

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

[SECOND SERIES.]

NO. 4.

Last week we had a politician of a certain type—an uncommon type. This week we are concerned with another politician, a man known of nearly all men in Lincoln, a man of individuality and prominence. We will give his description first. He is neither very tall nor very short. He is not a fat man like Tom Cooke; nor a lean man like R. E. Moore. So far as shape is concerned he is an average man. He is probably out in the sun a good deal, for there is a ruddy glow to his complexion. Some people would call his complexion sandy. He wears a moustache, and there is a tuft on either side of his face. In conversation he has a way of screwing up his face that is peculiarly his own, and there is generally a cigar between his teeth. He has a running mate who is generally by his side.

In the days of his youth something must have happened to take the sweetness out of his disposition. Some untoward circumstance must have caused him to lose faith in mankind.

There is nothing soothing about him. Even among congenial spirits he is irritable. He is full of combativeness and talk, and his talk is full of ginger, as they say of a base ball player. Sometimes his language is so strong that weak men, hearing it, shudder.

He believes, apparently, that every man is engaged in the business of living for just what he can get out of it in dollars and cents. Every man has his price. Some men hold themselves dear and others cheap. He is willing to trade with the dear ones. The cheap men he counts on being able to manage without a trade. He makes little or no allowance for considerations of honor or integrity in his estimate of men and in his dealings with them. He does not see any more harm in buying a lot of men than in buying a load of corn cobs.

This man is a politician; one of the kind who do not believe in wasting time discussing or considering principles when they can be out manipulating men. What has he to do with the tariff? Of what concern is it to him whether the financiers and statesmen give us free silver or adhere to monometalism? These things are as high above him as the clouds, and he is only an earth worm crawling in the dust. He knows all about a pull, but very little about principle. The former he estimates at its highest value. He has his allies and his influence, or rather power, may be said to be considerable. At a caucus or a primary or a convention he is in his element. He knows all the combinations, and he sets up and knocks down men with ease.

He has a profession, but his business and his politics are so closely associated one with the other that they are practically the same thing.

This man is one of the obstacles in the way of genuine municipal reform.

THE METROPOLITAN JOURNAL.

It is a pleasure to read the *Journal* now that it is conducted on metropolitan principles. It is a pleasure to know that the eagle eyes of the *Journal* reporters never allow happenings like the following to escape.

Postmaster J. H. Harley acted the humanitarian yesterday. He saw a dilapidated umbrella blowing around the street. He picked it up, closed it and placed it on the sidewalk so that horses might not be scared thereat.

The importance of this item may not be apparent at first glance, but if read several times slowly and carefully the reader will be sure to comprehend its portentous significance. The people of Lincoln have reason to be glad that the *Journal* is conducted on metropolitan lines.

THE SOCIALISTS.

There used to be a Nationalist club in this city. There is yet, only the ultra socialists, like Lafevre, have persisted in putting socialism first and nationalism second, with so much effect that the organization is now known as "The Socialists."

Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon in the Grand Army hall, Twelfth and N streets. Every member is allowed the utmost freedom in the expression of his views, and the members generally take full advantage of this freedom. The result is that radicalism sports itself, and iconoclasm is a favorite plaything. One peculiar and interesting thing about these meetings of the socialists is that no two members agree exactly on any one point. And usually nearly every man present insists on being heard.

Last Sunday afternoon the club discussed the recent city election, a subject calculated to bring out the diverse views of the members.

The president, a be-whiskered patriarch, opened the discussion, assuming a somewhat conservative tone manifestly displeasing to the majority of those present.

C. M. Clark addressed the meeting. He thought no community that licensed crime could be prosperous. He spoke of the social evil and condemned alike the policy of Weir and his predecessors in dealing with the question.

R. A. Hawley, a serious mannered man who has been a candidate for office on a losing ticket almost as many times as John H. Ames, was asked if he had anything to say. He had. He said he had nothing in common with the republican party or the democratic party or the populist party. There was only one party founded on principle and God, and that was the prohibition party. All the evils in politics could be traced to the saloon, and the only party that was consistently fighting the saloon was the prohibition party. He said the issue in the late city campaign was whether we should have Graham saloons or Broady saloons. For his part he couldn't see any difference between them. Mr. Hawley abused the church members for voting for these saloon tickets. He said he would like to see a saloon next door to the First Congregational church, between the church and Mr. Gregory's house. He would also like to see one in the yard in front of the Christian church. Church members had voted for saloons and they ought to have them.

Dr. Aley, one of the conspicuous labor agitators of the city, a rotund man with a black goatee, rose and came forward. He voted for Graham, he said, and was proud of it. He was one of those who refused to be led by the men who sold out the populist party. Then he went for Hawley. "A saloon keeper," he said, "might be just as good a citizen as a prohibition minister." In fact he thought he might be better. He gave a definition of a good citizen. "A good citizen" he said, "is one who is truly generous." For his part he couldn't see any harm in drinking a glass of beer. He said no nation had ever been destroyed by its vices.

In the discussion over the adoption of a subject for next Sunday's meeting Mr. Lafevre got an opportunity to put forth some of his wild eyed ideas. The meeting tomorrow afternoon will give the iconoclasts a wide field, as the subject will be—Resolved that we as socialists view with gratification the rapid accumulation of wealth and business into the hands of the few. It was the idea of the introducer of the resolution that this rapid accumulation would speedily bring about socialism.

IMPUNITY.

The burglar turned with a sneer of malignant triumph. "If you shoot me," he hissed, "you'll wake the baby."

There was nothing to do but to permit him to load all the silver into a sack and carry it away, leaving the front door open behind him.