

Mr. Woodward's personal animosities and private political ambitions, have no place in discussions conducted with a view to the improvement of the fire department.

The town is dry as tinder and the wind blows all day and all night with a velocity that a trust the weather service is fast enough to keep track of. After months of searching Mayor Winnett has found a man of brilliant reputation as a fire fighter and as a captain of a station. Because his appointment disturbs the political arrangements of the chairman of the fire department, it is contested. Mr. Woodward forgets that the misguided people of his ward elected him to represent their interests in the city council, and that the interests of the whole city imperatively demand a better fire department, and a more forcible head.

The Courier hopes Chief Clement will not be discouraged. Mr. Woodward will not remain in the council forever and his influence in the council is not so great as his noisy contention would make it appear.

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Admiral Dewey

We love him for the things he does not do as much as for the mighty deeds he has done. It is so easy for him to be a gentleman, so easy to forget himself and to be interested in other people and other things. He hates a scene and gush and sloppy sentiment as much as Kipling does.

He has shown his love for children and their frankness and unconsciousness and their universal distaste for gush and false sentiment. When the Admiral was dining in Boston the other day at the home of Mr. Montgomery Sears, he was attracted by the little son of the house of Sears. The Admiral showed him his sword and asked him if he would not like to take it in his own hand to show his little sister, that she might examine it at close range. "Oh, no; thank you," the little fellow said, gazing at it in awe, his eyes dancing in his excitement; "I should be afraid the gilt would come off." Then the Admiral laughed more heartily, his companions said, than they had heard him for many a day.

The attributes of greatness, besides the accomplishment of great deeds, are simplicity of thought and speech. Some men, like Hobson, do a sudden brave deed, and then reveal by their greediness for praise that the deed was greater than the man and that it was not worth doing, if for the rest of his life he must be prating of it. No one has asked Admiral Dewey to lecture. He has not told "all about the battle of Manila Bay" in the magazines, though probably he has been requested to. No women have had the audacity to kiss him in public, no matinee girls' letters have been published, though, of course, the ninnies have written them and for all these things we are duly thankful.

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The Vulnerable French Spo'

It was a Frenchman who called the English "an army of shopkeepers," but the English with all their economies and sharpened instincts for bargains are not the clever shopkeepers the French are. In the Dreyfus case Frenchmen were indifferent to justice, to the world's shocked outcry over the proceedings of the trial and the sentence, and to the exhibitions of cowardice offered by the highest officers of the army whenever they testified. When Dreyfus had been condemned, however, and the French were convinced that the attendance at the exposition would be seriously lessened by an all-national distrust, and disapproval of France and its in-

stitutions, Dreyfus was pardoned. Not because there was no proof against him, not because they pitied his long exile, but because the word of tourists were so disgusted that they would not attend any show given by Frenchmen. National and official disapproval of the conduct of the Dreyfus matter was, of course, out of the question. There is little doubt, though, that the French would rather have received official criticism from other nations than suffer the losses of a taboed exposition.

Immediately on the publication of the sentence the newspapers of all nations expressed the opinion that the universal disapproval of it would have an immediate effect upon the attendance, and thereupon Dreyfus was pardoned.

Advertising agents understand the influence of sentiment upon gate receipts. The star whom they announce and seek to popularize and endear to every heart has yards of gush written about his devotion to his family, his bravery, his love of home and mother, while not much is said of his capacity for acting, the only thing which the public pays its money to see and in which it has a justifiable interest. The seasoned advance man knows that if he can only make a hero out of the man who plays Hamlet or Uncle Josh crowds will go to see him for the same reason they look upon the common little bed in which President Lincoln died. The bedstead is uninteresting enough, but everyone sees the gaunt frame and noble head of Abraham Lincoln lying there, and the cheap little frame is exalted. As Jove used to give unfortunate and obscure ladies whom Juno's spite had tortured and destroyed, a place as star or planet after their earthly trials were over, so we immortalize the commonest things that a hero has used.

Perhaps the French who make a point of sentiment, though they have done more than any other folk to crush it, understood quite well, in advance, the influence of the Dreyfus trial upon travelers who would otherwise go a sightseeing to Paris. At any rate M. Dreyfus owes his present freedom to the very correct commercial foresight of his countrymen.

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Gush.

When emotional causes have softened the hearts of a people and made them responsive to poetic and wholly sentimental appeals it is perhaps excusable to relax the reserve and put aside the conventions with which we commonly protect ourselves. But there are uncomfortable and irrepressible people who persist in dragging the soul and the heart and the blood into ordinary conversation. To such the bathetic, absurd "mother" songs are addressed from the stage of every vaudeville theatre. There are people whose constitutions or stomachs demand sweets in sickening proportion. The dietary of the average adult contains very little sweet. Enfants being divinely patient, or stupid, or more likely being protected by absentmindedness against the banalities of the talk addressed them by grown up people are obliged to listen to very silly talk. I have repeatedly seen a baby endeavor to tuck his head out of reach of an individual—generally a woman—who has been talking silly to him and who makes signs of an intention to be more offensive still by kissing him. All babies prefer men to women, and it must be because the latter take them as a matter of course and are not forever slopping over. The yearlings have not had the educational opportunities of contemporary America. They are

without exception dignified, reserved and wellbred, though to listen to the mother destroys all belief in heredity. Sentiment, paraded and forever in evidence, is an unspeakable bore. It is doubtless the mainspring of much that is beautiful, but the woman who wears her heart upon her sleeve, who uses sacred, motherhood, womanhood, our country, home, God and my child too frequently, will bear watching.

Men are not such inveterate gushers. Being made a little lower than the angels, and first, there was no necessity for variation. Besides if a man be inclined to overdo sentiment the ridicule of his virile companions goes far towards curing him of the foolishness. It is said that a noticeable reformation has taken place in Hobson since his isolation among his fellow officers in the Philippines. He no longer mentions the Merimac and obeys orders without the arguments and poses which he effected just after his adventure with the Merimac introduced him to the country.

I hope these "few thoughts" may catch the eye of the American newspaper writer who invariably seeks to find the way to emotions to which there is no thought. The admirable composure, reserve, and freedom from any desire to precipitate a scene on the part of Englishmen and women might be copied by Americans who are ready to shed a maudlin tear on call.

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The Luzon Friars.

General Funston's remark that there would have been no Tagal rebellion if it were not for the Spanish friars has excited some Catholic apprehension that when the war was over, the protestant United States might not be quite tolerant. General Funston has explained that he meant the monastic friars not the priests who are quite different from the friars that are described as extortionate and oppressive. The Tagals, who unwillingly support them, hate them, and since the island has been the field of war, the friars have been kept prisoners and been treated with extreme severity by the insurgents. The tyranny of the friars, long before the arrival of the Americans, incited the Tagals to rebellion against Spanish rule. Not that the natives wish to leave the Catholic church. Quite the contrary, they wish the Luzon clergy to be released from the supremacy of Spain. The same condition obtains in Cuba where the saying is current that "The worst man in the world is a Spaniard and the worst Spaniard is a priest. The Americans who have gone to Cuba will dispute this saying, for the verdict of all Americans who have returned is that the Spaniards are much more trustworthy and are much cleverer than the half breed Cubans who are tricky, treacherous, and cowardly. The Spaniard may have the faults of the aristocrat; but he has also his virtues—bravery, self-respect, and truthfulness.

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The Reporter's Revenge.

Mr. Iselin has not the noblesse oblige manner so particularly grateful to reporters. He treats them as though they were an impertinent, superfluous class to be ignored when possible and snubbed and disciplined always. When one of them recently asked him a perfectly proper question in regard to yachting Mr. Iselin is said to have said "I don't know and I would not tell you if I did." A man who has been snubbed, even if he is only a reporter, cannot turn in any enthusiastic report of the boat or of its owner, if the latter is the man who has just humiliated him. Mr.

Iselin complains that the public has not appreciated his patriotic efforts to keep the cup in America. Well, the public reads the papers and the papers are made up of stuff written by the army of reporters whom Mr. Iselin considers vulgar and impertinent. The public is not admitted to Mr. Iselin's confidence, and the only way we have of finding out what a nice man he is, and sharing his hopes and fears, of sympathizing with him and of learning all about his yachting suits, is through the reporters, and he does not like reporters. A friend of the family used to talk disapprovingly about "hotty" people and, I fear, she might have included Mr. Iselin in this class. There is no doubt, however, but that Americans, reporters, and all, were glad he won the race.

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"Lest We Dash Our Feet Against a Stone."

At Greenville, Ohio, last week, Mr. Bryan said: "I dare the Republicans to defend the title by purchase of 10,000,000 men. They assert the right to be in the Philippines by purchase, and that, too, after having paid a less price for human beings than we pay for hogs."

The New York Sun calls Mr. Bryan's attention to the fact that he approved the treaty, that he even went to Washington and used his influence and power of persuasion to get it ratified. If he objected to the purchase of 10,000,000 men as he chooses now to call the treaty, it was scarcely frank to pretend to his followers that it was unobjectionable. Having once approved the treaty it is unusual even for a politician to attack the measure he used his best endeavor to secure the passage of.

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The Early Settlers.

Nebraska farmers who came to this country in the sixties and seventies because they had not money to buy land in the more populous portions of the United States, who pre-empted lands here from the government, who founded families that as years pass will become the aristocracy of the state, deserve the credit of having founded and developed this great state. In constantly belittling the accomplishment of the Nebraska farmer Mr. Bryan is doing him an injustice. During the lean years we have just experienced the farmers paid off their debts. This year's harvest will be spent for contemporary needs which have a way with the farmer as well as with the dweller in a city, of expanding and contracting with his income.

These early settlers are old men now. They oversee the work of the farm but no longer take an active part in it. The extent of the change they have wrought in Nebraska is forgotten or overlooked by those who seldom drive over the prairies. They have transformed thousands of acres of grazing lands into cultivated fields and thus increased their producing capacity by one half. In conveying the impression to the audience he speaks to that Nebraska is a poverty-stricken, forlorn state, inhabited by anarchists railing against all kinds of institutions, Mr. Bryan traduces these old men who walk over their farms and examine their stock, quietly exulting in the work of their hands and in their early faith in a new state. In bread stuffs and flesh foods Nebraska is among the very largest depots in this country. In the forty-five states she is not lower than fifth. Considering the very short time we have been competing with Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana, the achievement is remarkable and deserves envy rather than commiseration.