

who was ten years ago the belle of the little place. At times she denounces those whom she declares have done her wrong. But as a rule she is happy in her hallucinations. She calls carriages, "opens wine," sings out orders to the crew of the yacht, and lavishly fees her attendants with little pieces of paper that she tears from the illustrated papers that they humor her with.

Mrs. Isabel Richey of Plattsmouth, many of whose poems have appeared from time to time in The Courier, has received an encouraging and appreciative letter from W. D. Howells. He says that her work is faithfully and effectively done and adds: "Your best encouragement will come from your own consciousness of having done something worth while in your own way."

Mr. Howells' head has not enlarged with his reputation. He can appreciate a poem or a book that comes out of the west and when he says that "it is good" a book has started on its way to appreciation.

Mrs. Richey's poems deal with the emotions and with the aspects of nature. The lines flow so smoothly that I have sometimes thought a break in the rhythm would add strength to the stanza. Be that as it may her poems have appeared in the newspapers of the state for many years and have been read by a great many people with pleasure. The world is hard and cold and poets are supersensitive or they would not be poets. But not until the poet can publish a book do the reviewers pay much attention to him and frequently not then. If Mrs. Richey were a man she would do hack work like Bixby and Walt Mason. Being a woman she stays at home and writes only when the poet's frenzy drives her to expression. Originality in poetry is almost impossible. Most of the situations, decorations, and experiences of life are best expressed—if they must be expressed at all—in prose. The few that are considered fit for poetry have been used so many times that the combinations are all used up. The only hope for the contemporary poet is that the same thing was written in some forgotten tongue that even the most malicious and suspicious scholar—critic can not find it. When it happens so, the poet can make his heartbeats pay, and when it does not, he starves if poetry be his only art. He is not less original than the successful poet, only nearer to his predecessor's in time and language and therefore we have heard it before. The song is sweet, but the singer stands out in the dark by our window. He is never identified with his own melody, which is forgotten, too, by morning.

When a man claims that he is honest, when he tries to make you admit that he is not cheating you it is time to be on your guard. When a spiritualist asks, "Is it not a physical impossibility that I or any man could tie from seventy to eighty knots a minute," every one in the audience who does not believe in spiritualism is forced to say no to his question because he has just done it. If a man can do apparently impossible things without claiming any supernatural assistance the lookers-on can not withhold their admiration. But when a man claims the intimacy and aid of spirits who are invisible and hides behind a curtain while they are helping him there is an unexplained discord between what he says and what he does. People like to be puzzled, they do not like to be duped. Hermann does the former while many spiritualists do the latter. Such an attempt always puts an audience on the defensive at once, and when the evening is over the experimenter is playing to antagonists.

Ghosts seem to prefer to make friends of illiterate people whose speech is flavored with "have wents," "I does" and "he sees." Things are revealed to the foolish that wisdom refuses to accept. The un-

grammatical mediums selected by ghosts who have been gone long enough from this world to forget how to speak and write the language they used with grace and correctness when on earth, the mediums, I say, on account of their ignorance of the parts of speech, discredit the ghosts. The spirit of a mother, whose children learnt from her to speak correctly, is reported by the medium to the children. As "maw," she says comforting words, in English so shockingly bad, that the children are dismayed, and if they are credulous they must believe their mother in bad company. In justice to the ghosts who can not speak for themselves and in pity for their relatives and friends, graduates of the grammar school, who in comparison to the ordinary medium are individuals of vast learning, should turn their attention to the subject of spiritualism. There seems to be money in it and awe together with very little danger if you do not count a tendency to *embonpoint*, and that only attacks lady mediums.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Politics! if thou art but a scurf
To execute the people's will.
What shall we call the people
Who are controlled by thee more than thou
art by them?

Verily, politics is as fickle and capricious as the average fifteen-year old girl. Until the present time, Nebraska has never been found lacking a good republican majority in a national election. True, her people have at times repudiated some republican candidates, but for all that she has invariably been numbered among republican states on all matters of a national character until now.

And who shall be blamed for this great change? On whom shall fall the responsibility for allowing Nebraska to be wrested from the republicans and placed in the line of popocracy? Certainly some one must be held liable, and it should not be Mr. Bryan; neither Silas Holcomb. No. The republican party has itself to blame for its overwhelming defeat; and this fact, harsh as it may seem, is admitted by all cool headed republicans who have considered the proposition. And were it not true, why was Jack MacColl defeated by a much larger vote than any other republican candidate on the ticket?

Some may contend that this is an unfair and unwarranted statement, but it is not. Nebraskans have, as above stated, chastised the republican before. They have and always will insist upon the nomination of men who will not be placed upon the defensive, as were several of the republican nominees just defeated.

At the time of the state republican convention men of the influence and standing of George Meikeljohn, Elijah Filley and Judge Hayward were before it for gubernatorial honors. But the convention "passed them up," and chose the genial and "vote getter," Jack MacColl, as the standard bearer of the republican party in this state. And, alas! it was a grave and ruinous mistake, for, while Mr. MacColl is a pleasant fellow and all that, he was, nevertheless, on the defensive from start to finish. Had either of the three other gentlemen been nominated, and particularly Judge Hayward, it is doubtful if free silver or Holcomb would have gotten to first base. It was merely a repetition of the Majors campaign of two years ago, except that Ed Rosewater supported MacColl. It was Rosewater who practically dictated the nomination of Jack, and

that fact contributed greatly to his defeat.

It is worse than useless to parley over the many circumstances which brought demoralization to the republican camp. Rather, let us seek a remedy for it. It would be childish for us to repress our chagrin. Therefore let us act wisely. Populism is triumphant in this state, and will be until the republican party admits that it has a firm hold on this state only so long as it is represented by men of unquestioned honesty and integrity, and no longer. With Hayward the republicans would have won; with MacColl and a few others they went down!

But Lincoln people are interested right here at home, and when they contemplate the slump in republican majorities in some wards of the city they are dismayed. While the republican loss all over the city was only about 400, according to the official count, it is safe to aver that it was fully 800 or more. This estimate, while it may not seem reasonable at first, will become more convincing when it is considered that hundreds of democrats and populists voted for sound money who vote their straight tickets on other elections. Without question, under these conditions, the popocrats are in a more aggressive shape than they have ever been in the history of this city. The republican party, as a result, is now in need of the most patient and skillful nursing, else, instead of retrieving it will lose still more ground.

These broad assertions may grate upon a few sensitive ears, and give rise to some criticism. The Courier, however, does not object to a little criticism; it relishes it, in fact. The fact is this paper is not given to disseminating misleading and wishee-washee sentiment, but advocates a vigorous and truthful policy in all political matters. While facts are stubborn things they must be met. To avoid an issue is but to experience even redoubled difficulty when it is again encountered. Hence the republican party of Lincoln should realize, and at once, that it is on the verge of a political precipice, and that if not properly guarded by its leaders, it may be hurled into the yawning pit from which there will be no escape for some years at least. With efficient and honest men and management, however, the solution of the situation is plain—Lincoln, being a republican city, will remain so if accorded fair treatment by its republican representatives.

But the people are not fools, and will not submit to the many misuses of privileges which are possible under party dominance of any political shade, as the reduction in republican majorities in Lincoln last week indicated. We refer to the selection of Elmer B. Stephenson as chairman of the republican county central committee—a move which cost the republican party more votes in this city than the strength of all other elements combined. Like the selection of MacColl, Mr. Stephenson's appointment as county chairman was forced, and then even after the members of the county central committee had chosen a chairman. These assertions do not reflect upon any one in particular, but are suggested with a view of demonstrating the fact that a man must wear clean skirts if he wishes to trot in the republican ranks as a leader.

Mr. Stephenson as a campaigner, has few, if any equals, in this county. It is his record that condemns him. There are any number of staunch republicans in this city and county who did not once call on Mr. Stephenson, so great is their contempt for him. The charges made against him on the street corners and from the rostrum could not be defended; the virulent attacks made on him by the popocratic press were taken for granted, as both he and the republi-

can papers were aggravatingly silent. He, too, was on the defensive, when he should have been, by all means, the aggressor. Had it not been for this bulldozing step—it was no mistake—the republican party, instead of losing 700 or more votes, would probably have gained that many, and no man will or can deny that a man of good reputation would have brought more votes to the republican ticket than did Stephenson. It may be argued, however, that the vote cast this year compares favorably with that of 1892, but when it is shown up as it really is, without sentiment or bias, such a statement fades.

The above arraignment of Mr. Stephenson is done with the purest of motives, and Mr. Stephenson himself can not deny that he was a load on the ticket. This fact should impress all republicans with this one idea—that men of unquestioned ability and unsullied character are the only kind of men who can carry the republican ticket to success next spring.

Where are republican bolters,
Who shouted with vim and loud?
Why, they have "gone to the races,"
Along with their demo-pop crowd.

The strongest barrier or the most powerful influence can at times be put down, as the last election shows.

There are surprise parties in politics as well as in society.

As was asserted in the Courier a few weeks ago, republican majorities can not be relied upon in this city and county unless the nominees merit them.

The Seventh ward never was prolific in much beside hot scraps, but it is to be deplored that about 175 republican votes went wrong in the Second. There is missionary work galore to be done in Jim Parker's ward.

A prominent Lincoln banker last week asserted that the election of McKinley meant the immediate increase of at least \$50,000 in deposits in Lincoln banks.

J. W. Bowen is receiving many calls for aid from the families of old soldiers and is supplying them with surprising promptness, a fact which indicates Mr. Bowen's fitness for the position he filled in the G. A. R.

A. L. Sullivan has been duly elected as county treasurer, but had it not been for fear of injuring the entire republican ticket, his very name would have been disregarded by all thinking republicans. Even this paper, knowing him as it does, spoke a good word for him for McKinley and protection's sake. But Mr. Sullivan is not the "brainless, conservative and competent financier" he is cracked up to be. On the contrary he is quite a small bore gun when lined up with Crandall of Firth, Greenmeyer of Cheney, Kimmel and Davis of the Fifth ward, and the several other able men who ran against him for that office. Mr. Sullivan is another "accident" to the republican party, and that he will be shelved a year hence goes without saying. It is even now rumored that his accounts are not in just apple pie order, even though he has furnished a guarantee bond, which, however, expires in January. Whether the affairs in Mr. Sullivan's office are satisfactory or not the Courier does not presume to say, but one thing is sure—the county treasurer's books should be carefully scrutinized and at once, lest the county be again loser through some disreputable or unfortunate circumstance. It is the duty of the county commissioners to at once make a thorough examination of Mr. Sullivan's disposition of county affairs.