

the mayors whose duty it was to receive the Prince and show him their towns. It is doubtful if there is an individual who disapproves who would not have done the same thing if he had been a mayor or an admiral or anything in the way of a large enough representative functionary to receive a prince. A prince is a curiosity, a survival of feudal times; to Americans he is a rare historical relic, and partakes of the sacredness of relics whose usefulness has long ago passed away, but which retain the consecrating effect of institutions and implements which have been precious to our ancestors.

This Prince was such a genial, simple-hearted, cordial man that if princes had been commoner, as they seem likely to become in America, we should not have thought of courtesying to him. He went to all the parties and dinners and ate samples of all the interminable terrapin, canvas-back, crabs and oysters that were set before him. He was tired as a hunting dog before he could start for home, but he never said so, and his poor stomach was in rebellion, but he did not complain. He was here for the purpose of making friends with the Americans and he made thousands and hundreds of thousands of admiring friends. He showed the Americans how nice a very nice prince can be. There is nothing we really admire more than pluck, and Prince Henry is a sportsman through and through. The dinners and things bored him, but he wore an expression of delighted surprise and as if he was having no end of a good time tasting things he had never before been able to afford. For all this we are duly grateful, and that he got away without being hurt by an imported anarchist we are profoundly thankful.

His visit was the result of Emperor William's happy inspiration. There is no doubt that the friendly feeling it expressed and with which it was received has already put the two nations on friendlier terms, and that if an international discussion should arise it will be treated in consequence by the representatives and congresses of both nations with less prejudice and less of national predisposition to offense and jingoism. But this is all. Prince Henry's visit has not the vast meaning and threat of a Germanic-American alliance imagined by the newspaper correspondents of France, Spain and Italy. We were proud and happy to see him and glad that he got safely away, and it is very gratifying to the people to know that so great, powerful and growing a nation as Germany is anxious to be friends with us. The Prince's visit was expensive to America, though it is inhospitable and mean to mention it now. But it did not cost as much as the first shots of a war would cost, and two nations who go armed or with a large number of fighting men within call, need all the store of good feeling they can lay up in the times when they do not both happen to want the same strip of country.

And Prince Henry, as if by chance, occasionally said a word to the German American that he is likely to remember and which may influence the training of his children. In Boston when he was presented to a prominent German-American who spoke to him in English, he said to him: "Why don't you speak German? It is a very nice language for you and your children to speak." The splendid literature of Germany is unknown to many of the children of German parents because they have not acquired the German language and their parents did not insist upon their use of it at home when they might have acquired it without effort in the early days when it is so easy to assimilate learning and languages especially.

America is poorer for this letting go of a great language and of a noble literature by German emigrants. For all true literature is an inspiration to life. The result of bringing two living languages together is the enrichment of both. It is truly said that no man can speak and think effectually in

more than one language. But the man who as a child spoke the language of his parents and at the same time learned at school and from his playmates the language of the country to which his parents had immigrated possesses an enriched vocabulary and a wider horizon in correspondence. And in such a man's mind the co-existence of two languages affects them both and if there are many such men the German and English tongues would reflect the adjacency. Prince Henry's advice to the German father was very wise. His boys and girls will learn English anyway. But their rich teutonic inheritance can only be preserved to them by early parental foresight.

I saw in Chicago while the Prince was passing an old peasant woman from the Black Forest region wiping her eyes. The Prince was giving the military salute with his right and his left hand to both sides of the crowded streets through which his carriage was passing. The old woman had never seen the Prince when she lived in Germany, but he was the German and the brother of the head of the state. Her old face was convulsed with emotion at the sight of him; of such immeasurable and unexpected depth is patriotism. The old woman did not know exactly why she cried when the debonair Prince passed by, but she saw the forest of her childhood, saw her mother and her father and the little house where they all lived together, and she threw her apron over her head and fled down the street overcome by an emotion which the city crowd, come out to see a prince, had not experienced.

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#### Prohibition

What has become of the ancient and pathetic story of the rich saloon-keeper and the poor drunkard? The rich saloon keeper rode in a carriage past the shrinking drunkard's wife carrying home a bundle of freshly-

laundered clothes. In another version the shrinking wife with a shawl thrown over her head, which she was too poor even to pin together at the throat, calls at the magnificent dwelling of the haughty saloon keeper. Her feet sink into the pile of a carpet at least an inch thick, and as her heart fills with the bitterness suggested by this magnificence and her own squalor she reproaches the wife of the saloon-keeper with her husband's calling. The story has faded out of juvenile and tract literature but the impression of a saloon-keeper's opulence remains. There are no rich saloon keepers in Lincoln. Elsewhere they may still ride to their bars in coupes and victorias displaying a dazzling little finger and shirt-front.

In Nebraska under the high license law the saloon keepers must pay a thousand dollars a year and in Lincoln they compete with fifty druggists, more or less, who sell liquor, but pay no license. By strict economy the saloon keeper in Lincoln can make enough money to support a family modestly. He can not flaunt a carriage or Turkish rugs. The temperance agitators have accomplished much of the sweeping reform they believe is possible. But prohibition is still a theory. Topeka is full of dives where boys are lured in greater numbers because they are illegal. The prohibitionists say there are no saloons to speak of in Kansas, yet Mrs. Nation smashed the bars of a great many. The Kansas saloon keepers pay no revenue to the state but they do pay a tax to the politicians who prevent their places from being raided by the police. Even the governor of Kansas is afraid of the saloon politicians and the immense immunity fund provided by the saloon keepers of a prohibition state. His demoralization when Mrs. Nation appeared before him and asked him some blunt questions revealed the complete subjugation of even the highest Kansas officials to the rum power.

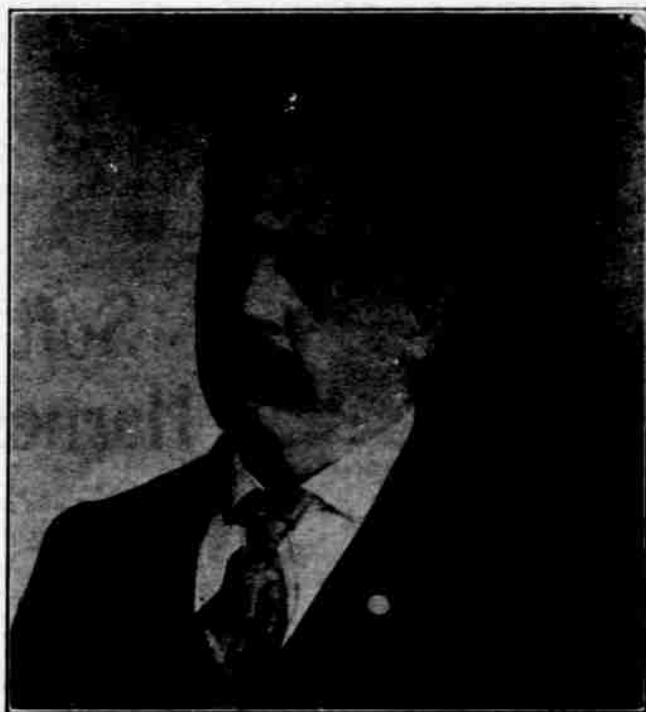
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#### A Budget of Letters

Our genial Dr. Ruth Wood has published a budget of letters, beginning with one from California and continuing with many from England and the continent. A modest dedicatory page begs readers with this-book-hand to cast aside the critic's eye, quite an unnecessary request, for upon dipping into the book one is fascinated by the sunny narrative, and one hears Dr. Wood's sympathetic voice relating her adventures by land and sea. These reflections of the Doctor's are sui generis.

The personal note is struck, the note of humanity—and to it all human things respond—and the reader will not be willing to let such an outside barbarian as the critic interpose between himself and the interest of the author's glimpses of wayfarers and cathedrals. After three months of London, its sightseeing alternated with visits to clinics and hospitals, follows a stay in a charming villa at Nice. "There's something in a name, be sure of that," Mercy Vint said. "So with me hearing 'Mercy! Mercy!' called out after me so many years, I do think the quality hath got under my skin." Ruth the Gleaner springs into view as one counts Dr. Ruth's sheaves of travel—in Paris at the exposition, in Brussels, in Berlin, Vienna, Munich, in Venice and Rome, these are all names to conjure by. To our traveler, they are as her portion of daily bread from which she gives a generous share to us at home. Perhaps the author's enjoyment is most manifest in rural England and in Switzerland—there she paints many a landscape and sky-scapes for us, and adds a graphic history of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and you will linger with her in contemplation of the grand and awful scenes in our Masters life.

A cheerful spirit breathes throughout the letters. It is also the practical spirit of a live American. On page 89 you are pleased to discover in Paris an English speaking coachman, No. 13179, and you will be sure to send around to the Compagnie des Petites Voitures to engage him.



O. C. BELL.

Much in the debt of O. C. Bell is the order of Sons and Daughters of Protection, of which he is serving the second term as supreme secretary. A year ago when individuality, if not the very life of the organization, was threatened by a coalition with the Bankers Union of the World, it was he who was able to muster the facts that served for its salvation. He thwarted the plans of the officials and as a result the Sons and Daughters of Protection were able to maintain their society.

Thirty years ago he came to Lincoln from Illinois. He was born January 9, 1847, in Cass county, Ind. The civil war aroused his martial spirit and he enlisted December 8, 1863, not having reached sufficient age to enlist earlier. He was mustered out on August 31, 1865. He moved to Lincoln on February 1, 1872, and on December 10, 1874, was married to Minnie D. Polly. When he came to Lincoln it was to act for a boot and shoe firm, the second one in Lincoln. Afterwards he was six years with a retail and wholesale crockery firm, that of D. H. Andrews. He was appointed deputy county clerk on February 1, 1880; was elected county clerk and took the office on January 8, 1886, and was re-elected in 1888. In November, 1890, he was appointed deputy secretary of state. On July 16, 1891, he was made receiver of the First National bank of Red Cloud. On June 1, 1899, he was elected supreme secretary of the Sons and Daughters of Protection, and on January 16, 1901, he was re-elected. He is also prominent in other fraternal societies, being a member of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen of America, Royal Highlanders, Tribe of Ben Hur, and American Order of Protection. He also is a member of the G. A. R.