

ranged. At any rate the Brute Henry has returned to the palace of the Queen, who is still very ill. His conduct has demonstrated that he lacks sense, bravery and manliness. If for her country's sake and for Madam Grundy the Queen forgives the Prussian animal she must pay, pay, pay. The money is not of much consequence and it was not the money that the Queen cared for. It was the supine dependence upon her which disgusts any woman, queen or commoner.

Now that America is of so much importance in the world, I wonder the queens and princesses of Europe do not consider the eligibility of American men. A real American gentleman is the most loyal, chivalrous, self-controlled of men. There is not a queen in the world who would not be the better for his advice. It is too late now, but if Queen Wilhelmina had married an American gentleman like any one of a half dozen within every American woman's acquaintance, she would now be adoring wisdom, power, might and chivalry embodied in her husband. American men are the true knights remaining from departed feudalism. President McKinley was a shining example of this kind of American, a king with no visible sceptre, but enthroned in the hearts of womankind who do not need to be whipped into submission.

And speaking of German women, the old-time subservience is departing. They used to be grateful as dogs after a whipping, but they have begun to wonder if it is true that they are divinely appointed to suffer abuse and to reverence a master.

William E. Curtis, the correspondent of "The Record-Herald," who has been taking notes in the countries of Europe, says that although "the women of Germany are under excellent discipline, the feminine will is beginning to assert itself in a manner unknown to the last generation. Social restrictions are being gradually relaxed. German girls are allowed larger liberties than their mothers enjoyed, although their matrimonial destiny is still arranged for them. Education, travel and the American example are potent influences in accomplishing the change from slave to woman. The admission of women to the German universities, the establishment of schools for their higher education, the advent of woman in political affairs and her admission to the management of charitable institutions have all combined to give the sex confidence in themselves and have inspired a desire to extend their mental, moral and social horizon."

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**Kate Greenaway**

Miss Greenaway lived most of her life at Hampstead, N. W., London. She was born about 1850. Her father was a wood engraver and gave her her first lessons in drawing. From him she inherited the sensitive hands of a wood engraver. One of the greatest charms of her figures is the sureness and freedom of the line, a freedom and firmness not too often found in woman's work. After learning his craft from her father, she entered the South Kensington museum. She exhibited first in the Dudley Gallery, 1872-3. After this appearance she began making designs for juvenile books. Her designs were instantly successful, so much so that the style of dress for children copied her models in this country, and in England. "The Child of the Parsonage" appeared in 1874 when little girls were wearing hideous overskirts looped shapelessly over their hipless bodies. The style was heavy, mature and hindered play. When Kate Greenaway's little boys in smocks or with trousers buttoned over their waists appeared there was a breath of relief first drawn in England and then almost immediately exhaled in America. The overskirts and the old man clothes came off the little girls and boys, and they were dressed in garments child-like, simple, with the weight hung from the shoulders. Kate Greenaway did not originate any fashions. Her smocks have been worn by Yorkshire lads and men since the shire was first made famous, and the little short-waisted, skimpy-skirted dresses are French, Empire. She did not originate, but like Shakspeare she knew a good

thing when she saw it. Her quick recognition of the undying fitness of the second empire styles for the beautiful forms of children was an inspiration. England and America testified to the soundness of her judgment by immediately accepting her hint. She did not have to start out on a dress reform lecture tour, carrying trunks full of new and more sanitary dresses to try on some poor little borrowed child in the view of an audience and in the centre of a draughty platform. She knew a better way than that. She stayed at home and took orders for illustrating children's books. The stylish people who began to dress their children in Kate Greenaway gowns and suits had no idea of hygiene. American mothers did it because it was the mode and because English women of station had adopted it. English mothers were influenced by the delight their children took in Kate Greenaway's children. Both nations full of mothers were influenced powerfully by the real beauty, simplicity, grace and essential juvenility of the mode Greenaway.

In 1876 Miss Greenaway illustrated "Mildred's Mistake" and "Topo" and published "Kate Greenaway's Little Folks' Painting Book." "Under the Window" was published in 1879. "K. G.'s Birthday Book" in 1880. From 1880 to 1890 she published constantly. Among the best known of her pictures are those illustrating the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Book of Games, Marigold Garden, The Language of Flowers, Little Ann and Kate Greenaway's Alphabets.

But the clever fingers grew tired and the pure, understanding spirit faint. It is several years since she laid aside her drawing board. The men and women who were children in the eighties and seventies are grateful to Miss Greenaway for her obedience to her inspiration. She waved a wand and the overdressed little children, especially the girls whose ugly looking overskirts caught in bushes and fences whenever they attempted a frolic, came out to play in smocks, straight-breadth skirts and little mob caps. At Kate Greenaway's will, gores, ruffles and the airs that accompany gores and ruffles, vanished. She is the true fairy godmother of the XIX century. She set the princes and princesses free from the spell of the wicked drygoods fairy. And she did still more for the men and women. In her pictures the helplessness and innocence and touching purity of childhood is evident. The men and women who showed her pictures to the little children yielded themselves more fully to the charm, the witchery of childhood. And for every such permanent yielding a soul is saved.

Her art was in harmony with the times. Otherwise it would not have had such instantaneous effect in creating an epoch in modes. In regard to it Mr. Ernest Knauff says in the Review of Reviews: "Her art was in itself a product of an influence which permeated Victorian architecture and literature as well. The writings of Ruskin, the buildings of Norman Shaw, above all, the furniture and fabrics of William Morris, were more or less directly responsible for the aesthetic craze of a decade ago, which Gilbert and Sullivan burlesqued in their operas."

Boutet de Monvel's children are as artless and appealing and his technique has greater depth and versatility. His groups of children convert the most crabbed individual if not to love at least to a sense of the beauty, helplessness and purity of childhood. De Monvel has originality that is not yet exhausted. Miss Greenaway was a pioneer and she was satisfied with the first results of her talent. She was not ambitious and accepted her limitations. Nevertheless, we owe her much. Not among the least of her pictures' charms were their backgrounds: English hedgerows, low cottages, village churches. Much of the vogue attained by her books is due to her printer, Mr. Edward Evans, and his discriminating choice of inks. He also engraved her designs. But no one not on the most intimate terms with little children could have drawn her pictures.

She had to become as a little child. Therefore we know her heart was pure and modest. We are sorry she has gone to a world to which she was more acclimated than to this one.

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**Great Poetry**

Incomprehensibility is a modern test of poetry. In the current "Review of Reviews" Mr. William M. Payne contributes five pages concerning "The Poetry and Criticism of 1901." The author says of the only long quotation taken from "The Masque of Judgment" by Mr. Wm. Vaughn Moody, that it is a wonderful apostrophe to mankind:

"Oh Dreamer! O Desirer! Goer down  
Unto untraveled seas in untried ships!  
O crusher of the unimagined grape  
On unconceived lips!  
O player upon a lordly instrument  
No man or god hath in mind to invent;  
O cunning how to shape  
Effulgent Heaven and scoop out bitter  
Hell  
From the little shine and saltiness of a  
tear;  
Sieger and harrier,  
Beyond the moon, of thine own builded  
town,  
Each morning won, each eve impregnable,  
Each noon vanished sheer!"

Mr. Payne says of the foregoing: "I should not know where else in recent poetry to look for the match to these verses, or to the entire work with its melodious and sympathetic portrayal of life's wild and various bloom, of passion and aspiration, of alternating defeat and victory, of the commingling of sense and spirit that makes of our existence so confused a web of self-contradictions, yet somehow suggests a harmony of design that must be apparent to the transcendental vision."

Many kindly readers of these columns have in the past been benevolent enough to supply the present observer with keys to jokes and humorous readings of obscure passages. Comment on this blank verse will be highly appreciated. Doubtless it is clear to most readers, but I am sure there is a small contingent who do not quite comprehend it. For such as these outside help is much needed and from a college community like this it will doubtless be furnished. Considering that the lines "challenge comparison with the greater achievements of English poetry," according to Mr. Payne, who speaks as one having authority, the need of being able to fully appreciate them is apparent.

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**Honest Money**

Richard Croker insists that every dollar of the millions he has made since he has been in control of the Tammany machine is honest money. He can not understand what the good people are so excited about. To be sure he has made money by politics. Politics has been his only business for many years, and when questioned by the chairman of a competent committee as to the reason he was in politics, he answered without hesitation that it was his "pocket." From his own standpoint he is honest. He would not take money as a pickpocket takes it. The books accounting for the disposition of the taxes balance. The most expert accountant can not find any item of a

subsidy paid by the city treasurer to him and claimed fealty from him. Croker has made money by granting wharf privileges and franchises of various kinds, for which he has been paid in gilt edge stocks, by forcing the policemen to pay him the largest part of the contents of the monthly envelope which every saloonkeeper who sells his wares on Sunday, every keeper of a disorderly house, and all sorts of grafters contribute to the policemen whose beat includes their place of business. All these contributions finally reach Croker. Depleted by tribute to policemen and to the chief of police they are still large enough when they reach him to make his monthly income princely. All roads led to Croker in New York city. It was of no consequence where they started.

Yet Croker was genuinely surprised when he discovered that a great many not especially scrupulous people considered his manner of making money disgraceful. He asked members of the committee whose duty it was to investigate him what they supposed he was in politics for if it was not to make money. Croker is not a hypocrite, but his point of view limits stealing to picking pockets and putting one's hand into the treasure box of the city and taking therefrom a part of the money raised by taxes.

The people of Nebraska do not intend that city, county, or state treasurers should be paid and retain the interest for loaning city, county or state monies. They do not consider that such money belongs to the treasurer. It belongs to the state, county or city.

There is probably not a farmer, or merchant, or lawyer in Nebraska who will admit that a treasurer is entitled to such interest except the farmer, merchant, or lawyer, who has been elected to guard the city, county or state funds. All such guardians are paid a salary as a recompense for the time and energy which they spend in taking care of the treasure belonging to the people.

When the man who was but now a farmer and a taxpayer becomes a treasurer his point of view and his definition of honest money changes as a little jolt changes a kaleidoscope.

Considering the duties and functions exercised by the state officials, their salaries are too small and a reflection upon the generosity and fairmindedness of this rich state. But surely the governor, who in his person represents the state, should receive the largest salary.

State Treasurer Steufer has made a notable and exemplary accounting of all the funds in his charge showing that he has complied with the law scrupulously. If subsequent treasurers are as scrupulous, they will likewise silence evil and translate it into praise.

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