

edy's wife who had refused to live with him and he had killed her, society would insistently clamor for his death. Mrs. Kennedy deliberately shot down an unarmed man, whom she had forced to marry her. She deserves to suffer the full penalty of the Missouri law against murder.

In view of the tendency of juries to be moved by the pleas I have referred to and their indignation against a member of their sex who has taken advantage of what they are told is a woman's love and weakness, it is doubtful if this red-handed murderess will get her deserts.

There are certain traditions of life and love that immediately affect every one who reads the newspaper accounts of the Kennedy murder. Readers assume immediately that the girl was confiding, unsophisticated, and previously virtuous. They assume that the man was a degenerate villain who deliberately planned the ruin of a noble maiden. Whereas, from the evidence, it appears, that Mrs. Kennedy is, whether Kennedy was most to blame or not, a very coarse young woman seeking notoriety in the newspapers at the time of her wedding, and failing to attain her object willing to accomplish it by committing a revolting crime. So revolting that were it not for the historic, impressionability of juries, when confronted with a scared and weeping female, and any number of female relatives, also in tears, she might be sure of adequate punishment.

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Western Art Association.

The recent annual picture exhibit of the Western Art Association has been so successful that the committee had funds with which to purchase three pictures. The president and committee selected one of George Symonds, "Vibrant Notes of Autumn," "Under the Trees" by Elizabeth Nourse, and "The Reefs" by Dauchez. The last selection has occasioned much discussion. Dauchez is still "caviare to the general." At least Dauchez is one of the painters that the most artistic group in the world, the painters of Paris, recruited from the aspiring and inspired of all nations, consider among the foremost painters of Paris. He is, with five other young painters, the most talked about artist of Paris. As a commercial investment it is safe to buy pictures painted by a man like Dauchez before he reaches the zenith of his fame. The value of it will never depreciate, but as the years go by and the price current of his paintings increases, this example in the Art Association's collection will become more and more valuable. Elizabeth Nourse's peasant girl is a good example of her work. Her types are European peasant girls, but the essential quality is universal, little girlishness. The innocence and conquering sweetness of her little girls have no more nationality than heaven. Mr. Taft dismissed her work with a somewhat frivolous reference to violet shadows. Violet shadows are a mannerism and it may be, a passing fashion, but the serious beauty and tenderness of her types are not affected thereby.

The committee have made arrangements with the painters of these pictures that they may be exchanged at next year's exhibit, should they send any considered more desirable for the association.

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The Fremont Public Library.

The club-women and public spirited men of Fremont are endeavoring to raise the money for a public library. There is no fund for such an institution and it can only be raised by the

organized energies of the men and women who are willing to devote their energies to the laborious sewing of a harvest, the full fruitage of which only the next generation will enjoy. The few men and women who organized the public library of Lincoln are celebrated in the erection of the New Lincoln Carnegie library, though most of its patrons are ignorant of the names of those who met, resolved, subscribed, circulated, subscription papers, and insisted on being heard, for the sake of a municipal institution the benefits of which, when large enough to be of consequence, they themselves would not inherit. Their efforts were the story of the old man planting an apple-tree by the wayside, for the shade and refreshment of what unborn traveler might chance that way. Cities miss the large neighborliness of an old town like Fremont, where there are few enough people to know each other well and where every one is interested in all the rest, where a pull all together for a library is like sailors singing a chorus song as they heave anchor. The blessing of a book depot for the bookless and to the insatiable student can not be enumerated. Books stimulate and divert misdirected energies into channels where they may become useful to the world. Fremont is about to make a brilliant investment, but one wherein the dividends will not accrue for many years, after the original stockholders are dead or moved away. In such a case the size of the dividends, their frequency and importance are never accurately known. But even imperfect returns have been so satisfactory in towns where public libraries have been established, that there is no question about the soundness of the Fremont investment.

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Discouragement of Legacies.

Millionaires are men for a that and the spectacle of the obloquy heaped on Stanford by Professor Howard and Professor Ross is not likely to encourage moribund millionaires to leave every single dollar to an educational institution. The faculty of an institution is supposed to be its essence of distilled wisdom. When a professor educated at state expense attempts to incite a rebellion of the students against an institution generously endowed by a man who gave all his property to build it, this wisdom of the state's munificence is questioned, because whatever the may have learned, sense, discretion, judgment, fair-mindedness is lacking.

Professor Howard is a fine lecturer on history. He is an authority on institutional history. He is capable of being magnetically inspired by a subject, and of transmitting that inspiration to large classes of blundering, commonplace pupils, who before entering his class cared no more for history than for relics of Isis. He is persistent and loves learning better than his life for he relinquished health to attain it. As a youth he came to the Nebraska university, poor and friendless. The state superintendent of education employed him and young Howard worked eight hours a day for him and carried his work at the university simultaneously. As there were then, as now, only twenty-four hours in the day, he took the time for study from his sleeping hours. After graduation he went to Germany on insufficient capital. He studied hard but his means were so slender that his health suffered from deprivations. He was an athlete, but his health was seriously impaired by his residence in Germany. When he returned, he enter-

ed an unorganized department of history in the university, and by tremendous labor made it one of the most distinguished and effective historical departments in this country. His students adored him as the Old Guard adored Napoleon, though, like Napoleon, he nearly worked them to death. Dr. Howard is very sympathetic and he has the academic worship of *Lehrfreiheit*, which means, as nearly as a week laborer can understand it, the right to say anything, at any time, in any presence in despite of circumstance and in defiance of the institution which pays wages to the members of the faculty and provides a thousand or so students with the latest thing in German education. Dr. Howard's early life and struggles and the terrible price he paid for learning, has made him overestimate its advantages and the rights it confers upon its possessors. Even a millionaire, who tries may win a scholar's deference and the respect everybody owes the dead who have given up all their goods to feed the poor. The ability to make money in large heaps is a rarer faculty than the ability to learn an extraordinary number of things, but how universally the money-making talent is scorned and reviled in the modern university. There is an old teaching that the quickest way to make a man your enemy to the death, is to place him under obligations. Poor Stanford may realize the truth of this by now, and Rockefeller has already had opportunities to see his finish.

SILHOUETTES.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

THAT HALF HOUR.

It was half past eleven o'clock of a cloudy forenoon and the A class was "reciting" a Language lesson. The chair at the right of the teacher's desk was occupied by a visitor. She had a tired look. She had been sitting there since school opened at nine. She apologized to the teacher for "inflicting herself" but explained that she found it "so interesting." The teacher had a tired look too. The children were active—abnormally active. Yet it was a good school, and a good teacher. And the visitor was a good visitor. She was a teacher herself, and as she told the teacher in charge, knew "how things went on days like this."

Yes, there could be no doubt it was the weather. The imminence of a storm is felt no-where so promptly and unmistakably as in the school-room. The class in the seats shuffled their feet, and moved otherwise restlessly. Pencils dropped here and there over the room, as unintermittently as if pencil-dropping were part of the regular program, and a pencil dropping drill; one of the regular forms of exercise.

Bertie suddenly became restless and put up his hand. The teacher, listening to a spirited rendition of *A Rain-drop's Journey*, (selected in compliment to the weather) shook her head. Bertie insisted upon a hearing.

"Well, Bertie," said the teacher.

"I've filled this sheet of paper. May I have another?"

"Certainly. You know you have permission. Please do not interrupt," gently hinted the teacher. "Read on Mary."

Bertie proceeding to the cupboard wherein was the coveted sheet of paper, with no apparent provocation or cause for stumbling, fell down in a rather complete sprawl.

The teacher refused to smile, indeed looked severe, and the giggles subsided.

"I will hear your story Jean," remarked the teacher, whereat the visitor smiled. Jean began:

"Once upon a time there was a little rain drop an' it lived in the ocean an' it said it wanted to go live in the sky an'—"

But here the stream of Jean's eloquence was checked by Bertie's small plaintive voice: "I can't find any writing paper."

The teacher arose and provided Bertie with a paper and a whispered admonition. Jean proceeded.

Bertie, again without rock of offence, fell down. This time the giggles were distinctly general. The teacher smiled and waited with a patience beautiful to behold. The Bad Boy turned around grinned at his chum, then assumed a lounging attitude, which the teacher chose for the present to ignore.

Jessie rose to "recite."

During the reading of this thrilling history of a rain drop's escapades, the teacher's eye was glued in apprehension, upon Marietta. She did not wish to interrupt Jessie, therefore she could not call Marietta to assume a less dangerous attitude. Marietta was sitting on the extreme edge of her seat, quite out of the "position" accepted in that school as approaching perfection. A slight movement, a jar, and Marietta must over-balance. The teacher looked in vain, hoping to catch her eye. Jessie's voice flowed on in high, shrill treble. The worst happened. The nervous boy behind Marietta pushed his book over the back of the seat, made an instinctive lunge after it, and let fall the weight of his small hand on Marietta's shoulder. Over toppled Marietta, in a surprised little heap on the floor. Jessie ceased her reading and looked about her in round-eyed surprise that her story should be considered so funny as to create a laugh. Then being of the high-strung and sensitive species, she concluded within the minute that her lesson was a failure and the pupils were laughing at her. She looked at the teacher. The teacher's stern face corroborated her worst fears. She sat down and wept.

When calm was once more restored a large boy rose and after solemnly examining the thermometer, proceeded to open a transom. Immediately a row of girls, scowled, shivered and put up their hands. The teacher explained to comfort Jessie, put down the transom, excused the class, and examined the thermometer herself, within the next minute and a half.

The gong for dismissal rang. Five minutes later the visitor and teacher were left in a silent room with empty seats. Two minutes later still, the teacher found herself alone with reiterations of "a delightful session, except perhaps that half hour, but we all know how this sort of weather affects them" still ringing in her ears.

She—You'll have to wait for my answer.

He—How shall I put in my time?

She—You might prepare for the worst.—Town Topics.

Mrs. Gableton—I believe if my husband was so stingy as Mrs. Klawback's, he would drive me to desperation!

Mrs. Briek—No he wouldn't; he would make you walk.—The Bazar.

May—How do you like my new photograph?

Eva—It's very pretty. Who sat for it?—Town Topics.

If it were not for the morrows and the yesterdays the world would be a very pleasant place in which to spend today.—Town Topics.