

is a question if it be beneficial or necessary to entertain a heterogeneous collection of delegates whom you will never see again and who receive hospitality as a tribute to the importance of their official mission. It is an old custom, older than Abraham, but emphasized by him, when he lived on the borders of a desert and wayfarers arrived faint and thirsty at his tent. There were no inns and they came with greetings from urban pot-nates whom Abraham did not care to offend. Since that time simplicity has become complexity, and the housekeeper with one maid and a brood of children opens her house to delegates with premonitions of backache. It is not an un-mixed blessing, as I said before, to be a railroad centre with rural districts on every side.

The first story of Henry James' book "Terminations" is one called "The Death of the Lion." It details with exactness, as to cause and so far as can be learned, the circumstances also of George Du Maurier's death. The curious thing about it is that "Terminations" was published a year ago and Du Maurier died but yesterday, saying that the popularity of "Trilby" had killed him. The people admired him so that they would not allow him to walk the streets in peace. Society women tracked him to his study, where they made him promise to do the lion act for them. They made house parties for him, and went after him when he failed to come. He was a tame lion, and when they asked him he went. But the solitude and silence of his lair was necessary to his health. Caged, he died, and the world was the looser. He was as loving, gentle and modest as "Trilby," whose name even, the playwright and the manufacturers have destroyed. Woe unto the Philistines whose vulgarity only hurts other people and never touches them. There is fire and brimstone waiting for them somewhere. Nothing less palpable can affect them. They know not remorse, nor shame, nor the bitterness of feeling oneself thoroughly obnoxious and repulsive. Not they! They doubtless felt that they were making dear Mr. Du Maurier happy when they were talking to him about his books, which ten to one they had never read, and dragging him off to their wretched tattle-teas in spite of his mild remonstrances. The Philistines, Plague take them! killed Du Maurier and deprived the rest of the world of a cheer that was making the journey to the grave pleasant and comfortable. If he, perchance, meet in the land to which he was driven a very hobgoblin of a shade, I hope he may send it to scare and haunt his tormentors. Whenever they lay their complacent mugs on the pillow after a day of most infernal chatter and intrusion on some one's privacy, may Du Maurier's purgatorial acquaintance confront them and scare them pretty nearly to death. Not quite to death—not until their victim has had time to move into the next higher sphere, but scare them wide awake for nights at a time. Then they may realize what the poor author suffered for lack of rest. For strange as it may seem, some bores are quite timid and afraid in the dark. Remorse cannot touch them, but fear can, and here's hoping they will shiver and shake this very night.

Henry James calls his hero "Neil Paraday." He dies at a country house where he is being "entertained" for the benefit of his hostess. Henry James was an intimate friend of DuMaurier's and admired him as only a craftsman can admire the master of the craft. Henry James is a little slow himself. He works by indirection and implication. The swift action and movement of Du Maurier is not possible to him. The intimate tones, the nearness of Du Maurier is also impossible to him. Henry James' style is impersonal. After reading him you have no idea of the manner

of man he is, except that he is an aristocrat and has a very contemptuous opinion of "the west," where you yourself live. And DuMaurier (who loved everybody and nobody) and Henry James were such friends. (The latter will never die with an overdose of popularity). Everybody who read DuMaurier felt that he was a friend and that he must be informed of their admiration and love. I say, everybody felt it but only the Philistines responded to the impulse. Neil Paraday is a photograph of Du Maurier, though it does not seem to have been received as such.

On reading over the foregoing remarks on Philistines and their wages the tone seems, at times, somewhat profane. What is written is written. The cause of George Du Maurier's death, before his work was finished, excuses profanity if profanity is ever excusable.

The editor of the "Woman's Weekly," the literary organ of the Federation of Woman's clubs of Nebraska, calls the state superintendent of instruction in Nebraska, "Cry baby" Corbett. She says that he is whining about having to take care of his mother when it should be his joy and pride to take care of her who first loved him. Nothing that Mr. Corbett has said can be twisted into a boast that he supports his mother. He was accused of lacking respect for women and he recalled his lifelong association with them. It was a cry baby part that Miss Fairbrother played at the Fremont federation meeting. When a motion was made to make "The Lincoln Courier" the official organ of the Woman's clubs, Miss Fairbrother arose and entreated the members not to take their support from her. She said if they did, the paper would be ruined. For that reason and no other she was allowed to retain the title of official organ of the Woman's clubs of Nebraska for one year more. Her friends who advocated her claims had nothing to say of the merits of the paper. They were Omaha women. They said the official organ should remain in Omaha because they wanted it to and because the Omaha Woman's club was willing to lend any woman's club in the state photographs nearly one-fourth as large as this page and as many as fifty at a time. Miss Fairbrother is still the editor of the Woman's organ.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Now the local politician
Moves about as if on eggs;
For president he's labored—
Now for next spring's votes he begs.

The presidential campaign is practically at an end. Republicans know that McKinley is already elected. They are correspondingly proud of their heroic and incessant efforts in behalf of sound money and protection, as they have a right to be. Locally, republicans look for a bigger majority next spring than has been given their ticket for many years, as a result of the national success of republicanism, and they do not err much in their surmises. At that time the "cream" of the party will be placed before the people. The party is determined that no weak or questionable characters will grace its ticket in future and a "microscopic analysis" will be made of the coming candidates before a choice is expressed by it. The party realizes that it has made too many mistakes in the past, and the only method which offers strength to retrieve lost ground is that above contemplated.

There was a time in Lincoln when the nomination on the republican ticket was equivalent to the election. Those days are now passed. Clean men are imperative to republican success. The people will not have incapable or dishonest

men foisted upon them through the channel of party lines.

These assertions are not meant to reflect discredit upon any of the republican candidates who have been defeated in the past. They are simply meant to impress the mind with conditions as they really exist. While Lincoln has a republican majority of nearly 1,500, the independent thinkers of this number have several times demonstrated that they cannot be relied upon to support any man not of the best type.

City politics is just beginning to get warm. While there is not the intense heat exhibited which will be later on, the "quiet confabs" and "feelers" and general conduct of prospective candidates indicate that which has not yet arisen to public notice. Within another thirty days candidates for municipal honors next spring will be a little more pronounced, and within sixty days the campaign will begin to steam.

The Courier's discussion of the Crawford county or Lincoln system has taken deep root in political circles, and already several members of the republican city central committee have applied themselves to the task of discovering how the party leaders, candidates and voters generally stand upon this question. In this connection it may be stated that a meeting of the central committee, a few months before the city primaries, would not be an unwise movement.

Last spring the committee was confronted with this important yet perplexing question a few weeks before the primary election. At that time candidates were numerous and it puzzled many voters as to whom they would support. Aside from this worrisome feature, the excitement created by the introduction of a new nominating system was infused into the muddle. And all this to contend with but a few days before the primaries! Feeling ran high. The central committee was abused and maligned. Hotheads held clubs over the heads of candidates and their ward committeemen. A brawl was narrowly averted, and for a time there was no telling what phase the matter would assume.

And all this unnecessary turmoil and dissatisfaction can be avoided if the city central committee will hold an early meeting, and thoroughly discuss the advisability of using or discarding the Crawford county system next spring, and at the same time solicit the aid and expressions from republicans generally. This much done, the party members will have ample time to ponder over the decision of the committee. Even though the new system were dropped, under these circumstances, no republican could truthfully aver that the committeemen were unfair. However, if the committee fails to hold sessions on this issue at least two months before the spring primaries, a repetition of the unpleasant occurrences of last spring may be expected.

Improvements in various sections of the city should more easily be obtained now than ever before, to look through the eye piece used by some men. Five councilmen and the mayor are now candidates for the high office of chief executive.

The women have never before demonstrated their usefulness and influence to the extent that they have this fall by their participation in political campaigns.

Politics is not like life—
We can't make it what we choose;
Because we cannot always win,
But we can always lose.

All parties will undoubtedly vote for the proposed amendment increasing the members of supreme judges from three

to five. The operation of this contemplated increase of state judiciaries would be of the greatest benefit to Nebraskans generally, as their legal affairs would be given more prompt attention than it can possibly receive at the hands of three overtaxed judges.

It is possible that in future young men seeking wives will find them at political meetings as well as parties and theatres.

Said a prominent Lincoln politician the other day: "How do I view the result of the women's participating in this campaign? Well, in the first place, I am convinced of their great worth and influence as assistants. I believe further, that they have become a permanent fixture in politics, local, state and national. That their aid in this great contest will bring to them recognition never before accorded them, I do not doubt. As I take it, this one step alone will do more for the advancement of equal suffrage than any step which I can imagine or comprehend. Withal, I feel assured that women will henceforth rapidly get to the front in politics, and I do not believe that I am making a wild assertion when I say that I would not be the least surprised if they were voting within five years from now. The present voting population will hereafter call upon the women in every campaign, and the women, as soon as they fully appreciate the value of their services, will not be long in insisting upon the ballot on all questions. That's my answer to your plain question."

Sam Low is one of the shining republican lights in the present campaign, and if there is a warmer member of the party in the county than he is, trot him out.

One of the most inspiring features of republican processions is the Railroad Men's Sound Money club. Their uniforms are appropriate and unusually becoming, they are perfectly disciplined and highly enthusiastic, and are, as a whole, pleasing to look at.

The fact that the silver men are laboring for only the head of their ticket should not be overlooked by republican voters. By concentrating their entire efforts on Mr. Bryan they expect to secure a vote for the entire ticket for every vote cast for the Boy Orator. This is an old game. Let the voter be wary of such a ruse.

We often wonder how republican bolters will feel after November 3—when McKinley will have been elected.

Few men bolt a party but what they regret it. Voluntary and conscientious affiliation with any organized body brings attachment with it, and a respect or affection for anything can not be easily forgotten or smothered.

The popocrats are asking themselves the same question as did the Southern representative when he said: "Where are we at?"

Nebraska may not go republican by 75,000, but deduct about 35,000 from that number and you will be on "Easy" street.

All voters should remember the importance of registering so that they can vote without loss of time or difficulty. There remains but one more day to register, Saturday, October 31. T.

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