

DRIFTWOOD

"For if ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—Romans, viii:13

A great many people dig their graves with their teeth. They eat to gratify their animal desires to the very limit, and not with the nobler object always in view of nourishing their bodies.

Gourmandizing is the cause of more kinds of physical grief than the entire army of microbes which the bacteriologists maintain is the primary cause of all or nearly all of our multiple physical infirmities. Living to eat. Questioning perpetually what we shall have for dinner or what particularly palatable dessert for the evening meal, which should be of light and easily digested materials.

And whether we linger along and suffer for years in a state of chronic invalidism or are gathered to our fathers as a result of living after the flesh the scripture is fulfilled. There is such a thing as death in life. It is where the vital organs refuse to perform their functions normally and we go about with a blue cast of countenance like Rachael weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

Nevertheless the recuperative powers of the vital organism are something wonderful for which man ought to get down on his knees and thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift every day that he lives. How often in the strength of your young manhood have you found it necessary to work over-hours in order to accomplish a task that would suffer through delay. It looks like rain and there are ten acres of wheat to put in the shock and night is approaching. You are already tired when you begin the task, but it is something that must be done and you buckle in to get as much of it finished by daylight as possible. Night comes on, but you keep a-going. You see the storm gathering and it nerves you to greater effort despite the weariness and the aching bones. At midnight the job is done and you drag your way to the house, tired enough to drop down in the stubble anywhere and go to sleep with the crickets and toads. Once in bed, you fall asleep as soon as your head touches the pillow, and the roar of the tempest, the thunder crashes and the rain beating on the roof only make you sleep the sounder. You are awakened at last by the sound of the breakfast bell and, except for a slight stiffness of the joints on arising, you feel none the worse for the late carnival of extra hard work. Nature repaired all the damage while you slept.

And because nature is so kind, and so indulgent, and so assiduous in repairing the self-inflicted damages to this wonderful piece of vital machinery, mankind is careless, thoughtless and sometimes flagrantly abusive of this "temple" of clay until the limit of recuperative possibility has been passed and a talk about the "mysterious dispensations of Providence," as though the one mourned had been arbitrarily cut down for some unknown and unknowable reason.

Tom Reed, the "czar" of the house of representatives, who insisted that a congressman occupying his seat in the house was there whether he said he was or not, was a man of sedentary habits and convivial tastes. He was fond of good victuals in considerable quantities and took particular delight in late dinners where speeches followed the terrapin, little-necked clams and wine with the diamond-colored head in it. He had a powerful physique and an iron constitution, but he couldn't keep up with himself. He lived after the flesh, and was called hence in the prime of a prudent man's years.

The list of illustrious men who cut themselves down as he did is monotonously long and sorrowful to contemplate. Some have broken down under the strain and only half lived when they should have been most alive. Ben Franklin became gouty and apopleptic by reason of time worse than wasted in high living and chess-playing when he admits himself he might have enjoyed the best of health had he taken plenty of outdoor exercise and eaten the simplest foods he knew were best for him, but he preferred to eat those articles of diet that tickled his palate, and he had to pay the penalty.

Our old friend John S. — was a man of means whose wife had the reputation of being one of the very best cooks in Faribault county. Everybody liked her cooking because she put nothing on the table that didn't taste good, and it was the joy of her heart to set a fine table and have her friends take hold as though it were not a burden to eat what was set before them. John worked hard and ate hearty for a number of years before he noticed that something was seriously wrong with his digestion. Nature had borne the imposition as long as she could, and then the breakdown came. John's stomach refused to perform the task that was set before it, and he went to the doctor who first cleansed his system with calomel and then prescribed those aids to digestion which do about as much good as a doctrinal sermon does to a hardened sinner, and the man grew steadily worse. In three years, at the age of forty-eight, he had become as near a total wreck as may be seen in any of the most startling before-taking pictures, and the several doctors who by that time had had to do with his case were agreed that it was hardly worth while to do more than collect the fees coming to them and let him pass peacefully on. He was in that extremely aggravating condition when it seemed that nothing would stay on his stomach. It was after the doctors had given him up, that a kind old lady of the neighborhood suggested that maybe his stomach would tolerate a spoonful of "clabbered" milk. The spoonful was swallowed and it stayed put. In an hour or two he took another, and then another. He stopped all medicating and took no form of nourishment for several weeks but the over-ripe milk. Then he

added to it a little toasted corn bread, which also seemed to touch the right spot, and on this simple and to the uneducated taste, repulsive diet, he threw and ultimately recovered his health and with it a happiness he had never before experienced. He took to cultivating the spiritual side of his nature and instead of becoming morose and hard to get along with in his old age, he was the most thoroughly happy and contented character in the whole neighborhood and everybody loved him because his presence was a benediction to all. He lived to be nearly ninety years of age and was happy to the last.

Who mortifies the flesh below And gives the soul a chance to grow Is on the track and on the train Bound for the goal man should attain. Toward higher things we should aspire—

Lord, let it be our heart's desire To put aside the wrongs that lure, Lest earthly ills that have no cure Assail us here, for those who try To run that course may sin and die, Teach us, dear Lord, from day to day, To do Thy will in every way; In all our going while we mix Among our fellow-mortals. BIX.

House roll No. 110 is a measure that ought to pass. Its purpose is to put the hobo out of the game, and the time has come when it cannot be accounted a cruelty to do so. It having been decreed that all men who ride on the choo-choo cars must pay regular rates, there is no good reason why authority should not be vested in the trainmen to call Weary Willie from off the bumpers in the name of the state of Nebraska whose statutes he has offended. Weary is a dangerous character. The man who scorns to work for a living when labor is in such demand as it has been for the past few years has a head for mischief and needs watching all the time. If trainmen are vested with police power, Weary will soon learn that it isn't healthy for him to talk back or to refuse to skidoo when the brakeman says "begone."

Weary sees the world is wide, Weary has a will mendacious, Weary wants to take a ride— Let him pay his fare, b'gracious.

If he tries to steal his way Where the flying cinders choke him, Vest the trainmen, then, I say, With the legal power to soak him.

Why should Weary Willie rock On the bumpers unmolested While I pay my fare or walk— Let the damcuss be arrested.

Then the rock pile or the soil Where the herds of cattle forage; Weary should be made to toll Or deprived of clothes and porridge.

Satan finds for idle men Evil thoughts and schemes pernicious; Weary, busy in the pen, May not be so pesky vicious.

Elect a man to office and bind him by a party platform to do the thing he doesn't want to do, and he is sure to limp around with a sore foot during the entire session.

A Chinese chop suey artist in St. Paul was fined \$1 by the court for refusing to serve a hungry Negro. The race problem is indeed a complicated one.

STATE FAIR OFFICIALS.

The board of managers for the state fair, to be held the first week of next September, have made the following appointments of controlling officers:

- William Foster, general superintendent.
C. J. Tracy, Loup City, chief of police.
Wm. James, Dorchester, superintendent agricultural hall.
L. E. Emerson, Lincoln, superintendent of transportation.
E. M. Searle, jr., Lincoln, superintendent of gates.
Dr. H. Pritchard, Wisner, assistant superintendent of gates.
Jos. Roberts, Fremont, superintendent mercantile hall.
Jno. F. McArdle, Elk City, superintendent amphitheater.
W. J. O'Brian, North Bend, superintendent fish exhibit.
S. C. Bassett, Gibbon, superintendent premium revision.
W. A. Apperson, Tecumseh, superintendent class "A." horses.
O. E. Mickey, Osceola, superintendent class "B." cattle.
L. W. Leonard, Pawnee City, superintendent class "C." swine.
R. M. Wolcott, Palmer, superintendent class "D." sheep.
C. M. Lewelling, Beaver City, superintendent class "E." poultry.
Wm. James, Dorchester, superintendent class "F." farm products.
Mrs. J. H. Hadkinson, Benson, superintendent class "G." textiles.
Mrs. F. M. Hall, Lincoln, superintendent class "H." fine arts.
V. Arnold, Verdon, superintendent class "I." dairy.
Mrs. I. Freshette, Lincoln, superintendent class "J." lots 5 to 14.
E. C. Bishop, Lincoln, superintendent class "K." educational.
W. C. Casey, Creighton, superintendent class "L." bees and honey.
I. W. Haws, Minden, superintendent class "M." machinery.
Chas. Mann Chadron, superintendent specials and forage.

SIDE LIGHTS

AFTER the doctor and lawyer had told of their trials with cranky people the undertaker told his tale of woe, says the New York Tribune. "You fellows don't know what trouble is," he said. "If you had to buck up against the superstitions that I do you'd have a right to talk. Most people think that our business is as dead as it seems to be, but we have some right lively times, I can tell you.

"The white horse superstition is one of our greatest bugaboos. Again and again I have had people refuse to go to the grave because there happened to be a pair of white horses on one of the carriages. They said it would mean that they would die before a year was out, so now, when I order my carriages for a funeral procession, I always add, 'And no white horses, please.' Then there are the people who believe that if they ride in the last carriage they will be dead before the end of the year, and if the last carriage is the proper place for them, according to their relation to the deceased person, there is no end of a row.

"There are many persons who cling to the old-fashioned superstition that the coffin must be placed in the room so that the head will be toward the west, or the corpse will be uneasy in its grave, and in a small room it is not always easy to arrange it so, without blocking up a doorway.

"Some Italians insist that the body be taken out of the house in the same way that the person went out last alive. On occasions I have even had to take out a window or tear down a partition to gratify this whim, or observe this superstition, for of course a heavy coffin cannot be taken out of the house with the ease with which a live person walks out.

"Into the coffin of a baby the Italians pour quantities of bonbons, so that it will not be lonesome on its way to heaven. But that isn't a circumstance to what some people ask me to put into the coffins. I often put in jewelry, pet pictures, trinkets of all sorts, letters addressed to some one who has died previously, revolvers so the person may shoot himself if he is perchance buried alive, and even pitch pipes."

Mrs. W. E. Morgan, of Missouri, is boss of one of the richest zinc mines in that state. To her employes she is known as the "sunbonnet boss," and they are said to like her and work well under her direction. Garbed in rubber skirt, coat, hat and boots, she goes down into a mine when necessary and she is on the ground to superintend operations. It is said to be due to her business foresight that the mine is being worked, anyway, for the property had been condemned as worthless and was lying fallow, a combination of dump pile and water, when Mrs. Morgan saw its possibilities. She organized a company, purchased the engine, pump and other necessary machinery, employed the men, drained the mine and sunk the shaft deeper and now is rewarded by a rich yield of zinc ore.

Some French recruits recently threw a great light on the state of general intelligence in the French republic. They were "joining the colors," and underwent an elementary examination. The papers sent in by a typical company of sixty-two men, all from the north of France, have now been read and their glittering contents given to the world. If we hear with shame of any intellectual peculiarity exhibited by fellow-countrymen of ours—a family who spell their name Enroughly and pronounce it Darby, or a gentleman who gives up his seat in a car to a lady—let us take comfortable thought of these Frenchmen.

The first question asked of these recruits was: What is the present government of France and how established? Four men answered correctly. Thirty-four men merely wrote "The Republic" on a sheet of paper. Three replied irrelevantly; seventeen did not know how to write—an enormous proportion. The remaining four answered: "The Government of France is the French Government," "The Government of France is the president of the republic," "The French government has been established by all the other countries together," and finally, "The French government was established by a general assembly of all the coups d'etat." This man's mind was evidently mixed over coups d'etat and states general.

The recruits were next asked to give the name of some person famous in French history, who appealed particularly to them. Thirty-eight spoke right out, naturally, for Napoleon I. Fourteen were for Louis XIV, twelve for Henri IV, ten for Charlemagne and four for Gambetta, Carnot, Vergingetorix, and Thiers, severally. Louis XI, Louis XV, Colbert, Generals Marceau and Kieher, and Marshal Macmahon each had two votes.

So far the answers could pass muster

more or less. But among the great Frenchmen who received single votes were Bismarck and Baxaline!

The third question was a very harmless sum. A captain, commanding a company of 118 men, has determined that each man shall have a quarter of a litre of wine. The wine costing 4d a litre, what will his total expenditure be? Twenty-three men gave up the problem in despair, over and above the seventeen illiterate recruits. Among the others only six worked out the sum satisfactorily. Lastly, they were asked what they would do with a foreign coin having no value in France, but not counterfeit. The replies were most gratifying in one way; not one man suggested trying to pass the coin. Most of them advised taking it to the bank of France, to a money changer, or to a stockbroker. One last man had the most brilliant and truly French idea of all. He said he would have the coin made into a scarf-pin.

The inefficiency of Mexican labor was under discussion by a group of mining promoters.

"On my last trips to Mexico," said one, "while our train halted at Jimulco, a dinner station on the Mexican Central, I alighted and watched the mechanic who went from car to car sounding the wheels with a hammer, presumably to test their condition. He was a fair type of a native 'skilled workman.' Just to draw him out a little I inquired:

"Why do you rap the wheels?" "Setting down his torch, he stared at me in amazement. 'Because the master mechanic tells me to,' he replied.

"But why?" I persisted. "What good does it do?"

"I do not know, senior," said he. "The master mechanic tells me to strike each wheel, and I do so. That is enough for me."

"How long have you been working at this job?" I asked.

"Two years," he replied. For two years he had been going through the form of sounding the car wheels, without the slightest knowledge of the object of the test or the slightest curiosity concerning it!"

The modern woman, by adhering rigidly to the rules laid down by the up-to-date authorities for the benefit of her sex, can make the following useful disposition of her time each day:

Table listing various activities and their durations: Physical culture exercises (1/2 hour), Morn tub (1/2 hour), Massage and application of cold cream (1 hour), Brushing and treatment of hair (1 hour), Manicuring nails (1/2 hour), Eating breakfast, with thorough mastication (1 hour), Brisk walk (1 hour), Massage and anointing with cold cream (1 hour), Brushing dust out of the hair (1/2 hour), Luncheon, with thorough mastication (1 hour), Afternoon nap (1 hour), Dressing for afternoon calls (1 hour), Making calls (2 hours), Massage and application of cold cream (1 hour), Brushing hair (1/2 hour), Modeling finger nails (1/2 hour), Shaping eyebrows (1/2 hour), Pedicuring (1/2 hour), Sponge bath (1/2 hour), Dressing for dinner (1 hour), Dining (in simple King Edward style) (1 hour), Opera (2 hours), Supper (no mastication) (1 hour), Hot bath (1/2 hour), Brushing hair (1/2 hour), Massage and cold cream (1 hour), Physical culture exercises (1/2 hour), Shower bath (1/2 hour), Sleep (8 hours), Total (31 1/2 hours)

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Sense is nonsense to a fool.

As a rule the greatest help to memory is youth.

As a rule a man who says he will be governed by your advice is another.

Men are so ornery they would rather lose money at poker than to win prizes at a ladies' card party.

Women have as many ways of hold-up their skirts on a rainy day as they have of doing up their hair.

If you spend your time in growling about an imaginary wrong, you are apt to neglect your own shortcomings.

About the poorest economy is that practiced by the man who tries to make a saving on his laundry bills.

As long as Father retains any rights at all, he is pretty sure to remove his shoes out by the sitting room fire.

Preachers are about the only people who can work less and give better satisfaction; short sermons always please.

Say to almost any child: "Do you know what your mother is going to do to you?" and the child will reply: "Spank me."

A good many of the thousand dollar stage gowns look like the greater part of the coat must have been for traveling expenses.