

depends. He seems to think he has received a special inspiration to work for his country and to do knightly deeds upon the spur of the moment and without consultation with prominent leaders.

In the twenty-five years since the first class was graduated from the University of Nebraska it has grown from an obscure school of the grade of an academy, lacking distinction in the composition of the faculty and in the curriculum, and enrolling only a small number of students, to a university of the first class, in which not more than twelve schools in this country can be included. Among the present faculty are men who are well known to the scientists and scholars of this country and Europe. They have added their contributions to the slowly accumulating stores of knowledge and induction and at the same time have increased the fame and distinction of the institution in which they teach.

Registration has begun and indicates an attendance of over twenty-five hundred. Before the school year is finished there will probably be three thousand students in the university. It is an institution of which a real Nebraskan is proud. All other state institutions are remedial, punitive, legislative or philanthropic. None of them send out into the state every year a hundred or more young men and women with their wits sharpened and taste cultivated and chastened by study and association with the best there is in literature and science. The effect of such a cumulative stream of inspiration will not be apparent perhaps until another quarter of a century has passed. Then this big state will acknowledge its gratitude to the state university.

MARY'S BEDSTRAW.

The Germans have a legend, quaint and old
That tells the story of that tuft of gold
We call the golden rod;
They twine this flower with the holy morn
On which in Bethlehem the Christ was born—
The blessed son of God.
They say that on the bed where Mary lay
This golden blossom shone amidst the hay,
And strewed the humble cave;
It lent the only glory to the place
That housed the Saviour of the human race,
A golden bed and pave.
In honor of the humble part it had
In this event that made a whole world glad
This day of days the best;
They call it "Mary's bedstraw" and they hold
The yellow bloom as though 'twere gold
Above all other blest.
—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

In this issue appears the announcement of the Lincoln infirmary of osteopathy. The proprietors evidently have faith in this method of treatment or they would not agree to accept ten cases for a term of two weeks treatment and make it wholly optional with the patients whether they pay or not.

Maud—You don't seem to find time to get married.
Marie—No. I am kept engaged all the time.

THE WIDOW IN PEACE.

[Town Topics War Correspondent.]

To bring back to America our dead in Cuba sounds well. It is certainly little enough to do, and a beautiful tribute to soldier heroes who fought for our honor, against all odds, to their death. After going into the Santiago (in itself) death trap, going into battle not recuperated from sea-sickness, without proper food, without generals, remaining in trenches water soaked and sun-baked until Spanish bullets were heaven in comparison, and then at the last, after all this showing to the world the pluck of the American—why not say that their own loved home soil shall be their final resting place.

It not only sounds well, but there is something of poetry in the saying of it. Those who are left to us, however, our remaining soldiers, our officers and the war department itself know it cannot be done. It cannot be done because of the unwritten side of this war.

This unwritten side is so much worse than the horrors that have been told that those who know cannot write it, and if they could, in the realizing knowledge of all that came to loved ones, unbalanced minds would accompany unstrung hearts.

Graphic writers have allowed their pens to slide over the worst, but there are the living wounded to tell of the vultures that hovered over them, waiting for death to give to them their prey; of the near dead claimed by these creatures before their very eyes before assistance could come to them or burial to their comrades, and again after burial, from shallow, rain-washed graves. Polished bones lie glistening in Cuba's sun, and in one creek, from which our men and officers were drinking, were found six skeletons.

Our returned correspondents have fought mental battles that have unnerved them equally with the soldiers. There may be something left to bring back all we gave for the Cuban's but it is a false and cruel hope to hold out to members of broken homes. If the War Department is sincere in its desire to give comfort to those who gave their fathers, sons, brothers and husbands to die in this war against "inhumanity," and would like to build a monument for itself to last through the years to come, make sacred this battlefield in Cuba. Do, as everyone who has been there and witnessed the horrors will say, make there a national cemetery.

This skirmishing among generals for glory, and from kitchen generals to medical generals to fix the blame of the suffering army on the other fellow, would be amusing if it were not so exasperating. Several weeks ago, in this latter connection, in this column of mine, I remarked most emphatically that three departments were falling down—the quartermaster, the medical and the ordnance. This was from Chickamauga. I have not changed my opinion, but I am wondering if I must add to it another—the commissary.

If General Eagan, one of the most conversant men in his department, has had but twenty-two men to distribute his millions of dollars' worth of food to 280,000 men in the field, who is responsible for that?

Great systems are all right in war, the military department and the political. We cannot get along without them. But between systematic red tape of the military department and the political red tape somebody dies in the unraveling. For instance, General Shafter cabled one day for \$2,000 with which buy food and delicacies for the sick and wounded in Santiago.

"Certainly not," said the commander of the commissary department.

"He shall have more. He is entitled to \$2,500 immediately, and so much a day for every sick soldier, from the commutation fund," etc.

General Shafter was cabled this, or the subordinate cracker-box captain, or both. Red tape commenced to unwind. The soldier died without his delicacies, but the great system is carried out, and any time you desire you can examine and see the correctness of the book in the Commissary Department.

General Miles cabled from Porto Rico for \$50,000 for necessary supplies.

"Certainly not," said the commissary commander. "Everything is provided by my adjutant (or whatever he is), and you must do as he says," or words to that effect.

Great systems, red tape and jealously guarded dignity!—the general of the purse and the general of the sword! And you can say what you choose about the honor and the glory of the general who faces the enemy, the general of food is bound to win out. In this list of dead already and those who are to die, the list of the generals of the purse will far exceed the list who fell facing the Spaniard.

But the books of the purse-generals are all right and they challenge investigation!

Our soldiers went into Cuba without proper clothing, without a second suit, and in some instances without uniform at all.

Our quartermaster-general—a dear, good man whom everybody loves—shrugs his shoulders and knows it—undoubtedly at that time had not the clothing to issue. Now he is sending 16,000 suits or so. Our soldiers in Cuba are dead, or coming home, but the clothing will go, and systems, perfect systems, and books will show up all right.

At Chickamauga, even in God's own country of luxury, this department did not seem to understand that 50,000 men needed at least 100,000 uniforms, and, added to this number, the percentage necessary for wear and tear. The ordnance department was as bad in many ways.

Systems are slow, war is rapid. The generals of the purse sitting in their offices in Washington cannot understand the necessity for immediate response when generals of the sword cable or telegraph for supplies. Their purse minds being drilled and educated to systems cannot understand, evidently, and movements and quick action that give victory to the fighting mind.

Speaking of a fighting mind, I am reminded of a fighting Tennessean. He came to Chickamauga to see his own son who was ill in "quarters"—which means, in military parlance, in his own tent. The father, a big burly man, asked how long it took to get a furlough and permission to take his son home. He was answered "several days."

"Several days? What do you mean by that?"

"There are so many applications in already that another one will have to take its turn."

The southerner looked at the officer for an instant, and then, without a word, walked into the tent and gathered his boy into his arms. He brought him out and started for his carriage and said:

"The first man who interferes with me I will put a bullet through. When the commanding officer of this regiment is ready to send my son his furlough or his honorable discharge he can send it to him at my home."

The young soldier was placed in the carriage and the father drove off without interference.

Physicians and surgeons—these "contract" and volunteer ones—seem, in many instances, to have had their love for the profession absorbed in their love for shoulder straps. It is rank first with them and the profession afterward. One day I heard a "major" doctor say to a sick soldier who was unable to stand and was holding on to the tent:

"Put your arm down and stand attention. How dare you stand in that position in the presence of your superior officer?"

In private life this "superior officer" was a doctor in a little country town, and the soldier was a private with an income of several thousand dollars a year and a man of position who would not have recognized the "major" socially.

PATTI'S GRANDNIECE.

Patti has had her special guest this summer at Craig-y-Nos castle, her grand niece, Miss Louise Barill, an American girl, whose home is in Atlanta, Ga. Miss Barill is the 18 year old daughter of Patti's favorite nephew, Alfredo Barill. Writing of her visit to a girl friend in this city, Miss Barill says:

"We have had a delightful time since we have been here and Aunt Adelina wants me to stay a year and go with her to Switzerland, but I can never stand it to be away from papa and mamma so long. I want to tell you about our visit to London, where we have been twice. The first time auntie sang at the Crystal palace and at Alfred de Rothschild's, the second time at Albert hall. Her voice was never better.

"We sail on the 10th, so we have not much longer to stay. Aunt Adelina has given me so many lovely things and a beautiful picture of herself. She has rented a bicycle for me to ride while here. There are lots of guests here now, and they give a performance in the beautiful theatre nearly every night."

One delightful incident in Miss Barill's visit was the meeting with her granduncle, Herman Vezin of London, the actor, who is called "The Master." He has been playing at Swansea, Wales, and gave a special performance of "Hamlet" for the Barills and Mme. Patti. They went from the Castle to Swansea, twenty miles, on a special train, where the mayor and mayoress met them and they drove in carriages, preceded by mounted police, through gayly decorated streets, and were cheered by the people. Herman Vezin is nearly 70 years old, but he sustains his numerous roles with all the fire and vigor of youth. Miss Laura V. Johnson of Louisville is one of his most promising pupils, and is playing with his company this summer.

"Don't you think Lucy's new sailor hat is perfect?" said Miss Frocks to Miss Kittish.

"It certainly is," replied Miss Kittish. "It makes me seasick."

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