

have a plan for selling the city the water of the Schuylkill (which the company does not own any more than you or I own it) for the sum of three and one half millions more. This is the most barefaced proposition of all and has raised such a howl that it may not go through."

The ways of diplomacy are past finding out. Senor de Lome mails a letter to a friend which never reaches him but is opened by a Junta spy who copies it and lays it before other conspirators. Eventually the original letter is sent to Washington and reaches the hands of the secretary of state and the ears of Senor de Lome, who, in consequence is forced to resign. His diplomatic crime does not seem to be mitigated by the fact that the letter was friendly and unofficial and abstracted from the mails by a man whom it is Jesuitical not to call a robber. Neither is his offense palliated by the coincident appearance of newspaper criticisms of the president in the hundreds of papers in this country; criticism much more virulent than Senor de Lome's deprecatory letter. The lesson seems to be that it is not so much what one says of the chief executive of the United States of America as who says it. Senor de Lome departs with disgust from the land of freedom and justice, where jingoism refuses justice to the stranger. Not that we are supposed to care much that a Spaniard thinks of us, only our criticism of other countries and their treatment of Americans is rendered somewhat stilted and affected by our inconsistency.

The modern young college woman who can play basket ball, run as easily and almost as swiftly as a faun, who has a clear eye, and a complexion of milk and roses, who looks straight at you and in an emergency does not faint or scream but stands by to help, is a mate for somebody more chastely imagined than an Olympian deity. She is a harbinger of future generations that forbids pessimism, makes it ridiculous. The old woman sometimes referred to as the creeper and clinger, was also apt to whine and to be peevish, her nerves made her "want to fly," and their effect upon her husband and children was not cheerful. All those who have seen the university girls in their gymnasium work have been thrilled by their vigor and grace, by the abandon of their play and their skill, by their obedience to the rules and, above all, by the signs of health that almost all of them show. The type is all-womanly, though it shows on the street and in society a directness and freedom from coquetry that would have puzzled and embarrassed the cavalier poets. The type I refer to is studious and most of the time appallingly in earnest. The type gazes at a trifling questioner with a gaze so direct and unconscious that, unless hardened to it, the dilettante's eyes will falter and the conversation stumble into silence. In face of the physical results of the athletic training of woman, all criticism is idle. It has helped to make them independent, self-reliant, and of immense meaning to the future of Nebraska.

A story running in *Collier's Weekly* called "An Impossible House Party" illustrated by Peter Newell and written by Caroline and Alice Duer is on the plan of "A Houseboat on the Styx." The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tempus Fugit are Cleopatra Washington, Napoleon, Alexander Cornelia and her twin boys, known to story as the Gracchi. The Gracchi are imps in everybody's way, only still when spying and listening, at other times thumping on the piano or deafening the guests by unexpected explosions. The story is very amusing though it is to be regretted that the authors have placed Washington in such company even as a joke. *Collier's Weekly* is one of the newer illustrated weeklies of about the same character and style as *Harper's Weekly*. It is printed on heavy glazed paper, and the illustrations in the last three or four numbers have been as good as the best.

The Passing Show.

"When, ah when, shall I be hid
From the wrong my father did?
How long, how long, till spade
and hearse

Put to sleep my mother's curse?"

—E. A. Houseman.

This is a long story. I don't write it because I am proud of it, but I know a few maidens about Lincoln who have inclinations toward journalism, and this may serve to dampen their ardor. Then it's rather a relief to confess one's despicable conduct sometimes. Of course you have all heard how Adelaide Moned, Marion Manola's daughter, ran away from her mother's company when it disbanded in Savannah and came north with the manager, eloped with him, the papers had it, landed at New York and came so her father's home in Pittsburg as soon as he telegraphed her a remittance. Her father, Henry S. Moned, was in Chicago at the time of her arrival here and the girl went to his home and locked herself up. The newspaper men of the town were wild. Here was quarry worth while, "good hunting," as they call it. A runaway actress who was said to be engaged to Mr. Burrows, Speaker Reed's nephew, and Mark Eustis, David B. Hill's private secretary, who had eloped with a third man, and who was said to have caused her mother furious jealousy because of her fondness for John Mason, and who, with all this, was only seventeen, locked up alone in a house out on Presbyterian Marchand street. All day long the oldest and best trained reporters of the town went out, and not one succeeded in even seeing past the dragon housekeeper at the door. Our men came back discouraged. The other papers had given the thing up and so must we. About four o'clock in the afternoon the managing editor came up to my desk. "I know it is not customary to send the editorial force out on assignments, but the men have failed dead on this Manola business, and I somehow can't give it up. None of the New York reporters got at her, and an interview would mean scooping the country, 'New York and Philadelphia papers please copy,' you know. If you could try it, it would be a great personal favor."

I don't like that sort of business. Since I have been here I have not written any theatrical interviews. You can't do it with any shade of self-respect. It means trading in personalities. But this was an unusual case, and I felt I rather owed a trial at it to the chief. Then, of course, the prospect of such a "scoop" was alluring. The men rather threw out a challenge and I took it up.

Then I began to prepare for my campaign. I had met Marion Manola several times last year when she was here in vaudeville, and I decided I would strain that point just about all it would stand. I hid me to a florist's and got a few dozen white narcissus and put my card in the box, writing on it that I hoped she would accept them with best wishes from one who had met and admired her mother, and sent them out to her address. I had another point in my favor; I had known slightly a family out in East End with whom Miss Moned and her father used to board. I went out there and found the reporters had overlooked them altogether. The lady of the

house was greatly stirred up over the affair; declared that the father was an exquisite who lived beyond his means, a Beau Brummel who cared for nothing but himself and the fit of his coat, the mother an unmentionable person but that the child was as true as gold and that the Lord must have been crazy when he put her with those dreadful people.

Her calling Miss Moned "the child" made me nervous. One may be very young at seventeen, or one may be very old. I was prepared to go to see a woman of the world and to see her by fair means or foul, and she would work me for all I was worth and I would return the compliment, and we would both be amused and each despise the other and that would be an end of it. But I had not come out to pounce upon a child and wheedle out her secrets. I didn't like the look things were putting on.

I arrived at the house about 6:30 and handed the dragon my card, and awaited the coming freeze-out. It was dark in the vestibule and I could not see well, but I knew that someone little and young with a voice like a child's ran up to me and caught my hand and cried, "O, it was so good of you to come! and the flowers almost

made me cry, they were the first kind things that have come to me for so long. You care for my mother, don't you?"

Here was a situation, sending poisoned candies to a child! When we got into the light I felt guilty of infanticide. Why, she was a child! this giddy adventuress, this runaway actress, this heroine of triple love affairs, a little girl whose mother didn't love her, and I was an older girl who had come there to lay traps for her. Haughtiness, insolence would have been easy to this. How did she look? O, like any other girl who is beautiful. She was slender and carried her head well; her hair was brown with a reddish tinge in it, her mouth just Manola's fine mouth over again, her brows highly arched, her eyes big and dark and deeply set, and much, much too sad for so young a face. Marion Manola herself must have had much of that same girlish charm years ago when she first left a church choir out in Cleveland and went to study under Marchesi, before the struggles of her life began and their fires burnt out all that was best in her.

It was no trouble to get her to talk. Ever since her flight from Savannah three weeks before she had been practically a prisoner, besieged by reporters. Since she ran away she had not seen any of her own sex. At seventeen a girl must talk. We went up to her room and she began pouring out such a torrent of girlish confidence that I seized my one chance for decency and as gently as I could stated

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