

the pasture. They go there to express their sovereignty. Nay, nay, they are driven by a small part of a party which knows how to drive the multitude to attain their own particular and private ends.

The mayor's action in dismissing Chief of Police Melick is commended by all the decent people of the city. Added to the reputation which Mr. Melick acquired during and before the Sheedy trial, and which should have made him ineligible to office forever after, are the current rumours touching Mr. Melick's very friendly relations with the gamblers of the city. Such rumours are prejudicial to the city administration as a whole and it is very wise to cut off the offending member especially on the approach of an election in which various charges against the administration will be made, and if possible proved.

It has been observed by students of human nature that in times of depression games of chance are more popular than in times of plenty. Desperation drives men to risk all of the little that remains to them. After the hard times really set in, banks and dry goods stores, groceries and furniture emporiums went to pieces as soon as their largest debts became due. But the various forms of gambling prospered and as times got worse more were established. To discourage this tendency of human nature by suppressing the gambling rooms and thus make it difficult to gratify the tastes strengthened by misfortune, requires an alert moral industry which Mr. Melick's biography does not indicate that he possesses. For which reasons the mayor's decision as to Mr. Melick's unfitness for the place he occupies, is surely sound.

Sam Jones' financial success has created a school. His ribald harangues are copied by men like Sunday and Beals who lack Sam Jones' originality in pulpit profanity. As a lawyer nobody ever heard of Jones. There came a time when, tired of obscurity, he reflected upon the profession in which his fluent command of Billingsgate would be of use. The preacher's calling has the advantage of a reverence bestowed on all who choose (few are chosen) to preach. Sam Jones craved an influence and fame which his legal practice had not and never would secure him. Lawyers make their own careers. The profession itself has no traditional and partly superficial reverence to bestow on those who practice it. There are those who have left it for the ministry and proved by their unselfish lives the genuineness of their conversion and their ability to help mankind. Sam Jones' sky-rockets, which are sent off for a large per cent of the gate receipts, amuse and sometimes disgust. There are few recorded instances of his addresses awakening a desire for repentance and restitution. He makes an audience laugh at other people. His words do not search the heart. When he has gone, congregations still want to be amused, still want to have a humorous light thrown on types which, for a hundred years, has served the funny men on the daily newspapers. The ordained preacher who needs 52 new sermons to carry him through the year, which is just twice as many as Sam Jones' whole repertoire, seems a commonplace, good little man, but tiresome withal, to the congregation which has been listening with amused abandon to Sam Jones' goat, old maid, mother-in-law, bathing suit, stove pipe and bald head jokes. In the end the home preacher's influence is interrupted and lessened, Sam Jones' converts find

themselves in need of a stimulant and their final state is seven times worse than their aboriginal condition.

The theory of heredity receives some severe shocks every now and then. Last week a little boy died in New York city. His name was Alexander C. Howard, his father is a policeman of bovine temperament, his mother, a good woman with no more intellectual characteristics than the father. Yet the boy had the head of a Humboldt and an intellect that corresponded in quality to the size and shape of the cranium. What other children labor to acquire the young Alexander conquered by a single effort of the mind. He was witty and sensitive. His imagination was lightly poised and took wing at the suggestion of poetry, music, or nature. Without any trace of intellectual ancestry, this boy with a Daniel Webster head would, if he had lived, have conquered a new world in music or mathematics. The theosophists have the only theory capable of explaining such phenomena. Annie Bessant would say that the minds of geniuses are in the air and sometimes go into bodies that are not made for them. So far back as the policeman and his wife have any record there are honest artisans and hard-working housewives. There is no account of any creative intellect.

The resignation of Mr. Harwood from the First National bank of this city, although it means to the bank the loss of a president who has directed its policy in times when a false move would mean ruin to a weaker institution, is good news to Mr. Harwood's personal friends. The strain of the past three years has turned young bankers into old men and vigor into fatigue. If Mr. Harwood were writing his biography, after relating with pleasure his experiences in the law he might say: "After that I was in the banking business for about fifty years. Then I went to Europe and again I enjoyed my books, my friends and the face of nature. The fruit of the vine was a pleasant thing and the sun shone to bless and not to curse."

Mr. John M. Carson, the new president of the bank, is an old banker. Though prevented by lameness from an active life, his judgment is sound and his experience fits him for the office he will assume the first of September. Mr. D. D. Muir, who returns to Lincoln from Denver, to assume the real management of the bank in which he was employed for 16 years—is a born banker. Added to a long experience, in which he has gained the respect and confidence of all who have done business with him, Mr. Muir has an intuitive knowledge of finance, which, except to the man whose brain cells are created for this specific purpose, is an intricate maze. With an integrity unblemished he will return from Denver to the friends here whose quality of steadfastness has been proved by the passage of twenty-five years. Under his strong intelligent guidance the First National bank will retain the prestige it has always had.

#### STORIES IN PASSING.

It was one day several years ago when the elevator in the Burr block had "died" with the cables motionless and the car suspended midway between the fourth and fifth floors; and until the engineer of the building could be found the elevator-boy was entertaining the passengers.

"This thing hasn't happened since last May," he said, leaning against the crank-handle and giving a little tug to his red checked tie, "but there

was thunder to pay that time. Had a couple of cops in the car chasing a diamond thief, the elevator stuck, and it was two hours before we budged. It was like this. I was coming down and had just reached floor 2 when I heard a yell. I looked down the hallway and there was a chap in a slouch hat and black suit running toward me. He had come up from the west entrance (it opens on Twelfth, you know). Well, he had run up there and seeing me going down gave that call. I gave the machine a jerk and backed her up a little and the man tumbled in, puffing and blowing but pale as a damp rag.

"Quick, man, quick—down!" he cried hoarsely. I thought he was sick and opened the crank wide and let the car drop like a ball of lead.

"Just as he hurried out at the ground floor a woman came up the steps. She was tall and had on a black skirt and a shirt waist with blue stripes and was cool and calm. The eyes of the two met a moment and she bowed while he let her pass into the elevator. Just then there came two sharp, short rings, from the second floor, and I started up again. That bell was jerking away in quick little rings, like the barks of an angry dog, and there at the door of the landing was a cop, breathless and red in the face and punching the bell with his thumb.

"Seen anything of a little man in a black suit?" cried the policeman, as soon as my head was level with the landing.

"Just took him down," I said.

"Then take me down!"

"The cop rushed in, brushing by the lady in the shirt waist who passed out and stood in the hall uncertainly. And, as I thought afterwards, she was a trifle pale about the lips.

"I took the cop down and there he was met by another who had come from across the street. The second pointed up the little stairway that runs along the east side of the elevator shaft to the second floor (you know it, the one that opens through the little door on the right). Then the two cops started singly up that little stairway just as a ring came from floor 2. I ran up there and found the calm lady in the blue shirt waist. She entered the car hastily and then looked back just as I closed the door. My eyes followed and I saw the tails of a black coat disappearing down the west entrance to Twelfth street. Then I turned to the lady again and there in her hands she held a little package like a jewelry case tied in tissue paper badly crumpled and torn from hasty wrapping.

"At the ground floor she left the elevator and walked rapidly down O street. I stepped to the sidewalk a moment and saw her gaze eagerly up Twelfth street. Then the bell on floor 2 rang again and I found the two cops there, red and excited and angry.

"Taken down that chap in black."

"Nope."

"The devil you haven't."

"Then I took them down and the car stuck for two hours and when we got down the newsboys were crying the evening papers with big accounts of the great ———, but the cable's moving. Old Bill's got her going pretty quick this time. Floor five!"

They were both about eight years of age—one with dark hair and large brown eyes, the other fair with golden hair and eyes of blue—and they were racing down the pavement on their wheels while a group of boys of the same age were watching at the corner.

"Go it, Marian."

"Harder, Helen, harder."

The cries came excitedly from the

little admirers as the girls' wheels sped on abreast. Then as they neared the corner, the higher gear of the one wheel began to tell and the blonde crossed the line a length ahead, her cheeks flushed and her hair waving out in the breeze.

"Three cheers for Marian," cried the boys admiringly at the corner.

The dark one heard and her eyes began to fill with tears and her breast to heave tumultuously, and she wheeled to the opposite side of the street with her head turned away. Then from the group of boys a small voice cried out:

"Three kisses for Helen."

The girl heard. A blush crept over her face and she sped faster up the pavement, but her tears were dried and there was a smile upon her lips.

[Continued on third page.]

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