

Walt Mason

Garden Sals

Oh, luscious greens! Young beets and beans, fresh peas and new potatoes! With fork and spoon, morn, eve, and noon, we push them in our crates! The pale wax bean is good, I ween, and succulent and tender; the carrot red is thoroughbred, the onion's clothed in splendor. When

noontime comes my stomach hums—at least I have that notion; and as I throw the greens below it trembles with emotion. Sometimes it stalls at codfish balls, and balks at beef or mutton, at corn beef hash and kindred trash, and hints that I'm a glutton. But I may pass down garden sals until I'm tired of chewing; my stomach makes no cranky breaks we eat of pie and meat, the doctors oft inform us; in summer days we stupid jays devour the things that warm us. Fresh garden sals, good —it still is up and doing. Too much

sparrow grass, the onion, beet and lettuce—these are the things to eat, by jings! then health will not forget us. So let us swat the garden plot, and rob it of its treasures; oh, let us feed on yarb and weed, and taste the simpler pleasures.

WALT MASON.

THE BULLFROG

The bullfrog has a widespread voice, the loudest ever born; his singing makes the world rejoice and chortle—in a horn. When to their nests the swallows wing their way, as does the dove, the cheerful bullfrog starts to sing a lay of home and love. He warbles like a frog—or bull—down in his swampy lair, and people plug their ears with wool, and storm around and swear. The frog obeys no rhythmic rules, and folks who hear him, say, "We'd rather hear a thousand mules when they rear up and bray." Each night he stirs up human ginks to wild, unseemly wrath, and yet no doubt the bullfrog thinks he's cutting quite a swath. Perhaps he mutters to his frau, as is the way of males: "Don't talk about your robins now, nor yet your nightingales! In some things I do not excel," the modest bullfrog cries; "I doubt if I could dig a well or make crabapple pies; I do not boast about my skill at making ginger beer, but when a song is on the bill, I feel I have no peer!" And I've met men and women, too, just like the bullfrog host; the very things they cannot do are those of which they boast.

WALT MASON.

HOME LIFE

Man builds a large and stately home, and freely spends his coin for ornaments from Greece and Rome, and art work from Des Moines. He wants a home to dazzle the crowd that rubbers, goes by, a home of which he may be proud until he comes to die. And, having built his stately shack, whose cornice scrapes the stars, he lets it idle stand, alack, and lives in motor cars. In winter, to some southern clime, you see him gayly flee, and in the good old summertime he hikes off to the sea. The cobwebs gather on the walls that once were span and spick, and in the noble, arching halls the dust's three inches thick. To one who's learned the dizzy chase, a home seems flat and stale; he only needs it as a place where he can get his mail. The home life, as we know it, jars the rich men and the swells; they have their homes in motor cars, and yachts and big hotels. The gorgeous palaces they build, with minarets and domes, and with the spoils of Athens filled, are anything but homes. Our home life's in the humble cot where cheerful workmen dwell, who cultivate their garden plots, whose healthy children yell.

WALT MASON.

THE OLD STORY

There's always something, and repeat, to make us weep and sigh; we're looking for big crops of wheat, then comes the Hessian fly. "Vast tracts of grain," the papers claim, "are ruined by this pest, and farmers, weary of the game, are moving further west. And thus the splendid prospect ends—all estimates have shrunk." And nearly all such talk, my friends, is piffle, con and bunk. The farmers fear the price will slump, if prospects seem too bright, and so such fairy tales they pump into the jays who write. You'll see the stately wheat stacks rise at harvest time, don't fear; and none will miss what Hessian flies have spoiled for us this year. And scores of bogies that we hate, that wear and tear the mind, are haunted by some selfish skate who has an axe to grind. When we behold a thing of fear, it's safe to bet, by jings, that there's a speculator near who sits and pulls the strings.

WALT MASON.

THE WAY IT GOES

Most all the big men in the land came up from small beginnings; in youth they toiled to beat the band, and wisely used their winnings. But, having won the victor's crown, their senses seem to wander; they keep on salting dollars down for idle heirs to

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I have 160 acres, 3 1/4 miles from Bayard, under the Tri-State canal, to trade for Box Butte county land. J. C. McCORKLE, Alliance, Nebr. 12/18/27

quander. The self-made man too often cries, "My Algernon, dear laddie, won't have to bust his hooks and eyes, and labor likk his daddy." So Algy loafs upon the earth, expensive, gallivanting, and when grown up he isn't worth three whoops in Ypsilanti. He leads a life of gilded ease, all foolish fads pursuing, and yet the blind old daddy sees no harm in what he's doing. Far better for poor Algernon if he had harsher masters, who'd make him rise at break of dawn and earn his own Piastres. A life of idleness and sloth is scorned by men who've sweated, and few will ever cut a swath who pampered are and petted. Whene'er I hear of gilded youth receiving unearned riches, I say, "The lucky lad, forsooth, is he who's digging ditches."

WALT MASON.

BUY AT HOME

Kersmith & Kickshaw deal in wax and Chinese eggs and carpet tacks. They are good sports in every way; they cough up money every day to make the town a better place in which to live and push your face. They hire a dozen clerks or more, who wait on patrons in their store. Our cross roads burg they would up-build, and see it with glad people filled, and to that end they blow their scads like truly patriotic lads. But when we need of eggs a few, we send away to Timbuctoo; and when a carpet tack we wish, it's shipped from Ypsilanti, Mich. Each has the notion in his dome that things are best away from home, and so we order hods and hats, and hummingbirds and Maltese cats, from strangers in some town remote, who would not know us from a goat. We ship away our hard-earned kale, and get our fourth rate junk by mail. Say are we seers, or are we fools? Those strangers don't support our schools, or keep the peeler on his beat, or help to pave Commercial street. They do not paint the village pump or build a fence around the dump. If our old burg were blown away they wouldn't care a bale of hay. Kersmith & Kickshaw ought to get the local trade, already yet.

WALT MASON.

WILD OATS

You're sowing wild oats, William Henry Fitzjames, you're playing, with others, the dissolute games; when you should be sleeping you're still on the jump, a-painting the village clear down to the dump; and ancient tradition looks foolishly kind on chaps like yourself who are going it blind; it says, "Let them frolic like lunatic goats, for youths must be youths, and must sow their wild oats." But merry carousers who caper and prance must pay for the fiddler when done is the dance. Alas for the oats that you carelessly sow! You find they are thistles when started to grow, and though you may live for a cycle, my friend, they'll prick you and sting you right up to the end. I sowed fifty bushels of oats that were wild, and while I was sowing I recklessly smiled; I laughed at the future and lifted gay tunes, and now I a mold I am harvesting prunes. With aches in my body and grief in my soul, and doctors and druggists despoiling my roll, the wearisome knowledge my consciousness totes, that all my troubles are due to wild oats. Be wise in the morning of life, oh, be wise! And sidestep the bait of the father of lies. For wasting the moments and sowing wild oats will lead you to chewing the husks with the shotes.

WALT MASON.

Soldiers Invade Farm

About 100 officers of the Nebraska National Guard invaded the University Farm at Lincoln last week and declared martial law—in their camp. The object of the formidable intrusion of the military commands amidst the fields and herds, however, was only a peaceful school of instruction under the direction of Adjutant General Hall.

Cattle Experimenters Wanted

Farmers who are willing to assist in the collection of data regarding the feeding of live stock are being sought by the Nebraska College of Agriculture. Many experiments are conducted with beef and other animals from year to year, but owing to limited funds, only small numbers, comparatively, may be used in the experiments. As the animals have to be kept in close quarters and are disturbed by the thousands of visitors annually at the farm, the results, altho accurate, are not obtained under the more ideal conditions of the home farm. The college wishes to obtain widespread information from feeders who are willing to cooperate. This will make possible data from much larger herds than the experiment station could maintain. Anyone interested should address the animal husbandry department of the College of Agriculture, Lincoln.

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Something About Government Ownership

No. 7

America has private ownership and operation of telephones; one province in Canada has tried government ownership.

Here is the record:
January, 1908 — Government purchased Bell Telephone property in Manitoba.

March, 1908 — Rates for certain classes of service increased 25 per cent.

March, 1910 — Chairman of telephone commission declared rural rates were too low and would be raised.

March, 1911 — Time limit

it on long distance calls reduced from three to two minutes.

Nov., 1911 — Chairman of Telephone Commission reported \$150,000 loss for year, with no provision for depreciation.

June, 1912 — Public distrust in government management forced Telephone Commission to resign.

July, 1912 — An increase of 20 per cent in rates put in effect.

The rest of Canada is retaining private ownership after the bitter experience of Manitoba.

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