



It's too bad we could not all live on S street between Sixteenth and the university. Not living there we have escaped the national publicity that Chancellor Canfield has given to the principal residents of that street. In his interesting article in

the December Forum entitled "Is the West Discontented? A Study of Local Facts," the chancellor indulges in a few illustrations that, to the people of Lincoln, are of special interest. Of course he does not mention the street or give the names of the people he introduces as examples; but there is not much difficulty in identifying either the locality or the people.

For instance who does not recognize the family thus described?—"At the head of this street lives a family of which the parents are of German birth and the children are American born. Those now at home are the father, mother and six sons. The oldest son is the business manager of one of the evening papers, in which his father is a bookkeeper. Another son is an accountant in the university, one practices law, one is studying medicine, one is a post graduate student and instructor in the university, where also the youngest is a student. The post graduate student and the youngest son are employed on the newspaper during the vacation, and in other spare time. All are intelligent, industrious, bright, temperate and reasonably successful. They are undoubtedly ambitious for better things but certainly cannot be said to be 'discontented.'"

The various members of the Westermann family are pretty accurately hit of by the chancellor, although we think he is a bit off as regards the oldest son—but whether Hans Theodore is the oldest of the six sons or whether the twins, Max and Fritz, lead is, after all, a matter of comparatively little moment to the people of the United States, and the chancellor may be forgiven this error, if indeed it be an error.

Now that the family of Herr Westermann has been placed under the strong calcium light of national publicity, it is perfectly admissible for us to indulge in a little personal discussion. There is no law or canon of propriety to prevent us, or anybody, for that matter, from talking or writing about national characters, and such Herr Westermann and Max and Fritz and Hans Theodore and William and Joseph and Louie have, with electric suddenness, become. We always knew this recognition would come; but we will admit it came a little sooner than we expected.

Anybody who knows Fritz—and this member of the family as the most ubiquitous is known to everybody—knows that he at least could not be confined to the pent-up Utica of a celebrity that embraces one small provincial town. Fritz as a *litterateur*, attorney, leader of society, and man about town, is a daisy, and we are a little surprised that the chancellor did not give him a little more attention. As to his being contented, we have our misgivings. Fritz's ambition has soared aloft so frequently that we are afraid he is not wholly contented. Fritz would like to have lived in the mediaeval days when hearts and castles were stormed by chivalry, and genius rode rough shod over the conventionalities; when the poetry and ardor in a man's soul could find some expression other than the wearing of a carnation, or the presentation of a volume of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. No, this time and place are much too prosaic for Fritz, and we doubt if he is contented. But we do not mean to devote this entire article to Fritz, much as we would like to. It is an interesting family, and on the whole the chancellor is to be congratulated on his aptness in description.

It is unnecessary to state that Dr. Giffen is meant by the following: "Their nearest neighbor on the west is a practising physician and surgeon, one of the most successful in the city. He is on the governor's staff as surgeon general of the state militia, takes considerable part and interest in public affairs, and is a good all-round citizen. It would be hard to find a more contented or happy family than he and his wife and children appear to be." We submit that Dr. Giffen ought always to take his hat off to the chancellor after this! An "ad" like this is worth money, and some of the other medical friends of the chancellor may feel aggrieved at this singling out of Dr. Giffen; but the doctor lives on the chancellor's street, and he could not be skipped. Other people are similarly introduced, and the article is interesting all the way through. It is a great boom for S street.

Some two or three weeks ago THE COURIER intimated that a certain well-known citizen of Lincoln would shortly appear before the public as an author. We referred to Charles G. Dawes, whose book, "The Banking System of the United States, and Its Relation to the Money and Business of the Country," published by Rand, McNally & Co., has just been issued. Mr. Dawes has for some years made a close study of economic conditions, his briefs on subjects touching railway management, rates, etc., having received especial recognition; and his appearance as a writer on banking is no surprise to those persons who are acquainted with the extent of his information and general resourcefulness. It is hardly within the scope of THE COURIER to make an exhaustive review of the book, which we are satisfied will be accepted as a thoughtful and sound contribution to a subject that is very imperfectly understood. Suffice it to say that Mr. Dawes does not attempt to give the history of the banking system of the United States. His book is more of a primer, dealing concisely with some of the essential and more important phases of the system. His references to the panic of 1893 and its concomitant restriction of the circulation of currency, as well as to the silver question are especially interesting, and he presents some new ideas in the discussion of both subjects. The book also contains some suggestions in the way of a law that would levy a tax upon national bonds for the purpose of creating a fund to be held by the United States treasury for the reimbursement of depositors in failed national banks, that is interesting in view of the recent promulgation of the Carlisle plan. Mr. Dawes' book evidences careful study and is a distinct credit to its author.

#### KNOW HIM?

It's no use to tell about him. You have encountered him. He always sits just behind you, and before the curtain goes up you hear him say to whomever is unfortunate enough to be with him: "I saw this in New York with the original cast. I don't suppose it's as good now."

The orchestra starts in, and he accompanies it: "Ta-te-ta-ta! Ta-te-ta-ta! Very pretty—don't you think? I have it at home."

The curtain goes up. "You'll like this first act. To my idea it's the best in the piece. At least it was the way they put it on in New York."

A few minutes later: "Now this is going to be a very pretty song. I remember it well. It made one of the hits of the piece in New York."

Soon after that he hums an accompaniment to the waltz song, so that no one within a radius of four seats shall fail to hear it. "The girl they had in New York did it much better."

Then comes the ensemble, and he says in a tone of gratified surprise: "Do you know, that's almost as good as it was in New York."

Managers who are really solicitous for the comfort and enjoyment of their patrons should put up lobby placards: "Those who saw the New York production not admitted."

#### ECONOMY AND STRENGTH.

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