

less service we now receive for four dollars a month would be inevitably improved by the operation of the inevitable law of competition. It may be advisable of the council to require a bond that the franchise is asked for in good faith and will be operated for a certain number of years. It is good policy for the council and for the city of Lincoln to advertise to all the country that the gates to Lincoln, on the north, on the south, on the east and on the west are open to all comers who desire to establish reciprocal commercial relations with us. The Nebraska Telephone company charges all the market will bear. There is no present prospect and no evidences of any future prospect that the rate will be lowered without the intervention of a competitor. The indications are that the council will grant the license to the new company believing that on the whole the reduction in rates will be of great benefit to the whole people.

The small amount of electric energy required to run a telephone is very cheap. The telephone girls receive a pitifully small wage, so small that the service they render is, in comparison, irreproachable. The only other employees are the manager and the line men.

When the new company begins to put in its lines it should not be permitted to use the down town buildings instead of poles as the Nebraska Telephone company, the telegraph companies and the electric light companies have done. The roofs of the down town blocks are crossed and recrossed by a maze of wires which have been placed in position without consent of the owners, and in some instances in spite of their remonstrance. At any time of the day line men with spiked soles ascend to the roofs "to fix the wires."

The Independent Telephone company will doubtless be granted the right of way into your house and over your roof but the city should receive a partially compensatory price.

The Stotsenburg Fund.

Nebraska has, so far failed to express gratitude for what Colonel Stotsenburg did for the state. Of all the volunteer regiments of apple-cheeked boys that have trotted up and down, across the shallow rivers and through the rice swamps of Luzon the First Nebraska earned and received the place of honor. There were other regiments of enthusiastic volunteers, but out of them all the First Nebraska was selected for the most difficult posts and actually did more fighting than any other two regiments. No wonder that the soldiery still keeps alive the deeds of the First Nebraska and quote its marches and charges. Colonel Stotsenburg understood the men, the sort of fighting they would have to do and the training that would prepare them to do it. Fresh from his experience with the cadets of the university Stotsenburg knew what sort of training was necessary to produce the most effective fighting force. He spared neither himself nor his regiment in getting ready for the emergency they crossed the Pacific to meet. For the reputation the Colonel and his raw troops made Nebraska owes him a debt which has not been paid and which will not be paid unless we pay it.

Before war was proclaimed, while Colonel Stotsenburg was still cadet Commandant at the university Lieutenant Stotsenburg was a moral force at the university. By example and an occasional modest address on temperance, he fixed a new standard for officers and men, never before insisted upon. Stotsenburg did not drink, he

did not gamble, he was not profane. He was a simple-hearted, brave, modest gentleman that men trusted implicitly and who influenced them to action and renunciation. For this reason if there were no other the mothers of Nebraska are grateful that such a man was colonel of the First Nebraska. Those volunteers who resisted the temptations of a camp and returned to their homes as temperate and chaste as they left them were inspired and strengthened by the character and conduct of their Colonel, who when he was not fighting was the mildest of men.

The money that was subscribed for the celebration given a year ago in honor of the First Nebraska was not all expended. Each donor will receive a small sum based on the amount of his subscription unless he decides to instruct Mr. Paul Holm, the treasurer, to send it to the Stotsenburg Fund. This amount will be a substantial increase to the Fund while it will inconsiderably increase the bank accounts of individuals.

College Women.

They are still credited with playing the piano in the drawing room while their mothers are at the same time bent over the wash tub or the cook stove. All the college girls I have ever known were more active about the house or in business than girls who lacked the purpose and energy to complete a college course. This is a university town and it is comparatively easy to select the girls who with health and leisure enough to take the university course have still chosen to devote their whole time to society, from those sturdy short-skirted girls, who are getting ready with all their might for a life of intelligent usefulness and activity. President Jordan in a recent contribution to a woman's magazine says:

"A little learning without training is a dangerous thing. In these days of many books the uncultured woman is exposed to many new dangers which our grandmothers could not know. Half-educated mothers are too often caught by passing fads—medical, literary and religious. It is among partly educated women that worthless books find their readiest sale. It is from among them that the societies for the promotion of 'the higher foolishness' draw their membership. Christian Science, Ralstonism, vegetarianism, faith cure, relic cure, osteopathy, psychic experiences, and a variety of delusions which real knowledge would dissipate, and which now add unprecedented terrors to matrimony, derive their support from women who have leisure time to read, but who have never been trained to think. The training of the American college of today opposes to all this the critical spirit. It makes for calmness and firmness. The college woman is as vigorous in health, as firm in step, as clear in brain, as ready for real service, as devoted, loyal and loving when she leaves the college as when she enters it. She knows a good deal better how to use her time than her mother did, and how to apply her strength. She is ready for her part in life, and she has some clear and critical sense of the relative value of different men and actions. There is no way known and none has ever been found which could prepare her better, or which could make her more ready for her great duties as wife and mother."

Arrogance of Learning.

The consideration we still pay men who do nothing all their lives but turn the pages of a book is only a survival of that mediaeval reverence for

the mystery of knowledge hid in a monastery and displayed by men set apart. The twentieth century and what is left of the nineteenth really reverences the man who can make a living, not by holding an office or because he is learning but because in every day commerce he offers the century brains that it can use, machines that conserve energy, or ten inspired fingers. Learning is little worth that is not applied and the veriest sage is not valued for what he knows so much as the modest corner groceryman. There is still however on the part of undergraduates themselves an assumption of superiority, harmless so long as it is confined to an attitude and a point of view but uncomfortable, to the community when students manifest it by stealing signs and painting the year of their graduation on public property. When some Harvard students painted the statue of John Harvard red, the student body met and in the strongest terms censured the perpetrator. No signs of so healthy a sentiment were exhibited by Nebraska State university students when squads of them painted signs on the state capitol, on the Presbyterian church, and on large, pressed brick business houses down town. Heretofore the humble villeins whose property has been defaced or stolen have been silent because of this old reverence for one who was supposed to be studying something. But that feeling is rapidly disappearing aided by a very respectable minority of university students, who though they are away from home dwelling temporarily in a city to which those who support them pay no taxes, are law-abiding youth. The growth of antagonism between the students and the police is not the result of "persecution" of the students by the police, but of the many student raids on the property of the state and of the citizens. Any expression of disapproval by the decent element in the university of the mob which is invariably during one semester composed of the same individuals, would tend to increase the respect of the police department and of the city for the university as a whole. But such a resolution has never been offered or adopted.

GREEN FIRE.

Fair Flora with her jade divining-rod
Strikes thrice the springtime sod—
Green fire! Green fire
From base to spire
Of every slumbering tree
Under Heaven's canopy!
Green fire!
A bursting, warm desire
In every tiny seed
Of grass and reed,
An upward heart-beat—lo, the earth
In wantonness of mirth
Leaps from the darkness winter lulled,
A flaming emerald!
Green fire! Green fire!
The winds inquire
Of every flame its will,
And instantly its fond desires fulfill!
See! All the land is one great whirl
Where wreathing fires unfurl
To wondering eyes
God's miracle of dyes!
Green fire!
And Orpheus with his lyre
Strikes up a measure sweet
To flying feet—
O hear the World in rapturous acclaim,
As Flora dances, beryl-winged, through
flashing flames!

—May "Lippencott."

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER

FLORA BULLOCK.

Oh, I would bring you
a draught of this beauty,
You who are cramped
by the high city walls
I am a monarch,
and this is my booty.
To keep, I would share it,
To hoard, I would bear it
Away where the shut in ones
struggle and fall.

You see but patches
and shreds of the skies;
I own a half-world
of that exquisite blue.
Mine is the west
where the red sun dies
The east where he rises,—
That chief of surprises,—
To smile on my kingdom
and diamond the dew.

Poor, and a beggar,
I claim as mine own
That sweep of the river,
broad miles of the hills,
For over them often
my spirit has flown.
The wild flowers blowing,
The green things growing,—
For me the whole woodland
its perfume distills.

God giveth the earth to those
who most love it—
Oh you of the City,
creep forth from your gates
And stand on the hill-tops
in wonder above it,
A song's in the air;
The earth everywhere
Clad in new glory,
your worship awaits.

It would be hard to imagine a more impressive, more quietly satisfying work of nature than this making of the Spring in the Old Town on the River. The process, in spite of occasional bursts and starts, has been slow. It was many weeks ago that we noticed a certain suspicious color of the cottonwoods and looked down with hope upon the lawn that shown blue and green under the morning frost. Just within the last few days a few backward elms and the oaks have decided that they must join the procession and the green leaves spring out in a night. Soon there will be no trace of autumn colors in the groves and fields, but the transformation will be accomplished.

Again I must say that you will never know the glory of spring until you have seen it from above, and watched its coming. To walk the streets of the city, admire the little patches of grass, the tulips in blossom, the few trees, is not to be compared with standing day after day where you can look down on a forest of budding trees, brightening lawns, orchards in blossom, and fields newly ploughed.

Surely something bad will happen to the man who introduced the dandelions into Nebraska. It is safe to say that, as perhaps there are many who must plead "guilty." I was told that a New Englander brought them to Lincoln, thought that a few would look nice in the green lawns—and behold, a yellow conflagration. They say here, that a German performed the same, kind service for this old burg. A dandelion is all right until it goes to seed. It does look bright and pretty in the grass—especially when seen from above. But the kind botanist who transplanted the weed, entirely miscalculated the possibilities of the development of a fondness for dandelion greens. In a country where they have to irrigate the weeds and cultivate them to make them grow, dandelions might be a luxury.

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