

Bradford. Why, last year we shipped 85 per cent. more woolen goods from England than we did under McKinley in 1892. We Democrats are keeping the woolen mills in Leeds and Manchester going day and night. And see what we are doing for our sheep at home. The slaughter houses of Kansas City and Omaha are killing millions of sheep from New Mexico and Wyoming daily. And wool! Did not our grasping farmers use to get 35 cents for it under McKinley, and now we are sending gold to Australia and buying Swan River and Van Dieman's Land wool for 10 and 15 cents. I tell you, we Democrats are running things wild. We have to, for we know you Republicans are coming with the Keeley cure in '96."

It is said that an effort will be made to compel Joseph Garneau, who was Nebraska's world's fair commissioner, to restore the state's money he misappropriated. Garneau was appointed world's fair commissioner by Governor Boyd, at the instance of Mr. Hitchcock, editor of the World-Herald. He was continued in office by Governor Crouse in the face of a general protest. This man of crackers made a dreadful mess of the business of Nebraska's representation at the world's fair. He displayed marked zeal in pouring champagne down the throat of Lillian Russel, for all of which the people of Nebraska had to pay. In the real business of his office he exhibited an incompetency and prodigality that are perhaps unequalled in the history of this state, unless it be in the case of ex-oil inspector Hilton, another relic of the Crouse administration. Hilton was given a lucrative state office for the purpose of enabling him to satisfy a private indebtedness to Governor Crouse. He went out of office owing the state several thousand dollars. Attorney General Churchill can put in his spare time in no better way than in going after this precious pair, Garneau and Hilton.

No governor of Nebraska ever made so many bad appointments as Crouse. Holcomb, even with Rewick and Mart Howe to his discredit, still has the advantage of his republican predecessor.

THE EDITOR.

IN REPLY

I would urge, in answer to "X." but two points—having no space for personalities. First, religious music cannot express "doctrines." It expresses moods. It utters, as every musician knows, not creed, but a spirit of worship. In the second place, I find the word "protestant" ambiguous. And X rather takes advantage of the ambiguity. Protestants of the Reformation "resisted the doctrine of the Mass" and "hated it as a lie." But modern Unitarians are not Protestants of the Reformation. They do not protest against error. They seek truth. They have learned that in every true creed pulses worship; that no loved religion is a lie. The Puritan cut the cross from the flag. The Unitarian welcomes its spiritual symbolism. He scorns nothing; even the piteously insipid Gospel Hymn claims kinship to his worship. He blames no belief, exiles no outcasts. He condemns no creed; he seeks to the origin of all.

I worship neither sun, nor sea, nor stars, nor any man's imaginings, nor any greatness of these; but through them, beyond, I worship toward a vast-er, a primal omnipotence. I am not narrow, for I reverence the strong worship of your religion. You, you say, are not narrow, yet you say, in substance, "You cannot accept our creed; we deny you the worship. You cannot take the letter; we refuse you the spirit. You cannot receive the Christ; we deny

you God." That is your message. Is it the message of your Master? Is it the utterance of tolerance? The Inquisition said: "You are heretics." You say, "You are hypocrites!" The Inquisition was cruel to the body, but it did give its victim some credit for soul, some respect for sincerity.

H. B.

SOCIAL GOSSIP

There is one room in some houses that is usually attractive above all others. It is a room in which the feminine members of the household are supposed not to congregate very often, nor to tarry very long. The minister calls it his study. There he meets the woes and joys of his little world. The editor or the lawyer might call it his study or smoking room, but two to one to them it is the "den." To it the friend who calls for a little chat is invited. There after dinner, the masculine guests assemble to talk and smoke and be entertained. Once inside this sacred place the hours become moments. All the wealth of story and anecdote is poured out and the enjoyment is supreme. There are "dens" in Lincoln which possess many attractions. One of these is the possession of the senior editor of the morning contemporary. The room has a pleasant east window outlook. The customary fireplace adds to the cosy appearance. The walls are lined to the ceiling with rare books, gathered through many years. These books of themselves possess a sufficient charm to make the minutes fly. The association with a genial host makes the combination complete. This library contains a great many curious and interesting volumes. They are not stray books sent to the editor to be reviewed and favorably mentioned. They are books of the most costly and valuable character. Rare histories in rare bindings. Translations of the classics in sheep. Volumes of ancient and modern learning, and reference books covering every conceivable subject. Bound magazines, not only the modern ones but rare old publications. In this library one fond of books could revel to the heart's content. Out of these books, and through their association with polite literature the editor has accumulated a stock of information which is always available for his daily occupation. Other men in the city have similar accumulations of books and curiosities, and these things go far toward making up the sum of human happiness.

Mrs. W. Q. Bell and daughters have gone to Monmouth, Ill., for a visit extending through the holidays.

Mr. L. C. Day, a law student in the state university, has just returned from Nebraska City with his bride. After finishing his course Mr. Day expects to locate in Kansas City.

A timely new game comes from England. It is called "Sultan" and the object of the game is to leave the king of hearts surrounded by a group of admiring queens. It is a game of solitaire, and these are the rules: Shuffle two packs of cards and then withdraw the eight kings and the ace of hearts. Put one of the kings of hearts in the center and around him in the form of a square the other kings and the ace of hearts. The king of hearts remains untouched throughout the game. On the right and left of the center lay out four common cards—eight in all. Now commence to draw, laying the ace of each suit on each king, and the deuce of hearts on the ace of hearts. If a card can be found among the eight outside cards take it and replace the card from the rubbish heap, boneyard, or whatever the term in your nomenclature. This heap may

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