

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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

and men transported to heaven in flaming chariots. Not one of these things is more remarkable or more miraculous than the feat which Schlatter claims to be able to perform. If Schlatter really is what he says, he is and has the power to do what he says he can do, and what a good many people believe he can do, then we may as well pitch all the medical books into the fire, and the physicians may as well close their offices. We would not have to bother with the ordinary methods of curing disease. And not only in this one direction, but in all others, there would no longer be such a thing as impossibility. In the time of miracles all things were possible and if we are again in the age of miracles then again all things are possible. It is really astonishing how many people who are reasonably sane believe in Schlatter. There is in the human mind an inherent bent towards the supernatural and miraculous. People want to believe in these things, and when there are a few supporting incidents as in the case of Schlatter, they are readily convinced that the chimera is a fact. It is not good to suffer, and I sincerely hope Schlatter is genuine and that miracles have come again. There was a time, not very far back, when a great many people believed the rain makers could touch off a little powder and make rain. Now, a great many people believe Schlatter can, with his magnetic touch, make the deaf to hear, the blind to see and the lame whole. A little time and I am afraid Schlatter will take his place with the rain makers. Magnetism alone will not cure. Man does not perform miracles. We must still submit to the slow and not over certain processes of the practical M. D., and be content to get along without the flaming chariot. I hope I may be mistaken.

A friend writes to give a word of approval of THE COURIER's remarks on the subject of divorce and to urge the further agitation of the subject. He says in part:

"I have been unfortunate enough to have been concerned in considerable litigation. I know what the delay is in the ordinary suit at law, and I know what the facility in making divorces is in our courts. I have seen the judges of our district court actually interrupt pending proceedings to consider an application for divorce and grant a decree. It seems to me the least the judges could do would be to insist that divorce cases be made to take their turn and be heard in regular order, and not rushed through in utter disregard of propriety and morality."

What this correspondent says is true. There is a shameless and indecent haste in sundering marital ties that other ill-assorted and more or less immoral matches may be made. Last week, in addition to calling attention to some cases here at home, I cited the Yznaga incident, where the woman, called by the newspapers a "society queen," informed her husband that she had tired of him and loved another, the Count Zichy, and thereupon set about to obtain a divorce for the express purpose of marrying the count. Apropos somebody writes a letter to the New York Sun that is interesting as explaining the Catholic idea of divorce. It is as follows:

To the editor of the Sun—Sir: In the Sun of the 29th inst. appeared a short article announcing the reported engagement of Miss Mabel Wright, recently divorced from Fernando Yznaga of New York, to Count Zichy of Hungary, which concludes with the following words: "He (Zichy) is a devout Catholic and attends mass at St. Patrick's cathedral every morning." As the marriage of any baptized person who has been "divorced" from a valid marriage has always been, in the eyes of the Catholic church, merely an adulterous union, the inconsistency of the above quotation with the report of the marriage of Count Zichy must, at first blush and unexplained, greatly scandalize Protestants, and cause Catholics utterly to disbelieve the accuracy of your statement. Protestants constantly deny the fact that the Catholic Church cannot and never has recognized divorce from the sacrament of marriage, with the right to remarry during the lifetime of either party, and they are very fond of quoting a limited number of cases where Catholics have remarried as examples of the "ability of the Church to bow to expediency." They do this because they are ignorant of the facts in these cases, which made their first marriages invalid from the beginning. They are surprised or incredulous according to the extent of individual prejudice, when told by Catholics that even if the Pope should grant divorce from a valid marriage with the permission to remarry, such decree would be of no account, and that the Pope himself would become accessory to the sin of adultery which would follow. The Church has not the power to undo "what God has joined together." In order, therefore, to prevent the marriage of Count Zichy, if it take place, from being added as another example of the duplicity of the Church in the minds and memories of Protestants, and in order to avert a great scandal from those Catholics who may not know the facts in the case, I offer the only possible explanation of how this marriage may take place and Count Zichy still remain a Catholic. This explanation is a very simple one. Miss Mabel Wright married Fernando Yznaga after he had been divorced from his wife, who is still living; this second marriage of Yznaga was, in the eyes of the Church, an invalid one, and the second Mrs. Yznaga is considered, therefore, by the same authority a single woman. If she be married by a Catholic priest and were a Catholic, the Church would use that form of the marriage service which she reserves for those only who contract a first marriage. It is not difficult to predict that this marriage will not take place except with the sanction of the Catholic Church, for otherwise neither Count Zichy or his wife would be received at the Austrian court, and would therefore, be ostracised by society both in Vienna and Budapest.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LAYMAN

Under date of Nov. 2 Bishop Bonacum sent a circular letter to the priests of this diocese in which he said, among other things: "As there is no religious question involved in the state campaign in Nebraska this year, and as the best policy to pursue towards the misguided men known as the 'American Protective association' is to ignore them entirely, I must regard the appeal of this man Brennan (editor of a Catholic newspaper in Sioux City) as not only inopportune, but also impertinent. While not desiring to infringe in the least upon your individual rights of suffrage it is my wish (and in this wish I but re-echo the decrees of the third plenary council of Baltimore, No. 83) that you abstain absolutely from all political agitation, being mindful that you are a debtor to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, to the wise and the unwise." (Romans 1:4)"

The above is in line with the conservative policy so often followed by the bishop, and it struck many people as a very reasonable, broad minded declaration. It was accepted quite generally as an honest and sincere declaration.

Perhaps it was. Somehow it does not jibe very well with certain later developments. As a matter of fact on Monday and for a day or two before a number of priests from outside of Lincoln were in the city, as one of them said, at the express command of the bishop for the definite purpose of using the authority and influence of the church against two candidates on the republican ticket. The conduct of these priests was certainly about as near political agitation as it could well be. One of the priests told my informant that the order to come to Lincoln issued at about the same time that the bishop's letter appeared.

Captain Guilfoyle was a good many years in Fort Robinson, and altogether has seen a rather long service in Uncle Sam's army. During all this time and up to a few weeks ago the country at large had never heard of him. Whatever may have been his faults or good qualities he remained in obscurity—so far as the outside world, the people outside of the army, was concerned. He may have been a capital officer; he may have been a popinjay; he may, indeed, have been as fierce a warrior as the Little Corporal himself, or as gentle and ingratiating as the naval hero Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.; but the strong light of publicity, the glare of national fame, did not seek him out. He pursued the more or less hum-drum tenor of his way undisturbed by notoriety or the distressing attentions of Dame Rumor. Captain Guilfoyle was no doubt a man of distinction; but until he came to Lincoln he was not much talked about. Now, within a few weeks this army officer is known from one end of the country to the other. The captain and his little story are the subject of editorial comment in the leading newspapers of the country, and wherever two or three men are gathered together the captain is talked about. I doubt not all of this has been intensely disagreeable to Captain Guilfoyle. It isn't pleasant to be the subject of amused discussion. How the captain must have anathematized that button; for it was a button, just a little bit of a button, not a gaudy, decorative, flamboyant button, but a plain, ordinary, everyday button, that caused all of the trouble. It is generally the little things that cause the biggest rumpuses in this world. Last week The Courier endeavored to drop the curtain on the captain and the wonderful and diverting tale of a button, but the country objected. The tale is being told and retold, and nothing can stop it. In this tale of a button is much material for the philosopher, the socialist and the humorist. You can get almost anything out of it you want. In all of the discussion, however, I think the one basic point has been overlooked. Many morals have been pointed out, but the first and foremost lesson taught by this tale of a button has not been regarded. The essence of the lesson taught is—sew on your own buttons. Had the captain possessed the ability and the inclination to sew on the detached button himself instead of asking for outside assistance

and followed that inclination all would have been well. There would have been no sensation and there would have been no occasion for that epigram that will never be forgotten in Lincoln. "What the lady said I said, I said." The captain would today be without the notoriety that attaches to him, and a great deal of trouble all around would have been saved. It is a good thing to sew on one's own buttons. Captain Guilfoyle, especially, should sew on his own buttons. As a military man he should have the greatest degree of self-reliance. He ought to be able to get along without the little attentions that some other men need. This is really a serious matter. Suppose the captain were engaged in active service in the field, and a button came off, or perhaps two. Now journeyman tailors travel almost everywhere, but they seldom go on the battle field. There wouldn't be one chance in 999 that the captain could find a tailor, and suppose the button or buttons were really important, as buttons often are! Suppose he had to have the button or buttons fixed or else retire ignominiously from the field! Such a contingency might arise, and the captain is taking dangerous chances. He already knows what it is to have to have somebody sew on his buttons for him, and next time it might be more serious. Captain Guilfoyle could not possibly make better use of the long winter evenings than in learning to sew on buttons.

"Seventeen years ago, when I was in Omaha, two dry goods stores were fighting for supremacy—one of them Morse's and the other Cruikshank's—Cruikshank was the immediate predecessor of Falconer," said John Miller, of the firm of Miller & Paine a couple of days ago.

"There were a good many dry goods stores in Omaha and Lincoln then, but it is a fact that of all the retail dealers in this line in these two towns seventeen years ago there is only one left. The others have failed, retired or died. The one exception is Fred Schmidt of this city."

Mr. Miller's statement is a significant illustration of the vicissitudes of the retail dry goods business. The percentage of successes in this line of business is smaller than in almost any other department of trade.

The month of October was generally a disappointment to the retail merchants of the city, although two of the largest dealers report the largest October business they have ever had. The races brought a considerable number of people into the city; but the cold weather and lack of faith kept away thousands who would otherwise have attended. Business was therefore not so much benefitted as was expected. But the races were so satisfactory that a much larger crowd is assured for all future meets, and these spring and fall races ought to bring a good deal of money and trade into the city.

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