

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

Co-education in colleges is the subject of an excellent article in the January number of Education, written by J. L. Pickard, formerly president of the state university of Iowa, and now lecturer on political science in that institution. As the writer is a western man he is heartily in favor of co-education. He takes up the three chief arguments of those opposed to it, and answers them in a straightforward, logical way that appeals to the reason, and convinces one that the writer fully believes what he is saying.

The first of these arguments is that there are sexual differences of intellect no less than there are of body. But his answer is that while there may be differences, there are still more similarities; and that no one is competent to say where the line shall be drawn that points out those differences that do exist. The advanced colleges of today, whether co-educational or not, realize that there are no two minds of either sex exactly alike. Therefore they arrange such a variety in courses of study that it is not necessary for any two students to pursue exactly the same lines of work from the day of matriculation to the day of graduation.

Why then, can woman not find courses and work suited to her nature, even though that nature differs somewhat from her brother's? The second argument is that the delicate bloom of womanhood will be lost by frequent and intimate contact with the opposite sex, such contact as is rendered necessary in co-educational study. He says that if he had, at any time in his experience in co-educational colleges, observed any influence in those institutions that tended to make the men less manly, or what is of more importance, to make the women less womanly, he would be one of the first to protest against the mingling of the sexes in colleges. But all his experience points the other way.

The last objection of which he speaks is that woman is not physically equal to the demands of a course that a man can carry. But he asks, why may not a woman be supposed to have sufficient judgment to choose work suited to her strength as well as a man? Moreover he gives statistics to show that where there is a difference in the per cent of mortality of women and men graduates it is less in the case of the women than in the case of the men. In conclusion, in view of the fact that no good argument can be brought forward against co-education in colleges, he urges the economical value of such an arrangement; since each institution now co-educational would have to be duplicated in every particular, in buildings, in laboratories and equipments, in libraries, and in facilities, in order to do as much and as good educational work separately.

Co-education is so general in the west that it is almost with surprise that we learn of the opposition to it, in the East. There recently appeared in a leading Boston daily an editorial bitterly condemning the attempts to open Harvard to women, and advancing arguments that would be utterly ridiculous if they were not uttered in such evident good faith. But it would seem that the best and most convincing arguments that can be found in the co-educational institutions themselves. Anyone who has had any experience in such institutions must admit that such arrangement is not beneficial, but even with the backward attitude of the eastern educational world in this matter, America, as a whole, is in advance of Europe. In pleasing contrast to the rest of Europe's educational institutions. When they were organized no mention was made of sex in the admission requirements. For a long time no woman applied for admission. When at last they did, then, and not till then, was the question taken into consideration, and was quickly decided in favor of admitting them.

Much discussion has been aroused in the college world by the change of admission requirements recently made by Princeton's faculty, under the new requirements, eighteen of the twenty-eight subjects are classed in their nature, while natural science is entirely ignored and very little English preparation is demanded. Friends of the classics have long contended that sooner or later there would be a reaction from the violent movement toward science and away from the classics, which occurred several years ago. But it hardly seems as if such a reaction is in view.

The National Educational association is making arrangements to conduct a series of international educational congresses at Chicago next July. There will be fifteen departments, including the principal divisions of educational work, each to be conducted by American prominent in the branch of work. Two of these department presidents are known to Nebraska teachers. Mrs. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, wife of Baptist Hughes, who delivered the address at the recent State Teachers convention, has charge of the Education Department. Capt. A. S. Brown, formerly state superintendent of New York, but now superintendent of schools at Cleveland, Ohio, has charge of the department of school supervision. He delivered the address at the State Teachers association last year.

The organist of a church in Carleton, Wis., discovered that some of the notes were out of tune. Investigation disclosed the fact that six birds, one of them a crow, had made their nest in the organ.

Great Excitement.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 27.—Algers a suburb of New Orleans, was the scene a murder and lynching last night. The victim of popular fury was William Fister, a negro with a penitentiary record, and his crime, the murder of Thomas Barrett, a sailor on the morgan steamer Aransas. Fister had been a lounge in the neighborhood of a grocery store on the corner of Atlantic and Peter streets. Yesterday the proprietors sent him to buy some oysters. When he returned with the pail Mrs. McMann took Fister to task for getting so few oysters, and the latter becoming angry at her remarks seized a butcher knife and slashed the unfortunate woman's throat. Her cries for help brought a man named McKnight to the scene, and he in turn was set upon by the negro, who struck him over the head with the hatchet. Fister then turned and ran into a side alley, but he had not proceeded far when Barrett overtook him. As quick as a flash the negro drew a pocket knife and stabbed his pursuer three times. Barrett fell dead in his tracks and the murder continued his flight.

By this time a crowd had gathered and the negro was compelled to seek a hiding place. A shed in the alley was the only available place and here he took refuge. His safety, however, was short lived. The mob soon reached the spot and before the negro could turn upon his pursuers, a pistol shot rang out and he fell wounded and helpless. By this time somebody had secured a rope and no time was lost in making it useful. Fister was dragged to the street, one tied the rope around his neck and it was thrown over the limb of a tree and the body was jerked into the air. For a time great excitement reigned.

Captured at Last.

KEOKUK, Ia., Jan. 27.—Last night Deputy United States Marshal Elmer Ridge, of Des Moines, and an officer of the secret service brought in from Centerville, Ia., Frank McCoy II, who was indicted at the last term of court for counterfeiting silver coins. He is a member of the gang headed by the venerable Green Caton, who have been operating on the border between Iowa and Missouri. When the old man was captured last year McCoy and son of Caton escaped into Missouri. Young Caton was arrested and is serving time in the Missouri penitentiary for passing counterfeit coins, but McCoy succeeded in eluding officers until yesterday. When he was arrested he was working as a farm hand near Dean, Iowa.

Bishop Phillips Brooks.

BOSTON, Jan. 26.—With impressive funeral services in the Episcopal church, the remains of Bishop Phillips Brooks yesterday were laid to rest in Auburn cemetery. From 8 to 10 o'clock yesterday morning the remains lay in state under a catafalque in the vestibule of Trinity church. A guard of members of the Royal Legion of which the dead bishop was an honorary member, kept vigil on either side of the black casket, while a throng of people passed continuously through the vestibule to take a last look at the familiar features of the dead prelate.

Refused to Make the Payment.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The Herald's special correspondent at Washington says: "The navy department has refused to make the payment of the Chilean indemnity to anyone except the sailors of the Baltimore themselves, in the case of the two deceased sailors to their legal heirs. As far as the department officials are concerned the beneficiaries will be under no obligations to pay-attorney fees. The department considers the indemnity in the nature of a present to the injured sailors and not as the payment of the claims originally filed in the state department by a San Francisco lawyer. I learn that the sum of \$18,000 each is the amount recommended by the navy board to be allotted to the legal heirs of the two deceased sailors. This leaves the amount of \$55,000 to be distributed among the other sailors. Whether the sailors who were imprisoned, but who did not receive any bodily injuries, will be included is a question unsettled, and it is this that is causing the delay in making the awards."

The Trial Resumed.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 27.—The court room was crowded yesterday morning when the trial of Robert Beatty was resumed. Patrick Gallagher (the confessor) continued his testimony: "After leaving Homestead, I asked Beatty if the powder were still being used. He said yes, that Gullfoil was using them. Gullfoil worked as a cook."

The bills of "O. K. Dempsey" were shown. Continuing Gallagher said: "Dempsey said Beatty would pay us for what we were to do, but Beatty did not do it. Beatty told me he had put some of the powder in milk and gave it to a dog. Within a few minutes the dog was dead."

On cross-examination Gallagher said the cooks in the Homestead mills were permitted to go anywhere inside the mill. Here followed a recital of the incidents leading up to and following the employment of Gallagher and Davidson by Beatty and Dempsey.

Laid to Rest.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 27.—The funeral of the late Catholic bishop, Dwenger, took place yesterday. There was solemn requiem mass at the cathedral. The funeral was one of the largest demonstrations of the kind ever seen in this city. Arch Bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, officiated at the mass. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville, presided the funeral sermon. The handsome cathedral was crowded and the basement was bugged away.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

MEASURES CONSIDERED AND ACTED UPON.

At the Nation's Capital—What is Being Done by the Senate and House—Old Matters Disposed Of and New Ones Considered.

The Senate and House. Most of Saturday's session of the Senate was occupied by Mr. Morgan of Alabama on the Nicaragua Canal bill. In the course of his speech he spoke of the Monroe doctrine as sworn, torn and fragmentary, and as having been kicked by the senate into "old rags." Mr. Morgan, speaking of the provision of the bill for ten Government directors (out of fifteen) said that if the French government had its own directors in the Panama Canal Company the robberies which had taken place and which had disgraced and nearly destroyed the French republic would not have been perpetrated, and that the fraud and corruption and villainy which was now shocking the sensibilities of that great and noble people would have been avoided.

Mr. Walcott (Rep. of Colorado) moved to proceed to the consideration of the first bill on the calendar. On that motion Mr. Washburn (Rep. of Minnesota) demanded the yeas and nays, and the result was—Yeas 91, nays 31—not a quorum voting after the chief executive session of the Senate adjourned. The time of the House was principally consumed in consideration of the bill ratifying the agreement with the Cherokee Nation of Indians for the cession to the United States of fifteen tracts of land known as the "Cherokee Outlet." The bill was passed and the House adjourned.

For almost an hour Monday morning the time of the House was consumed in the consideration of a resolution to which there was not the slightest opposition in any quarter, and which was finally adopted without objection. It was one concerning the executive departments for information as to the number and amount of war claims allowed or disallowed by such departments. Then a motion to suspend the rules and pass a bill to settle the claims of Arkansas and other swamp-land grants failed to secure the necessary two-thirds vote, and was defeated. The motion to suspend the rules and pass a joint resolution to amend the constitution of the United States by popular vote, was carried without a division. Three prepared speeches were read in the Senate. The first by Mr. Morris (Vt.), second by Mr. McGarran (Ia.); the second by Mr. Peffer (Kan.), in favor of a constitutional amendment limiting the Presidential office to one term; and the third by Mr. Call (Ila.), in favor of the constitutionality of the option bill. After a quorum was procured as the result of a call of the Senate some considerable progress was made on the anti-option bill. It was passed on Saturday, July 1, 1893, as the time when the bill is to go into effect. The resolution offered on Saturday by Mr. Wolcott (Col.) instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the expenditures in and about the construction of the Nicaragua Canal since the accounts of expenditure rendered two years since, was agreed to.

In the Senate the anti-option bill was debated Tuesday for nearly three hours and then went over without action. Sweeping denunciations of the measure were made by Senators Hear (Mass.), Vest (No.) and Platt (Conn.), as being in utter contravention of the constitution of the United States and in violation of the rights of the States. Mr. Platt yielded to Mr. Hear (Mass.) and was, therefore, unable to finish his argument. The McGarran bill received its death-blow for this session in the Senate, the affirmative vote falling short of a majority by one vote.

The following bills were passed: For the abandonment of the Fort Bridger military reservation in Wyoming. House bill to authorize the construction of a canal to connect the Tennessee, the Clinch rivers, in the State of Tennessee. In the House, a few private measures were passed, and the Committee on Judiciary having, under a prior order, reported a bill, called up some bills of secondary importance. The one of most public interest was that providing for punishment of offenses by passengers on the high seas, which was passed. On motion of Mr. Platt (Conn.) a resolution was agreed to making provision for the joint meeting of the two houses of Congress on Wednesday, Feb. 8, to count the electoral votes.

The Senators gathered at the Capitol early Wednesday morning, conferred together, and decided that the Senate should adjourn until Friday, Feb. 10. The Journal, as a token of respect to the memory of ex-President Hayes, The House, as a mark of respect to the memory of the dead, also adjourned.

In the House Thursday a bill was passed to meet the requirements of the interstate commerce law relative to the testimony of witnesses. Mr. Wise (Va.) called up a Senate bill concerning testimony in criminal cases growing out of interstate commerce act with a substitute providing that no person shall be excused from attending or testifying before the Interstate Commerce commission on the ground that the testimony may be of a confidential nature. The bill was agreed to.

The Senate Friday paid an additional mark of respect to the memory of ex-President Hayes by adjourning without acting any miscellaneous business. The House also adjourned out of respect to the memory of ex-President Hayes. The general deficiency appropriation bill was reported and passed by a vote of 219 to 179. Warner (Dem.) of New York, from the Committee on Manufactures, presented a report on the sweating system, and it was placed upon the calendar. Mr. Desha (Dem.) of Missouri, from the Committee on the Election of President, etc., reported a bill to repeal the sections of the Revised Statutes concerning supervisors of elections.

Telegraphic Brevities.

NEARLY 300 people at Homestead are starving. THE Minnesota Senate indorsed the anti-option bill. NEW YORK has had 135 cases of typhus and forty deaths. A BILL is before Congress to admit Utah to statehood. MARYLAND is experiencing the coldest weather ever known. SIXTEEN victims of the explosion in the Com. Colo., since were buried in one grave.

LORA MERWYN'S FORTUNE. BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE. CHAPTER V. PREVIOUS SPILL.

A yell of baffled hatred went up from the surging mob at the doors of the bank, as Abel Merwyn was rescued from its clutches. Then, worse babel than before ensued. The men resembled furious beasts of prey. Some one ran for the village officers, some one rang the town bell. Disorder stalked through every street, mob-rule held the bank invested as if the castle of a hated enemy.

Within, the relocked doors a safe barrier against the invading foe, the cashier had carried his inanimate burden to the private office, and placing him on a couch looked down at him. "He's dead! dead!" wailed Wharton, trembling like an aspen, his ashen face stricken, haunted, agonized. "Oh, what awful work! and what awful work! A doctor, Mr. Dacre?"

"Silence!" ordered the cashier, sternly. "There's some liquor in that cabinet. Quick! hand it here." He forced the fiery liquid between the lips of the prostrate man. There was a flutter of the hands. The kindly eyes opened, but dimmed and hazy, to take their last look upon the face of the man he had trusted, whom in his unsuspecting innocence, he trusted still.

"Here—here!" gasped the banker, scarcely audibly, lifting an unsteady hand. "I—have—something—to—say. The bank—"

"A false alarm," lied the sleek knave glibly. "Some one started a run—"

"Yes, yes! available funds low," gasped Merwyn. "I understand, pay them—pay—pay."

He wavered from side to side and seemed sinking again into insensibility, but the crafty, eager scoundrel pressed him close.

"Yes, yes!" he urged, "pay them! you mean?"

"He's gone!" fairly shrieked the old clerk, recalling, as with a gasp the banker fell back rigid.

With a serious face, Arnold Dacre felt over his heart, with a blank one he arose to his feet, scared, white to the lips.

sanguine expectations by a curious freak of fate, at the high moment of success and victory, disaster had suddenly crossed his unholy schemes.

For one instant the white face of the girl before him, one look into the depths of those accusing eyes, told that Flora Merwyn knew all.

All, at least, that the villain's last words had revealed. Appearing noiselessly at the door at a critical moment, she had crossed its threshold as the careless self-implicating words of the cashier revealed his true identity as a would-be thief, and overheard the dark insinuations of Ray Webster that his base hand had wrought all the trouble that was wrecking three devoted lives.

She had never liked the plausible, self-assured cashier, she had treated his advances coldly, but, as the friend, the confidant of her father, she had never believed him other than a man of high business integrity. Now, in the light of what the day had ushered in, and what his own bold statement had revealed, in his eyes glared his evil, wicked nature, stained of hypocrisy, smile and courtly complaisance.

Wharton had sunk to a seat like a block of stone. His jaw had fallen, his eyes seemed riveted. Like the adjudged criminal at the scaffold, he only expected the next movement of the excited girl to be a call for the officers of the law—a revelation of the plots into the execution of which he had been unwittingly dragged.

Blushed for the moment, even the bold, unscrupulous nature of Dacre himself quailed. Sorrow for the lover whom she supposed dead, anxiety for the father whose form upon the couch an intervening table partially hid from her view, contempt at the duplicity of the two-traveling varieties before her, spoiled the natural dignity of Flora Merwyn's character. Like an angry queen her eyes scanned them, like an injured woman she had them, baffled, beaten, under the domination of her flashing, accusing glance of indignation and reproach.

"She draw the pocketbook from the unclosing fingers of the overwhelmed Dacre. She shuddered at the contaminating contact of his relaxing clutch, but she steeled her heart to weakness.

"I know your plots, I know you unmasked!" she said simply. "It is you who have brought about this trouble at the bank. Stand aside—unlock the front doors. I will tell those men the truth!"

"You never shall!" Her intentions he readily divined. She would denounce him as a thief, a swindler, as the lying hypocritical villain he truly was. She would restore confidence in her honored father's name; she would disburse the ready cash contained in the wallet she had secured.

"This the weak, blind-folded being he had hoped to dazzle and win, or frighten into becoming his wife, when grief and despair had left her no other alternative to save a father's good name and life! That portion of his fabric of fraud and selfishness, the frail plotter saw crumble to ruins. The intended victim of his avarice had arrayed herself as a champion, a courageous, undaunted foe in the battle of wrong against right.

"No more of that!" ordered the cashier, sternly. "Come, man, have some grit! Never mind gazing at those two—one is beyond our help or harm, the other I'll attend to. I'll guarantee her silence, never fear. All you have to do is your part."

"What is—my part?" faltered the old clerk.

"Speedy, decisive action. I want you to leave here at once. You haven't the nerve to face the situation without flinching, so I'll undertake that unpleasant task alone. Now, then, John Wharton, it's wealth or misery, freedom or the penitentiary, just as you elect. Obey my orders implicitly, and all will be well, depart from my instructions in the minutest particular, and I clamp down on you not only on that certain dark passage in the past of your life, but as the man who altered the books of the bank and forged those signatures."

"Mercy!" gulped the miserable man, writhing in agony. "I'll obey you. Speak your orders."

Dacre took up the wallet that had fallen from Flora Merwyn's hands. This, and a package of bank notes and some papers which he drew from his pocket, he proceeded to do up in a parcel which he tied securely.

"Take it," he commanded, pressing it upon the astonished Wharton.

"Why? You don't mean—"

"That I make you temporary custodian of all this wealth, and be careful how you abide the trust. You can leave the bank safely through the house. As an underpaid clerk, the people will scarcely hinder or molest you. Secure the package safely about you, and go out and mix with them."

"They will mob me!" chattered the frightened Wharton.

"Scarcely, in the role I intend you shall assume," replied Dacre, with airy confidence.

"The role?" muttered the other vaguely.

"Exactly."

"You mean?"

"That of a poor, faithful servant, agonizing over the death of a beloved employer, despairing as losing a lucrative position in his old age, broken-hearted, though blameless, willow. Listen!"

He leaned closely to his quivering companion. Into his ears he poured briefly, rapidly the details of his plan. The other listened with a curiously-working face.

"You understand?" demanded the schemer, when he had concluded.

"Yes," choked out Wharton, his face one void of utter wretchedness. "Depend on me to end the farce—what you apportion me will not be difficult for my brain to realize now!"

He uttered a hollow laugh as he stowed the precious packet away in safety. Then, with a haunted look at the dead banker, and one of guilty horror at the inanimate Flora Merwyn, he stole from the room, muttering to himself incoherently. He had aged ten years within two hours.

Arnold Dacre stood in a thoughtful pose, once alone. He regarded Flora Merwyn thoughtfully.

"She knows!" he muttered, "and that knowledge is fatal to my every plan. What if? Sooner or later she must have known—she will thank me for saving her fortune. When I demand her silence and her love as my price for returning to her the fortune, for vindicating her dead father's tarnished reputation, she will not dare refuse me. I will remove her to the house, and await her recovery with patience. Then, to carry out the farce, the faithful, fearless bank cashier must remain at his post of duty till the last!"

He smiled sardonically as he spoke. Then he started and hurried to the door communicating with the counting room, for a new commotion had struck his quick ear.

The clamor of the crowd had subsided, but some one was beating on the iron doors, and a stentorian voice sounded: "Open! in the name of the law!"

Arnold Dacre paled slightly. He hurried to the shattered window, and stole a covert look without.

On the steps stood the Sheriff of the county, a legal-looking document in his hands.

"I order you to disperse," he was saying to the crowd. "The court has authorized me to take formal possession of the bank until the bank examiner arrives. Violence can do you no good."

"He is coming in here!" muttered Dacre concernedly. "She is here, should she revive before I have time to show my power over her father she will reveal all. I must convey her to the house-keeper's care. Then to meet the Sheriff with a bold face."

Dacre returned to the private office. About to lift the senseless Flora in his arms, he paused with a shock.

"Mercy!" he ejaculated in a lost tone. "Some one is coming from the house."

Yes, the voices of two men reached his ears. The conversation told that they were the Sheriff's subordinates, bent on reaching the entrenched enemy from the rear.

Arnold Dacre had but a moment to act. He knew that once formal possession was given the Sheriff, the latter would depart, leaving a single officer on guard.

Time was everything, to silence Flora Merwyn meant his salvation. He glanced wildly about him. Then lifting the senseless girl, he bore her straight to the open vault.

Placing her on the cold stone floor, he drew the heavy iron door nearly shut. He gained the center of the room again just as the two officers appeared.

"Here are the keys to the front door," he said simply. "You can admit the Sheriff."

The latter entered the private office a minute later.

"This is bad work, Mr. Dacre," he said, with a concerned glance at the banker.

"It is no fault of mine," returned Dacre glibly. "I have been hoping you would come. I dared not surrender to that howling, infuriated mob."

"No, you have acted with courage and discretion," assured the officer. "I must take formal charge here."

"I have some private papers I wish to look over in the counting-room," began Dacre, planning an opportunity to get Flora unscathed to the house.

"Certainly. I will only station a man at the outside entrance—that is all—except to put what assets the safes may contain in practical possession of the court."

And, as he spoke, the Sheriff advanced toward the vault in which lay the insensible Flora.

A cold horror wrunched the heart of the plotter as the officer extended his hand.

It was to push the massive iron door shut, turn the knob, and click the combination, closing in the persecuted, imperiled Flora Merwyn to a living tomb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]