

PATRIOTIC GIRLS.

HOW THE ORDER OF DAUGHTERS OF VETERANS WAS ORGANIZED.

Fourteen Girls Started the Society at Massillon, O., in 1885—Now They Have a National Organization with Members in Twenty States.

MASSILLON, Nov. 10.—One of the results of the recent G. A. R. encampment at Washington was the bringing into more universal prominence and rec-



M. ESTELLA McMILLAN.

ognition an association known as The National Alliance of the Daughters of Veterans of the United States of America. As its name suggests, this body is kindred to the G. A. R. This order has heretofore been but little known to the general public, and but for the fortunate decision of its officers to hold their third annual convention in conjunction with the G. A. R. encampment it would perhaps have remained in the darkness of semiobscurity.

The National alliance is the outgrowth of a society organized seven years since in this city, and the formation of that society was suggested by the daughter of a veteran soldier, partly through a good natured desire to rival the efforts of the local Sons of Veterans' camp. This suggestion, made on Memorial Day, 1885, was acted upon, and six days later the first meeting was held.

A permanent local organization was effected on June 10, and on Dec. 12 of the same year the secretary of state of Ohio granted the society a charter. The name of the wife of Ohio's present governor was chosen as a title, and it is related of the apostle of protection that one of the few occasions on which he has exhibited signs of deep emotion in public was when informed by a delegation of Daughters that their tent had been named Mrs. Major McKinley tent, Daughters of Veterans. Miss Minnie F. King, a sister of the present national executive, and who died on May 16, 1891, was the first president of the original tent, and the other members were Nellie King, Bertha Martin, Harriet Knapp, Olive Howard, Levo and Maude Stevens, Maude Huber, Maude Merrill, Frank, Eva and Bertha Merwin, May Bowman and May McMillan.

The little tent flourished under careful guidance, and its influence soon became manifest in the outside world. In 1887 the Daughters issued a charter to a branch in Alliance, O. The newcomers adopted the name of Mrs. John A. Logan tent, No. 2. The honor was wisely bestowed, for their namesake has since shown her appreciation by innumerable acts of kindness toward the tent. The following year Prairie Depot, O., and Quincy, Ills.—the latter named Caroline Scott Harrison tent—were chartered, and Ada, O., followed in 1889. When in the latter year an application came from Keokuk, Ia., the necessity of creating a national association became obvious, and the original charter of Tent No. 1 was so amended as to adapt it for such requirements.

A national constitution was adopted, and Miss M. Estella McMillan, of Massillon, O., was chosen president at the first national convention held at Quincy, Ills., in June, 1890. Only Ohio, Illinois and Iowa, comprising 194 members, were represented at the meeting. The framers of this constitution were the Misses Mol-



NELLIE A. KING.

lie and Maggie Robertson, of Keokuk, Ia.; Eva Ware, Rose Jansen and Anna Wessels, of Quincy, Ills.; M. Estella McMillan, Bertha Martin and Viola Malters, of Massillon, O.; Lizzie Bearley, of Alliance, O., and Lizzie Davis, of Ada, O.

The second national convention met in the birthplace of the order, Massillon, July 28 to Aug. 1, 1891. Twenty-four delegates, representing thirty tents in Ohio, Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa and Massachusetts attended, and Miss Mollie Robertson, of Keokuk, Ia., was elected president. At the third convention, which met in Washington Sept. 20 to 23 of the present year, eleven states sent delegates, and the following states were reported as admitted during the past year: Arkansas, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan. During the late meeting the Daughters were accorded much attention by the Grand Army members and

by the citizens' committee of Washington. The officers found it of great advantage to meet with the Grand Army, and the benefits thus derived in advertising the order were such that they propose to meet at Indianapolis next year in conjunction with the veterans.

Miss Nellie A. King, who was chosen national president at Washington, was born in the cradle of the order, Massillon, where she is a teacher in the public schools. She is twenty-one years old and is a charter member of Mrs. Major McKinley tent. She was elected national vice president last year, and her universal popularity is attested by the fact that her recent nomination was entirely the work of the Massachusetts delegation, and her election was made unanimous by her fellow delegates. She is an enthusiastic worker and her capability is unquestioned. Her father, now deceased, was Valentine R. King, an honorably discharged member of the One Hundred and Seventh Ohio Volunteer infantry.

The captain who was placed in command of the national bark when it was first launched was Miss M. Estella McMillan. She also is engaged in educational work in Massillon, and she was largely instrumental in the formation of the national department. Her reward was the first presidency of the order, and last year she acted as treasurer. She possesses a wonderful capacity for work, and has much executive ability.

Another national officer, the secretary, Miss Bertha Martin, resides in the same city. She is a charter member of Tent No. 1, and besides her national position is the present mustering officer of Ohio. She is an earnest and prominent worker in the order, and has always been identified with its more important measures.

The reports of the last convention show a membership of 1,400, with tents in twenty states. Fifteen hundred dollars were expended for charity last year, besides \$700 for flowers for veterans' graves. The Daughters are by no means an aggressive organization, their prin-



BERTHA MARTIN.

cipal aims being of a charitable nature and a commendable desire to keep green the memory of their fathers.

FRANK M. ATWATER.

Anecdote of Sir Edwin Arnold.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 5.—The celebrated author, Sir Edwin Arnold, is a very charming man, endowed not only with polished manners, but with a very large idea of his own powers and capabilities, and in this connection a journalist just returned from Japan tells the following story:

It must be prefaced that the Japanese tongue presents extraordinary difficulties to westerners, as one set of words and phrases is used upon ceremonious occasions, and quite another among friends. There are distinct forms for superiors, equals and inferiors. So much is this the case that men who have lived twenty years in the country feel a certain nervousness when addressing strangers or speaking in public.

Knowing this, imagine the journalist's surprise to hear that Sir Edwin, just one year in chrysanthemum land, had been delivering lectures in the vernacular at the Kyoto university. Traveling from Yokohama to Tokio the news gatherer had for companions an Englishman who spoke Japanese fluently and a native student of the aforesaid university. Naturally the journalist inquired how the students enjoyed Sir Edwin Arnold's lecture.

The Japanese are a pre-eminently polite nation, and the student looked up happy, wriggled, drew in his breath, then said:

"Sir Arnold is a very fine man—a very great man; he admires Japan." This with pride. Then a look of yearning and anxiety came over his face. "His lectures are very fine—beautiful—but, oh, we won't like so much to know what he lecture about."

To cap the climax, the scribe was introduced the next day to Sir Edwin himself, and almost his first words were an apology for not calling as "he was going to lecture at Kyoto university."

The journalist had considerable difficulty in maintaining a decorous gravity.

S. M. DIXON.

Teaching in Spain Is Poorly Paid.

The condition of the public teachers in Spain is not to be envied. The payment of their salaries is almost always far in arrears, and a case came up the other day of a man who had not received a farthing from the government for seventeen years. The total amount of back salary at present due to teachers is about \$750,000. In some cases the sufferers are sustained by charity, and in others are compelled to send their children out as servants. Many schools have been closed altogether.

A Big Chestnut Tree.

The circumference at the roots of a chestnut tree at Mansfield, Conn., is 54 feet, and the diameter of the spread of its branches in one direction is 100 feet. It is 80 feet in height.

The supply of potatoes has been so great this year at Buenos Ayres that the surplus is being shipped to Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

WHAT LIBERAL THOUGHT AND BROAD MINDS MEAN FOR ALL.

Intellectual Growth Will Not Make Women Less but More Companionable. Bright Words from a Thoughtful Woman—A Joy to Wives and Mothers.

The advantages of what President Dwight calls "intellectual oneness" in married life are probably obvious to all; but I may say that they are the most obvious when we leave unhappy marriages out of sight, as very possibly due to other causes than intellectual disparity, and contrast happy married lives devoid of true companionship with happy married lives which include it. We have seen many happy marriages when there is no more intellectual kinship between the man and his wife than between him and his little children; but there are kinds and degrees of contentment, satisfaction and active enjoyment. Love which persists in spite of disparities, limitations and hindrances, and love which persists with full intellectual sympathy, true comradeship, genuine friendship, are very unlike in the measure of happiness they can bestow. As it is between wife and husband, so it is of course between mother and children. Many mothers who have no intellect at all and scarcely even a tincture of common sense are fondly loved by their intelligent sons; but does such love as this profit them or profit their sons, even in the way of happiness, half so much as the love between another mother and the sons who find her their intellectual equal, their intelligent companion, their most sympathetic friend?

The higher education, rightly pursued, and really gained, is not an inducement that will make woman pedants, prudes, prigs or bluestockings, shrews, amazons or hard, cold, semimalevolent monstrosities. To be broad minded, clear minded, free minded, active minded is not of necessity, nor even of likelihood, to be strong minded. Indeed, the more a woman knows of life, the better she understands the past and present of the world and the experiences and conclusions of its greatest thinkers, the less likely she will be to confuse the masculine and feminine ideals or to underrate the latter in comparison with the former.

It is the narrow, superficial education of women which leads them to maintain that there is "no difference" between themselves and men, or that men's normal opportunities are loftier than their own, and which consequently make them envy men and desire to step into their place. The really educated woman, the one whose mind really knows and thinks, can comprehend better than any one else the true meaning and glory of womanhood, the true importance of its peculiar responsibilities, the true value and charm of its peculiar privileges; for she alone is able to attest and appraise these things, and, more over, she has learned that the growth of civilization implies a progressive specialization of capabilities and efforts, and that the advancement of woman has meant a steady departure from that primitive barbaric state where men and women were not more widely differentiated than are male and female animals today. If she claims a share in the man's right to a higher education, it is first of all that she may be fitted to do work which a man cannot possibly do, and may help the world along in a way that is parallel, not identical, with his.

Far from being unhelpful as regards possibilities of intellectual cultivation, the women of America seem to me lucky above their brothers. They can develop themselves as individuals without thinking of wage earning, and if they must develop less quickly they have time in more than the needful proportion. Nor does this apply merely to the years of early preparation. Even the busy mother of a family, unless she is so poor that all the domestic work falls upon her own hands, has at least as many free hours in the day as her husband; and although her day's work is at least as important and significant as his, it does not exhaust her brain as most kinds of money making do.

And when the minds of women interest and satisfy men as much as their bodies and souls, I think the fundamental, universal sentiment will persist and even develop, that the stronger kind will be better regulated and that the more foolish kind will decrease. Married men, I am sure, will be happier with their wives. Unmarried men will choose their wives more wisely; or, if the lightning of love still strikes at random, the bolt will more often be thrown by a sensible as well as a charming young woman. And when associating with women whom they do not think of marrying, all men will be less apt than they are today to feel that sentimentality is expected of them, or likely to be of service to them. And, once more, as it will be with men, so, conversely, it will be with women. Often today there is small common ground for that intimacy between men and women to which nature prompts except sentimental ground. When the field of companionship and the danger of an undue cultivation of the sentimental tract will be decreased.

When women have taught men that they want a real friendship, that they can be loyal, interesting and profitable friends in the same sense that men are to one another, yet always with that delicate flavor of difference which will make feminine friendship desirable, no matter how much masculine friendship may be at hand, then men will not be so ready to drop into the attitude of lovers or make-believe lovers. Yet there will be lovers enough, for this instinct is even more imperious than the instinct toward friendship. And once the lover is transformed into the husband, there will be a better chance of lifelong constancy.

Did all the young girls feel about their education as the pressure of public opinion makes all say it, were it properly begun at as early an age as it is with boys, and were it systematically pursued in a way adapted to their physical characteristics, they would absorb it as easily, wear it as naturally, and profit as greatly as their brothers, and whatever their future life whether devoted to the normal tasks of women or to more exceptional intellectual tasks, they would have received the best possible preparation for it.

Of course I do not mean that the highest education would make all women wise and sensible, useful, happy and charming, or that no woman can be these things without it. I only mean that if it were generally bestowed all women would be much more likely to achieve such qualities than they are today. Nor do I mean that our men have such well developed minds that our women should merely aspire to equal them. I mean that their minds are, at all events, better developed than their sister's, and that even a realization of equality would vastly profit them as well as their sisters. My plea is indeed quite as much for our boys as for our girls, since it is a plea for the improvement of their mothers, sisters, wives and friends. Those who live to see a class of highly educated women with really "knowing" and "thinking" minds will see the usefulness and happiness of American women.—Mrs. G. Van Benschel in Forum.

The Wrong Cards.

A young married lady had just acquired a new coach and a new footman to match. "John," she said one day, "we will drive out to make a few calls; but I shan't get out of the carriage. You will therefore take the cards that are on my dressing table and leave one of them at each house we stop at." "Very good, ma'am," answered John and ran up stairs to fetch the cards. After five had driven about a considerable time, and cards had been left at several houses, the lady remarked, "Now we must call at D—s, F—s, C—s, etc." "We can't do it!" here broke in the footman in alarm. "I have only the ace of spades and the ten of clubs left!" Instead of the visiting cards he had brought a pack of playing cards.—Scottish American.

Approximating to the Custom.



"Broddern, I've so indisposed wid de rumatiz dis mawnin I finds myself unable to stan up an talk to ye, an so I ax de congregation ter stan up instid whilst I disco'se."—Harper's Bazar.

After Taking.

"Hello, Smith, old boy! Where have you been?" "Just returning from my two weeks' vacation." "Are you? Got back from mine just two weeks ago." "Did, eh? Had a fine time, I presume?" "Simply immense! How have you enjoyed yourself?" "Grandly. How I hate to come back to the din and dust again!" "Seems perfectly horrible, doesn't it, after two weeks in the country? Good fishing where you were?" "Splendid! Caught wagon loads of beauties! Suppose you did too." "Well, I should say so! Hauled them out till my arms were about ready to come off."

"Have good accommodation?" "First class! Large, cool, airy rooms; lots to eat and well cooked, and everything lovely and not very expensive." "Same way with me exactly. By the bye, where were you?" "At Mr. Skimm's place, near Jarville." "What! Old Sandy Skimm's place on the sand hill?" "Er—yes." "And you had that corner room looking out across the banyard to the horse pond full of polliwogs, where you caught your big fish?" "Er—yes." "And there wasn't enough shade within three miles of the place to cover a ham-mock; you didn't have a decent restaurant meal while you were there, and you paid fifteen dollars a week for it?" "Er—yes, but how do you come to know so much about the place?" "I spent my vacation there. Beastly, wasn't it? The thought of it makes me tired and hungry yet." "Me too! Come with me to the fifteen cent restaurant, where we'll get some fine fresh country vegetables and fruits, and jollyify over the fact that we won't have to go on another vacation trip for a whole year."—Chicago Times.

The Danger of Delay.

"George!" she screamed. "My neck!" "What's the matter?" "There's a pillar-rotter!" "A what?" "A tappicker!" "What in the world do you mean?" "Oh, dear," she moaned as she clutched him frantically. "A kitterpiller! You know, George! A patter-rotter!" "Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.—Life.

An Interrupted Celebration.

Little Boy (weakly)—Mamma, an I'm lost well? Mamma—Yes, my pet; the doctor has got all the powder out of your face, and he says he can save your eyesight. Little Boy—Then please move my bed up to the window. Mamma—What for, my cherub? Little Boy—I want to shoot off the rest of those firecrackers.—Good News.

Fearful.

Briggs—That fellow Castaway had a bad case of delirium tremens the other night. Went home and cut up terribly. Griggs—How sad! Did he imagine he saw snakes? Briggs—Worse than that. He thought he saw a lot of his wife's new bonnets on the floor.—Cloak Review.

Bobbie's Thanks.

Little Bob has been missing the comforts of home, especially in the culinary department, while away from this city on an outing. The other evening in the midst of prayer Bob said with devout earnestness: "Oh, Lord, I thank thee that we have a good cook—in Washington."—Washington Post.

For a Peculiar Constituency.

"Alfred, dear," said the poet's wife, "does your poetic license allow you to rhyme 'frozen' with 'dozen'?" "Not usually. But this is for the Deaf and Dumb Magazine, see? And as long as it looks all right, that is enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

Backhanded.

Black—How do you do, Green? I'm quite ashamed of myself for not calling before. But I've put it off and put it off until it did seem that I never would call. Green—Don't mention it, my dear fellow. You are very kind, I'm sure.—Boston Globe.

A Slim Diet.

Guest—I haven't any appetite at all today. Waiter—Not feelin' well, sah? Guest—I'm about half sick. Can't touch more than a mouthful. Bring me a couple of spring chickens.—New York Weekly.

Obliging.

He—If I kiss you again will you scream? She—Yes, I'll do anything you wish.—New York Herald.

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