

error to truth.

It is the pleasure, the duty, and the choice of most women to spend most of their existence at home. There are exceptions and the exceptions are so numerous that they deserve to be considered. Women like Mrs. Catt, gentle, dignified, reserved, always womanly mount the platform not on their own account but because the injustice and the indignities inflicted upon women by men like Mr. Bixby have aroused their indignation. The movement in rebuttal of the charges which so many newspapers make and from which as a sex we suffer when one of us attempts to earn her living, has begun and like all protestant revolutions it will succeed.

Handicapped by prejudice and temperamentally afraid of the ridicule and disapproval of man, woman's victories and progress in this century are still an adequate reason for exultation.

If she be weaker than man and sturdier, there is greater reason why she should have a vote to protect her property and her interests from rapacious politicians and her reputation from ribald rhymsters. Yet here is a man who has been writing perhaps every day for twenty years and is still so ignorant of the laws of the English language that he can write a stanza like this after expressing his opinion that there "are problems that women will never understand:

This, then, is my earnest plea,
And I have recently found out
By talks with people all about
That thousands feel the same as me.

Abraham Lincoln.

In the current Century magazine there is a story of Abraham Lincoln worth all the advice to young men on how to get rich and stay rich, or the directions on how to find the hidden trail to success.

"Mr. Lincoln" so the tale runs, "was bent upon some war project that strongly commended itself to his judgment and this project he laid before his portfolio bearers, asking their separate opinions. To his amazement the cabinet to a man objected to the whole proposition. The discussion ran high pro and con, the president setting forth his reasons convincingly and persuasively, the cabinet ready to follow him if individual judgment allowed. Finally, at the President's suggestion it was put to the vote "All in favor of this proposition will please say Aye". Mr. Lincoln's rang out stoutly and alone. "All opposed". Every member of the cabinet recorded his "No." Mr. Lincoln looked about him at his counselors. "Well, gentlemen," he said "the ayes have it." Had his advisers agreed with him he would have welcomed their support. As they could not agree with him the "ayes" had it anyway.

This story shows us as Aesop says, that real inspiration is not so rare as men who will obey it in the face of opposition.

Richard Mansfield's Nervousness.

Goodnatured, loosely strung actors have more friends than men like Richard Mansfield whose work is of greater consequence to him than his reputation for bonhomie. Mr. Mansfield refused to return to the stage the other night because his long engagement had tired him and the hissing of the steam pipes destroyed the effect he strives conscientiously to produce. He has been criticised for yielding to the noises by "all-around" newspaper men who can write articles on any given subject, keep track of the conversation of other reporters ("all-around men" just like themselves) and hum a tune simultaneously. Trifles do not affect them. They are like the

traveling musician with musical instruments fastened to his head, his feet, his knees, his arms, and who plays two other instruments with his hands. He makes a jumble of sounds but he is applauded because a tune can be distinguished among them. Yet the most skillful virtuoso is never satisfied with his mastery of the violin or the piano and flees from both, when noises drown their response to his velvet-steel touch. Mr. Mansfield is, for the time being, the character he plays. To contradict time and place, to be someone else who lived and did brave deeds or dastardly, five hundred years ago, to make the illusion complete and satisfying to the *blasé* as well as to the unsophisticated theatre goer is a feat, beyond the "all-around" newspaper man who reviles Mr. Mansfield for his attack of the nerves over escaping steam. He is a nervous animal, and finely poised, alert and sensitive to all the sounds and movements which make impressions. It is for these reasons that he is able to delight and satisfy all kinds and conditions of men. When the delicate instrument is roughly twanged the strings snap—but blame not the instrument because the same treatment would not have put a tin pan out of tune. A Stradivari is not understood by every one and it is perhaps just as well that the cost keeps it only in the possession of those who value it more than gold.

Lincoln in Literature.

The Wizard of Conlin by Thomas Edwin Smith is a history of one election in Lincoln in which it is remembered that Mr. Smith bore an active part. It contains evidence of shrewd observation and prominent citizens then and now are but thinly disguised by slight changes of names. The Wizard of Conlin is published by the La Velle Publishing Company of Rock Island, Illinois.

High Priced Immigration.

A special from Austin to the New York Sun reports that the people of the capital city of Texas propose to give to Mr. Bryan one of the finest residence properties in Austin if he will make that city his permanent place of abode. It is surmised that the Imperial Colonel will accept the donation and become a citizen of the Lone Star State. If the "deal" is consummated the Colonel will acquire property which is not of less value than twenty-five thousand dollars although it will be reported of much greater value. That is the price to be paid for one immigrant including his appurtenances. It is probably more than was ever paid for a slave in this country before the civil war when the solid south dominated the nation and governmental problems were solved by the application of the principles taught by Jefferson, the patron saint of the present leader of the imperialist party. However, the parties to the pending bargain and they alone, are competent to determine its wisdom. It does seem that the price is high, in fact, almost exorbitant, and yet the people of Austin know how anxious they are to secure this bauble and it is for them to determine the price they are willing to pay for it. It is probable that if the Colonel would advertise for bids he would receive proposals far more advantageous from a financial standpoint than the one now reported to be under consideration, for there are many communities that would be willing to pay a fancy price to have his name appear in their city directory. In these prosperous times of republican administration people are willing to pay high prices for luxuries. The people of Austin ought to

close the bargain as soon as possible and that before other offers are submitted. Mr. Bryan is far from being devoid of that commercial spirit which impels to action.

Tax Collection.

County treasurer Sullivan has succeeded in spite of the threatened unpopularity in collecting some delinquent taxes. If the city treasurer would do as well the city treasury might be filled again. An examination of the city treasurer's books reveals a curious state of things.

In the department of personal taxes even officers of the city and county are delinquent. The attempts made to collect these taxes are spasmodic and but half hearted. A large proportion of the sixty thousand dollars owed the city by men who draw a quarterly or monthly salary and from other men quite able to pay might be collected by an energetic city treasurer. It is, of course not pleasant for a man of large club acquaintance, a penchant for whist and society and of a very leisurely and ruminative temperament himself, to distract his pleasant friends for taxes. But in compelling only the poor and unknown to pay, the treasurer is using the office for an end that is not contemplated by the law.

A few weeks ago the city treasurer intimated to the council that the force in his office was insufficient to do the work properly and he was allowed another man. Most of the men who are working for themselves or a private party can be selected by a stranger. The men who know that their success or failure depends upon their own exertions get down to business before eight o'clock in the morning and do not leave it before six p. m. Some who are employed by the city get down on the car containing the shoppers, women who have got breakfast, washed and dressed the children for school, and swept and dusted their houses for the day. In this car our overworked city treasurer may usually be found of mornings. If it is necessary to speak to him after four o'clock in the afternoon it is more expeditious to call him up at the club. With the ill-will of politicians in the city such a *dolce far niente* treasurer might have found it difficult to secure a renomination but his gentlemanly forbearance is shown, as aforesaid, by an inspection of the treasurer's books, and he was renominated with but little opposition. In justice to other officers of the city of Lincoln it is only fair to note that there are very few dilettanti among them.

In commenting upon the general incapacity of women to understand the true inwardness of politics and of getting and holding a place, Mr. Bixby perhaps meant this sort of thing. Now a conscientious woman as treasurer would be more severe with her personal friends than with the great unwashed, realizing that she had been elected to an office of great trust and responsibility by the whole people and that her duty to them was sacred and to her own friends only incidental. It is indeed difficult for a woman to understand these things or to reconcile a partial administration with integrity and justice.

The Senator From Nebraska.

When a senator is once appointed or elected, whether he be democrat, populist, or republican he represents the whole state. For this reason perhaps those republicans are justified who solicited Governor Poynter not to appoint Senator Allen because of his intemperate habits. When the senator from Nebraska carouses, the state of Nebraska is disgraced. The fusionists are not more involved

in the disgrace than men of other parties. According to our wise political system when a man is once elected he represents the men and women of a city, a state, or a nation. Like a monarch, the president of the United States is the representative of his people. He thinks and speaks of them as a whole and not as members of this party which supported him and that one which did its best to elect another man.

Senator Allen is a man of ability and of commanding presence, but there are other men in his party who would not periodically disgrace the state; other men of equal ability, whose long and distinguished services to the demopopulist party deserve recognition. Mr. Gilbert M. Hitchcock of the Omaha World-Herald whose father was a United States senator if a democrat or fusionist must be selected, would undoubtedly at all times have ably represented this state. He is a dignified, cultured Nebraskan of whom no member of any party at any time need be ashamed. Among the men assembled in Washington from the states of the east, the west, the north, and the south Mr. Hitchcock would take his place and fulfill the duties, bear gracefully the honors, and discharge adequately the responsibilities of the senator from Nebraska. Governor Poynter has been importuned by personal friends of Senator Allen but before appointing him, as governor of the state of Nebraska did he consider the rights of the whole people to a senator who is not periodically and positively a disgrace to the state?

Little Tommy—I'm glad I ain't no preacher's son.

His sister—Why not?

L. T.—Just think how many slippers a preacher gets for Christmas.

Upton Downes—Once upon a time the height of my ambition was to own a diamond to wear in my shirt front.

Pupson Pownee—And now?

U. D.—I am satisfied to own a shirt.

Madam, I am taking orders for our noiseless baby carriages.

We havn't any noiseless baby.

What makes little Tommy so sad on this pleasant Christmas day?

His presents are all unbreakable.

To a Chrysanthemum.

When on thy scraggly head
I gaze, I'm dumb,
Thou frowly-pated flow'r,
Chrysanthemum—
'T would take a Kipling
or a Crane, or some
Fierce writer charged
with fiery rum
To fitly rate in words
of pyrotechnic sound
Of all the shaggy beauties
that in thee abound—
Chrysanthemum.

It makes my head begin
to buzz and hum,
And puts my muse completely
on the bum
As on my lyre I feebly
try to thrum
Thy praise, O, thou
big Chrysanthemum—
My hands are up—
I will not even tamely try—
Thy mixed up mass of color
sets my wheels awry—
Chrysanthemum.

—William Reed Dunroy.

Corn Tassels, William Reed Dunroy's new collection of poems, on sale at the book stores.