

RANDOM NOTES.

I. M. Raymond of Lincoln has been in New York city several days. He gave some interesting facts about the new way in which the west is showing her independence of the east. He said:

"New York has of late manifested a disposition to sever her connection with the west. That is all right, but I wonder if New York understands the magnitude of the recent movement on the part of the west to divert traffic from this city to Galveston, New Orleans and other southern ports?"

"I do not mean to say," continued Mr. Raymond, "that the recent loss of western commerce by New York is the result of the refusal on the part of eastern financiers to give further credit to the west, particularly to Kansas and Nebraska. The primary reason is the fact that the west has suddenly discovered that the south has deep-water harbor facilities that are unsurpassed anywhere, and from Nebraska and Kansas the rates to the shipping points in the south are much more favorable than the rates to New York. I have just been making a tour of the south, having visited Galveston, New Orleans and other seaport towns. We of the west have known for some time that there is a growing tendency to send grain and provisions to these ports instead of to New York, but I was unprepared to find that so large a proportion of western products intended for export and for points in the south is unloaded at these harbors."

"The receipts at Galveston and New Orleans have doubled and trebled in the last year or two, and from what I could see they are steadily gaining. Both ports have magnificent facilities for handling products of any kind in large quantities. There is deep water that will take ships of almost any draft and the wharfrage, especially at New Orleans, is better than can be had in this city. There are great elevators and storehouses capable of receiving shipments of any magnitude. At New Orleans the biggest ships can be seen in the harbor, and there are plenty of them. I noticed the battle ships Texas and Maine at anchor while I was there."

"I believe it is safe to say that three-fourths of the grain and other products that have lately gone out of Nebraska and Kansas have gone to these southern ports, and it would be strange if we did not take advantage of the opportunities we enjoy. The farmer in Nebraska who sends his corn to Galveston gets two cents more a bushel than he would get if it went east. There are several competing lines of railroad that go south from the corn-producing states, and the rate is low. The Missouri Pacific is an important factor in this movement, and there are independent roads that make live competition. There is now building a new road from Kansas City to Port Arthur that will be just 750 miles long, the shortest route to the seaport. This road, the Kansas City and Gulf, is an independent concern and it is likely to give a better rate than that now in force. It could afford to do so. Railroad building is cheaper now than it has been for years, and it is said the road is being economically built. It will not have to earn interest on such a large capital as the other roads."

"Swift, the packer, recently sent a large consignment of canned goods for export from his houses in Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City to the southern seaport, a great many carloads in all, and it is a common thing now for big shipments from points on the Atlantic coast, designed for the Pacific coast towns, to be sent by boat to Galveston and New Orleans, there to be transferred to the railroads. A large wholesale house in Denver that I know

of buys in large quantities in Boston, and the goods are all sent by water to Galveston and there loaded on trains for Colorado. Money is saved by this operation. This is the way southern seaport trade is being developed. It might pay New York to give a little serious attention to this subject."

"The policy that the east has lately adopted in its relations with the west is the best thing that could have happened to the west. The east has said to Nebraska, 'We do not want to lend you any money.' Nebraska has accepted the ultimatum, and set about the task of working out her own salvation. Our people are fast getting to the point where we are ready to say, 'We don't need any of your money. Keep it and put it in your real estate booms.' Nebraska is rich enough to stand upon its own bottom, and soon our farmers and business men will be independent. It is possible to find the way to prosperity without assistance."

"There has been a great deal of talk about the hard times in the west, the failures and the inability to pay all obligations as they become due. Suppose that there should be an attempt to collect every mortgage and note in

from the east. The idea has been entertained here that the east, by saying the word, could make the west shut up shop and go out of business."

W. MORTON SMITH.

STORIES IN PASSING.

There is an old carriage in Lincoln that appears to have wandered out of place and lost itself. It is an old, one-horsed, single-seated affair whose sides are mud-stained and paint-worn. The curtains are faded, the glass cracked and rusty, the cushions torn and buttonless. The horse is an uncouth, raw-boned specimen of twenty-seven years' service. And the driver—a lean, sharp-faced, ragged individual with a delightfully cockney accent—is even poorer than his carriage.

This poor, old, heavy-wheeled, slow-poking vehicle no more belongs in Lincoln than a gondola. Its home is London—the London of Dickens and Thackeray. Even in this western town it goes creeping along as if picking its way through the narrow, dirty streets of that foggy place, and recognizing nothing in common but the uneven pavements.

I first found this London-lost car-

let that little matter go for the time being.

That night about 1 o'clock the doctor was awakened by a terrible pounding at his door.

"Doctor! Doctor!" a man's voice was calling.

He dragged on his clothes, seized his medicine case and hat, and rushed out upon the porch. A large, bare-headed, coatless man stood leaning against the house, half sobbing to himself.

"Well, what's the matter? Quick, man! What's wrong?"

"Oh, doctor, doctor," the man with a little lurch toward the mayor blubbered out, "I'm drunk, dead drunk—wife's waiting for me—want to go home—drunk."

And in lieu of the absent night watch the doctor was forced to lay aside his professional life and for thirty minutes assumed the duty of his newly-elected responsibility as protector of the peace and father of the community.

They used to call him the "old woman" of the crowd, for a more fussy, touchy, old-maidish fellow never lived. He was always in a stew with the other roomers on the same floor. If one left the "old woman's" door open an inch, he would go bawling all over the building for that fellow to come back and shut that door. If a hat or a book or a shoe was left in his room, he tossed it into the room across the hall. He did this until one day the other fellows half filled his room with boxes, trunks, tables, shoes and a thousand smaller articles, such as boxing gloves, Indian clubs, blacking brushes and the like. It took him half a day to clean the place out, and that broke him of throwing unclaimed articles into the room across the way. He took the hall instead. His room was too much like a front parlor in the country for civilized students to resort to," the fellows said. Everything just so made them feel uneasy. They wanted to hurl a shoe through the mirror just to see what the "old woman" would do. It was such fun to hear him sputter.

He was always hanging onto things (he said they would come useful some day) and had his closet crammed with old papers, clothes and "stuff" he had picked up at auctions, but everything was in the neatest order, tied up and labeled with gum stickers as they do in a wholesale house. When the fellows had all this rubbish down the well he threatened to leave the crowd, and it was quickly brought to sight again. Well, he was married the other day and went back east to live. And he took his second-hand store with him—in four great boxes. Two freshmen have moved into the room, and it is now the worst den in the house.

It was while I was page in the senate ten years ago. The business of the day had just commenced when a loud report was heard in the lower hall.

"Dynamite!" shouted a member, springing from his chair, and the whole chamber went pouring pell-mell into the corridors to see about it. Even the chaplain deserted.

There was a crowd about the west entrance. The treasurer's office was guarded and a policeman was handcuffing a prisoner. A man was standing against the wall with a smoking gun in his hands. Just outside the steps a dark-faced man was stretched full length, a stream of blood dripping down from his thigh over the stones. A money tray had fallen to the ground with gold coins scattered about. The patrol was just turning the corner.

"Gosh darn that old plug, there he goes again. Jim—Jim, you skin right after him. I never saw such an all-fired brute to break out o' this lot, and he always heads for that church yard. Not that that grass over there's any better'n over here. But every day regular he gets out and walks over there. Likes stolen fruits, same as people."

"Got him, Jim? Well, put him back in the lot. And say, Jim, ye might put 'nother piece o' leather on that gate. It's been hanging rottin' for the past two months."

HARRY GRAVES SHEDD.

DIONE.

Mother of Kypris—cruel Dione,
Beautiful-slayer, fairer thou than she;
With beauty of the stars, and violets sweet,
Half-hid by mosses at the myrtle's feet.

Is it that Hera swept thee from thy place—
Queen-regnant o'er the gods of Kronos' race—
That thou art foe of man—his murderer thou,
By passion-darted shafts from thy cold-brow,
Eyes calmly-lucent, and a voice sweet-sad,
Low-singing love-hymns, should be, are not glad?
Whence-coming men know nothing, thou art here,
Quitting no victim until on his bier.

About thy head the sacred pigeons fly,
Before thy steps brute-creatures are not shy;
Yet, else companionless, though men bow-down,
Offer thee soul-gifts, wither at thy frown;
Then, hence-departing, stately, over sea,
Mock-making in Magæa-threnody.

—IDYLL.



New York city as it falls due for the next two or three years? I imagine that New York would then find out what hard times are."

Mr. Raymond's views are particularly interesting at this time, when the people of New York are beginning to be concerned in the city's loss of commerce. The interstate commerce commission has lately held an important session here considering the question of rates from Chicago to New York, and the city merchants are complaining bitterly that trade that used to come here is now going south. It is not unlikely that there will be a material reduction in eastern freights, so as to enable New York to compete with southern points.

What Mr. Raymond says about Nebraska standing on her own bottom is what nearly every business man from Nebraska and Kansas who comes to New York says. It is something of a surprise to eastern financiers to be told by Kansans and Nebraskans that these states can get along without assistance

riage one damp, drizzling night in September. It stood all alone down in front of the postoffice, which in itself showed that the driver had not yet learned western ways. The mist was dripping from the old white cab and the roof of the carriage. The lights cast faint glimmering streaks through the atmosphere. The driver stood at his horse's head, lost in a leaky rubber coat and hat. It was as near London as I could get. I hailed the carriage and for two hours drove about the city with closed eyes, living a bit of that dream-life that is ever with me.

The approaching municipal elections over the state call up a story of a certain doctor who is mayor of one of the smaller towns near Lincoln. He had been installed in office and had appointed all of his under officials except night watch. The former night watch had gone away on a visit, and the doctor was waiting to see if he would accept the office a second time. So, although the town was quite defenseless, the new mayor, much to his sorrow,