

churches in Lincoln. The wolf dogs each one of them. The trustees are constantly obliged to devise new schemes of begging, new methods of church extortion. There is a great loss of energy in running so many furnaces, for instance. One large united church under the charge of a minister with an organized staff of assistants could plat this place out into fields of effort and convert to righteousness twenty to one under the present system. The Standard Oil company is a good example to the churches of Lincoln, but I doubt if we are not still too devoted to methodism, congregationalism or some other form of human arrangement of religion to follow this good example.

Under the new combination hundreds of people would come to church who have not attended for years. The best preaching, the best music, a crowd, a broad faith, a creed of brotherly love would attract them.

#### A Martial Training School.

Colonel William F. Cody has founded, in the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, a Military College for martial training, rough riding, sharpshooting, practical instruction in the ordinary educational branches, and everything necessary to make a boy a man and a man a soldier. There is no age limit; the ability to mount a horse and shoulder a rifle are the only qualifications required, and the fees, which include transportation and full equipment, are only \$550 a year. Good boys will cry to be sent to such a college; but for children of a larger growth, who are studying at other colleges, there is a summer or vacation course of three months, during which health may be regained and fishing, hunting and camp life enjoyed under the command of General Sumner, U. S. A. Incorrigible boys whose parents threaten them with exile to severe military schools, will welcome a term in Col. Cody's school. A course in cowboy riding, instruction in roping and branding cattle, lessons on shooting a pistol while riding a broncho! Examinations in jackrabbit hunting! Applications for admission to Colonel Cody's school, if the American boy should be given his choice of schools, would clog the mails. Such a curriculum, where it is his duty to rope steers, shoot rabbits, prairie chicken and wolves, to ride bronchos and to learn to follow a trail like an Indian scout, where his class standing depends not on his knowledge of history, mathematics and science but upon his skill in accomplishing the foregoing feats, has fired the American boy's heart with a desire for at least a summer term in the Cody academy. Doubtless some of the most important chairs are filled by Indians and a cowboy with a freeman's scorn for a pen and books is the dean of the academic faculty. Colonel Cody himself will present graduates from the school with diplomas conferring degrees in cowpunching, shooting, scouting and broncho-busting. They will be new degrees, never before used, but somebody invented B. A. L. L. D., etc. Professor Buffalo Bill might as well invent a degree and confer it for the first time as the musty Latin who used first the ancient entitlements.

#### A Model's Share.

After Sir Walter Scott's fame was established, some of the country folk who supposed they had unconsciously posed for his gillies, began to think it only just that Sir Walter should divide the profits of his books with them. They reasoned that without them the books would have been

worthless, that it was because their likenesses were reproduced with exactness that his stories were valuable. Charles Dickens had the same experience. Models are inclined to think the virtue is in them and not in the author or artist who can see beauty and character where the unilluminated vision sees only commonplace and insignificant features. Authors and artists know by the throes of creation that their work is their own. The brass pot, the turnips and the cabbages which Mr. Chase groups for a still life study might as well claim a share of the price he sells the completed picture for.

Miss Lizzie L. Clark, a professional model, has brought suit for \$4,290 against Charles H. Miller, an artist, for poses furnished. Miss Clark declares that she posed in the nude and asserts that she will not be satisfied with a cent less than the amount set forth in her claims. Her feelings are also hurt by what she deems Mr. Miller's ingratitude, for she thinks she is largely responsible for his success. She believes it was largely her good points that enabled him to win fame in his more ambitious studies. Miss Clark says her figure is the central one in many famous paintings, one of which is "The Whirlwind of Fate," regarded as a masterpiece. She says further that at art exhibitions the pictures in which she appears are greatly admired, and that her grace is a potent factor in the success of these paintings.

#### The Beauty-Doctor.

There is a woman in Denver who claims that she lectures to fashionable New York for five hundred dollars a lecture. She charges the Denver women only five dollars apiece for her course of lectures. At first the Denver women ignored Madame Charlotte de Goilere Davenport, but when she explained to them,—nay even demonstrated to them that she could smooth out the wrinkles of fifty years and replace a coarse hirsute complexion with a damask bloom, they flocked to her. Even the teachers of the public schools, who have given up most of the vanities, attend her lectures and follow her advice. Her recipe for a good complexion is original. And in order to be popular and to attract followers, especially on this particular subject, it is only necessary to prescribe something entirely new. Every woman in Denver who can afford to get her prescriptions and have them filled, now sleeps with a beefsteak mask. The beefsteak thus applied is said to feed the skin and restore that imperceptible down which distinguishes the cheek of youth from the jowl of age.

Madame Davenport advises a spring out of bed very early in the morning. She prescribes a drawing up of the muscles as of a tiger launching himself into the air to pull down a bullock ten feet away. In consequence a number of early morning shocks now startle the households of Denver. The beauty doctor says it is no good to get up gently; it must be done with a lurching spring.

Madame Davenport says she is seventy years old. She looks as young, gay and fascinating as the famous Ninon de L'Enclos. She ascribes her beauty and grace to the tiger spring, beefsteak mask, a tepid bath in the morning after which she reclines for twenty minutes and thinks of the sea,—and to the bare-foot habit. If she is as old as she says she is—and women are not given to over-estimating their ages—Madame Davenport should have an enormous practice in Denver. To some people Madame Davenport prescribes

large quantities of water in which potatoes or greens have been boiled, to be swallowed in copious draughts throughout the day. Madame Davenport says that an unmarried woman is an atrocity, and that her single state is a proof that she has been too lazy to overcome her natal ugliness of feature or form. She says that personal magnetism is the hardest characteristic to acquire, but that a truly conscientious student can acquire it. It cannot be put on with a beef mask or a cucumber course, but personal magnetism is more potent than a good complexion, sparkling eyes, rubifoam teeth or a ravishing form. It is a subtle something, an intangible, vague personality, and yet it must be acquired or the other fascinations count for nothing. Madame Davenport's lectures crowd the large ordinary at the Brown hotel where they are delivered. In spite of her ridiculous recipes, this woman who says she is seventy years old has succeeded in securing a large practice among all the women of Denver who are not entirely satisfied with their appearance.

#### Trees.

Some urban streets are still shaded by trees, notably small cities in New England and in the southern states. But most communities feeling themselves on the verge of metropolitanism consider the destruction of overlooked trees a first essential. Preachers of the gospel of trees of whom the Hon. J. Sterling Morton is the most distinguished and devoted, have established a school whose exponents are making converts to arboriculture every season. Even the politician, whose respect is small for all innovations not immediately useful to his career, has begun to realize that trees planted in certain localities are vote-catchers. Harper's Weekly offers some excellent suggestions to those lords of our environment, the mayor and councilmen, in regard to trees:

1. A narrow tree-shaded street is better than a bare wide one.
2. A walk under trees is more improving than a trolley ride under telegraph and telephone poles.
3. The man who cuts down a tree, except for the purpose of saving a better one, is an enemy of the community.
4. A city magnate who will not save a beautiful tree when he can, is of much less value to the community than the tree which he destroys.

In the forest the beauty of a single tree is obscured by the presence of thousands of other straight-boled, whispering sages. A spreading, green tree in the city is a refreshment and suggests mountains, valleys and green, green glades. Philosophers say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. If this be so the stunted tree, whose roots and expanding girth are checked by paving-stones and whose leaves are covered with dust, is more beautiful than the tree in a glade fed by generous streams and cultivated by the sun, which has sucked up into itself the richness of countless centuries of leaf-mold, and dead forest life. For a million eyes behold the stunted city tree, and not one human eye has marked the grace and symmetry of the forest tree.

#### Juvenile Animal Literature.

Children are usually meek. They are in the habit of being instructed. Every adult who asks a little boy his name, or as the friend of the family feels called upon to show an interest in the youngsters, casts about for instructive remarks. That is one reason why children prefer companions of

their own age. They are ennuyee of the improving conversation which by the different tone and style of address when the visitor speaks to their parents, they can tell is all assumed. Children understand the uses of imagination, and when making-believe carry out their roles consistently. Grown people are so rigid, they are forever lapsing into their own uninteresting personalities. The adult imagination will carry its possessor a short way into fairy-land, but just as soon as the boundaries of reality are out of sight the stupid, awkward adults drop everything and run back. No wonder children are disgusted when older people propose to play with them. They know beforehand that they can't carry out the make-believe consistently. Mr. Seton-Thompson's books stimulate the love of verisimilitude inherent in children. It may be that he is not making-believe. At any rate he never attempts to make speeches in front of the curtain but stays in the play from the beginning till bed time.

No more wholesome books for children are written than the Jungle-Book stories and Mr. Seton-Thompson's wild animal stories. Of another kind are the Black-Beauty series, which have started numerous stories of or by animals written in the first person. Bobtail Dixie, by Abbie N. Smith is a boy's story of his life. It is apparently the result of a sympathetic study of dogs, and as nearly as an adult can judge likely to be of great interest to children for whom it is written. It is profusely illustrated with pictures of dogs and children.

#### A National Flower.

A vote is to be taken on the national flora emblem this summer at Buffalo. It is a curious way to decide such a point. The lily of France, the thistle of Scotland and the Shamrock of Ireland were not elected to their place in the emblematic history of France, Scotland and Ireland. A feudal lord chose the lily as emblematic of his lady-love, displayed it on his sleeve, then on his shield and collar and afterwards a descendent became stronger than the other lords, called France a kingdom and himself a king and the lily an emblem of France. The thistle was adopted by James III of Scotland, probably as an appropriate illustration of the royal motto—"In defense," though the thistle seems to be a floral expression of the peculiar, shaggy whiskeriness of the men, the ponies, the dogs and the cows of Scotland. And it is said St. Patrick chose the shamrock for Ireland to illustrate the doctrine of the trinity. The sunflower, rose, columbine, dogwood, golden rod, arbutus are each proposed as the national flower of America—and America a broad means the United States, if the speaker wishes to designate any other part of this continent he says Canada, Mexico or Central America. The Springfield, (Massachusetts,) Republican says: "The columbine has been coming up to the fray in cohorts, as it were, from New England's beauty, the red and orange gypsy, to Colorado's lavender and cream species, and so the whole family, from Florida to Maine and from the Rockies to the Pacific slope, is marshaled under the auspices of botanists and architects, and symbolists, and sentimentalists, and all sorts of folk. Among the leaders of the columbine faction are such men as Professor F. L. Sargent, botanist of the University of Wisconsin, who has treacherously abandoned maize to become the President of the National Columbine association; Dr. Rolfe, the Shakspearean student; Bradford Torrey, one of nature's most de-