

of her determination, from fulfilling the very arduous duties which devolve upon the mistress of the White House. The strife between Mrs. McKinley's female relations and friends and the president's female relations and friends to fill that position with honor to themselves and the nation is most interesting.

The incubation of President McKinley's boom began, says an eastern paper, around Senator Mark Hanna's dinner table at Cleveland and the ladies present planned the social campaigns that will be developed in Washington during the next four years. The epoch making dinner party included Mr. and Mrs. Alger, Governor and Mrs. Merriam, Colonel and Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Kohlsaat of Chicago. At this time, Captain and Mrs. H. O. S. Heistand had not been heard of. Four years ago Captain Heistand was detailed as inspector of the Ohio national guard, under Governor McKinley's gubernatorial command. The eastern paper goes on to say:

Mrs. Heistand at once made it a point to make herself not only useful, but essential, to Mrs. McKinley, who found in this energetic person the physical force she was not always able to command for herself. Other ladies at the Ohio capital—wives of state officials and others—who had enjoyed a share of Mrs. McKinley's company, soon found their services unnecessary. Mrs. McKinley's wishes were constantly supplied, almost before they were expressed, by her new companion. When the McKinleys removed to Canton, the Heistands accompanied them. The captain, it is averred, opened the major's mail, stropped his razor, selected his haberdashery and fetched his hat and gloves. Mrs. Heistand performed similar invaluable services for Mrs. McKinley. One by one the older friends found themselves superseded until even Mrs. Hanna, I am told, found that Mrs. McKinley preferred to select her gowns from Canton mantua makers, under Mrs. Heistand's direction, to accepting her advice to patronize the Euclid avenue shops. Of course, jealousies were aroused, and Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Heistand no longer occupy the same box at Mr. Hanna's Euclid avenue opera house. Then came the trip to Washington. There was a train-load of McKinley relatives, so many "sisters and cousins and aunts" in fact, that it became known in Washington as the "Pinafore" train. Everywhere was the little western army woman, however, attentive, busy, but omnipresent. Now the captain has realized his ambition and has been detailed at the White House. Mrs. Heistand will live in Washington. Mrs. McKinley has found her indispensable. She will be a constant visitor in the private apartments where the Canton servants have learned to know her. She will have no end of influence in state as well as private affairs. Mrs. Hobart or Mrs. Hanna may be nominally first lady in waiting, but they will find the little western army officer's wife on guard at the private apartments, and Mrs. Heistand will be the real manager of the White House, just as Senator Hanna has been the manager of the republican campaign. I shall certainly watch the result of it all with interest.

Captain Heistand is of the Eleventh United States infantry.

Speaking of army officers, their promotion depends on so many things besides bravery and the knowledge of military science, which truly admirable acquirements have not been put to much use in the United States for the last twenty years. "Promotion for

conspicuous bravery on the field of battle" begins to be interesting only for its antiquarian suggestions. Progression from a second lieutenant to something as gorgeous, as pictorially beautiful as General Miles, depends on influence extended at the right moment, on a knowledge of the weak points of ranking officers, their likes and dislikes and such matters, which lie quite outside of the West Point curriculum. In barracks the officers have not much to do besides ponder on the personages whom it is necessary to propitiate and attract. In the solitude of the barracks, with nothing in the way of labor for a living, to interrupt meditation, the soldier who becomes a general, reflects on army politics.

BOARDING HOUSE CHAT.

"There is nothing like boarding house life to develop selfishness," remarked the cynical senior, as he skillfully extracted an underlying breast from the platter of chicken. "Student life in general would in time ruin the best disposition in the world, but the worst feature of it all is the boarding house creed."

"What's that?" asked the Innocent. "Boarding house greed, he means," said a freshman who sat at the senior's left, as he ruefully scrutinized the three necks and the gizzard which formed the contents of the platter after it had passed the rounds.

"One and the same thing," returned the senior. "But it's a creed not confined to boarding houses. It permeates our university life. You see it in the class-room, in the halls and above all—"

"On rainy days when your umbrella and rubbers are swiped," interrupted the freshman.

"And above all," continued the senior with a reproving glance at the freshman, "in the library. The books that are stolen or hidden, the students who consider the library a lecture room in poly-con, or an ingenious device for indoor bench work, etc., etc. It's almost impossible to get a lesson."

"You certainly never test the possibility," interrupted a lively youth seated opposite, whose liveliness, however, had hitherto been directed dinnerwards. "Bread, please."

"I am not a sophomore any more, Bertrand, my boy," said the senior. "And even when I was—I think I may say it without boasting—I was never a dig."

"That's a dig at you, Bertie," said the freshman.

"Well, I wouldn't boast of my sophomore years, either, if they were as many as the senior's."

The senior ignored the remarks. "Returning to the subject of the moral influences of student life," he said, "there is one palliating circumstance."

"Co-education?" asked the freshman.

The senior laid his hand in a fatherly manner upon the freshman's shoulder. "It is but too plain that the freshman is young and unsophisticated. But he will learn by and by to leave his umbrella and rubbers in the check-room on rainy days, and he will learn, too, that co-education is not all that it seems to be. He will learn by and by." The senior sighed reminiscently.

"He reads German every afternoon in chapel with one girl already," remarked the innocent, looking interested, while the freshman blushed.

"You mean 'reads Dutch for one co-ed.' There are no 'girls' around here, my boy, nor is 'German' in the

curriculum. And I can well imagine," he continued, gazing thoughtfully at the embarrassed freshman, "how the freshman burns midnight gas over his 'immense.' But it is invaluable experience, invaluable. Oh, you needn't blush about it. No doubt you know your lesson far better than the innocent yonder. Aand you're storing up treasure against the day of conditions. Freshman chapel exercise is far more profitable than junior bench-work." The reminiscent sigh was breathed again.

"It seems to me you're wandering from your subject," observed the worldly junior, nervously. "Your palliating circumstance is—"

"Ethics, you wisely prefer to drop bench work, ethics, my dear junior. It comes the last term of the senior year for those wise enough to take it then, and forms a sort of antidote to the past. It reminds us, for example, that the freshman here is not exclusively fond of necks and gizzards, or that his rubbers are a rather poor fit for our shoes."

"I'm taking ethics myself," announced a second lieutenant, patting his moustache coaxingly.

"You don't say."

"Yessir, I'm taking ethics, and the worst book-swiper in the Uni. is in the class, and it doesn't do him a bit of good. Why, he even hides ethics references when he goes to dinner!"

The senior appeared shocked.

"And more than that," continued the lieutenant, "there's another fellow in the class argues that a man's duty is to look out for himself and himself only and he does it."

"Is he a second lieutenant?" asked the senior.

The lieutenant was ruffled.

"You needn't cast insinuations. You know I never say a word in class."

"Which shows your wisdom if you hope for credit. But I didn't refer to you—not by any means. Pass the butter to the innocent. He's looking longingly in that direction."

The worldly junior having finished his dinner adjusted his pince nez and glanced benignly about the expectant table.

"Have any of you been down to the state house lately?" he asked.

No one had.

"Well, you should go and see the workings of the university lobby. There's no denying the Chanc. is the man for the place. He's a lobbyist, he is."

"Wha—wha—what!" stammered the lieutenant. "I thought he wasn't going to lobby at all, thought he wasn't ever going to be seen on the floor of the house."

"Well, he isn't. Not by several. But you're pretty sure to see a Uni. page or two and you wonder what they're up to down there."

"Well what are they up to?"

"Hooking members."

"Hooking—do you mean swiping members?"

"I said 'hooking' members. They just go up to the 'gentleman from Crab Orchard' or Omaha or whatever it may be, and hook on to him in a sweet and winning manner. Then they lure him out into the supreme court room and—"

"Give him a set-up of cigars in there?" asked the sophomore enthusiastically.

"Sh—sh—sh! You'd embarrass Solomon with your question. He meets the Chanc. there and learns all about the needs of the university and the state and the farmers. Tell you what, these Uni. pages are the smooth peo-

ple." "And I was talking with the representative from my county," said the innocent, "and he said that the Chancellor took a committee of 'em out to the state farm, where they couldn't get away, and talked to them two hours straight; just wouldn't stop, he said."

"When will you infants learn that silence is golden," groaned the junior.

"When speech is no longer free silver," remarked the sophomore.

"That time has come, Bertrand," said the senior, solemnly. "You had best subside. But really, my dear junior, it was my understanding that the matter of lobbying for the old Uni. had been left in other hands."

"Your understanding always was poor."

"Yet certainly I have heard it whispered that the appropriation for the new building was directly won by the politic efforts and suave address of one departmentally interested—"

"Departmentally interested?"

"Exactly; and as a matter of fact, he could've got the dairy outfit, too, if it had been sufficiently to his interest to make that a special object,—that is, he says he could."

"You don't mean little—"

"I do," said the senior.

THE USE OF IT ALL.

What is the use of it all,
The anguish, the grief, the strife,
The struggle with shades, the fight with fate
The battle for life?

What is the use to fight for fame,
To cringe to Ambition's demands,
And grasp the chaplet of bay at last
With stiffening, dying hands?

Is it not enough to have striven and toiled?
The pursuit is more than the paltry prize,
To have loved and suffered is much,
To have lived is more than we realize.

—WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

March 15, 1897.

IT REALLY IS.

Hewitt—Poets are born, not made.
Jewett—It's too bad.
Hewitt—What is too bad?
Jewett—That so many of them are born.

REPENTANCE.

Mrs. Benham—The newspaper has quite an account of a man who committed bigamy. I don't see why a man should want more than one wife.

Benham—I don't see why he should want one.

GAUSELESS WORRY.

Croker—No honest man can make a living these times.

Corker—Tut, tut, old man! Don't borrow other people's troubles!

ALL HE NEEDED.

Physician—You need more outdoor life.

Patient—I guess I'm all right; I never get in before morning.

"If I didn't love my husband, I'd kill him!" exclaimed the warm-blooded lady from New Orleans.

"I wouldn't," replied the Chicago woman. "I'd get a divorce and stick him for alimony."

Understudy—Nobody in the boxes tonight.

Prima Donna—Dear! I suppose those stupid, stingy people down in front expect us to entertain them.

"My son," said Mrs. Gazzam, "I do not like to hear you allude to Miss Trotter as a bird. It sounds disrespectful."

"But she is a native of the Canary Islands, mother," replied Mr. Gazzam.

If you eat why not try the Annex restaurant, 133 So. 12th St.

Canon Pra Coal, \$5.00 per ton, for cook stove. For sale by Gregory Heistand O.

Perfection Cooking Mixture \$4.70 per ton, sold exclusively by Gregory, 11th and O.

The new incandescent gas light has no superior. For sale at Kornsmeier Plumbing and Heating Co.