

OUR ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

Beginning February 1. We will offer unusual Bargains in Books for thirty days. Some fiction, standard books in history, art and general literature, and a large line of juveniles. Surprisingly low prices will be made on all these goods.

127 South 11th St. H. W. BROWN DRUG & BOOK CO. 127 South 11th St

own work, is very interesting. The theme, like *Quisante*, is written from the wife's point of view, only Miss Wharton's *raconteuse* and her hero are worthier study. Just at present the love letters of Prince Bismarck, of Victor Hugo and of an English woman are claiming a larger share of attention than the publishers, of fiction, history, travel, poetry and educational works can patiently contemplate. A few love-letters go a long way and a temperate use is advised by those who have received the greatest number. Of all the collections, those from Prince Bismarck are the manliest and express the sincerest sentiment without circumlocution or exaggeration.

Scribner's is printing the stage reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert. Very few actors make good curtain speeches. The contrast between the playwright's language and their own is usually very striking and a wet blanket to the audience who have identified the hero with the actor who plays his part. Yet in autobiography there is nothing better than Joseph Jefferson's memoirs. And Mrs. Gilbert's and Clara Morris' journals now appearing in *The Century* and Scribner's are creditable in finish, character analysis, and perspective. E. W. Hornung's adventures of the Amateur Cracksmen, are stories of a high-class diamond thief, told by the thief.

H. G. Wells is the contemporary periodical Jules Verne. Something is wrong with his visualization. He is given to the description of machines, composed of gigantic cog wheels, cylinders and plungers. Jules Verne's machines materialize before your eyes. Wells' machines are jumbled elements of what machines are made of. His stories are as confused as a dream in the telling. Verne's are actual dreams. Mr. Wells' new story is coming out in *The Cosmopolitan*. Joel Chandler Harris' "Flingin' Jim and His Fool-Killer," illustrated by photographs of the south and southern darkies has the fascination that all of Mr. Harris' portraiture has. The large space devoted by *The Cosmopolitan* to actresses and current celebrities distinguishes it from the other magazines. And that is a merit. Mostly it is the cover and not the content that we think of when one of the popular magazines is mentioned.

Excisemen.

In Lincoln the excise board and the mayor control the policemen as well as the saloons. It is therefore of vital importance that the excisemen should be citizens of character and established probity. The present excisemen have fulfilled their duties to the city irreproachably. Candidates who are spoken of for their places are Mr. Frank Woods, Mr. Burkett and Mr. Foster. The first one is a young lawyer, of exceptional ability, force and

integrity. The two others have not lived in Lincoln so long and are not so well known, but they are reliable business men, and are likewise beyond bribery and the peculiar influences that some saloon-keepers believe in trying on the excise board.

A Successful Advertiser.

When a local merchant or any manufacturer of soap, bicycles or infant's food for the nation wishes to advertise his wares he buys space in the newspapers and his advertising bills for the first years are the heaviest items in the budget. It does not matter if the soap he manufactures is made by a new process which cleans and stimulates the skin more satisfactorily than any other soap on the market. Newspapers will advertise his soap for so much an inch and if he desires to lecture on the great discovery in Lincoln Manager Frank Zehrung will charge just as much for the opera house as though he carried a *corps de ballet* with him. Future Americans may erect a monument to the man who discovers the soap that preserves the bloom of youth, cures pimples and purifies without irritating the skin. To get it before the people of today, the only people he can make money out of, he must buy space in the newspapers. The past is out of his reach, the future may contain gratitude, appreciation and fame, the present is the only market wherein he can make a living and perhaps a fortune. And the attention of the American people is on sale for so much an inch in the American newspapers. I know of only one man besides Mr. Bryan among American advertisers, who are the cleverest and largest advertisers in the world, who gets his advertising for nothing or better still, charges for talking about his own business. This man is Elbert Hubbard and he charges a large price for talking about his publishing and binding plant at East Aurora. He has a trick, that immediately conquers the amateur author's fancy, of prophesying that what he has done at East Aurora can be done at Lincoln or Omaha or Cattville. He explains seductively about how small his establishment was at East Aurora and how easy it is to publish a little book like the Philistine that looks literary, costs little and is at the same time an apostle of sweetness and light among people who had no foregoing experience of the joy of doing things into print. But he never tells his hypnotized audience that the Elbert Hubbard face is an essential or how to get advertising for nothing or make other people pay for it. Miss Fairbrother of *The Woman's Weekly* has succinctly expressed Elbert Hubbard's system. "There is something eerie about Elbert Hubbard. If it were not so hard to believe, we could explain his influence by hypnotism. It is past belief that fifteen hundred beings, endowed

with the instinct of self-preservation, would give a donation of fifty cents apiece and two hours of life to hear a man advertise his business—his book store and his magazine—both of which, like pure cream of tartar baking powder, must be kept before the public. If they are not, some vile, cheap frauds will get into people's heads and stomachs. It costs the pure cream of tartar baking powder people many thousands of dollars to protect the digestion, but Mr. Hubbard is different. He permits the people to hear him advertise by word of mouth if they have the price. He prints books respectably and sells them at enormous profits, and he is amusing. He must have strong tenacity or some syndicate would buy him. No matter what his genius for clever advertising is worth to his book store and magazine, it would be worth more to axle grease or celery compound, because more individuals are interested in the latter necessities. But we laugh and congratulate the young man, and if we had the ability to think of as good a scheme with which to put into practice brother Barnum's famous maxim, we should probably enjoy it as well as Hubbard does. Come to us again, Fra Elbertus. If crops are good, we'll try to make it two thousand next year.

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE HILLS

(BY MARTHA PIERCE.)

For The Courier

V

WILLIE.

Willie Simpson was known to be a hero. Long before the famous exploit which established the fact of his courage in the minds of indifferent or scoffing grown up persons. Those incapacitated by their persistent attention to buying and selling, and other unimportant matters, failed to discover the lion heart, hidden under the blue-checked shirt. But its existence was known to the discerning Five, who collectively conferred upon the community whatever distinction attaches to the possession of a school. These were Jamie Orr, Johnny Lee, Pauline Brown, Susy Oliphant, and last and greatest in the estimation of all, the hero himself. Not before one of all deeds of daring, which the vivid imagination of Susy presented, had the noble heart of the hero quailed. He, and he alone, of all the Five dared to tread the high rail of the Big Bridge below the rifle, while the ecstatically horrified group watched breathlessly from the safe planking. Not this alone. He even dared to pause half way in his dizzy walk and look down at the swirl of water beneath him. Calmly rejoicing the admiring group, he fitted the climax to his daring with fine nonchalance.

"Aw! that's nothin'. Lookee here!" Carelessly swinging over the edge of the

planking, he swung by his hands for a moment, kicking his bare feet above the ugly eddy. He noted with satisfaction that Susy's voice did not appear in the chorus of screams entreating him to return to safety. He swung himself up and looked at her approvingly.

"You're most as good a boy as me," he asserted. "Johnny hollered loud as Pauline. But he's a little feller. You hollered, too," he said, turning sternly upon Jamie Orr.

Jamie looked at him calmly. "I know it," he said stolidly.

"You ought t' be ashamed of yourself," protested Willie. "Great big boy like you hollerin' like a girl."

Jamie considered this carefully. "I guess," he said at last, "if you'd a fell into the river, you'd be glad if I did holler. You'd want me to holler loud enough to fetch the teacher, I guess."

Willie grinned. "Hub! She couldn't do nothin'."

Jamie seized the opportunity. "I guess we'd better be goin' back. The teacher'll be wantin' to begin school. She told us not to go far. There she is now," he added as a female figure appeared in the direction of the house. It was waving a towel on the end of a broom. "We'll be tardy," said Jamie anxiously. "Let's run."

"Hub!" remarked Willie. "Aint no use. Can't be tardy to school if they aint no school, can you?"

"No-o," admitted Jamie, promptly.

"Well, they aint no school till we get there, is they?"

"No," said Jamie a little more promptly.

"Of course not," said Susy suddenly. "She needn't be in a hurry. She wouldn't have any school anyway if it wasn't for us."

The school was in a vacant room in Mrs. McIntyre's house. As they approached the house a spicy whiff floated out upon the sweet summer air.

The children sauntered in, sat down and looked expectantly at the teacher.

"Where is Jamie?" she inquired anxiously. Willie turned a savage glance upon her.

"Dunno!" he said, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and his feet forward, sliding down in his seat until his head was scarcely visible above the desk.

"Sit up, Willie," said the teacher.

Willie sat up with much suddenness and effect. The other three giggled shrilly.

"Wan't Jamie with you, Pauline?" inquired the teacher.

"Yes'm."

At this juncture Jamie appeared, looking bland and unconscious.

"Why are you tardy, Jamie?" the teacher began with an attempt at sternness.

"I just stopped t' ask Mrs. McIntyre for a drink," said Jamie, with an air of injured innocence. "It's awful warm."

"There is water here." The teacher majestically indicated a pail in the corner.

"I was 'fraid it was warm," Jamie said in a very meek, small voice.