

manual labor to the theoretical study with quickened insight and a satisfied comprehension of the basis of mathematics. Superintendent Saylor's estimate of the number of these children who resist the stimulating effects of the teacher's influence and schoolmates' accomplishments, is large. He says that seventy children in every school are dragging behind their respective classes and need special attention. That they may be kept in school and not allowed to fall into juvenile vagrancy before they have arrived at that state of intellectual self-consciousness wherein it is usual to take a comparative view of one's capacities and deficiencies, is important to the wellbeing of society. What proportion of crime is committed by the degenerate or the underdeveloped is still a matter of dispute between criminologists. All students admit that crime is the result of improper training as well as of no training at all. The public school system will never be worthy of the oratorical compliments it so constantly receives until it takes cognizance of these baffling and unresponsive little pupils, who leave the grades in such numbers before they have learned enough to make them free and independent citizens.

A Chicken Ordinance.

Some disappointment has been expressed that Mayor Winnett has not caused a new ordinance to be prepared, or revived the old one in regard to the restriction of chickens to the premises of the man who owns them. The season has been unusually favorable to flowers. Nasturtiums, poppies, verbenas, forget-me-nots, sweet allysum, mignonette, and many other beloved and sweet scented flowers are in bloom, in luxurious bloom, but the hens seem to be extraordinarily infuriated by the sight of color and odors of such fragrance. Knowing that the laws protect them, even while they are trespassing in a neighbor's garden, they scratch and cluck and gloat over the owner's inability to do anything but shoo. Mayor Winnett has a garden and enjoys vegetables of his own planting and his hired man's weeding. Hens have gloated over him and taunted him with his impotence when he was only a councilman and a veto protected them in their insolence. Now that he has the power to put the hens in their place horticulturists are disappointed that he exercises it so mildly.

The Traveling Men's Story.

Mr. P. E. Dowe, president of the Commercial Travelers' National League, testified before the Industrial Commission at Washington on June 16, that not less than 35,000 commercial travelers would be thrown out of employment as the result of the American trust movement up to date. This, he explained would be a loss to the men of \$60,000,000 a year in salaries. An almost equal amount would be lost to the railroads and hotels of the country, by the disappearance of all these commercial travelers from their accustomed routes and stopping places. The livery stables, saloons, theatres, even churches will miss the patronage of these men, who are a hard-working clear-headed, paying, supporting, most important part of every community. Lincoln will feel their loss poignantly, as they have been accustomed to spend their Sundays here, and in spite of a not altogether deserved reputation they form a considerable part of the congregation in our churches, they sing occasionally in our choirs and their compulsory retirement from their occasional cheer

ful participation in public celebrations and services, will be much regretted. The editor of the Review of Reviews in commenting on the plaint of the traveling men says: "Theoretically, the relief of the distributive process from the burden of salaries, railroad fares and hotel bills of a great army of traveling salesmen ought to benefit the consumers. But at present the saving of all these expenses means not a cheapening of goods to the buyer, but an enhancement of profits to the monopoly. Moreover the beautiful theories about a more perfect mechanism for the distribution of profits furnish cold comfort to the men who have lost their jobs as salesmen, and the hotel keepers whose only reliable source of patronage was the drummers' trade. All this does not prove that the monopoly corporations should be crushed. But it certainly proves that it is the business of the public to see that the benefits of such economies as may result from monopoly methods are shared with the community."

A New Fire Chief.

Mayor Winnett is anxious to appoint a competent and experienced chief of the fire department. The insurance men are dissatisfied with the present chief whose failure to turn the water on to the fire in the basement of the Davis block where it smoldered for hours before bursting into a consuming and unquenchable blaze, convinced those who had most to lose that he was not the man for an emergency. Aspirants to the chief's place urge Mayor Winnett to appoint a Lincoln man whatever his qualifications, which is the same as saying that it is more important to provide a Lincoln man with a job than it is that the lives, the homes, the shops and offices of Lincoln should be protected from fire. Mayor Winnett is singularly courageous even to attempt to find a man who will answer the requirements without regard to the politics of the place or of the pleas of those who say they need the money. It can not be seriously disputed that a competent man at the head of the fire department, even though he were given twice the salary of the present chief would have saved in the last two years property worth over a hundred thousand dollars, the taxes on which, would have more than paid the cost of the fire department. The duties are not of a sort which can be assumed by any man who happens to be popular in his ward or who claims to control the German or the Swedish vote. The fire chief of Lincoln should have been fireman and captain in a city where fires are constant and the suppression of them a matter of scientific study. Mayor Winnett is unwilling to sacrifice the safety of the city to the office-holding proclivities and direction of the machine and he ought to have the support of every conscientious man and woman in the city.

A Trade Even.

It is a habit of youngsters, and of those who never grow old, to remember pleasant things said of a friend or an acquaintance and at the first rencontre with the subject of the compliments, propose what is technically known as a "trade even." The only difficulty with this stand and deliver method of collecting comforting assurances of popularity or of beauty or of character, is that the party suddenly called upon to pay tribute in exchange, is frequently unable to immediately comply and thus runs the danger of losing the message which may or may not have been intended for repetition. These purveyors of

sweets are much to be preferred to those "friends" who preserve in their own vinegar all the criticisms and casual comments of gossips, to serve them up cold and out of context to the defenceless friend who was criticised. Against these latter we have no guard. In the moment of friendly converse their cloven tongues strike and charge the blow to another one who is perhaps quite innocent of malice and who might have been talking to fill awkward gaps and for love of gossip. The spiteful friend who repeats slurs, does so because the sum of happiness in the world seems too great too him and he wishes to decrease it. Also, he himself, enjoys the sight of suffering as Nero did and would poison slaves if he owned them for the sight of their writhings. He is simply a survival of the absolute tyrants who tortured when it was lawful, for very love of torture. Vice grows by what it feeds on and since the laws forbid killing, these survivals are forced to amuse themselves by inflicting mental torture.

The number of authors who are playing the game of trade last by writing biographies of writers who have written or are writing their lives, borders on the absurd. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs in Literature says of the biographical eulogy published a few weeks since of Mr. Kipling that it would hardly have been inadequate if presented as a biography of Shakespeare. It has been announced that a second monograph is being prepared by Mr. Le-Gallienne on the works of Mr. Kipling. A life of Mr. Le-Gallienne himself has been advertised, and other lives of other young writers are promised by publishers overconfident of the public's taste and capacity. Lives of Richard Harding, of the Crane whose books should be hung out of sight, and of others who have not done enough to decently cover a grave stone, are being prepared by prudent young men who have frugally secured a promise from the biograph to write their lives in turn. The publishers who are printing these books are speculating in perishable goods, and the amount of stock likely to remain a dead weight on their hands, reassures the public from a tedious continuance of this sort of thing.

English Politeness.

When Mr. Zola returned to France he unburdened himself to a correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph as follows:

"I stripped myself not only of my name, but of my very personality," said he, "and, so to say, buried myself alive in a desert. I think I may aptly call it a desert, for I was virtually alone there. But, despite all my measures, my secret was less effectually sepulchred than my person, and it more than once leaked out who I was. I know absolutely that this is a fact. Yet, notwithstanding this discovery of my identity by a number of persons of different characters and types, they all kept it to themselves, and when they met me, as they sometimes did, never once betrayed by a gesture or a look, much less by a stare, that they had an inkling who I was. Now, the spirit that actuates self-respecting self-restraint like this calls for and receives my untinged admiration. Had I been treated otherwise my sojourn in England would have been a torture. I am well aware that many people will step in and explain this conduct of your countrymen as the outcome of that species of egotistic pride which is self-sufficing. I cannot now refute or even discuss the theory. Every people's faults are exaggerations of their virtues. I have now to deal only with the fact that the English people understand the essence of hospitality, and to utter my own feelings on the subject. Tell your countrymen, therefore, from me that they have entertained an appreciative, as well as a grateful, guest."

What if M. Zola had sought asylum in America? Would we have respected

his incognito? On the contrary, deputations of assorted Americans would have followed a brass band to his house. We would have refused to take his word for it that he sought quiet and seclusion, that he loved a desert and would please be let alone. A reporter with a kodak under his arm would have dogged him not only on the streets, but from the windows of his lodging he would have been photographed as M. Zola eating breakfast, M. Zola reading The World, M. Zola writing his next novel, etc. These reporters might have addressed him by the name he chose to call himself but they would have done it with a wink or some imbecile betrayal of their own impudence and M. Zola would have fled from the exile the English allowed him to enjoy according to his own temperament. A real American believes that he knows how to please visitors, and he offers them banquets, receptions, and a place to make a speech in, absolutely regardless of any particular visitor's plea that he is traveling incognito and prefers quiet anyway. Fortunately for exiled Frenchmen the English are reserved and they understand even a celebrity, choosing obscurity and leave him alone in it.

THOU ART MY WORLD.

Thine eyes are full of
haunting shadows, strange as death,
They make my very soul
within me shake;

Thy voice can stir my heart
like music heard at night
Across the silvery water
of a lake;

My lips when pressed against thine own
are bound with chains
That I have neither will,
nor wish to break.

Thy tangled hair holds
all the sunshine I desire
Thy sylph-like form
embodies all the grace;

When fondly I enfold thee
in my hungry arms
And hold thee closely
in my strong embrace,

I gaze upon thine eyes, thy
lips, thy hair, and find
The world hath narrowed
down to thy fair face.

—William Reed Dunroy.

HUSH!

O hush thee, Earth! Fold thou thy weary
palms!

The sunset glory fadeth in the west;
The purple splendor leaves the mountain's crest;

Gray twilight comes as one who beareth
alms,

Darkness and silence and delicious calms.
Take thou the gift, O Earth! on Night's
soft breast

Lay thy tired head and sink to dream-
less rest,

Lulled by the music of her evening psalms.
Cool darkness, silence, and the holy
stars,

Long shadows when the pale moon
soars on high,

One far, lone nightbird singing from
the hill,

And utter rest from Day's discordant
jars;

O soul of mine! when long night
draws nigh

Will such deep peace thine inmost
being fill?

—Julia C. R. Dorr, in the July Scribner's.

Isaacs—You'd better keep your eye on
Cohen until after the Fourth.

Jacobs—Vy?

Isaacs—I saw him give each of his
boys a dollar to buy fire crackers.