

four years ago, but there has been a change in executive officers. Under the present regime tramps are few. The hold-ups that were so frequent a few years ago have altogether ceased. Why? Lincoln is known through the length and breadth of western hobo-dom as a closely shut up town, where grafters can not make bargains with either the mayor, chief of police or police judge. Consequently they skip Lincoln, get off at Omaha or stay in Denver, Bad-luck to 'em. The difference between an orderly and a disorderly town where citizens are sandbagged and where the policemen profess to know nothing at all about gambling rooms whose operation may be heard from the street is in the mere matter of a mayor. Laws making gambling a penitentiary offense were insufficient to stop gambling in the days of a mayor who was willing to make terms with gamblers and shut his eyes to the continued presence in the city of two or three hundred hold-up men, burglars etc. It is within the experience of every house-keeper how few tramps have asked for a meal within the last two years and of how the demand was of daily occurrence before that. There is a reason for the disappearance and the tramps know what it is. The city government is not conducted for the enrichment of office holders and the officials are content with their salaries, or at least, do not attempt to increase their own incomes by farming the city. The importance to the city of an honest mayor is out of proportion to his salary. But when a man so useful to the city and so single minded as Mayor Winnett, is willing to serve the city a second time he should not be allowed to doubt the unanimity of the citizens' willingness to accept his services.

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A City Detective.

A ferret is not the noblest kind of an animal. He is a terror to vermin because he can turn and twist and get into and out of just as small, dark, subterranean places as they can. The ferret has but one vocation. It is not a versatile, noble, social animal, generous and unsuspecting. He never sees a hole without diving into it in search of a rat which you may know that he catches by the squealing. Human ferrets are not gregarious, and they are commonly not esteemed by other members of their species, but they are a terror to vermin. Detective Malone of this city makes more arrests than any other officer, and by the squealing that follows his dives into this or that hole, his hunting efficiency may fairly be judged. He is not much of a criminologist. When he finds fairly good proof that a man has committed a crime he yanks him to the station. He considers criminals as the enemies of society and the longer the term and heavier the fine imposed on his prisoners, the better for society. He is trained to look only on one side. It is nothing to him that a chicken thief is the son of a chicken-thief and was brought up by a woman whose only objection to stealing was the danger of discovery. Long years of man-hunting dulls the hunter's susceptibilities, and detective Malone has suffered the annealing of his profession. By the squealing, by the absence of vermin, by isolated burglaries, by the comparative safety of lonesome, midnight streets, the effectiveness of the work which he does for the city is demonstrated.

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An English Woman's Love Letters.

Nobody but the publisher knows who wrote these letters and the writer does not know why her lover deserted her. One mystery is enough to make

a book. Here is an opulence of two mysteries in one book. Frank Stockton's story of The Lady and the Tiger made him famous, not because it has more literary excellence, is more piquant, and more thrilling than any other story he has written, but because it is a puzzle whose simple conditions may be solved one way in the morning and quite another way in the afternoon. And there is no

"answer in the book" upon which the mind may rest and turn to something else. No woman in literature was ever so much in love as the incognita of the Love Letters. Desdemona, Griselda, Juliet, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, not one ancient or modern heroine was so forgivingly, irrecoverably in love with one person. She idealizes her lover to an extent which, I think, makes him dread the daylight test of marriage and continual association. Men, from Jove to the modern prince, monopolize the wooing. Women woo them at the peril of losing them. The incognita's lover is a beefy unimaginative young Englishman who has no conception of the connection between literature and love, and of the extraordinary literary value of the letters he receives. It appears that she is affectionate towards him with an intensity and persistency incomprehensible. Only short extracts from his letters are printed, but they are not literary. Even Munsay's would not consider them a find. The young man's mother does not like his fiancee and induces him to postpone his wedding day several times and finally to write his bride breaking off their engagement. The young woman had no male relative who would interfere to insist upon at least an explanation and she died, not knowing why her fiancee had ceased to love her. She died from the effects of desertion and the mystery. She tells him there is no insanity in the stock and her family is of equal social consequence. But appeals which would affect a rock bring no response from the object of her adoration. Even when she is dying her brother can only obtain from the young man a message of "profoundly grateful remembrances." No fairy story of ogres or of giants who prefer a human diet, conveys an impression of such hardened heartedness. No lovely girl of twenty-one possessing beauty, imagination and literary ability to convey her love in superb expression is in love with the giant who only eats tender little children who trespass in his woods. The contrast of her love for her lover and her faith in him with his indifference for her suffering and his denial of love for her, makes him a monster of hideous mien.

The connection between love, dew-drops, breezes, flowers, sunsets and poetry and the effect of these plants and natural phenomena upon a woman in love has not, in modern times at least, been better expressed than by this English woman. Few who read the book can understand what she saw in the unresponsive cub; "the gallous young hound" to love and to die for. Whether the letters are genuine or only written anonymously by a writer for a publisher, it is certain that the author is a woman. No man author lets such a coward escape him without some sort of punishment. He could not keep his hands off him. Perhaps the woman who wrote the letters is convinced of the perfidy and essential cruelty of men and has imagined a man to fit her ideal. It is inconceivable that a man once in love with so fascinating, so true-hearted and so loving a woman could desert her, not loving any other woman and give her no reason at all for his change of heart. But inconceiv-

able things are happening all the time and it is not for me to say that a man as mean as the one to whom the English woman addressed her letters, a man presentable enough and interesting enough for her to fall in love with, in the first place, is an impossibility, but all previous experience and observation indicates that the English woman's villain is a chimera. --

When the ache of the last pages is alleviated the tenderness, scholarship, grace and imagination of the letter-writer can be appreciated. But the heart-breaking bravery of the last letters affect one for a long time.

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The Senatorial Situation.

The Thompson men having accepted the anti-Thompson call for a caucus, on the first meeting voted for Thompson. The anti-Thompson men, therefore left the meeting protesting that it was a republican caucus and that only men of "unquestioned loyalty to the principles of the republican party" were eligible even for nomination. Senators Steele and Olson, Representatives McCarthy, Whitmore, Broderick, Swanson, Evans, and Mendenhall declined to be members of a caucus in which Thompson's eligibility as a republican was conceded. The speeches in which the nine men announced their devotion to the party, and the subsequent withdrawal of seven men from the room was one of the most dramatic events in Nebraska legislative history. The sturdiness and loyalty to principle of the seven, and the ratification of their conduct by Messrs. Mendenhall and Sandall deserves an honorable place in our annals. It is thus that heroic traditions of a few citizens who saved a beleaguered city or brought water and ammunition to an almost conquered army, are kept alive and re-enacted for the emulation of youth and of future law-makers. It is not the many who are inspired to heroism but one man or two, seven or nine, are inspired to a noble and constant intrepidity. There is no board or secretary of war to recognize and reward their unselfish services to their country, but in this case all Nebraska not only points with pride to these men, but blushes with pleasure at her discrimination in selecting such men to represent her.

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The Saloon Keepers' Secret.

It has been demonstrated in Kansas that a woman with a hatchet determined to smash saloons can not be punished, because the saloons exist contrary to the law through the connivance of officials who are willing to break their oath to enforce the laws, influenced thereto by hope of political support or by the dollars of the saloon-keepers. Twenty five hundred people in Topeka held a meeting after Mrs. Nation had shown them the innocuous consequences of smashing plate glass windows, mirrors, which for some mysterious reason, no saloon can be run without, decanters and demijohns in Kansas saloons. This meeting decided that if it were so easy to prevent liquor selling in Kansas, that it was the duty of every real prohibitionist to imitate Mrs. Nation. There is no doubt that the saloon-keepers are very much embarrassed by the demonstration that any passer-by can smash their windows, mirrors and bottles with legal impunity. Men who attempt to smash a saloon are likely to be hit with fists, clubs or bullets, but the injured can always get the damages assessed against those who make unprovoked assaults on inoffensive people. The saloon-keeper can not allege that the plain-

tiff broke several hundred dollars' worth of saloon mirrors because in law the saloon does not exist. The Carrie Nation cure for saloons is likely to be tried in every prohibition state in the country, to the great financial loss of saloon-keepers. Mrs. Nation's lecturing and self advertisement and satisfaction in notoriety are distasteful to many who are anxious that the laws should be enforced, but it is likely that since she has showed Kansas how, prohibition will be less nominal and more real in Kansas. Mrs. Nation, who is now in Kansas, has found a new ally in the person of Dr. Jessie Green Donohue, the magnet woman, who has experience in the show business and is the owner of the prize big-horn steer Champion. She came to Des Moines to form a combination with Mrs. Nation and to help her in her business affairs. She thinks Mrs. Nation is being imposed upon, and is not getting the proceeds of her fame. Dr. Donohue will go to Kansas and manage the business end of the Carrie Nation show. Mrs. Nation is delighted with the prospect of the joint attraction.

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Sports and Chivalry.

"The Advocate" published by the Lincoln High-School Publishing Association, has an interesting editorial this week concerning some remarks in last week's Courier in regard to the courtesy shown the Omaha High-School faculty by Lincoln high-school boys in the audience assembled to witness a match game of basket-ball between the Lincoln and Omaha girls' basket-ball team. The Advocate intimates that the hissing was done "by eighth graders and freshies."

"In the last two weeks about one hundred and fifty students have entered the high school. Technically they are its members. In actual fact they have been there long enough to acquire enthusiasm, but not to learn what the principal and faculty are striving to teach, the manliness, courtesy and loyalty, which go to make up what we proudly call 'High-School spirit.'

Anyway the universal condemnation of the hissers and the hissing by the high-school scholars shows that The Courier was mistaken and that they are worth educating and are in a fair way to become useful, honorable and influential citizens of the city which is educating them.

Mr. Johnson, the editor of The Advocate, says of his school that it "is not a failure as a means of cultivating children into manly and womanly citizens. It is the only place, after the years of early home training, where such culture is possible. It is not taught, or not effectively taught, in the grades, for the children there are too young; they can not appreciate the meaning of individual responsibility; they are under a teacher's direct supervision and have no opportunity to discriminate between right and wrong courses of action. The university comes too late to teach this. In the high-school and particularly in this high-school under this Principal, who has the respect and backing of every decent boy and girl in it, such culture is going on. Courtesy is prized and unkindness and cowardice are despised. The scholars are fair-minded and generous. Though they make mistakes of ignorance or of thoughtlessness and impulse, they are never unkind nor afraid to repair evil when it is pointed out." * * * The self respect and loyalty of the school is aroused by criticism and such a sentiment has been created against rowdyism that even occasional traces of it will gradually be elimi-