

unburdened herself of a diatribe against the school books closing with these words: "Madly burn and wipe out every vestige of the tiresome, wearisome, old, dilapidated, frustrating, vexing, miserable old books." Each member of the class then threw in the book that had been her own particular aversion, repeating a few emphatic lines expressive of their pleasure at the parting. This unique exercise was followed by a tree planting.

The great success of Mr. Majors novel "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is the talk of the hour. Charles Major is a lawyer of Shelbyville, Ind., and a few years ago, while waiting for clients that must occupy all of his time, wrote a novel as a matter of diversion. He laid the finished manuscript away, and a long time afterwards, looking it over, decided that it was very good. He then read it to a few of his friends, they pronounced it all right and urged him to send it to a publisher. He then sent the manuscript to the Harpers, they in due time returned it with sincere regrets of inability, etc. Mr. Majors then made a trip to Indianapolis, and presented his manuscript to publishers there, where it found acceptance. Yet it was with some doubts, that they made ready for its publication. Times were dull; when they began to improve, the war with Spain came on. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was in type a whole year before the shrewd publishers put it upon the market. You know the rest. It took. It has long since entered upon its sixteenth edition and more than 50,000 copies of it have been sold, and Mr. Majors awoke one morning to find himself famous.

The Town Improvement Association of Summit, N. J., was formed in 1897 in response to the initiative of the Fort-nightly club of that place, which appointed a committee of five to formulate a plan for such an association. The committee suggested a public meeting which was held and a number of subscribers at a dollar a year secured. According to the report of the society kindly sent The Courier by the president, Mrs. H. B. Twombly, the membership is now 144. The treasurer's report for the years 1897 and 1899 shows what the society has done and is copied here for the suggestion of other associations as well as our own of Lincoln:

#### TREASURER'S ACCOUNT—1897.

F. D. Twombly, in account with the Town Improvement Association; April to December, 1897.	
To Receipts as follows:	
Membership fees.....	\$174.00
Junior Aid fees.....	6 05
Donations:	
From 1st Town Improvem't Asso	39.02
Private.....	7.00
Boulevard Association.....	10.00
	\$236.07
Expenses.....	75 41
Balance.....	\$160.66
By Disbursements as follows:	
Printing, stationery, etc....	\$11.71
Vacant Lot Committee:	
Setting plants.....	\$ 4.35
Signs against dumping.....	3 15
Work on lots.....	3 00
Removing trees and storing bulbs.....	4 80
	15.30
Street Committee:	
Waste cans.....	\$30.00
Locks, chains, settings, etc..	8 32
Cleaning.....	2.00
	40.32
Junior Aid Pins.....	8.08
Total.....	\$75.41
Balance on hand.....	160.66
Total Receipts.....	\$236.07

Bills payable:	
Four snow plows.....	\$20.50
Clearing snow.....	12.00
Stationery, etc.....	3.61
	\$36.11

#### TREASURER'S REPORT—1899.

M. A. Taylor in account with Town Improvement Association.	
To Receipts as follows:	
Balance from last report.....	\$160.55
Amount rec'd from Dec. 7, '98, to Jan. 14, '99, for membership.....	85.50
Stamps delivered.....	65
To balance rec'd from last year	\$296.81
Contributions for snow plow:	
Town Committee appropriation.....	\$ 50.00
Private subscriptions.....	214 00
	\$264.00
Membership fees after Jan. 14, 1899.....	132 99
Subscriptions:	
Mr. Geo. Wilcox.....	\$84.00
Private subscriptions.....	26 76
	110.76
Total.....	\$754.56
Disbursements.....	615 34
Balance.....	\$139 22
By Disbursements as follows:	
Street Committee—Snow Plow Department:	
To contractor, clearing snow, 4 snow plows, Jan 1897.....	\$210.00
	20 50
	\$230.50
Street Cleaning Department:	
Painting and cleaning waste cans, removing dead wood etc.....	18.51
Association Expenses for Sanitary Committee:	
Garbage carts, freight, etc.....	\$249.10
Printing circulars, Town ordinances, stationery, etc.....	36.61
	\$285 71
Park Committee:	
Storing and planting bulbs, clearing grass plots and dressing the same.....	24.50
Humane Committee:	
Annual dues, 4 memberships in S. P. C. A.....	\$ 16.00
Stationery, etc.....	2 50
Cup and chain for fountain.....	.35
	18.85
Junior Aid Committee:	
Speakers, picnic, etc.....	4 00
Association Expenses:	
Stamps, stationery.....	\$17 96
Printing, etc.....	15.21
	33.17
Total.....	\$615.34
Balance on hand.....	139.22
Total receipts.....	\$754.56

#### DEAN OF WOMEN.

The appointment of dean of women in co-educational institutions is in the line of the natural evolution of co-education. There has been a general recognition in such institutions of the necessity for such an office. One can readily appreciate the advantages to the young women in having some one to whom they can look for counsel, sympathy and help in matters aside from the routine of class work. This is especially true in the large university with its complex organization, its different colleges and large number of students. Formerly the college was like a great family with the president in loco parentis; but now the modern university partakes more of the nature of a small community. The great and vital changes of government and organization have made necessary among many other innovations, this office of dean of women. This office was identified with the beginning of the history of co-education as early as 1873. The Northwestern university appointed

as its first dean of women, Frances E. Willard. This university opened its doors to women in 1871 and thus early in the movement deemed it necessary and wise to provide for the young women some one to whom they could go freely for counsel and assistance. The university of Chicago opened in 1892 with three deans of women. The calendar of 1897 of this university gives the number of women students as 879, the number of men students 1428. The first dean of women was appointed in Wisconsin university in 1897 and in this institution there are 436 women students and 1767 men students. The university of Michigan has a dean of women with an enrollment of 683 women students and 2546 men students. The university of Illinois appointed a dean of women in 1897 and the calendar of 1898 shows an enrollment of 245 women and 1338 men. The university of Nebraska, with an enrollment of 878 women and 1040 men, appointed the first dean of women in 1898. These figures will give an idea of the proportion of men and women in the different universities in which this office has been created.

The duties of dean of women vary in each institution according to circumstances and conditions but in every case she represents the women students as a body, has a vote in the faculty, looks after their interests and endeavors to cultivate certain important phases of their student life. She also endeavors to come into confidential relations with individual students and to be to them something more than a technical adviser.

It is interesting to note that, with the establishment of office of dean of women in the universities, there has been a decided movement on the part of women in these institutions toward organization. Of the six universities in which this office has been created four of them have organizations among the women. These women's leagues have for their general objects the furthering of the interests of the women in the universities, the cultivation of college spirit and enthusiasm and the encouragement of esprit de corps among the women. Some of these leagues take up the work of the college hospital, the fitting up of reception rooms for the women and all endeavor to further all worthy objects of general interest to the entire student body.

The world is realizing, more and more that with the higher education of women there must be assured, in addition to intellectual development, a certain development of the sympathies, a culture of the heart, as the best preparation for life and living. The entire environment of the four years of college life should supply all the best influences for this growth, and the history of coeducation will show that it has always been the aim and desire of coeducational institutions to hold up such ideals of conduct and character and to endeavor to so direct and inspire the young women that they may never lose sight of the truth that intellectual culture should never be sought as an end in itself, but as one of the means to higher, nobler, fuller living—Emma P. Wilson.

That young man that you are engaged to is a bad egg.

That is the reason I am afraid to drop him.

May—There'll be a lot of men disappointed when I marry.

Fay—You surely are not going to marry more than one are you?

The New York one—Why did your cousin break her engagement?

The Boston one—She discovered her fiancé ate icecream with a spoon.

Mrs. Highblower—Must you be going.

Mrs. Daisycutter—Yes; my automobile won't stand.

#### WITH THE WIND.

[MARTHA PIERCE.]

The raw December day dawned without a glint of sunshine. The great stretch of prairie lay bleak and cheerless under the low leaden sky. At ten o'clock the wind began to rustle in the long, dry grass, and whistle down the aisles of the forsaken corn fields. By noon it had gained the true Nebraska swing and swept its invisible tide across the levels with restless force. It was now nearing mid-afternoon and its velocity was undiminished.

The two men sitting comfortably before the cheerful fire glowing in the cook stove, in the snug kitchen of a sod house, scarcely heard its roaring through the thick walls. Occasionally when in an access of fury, a blast howled around the corner, and rattled the sash; they glanced at each other knowingly. (They had been too long on the prairie to mistake the merciless note in the shriek of the wind as it hurried by.)

Jim Bradley leaned forward, thrust apart the sliding doors, and stirred the fire. Its light glowing on his keen, quiet face, turned to crimson a long scar that ran obliquely across his right cheek. It was his one distinguishing mark. Lean, dark, muscular, sun-burned, of middle size and middle age, he was one of those ordinary, quiet, steady-going, honest-looking men, who are so common in this country, that it is difficult to describe one of them. Having adjusted the coals to his satisfaction, he selected a corn husk from the cob-box by the stove and lit his pipe, then closed the doors carefully, flicked off an ash that had fallen on the stove-hearth, put his lean, brown hands behind his head and blissfully joined forces with his companion, who, with an old cob pipe, was turning the air blue. His red, round, good natured face beamed through the haze like a full moon, newly risen. Except that a full moon was never surmounted by such a riotous shock of curly red hair, or attached to such a big, stalwart body. As he sat, carelessly with his long legs stretched out, and one hand thrust in the pocket of his blue overalls, his great length of limb was impressive. So was the strong neck, the heave of muscle over his chest, visible where his blue checked blouse fell away, and the iron sinews of his wrist. He was thewied like an ox. Through the blue smoke he could vaguely see the outlines of the rudely furnished room. Bradley's rifle over the pine door; a row of bright tins on the shelf over the kitchen table, on pegs driven into the white-washed wall, Bradley's slicker and an old hat, a pair of husking gloves; and in the deep recess of the window a scarlet geranium making a bright spot in the dim room.

Bradley took his pipe out of his mouth, and leaning forward looked out of the window, and his face took on that keenness of expression which it might have worn had he been looking an enemy between the eyes with intent to read his purpose.

"It's coming, Alex!" he said, "see! the snow is beginning to drive."

Alex's glance followed his friend's through the window. Long sinuous wreaths of light snow crept in ghostly wavering lines over the frozen, clean-swept earth of the barnyard, and in the plowed field beyond the furrows, showed long, white streaks. Beyond that the air was so thickened with approaching gray-white armies, as to shut out all the farther reach of vision. A quick flurry of flakes swept past the window. Then with a long, loud, shout of challenge the storm swooped down and shut them in.

Bradley put his feet upon the stove hearth and tilted back his chair.

"I'm glad you happened over this