

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Several chapters of the unwritten history are open for inspection in the cheap eating house around town. Eating is not a romantic occupation, but it is rather necessary, even to the most romantic people. It is amusing to watch the fellows who were in a box party last night crawl upon those high stools and meekly orders a sausage and a doughnut for breakfast, while the man who sat in his shirt sleeves in the gallery ordered a whole boiled dinner to begin the day on. One morning I saw a young swell who does the elegant on no visible resources sit staring sadly at his sandwich and coffee while he chewed the stem of a sunset rose he had worn to a party the night before. I suppose he was meditating upon the vanities of life and about how in the evening man cometh up as a flower and in the morning he is cut down to reversed cuffs and sandwiches. Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

I met Professor Neil Johnson, the new superintendent of the Institution for the Blind on Monday. When questioned about the report circulated by the *Journal* and *Bee* that he had made a clean sweep on going into the institution and turned away all the old instructors and assistants he said, "As yet I have not dismissed one person from the institution. But on the first day that I took charge, seven persons, five instructors and two menials, withdrew without any explanation or without offering to stay until their places were filled. The only one among those who had a sufficient sense of her obligation to the institution to offer to remain until other help was secured and her place well filled was a chamber maid. The others withdrew without warning or explanation."

When I heard the ladies of the Woman's Federation of Clubs talking and I must say talking, eloquently and well, about the influence of wives and mothers, I could not help thinking how funny it would be to hear a lot of men talking about the influence of husbands and fathers. And yet after all husbands and fathers are rather necessary articles. It would be hard to run society without them. When I see the terrible strain of labor that goes on in the world, when I see men of cheerful, pleasure loving instincts quietly consign themselves to a business life that is toilsome, harrasing and exhausting, all to keep up their establishments and give their family what the world calls a good living, then I think that in a quiet sort of way they sacrifice about as much as women. They don't talk about it or write books upon a father's influence nor any such stuff. They just grind away at the tread mill day in and day out and keep a stiff upper lip and a brave face and never even afford themselves the luxury of being sentimental over it. They are so cheerful and manly about it that our fathers grow to be broken old men before we realize that we have simply taken their lives and possibilities and used them to feed our own. It's terrible, anyway, the sacrifice that every generation makes that the next may live and work. But in the long run I am inclined to think that the men, the poor, simple, practical men, who don't assemble in each others homes and

read Browning and The Holy Roman Empire, men despised of woman's, clubs do their part. A mother's influence would not amount to much without a father's energy, and if the mamma furnishes the sentiment and moralizing the papa puts up the bicycles and the hard cash and that counts in this world, even with cherubs.

Forty widowers of Fairbury who say they will not marry again and eighty bachelors who swear they will never marry! Fairbury is a small place too. One hundred and twenty men so homely and bad and shiftless that they can find no one who will marry them. If I had not seen it in the press I should not have believed it.

It is harder to make people believe in excellence if discovered at home than in that reported from a distance. Why is it so impossible, absurd, for gold-bearing soil to have been found in Milford? Because our vacation feet have walked its golden street? That is no reason; the near may be as precious as the far though men may never believe it.

Paris and a large portion of France have been without rain for eight weeks. There has scarcely been a cloudy day in that time. It has been hotter and drier than it has been for 300 years. In Paris the leaves on the trees scorched, the grass died, and the city became a smoking furnace. The heat was greater than it was in North Africa, along the desert of Sahara. In the country the rivers are drying up and water is scarce. Great injury has been done the vineyards in the provinces. And yet in it all and through it all I have not yet noticed condemnations of Paris and France by Parisians and Frenchmen. There has been no moving away. The drouth and hot weather were probably infinitely worse than anything we have experienced in Nebraska. In France the people regret, but go on persistently. In Nebraska they abuse this state and, many of them, pull up and go away. A little old country persistence and patience would be a good thing in Nebraska.

There have been more failures in Omaha. Another large dry goods house follows Morse. These business troubles are unfortunate, and Lincoln can sympathise with Omaha. A fellow feeling, etc. Perhaps Omaha will receive kindly the suggestion that now that Morse and Falconer are gone, the people of the metropolis would do well to come to Lincoln to do their shopping. This is no jest. The biggest and best dry goods stores in Nebraska are in Lincoln and the people of Omaha will find here an assortment of goods that will dazzle their eyes. I have no doubt but that Herpolsheimer & Co., Sharp, Miller & Paine, Nissley & Co., and the rest will offer inducements to Omaha purchasers. The latter could save much more than their railroad fare, have the advantage of selecting from a stock such as they have never seen in Omaha, and have a good time seeing the city.

The *Journal* refers to THE COURIER when it must speak of it, (it never speaks to it), as "The Press." This is extremely gratifying to THE COURIER. "The

Press" means all other newspapers. We would not have dared assume that comprehensive title ourselves, but as long as it has been bestowed upon us by so sincere and admiring a contemporary as the P. O. J. we can only accept it and be thankful.

There was a rather interesting discussion of the recent gold discoveries in the vicinity of Lincoln in last Sunday's *Journal*. Of course it was not written by anybody connected with the *Journal*. It was an expression by "a Colorado mining man." The article quoted Solomon as saying: "Silver is found in veins and gold is where you find it." The quotation came in aptly enough; but it was incorrect. Solomon never said what the "Colorado mining man" said he said. In Job there is something like it. But it is not by any means certain that Solomon co-laborated in the writing of Job. As a matter of fact Solomon and the writing of Job were not contemporaneous. The quotation is: "Surely there is a vein for silver, and a place for gold where they find it." Fining and finding are two different things.

Since the Woman's Federation meeting Mr. Bixby has assumed an entirely different tone in speaking of woman's clubs. The women were here in such numbers, they are so intelligent, gentle and womanly; more than all they control such a large number of subscrip-

tions, that orders went out from the *Journal* counting room that no more funny verses on club women must appear on the editorial page. So when Mr. Bixby must express his real scorn of the woman who wants to know he puts it in another column and signs it "Cyclops" and uses an entirely different metre. But clubs and other educational institutions have made women hard to fool and they know the wolf through his lamb-skin covering.

It is interesting to read in the *Journal* about Professor Jenks' endowed newspaper scheme. What does the *Journal* know of the "fugitive and cloistered virtue" of independence or the state of not being bought? It has a literary acquaintance with sincerity and a sneering knowledge of reform. It has no experience of actions influenced by a sincere desire to change badness into goodness. The comic is made up of startling contrast. What could be funnier than the *Journal* as an endowed newspaper and the *Journal* of to-day?

Lee Richards, "Premier bicyclist of the world,"—and by the way, why "Premier?"—is a neat looking little fellow with an intelligent face and a rather military air. He can do the bicycle act, there is no doubt of that, he is one with his bicycle and he controls it as a man controls his own body. People who know him say he is a clever fellow to talk and on the whole very much of a gentleman.

The New Man

THE
NEW
MAN



HAS
GOOD
HORSE
SENSE

The new man has quit buying shoddy; pure wool, fresh from the sheep, woven by the best looms of England and America is within his reach. We are showing a magnificent line of men's fine wool suits in black and colors at \$10.00—a small price but the suits will surprise you. Fit and workmanship remarkably good. With about 500 men's and boy's suits we will give reliable time-keeping watches. This splendid offer is only good until Nov. 1

THE HUB 104-106 N 10th st

USE **"SHOGO"** FLOUR

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

—Absolutely guaranteed by—

F. S. Johnson & Co.

S. M. MILLS
Manager.

229 S. Ninth Street.
LINCOLN