

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

own satisfaction. His communication appears elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Babson, for that is the writer's name, is a brave man. For it takes a brave man in this day of aggressive womanhood to proclaim, over his own signature, that woman is subordinate to man. Mr. Babson thinks it is a "dangerous presumption" for woman to claim to be man's equal and suggests that she may soon claim to be God's equal. I would not like to be in Mr. Babson's place when the women have read his article. He is quite likely to find that, if she is subordinate, woman can make things mighty lively when she once gets stirred up. The closing part of Mr. Babson's communication will undoubtedly be taken to mean that God and man are on something like an equality, with woman practically the same distance beneath both. This may prove to be a "dangerous presumption" on Mr. Babson's part.

It is surprising that Sandy Griswold, the gentlemanly sporting editor of the *Bee*, did not make an effort to secure the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight for the Ak-Sar-Ben town. Now Omaha would be a good place for the fight. Probably if the fight were to be held right in Omaha Mr. Griswold might win back some of the money he lost on Sullivan when the California pugilist won the championship. But it is not on this ground that I would like to see Omaha get the fight. Omaha is used to just such exhibitions as Messrs. Corbett and Fitzsimmons will put up, and the pugs of the country would find a cordial reception awaiting them at the hands of the gay gentlemen who, but a little time since, were sporting around as real Knights. The proximity of South Omaha and Mr. Rosewater and Mr. Hitchcock has done much to educate the people of Omaha to a proper appreciation of real, first-class, *swell* sport such as a prize fight. The fight would be a fitting sequel to the great glory of the Feast of Mondamin, and do much to keep the old town from stagnating. It would attract a crowd and give the *Bee* another opportunity to express its contempt for the "country yokels." It would be a good thing for McTague's and Maurer's and Schlitz's place, and all the grogeries in town would do a rushing business. It would give Mr. Crane a subject for one of his famous pulpit editorials. It would "advertise Omaha in the east," as it was advertised by Mr. Rosewater on the occasion of the alleged riots. It would give the people of the metropolis something to think about and talk about. But all this cannot be. The next best thing would be to arrange a match between Mr. Rosewater and Mr. Hitchcock. If such an affair could be arranged and the public were assured that it would be a fight to a finish, the one coming out alive to give bonds to keep the peace thereafter, it would draw from all parts of the state, and be a big thing. The idea is worth considering.

The delegates from the women's federated clubs of Nebraska were here for two days. If any one had the idea that a club woman is something gaunt and ugly it was dissipated at the sight of them. Probably no finer looking audience ever assembled in Lincoln. It was impossible to pick out those from the western part of the state, for all were

equally well dressed and distinguished by the air *savior faire* that is supposed to reside only in cities. Most of the speakers were clear and forcible. They knew what they wished to say, and when they had said it they stopped—a characteristic of an old, and not of a new, civilization. Occasionally a sophomoric sentence or two, or one not quite clear would escape, but these lapses were rare. The next decade will see a remarkable growth of interest in these women's meetings and I do not belong to a prophetic family either. The clubs are studying history, art, sociology and literature. The delegates showed by their purity of style and precision of thought that these subjects had been digested, not bolted nor crammed.

There is one thing that co-education in business and college and art may do for women—and may that happy consummation soon arrive,—and that is, teach her to take herself less consciously, with less surprise at her wonderful achievements. It was tiresome at the opening of the World's fair to hear Mrs. Potter Palmer dilate upon the strides women had taken in the last hundred years. In another building a man was congratulating the world upon the advance mankind (meaning everything human everywhere) had made. To talk so much about woman's first steps calls attention to the fact that she is beginning to walk and really does not do it very well. Let them let all that alone and do their work or make their speeches as well as they can and let men admire or criticize or ignore as they please. The procession is going to proceed just the same. How funny it would be and how the other men would laugh at him if a man should grow eloquent over the fact that *fathers* had made government and law and pointed the way with a loving finger up morality's steep path. Women are so much in earnest that they do not see the bathos of remarks like the foregoing.

Many were very sorry that Mrs. Peattie declined to be a candidate for president for the ensuing year. She made a graceful, feminine and withal effective chairman. *La petite Madame* Peattie is a most fitting president of women's clubs. She is the most feminine of women. Perhaps for this very reason she never insists that she is a woman or asks any favors or demands any admiration. The fascination of her pretty ways and sometimes apparently inconsequent words swayed the meetings.

On Friday the meeting endorsed Mrs. Peattie by a rising vote for the position of regent. If the regents were entirely composed of women the men of this state would want a man on the board. If he had the culture and rare intelligence of Mrs. Peattie so much the better. But they would insist that the board was lacking in virility and would vote for their candidate first and last because of his masculinity.

On Friday afternoon the federation decided to establish a state circulating library. The plan is as follows: The clubs that have no access to libraries or to incomplete and inadequate ones are to send a list of the subjects they require to the state federation librarian. She will purchase books treating of the designated subjects and distribute them

to the various clubs. The next year the clubs will exchange subjects and books. Mrs. Peattie was elected librarian and a collection of twenty dollars was taken up. The librarian was given authority to select a committee of five to assist her. The presidents of the clubs were requested to ask each member for a contribution of ten cents for the purchase of books. Such a library was started in New York state some years ago and has proved valuable. Probably it will be as much used at least as any city library. The books will be carefully selected and read as a student reads. If the railroads will help distribute them the project is in a fair way to succeed.

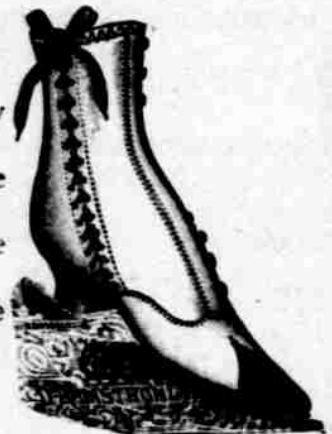
Several years ago a young lady from Burlington, Iowa, went to New York city to study singing. Her master was one of the best teachers in this country. After she had studied with him for a year or two he said to her, "I can teach you no more." She asked him if she would not better go abroad and he said, "Perhaps." The master told one of her friends what was the matter. He said: "That girl has wonderful vocal organs; her chest, her throat, her mouth were made to sing a noble song, but her head and her heart are commonplace. She can not think, she can not feel. How can she make others do either? The works of Shakspeare, of Wagner, of Verdi are just words and notes to her. If she go abroad and study with some great artist he can only put an outside polish on, he can never affect her mind or heart." So the young lady came back to Burlington and sometimes the organ tones that rolled out from her deep, full chest affected her audience, but not often. She herself felt there was something lacking and was disappointed, but she did not suffer as a great soul does when the accomplishment of beauty is denied it.

The wonderful thing about the Dovey children is their appreciation of the beautiful and the true. They leave the cheap, unworthy music entirely alone. They sing only the best. What is more wonderful still they make a chance listener whose ears are stopped to all but primitive, elementary sounds, hear their melodious message. It needs the pen of a Du Maurier to describe the singing of these sisters. When they sing "I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Grows," you can see and smell the violets and cow-slips growing, and you can see the fairy prince sleeping there. Above all you see these things with the eyes of a delighted and imaginative child and the pleasure is exquisite, if it be only reminiscent. However you explain it, still the wonder grows, How can these children sing with such selection, such delicate feeling? Miss Terry, a young musician has been with them for a year, has taught them how to sing and how to put a song into the heart of the dumb. She sang the other day at Mrs. Campbell's "A Summer Night." Clara Morris, before she turned so ugly, could not awaken emotion as Miss Terry does with this song. It describes,—that's a poor word; it produces, a summer night, a boat gently gliding, two lovers, a long kiss, and afterwards the lady's forgetting. If the reproachful lover sang his song as Miss Terry sang it the cruel lady would throw over the Czar of all the Russias to be in his arms again. She, not the cruel lady, but Miss Terry, sings as easily and intelligibly as if she were talking. She is a great artist with all the fire and the flame that the Burlington girl lacked. She breathes with such economy that she has always an immense reservoir to draw upon, and when she fetches a high note it is with perfect security. The audience never feels that they are going to have a gasping, suffering soloist on their hands in a minute.



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