

stocks; while the railway bondholder is pictured as a money king, dwelling in New England or some other foreign land, reaping large and sure returns from his investments in western railways, which could be built for a mere fraction of the cost that their securities represent. Brooding over these mistaken notions, it is perhaps not strange that the farmers come to believe that the railway business is too profitable, and that they will be entirely justified in reducing the rates by which these non-resident capitalists have become so prosperous. Not enough effort has been made to show the fallaciousness of this idea about railway investments, but the necessity for presenting the facts in this matter was never more urgent than now. One of the clearest statements on the subject is that just submitted to the Kansas legislature by Mr. E. D. Kenna, general solicitor of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, entitled "The railroad question in Kansas from the investor's standpoint." Replying to the common assertion that the railway companies of the west are paying dividends and interest on borrowed capital, it is answered that no class of property has yielded so little return for the actual cash invested in it as the railways of the southwest, and no class of investors has suffered as greatly as the men who furnished the money to construct the railways of the western and southwestern states. As to the returns on capital stock, the fact is cited that with a single exception no Kansas railroad corporation has paid a dividend of any kind for many years. The one exception is the Rock Island, which has paid 2 per cent, no portion of which was earned from its lines in Kansas.

Answering the false assumption that the Kansas roads at least pay interest equal to a fair return on the cash actually invested in them, or on what it would now cost to replace them, the following statement is made in regard to the chief system in the state:

During the past year the Atchison company paid no dividends whatever, and paid, in interest on its bonded debt, a sum that is only equivalent to \$704.70 per mile of its railroad, which is 6 per cent on \$11,745 per mile; so that the total payments, made by the largest railroad system in the state, to its security holders of every class, equalled less than 6 per cent on \$12,000 per mile of railroad; and, it should be borne in mind, the company owning this system has bridged nearly every large stream on the continent, and has spent millions in tunneling mountains, reducing grades, acquiring terminals in large cities, and so improving its railroad as to make its operation economical and safe.

As to the assertion that at least the original investors in Kansas railways have made money. It is shown that on the contrary these investors have been heavy losers. Taking the four chief railway systems in Kansas, startling comparisons are given, showing the total value at the current prices of the stocks of these companies in 1887 and 1897 respectively:

	Jan. 3, 1887.	Jan. 2, 1897.
Union Pacific.....	\$ 37,210,000	\$ 5,795,000
Rock Island.....	58,156,308	30,462,828
Missouri Pacific.....	59,468,750	11,068,750
Atchison.....	98,175,000	4,207,500

*Common only. †After deducting the \$10,000,000 paid by stockholders as an assessment under the reorganization plan of 1895.

Considering a loss of \$201,000,000 in the market value of these securities in ten years, and the further fact that on the great bulk of them there has been absolutely no income for many years, the notion that transportation rates in Kansas are made to pay big profits on watered stocks is sufficiently grotesque.

The one hundred and fifty-ninth edition of *Pierre Loti's "An Iceland Fisherman"* translated by Helen B. Dole has finally reached my hands. The Iceland fisherman is a Breton youth who goes with the Breton fleet every summer to Iceland to fish. The Breton fisher folk and their homely anxious lives are told with sympathy and insight into humble lives that is the glory of the "Angelus." *Pierre Loti's* picture shows him a young man with an upward turned mustache, looking quite incapable of drawing an old woman like Grandmother Moan, the poor woman whose grandson is shot in the war and in mourning for whom she loses her mind. After the official had bluntly announced the death of her grandson she had to walk many miles to her hut.

"In Paimpol she went along, looking straight before her, without seeing anyone, a little bent forward as if she were going to fall, and with a buzzing in her

ears and hurrying, urging herself on, like some poor old machine that has been set going for the last time regardless of breaking the springs.

"At the third kilometer she walked all bent over, exhausted. Now and then her sabot would hit against some stone, which would jar her head painfully; and she hastened to get home for fear of falling and having to be carried."

"Old Yvonne is tipsy!" She fell down and the boys in the street ran after her. She had strength enough to get up and hobble away with her stick.

"Old Yvonne is tipsy! And the sautev little rascals came and laughed in her face. Her head-dress is all awry."

"As these little boys peered under her cap and saw the look of despair in her aged face they turned away."

"As soon as she reached home and had closed the door, she gave vent to the feelings which were stifling her, in a cry of distress, and dropped into a corner with her head against the wall. Her head-dress had fallen over her eyes; she threw it on the floor—her poor, best head-dress, which she had always been so careful of. Her last Sunday dress was all soiled; and a lock of yellowish white hair, escaping from her head-band gave the last touch to the poor woman's disorderly appearance. She was hardly able to cry. Very aged grandmothers have no tears in their exhausted eyes."

This picture of the proud little Breton peasant, her back bowed by a grief which age had left straight and supple is affecting. Whistler drew his mother in the same way. I know nothing about Loti, but, I think he is from Brittany, of peasant birth and this royal old lady is his own grandmother. In spite of the love story, the sea and the grandmother are the chief characters in "An Iceland Fisherman."

STORIES IN PASSING.

"I want to buy a white silk bow tie," said the tall customer, peering out of his overcoat at the university student who clerks in an O street clothing store on Saturdays.

"Bow tie? Yes, sir," was the reply. "We haven't a white silk, but here is a good white lawn which will please you just as well."

"But I am not getting it for myself," interrupted the man in the overcoat.

"For a friend? Well, I'm certain he'll like this tie. It's more stylish and looks better than silk. I'll tell you what you do. You take out one of these laws to your friend and let him try it on. If he isn't pleased with it he can bring it back and we'll refund the money."

"But I couldn't do that," said the customer after the clerk had run on in this strain for some little time. "You see I'm getting this tie for a dead man we're laying out. He always wore a white silk bow and his wife says he ought to have one to be buried in. So I am afraid I can't take one of those out for him to try on."

And the young man was so overcome by this piece of intelligence that he let the customer escape without making a sale, which, in that establishment, was an unpardonable thing.

Every evening just before the 8 o'clock whistle blows, rain or shine, sleet or snow, the armies emerge from their barracks and for half an hour wage battle on uneven O street. The "olds," as they are called, or Salvation army people, come up Tenth and swing into O at a rapid pace, marching to "At the Cross," set as a two step. The band comprises the woman-leader, the cornetist, a dozen followers in their queer and ugly costumes, singing and beating tambourines savagely, and the bass-drum bringing up the stragglers. Through snow and mud they proceed as if attacking the devil himself, as far as Thirteenth where they turn and countermarch up the opposite gutter.

In the meantime, as if aroused by notes of challenge re-echoing between the walls of the building, the Volunteers of America, or "news" as they are known, issue from their armory on P street, turn up Eleventh to O and encamp before the Funke, as if that were

the seat of iniquity. They are fewer in number, but make up for this by a bigger and newer drum, a shriller fife, and a more brazen cornet. Their dress is brighter and less worn by exposure, and they carry an American flag as their emblem. Their street service is brief and to the point. A woman prays. A hymn is sung. And then the leader, a man this time, commences to address the few who have gathered about the circle. The man talks quietly enough at first but soon has cause to exercise his vocal powers. The original army which has been booming away up the street, has arrived directly opposite the Volunteers. Then fighting the devil and saving his victims is forgotten in the more exciting experience of resisting the rival organization across the way. The "olds" attempt to drown out the "news." The drummer of the marching band beats louder, the cornet blares fiercer, the women scream shriller. But above all the din, the powerful voice of the speaker paws forth like a torrent and is cast back again from wall to wall. His is the voice of a giant with the power of a lion behind it, and he glories in his strength. For he has been an auctioneer before his conversion.

The "olds" pass by and their voices grow fainter as they turn into Tenth. The "news" come back to their attack on the devil again. And the battle of the streets is over for one night.

Such is the scene—humorous, pathetic, but enacted in deadly earnest—as it is nowadays. Some time I shall tell of a scene years ago when the "olds" were new and ran a rival entertainment to the Eden Musee band.

She is the eight year old daughter of a Twelfth street resident, and in her way is quite original. The other evening she begged to dry the supper dishes and her mother humored the wish. It was a new experience to the child and she was rather awkward at first, drying the plates slowly and putting them gingerly on the table. The mother who was washing the "supper things," "beat her out," as we children used to say. When the pans were rinsed, the dishwasher emptied, and the sink scoured, the child still had the cups and saucers to finish. These were rearer her size and she handled them with more assurance. As she dried each cup and saucer she placed them next the others in a long row across the table, each time pushing up the whole to make room at the lower end for more.

"McKinley parade," she said half aloud, her childish imagination calling up the recent political processions.

She had but two cups and saucers left undried. Thinking to make room for these, she pushed the row of china up farther than usual. She had been watching the nearer cups, when with a crash the other end of the "parade" dropped over the table and three cups and saucers landed in a shattered heap below.

"Oh, mamma," she said, running to her mother. "I've made three McKinleys march off the table, and they've fallen all to smashes on the floor."

And sobbing she buried her wavy black head in her mother's lap.

Years ago when the C. B. & Q. bridge across the Mississippi at Burlington, Ia., was formally opened, the mayor of the town was invited to deliver the dedicatory address. The mayor had never made a speech in his life, but in an evil hour he accepted the honor. He spent considerable time over his speech, and being a man of considerable ability, produced a good address. He was especially pleased with the opening sentence. And he had cause to be, for that was about all the speech he delivered after all, as you shall see.

His time came and he started in with a sweeping gesture over the bridge, at one end of which he stood.

"Twenty years ago and these massive

timbers were standing in their native forest."

Then he stuck. The upturned faces, the rapidly flowing water below, the novelty of the situation—something knocked every word out of his head, and his address vanished from him like the mist of morning before the sun.

But the mayor was gritty and made another "Twenty years ago and these massive timbers were standing in their native forests." The same majestic wave of the hand, the same elevation of the voice—and the same abrupt pause. Every other word had escaped him. At first the audience thought he was repeating for emphasis. But at the second halt they began to understand.

The mayor took a drink of water from the stand at his side and once more tackled his address.

"Twenty years ago," he started in, "and these massive timbers were standing in their native forest—, and I'll be damned if I don't wish they were standing there yet!"

And with that last culminating expression, the dedicatory address of the mayor was ended.

H. G. SHEDD.

First pub. Feb. 6

NOTICE.

2061. First National Bank, Barnesville vs. Cook.

To Lulu Clark Cook, non resident defendant:

You are hereby notified that on January 22nd, 1897, the First National Bank of Barnesville, Ohio, began an action against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, to recover the sum of \$7,000 upon two promissory notes, executed by you and others, one for \$2,000, dated March 5th, 1896, due four months from date, the other for the sum of \$5,000, dated May 13th, 1896, due ninety days from date, with interest on said sums from the dates of said respective notes, at 8 per cent per annum.

In said action orders of attachment have been duly issued and levied upon all your right, title and interest in lots number 1, 2 and 3, block number 1, in Capital Addition to Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska, and have further been levied upon all your right, title and interest as stockholder or otherwise, in the following named corporations, to-wit: The Union Savings bank of Lincoln, Nebraska, The First National bank of Lincoln, Nebraska, The La-Platte Land company, The Union Land company, The State Journal company, The Lancaster Land company, The Lincoln Land company, The South Platte Land company, The First National bank of Crete, Nebraska, The First National bank of Pawnee City, Nebraska, and The State bank of Dubois, Nebraska.

In said action Charles A. Hanna and Amelia B. Clark have been summoned as garnishees to answer concerning all property belonging to you in their possession or under their control, and concerning all indebtedness to you and in said action it is sought to subject to the payment of the plaintiff's claim, all your right, title and interest in the above described land and corporations, and in the property in the hands of or under the control of said Charles A. Hanna and Amelia B. Clark.

You are required to answer the plaintiff's petition on or before the 15th day of March, 1897.

S. L. GEISTHARDT,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

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First pub. Jan. 23.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Francis A. Lewis and John G. Johnson as executors of the last will and testament of George Blight deceased are plaintiff, and Elsie L. Epperson et al defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 23rd day of February A. D. 1897, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The east twenty-five (25) feet of lot ten (10) in block one (1) in Lavender's addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 21st day of January, A. D., 1897.

John J. Trompen,
Sheriff.

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