

trate his mind, to be unsatisfied with a silly concept or a partial translation of what he hears and reads. It has long been the fashion to call the public schools the bulwarks of American liberty. But are they? Any teacher or superintendent who has read hundreds of examination papers, or any child experimentalist will scarcely say that the public school has begun to properly fulfill its function of making children think. Not that private schools are any better. Only we cannot reasonably felicitate ourselves upon our influence on the next generation until we either cease to read their examination papers or teach them to think for themselves, in which case examinations will cease to be such bugbears.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

What does it matter?

The worry, the strife,
The heart-ache, and care of it?
So weary we journey
the highway of life,
Noo Jamie has slippit awa'.

The sun never shines
with its auld golden glow
On the glen and the mountain and a',
And the brook never rings
with its musical flow,
Noo Jamie has slippit awa'.

The lark's morning song
falls unrecked on the ear,
The thrush an' the robin and a',
And the voices of night
bear no message of cheer,
Noo Jamie has slippit awa'.

We wait for the touch o'
his welcoming hand,
His voice, tender greeting, and a',
And we're longing to rest in
the yonder Home Land
Wi' Jamie, who slippit awa'.
—Phoebe Wright Morgan.

“VERY LIKE A WHALE.”

An Elephant came to the sea,
meaning to take a swim.
He spied a bather near the shore
and thus accosted him:
“Pray can you tell me, my little friend,
I am so big, you see,—
If there is any pool about
that's deep enough for me?”

A mighty Whale raised from the deep
a head so huge and tall,
The pompous Elephant sank down;
he felt exceedingly small.
“Yes,” roared the Whale;
it's deep enough for me, so I think
You may find room—if not afraid.
Why linger on the brink?”

Christopher Valentine, in July St. Nicholas.

All Busy.—“Where is your mother Johnnie?”
“Playing golf.”
“And your aunt?”
“She is out on her bike.”
“And your sister?”
“She is gone to the gymnasium.”
“Then I'll see your father, please.”
“He can't come now. He is up stairs giving the baby a bath.”

Photographer (to sitter)—I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Skeate.
Sitter—Oh, did you?

Photographer—Yes; and also your friend, Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle? Thanks.) And what an atrocious-looking hat she had on.” (After a pause.) “There, Miss Skeate, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression.”

Floorwalker—She complains that you didn't show her common civility.

Shopgirl—I showed her everything in my department, sir.

CLUBS.

OFFICERS OF N. F. W. C., 1899 & 1900.

Pres., Mrs. Anna L. Apperson, Tecumseh.
V. P., Mrs. Ida W. Blair, Wayne.
Cor. Sec., Mrs. Virginia D. Arnup, Tecumseh.
Rec. Sec., Miss Mary Hill, York.
Treas., Mrs. H. F. Doane, Crete.
Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.
Auditor, Mrs. E. J. Halner, Aurora.

The Fortnightly club of Lincoln will review next season the principal events of the nineteenth century. The officers for the year are: President, Mrs. A. W. Field; vice president, Mrs. C. H. Gere; secretary, Mrs. E. H. Barbour. The calendar is printed here for reference. The bibliography is especially complete but too long for reproduction here.

Sept. 25—
Science:—Progress in Agriculture, Anatomy, Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Electricity, Geology, Mechanics, Meteorology, Paleontology, Physics,
.....Mrs. Barbour.

Oct. 9—
France:—Influence of the French Revolution upon Europe; Napoleon and the Congress of Vienna; Restoration of the Bourbons; Louis XVIII and Charles X; Revolution of 1830.....Miss Herron.

Oct. 23—
England:—George IV and the Reform Bill; Chartism; cities given representation; colonization during the century,
.....Mrs. Field.

Nov. 6—
Music:—The symphony; the opera; the oratorio; orchestral and choral societies; noted artists and composers,
.....Mrs. Raymond.

Nov. 20—
Italy:—Napoleon in Italy; revolution of 1820; Carbonari; Austrian oppression; Charles Albert's struggle for independence.
.....Mrs. Gere.

Dec. 4—
Spain:—Queen Christina and Queen Isabella; the revolution of 1868; choosing a King; the Republic; restoration of the Bourbons.....Mrs. Green.

Dec. 18—
Literature:—Romanticism; the influence of Victor Hugo, Scott, Goethe's "Sorrowful of Werther;" the Byronic craze; Balzac, the founder of realism.....Mrs. Brooks.

Jan. 15—
Literature:—The rise and growth of realism; George Eliot, Zola, Ibsen; the Victorian poets; the drama.....Mrs. Wilson.

Jan. 29—
Germany:—1848; the idea of unity; rivalry between Germany and Austria; Bismarck and the Empire; William II,
.....Mrs. Hinman.

Feb. 12—
France:—Revolution of 1848; Lamartine; the commune; Napoleon the little; corruption in politics; the Third Republic,
.....Mrs. Lamb.

Feb. 26—
England:—Accession of Victoria; the rise of parties; Victorian statesmen and their reforms.....Mrs. Lambertson.

March 12—
Art:—Early 19th century art; pre-Raphaelitism; Impressionism,
.....Mrs. Richards.

March 26—
Italy:—Mazzini; Garibaldi; Victor Emanuel and Cavour; Pope Leo XIII,
.....Mrs. Ricketts.

April 9—
Austro-Hungary:—Austria's relation to European powers in first half of century; Hungary in 1848; Kossuth; Austro-Hungarian nation.....Miss Harris.

April 23—
The United States:—Constitutional de-

velopment; rise of parties; material growth; social evolution; educational institutions,
.....Mrs. Taylor.

May 7—
The minor Powers:—Switzerland, a federal republic; constitution; the re'erenum; Scandinavia; relations between Norway and Sweden.....Mrs. Campbell.

May 21—
Results of movements of the century; development of democracy; standing armies; growth of socialism; of spirit of nationality.....Mrs. Sawyer.

THE AFFAIR AT GROVER STATION.

(By Willa Sibert Cather, in The Library.)

I heard this story sitting on the rear platform of an accommodation freight that crawled along through the brown, sun-dried wilderness between Grover Station and Cheyenne. The narrator was "Terrapin" Rodgers, who had been a classmate of mine at Princeton, and who was then cashier in the B-railroad office at Cheyenne. Rodgers was an Albany boy, but after his father's failure in business, his uncle got "Terrapin" a position on a Western railroad, and he left college and disappeared completely from our little world, and it was not until I was sent West, by the university with a party of geologists who were digging for fossils in the region about Sterling, Colorado, that I saw him again. On this particular occasion Rodgers had been down at Sterling to spend Sunday with me, and I accompanied him when he returned to Cheyenne.

When the train pulled out of Grover Station, we were sitting smoking on the rear platform, watching the pale yellow disk of the moon that was just rising and that drenched the naked, gray plains in a soft lemon-colored light. The telegraph poles scored the sky like a musical staff as they flashed by, and the stars, seen between the wires, looked like the notes of some erratic symphony. The stillness of the night and the loneliness and barrenness of the plains were conducive to an uncanny train of thought. We had just left Grover Station behind us, and the murder of the station agent at Grover, which had occurred the previous winter, was still the subject of much conjecturing all along that line of railroad. Rodgers had been an intimate friend of the murdered agent, and it was said that he knew more about the affair than any other living man, but with that peculiar reticence which at college had won him the soubriquet "Tarrapin," he had kept what he knew to himself, and even the most accomplished reporter of the New York Journal, who had traveled half way across the continent for the express purpose of pumping Rodgers, had given him up as impossible. But I had known Rodgers a long time, and since I had been grubbing in the chalk about Sterling, we had fallen into a habit of exchanging confidences, for it is good to see an old face in a strange land. So as the little red station house at Grover faded into the distance, I asked him point blank what he knew about the murder of Lawrence O'Toole. Rodgers took a long pull at his black-briar pipe as he answered me.

"Well, yes. I could tell you something about it, but the question is how much you'd believe, and whether you could restrain yourself from reporting it to the Society for Psychical Research. I never told the story but once, and then it was to the division superintendent, and when I finished the old gentleman asked if I were a drinking man, and remarking that a fertile imagination was not a desirable quality in a railroad employe, said that it would be just as well if the story went no further. You see it is a gruesome tale, and somehow we

don't like to be reminded that there are more things in heaven and earth than our systems of philosophy can grapple with. However, I should rather like to tell the story to a man who would look at it objectively and leave it in the domain of pure incident where it belongs. It would unburden my mind, and I'd like to get a scientific man's opinion on the yarn. But I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning with the dance which preceded the tragedy, just as such things follow each other in a play. I notice that Destiny, who is a good deal of an artist in her way, frequently falls back upon the elementary principle of contrast to make things interesting for us.

"It was the thirty-first day of December, the morning of the incoming governor's inaugural ball, and I got down to the office early, for I had a heavy day's work ahead of me, and I was going to the dance and wanted to close up by six o'clock. I had scarcely unlocked the door when I heard some one calling Cheyenne on the wire, and hurried over to the instrument to see what was wanted. It was Lawrence O'Toole, at Grover, and he said he was coming up for the ball on the extra, due in Cheyenne at nine o'clock that night. He wanted me to go to see Miss Masterson and ask her if she could go with him. He had had some trouble in getting leave of absence, as the regular train for Cheyenne then left Grover at 5:45 in the afternoon, and as there was an east-bound going through Grover at seven-thirty. The dispatcher didn't want him away, in case there should be orders for the seven-thirty train. So Larry had made no arrangements with Miss Masterson, as he was uncertain about getting up until he was notified about the extra.

"I telephoned Miss Masterson and delivered Larry's message. She replied that she had made an arrangement to go with Mr. Freymark, but added laughingly that no other arrangement held when Larry could come.

"About noon Freymark dropped in at the office, and I suspected he'd got his time from Miss Masterson. While he was hanging around, Larry called me up to tell me that Helen's flowers would be up from Denver on the Union Pacific passenger at five, and he asked me to have them sent up to her promptly and to call for her that evening in case the extra should be late. Freymark, of course, listened to the message, and when the sounder stopped, he smiled in a slow, disagreeable way, and saying, "Thank you. That's all I wanted to know," left the office.

"Lawrence O'Toole had been my predecessor in the cashier's office at Cheyenne, and he needed a little explanation now that he is under ground, though when he was in the world of living men, he explained himself better than any

J. F. HARRIS,
No. 1, Board of Trade,
CHICAGO.

STOCKS
—AND—
BONDS.
Grain, Provisions, Cotton.

Private Wires to New York City and Many Cities East and West.

MEMBER
New York Stock Exchange,
Chicago Stock Exchange,
Chicago Board of Trade