

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

The Omaha papers are beginning to refer with pride to the trans-Mississippi exposition to be held there in 1898. It is a little curious, when their dependence on the state is as near as 1898 that the papers in that Chinese city do not see the necessity of treating the rest of the state with cordiality. A part is not as large as the whole, however large the part be swelled. The Chicago "great dailies" have treated the Illinois country papers so graciously and appreciatively that when Chicago went to Washington to get the World's fair located there Illinois went too. Mr. Roosevelt is arrogant, selfish, short-sighted, albeit he has the Semitic faculty of making money. He has gazed at himself so long that he has lost the faculty of comparison—always imperfectly developed in people of his tribe. He looks to himself like a large impressive man and his sons inherit their father's myopia. Although Mr. Hitchcock would not consciously imitate the Bee, the latter paper sets the newspaper pace in Omaha and Mr. Hitchcock can see no further than Mr. Roosevelt's nose will allow him to. The country papers are centres of small circles made up of voters who are influenced by any prejudice which the editor can prove well-founded. When it comes to a concession from the state to Omaha, Omaha's airs will be remembered against her. A crowd of people are not Lilliputian when its members have the suffrage. The citizens of Omaha are clever and public-spirited. If the newspapers do not get in the way they will make a success of the trans-Mississippi exposition as they did of the circus and the Ak-Sar-Ben festival. If Mr. Robert W. Patrick's speech at the banquet of the Sons of Omaha represents the sentiments of the Omaha young men the city's future is assured. Mr. Patrick said: "Now, boys of Omaha, shall we have less courage, less self-confidence, less trust in God than our sires had before us? Shall we admit that, where success came to them under the circumstances, we, with the foundation laid, the plans and specifications prepared, the material on hand, must fail in the completion of the edifice? We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our parents whose great love surrounds us, we owe it to the reverence in which we hold them to take up the work so nobly begun and carry it vigorously onward to full and complete fruition." And in conclusion he said: "Let it be done in such a manner that it shall be attributed to the 'boys of Omaha.'" Here is an exaltation of spirit, a buoyant hope and an energy that vitalizes whatever organic thing it touches.

The following poem, taken from the Chap-Book of February, is by Prof. Herbert Bates of the state university. It is vivid, lyric. Euphony pervades it, dramatic feeling strengthens it and local color makes it, if possible, more lovely:

THE GIANT WOLF.

The giant wolf, the woodland wolf,
Strode southward down the wind,
And the gale yelled keen, and the moon
gleamed green,
And the little stars blinked blind.
The scathing snow-snakes twined before
And hissed through the knotted grass,
And he heard overhead the sheeted
dead,
That dance in the whirlwind pass.
His shag grey locks roughed with the
gale,
His white teeth fanged with wrath.
Now God be good to the man whose
blood
He smells before his path!

Now God be good to the man whose
feet.
On the snow-blind swirling way,
Shall meet the blaze of his hungry
gaze,
And the snarling fangs that slay.
And happy he who sits at home
Where the corn-fire smoulders warm,
When alone, in the white of the whirl-
ing night,
The grey wolf walks the storm.

Secretary Morton has been attacked by the pack at Washington for wolfish reasons, entirely intelligible and satisfactory to wolves. The matter of seed distribution has been an object of ridicule for years. The supply of rare seeds suitable for this climate is exhausted. There is no need of spending the appropriation. But because it is there the pack insist on his buying seeds with it that it may send them to constituents who do not need them. There are not offices enough to go around in the spoils system. But the disappointees used to be cajoled into voting the same ticket again by a little bag of seeds. In this way the congressman's own pocket was saved. Why the whole should be taxed for a part, especially, when the part does not need it, is a question that Senator Vest and Congressmen Moses and Livingston have bawled themselves hoarse over. But the tumult is not so great as it was when Speaker Reed, of Maine, ruled that all members whom he could see on the floor should be counted as present whether they answered roll call or not. If this were a day of swords and pistols instead of steel throats and leather lungs Mr. Reed had lost his life a dozen times. Nothing occurred that history writes down. The vituperation pattering all about Mr. Morton will not hurt him. Everybody knows he has done the right thing and in a year or two republicans will admit the integrity and wisdom of his conduct just as the democrats have adopted "Czar" Reed's procedure.

"My Sister Henrietta" is an estimate and memorial of his sister by the author of the Vie de Jesu." Henrietta Renan was the most dearly beloved of sisters and Ernest Renan was the most beloved of brothers. They lived together in entire sympathy and understanding. Renan says: "In all moral matters we had come to see with the same eyes and to feel with the same heart. She was so familiar with my order of thought that she almost always knew before hand what I was about to say, the idea dawning upon her and upon me at the same moment. In spiritual things I was still seeking material for interesting essays or artistic studies; with her nothing marred the purity of her intimate communion with the good. Her religion of the true could not bear the least discordant note. One thing that wounded her in my writings was a touch of irony which possessed me, and which I mingled with the best things. I had never suffered and I found a certain philosophy in the discreet smile provoked by human weakness or vanity. This trick wounded her, and I gradually gave it up for her sake. I now know how right she was. The good should be simply good; any touch of mockery implies a remnant of vanity and of personal challenge which ends by being in bad taste." The story of her life shows Mlle. Renan a rare woman, although she had critical ability as delicate and accurate as her brother, her charm more than anything else lay in her womanliness. When Ernest was a very small boy his father died and left the family very poor. Henrietta taught school and aided her young brother to get that education which he

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