

spectacle of himself. Bemis and Weir are a good deal alike. Though one is a republican and the other a populist, both are constructed of the same material, and they are equally willing to make fools of themselves if by so doing they can secure a little prestige among a certain class. Neither one hesitates to bring discredit upon his city if he can add to his own renown. As fool mayors we do not believe that one has any advantage over the other.

We referred last week to Mayor Weir's palpable grand stand play in publicly encouraging the Coxeyites in this city when he should have used his influence to discountenance a movement that can achieve no good result, and that is absurd and preposterous, and of markedly harmful tendency. Not long after Mayor Weir addressed the Coxeyites in Lincoln, Mayor Bemis in Omaha wrote the following letter:

OMAHA, April 28.—General Charles S. Kelley, Commanding Industrial army: Dear Sir.—I enclose herewith \$69.15, being the full amount of contributions in my hands. As I telegraphed you yesterday, it is impossible for Omaha to do anything for you officially, and I do not think it advisable to use the enclosed money for purchasing supplies to ship to you, as goods shipped to you by freight would not reach you until too late, and express charges would be almost as much as the value of the goods. You will reach Des Moines before anything could reach you from here and can buy supplies as cheaply there as here.

Do not be discouraged by the attempts to disrupt your forces. Persevere in your noble mission for the advancement of the millions of wage winners through the nation and the world, and may success attend you. The eyes of the nation are upon you and all wish you godspeed.

GEORGE P. BEMIS, Mayor.

Mayor Bemis did not add to the sum of Omaha's credit by his fool letter, which was given wide publicity. He may possibly have strengthened himself as a candidate for governor among an element that is hoodwinked by such balderdash as this; but we are inclined to think that both Weir and Bemis are a long way off from the governorship. Certainly, sober thinking people can have no sympathy with this kind of demagoguery that is distinctly evil in its influence.

L. Wessel, Jr., the gentleman who had the distinguished honor of founding THE COURIER, was in town this week. Mr. Wessel is now business manager of the *Arkansas Traveler*, published in Chicago—a paper that has brought financial ruin and that tired feeling to sundry and divers newspaper men. Lately, however, the *Traveler* has, to use a phrase distinctively Chicagoan, "got a hump on itself," and, if appearances count for anything, it is at last on the high road to success. We hope Mr. Wessel may attain unto the most glittering prosperity.

The *Journal* last Sunday reduced its price from \$10 to \$7.50 per year. The paper exclusive of the Sunday edition is now delivered for 12 cents per week, including Sunday 15 cents. This move is made for the purpose of drawing support from the patrons of the *Bee* and the evening papers in this city, and it will make very lively competition. The *Journal*, by the way, is leaving its old time conservatism with somewhat marked rapidity. Mr. Jones in the editorial department and Mr. Seacrest in the business office, are being given more latitude than has hitherto been accorded, and they are branching out in many ways. In most instances the new departures are improvements. The reduction in price is a radical step, and one that cannot be retraced; but in the end it will probably prove to be profitable.

POT POURRI.

I went to church yesterday. I had the heartache, and I was soul-sick for a voice I hear only in dreams, and the touch of a hand I never see, but whose shadowy fingers I feel sometimes at twilight, when spirits walk unseen.

I wanted to be comforted.

Earth's sorrows oppressed me, and life's music seemed all changing to minor chords.

I wanted to hear of that "Peace I give unto you".

That there were "many mansions" in the clime where the weary will rest, and where he stands who said "I will not leave you com-

fortless.

The preacher was a good man.

He looked uncompromisingly orthodox

He explained some very obtruse points. He dwelt at length on several of the Calvinistic theories, and showed how some of their doctrines had been modified and

The woman in front of me had on a bonnet of navy blue, and a queer shade of green.

How fashions change! Ten years ago, such a combination would have been thought a monstrosity. I sat thinking about it, and of what cute little curls the wearer wore at the back of her neck; and I fell to wondering if that red scar was where she had burned herself with the curling iron.

Benediction came just then, and I went home. I was comforted. My soul felt refreshed. I think it must have been the bonnet.

AUGUSTA L. PACKARD.

HIS ABSENT QUEEN.

To-night,
Fast in my arms I hold thee,
Anastasia mine,
My queen!
Fast in my arms!
And yet
If but last night I'd held thee
Only in my hand—
How then, indeed, would you
Have been to me
A queen imperious!
For then,
Clasping as I did those other queens,
Those three right royal ladies
(And had 'em all the time)
With that king full that Bill Jones held
You bet I'd stayed
And whooped it up
Until the cows came home,
And, like a cyclone revolving out to hustle things,
I'd rake the pot,
That big, that opulent, that fat jack pot,
And stowed it in my jeans—
If but last night I'd held thee
Just in my one weak hand,
O queen!

ED. MOTT.

THE CRETE ASSEMBLY.

One of the most important announcements for the Crete Assembly is the course of lectures on sociological subjects by Dr. Bayard Holmes, of the University of Chicago.

The lectures will be the same as given this season in Chicago, in the regular university extension course.

An opportunity will be given outside the lecture hour for questions and discussions on the various topics. Dr. Holmes will bring with him an extensive and carefully selected "traveling library" for the use of students and members of his classes who may care to make a special study of the subjects presented. In fact, a regular course of instruction is offered, superior to anything of this line offered in any summer school in the state. All who desire will receive personal guidance in the study. The subject of the lectures are: Social problems, beginning with a study of the defective classes, "Criminals, Defective and Delinquent," Paupers and Prodigals." "Children of the State," "Child Labor," "Social Functions and Revenues." "The Eight Hour Day," "The Problem of the Unemployed."

"A wolf in sheep's clothing"—the substitute offered by the "cutter" as being just as good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you don't want to be bitten, insist upon having Ayer's Sarsaparilla, even if it is a little dearer. Depend on it, it will be cheaper for you in the end.