

have thus far expressed themselves the majority appear to be in favor of voting the bonds.

The short poem, "Recognition," which appeared in the last issue of THE COURIER was written by Mrs. Isabelle Richey of Plattsmouth. THE COURIER hopes to receive other contributions from this gifted lady.

Mrs. Richey, by the way, has just had published a charming little book of poetry, "A Harp of the West," a volume that bespeaks the growing culture of this section. There is true poetic art and fervor in her verses, and "A Harp of the West," attuned to many graceful songs, will add to the measure of Nebraska's literary credit. Carl Smith in Sunday's *World-Herald* made public some of his recent work, some of the poems being of a somewhat ambitious form. Much improvement is to be noticed in the work of this clever young Omahan.

Mr. Bryan, though no longer a congressman, is still an idol as was evidenced by the reception he received on the occasion of his home coming Tuesday. Such an ovation as was tendered to him might turn the head of a public man not properly seasoned and caloused. Mr. Bryan delivered an address in the Funke opera house in the evening. It was the proudest moment of his life, he said, and then after trying to make it appear that there was some good in the Fifty-third congress he commenced his familiar monologue on Jefferson. It is unnecessary to state that the ex-congressman covered the memory of the great statesman with glowing wreaths. He approves of Jefferson most heartily. Then he closed with a discussion of the silver question. Mr. Bryan has improved steadily as a public speaker since he first went to Washington.

The Civic Federation very wisely deferred expressing a preference for any candidate until all four political parties had held their conventions. The action finally taken meets the approval of good citizens; the federation is to be commended for its conservatism and good judgment.

An article contributed to THE COURIER and published a couple of weeks ago occasioned the following comment in the *Journal*. "The advanced ladies are beginning to criticise each other, which is a good sign. Some are beginning to throw little darts of ridicule at the clubwomen who sit and listen three mortal hours to 'papers' on things in general from their lady acquaintances at the clubs, and wonder if a mere man would ever hold down a chair that long to listen to the burning thoughts of his brother men. Others are laughing at the presumption of Miss Frances Williard in covering a whole side of a newspaper in telling people how she learned to bestride and ride a bicycle. The ladies begin to suspect, perhaps, that they are taking themselves a little too seriously. Now, this betokens the sprouting of genuine reform."

HOW THEY GET 'EM.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay \$5 for a lamp like that? It's outrageous, and I won't pay it!

The Astute Salesman—You forget, ma'lame, that the price has been reduced to \$4.99.

The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—Oh, very well, then; I'll take it.

TRILBY'S "LITTLE BILLEE."

[With apologies to William M. Thackeray.]

There were three friends of London City, who studied art in gay Paree—there was Cockpen's Laird and Yorkshire Taffy, and the youngest he was Little Billee.

Now these three chaps all fell in love with the self same girl, a grizette, Trilbee; the Laird's love Platonic and Taffy's Byronic, but the worst of all was Little Billee.

Then there was another, to complicate matters, a horrible creature named Svengalee; a German by birth, a musician by trade, who was also in love with charming Trilbee.

Now this beautiful maid, I regret to mention, was not overburdened with modesty, but she had a straight foot without mark or blemish, and she sang "Ben Bolt" quite remarkablee. Says Cockpen's Laird to Yorkshire Taffy, "We're old and tough; us can't get she;

"There's Little Bill, he's young and tender, so let's withdraw in favor of he." But just as Trilby had quite decided to wed no other than Little Billee, his patrician mother and clerical uncle came over the channel quite hurriedlee.

"O Bill, we never can let you wed her, you must pack up your grip and come home with we." When Bill received this information he used his pocket handkerchee.

But home he went as his mother bade him and painted Old Masters quite diligentlee, though ever after 'twas plain to be seen there was something wrong with his top storee.

Well, time passed on, "a way time has," with Laird and Taffy and Little Billee till they happened one day to hear the name of a wonderful singer, "La Svengalee."

Says Cockpen's Laird to Yorkshire Taffy, "I should like to hear her reach high Z." To the Laird o' Cockpen says Yorkshire Taffy, "We've heard all the rest, let's go hear she."

But scarce had she reached the ninth octavee when all of a tremble grew Little Billee; "The voice has somewhat grown out of my knowledge, but those are the toes of my lost Trilbee."

'Twas true for there with baton in hand stood her horrid old husband, "Svengalee," for her voice was built up on the music-box plan by this wretched old fakir who held the key.

Well, the scheme collapsed as all fakes do, for Beelzebub needed old Svengalee; so one night, as Trilby was singing Ben Bolt, he whisked him down to his "ain countree."

But, alas, poor Trilby alone on the stage was unable to tell high X from low C—the galleries hissed, to the rescue came the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee.

You know the rest, how Trilby died, for she really couldn't have married all three. Taffy took him a wife, like a sensible man, and the angels made off with "Little Billee."

CLARA V. TOWNSEND.

A REALISTIC POEM.

Witticusse—What do you think of these "Lines to a Gas Company.

Pitticusse—The metre is false.

Witticusse—That's done intentionally to make it realistic.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE