

visitor returns he can only say it is "great" and look dazed. But there is not a melodious bell in Lincoln, not to mention chimes. It is proposed in memory of McKinley to place in the belfry of the Methodist church which is situated nearer the centre of the city than any other church, a chime of bells which shall play "Nearer My God to Thee." If the chime is chosen by a musician who can distinguish tuneful sounds, and not by a committee of citizens selected for their prominence in some other department of knowledge, the detached notes as they slowly proclaim the hour of noon and recall the memory of one of the greatest Americans, will be an inspiration and a call to every one within reach of their melody. The Turk, wherever he is, responds to the muezzin's call, and it is said by travelers in Turkey that the response to the call of religion by the whole nation at the same moment is most impressive and has an important effect upon the national life. Suppose all Americans dropped upon their knees at noon, and for an instant there was silence. No one can estimate the effect of a chime of bells ringing at noon every day for a long period of years. To many it would be simply an announcement of the noon hour, and that would be a great convenience; to others it would be essentially religious and a daily reminder of the great man who has just died.

Woman Suffrage

In about a month Mr. Bixby, a very funny man on *The Journal*, will debate the question of woman suffrage with Miss Laura Gregg, the state organizer of the cause in Nebraska. Whatever opinion one may have of this question the debate will be interesting. I think Mr. Bixby makes the mistake of underestimating the ability and knowledge of all women and of women suffragists in particular. He has stated a number of times that woman is incapable of understanding the principles of government, that her horizon should be bounded entirely by the palings of her dooryard and that if women were to vote, men's stomachs must pay too dear a price.

As to the ability to understand the principles of government, the intellectual attainments of the modern college women have settled that. Woman's function has been preordained and no legislation can change it. There are millions of dollars worth of property in Lincoln owned by spinsters and widows that is entirely unrepresented. The councilmen frequently have a very small property interest in Lincoln. Every one has noticed how easy it is to dispose of other people's property. Think of the reams of advice Carnegie has received about disposing of his surplus from poor but penurious busybodies who, if possessed of his income, would not give away a dollar of it. A father in this city has two sons. One is earning a hundred dollars a month. The father clothes, feeds and lodges the other one. The two young men needed suits of clothes and they went into a store together to buy them. The one who supported himself bought a suit for fourteen dollars and the one who is supported by his father bought a suit for twenty dollars. The one who was spending his own money was more careful. Councilmen who have small or no property interests are inclined to be open handed. It is natural, not vicious. Every one likes to spend money and if the desire can be gratified without decreasing one's own surplus the temptation is irresistible. Each piece of property should be represented

by a voter. According to the present system the widows and spinsters are paying taxes voted upon their property by men whom they have had no share in electing. The American heart burns when the principle of taxation without representation is advocated. There are few Americans who will admit that the principle was not worth fighting for by our ancestors, yet the same men ridicule women for objecting to paying taxes on property which is unrepresented.

"Grafting."

Certain councilmen have agreed to oppose whatever measure Mayor Winnett desires. On his part the Mayor resists all attempts at "grafting." In the past certain councilmen eked out their meagre salaries by negotiating with the men who sell staples of various kinds to the city. The Mayor is making and has made a strenuous effort to interfere with the long established "grafts" that a certain kind of councilman has worked. In revenge the councilmen make him what trouble they can. A "graft" that has been successfully operated for years is very difficult to obstruct or interrupt. The mayor is doing his conscientious and able best to accomplish this feat and he has the sympathy and confidence of all those who understand the situation. We groan and sigh over Tammany-ridden New York, not realizing that there are grafters in Lincoln who are doing the same thing in a smaller way. All dealers have a right to demand an impartial consideration of their bids for supplying the city. It may be that the same men get certain contracts year after year because they sell superior qualities at more reasonable prices. If this be so it can be demonstrated and the dealers and citizens too are right to demand the demonstration.

Napoleon: The Last Phase.

There are two human beings about whom the world is never satisfied, who are still and to every one a mystery. There are other mysteries that a few study and wonder about. But all the world is interested in Napoleon Bonaparte and eagerly reads every new book about him. And Joan of Arc is the woman whose life and victories have never been explained. Between the stations which both these people occupied at birth and at death there is a wide gulf of impossible achievement. A gulf so wide that no other man or woman has crossed it unless it be Mahomet. Of the innumerable self-made successes, no other woman has ignored the bondage of sex which prevents a woman from becoming a soldier, conquered poverty and obscurity and learned the art of war in one inspiration.

Alexander was born a king and when he conquered the world it was a small place: the shores of the Mediterranean. Napoleon was a subaltern in the army at the time of the French Revolution. By seizing one opportunity after another he made himself an emperor and placed his relatives on the thrones of Sweden, Spain, Italy and the Netherlands. If the fatigue of superhuman accomplishment had not conquered him, if he had been as competent at Waterloo as at Tilsit, Napoleon would have defeated the allies and eventually have become the ruler of Europe. But he was fat and on the night before Waterloo he slept. He had never slept before on the eve of a battle. He was indifferent and he was defeated. He was not the Napoleon that conquered. That

Napoleon would have conquered again. He had the army, and difficulties were not so great as those he had overcome in many harder campaigns.

Lord Rosebery's book deals with Napoleon at St. Helena, as the title implies. Most of the members of the small suite which accompanied him to the island of exile have published memoirs of Napoleon. They purport to be extracts from diaries kept at the time, but there is internal evidence that the diaries were written long after the events recorded.

The manuscripts have been so doctored that documentally they are incompetent. Lord Rosebery has made a comparative study of the various "diaries" and conclusively proves their partial unreliability. "And yet to accuse all these authors of unvarnished truth would not be fair. It was rarely, if ever, wanton. Partly from idolatry of Napoleon, partly to keep up a dramatic representation of events at St. Helena, and so bring about his liberation, facts were omitted or distorted which in any way reflected on their idol or tended to mar the intended effects. There seems to have been something in the air of St. Helena that blighted exact truth; and he who collects the various narratives on any given point will find strange and hopeless contradictions."

Gourgaud, who was a sort of Forest of Arden Jaques for solemnity and disgruntlement, has still, says Lord Rosebery, written the capital and supreme record. His journal is genuine and it was written entirely for his own eye and conscience. He alone of all the chroniclers strove to be accurate, and on the whole succeeded. For no man would willingly draw such a portrait of himself as Gourgaud has page by page delineated. He takes, indeed, the greatest pains to prove that no more captious, cantankerous, sullen and impossible a being than himself has ever existed. "He watched his master like a jealous woman; as Napoleon himself remarked, 'He loves me as a lover loves his mistress; he was impossible.'"

In spite of the contradictions of his material the author of "The Last Phase" has drawn conclusions and presented them with great discrimination and convincingly enough. Of the many memoirs of Napoleon I know of none more satisfactory than this. It is the more satisfactory that it does not attempt to deal with more than one phase and period of his life. For as Metternich, Napoleon's enemy and most hostile biographer, says of him: "He was born an administrator, a legislator, and a conqueror." In all the days since the creation there has been only one Napoleon, and one author, no matter how gifted, has yet succeeded in preparing a satisfactory life. Lord Rosebery suggests that four qualified men might accomplish it. "The conqueror of 1796-1812 and the defender of 1813 and 1814 would require a consummate master of the art of war to analyze and celebrate his qualities. Again Napoleon the civilian would have to be treated as the statesman, the administrator, the legislator. Last of all there comes the general survey of Napoleon as a man, one of the simplest characters to his sworn admirers or sworn enemies, one of the most complicated to those who are neither. And for this last study the most fruitful material is furnished in the six years that he spent at St. Helena, when he not merely recorded and annotated his career, but afforded a definite and consecutive view of himself."

From a study of this period and the voluminous if unsatisfactory records

made by Napoleon himself, who dictated what he desired the world to think of him, and of the doctored diaries left by the men who accompanied him into captivity, Lord Rosebery has drawn the likeness of a truly great man, not of an aristocrat, for Napoleon was bourgeois to the last—but of a man patient and conscious of the greatness of his inspiration. Of Governor Lowe, who persecuted Napoleon and made his wretched life as uncomfortable as possible, not even his countryman has a word of tolerance.

Faith.

In spite of the real snobbery that has invaded naval affairs, Americans hate it. The mourning for Mr. McKinley is so deep, personal and sincere because he was such a simple-hearted, good man. We do not mourn for him because he enlarged the markets of this country, because he ruled wisely and well, but because he loved the people, believed in their integrity and love, and was a simple man with a child-heart and a child's faith. Not for a long time have the north and south, east and west, been so emotionally and demonstratively of one mind. The atheist is an egoist supreme. Nearly all the men who make a virtue of unbelief are egoists. Their own person and personality hide God. The man of faith does not talk much about his faith. It is a working plan and he knows it by heart. The atheist is always striking an attitude and defying something that does not answer challenges.

It is curious that the faithful follower of any religion does not say much about what comforts him in sorrow, brightens his life and makes him willing to die. A man's belief is an important matter. It is like the plan of his house. According to the owner's taste, it may be a stone or brick or wooden house, it may have windows that afford a magnificent view or it may look out onto alleys and polluted places. There are houses built with no windows on the outside, where all the openings give on an inner court which may be pretty enough, but small and with no horizon. The latter is the sort of a plan the atheists prefer. They have too short a vision to be really useful to the world and their generation.

They say that a cowboy of the west can see further than other men. His eyes, trained for years to see small specks of things miles away that he knows are cattle, are educated in seeing. It is only necessary for city people to see across the street and they cannot see much farther. The optic nerve is not trained to long-distance seeing. Mr. McKinley was accustomed to strain his vision to the most distant corner of America. I believe there was never a truly helpful, great man who was at the same time an atheist. To help others one must believe implicitly, and without demanding proof, in God and man.

"This document," said the Sultan to a visitor he was showing through the Yildiz Kiosk, "I prize greatly on account of its rarity."

Closer inspection showed it to be a receipted bill, but politeness prevented the obvious comment.—Town Topics.

"Miss Sharpe—Vera," he began, "you must know why I've been coming here so much; why I sit here in the parlor with you night after night, and—"

"I suppose, Mr. Pinchpenny," Miss Vera Sharpe interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than to take me out anywhere.—Philadelphia Press.