

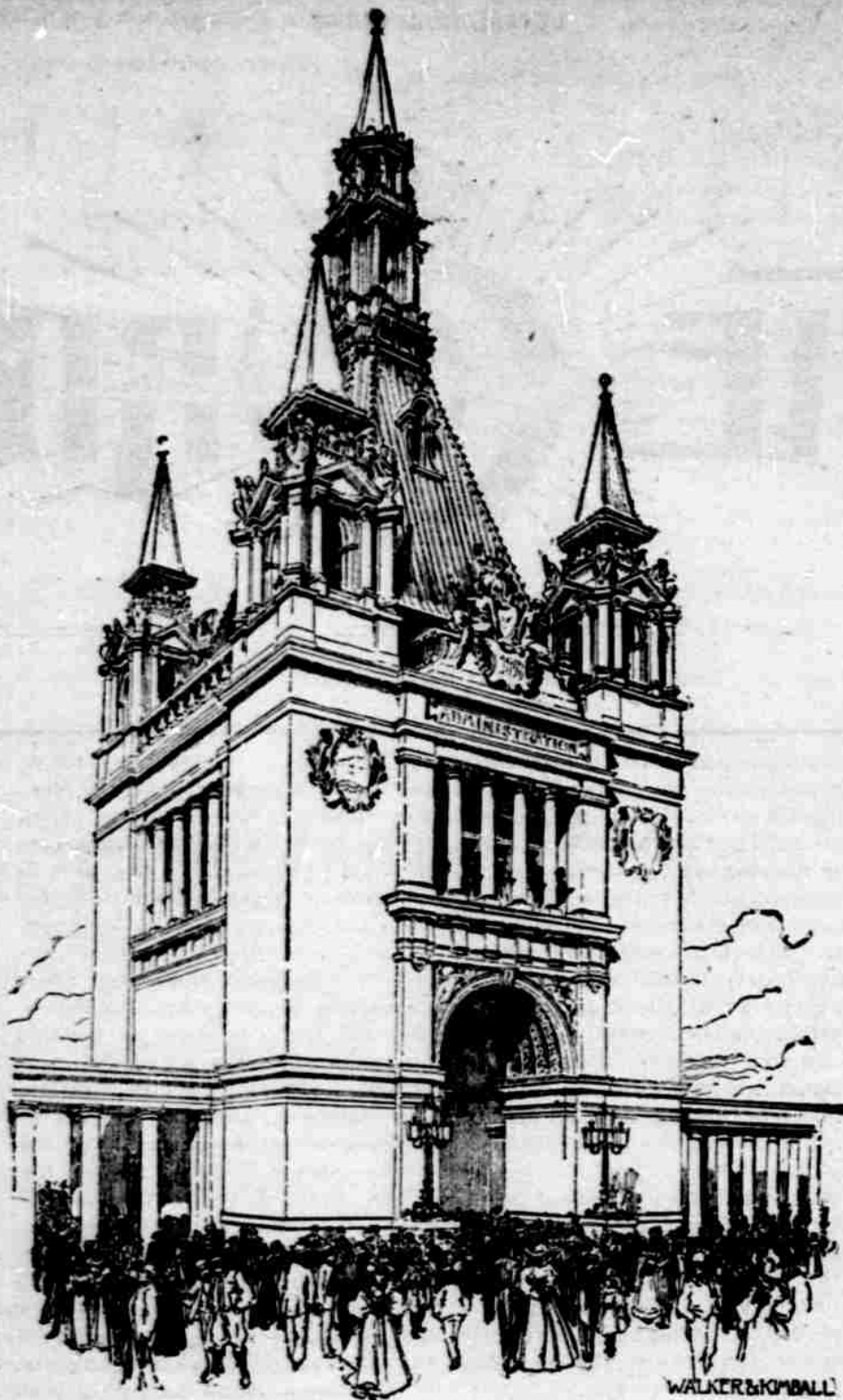
The pictures by C. D. Gibson have a more sentimental meaning than is customary with his drawings. The three full-page illustrations are devoted to old love; old men, surrounded by memories which Gibson pictures as ghosts. "These, 'Previous Tenants,' and 'The Old Tune,' touch finely the gentle sadness with which man, resigned but never reconciled, accepts his decay and mortality; they breathe the sigh with which he remembers how the fruit of life tasted and that now he is too stiff and infirm to climb the trunk of the tree and bring down the prize. But there is no moroseness; the young girl stands by the old man, reminding us that youth is deathless, though the young are not."

#### Nebraska in the Market Again.

Bears on Burlington have sold the stock because of the cooler weather in the West, claiming that considerable damage has been done to growing corn. Officials of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy say that the yield in Nebraska is one of the best raised in twenty years, that it is making good headway and the outlook is most promising. Burlington is, of all the western stocks, the cheapest to buy—it will sell at par this year. Rock Island is going up and, with the increase of the dividend in September, it will be selling well above 90, and anticipation is always in order. For the first time in half a dozen years the practical railway managers of the West are confidently enthusiastic over the traffic outlook. It has been notable in recent years that the average railway manager has been inclined to be pessimistic. He has recognized confronting conditions; he has been too well aware of agricultural unhappiness, of small crops, or poverty prices every year, to permit him to have much confidence in prospective railroad profits. In 1897, for the first time in nearly a decade, the railroad manager is face to face with conditions that assure not only crowding traffic, but remunerative transportation rates, and the western railroad manager has been a bull, a believer in good times. Wall street could not have a more influential helper—a preacher of prosperity, who knows what he talks about, and whose past pessimism makes his present confidence all the more significant.

To me, the most amusing feature of the excitement is the appearance in various cities of cunningly-worded advertisements announcing the formation of companies to explore the new gold-bearing region and inviting the public to subscribe for stock. The excitement has brought the great American confidence operator to the front with a rush. In some cases I have seen prospectuses of companies whose capitalization is placed at \$2,000 or 1-ss, and to which individuals are invited to subscribe sums as small as \$5 and \$10. I have heard the saying that "a fool and his money are soon parted;" also of the sporting axiom that "a new sucker is born every minute," and I cannot think of a surer plan of chucking away \$10 or \$20 without a possibility of its return than by giving it to someone who claims to be going out into the wilderness to seek it in a gold mine. It is much simpler than buying a lottery ticket with it or burying it in the sand. Some people like to spend money recklessly. Some ought to regard the swindling Klondike advertisements as a godsend.

The painful part of it is, however, that the five and ten dollar bills will not be subscribed by people that can afford to lose them. They will come from the pockets of silly wage-earners of both sexes, who fancy that they see in these dishonest advertisements a chance to increase their miserable savings. The philosopher will say, "serves them right," and it probably will serve them right—for of course the bogus "companies" will land gudgeons by thousands; but that does not lessen the criminal responsibility of the newspapers that print the lying advertisements. They are the "cappers" for the "skin game," and the money that they receive is their share of the spoiling of the foolish. A sad, sad world it is, my masters. Are there more fools than recals in it after all, I wonder?—Town Topics.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER: I was surprised last week by reading in your interesting paper some adverse comments on the Administration Arch designed for the Trans Mississippi exposition. As a lover of fine architecture I could not help wondering at this and wishing there had been given some reason for pronouncing the building "ugly," which to my mind is about the last adjective to be used in that connection. Every one in this vicinity is now familiar with the picture of the arch, issued by the department of publicity, and admiration for it seems general. However, each individual has a right to his own taste, unique or otherwise.

But what I wished to draw your attention to was this statement in the article above mentioned: "All the great arches have flat tops ornamented with statuary, carving or architectural devices not in the least like a steeple."

This is true of the Roman or triumphal arch, but there are many great archways well known to travelers, of which it is not true by any means. You will recall the arch of the Grosre Horloge at Rouen, France, the one beloved and be-sketched of artists, and one of the most justly admired of foreign archways. You remember that it is a fine example of an arch with spires, gables and two or three stories besides, wholly different from the Roman form, which your writer seems to think the only one. There are the famous Arc de Vire on the road from St. Malo to Paris, the arch at Bordeaux, the very important one at Loches, the arch or "fortified gate" at Movet, not unlike the Administration Arch—one could make a long list of them if necessary—none of them with "flat tops or ornamented with statuary," but all of them surmounted by spires, hipped roofs, etc., and with their upper stories utilized in various ways. They are not triumphal

arches; neither is the Administration Arch, so called. Your writer, however, has fallen into that misapprehension. This "arch" is, first of all, the administration building, and is often so referred to by the people concerned. It was designed to contain the offices of the exposition authorities, and its base, for utilitarian as well as ornamental purposes, take the form of a passageway. There is nothing "spiritual" about high-hipped roofs or short pointed turrets. In calling the arch "fragmentary" your writer uses a very apt term. It is just that. Every building of the main group is a fragment of a great whole, and not to be fairly judged until seen playing its part therein.

To my notion, by the way, the severe and dignified shape of the old Roman arch is less suited to the gay, somewhat carnival character of an exposition like this, than a more fanciful structure with its top breaking into points and ornaments. The Arch of the States which the exposition papers have also printed, shows more of the Roman character, and appropriately so, as they say it is to be built of stone and to remain.

Your writer says: "An arch begins and ends with the occasion it memorializes." That hardly fits the Arc de Triomphe, the arch of Constantine, or any other of the "great arches."

He says further: "It is like no other arch ever made;" and then goes on, "except for the spires, the design is much like the arch at the the Columbian exposition." It is puzzling to read that the Administration Arch, though "very ugly," so nearly resembles the arch at Chicago, which was "one of the most effective sights of the exposition."

However, the writer's views, if not quite clearly put, are very evident, and I wonder much that they can be the views of one who is able to appreciate the classic beauties of the new Burlington station.

Pardon me for taking up so much of your time. I should not have done so, but for your writer's evident misinterpretation of a building which is so generally praised, and which it is hard to believe could be otherwise spoken of.

Sincerely yours,

SOJOURNER.

Omaha, August 6.

#### STORIES IN PASSING.

A few of the old residents of Lincoln will recall a singer by the name of James G. Clark, who twenty years or so ago gave concerts throughout the state. He was the entire show himself, playing his own accompaniment and singing a variety of parlor music including some of his own composition. More than one of his songs had merit, have lived and are often heard today. Clark became quite a well known favorite and visited most towns of any size many times before he finally dropped out of sight. But there was one town in which he sang but once and no one could blame him for dropping it from his list.

That town was Wathena, Kansas. Mr. Clark filled a date there and gave his usual chaste and elevating entertainment of song. Between the musical numbers he told stories, and these stories were always temperance stories of most pronounced and extravagant type. Saloon keepers and drinking men were the central figures and his delineation of the intoxicated man's reception by his wife always took well with the audience. Always, that is until he stumbled into Wathena, Kansas. He found there a "Klondyke temperature" without any "pay dirt."

Wathena is a little town just opposite Saint Joseph, Missouri and reflects the sentiment of the metropolis on the other side of the river. Saint Joseph is the sun, as it were,—Wathena the moon. Now, Saint Joseph was never charged with being a strictly temperance town. Still less has Wathena enjoyed such a reputation. So Mr. Clark's entertainment and especially his stories of a temperance character received a chilly reception.

After the program, Mr. Clark returned to the hotel and was about to retire for the night. To his surprise a constable called upon him and proceeded to place him under arrest for violating an ordinance of the town. He learned that his concert was ranked as a show and that all shows were required to take out a license. For the first time he was getting a touch of village law. It was late, he knew no one, and so Mr. James G. Clark, "the sweet singer of Nebraska," was compelled to spend the night in jail. The next morning he was brought before the police judge. This official was in full sympathy with the sentiment of the town and entering into the spirit of the occasion, found Clark guilty and fined him fifty dollars. Clark was mad as a dog who has stumbled into a hornet's nest but his dates would not permit him to stay and fight the case, and fifty dollars was added to the treasury of the tough little town. After that Clark's temperance stories somehow seemed to lack the old life and animation and power to please.

A little girl's father gave her ten cents one Saturday. The next day she came home under the inspiration of a missionary address and proposed to give the entire ten cents to the toilers among the heathen. On Monday the temptations of a confectionary store were too great for her and two cents went for candy hearts and eight cents were saved for the cause. Wednesday but five cents remained but she thought half one's cash account for good works enough any way. An "all-day sucker" every day the remainder of the week left but two cents on Saturday for the missionaries. That afternoon she held the two cents in her hand a long time, gazing fondly into the window in a candy-store and studying over the matter.

"Oh, they're no friends of mine," she said to her companion, "I don't know 'em anyhow. Sister Jane's going to be a missionary when she grows up, she says, and that's enough for one family."

And the two went in and purchased candy beans at twenty for a cent.