

manufacturers association presented the case of the Nebraska manufacturer very forcibly and briefly. To hear any notes lower than the middle key was a rude shock but Mr. Holmes vindicated his right to speak. He claimed that he invented the Lorelei quartette the excellent quality of which the women had just tested and he said the other commodities he represented were as good.

It is a little curious that this exclusively women's meeting was held in the rooms belonging to the Odd Fellows association which is exclusively masculine. But no shadow of secrets forever hidden from them rested upon the federation. The members knew their place was in the van of civilization too well to be teased by playthings which their little brothers never allow them to handle.

In the evening, after a reception, a collation was served in a large room across the hall from the audience room—a room converted from an empty re-sounding hall into a banquet room, by flags, banners, piano lamps, flowers, damask and china.

The Lorelei quartette, Dan H. Wheeler, Mrs. C. H. Nye, Miss Nellie Rogers, Mrs. Julia Harpham and Miss Reynolds sang. The toasts were real toasts, short, warm and crisp, except those made by the men, who seemed to think the women had solemnly assembled to listen to hortations on their duties to him and the future. To be sure, the women who replied to toasts were picked from the whole state, and the men were called upon at the last moment to represent the stronger sex, and they got the dimensions mixed, mistaking length for strength.

About four hundred guests sat down at the tables and they were waited upon with surprising quickness and quietness. Some woman with a genius for details and success was out in the kitchen but I did not hear who she was.

In the morning there was more music, a paper by Mrs. J. C. Field of the Beatrice Woman's Club on the "Food Standard, and a discussion of the question, "Is a small, limited club capable of more effective work than a large club?"

Mrs. D. C. McKillip of Seward's History and Art Club said that it was and proved it; Mrs. O. A. Abbott of the Grand Island Woman's Club said that it was not and proved it. In the half hour which followed the debate the general discussion was animated, and at times it came near repartee if not to recrimination. But the notes had it finally.

The three minute reports of clubs showed that about two-thirds of the whole number of clubs in the state were represented.

At half past one in the afternoon the federation assembled for the election of officers and to complete unfinished business.

The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

- Presd't., Mrs. Belle Stoutenborough—Plattsmouth.
- V. Presd't., Mrs. Keyser—Omaha.
- Secretary, Miss Vesta Grey—Fremont.
- Treasurer, Mrs. Nichols—Beatrice.
- Auditor, Mrs. McKillip—Seward.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon the delegates left for home. It was a very successful meeting, the weather was perfect, the hostesses were cordial and the guests were en rapport with both.

Fremont is one of the oldest towns in the state. It has large trees on spacious lawns. The postoffice building is of white stone, with rounded minarets or the modern architectural equivalent. Although not so large, it is as handsome as the new government building in Omaha. Its erection is due to Congressman Dorsey.

Among the resolutions that were passed was one expressing the regret felt by the women of the state on account of Mrs. Peattie's removal to Chicago and wishing her the best of

fortune.

The Woman's Clubs and the federation they make have come to stay. They are preparing the way for woman's entrance into a larger sphere. When they are ready the door will open without much pushing. When that time comes she will cease to talk about herself, what she has done and what she is going to do and take life as men do—objectively.

Mrs. Field, the returning president, is master of a chairman's duties. She has tact, ability and knowledge. The admiring comments of the audience culminated at the close of the meetings in a rising vote expressing the federation's appreciation of her services as president.

POLITICAL POINTS.

The rich, the poor, the great, the small;  
The fat and lean, the short and tall,  
Are now engaged in one great brawl.

They talk of silver and of gold,  
And tell about the bonds which sold,  
And still the half is never told.

The Irish, German, French and Swede  
In argument will not recede  
To give his neighbor e'en a lead.

The women, too, have made their bout,  
And gaily sing and gladly shout,  
And try the enemy to rout.

So goes the presidential fight;  
No one is wrong, no one is right,  
But the truth it will soon come to light.

Apropos to the discussion of the Crawford county nominating system it may be said that not all shrewd men approve of its employment. Some few of our local politicians are of the decided opinion that any combined force has more of an advantage under this system than the convention system, and cite as an instance the corporation strength in this and other cities of its size.

There is no city of 50,000 or more people where the corporation power and other monied influences cannot control, directly or indirectly, at least 800 to 1500 votes. Not that the influences in question practice coercion or other unfair methods of dealing with such vote, but through the tendency resulting from intimate relations between men and their employes.

Such a condition being natural, the opponents of the Crawford system bring the objection that corporations, and not the people, are masters of the primaries when so held, and that the former element is in a position to nominate any man favorable to its interests. They further argue that the redeeming virtue of the system—that of concentration of power on the part of the mass of people, (as mentioned last week in these columns)—will never be observed to an extent that will be beneficial to them, as every contingency of a party has the "best and most available" man, and be wholly unable to compromise on any one individual.

But such a presumption is hardly reasonable. The people should be given credit for possessing intelligence sufficient to foresee the futility of their endeavor to nominate a candidate, if their strength is divided between half a dozen or more men, especially when the combined strength of any monied power is being centered on some one man.

To say that the people are ignorant of the methods of political warfare is equivalent to calling them a lot of chumps. While it is undeniable that in most cases voters have not consolidated on one man in primary contests, a little training in this direction is all that is necessary to make the Crawford an ideal nominating system.

The manner in which the Crawford system allows the people to make their own choice cannot be overlooked. As a matter of fact, if the

voters fail to take advantage of its merits of this system, they are no worse off than they were under the old.

But experience does not sustain the ideas treasured by the anti-Crawfordites. Many instances right in Lincoln can be cited which prove that the people have, on more than one occasion, rebuked distasteful influences, and their consolidation has not always been confined to one party or candidate.

It is superfluous to remark that even after nominations have been made consolidation of the people has occurred, and how such a movement against a candidate affects him is too well known to deserve comment. Why, then, if the voting population can defeat a candidate at an election can they not do so at the nominating election? Verily, the argument that the people will not be content to consolidate on or against a candidate for either nomination or election must fall short of substantiation in the face of facts here presented.

The people, it is true, are long suffering and kind, but once their disapproval or indignation is fully aroused, none can stand under it. The people will consolidate if given ample time and opportunity. A little competent generalship and experience is all that is requisite to bring them to a mutual understanding on the merits of this system. Then they will have men of their own choosing, such as they secured at the spring's election.

And it should be remembered that carelessly as the new plan was handled for the first time last spring, it demonstrated its usefulness and improvement over the convention system. As nearly everyone knows, the grossest negligence was apparent in the management of the primaries at that time, the tops of the ballot boxes at many polling places not even being sealed (as required by law under all voting systems) and a number of them were broken half open, from which ballots protruded, and permitted of either extraction or stuffing, had any one cared to do either. Besides, that primary election did not vary much in aspect from the old style ward primaries, except that the voters in every ward voted for candidates instead of delegations. To be perfect, this system should be conducted under the rules governing the Australian ballot. If this were the case, a voter could express his preference of men with much more freedom than he can if ward "bosses" and "heelers" are to be permitted to remain inside the polls.

The tickets used at the primaries should be the same as those used under the Australian ballot, in one form. The practice of allowing numerous tickets and men at the polls, permits much deception and shady manipulation. Were this not true the Australian ballot, which approaches the ideal, if properly and honorably managed, would never have been evolved.

Many other improvements will suggest themselves to the keen observer. It is a question worthy the most profound consideration. It is undoubtedly a fixture in this city, regardless of the fact that a few men antagonize its further use. However, it will be given another test next spring. That this is true is conceded by nearly all republicans, and with one exception, the present aspirants for city office at this time highly favor it. Whether one faction has an advantage over the other under the Crawford system will then be determined to a certainty, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that the people can triumph over any "clique" if they wish to do so, under this system.

It is a very good thing for Mr. Steph-

erson and the republican party of Lincoln and Lancaster county that they have the valuable services of Col. E. R. Sizer at their disposal. Mr. Sizer is not only an exemplary and winning marshal and organizer of forces, but he has friends in every party and walk of life. Especially is he a favorite with the workmen, to whom he has manifested his friendship on more than one occasion, officially and in his daily life. It is safe to assert that Mr. Sizer has, by his conscientious and active work, made as many converts to McKinley and sound money as any one man in Lancaster county.

A wild-eyed pop walked into one of the numerous offices in the court house last Saturday. As the atmosphere was very chilly and damp, and withal inclement, Mr. Pop was enveloped in a huge coat warranted to resist cold of 45 degrees or more. No sooner had he struck the door of the county office when his optics beheld a ruddy glow emanating from a cherry looking fire place. Walking up to where the coals were crackling lustily and emitting a merry sound, and throwing out a roost welcome and much needed heat, Mr. Pop placed his hands as near to the fire as he could without "toasting" them, and smiled a smile of intense satisfaction, as he gleefully rubbed his hands together the while.

The warmth was welcome even to him. The day was nasty to the extreme. He was chilled to the "marrer." He stood for a long time, intently gazing at the lively tongues of flame as they shot in every direction. Finally he felt comfortable. Then his populist propensity manifested itself. Turning to a young man who stood near him he remarked: "That's jist the way with them republikins. They spend the county's money jist es extravagintly es they kin. See this yer fire, my lad! What use hev they fer a fire in a day like this? Consarn it all, its a useless expenditure of the people's money. Jist wait until we pops git in office agin. I kin tell yer thet no fires will go this time of the year."

The young man silently stole away. He did not care to bandy words with a lunatic.

If we had a few able cartoonists in Lincoln next spring to give us pen pictures of our local political aspirants when engaged in the scrap for city offices, the campaign would be more amusing, if not interesting.

He—Isn't it a beautiful day?  
She—Yes. How can you remain indoors in such beautiful weather?

Nell—And how did he propose?  
Grace—He asked me if it would be worth his while to run the fifty cent crease in his trousers.

First artist—So Colonel Bluegrass would not take any of your pictures?  
Second artist—No; he says he hasn't any taste for water colors.

Mrs. Cohenheimer—Vot you dink of mein new false teeth, Levi?  
Mr. Cohenheimer—Dey vos fine, Repekka. You vont to talk through your nose now, Repekka, to save de veer und tear on dose teeth.

Husband—There was something at out Miss Brown's singing tonight that I liked.  
Wife—Indeed? What could it have been?  
Husband—There was very little of it.

"That fellow is always running actors down."  
"A dramatic critic?"  
"No, an engineer on a freight train."