

all did their great work after they were forty years old. Poe never did his great work. He could not endure the hunger. This year the Drexel Institute has put over sixty thousand dollars into a new edition of Poe's poems and stories. He himself never got six thousand for them altogether. If one of the great and learned institutions of the land had invested one tenth of that amount in the living author forty years ago we should have had from him such works as would have made the name of this nation great. But he sold "The Masque of the Red Death" for a few dollars, and now the Drexel Institute pays a publisher thousands to publish it beautifully. It is enough to make Satan laugh until his ribs ache, and all the little devils laugh and heap on fresh coals. I don't wonder they hate humanity. It's so dense, so hopelessly stupid.

Only a few weeks before Poe's death he said he had never had time or opportunity to make a serious effort. All his tales were merely experiments, thrown off when his day's work as a journalist was over, when he should have been asleep. All those voyages into the mystical unknown, into the gleaming, impalpable kingdom of pure romance from which he brought back such splendid trophies, were but experiments. He was only getting his tools into shape getting ready for his great effort, the effort that never came.

Bread seems a little thing to stand in the way of genius, but it can. The simple sordid facts were these, that in the bitterest storms of winter Poe seldom wrote by a fire, that after he was twenty-five years old he never knew what it was to have enough to eat without dreading tomorrow's hunger. Chatterton had only himself to sacrifice, but Poe saw the woman he loved die of want before his very eyes, die smiling and begging him not to give up his work. They saw the depths together in those long winter nights when she lay in that cold room, wrapped in Poe's only coat, he, with one hand holding hers, and with the other dashing off some of the most perfect masterpieces of English prose. And when he would wince and turn white at her coughing, she would always whisper: "Work on, my poet, and when you have finished read it to me. I am happy when I listen." O, the devotion of women and the madness of art! They are the two most awesome things on earth, and surely this man knew both to the full.

I have wondered so often how he did it. How he kept his purpose always clean and his taste always perfect. How it was that hard labor never wearied nor jaded him, never limited his imagination, that the jarring clamor about him never drowned the fine harmonies of his fancy. His discrimination remained always delicate, and from the constant strain of toil his fancy always rose strong and unfettered. Without encouragement or appreciation of any sort, without models or precedents he built up that pure style of his that is without peer in the language, that style of which every sentence is a drawing by Vedder. Elizabeth Barrett and a few great artists over in France knew what he was doing, they knew that in literature he was making possible a new heaven and a new earth. But he never knew that they knew it. He died without the assurance that he was or ever would be understood. And yet through all this, with the whole world of art and letters against him, betrayed by his own people, he managed to keep that lofty ideal of perfect work. What he suffered never touched or marred his work, but it wrecked his character. Poe's character was made by his necessity. He was a liar and an egotist; a man who had to beg for bread at the hands of his

publishers and critics could be nothing but a liar, and had he not had the insane egotism and conviction of genius, he would have broken down and written the drivelling trash that his countrymen delighted to read. Poe lied to his publishers sometimes, there is no doubt of that, but there were two to whom he was never false, his wife and his muse. He drank sometimes too, when for very ugly and relentless reasons he could not eat. And then he forgot what he suffered. For Bacchus is the kindest of the gods after all. When Aphrodite has fooled us and left us and Athene has betrayed us in battle, then poor tipsy Bacchus, who covers his head with vine leaves where the curls are getting thin, out his cup to us and says, "forget." Its poor consolation, but he means it well.

The Transcendentalists were good conversationalists, that in fact was their principal accomplishment. They used to talk a great deal of genius, that rare and capricious spirit that visits earth so seldom, that is wooed by so many, and won by so few. They had grand theories that all men should be poets, that the visits of that rare spirit should be made as frequent and universal as afternoon calls. O, they had plans to make a whole generation of little geniuses. But she only laughed her scornful laughter, that deathless lady of the immortals, up in her echoing chambers that are floored with dawn and roofed with the spangled stars. And she snatched from them the only man of their nation she had ever deigned to love, whose lips she had touched with music and whose soul with song. In his youth she had shown him the secrets of her beauty and his manhood had been one pursuit of her, blind to all else, like Anchises, who on the night that he knew the love of Venus, was struck sightless, that he might never behold the face of a mortal woman. For Our Lady of Genius has no care for the prayer and groans of mortals, nor for their hecatombs sweet of savor. Many a time of old she has foiled the plans of seers and none may entreat her or take her by force. She favors no one nation or clime. She takes one from the millions, and when she gives herself unto a man it is without his will or that of his fellows, and he pays for it, dear heaven, he pays!

"The sun comes forth and many reptiles spawn,
He sets and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered unto death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again."

Yes, "and the immortal stars awake again." None may thwart the unerring justice of the gods, not even the Transcendentalists. What matter that one man's life was miserable, that one man was broken on the wheel? His work lives and his crown is eternal. That the work of his age was undone, that is the pity, that the work of his youth was done, that is the glory. The man is nothing. There are millions of men. The work is everything. There is so little perfection. We lament our dearth of poets when we let Poe starve. We are like the Hebrews who stoned their prophets and then marvelled that the voice of God was silent. We will wait a long time for another. There are Griswold and N. P. Willis, our chosen ones, let us turn to them. Their names are forgotten. God is just. They are, "Gathered unto death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again."

COLO. SPRINGS AND PUEBLO.

On August 12th the Union Pacific will sell round trip tickets to above points at one fare. Full information given at City Ticket office 1044 O street.
E. B. SLOSSON, J. T. MASTIN,

Woempner for paints and oils, 139 S. 10



THE LINCOLN SALT BATHS

SULPHO-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM

COR 14 AND M.

All forms of baths, Turkish, Russian Roman and Electric.

WITH SPECIAL ATTENTION

To the application of natural and salt water baths for the cure **Rheumatism** and **Skin**, Blood and Nervous diseases. A special department for surgical cases and diseases peculiar to women.

DRS. M. H. AND J. O. EVERETT
Managing Physicians.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
PREMIUM PALE BEER

Delivered

AT \$1.00 PER DOZEN

IN ANY PART OF THE CITY.

H. WOLTEMADE

PHONE 187. 117 N. 9TH STREET.

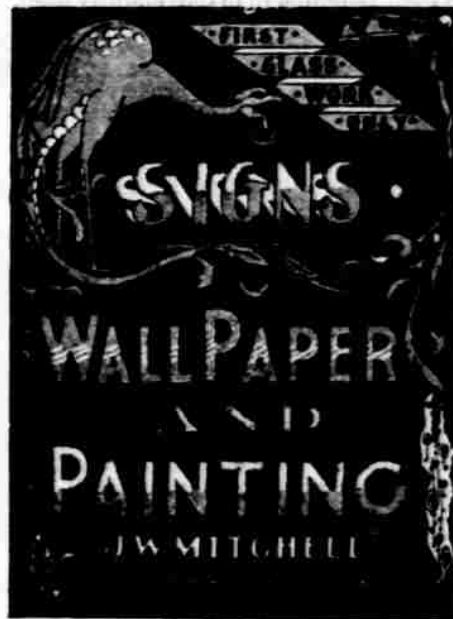
MR. C. BRUCE SMITH

Instructor in voice culture or

SINGING

501 and 502 Brace building

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 2:30 P. M. AND BY APPOINTMENT



WHOLESALE and RETAIL
1338 O Street. Telephone 237
LINCOLN, NEB

AGENTS WANTED.

[Either Sex.]

By the Banker's Alliance of California. Combined life and accident insurance in the same policy or separate. Insures either sex.

S. J. DENNIS,
Room 4, 115 North Eleventh street.

THE BOYS

WHO LIKE GOOD EATING

A&L GO TO

FRANCIS BROS. 1418 O STREET

They get something

To eat

For their Money.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR WHEELMEN.

COOPER'S ICE WAGONS

are the only ice wagons handling

GENUINE BLUE RIVER ICE.

Telephones 583 and 909

Hunter Printing
COMPANY . .

GENERAL PRINTERS

South half . . .
CALL BUILDING

Having secured from the Courier Publishing Co. all copper plates heretofore controlled by them, we shall be pleased to fill orders for Engraved Cards and Wedding Stationery on short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

100 CARDS AND PLATE - \$2.50
100 CARDS WITHOUT PLATE 1.50

Latest Styles
Elegant Work

HUNTER PRINTING CO.,

223 No. 11th Street.

FINE SHOES

WARNER & WOLFINGER

Gincinnati Shoe Store.

1120 O St.



\$5 TO CALIFORNIA

Is our Sleeping Car Rate on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions from Council Bluffs Omaha or Lincoln to Los Angeles or San Francisco via the Scenic Route and Ogden. Car leaves Des Moines every Friday, and sleeping car rate from there is \$5.50.

You have through sleeper, and the Phillips' management has a special agent accompany the excursion each week, and you will save money and have excellent accomodation, as the cars have upholstered spring seats, are Pullman build, and appointments perfect.

Address for full particulars,

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A. Chicago.

CHAS. KENNEDY, Gen. W. Pass. A.

C. A. RUTHERFORD, G. P. & T. A.
1045 O St. Cor. 11th, Lincoln, Neb