

the success of a fair in the summer time in a city whose mean summer temperature is over a hundred. They are probably right. The most inveterate sight-seers will not go from a hot city to a hotter one for the sake of seeing the merchandise display which comprises the principle feature of all world's fairs. And unless the people from out of town can be induced to come to the fair there is no object in holding it. For the ultimate object of this and all other fairs is the enlargement of the local market incidentally accomplished by intrusion on neighboring markets.

Need of Watering Troughs.

Lincoln has only two watering troughs, one in market square and one on the corner of Fourteenth and O. The latter is a shallow trough with a tiny stream of water flowing into it, and the other one is but little larger and is fed by a similarly stingy spray. One thirsty horse can drink up all the supply at Fourteenth and O, so that the next horse whose throat is parched and dusty can not do more than lick the moist basin. At market square there are fifty or more horses standing about who have dragged heavy loads into the city. Their tongues are hanging out and their need of water is apparent to the most thoughtless and horse-ignorant. They have stood there before and they will stand there again, suffering the tortures of thirst. If their opinion of Lincoln could be expressed, it would not flatter us. The horse sense of it might be of more value though and of more direct appreciation than volumes of sermons on more abstract virtues. Weary and heavy laden, pulling heavy burdens, dripping with perspiration, tormented by flies and by a thirst which we might easily quench, it is surprising that the patient affectionate horses, do not hate and kick the heads off the human race whenever it comes within reach of their only means of redress. If they could only vote there would be drinking troughs all over this town inscribed with affectionate references to his strength docility and industry to the Horse, by this or that sleepless politician. As it is, anyone who reads the appeal in the big beautiful linguistic eyes is called a sickly sentimentalist. Neither the cruel welts of the whip nor famine for water nor the small but unceasing torment of flies appeal to the men who have a horror of sentimentalism. In the vicissitudes of the soul's migrations from this body to that, it may not be so very long before some of the matter of fact citizens of Lincoln are hitched up there in Market Square offering brick-blocks, political "influence" or jobs to people who pass them and pay no heed to their inarticulate offers considering which these citizens will thank their stars for something they never realized the blessedness of before, viz.: the shortness of a horse's life.

Governor Roosevelt's Genial Ways.

Nobody more than Governor Roosevelt has stirred and warmed the popular heart. After all, the French are not the only people who love a man on horse back and are willing to devide with him even to the half of their kingdom. Dash, bravery, the ability to plan and execute a brilliant coup and the last requires a patient struggle with trifles that only the truly-great ever concern themselves with, can conquer a kingdom worth having even in this country. Theodore Roosevelt has passed the examination for heroes and is entitled to a first grade certificate which will admit him to the presidency race in four years. It is unfortunate, however, that as soon as a man begins to think of himself as a presidential candidate, he begins to be genial to everybody and everybody distrusts his smiles and his

desire to shake hands. Of course, in order to be solid with the boys every old boy must receive an affectionate look and a smile and a shake on his own private and particular account. Probably there never was a haughty president excepting George Washington and he got his pull by supernatural fighting and staying qualities that would make anyone president. Even Abraham Lincoln cultivated impulsive outbursts of good feeling. Not that he did not love his fellow-men and venerate democracy, he did, but it was a tenderer more real kind than that which was expressed by shaking three hundred G. A. R. hands in an afternoon. Governor Teddy has no more sincere admirer (counting out his personal friends and attaches) than the editor of this paper, but the palavering and petting he has begun to do is distasteful to more than one of his admirers. If he has begun, four years before he can be a candidate, to shake thousands of more or less grimy and sweaty hands every week the habit is likely to grow upon him, until, instead of the breezy, rather dictatorial and obstinate Teddy, whom New York loves, he will present the smiling complacent occasionally sickening face of a perpetual presidential candidate who smiles a frozen smile upon the clean and the unclean, the perfumed and the offensive, the civil and the uncivil. At Chataqua, the other day, Governor Roosevelt insisted on shaking hands with several hundred members of the G. A. R. and addressing to each one as he passed down the line, a brilliant, magnetic smile accompanied by a few words of appreciation of the opportunity they had granted him of laming his right arm for a month and a few other grand-stand remarks. Of course the dear old fellows cheered him and "hoped to see him president" and all that, but it hardly seems worth while.

The Fusionist's Choice.

The greatest mistake the fusionists could make, they made when they nominated Governor Holcomb for judge. The number of democrats and populists who are disgusted with the record Mr. Holcomb has made, is overwhelming. His nomination required the insistent exercise of Mr. Bryan's influence. Without it, Mr. Holcomb would now be without even the prospect of a job. It is doubtful if Mr. Bryan's influence at the Australian polls will be as potent as in the convention where his dynamic voice and eye were at citizen Holcomb's service.

A governor needs brains and integrity and feels the convenience of a spotless reputation, how much more does a judge upon whose impartiality often rests a man's living and a man's life? A governor makes decisions which affect the state en masse, a judge, those which affect two men, or at most only a few, vitally. A governor's veto or signature is frequently like applying electricity to a thousand people holding each other's hands. The same voltage applied to one man by a judge electrocutes him.

Then if Caesar's wife needed a blameless reputation, how much more a judge, upon the unquestionable uprightness of whose decisions rests the respect of a people for law and the courts.

A judge needs also a clear and incisive and comprehending mind, one which cannot be diverted by legal verbiage, appeals, and the repeated trials which obscure so many cases, from the essentially simple points which are the basis of every case. No one who has heard Mr. Holcomb speak or who has had the opportunity of reading his headless sentences has failed to receive the impression that the speaker or writer is overwhelmed and conquered, both by the intricacies of the English language and by the subject he is mistakenly endeavoring to analyze. A judge who has the fortunes and the lives of the people in his hands should possess an intelligence not easily thwarted and superior to that of the average man. When a man has so small a conception of the dignity incumbent on the governor of a state as to sign a voucher of fifty dollars for house rent, when he actually paid his landlady only thirty dollars, the people are safe in refusing to bestow upon that man any other public office. In the case of Mr. Holcomb, he himself wrote fins to his public service when he accepted fifty dollars from the state and spent only thirty garbled dollars for rent and the people have accepted his own estimate of himself.

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

A Creole "Madame Bovary" is Miss Kate Chopin's little novel "The Awakening." Not that the heroine is a creole exactly, or that Miss Chopin is a Flaubert—save the mark!—but the theme is similar to that which occupied Flaubert. There was, indeed, no need that a second "Madame Bovary" should be written, but an author's choice of themes is frequently as inexplicable as his choice of a wife. It is governed by some innate temperamental bias that cannot be diagrammed. This is particularly so in women who write and I shall not attempt to say why Miss Chopin has devoted so exquisite and sensitive, so well governed a style to so trite and scridid a theme. She writes much better than it is given to most people to write, hers is a genuinely literary style; of no great elegance or solidity; but light, flexible, subtle and capable of producing telling effects directly and simply. The story she has to tell in the present instance is not new either in matter or treatment. "Edna Pontellier," a Kentucky girl, who like "Emma Bovary," had been in love with innumerable dream heroes before she was out of short skirts, married "Leonce Pontellier" as a sort of reaction from a vague and visionary passion for a tragedian whose unresponsive picture she used to kiss. She acquired the habit of liking her husband in time and even of liking her children. Though we are not justified in presuming that she ever threw articles from the dressing table at them, as the charming "Emma" had a winsome habit of doing, we are told that she would sometimes gather them passionately to her heart; she would sometimes forget them. At a creole watering place, which is admirably and deftly sketched by Miss Chopin, "Edna" met "Robert Lebrun" son of the landlady, who dreamed of a fortune awaiting him in Mexico while he occupied a petty clerical position in New Orleans. "Robert" made it his business to be agreeable to his mother's boarders and "Edna," not being a creole, much against his wish, and will took him seriously. "Robert" went to Mexico, but found that fortunes were no easier to make there than in New Orleans. He returns and does not even call to pay his respects to her. She encounters him at the home of a friend and takes him home with her. She wheedles him in to staying for dinner and we are told she sent the maid off in search of some delicacy she had not thought of for herself, and she recommended great care in the dripping of the coffee and having the omelet done to a turn.

Only a few pages back we were informed that the husband "M. Pontellier" had cold soup and burnt fish for his dinner. Such is life. The lover of course disappointed her, was a coward and ran away from his responsibilities before they began. He was afraid to begin a chapter with so serious and limited a woman. She remembered the sea where she had first met "Robert." Perhaps from the same motive, which threw "Anna Karanina" under the engine wheels, she threw herself into the sea, swam until she was tired and then let go. She looked into the distance, and for a moment the old terror flamed up, then sank again. She heard her father's voice, and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of the old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was a hum of bees, and the mucky odor of pinks filled the air.

"Edna Pontellier" and "Emma

Bovary" are studies in the same feminine type; one a finished and complete portrayal, the other a hasty sketch, but the theme is essentially the same. Both women belong to a class, not large, but forever clamoring in our ears, that demands more romance out of life than God put into it. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw would say that they were victims of the over-idealization of love. They are the spoil of the poets, the Iphigenias of sentiment. The unfortunate feature of their disease is that it attacks only women of brains, at least of rudimentary brains, whose development is one-sided; women of strong and fine intuitions, but without the faculty of observation, comparison and reasoning about things. Probably, for emotional people, the most convenient thing about being able to think, is that it occasionally gives them a rest from feeling. Now with women of the "Bovary" type, this relaxation and recreation is impossible. They are not critics of life, but, in the most personal sense, partakers of life. They receive impressions through fancy. With them everything begins with fancy, and passions rise in the brain rather than in the blood, the poor, neglected, limited, one-sided brain, that might do so much better than badger itself into frantic efforts to love. For these are the people who pay with their blood for the fine ideals of poets, as Marie Delclasse paid for Dumas' great creation "Marguerite Gautier." These people really expect the passion of love to fill and gratify every need of life, whereas nature only intended it to meet one of the many demands. They insist on making it stand for all the emotional pleasures of life and in expecting an individual and self-limited passion to yield infinite variety, pleasure and distraction, to contribute to their lives what the arts and the pleasurable exercises of the intellect gives to less limited and less intense idealists. So this passion, when set up against Shakespeare, Balzac, Wagner, Raphael, fails them. They have staked everything on one hand, and they lose. They have driven the blood until it will drive no further, they have played their nerves up to the point where any relaxation short of absolute annihilation is impossible. Every idealist abuses his nerves, and every sentimentalist brutally abuses them, and in the end the nerves get even. Nobody ever cheats them, really. Then "the awakening" comes. Sometimes it comes in the form of arsenic, as it came to "Emma Bovary;" sometimes it is carbolic acid taken covertly in the police station, a goal to which unbalanced idealism not infrequently leads. "Edna Pontellier," fanciful and romantic to the last, chose the sea on a summer night and went down with the sound of her first lover's spurs in her ears, and the scent of pinks about her. And next time I hope that Miss Chopin will devote that flexible, iridescent style of hers to a better cause.

If ever the tints and odors and sounds of summer were caught between the pages of a book, they are in Maurice Hewlett's "The Forest Lovers." The novel is a medieval romance, the old story of a knight and a maid and another woman. It is one of the strongest examples of direct treatment that I know, and as different from the conventional historical novel as possible. Consider, for instance the masterly and yet laborious method by which Scott constructs his stage, assembles his dramatic personae and produces his atmosphere. In "Ivanhoe" if I remember rightly, there are some pages devoted to the historical situation, the condition of the country and the relations of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons. Then there are pages of geographical explanations, and detailed descriptions of