

tion, so his family is left far from rich. Although no soldier who gave up his life in Cuba for his country was more heroic than Colonel Waring, yet he held no commission and consequently his family can claim no pension. Yet doubtless congress will grant one, for he went to Havana immediately on receiving the request from the secretary of war to proceed to that city, inspect it and draw up plans "for making that pest hole of yellow fever a new, clean and healthful city."

It may have been forgotten by many that Colonel Waring drew up the sewage system of Lincoln, which is one of the very few Lincoln jobs that have been well done. We can point with pride to the sewers underneath a rotting and dangerous pavement patrolled by impoverished citizens who have nothing left but an irreproachable sewage system twice the depth of a grave under their feet. There are other improvements in the city, such as the water system, which has failed to bear the test of time and utility, that cannot be contemplated with satisfaction, but whose faults, born of politics, emphasize the faultlessness of Colonel Waring's sewer.

The election of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt as governor of New York and the defeat of Croker, incorporate Tammany, may be chronicled as one of the effects of the Cuban war. In spite of the cohorts that vote on Croker's signal, Van Wyck was defeated, (according to the returns the morning of November 9) and the enthusiasm that has made an impassable crowd around Teddy when ere he took his walks abroad has recorded its genuineness by votes. Perhaps the picture in Harper's Weekly a week ago of Croker stretched on a bench with his feet braced against Judge Daly, who sat on the extreme end of it, best expressed the attitude of Tammany towards the supreme court.

The result in Nebraska seems to be at this date a complete victory for the republicans. The gratification that is universally felt over the conduct of the war and the desire to express confidence in the administration for the effect on Spain, were the active causes of the victory in this state, which the manifest unfitness and incapacity of some of the candidates were insufficient to overbalance.

The election of Judge Hayward is received with undiluted satisfaction by all republicans. As governor he will represent the best culture and accomplishment of the state. He is not a newcomer but built his home with those early settlers who followed the first border adventurers who had no notion of founding a state. Lincoln can welcome him without reservations to the city of universities.

Harvard's football victory after the annual series of defeats administered for so many years is very gratifying to the friends of Fair Harvard who have never quite understood why the fine athletes who compose the Harvard eleven should be worsted year after year. Two weeks from today they play Yale and faithful admirers of the oldest, and in many respects the best, college in this country, are fervently hoping it may win. Yale has won so many times her spirit needs the discipline of defeat. A fortnight from today may the thews of Jaffrey, Burnett, Boal, Dibblee, Haughton and the others be knit with steel as they were when they played with Pennsylvania. By the way, the famous "guards back" play is being circumvented in other colleges which have adopted it as well as when used by its original inventors. The Lawrence

team which was defeated by the Nebraska university team has adopted Pennsylvania traditions and were beaten while depending upon the "guards back" play. Their opponents have mastered it and Pennsylvania must invent another set of maneuvers before she can win the pennant. Captain Dibblee of the Harvard team is a Chicago lad, and Cameron Forbes, the coach, is one of the directors of the Burlington railroad, so there are two reasons, more than abstract and disconnected interest in a continually defeated team, why the sympathies of the west should be with Harvard this day fortnight.

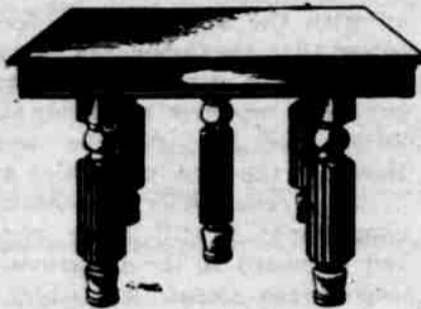
If the alumni of the university succeed in raising enough money to purchase the exposition organ it will be a fitting expression of gratitude and loyalty to the university. It is proposed to give each alumnus an opportunity to subscribe, as he has been prospered for this gift in return for four years of undergraduate culture and, heaven only knows, how many years of post graduate instruction at five dollars per, who have contracted the university habit. It is hoped that the beneficiaries will seize the opportunity of returning a part of the cost of their education to their alma mater. In reckoning upon gratitude the originators of the scheme showed a cloistral ignorance of human nature to which it is hoped they will not too rudely be awakened. Of course there have been many instances of alumnal generosity and the presentation of an organ by the Nebraska alumni will be a sign that the generosity of the west is not a mere saying.

The last work of Harold Frederic yet printed is Gloria Mundi, the serial finished in the current number of The Cosmopolitan. The story has a hero and a shadowy heroine, who are, of course, lovers. The former was a poor unknown young man who is found by opulent uncles looking for an heir and inducted into a dukedom with an income of 50,000 pounds a year. This plot never fails of fascination, for just around the next week there is a fortune waiting the poorest beggar of us all and the hope that never dies is fed by the imagination and fanned by tales of unexpected and overwhelming fortunes, reaped by poor but pretty young men and women like Harold Frederic's hero. On his way to his dukedom the hero meets his duchess in a second class railway car. She is haughty to Fortunatus but he has the frank confiding manner of Frederic's best and when he is duke accepts his assurances that money and rank are nothing to him, unless shared with her. She is a typewriter girl and earns her living on the machine, which explains her hauteur and rather sharp habit of picking up her lover's modes of expression and incredulity regarding his ideals. A typewriter knows the men she writes letters for. She knows what they say to their correspondents and the real facts of the case and nothing is more fatal to love's young dream in the heart of a maiden. In this case the young man is incapable of deceit and is the impossible idealist he seems to be. Only he is not a fool and has no hopes of reforming the social and financial system. He intends to do the best he can and there is no doubt he will be a blessing to the world, especially when the typewriter promises to marry him.

About Frederic's stories there is always something of the fairy tale order which explains why we settle down to them for a pure hour of enjoyment. The hero and heroine are poor, which is what we are; they get suddenly rich, which we are not but

## HARDY FURNITURE CO., 1224 O St., Lincoln, Neb.

This fall we are showing a very strong line of medium furniture, carpets, curtains and draperies. Here are two of our leaders in dining room furniture.



Solid oak dining table, top 42 inch square, very heavy and will last a life time. Six foot length, \$6.50; eight foot length \$8.



Solid oak dining chair, cane seat, brace arm. A very good thing. We sell six of them for \$5.

FREIGHT PAID ONE HUNDRED MILES.

still hope for; they love each other poetically, their love quite washed of dross and we sympathize secretly, if hopelessly, here. Finally they are married and live in a beautiful historic castle surrounded by cottagers who adore them. And the author writes flims where it belongs and has no ambition to write problem stories of consequent marital bickerings and disillusionment. For these and other reasons, but these principally, I bitterly mourn Harold Frederic's death.

The southern people who are objecting with shot guns to negro dominance should not be ignorantly condemned before investigation. Though north or south the oligarchy which controls city politics is not usually composed of the best and most intelligent part of the community. The misrule of the negro in the south may be worse but it is of the same quality of ignorance and corruption that rules in Lincoln. If the shot gun policy is effective and necessary in the south the time may come when such arguments may seem to be the last resort of a plundered people in Lincoln.

Eleventh street is being transformed from the most dangerous and uncomfortable street in Lincoln to the smoothest and neatest. So soon as the work is done there will be a revival of business on that street that may influence those who will then be driving business away from O street by their opposition to asphaltum to accept the will of the majority. Eleventh street has been anathema for so many years that the return of the lighter grade of vehicles will rejoice the dealers in various kinds of merchandise who have done business

at a disadvantage. It is said that horses cannot remain standing on an asphalt street without inflicting great injury upon the asphalt. The vehicles which are left standing all day long upon the principal business streets of the city, interfere with traffic, make the streets unsightly and very dirty. Owners of horses in quartering their animals on the streets of the city from morning to night are making an improper and selfish use of the public domain. Of what use is a street commissioner who permits the people who hire him to be imposed upon day after day without attempting to at least restrict the nuisance to side streets.

### THINE EYES.

Within the depths of thy full orbs of brown  
I read a world of love no speech can tell;  
The stammering tongue can no more voice  
the sweet elusive thing  
Thine eyes show forth, than motleyed,  
grinning clown  
Can cast a charm or weave a magic spell,  
Or midnight raven, ravish with his harsh  
attempts to sing.  
Thy voice is low, and wonderfully sweet;  
Its liquid tones are softer than the song  
Of yonder lark, that mounts the viewless  
ladder of the skies;  
And yet, 'tis but a preface, dull and long,  
A tiresome thing, compared to that rare  
treat—  
The book I read, between the fringed covers  
of thine eyes.

—William Reed Dunrov.

Mr. Gruffleigh—After all, there is one good thing about marrying.

Miss Gush—Indeed! What is it?

Mr. Gruffleigh—If a man does not do himself any good when he marries, he at least saves some other poor devil from getting into trouble.