

Lodge, the home of Mr. J. Sterling Morton. The book is especially grateful to Nebraska people because it celebrates one of the historic homes of the state and sings the song of the trees, whose propagation Mr. Morton has done more than any other man in the state or out of it to increase. "Leaves from Arbor Lodge" is handsomely bound. It is printed on heavy, enameled paper, and contains ten exquisite halftones of Arbor Lodge and of the land and trees which surround the homestead. It is issued by the Blakely Press of Chicago.

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Jules Verne

Around the World in Eighty Days, Journey to the Centre of the Earth, Twenty-thousand Leagues under the Sea, From Earth to Moon, Michael Strogoff, are some of the best known tales of Jules Verne, the pseudo-scientific story-teller. The contemporary boy does not read Jules Verne as the boy who is now a young man of twenty-one read him. In the juvenile department of the public library the wholesome, non-sentimental stories of Jules Verne are no longer the dirtiest on the shelves. Their place is taken by stories of boys who rescue lovely maidens from peril, rescue them by one blow from a muscled arm and rescue not one maiden but many. No maidens, no love-interest at all appear in Jules Verne's stories. His heroes are discoverers, adventurers, inventors. Their quality is first mental and then brave. They have original ideas, they build powerful and wonderful machines that travel to the North Pole by an under-the-ice route or to the moon or the lowest depths of the sea. Of all the heroes of fiction I can recall Jules Verne's are the most cheerful and dauntless. They are not at all subjective. Their vision rests forever on the world of objects. They are fertile, virile, magnanimous, single-minded, possessed of tremendous energy. No boy was ever injured by a course of Jules Verne; many have been stimulated and encouraged to believe that the long, long thoughts of a boy may not be futile. These stories are infinitely more wholesome reading than the sissy stories of youths whose thoughts revolve about the adventures of gallantry undertaken by the heroes of the week, who tag after this girl and that one and from cover to cover do nothing that is not rewarded by a bright smile from a beautiful girl.

The sexless novel of pure adventure is good medicine for boys and girls in their early youth who are inclined to a maudlin sentimentality. Young boys are equally divided between love of adventure and of gallantry. If their attention can be concentrated upon the romance of invention, discovery and travel, the effect is wholly beneficial. There are too many tailors and the age at which a boy needs to be compelled to wash his face and his neck before going to school is growing younger and younger. Cleanliness is a virtue of slow growth, and of course a boy should be accustomed as early as possible to consider the application of soap and water at least three times a day as an unavoidable necessity. However it has been my observation that the boy whose face remains dirty and his cravat a sight, for a considerable period after he has reached the long trousers stage, the boy whose distaste for feminine society is real and not assumed, who considers all women superfluous except his mother and perhaps a maiden aunt or two, is most certain to attain the prizes of life.

In stimulating the imagination and driving out morbid and unwholesome vanities I know of no author more successful than Jules Verne. He has not much style. Plainly, directly, objectively he tells his story. Readers do not think of his manner at all, but only of what he is telling. His medium is transparent—at least it is to juvenile readers, who think of their favorite raconteur, if they think of him at all, only as a very good fellow, worthy of confidence.

The French speak of M. Verne as "He of the great imagination." He has written eighty successful novels. He

had not the money saving gift and he is now poor, old and blind. The old man from whom fame and fortune have fled is dying, and his son is in England soliciting names to a subscription list that his father may not die in want of all that may make his very short stay more comfortable.

In spite of the tremendous volume of the work accomplished by Verne, he, himself, was never satisfied with the position his talents won him. He frequently said: "Je ne compte pas dans la littérature Française." George Sand, the greatest French woman novelist, admired his tales. One of Cook's tourist time-tables gave him the idea of "Around the World in Eighty Days." In spite of the limited trains and the sort of transcontinental pneumatic tubes in which travelers are shot around the world, which have all been organized since Phineas Fogg's day, when a circumnavigator beats Fogg's eighty days, he is triumphant and all his acquaintances are likely to hear that he has beaten the record, meaning the eighty days of Verne's hero.

The novelist himself is not a traveler. But no one can say he has not accurately described the places he chose to send his brave inventive heroes to, for the places are inaccessible to everybody who has not an unfettered imagination like his own. He said his hardest work was describing places on this planet, more or less accessible. He was obliged to read travelers' accounts and he thought it a waste of time. He preferred to strap on his wings and turn loose his imagination.

To accomplish his work—eighty years—he rose at 4:30 in the morning, and worked till eleven before eating, and after dinner he worked four or five hours more. Ten hours of creative work a day would give the contemporary realistic dandy a hard chill. Jules Verne was as robust in his work as his heroes and their ideals. In February he will be seventy-four years old. He began to write when he was only twelve years old. He says it was poetry and very poor stuff. His first attempt to make money was on the Paris Bourse. He lost all his capital in speculation, but he was glad of the experience. He claims that his close range view of the energy and the rapid close thinking of the speculators enabled him to endow his heroes with these qualities later.

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A Sermon

Oh, the patience of God! The perversity of man! All the days of our life we leave undone the things we ought to do and do the things we ought not. It is so much easier and pleasanter to be good and to do good than to be evil and do evil. We started in childhood to follow a perfect model, but when we now compare our lives with it the contrast is appalling, and the discomfort of the unrighteous drives away sleep, sets him to limping when man was built to go as lightly and surely as the deer kind. But the eternal patience of the Creator does not despair. When the upright are brought face to face with desperate wickedness they cry out against humanity and wonder why Lincoln and Omaha or Chicago and New York are not burnt up. Sodom and Gomorrah, much better places than any of those just mentioned, were set on fire and entirely burned up because God, it is written, despaired of their reformation. The devil tempts us, but beside him, full in our sight, are wrecks of humanity to warn us that his promises are threats and his invitations are certain woe. The way downward is not a pleasant, flower-strewn path. It is dark, set with torpedoes that startle us, sown with brambles, and those who walk therein grow uglier and uglier until even their comrades turn away in very horror of ugliness. Only the first few steps of the descent are pleasant or comely. The morning after an intemperate use of liquor the debauchee's head aches and his point of view is out of focus; all the pleasantest aspects of his life are out of drawing. If he continues to carouse, he loses his own self-respect, and then the affection of all the inhabitants of his world. He loses money and position. His stomach revolts and causes him pain by constant

insurrection. One by one his members, which are always by themselves total abstinence, refuse to serve him. His hands tremble when he tries to make them do the customary task; his legs wobble when he requires them to perform no more complicated task than to walk along the street; he can not see with his eyes, nor hear with his ears, nor smell with his poor red nose as he used to when he was a lad. The very tenement he must inhabit till he dies, in collusion with the soul which is his landlord, revolts against him and tries to evict him.

If the man had chosen to walk the ways of righteousness and obey his stomach, not to mention his soul or his conscience, he would be in harmony with all contemporary objects, human and otherwise, that make up his world. He would sleep, digest, run or walk well with the perfect apparatus furnished him by nature. His hands and legs and stomach would serve him gladly, as a lover serves his mistress. The way of the transgressor is hard. In his own body he pays the penalty of his misdeeds. If there were no Bible, no systems of religion, no codified moral law, no code of respectability, still the moral law is so wrought into our mortal frames that we break it at our instant peril. There is no trial and no judge. The doing of the deed forbidden by the physiological law is instantly recorded and our bones and organs execute the inevitable punishment. There is no reprieve. A man's mother or wife or little children can not go to the governor and plead with him to release the culprit to the freedom of health. Physiology is deaf. No man or woman ever broke its laws and escaped arrest and punishment. It is the most perfect of penal systems.

There are two classes of sin. One against ourselves that human law scarcely takes cognizance of, though there are laws against drunkenness, suicide, and other misuses of the body. The other class of sins are trespasses against our neighbors, and the punishment for these is often evaded. The system is not nearly perfect. Still if a man lies excessively, or steals, or bullies, or murders, he loses caste, though frequently the law announces its inability to punish him. But a transgressor who is suspected by the public is uneasy about his place in society. Social snubs are almost as great a punishment to some people as hanging is to others. When the oblations of Kensingtons, dinners, card-parties and the short variety of functions no longer ascends, the suffering is as real as hunger and the transgressor repents, if she does not reform.

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Ugly as Sin

Southern editors are naively discussing the real appearance of the devil. They believe that he is better looking than legend reports or than the architectural interpretations which give him the head of an animal, or leering satyr. Milton made him beautiful as well as terrible. Lucifer was dressed in black and had black wings, but he was Milton's hero, and his fascinations were sufficient to induce a large number of discontented angels to fly with him, to

an inferior and very hot climate and to an arid soil. Therefore, the southern moulders conclude quite soundly that Lucifer was handsome, and an orator, gifted enough to carry Nebraska in a barren year. It is certain from all contemporary and historical sketches, pictures and statues of the master of all the demons that he is at least not a slouch and would not be put out of the Waldorf Astoria if he should wander into the dining room of that inn. He must be attractive, or he would not be able to make so obvious an impression on the youth of America, who are nothing, if not up to date. The rehabilitation of his appearance by southern journalists will relieve the devil of some embarrassment. Formerly, say about the gloomy time of the middle ages, he was obliged, when he appeared in human form to adopt a peculiar costume to conceal his horns, hoofs and tail. This costume, in itself, awakened suspicion, and he was in constant danger of discovery should his cap or long red cloak or pointed shoes come off. Since the solemn decision that the devil is a swell, and has neither horns nor hoofs nor forked tail, he can go about at least in the South without fear of detection. When the suspicions of human beings concerning the satanic nature of a given individual are quieted that one, supposing he really is the devil, can accomplish the destruction of many more souls as a man unlabeled. Oleomargarine finds a ready sale as a poor quality of butter, but if the packages must be labeled oleomargarine, they lose favor, and the market rejects them. In the South, then, the devil goes about looking no more capable of wickedness than an ordinary politician and although he is occasionally suspected, he has not been unmasked for many years. This serious discussion of the material aspect of the devil, which has actually taken place in the most flowery portion of our beloved country, is a surprising revelation of the survival of the sixteenth century superstition. Relics of value fade. The Declaration of Independence is hardly legible. It has been preserved with all possible care, but the ink is growing dimmer and dimmer. In another twenty years the immortal document will contain only faint traces of the signatures of the men, who exalted liberty and defied the greatest and most powerful nation on the earth in order to enlarge the domain of liberty. But this superstition of the devil is fadeless; writ in human instinct, it grows dim in one part of the country only to reappear, newly-copied, in another.

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