

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

An Old Book.

"The Christian Hymn and Tune Book"—memories sweet its pages bring
As I turn them, old and yellowed by
the flight of passing years.
Good old Zion songs my mother loved
to sit and softly sing
With a faith that never faltered
and that banished doubts and fears.
Old and worn, its faded pages bring
back days of long ago
When the faithful few would gather
in the mid-week hour of prayer;
And their voices joined together in a
chorus soft and low—
"When we hear the music ringing,"
and "There'll be no parting
there."

Through the tear-haze that has gathered
I can see my father turn
To the "evening lesson, brethren;"
hear him read in reverent tone
From the Book of Books before him
lessons that he loved to learn
As adown life's path he traveled,
knowing he walked not alone.
I can see their dear old faces all
alight with Christian joy
As arose the songs of Zion on the
mid-week evening's air;
Songs of hope that cheered them on-
ward, songs of faith without al-
loy—
"On the mountain's top appearing,"
"Jesus saves," "Sweet hour of
prayer."

"He leadeth me!" I heard my mother
sing it with a faith divine
As she drew near to the valley and
the shadow of the vale
"Blessed thought"—she never faltered
—"I'm my Lord's and He is
mine."
For she knew the arm that held her
was an arm that never failed.
Singing low and singly softly, she
could see with lifted eyes
Through all clouds that gathered
round her as the long years
passed away.
Mansions that her God had builded in
His house beyond the skies—
"In the Christian's home in glory"
where there shines eternal day

Dear old book, your faded pages bring
back days of long ago;
Days of youth and days of playtime
when the skies were always fair,
Bring again the sound of voices sing-
ing sweet and singing low
Songs of hope and faith to cheer me
on to that "Home over there,"
Sweet old songs; your echoes ringing
down the vista of the years
Cheer me ever on and upward as
my heart with rapture thrills;
And I know my mother waits me far
beyond the doubts and fears,
"When the mists have rolled in
splendor from the summit of the
hills."
—Will M. Maupin, in *The Commoner*.

The Office Boy Says

Here would be a lot more business
doin' if a lot o' guys wet's dead an'
don't know it would submit t' funerals
an' git out o' de road o' some uv us
dat would do business if we had a
chaunc.

A lot o' fellers dar air allus lucky in
raffles f'r pipes an' segars an' such
t'ings, ain't never lucky when it comes
t' findin' woik t' support deir families.

If de dames dat air complainin' o' de
mashers on the streets would quit
wearin' skuits dat made 'em look like
sirkus riders, an' stop kalseminin' deir
mugs till de look like de sample cards
uv a paint factory, perhaps de wouldn't
be trubbled so much.

Dad says dat when he see some
young goils on de streets he feels like
takin' a shingle t' deir nothers.

De woild don't f'rgit failures, an' re-
members successes an' almighty short
time.

De woist t'ing about some folks is
deir imitations o' goodness.

By de time a feller has learned t'
t'ink twice before speakin' he has cul-
tivated de habit o' keepin' his yawp
closed pretty tight.

A lot o' felle dat are goin' t'rough
de woild wid a g front would have
t' shown down deir flush if dey was
called.

Half de woild dot care how de
other half lives de woist uv it is dat
it don't give a darn.

Colonel Bills.

In my short life I've seen some sights
In many a land and clime;
Mine eyes have gazed on greater de-
lights
At many a place and time.
I've seen kings crowned with pomp
and show,
Seen armies on parade;
I've seen the glitter and the show
When presidents were made.

I thought I'd seen the greatest shows
That could be organized,
But, bless your soul, there's no one
knows
When he will be surprised.
Twas here at home, October 2.
I saw the greatest, best,
And let my eyes feast on a view
That outshone all the rest.

Upon a gay and prancing steed.
With military mien;
With sash and badge bedecked with
floss
And braid of golden sheen,
I saw one riding in advance
Of president and suite—
And Colonel Bills for circumstance
Had all the others beat.

"I think every citizen of Lincoln
ought to patronize home merchants and
home institutions," he remarked as he
touched a match to a 10-cent cigar
manufactured in a Philadelphia ten-
ement factory. "This thing of failing to
support home institutions is one of the
causes of our failure to grow as we
should," he continued, picking a piece
of lint from his mail order suit, pur-
chased of a New York concern. "I
could point out many things we as
citizens should do to advance the in-
terests of the city, but I must hurry to
catch a train." Whereupon he hast-
ened to the depot to meet his wife
and go to Chicago on a big shopping ex-
pedition.

A BIG MAN COMING.

A big man is coming to Lincoln on
November 2. He is an unusually big
man—big of business, big of fortune,
big of brain and big of heart. Com-
paratively few Lincoln people ever
heard of him, but just the same he is
one of the big men of this country. He
is so big that he goes about doing good
without the aid of a brass band or a
press agent to call attention to the do-
ing. His name is R. A. Long, and his
home is in Kansas City. He is presi-
dent of the Long-Bell Lumber Co. There
is an old saying to the effect that if
you want a thing done, call upon a
busy man to do it. The active manager
of the largest lumber company in the
west, Mr. Long finds time to go about
doing good. He builds churches, en-
dows schools, helps the unfortunate,
leads in social reforms—and all the
time is as modest and unassuming
about it as a man can well be. He is
coming to Lincoln under the auspices
of the Brotherhood of the Disciples of
Christ. He comes with a message of
uplift. Business men, no matter how
successful they may be, should hear
this successful business man. The me-
chanic, the professional man, all classes
of men, will be bettered by receiving
his message. He is not an evangelist;
he couldn't Billy Sundayize if he
would, and wouldn't if he could. R. A.
Long lives on the theory that he is
merely a steward of the wealth that is
his, and that he must use it for the
benefit of his fellows. He is adminis-
tering his own estate as he goes along.
And everywhere he goes he leaves be-
hind hope, and cheer, and enthusiasm,
and friends, and better men. This is the
reason for our claim that R. A. Long is
a big man—one of the biggest men in
all this great nation. You ought to
hear him when he appears in Lincoln
on November 2.

O, GET WISE!

Mr. Frank Edgerton, who prepared
the dope about Lincoln for the use of
the newspaper correspondents accom-
panying President Taft, ought to study
up on Lincoln. He was right in say-
ing that Lincoln had the largest cream-
ery in the world, but decidedly wrong
when he said its annual capacity was
6,000,000 pounds. Bless you, Mr. Ed-

gerton, the Beatrice Creamery Co.,
booked one order for 5,000,000 pounds,
deliverable in one year, from one party,
and didn't think it much of a feat
either. Without straining itself a bit
the Beatrice Creamery Co. could man-
ufacture 12,000,000 pounds of butter
in a year, and by undergoing a strain
could make it 15,000,000 pounds.

PARABLE OF THE LANDOWNERS.

A certain rich man going to a far
country called a couple of his former
employees to him, and to each gave a
section of unimproved land. "I'll ex-
pect to hear reports about this land
when I return, although it is yours
without any strings to it," he said.
When the rich man returned he
called upon his two beneficiaries to re-
port.

"I immediately moved upon the
land you gave me," said one. "I built
a home, good outbuildings for my ma-
chinery, good barns and sheds for my
stock. I tilled the soil diligently and
added yearly to the wealth production
of my country. My toil added to the
value of all the surrounding property,
but today, after years of toil, I find my-
self no better off than I was before I
improved the land. For every year I
have been fined for my enterprise and
thrift, and what I have produced has
been taken from me by trusts, tax-
gatherers and middlemen."

"I wasn't such a chump," proudly
explained the other. "I didn't build
anything on my land, knowing that to
do so would mean the expenditure of
money and increased taxation. I didn't
till it, because that would exhaust its
fertility. I just let it lie idle and un-
improved, devoting my time and tal-
ents to other pursuits. Today the soil
is virgin, and the toil and enterprise
and thrift of a few thousand easy
marks like the guy over there have in-
creased the value of that land from
\$2.50 an acre to \$100 an acre—but I'm
only paying tax on a valuation of \$2.50
an acre."

Whereupon the rich man, being wise
to the game, arose threw his arms
about the neck of the second man and
exclaimed:

"You are next, old man!"
But the first man he dismissed with
contempt for being such a blooming
sucker.

OIL UPON THE WATERS.

Far be it from us to sit quietly by
while two of our good friends, Gov-
ernor Aldrich and Ross Hammond, are
juggling their razors and preparing for
a carving match. Not for worlds
would we allow them to engage in
deadly strife without voicing a protest.
Some there be who would urge them
on, but not we'uns. Not even though
there be cause for a meeting in death
grapple would we permit it if in our
power to prevent. And when the
whole thing is the result of a misun-
derstanding it is all the more incum-
brant upon us to interfere to the largest
possible extent.

Firstly, the governor was misquoted,
and Ross, taking the interview to be
genuine and without investigation,
made some severe comments thereon.
Whereupon the governor, with nerves
worn raw by loss of sleep and cares of
state, indicts a peppery reply. Back
comes Ross with a letter that is about
as smooth as No. 1 sandpaper. Result,
the straining of friendship, strife with-
in party ranks, and trouble all around.

The governor didn't say it in the
first place, and Ross didn't mean what
he said if the governor didn't say what
he was reported to have said. And if
the governor didn't say what he is re-
ported to have said, and Ross didn't
mean what he said if the governor
didn't say what he is reported to have
said, then the governor didn't mean
what he said about Ross for having
said what he did about what the gov-
ernor is incorrectly reported to have
said. Which means, of course, that
Ross really does not mean what he said
about what the governor said about
what Ross said about what the gov-
ernor said of Ross' remarks concern-
ing that the governor is said to have said
but did not say. It is all very simple
when analyzed, and now that we have
shown our analytical ability we urge
the belligerents to put away their
razors, shake hands across a chasm
that might have been brim-full of gore,
but isn't, and let the whole thing drop.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE

Nebraska has more things to be
proud of than any other state. She
ought to be making every one of them
known to all the world. Nebraska is
remiss in her duty to herself when she
fails to advertise her resources and pos-
sibilities to the remotest corners of the
earth. Nebraska has some mighty big
things, thank you.

She has the largest creamery plant
in the world.

Her largest city, Omaha, is the great-
est butter market in the world.

She has the third largest packing
center in the world.

She has the second largest smelter in
the world.

She is the third largest corn pro-
ducer.

She is the third largest dairying
state, and promises to be the largest
inside of ten years.

Her annual egg output is worth more
than the gold output of any state or
territory.

Her annual butter, egg and poultry
output is worth more than the gold and
silver output of any two states or ter-
ritories.

Her annual output of corn and wheat
is worth more than the nation's annual
output of crude petroleum.

Her annual output of grains and
grasses is worth more than the coal
output of Pennsylvania.

Her annual corn output is worth
more than the nation's annual output
of copper.

If one year's product of her farms
were loaded in standard freight cars
and the cars made into one train, the
train would reach from St. Petersburg,
Russia, to a point in the Pacific ocean
nearly a thousand miles due west of
San Francisco, crossing the Baltic sea,
the English channel, England, Ireland,
the Atlantic ocean and the United
States.

She has nearly a million acres in al-
falfa, and the acreage is increasing at
the rate of 10 per cent a year.

She has more than eight million dol-
lars worth of interest bearing securities
in her permanent school fund, and
school property, including school lands,
worth \$40,000,000.

She has 49,000,000 acres, three-
fourths of it fertile and less than two-
fifths of it under cultivation.

She has a climate unsurpassed, a soil
more fertile than that of the valley of
the Nile.

She offers more opportunities to the
honest and industrious home-maker
than any other state or territory—and
she isn't doing a blessed thing to make
the fact known.

LOTS OF MUSIC.

Senator Ike Stephenson's campaign
managers asserts that \$107,000 was
legitimately spent in electing Uncle
Ike to the senate. He further asserts
that most of the money was spent for
"badges, bands, etc." If the badges
and the "etc." didn't cost too much,
there must have been an awful lot of
music during that campaign. We
opine, however, that the sweetest music
was the jingle of the 107,000 dollars
Uncle Ike put up.

BRYAN'S LATEST.

Mr. Bryan was at home last Wednes-
day, and brought with him a new story
which he tells with gusto.

A man riding along the public high-
way met a little boy who was crying.
The man comforted the little fellow
and wound up by saying:

"Never mind, my boy; you'll grow
up to be a man like papa some day."
"That's what mamma is afraid of,"
sobbed the little fellow.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A congressional candidate down in
Alabama arose, faced his audience and
said:

"I have been charged with being a
'silk stocking.' I can truthfully say to
you, my fellow citizens, that I never
saw a silk stocking in my life."

"If you can truthfully say the same
thing after spending two years in
Washington you'll be a dandy!" shout-
ed an opponent in the audience.

SOUND PHILOSOPHY.

A few days ago a Lincoln man jest-
ingly remarked to a friend: "I believe
I'll be a candidate for governor next

year." To this his friend replied: "I
think you'd make a good governor, but
a d—d poor candidate."
Think that over!

Congressman Norris says "recipro-
city is a high-sounding phrase." It did
come from rather high republican au-
thority—James G. Blaine and William
McKinley.

PRINTING

There is nothing in the Printing
Line we cannot do and do well

COLOR WORK

That is a Specialty with this
Printery. See our samples

PRICES

Doubtless you can get cheaper
printing elsewhere. You can
not get good printing cheaper.
And cheap printing is dear at
any price. We do the best,
and aim to make a fair profit.

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done well and quickly, phone
us and we will be there in a
minute with sample and price.

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