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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

mates that agricultural rather than political matters formed the burden of the conversation. Mr. Harwood always was interested in agriculture, and I can imagine those two farmers, Morton and Harwood, just revelling in seeds and pictures of garden sass and those beautiful catalogues that Mr. Morton's department emits every now and then. I asked Mr. Harwood "What about the Morton presidential boom?" He replied: "Nothing was said about the talk of Mr. Morton as a candidate for president; but I can say that Mr. Morton is not in any sense a candidate. Any talk that there may have been is not with his sanction." Mr. Harwood, besides meeting Mr. Morton and President Cleveland, saw Chancellor Canfield in Columbus.

Col. Jerusalem Gustavus Perseverence Hildebrand in his esteemed *Herald* calls the dear *Journal* hide bound and malignant. Everybody knows that something is the matter with the morning paper, and perhaps Jerusalem Gustavus Perseverence has correctly diagnosed the case. And speaking of the *Journal* I am reminded of something funny. Some months ago the chubby little protoge of Mr. Gere who for some years past has been editorial office boy and general whipper-in for the *Journal* took umbrage at what I said about his monumental assinity in writing that fool testimonial for "dear Mr. Croan" and did a little truth twisting about *THE COURIER* and its editor for the purpose of, as he said, "getting even." It was about this time that Mr. Jones—for that is the name of the chubby little man—issued a formal order that nobody must mention *THE COURIER* in any way in the *Journal's* columns. The order of the chubby little man has been religiously obeyed. For a couple of months or more there has been no mention of this paper in the *Journal*. Perhaps the chubby little man fails to see the funny side of all this. Perhaps he doesn't realize the implied flattery in his policy. *THE COURIER* rather enjoys the distinction the chubby little man gives it. There are many good things, even virtue itself, that are ignored by the *Journal*, and it is some satisfaction to be in this class.

M. Pasteur who died last week was (alas that we must write *was*) one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century. The whole world is in his debt and the world should stop its mad rush around the sun long enough to show its gratitude to the great physician. He discovered a cure for hydrophobia and diphtheria. Many who never heard his name will owe their lives to him. Children will have to learn his name as they do Charley's. He was a great man. As all great men do he gave his life for others. The first blow he struck for humanity was against a worm—a real worm that was destroying the grape vines of France. For three years the peasants, the hard working French peasants, had had no grapes from their vines because of the vine worm, and now the vines themselves were dying. Dr. Pasteur went to work on a poison for the worm and he succeeded. The worms died and the vines lived. The next year the vintage was the largest

France had ever known. Now his body lies in a small, low ceiled room over a stable where a hundred horses are kept for inoculation with the diphtheria serum. His hands are clasped around a crucifix that his wife placed there when he was dying. All the furniture in the room is plain. There is nothing to take away the attention from the beautiful good face of the dead man.

I heard the other day a most unjust accusation, and one that ought to be resented and refuted and denied with scorn. I heard a university magnate say that Lincoln society was snobbish and exclusive. Now, whatever may be the weaknesses of that part of Lincoln which calls itself "society" snobbishness is not one of them. Its motto has long been that whosoever would and had a dress suit might come. Exclusive! As though Lincoln could be anything so cruel! There is indeed a rumor of a dictator who was deposed, but I have always thought that he grew tired of the cares of state and vacated very willirgly, which hurt the feelings of his prime ministers so much that they slaughtered him. With few exceptions whoever smiled and said "pretty please" was welcomed into the ranks of the elect. Lincoln society is not snobbish. That charge is rank slander. It recognizes the dignity of labor, and bestows its brightest smile upon the active. We all remember the golden days when "Bobby" Richter lead the giddy social caravan, and when his perfect bows and still more perfect trousers were the standards whereby we swore, and his elegance was a thing which filled the hearts of maidens with admiration and the breasts of youths with burning ambition. In New York a tailor might be an Apollo, but he would be a tailor still. Lincoln believes in the equality of man. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, they are all with us and we are proud of it. We don't ask a man who his father is, nor who his brother and sister are. We discreetly refrain from asking him who he is himself. We say like the Arab, "He is a man, therefore he is my brother," or with *Portia*, "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

I notice Mr. Bixby this week says something about a "prince of good fellows." I don't know who he was talking about, but the phrase hits "Bix" himself a little better than any one else I know. Even by a stretch of imagination one could not exactly call "Bix" himself princely in appearance, but he wears the purple inside all right, and his hair is as red as the red *Rudolph* of Kuritania. As a rule poets are agreeable only at a great distance, the further off the better. But "Bix" will stand close acquaintance. The fellows who have seen hard luck can tell you so. If there ever was a man who could be a good fellow in the better sense of the term on a newspaper salary, the red headed poet is he. He was never known to refuse money or good cheer to a person who needed it, and he is no blooming Vanderbilt either. Neither is he a saint, but a thoroughly good fellow who manages to grind out cheerful lyrics three hundred and sixty five days out of the year, and to say a good word for and give a strong hand to the weakest of his

fellow mortals three hundred and sixty six days out of the three hundred and sixty five.

THE UNIVERSITY ELEVEN

Charlie Thomas sends the following concerning the state university eleven to the *Bee*: Foot ball prospects at the University of Nebraska were never brighter at this season of the year than at present. Many of the old players have returned many new players are on the campus, the students are all enthusiastic, and what is better than all, the boys are to have the active co-operation of the faculty this fall. The new chancellor is heartily in favor of the game and in conversation with him yesterday, he said: "We think it beneficial to the interests of the school to have a good foot ball team in the field and will give it whatever encouragement is within our power. When you take short trips I will excuse the boys from recitations which they miss in consequence thereof, and they will not have to make up the time lost as in former years, but simply be responsible to each professor for the work under him, and if the work is kept up to a good standard everything will be satisfactory." Although the chancellor has probably been the busiest man in Nebraska for the past three weeks, he has taken time to study and inquire into the rules and amendments as adopted by the different colleges and univer-

sities so as to give his opinion in pursuance of a request from the east. The old men who have returned and who have appeared on the campus are Whippie, Shue, Hayward, Fair and Jones. The old men who are at present in college, but do not expect to play, are Oury, Spooner, Packard and Pace, while the promising new men are Shedd of Ashland, Jones and Cameron of the second eleven last year, King, who was formerly captain of the Grinnell college team, and several others. The weather is pretty warm to work very hard, so that the time is put in in punting, falling on the ball, passing, etc. The team has completed arrangements to go to Butte in the middle of October, which is an extra inducement to the boys to work hard, as all know what an enjoyable trip it is. The management has wisely furnished a complete new outfit of suits, heavily padded, to do away as far as possible with any chance of injury to the boys, which is more apt to occur at the beginning of the season when the players are soft. To show how the popularity of the game is increasing I will relate to you a little incident which occurred on the campus yesterday. A well-to-do gentleman was here to place his son, a strong, healthy boy, in college. One of the students was helping him to arrange his work. When it came to the matter of exercise the student said: "I suppose you want to take up the military drill for exercise?" "No," replied the father, "I want him to take up foot ball."

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