

ers are supposed to typify. It is not certain whether the florist or nature herself has rebelled; but the hybrid orchids, the frowsy chrysanthemums, the blue roses—those scentless pretenders to the throne—must go; their reign is over. Spring styles in flowers! What a parody to fling in the face of Mother Earth! One might as sensibly advertise the newest style in sun and moon and stars!—as well juggle with that "old, old fashion, death."

But hark ye—sweet wooing south wind,—they are coming back, those old sweethearts of yours. Pinka, blue gentians, bleeding-hearts and wide-eyed pansies. Wee, modest things, with no splendor of exclusive style; but for all that the real darlings of the wood and glade, fresh with the dew of heaven, golden with the taste of the sun.

It is only the edge of a very thin wedge, perhaps; but it may mean better things for you and me. Possibly they will have a message for us, those tender long-exiled blossoms. All the time while Mother Earth has held them close to her throbbing heart, I doubt not she has entrusted them with a message for us. She has whispered to them where we may find a balm, patent to calm the fever of our restiveness. But will we hear? Have our feet not been led too far astray along the crooked way of doubt and disbelief? Are we not too dazed by the sophistry of false prophets to understand?

Yes! That is right! Smile your large, calm, married smile of tolerance for your mateless spinster friend and tell her she is morbid. Advise her to play golf, get a "bo" or do any impossible thing to make a raving maniac of her. You will scarcely need to be told I have not been reading my Bible, which mother has placed so conspicuously on the table near by! Having been somewhat under the weather since I wrote you last, I have been devouring the novels which the writers of today seem to conceive and run off in the thousands by machinery, and shoot by machinery into the outstretched hands of the waiting public.

I have literary indigestion, and the market offers me no relief, but only throws more material in my way, trusting to the known absence of will on my part of a gourmand to dispose of it. My last venture was a plunge into Henry James' "Sacred Fount."

If any one will arise and tell me what he means! What has he against us that he should deliberately lure us into a mystic maze and leave us there, without one single silken thread of connective thought to lead us out?

Perchance he got mad at our fathers, but it is unworthy of him to wreck his vengeance on us. You should read what Carolyn Wells says about it. I enclose her poem cut from The Critic, lest you should not have seen it. It is too clever for you to miss.

For instance, gentle Critic,
to your pages I repair,
There's discussion on the carpet,
there's discussion in the air;
'Tis a most mysterious screed
concerning which I am in doubt,
Can you tell what Henry James'
latest novel is about?
Can you help me as I blindly
and precariously mount
To the dizzy heights of diction crag-
ging round "The Sacred Fount"?
And are you of a certainty what
could have been amiss
With the ultra-inner consciousness
of pretty Mrs. Bliss?
Or what the average ineptitude
of ecstasy may mean
When the torch of an analogy
lights visions crystalline?
And why the intellectually
intimate agree
Exemption from intense obsessions
unless seem to be?
Now the mystifying marvel
of this analytic chat
Is that the very speakers don't know
what they're driving at.
The characterless characters
are beautifully fine

In their psychologic amplitude
of action and design,
But when Mrs. Bliss was silent—
this is what I want to know—
Why for several soulful seconds
did she fairly hold the blow
In sustained detachment quavering
while she focussed the intense-
fication of abysmal
and maniacal suspense?
I'm really very fond of James,
I willingly agree
For doing parlor tricks with words
his equal may not be.
'Tis nothing short of marvellous,
the way he slings his ink,
But in this latest book he has
out-Jamesed himself, I think.
The mad gush of "The Sacred Fount"
is ringing in my ear,
Its dictional excitements
are obscuring me, I fear,
For its subtle fascination
makes me read it, then, alack,
I find I have the James-jams,
a very bad attack!

Forgive me, Eleanor! It is positively inexcusable to waste postage on such ravings as this embodies. Why are people so merciless toward their friends? I impose on you just because, as Gertrude inelegantly expresses it, "I know you'll stand for it." When I refused strawberries at dinner tonight, mother said she thought I needed a tonic; I believe I do.

If you read the newspapers, you know what to take for that "tired feeling."

Yours as always,
PENELOPE.

LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,
June 18, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

I have just finished reading a letter from a friend in Ohio, a young woman engaged in newspaper work, and for the life of me I cannot decide whether this letter makes me want to laugh or to cry. In the interim of making the decision I will copy a few paragraphs for you here and there: you will then understand why my emotions are mixed.

"Dear Eleanor: It's almost time to go home, but I want to say hello and a few other things to you first. I tell you this newspaper business is exciting! There is an element of uncertainty about it from the beginning to the end of every week that is fascinating, yet exasperating. I may work like a galley-slave digging up a page or two of club material,—and it is literally dug up by the roots at this season of the year when most of the clubs are taking a vacation,—I may spend the little golden moments when I would so much rather read a novel in wading through the daily papers searching for items concerning women and their achievements, only to find at the end of the week that an unexpected full-page advertisement has come in and must be run, and my precious club stuff must wait. Since it is the advertisement that brings in the money while the club matter does nothing but elevate the mind, it is well that it should go. A sort of "survival of the fittest" principle must underlie this experience. I may spend all my substance in car fare and wear blisters on my pedal extremities racing after society items only to find that they, too, must be sacrificed to the money-bringing "ad." But such is life, and it's worth something, after all, to know that one is saving the nation at the rate of twenty-five hours out of every twenty-four.

This is the day when we stop to take breath before buckling down to another week's work. Rather it is the half day of partial rest, for Friday mornings are busy times when the loose ends of news must be picked up, and we have to discover in a very definite way exactly where we are at. Then when finally the pages are put together, we are liable to discover to our horror that there are several mistakes in the spelling which it is too late to correct. All these and many other thrilling experiences come

in the life of a newspaper worker, yet there is no other life half so fascinating and attractive."

There is something pathetic, yet compelling admiration, in my friend's enthusiasm. It is so young—much younger, in fact, than the young woman herself; for her hair shows many touches of gray and her face bears evidence of years of battle with a world both stern and cold. In this age of labor-selling it is refreshing to see an example of labor-giving, of devotion to an ideal with no expectation of financial reward other than an income sufficient for very modest living expenses. Omar Khayyam-ese, is it not?—with this difference, however: my friend does not shut herself up in a castle to ponder on the inexplicable problems of heaven and earth; her mission is among men, and her aim is to counteract in part the feverish sensationalism of the daily papers with a sheet which is like a wood-violet in a mass of paper poppies. I wish you could see that paper, Penelope! I will try to secure a copy for you. Not a column in its ten pages has a tendency to increase the morbid feverishness of our everyday life. Not a column of accidents, of murder, of suicide or of scandal in this little paper. In the face of the flaunting headlines of our city dailies, this sheet is like a golden shower at the close of a hot and weary day. I have wondered many times if the papers or the readers are to blame for the flood of printed supersensationalism—whether the editors create the demand or merely supply it. Whichever may be true it is strange that the public does not tire of the monotony of the daily papers week after week. With a trifling change of stage-setting the tragedy of life goes on. A change in dates, locations and names, and the columns of murders and accidents might remain otherwise unchanged. Yet the papers reflect a faithful picture of our twentieth century life,—existence, I should say, for few of us are living a life in its truest sense. A friend once wrote to me: "Existence is not life. Existence is measured by extent alone, but life is measured by content." I wondered when reading the letter whether the accent should be placed on the first or second syllable of "content," but concluded that it would apply in either case.

Not only do mortals refuse to live sensibly, one minute at a time, but they also deny themselves the time to die natural deaths. A flash of the revolver—a draught from the bottle snatched on the run from some druggist's shelf,—and another soul is projected into eternity.

Yet when we reflect on the joylessness of our human existence, our maddening rush from the cradle to the grave, with nerves strung to the highest tension, when we remember the lack of harmony between men and their surroundings—and their seeming indifference to this lack—I only wonder that the list of tragedies is not larger from day to day. This subject of harmony is one which is worthy of our most serious consideration, not alone in its relation to the science of music, but to every human life. It is conceded by psychologists that harmony of surroundings, both animate and inanimate, is essential to the perfect development of every human being. And the greater the talent, the natural ability, the more necessary this harmony becomes. It is an unconscious need, often,—a need which brings an unconscious irritation and diminution of mental powers,—the possession of this mysterious something as unconsciously tending toward the fullest development of those powers. And—generally speaking—in exact proportion to a man's mental ability is his sensitiveness to outward impressions and to the harmony between himself and his surroundings. A few rare spirits have the faculty of

putting themselves in harmony, temporarily, with any surroundings. Tact, this faculty is sometimes called; I believe it contains also an element of unselfishness, the willingness to sacrifice one's personal comfort for the purpose of imparting that courage and hopefulness which come alone through sympathy and genuine harmony of thought. How few of us are willing to disturb our personal lines of thought a single minute for the purpose of giving sympathy and encouragement to a fellow-thinker! "I am gentle and amiable when you come my way; ask me to go yours and I am a raging lion!" is the motto of too many of us by far. "When I am not thinking deeply about my own affairs I want to give my mind a vacation, and will not trouble it with yours!" Oh, for the touch in humanity of the spirit of the Christ!—for just one soul to which the injunction "Bear ye one another's burdens" appeals as a privilege instead of a command!

Unselfishness is rapidly becoming a lost art. Our national and individual independence is the partial cause of this fact. Human beings were originally dependent on each other for sympathy and for inspiration as well as for material help. But when our fellow-beings so vigorously resent this dependence being placed upon them, when they are individual exemplifications of the laissez-faire doctrine, an unhealthy and aggressive form of independence is forced upon us, and we not only refuse to bear our neighbor's burden, but lose no opportunity of piling our own upon his shrinking shoulders.

Faithfully yours,
ELEANOR.

[First Pub., June 22-3]

Notice of Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 15th day of October, 1900, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk, Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 15th day of October, 1900, and executed by Milton H. Spere to Henry F. Peters and assigned by him before maturity to George T. Kinne and now owned by said George T. Kinne, to secure the payment of the sum of seventeen hundred and twenty-five dollars, and upon which there is now due fifteen hundred and thirty-five dollars. Default having been made in the payment of said sum and no suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described.

One rubber tire surrey, two seats, 1 Columbus surrey, trimmed in whip cord, 1 ball-bearing rubber tire buggy, top trimmed in whip cord, 1 red gear rubber tire buggy, leather top, 1 red gear road wagon, rubber tire, open, 1 top buggy, leather top, new, 1 black pacing mare, 7 years old, weight 1050 lbs., sound, has white legs, named Bessie, one bay horse seven years old, named Bay Pat, 1050 lbs., sound, 1 bay horse named Prince, 8 years old, sound, 1100 lbs., 1 sorrel mare 7 years old, weight 900 lbs., no name, sound, 1 bay mare 6 years old, weight 1000 lbs., no name, 1 bay mare, white feet, 6 years old, sound, weight 1100 lbs., at public auction at Milton H. Spere's barn, between 13th and 14th on K st., city of Lincoln, county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, on the 13th of July, 1901, at one o'clock P. M. of said day.

GEORGE T. KINNE.

CHEAPER THAN EVER

...TO...

Colorado and Utah

Daily June 18th to
Sept. 10th, 1901..

...VIA THE...

GREAT

ROCK ISLAND

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Round Trip Rates

From Missouri River Points to Denver,
Colorado Springs and Pueblo,

\$15 July 1 to 9 \$19 June 18 to 30
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Similar reduced Rates on same dates to
other Colorado and Utah Tourist Points.
Rates from other points on Rock Island
Route proportionately lower on same
dates of sale. Return limit Oct. 31, 1901.

THE SUPERB TRAIN,

Colorado Flyer

Leaves Kansas City daily at 6:30 p. m.,
Omaha at 5:20 p. m., St. Joe at 5:00 p. m.,
arriving Denver 11:30 a. m., Colorado Sp'gs
(Manitou) 10:35 a. m., Pueblo 11:50 a. m.

Write for details and Colorado literature.

E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. A.
Topeka, Kans.
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.