

# THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - - NEBRASKA.

## THE BABY'S WELFARE.

To Be Healthy Two-Thirds of Its Life Should Be Spent in Sleep.

More than two-thirds of the life of a healthy baby should be passed in sleep. Therefore a wise mother is exceedingly careful in selecting the material of her baby's bed. Probably the most unwholesome bed the wee, dainty bit of humanity can have is the little swinging bassinet of down, lace and ribbons, which French milliners prepare under the apparent impression that baby is a sort of toy to be dressed up for display and laid away when asleep like a French doll.

The best crib for a baby is not a swinging bassinet, or any swinging or rocking cradle, but a crib of liberal size, which stands firmly on its legs, and is large enough for the child until it is old enough to sleep in a regular bed. The pillow of the baby's bed should be a flat one of hair, not over two inches thick. This is not the conventional baby pillow of the shops. That is a doll-like affair of down, covered with linen cambric and edged with lace, and is a very dangerous pillow to use for two reasons. First, the brain of an infant is very sensitive and liable to congestion from over-excitement, indigestion or some slight cause, and the head should be kept cool, and should not be heated by a down pillow; secondly, the down used in the shops—unless the work is made to order—is always Arctic down. This is composed of the soft feathers stripped from the quills of the German goose. It is so penetrating that the fine particles will force themselves through the seams and the interstices in the muslin, which is usually used to cover the pillow, or even through bed ticking. These unwholesome particles floating in the air are then liable to be breathed by the sleeping infant.

The best bed coverings for a baby are sheets of cambric or linen in summer and soft blanket of pure California wool, which are as warm and light as down and much more wholesome, in winter. A silken comfortable of down is allowable if the mother can afford that silken-like down which the eider duck plucks from her breast to line the nest which she builds for her own ducklings in the Arctic snows. This soft, dun-colored down does not float about, but clings together, so that it is safe to use it. The coverlet of the baby's bed may be of any dainty-hued wash silk. This coverlet will protect the blankets as well as a heavier counterpane of cotton.—St. Louis Republic.

## Flannel in Summer.

It is a mistake to abandon the wearing of flannels in summer, considering the sudden changes of our climate—the erratic conditions of the atmosphere which sometimes gives us a July day colder and more bleak than one in January. A good way to wash ordinary flannel is to pour strong, boiling soap-suds over it in a tub. When cool enough to allow the hand to bear it, pour off the suds and add boiling hot clean water; let this stand as before, then pour off and add more boiling clean water. When cool enough, squeeze the garments, but do not wring or rub. Stretch immediately on a line in the hot sun or by a hot fire, pressing out the water with the hand, as it settles in the dependent parts of the garments. Stretch the flannel as soon as the water is pressed out, keeping it hot until dry, as much as possible. This treatment will keep woollen garments soft and pliable till worn out.—Housewife.

## Daily Occupation.

It is not unusual to banish from this portion of life any idea of hope or peace. That is kept for the evening, when labor is over, and the comforts of home and rest take its place; or it is reserved for the evening of life, when exertion ceases and energy droops; or it is relegated to some time in the future, when sufficient means have been secured to make work appear unnecessary. It stands for the realization in some way of ease, comfort, leisure, luxury, opportunity. On the other hand, toil, effort, hardship, struggle are all put in opposition to it. Thus men will often live lives of labor and sacrifice, hoping by this means to obtain peace and tranquility when the toil is over. But, to unite the two, to enjoy peace in toil, tranquility in effort, seldom occurs to them. Yet no peace worth having exists without power, and power must have its outlet in activity.—N. Y. Ledger.

## Fashion's Fads.

Blouse bodice of yellow and red changeable silk.  
Belts and chatelaine bags knitted of silk and beads.  
Black silk grenadine showing a scroll design in white.  
White satin belts and collars for wear with gowns of foulard.  
Fine alpaca and silk flannel, suitable for blouses or shirt waists.  
Delightfully summery hats, all in varying tones of green.—Chicago Record.

—The loftiest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery of Haine, in Thibet. It is about 17,000 feet above the sea.

## MILLIONS ARE WASTED.

How the People's Treasury Is Robbed Right and Left.

Abuses in Official Life Which Need Correction—Fancy Salaries Paid to Persons Who Do Not Earn Them.

[Special Washington Letter.]

This is a true story of the greatest highway robbery that ever occurred:

The singular point of the whole story is that the robbers have never been arrested nor even suspected.

The amount of booty secured is almost fabulous and the number of people who suffered by the robbery is appalling. It seems very strange that this story should have to be written, when so many people of intelligence are interested and should have discovered the culprits long ago.

The people of the United States have been crying and whining about hard times for the past three years, when they should be the richest people in the world. They are intelligent and educated and certainly ought to know the cause of the hard times of which they have been complaining. They should study current events and make note of the fact that all men in public life are not honest, and that very few will have their names placed upon the calendar of saints. They ought also to note that some men in public life are dishonest, and that those who have remained in public life longest have been most often tempted to better their conditions, no matter how.

I think it is time for the men who run the government of the United States to come to judgment. It is time to tell at least enough of the truth to set the people to thinking on right lines. They do not need a revision of the tariff every four years. They do not need to disturb a monetary system which has been stable for more than a generation. There was nothing the matter with the monetary system of this country until men high in public life began deliberately to rob the treasury right before the eyes of a patient people.

If the people of the United States had now in their possession the total sum of \$500,000,000 or more, of which they have been plundered, they would not be crying about hard times. No one who studies the annual appropriation bills which are passed by both houses of congress, and approved by the president; no one who takes the Blue Book and studies the list of sal-



THE WIDOW'S PLEA.

aries which are paid for clerical services; no one who can be sufficiently non-partisan to make comparison between the appropriations and expenditures of the government, and who will contrast the official salaries of men with those of the business world, will fail to see that the extravagance of the government of the United States is simply appalling.

He will be a very narrow-minded man who will view these things from a partisan standpoint, and seek to place the blame upon the political party to which he does not belong. While the politicians are inducing the people to "blame it on the other fellow," they are the most successful in plundering their deluded hearers.

To be practical, let instances be cited. Well, there are six auditors of the treasury, each of whom receives a salary of \$5,000. You have right in your own town several bright young men who are well educated, and perfectly capable of performing the functions of a treasury auditorship as well as any ward politician on earth; and any one of those young men would be glad to fill the position of an auditor, and have four years of residence in Washington, even if the salary were only \$2,000, instead of \$5,000 per annum. Now that being the case, why should the government pay each of those auditors \$5,000 per annum? Is it not a sheer waste of \$18,000 per annum? Would any business man pay more for salaries than is absolutely necessary?

Why then does the government pay these excessive salaries to the auditors? Simply because the senators and members of congress who make the appropriations want their political friends rewarded for party services; and they give them fancy salaries, but the over-taxed people have to pay the money. It is simply highway robbery, and nothing else. But these six auditors of the treasury are insignificant as compared with the whole story.

In this city alone there are over 2,000 clerks who draw salaries of \$1,800 or \$2,000 each; and there are about 4,000

clerks who draw salaries of \$1,400 or \$1,600 each. There are plenty of intelligent young men and women throughout the country who would be glad to live in Washington, and work from nine o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, for \$600 per annum; and you know of several good and competent men in your own neighborhood who would gladly accept such a position for \$900 per annum. Well, there is nothing difficult in the work of these clerks, and there are plenty of good men and women who would be glad to take the places at greatly reduced salaries. I figure it that there are about 3,000 clerks in Washington alone who are receiving each \$1,000 more than should be paid them. Do you realize what that means? It means that the over-taxed people of this country are annually paying at least \$3,000,000 more than ought to be paid for clerical services in Washington city.

Look at the postal system. There are postmasters in every town of 1,000 or more inhabitants, who are drawing salaries ranging from \$1,000 up to \$6,000 per annum; and in other business lines those gentlemen would find it difficult to earn more than \$600 per annum. Just think of it! There are 70,000 post offices; and in at least 40,000 of those post offices we are paying an average of \$500 each year more than we should pay. That shows a total waste of about \$20,000,000 each year.

Without going more into detail as to figures, it may be said that any man of experience can sit down and demonstrate to his friends in the parlor, or in the schoolhouse, that the people have been robbed of not less than \$50,000,000 each year, for at least ten years; and in that period alone there has been a waste of the enormous sum of \$500,000,000.

Then there is our peculiarly-constructed civil service law, which is building up an office-holding aristocracy, which will continue this state of affairs, unless some apostle with courage shall come along and tell the truth, the whole truth, and awaken the people.

"Great God, Mr. Secretary, can you do nothing for me at all?"

The tears came despite her strong effort to control her feelings as she stood beside the desk of the cabinet minister of the nation. Her whole frame trembled with emotion as she said:

"When the colonel died, he said to me, almost with his last breath: 'Mollie, I believe that I have left you in comfortable circumstances. But if you ever become poor and needy, go to Gen. Sherman or Gen. Sheridan, and tell them that you are my widow. You will be well cared for, rest assured of that. Teach the children to remember that their father was a soldier, and that he died of the wounds received at Champion hills, in Chickamauga, and at Five Forks. The doctors say that the last wound in the lungs is what has brought me to this gasping close of life. But the country will care for you, Mollie, and you need never fear.'

"And so believing, Mr. Secretary, he died. And now you tell me that the republic has no power to help me? Gen. Sheridan is dead, but I have Gen. Sherman's letter telling about the colonel's services before Vicksburg in December, 1862, and later at Missionary Ridge, Gen. Roscerans writes of his gallantry at Chickamauga. But Sheridan is dead and cannot tell of Five Forks. I wrote to him about it, but the next day the newspapers said that Sheridan was dying. Mr. Secretary, I am in absolute want. I must have something to do; please make a place for me in the department."

"My dear madam," replied the secretary, "the civil service law is in the way, and I can do nothing unless it is to appoint you as a charwoman, at \$20 per month. Will you accept that?"

"Yes, Mr. Secretary, I will accept anything to keep away the pangs of hunger, to give me a roof to shelter me, and to keep me from sin and shame."

The appointment was made. The talented, beautiful girl- bride of the soldier who had fought so well is a gray-haired charwoman in the department. In the same building is the widow of a confederate general. She got into the department under the last administration, no matter how. She got there, and her salary is \$1,600 per annum. She has \$133 per month. She gets \$33 per week, and works with a pen. The widow of the union soldier gets only \$20 per month, and she works with a broom, scrubbing brush and feather duster, after the other lady has gone to her elegant rooms to dress in silks and satins, laces and ribbons for the opera. The soldier's widow wears calico, eats crackers and cheese, and in winter shivers in a fireless room with bare floors and hard bed; for \$20 per month does not buy luxuries in the capital of the nation which was saved by the prowess and self-abnegation of men like her noble husband.

SMITH D. FRY.

## Understood Both.

Indignant Father—My son, your education has cost me \$20,000. I have spent all I have and you must now go right to work and earn a living at something you understand.

Finished Son (Harvard '96)—Well, father, which would you rather have me be, a baseball pitcher or a billiard marker?—N. Y. Weekly.

## His Anxiety.

Distinguished Artist—Be careful of the picture; it's not dry.

Art Gallery Porter—It's all right, sir; I've got my old coat on.—Pick-Me-Up.

## RACING SEASON OPENED.

The Bald-Cooper Controversy Settled by Earl Kiser.

Public Is Glad to See Him Win—Zimmerman Returns to the Track—His Biography—Others May Follow.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

The prolonged dispute between Bald and Cooper over the national racing championship is being settled at last, after all their futile talk of match races, in a way that is satisfactory to neither of them. Little curly-headed Earl Kiser has already demonstrated, by his several defeats of both of them, that there is likely to be another strong



EARL KISER.

(The Possible Bicycle Champion of 1897.)

claimant for championship honors at the end of the present season. His defeat of Bald in the mile open and the half-mile handicap races at the Quill club meet in New York, in both of which Kiser took first and Bald fourth prize, was a great surprise to the public, but was looked upon rather in the light of an accident. All eyes were centered upon Cooper and Bald on the occasion of their first meeting this season, which occurred at Waltham, Mass., and Kiser was supposed to have slight chance of winning in competition against the two heroes of last year. Nevertheless he did win, running first in the half-mile open, with Bald second and Cooper fourth, and riding second to Bald in the mile open event, with Cooper fifth. Thus, in the first two big meetings of the year Kiser has won three firsts, Bald one, and Cooper none at all, and in the mile open at Waltham, which was awarded to Bald, he and Kiser were so nearly tied for first that all the judges hesitated to make the decision, and several competent to judge believe that Kiser should have been given first prize.

These performances are insufficient to base an estimate of the relative abilities of the three riders upon, as both Bald and Cooper may not yet be in the best of form, but Kiser has been touted as a winner this season by those who are acquainted with his past performances and know the unassuming lad's determined character. Although Bald and Cooper are both great favorites with the cycling enthusiasts throughout the country, Kiser's victories seem to have been popular ones, and it is a generally expressed sentiment among the racing men, who have been disappointed and disgusted by the unsportsmanlike conduct of the two leaders in connection with their match race farce, that they would like to see both take back seats this year, for a time, at least.

Earl Kiser is 21 years of age and lives in Dayton, O. He began racing when he was 16, and for three or four years confined his riding to boys' races. He rode as a Class A amateur in Ohio and Indiana in 1894, during which year he won 26 races out of 32 in which he started, and won a prize in every race in which he rode. He joined Class B the following year and went out on the national circuit, and during the season broke the quarter, third, half and three-quarter-mile competition records. In 1896 he went to Europe with Charley Murphy and Harry Wheeler and there defeated Jacquelin and Jaap Eden, respectively, the fastest sprinters of France and Holland. Last year, at Philadelphia, he won the largest purse ever offered at a national circuit meet, defeating the best racing men of America. This year he is under the efficient care and management of the veteran trainer Tom Eck, with A. C. Mertens, of Minneapolis, as a team mate.

All the conflicting reports of Zimmerman's intention to return to the path have been settled in the affirmative by his appearance at Valesburg, N. J., May 31, where he rode an exhibition half, paced by a quadruplet, in :56 2-5. He rode easily in his old-time position—elbows stuck out and head drooping over his front wheel. It is stated on good authority that he has joined a bicycle team with Ray Macdonald and J. F. Starbuck as team mates, and it is also rumored that he is to become the star of a new tire team forming. At any rate, there is no doubt that he will appear upon the track in exhibition rides this year, and if he finds himself rounding into improved form as rapidly as he used to do he will assuredly enter into competition. His return is hailed with delight by all old followers of the racing game, who are hoping that "good old Zimmy" will be able to

go in and win races in his old invincible manner. Enthusiasm would run high indeed were this to occur. Zimmerman is by far the greatest bicycle racing man the world has ever known, and in the height of his success was said to be several years ahead of his time; his chances of success, therefore, may be greater than many are inclined to believe.

The ranks of the racing men and those interested in racing has augmented so rapidly during the last two or three years that the name of Zimmerman means little to the majority of cycle enthusiasts and race goers. Superiority over all competitors means such a degree of speed and such perfection of condition that the best of men cannot maintain their position at the head for more than three or four years, and then they are quickly forgotten in the worship of new champions. When Zimmerman attended the Quill club wheelmen meet, May 22, he passed in front of the grand stand to the judges' stand, but not a voice cheered the world's champion of two or three years ago. He was the center of attraction for a little coterie of old-time racing men, but the new ones paid him no attention. Such is the evanescent nature of fame. For the benefit of new recruits to cycling a brief biography of Arthur A. Zimmerman is here given.

He was born in July, 1869, making him just 28 years old at the present time. He won his first novice race in 1889, at the Queens county meet on Long Island, and was fairly successful during his first year on the track. He first became famous by his defeat of W. W. Windle, then almost invincible, at the Peoria (Ill.) meet in 1890. During the same season he won 45 first prizes, 18 second, three third, and one fourth on the well-remembered Star machine. The following year he began riding the safety, but alternated occasionally with his high wheel, winning 52 firsts, ten seconds and three thirds, and incidentally creating a number of world's records. He went to England in 1892 and was remarkably successful, being defeated by only two riders in the United Kingdom and returning to America with 75 firsts and ten seconds to his credit. His final victory in England was the winning of the 50-mile championship. His best season was in 1893, during which he won 101 races out of 111 in which he started, defeating Walter Sanger, John S. Johnson, Harry Tyler and others of their class in this country. No other man has ever approached this brilliant record.

At the world's championships, held in Chicago during the world's fair, he won every event in which he competed. Again in the following year he went abroad, with Harry Wheeler as a team mate, and became the sensation in France, Germany, Italy and other countries in which he rode, only one man in all Europe defeating him. Having returned to America, he went to Australia in 1895, and met with very little success, owing to poor management and inability to get into proper form. Returning to his own country, he became



A. A. ZIMMERMAN.

(An 1897 Picture of the Great Sprinter.)

associated with others in the manufacture of bicycles, and has not ridden in competition since.

Zimmerman's talk of returning to the track has had its influence on other old-timers, and there are rumors that Harry Tyler, W. F. Murphy, George Banker and others intend to race once more. They will be welcome indeed, and few will begrudge them success, should they be so fortunate as to be victorious. It is doubtful, however, if they still have the speed requisite to win, and even if they should retain their sprinting abilities they will find that speed alone is not sufficient. Great changes have taken place in racing methods during the last two or three years, and headwork and team work play important parts in the winning of races to-day. In former days the bunch always divided without question to let through a contestant coming up behind in a sprint. He was never pocketed as he is to-day. In '93, when Zimmerman had worked his way to the center of a bunch in a handicap race he simply yelled to those ahead of him, and they opened the way for him to clear for the tape. There was no elbowing then, and foul riding was not thought of. Speed was all that was needed to win races, but to-day the rider must be versed in all the tricks of the track, know how to avoid being pocketed.

H. W. PERRY.