

his head, his eye-brows and eye-lashes are going, his nose is losing its functions, his teeth are disappearing, his nervous system is weakening, and all this is also accompanied by moral decline. Clothes are largely the cause of disease, the body demanding the natural stimulants of sun, wind and rain. The disadvantages of man began when he stood upright. If people who take the Kneipp cure by walking barefooted in the grass would go on all fours they would carry out the whole theory of the cure. Knowledge is what is making all our women unwomanly. There is something so healthy and natural about ignorance that I have an ambition to found a society for the suppression of knowledge. As for dress, I would say: "Give me a blanket for cold weather." Dr. Stevenson said all this to a finale of clapping hands and wreathed smiles. If the women had had any idea that the doctor's advice must be followed, solemnity would have settled down on that meeting, and the speaker's reputation for eccentricity, combined with her evident popularity, would not have saved her from signs of disapproval.

There is always something rotten in Denmark. The odor of death and disease waits at the turning of the stairs for everyone passing that way; and occasionally the bon vivant, satiated with too much and too rich food, jumps on to the nearest stump and announces, to those who will listen, that we are on our way to the dogs and that we must change our rules of conduct and our style of living and of dressing if we wish to escape the fire that burns always. Nausea of life overcomes the young and the middle-aged. But it must all be worth while or we would not be here.

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#### A Commercial People

By strenuous exertion, Congressman Burkett secured an appropriation for a new federal building for Lincoln. A few days ago he returned to Lincoln and was met at the station by a band and a crowd of enthusiastic fellow citizens. The energy, perseverance, tact, knowledge of the ways and means and never-faltering determination that it requires to secure an appropriation, deserve the recognition of a brass band and jungs at the station when the congressman, who has exercised all these virtues in our behalf, returns to his home.

Two years ago Congressman Burkett secured another appropriation, or rather a pension, for the widow of a man to whom Nebraska will ever be in debt. He gave the bill granting a pension of fifty dollars a month to the widow of Colonel Stotsenburg his personal attention. Unofficial friends of the dead colonel and his widow and daughters went to Washington for the purpose of interesting indifferent congressmen and senators in the bill. They were told that all the chances were in favor of the defeat of such a measure. That it was finally granted by both houses is due to the exertions and the patience of Congressman Burkett. Good nature, his temperamental denial of defeat, and a tireless activity won in this case, as in his more recent victory. For both, he is entitled to the thanks of the people whom he has served so well.

Probably the widow and children of Colonel Stotsenburg are the only ones who ever thanked him for the pension. Every Nebraskan who cares for the good name of his state, and for the noble history of the Nebraska regiment in the Philippines, is indebted to Colonel Stotsenburg and the debt will never be cancelled.

Other men have given up their lives in the Philippine insurrection. But Colonel Stotsenburg brought the Nebraska regiment to the point of paramount effectiveness in a few months. Another man led his command into the ambush from which Stotsenburg rescued them by the sacrifice of his own life. He was off duty, and he rode as fast as horse could take him to the field where the Nebraska boys were lying flat on their faces in the tropical sun. He ran across the exposed field,

ordering a charge and made himself a target for fifty rebel rifles. The officer who had gotten the men into the scrape was behind a knoll waiting for Stotsenburg to come up. He knew, and all the men knew, that when Stotsenburg got there the situation would change instantly.

Congressman Burkett is one of the very few residents of this state who appreciate Colonel Stotsenburg's services and their relation to every individual citizen whether or not the citizen recognizes the final renunciation and the previous loyalty and devotion of the colonel to his regiment. The debt is a debt quite the same as though it were written in a note which begins: "Ninety days after date we promise to pay," etc. There is no such commercial evidence of its existence, and as we are exclusively a commercial people the debt will never be paid.

As a commercial people, when our congressman gets an appropriation of dollars for a postoffice building, we thank him with all the public emotion and effusion we can command. If we had anything more emotional and expressive than a brass band and a number of hoarse citizens to send to the depot, we should have sent them. But we collected and sent that which represents the climax of our emotional expression, and some of us who thought we should have expressed thanks to the congressman when he returned from the performance of a knightly deed two years ago, reflected upon the manifestations of the commercial standards of a people whose appreciation is measured by the dollar. The next time that the congressman is moved to exert his influence for a righteous cause which will not put a dollar into the pockets of any of his constituents, he is to be excused if he remembers his cold welcome and his warm one, and reflects that he is a representative of a district in Nebraska which will thank him for no action, however patriotic, which is not calculated to put money in the pockets of his constituents.

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#### A Golden Wedding

Mme. Marchesi, the teacher of most of the contemporary prime donne, and her husband, the Marquis de Castronia, have just celebrated their golden wedding in Paris. The bridesmaids were Mme. Marchesi's American pupils. This famous teacher is a sort of St. Peter at the gate of a vocal paradise to American girls who have good reasons for believing that they have voices which will electrify the world if properly trained and developed. She is a somewhat commonplace appearing old lady, but many a girl has thought her existence depended upon the Madame's verdict. No bewildered soul seeking a way to Heaven is more frightened and hopeful than the young woman with a voice who goes to Madame Marchesi to be told if she can become a Patti or a Nordica or a Christine Nielson.

It was fitting that the bridesmaids of her wedding anniversary should be American girls. For the last thirty years a procession of American girls has passed into her door. Some of them went in despair and came out hopeful and some of the girls went to see her in provincial over-confidence and came away with the first sensible and sincere vocal advice they ever received; came away to return to their homes and accept the secluded existence for which alone their modest talents were fitted. But of this latter type there are not many. A great army of self-deceived girls with small domestic voices persist in thinking they were born for the concert or opera stage, and, such is their large influence at home, succeed in convincing their parents that they have voices it will pay to spend several thousand dollars on. For this kind there is only bitter disappointment in return for the waste and misuse of the limited family income.

Mme. Marchesi is a woman of imagination or she could not be a great musician, and besides she is a woman. She is, therefore, doubtless aware of the tragedies which ring her bell and enter her studio every day. Sameness

hardens the tenderest heart, and a musician's heart is generally responsive only to musical woe and tragedy. No doubt she and her faithful husband, who has been supported all these fifty years on the Madame's reputation and tuition fees, contemplate with equanimity the palpitating, the thinly-hidden hopes and fears which appear before them every day in the shape of a newly arrived American girl. She represents to the Madame and her Marquis so many dollars per minute. To be sure there is always the chance that the new girl may be "la belle cantatrice" and add to her teacher's worldwide reputation; a reputation which must, nevertheless, be fed with new successes or go out like the lamp which has burned up all its oil. Those American girls who were her pupils and, for the moment, her bridesmaids the other day, did they think, as they walked before the admirable old lady and her fortunate spouse with lighted candles and flowers, of the long procession of American girls who had come to Paris, studied with Marchesi, and gone home to fail?

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#### As the Twig is Bent

An observation in a recent Courier has attracted some adverse comment. Certain readers of these columns have said to the editor that she is too severe upon the foibles of youth. The foibles of the young! The foibles of the young are the crimes of the old, unless those who are old and experienced, when the foibles of the young are brought to their attention, call them by their right names and utter the warning they have lived to know is needed.

There are a number of mothers in Lincoln who take their young daughters or sons with them when they go marketing of mornings. It is natural when a youngster passes a tempting basket of fruit to take a cherry or an apple or pinch off a grape. The mothers complacently contemplate the actions of their children and occasionally pilfer themselves, during the matutinal round of the groceries and the fruit stands. There is impotent wrath in the grocer's breast as he sees what he regards as imps mutilating his "top" fruit, but he can not reproach them for fear of losing a good customer, and he smiles the hypocritical grocer's smile. Well! These children, grown older, are students in the high school. They see gloves or mittens or books that they want and they take them. The incident that they belong to some one else has no bearing on the case; their own mother's silence has taught them this at a time when they were learning the ineffaceable lessons of childhood.

At a later period these boys or girls are in the university and they steal whatever stray wraps, books or pocket books they find lying loosely about as though they were in the grocery store and the articles were dried currants or raisins.

Later some of the boys whose education was begun by their mothers are employed in a bank or store where they have access to money or goods. They have taken things all their lives that did not belong to them. Why should they first draw a line now? Five dollars is no larger to a young man than an apple is to a little boy who chances to be very fond of apples and a trifle hungry. Then for the first time when the boy is arrested and his family disgraced, his mother reproaches him and accuses him of ingratitude and of un-filial selfishness. She does not know that all the trouble began in the grocery store and her failure to impress upon a plastic mind and a tender conscience that stealing is taking anything which belongs to someone else, whether it is a raisin or a dollar or a brick of ice cream.

There is a woman in Lincoln who is the mother of five sons. They are middle-aged men now with families of their own. All of them are respected by their fellow-men. Not one of the sons has ever made money by playing tricks on his fellows. They have kept in mind the early lessons of their strenuous mother who taught them

when they were little boys to keep their hands off what did not belong to them. However small the object coveted by the boys, it had no bearing upon the universal application of the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal."

Long ago one of the boys heard his mother say she wished she had some onion sets for her kitchen garden. The next day the little fellow of six triumphantly deposited in his mother's lap a handful of onion sets. His face was flushed with the gratification of having, by his own exertions, obtained something he knew his beloved mother wanted. The mother was a wise woman. She saw the eager little face shining with love and the illumination of serving the beloved object. But she said: "John, where did you get these onions?" The little boy said: "Down at Wathan's, where we get all our things." "Did he give them to you? Did you ask for them?" "No, I saw them and I heard you say you wanted some and he had a bushel basket full out in front, and so I took this handful for you." But the expression of the small face had changed. He saw with his mother's eyes that he had done wrong, and the wall of a child who has impulsively wronged a stranger for the sake of obtaining a gift for his mother broke from his lips. But the mother was in the way of helping a little boy to become a good man, and she made him take back the onion sets and explain to the grocer that he was sorry and would not do it again. The boy, grown to manhood, is distinguished for his scrupulous integrity.

The habits of our youth are graven into our brains in deep ruts. In maturity the brain is tough and the graving tool that cuts a deep line there must be finely tempered and sharp. We forget trifles. Our characters are made. The surface of the mature brain is covered by a complex system of lines. Like a bank note the brain has received the impression, and the characters will remain until the note is destroyed. The brain of the child is smooth. He and his mother are writing thereon.

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#### Vandalism

The residents of Lincoln have responded to the exhortations of the City Improvement society as well as to their own longing for beauty and order. The very large number of householders who keep neat lawns are discouraged by thieving men, women and children who come at night and carry off plants and flowers and ruthlessly trample the lawn and flower beds. Every part of the city is infested by thieves, who defeat efforts to create beauty by uprooting plants and making paths across lawns. The grocers' boys and all kinds of hucksters and delivery men walk on the lawn and make dusty paths where the owner of the lawn desires the grass to grow. Wires stretched across corners to keep pedestrians on the walk are torn down, and a flower in bloom on the lawn is picked after only a few hours of decorative existence. The society is respectfully invited by hundreds of resident gardeners to consider this question for the purpose of discovering some means by which the vandalism and destruction of plants and lawns may be lessened, if it can not be entirely prevented.

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#### Dr. Zakrzewska

On the fifteenth of May in Boston the body of an unusual woman was reduced to ashes. Dr. Zakrzewska was a Pole who came to Boston forty years ago. She was a doctor possessed of keen insight, supplemented by wonderful anatomical and pathological knowledge; a knowledge and ability which made her respected by the good physicians of both sexes in Boston.

She came to this country poor and unknown. She died, a few days ago, one of the most highly respected women in this country, the founder of the New England hospital, one of the largest and best women's hospitals in Massachusetts, and the revered friend of the noted men and women of the most famous city in America.