

THE DREAMER.

Ah! let me leave the dust and glare
Of urban streets for hidden rills;
Let me catch Summer's robe, and share
The lonely comfort of the hills.

Or in some dim and distant vale
Where late Spring flowers linger yet,
And some impassioned nightingale
Sings above banks of violet,

At the rapt hour when evening loves
To kiss the forehead of the world,
When hushed are all the drowsy doves,
And every roving wing is furled,

Grant me to lie and muse away
The memory of our modern life;
Let me forget the age of clay
In all its weariness and strife.

Or on the bank where sighing reeds
Are sung to slumber by the stream,
Leave me, remote from jostling creeds,
Conflicting cultures, in a dream

Of bright Arcadia yet unbanned,
And the dead epoch of old Greece,
When mighty heroes Argo manned,
All amorous of the Golden Fleece.

So shall I climb the stair of Jove
And drink of the Olympian wine,
Or hear Demeter sigh for love
Of her enraptured Proserpine.

Within the sunburnt walls of Troy
The maids are fair, the men are strong;
I see the glittering troops deploy—
The bands of mighty warriors throng

Toward the city gate; I see
The lovely, languid Spartan Queen,
And, near her, pale Andromache,
One white hand lifted up to screen

Her anxious eyes from noontide glare,
Searching for Hector's haughty crest,
And Casand, with her rippling hair,
Of all frail things the loveliest.

The Gates of Hell unclose to me,
And Cerberus hangs his triple head,
Before me pass in panoply
The splendid legions of the dead.

I am the Lord of all the past,
The tyrant of the land of dreams;
Yea—in this world the least and last—
I am the God of that which seems.

So let me flee this noisy age:
Blot out my name from memory's scroll
Leave me my dreamer's heritage,
The secret kingdom of the soul.
—St. John Lucas, in the Spectator.

MAN'S SUPERIORITY.

One sees many curious phases of human nature in the safe-deposit vaults of a banking institution,—from the women who never by any chance know where their keys are, and go through bag and pocket-book with reckless haste, to the man who is not quite certain that he has locked his box and returns to the vault three or four times, puts his key in the lock, shakes it hard, and finally goes away convinced that "all is well." But in recent experience with a new customer to whom I was renting a box the climax was reached. When I handed him the keys and said: "Now here are two keys. Separate them so that if you lose one you will have the other to admit you." He quickly replied: "Very well, I will put one on my key ring and lock the other up in my box." And yet they tell us that men are more logical than women.
Lippincott's.

Mr. Howell's Impressions of Lowell at Elmwood.

His life at Elmwood was of an entire simplicity. In the old colonial mansion in which he was born, he dwelt in the embowering leafage, amid the quiet of lawns and garden-plots broken by few noises ruder than those from the elms and the syringas where

The oriole clattered and the cat-bird sang. From the tracks on Brattle Street, came the drowsy tinkle of horse-car bells; and sometimes a funeral trailed its black length past the corner of his grounds, and lost itself from sight under the shadows of the willows that hid Mount Auburn from his study windows. In the winter the deep New England snows kept their purity in the stretch of meadow behind the house, which a double row of pines guarded in a domestic privacy. All was of a modest dignity within and without the house, which Lowell loved but did not imagine of a manorial presence; he could not conceal his annoyance with an over-enthusiastic account of his home in which the simple chiseling of some panels was vaunted as rich wood-carving. There was a graceful staircase, and a good wide hall, from which the dining room and drawing room opened by opposite doors; behind the last, in the southwest corner of the house, was his study.

There, literally, he lived during the six or seven years in which I knew him after my coming to Cambridge. Summer and winter he sat there among his books, seldom stirring abroad by day except for a walk, and by night yet more rarely. He went to the monthly mid-day dinner of the Saturday Club in Boston; he was very constant at the fortnightly meetings of his whist club, because he loved the old friends who formed it; he always came to the Dante suppers at Longfellow's, and he was familiar in and out at Mr. Norton's of course. But otherwise he kept to his study, except for some rare and almost unwilling absences upon university lecturing at Johns Hopkins or at Cornell.—From "A Personal Retrospect of James Russell Lowell," by W. D. Howells, in the September Scribner's.

THE CHARMS OF "MONTE CRISTO."

Lord Salisbury told the following interesting and amusing incident a short time ago at a meeting of a certain library club of which he is president: "One book," said Lord Salisbury, "has always fascinated me, and on more than one occasion has drawn me out of bed very early in the morning. This is Dumas' 'Monte Cristo.' A few months ago I was staying at Sandringham. I had my favorite with me and about half-past four in the morning I got up and went into the beautiful grounds and sat down for an hour or two to be 'carried away' by my book. I had been reading for about half an hour when I heard some one say: 'Are a Prime Minister's duties so heavy that he must needs be up so early in order to study?' I turned and saw the Prince of Wales. I showed him the book that had drawn me out so early and he said laughingly that he would read such an apparently fascinating book. Three weeks afterward he said to me: 'Monte Cristo drew you out of bed at half-past four in the morning; I may say that it drew me out of bed at four in the morning.'"
The London Gem.

STATE UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The average cost of a year's attendance at the University is about \$250 though many students spend much less than this. Board and lodging may be found among families of the city. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. make a canvas of the city in September and have on file a list of rooms and boarding places. These associations render invaluable assistance to new students in locating for the year. The Y. M. C. A. association maintains an employment bureau which is of great help to students who are obliged to partially support themselves at the university. The university guarantees no employment to any students, but there are many opportunities for work in a city the size of Lincoln. It is advised that no student enter the university unless he has resources for at least one semester's work, that is, \$125.

Chapel exercises are held every morning at ten o'clock and are conducted by members of the faculties, pastors of the city churches, and noted visitors from abroad. Addresses of public nature are occasionally delivered at these times, and every Friday morning a musical service is held. Pastors of various denominations in the city are "in residence" for certain hours on various days, in the Deans' office, University Hall 104, where they may be consulted by members of their denominations or students needing spiritual or confidential advice.

Through the kindness of Regent C. H. Morrill, a fund has been established for the care of needy students in sickness. This, it is hoped, is the beginning of a university infirmary.

Visitors are always welcome. High school classes, clubs or parties should inform the university of their coming a few days in advance. On the first and third Monday nights of the month the observatory is open to visitors.

Ernest Seton-Thompson Says the Badlands Are Misnamed.

The lovely Hiawathan spring was touching all things in the fairy Badlands. Oh, why are they called Badlands? If Nature sat down deliberately on the eighth day of creation and said, "Now work is done, let's play. Let's make a place that shall combine everything that is finished, and wonderful, and beautiful. A paradise for man, and bird, and beast," it was surely then that she made these wild, fantastic hills, teeming with life, radiant with gayest flowers, varied with sylvan groves, bright with prairie sweeps, and brimming lakes and streams. In the foreground, offing, and distant hills that change at every step, we find some proof that Nature squandered here the riches that in other lands she used as sparingly as gold. With colorful sky above, and colorful land below, and the distance blocked by sculptured buttes that are built of precious stones and ores, and tinged as by a lasting and unspeakable sunset. And yet for all this ten times gorgeous wonderland enchanted, blind man has found no better name than one which says "the road to it is hard."—From "Tito—the Coyote that Learned How," by Ernest Seton-Thompson, in the September Scribner's.

At a seaside hotel:
Wife—Please fetch my cloak, George.
Husband—Eh? Oh, let some other fellow fetch it; I've got to play this hand out.
Wife—Wretch! I have long suspected it, and now you have confessed it.
Husband—Hush! Confessed what?
Wife—That you don't care a rap for me.

Hypocrisy—French and Anglo-Saxon.

The Frenchman's hypocrisy is of a far more subtle sort than ours. What is worse he can not admit it, as we can ours; if he did, all the vaunted logic of his life's formula would vanish at once into thin air, and he would have no ground (ethical or otherwise) left to stand on. His formula *peche par la base*, sins at the base. And, he being logically unable to admit this, his only available resource is to carry the war into the enemy's country, rail at our hypocrisy, and, should we retort, face us down with an effrontery so completely and inalienably his own that it takes a French word adequately to designate it, with ungarlished *cynisme*. Between this *cynisme* of his and our hypocrisy anyone is free to choose.—From "The Point o View," in the Sept. Scribner's.

NELL GWYNNE ON THE STAGE.

Nell Gwyn as a heroine is nevertheless surprising, for though in her own person she brought fortune to a theatre, as a stage heroine she has hitherto failed. The reason, perhaps, has not been far to seek. The *fille de joie* is regarded in our land as a subject for tragic treatment. But not as a source of comedy. National prejudice has had much to do with the aloofness of the public from Nell Gwyn. They buy prints of her, some who are young and bachelors. A few possibly dip into the pages of Pepys for a hint of her. But behind any interest of this sort there has always been an awkward middle-class kind of feeling that she was a brazen baggage and not exactly for home admiration. Mr. W. G. Wills in a comedy written round her a score of years ago, clogged the dice with delightful effrontery. His Nell was all that was noble and sweet; and she actually wheedled Greenwich Hospital out of the King and bedewed him with patriotic sentiments before our eyes. But all to no purpose. We have advanced since then, of course, and, who knows? a clever play may carry a tainted heroine. Clever, at any rate, the work of Mr. Hope and Mr. Edward Rose is certain to be.

Pall Mall Gazette.

SEPTEMBER.

Give me a dozen on the shell,
And then a Blue Point stew;
A roast of Saddle Rocks as well,
An oyster omelette, too!
Thus do I break my two weeks' fast;
An "R" is in the month at last!
—Town Topics.

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