

minister who thought it worth while to rebuke the minstrels, that the songs they sang were composed since 1860, that their principal stage business was not in stretching a mouth from ear to ear and that their jokes were harmless as well as pointed and that they were their own invention. The Slaytons' broad jokes had not even novelty to recommend them, but they amused good people who attended the Epworth picnic. On account of their name it was accepted as a matter of course that they had something to do with kingdom come and must be edifying. If the university girls had called themselves Jubilee singers, or Jordan's Band, or Weeping Willow Wailers it would never have occurred to our good Methodist brother to reproach them for singing "That Little Pumpkin Colored Coon," or "My Gal's a High-toned Lady," or any of the sparkling numbers which they presented to the sophisticated audience with good results. The criticism would not have been delivered if the preacher had seen the crescent full of round black faces and had heard the merry, innocent songs of the college girls who chose this very successful method of raising money for the base ball team to buy balls and bats and padded suits with that they might be properly equipped to meet and beat the Wesleyan nine.

The spirited repudiation of all that is English by the Irish speakers at the Oliver last Sunday does not alter the fact of the English origin of American institutions and of our own direct descent from the English people. Whether the Irish like it or not they are British themselves—a part of the great English speaking (with a difference) race that will possess the world. Irish, English or American, it is only a question of geographical boundaries. The same passionate love of liberty and methods of establishing it, the same literary and legal traditions and precedents. If Mr. Manahan, who repudiated everything English with so much indignation, were to rid himself of English law and English literature and the English language, only the Gaelic would be left and there is not enough Gaelic law, literature and language to educate a circus pig. The noble and splendid body of accomplishment is English and no other nation can claim as much. Let the Irish rail as they may they are a part of Great Britain. They have married English girls and their children are Saxon as well as Celtic. Before another century rolls around the Irish question will have been settled to Erin's satisfaction. In the meantime we are one people. Erin go bragh.

Bribery and receiving bribes are reprehensible and no man capable of either should have been elected to the mayoralty of a city, but many mayors have been guilty of both and will be again. The real crime against the people, an offense that only a criminal without any survival of conscience could be guilty of, was the alleged order to plug the A street well. The public sense of the enormity of such an offense is obscured by the number and variety of the charges against the mayor. But this offense, if proved, deserves a punishment suffered by those who offend, past forgiveness, against society. The disease that has been caused by the corroding water of the salt basin cannot, of course, be estimated; the damage done to plumbing and pipes by the destructive solution and paid for by individual citizens might be reckoned up. That the character of the water supply of Lincoln has been a serious objection to those who would otherwise have remained or settled here, is beyond dis-

pute. When the test of the Mockett well had proceeded far enough to show that the water there was fresh, soft and abundant, Engineer Henry says that the mayor gave him orders to plug it. It was in spite of much opposition that Mr. Mockett and other members of the council secured that body's permission to proceed with the test of the well. When the presence of fresh water was demonstrated, it is said that the mayor gave orders, which, if carried out, would indicate that the well was supplied by too thin a vein to be of any use. When the test had proceeded a day or two, wells a mile or two away were reported as running dry, all on account of the A street well test which threatened to supply the city with fresh water. All this points to a conspiracy against the interests of the city of Lincoln, so coldblooded, so selfish, of an essence so criminal that the charges of bribery and collusion for a share of the profits with the gamblers sink into insignificance.

Perhaps never before were so many people interested in this city's politics and determined that no friend or ally of the mayor's shall be re-elected to share in the management of the city. This is largely due to the water conspiracy. Everybody admits that the mayor, if he gave that order, must have been influenced by a person or persons interested in keeping the water of the city just as expensive and bad as ever. Who the selfish conspirators were is only surmised, but the mayor's unpopularity is due to the conviction that he was willing to baffle the effort to get good water. The universal interest that habitually preoccupied merchants and professional men are taking in the approaching election is a result of the resentment against the water conspirators and their official tool.

The serial story by Henry James now appearing in *Colliers' Weekly* is characteristic of that author, Mr. Howells and penny dreadfuls to a degree. It is called "The Turn of the Screw" and the weekly installments have led me to the conclusion that the turn of the screw is on us. Forever on the point of revealing what it is all about, the heroine, who tells the story, is cast back upon her own inner consciousness which palpitates, decides, falters, goes forward again and again retreats in the interminable and most exasperating manner of Messrs. Howells and James. These two have learned nothing at all from Kipling, Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle, who are to Howells and James like a tonic walk in the open air after a series of very hot but necessary and depressing baths. You like the walk better for having had the baths but the relief and the *plein air* are gifts of God. The rush of events, the active lives, the healthful hatreds and loves of Kipling, Doyle and Hope carry a reader through several hundred of their pages without stopping for a lunch while the introspection and everlasting hesitation of Howells and James make of their books a penance and every page a bead that may be turned without surcease of torment. "The Turn of the Screw" is a diary of a young English governess in charge of a pretty lad and his little sister, who are obsessed by the ghosts of a vulgar little valet of their uncle and his mistress, the former governess of the children. The story has reached part fourth and chapter twenty-five and nothing has happened except the apparition of the little cockney and his sweetheart to the diary writer. The children see the ghosts but play they don't and the little governess' conscientious diary is filled

with resolutions that she will speak to the children about their obsession and accounts of how she did not do it. Last week's two chapters relates how the supernaturally beautiful little Miles informs his governess on their way to church in the village church yard that he wishes to go away to school and be henceforth taught by men and that he will write his guardian to that effect. These sensible and practical remarks overcome the governess so that she sinks upon a tombstone and is unable to accompany the lad in to the church. She decides that she is too embarrassed to face her pupils again and will flee from the haunted spot while they are in the church. She is prevented by the apparition of her predecessor. I was led to expect more from the appearance of a double page illustration of the lad and the lady in the church yard in the act of conducting the first real conversation the story has yet presented. The date of the story is not modern and the young lady's tremors belong to the age of the "Children of the Abbey." The independent "'98 model" as a newspaper correspondent calls the girl of today would have gone straight at those children, released them from the spell, nor spent her strength in tortuous diary writing. In spite of this tantalizing refusal to come to the point, there is no denying that Henry James is a great story writer nor that he has the art to make you believe that he is just about to tell you something that will make it worth your while to stay awake.

These poems are the work of a little girl of thirteen. They are chiefly interesting for their rhythm and for their choice of subject which illustrates the fascination of graveyard subjects for apple-cheeked youth:

THE WILD FLOWER.

In a shadowy, dim forest,
Where the silver waters gleam,
Sat a fair and gentle maiden
By a dizzy, laughing stream.
In her hands there lay a blossom,
Pure as her own soul and white,
And its heart was brightly golden,
Like a bit of lost sunlight,
And it held a sweet, soft fragrance,
Held a fragrance rich and rare,
Held a deadly, fatal odor
And it poisoned all the air.
Where the forest leaves are waving,

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Where the flashing waters gleam,
Lay a gentle maiden sleeping—
Softly sang the careless stream;
Buds above her told sweet stories;
Daring breezes kissed her hair;
But she never, never wakened,
And her bones lie bleaching there.

The moonlight fell white
on the water,
The lake and the land;
they were still.
And the lillies lay pale
in the silence,
The weird shadows slept
on the hill.
And the moon beams
touched sadly and coldly,
A face that was young
and once fair,
With a heart that was faint
from life's struggle,
And eyes that were wild
with despair.
And a figure bent over
the water;
It opened its arms
to the wave,
And the dark water rippled
a welcome,
And carried it down
to its grave.
When the morning awoke
in the heavens
The night shrank away
and was still.
But a soul to its Maker
had gone,
When the sun arose
over the hill.

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