

ings, women from Massachusetts, California, Texas, and Dakota express this sentiment and they mean it. When the time comes for speech making, essay writing, and resolutions to result in action this long training in forgetting self for the whole will be found most effective.

The club movement is not so much a renaissance of learning as it is of christianity. To a college bred woman fortnightly discussion of any subject can never be anything but a pleasant souvenir or reminder of real work. To the self cultured woman who has studied history and literature by herself the club is a pleasant place in which to test the worth of her conclusions and the soundness of her learning. The club is not intended to take the place of college training. In fact the club was not intended to accomplish anything. The movement began and grew. Nobody has ever discovered the real founder, nobody knows what it will accomplish, nobody understands the reason why thousands of delegates once in two years gather in some city for four or five days. It is not to discuss history or literature or even economics, it is not to gratify ambition or to elect vain and ambitious women to this or that office. Whatever the papers or the scoffers may say be sure it is for none of these. It is not for anyone to say yet what the club movement and biennial convocation means. It is more in the way of a crusade than of a revival of learning. To limit representation in the general federation to delegates elected by state federations would inevitably decrease the number present, lessen the interest and cut the connection between the general federation and the club member. The meetings are so successful and so important because of the number of delegates and visitors which attend the meetings. The very fact of which a few women, anxious to rush business, complain, is the vital one of popularity and democracy. Any aristocratic change will be resented by the individual clubs, and their withdrawal by hundreds which would follow their disavowal by the general federation would destroy the general federation and delay the accomplishment of the object for which at no signal and with no leader, but almost simultaneously the women of this country organized and made fraternal pledges.

The Courier.

It is pardonable in a publisher to occasionally call the attention of the public to the excellence of the paper he publishes. Consider The Courier! Compare it with any other weekly paper in Nebraska. There is but one other weekly paper in the state which publishes as much original matter, and which does not publish either patent insides or syndicate letters. All the matter published in The Courier of Lincoln is set up in the Courier composing room. Moreover all of it is written by the editor and staff of the paper except that which is directly quoted and obtained from some other designated publication. The Conservative of Nebraska City edited and published by the Hon. J. Sterling Morton is the only other weekly paper in the state, printed on pure white paper, containing no patent insides and no syndicate letters—that tiresome chorus published simultaneously all over the United States. Subscribers to The Courier may not have reflected upon the fact that the paper they receive once a week is unique. Except for the correspondence of Miss Willa Cather of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and from Miss Bullock of Nebraska City, and the correspondence and reports from the secretaries

of the clubs—which matter constitutes the most interesting and the most popular departments of the paper—the weekly contents of The Courier are written in Lincoln. For one tenth of the cost a cheap paper may be published, but I believe that a cheap paper filled with serial plates and syndicate correspondence, paid for by running patent medicine advertisements will be of no permanent value either to the publisher or to the subscribers. This criticism does not include the weekly country newspapers published in regions not supplied by dailies. These papers in Nebraska are invariably edited by men of convictions and originality. The editorial page compensates for the inanity of the patent insides. However a community which has any sort of metropolitan fastidiousness will not accept patent plates and syndicate letters.

The Deweys Mobbed.

Finally the Admiral asked Mr. Boldt, the proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, to say to the reporters who invested the hotel that he and Mrs. Dewey appreciated the tenderness of the people of New York but he wished they would pretend not to recognize him when they saw him doing a little shopping or taking a walk or enjoying a show. "Look a Dewey" a gamin shouted the first morning that they dared leave the hotel, then the great American rushed upon them to shake hands with them. Then the Deweys and the crowd worked their way to Tiffany's where the proprietor double barred the door and the crowd dashed break it down though strongly urged thereto by what it felt was patriotism.

The folks outside could see the Admiral and his wife moving toward the back of the store and they made a rush down Fifteenth street, evidently suspecting that the pair would come out that way. A crowd stretching clear across the street, was waiting when the Admiral and Mrs. Dewey reappeared. Seeing a solid front of people between him and his cab, the Admiral stepped in front of his wife, raised his hand with a deprecating gesture and said:

"Please, my friends, please let us get to our carriage."

Somebody remarked that it was a wonder a man couldn't enjoy his honey moon in peace, and at that the crowd separated sufficiently to allow Admiral and Mrs. Dewey to reach their cab, which drove away to the hotel amid much cheering. The Admiral and his wife remained indoors all the afternoon, fearing to venture out again after their morning experiences.

"It's a wonder" as the man said, that we, even the unassorted collection in the streets, cannot allow a man to take a morning walk with his wife or do the magnanimous honeymoon shopping act without pestering him with our horny, ungrooved hands which the fastidious Dewey is too polite not to shake. There are only a very few men who really enjoy the sticky, unfragrant adulation of a crowd and these men are so steeped in vanity that they would rather sit on the reeking dais of a side-show enclosure and be stared at by twenty-five cent admissions than be forgotten and clean and quiet. The Admiral and, fortunately, Mrs. Dewey are not of this sort. They are both modest, private citizens and they will accept imprisonment or expatriation before the infliction of the caresses and the attentions of the American people who do not know any better.

The English, the French, and the Spanish when they visit this country are shocked by the indignities which favorites are obliged to suffer from the people. It is a weed of democracy and presidents have cultivated it by periodically giving up their sacred persons to be shaken and embraced by every undistinguished American who cares to claim the right. Ad-

miral Dewey has put this nation under obligations enough. He says he will not be president; he says he wants to be let alone to enjoy a wedding journey, and he very politely requests us to mind our own business. But attended by a cordon of police with drawn clubs is the only way in which he can take an airing without being crushed, wrinkled, and soiled by people whom the shrinking admiral does not know, but who claim to know him.

The Auditorium.

With the erection of the seven arches the auditorium is completed all but the finishing. The plan is simplicity and strength itself: seven arches supported on piers and connected by a roof with openings for doors and windows, with a brick foundation at one end to support the stage and with a gallery depending entirely from the arches on two sides and the end gallery supported by pillars; the whole surrounded by a thin brick wall of no more than two courses of brick in thickness because it supports only itself. The straight lines of the gallery and floor meeting the concavity of the arches shows the lines of construction, and those lines have the same element of beauty a mountain has, strength and repose. No matter how crowded with people the auditorium may be the timidest will be reassured by a glance at the arches and the plan of construction which the architect has very wisely and after the invariable habit of all architects of large buildings, left exposed. The cathedrals owe their quietude, their power, their security, their influence not only to their fine proportions but to the perfectly intelligible construction which in no notable cathedral is concealed.

Contributors to the auditorium fund express satisfaction with the building as the construction proceeds. Its convenience and its utility in housing conventions will be of advantage to Lincoln in many ways.

It appears to be doubtful if the heating apparatus will be ready for the butter-makers' convention. The members of this association are used to cold storage and may not object to the fresh, cold, germ proof atmosphere in which their deliberations may have to be conducted.

Senator Hayward.

Senator and Mrs. Hayward have the sympathy of the state. The Senator's illness interrupts his cherished plans for the near future. His physician's discouraging bulletins are depressing. Besides the loss of such a man to his family and friends which his illness threatens, his loss to the republican party is of great significance just now. However, with the apparent convalescence of Vice President Hobart whose death was also predicted by his physicians there is hope for the Nebraska senator.

Charity.

For its own sake or to relieve genuine misfortune, charity is lovely. But when a man lights a fire and proclaims that he has given more to a certain worthy object than anyone else and is willing to increase his gift, the circumstances are suspicious. If charity is to be credited to one's account in the next world, it must be kept dark in this one. The man who stands before a fire and exploits his own generosity may be making a record among the indiscriminating beneficiaries of his bounty, but his proceeding is to be printed in the paper and there are more who will be disgusted by the pharisaism of the deed than were attracted by its generosity.

Every man and nearly every woman

these days is enough of a politician to recognize pure benevolence and discriminate between it and the gifts made to propitiate political suffrage. The real philanthropist is distinguished by certain facial, cranial peculiarities and by a life of benevolence, purity, and unselfishness. It does not profit the politician much to kiss all the babies in the district he is working and to make gifts to all the churches. These deeds of mercy will attract a few people, just as the gold brick scheme still imposes on a very few agriculturists, but they are very few and there is no record of the number of times that confidence men have tried it and failed.

Woman's Duty.

A very interesting letter from Mrs. McKillip, of Seward, is published in this issue of The Courier. It is a reply to the extract from Mrs. Peattie's department in Self Culture, printed last week. Mrs. McKillip's figures would refute Mrs. Peattie's statement, only she does not state the identity of the compiler, nor give the date of his census, nor his opportunities for attaining accuracy. Figures have acquired the reputation of lying from the inaccuracy with which they are frequently compiled. Their use must always be accompanied by a reference to the source and their value depends both upon the reputation of the compiler and his opportunities for making them full and complete. Without investigation the percentages quoted by Mrs. McKillip seem difficult of attainment. It is possible to count the number of domestic servants named in the directories of this country, but there are millions of domestic servants who object to having their names appear in the directories under such an appellation and in giving their names to the census taker their place or function in the household is not stated.

But Mrs. McKillip's spirited defense of the American woman and her statement of the effects of overpopulation is worth reading.

The whole question belongs to the perennial, never-determined, forever-recurring puzzles that humanity cannot answer and which do not seem to have occurred to God when he made the world.

THE VISION FADETH.

As fades a fleeting vision of the night,
So melts the dream-white city from our sight;

Its minarets and domes and slender spires
All vanish swiftly like a vain delight.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

Omaha, Oct. 31, 1899.

Why do you—aw—sigh, Miss Dolly?
asked the callow bard after reciting one of his soulful effusions.

Because it's not good form to snort,
replied the wearied maiden.—The Bazar.

Does the play have a happy ending?
No, the hero and heroine marry in the last act.

Vow that's the tale Jones poured into
my ears last evening.

Well, it's evidently too thin.

How's that?

It has leaked out.

And who was that gentleman we had
at dinner today? inquired the cannibal king

He was a minister, sire.

Indeed and indeed, replied the potentate smacking his lips, he was assuredly a prime minister.

Willie, did the grocer tell you those
eggs were fresh.

He did not say, but he told me to
hurry home with them.