

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

who till the soil intelligently and persistently will find therein a mine that will never lose its "pay dirt," a mine that in the end will out-value any bonanza gold mine ever discovered.

The receipts of the C., B. & Q. road in Missouri have increased five thousand dollars a day for the last two weeks. All crops in that state have never been so large. Fruits, grains, vegetables are being transported into other states and the railroad man is ready to shout "Long live Missouri."

The Chicago Institute of Fine Arts sends out a prospectus of the year's exhibitions. The most interesting one will probably occur in February. It will contain a collection of pictures made by Anders L. Zorn of the works of living Swedish artists. The names of the artists represented include all or nearly all of the names signed on the most excellent pictures at the World's Fair.

Is the use of I an egotism? Formerly all editors said we; many writers of the present day use one or you. It is necessary in writing editorials or observations to express one's own opinions or at least to make the opinions sound genuine and sincere. The point of view is that of only one person from one pair of eyes, and for that very reason is likely to be prejudiced. Therefore it should not be laid on to the shoulders of the public by the use of you, nor include more than one writer on the paper by the use of we. Nor should the opinion of one meek human being be thrown into the form of an absolute assertion—as this is so when it is only I think so. The Germans use *man*, the French *on*. Unfortunately the English has no equivalent this side of apparent egotism.

I hear that some one is pained at some things I have said. I am sorry. There is pain enough in this world, my friend, without reading the newspapers for it. You must be greedy of pain if you resort to such methods to get it. Just remember that a newspaper has to say something, and if what it says is not absolutely offensive and you are not absolutely sure it was meant for you, why be generous and give it the benefit of the doubt. But the worst part of an offense of that kind is that one can never prove it false. If any one chooses to misconstrue a paragraph, the writer of the paragraph is defenseless. He is at the mercy of the public and they can paint him as black as they please. He is forever doomed. Things done in print stay by one. They have a happy faculty that way. Printer's ink is a fast color, and as for the follies that are done in type, all the blood of all the gods cannot wash them out.

The end of the century has not reached Lincoln. It will arrive here about 1950 A. D. And it has by no means reached the Lincoln High school, which is particularly difficult of access to anything new and has a double guard always on duty lest an idea might slip in like a thief in the night. This decorous village was shocked to its suburbs, grieved from the packing house to the power house, and shaken to its very center last week by the report that one of the High school teachers had been riding to school on her wheel and appearing in

the slender costume of Rosalind before her classes. Now the truth is simply this: Miss McDowell had been advised by her physician to take more exercise. Any one who has had any experience in the toilsome drudgery of school teaching knows how much time a teacher has for exercise. So Miss McDowell decided to ride her wheel to school. I have seen her on her wheel and in her class room. She wears bloomers and over them a most modest and decorous skirt. It is simply impossible for a woman to bicycle at all in this windy west unless she wears bloomers under her skirts, for she knows not at what moment her skirt may be blown about her head. The principal and superintendent decided against Miss McDowell and severely censured her. I hear that the principal even burst out into verse and said dramatically:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

I have my opinion of anyone who would quote Pope in this day and generation upon any provocation whatsoever. Did I say the Lincoln High school had not reached the end of the century? Why it has not even got beyond Pope as yet. "She teaches in bloomers!" cry the horrified school officials. Yes, but I insist that she wears a skirt over her bloomers. Is it the principal's or superintendent's or any one's else business what Miss McDowell wears under her skirts? That's her own affair. The teachers in Minneapolis and St. Paul teach all day in bloomers untrammelled by even the suggestion of skirts. But no matter about that. The standards of lofty Lincoln must be preserved, and the classic love of the antique must be humored, even if the school mam's have to wear Elizabethian ruffs and Roman togas.

Those Sunday afternoon concerts at the Universalist church are really great things for the community, for they give people an opportunity to hear good music who never could hear it in any other way. There is just one objectionable feature, and that is the singing of those dire and awful heathenish hymns. Hymns are bad enough under any circumstances, but right after Schumann, Bach, and Beethoven they are particularly awful. They sound like the Mexican band after a symphony, like the beating of savage tom toms after a sonata, the dulcet strains of Midway Plaisance after an oratorio. Now why do they sing them? They play the music of the masters for the world, I suppose, and those heathenish chants for God. God is certainly merciful and long suffering since he endures it. I should think on such occasions he would be glad that heaven is a good way from earth. Why is it that we always give the worst of everything to God and are sacriligious enough to suppose he enjoys it? And that, too, when his own word is so perfect, art absolute. Even the Hebrews knew that all perfect work was holy. They gave even their love songs to God when they were beautiful enough, and that most perfect love song of all the world, that glorious Song of Songs, they made one of their sacred books.

A few days ago there was a dreadful play produced on a local stage. It was called "The Defaulter." There was

something about a bank defalcation, and the able and discerning editor of the *News* immediately saw a similarity between the incidents of the play and the wrecking of the Capital National bank in this city. Possibly Mr. Mosher would give me credit for having said some pretty hard things about him; but I never said anything half so heartless as this. Imagine comparing Charley Mosher to the \$1.00 a day villain in Lincoln J. Carter's play! This is really too much. Mosher has small claim upon the consideration or indulgence of this community, but I for one am ready to object to this latest degradation. Mr. Mosher was at all times interesting. Mr. Carter's defaulter was nauseating. In addition to "robbing widows and orphans of their small holdings," the collapse of the Capital National bank destroyed forever the equanimity of the *News* editor, and this last while not so serious as the loss sustained by the widows and orphans, is tough on that part of the public that reads the afternoon paper.

I cannot express my joy upon learning that the chancellor and faculty will be at home once a month to the students. The social side of student life has never received any official recognition in the University of Nebraska. Either they were supposed to have no need for social existence or they were supposed to make it for themselves, and if they often made a sorry mess of it, it was not altogether their fault. If they have resorted to cane rushes, shaving each other's heads, class wars and stealing the viands at banquets, it was simply because they did not know any better. A lot of raw boys and girls from the provinces and the small towns come up

to the university every year with very great purposes and the kind of hope that we only know just once in a life. They mean to do the heavy intellectual, to be martyrs to the faith, to "follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bound of human thought," and all that sort of thing. They mean it, the spirit is willing enough, but the flesh is weak. The first time they hear dance music they forget about the sinking star. Youth is youth, and heaven be thanked paradigms of Greek verbs cannot entirely satisfy it. After all it is *homo sum*, worse than that, it is *puer sum*. Students are only mortal and they must have social diversions of some sort, and this is the only college town I know that does not furnish it. They are not, for very good reasons, taken up by Lincoln society, there are too many of them and they are too young. There is no standard of social life at the university, so the students make their own. Left to themselves these young barbarians devise strange and wonderful diversions. They amuse themselves as awkwardly as the wonderful grazing bears, whom tourists say are wont to gambol in the sylvan shades of Yellowstone. They shave each other's heads and steal each other's hats and think it very funny. I remember being present at a festive student banquet once where the young ladies and gentlemen actually threw bananas and apples and finally whole pies at each other. The occasion was euphoniouly called a Feast of Pies, but it was a cake walk. The conduct was something terrible. "Dragons in their prime that tear each other in the slime" were mellow music matched with it.

(Continued on page 11)

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