

THE NORTHWESTERN

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Some time since, the state normal board threw Superintendent Thomas of the Kearney Normal School over the transom. Immediately the press of the state was flooded with literature kicking the board for its action and requesting the newspapers to publish a lot of sop in favor of the deposed superintendent. A large number of the papers did so, but the Northwestern, for one, found its space too valuable to fill with the grief aforementioned, and not caring a tinker's dam, so to speak, whether one educator or another got the soft sit, providing he was qualified, and no doubt but that there were others than the deposed man capable of earning and spending the salary. Thomas and his friends took the matter up at the State Teachers' Association at Omaha last week and attempted to secure vindication by election to the presidency of the association, by the deposed Governor Sulzer of New York route, hatching up the story of politics controlling the action of the association, an inner ring running things with high hand, all a story of the Daily Bee published a week or more ago. But the thing didn't work, but on the other hand the sympathy subsidized newspapers of the state smote hip and thigh for lending their columns to the Thomas story, and they were advised that if they had so much waste space they would better use it in advancing matters of education throughout the state than wasting it on side issues and shedding tears over some deposed politician. All of which goes to show that the average country newspaper is an easy mark for the floods of subsidized literature reaching their sanctoms, as witness the space given McKelvie and his farm paper, either free or paying for the same, which means so much advertising for McKelvie and so much loss to the "easy" suckers caught by McKelvie's slick scheme to advertise his publication.

A scandal in official quarters of this democratically controlled state is just now being aired by the newspapers. It seems that one Dr. Lord of Omaha, chief surgeon of the orthopedic hospital at Lincoln, is paid \$2,000 a year by the state for his duties at the hospital spent two months in Europe this summer and has drawn his salary for the two months without rendering any services whatever. Even when on duty he only goes twice a month to Lincoln to attend to his duties at the hospital, and when he goes across the Big Pond and does no duty whatever and takes the dough just the same considerable adverse criticism is forthcoming. Besides, it has been the custom for Chief Surgeon Lord and Superintendent Orr to take their private cases to the orthopedic hospital for operations, charging for their professional services and keeping the money themselves. Besides the \$2,000 paid Dr. Lord, his assistant, Dr. Orr, is paid \$1,800 per annum, together with his living expenses. This makes \$3,800 and living expenses of one physician to look after the surgical and medicinal affairs of the institution, which looks like a pretty good graft from the taxpayers of the state, with little returns for their money. However, it is understood an effort will be made to remove these men and place a competent physician at the head of orthopedic hospital affairs, who will devote his entire time, and probably at greatly reduced figures from that paid to the two in charge at the present time.

Three administration democrats, O'Gorman, Reed and our own Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of the Senate banking committee, have kicked over the democratic traces, joined in with the republican members and placed amendments to the democratic currency measure, which changes the context of the whole bill, whereat the Wilson fellows are stranded high and dry and cuss our Gilbert in no uncertain terms. How is that? Caesar (translated democrat) can do no harm!

The Mystery of Mary

Dunham opened the door. She supposed, of course, it was the bellboy with a pitcher of ice water, for which she had just rung.

"Ah, here you are at last, my pretty cousin!" It was the voice of Richard that menaced her, with all the stored-up wrath of his long baffled search.

At that moment the man from the motorcycle stepped softly up the top stair and slid unseen into the shadows of the hall.

For an instant it seemed to Mary Dunham that she was going to faint, and in one swift flash of thought she saw herself overpowered and carried into hiding before her husband should return. But with a supreme effort she controlled herself, and faced her tormentor with unflinching gaze. Though her strength had deserted her at first, every faculty was now keen and collected. As if nothing unusual were happening, she put out her cold, trembling fingers, and laid them firmly over the electric button on the wall. Then with new strength coming from the certainty that some one would soon come to her aid, she opened her lips to speak.

"What are you doing here, Richard?"

"I've come after you, my lady. A nice chase you've led me, but you shall pay for it now."

The cruelty in his face eclipsed any lines of beauty which might have been there.

"I shall never go anywhere with you," she answered steadily.

He seized her delicate wrist roughly, twisting it with the old wrench with which he had tormented her in their childhood days. None of them saw the stranger who was quietly walking down the hall toward them.

"Will you go peacefully, or shall I have to gag and bind you?" said Richard. "Choose quickly. I'm in no mood to trifle with you any longer."

Although he hurt her wrist cruelly, she threw herself back from him and with her other hand pressed still harder against the electric button.

"Catch that other hand, Mike," commanded Richard, "and stuff this in her mouth, while I tie her hands behind her back."

It was then that Mary screamed. The man in the shadow stepped up behind and said in a low voice:

"What does all this mean?"

The two men, startled, dropped the girl's hands for the instant. Then Richard, white with anger at this interference, answered insolently: "It means that this girl's an escaped lunatic, and we're sent to take her back. She's dangerous, so you'd better keep out of the way."

Then Mary Dunham's voice, clear and penetrating, rang through the halls:

"Tryon, Tryon! Come quick! Help! Help!"

As if in answer to her call, the elevator shot up to the second floor, and Tryon Dunham stepped out in time to see the two men snatch Mary's hands again and attempt to bind them behind her back.

In an instant he had seized Richard by the collar and landed him on the hall carpet, while a well directed blow sent the flabby Irishman sprawling at the feet of the detective, who promptly sat on him and pinioned his arms behind him.

How dare you lay a finger upon this lady?" said Tryon Dunham, as he stepped to the side of his wife and put a strong arm about her, where she stood white and frightened in the doorway.

No one had noticed the bell boy had come to the head of the stairs and received a quiet order from the detective.

In sudden fear, the discomfited Richard arose and attempted to bluff the stranger who had so unwarrantably interfered just as his fingers were about to close over the golden treasure of his cousin's fortune.

"Indeed, sir, you wholly misunderstand the situation," he said to Dunham, with an air of injured innocence, "though perhaps you can scarcely be blamed. This girl is an escaped lunatic. We have been searching for her for days, and have just traced her. It is our business to take her back at once. Her friends are in great distress about her. Moreover, she is dangerous and a menace to every guest in this house. She has several times attempted to murder—"

"Stop!" roared Dunham, in a thunderous voice of righteous anger. "She is my wife. And you are her cousin. I know all about your plot to shut her up in an insane asylum and steal her fortune. I have found you sooner than I expected, and I intend to see that the law takes its full course with you."

Two policemen now arrived on the scene, with a number of eager bell boys and porters in their wake, ready to take part in the excitement.

Richard had turned deadly white at the words, "She is my wife!" It was the death knell of his hopes of securing the fortune for which he had not hesitated to sacrifice every particle of moral principle. When he turned and saw impending retribution in the shape of the two stalwart representatives of the law, a look of cunning came into his face, and with one swift motion he turned to flee up the staircase close at hand.

"Not much you don't," said an enterprising bellboy, flinging himself in the way and tripping up the scoundrel in his flight.

The policemen were upon him and had him handcuffed in an instant. The Irishman now began to protest that he was but an innocent tool, hired to help discover the whereabouts of an escaped lunatic, as he supposed. He was walked off to the patrol wagon without further ceremony.

It was all over in a few minutes. The elevator carried off the detective

the policemen and their two prisoners. The door closed behind Dunham as his bride, and the curious guests who had peered out, alarmed by the uproar, saw nothing but a few bellboys standing in the hall, describing to one another the scene as they had witnessed it.

Dunham drew the trembling girl into his arms and tried to soothe her. The tears rained down the white cheeks as her head lay upon his breast, and he kissed them away.

"Oh!" she sobbed, shuddering. "If you had not come! It was terrible, terrible! I believe he would have killed me rather than have let me go again."

Gradually his tender ministrations calmed her, but she turned troubled eyes to his face.

"You do not know yet that I am all I say. You have nothing to prove it. Of course, by and by, when I can get to your guardians, and with your help perhaps make them understand, you will know, but I don't see how you can trust me till then."

For answer he brought his hand up in front of her face and turned the flashing diamond—her diamond—so that its glory caught the single ray of setting sun that filtered into the hotel window.

"See, darling," he said. "It is your ring. I have worn it ever since as an outward sign that I trusted you."

"You are taking me on trust, though, in spite of all you say, and it is beautiful."

He laid his lips against hers. "Yes," he said; "it is beautiful, and it is best."

It was very still in the room for moment while she nestled close him and his eyes drank in the sweetness of her face.

"See," said he, taking a tiny velvet case from his pocket and touching

it was all over in a few minutes. Myself finding a mate to your stone. I thought, perhaps you would let me wear your ring always, while you wear mine."

He lifted the jewel from its white velvet bed and showed her the inscription inside: "Mary, from Tryon." Then he slipped it on her finger to guard the wedding ring he had given her at the church. He saw that encircled her clasped her left wrist, and the two diamonds flashed side by side. The last gleam of the setting sun, ere it vanished behind the tall buildings on the west, glanced in and blazed the gems into tangled beams of glory, darting out in many colored prisms to light the vision of the future of the man and the woman. He bent and kissed her again, and their eyes met like other jewels, in which gleamed the glory of their love and trust.

THE END.

W. C. T. U. ITEMS

We wish to thank each individual of the fine audience who helped to make the Union service Sunday evening a success. We also wish to thank you for the collection which was \$9.75, most of this we will use for literature to distribute among the people. We are especially grateful to each one who took part in the program, and to the ministers and trustees who cooperated so loyally.

Next Friday afternoon we shall meet at Mrs. Burwell's. A mothers' meeting is planned with Mrs. Joseph Daddow as leader. We give a special invitation to all mothers of young children and to the grandmothers. We want to encourage the dear workers of today, and to honor the mothers whose work is nearly done. Every one will be most welcome.

The W. C. T. U. National Convention that just closed laid emphasis on the three following lines of work: prohibition, equal suffrage, and suppression of white slavery.

We got nearly 100 names on the Equal Suffrage petition last week. We know of many more who will be glad to sign. We shall have the petition out again.

Henry W. Link's Production of "Thelma" is Coming.

"Thelma" is, without doubt the most talked-of of all book plays, and created more interest than all others. Marie Corelli's "Thelma" is a world-wide popular story and every one that is familiar with the book can realize the grand material it affords for a beautiful drama. It is a romance of the Northland, a Norwegian story with a dash of mysticism of the old village, the Gods of Eden and Thor, giving the great scenes, in the Land of the Midnight Sun, "The Burning Viking Ship," "The Rainbow Death," "The Famous Echo Cave" etc. Every detail perfect and the engagements of this popular play is announced as one of the season's theatrical events. Coming Nov. 15 at Opera House. Better secure your tickets in advance at the box office.

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