

visitor to Utah sees, are not typical Americans. They have the broad face, and blunted features of the Man with the Hoe, an essentially foreign type.

Miss Gould spent much time in investigating the religion and customs of the Mormons and the spread of Mormonism before she decided to use what influence she had and what money was necessary to prevent Congressman Roberts from being seated. The more she studied, the more she understood of Mormonism the more she was shocked by the horrid heathen rites and the perverted standards of the Mormons. I cannot see, however, that the gentiles will gain anything if congress refuse to admit Mr. Roberts.

The Mormons themselves are cunning evaders of the law. Above the law their church stands. Admitting a more rigid creed and claiming further enlightenment, Congressman Robert's case should be settled with strict regard to constitutional law. We condemn them for taking the oath of office administered by United States' officials and breaking it because of another oath sworn in their temple. The congress of the United States can resort to no such evasion. Here is no union of church and state and this question of Congressman Roberts should be settled without regard to anything but the constitutional rights of congress, and the rights of a citizen of Utah elected to the congress of the United States from Utah.

#### Uniform Marriage Laws.

A blow to polygamy much more severe than the refusal of congress to receive a congressman with three wives would be the passage of a federal law making the laws in regard to marriage uniform in all the states of this country. The absurd contradictions and inconsistencies which the legislatures of the forty-two states, in course of time, have managed to frame against each other have made divorce merely a matter of crossing the state line. For example in Nebraska it is against the law to be divorced and married again on the same day but Lincoln people are in the habit of getting their divorces here and going to Council Bluffs, Iowa, for the wedding on the same day. So long as transportation is cheap there is no reason why incompatible couples should live together, especially if life seem pleasanter with someone else.

A federal law would decrease the popularity of divorce, increase the sacredness of marriage and dissipate into thin air the talk about affinity, unhappiness, etcetera, etcetera.

Comparing us with the Mormons, this community (and a thousand others like it) has more enlightened views but it is just as indisputable that the individuals composing it, have no inspiration to spare. The lunatic asylums in this state are crowded and intimate conversations with some of the inhabitants still at large will disclose to a scientific investigator many examples who at least need to take a rest and mind cure.

Unsound views of marriage are alarmingly prevalent. A large number are willing to sacrifice society to attain for themselves what has the appearance of happiness. If they have made matrimonial mistakes they will not take the consequences for the sake of society and their children.

A federal law and the vision of a federal judge with very stiff, unsympathetic and uncompromising views of divorce and the inviolate nature of marriage might encourage flabby back bones and throw a new light upon society and its claims upon individuals. If Mormon Roberts and

the discussion which his claims to a seat in congress has caused will but harmonize the contradictory laws relating to marriage in this country, he will become a benefactor, unworthy instrument though he may be.

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#### Modjeska

As Marie Antoinette on Monday night, Madam Helena Modjeska was very impressive. The play is a thing of gloom weighted down by children's agony and a mother's torture. Unrelieved by Shaksperian clowns or fools the tragedy of the French revolution has an opportunity to express some of its cruelty. The prologue is laid in Petit Trianon where the Queen in shepherdess' costume and crook takes the principal part in a play surrounded by the courtiers as audience and assisted by them in the cast. Modjeska was never more graceful then when she played she was a queen and the queen plays she is a shepherdess and the shepherdess plays she is a court lady. The role is not much more of a psychological mixture than we play everyday, but Modjeska archly and mysteriously keeps Marie Antoinette in the foreground and Modjeska in the back ground and suggests the shepherdess. The prologue is a portent fully accomplished in the other four acts. It shows the love between the king and queen, the gaiety of the queen and her ignorance of life and suffering.

After the mob has threatened her life and she has seen her faithful Swiss guard die while protecting her, her brave, queenly character is displayed in relief. Without raving or any stage convulsions Modjeska conveys the effect of intense suffering. She does not need to resort to artificial devices. Her voice, its womanly melody, its abrupt stops, and prolonged vowels, her scholarly reading of blank verse distinguish Madam Modjeska above all other American actresses. It is impossible for a sensate person to read about the French Revolution without being conquered by horror and pity. The actual sight of the frenzied women, the headman and the blood-thirsty men, of a brutality which even hunger does not excuse makes an ineffaceable impression on an audience which cannot comfort itself by the reflection that those men and women are puppets and nobody really suffers. A hundred years ago the scenes of the French Revolution, of which the play presents only a suggestion, a faded copy, were enacted by men and women and little children, in and outside of the Conciergerie.

Mr. Whistler reserves his scant praises for the painter who keeps his pictures inside the frame. Modjeska has so true a conception of historical perspective and of the law of gravitation that she never for a moment steps out of the frame or of the composition. Her acceptance of realism stops short of familiarity and we who suffer the intrusion of the vulgar because it is said to be the truth are grateful to her for not encouraging it.

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#### A Misstatement.

A few months ago a London correspondent announced in a New York paper that English residents of British India objected to rendering homage to the American family of Lady Curzon. The letter was widely copied and commented upon in the papers on this side of the ocean. The correspondent was probably out of a topic for his weekly letter and imagined all he wrote that time. Mrs. Leiter has never been in India, and Lady Curzon's sisters are very pretty and fascinating young ladies with irreproachable manners.

The inexcusable habit of writing to fill space is continually getting news-

paper writers into trouble and is a cause of annoyance to the innocent objects of their desperate essays. Mr. and Mrs. Leiter are wealthy people with a handsome and interesting family of children. A daughter married a brilliant English statesman who was after his marriage appointed viceroy to India. As if this was not enough to make the family the prey of space writers, the only son almost succeeded in cornering the Chicago market. For weeks the papers printed the details of his partial success and then of his final failure.

After people have been written about so much—they enter the region of fable. At most they are real people, only to a thousand or fifteen hundred people. Everybody admits the existence of Queen Victoria and Emperor William but should either of these two self-willed but very different sovereigns appear in America the people would gasp at the sight after fighting their way to it. These storied people are as unreal as Hamlet or Pickwick. We meet the latter in literature and the former in the newspapers, and when we see them in the round looking just like other men and women and very like their pictures we gasp, and if they cough or sneeze we say "Did you hear them do that? how natural it was." As though they were wonderful automata whose life-like conduct was positively miraculous.

Now in the case of Mrs. Leiter who never went to India and of the Misses Leiter of whom British India only knows as charming young ladies very welcome wherever they choose to go the newspaper correspondents are in grievous error. Mrs. Leiter is a cultivated, gracious gentlewoman quite incapable of the faux pas sometime attributed to her. To remember that the people who live on the other side of the world or in quite another sphere are of flesh and blood, with tender feelings, which a pen can torture and a printing press can crush, is the duty of every man and woman who writes for the press. For although their work in general lasts no longer than the dew, the drop poisoned with a lie or a half a lie is sure to be tasted sooner or later by the innocent victim. Then the injury is done and there is no antidote. Though the poisoner confess his crime and repent, he cannot recall the wrong, however loudly or publicly he may confess. It is fitting therefore that a self-convicted publisher should also never be able to forget the wrong he has committed foolishly and for lack of a topic and carried away by the temptation to make a sensation. *Peccavi.*

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#### Woman's Sphere—Bixby.

Mr. Bixby is constantly assuring those who are patient and tolerant enough to read him on "The Sphere of Woman" that he has a large admiration for her. He tells her that as a valet de chambre, brushing his coat or blacking his shoes, or lighting his fire, she is adorable and by him adored. The guerdon seems to the ordinary woman rather slight but woman's wage is ever low and the sex, as a whole, is not exigent. He tells her to stay at home and be happy scrubbing the floor he rents for her, and in peeling the potatoes he has ordered for his dinner, and he warns her, like the credulous ostrich, not to be deceived by women like Mrs. Catt who would have her think she was a human being created to think and to have a word to say about how her own property shall be taxed. Mr. Bixby warns all women away from women who preach individuality and against the crime of human slavery. It was the same down south before the war, where, I think, Mr. Bixby used to live at. The owners

of the slaves who brushed their coats and blackened their shoes, cooked their meals and bore slave children to their masters, were very much afraid that their useful slaves might be deceived by the dangerous doctrine of those who preached freedom. They were continually talking about the contentment of those whose deep scarred backs bore the marks of the whip. The slave owners did their literary best to convince the slaves that they were contented and happy, that freedom was never meant for them but only for white folks and that the Creator himself designed them for chattles and that it was profanity to urge freedom. Mr. Bixby uses exactly the same arguments to women, over and over again, but there is still a stirring that is growing to a whispering, and that will grow until no human being holds another in leash.

Mr. Bixby has grown very funny over Mrs. Catt's name which she was generous enough to accept from some man. Mr. Bixby has been juggling with words long enough to know the banality of punning with names. It is a tawdry and a coarse expedient of the cheapest wit and Mr. Bixby knows enough to know better.

The woman suffrage convention lately convened here in Lincoln was composed of intelligent, logical women. The president of the convention was so unfortunate as to have met a man by the name of Catt. She was willing for love of him to bear the jibes of cheap wits who would not allow themselves to remember that the name was a wedding gift and not an inheritance or a character indication. Nevertheless, all the time the convention was in session the little slave holder on The Journal was ridiculing Mrs. Catt and her services.

"The serious responsibilities of government should be borne by man who is fitted by nature to look after such things without disturbing the social forces that make for good order in society and the state. Mrs. Catt is nothing more nor less than a fanatic on the subject of woman's rights, and it is a duty to humanity, in the broadest conception of the word, to strive to counteract the pernicious influence she exerts upon her sex. Wherever she goes she sows the seeds of domestic unrest and political disorder. Women begin to neglect those sacred duties (cooking man's food and blacking his boots) in which they once took delight in order to meet together and pass burning resolutions denouncing male men for having usurped political privileges to which women are as justly entitled as any other man. We are therefore opposed to Mrs. Catt because she is unwittingly a disturber of the peace and a promoter of domestic infelicity and ought to be abolished."

And so her voice along the Platte  
I hope I ne'er again shall hear,  
At this or any time of year—  
I mean the voice of Chapman Catt.

A woman should be glad to stay  
And cook, and mend her husband's coat  
And let him go and cast a vote;  
Or feed the hogs or bale the hay.

This is the thing that makes me growl—  
To hear the pops and democrats,  
The Gougars and the Chapman Catts  
Out making Rome eternal howl.  
—Bixby in State Journal.

Clancy—Oim after a ticket ter Chicago.

Ticket Agent—Do you want an excursion ticket? One that will take you there and back?

Clancy—Phwat's the sense of me payin' ter go there an' back when Oim here alriddy?

Cholly—You Thankful?  
Chappie—Yep.  
Cholly—What foh?  
Chappie—Credit with tradesmen.