in view of the near approach of the termination of the armistice some action was desirable. It is up to a late hour nothing had been received at the legation to confirm the statements contained in the dispatch.

A dispatch from Shanghai says a proclamation bearing the emperor's name has been issued, describing the empire as finished, and assuring that the officials he trusted are engaged, that the proclamation has caused great excitement, and there are signs of rebellion.

The document, however, is said to be the work of the secret societies.

Shimonoeki, April 15.—The conference yesterday of peace commissioners lasted five hours. All the envoys attended the meeting except the Yamanashi and Matsui. It is believed the conference was a final one. It is said the Chinese plenipotentiaries are preparing to return to their homes.

Reward for a Fugitive Justice.  
Montgomery, Ala., April 17.—As the result of a report of Examiner H. C. Gov. Oates declared vacant the office of probate judge of this county. The governor has also offered a reward of \$400 for the apprehension of P. C. Randolph, the absconding judge.

Judge Ives Will Not Be Impeached.  
St. Paul, Minn., April 17.—Late last night the house by a vote of 13 to 89 decided against the impeachment of Judge Frank Ives of the Fourteenth Judicial district.

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IT FLOATS  
FORTY MILLION CAKES YEARLY.  
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

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**ARM AND HAMMER SODA**  
in packages. Costs no more than other package soda—never spoils flour—universally acknowledged purest in the world.  
Made only by CHURCH & CO., New York. Sold by grocers everywhere.  
Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.

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I will make 20 per cent discount on  
**Boots and Shoes.**  
Now is the time to get HARDWARE and TINWARE cheap. I am closing them out. 20 per cent reduction on CUTLERY for a short time.  
I have a Bargain Rack!  
On which articles of all lines will be found at less than cost.  
**G. A. HARRIS.**  
COWLES, NEBRASKA

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Livery and Feed Barn.  
First-class in every detail. Lots of room, bright baled hay and a variety of grain. New rigs and swift horses can be secured for city or country drives at reasonable prices.  
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**HENRY DIEDERICH,**  
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**Hard Times Prices on Shoes**  
Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes.....\$1 00  
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Gent's Oil Grain Congress Plow Shoes..... 1 00  
Gent's Oil Grain Congress Plow Shoes..... 1 55  
Gent's Oil Grain Congress Plow Shoes..... 1 50  
Ask to see my fine line of  
**Baby Shoes, the Finest Line Close Around Here.**  
**HENRY DIEDERICH.**

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B. & M. WATCH EXAMINER; RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA