

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ed and desolate, and with barren years and empty hands, whispers of vice with secret envy, 'It is happy.' Vice, weary of its roses and raptures, cheated of the shadow it has pursued through a life time says of Virtue, 'It has sacrificed and it is happy.' Both of them lie, and it is rather pitiful. * * * It is only a chimera. There is left to us only * * to live like men and to die like men; to have our chance, and to run our course. The rest is silence."

If my "cynicism" is the result of "boy's fancies," is not the pessimism voiced above the sad conclusions of a mature and thoughtful mind? Do not you say, in far stronger and more impressive words than I could hope to express it that "all is vanity," and that after all "is silence?" If my conclusions are to be laughed away as childish and silly, "the result of too much Renan and Voltaire," can your own words be as easily disposed of? When you see virtue and vice suffering, and suffering together; when you see happiness only a chimera, and after this chimera silence; when you see that through all the countless ages "man was made to mourn," to suffer hardships and endure injustice; when you know that today, as yesterday—as tomorrow, untold millions sing "The Song of the Shirt" with no hope in the future and no joy in the past, are you content to think life a comedy not rightly understood? And do you think the "comedians" find any great joy in the play? Would you, yourself, bow in worship to the playwright who wrote the "comedy" and made the cast universal and compulsory, as to a being just, loving and merciful? And "the rest is silence." You ask me to name "one lie that has triumphed after its time was ripe to fall," and I name life and society. From the beginning the strong have appropriated the fruits of the labor of the weak; the few have fattened, the many starved. Millions have labored and produced and made the earth to bring forth golden fruit—but few have enjoyed those fruits. Those who produced them got only the cores and rinds—and seed. And it is a lie,—all a lie, all an injustice, all a curse. And a lie triumphant, all conquering. But we will not go so far. Go ask the maiden, whose trusting innocence has been betrayed, and the brightness of whose life has gone down in the gathering gloom if she ever knew "one lie that has triumphed." Go anywhere—and that is everywhere—where virtue is forsaken, where the innocent suffer shame and where society curses and the church anathematizes—go, and find ample answer to your question.

It might be implied from what Mr. Newbranch says that there was an insinuation in these columns that the University of Nebraska is a "nest of infidels." Somebody did, I believe, make such a remark recently; but it was not in The Courier. I agree with Mr. Newbranch when he says "the university is a non-sectarian people's school, devoted to the promulgation of science, letters and independent thinking, but at the same time, its influences are, for the most part, christian influences. It is far, very far, from being a 'nest of infidels.'" An institution of learning which fosters independent thinking and proper and safe place to send the youth is subject to Christian influences is a

of the land. The men and women who come from such an institution will be broad minded and moral. Christian influences have done and are doing much for the human race—a fact that even the agnostic is forced to admit. No good has yet come out of infidelity. Christian influences are constructive. Infidelity is destructive. It is a good thing there are Christian influences at the state university. It is also a good thing that the institution is, in the broadest sense, non-sectarian and non-religious.

This young man gives voice to what is best designated as Ingersollism—"To me prayer means nothing. I know no God. They know all that I do; know of Siberia with its awful horrors and unjust sufferings; know of vice and crime rampant and triumphant; know of virtue squalid and in rags; they see wrong conquer good, falsehood subdue truth." Mr. Newbranch objects to the fact that the strong rule the weak.—Well, that is bad; but there cannot be absolute equal and even dualism in nature. That would be chaos. And does Mr. Newbranch think things would be any better if the weak ruled the strong? The rule of the rich, bad as it may be, is better than the rule of vagabonds would be. Power is better placed in the hands of cunning than in those of vagrancy. These laws do not apply to much-aggrieved man alone, and just because the great suns draw the stars, and the big fish eat the little, I am pretty well convinced that this is the only way to make a successful, self running, ball bearing universe. Now, personally, I should hate to see all the stars and fish of one size, for it would be a very monotonous universe. Certainly no one would care to see the little fish going around eating the big, for that would mean the survival of the unfit and the complete deterioration of everything. Plans and specifications for a general overhauling and patching up of the universe will be gladly received at this office.

There is adifference between an agnosticism or an atheism that tears down and rides over all creation, that rails against everything that is and gives nothing in the place thereof, and a good natured cynicism that sees discontent stalking about the earth, and unhappiness in all conditions of life. But because there is discontent and unhappiness on earth is no proof that there is no God in heaven. Because beyond all is "silent" is no proof that there is no hereafter. After all the racket and turmoil and vanity of this life most of us will not object to a little "silence." However and seriously, that is a mere figure of speech. The world with all its badness, is not such a rocky place, and even Mr. Newbranch with all the wrong and injustice of the world weighing upon him, doubtless finds existence quite endurable.

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MUSIC IN THE GHURGH

I cannot agree with X in his interesting letter in The Courier. He tells us that disbelief in the accepted doctrine of Christ's sacrifice must hinder appreciation of the magnificent music that this doctrine has inspired. His view is too narrow, he cannot see religion from the point of view of those he criticises.

The story of God's submission to death for the sake of man, be it true or not, exists. It exists, and it springs from roots deep in the nature of man. There is no worship of man but has root deep in man's sympathies. The story on the cross, true or not to fact, is of Christ's atonement, of the sacrifice eternally true to man's nature. It is the fruit of man's best aspiration, an inspired approach to God, and, the great music, inspired by it, appeals back to the prime instinct, thrills, not doctrine-accepting intellect, but the inner worshipping heart, that wonders and looks up to greatness, be it of mountain, of sea, of star, or of man's imagining.

Why should protestants be frightened? Why should their spiritual love for things spiritual be a conundrum? What is a protestant?—A man to be frightened at the thought of spirituality? Alas, no! He is a man who faces it, who dreams, far deeper than any personal follower of "orthodoxy", into the mystery of things,—who dares the blank dread of space, its insoluble mysteries, and asks "Why?" "When?"—Who turns alike from the blind faith of the devotee and from the wine cup of the Epicurean.

It is the Catholic who is frightened. He shudders and draws back immacu-

late skirts from insistant heresy. The protestant feels with profoundest sympathy all true utterances of all religions. He sees not, like the Catholic, God behind one creed, the devil behind all the rest. To him, God is behind all, behind the agony of Christ, behind the solitary Hindoo under the Bo-tree, behind the sturdy battling of Luther, behind the scimitared zeal of Mahomet. He extracts from each creed its common factor—its craving for God, its worship, and each thrills him, not with its own petty power, but with the grand universal prayer of all.

Alas, that, in this liberal day, a man of thought should so misconceive the spirit of Unitarianism, the spirit of Emerson, of Savage, of Phillips Brooks, in whom, churchman though he was, beamed broad comprehending tolerance. The Unitarian is the true uniter of churches, worshipper in all creeds, sympathizer with all prayer. He understands, feels with, all elements in all worships—save their intolerance. That he leaves them. He breaks its bond, ranges the whole scope of aspiration. To him the great music, the grand choruses of the Messiah, mean, the utterance not of one religion, but of all religions, not of one sect of man, but of all mankind.

It is not the Unitarian who is frightened. It is the believer in "regulated" truth, who hugs his little human flame, lest it flicker out in the great wind that "blows between the stars." The true protestant has discarded fear. He has blown out the little man-lighted candle. He has cast his eye up to the stars and has striven with the riddle of eternity. And helpful indeed does he find, about him, the aspiration of all other worship, past and present, in music, or in liturgy,—so but it lead Godward. H. B.

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