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D. H. CRONIN, EDITOR.



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If a man is arrested charged with murder is a sheriff performing his duty if he gives him the freedom of the city?

The leniency of our honorable county judge in dealing with men accused of crime is causing considerable comment. We will have more to say of this matter later.

Once again has the fair name of Holt county been stained with crime. The funny newspaper writers have been furnished material for sensational stories about the lawlessness and blood-thirsty greediness of the citizens of this county, but not through the instrumentality of residents of Holt. While the killing was done within the confines of this county the men who were instrumental in sending the soul of young Cole to his maker were from Keya Paha, across the Niobrara, a river whose waters have often been crimsoned with the blood of misguided and lonely wanderers. Is there no law in Keya Paha county? Have they no officers to pursue and arrest criminals or must such work be left in the hands of a few who pride themselves on their aptness in pulling a "shooting iron"? Is the life of a fellow being thought so lightly of that a man will kill him for stealing a couple of saddles and an old harness? When did two wrongs ever make a right? If the parties from whom the articles were stolen had sworn out a warrant and sent officers after them there is no question but what they would have been arrested and that without bloodshed. The property would have been recovered and the culprits could be punished according to law. But how different now. One or two men with the mark of Cain upon their brow and a conscience which will always accuse them and which they will find impossible to placate. Their most peaceful dreams will be disturbed by visions of the hillside near Stuart where Cole crossed the divide. If the accused are condemned and punished that will not restore to the aged mother her darling boy who, though probably a little wild, was dearly loved. The law should be strictly enforced and justice meted out to all offenders. It is for the protection of the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak and its majesty should be maintained.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

LINCOLN, April 27, 1897—Special Correspondence: Of the active farmers now in Nebraska, most of the older set remember how we used to stand up in line before the teacher's desk at the district school and read from the old McGuffey's Fifth Reader. It was a sterling book and every "piece" was a gem. How proud we were when we had been promoted to the fifth reader class and could stand up with the big boys and girls, and read verse about down the line. Some of us can even yet recite from memory the thundering lines from Bryon describing the battle of Waterloo, commencing, "There was a sound of revelry by night." We can remember some of the stirring passages from Webster's great oration where he began, "Mr. President, I shall enter into no eponym upon Massachusetts." We remember the story from Washington Irving of a buffalo hunt which occurred over a hundred years ago out in this western country somewhere, and the story of the

beautiful Geneva, who in thoughtless playfulness locked herself in the great oaken chest which held the secret of her death for fifty years. Life seemed very beautiful and romantic to us then, when our hearts were tender and impressionable, before these later disappointments had deadened our finer sensibilities. "But we promised so much and we've gained so little, We promised so much of glory and gold, And we've gained so little That our hands are cold. And for gold and glory we've gained instead, Hearts that are sickened and hopes that are dead."

There's as much beauty in the world now as there was then, but we don't see it. Love is humming the same old tunes, but the gentle music does not reach our ears. "Time that defaces us, Places and replaces us,"

has put deep furrows and harsh looks upon the happy faces which we had then. If we had been content to keep in the broad highway where competency and content comes at last as a sure reward for honest toil and frugal living, if we had kept out of the side roads into which greed, speculation and fashion were forever beckoning us, we would now be looking at life from a different standpoint, and the distance between what we hoped to achieve and what we have achieved would not seem so great.

But speaking of how we sometimes see ourselves from the wrong standpoint and how the burden of each one seems to him heavier and harder to bear than the burden of his fellow, reminds me of another one of the "pieces" which we used to read in the old McGuffey's.

In a certain country the people came to the king, each with a burden peculiar to himself, which seemed to him more grievous than the burden of any other and which he prayed might be removed by some act of the king or some process of law.

One man had a scolding wife, another had a carbuncle on his shoulder, another had a cork leg, and still another had an undutiful son. Now, if that king had been a demagogue, he would have tried to fool the people, to take their minds off on a wild goose chase after some pretended reform: He would have called a convention and would have prepared some thundering resolutions. He would have organized a street parade of those who had grievances. There would have been banners and mottoes crying "Down with carbuncles!" "Down with undutiful sons!" "Down with scolding women!" "Down with cork legs!" But the king was neither a demagogue nor a chump. He knew that life was no joke, that it was a serious matter, that thundering resolutions or flying banners would never do away with carbuncles, undutiful sons, scolding women or cork legs. He was philosopher enough to know that each man must evolve within himself sufficient individual strength to solve the problem of his own particular life and must keep his temper sweet enough, his mind clear enough, and his eyes open enough to see whatever sunshine would fall upon his path. The king knew that each of these complainers had brooded over his particular grievance until he had become morbid and chronic in his discontent, and that the only way to cure him of this mind malady was to change off with the other fellow.

And so he appointed a day when each should bring his burden to the palace and exchange it for another. And now the man with the scolding wife came, dragging her in, and flung her down before the king. The cork leg was thrown into the heap of discarded burdens and the undutiful son with his cigarette and tan colored shoes was tumbled in along with the carbuncle. And then there was a scramble each for what the other had discarded.

The carbuncle man had long had his eye on the scolding wife, for she had never scolded him, and he had seen her only in company where her manners were amiable and sweet. The father of the undutiful son was tickled to death to get the carbuncle, and the cork leg man was delighted at having an heir to his fortune and was willing to spend any amount of

money on cigarettes and tan colored shoes for the undutiful son.

But you remember, my old school-fellow from way back, how each of these men returned in a day or two and begged for his burden back again. And now I am wondering how Nebraska people feel since they have exchanged republicanism for populism.

The taxes were a heavy burden under republican rule. The populist politicians told the people over and over again that they would reduce the salaries of those who lived on the public, that they would abolish the secretaries of the board of transportation, would abolish a great many of the useless positions which absorb the substance of the people and render no equivalent. They would abolish railroad passes and stop the private junketing of public offices. Enough of the people believed these promises and voted for a change to put the populists in charge of the state government. Now, what is the result? Has the burden been made lighter?

I have seen a gaunt mother pursued by a hungry pack. I have watched her to see if she would finally yield to the cries of the fat little rascals who were too lazy to root for themselves. I have seen her at last, as if overcome by the importunities of the brood, lie down and turn up her dinner basket, and I have observed how each little pig rooted his nose about to find the softest teat, and how in their greedy scramble they crowded each other, how they sucked and pulled and grunted with satisfaction as the last drop was sucked from the poor old mother and how when she could no longer give down they jamed their little sharp hoofs into her flesh, rooting, pulling, sucking and squealing for more. Did you ever see pigs suck with more energy than these reformers who are sucking now? They have been jostling each other and quarreling like cats over the spoils instead of remembering the promises they had made to the people. Some of them have not only their noses but both feet in the trough, and some of them, hundreds whom I could name, are squealing all over the state because there was no teat for them. If I should write it down now that all these fine pretensions of reform were utterly false, that they intended to fool the people by this trick of pretensions just as Bryan fooled the people when he pretended to hate injunctions, and just as he advised the farmers and working men to deceive during the last campaign, and if I would say that populism is only an organized appetite for office, then the governor would send out, over the signature of his stenographer, another communication to the populist press denouncing me as a skunk. If the order which republican writers give out is bad, it is the order of populism uncovered, and I don't blame them for holding their noses at the smell. Honest populists all over the state are turning their noses away when they see this mass of pretended reform reeking with wriggling political maggots whose only instinct is appetite.

They are grabbing passes as passes were never grabbed before. They are grabbing salaries as salaries were never grabbed before. They are off on junketing tours, some of them, before they are dry behind the ears from being born into public office. A week before the legislature adjourned it was all at once discovered that the secretary of state was absent. It was given out by his clerks that he had left no word, but they thought he was off for a day or two at his home in Merrick county. It was an awkward and unusual thing for the secretary to be away at such a time. All the business of the session accumulates into his hands at the close, and it is important that he be there above all times in the year. The bills passed are required to be handled with great care lest there be some error in compiling them into the printed laws. But the secretary was away just at this critical time, and the mass of newly made laws was dumped into his office, into the hands of a lot of inexperienced clerks, just as a careless farmer dumps a load of corn into the mud

before a pen full of hungry cattle. The lawyers and those who understand how important it is to keep the work of legislation orderly and straight, smiled when they saw the general tumbled and disorderly manner in which the session was ending, and some of them say there is scarcely a bill passed which, when it finally gets into the book, will stand the test of its constitutionality. But the secretary was away, everything went by guess, and no one could tell where he was or when he would return. In two weeks after the close of the session he appeared and began to tell his confidential friends of the wonderful sights and the wonderful advantages of Florida. He had been on a junket to the south and could not keep the secret. Warwick Saunderk, one of the oil inspectors, is just returned from Texas, and is trying to be interviewed in an advertising scheme as a reward for his transportation. The governor and his private secretary, with their families, are off in a private car for a junket to Port Arthur and other points in Texas, which are trying to boom. The Gulf road, which furnished the private car and equipped it with victuals and drink, is sending out booming dispatches all over the country, quoting the governor and Maret as being wonderfully impressed with the opportunities offered by western Arkansas and other points which are seeking emigration from Nebraska. How do you like the change as far as you've got? J. W. JOHNSON.



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