

DRIFTWOOD

Isn't it strange that so few politicians in Lincoln aspire to be mayor?

Some men don't want anything to do with a job unless they can boss it.

Harriman has stopped talking for publication. Maybe there is nothing more to be said.

Instead of grumbling because you have to work for a living you should thank the Lord that you have a paying job.

Minnesota has an editor named Eggen-sperger. For short, his friends call him "Egg." Wouldn't that crack your shell?

All the Union Pacific has to do to make Grand Island be good is to threaten to take the crippled engines to North Platte for repairs.

After the first of July if you give a tip you do it on your own risk. There will always be the chance for the recipient of the favor to turn state's evidence.

Looking backward, twenty years doesn't seem so long a time. Twenty years hence—do you see those white whiskers? "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Don't ever think for a minute you are doing an act of kindness to a booze-fighter when you let him have money. It is much better to let him go broke and get sober.

If all people who have delusions are insane, cases of perfect lucidity are so rare as to be noteworthy. We can call to mind but one such person of our acquaintance, and he is dead.

When things that happened thirty years ago interest you more than the question of what you are going to do in the way of raising a garden, you have reached an age when you can safely schedule yourself as one of the "old folks."

D. R. Anthony, a nephew of the great Susan B., is slated for congress from the northeast district of Kansas, and there isn't a republican with nerve enough to go into the race against him.

Learn to be cheerful in the face of everything. It is a thing that can be accomplished, and is of more value to yourself and the world than any conflict ever won by the great Napoleon.

If you have been in the habit of riding free you will notice a peculiar sensation of tremulous emotion when you approach the ticket office with a view to paying your way like a man.

Twenty years ago we put in several days watching legislative proceedings at close range. The horse-play indulged in by talkative members took away all desire to repeat the experiment.

It is very evident that Hetty Green doesn't propose to take the hint. When that line old lady gives up anything to society the donation will come through the probate court some little time after she has been given up.

Ordinarily it is not permissible to use one's napkin for a bib, but a fat man who always slobbers at meals may so wear it with the assurance that the act will receive general public commendation.

All the candidates for office in Peoria this spring are men under thirty-five. The old ones have been effectually put out of the game. They may vote on election day, which is the best the boys can do for them.

Where will this extortion stop? Barbers in all the larger cities of the west have raised the price of a haircut to 35 cents. If the craze strikes Lincoln we for one will encourage a return to the patriarchal method of wearing the hair like Buffalo Bill and Captain Jack Crawford.

There is a time in the life of nearly every public man when he needs the kindly offices of an investigating committee to vouch for his unsullied character. And even after that work has been accomplished the doubting Thomases break loose, and O, what a mess they do make of it.

Hon. Shelby M. Cullom says Reed Smoot is as much entitled to his seat in the senate as any member of that body. Why didn't he say so at the outset of the controversy? It might have headed off a mile or two of senseless petitions.

We know a man who sits around in an unhappy frame of mind because he hasn't a lot of money. He is missing a whole lot of the sweetest enjoyment of life by his foolish mental attitude. There are oceans of sunshine and fresh air and good fellowship which yield more pleasure than everything else and don't cost a cent.

Let the country take notice that Judge Howard favors as the next democratic nominee for president and vice president William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska and Hoke Smith of Georgia. If the amiable judge is for 'em, they may rest their souls in peace. The balance of the union dare not stand out longer than until a year from next June.

Atebison has nearly as many saloons as Lincoln, and each one buys immunity from prosecution by paying fifty dollars into the city treasury every thirty days. But for this cash tribute, which in some way has a quieting effect upon the con-

science of conscientious men, an open saloon wouldn't be allowed to run in that city longer than twenty-four hours. It is amazing what bad things good people will do for money.

For the last few days the wind sounds a little like six weeks without rain.

The movement on foot to secure fewer and fuller churches ought to meet with as general and enthusiastic an endorsement as a state-wide primary.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich needs no eulogy. His work speaks for him. He wrote sanely and sweetly, and kept near enough the earth to be always comprehensible.

The Japs and Russians are getting together, but not in the way they behaved on the plains of Manchuria. The new deal is an alliance looking to the preservation of a world-wide peace.

Yesterday we dodged another book agent, but there was a feeling all the afternoon that he might come back any minute and compel us to take a shelf full of books and pay for them on the installment plan. Life's perils are so many it is a wonder any of us can sleep when night comes.

A friend writes, "Why don't you give us a few limericks now and then, for chance?" Too easy. When one receives a salary for writing if the amount is in excess of \$7.50 per week there should be an effort to rise above the vulgar and commonplace in poetical composition. The limerick is not recognized as high class literature, though it may give forth a musical sound and satisfy in a way the desire to be amused, as for instance, describing the lover of fun. There was a young fellow named Sapp

The Schuyler Sun can see "where a move to make the saloons keep within the limits of the law would be the proper thing." It would be "proper" enough but impossible. Under the Slocumb law saloons could not live were the provisions of that measure observed to the letter. The law says that liquor shall not be sold to an inebriate, or one who is not of legal age. How many saloons could do business in Omaha but for the patronage of a distinguished number of old soaks who would account it a crime to go home sober? And how many cease selling to a man because he is intoxicated? The saloon keeper who warns his customer that he has on as heavy a cargo as the ship will carry is the rare exception. If the Slocumb law were strictly enforced in all its provisions, ten public drinking places would suffice for the city of Lincoln, and these would complain of business depression and other ominous signs of a financial panic.

The buds are out too early in the spring; A little frost would be a blessed thing To check the growth which, if it keeps on now,

Will get a setback later anyhow. We need to pray, "Preserve us from the chill

That settles down on valley and on hill When plum trees bloom and peaches bud apace And other tender fruits are in the race." A spring that springs too swiftly to the fore

Returns to let old winter have the floor, And that is why I'd rather it would freeze

Than stay like this, at 68 degrees; Then suddenly drop down to 25 And nip the plums and kill the peaches. BIX.

At Mankato, Minn., on the 13th Inst., a great man passed from earth. Rev. John H. Cieszynsky was born in Poland fifty years ago, and came to his country when a mere boy to make his way among strangers. He couldn't speak the language of the country, but he could work, and he did work at anything he could get to do to earn an honest dollar; and he applied his earnings to securing an education. For several years he attended Pillsbury academy at Owatonna. Then he applied at St. Thomas' college as a candidate for the priesthood. Seven years later he was ordained by Bishop Cotter, and began a career which in many respects has been most remarkable. As a young man he noted the terribly demoralizing effect of the liquor drinking habit upon his own people and allied himself with the advocates of total abstinence. The result of his labors along that line are most far-reaching. Whole communities have given up the vice of intemperance responsive to his earnest appeals for a sober citizenship. It is a pleasure to pay a word of tribute to the memory of such a man. The world needs more of them.

A good hotel is the noblest work of man, and the little village of Davenport, in Thayer county, has two of them. Beds that are fit to sleep in, clean table linen, cream in coffee and something good to eat every meal. Who could ask anything better of a country tavern? The stranger can readily understand why traveling men go to Davenport to stay over Sunday even if the place has little to offer in the way of public entertainment. The atmosphere of the place is entirely wholesome. No saloons, no drug stores with a long-necked bottle and a tiny glass back of the prescription case. The man who wants any beverage more searching than mineral water, must drive to the county seat and bring it home in a Jug. Notwithstanding its antipathy to the sale of beverages that inebriate Davenport is prosperous and no families are poverty-stricken because the head of the house has formed an alliance with W. Barleycorn.

Exeter is one of the pretty and prosperous cities of eastern Nebraska which it is a joy to visit. Some of the residents, like J. C. Wilson and W. J. Waite have been there thirty to thirty-five years and expect to stay that much longer if they live. Dr. Smith who was the first man on the ground has been there almost continuously for a few weeks less than forty years. He is glad of it, and why not? It is a good community in a grand

state, with a glorious climate and a great commercial and social future. What is the use of selling out and going to some other point? It is all right to travel and see the world when one may go without jeopardizing really important business interests; but a home in Nebraska—there is nothing more alluring anywhere unless it be the home over yonder, which the most impatient are in no haste to occupy. Stand up for Nebraska. The more I breathe her bracing air, The more I see her skies of blue, The more I ride, and pay my fare (Which all true patriots ought to do);

The longer that I toil and rest In this delightful atmosphere, The less I feel like going west Or east or south or anywhere.

Beneath the clear Italian skies Let he who will repose in peace; This landscape rests my weary eyes, My pains subside, my troubles cease.

Here in Nebraska let me stay Until the storm of life is past And—I have one more word to say—

It was a most pathetic scene When Burton quit the jail; The band came out at Abilene When Burton quit the jail. It was no aggregation slim That marched forth in the twilight dim; They all turned out to welcome him When Burton quit the jail. It was no single-horse affair

When Burton quit the jail; Old friends and neighbors waited there, When Burton quit the jail. Though stowed for good upon the shelf, Accused of doing wrong for self, They knew he'd vindicate himself When Burton quit the jail.

It was a soul-inspiring scene When Burton quit the jail; The waiting throng at Abilene, When Burton quit the jail, Marched to the station, boys and men, To meet the hero's train, and then They all marched proudly back again, When Burton quit the jail.

They said he'd give us "something straight" When Burton quit the jail, A revelation worth the wait, When Burton quit the jail. The furnace of his wrath he fed With hatred, yet, though flaming red, There wasn't much to what he said When Burton quit the jail.

J. H. McElhany, the pioneer of Omaha, who recently hanged himself because he was weary of the struggle for subsistence left a pathetic note saying that perhaps some of his old friends and acquaintances might say if they had known of his dire straits they would have extended a helping hand, and he appends the query, "But would they?" The court is in doubt. Commenting on the case, Editor John Tanner of the South Omaha Democrat says:

"Don't wait until a man is on the verge of suicide before you give him a lift. If you know a man to be worthy and he is your friend, open your heart and let the sunshine of charity penetrate for a moment. You will feel better and you may save a human life. Deeds of this character are what make life worth living. There is only a small per cent of humanity that is able to manage affairs so that the hour of distress never comes, and those who are able ought to and in many instances do lift the burden for the suckers who drift and manage poorly. Hell is overrun with tight wads. I do not mean by this that a man should surrender his savings to Tom, Dick and Harry on demand. Not much. But the man who never cuts his belt for a friend will find a chilly reception in heaven if he ever gets there at all."

When we see a fellow-mortal on the way Tolling underneath a load to stall a dray If we help him with a will Push his burden up the hill, He may do as much for us some other day.

If instead of that we coldly pass him by, Never hear him when he calls and never try,

Conscience-pricks will make us sore On this side the golden shore And we'll catch hell over yonder when we die.

Colonel Russell would like to rise superior to the smoke nuisance which menaces his health and makes him ashamed of himself when he is out among folks, but he fears that after struggling to overcome the appetite for a period of six or eight years, he will still be in the thick of a light that can only end when the chief combatant has taken his way to the silent city. Concerning our experience in abandoning the tobacco habit, Russell wants to know:

The question remains whether the doctor is really "cured" so that the plant is as distasteful to him as it is to the neophyte, or whether he has just put up an heroic eight years' negative to what would still be a sensual pleasure, but which his intellect tells him he is an ass for indulging.

There are cures and cures. A burglar may not feloniously enter a house for eight years and he may still be a burglar at heart. On the other hand, he may really be "cured" of the criminal instinct and loathe the thought of burgling his brother's bungalow. How about that?

We are not prepared to say that the narcotizing effect of tobacco would not prove as sweetly deceptive as it did eight years ago, but certainly the desire to indulge has entirely disappeared. Besides that there is more pleasure in living out from under the bondage of an unnatural appetite. Time was when we invariably left the theater between acts for no other purpose than to take a chew of tobacco, or to smoke part of a cigar, after which it would be necessary to run the risk of ejection by expectorating a time or two on Frank Zepp's carpet. It is worth the discomfort experienced the first eighteen months just to be free.

O, Russell, when you hit the snipe Left on your desk the night before, Or puff the old denatured pipe You bought before the Spanish war,

You lay aside all toil and strife And watch the wreath of smoke ascend; You think you are enjoying life; But you are not, my dying friend.

'Tis an immoral thing indeed— Ah, justify it ye who can The slave of an obnoxious weed; Such would I scorn to be, old man.

If you believe everything uncomplimentary you hear about people you will believe too much.

A heaping saucer of stewed onions at this time of year is better for your system than many doses of bitter medicine.

Personally we have decided to favor woman suffrage when the women do, and not before. What a long time to wait.

You don't always know what is for the best, but if you use your best judgment all the time you will find yourself far astray at the end of the trip. One thing that killed Sunday baseball in the legislature was the generally lax municipal regulations that permit the men on the benches to swear at the umpire.

Whose laughter was always on tap; He cut up such capers They said in the papers That he was a helofachap.

Or, observe the contrast as applying to the man who refuses to look on the cheerful side of life: A crusty curmudgeon named Clay Went round with a frown every day; His abuse every breath Was made vocal till death, Since which time he's had nothing to say.

A. F. Bloomer is a sensible man. He did business in York county for twenty-one years and, having accumulated a competence, retired from the active pursuit of money and has since been trying to ascertain by personal inspection, the size and appearance of this old earth. In company with his wife he has visited the principal countries of Europe and Asia, the islands of the sea and many Central and South American countries. In all he has devoted nearly two years to foreign travel, and now he is home for the summer, not to re-engage in the slavery of money-making, but to rest and refresh himself before starting out again to see some parts of the world he went through before while asleep. His system is the true one. The man who has enough of this world's goods should retire and give the other fellows a chance while he puts in the happy remaining years finding out what sort of a world this is before he leaves

They're waking up to see the right At Omaha; The trusts are up against a fight At Omaha. The leader of the coal combine Has drawn a full and robust line, And more than that, this friend of mine At Omaha.

The judge has said six months in jail At Omaha Unless somebody goes his bail At Omaha; Six months in jail—a cruel dole— For whooping up the price of coal; And this is justice—let 'er roll

At Omaha. How it must cheer the public heart At Omaha When virtue seems to get a start At Omaha.

So long has vice held perfect sway, So long has there been helltopay, We feared 'twould always be that way At Omaha.

But now we see beyond the gray At Omaha The dawning of a better day At Omaha.

If others go as this case went, Right rules, that is self-evident, And some day I will pitch my tent At Omaha.

From this time on vice stands no show At Omaha; (Forget the triumph of Pat Crowe At Omaha); Abandoned all our sighs and tears, Our hopes rise high above our fears,

The glad millennial dawn appears At Omaha.

It is different in North Dakota. According to the Sheldon Progress the farmer in that cold country has no easy time of it, and his independence is largely sacrificed on the altar of stern necessity. This is what it says about him: "The real farmer begins work in winter long before the sun thinks of getting up. With his soul shrouded in gloom he proceeds to build a fire with a sledge hammer. He then takes a lantern, hangs it on the clothes line and shovels his way to the barn and feeds the hogs. It is then time to feed the newly-arrived calf, which seems to delight in butting a pail of milk over the tiler of the soil until he only needs to be stamped to pass for a package of oleomargarine. He crawls through a barbed-wire fence and digs the hay out of the snow, feeds the cows, cleans the stable, gathers up the frozen chicks, chases a stray pig worth 25 cents for four miles, and doesn't catch it, doctors a sick horse, freezes his fingers, gets kicked by a one-eyed mule, and when the gloaming comes and quietness broods over the all the earth, he has a single half hour to meditate and wonder how he will ever be able to pay his taxes." And right on east there across the Red River of the North—but what's the use of saying anything to offend A. J. Russell? He lives there.