

HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR.

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question that their constituents must pass upon.

It must strike one as odd that this drive and thrust condition of affairs should have existed so long without any attempt at conciliation from either side. It began when the mayor, because he believed President Lyman was about to give important commitments to men whom he believed would improperly use them, stepped in and appointed the council committees. Up until the recent trip to Topeka when the mayor and some of his antagonists got rather close together, there had been no truce or talk of one. The mayor did not ask the members of the "gang" what they wanted or intended to accomplish, and they did not consult with him about proposed legislation. It was a daggers-drawn situation. It is yet. There will be no compromise until after election. The result may be a loss to the "gang" in membership that will put it out of business. The mayor will still continue to transact business at the old stand whatever the outcome.

Mr. Winnett practiced his profession for ten or a dozen years in this city before he entered public life. Some seven years ago some prominent republicans in the Third ward, men who knew the sterling honesty and frankness of the man, suggested him as a good man for councilman. His nomination and election followed. In the council he made an excellent record. He made no grandstand plays for popularity. His word was never given save when he thought the measure just or the act right. When once passed, however, he could be depended upon. When the time came to select a mayor, Winnett was picked upon as the man. It was just at the close of an administration not remarkable for any great display of civic virtue but rather bristling with scandals that nauseated the public and gave rise to one of those periodic ebullitions of popular interest in municipal matters. For three years he has served as mayor, and while he has been the target of much mud-slinging, none of it has clung to his garments. Many have misunderstood him, because he is not a man who parades in the newspapers his reasons for his acts, although perfectly willing to explain to all who ask. His strong adherence to what he believes to be right makes him indifferent to the private slurs of critics, just as they make him impatient of those who persist in an opposite course of action.

His personality and his uncompromising, yet frank and open antagonism to certain elements, have, perforce, made him an issue in the campaign, but only in this sense: Shall he be supported and sustained in his course by the public electing men who can be trusted to work with him? He has freely told candidates who have sought his aid whether he is for them or against him. This frankness is as entertaining as it is unusual. He does not promise the first man who asks him, like a great many well-meaning citizens do; neither does he say he will help a man if he doesn't intend to do so. On the contrary he will tell a man whom he doesn't trust that he cannot depend upon him; if he doesn't like his affiliations he will inform him to that effect. This is not tactfulness, but it is real, moral bravery. The man who can say "no," and stand by it makes a better mayor, even though he blunders, than the discreet and careful man who either makes promises to break them or refrains from making them because he lacks the moral courage to take a direct stand.

The man who is entrusted with public office is generally supposed to be well equipped if he possesses the executive ability or the clerical knowledge necessary to discharge the duties. There are, however, insidious influences grounded in the desires of men to obtain what they are not justly entitled to constantly at work upon public officers. If I were asked what the first qualification of a public officer whose duties are largely executive should be I

SOME OF LINCOLN'S LITTLE FOLKS



NORMAN BURR CURTICE.
Six years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross P. Curtice.



CORNELIA CRITTENDEN.
Five years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Crittenden.



HELEN BURR CURTICE.
Five years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross P. Curtice.

should unhesitatingly answer, Nerve! And that is only another name for moral courage. Nerve, without truculence; courage, without aggressiveness.

Whether Mayor Winnett wills or wishes it or not, his record is being made an issue. It is true that he is taking an interest in the campaign because he believes that only the best men should be placed in office, but he is not the man to seek to use the political power his position gives him to punish or reward. He wants James Tyler re-elected water commissioner because Tyler has rescued the department from the slough of financial despond and it is definitely known what he stands for. He is for Walter L. Anderson for police judge because he thinks he would better maintain it at the high standard of Judge Comstock than his opponent. He is for certain councilman candidates and against certain others—just who they are I do not know—because he thinks some can be trusted and others can not.

This is not intended as a complimentary character sketch of Mayor Winnett. If there is that in it which is complimentary, it is because the mayor's record squares with what ought to be. If there is that which might be construed into criticism or suggestion, blame it upon the fallibility of human judgment.

Found in . . . Library Books

When perusing the latest novel secured after infinite watchfulness did you ever stumble upon a private communication addressed to "Dear Minnie," or "Darling John?" If you haven't it may be because the watchful eyes of the librarians have weeded out the missives left by the careless and forgetful, leaving you to enjoy the work of fiction undisturbed.

But there are enough of all sorts of things left in books to cause considerable comment. Photographs, letters, checks, wedding invitations, love billets—but why enumerate? Everything that possibly could be left in a book some time or other turns up at the city library.

Letters of no value are consigned to the waste basket. Articles of worth go at once to the constantly growing collection of the librarian and are restored to the owner if possible.

The great bulk of the correspondence which inadvertently annoys the librarians is commonplace and dull. Domestic routine, the number of the teeth appearing in the facial aperture of Baby Ruth and the condition of Uncle Silas are the topics discussed. These, pursued by groans, are ruthlessly destroyed.

Now and then there is something startling. A pensive maiden determines to reveal in the romantic with one of her best love letters right at hand as a standard of comparison.

The missive is taken from some secure hiding place and used instead of a book mark. She gets another letter and forgets the first. In it goes to the city library. The watchful worker behind the desk sees the letter. One glance at the heading betrays its nature. And then it never is returned, for the talented and versatile librarian will not intrude in the sacred domain of Cupid and the missive is destroyed unread.

Children's letters form a never failing source of amusement. A few days ago one little girl wanted her chum to come over to her house right away. It seems that it would be necessary to make up a secret and have ribbons. But that secret is absolutely safe for the librarian found that there was no means of identifying the writer or the little maid to whom it was penned.

Letters stamped and ready for their journey are immediately mailed. Sometimes this is also done with letters addressed, but not stamped. Charitable, isn't it?

The city librarian revealed in a select piece of fiction only a few days ago. The manuscript was left in a book of course and proved to be a chapter of a novel. A girl of twelve years, perhaps a Jane Eyre come again, was the authoress. Back it went to the writer, for Miss Abbott happened to remember who took out the book and she will not tell a single word of the plot. It wouldn't be fair to let out the contents of a thrilling novel before a publisher got a chance to sign a check for it.

Librarian Wyer at one time found a check in a letter at the university library. Seventy dollars was the amount and the owner, a co-ed, of course, for who ever heard of a boy taxing the gov. for that amount, got her money in a few days.

Rubbers, umbrellas and sometimes overcoats and ulsters abound in great quantities in odd corners of the libraries. At the university library rubbers are usually found in groups of three, indicating a remarkable number of three legged students. Umbrellas can be found in secluded corners and clothing is generally left on chairs.

For three years a co-ed's muff loafed around the university library. The first year it received very kind treatment. It was advertised and occupied a prominent place in the librarian's private office. The second year it was transformed into a duster and served an apprenticeship until the middle of the following winter.

During the meeting of the state teachers' association the owner came and claimed it. Perfectly delighted!

"How good of you to keep it for me," was her remark to the librarian. And she smiled in soulful appreciation.

But she didn't know the quarts and quarts of dust that muff had disturbed while it was waiting for her to come and acknowledge its ownership.

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Sixty United States naval vessels are now being constructed.

In and About . . . Nebraska

A hustling committee of Fairbury citizens, overflowing with zeal for the city's interests, is reaching out frantically for the Rock Island shops that received a set back from fire at Horton, Kansas, a few days ago. For the want of water at Horton there has been much talk of changing the location of the car works, and Fairbury thinks it has a good chance with Topeka and Elwood to secure the advantage. In case of a removal to Fairbury it will mean an accession to that city of from three to five hundred families. Before the fire the shops were worth about \$2,000,000, but about a quarter of this went up in smoke from a blaze in which two men were burned to death, one trying to save the other. Immediately after the fire a meeting of citizens was called in Fairbury and it was determined to do the best possible to secure the shops. In addition to E. H. Hinshaw there are on the committee Plato Turner, Judge Letton, C. F. Steele and G. W. Hansen. They have commenced to labor with the officials of the Rock Island.

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This is the season of farmers' institutes throughout the state, and all the papers are praising the efforts of the state university in furthering this method of agricultural education. The testimony is that the age has passed when it was thought a man good for nothing else should be turned loose on a farm. It is a period of high priced land, improved stock, rotation of crops and perfection of machinery, requiring the best of intelligence and judgment for success. In a recent meeting one man is quoted as having said: "If your boy is slow and not very bright, don't try to make a farmer of him. He will not be a success at that vocation. Make a preacher of him, or a professional man, but don't think you can make him a farmer."

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Inland is a very small town about nine miles this side of Hastings, but it is large enough to have a saloon and not too large to be greatly struck by the belligerent methods of two saloon smashers who recently performed a task in much the same fashion as Carrie. Only no hatchet was used. They used their feet. Sorrow attended them when they came to the windows, for though they wore heavy foot apparel the glass put up resistance enough to cut them good and deep. The saloon keeper saw fit not to supply their craving for liquor. They insisted—would not be denied. Threats did not deter the saloon keeper and then they went to work. Much as they seemed to regret it they tore down the shelves of fine liquor, smashed the bottles underfoot, kicked the staying out of the bar, tore down the door and then charged on the windows. When they finished they