

Hitchcock has devoted his entire attention to populism. The space occupied by the family referred to and *The Bee* in the *World-Herald* is regretted by all the subscribers. An editor's opinion of a competing editor is quite apt to be uncomplimentary and unjust. Nobody is especially interested in it and if it be reiterated in every paper it becomes very tiresome. There is so obvious a reason why such judgment can not be impartial or disinterested that it should very rarely be printed.

Dr. Longshore-Potts.

Dr. Longshore-Potts has been lecturing to women for over thirty years. In homely untechnical language she explains to women the cause of aches and pains. Elderly and unpretentious she disarms all prejudices against traveling doctors. She does not claim to cure everybody in one treatment with one kind of medicine but advises patience and the application of common sense to all cases. She deprecates above all the use of the knife. Perhaps in none of her talks is the Doctor more earnest and convincing than in her exhortations against the use of the knife. Her lectures delivered to women all over this country, have done a great deal of good. She is a consistent foe of tight lacing and has effected many a cure by convincing her patients of the real cause of illness. In inducing women to recognize their vanity as a cause of disease she has accomplished what discouraged practitioners have long attempted. If she does no more than loosen the stays of vanity she will have fulfilled a useful mission. She has, however, been of much more than negative service to womankind. As she travels over the country she has the best wishes of a great many patients whom she has helped.

The Gift-House.

Admiral Dewey is not a politician and he is not a business man. He is a simple-hearted, brave and determined old man. Accustomed to the isolation of a ship whereon he is a monarch, used to giving orders which are immediately and silently obeyed, possessing by birth a chivalrous love of women which his sailor's life has kept inviolate, Admiral Dewey thought when he got married that he could do nothing less than give that which he thought most of to his wife. The newspapers, which are responsible for most of the misunderstandings between Americans and for some of the wars between America and other countries, deliberately exasperated the people by the sensational way they reported Dewey's gift of his gift. It was not because he was not pleased with his house but because he thought more of it than any thing else he had, it was not because he did not appreciate that the house was given to him because the people idolized him, but because the house was a sign of a people's affection and gratitude, that he gave it to his wife. No woman would ever have done it. But the great Admiral gave it to his wife thinking the American people would appreciate the chivalry and generosity. And if we were somewhat finer-fibred ourselves we would have understood and at any rate would have said nothing. The newspapers found out immediately what the Admiral had done and by all sorts of innuendoes and disgraceful and baseless insinuations incited the people to bray in the deafening chorus which has made the gentle Admiral sick of the whole thing. He has lived in clubs or on his ship for years and he was tremendously pleased with his new house. Because it was so goodly and so satisfying he gave it

to his wife. He has not lived enough on land, or perhaps he has forgotten the very peculiar noise a donkey makes when he is mad or hungry. Had he been more accustomed to the sound it would not have kept him awake. The Admiral is entirely mistaken though if he thinks there is no one to defend him. There are several million people in this country who know him the old time gentleman, the unworldly finely-tempered old blade that he is. And it makes us wish we were good prize-fighters when we hear him abused. The house was his, given to him to enjoy, and in giving it to the woman who is making him very happy after his long cruise, he was using it to his highest enjoyment.

The Chinese show their wisdom in making their idols of jade and teak. On crossed legs, with four arms or six and with an extra number of eyes they sit forever in the attitude their designer and worshippers think most appropriate for a Chinese god. Americans are different. They will not worship jade or teak or Vermont granite. But they are always in an uproar because their god has moved unexpectedly. Would it not be much more rational to make an idol out of stone that cannot move, nor make any eccentric motions? Anyway one cannot expect Admiral Dewey to sit cross legged forever because it is the conventional idol attitude.

The New Library.

That will be a happy day for Lincoln when such a heading will mean a new library building here. Three new public libraries in Appleton, Menasha, and Oshkosh are about to be opened to the public in Wisconsin. The Appleton library was started through a gift of the local Y. M. C. A., which owned an equity in a desirable lot. The association tendered the property to the city on condition that it would pay the indebtedness and build and maintain a free library. The city built the library at a cost of \$38,000. It uses the open shelf plan. The costliest of the three new Wisconsin libraries is at Oshkosh. It was erected on money left by a legacy left for a city library by Mr. Marshall Harris. The total cost is \$75,000. The Menasha library was also a gift. It cost \$32,500.

Lincoln is so hopelessly in debt that it will be many years before the municipality will build, or should build a public library. In the meanwhile unless a wealthy philanthropist donates a public library or the price of one is raised by private subscription the books will have to be housed wherever light and fire protection can most satisfactorily be obtained. Philanthropic and wealthy citizens are of so rare occurrence in Nebraska that it is almost hopeless to wait for one to die and leave money for a library. Yet encouraged by the example and good fortune of these comparatively small towns in Wisconsin there is no reason why the capital city of Nebraska, the home of three universities and the dwelling place of hundreds of professors and teachers should quite despair. The dry air and the constant sunshine attract a great many invalids who are obliged to live in a dry sunny spot. And in the not too-distant future Lincoln's lack of a library may appeal to these rich men who come out of the east where every village has a public library.

A committee of the library board on the selection of new books has examined all catalogues and finding lists of the best libraries. It is, of course impossible to make up lists out of hand. From these sources they have made a valuable working library. It will require years to gather books enough to

satisfy the demands of the ordinary reader and student. Very properly the board of a library with so limited an income as ours, does not attempt to supply books for specialists. When the new books have been bought, received and catalogued, patrons will doubtless remember that a library can not be bought in a day nor can the place of books collected in twenty years be filled even in one fifth of twenty years.

Charles Coghlan.

Although theatre goers have not seen Charles Coghlan as Clarence in "The Royal Box" for a month, he adapted the excellent play for his own use and assembled the company which presented it. Under his inspiration and direction the play was staged and the actors costumed. The ensemble was his product. The creator of so fine and so consistent a play as this is of necessity a fine colorist and composer of stage pictures, and a dramatist of discrimination. If we saw only a replica of his work, he has breathed into it the breath of his life, for his understudy (if he were an understudy) moved and spoke even as Charles Coghlan himself. The stage, in his death, has lost one of the few men who were willing to take their chances with something intrinsically beautiful and to trust a people to recognize it, one who did not exaggerate a situation or a character but trusted that his self control and faith would be finally rewarded. The death of so genuine an artist of so frank and sincere a man is a great loss to any profession but especially to the dramatic, where the constant influence of the show feature is apt to blur the worth of everything not absolutely required behind the footlights.

Good Drinks.

The Slocum law which has been on the statute books of Nebraska for so long, is a dead letter as to the provision for only the dispensation of pure liquor in Nebraska, pure beer in Nebraska, and pure wine in Nebraska.

Where are the fanatics of temperance? Where those pugnacious prohibitionists who wished to abolish the drink traffic from Nebraska? Do those persons who have so vehemently advocated absolute prohibition now shrink from the enforcement of all the provisions of the Slocum law which might, could, or would—if rigidly administered—give either pure, unadulterated drinks or no drinks at all, in Nebraska?—The Conservative.

Corn Tassels.

The first edition of Mr. Dunroy's new issue of *Corn Tassels* was exhausted almost before it was off the press. It is a very neat volume and contains a winnowed collection of the poet's poems on Nebraska. Fragrant of the soil, souvenir of the prairies, the rustling corn and billowy wheat, *Corn Tassels* is an adequate symbol of Nebraska.

Max Heinrich.

On Monday night at the First Congregational church under the auspices of the Matinee Musical Max Heinrich gave a song recital to an audience of about three hundred people. Very few musicians can communicate as Mr. Heinrich does the love of music. With no greater voice endowment than hundreds of other singers and perhaps with no greater passion for music he is yet able to inspire a commonplace audience with a corresponding appreciation. He plays his own accompaniments, and the song and accompaniment are times, antiphonal

and times merged in the song and always the accompanist and the singer are of one mind and one impulse and the unity of effect the cunning artist produces repays him for the double exertion. The wail of the dying child in the Erlking, his fright and delirium, the man's fear and love for his son that clutched the father and the finality of the last chords: "In seinen armen das kind war todt," were exquisitely rendered.

All of a good fellow's love for his kind, all sweet enjoyment of hospitality, all appreciation of tuneful woods as a dining hall and of droning and creaking leaves and boughs as a canopy of sleep were in his final song, *Jipsy John*. When Mr. Heinrich sings English it is with the same acquired and inherent sense of values. Those who have been irritated since they first heard a play by ignorant soubrettes whose real place is not one which involves speaking to intelligent people, are conscious of a swelling gratitude when they are addressed by a man who knows how to strike the chords of words. The program is reprinted as a matter of record:

<i>Die Post (The Post)</i>	} Franz Schuber
<i>Faith in Spring (Fruehlingsglaube)</i>	
<i>Ständchen (Serenade)</i>	} bert
<i>Der Erlkoenig (The Erlking)</i>	
<i>Where'er you walk</i>	Haendel
<i>Spring Song</i>	MacKenzie
<i>It is not always May</i>	Gounod
<i>Fruehling's Ankunft (Spring's Arrival)</i>	} Rob Schumann
<i>Marienmuermchen (Lady Bird)</i>	
<i>Schneeglockchen (Snow Drops)</i>	
<i>Die beiden Grenadiere (The two Grenadiers)</i>	
<i>Allah</i>	Chadwick
<i>On the Way to Kew</i>	} Arthur Foote
<i>The Land o' the Leal</i>	
<i>Thy Beaming Eyes</i>	} E. A. MacDowell
<i>What's his heart?</i>	
<i>Klinge, mein Pandero (Sound, my Pandero)</i>	Murmelndes Luftchen (Murmuring Zephyrs). Am Manzanares (On the Manzanares)—From the Spanish Song book Ad. Jensen
<i>Bird and Rose</i>	Horrock
<i>Finch and Robin</i>	D'Albert
<i>The Wooing</i>	Sieeking
<i>Gipsy John</i>	Clay

Tailor—is your master in?
Servant—Sure I do' know. He said if you caught him in he'd be out, and now I'm puzzled to tell which he is.

He kept his face to the foe.
The foe shuddered gloomily and then disappeared in the gathering gloom.
"People have told me," he said, as he wrapped his thoughts about him, "that I have a hard face."

Harold (in ecstasy)—And you will be my ownest own? Oh, darling, name the day!

Maude—Well, I hardly think we could find a minister tonight—how will tomorrow do?

Garaldine—It would be glorious to drift like this forever.

Gerald—We couldn't do it; the fellow who owns the boat would be after us for stealing it.

I'm a man of one idea.
Have you any idea what it is.

Customer—Where did you learn your business?

Barber—I am a graduate of a ton-social college sir.

Customer—I thought you had learned it in the tannery.

They are talking now about closing the churches in our town on Sunday.

What for?

It is claimed that they have cast discredit on golf.