

back over the four years, the self control, faith and good judgment of President McKinley are strikingly exemplified. Not that he has not made mistakes. He is a man and he has not been president before. He will make a better president in his second term, for added to his temperamental fitness he has now taken a four year's course in administration.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Now that he has been nominated, everybody recognizes his fitness. The vice presidency will fit him for the place he was originally designed to fill. No other man suits the west like Governor Roosevelt. To that particular part of Nebraska in revolt against a dirty republican machine he is and has been for a long time an example, an aspiration, a proof that some things can be done as well as others and that now is the time and we are the people to purify the party. Roosevelt is young and brave, he is energetic, he is not a dreamer. When the machine will work for the accomplishment of his plans he has sense enough and influence enough to set it to work. He is many sided. He appeals to the east and to the west. He is a scholar, a soldier, an author, a statesman, a politician. More than any other public man he satisfies the ideal of a typical American. He can fight with his hands, or with a gun; he is a hunter, he loves horses, he has written about the west and its quick transformation from a desert into arable land. He is self-confident and distrusts traditions which interfere with the punishment of the bad and the regulation of the criminally selfish rich man and the vicious and murderous striker. His very self-confidence is American. He is sure of his destiny and his inspiration. So are the rest of his fellow-countrymen. His nomination has aroused the enthusiastic ratification of the west as no other vice presidential candidate could.

The vice president has a greater potential than actual importance, but as Governor Roosevelt has been able to outwit and foil boss Platt, he will even as vice president be influential. Bossism is the hardest influence in America to fight and the Governor of New York has fought and won as many times as he has fought. Bossism will not stay licked and as the Governor would rather fight than be vice president, it was a real disappointment to him to accept the urgent invitation from the republican party.

All things considered: Roosevelt's Americanism, the temper of the people, the attitude of the south towards the war, Roosevelt's war record and his unbroken training for a fight, no other man could be so completely approved by the American people.

Chauncy Depew said that 99 per cent of the first voters would vote for Roosevelt. He is essentially a young man's hero. He went to the war and stayed with his company till it was put out of commission. He was a stern disciplinarian and a kind, just officer. First voters are particularly attracted by a man with no nonsense about him. When the Nebraska troops came back from the Filipinos and companies of the G. A. R. marched in the same procession with them, the young soldiers marched with dignity. The old soldiers laughed and talked, and were very free with jocular punches. Most of the old soldiers walked with an unsoldierly lurch, and instead of "eyes front" their necks suggested the distinctive quality of India rubber. They are not the sort of men to inspire youth. But Roosevelt as he sits on his horse, according to the regulations, because

he is a fighter and scorns weakness is the hero of the young men and the time is at hand when the Roosevelt hat, the Roosevelt smile and the Roosevelt manner will be worn naturally by all young, ardent, impetuous American.

Tsi An.

Mark Hanna said recently for publication, "Imagine any congress on earth waiting upon the moods of a woman president." There is Queen Victoria. She has responded to the duties of her place better than any of the Georges. Her reign is the longest and best of any in the long list of English kings and queens. When she was still a young queen there was no caprice or foolishness in her transaction of the business of the state. There was Queen Elizabeth. Neither men nor women were as wise in her day as they are now, but she holds her own with English sovereigns. There has never been an American woman president but if there had been, a proportionate number, it is doubtful if Mark Hanna could prove their administrations silly, capricious, and what feminine means to him.

Tsi An was a slave girl when she asked the merchant and his wife who had bought and educated her to adopt her. She told them she had decided to go to Peking and appear before the Emperor's jury as an applicant for admission to his harem. She was, as qualified to get her own way when a slave as she is now. The merchant and his wife adopted her, bought her fine clothes and jewels and Tsi An went to Peking. She pleased the Emperor, as Esther pleased Ahasuerus, and thenceforth she lived in the palace. She worked her way up, exactly as Mark Hanna has worked his way to power, though the latter has not, so far as we know, been obliged to remove any one from his way by poison, as Tsi An has had to do but has accomplished it by guile, bullying, by getting opponents into tight places, and lastly by guile again.

In her whole career Tsi An has not once shown the weakness of caprice or once let her personal fancies or taste influence her to a course which might weaken her politically. Mark Hanna, in her place, could not have done better. In a country where woman is the slave of all she is the master of all. She can depose the emperor and execute the prime minister and all the emperor's aids of whom she does not approve. Whether she is a good woman or a bad one is not the question. She is a woman, and a woman in China where women are esteemed as brother Bixby thinks they should be, something not human, incapable of thought and especially incapable of bossing. Nevertheless Tsi An ignored the position of woman in China and has bossed that empire for something over twenty years. She did not do it by favor. She was not born to her position; she acquired it by the force and keenness of her intellect and by a sort of super-human selfishness and indifference to all moral considerations which Mr. Hanna himself should have a sympathetic appreciation of. These examples of women in executive positions are brought to his attention because he confessed that his imagination was not strong enough to conceive a woman in an executive position performing the duties of the position effectively.

A Disregarded Provision.

One of the sections of the new telephone ordinance, as of the old one, reads as follows:

Section 3. Any person who shall interfere with, cut, injure, remove,

break or destroy any of the poles, wires, instruments, conduits or other property of the Lincoln Independent Telephone company within the city of Lincoln, or shall tack, paste or fasten on the same any bill, notice or advertisement of any kind shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

The clause in regard to posting notices or advertisements on the poles is disregarded. It has been flagrantly ignored lately, not by a legitimate patron of the bill boards or of newspapers, but by one of that class which makes small loans to teachers and other small salaried workers, who in an emergency resort to a usurer who charges them ten per cent a month and upwards for the loan. Contempt of the law in regard to legal interest increases an innate lawlessness. Men who charge ten per cent a month for loans are not apt to strain at a gnat of a telephone pole. If the section cannot be enforced why incorporate it in new ordinances? A law, which is a dead letter, induces contempt of the law.

The Martian.

George Du Maurier's hero, the Martian who can turn to the north after he has been blindfolded and whirled about, who, except when he drank, which was only once, never lost his sense of direction, was not a myth according to the latest theory of the French scientist, Reynaud. He says nearly everyone has lost this sixth sense which dogs, horses, and especially cats and pigeons still possess. The faculty is located, according to Monsieur Reynaud, in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear. These canals are filled with a fluid called endolymph and have nothing whatever to do with hearing but are "associated with equilibrium" and "furnish images of movement and displacement in space."

In the carrier pigeon this organ is more fully developed than in other animals. That perfect combination of springy muscles and tendons, the cat can find her way back to a home from which she has been carried in a bag by a route never before traversed by her. The migratory birds, the homesick dog and the hungry, thirsty horse use the same organ. Monsieur Reynaud says it is still found in savage races. They tread dim, unfamiliar forests without a compass or a chart as surely as the reign in the neighborhood of their huts. The skillful navigator who directs his ship into strange waters by the aid of charts, compass and the many wonderful navigation instruments is no surer of the islands, channels, rocks and harbors of his route than is the little Australian wild man guided by his trusty little ear canals filled with sensitive endolymph. Lucky for them the savages do not know how they know or why they can go where they like without a chart or a policeman. If they began to study the elusive subject, they could easily convince themselves there was no such thing and that they and their ancestors had never really known where they were at. The lenses and nerves of the eye, the palate, the ear with its sounding board, the nostrils and all the sensory organs have been studied, dissected, given Latin names, and we think we understand them. Nobody thinks of denying that almost everyone has five senses and five corresponding organs. There may be, and there is some not indisputable evidence that there is, a sixth and seventh sense. The Martian had this sixth sense, and the people who have recurring and continually verified intuitive revelations about distant

friends and places, have a seventh. Physiologists have not admitted that these exceptional senses had any corresponding organ. They imply, some of them that nobody can account for the vagaries of a diseased organ. But animals and savages are healthiest of all and the motor of migratory birds, carrier pigeons, of home-returning cats, and of the self-confident savage in an unexplored forest has not until lately been dissected and classified, and it has not yet been named.

Mr. Bryan's Query.

In a letter to the Knoxville Sentinel, Mr. Bryan asks:

"How can we justify the sacrifice of American soldiers and the killing of Filipinos merely to show that we can whip them?"

The object of the war, The Sun says, as Mr. Bryan might have learned by addressing his inquiry to any Lincoln schoolboy, has been to maintain the right and title and authority of the United States in the Philippines.

The United States has been putting down rebellion there just as it put down rebellion in the Southern States. To speak of "the killing of Filipinos merely to show that we can whip them" is, with the highest respect to Mr. Bryan, not true and not sensible.

It is an unfortunate fact that the sacrifice of American soldiers which Mr. Bryan so much deprecates has been unwittingly encouraged by himself.

The Crime of Discovery.

Mr. Croker's feelings are justifiably outraged, not because the mayor and deputy president of Tammany own ice stock in an ice trust which the mayor's veto of a dock bill has made into a monopoly, but because they neglected ordinary precautions such as having the stock made out in the name of a brother-in-law or a deceased wife's aunt. Mr. Croker's private reproaches to his subordinates, the mayor and other city officers of New York City for being found out are severe as befits an English landed proprietor who is, at the same time a magistrate. Perhaps if he had stayed in the city which he has farmed the bungling tyros who try to fill his place would not have so embarrassed him, and the campaign about to begin. Wherever a democrat denounces trusts raised in a republican nursery he is sure to hear a terrible cry of ice. The democratic mayor who was faithless and cruel to the poor whose votes under the leadership of Tammany elected him has embarrassed the campaign. Richard Croker deeply regrets the exposed facade of Tammany when the storm broke. Not that his moral nature has been profoundly shocked, not that he cares for the sick little children in the fetid tenement houses who must now forego the soothing, cooling ice, but to have his own immediate remunerative connection with the city of New York and democratic supremacy endangered by which that steady flow into his pocket is maintained, this it is which causes his indignant voice to tremble when he addresses Tammany Hall on current events.

THE RAINBOW AT SUNSET

The clouds where the storm is raving
Glow red on the hills unrolled,
And the tops of the tall trees waving,
Are yellowed with sunset gold.

And hollow the voice of thunder
Calls down from the gilded clouds,
And shouts to the lightnings under—
Pale spirits in flame-rent shrouds.

They leap through the long cloud-spaces
The gold on the forest thins,
The high hills darken their faces,
The long night rain begins.

—Katharine A. Melick.