

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

LOOK at the difference. Aside from a small group of lobbyists who haven't been able to sleep since election day over the imminence of the success of Norris Brown, the people near the legislature have had no worry over the senatorial election. A ballot on Tuesday, a joint session of less than an hour yesterday, and it was all over. No fuss, no swapping of votes for promises of office, no direct or indirect bribery, no hard words, no suspicion. Everybody happy.

The other thing happened eight years ago and again six years ago this winter. In 1899 D. E. Thompson, a Lincoln gas and insurance and railroad man, wanted the senatorship and asked for it on the ground that he had helped so many of the members get elected, just as Simon Guggenheim demanded a toga in Colorado this winter because he had put up for the campaign expenses of the legislators. From the first day the session opened until March the state was kept in a turmoil over his attempt to break into the senate. The legislature was a bedlam, and most of the members were either thoroughly mad or under suspicion of wanting to trade their votes for office. Even after the republicans nominated Hayward, Thompson jumped to the fusionists and offered to stay out of republican caucuses and do certain other things if they would elect him with the help of a few republican bolters. Not until the vote was actually taken at noon on March 8 did the republicans finally feel that it was safe to close their eyes in slumber.

This bolting incident lasted over to 1901 and furnished the chief cause for the turmoil that made the session the most notorious in the history of the state. Senator Hayward was virtually killed by the long strain connected with his election, dying in the following December. Then Thompson, who had sold out his interests here and was moving to Omaha, jerked his citizenship back to Lincoln and again became a candidate. This time the row lasted until March 28. The whole session was given up to it, in fact, as the final vote was taken on the last day fixed by the constitution. The town was jammed with lobbyists sent here on passes to work on the members. If there was an office in the world that wasn't dangled before some legislator's eyes, it was because it was overlooked, that was all. On the night before the closing there were probably more private cars in the Lincoln yards than had been there on any night for years, and to end the whole agony, the Burlington and Union Pacific managers were allowed to pick out as "compromise senators" two men who had scarcely been thought of for the place, Millard and Dietrich. The private cars virtually appointed 'em. The present method of making senators marks the reaction from that old system.

SLACK travel always follows the holidays, but people come in from the road now with tales of an unusual dearth of fellow passengers. A couple of Lincoln men who enjoyed a Pullman all by themselves nearly all the way from Chicago the other day said that the condition was changed by the trainmen to the disappearance of the pass. When the pass was blooming in full vigor a dozen years ago it was common to see one-half of the Pullman passengers flash free transportation. Up to last year about one-third of them had it. Now the pass is really becoming extinct, according to all accounts, and the surprising thing about it is the general agreement among railroad men and the people who have been deprived of the privilege that its abolition is a good thing.

All of the pass bills allow railroad employes to ride free, but it is not so easy to get exchange courtesies of this kind on other roads as it was formerly. For example, the interstate commerce commission believes that to be entitled to a pass over another road, a railroad man must give his entire time to the railroad service. This shuts out the railroad lawyer who is engaged in private practice. He may get a pass over his own road without much trouble, but when he wants to travel in some other territory he finds his way blocked. An effort is now under way to modify the severity of this rule. Unless something is accomplished in that line the railroad lawyers in the smaller cities will confine their traveling pretty closely to the roads they do business for.

On a recent day when the editor of the Falls City Tribune rode from Lincoln to Falls City, but one pass was presented to the conductor in the entire distance. During previous legislative sessions, according to the Tribune, this train averaged forty annual passes a day, hence the editor concludes that a two cent passenger fare bill would be just and should be passed.

The legislature might as well not be in session so far as its effect on the peace of the city is concerned. Usually the air is full of legislative electricity at about this time, but this winter the capitol is almost as tame as a Sunday school. There are a few lobbyists here,

but the folks who pay their salaries are throwing the money away.

An eastern physician who visited Lincoln not long ago said that he was impressed by the vitality of the people as he encountered them on the streets. He felt that he had never seen so large a proportion of the entire visible public so free from signs of tuberculosis as in Nebraska. That the climate is favorable for warding off and even curing consumption has been known since the early settlement of the state. It has also been known that many diseases thrive but poorly here; and yet old time Nebraskans rarely do any bragging about the climate. They are mildly surprised, in fact, when they see highly eulogistic references to the weather as one of the charms of Lincoln. They are just beginning to realize that their climate is better than they have thought.

DRIFT WOOD

This date in history: Forty-two years ago Horace Leet, father's hired man, went to Mantorville (Minn.), seven miles away, to mill. He returned after night with his feet so badly frozen he couldn't get out for six weeks. During that time we occasionally enlivened his lonely hours by the recitation of this original couplet: "Horace Leet, take a seat: Never mind your frozen feet."

The decision of Congressman Pollard to send garden seeds only to those who ask for them is wise. In the past little good has ever resulted from the foolish custom which was first inaugurated as a scheme for solidifying the support of the agricultural element at no cost to the members of congress. Much of the seed purchased for free distribution is worthless trash that won't grow and would do more harm than good if it did. There are things in universal demand, sugar for instance, which might be delivered free to the infinite delight of every recipient of a ten-pound package. Why not sugar, tea, coffee, or the newest and most approved varieties of breakfast food?

If Uncle Sam now has a lot of things I need and haven't got, And thinks it is the proper thing To send supplies out in the spring, I wish he'd hear to my request And send out what I like the best. Last spring some one supplied my needs With lettuce, beet and turnip seeds. While that for which I had to scrap Was buckwheat cakes and maple sap. This is my prayer to Uncle Sam: "Send me a keg of nails, a ham; Send something that I really want, Some maple sugar from Vermont, A sack of good self-rising flour (I need a biscuit every hour); Send that for which my sad heart bleeds, Send anything but garden seeds."

Had I the gift, developed strong, Like Uncle Crofts or Nathan Griggs, Today I'd like to write a song About Nebraska's boar black pigs.

Here is a state where plenty's horn Is running over all the time; The almost bursting cribs of corn Have oft been written up in rhyme.

Of pastures green and rippling rills, Of babbling brooks and lake and pond Of cattle on a thousand hills, And horses on the hills beyond;

Of everlasting ricks of hay, In valleys minus swamps and bogs, We've always had a deal to say— Now just one word about the hogs:

His value on the bill of fare 'Twere worse than idle to discuss; Our tables groan with pork to spare— Roasted or stewed its good for us.

And, in the markets to the east, And to the south, and north and west, You catch the flavor of the beast Nebraska grown—it is the best.

A benefaction to the race We must confess with one accord; A profit on the market place, A pleasure at the festal board.

And there is glory for the men, And very much of wealth in store, Who make two pigs grow in the pen Where only one pig grew before.

A Lincoln subscriber who writes to refute an argument sent in from Silver Creek, near the Platte, asks this question, or the two in one: "Who is Charley Wooster, anyway, and what is his trade or calling?" What a question to ask in the face, as it were, of Nebraska history. Charley Wooster is himself, and there is nobody like him under the sun. He is a combination farmer-statesman, who homesteaded in Merrick county almost thirty years ago. He came from the effete east, armed with an education and as fine side whiskers as were ever ranned by favoring breezes in any state north of Tennessee. If somebody has not been stringing us he was born in old Kentucky, of thoroughbred stock. He served his country in the union army when treason stalked red-handed over Columbia and was discharged with an honorable record. He was a fighter before as well as during the war, and has been a fighter ever since. If you doubt it step on his coat tail and see him jump. Thirty years ago, coming next June, he broke prairie on his homestead near Silver Creek. You should have seen him in his bare feet, blue denim overalls and stovepipe hat. Ever and anon a breath of wind rustled through his side whiskers, ever and anon he stopped to pull a silver out of his foot, ever and anon he swore at the off ox for moving out of the furrow after a bunch of luxuriant and tempting forage. That was Wooster, the agriculturist. The plug hat was matter of history when the roll of Nebraska

statesmen was called and Wooster answered, "Here." He was elected to the lower house of the legislature, if we mistake not, in the fall of 1896, and he made a record of which neither he nor his friends have ever been ashamed. Inclined to be an off horse, with a strong penchant for kicking, you always knew what to expect and about how much.

One of the men whom I admired Was Wooster; One of the men who made me tired Was Wooster. One of the men—and that's no dream— Who could detect a rotten scheme, And be depended on to scream, Was Wooster.

The roll was called, then some one rose, 'Twas Wooster; One dealt at wrong sledghammer blows, 'Twas Wooster. Whenever schemers smooth and slick Made their attempts to turn a trick, One man was right on hand to kick— 'Twas Wooster.

And this is all I have to say Of Wooster; Few men there are who have the way Of Wooster. But it is strange, upon my word, In fact it is almost absurd, That one man lives who hasn't heard Of Wooster.

But it's almost like summer down here. Morris K. Jesup of New York is an interesting character. He is said to be a God-fearing man, of somewhat generous and philanthropic impulses. Certainly, if he may be judged by his looks, he is an eminently respectable gentleman. But he is one of the long list of very wealthy men of New York who has the art of dodging the tax-fixer down to a fine point. His personal property is listed at \$100,000. He could check twice that out of the bank any day and never miss it. He has often been held up as an example of the better class of millionaires, but while he has manifested a loftier public spirit in some ways, it is doubtful if a more foxy grandpa could be found in the entire galaxy of grizzled tax-shirkers. Friends may plead in extenuation that he was nurtured from infancy in an atmosphere of graft and is simply doing as the rest have always done. That may be an excuse, but it is a mighty poor justification.

If you will quit tobacco for a few years you will wonder what in the world ever possessed you to acquire the fool habit in the first place.

A man is dead in Delaware— Gas Addicks; He isn't in it anywhere— Gas Addicks. Is in a devil of a fix In that he's out of politics; A target for all sorts of kicks Is Addicks.

It is snowy and cold to the north and the east. But it's almost like summer down here; In St. Paul it is ten below zero at least, But it's almost like summer down here. In the land by the lake where I once used to dwell, And of pleasures had more than I ever can tell, It is cold as the deuce and is snowing like the mischief.

Sometimes a bowl of corn bread and milk for supper is more satisfying than a banquet. In preparing this repast take a pan of milk from which none of the cream has been eliminated and turn into the bowl the amount you think you need. If more than your share of the cream rolls into your dish, don't pretend to notice it, but crumb in the johnnycake and get busy at once.

NEBRASKA

WHEN you die will any such gap in your community be left as this, pictured by a Minature reporter: "Since the death of S. D. Cox, Minature needs a good citizen, a gentleman, a neighbor, a friend, a brother, a lawyer, a notary public, a newspaper editor, the North Platte water users association a secretary, and the Nebraska Central Building and Loan company a representative, and the Presbyterian church a pillar. It also needs back-

The West Point Republican reports among the first things that happened in that town the following:

The first log house was built by the townsite company in 1857.

The first frame house was erected by Ed Dallow in 1858.

The first birth was a son to Mr. and Mrs. A. Babbitt.

The first female child born was to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Neligh, now Mrs. Alice Sims.

The first death was Mrs. Gaul in 1857.

The first marriage was that of John D. Neligh and Miss Catharine Probst of Omaha, March 13, 1860.

The first school was taught by Miss bone to enforce statutes against illegal liquor selling, boot-legging and gambling of all descriptions. Also a city marshal."

Alice Buckley in a brick school house on Lincoln street.

The first town lot was given away to John Meyer. He built a store on it in 1867.

The first goods were sold by A. E. Fenske in 1867.

The first blacksmith was Ed Dallow, in 1858.

The first harness shop was opened by Joseph Dworack, in 1858.

The first bricks were burned by Neligh, Crawford and Houser, in 1858.

The first livery stable was conducted by George Gallen, in 1869.

The first postoffice was established in 1858, J. C. Crawford being appointed as first postmaster.

The United States land office was moved from Omaha to West Point in 1869, E. K. Valentine made register and Uriah Bruner receiver.

The first saw mill was erected in 1857, and the first grist mill began to grind in 1869, the foundry by Wobig & Schwarts in 1886 and the West Point Butter and Cheese association in 1878.

The earliest of these dates indicate that this is the year of golden jubilee for West Point, and the Republican suggests: "There is no reason why a celebration of this kind should not be held and many why it should. It has been suggested that the matter be taken up by the Commercial club and this suggestion seems to be a good one, if that organization can be quickened into life. It is important that the entire city be actively and earnestly behind a movement of this sort." According to this paper, "In May, 1869, West Point was incorporated as a village, the first board of trustees being J. B. Thompson, John D. Neligh, John J. Bruner and Herman Klocke. It was incorporated as a city of the second class in 1873, and in the spring of 1874 J. C. Crawford was elected the first mayor and F. W. Vostrovsky clerk. During the year 1880, owing to the passage of a new state law requiring cities to have a population of at least 1,500, West Point fell back to a village government and remained in that class until 1886, when it was incorporated as a city the second time, John D. Neligh being elected mayor in the spring of 1887."

Perhaps the murder of Sam Cox has had something to do with it. From whatever cause there has been an unusual manifestation of anti-saloon feeling in the state. In Chadron this takes the form of enforcing the laws, as the following notice, served on all saloon-keepers one day recently by Mayor Donahue, witnesses: "On and after Sunday, the 13th day of January, 1907, you are hereby notified and required to remove all screens, blinds and other articles from in front of your windows and doors, and all paint from the glass in such windows so as to afford an unobstructed view from the outside of said windows and doors to your bar, and the whole of said bar, and to the interior of your saloon. In case of your failure to do so, prosecution will be brought against you, and proceedings for the revocation of your license will be taken. And you are required to close your saloon Sundays and nights, as provided by ordinance No. 39 of the said city." At Exeter a move for a higher tax on the single saloon licensed in the place is advocated by the Enterprise.

Had such a thing as a wolf bounty never been agreed to by the state legislature J. H. Young of Nemaha county would not have suffered the severe disappointment and ultimate embarrassment of a humiliating mistake. The Auburn Herald tells the story.

One day, a fortnight ago, Mr. Young while crossing the pasture saw a grey animal making a sudden "get away," and he immediately gave chase. He finally cornered the "varmint" and yelled loudly for the hired man to bring the pitchfork. The later person made a hurried run with the fork, which once in the hands of Mr. Young he soon made an end of the animal.

Bringing the hide to the house the hunter rang up a neighbor. "What are grey wolf scalps worth?" he asked over the 'phone. "You haven't any grey wolf scalp," was the reply, "there aint any in this part of the country." Mr. Young insisted that he had the goods and incidentally mentioned that he had killed the brute with a pitchfork. The receiver was suddenly hung up at the other end of the line, and the conversation ended abruptly.

The next morning on his way to Auburn, Mr. Young met Chas. Rebeck who hailed him and asked whither he was bound.

"I killed a grey wolf with a pitchfork yesterday and I'm taking him to Auburn to get the bounty," promptly replied Young.

Rebeck's curiosity was aroused, and going to the wagon, he looked at the pelt. He gave one yell and then doubled up in a fit of laughter, which promised convulsions. Young looked at him seriously until Rebeck got so he could speak and then asked if he might inquire the cause of the latter's mirth.

"You might as well turn back home, Young, for you've killed no more grey wolf than I have; that's a coon skin." And so it proved.

One hundred dollars an acre for a Buffalo county farm is the latest sensation in the "semi-arid belt." The E. Wyman farm near Shelton, owned by David Neely, was sold lately to August Randacker of Odessa for \$10,000. It was a farm of 160 acres. Mr. Neely paid \$10,000 for the place three years ago.