

THROUGH COLORED GLASSES

I saw her in Chicago, in a Clark street dive. She had induced a stranger to order two beers, and she was happy. She was a young girl, and would have been good looking but for the hollows under her eyes, the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth, and the paint upon her face. Her eyes were shifty and wavering; her voice was low, guttural—and "beery." She was laughing and talking with the stranger, and her talk was a compound of oaths, slang and shamelessness.

Suddenly she folded her arms upon the table, and lay her head upon them; then she raised it, and her eyes were filled with tears. She drew a soiled and faded old tin type from the folds of her dress, kissed it and fondled it, and said, all to herself:

"Dear Jim; dear old Jim; he's coming back to me." Then to the stranger:

"He's in London now, Jim is; been gone more'n three years."

Then she shame-facedly wiped the tears away, and said:

"Reckon he'll hardly know me when he gets back,—eh? my ducky.—But what'n h—I do I care?"

—and she leaned over and peered luringly into his face. The old tin-type lay, face downward, on the table.

Did it ever strike you, gentle reader, as just barely possible, after all, that the magnificent attempt made by the last generation to reclaim the Great American Desert might prove a failure?

A half century ago scientists would have laughed at the dream of a million people in Nebraska.

For here drouth and sand, the coyote and the buzzard reigned over a region of almost primordial solitude and desolation. Then came the hardy pioneer; he drove out the coyote and the buzzard, outlived the drouth and scouted the sand—and the scientists were nonplussed.

The desert blossomed as the rose. Men "tickled it with the hoe and it laughed with a harvest." But its laugh has degenerated into a sickly grin. For two summers the hot winds have blown. The sand has been drifting and flying and shifting as of yore. The skies, which, through the long summer, were brazen and cloudless are cloudless still. The streams are low and their waters stagnate in frozen pools.

And the prairie schooners have kept up a steady procession eastward. Even thus early next year promises nothing but gloom and added disappointment.

The once mighty empire of Babylon is today a desert of shifting sand; shall it, one day, revive—shall it glow and glory in the fountain of rejuvenation—and shall our own great empire be the desert—furnish the ruins of the future?

They are telling a story on Superintendent Abbott of the asylum that is too good to be lost. As everybody knows Dr. Abbott is from Fremont, and in that venerable burg is still regarded as the Nestor of his profession. Well, a certain callow Fremont practitioner had administered too much of a wrong dose, and killed his patient.

The sorrowing relations discovering the fact that death had been due to the doctor's mistake, brought suit. And Dr. Abbott was put on the stand as an expert—his testimony was "expert testimony."

"Now, doctor," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "do you consider such a dose good practice?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "it is good practice."

And nothing could budge the expert from that position, so the prisoner at the bar was acquitted.

"Now, doctor, really, do you consider such a dose good practice," some one asked the present superintendent, when the next trial was on.

"Yes," gravely replied the doctor; "yes, it was good practice, but," and he winked, "I'll bet you the drinks the d— fool won't do it again!"

The periodical recurrence of the crusade against "the social evil" is upon us once more and sermons will be preached and resolutions resolved ad in finitum and then da capo.

It is to be regretted that blessed as we are with numerous doctors of iniquity, all amply able to diagnose the case, we have not one who can prescribe the remedy.

To the ignorant layman it would seem only reasonable to suppose that prac-

tice in denouncing might give some skill in remedying. But it does not.

And the simple reason is, loth though we may be to admit it, that the evil we deplore is due to us who condemn it, and the remedy lies in the hands of society, not in the power of the law.

For this hard and bitter fact presses home; immorality is the price of morality. The "reservation" is the sacrifice that lust offers upon the altar of chastity. And the lepers at whom we cry "unclean! unclean!" are the victims, not of their own nature's, but of society's selfishness. They are the antitypes of chastity and purity.

And yet reverend gentlemen will stand in their pulpits and bang the altars and denounce the result. Why do they not devote a part of their time and their eloquence to a consideration of the cause? Because, in the natural order of things, the cause lies nearer home—and there is danger in denouncing it.

And so those poor victims who already pay the price of the brutality and savagery innate in man, must cower before the altar and hear themselves condemned, while the causes of their degeneration sit in immaculate broadcloth and rustling silks silently joining in the chorus and wondering that such evils can be.

Through the dense fogs that encompass the English universities we can dimly discern the gleaming of armor and the flashing of swords, while to our ears comes faintly the sound of clanging blows. For indeed there is war and savage strife raging tumultuously about those institutes of learning.

And it is all over an innocent little article which a certain Rev. Anthony C. Deane, theretofore unknown to fame, contributed to the October Nineteenth Century.

"The Religion of the Undergraduate." For, be it known, the reverend gentleman's article reached this awful conclusion:

"With sorrow and reluctance it must be confessed that the majority of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates are without, or at least profess to be without, any religious beliefs at all."

Agnosticism, says the article, is predominant in these schools.

And then Rome howled. An hundred contributors in a score of periodicals denied and abused and bewailed and condemned. And the conflict might have ended there, and the world jogged along unheeding, only—unlucky mischance!—a couple of divinity students stationed, the one at Oxford and the other at Cambridge, thought it would be a grand and glorious thing to annihilate the Rev. Deane with a reply. So they replied. But alas, and alack a day! Their "replies" only made confusion worse confounded. For the Cambridge doctor of divinity in embryo openly admits the overwhelming predominance of agnosticism at that school, but explains that it is not of the "flippant," but of the "sincere" kind, which must be truly consoling to the church! And the Oxford co-respondent, while "denying" the prevalence of agnosticism asserts that "indifferentism (as to religion) pervades the whole body academic, from top to bottom."

And there you are. It is charged by the church that agnosticism is the predominant cast of mind of the English undergraduate. And it is urged in reply, also by the church, that if there be agnosticism it is "sincere"—and there is no agnosticism anyhow; "indifferentism" is all that is the matter.

Lost in this confusion the good old orthodox Christian, with mouth agape, asks what the world is coming to. For the English universities are not alone in their glory. Right here in our own state university, agnosticism and indifferentism are abroad, and between them control the religion of hundreds of our undergraduates.

Despite the Herculean efforts of Chancellor MacLean and a few members of the faculty chapel attendance and religious enthusiasm are falling off, both in quality and quantity.

The whole trend of higher education is anti-orthodox. Whether or not it is anti-religious is another question. But this much certainly is true. The orthodoxy and creed of the freshman disappears in the religion of the higher class man, which becomes broad, liberal, all inclusive. The tendency is from the small to the great. From Deism to Pantheism.

It was the influence of this constructive iconoclasm that Swinburne wrote: "By thy name that in hell fire was written, and burned at the point of thy sword,

Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten; thy death is upon thee, O Lord,

And the love song of earth as thou diest, resounds through the wind of her wings,

Glory to man in the highest! For man is the master of things."

This may seem sacrilegious and atheistic, but it is not. It is a declaration that God is not one personal being, but the whole impersonal universe.

The winning oration in the union oratorical contest at the state university last Saturday night is a significant straw showing which way the wind blows. It was an attempt to prove the absurdity of Deism and the necessity for Pantheism.

And so it seems that orthodoxy's hold on the university is becoming shaky.

At Union college they still use the Bible as the only scientific text book; but Union college is not a great university.

The vulture is getting fat. His prey is becoming so numerous, the beasts, great and small, fall so rapidly on every hand, that he finds it almost impossible to flit from carcass to carcass to bury his great bloody beak in the still quivering flesh. Up and down O street he flaps his ill omened wings, now feasting here, now there, swelling and croaking in his repletion. From afar off he spies the coming carnival, and with shrill, greedy cries came hurrying from the southward. Oh; a right merry feast is his!

H. E. NEWBRANCH.

\$100 DOLLARS REWARD \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo O. Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

What is more appropriate and useful for a Christmas present than a nice piece of furniture and the only place in the city to get the new styles is at Rudge & Morris Co.

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

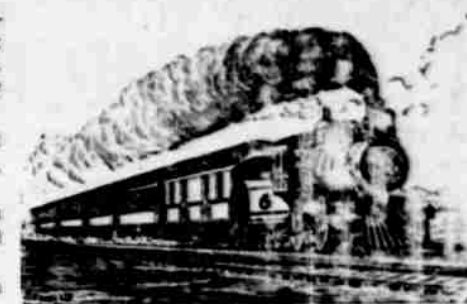
We have 300 dozen pocket knives for the holiday trade and our 25c and 50c cases have some rare bargains. Rudge & Morris Co.

Purple Pansy, Her Majesty's Perfume, has that delicate, yet refined and lasting odor, much desired by the consumer. Riggs, the Druggist, is headquarters for all the latest Toilet articles, corner Twelfth and O streets.

Purple Pansy, Her Majesty's Perfume, is the gentlemen's favorite amongst the latest odors. At Riggs Pharmacy, corner Twelfth and O street.

In art furniture we can please in prices, we will astonish you. Call and see the new designs at Rudge & Morris Co.

"Queen Victoria," Ladies Favorite Her Majesty's Perfume, is the latest most delicate and refined opera Perfume. At Riggs Pharmacy, corner Twelfth and O streets.



Time Reduced

Great Rock Island Route

Runs their

Phillips' Pullman Excursion

Cars to

CALIFORNIA

on their fast trains. Examine time cards and see that we are nearly

TWO HOURS

quicker than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

The Phillips excursions are popular. He has carried over 125,000 patrons in the past fifteen years, and a comfortable trip at cheap rate is guaranteed, and the fast time now made puts the Phillips-Rock Island Excursions at the top.

Post yourself for a California trip before deciding, and write me for explicit information. Address,

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
G. P. A., Chicago.

THE BOYS

WHO LIKE GOOD EATING

ALL GO TO

FRANCIS BROS. 1418 O STREET

They get something

To eat

For their Money.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR WHEELMEN.



IS THE ONLY DIRECT
ROUTE TO THE SOUTH

Come and See Us

H. C. TOWNSEND, F. D. CORNELL,
G. P. & T. Agt. C. P. & T. Agt.
St. Louis, Mo. 1201 O St.

When wanting a clean, easy shave
or an artistic hair-cut, try

S. F. WESTERFIELD

THE POPULAR TONSORIAL
ARTIST.

who has an elegant barber shop
with oak chairs, etc., called "The
Annex" at 117 North Thirteenth
street, south of Lansing theatre.

WE HAS ALSO VERY NEAT BATH ROOMS.