

ness he responded to the complex calls of life, but after all, his sons and their children, his sister and his own wife, whom he never forgot for a moment, were the source of his love of life and his good use of it. The superficial observer of his daily life would not have called him a man of sentiment, but his life and powers were fused by sentiment into a blessing for all of those with whom he came in contact. Arbor Lodge, where he lived so long, he left to his oldest son in order that the estate might be kept in the family and descend to heirs of the name and traditions of the family. He loved all his sons and grandchildren, but he loved history and he had a laudable ambition to make the family and Arbor Lodge estate permanent. Of all vegetation he loved best the tree because of its long life and increasing service to man. He established "Arbor Day" and clung to the home and estate of his first settlement because he was a sentimentalist and a poet who discerned the spiritual meaning of matter. For this reason he loved history best of all the human curriculum. It is likely that the tendency of life in America will defeat the plan of an ancestral estate. But at least for a generation or two, Arbor Lodge will be the home of Mortons, and the whispering pines, that owe their existence to his hand, will still guard the wide-porch house of the man who built it and loved it and its meaning.

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A Pardoning Board

It is supposed by the unreflective millions in Nebraska, who raise more corn and do less sub-soil thinking than any other people on the surface of this globe slightly flattened at the ends, that a board composed of three or five men is more capable of attending to the cases of depraved criminals than any governor of Nebraska. If so be the board is composed of five men, then when a criminal who is serving a deserved sentence is pardoned, each man composing the board is only one-fifth guilty of coming short of the confidence reposed in him by a fatuous people. But when a governor pardons a notorious and unrepentant criminal, and the people are outraged in their "finer" feelings the governor and only the governor is to blame. Upon him the whole force of their resentment is visited. If a member of a pardoning board of five comes before a convention for renomination after corporate action displeasing to the delegates and representatives of the people, he is furnished with an excuse as good as Adam's, anyway. He can say to the tribunal that the four other men had decided to pardon the convict. And what is one man to four? Besides, in reflection on a proposed action if there are five shirers of responsibility, it is likely that no one of the five will think of the matter as exhaustively and as conscientiously as though the decision and the responsibility were his alone. The responsibility and power are just where it belongs now. According to the statutes of the state of Nebraska the pardoning power is vested exclusively in the governor. If he misuses it in his first term, he must come before the convention of his own party for a renomination. If they disapprove of his administration, either in whole or in part, he will hear from the men whose votes and influence he must secure if he is renominated. Even if he secures a nomination there are a sufficient number of voters of his own party who will vote for his opponent if his use of delegated power does not justify itself.

Students of municipal politics and economics believe that the cure for many of the ills of corruption is to give the mayor more power and hold him strictly responsible for its use. Too many councilmen, too many officials created on the supposition that in council there is safety, have divided the power to the point of irresponsibility. In the borough of Manhattan, unless the mayor is assisted by a conscientious prosecuting attorney and honest councilmen, his efforts to administer the affairs of the city according to the

instructions of an enlightened intellect are futile. The more power is divided the less energy there is to apply to the governing function. If the state of Nebraska institutes a pardoning board in the hope that more conscience and intelligence will be applied to the granting of pardons, the expedient will defeat itself. How long would Bartley have stayed in prison if the responsibility of keeping him there had been divided among five men? One fifth of a pardon is twenty-five times easier to get than a whole pardon.

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Slaves of The Clock

Higher critics of "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," or the thousand and one tales told by the wily Scheherazade to save her neck from the bow-string of a sultan who had sworn to take a wife every Saturday and have her strangled Sunday morning, have begun to doubt the truth of some of the tales. To be sure, a person who must tell a good story or die is not hampered by truth and is likely to disregard everything except the light of interest in the sultan's eye. To be guided to safety by that flickering, cruel light showed what a resourceful woman Scheherazade was. Her invention was a device to save her life, and the magazine editors have adopted her discovery of the serial story to keep alive the interest in their publications from one month to another.

The story of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp is one of the best known of the tales of Scheherazade. The hero found a lamp that he rubbed and brought to his aid a powerful genie who could do anything except escape from the owner of the lamp. The story has a modern and an American application that indicates its essential truth. It is true as a parable is true. The most powerful geni in this country are slaves of the clock. They carry their masters in their vest pockets. They consult them constantly. The watch allows his slave so much time for his breakfast, dinner, supper, a few hours for sleeping, and a much more limited time for dressing, bathing and changes of costume during the day. Then the slave has a little time for reading, but the reading is not for recreation and elevation of the slave's own mind; he must read to get information concerning the market and politics which effect the market. Knowledge of the pathology and geography of the markets make him a more useful slave. So the time devoted to investigation of the conditions of trade is not limited. Nor are the means confined to reading. Brokers and students of how to make money quickly and in large quantities discuss the ways and means at luncheons, dinners and even at evening parties where the sex which is more interested in ingenious ways of spending money than in ways of making it, is present. The men gather in groups, look solemn and rich and discuss ways and means of turning an honest million. If a woman with whom none of the party happens to be in love addresses a remark fragrant and shining with sweetness and light to one of the solemn males, she gets the icy polar breeze for complying with the command to preach the gospel to all heathen.

After a long time, when Aladdin was an old man and the genie had built him a gold mounted palace set in diamonds as big as apples and paved with lapis lazuli, when the genie had stolen the sultan's daughter for Aladdin's wife, when Aladdin had everything that he could think of that other men could not get, he was filled with ennui. And at this moment the old and hateful magician who envied Aladdin his lamp, told him to ask the genie for a roc's egg to hang in his hall. If he could get the egg, the magician told him, he would have what no one else in all the world could get for a hall chandelier. Now Aladdin did not know that the roc was the sacred bird of the geni. If he had it would not have made much difference, for satiety breeds an imperious greed. So he rubbed the lamp and the genie appeared before him fretful but still obedient. When he heard

his master's command the clouds broke and the thunder pealed, he grabbed the lamp from his master's hand and fled, cursing him for a fool and the desecrator of the sacred, mythical, extinct roc.

The end of the story in America is the same. Carnegie got tired of being ordered about by a watch and he announced his manumission. There are other geni who are preparing to regain their freedom. In latter days greybeards play golf, ping pong or anything else that defies money getting and money slavery. Walsh bet money at roulette at Monte Carlo not so much because he wanted to make money as to prove to himself that he did not care anything about it. Man was not made to serve a monotonous clock, divided into twelve parts and possessing neither versatility nor inspiration. Man, as well as woman, is a creature of moods and caprices. He makes himself into a machine or the slave of a machine at his peril. That way lies softening of the brain, apoplexy and loss of power. Mr. Rockefeller's master allowed him only the recreation of Sunday school, and that was not sufficiently absorbing or diverting and his hair fell out. Now he has gone off to a place in the country where he can be alone and unobserved of those with no money and plenty of hair. If he had played golf or ping pong or danced or played bridge whist to show his indifference to losing money, he might have a luxuriant head of hair now. The stomach rebels against a monotonous undiversified diet. The brain sags after a thirty years' course of oil and Sunday school. And in such a case it is very difficult to restore the equilibrium.

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The Opponents of The Direct Primary

It was proposed to take the nomination of county officers out of the hands of a few engineers of the machine and place the power in the hands of the people where it belongs. The night before the county central committee were to discuss the question, those interested in limiting the peoples' power in elections to a choice of inferior men selected by candidates to a county convention whose action is circumscribed by the schemes of corrupt politicians, were present. A few of the men who believe that it is ruinous to be governed by a selfish oligarchy were at the meeting. But the men whose living depends upon the maintenance of the present system were all there and in good voice. The motion to recommend the county central committee to adopt the direct primary system in the nomination of county officers was lost by a vote of 113 to 39.

It is impossible to do more than retard a movement in a republic against an oligarchy when it is once started and has obtained an impetus. The meeting on Thursday evening confirmed the suspicions of the people that the office-holding class were, to a man, opposed to the project of allowing the people to make their own nominations. Listen: the meeting was called to order by Postmaster Sizer who said it was time to begin, and he nominated George A. Adams for chairman. He was elected, though Mr. Lambertson nominated Judge Holmes. Mr. Jo. Burns, the water wizard, was sure that the present system was the safer and easier and less expensive to handle. He was followed by a few platitudes from Mr. W. J. Lamb in regard to the age, flavor and service of the convention system. Messrs. Munger, Lindsey, John M. Stewart and Gus Hyers realized that the occasion might be the beginning of a crisis in their lives and incomes, and endeavored to impress the danger of allowing the people to select their own candidates upon their auditors. It was not difficult to accomplish for it was a packed meeting.

Mr. Lambertson, Mr. Strode, Mr. Field, Dr. Wharton and Mr. Hall spoke in favor of the Lincoln system and reminded the meeting of the help it had been to Lincoln in nominating better councilmen. But they were not inspired by the loaves and fishes. They were not the hunted and it is not likely that they had spent the day in urging the friends of popular government

to come to the meeting. At any rate they spoke to the beneficiaries, actual or expectant, of the present system and they were not encored.

On Friday afternoon of the next day the county central committee met. There was no discussion of the direct primary system. Mr. D. G. Courtney moved that the primaries be held May 29 for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention to be held the succeeding day, May 21. The motion carried without discussion. Committeeman John S. Bishop moved that a committee of three from the city and two from the country be appointed to investigate the direct primary system and report thereon to the county convention. Mr. D. G. Courtney said in regard to the motion, that so long as the party was increasing its majorities yearly it was foolish to try a new plan. Otherwise the suggestion was good. He was not in favor of having a row every time the republicans got together anyhow.

Democracy is too much the fashion to be cried down by convention manipulators. The zeal and earnestness with which this preliminary action to putting the power back in the hands of the people was denounced, has already convinced many republicans who had not made up their minds in regard to it that it is sound policy.

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Sol Smith Russell

As Frank Stockton's work is to Mark Twain's so is Sol Smith Russell's to Joe Jefferson's. Stockton's stories were milder, of a less exaggerated humor, but more subtle, with more of the gleaming light we see around us all the time, and in this respect, more Shakspearean.

Sol Smith Russell was long, lean, halting in his speech and walk. He had the awkwardness of Lincoln and his homely phrasing. His enunciation was never hurried. Like all great actors he spoke slowly and distinctly, and by the time the words lodged in the listener's ear the definition was there, too. He had respect for his audience and the audience repaid him by an affectionate attention and memory that was waiting for him when he came again. Withal he was shrewd and canny. When he died he was one of the richest actors in this country, if not the richest.

He could not sing, but the songs he sung with a child on his lap and another posed in childish attention at his feet will never be forgotten. He had not the voice, but he had the temperament and the soul of music. When he sang, his gentleness, quaintness, directness, child-likeness melted into the consciousness of the audience. Yet the voice croaked and often strove for a note until it cracked. Then Mr. Russell let it go at that and you loved him for the failure and for the brave attack.

He could only play effectively one sort of character. He was not a versatile actor. As Dr. Pangloss he made no impression, though perhaps he sketched the man well enough. But it lacked vitality. As the poor relation, and as the student of the poor widow of Peaceful Valley, as the modest but learned and talented book-reviewer, as the quixotic, pure-hearted lawyer, he was playing phases of the character of Sol Smith Russell and his houses rose to the sweetness, strength and purity of the character he showed them. He never changed his characteristic walk. On the street, the stage, in the drawing room, the peculiar, stiff footfalls as of one unused to walking and its technique were the same, as if he was not sure of his own feet and could not trust them. He was an actor of varied experiences. For years he had been on the vaudeville stage and he could dance with the best of them. But he died of locomotor ataxia and the walk and gestures we loved, because they were Sol Smith Russell's, were a consequence of the disease that has conquered, in spite of the thousands of people who were waiting to see him and hear him again.

No matter how hard the times, Mr. Russell never played to a poor house