

been a well-governed country. Among the many obstacles to prosperity and contentment is the absence of landlords from their estates. No landlord of them all has seen her estate as seldom as the queen. No wonder her tenants grumble and object to pay the tax which supports her. Why should the Irish pay for the support of a queen who has not visited Ireland for thirty years or more and whose right to rule over them they dispute? The Prince of Wales, on the contrary, has the quite unroyal capacity of looking at things from the people's point of view and he has made up his mind that the Irish citizens of Great Britain have the same rights as those on the English side of the channel. So that when the good queen dies, to the subjects on the Emerald Isle the coronation of King Edward VII will probably mean the beginnings of an understanding with England from the culmination of which many years later both the English and Irish will look back with thankfulness for the unity which makes them strong.

In the club department of this week's COURIER may be found a report of the Denver Biennial written by the editor of the club department of the Boston Herald for that paper and published in the issue of July 24. The article was sent me by Mrs. Breed and reflects the sentiment of Mrs. Breed's friends in Massachusetts. It is to be regretted that women cannot accept defeat any more gracefully, or with less of personal vindictiveness than men. The report, which is interesting and well written in itself, alludes to a conspiracy to defeat Mrs. Breed, the discourtesy of not electing her, and of Mrs. Breed's prescriptive right to the presidency.

There was no conspiracy to defeat Mrs. Breed. The majority of the delegates came to the convention unpledged, unorganized, undecided. After considering the candidates and the situation, and the demands of the position Mrs. Breed's friends thought her capable of filling, a large majority of the convention decided against Mrs. Breed's eligibility. The incumbent of the office should possess a catholic culture and large executive ability. There are not many women in the east perhaps, who could pass so creditable an examination as Mrs. Breed did, but she was tried and found wanting in the extraordinary fitness which the president of the federation of women's clubs should possess. Secondly, the Massachusetts delegation said that Mrs. Breed was the heir apparent, that at the Louisville Biennial Mrs. Henrotin ceded to Mrs. Breed her reversionary rights to the presidency in consideration of her services at that time. One representative body can not promise the votes of that body at the next session of it because the personnel of the one is not that of the other. Such a procedure has been discussed in men's conventions and settled in the negative so long ago that even Boston might have heard about it. Then as to the discourtesy of not electing Mrs. Breed. So long as no one had a prescriptive claim to the office there could have been no discourtesy in withholding it from any one of the five or six hundred delegates. Otherwise all who were not asked to serve the convention in any official way would have felt insulted.

The Herald reporter adds that "the balance of power in the Denver Biennial was in the hands of new and untrained club women who not only threw tradition to the winds, but had not, apparently, the gift of foresight." Only Mrs. Lowe's failure to do the work placed in her hands by the "untrained" delegates can prove them

lacking in foresight and the appreciation of a strong character. So this statement is premature, at least.

In the enumeration of states belonging to the general federation the reporter omits Nebraska which has a rapidly increasing roster of 3,500 individuals represented in the state federation and a much smaller number represented in the general federation. Before the next Biennial Nebraska should have a representation in it proportioned to the number of clubs in the state and the interest of the membership in the real objects of the federation.

The conglomerate convention which met this week and the republican convention which will meet next Wednesday will be influenced either one way or the other by representatives of the railroads. Some of the delegates have become convinced that the railroads are the enemies of the population rural and urban. The contrary is true. Nebraska owes to the railroads what a child owes its mother—existence. Without railroads Nebraska farms would be cattle ranges, and the state's producing capacity not worth tabulating. The foregoing is as self-evident as the converse that the railroads owe their profits to the people. The relation of one to the other is interdependent. Railroads, as corporations have no political ambitions or schemes of reform. The first railroad company formed had no connection with and no interest in politics, though at the present time such aloofness is incomprehensible. But gradually, when concessions and grants became necessary, the companies found it expedient to get acquainted with the president, with senators and legislators, even with mayors and councilmen. Later it was found that it was easier to select unprejudiced legislators than to influence demagogues later. So the pass system was adopted for use in campaigns. Men who would scorn to accept five dollars as a gift or as a bribe will take five dollars' worth of mileage to which they are not entitled by any of the rules of barter or commerce, and by so doing fetter their action and opinion.

A railroad company should not be forced to take the offensive. There is no more reason why it should be in politics for self-preservation than a company which sells potatoes. Transportation is valuable. Cars and steam and employes cost money and are in the market. If the price is too large consumption will be lowered and affect receipts. Freight rates and passenger fares are commodities which should be settled upon a basis of the cost of production. They can not be settled by the legislature any more than the price of corn. The complex result of sixty years of the corporation fight for existence has blinded our eyes to the inalienable rights of a corporation and to the unalterable laws of commerce, so that we no longer resolve the problem into one or two simple propositions. If we did we would see that the railroads cannot exist without the people, that the people can get along, but primitively and very inconveniently, without the railroads, that political interference and surveillance on the part of the railroads is induced by fear of illegal legislation and from a railroad point of view is necessary, and that above all rates and prices can not be legislated down or up.

Finally the employment of a man by the railroads to see that only candidates friendly to the roads are nominated and elected is offensive to the plain man who is apt to credit such a manager with more power than he really possesses. After all the people can do

about as they please and a bill prohibiting passes will take away most of the manager's power and restore to the railroads the pay for services whose value has too long been unrecognized.

An editorial in Wednesday's Journal attempted to justify the giving of passes to state officials by arguing that it permitted those officials to travel about their districts in search of the needs of their constituents. The passes were not given for any such reason by the roads but in self defense and if the people of the state need to see the governor of the state they should make his Excellency a transportation allowance. There is no reason why the railroads should be taxed for this service. Besides it would be cheaper to pay for it in the first place.

"The Hon. Peter Sterling" in defining the difference between a boss and a reformer says in effect that the reformer never can control the votes necessary to accomplish his schemes and the boss can and does. The practice and precepts of the political boss might well be followed by "our best citizens" who commonly despise him. The boss knows the people whose votes he asks for. He is never a Pharisee. He grants favors to the dwellers in his ward and what is still more he is not above asking a favor of the humblest. He is genial. He knows the fatal consequences of what is known outside of medical circles, as swelled head and he hides all the symptoms from the ward when he has an attack. He is vigilant and always stays up all night before a crisis. He knows no hoi polloi or if he does he loves it. The successful lawyer who would make a creditable congressman does not know the first names or the residences of the people whose votes are necessary to send him to congress. He may be a great man but they do not know it and they vote for Dave or Bill who has cared to get acquainted with them. Neither Bill nor Dave may possess the intellect useful to him who undertakes to manage the affairs of a nation, but they can get government buildings and numerous little comforts which the district that sent him prefers to statesmanship. Of course when a wise congress is needed to reflect and advise upon a question like that relating to the Philippines or negotiations with Spain, Dave and Bill are of no value, especially if they do not realize their limitations and insist upon having an opinion. At such times Providence alone has prevented congress in the past from making very bad mistakes and those who believe that Providence always stands ready to render the blunders of an imbecile innocuous do not "view with alarm" the tendency of American people to send "hustlers" to congress. But if the great men in every community would learn of the boss the grade of congressional intelligence might be gradually elevated.

A QUEER PARTING.

As he was standing on the platform of the station with a lot of other people, Tудie drove up and jumped out of the phaeton, and came straight to him without a salutation to one of her friends or acquaintances.

"You are going home?" she asked.

"I am."

"Did you intend to go without goodby to me?"

"I did."

"Did you think it proper?" she asked with a curl of her lip.

"I thought it wise. Are you going to marry Henry Gibson?"

Such an expression came into her face.

Dick was only twenty-one, but he knew he would never again suffer as at that moment, when he met the look of grief, almost despair in her eyes. But she replied steadily, "I am."

Just then the train came in. Holding himself under stern control, Dick put out his hand to say goodby. She burst into an agony of tears, and threw her arms around his neck. Though all the town seemed there, interested and amused, Dick felt they were as much alone as under the trees on the lawn. He held her close in her arms while the bell of the engine made a fearful din.

"Shall I come back?" he whispered, breathlessly. "Shall I?"

"Never!" she said, passionately. "Never again!"

He was obliged to run after his train. That was the last time he ever saw Tудie.—Alice Miriam Roundy, in August Lippincott's.

THE CHANGELING.

The baby is gone.

She wandered away
From the garden of childhood,
The other day.

We watched her trip
From flower to flower

As the butterfly flutters
In scented bowers;

Her dear little feet

were shod in white,

Her dear little face

was roguishly bright,

And two sweet little dimples

were plain in sight.

If she could but know

how much she is missed—

Her rosebud mouth

was all crimped to be kissed—

Did she slip by the gateway

into the road

That leads to youth's portals,

as we have been told?

Our dear little sprite

with fairy tread

And golden curls

on her dear little head

Was surely at that hour

safe in bed.

I followed a shadow

up childhood's lane

To the corner of youth,

but lost it again;

Some said they thought

they had seen her go

To the Grown-up Lane,

where the grown-ups grow;

I found there a maiden

tall and fair

With eyes long known,

and a glint in her hair

Of remembered gold,

but no baby was there.

The maiden was tender,

sweet and kind

But she was not the baby

I had in my mind,

With its roguish smile

and bewitching grace,

And dancing eyes

in roseleaf face,

With a sweet little mouth

to be kissed each night

And each day and each hour—

they may be right

But how can this be

our baby sprite?

—Annie L. Miller.

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