

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

vice to the country, and it is to be regretted that he should, toward the end of his life, have marred his record by assaying the role of a demagogue.

The *World-Herald* made some unpleasant allusion to that large and gifted statesman, Ed Roggen, the other day. The large and gifted statesman is, as everybody knows, one of the chief guards of the inner temple of the Rosewater shrine, and it was but natural that the *Bee* should come to his defense. "Mr. Roggen," says the indignant *Bee*, "was for eight years deputy secretary of state and was elected and re-elected by the people of Nebraska to the honorable position of secretary of state. No man who has ever filled that responsible office left behind him a more creditable record for capacity and integrity." The *Bee's* admiration for its large and gifted emissary may have made it a bit enthusiastic over the emissary's "record for capacity and integrity," tho' on second thought, I don't believe any one will question Mr. Roggen's capacity. It is really enormous. Some people have a capacity for one thing, some for another. The *Bee* continues: "Mr. Roggen came to Omaha five years ago at the solicitation of leading business men and property-owners to undertake the difficult and delicate task of organizing the anti-prohibition forces. There was nothing dishonorable or disreputable connected with his work in that campaign." Again is the *Bee* led into an irresponsible enthusiasm through its admiration for Roggen and his "capacity." Had the *Bee* been in a calm mood it would never have said that Mr. Roggen came to Omaha five years ago at the solicitation of leading business men and property owners. Knowing full well that Roggen, large and gifted and capacious as he is, had been upon the rocks in this city, and that he was taken to Omaha by Mr. Rosewater for the express purpose of furthering Mr. Rosewater's peculiar personal schemes, the *Bee* would, had it not been carried away by its enthusiasm, have kept perfectly quiet on this score. It is wonderful how reckless a little enthusiasm will make people. Mr. Rosewater and his large and gifted assistant collected a large amount of money for the purpose of fighting prohibition, and it is no secret that this man of great capacity was chief leg puller in the cause. There has long been a suspicion of strange proceedings on the part of Roggen in this matter, and the enthusiastic statement that "there was nothing dishonorable or disreputable connected with his work in that campaign" is not convincing. The truth of the matter is, Mr. Roggen is a great man, but unfortunately he is not as good as he is great, and the least said about his good qualities the better. The funny thing about it is a man like Rosewater trying to give a character to a man like Roggen.

I have seldom seen a more truthful or interesting presentation of the workings of "practical politics" than the following which appeared the other day in the *World-Herald*:

I am one of the men running for office this year. It is the first time I have been a candidate; in fact, I wasn't a candidate this time; I was simply in the hands of my friends. A few of the

boys who are not usually interested in politics suggested that I would be a good man for the office to which I am now supposed to aspire. I mildly protested that I wouldn't take the best office in the gift of the city of Omaha or county of Douglas, but these neighbors of mine insisted and said they were going to mention it to so-and-so who runs politics in our ward for our party. They evidently did mention it, for in a day or two I began to receive visits from a class of gentlemen who I have since learned are the individuals known to the initiated in politics as "ward heelers." This brand of distinguished highwaymen has been camping on my trail ever since. Their interest in me first in my nomination and subsequently in my election, is of a character truly "touching," and their assurance of confidence in the probity of my character would seem to entitle me to an immense majority if expert testimony of this nature is entitled to any credence, and who can doubt it?

One of the first gentlemen to call upon me with a view of impressing me with the idea that I was a born statesman was a colored man by the name of Henry Tarbox. Mr. Tarbox insisted on shaking hands cordially and proclaimed confidentially and reassuringly that he was a friend of mine. I intimated that I had no reason to doubt it. He thought that the people wanted just such a man as me to occupy a certain office in their gift and assured me that I should have his support for it, and that of forty-six other colored men who always had him tell them whom to vote for and support. He made it a point to only recommend good men to this class in political science of his, and was glad of the opportunity to see that they voted for such an exceptional candidate as I would undoubtedly be. I felt flattered at this spontaneous indorsement, introduced Mr. Tarbox to my partner in business and invited him to sample a box of clear Havanas which I had in my desk. I told him I would give the matter of my proposed candidacy due consideration, and if I concluded to run he would undoubtedly hear of it. I then began to handle the papers on my desk as an intimation that the interview was nearly over, when Mr. Tarbox came nearer and in a burst of still greater confidence informed me that his house rent was due and unpaid, and that as he had not done any work for a long time he was a trifle short of money. If I could let him have \$5 for a few days it would save him moving expenses and would be an incident which his memory would retain till time should be no more. I let him have it. His memory is not any more retentive than he is.

He still has it. Before the day of the primary rolled around I had made so many little investments like the foregoing—tributes of a grateful candidate to a devoted and fairly worshipping constituency—that I concluded to allow my friends to go ahead and amuse themselves at my expense and see what they could do toward getting the nomination for me. They are good rustlers.

As I had never been in politics before, the various candidates for other offices had nothing against me, and so long before my friends had made offensive and defensive alliances with some of the leaders on both sides, with the result

that while in our ward there were two primary tickets in the field, I was the choice of the delegates on both. Upon the morning of the primaries I was waited upon by several of those named on each ticket and was asked for contributions to help secure the election of their ticket. Of course I could not tell them that each ticket was favorable to me and that no matter which won they were my delegation, as I contributed to each for the sole satisfaction of seeing them fight each other and spend my money in an effort to defeat my own delegation on each side.

I secured the nomination. I will, if the campaign permits, tell you more of it anon.  
A. J. CANDIDATE.  
Vote for one X.

## LASCA.

I want free life and I want fresh air,  
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,  
The crack of the whips, like shots in battle,  
The medley of horns and hoofs and heads  
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;  
The green beneath and the blue above,  
And dash and danger, and life and love,  
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride  
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,  
With blue s'rape and bright-belled spur;  
I laughed with joy when I looked at her;  
Little knew she of books or creeds;  
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;  
Little she cared, save to be by my side,  
To ride with me, and ever to ride,  
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide,  
She was as bold as the billows that beat,  
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;  
From her little head to her little feet  
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro  
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine  
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,  
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,  
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine,  
She would hunger that I might eat,  
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;  
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,  
At something I'd whispered, or looked or done,  
One Sunday, in San Antonio,  
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,  
She drew from her girdle a dear little dagger.  
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!  
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,  
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;  
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound  
Her torn rebosc about the wound.  
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.  
Her eye was brown—a deep, deep, brown;

Her hair was darker than her eye;  
And something in her smile and frown,  
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,  
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,  
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,  
The vigorous vintage of old Spain,  
The air was heavy, the night was hot,  
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;  
Forgot the herd that was taking their rest;  
Forgot that the air was close opprest,  
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon  
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;  
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,  
And nothing on earth can stop the flight,  
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,  
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!  
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!  
I spring to my saddle without a word.  
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,  
Away on a hot chase down the wind!  
But never was fox hunt half so hard,  
And never was stoed so little spared,  
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;  
There is one chance left, and you have but one—  
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;  
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;  
And if the steers, in their frantic course,  
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,  
You may thank your stars; if not, goodbye  
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,  
And the open air and the open sky,  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us and then I felt  
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt;  
Down came the mustang, and down came we,  
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?  
A body that spread itself on my breast,  
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,  
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;  
Then came thunder in my ears  
As over us surged the sea of steers;  
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,  
And when I could rise  
Lasca was dead.

I dug out a grave a few feet deep,  
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;  
And where she is lying no one knows,  
And the summer shines and the winter snows,  
And for many a day the flowers have spread  
A pall of petals over her head;  
And the little gray hawk hangs aloof in the air,  
And the sly coyote trots here and there,  
And the blacksnake glides and glitters and slides  
Into the rift in a cotton wood tree,  
And the buzzard sails on,  
And comes and is gone,  
Stately and still as a ship at sea;  
And I wonder why I do not care  
For the things that are like the things that were.  
Does half my heart lie buried there,  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?  
—F. Desprez.

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