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OBSERVATIONS.

The demonstration at the university last week by a noisy minority of Prof. Wolfe's confidants is receiving the censure such conduct deserves from the press, the public, the faculty and the large and respectable part of the student body. Among the students who hissed a reference to the action of the regents, there are those who insist that the tenure of the chancellor and professors depends upon the approval of the students rather than upon the conscientious performance of their duties by the faculty. As to that, the university has never had an executive fully approved of by the students. And it probably never will have. The present administration is wise, at times, brilliant. Chancellor MacLean without crippling the university has reduced the expenses so as to leave a few thousand dollars to provide for the increase of 1898 and 1899. In the years of stress the chancellor has distributed the income of the university with especial attention to a temporary embarrassment of the state. The people, whom the regents represent show their appreciation of his administration by their confidence in him and their approval of the budget which he prepared.

Professor Wolf's department has grown from insignificance at his arrival to one of great popularity with the students. How much of his own and his department's popularity is due to the interesting nature of psychology and philosophy cannot be stated with

exactness. The most commonplace actor's reading of Shakspeare's lines thrills an unreflecting and youthful audience with admiration for the actor.

*When Buskins was Hamlet
And Hamlet was Shakspeare
My years were few,
My reverence profound, for Buskins,
Had he not turned the key
Which opened splendid new worlds?
But Buskins got drunk.
Every since have I been old.*

There are a few students in the university who represent what the east calls "The Rowdy West." Their fathers were the town bullies in the border days and their sons mount a horse and ride at the intimidated who do not understand that the bully is always and everywhere a coward. Chancellor MacLean is a gentleman in speech, aspect and spirit. He has been most kind and conciliatory, to the element whose rule in the university ended last week, when with his customary smile and without any heightened color, he jerked a bully off his horse. There were groans and jeers and hisses from his boon companions, but the man who was only the instrument of outraged propriety went about his work as though he had not signalized the final establishment of the rule of law and order in the university of Nebraska. It is said that there are a few, a very few professors who contemplate resigning because of the deadly insult offered to their classmate. Fortunately for the university there is no profession so crowded with applications for the stipend of two thousand dollars a year as the pedagogical. And if the loyal friends "of whose grief and surprise you can judge by the expression of their eyes" really feel that the university no longer deserves their services, well there are others.

It has been frequently remarked by the citizens and humble drudges of one kind and another who occasionally are honored by the attention and conversation of one of the class of students already referred to, that it takes a plough boy a very short time after his first entrance into the university to grow a confidence which is capable of instructing, even of threatening, the chancellor and the board of regents. As for themselves, they fancy they have acquired the power to think, and they want it understood that they can make and unmake chancellors and professors by a petition or a yell whenever their judgment directs. For this very epidemic which attacks most severely those students, who, with a certain intellectual quickness, are without family traditions, without the training of which it is said to require three generations, to make a gentleman, for this disease, I say, the military department at the university is good medicine. One of Grant's letters to his friend E. B. Washburn, gives his clear cut idea of

duty as instilled into him at West Point and exemplified in all his after life. So long as he held a commission in the army he had no views of his own to carry out that were at variance with the orders of his superiors. "No man can be efficient as a commander," he says, "who sets his own notions above law and those whom he is sworn to obey. When congress enacts anything too odious for me to execute," he adds, "I will resign."

I know that boldness and confidence are characteristic of youth but when these qualities are not trained by the discipline which it is the duty of the authorities to enforce, it enfeebles muscles which self denial and exercise would harden and in consequence life has them at a disadvantage and ignominiously knocks them out finally. No man of the century had himself in such perfect control as Ulysses S. Grant, no man asked so little, no man is honored and loved so much. His example is worthy the attention of everybody, and especially of those students in the university who have decided that they are not here to learn but to instruct, threaten, orate and write portentous editorials.

Among the writers who have contributed to the pages of The Courier in the past, several have been in Professor Wolfe's classes. They have been young men and women in good health, more or less prosperous and of unusual ability. In spite of these possessions their humor is saturnine, they are without hope of happiness in this life and sure of annihilation after it is over. They are convinced that everything that is, is evil. They are critical and unhappy little men and women whose capacity to disseminate gloom makes a personal devil leap and skip with glee.

"The optimism and activity of a man like the present chancellor, seems stupid and futile to Professor Wolfe's band of cave dwellers who wonder at our blinded bigotry in preferring light to their nice, poisonous darkness, in which they are developing germs of cynicism, selfishness, conceit, and misanthropy. They will come out of the cave and leave off throwing stones when the struggle of life has brought them into more conciliatory relations with the world, but the dampness and suspicion bred of darkness will keep them from ever taking full advantage of the light."

The last number of the *Woman's Weekly* is made unusually attractive by the pictures of the directors of the woman's board of managers of the Transmississippi exposition. The biographical notices are supplied by Mrs. Ford of Omaha. Of our Townswomen, Mrs. Sawyer the president of the board and of Mrs. Field, a director, Mrs. Ford says:

"Nebraska has had reason to be proud of many of her women. Not least among them is Mrs. Winona S. Sawyer

of Lincoln, a woman noted as widely for her graciousness and capabilities as a hostess as she is for her eloquence and brilliance on the platform. Mrs. Sawyer is the wife of one of the prominent citizens of our state, a woman who stands for the best, and will do honor to the state in which she lives, as President of the Board of Women Managers of the greatest educational and uplifting enterprise the west has ever known. The women displayed good judgement and wisdom in the selection of this natural leader for President of the Board. The position is one which will require infinite tact and patience as well as exceptional intelligence, and Mrs. Sawyer will be always ready and equal to any emergency.

Mrs. Allen W. Field of Lincoln has a claim on Nebraska if any woman has. She is the daughter of A. B. Fairfield one of the first Chancellors of the state University, and the wife of one of the leading judges. Mrs. Field has the distinction of being considered the finest woman parliamentarian in the state. She is the most unassuming, lady-like, womanly woman one would meet in a life time. Her bright face and pleasant smile make her popular when in the chair as much as her unwavering fairness. Mrs. Field belongs to the famous Gridiron club in Lincoln and to some other study organizations. She served the State Federation of woman's clubs as its president for a term, and is deservedly very popular among her friends. She expressed herself as being particularly pleased at the selection of Mrs. Sawyer for the President of the Board, as she thought there was not a more competent woman in the state. She was glad, too, to have a woman from her home city so honored in that signal manner.

The score or more half tones which the *Weekly* presents represent just that number of the brightest and most unselfish women in the state. A compound picture of these directors would give a picture of the New woman that even the Phunniest paper could not caricature. A straightforward, unselfconscious gaze, broad brow and the chin and mouth expression which are especially characteristic of Mrs. Harford, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Towl and Mrs. Feil; that something determined, which denotes executive ability, and yet is of exceeding gentleness. This picture would have, dim as the cherubic clouds of Raphael, two infant heads, for Mrs. Keyser had her picture taken with her children. Mrs. Keyser is one of a committee of eight from the Western Art association, which will have the art exhibit in charge, the other seven members of which are men. Her selection for this particular committee is especially happy as she has made pictures her especial study, the love of them her mission.