

fame are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, while their unheard of fellows are true metal giving off the ring of the real article when sounded. Anna Wilson was a "madam," and her resort was as well known as any public building in Omaha. It is not for us to speak of the orgies that have been carried on in the house that this woman now seeks to dedicate to sick and suffering humanity. But just as there is something of good in every human breast, so there must be some palliation, some forgiveness, for women like Anna Wilson who honestly and sincerely seek to atone in some measure for their past lives. Let the old-time newspaper men of Omaha be put upon the stand in this controversy. Let them tell of the hundreds of kindly deeds of charity that they have known this "madam" to perform. Time and again has she anonymously sent hundreds of dollars to help some public charity. Many a poor unfortunate girl has found the woman superior to the "madam," and been set back upon the road to honor and happiness instead of being allowed to sink deeper into the depths. She never failed to respond when a helping hand was asked. True many a "fallen woman" has been sheltered in her resort, but it is equally true that this woman has stopped many a girl from repeating her first error, and given her back to society; making it possible for the girl to become a good wife and a true mother. There is many a black mark against Anna Wilson's name upon the record book, but not all the marks are black—there are countless scores of white ones. And knowing what she has done for the poor and the unfortunate, and knowing what some of her detractors have done, and failed to do, we unhesitatingly declare that we would rather stand by her side on the final judgment day than to take chances with many of those who are now throwing rocks in her direction.

Much may be forgiven in women like Anna Wilson, for they have suffered much. If out of their bitter experiences there shall come in time a chastened spirit and a desire to make such amends as within them lies for past offences against society, who are we to deny them the opportunity? Are we better than the Man of Galilee? Is there one among us who, being without sin, can throw the stones of condemnation with a clear conscience?

Scarlet women there are, in plenty. But while the pharisees and hypocrites berate them and crucify them, scarlet men walk the streets with proud heads erect and society receives them with open arms. The woman who falls is cast into the outer darkness; the man who causes her fall goes back to the white lights, the crowded drawing rooms and smiles of the fallen woman's sisters—sisters who should be the first to help the woman and condemn the man, but who are as merciless toward the woman as a Sioux Indian and blind to the foibles of the

man. It may not be always so. Some of these days, in God's good time, there may be no sex in sin, no different moral standards for men and women, no differentiation between the scarlet woman and the scarlet man.

Surely there can be no valid reason for refusing the good offer that Anna Wilson has made to the city of Omaha. Surely any community that can solicit from a Carnegie or a Rockefeller the contributions of money stained by the blood and tears of helpless men and hopeless wives and mothers, may not in good conscience refuse the tender of a hospital from a Magdalen who seeks to make atonement for past sins. And if a Magdalen seeks to set her feet once again in the paths of righteousness, what right has any man or woman claiming to be a follower of the Man of Nazareth to shove her aside and say that such as she has no part in the Kingdom.

#### WHERE WORDS FAIL.

Words are wholly inadequate to express what the heart feels when a friend is called upon to lay away in the last resting place the form of a beloved son. Thus it is that we are utterly unable to convey to Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Dobbins more than a faint impression of the sympathy we feel for them in the loss of their stalwart young son, cut down just as he was merging into manhood. An only child, the affection of his parents were centered upon him, and just as they saw the promise of boyhood coming into the fruition of manhood, death intervenes and once more parents are fronted with the mystery of all ages.

Why these things so happen we do not know. We only know, through experience, that without a faith upon which to lean in a time like this, the future is indeed dark; that without the warm hand-clasp of friends, which conveys more than spoken words, the present would be doubly hard to bear. And so, remembering the times when our own afflictions were shared by friends about us, we reach out the hand of friendship to these stricken parents, asking that we may be permitted to share in some measure the burden laid upon them. Yet, even in the darkness that lays so heavily about the tomb there is one ray of light. Although we have lost the loved one, yet we have as a solace through all the coming years the sweet recollections of the happy days that loved one was with us, and this memory will often make the heavy burden lighter and the weary road seem shorter.

#### PERHAPS THIS WILL CLEAR IT.

In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Will Maupin's Weekly, the same being the recent "Booster Number," a railroad official in our neighboring city says:

"There is no doubt of the sentiment being beneficial, and the writings put forth

many strong arguments in favor of Nebraska, but as to just what use this would be to a railroad in its advertising, I am not clear."

This, mind you, from the official of a railway having the second longest mileage in Nebraska, and with its chief line traversing the least developed portions of the state! This particular railroad taps a territory that offers good and comparatively cheap lands sufficient to afford homes to not less than half a million new people than are now in that territory. The bringing of these people into Nebraska and locating them upon lands in this railroad's territory would mean added millions of revenue to that road every year. These people would raise cattle and grain and hogs to ship to market on the one hand, while bringing back on the return haul the manufactured goods they must have. It would mean new towns, new enterprises, new sources of revenue.

Yet, when the possibilities of this almost vacant territory are made known, and the advantages offered to the intending homeseeker are made plain, a head official of a railroad most interested frankly declares he can not see just what use a railroad can make thereof. And desiring to be equally frank we admit that under all the circumstances we too are unable to see just how that particular road may expect to receive any benefit. It might be otherwise if the road's officials properly realized what might be done by making the possibilities of the road's territory known to the world. Some of these days will arrive a few railway officials in Nebraska who will realize that one settler on Nebraska land now vacant is worth more to the railroads than a dozen sales of emigrant tickets to the Canadian northwest.

#### LET IT GO.

We are not sorry to note that "Buffalo Bill" has decided to retire. What little sorrow we may feel would be assuaged by the news that the "wild west" show stunt is also to be retired. That sort of show is just as interesting to us westerners as it is to the easterners, but the fact of matter is that the east imagines, when it sees a "wild west" show, that it is seeing the west as it is today. Colonel Cody's enterprise has been profitable to himself, but it has been poor advertising for the west. As for the colonel himself, he is a good fellow in many ways, but fortunate in that he has been surrounded by a halo of romance that somewhat disguises the real facts. We haven't forgotten yet his treatment of the wife who shared his hard luck times with him, only to be neglected and forgotten when the good days came.

New York suffragists are fasting this week. This gives us an idea. Suppose they refuse to cook any more meals until the mere men give them the ballot,