

a man or boy, has not the smart effect that it assumes when worn by some members of the opposite sex, it is questionable to what extent appearances should be sacrificed to comfort. During the summer time this climate is tropical. Officers in a tropical climate wear cotton and linen exclusively. The men of this country have worn woolen coats because they have not dared to leave them off. The Omaha boys have set other school-boys, and boys of a larger growth, a good example of courage and sense. Principal Waterhouse finally admitted that the boys were properly dressed and allowed them to return to school in comfortable and clean shirt waists.

Representative Powers of Massachusetts, president of the Tantalus club, is polling the members of that organization on the question of wearing shirt waists in congress during the heated term. He has made many converts. The club was organized for reform and the members are said to believe that the appearance of the shirt waist in the halls of congress and its firm establishment there would make the rest of the men ashamed to wear a frock coat out of season.

Women are said to supply the conservative impulse to the race. But in the matter of clothes woman is more radical than man. Since the time of small clothes no radical change has been made in man's costume. His neck gear has changed from stock to starched collar, and he no longer wears long curled wigs, with the exception of English judges and a few other island dignitaries. A woolen coat in a North American summer is an anachronism, and it is as much out of place as it is out of time. Man is a slave of convention and afraid of ridicule or of making himself conspicuous and of being called a Willie boy. Therefore the summers, when, if he dressed accordingly, he might be comparatively comfortable, are periods of torture to him.

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The City Library

When the library was burned it contained 17,000 books. The new city library contains 12,000 books. This number is insufficient to supply the common needs of the patrons of the library. The new city charter sets apart \$5,500 per annum for the use of the library. All the expenses of heating, lighting, wages, repair of books and the cost of new ones must be paid from this sum. It is inadequate.

To supply the deficiencies in many departments, specialists were asked to furnish the librarian with lists of books. They did so and a revised and carefully scrutinized list was sent to several publishers who in response sent altogether about 2,500 books, a number which represents the fewest the library needs at present in order to enable it to answer the demands daily made upon it. There is no fund available for the purchase of these books. Many citizens have contributed to the fund being raised for this purpose, and it is hoped that many more will contribute. A little from a great many is better than large sums from a few.

The books sent to the library cost about \$2,500. The board has appropriated a small fund and the institution has received some donations, but there is still lacking about \$1,500. All sums are received by the librarian and everybody is urged to contribute.

This is perhaps the last canvass that will be made for the benefit of the library. It is hoped to raise the sum necessary for its maintenance by taxation. The institution and every book and piece of furniture in it belong to the people. They can support it and they will think more of it and make use of it more assiduously because they support it.

At present, before there has been time enough to change the appropriation for its adequate maintenance by a tax leveled upon the whole people and burdensome to no one, there is danger that the library may not answer the needs of the people unless private generosity supplements the regular income.

The members of the board do not intend to ask the people to contribute again for the library, but only to make an extra effort to help just this once an institution whose books were destroyed by fire. Mr. Carnegie has generously given a fire-proof building which is an ornament to the city, and as soon as the treasure is again accumulated will preserve it for us and future generations, but we must store it there. If everyone gives according as he is able the fifteen hundred dollars will soon be accumulated and the library will again be as useful a member of the body politic as it was before it burned down. Subscriptions are received at the library building on the corner of Fourteenth and N streets, or at Wilson & Hall's, 1123 O street.

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The Commoner

Mr. William J. Bryan's account of the inauguration of the new Cuban republic, which appeared in last week's Collier's Weekly, is an interesting narrative of a momentous event by a man whom the paper in question calls "the high priest of democracy." Mr. Bryan explains that the dinners and the ceremonies were witnessed only by a few assorted Cubans, high officers of the army and the highest civil officials. The formal delivery of the government was made by General Wood to President Palma in a small room containing about a hundred people. Mr. Bryan makes no criticism on this point, nor compares it with the spectacle of a president of seventy-five million people being sworn into office in the presence of thousands, in the open air of the capitol, and afterward making his inaugural address to the people in the open gathered about him with no distinction except that the first comers get the best places. As a guest of the new administration, of course Mr. Bryan could not criticize any of the festivities, and nobody in America expected him to do so; but to the great unwashed the spectacle of the High Priest of democracy sitting at meat with grandees and altogether ignoring "the great common people" is an unwelcome sight.

An American citizen in a foreign country is an American citizen and nothing more. He is neither democrat nor republican, but a loyal citizen of the greatest republic in the world. However hard and high he kicks at home, it is de rigueur for the American abroad to say nothing but good of his home to outsiders. In the account of the ceremonies, which will be read by his distinguished Cuban hosts, Mr. Bryan criticizes the administration for not sending a special representative to the inauguration. He intimates that we are snobs for not being formally represented in Cuba as we were at the coronation ceremonies in Spain and as we will be in England.

At the Cuban inauguration, America was represented by General Leonard Wood, the best possible example of nervous American energy, discipline and good manners that could have been present. There were also the soldiers, sailors and officers, land and marine, of the war department, and there was Mr. Bryan himself. American flags were everywhere a moment before the Cuban flags were run up. No foreign government has ever taken a new start with so much of America in sight as there was in the recent celebration in Cuba. We were represented symbolically and actually, by uniform and by cheering, by the occurrence itself, which would not have taken place at all if it had not been for the deep-seated love of justice inherent in the American people. Even the jealous and finicky Cuban cheered America on this occasion. It was base ingratitude if the rescued complained because more of their rescuers were not present. Mr. Bryan says that there were critical whispers concerning our failure to accord the occasion the dignity of a special representative. If the Cubans were mean enough to gossip about the forgetfulness of the man that led the charge up San Juan hill, we will never free Cuba again. We are magnanimous to a certain extent and willing to be shot to pieces

for liberty; Cuban liberty or African liberty—it does not matter. But ingratitude like this will make us pause before we do it again.

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"Cheer up, Willie"

Under this head the able editor of the St. Louis Mirror addresses a few remarks to our distinguished townsman, which in view of his discouragement concerning the condition of the country and the manners of the administration may encourage him to maintain his pose of high priest and to continue to prophesy.

"Mr. William J. Bryan foresees a civil war in Cuba. But Mr. Bryan's reputation as a foreseer was sadly damaged by the failure of his prophecies of 1896 and 1900 to eventuate in the years succeeding. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan should persevere in his preception of approaching disaster everywhere. There is no man in this country to whom the condolences of the optimistic Irishman, 'Cheer up, the worst is yet to come,' is more pertinent. If he will play providence and natural law 'coppered' long enough he will eventually cash in handsomely upon some of his forecasts of calamity."

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Master of Judgment

There is need of a new degree. The educational institution that conferred the degree of Master of Letters upon Miss Gould did what it could to signalize its approval of an exemplary daughter and a philanthropist of distinction. But Miss Gould is not eminent in letters, and that is what the degree conferred upon her means. Why make a girl Master of Letters because she is a signally good daughter, reveres her father's memory and desires to give away his money so that her countrymen will be glad that he lived and made a fortune among them?

Degrees are very old. No new ideas can be represented by them. For one reason the words of the language in which they are named is dead. No one speaks it in affection, sorrow, anger, or real supplication. The people of this day can not signalize the real distinction which Miss Gould has earned, because several thousand years ago it was bizarre to confer degrees upon

those who had done nothing more than show a consistent purpose to help their fellow-countrymen and to exhibit filial gratitude. Degrees which mean that the recipient has earned them by an unusual exhibition of sense, heroism and devotion, do not exist. Miss Gould has not written a book, or shown that she possessed remarkable literary knowledge, but nevertheless an institution of learning makes her Master of Letters. We need a degree symbolizing that the recipient has performed some great deed or series of deeds. This is a century of activity. The men whose ideas furnish the energy of activity are the idols of the period. The day of dreamers is done.

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MADDENING LONELINESS

The most intolerable part of a long imprisonment is the loneliness. It is more maddening even than the loss of liberty and of one's friends. Those who have been unfortunate enough to experience it have felt so keenly the need of companionship that no living creature appeared too mean to become an object of interest, care and affection.

De Pellison, the poet, while imprisoned in the bastille, one morning discovered a web that had been spun across the airhole of his cell. Upon touching this web a spider made a furious rush at him; and from this moment the hours dragged less wearily for De Pellison.

He began by tormenting the little weaver, and ended by catching flies for it and courting its friendship. He at last succeeded in training the spider to rest on his hand or knee. With each new accomplishment, the poet's attachment to his strange pet gained in strength. His pride in it, too, was great. And this pride brought misfortune.

One day the governor of the bastille entered the cell and asked the poet how he spent his time. De Pellison answered that he managed to find amusement, and as a proof coaxed the spider from its web to his hand. But before he could put his pet through its tricks the governor brushed it to the floor and set his foot on it.

De Pellison cried out, and in his grief and anger turned on the governor with reproaches. "I would rather," he flashed out, "that you had broken my arm."

As the poet was liberated soon after it is doubtful if he attempted the education of another spider.



J. D. HATCH.

J. D. Hatch is one of the Nebraska boys who grew up with Lincoln. He is the eldest son of T. H. Hatch, the well known pioneer abstracter. He is thirty-two years old and has lived more than a quarter of a century in this city. He was married in 1896 and for a few years was in the butter and produce business in St. Louis, but had to abandon that place on account of his wife's ill health, returning to this city.

Mr. Hatch is a product of the Lincoln high school and from there he stepped out into the arena of active business life for himself. The transportation business presented an open field and he has recently come in possession of the Lincoln Local Express company, of which he is the sole proprietor, and now his little army of wagons are doing a big business caring for and promptly delivering all kinds of baggage and merchandise to all parts of the city and its suburbs. Mr. Hatch is steady in his habits, careful in serving his long list of patrons to good advantage and is ready for business in his line of any kind or anywhere. He lives at 1617 Washington street, has an office at 131 North Eleventh street and can be reached at telephone 787.

His many old acquaintances and new ones can find him at the above places where he will be pleased to serve them promptly.