

its policy of Spain. In the second place I know of no foreign country which would change its policy on account of an example furnished by the United States. The eyes of Emperor Wilhelm's ancestors could not be effected by a quixotic gift of islands from the United States to an European country and as the emperor is guided by his ancestor's eyes, Germany will go on grabbing peninsulas and archipelagoes from China as long as China permits. England's territorial policy is hundreds of years old and too well defined to be changed by an American example. Austria and Russia, France and all Latin peoples as well as the Semitic races of the Orient affect to despise America and would not emulate us. These are the nations of the world. When professors, magazine writers and the professional theorists get up a glow by expatiating on what an opportunity the present war affords to teach the world a lesson they forget one of the first lessons taught them in infancy viz.; that the world is composed of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and Australia, that the continents are divided up into nations occupied by the aforementioned peoples, whose relations to each other are decided by the size of the army each can put into the field and by the vitality of the citizenship and not at all by "examples" of more or less foolish conduct furnished by other nations.

Admiral Dewey is a silent old sea dog of the kind it is not safe to tease or bait. He is also careful and good tempered as admirals go. The German captains in and out of the harbor and occasionally landing food for the Spaniards may have carefully graduated their impertinent aggressiveness by their knowledge of just how much Uncle Sam and his nephew Dewey will take from Emperor Wilhelm's brother. Germany would not be quite so cocky with the United States if the alliance with England were concluded. Little Willie knows that his grandmother has a temper but he thinks Uncle Samuel is long suffering in dealing with an anointed king. But if Prince Henry gets between our guns and Manila when Dewey is firing them there'll be no high balls to avoid hitting the sacred person of his royal highness.

Nominations have been taken before this as a sign of the supremacy of the boodling element. Elections are a more trustworthy indication of the tendency of public opinion. The Hamilton club and the sturdy unfettered republicanism which it represents, is not dead but sleeping. When the time comes for a revolt that means defeat to the machine which is destroying the reputation of Lincoln the organization will doubtless be found as effective as when it effected the defeat of George Woods. The Post, which under its new management is vigorous and breezy, intimates that Mayor Graham and his associates have downed the clean, respectable portion of the republican party. The Post is unaware that that particular body of men represents the concentrated disgust and revolt of a body of voters in this city, strong enough to sweep the few men who live by the sweat of their fellow citizens, forever out of their way. This year the people are not going to vote the republican ticket or any other ticket because it has the endorsement of a convention. The Hamilton club is a power because behind it are the republican voters of Lincoln who will no longer be bamboozled. They showed their strength last fall. They will show it again this fall. It is a

vote which is not much in evidence at conventions. It is busy between times with other matters, but this fall if the boodling element does what it pleases with the nominations The Courier will be congratulated again on the reliability of the prophesying department of this paper.

Some time during the week a poor silly old woman, weak from lack of food, stumbled while crossing an alley on one of the streets of this city and fell fainting to the ground. She was carried into a nearby store-room and laid upon the floor. Some one telephoned for the patrol wagon and it came clattering down the street and backed noisily up to the curb. Then she was lifted by policemen into the malefactor's wagon and driven off. The wagon is not covered and the poor starving, who this time was guilty only of fainting, was exposed to the curiosity of the street and the burning rays of the sun. There is not a day that the patrol wagon does not dash noisily through the streets with one or two disorderly or shocking occupants. When the patrol wagon arrived in the city it had a cover but it was torn off when the horses ran away on the occasion of the fire in the C. C. Burr house and it has not been replaced. The policemen do not find the cover convenient, but for the sake of the seaminess of our streets, for the sake of the wondering little children who walk them, for the sake of women and the unborn, these hideous and painful arrests should be put into a closed wagon. It is the immediate duty of the city council to direct that the cover be fastened on to the patrol wagon.

The man whose face has been destroyed should not be allowed to exhibit himself on the streets. There is an ordinance forbidding any such horror a permanent station on the streets, yet this man frightens women and children and gives a bad half hour to everyone who chances to glance at him. For obvious reasons the presence of such a man on the streets of a city can do incalculable harm. The community could better afford to be taxed to support him in luxury and isolation than to have him on the streets. His case is pitiable but the community should hide from the sight of the ignorant and innocent such hideous effects of disease.

The successes of the navy have surprised Americans as well as foreigners. Yet since the time when we first set up housekeeping for ourselves, we have had brilliant naval commanders who have accomplished immortal fame for themselves if they have not succeeded in securing a naval reputation for their country. Times have changed since the war of 1812 and so have ships and their armament, but the superior marksmanship, the Yankee cleverness, the inspiration to shoot at the right time and place remain the same. Unprejudiced European cities are now giving the credit for the victories at Manila and Santiago not to Dewey and Sampson alone, but to the peculiar American genius which grows only on this side of the ocean between the forty-fifth and twenty-fifth parallels. As every country has its distinguishing fauna and flora so every land has its special human variety not duplicated in any other country. The remarkable victories of Sampson and Dewey are not isolated examples of naval genius, but good manifestations of American maritime ability connecting these commanders and the officers and sailors under them with Jean Paul Jones and the captains of the colonial pe-

riod. The navy of the United States has given Americans a new pride in their country, a new reason for staying at home, a new reason for patriotism, and a new reason for extending American institutions. The dangers and discomforts of democracy which manifest themselves in every municipality in this country are as the local inflammation of inoculation to the spreading sores of small pox. The one is temporary and disciplinary, and the other threatens the life. Absolutism does the thinking as well as the ordering and hundreds of years of such a regime produces a people incapable of self-government.

Another effect of the naval victories and of adverse European criticism of American policy is manifested in the staying at home of the rich Americans, who heretofore have spent one hundred million dollars per annum in foreign countries. The league of opulent American women who have agreed not to buy French bonnets or gowns is founded on patriotism and resentment for impertinent and undeserved criticism from the French who reward a generous patronage by abuse. This action of millionaires' wives in refusing to buy French importations and of the millionaires themselves in staying at home are only two instances of the flood of patriotism set free by our soldiers and sailors and European criticism of them.

JOTTINGS.

[BY WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

But there are some people of noble mind and broad liberality in Hunkydory; people who see the wide world as it is, spread out before them, and do not let the confines of their little town circumscribe them. They see even beyond the rim of the horizon, or the tops of the larch trees that fence their homes. One noble woman I met there, whose life has been shadowed and shaded with many sorrows. But a year ago her son, bright in his young manhood, noble and as handsome as a Greek god with his golden hair, was crushed into an almost unrecognizable mass by some farm machinery. He was taken away to a hospital and all was done for him that science and tender care could do, but he slipped out of this life to the great beyond, and left his widowed mother comfortless. And then it was her occupation to forget. She went into the kitchen of her great home and did the work of a servant that she might forget her sufferings.

When the war broke out she was all interest. She thought then of her dead son and knew that if he were alive he would be one of the first to march away, dressed in the blue, beneath the flag she loved. But, alas, he was lying in a grass-covered grave, and did not hear the call to arms, nor heed the tramp of feet, or the floating flags. No sound of the bugle call came to his earth-filled ears. But his mother saw many another brave young man march away, and in memory of her dead boy her heart went out to them. She did what she could to encourage them, she did what she could to make them comfortable. And when they marched away south and were in camp the news came back that many were sick and without the means to make them comfortable. Then she went up stairs to the room her son used to occupy. Then she knelt down before a chest where she kept the priceless mementoes of the one she loved, and took therefrom the pillows that had eased his last hours. There were many of them as she had them made especially for his broken and tortured body. And these she sent away to the boys in blue. They were worth more to her than their weight in gold, yet she took them and

gave them willingly for humanity and her country. Hobson was brave; the almost unknown men who went with him on his terrible grand were brave; but are there not weak women at home who would shriek at the sound of a gun, almost, if not quite as brave? Brave men and tender women are needed in war, and who shall say that the tender women are not of as much moment as the brave men?

In Hunkydory there lives another woman, brave and sweet. For years and years her body has been wracked with sickness and the four walls of her little home have been the limits of her life. She has sometimes been able to go into the garden where the pansies grow and sometimes has gone to gather the fruit that hangs so temptingly, but much of the time she has been on a bed of suffering. But through it all her brave spirit laughs and loves and those about her hear no useless complaints. Her home never changes. The same pieces of furniture are in the same places they were fifteen years ago and even thirty years ago. There is no wear, nothing seems to grow old or change. Little trinkets made by loved ones many years ago, yet hang on the walls. No speck of dirt ever intrudes into this immaculate house. Everything is well ordered. There is no excitement and no rush. It gives one a feeling of absolute rest to go there. It is like stepping into another world. Above the lowly roof the tall maple leaves quiver and the sunlight pours its golden blessing. Peace seems to hover over the place. Rest has taken up its abode there with this woman who has come out from the sufferings of life, sweeter and better, a character carved from the rough marble by rough tools, now a perfect and shining figure, flawless as Carara marble.

On one of the back streets of the little town there stands the old brick school house. The bell has been taken from the tottering tower and the walls are falling to decay. The doorstep over which once trooped a crew of frolicsome boys and girls is now but a place where lizards bask in the summer sun. The windows are like the hollow orbs of a skull that once held laughing eyes. The spiders have flung their filmy curtains from the sagging eaves and the weeds have grown tall about the door. The pupils who learned their first lessons at those old benches are scattered far and wide over the world. Some are in foreign lands, some buried in the sea, and some in lands remote. And some lie back of the old school house in the acre of God that joins the old school grounds. The marks of change are everywhere around the old place. The years have claimed it as their own. And it belongs to the past.

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