

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

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

gift of £5,000. She may conclude that it would have been better if he had refrained from jumping and been found in the arms of the king's mistress by the king himself, and consigned to death or some of the exquisite tortures that were in vogue those days. In that event John Churchill would not have been made Duke of Marlborough, and she, Consuelo, would not have been wooed by the callow possessor of an empty title and ramshackle castle. As will be seen from the above the Marlboroughs have some rocky flaws in their crest; but, after all, they have a crest, and the new duchess is likely to find that the omission of the Vanderbilt name from the Almanche de Gotha and other books of registered human cattle that are valued across the water, will be a serious bar to her advancement and favor. Whether she reflects on the Duchess of Cleveland or not she is quite sure to come to the conclusion that that noisy transfer and hullabaloo in the New York church were hardly worth while. The experience of the other Marlboroughs and other Vanderbilts seem to justify odds that she will so conclude.

We are growing metropolitan. I have had sneaking suspicions of it all year, but I am sure of it now. That fool ball game was conclusive. And I verily believe that the university which used to be the heart of jaydom, the very kingdom of the Cambodians, has fallen in with the progressive movement and is really pushing things along. That Kansas-Nebraska game was the first college athletic event which ever aroused any enthusiasm in the business part of the town. The colors were flying from every window, the prospects were discussed upon every street corner, and I believe there was more real interest afoot than was ever aroused by that noisy and rather bootless explosion which celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the university when it was only twenty-four years old, and incidentally the glory and greatness and high mightiness of the chief executive.

As for the game itself, "Tout Lincoln" was there, and for once it was well dressed, well groomed, and behaved itself in a properly enthusiastic manner. I think in addition to the tally-ho's very nearly all the decent equipages in town were there. The horses were all flying scarlet and cream ribbons and the whips were fluttering with them and the occupants were ablaze. Instead of the ancient awkward cotton pennant I noticed the students carried very respectable canes tied with wide ribbon streamers. The spectators comprised all the usual theatre patrons and social element. In short, the push was there. The students were there, too, of course, madly enthusiastic and discharging at the rate of a million kilometers a minute the superfluous abundance of health and youth and turbulent animal spirits that, if they did not escape on the football field, would do so in very much worse places. It is a great game, anyway, that football. Any game that makes young men think and dare and act quickly is worth its cost, doubly worth it in an age like this, when a certain super-refinement has made young men over-sensitive to physical discom-

fort and driven them dangerously near to chappism. Anything to bring out the Spartan, anything to make away with the cad. That inflated pig skin has done more to preserve a decent morality among college men than all the supplications of the righteous.

I make my compliments to Mr. John Dixon for his excellent work in controlling the yelling at the game. He really handled the students remarkably well and was the embodiment of patriotic enthusiasm. The yell, handled with method and purpose, is a power and an encouragement. The yell run wild is chaos and confusion.

I believe that even the American newspaper is improving. I have seen more in the papers of this country about the late poet and journalist, Eugene Field, than about all the prize

fight sensations put together. I really believe that in the great dense, brutal American public there is more sorrow that Field will write no more. Now I call that encouraging. There was a time in America, and I am not speaking of the days of King Philip and the forests primaeva, either—when a dead boxer was better than a living poet, but I sincerely hope that now the tables are turned and the whole situation reversed forever. Slowly but surely we are wakening up to the value of brains over here. After we learn to duly appreciate them perhaps the good Lord will judiciously distribute a few among us.

A certain church in town is circulating hand bills announcing in glaring letters "revival meetings every night with stereopticon views." The church knows what it is about, and it knows how to catch the wandering and erratic fancy of youths. It believes in sugar-coated salvation and it would ease the sinner's pangs by a little harmless amusement. But really stereopticons are out of date. I would suggest that these anxious seekers of souls engage Lillian Lewis and her living pictures and barefoot ballet, and perhaps the Black Crook for variety's sake. That will bring the youthful sinners in quickly, and will facilitate this enterprising method of working off salvation upon

the unwilling. It is queer how institutions change. In these days it is the effort of the church to be like everything else worldly. Once it was her hope and prayer, her high and holy desire to be different. Now the holy mother church tucks up her robes and vestments and gets out in the street and wrestles and labors with the fish women of the market place and turns her neat penny and has her own bank account. Time was when she stood apart upon her holy hill, the one benign figure in this vexed and selfish world, when she was content "to sit a star upon a sparkling spire," to walk with God, as ancient Christians said, when her sacred office was to render unto God the things of God, leaving Caesar to care for his own.

Last week the second volume of the Nebraska Literary Magazine, published by the University English club, appeared. It is an unusually attractive publication, printed on heavy paper and containing about a hundred and twenty-five pages of reading matter, all more or less interesting. I think the editors are making the mistake of publishing a few articles that are too technical to interest the average public, but this will doubtless be rectified in time. The bulk of the matter, however, is of actual and vital interest. There are several poems of considerable merit and a story that is well handled.

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