

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

Right! All Right!

"When the frost is on the punkin," as Jim Riley used to say, And the summer leaves are tinted red and gold; When the squirrels are all hustling through the blessed livelong day, Fast storing up their food for winter's cold; That is when I'm feeling finer than all emperors or kings, And singing from the morn till late at night; For the orchards and the vineyards each its richest treasure brings, And my heart is saying: "Right! All right!"

"When," as once remarked by Riley—Jim—"the fodder's in the shock," And the leaves are gently whirring, stirring down; When Bob White from out the stubble calls the mother of his flock, And the meadow grass is turning sere and brown— Then is when I'm gay and happy from the rising of the sun, Till the western hills begin to hide its light; For the weary summer's over and the joy-time has begun, And my heart is saying: "Right! All right!"

When the autumn winds are blowing o'er the meadows brown and sere, And the corn blades turn to yellow with the frost; I am living and enjoying best of all the blessed year, Worth a whole lot more than all the toil it cost. So I'm full of joy and gladness while the Indian summer haze Tints the western blue with colors rich and bright; And I sing a loud thanksgiving through the cool October days, And my heart is saying: "Right! All right!"

The Office Boy Says:

Most self-made men ain't got no-boddy but demselves t' blame.

Most uv us ought t' be durned t'ankful dat we ain't gittin' w'ot's comin' t' us.

De guy dat's allus complainin' about havin' no show ought t' git a new act.

After anuder feller has done de job it's mighty easy f'r oder fellers t' stand off an' tell how it could a bin done better.

If you do your woik de best de boss is goin' t' find it out some time, an' don't you fergit it.

De woild is lookin' f'r men dat's allus ready t' do de little t'ings dat jus' must be done.

Everybody Watching.

A few nights ago Mr. Bryan arrived in Lincoln on a Rock Island train, which was, as usual, late. While waiting for a car at Twentieth street he was seen by a friend. The next day the friend met Mr. Bryan and said:

"I saw you last night, Mr. Bryan."

"Is that so? Where did you see me?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"You were standing on O street at the Rock Island crossing waiting for a car, and I went by on my car and saw you through the window."

"Well, well," mused Mr. Bryan. "That just proves that I couldn't take a drink at any bar anywhere in this country without somebody seeing me and telling about it."

His Nerve Saved Him.

Ex-Senator William V. Allen, who is a candidate for judge in the Norfolk district, was a mere boy—although a husky one—when the war broke out, and he managed to enlist in an Iowa company. He wouldn't lie about his age, but so managed it that he was questioned immediately after a chum who was not so conscientious. This chum, who was under 17, swore he was of age, and Allen, being a couple of months older, merely replied: "I'm older than he is," when questioned. That passed him.

A few months later Allen's regiment was in North Carolina, and on pretty short rations. Strict orders against foraging were issued, but this did not deter the soldiers from hustling something on the side. One day Allen wandered from camp and managed to bayonet a mighty fat shote. Shouldering the porker he tried to sneak back into camp but was detected by the officer of the day.

"Where did you get that pig?" sharply queried the officer.

"Allen saluted, laid the pig on the ground and replied:

"Bit me, sir, and I am taking him to the regimental surgeon to see if it had rabies. I'm dreadfully afraid of rabies, sir. If the surgeon says the pig was all right I'm going to turn it over to the officers' mess."

Allen and his messmates had roast pork for supper—and there was an odor of roast pig lingering suspiciously near the tent of the officer of the day about the same time.

Acting Police Judge Fullerton seems to be something of a Solomon. The other day a man fronted him, charged with having demolished the kitchenware of a neighbor. Judge Fullerton did not fine the man. That wouldn't have helped out the neighbor. So the punishment inflicted was a sentence to replace the demolished kitchenware. This reminds us of the sentence Judge Waugh of Kansas City once imposed. Two men charged with larceny were brought before him, one an elderly man known to have a bad record, the other a mere boy. It developed that the boy, who could neither read nor write, had been inveigled into the crime by the older prisoner. Judge Waugh sentenced them both to jail, the older one until he could teach the boy to read and write, and the boy until he learned.

Abdul Hamid.

There is an old Sultan in Turkey Whose morals are spotted and murky; And he dodges and yells While Italy's shells Are making his nerves mighty jerky.

Optimism.

John Z. White defines an optimist as "a man who don't give a d--n what happens, just so it doesn't happen to him." That's pretty good, but we know a better one.

The genuine optimist is a democratic candidate for county office in Lancaster who believes he stands a good show of election.

Time.

There are two better days than yesterday—today and tomorrow. The only good thing about yesterday is that its experience affords you a better chance to do the right thing today. And today is good because it gives you a chance to prepare for doing better tomorrow.

A Dozen Don'ts.

Don't take yourself to darned seriously.

Don't try to saw wood with a hammer.

Don't holler before you are hurt.

Don't overlook the fact that your rights end when your neighbor's rights begin.

Don't imagine that every man who smells of gasoline is the owner of an automobile. He may have been cleaning his own clothes.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that merely acting like a big man will make you big.

Don't forget that after running in to debt you'll have to walk out.

Don't complain about politics being "dirty" if you never do anything to make it clean.

Don't kick if you break a tooth biting at the other fellow's game.

Don't forget that a laugh pays dividends while a groan is calling for assessments.

Don't complain about failing to make both ends meet if you start with whisky at one end and wind up with champagne at the other.

Don't waste the other fellows time by giving him advice you wouldn't take yourself.

AD CLUB SMOKER.

The Lincoln Ad Club dedicated its new quarters in the Fraternity building Thursday with a "smoker" and "gabfest," and a bit of music on the side. President Westfall started things off with a few timely remarks, and then a number of members contributed a few words. All the time the smokes were going full tilt and everybody was happy and proud. The quarters are not large, but mighty cosy and comfortable, with their leather couches and easy chairs and desks and tables and rugs. Pretty soon the walls will be adorned with works of art, and the tables with books and magazines. The rooms are open until a reasonable hour at night, and from now on you'll find some of the publicity men there most any old hour. Now to bring that northwestern district convention to Lincoln!

ALDRICH'S BRAVE STAND.

The World-Herald is extravagant in its praise of Governor Aldrich for his timely remarks at the conference of governors in New Jersey, when he courageously assailed the abuse of judicial power in the invasion of a state's rights by federal courts. It was the keynote of the whole conference and every Nebraskan who loves all round, even-handed justice, and freedom from usurpation of power, will glory in the brave stand of our governor. The splendid words of the World-Herald unconsciously voices the wisdom of this people in its recent selection of a governor at the ballot box. Here's to the governor—may he keep on growing as a bold warrior in behalf of freedom from judicial wrong, on which the attention of the great American people is just now centered.—Ulysses Dispatch.

IN AND AROUND THE TOWN

"Made in Lincoln" is a mighty good sign to be looming up in various parts of the city. It may be seen on the structural steel work of the new Chapin building at Fourteenth and O, and on the new Commercial Club building at Eleventh and P. The fact that there is a concern in Lincoln big enough to handle such contracts speaks volumes for the industrial development of the city. And, more, it speaks a couple of volumes for the enterprise of John Westover, whose enterprise and energy produces the product. There are a lot of people in Lincoln who may not know it, but the Westover structural iron and steel works are to be numbered among the big industrial plants of this western section. And, once more, the young man who is making the business a success is a graduate of the State University, which speaks another volume or two for Nebraska and things Nebraskan.

Councilman Meier seems to have brought a smile to the faces of a number of eminent gentlemen who know a lot more about everything than most men know about anything. But, just the same, Councilman Meier offers what appears to us to be the most rational explanation yet given for the prevailing typhoid epidemic. He says that personal investigation shows him that a majority of those suffering from the disease attended the Epworth assembly, or have intimately associated with those who did attend. Certainly no one will claim that the water supply at Epworth park is above suspicion. Nor is the sewerage system of that resort all that it should be in view of the great number of people who camp there every summer. Instead of pooh-poohing at Councilman Meier's explanation some of the wise ones would do well to investigate it. The trouble with a lot of men is that they know so much that isn't so.

To be sure, Pasadena is a very beautiful city, and attracts those who have money. But there are a lot of us who haven't money enough to live in Pasadena and must remain right here and toil. And it is just such as we who insist that it is possible to carry this "city beautiful" idea to such an extreme as to make it increasingly difficult for a workingman to exist, much less support a family. Just as soon as we have fairly well solved the problem of industrialism in this community we may find time to devote to the problem of making Lincoln more beautiful. Just now a Busyful Lincoln is to be preferred to a Beautiful Lincoln.

The Lincoln Ad Club has secured quarters in the Fraternity building, and purposes establishing a rendezvous for the publicity men of the city. This organization is one of the "live wire" bunches of Lincoln, and is doing a splendid work, not only in advertising Lincoln, but in educating its membership along publicity lines. It has several things up its collective sleeve for the winter season, each one of which will stir things up in good shape.

It is high time that Lincoln took under careful advisement the matter of park improvement. Former efforts have been handicapped by outside matters, and it would be well to take up the park question wholly on its merits.

Lincoln ought to spend a quarter of a million dollars on park improvements and extensions during the next decade.

We've been boasting a lot about our municipal water plant, and by an ingenious system of bookkeeping we have managed to delude ourselves into believing that we are getting a splendid water service at a minimum cost. The fact of the matter is that were a private company to give us the service that the municipal plant has been giving us we'd be up in arms. Too much attention has been given to making the plant show a profit and not enough to making the service adequate. The municipal plant has no business to be showing a profit—every cent above actual maintenance and improvements should be returned in the shape of lower rates. There are two classes of consumers who are paying exorbitant rates for their water—the small householder and the large industrial corporation.

Once again we hear rumors of a charter committee. It makes us laugh. A lot of men, each with a "bug" in his head, will get together and try to frame a charter. The result will be a hodge podge that nobody wants. Lincoln either wants a commission system or is satisfied with present arrangements. The only way to secure a change, if a change is wanted, is for two or three men to get together, whip a commission charter into shape and let it be submitted to the voters. A "commission" made up of members from a dozen different organizations will do just as all former "commissions" have done—nothing.

Councilmen who are surprised that Water Commissioner Tyler paid no attention to the order to discontinue the use of the Rice well merely advertise their own ignorance of municipal affairs. Mr. Tyler is a law unto himself. If he wants to use the Rice well he will use it, and the city council and the sufferers from bad city water may go hang.

The ordinance prohibiting the carrying of a passenger on a motor cycle in front of the driver is seemingly in limbo with the ordinances against expectorating on the sidewalk, running autos more than twelve miles an hour on the telephone poles. The motor in the city limits and tacking placards cyclists are paying about as much attention to the new ordinance as hogs would to a rule prohibiting them putting their forefeet in the trough.

Of course the city council should reimburse the plain clothes police for the money they spend for liquor in trying to ferret out the "bootleggers." But what surprises us is that there should be any "bootleggers" in Lincoln under present conditions.

Mayor Armstrong's suggestion that an expert should be called in to investigate the water supply and recommend a remedy for any defects that may be found to exist, is the rational one. That there is something wrong, not only with the water supplied, but with the volume, is evident to the most superficial observer. Just what it is may require an expert to determine. But a city's water supply is so vital a part of a city's welfare that the matter of expense must not be taken into consideration in dealing with the

question. With the approach of freezing weather we may hope to soon be relieved for a time from all this hubbub about the "four-foot line," and get a bit of relief along other lines.

SPEAKING OF CHALLENGES.

At Cherryvale, Kan., the president repeated the challenge he issued at Detroit to Mr. Bryan to produce an example of restraint of trade that would not come within the scope of the supreme court decisions in the Standard Oil and tobacco trust cases. He spoke of the criticisms as "glib." It would be a reflection on the president's intelligence to assume that he expects his remarks on the trust question to be taken seriously. He knows that Mr. Bryan has only reiterated the criticisms contained in the dissenting opinion of Justice Harlan and in the report of the senate judiciary committee filed by Senator Nelson three years ago. Justice Harlan and Senator Nelson pointed out that the amendment written into the law by the supreme court practically nullifies the criminal clause of the anti-trust law. Relying on the authorities cited by Justice Harlan and Senator Nelson, Mr. Bryan has asserted, and asserts again, that it will be found practically impossible to convict a trust magnate in a criminal court.

Does the president believe a criminal conviction possible? If so, why does he hesitate to prosecute the officials of the Standard Oil and tobacco companies?

How long would it take to secure a final decision in a criminal prosecution against a trust official? It required four years and a half to secure a judgment against the Standard Oil company and we do not know yet whether the "reorganization" will be any improvement over the original company.

The president is "bluffing." He knows that the question which he raises can not be settled until after the next presidential election and then it does not make any difference to him how it is settled. By the aid of the trusts he won the last presidential election without proposing any remedy for the trusts, and he hopes by the aid of the trusts to win another election by indorsing the retrograde policy of the supreme court. He may tickle the trust magnates, who elected him and who give him the only hope he has of succeeding himself, but he ought not to be able to deceive those who are really opposed to the trusts.

But, speaking of challenges, here's one for the president: Mr. Bryan challenges him to make public the written and verbal recommendations upon which he appointed Justice White to the position of chief justice over Justice Harlan and the recommendations, written and verbal, on which he appointed the justices whom he has placed on the supreme bench. Did he know how they stood on the trust question or was it purely accidental that all of his appointees took the trust side of the question?

He signed a publicity bill that requires publicity as to campaign contributions. Why not have a little publicity as to the influences that control the appointment of United States judges?—William J. Bryan, in The Commoner.

JURISPRUDENCE.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagasear was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler.

"Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply: "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."—Success.

WE'RE FOR DICK.

The announcement by Dick Yates of his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor of Illinois seems to promise something of an anti Lorimer campaign in that state. Dick Yates is a fearlessly plainspoken campaigner.—Lincoln Daily Star.