

belong to the best clubs. These expensive ornaments of banking have proved broken reeds to depositors since they were first invented, but experience does not lessen their influence. It is the duty of directors to satisfy themselves periodically that the bank for which they are sponsors is doing a legitimate banking business, but it is not fair to hold them responsible for speculations concealed by special bookkeeping, for confidence and trust are a necessity of business and the president might as justly be held responsible for a robber's assault as for the better concealed attempt of the cashier to loot the bank. The vigilance of bank directors might be increased, however, without exacting too much of them.

ART AT THE UNIVERSITY.
Lincoln, Neb., Nov., 23rd, 1896.

EDITOR COURIER:—It seems to me that it is about time for some one to enter a mild protest against the discrimination that has grown up in the university against students of art. If there is a young man or woman out in Wyoming or over in Iowa who wants an education to prepare him or her to enter the profession of law, medicine electrical engineering, farming or almost any other of the gainful occupations this state says to him: "Come to the Nebraska university, and you shall be prepared at the cost of the citizens of the state so that you can make your way in the world." But if there is a young man or woman in this state whose only talent is for art, who can never hope to enter any other gainful occupation or profession, the authorities of the university say to him or her: "You can come here and enroll as a student of the university, we will kindly say that you are under our wing, but as for education in art, that you will have to pay for yourself. We educate free of cost all other students, but for artists, all that we can do for you is to give you the use of the hall-way, where crowded together under the instruction of a teacher whose salary is paid by the charitable people of Lincoln and tuition fees you may get an education in art if you can. It is true that the legislature did appropriate money to build a hall for art students and the architect so planned it that it could be used for art purposes, but we have taken it for other purposes. We do not look upon art as a profession or gainful occupation, but only as a sort of a 'fad'. It is true that we must make some kind of a pretence that we have an art department, to preserve the good name and standing of the university, and that is the way we do it."

Art, however, is as much a gainful occupation as civil engineering or farming, and a larger proportion of art students went directly from the art department into paying positions than from any other department last year. Two or three more would have done so, but they were unable to pay the cost of the education which is freely bestowed upon all other students and were forced to give up the only hope they had of entering a gainful occupation. Some of the struggles of these art students to obtain instruction during the last year would appeal to the sympathies of any man who had a heart as big as a pea. The large fees and cost of art materials to enable one or two to attend the classes, were paid by a generous hearted citizen or two and the recipients have been started upon a career in life, that otherwise would have been absolutely impossible but for such assistance.

There would be no art department at the university at all except for the hard work and generous contributions of the members and officers of the Haydon Art club. For some years they have employed an instructor and provided as far as they could for the expenses of the department. After all that they can do, it is necessary to charge heavy tuition

fees and many young people who have talent for art are unable to pay them.

The charging of tuition fees for students in the art department, when no such charges are made in any other department of the university, is making a discrimination against one class of citizens never contemplated by those who laid so broad and deep the foundations of university education in this state. But worse than that, the taking away from them the hall that was built for them—it being the only room on the campus where the light is such as to give any chance for the successful pursuit of their profession—is a downright shame, which if called to the attention of the Regents and legislature will no doubt be remedied.

There is a call for art teachers all over this state and the university is as much bound to furnish them as it is to furnish civil engineers, lawyers, electricians and blacksmiths, all of which they do educate at the expense of the state at the university. The citizens of Lincoln have been very generous in their contributions to the art department, but they should do one thing more. They should call a public meeting and draw the attention of the legislature, the Regents and the people generally to the discrimination made against students in the art department. If this is done, no doubt the evils complained of will be speedily remedied.

T. H. TIMBLE.

London Letter.

The Princess of Wales is much brighter since she came home. While in Denmark, amid all the sad surroundings, she seemed unable to shake off her depression and used to cry dreadfully. At home she has so much to delight her—daughters, grandchildren, friends and pets—that she is already getting back into routine and cheering up; so much so that she begins to talk of appearing again in society after Easter—a thing which she at first declared she would not dream of doing. The Prince is in the best of spirits on account of the admirable behavior of his leg; no doctor believed that it would heal as it has done; he can walk quite nicely without a stick. Christopher Sykes' improved condition is another source of joy.

The Prince, however, is playing second fiddle just now. We can talk of no one but the Sirdar. It is most amusing to see the way in which the smart women worship him and praise him up, wearing all the while the odd little mortified smile that betrays their sense of helplessness. "You know he's quite a women-hater," said one of them yesterday: "he won't even have married officers if he can help it!" Which is true. Nevertheless, gossip is already opening wide eyes to watch the result of his visit to Lord Rosebery, whose guest he is to be while he is in Scotland. It would be a very pretty romance if sweet and serious, if girlish, Sybil Primrose were to touch the apparently impervious heart of the nation's hero!

I hear from Rome that the lovely Duchess d'Aosta has delighted everyone by having a son. The Duke d'Abruzzi cares only for travelling, and therefore hopes to escape being a ruler; the Count of Turin is waiting until the succession is secured in order to marry the woman he loves. By the way, did you ever hear the story of one of our noted English beauties and the Duke d'Aosta? He made her remarkable at a Quirinal Ball two or three winters ago by dancing with her rather too often. At last she got tired and asked him to take her in to supper. Having got all he wanted, and being disinclined to take trouble, he declined, and said he was tired of talking English. "Oh," said the girl with a flash of her eyes, "I know one Italian word, at least." "Oh, do you?" he asked,

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MILLER & PAINE

rashly; "what is it?" "Porco!" said she, very distinctly, and turned her back upon him.

I am told that several people who presumed upon intimacy in order to try and "draw" the Prince of Wales about the Fashoda dispute got smartly snubbed for their pains. Albert Edward, for so loquacious a man, is really very clever at holding his tongue when he finds it necessary. Not one word, good, bad or indifferent, could be got out of him on the subject. He floored one questioner—a favorite, whom he did not wish to rebuke—by merely looking straight at her and saying nothing, winking his left eye violently the while! (Please to understand that the ordinary wink was not intended; this wink of his is a nervous affliction that always comes on when he is surprised, agitated or anxious. It looks very funny!) Of course, he has so many friends in France that he would have found it most embarrassing to pronounce upon international questions. The Queen, however, laughed heartily last week when one of her ladies expressed dread of "war with France." She seemed to imply that there had never been any idea of such a thing. For my part, I think we want a few of German "Billy's" methods to enable us to deal with our press. Patriotism is one thing; incendiarism another; worst of all is the cooking of news in order to catch stray pence! Would you believe that a prominent evening paper disgraced itself last week by printing enormous headlines on its posters, immediately under the Fashoda items; "Calling out the Volunteers?" There was quite a small scare in the city; even sober men in banks were saying; "Well, that does sound serious; I'm told that the Volunteers are to be called out. Is it true? Where did you hear it?" At last a friend of mine got a paper and searched its columns. What he found was that the War Office contemplated withdrawing from active service all Volunteers who had passed the age of fifty five years. Now, what do you think of journalism that has recourse to such methods?

The new Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey make no pretence of being heartbroken at their sudden accession to the family honors. Lord Uxbridge, as he used to be called, saw little of his late father, who lived in Paris since his third marriage—and the pair did not "get on." Not that the heir objected to Paris; he spent much of his youth there, and is in many respects more like a Frenchman than an Englishman. He is twenty-three only; a nice boy, tall and fair and smart, with effective eyeglasses. He is a great judge of costume, delighting to array his bride in the daintiest confections. She is extremely sweet; slender

pink and white, with lovely deep blue eyes, golden red hair and a soulful expression. She is rather *devotee*, as well as smart, having 'verted three years ago to the Roman Catholic church. But she loves gayety also; therefore she will suit him excellently. The pair are not—like so many young aristocrats who succeed to peerages and estates—crippled for a year by the death duties; Lord Uxbridge was his mother's heir, and she was very wealthy, apart from the late Marquis' fortune. Therefore, when their mourning is over these young people will do a great deal to enliven society and improve trade.

The world is chattering loudly about the engagement of Mrs. Aquith's father. Sir Charles Tennant lost his wife three years ago; but nobody imagined that he would marry again at the age of seventy-five. However, the festive old gentleman means to do as he likes. His bride-elect is the youngest daughter of the late Col. William Miles, of Burtonhill, Malmesbury. Sir Charles is a great golfer, like all the Tennants. He has three married sons, of whom the eldest is husband of Pamela Wyndham, one of the beauties among the "Souls."

Another interesting engagement is that of Lady Newtown-Butler's sister, Miss Mabel Tombs, to Captain Combe, of the Eleventh Hussars. Just now that we have military fever badly, the army men will carry off all the beauties. You may remember that Lady Newtown-Butler, as Miss Gladys Tombs, was the sensation of the town a few years ago. Her portrait at the Grosvenor Gallery had a constant crowd before it. Now she is a lovely young matron with beautiful children.

I must tell you of the very successful debut made at one of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts by a countrywoman of yours, Miss Lillian Blauvelt. She was heralded by no "puffs preliminary;" yet the critics have been delighted with her, and she seems likely to have a great future. Her voice is a pure, sweet, bird-like soprano. She has been trained in Paris, I am told. She was four times recalled, but declined the encore. I am pleased to add that when she is singing she looks as nice as she sounds.

The time has come to lay in your WINTER'S COAL and wood. See Gregory, corner Eleventh and O, before buying.