

petent to take any important action until authorized by the board of managers. Such a position does not seem to be exactly satisfactory. First, because it retards the working of their projects and because it deprives the woman's board of a dignity which naturally belongs to it. The women are patiently waiting the settlement of the difficulty which has not yet reached the point of a misunderstanding.

The exposition is of primary importance to Omaha. The citizens have shown a devotion to the interests of the city in a willingness to work and to work together. The directors, although somewhat surprised that the newspapers of the state will not print "gladly and cheerfully," which being interpreted means, for nothing, the weekly reports which they are thoughtful enough to send to the papers, insist that they feel an uncontrollable pride in the capital city of the state, and that the Trans-Mississippi exposition will be of equal benefit to all. They repeat their benevolent plans for the state with so much emphasis that I am led to think it is so and that the purposes of the exposition are principally eleemosynary.

The fire at the Paris charity bazaar, in which two hundred women, girls and children and three men lost their lives, is an example of the lack of manliness of the French upper class that sinks below the standard of what even French literature has taught the comparatively primitive people of the rest of the world. Husbands, sons and lovers deserted their companions, in some cases they trampled upon them, in their mad efforts to escape. Retribution is certainly confined to another world, for of this decadent worthless mob of men only three were burned then. A crowd of people struggling to get on a train, off a boat or into a hall is a disgusting sight. When they are pushing to gain first chance of a seat in a car or hall it is disgusting, but when the men beat the women in the face in an endeavor to save their own lives it makes believers in evolution falter. It is noticeable that in the railroad station and pier crowds in this country, the men who crowd and push are mostly foreigners. The real American has many faults but he is not a coward, or a woman beater, and in an emergency where lives of the weak can be saved by coolness and daring the American is not apt to fail, but has reached historical heights of heroism, which is only self-forgetfulness. The French workmen at the fire did their utmost to save the women and children, risking their own lives many times over. But Jacques is a primitive fellow. He has not got beyond making low reverence when he passes the church which contains the Host. He is obedient to his father and mother and he gives his money to his wife every night. The priest is his spiritual father and the confidant of his misdemeanors. He works with steady mind all the year through. He eats, breathes and sleeps like an animal and with it all, like an animal, he protects the female. The noblemen of France are old, as old as Egypt when it got to know too much for sanity and health, as old as the Romans when the Germans showed them that it was the practice, not the theory of fighting they needed, and a little red healthy blood. The blood of a long line of intermarried cousins is blue and it would be bluer still if it were not for an occasional mesalliance or bar sinister in the family history. The wizened little count of Castellane who married the money queen of New York, in appearance, at least, is the type of French nobleman of today. The chivalry of France in a struggle against distressed damsels who vainly entreated their husbands and beaux not to leave them, is in sharp

contrast to the days when the knight rode out to do battle for innocence and weakness, with his lady's glove pinned in his helmet.

### STORIES IN PASSING.

Competitive drill of the university cadets had ended. The last company had gone through the program, the last dust had floated off toward the opposite side of the parade ground, the last car had gone back to the city. The annual drill, for which the officers had planned and worked and feared all the year was over. But no decision as to the winning company had been made. The judges announced that it would not become public until late that night or perhaps the next day.

Armstrong, captain of Company C, had marched back to the city, warm and tired, and exceedingly anxious about the result. He knew his company stood a good show of winning the cup. He had kept his head and nerve, his men had behaved handsomely, and but one or two little breaks had marred his exhibition. So he felt rather certain of success, though naturally nervous until the announcement came out.

He took his whole company down to Rector's for soda water and then back to Harley's for more. Then he went to his fraternity house, took a bath and had supper. He spent the evening with a young lady friend, walked down town to the University News Stand about ten for any word from the judges of the competition, and finding none went back to the house. The other boys of the "frat" were out, so he went to bed.

"If I get it the fellows will wake me up anyway" he said to himself as he turned out the gas.

It seemed as if he had scarcely touched the pillow before a distant sound of yelling disturbed him. Through the open window it sounded like the roar of many voices, muffled by the distance. It came near and now there seemed to be rhythm and unison in the cries. Surely they were giving the university yell he thought. There was no doubt of it. His victorious company had received the decision and were coming to him.

In an instant Armstrong sprang from his bed, plunged into his trousers and an old smoking jacket and rushed out upon the porch. The sounds arose, still confused on the night air, but the heavy foliage of the yard shut out the crowd of students. In the meantime, Armstrong hooked up his suspenders and thought of a speech, for he knew he would be called upon for one. He would speak with praise of their work that day, of their faithful service and their untiring devotion. He would tell them of his sorrow at leaving but always hoping to see old C at the head each year. Under the excitement and suspense his thoughts rolled on easily. He had never been a speaker, but somehow tonight it appeared as natural as commanding his company.

The noise on the other side of the trees had suddenly hushed. Armstrong felt as if they were making some arrangements concerning the greeting. So he stood forth all ready to meet them. Then all of a sudden a most terrible noise arose from the depths of the trees. But it was not the voices of human beings. Armstrong could scarcely believe his senses. The cold of the night air seemed to go through him. Then he made a mad rush into the house.

Just as he vanished, half a dozen dogs, yelping and howling in dismal cadences, emerged from the trees and ran noisily across the lawn.

About a dozen years ago a little boy died of diphtheria in the state of Illinois. Not long after the family moved to Nebraska, and in gathering up the household goods a little slate that had belong-

ed to the boy was picked up and brought along. It lay for ten years in a box covered up with a lot of other things.

Some weeks ago a sister who had grown to be twelve years old, rummaging in the box, came across the slate. She took it out and used it, and carried it to school. It had no cloth binding on it, and being noisy, the teacher caused her to take it home that same noon.

In a few days the little girl was taken sick and before long it developed into a case of malignant diphtheria. Almost before the family realized that she was in danger she died. A week later a younger sister, six years old, was attacked. The disease was in the most virulent form and she died in forty-eight hours. There was great alarm in the school, but fortunately it extended to no other families.

The doctors in attendance said that beyond question it was caused by the slate that had belonged to the little boy who had died with the disease back in Illinois a dozen years before.

During one of the cold rains in April a tramp darkey was discovered shivering under the corner of a shed.

"Say! Mista, could you do som'fin foh me? Could ye gie me ol' coat or somfin? I'm mos' foze, boss."

"Where did you come from?"

"Jus' come up from ol' Mississip. Jus' got in sah."

"Live any where near the western part where they are having high water?"

"Yes, sah, right over thar whar all the big floods is goin' on."

"Why didn't you stay?"

"Well sah, all my fren's got drowned an' I thot I'd come wha'tha' want so much watah, sah. Heard 'twas allus dry up in Nebraska. But I dunno, boss, I dunno; 'pears like the watah's right after me. Guess I'm gwine to get froze and drowned bofe."

H. G. SHEDD.

### New York Fashion Letter.

As the season advances we find that Eton jackets and the bolero are becoming too ordinary for the ultra fashionable and in order to get away from these shapes double breasted effects are being rapidly adopted. Outside coats, dress waists and even evening bodices are being fashioned after this style. The evening bodices are draped in soft folds which cross at the waist line, and are fastened with fancy buckles or buttons, giving much the same idea that the surplice used to have. The style is

very becoming to almost any figure and gives an opportunity of showing a V shaped piece in the front of the bodice which can be made of fine lace or embroidered chiffon.

Mosquitaire sleeves continue to be very popular. Even the summer lawns and organdies which are not lined are made up in this style.

The collars for light summer gowns become more and more elaborate as the season advances.

Ribbons are used in great profusion not only for collars and belts but as waist and skirt trimmings. They are used to make a pretty contrast with the color of the dress, rather than to match it.

For the above information we are indebted to A. McDowell & Co., 4 west 14th street, New York, who publish the only cheap imported fashion journal sold in this country. "La Mode de Paris" is \$3.50 a year, 35 cents a copy, and "French Dressmaker" is \$3.00 a year, 30 cents a copy. These journals make a special feature of lessons on practical dressmaking each month. During the next six months they will give a series of lessons on bicycle costumes which will be of great interest to both professional and amateur dress-makers.

Stories concerning the relations of the McKinley and Hanna families increase and multiply. Here is one of the latest: The maker of presidents has a sister, an amiable and well preserved maiden lady, who is said to secretly cherish as keen a fondness for the science known as "bossing" as her distinguished brother. "Where would your husband have been," the president-maker's sister is quoted as saying one day to the wife of the president, "if it had not been for my brother?" "Your brother would never have been heard of, my dear," was the softly attuned reply, "if it had not been for my husband."

Tontom—Your wife seems to be madly in love with you.

Buzzfuzz—Yes, you see I took a vacation and came back another man,

De Caverly—Miss De Smiff says I am the only man that ever kissed her.

Van Clove—Is she as homely as all that?

Hazel—I wonder why the moon is regarded as feminine.

Nutte—Because its age is uncertain.

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