

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

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BIDE DUDLEY.

The News has been running illustrated poems from the Kansas City Star written by Bide Dudley. I would not call Dudley a great poet because I can understand his writings. If you want a great poet read Browning, Shelly and Keats and then quarrel over what they mean.

Bide Dudley wrote a poem a few days ago about a boy's ball game. The older players wanted a little boy, the littlest of them all, to play "pig tail" and he wouldn't do it. He was insulted, humiliated; he could play center field better than "skinner" and he could bat "out o'sight." And so he took his bat and quit. Anyone who can write that poem has not only been a boy, but in his heart he is a boy; consequently I was not surprised to learn that on Dudley's thirtieth birthday last week his fellows on the Star, because of his youthful appearance, presented him with a tin whistle, a top, a drum and a waterbury watch.

In reading his poem "the years were as a watch in the night. I saw a little boy—a very little boy, playing "pitch" in a boys ball game out on "Newcombers hill" where the John Gagnon house now is. This little chap made an error at the wrong time and the older boys put him out of the game. He didn't intend to make the error, he realized how important the game was and how critical the time when the error was made. It hurt him more than any one else, but he made the error and they put him out. He protested and refused, but they put him out. He owned the ball, and if he couldn't play none of them should so he took his ball. Under the locust tree he sat alone—an Ishmaelite. On the ball field the other players talked and growled. They shouldn't humiliate him. Other players had made errors, but in the littlest boy it was inexcusable. He didn't cry but he wanted to. Nobody should see how he suffered. He was misunderstood, they had no right to abuse him, to put him out of the game. It was his ball and he would show them. They had not made an error, but they had held a little boy responsible for one he did not intend to make.

They were cruel, unjust. They did not even inquire the reason why; he would have shown the bruise on his thumb. It was not what he intended to do, it was what he did do. And so, under the locust tree, on "Newcombers hill" he brooded and suffered over his wrongs—and forgot them before the next day, and never again remembered them until twenty five years afterwards he read a poem by Bide Dudley on "gimme back my bat." And the years have strengthened the teachings of that day, that an error by the littlest boy is inexcusable, though a mistake of the mighty may be condoned; that it

is not what one intends to do, but it is by what one does do, that he is judged; that in the minds of the other players, a bruised thumb is no excuse for failure, and that an error at a critical juncture has put many men out of the game. This, with its lessons comes from a boys ball game played once on a time—long years ago.

The probabilities are that the republicans will carry Nebraska this year by the largest plurality in the history of the state. This is the year of opportunity. The party can come into complete and enduring control if every man

will but do his duty. Let there be no division because of past differences. Let there be no loss because of insignificant and collateral issues. But let every voter do his full duty in the light of his understanding and conscience and Roosevelt will carry the state by fifty thousand. Grinstead, Tucker, Smith and Hogrefe will contribute by their votes in the next legislature to the election of E. J. Burkett. Morrow will be county attorney with five hundred votes to spare, and the board of supervisors will be republican beyond question. Now everybody—all together—stop quarreling and get busy.

# OPENING

OF THE  
**Republican Campaign**

At Falls City, Nebraska

**SEPTEMBER 23, '04**

**Uncle Joe Cannon**

Speaker of the Lower House of Congress  
the greatest campaign orator in America  
will address the people of

**Richardson County**

At the

**Gehling Opera House**

Falls City, Neb., Friday evening

**September 23, 1904**

At 8 o'clock P. M.

Music by the Band and Glee Club

**Everybody Invited**