

read "From Victoria, R. I. His favorite flower." "His," of course, alluded to the late Prince Consort, who was devoted to the primrose. Disraeli himself had no favorite flower, and any way his taste was bizarre and a cabbage rose or some other large and brilliant blossom would have been his choice if he had been consulted about a "favorite flower." Nevertheless, at the recurrence of the primrose anniversary, Englishmen wear primroses and place wreaths of the yellow field flower at the foot of Lord Beaconsfield's statue in Parliament Square. The present King had no very great love for the engaging charlatan, and on Primrose Day sent no wreath to decorate the statue. King Edward is a sincere man whose private and public acts are characterized by simplicity. Quisante, the hero of Anthony Hope's last long story, is said to be a study of Disraeli. Certainly the brilliancy, hypnotic oratory, shifting politics and ambition of Quisante and of Disraeli, as well as their careers, are very much alike. In refusing to contribute a token to the memory of Disraeli, King Edward has offered an emphatic dissent to the popular opinion. His failure to send a wreath is a reserved man's expression of disapproval, and from King Edward, with whom reserve and silence are habitual, it is conclusive.

De-Americanized.

Americans emancipated from notions about loving their own country best, and of being willing to die for it, seem to gravitate to Harvard college. It is taught in Harvard that the world is round, that the earth is pulverized rock, that hills are but eroded plains, that a lake is but a small body of fresh water surrounded by land and that rivers are but parts of a continental drainage system. Therefore, America, the Green mountains, the Rockies, Lake George, the Mississippi or the lyric Wabash are only various forms of dirt and water and it is foolish to get excited and be ready to fight and die, because the government of a certain locality is threatened by invaders or rebels. Harvard undergraduates fought in the Civil War with a crude, eager, ungrudging patriotism that must seem very bad form to the present faculty and upper classmen. Men who have been in the school long enough to acquire the peculiar aloofness from national prejudices, affections and tastes exhibited by President Elliot disapprove of all manifestations of feeling. They can not understand why a man should love the sod his feet first trod, or why a Harvard man soaked in culture and divested of all loves and hates should be willing to become a dirty soldier for an antiquated patriotism. The peculiar attitude of most Harvard men, (there are exceptions) the supercilious Buddhist calm they maintain when other men graduated from Princeton, Columbia, or from a state university are excitedly discussing a national crisis, indicates that Harvard has reached the stage of stoic neutrality and aloofness achieved by only the most advanced Buddhist. Nirvana is almost attained by Harvard.

As an examination of a man's knowledge and sense an administration of American affairs for four years is most searching. The American people have declared with overwhelming mighty unctious, that President McKinley has passed the examination with honor. In a prolonged period of war and financial cataclysm, the President has made few mistakes. But the faculty of Harvard college object when it is proposed to confer the degree of L. L. D. upon the President, that he does not know enough, I do not

know whether President McKinley cares for the bit of red-sealed sheepskin that entitles him to write himself Doctor of Laws, or not. But no college faculty however learned can confer any additional honor upon President McKinley. He has applied his heart unto wisdom and his diploma has been signed, sealed and presented to him by America.

Callahan.

The acquittal of Callahan at Omaha, after being identified by the abducted boy and by the neighbors of the house where young Cudahy was confined, is a severe commentary on the jury system and an example of class prejudice. Callahan's lawyer of course made use of the opportunity to impress upon the jury that the prisoner was a poor man. And as juries are so largely composed of loafers who like a job of sitting on a chair and watching other men work, the sympathies of this jury were quickly aroused for one of their own kind but with added energy enough to stimulate him to steal a rich man's child. The defendant's lawyer also reminded the jury that Mr. Cudahy the father of the child was a rich man and therefore a suspicious object, probably a tyrant and oppressor of the poor.

If the children of this country are to be the prey of abductors, if jurors refuse to accept the identification of the victim, it will be the death-blow to the jury system. Every rich mother's heart has been constricted with fear since the abduction of the Cudahy boy. The torture of a mother and father whose child has been stolen can not be estimated. Neither can the dread which this crime and the acquittal of the identified abductor, have caused to parents be estimated. The jury system which authorizes questions, truthful answers to which exclude all intelligent persons, is an inadequate means of enforcing the law. The increase of lynchings is directly traceable to the silly procedure of selecting a jury. Intelligent readers and thinkers, good business men, pillars of the community, such men as we would all wish to be tried by if our lives or fortunes were in jeopardy, are not drawn on juries. But the wretched hangers on at the court, the loafers, the ne'er do wells whose lives have been spent in talk and looking for jury-jobs compose the juries whose judgment sets free kidnapers, robbers, murderers and arouses mobs in desperation and as a last resort. These strictures do not apply, of course, to the occasional intelligent man who has something else to do, who sometimes does his jury duty and does it in the fear of God.

"Revenge me on This Mine Enemy."

A difference of opinion between members of the same party can not be adjusted by federal revenge. The republican party in Nebraska is delicately adjusted. Any violent removals dictated by Mr. Thompson, the defeated candidate for senator, in punishment of the men who objected to him as the senator from Nebraska is very bad politics. Before taking the oath of senator from Nebraska Governor Dietrich filed charges against Mr. J. W. Johnson's conduct of the United States land office at Lincoln. It is not yet definitely known what these charges are, but it is not at all likely that the government will take action thereon until Mr. Johnson has been informed of their nature and afforded an opportunity to be heard. Mr. Johnson was and is a loyal republican and supporter of President McKinley's administration. Partly by his efforts Governor Diet-

rich was elected to the senate. To the federal government, and to the person of the federal executive Mr. Johnson has rendered a constant undeviating loyalty. His removal on account of a defeated candidate's pique, and for the purpose of wreaking revenge upon an officer who has been federally faithful, is bad politics, undignified and childish. Neither Mr. Thompson nor Governor Dietrich has learned that greater finesse must be practised in national politics. The Thompson method of immediate reward for services and immediate revenge for coldness is impracticable and undignified in national affairs. If Mr. Thompson can induce the President to reward his friends and punish his enemies the latter may well tremble, but there are experiences ahead of Tweedledum and Tweedledee that their provincial practice has not prepared them for.

One of Mr. Thompson's most earnest adherents remarked during the recent senatorial campaign, "D. E. will see that Joe Johnson walks out of town on his uppers." There is no doubt that by that remark he expressed the settled purpose of Mr. Thompson to punish a man who exercised the right of a citizen and opposed his candidacy because he believed him unworthy to represent the people of Nebraska in the United States senate. To what extent Senator Dietrich can be used as an instrument for the gratification of this desire for revenge remains to be determined. It is well that this kind of a campaign has opened early. It will give the senator-elect plenty of time for reflection and enable him at his leisure to determine just how much of vengeance he owes to men whose independence of thought, action and expression placed him in the United States senate; just what part he can afford to take in Mr. Thompson's scheme of revenge. It will awaken the republicans of Nebraska, ninety per cent of whom were opposed to the election of Mr. Thompson and who rejoice in his defeat, to a realization of what they owe to the men who refused to be influenced against the best interests of republicanism in the state by the solicitation and clamor of those employed to carry water to the elephant in the vain hope that they would be permitted to ride in howdah later.

The Law.

A few months ago a state university student was arrested for firing off a pistol within the city limits of Lincoln. He was brought before the police judge and fined. He had broken the law and the arrest, trial and sentence were strictly according to law. Nevertheless since the first nomination of Mr. Bryan in 1896 the cannon on the capitol ground has been fired whenever a populist or republican candidate has been nominated. To the residents of the capitol district the booming of the cannon is more than a nuisance: it is a menace to the lives of the sick. It decreases the value of real-estate around the grounds. It is worse than the high smoke-stack which deposits a thick layer of greasy smoke over the houses surrounding the square. Besides, the university students who officiate on all occasions where only a loud noise is desired, are unable to discriminate between the lawfulness of firing a cannon within the city limits and the unlawfulness of firing a tiny pistol within the same bounds. The university students are studying philosophy, psychology and other profound subjects, but it is interesting to observe that these subjects never really touch them. They emerge

from the university with their native, innocent, savage love for commotion, explosive piano playing, cat-calls, and concussions, entirely unaffected by the scientific or literary instruction furnished by a credulous state. To a student, a foot-ball victory is of much more importance than the inauguration into gubernatorial power of a plain, middle-aged, slightly bald citizen who is unaffectedly modest and who would prefer to remain in his rural home rather than endure the noise and ugliness of a great city like Lincoln. Yet when this citizen is inaugurated the university student is sent for and requested to fire off a worthless, rusty, old bore, when but yesterday he was arrested for firing off a toy pistol to celebrate the most glorious and worthy victory within his callow experience. The firing of the capitol cannon is fast becoming an observance. The populists began it, but republicans are not beyond accepting a hint from their opponents, in order to celebrate a victory. But the next shrieking, lawless mob of students which parades the streets, firing guns and beating drums, should be unmolested. Inconsistency and unequal application of the law to man and boy, or to man and man creates a contempt for the law and eventually makes criminals.

Inspiration.

Great actresses, great musicians, great artists and creative workers of all kinds do their work steadily. Erratic genius fancies that artistic work can only be accomplished under an inspiration unreliable and spasmodic. Old-fashioned writers invariably began by evoking the muses, which is, in effect an appeal for the afflatus which they considered indispensable to composition. Certain great compositions have been created in one impulse, but the thought germinated and grew in unclassified, untitled moments of meditation. There are no necromantic, instantaneously blossoming plants of literature. The steady, daily grind, for daily bread is the only unfailing inspiration. Schemes for the endowment of talented young authors so that they may work for glory, and for the perfection of art and not be hurried or flustered by the need for daily bread, read well they have an indisputably reasonable aspect. But such schemes will not work. The laws of nature which regulate energy and its human product are magnificent. Men work because they are hungry, shelterless and naked unless they labor. A very few rich men who worked for art's sake have produced immortal works of art and literature. But the number of rich men who have thus labored for art is insignificant when compared with those who have labored because they needed the wage of labor. The works of all the rich men who ever lived might be destroyed and the world be not much the poorer for the loss. The poor men: Shakspeare, Chaucer, Homer, Dante, Tasso, Keats, Shelley and thousands of others, poets, painters, architects, inventors, all, all, making poetry, building, or painting for a living.

When Coquelin was in this country a few years ago he wrote, at the request of a magazine publisher, some rules for and advice to actors. His admirers were shocked to read that he gave so large a place to daily work and practice and so inconsiderable a place to genius and talent. Now that he is in this country again, M. Coquelin replies to his critics by reasserting his former advice against the futility of waiting for inspiration and again exalts daily labor. Original talent for a given profession there must be, but