

characteristic grace at the republican congressional convention at Nebraska City. He contrived to secure more credit and applause out of his own defeat and the nomination of Judge Strode than anybody else in the state, under like conditions, could have done.

When a man once makes up his mind to accomplish a certain thing and then keeps everlastingly at it he generally achieves his purpose—a rule to which the late James G. Blaine was a conspicuous exception. Judge Strode, considerably more than two years ago, fixed his attention on a certain seat in congress and he determined to get into that seat. From that time until last Thursday when he finally received the nomination at Nebraska City that assures his election as the successor of Mr. Bryan, he never lost sight of his purpose. Allen W. Field was nominated two years ago; but Strode wasn't discouraged. He kept at it, and now he is going to knock down his ambition's desideratum. Judge Strode isn't a man of fiery eloquence neither is he possessed of a smile like that which has brought so much profit to Mr. Bryan; but if in actual service, proper representation of his district, he does not accomplish far more than the little god of free silver, it will be more than passing strange. It might be added that to do this, Judge Strode will not have to exert himself overmuch.

"George Mandeville's Husband," by C. E. Raimond, is a light novel not calculated to please that class of women who talk of woman's sphere, and who believe in having a "mission" or an object in life. The author evidently believes in the type of womanhood that beautifies and ennobles the home life, which is after all, the most important, retaining in all their original charm the distinctively feminine graces, qualities that invariably suffer in the woman who is in pursuit of a mission. It may be that in his repugnance for those energetic women who have set in to reform literature and art and society, he goes to the other extreme; but there are many who will agree with him, if indeed the author is a man, which seems probable, that a woman's highest calling, and first duty is to be womanly.

George Mandeville's husband who suffers much through the energetic course pursued by his wife, is alarmed at symptoms of a desire "to do something" in his daughter, their only child, and earnestly pleads with her not to go in for any of the things which women in these days find so attractive; his only desire is that she may remain a woman, and fulfill what was until recently woman's sole mission. He tells his daughter that no woman was ever great in the true sense of the word; that no woman ever wrote a great book or painted a great picture or gave the world a new idea. If it was intended that women should do these things they would, he contends, have distinguished themselves centuries ago. The daughter then cites George Eliot, but George Eliot, he says, was three parts man, and he gives her very little consideration.

In "Perlycross," R. D. Blackmore's latest novel which has met with a markedly favorable reception, the author depends largely upon his skill in portraying homely English life to make interest with the reader—as is usually the case with Blackmore. There is no smattering of French 'unconventionality' in "Perlycross," no playing with vice. And there is no dabbling in politics, no dallying with ethical questions. There is a thread of love in it, or rather two or three of them, and the story is altogether wholesome.

Beyond the picture one gets of lovely Devonshire in the good old days, there is presented a panorama of moving life, in which men

and women of varied character appear, that grows in attractiveness from the first. The story turns on the mystery of the disappearance of the body of Sir Thomas Waldron, the patron of Perlycross parish, and leading up through a series of stirring incidents, reaches an approximate climax and disposes of, hero and heroine and the leading ladies and leading gentleman in a most happy manner. Blackmore adheres to the old time methods and that there are even in these days, many admirers of this honest kind of fiction is evident in the popularity of his books. "Perlycross" is a plain tale of old England with charming glimpses here and there of English scenery and of the hale and hearty way of living, with its straightforward and kindly Jemmy Fox, its Christie, full of spirit and loveliness, and its sweet Nicie, its Lady Waldron whose Spanish blood somehow refused to mark time with English pulsings and its good Parson Penniloe. It is a novel that, with a full complement of sentiment, will appeal to rational minds, and it will be accepted as a charming story and take its place along side of Lorna Doone."

The sentiment of the majority of the voters in Lincoln is undoubtedly in favor of a policy of street regulation, instead of a continuance of the impracticable and dangerous so-called reform measures inaugurated by Mayor Weir; and that gentleman's successor will be called upon to follow the example of Omaha and Denver and other large cities in dealing with this question—cities where there are the most severe regulations and practically no complaint.

Lincoln has in the last year or so gone through the experience which every city faces at some time, Mayor Weir, particularly, in his last term, has gone as far as the most radical could desire in the way of social reform. With a rather uncalled for flourish of trumpets he has attempted to reorganize the substratum of municipal life, and inaugurate an entirely new order of things. The mayor has, apparently, proceeded on the assumptions that utter extinction is possible. He has not, latterly, attempted to regulate, but to suppress. Warfare has been declared against the various social evils, and the daily newspapers have for months been full of more or less indelicate and oftentimes decidedly coarse particulars of the efforts of the police to exclude and suppress immorality in this city.

And what has been the result? After all this cleansing process is Lincoln any better off? Is the morality of the town improved? Has experience demonstrated that it is possible in a town of Lincoln's size to wipe out the social evil in its different manifestations? There can only be one answer to these questions. The experiment has not been a success. The very evil which, it is believed, the mayor has tried honestly enough to suppress is today stalking the streets of Lincoln in a more malignant form than ever before; and to most people it has been made clear that it is beyond the power of the authorities to abate this particular kind of evil. True, there, has been a change. Brothels have been forced to close; but never in the history of the city, has there been such a spreading out of this corruption as there is now. Where, formerly, there were certain definite limits to this half world of evil, today there are none. In almost every part of the city vice secretes itself, and whole neighborhoods are contaminated. There is no dead-line, and no place is safe. There is an unheard of number of assaults, and the police seem utterly powerless to cope with the present conditions. If anyone discredits these statements let him read the police news in any one of the daily newspapers for a week. It will be seen that there is a dreadful insecurity in the existing conditions; that there are today scores of innocent victims, among whom are not a few children, whereas, previous to the inauguration of the new policy, assaults

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE