

## WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHY

By WILL M. MAUPIN

### Just Around the Corner.

Just around the corner! O, it's but a little ways  
Where there lingers still the joytimes of our happy childhood days.  
Though sometimes the way is weary, and we chafe beneath the load  
That we bear on tired shoulders as we trudge the weary road;  
Yet when ev'ning comes upon us and we seize the rest we've won,  
Laying down a while the burden we have borne since rising sun,  
We can close our eyes on toiling and on mem'ry's wings of gold  
Fly back just around the corner to the childhood days of old.

Just around the corner! Such a little ways to go  
When we travel back in mem'ry to the joys we used to know.  
Such a little backward journey, but how long the journey seems  
When 'tis measured by the heart-aches and the pains of vanished dreams.  
Such a little journey taken on the wings of memory,  
Though how long the way, and weary, since the days of used to be.  
But when ev'ning's shadows gather quick, we take the backward way—  
Till we're just around the corner where we used to laugh and play.

Just around the corner! O, how blue the arching skies;  
And how sweet the roses blooming, and how sweet the woodland lies.  
Hear the music of the water as it turns the grumbling wheel;  
Watch the partridge through the thickets in the cooling shadows steal;  
Hear the chatter of the squirrel, hear the brown nuts as they fall;  
Catch the far-off welcome echoes of the old horn's ringing call;  
Long the road that we have journeyed, though it's but a little ways—  
Only just around the corner to the joys of other days.  
—Will M. Maupin, in *The Commoner*.

### The Office Boy Says.

A meal in de stomik beats a bale o' tracts in de hand.  
De easiest t'ing erbout woikin' is gitin' ready t' quit.  
A little more woik savin' de kids at de start would save a big lot o' woik an' worry later on.  
Some fellers is so intent on lookin' up f'r a way t' heaven dat dey stumble on a lot o' little t'ings.  
De guys w'ot is doin' de most f'r de country ain't allus de guys w'ot is doin' de most talk erbout it.  
It'll be easier t' intrust men in de hereafter w'en dey don't have t' worry so much about de right now.  
De politikle fellers is dere wid de glad hand now, but de frozen face is what we'll git after dey land.  
I favor dis soul savin' bizness, all right; but I t'ink dat a little stomik savin' as a starter would help a lot.  
De diffrence between a lot ov us an' de blokies w'ot is doin' time in de big stir is dat we ain't bin found out—yet.  
If de people ever git t' votin' f'r deir own intrusts dere's goin' to be a lot o' perfeshunal politicians dat'll have t' go t' woik f'r a livin'.  
De coin w'ung frum de toil o' little kids an' sac faced wimmen may make a big rattle in de contribushun box, but it ain't goin' to make no helluva show on de books up dere.

### Where's the Game Warden?

Being a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, we want to know something about the game laws. The daily press reports that Governor Aldrich returned Sunday from his enforced vacation at the South Bend fish hatcheries, bringing with him a 5-pound catfish he had caught in some backwater.  
Now by what right did Chester H. Aldrich catch a fish out of season? And being the state game warden him-

self, as well as governor, what sort of an example is he setting the rest of us? And how are we to know that he didn't chase that fish up into the backwater on purpose?  
Besides, he didn't send us a part of the catfish.

### Sarcastic.

Having taken due note that his office in the Funke building had not been seriously damaged by Sunday night's fire, Dr. Farnham proceeded to investigate. After noting the smoked-up condition of the law offices all about him he remarked:  
"Anyhow, their offices are about as clear as some of the law they try to expound."

### The Irony of Fate.

Time usually compensates all things, if given a chance. Norfolk, Nebr., has been flooded for a week or ten days, the entire business section and most of the residence section being under water. Right in the middle of the business section is a saloon, and it happens to be in about the lowest spot in the city, therefore the first to succumb to the flood. And the proprietor, ere he rowed away from his place of business in a skiff, dailed upon the door this sign:

"Closed—Too much water!"

### Champ Clark o' Mizsoory.

Ol' Champ Clark o' Mizsoory! We're whoopin' it up f'r Champ.  
Got t' keep shovin' over—they're crowdin' into his camp.  
Clean as a hound's tooth, Champ is; no squarer man you've seen  
Than ol' Champ Clark o' Mizsoory—  
Champ Clark o' Bowlin' Green.  
Nothin' o' fuss an' feathers, an' nothin' o' pomp an' show,  
One o' them four-square fellers a feller is glad t' know.  
Wise ol' owl ol' Champ is, an' strong as a hick'ry limb;  
One of us common fellers, an' we're whoopin' it up f'r him!  
Nothin' o' new conversion 'bout Champ as a dimmyerat.  
Been fightin' th' party's battle since '80, an' long 'fore dat.  
Allus could see Champ fightin' out there on th' firin' line—  
Never did want no bolters or none o' their ilk in mine.  
Dodgin' an' trimmin' never, but allus a fightin' fair;  
Whenever th' party needs him you'll find ol' Champ right there.  
Built just right f'r a leader, an' born f'r t' take command,  
We're f'r Clark o' Mizsoory, an' whoopin' t' beat th' band.

Ain't backeappin' no one, but Champ is th' man I like.  
Best o' th' whole caboodle from Trenton clean on t' Pike.  
Knows about men an' matters by diggin' down deep f'r facts;  
Don't have t' make big promise—his record is one o' acts.  
Can't fool Champ on th' tariff—he's wise t' th' whole trust clan.  
Got 'em all tagged an' numbered clean down t' th' last darned man.  
Says that revision downward means down with a mighty swoop—  
One reason we're boostin' Champ, sir; just listen an' hear us whoop!

### Proved It, Too.

Joseph Oberfelder of Sidney was back in New York a few weeks ago, where he is related to a lot of the foremost Jewish families and has business dealings with the rest of them. At dinner one evening with a lot of these relatives and friends a guest at the table asked:

"Do you have any trouble with Indians in Nebraska any more?"  
"Not very much," replied Mr. Oberfelder. "Not as much as you have with them in this state of yours."  
"Why, we haven't any Indians in New York state!" exclaimed his friend.

"O, yes you have," retorted the Sid-

ney man. "You have almost twice as many as we have in Nebraska. We have less than 3,500 and you have more than 5,000."

"Bet you the dinner at Del's for the crowd," exclaimed the New Yorker.

The wager was accepted with alacrity and the next day the Sidney man proved his case by referring to the government census reports in the city library. The exact figures according to the census of the department of the interior are: Nebraska, 3,322; New York, 5,257.

### The Easiest Way.

Lieutenant Governor Morehead tells a good story concerning an old resident of Barada precinct, Richardson county. This old resident, Uncle Sammy, was raised a democrat, and for many years was the recognized leader of the party in Barada precinct. After Morehead had served two terms as county treasurer—the first democratic treasurer Richardson ever had, by the way—he started out to help the democrat nominated to succeed him. The first place he struck for was Barada precinct to enlist Uncle Sammy's support.

Uncle Sammy came to the front gate and was properly introduced, but when Morehead asked him to give his friend a boost Uncle Sammy nodded his head and drawled:

"Can't o it nohow, John."

"Why, how's that, Uncle Sammy?" queried Morehead.

"I done changed my politics," said Uncle Sammy. "I'm votin' th' other way now."

"What's your reason for such a radical change, Uncle Sammy?" asked Morehead.

"Well, it's just this way, John. It's a durn sight easier t' be a republican. All a feller's got t' do is t' stand pat an' vote 'er straight."

But they do say that Uncle Sammy will bolt the standpatters this year and vote for his old friend Morehead for governor.

### DOES NOT MEAN THAT.

The Courier's advice is; to vote against all the amendments except the first, the initiative and referendum. On the face of it, it looks as if cities of over 5,000 population should be allowed to govern themselves; but then, if to govern themselves means that they would have the power to annul the 8 o'clock closing law and many others, then they ought not to have this right.—Minden Courier.

The proposition to allow cities of 5,000 population and over to make their own charters does not mean that they will thus be given the power to annul the 8 o'clock closing law, or any other law upon the statute books. As a matter of fact, the amendment specifically provides that charters thus made shall comply in every respect with the constitution and the legally enacted laws of the state. The adoption of this amendment merely means that cities of 5,000 and over may seize the opportunity to deal with their own local problems with which they are acquainted, regardless of the interference of outsiders who are neither in sympathy with nor responsible for them. If the esteemed Courier has no other argument than this against the proposed amendment it should get right and help local communities free themselves from what is now a burden. Such charters as proposed cannot, under any stretch of the imagination, annul the constitution or the statutes. Will Maupin's Weekly favors the adoption of every one of the proposed constitutional amendments.

### LET US INFORM YOU.

If any republican should ask us which one of the republican candidates for railroad commissioner he should vote for, we would answer promptly, H. G. Taylor of Central City; but if a democrat should ask us the same question, we would be unable to answer till we investigate farther.—Crete Democrat.

Quite correct as regards Brer Taylor, who is a mighty good man, Brer Bowlby. But why investigate farther as regards the democratic aspirants?

Are you not aware, Brer Bowlby, that the editor of Will Maupin's Weekly is one of 'em? Sure! So why investigate further? Drop into our sanctum any old day between now and April 19 and we'll offer you copper-riveted and steel-jacketed proof that we can touch the best democratic candidate for railway commissioner without taking our hands out of our pockets.

### HE IS A GOOD MAN.

Floyd Seybolt of Geneva was in the city the last of last week calling on democrats and getting acquainted. He is a candidate for the fusion nomination for state treasurer and is waging an intelligent and a vigorous campaign. Mr. Seybolt is a gentlemanly appearing man of the proper age and qualifications to impress the people with whom he meets that he is the right man for the office. He made friends here and when he left Ord it was with the satisfied feeling that he had materially advanced his interests.—Ord Journal.

### A SEVERE BLOW.

The destruction of L. B. Stoner's restaurant, "The Inn," by the fire in the Funke building last Monday morning is not only a severe loss to Mr. Stoner, but to a large number of people who had come to regard it as the next best thing to home. Mr. Stoner had made The Inn one of the most popular cafes in the west and was building up a patronage that was evidence of his skill as a caterer. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stoner will shortly be able to resume business, and at the same old stand.

### HOPE THIS IS TRUE.

Will M. Maupin is more than running for state railway commissioner. He is galloping all over the state and a herd of salt grass editors are boosting him for fair. Maupin knows Nebraska. He has the ability to make a painstaking and efficient official. His acquaintance in the state makes him a very formidable candidate among the democrats.—Omaha Western Laborer.

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