

well educated, their birthdays brilliantly celebrated, and the family's income devoted to their culture and recreation. The only circumstances in which a Chinese woman can revenge herself upon fate and custom are enjoyed at the expense of another woman—her daughter-in-law. A bridegroom's invariable custom is to take his bride home, where she is the fag of her mother-in-law, who beats her and destroys her self-respect, if she have any so long from birth, by calling her names, and by emptying Chinese Billingsgate upon her day after day.

It was discovered long ago that Chinamen liked little feet, so they doubled the girl babies' toes under and bound them tightly so they would not grow. The torture is exquisite and the little girls are beaten when they cry. They learn to hang their little bundles of feet over the edge of the bed, so that circulation may be deadened and their torture decreased.

What mercy may missionaries or any foreigners expect from heathen who have so little pity for their own baby daughters who insist upon this terrible torture, from century to century, because they prefer small feet? Nothing but shot and shell can bring these people into the kingdom of civilization. Missionaries work at a disadvantage against such before-Christian barbarism as this. Immense sums are expended to Christianize one Chinaman. The process is too slow, too expensive, and the result is unsatisfactory. The Chinese believe that their civilization, a civilization in which one female in three attempts suicide, is the highest and best in the world. Europeans and Americans are barbarians, and missionaries from Europe or America are regarded with the contempt we feel for the medicine man of the Indians. Gentleness and demonstration are played out in China. We must show them that we can shoot straighter than they can, and are willing to take quick and complete vengeance for any slain American citizens. The beginning of the bad boy's reformation and education in the old country district school was that moment when the young pedagogue knocked him down for insubordination. The Chinese will only begin to appreciate that we can teach them a new religion, literature and a new agriculture and a new mechanical development when we have knocked them down good and hard and they are still dazed and weak from the blow landed by civilization. After that they'll be teachable enough, and learn to do business, build railroads and modern ships and boats. By no other or more gentle process can the women of China take their places in the world as human beings. Not that America fully acknowledges a woman's born share of things yet, but because of the efforts of a few brave women who shrunk from but were not deterred by ridicule, we have the advantage of our cousins of China, though we still come into the world unwelcome and remain in it to the end handicapped by prejudice.

Divided Command.

Each detachment of the army advancing on Pekin is accompanied by a commander-in-chief. The words are a contradiction of terms and the actual operations of an army commanded by as many men as there are divisions must be disastrous. The American troops are on the right of the advance, their flanks will be in communication with the German and British forces. Every evening the generals hold a consultation, when the plan of operations for the following day is agreed upon. Each officer is informed

of the route his column must travel, the part it shall play in the operations and the point where he must effect a junction with the other forces. The plan may work, but Waterloo was only a more conspicuous demonstration of the uncertainties of a divided command. Waterloo, on both sides, was a series of accidents, unforeseen and unprepared for. Military men in Washington are opposed to the plan, though Secretary Root and President McKinley are said to approve it.

A Rustic Cavalier.

Musty stories of how the boy with a bent pin and the hickory pole caught more fish than the man in the golf suit carrying a jointed pole and a book of flies, or of how the pale, shrinking young man, bullied by six feet of red-eyed brawn, turns out to be the champion welter-weight of Hoboken and smashes the bully all to pieces, are common enough in the newspapers. They appeal to a very large class of people (who flatter themselves they are rough but ready, uncut and unpolished, but really a great find for somebody. Magazines are a cut above newspapers, as a rule, and magazine publishers are not in the habit of pandering to the universal egotism by using the worn out surprise effects, just referred to. In "Cavalleria Rusticana," a Nebraska story, by George Beardsley, printed in the August McClure's, Bobby Grant, populist candidate for the legislature, and swearing horribly, with the evidences of refinement absent both from his dress and his face, is dowered by the author with a delicacy of thought, a generosity of action and a Quixotic chivalry that recalls the days when knighthood was in flower. It is, of course, not impossible that a man may at the same time be a gentleman, who scorns appearances, who swears like a pirate and whose table manners remind one of savages squatted around a black pot full of boiled dog. But a gentleman is more frequently dressed with due regard to the customs and convenience of the day, he has a fine feeling for the niceties of language and is not adjectively limited to Damn. The objectionable feature of this story is that it hints that all the real gentlemen and true cavaliers in Nebraska, are uncultivated, profane men, men with hearts of gold, with breeches stuffed into their boots and with whiskers streaked with egg and tobacco juice. Such are the Nebraska gentlemen heretofore presented by the magazine writers, who have not deserved to live in Nebraska—they have made such slanderous copy out of it. "Cavalleria Rusticana" is of no particular distinction, literary or otherwise. It is mentioned here only because it is another instance of the inability of writers to tell the truth about Nebraska. Eastern people who publish magazines, and who read them, have preconceived and unverified ideas about this state and these stories are written to gratify their prophetic souls and in spite of truth. If a sketch were written in plain air of Nebraska men and women, their homes, and culture as they are, the publisher might decide that it lacked local color, even as the impressionists' outdoor pictures of outdoors were at first rejected by the unprofessional because they said they were unnatural. An opinion formed not by an examination of nature but long habit of living with chromos and the rigid objects formerly painted by artists from which all light-vibration was excluded. If the painters worked then as they do now they must have worked in that thin ether above the atmosphere where every object is not softly embraced and glorified as it is

on earth, by a tender, vibrating atmosphere. There are still faithful ones who will not see the purple shadows, because the chromo makers have not put them in their parlor ornaments, but the school has corrected the eyesight of a great many.

In literature it is evident that the chromo workers who paint life, not as it is, but as those who have seen other pictures of life want to see it, are still rewarded with an audience.

Every new country has to pass through a period of being traduced by those who are willing to describe it and its inhabitants as the geographically distant fancy it is. The most accomplished and most alert people in the world live in Nebraska. The novelists picture us as an illiterate, profane, half-starved, but withal kindly people whose crops are entirely burnt up by the sun and wind without relief of rain every year. They send the heroic, gaunt young homesteader back to his parents in Illinois or Iowa, after he has buried his wife, innocent, yellowed haired little girl, on the prairies without a mound or a headstone to mark the spot for fear the coyotes will dig up the body—coyotes, according to Mrs. Peattie and Miss French (Octave Thanet) and others being, just as fierce, blood-thirsty and opposed to the peaceful settlement of Nebraska as Providence. History, as opposed to fiction, records that Nebraska has fewer crop failures and raises a larger amount of produce to the acre, than any other state in the Union. The rate at which settlers who have come into the state in a movers' wagon with their whole property either pulling the "schooner" or following it, have grown rich is very rapid. It is true that an occasional man of the sort that poets and magazine story-tellers love to write about, a man leaning on a hoe or a plow or anything tall enough to lean on in his vicinity, writes to his folks in Illinois or Indiana to come get him or send him his fare home. Women-writers like this sort of a man and this situation. They like to flutter about a prostrate figure and say, "the poor thing!" Their sympathies are near the surface and ordinary life does not make demand enough upon their endowment. So cowardly murderers receive bouquets and Nebraska gets a black eye, that a fertile soil and sun and rain enough to mature the greatest crop on earth does not deserve. Wherever the shiftless man with a tendency to lean on hoes or trees, locates, he is sure to fail. The fascinations of a new country have drawn many idle adventurers into it. They have settled in Nebraska, leaned on things for a season or two, then gone back where their townspeople and relatives had begun to straighten themselves of their burden. Their doleful tale of an unresponsive, sun-baked soil is their only excuse for a reappearance. The tattle reaches the lady novelist's ears, she listens, as she has learned to listen for copy. Perhaps his laziness has plaintive, dreamy eyes and his tale about the yellow-haired baby, the coyotes and all the rest turns into copy and he into a martyr as he talks. Nevertheless the drawing, the coloring and the composition are all wrong.

Vaudeville's Revolt.

Theatrical managers who have joined the trust which lately reduced the salaries of stars are informed by the White Rats of America that this association of vaudeville performers (rats is stars spelled backward), professes no enmity towards the management of the continuous performance houses. Their ostensible and perhaps their real purpose is to eliminate

coarseness from vaudeville performance, so that their own dignity and that of their profession may be raised and not continually lowered, as at present. Their constitution asserts that they are not organized to fight capital or the trust, but it is at the same time an agreement to make sacrifices and be loyal to the association, whatever may be the result of its periodical deliberations. Actresses and all women performers seem to be excluded, as they are from the Elks. If purification and ascension on the stepping stones of their dead selves to better things is the real object of the organization, woman's natural aspirations towards the good, the true, and the beautiful, might be useful. On the other hand, if the real object is a strike or a combination to raise wages, the men cannot conduct a successful strike without the aid of the women, for the vaudeville is two-thirds female.

The prospectus, or constitution, is published in the Dramatic Mirror and signed by one hundred and fifty well known names. It is a very laudable object; only a vaudeville audience will not stand too much refining. Men and women go to a continuous performance because it is cheap and because it amuses them. They like horse-play between the Irishman and the Dutchman, who smash each other over the face or nail each other to the floor with a real nail and a real hammer. Audiences laugh to exhaustion when a man runs off the stage with a hatchet stuck into what appears to be his shoulder blades. It is doubtful if at first a more refined comedy will draw the crowds. Eventually, the public taste being elevated by the actors, the audiences will respond to a finer satire, but the material, as it is, will take a long time to refine.

Newspaper English.

Lincoln includes a state university, and in the suburbs of Lincoln there are two colleges. The influence of educational institutions is said to be very penetrating and stimulating. So? But there is a limit, as every ocean, no matter how large, has shores. An evening paper's editorial columns recently contained this picturesque if puzzling metaphor: "If Mr. Campbell has any friends left they should take him to one side and tell him kindly, but firmly, that if he continues his absurd attempt to get his name before the public by keeping up his open letter-writing to Bryan, they will be forced to take the only steps remaining open." Steps that remain open, as the writer himself might say, are exotic here. We have not yet learned to recognize an open step when we see it or hear it or smell it.

A Revolver Stampede.

An amusing incident in connection with the last senatorial contest has just come to light. It was revealed to me not long since by a republican member of the last legislature, who said, "It is useless for Mr. Thompson to deny that he entered into a combination with the populists to elect him senator on the condition that he would forswear allegiance to the republican party. Although a republican member, I was in the combination myself and had agreed to vote for Mr. Thompson for senator, and against Mr. Hayward, if the populist vote could be secured. All arrangements were made; some of us were waiting in an ante-room at the capitol for the time when we should go in and cast our vote for Mr. Thompson. Captain Fisher of Chadron was among the number. The captain re-