

him and he is too old to learn new standards. Neither would Senator Mark Hanna loom so large on the horizon as to scare the people whether there were any reason for fear or not.

Accustomed to command, there is no doubt that the Whitehouse should Dewey occupy it as president, would be the quarter deck and he would reign alone. A republic is more jealous of favorites than the people of a kingdom and a suspicion that the policy of the administration is dictated by someone who is not the president will do much to undermine his popularity. Justly or unjustly President McKinley is charged with too large a respect for the council of Senator Mark Hanna whose inspiration is derived entirely from Wall Street. Most of the unfortunate appointments which the President has made are ascribed to Senator Hanna's initiative and there is no doubt that the campaign managers of next year's campaign with President McKinley as the nominee, will be embarrassed by the attacks the democrats will make on the score of undue influence.

A man of military habit, great presence of mind and of proved self-reliance is needed as president and the nominating convention which has sense enough to nominate such a man will be likely to elect their candidate. Now that Admiral Dewey has expressed himself positively, as opposed to an abandonment of the fight until the Tagals are conquered the anti-expansionist and peace-at-any-price men will have to abandon Dewey or Edward Atkinson. The former seems to have been of more service to the country and his thorough going Americanism as expressed in his first speeches in America, is most reassuring.

Simplicity.

The decorations of a recent Newport wedding emphasized the effectiveness of simplicity in design and color. Instead of smothering the bride, Miss Havemeyer, and the groom, Mr. Winslow, in flowers, palms and ferns, the room in which the ceremony was pronounced was decorated by green wreaths of laurel which depended at regular intervals from the center of the ceiling to the top of the side walls, falling from there to the floor. The windows and doors of the large room were hung with white satin curtains looped back with white ribbons of the same material. Limited to green laurel and glistening white satin the full values of the texture and the colors were allowed to deliver their message. Every guest went away with an unblurred impression of that lovely green and white room. The simple design, the two, pure, cool colors, the absence of the florist's horrid stereotyped designs without meaning and with the natural beauty of the flowers almost destroyed, gave a hint to the guests of what can be accomplished by simplicity and by allowing the grace of a vine to display itself over a background of white satin, uninterrupted by the appeals of American beauties, orchids, and every other flower whose culture costs money and whose lavish use impresses guests more with the wealth of the host than with the beauty of the flower.

Euthanasia.

A learned doctor has admitted that he occasionally gives drops to shorten useless suffering and a learned judge approves of the doctor's habit. If either of these men or hundreds of others were infallible, if thousands of human beings had not recovered and lived useful and ornamental lives after the doctors had pronounced their ill-

ness fatal and incurable, the doctrine would be less vicious. No man has a right to kill himself, while doctors know so little and there are so many chances. Many a man who has put off killing himself till morning has found that his health is better, his forerunners more hopeful by daylight and his relatives or his wife less obnoxious. Only the man who does not believe in infinite kindness and wisdom is justified, even of himself, in committing suicide. And even that man by killing himself claims to know that the future is hopeless and denying infinite knowledge kills himself because he claims to know what only supernatural wisdom can know. Besides we have not yet learned what puzzled Hamlet and a man that leaps in the dark is likely to strike harder than the one who lets a Friend take hold of his hand and lead him through the undiscovered country over green pastures and beside still waters. Though the rod has been heavy and though the flesh smart, still the patient one who waits for the messenger will be glad of the hand that reassures and restores him. From a religious point of view suicide is an impertinence, a failure of faith. The suicide, by killing himself claims to know too much and denies supernatural kindness and wisdom. The agnostic denies his creed too when he kills himself. Only the infidel can be a suicide and consistent and he is a bad sportsman. There is something admirable in staying in the game to the finish even if it be a losing game and all the luck has been against one since the game began.

Doctors being made of clay it is not wise to expect a flawlessness in them not possessed by other men. And why should men of clay hold the issues of life and death. If doctors are allowed to put patients out of their suffering, what of the unscrupulous ones who study medicine as they do law or the ministry? Such men, and they are rare in these professions might be bought to kill a rich man with tired waiting relations. If he had only to plead a design of putting his patient out of his misery there would undoubtedly be more murders. So long as the heart beats and the mysterious disorder which has caused it to quiver can not be positively known, it is presumptuous and unjustifiable in the human physician to stop it, and a law which would permit it would be unwise and lead to consequences unforeseen.

The Gad Fly.

To read a book that the critics have called great and wonderful and to find it tiresome and meaningless is an indication that one's literary evolution has not proceeded very far. Nevertheless it is better to admit that one is not on speaking terms even with Shakspeare than to claim an intimacy and admiration which does not exist. After thirty years devoted more to reading than to anything else, even the humblest is likely to have a modest respect for his own literary taste and judgment. And this self-respect does not wait for any publisher's or critic's confirmation. On the contrary, it survives the critic's denial of its existence and the publisher's scornful contumely. To the omnivorous and indefatigable reader in middle life his own literary judgment is indisputable and final. He cannot be convinced that a book he finds tiresome and pointless is inspired. This is, of course, not admitting that indefatigability and omnivorousness will produce, in time, a correct taste. The liking for all sorts of literature and non literature is a sign of a gourmand rather than of an epicure. I suppose the former

is quite as apt to be satisfied with his discrimination as the latter, and literary distance is no easier to argue away and ignore than the one the palate presides over.

The Gad Fly is the story of a man whom the author tells you over and over again is brilliant, witty, original yet the book records not a wise or witty saying of his and his conduct is uncommonly stupid. The other characters whom she calls malicious and wicked do nothing wrong and say nothing remarkably silly. Rivarez, the hero, is such an egotistic zany that his sister-in-law dislikes him, and she would be a freak sister-in-law if she did not. The hero is the illegitimate son of a priest who is the real hero in spite of his sin for which he has done penance and been long since forgiven. Montanelli, the priest, is clever, wise, generous, loving. He has brought up his son with an extra-solicitude. He is willing to relinquish a cardinal's place, if his son, who does not know of the relationship, desire it. But when the son finds out that the priest has not told him all the truth he writes a cruel, hateful letter and goes to drown himself and if he had succeeded, the rest of the story would not have been written and that would have been worth a life, like the hero's. Instead he hides on board a ship bound for South America and is beaten and maltreated by the people the fool-killer hires to slaughter fools. He reappears on Mrs. Voynich's pages, a cripple from his South American experiences. He has acquired a reputation which is as mysterious as the wealth which accompanies his advent. The author does not explain where he got either and he does nothing to earn an honest living or to justify the reputation, which Mrs. Voynich adorns him with. Finally he is imprisoned for being a revolutionary and meets the cardinal, his father. He tortures him and proposes an impossible and futile reparation like the selfish cad he is. The saintly old Cardinal refuses though his tender heart is torn by the sufferings of his son who had accomplished his own fate and who died happy because he fancied it was a martyr's death and he had played that role all his life.

The Gad Fly is one of those books, —may their tribe decrease!—with a suspended situation. You who have not read it, will read it, expecting, continually, to come upon a situation wherein the hero will do something to justify the author's praise and his star role. Something impends from the beginning to the end of the book and the hero gets more and more nauseating and self-conscious till his final execution, which is the only pleasant thing we have to look back upon. Egotists such as Rivarez, who continually look in upon themselves and fancy themselves entitled to better treatment in the world than they get, who revenge fortune's buffets by crucifying those who really love them, are unfortunately common enough, but, for mercy's sake, let us not make heroes or heroines out of them. Every little kitchen maid whose innocent heart is glad because the family were pleased to be pleased with her biscuits or pies or Irish stew, is more worthy of exaltation than prigs like Rivarez who never served anybody, and who let the first severe blow of fortune turn them into snarling, snapping brutes, whose snapping and snarling is no more acceptable because it is epigrammatic.

When an author announces that her hero is great and brilliant and we find him selfish, stupid and hateful, we are inclined to distrust her ability to draw pictures for us. And what

ever the critics may say about Mrs. Voynich's book, and I have yet to find one who did not approve it, she can never be oracle or prophet to a few; not that she will miss us.

Life Insurance for Women.

It was only a few years ago that insurance companies would not insure women though mortality statistics show that the average life of woman is longer than that of man. Nevertheless the companies would not take the risk of insuring women's lives. The mystery ascribed to her motives and actions, the difficulty of making a working hypothesis or table of possibilities which applies to women as well as to men restrained the companies for many years from making any effort to secure the patronage of women. Within eight years the companies, for some undiscovered reason, began seeking the business of women. It may have been on account of the increasing number of women in business, women who supported themselves and others. Such women were anxious to be insured, in order that in case of death those dependant upon their earnings might not be left destitute.

An incident of the change in the attitude of the companies towards women as customers, was the employment of women as agents and solicitors. They have been very successful in the field and employers and employees are wondering why the field was not thrown open before.

The unwritten law of clubs and of all social life is that business and shop are excluded. Among men these rules are usually respected. At least there are very few agents who will venture to expatiate at the club or when making a call, on the excellent qualities of an article it is their avocation to sell. But some women have not been long enough in the business to appreciate the enormity of introducing business to an unarmed hostess or her guests. For instance an insurance agent from Omaha recently requested the editor of this paper to mention a certain insurance company to her friends who might happen to call. The lady from Omaha said that she was going to establish a department of insurance in Lincoln and would reimburse the publisher of The Courier for her efforts to introduce the name of the insurance company into the conversation of the society people of Lincoln. The impropriety of making such a request had not occurred to her. Everything else was forgotten in hopes of making "the department of female insurance" a success.

City Damage Suit.

Property holders claim that they can sue the city for tearing up a condemned walk abutting on their property. Indisputably they can sue and perhaps they may recover but the amounts will be small compared with the money paid for broken limbs. In self protection and until property owners can be held responsible for the accidents occurring by reason of defective side walks, all the bad walks in the city should be destroyed.

A Newsy Newspaper.

Admiral Dewey arrived in the harbor of New York on September 25. The daily papers of Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis and all great daily papers contained interviews with the Admiral and others on the morning of the 27th. The Nebraska State Journal printed about the same stuff on Thursday morning the 28th. According to all other papers the Olympia arrived in New York about seven o'clock on the 26th. According to the reversal Journal of the 28th he arrived on the morning of the 27th.