

engagement he became editor of the *Evening News*, a post which he relinquished in 1893. He embraced the insurance business in the spring of that year, but could not keep out of journalism, and entered it again in a few weeks by purchasing a half interest in THE COURIER, to which he gave a tone that made it a power in politics and criticism of life, literature and the drama.

The immediate recognition of his ability by the *New York Mail* and *Express* was gratifying to the friends and family of Mr. Smith in Lincoln who did not need such an assurance, in spite of the small return he gained for his labor here, that he had abilities exceptionally virile and potential. There is no doubt that Mr. Smith would soon have become one of the foremost political writers in this country. He possessed the patience and the acumen necessary to a student of human nature. He was able, in a sentence or two to characterize a man and his works, to name his character so that those who read would be impressed by the truth that they themselves had seen without being able to put it into words.

Mr. Smith's steadfast affection for and care of his mother, his reserve on all subjects of family concern, were most admirable. His mother was his confidante and guide and Morton her most loyal knight throughout his short life. The family of which he was the head consists of Mrs. Freeman, his sister, his brother Henry Smith, and an older brother in St. Paul, Minn.

Arcule E. Guilmette who perished at the same time, was supported, until he finished school, by the labors of his sister, Miss Carrie Guilmette, who is known and loved for her quiet heroism and devotion. The lad had just begun to take the burdens which his sister had borne so cheerfully and hopefully on to his own broad young shoulders. He was succeeding even beyond his sister's hopes, when the Atlantic current dragged him out of sight forever.

In a recent cartoon Miss Phillipa Fawcett, who ranked above the senior wranglers at Cambridge university, is pictured as standing in the quadrangle of that institution, surrounded by a howling, jeering mob of undergraduates, sucking canes, whirling their golf sticks over their heads, and brandishing oars, tennis rackets, riding whips, and whiskey bottles at her. Miss Fawcett says she does but ask the degree which she has earned and they tell her to be gone. The fact that she had taken a higher rank than had ever been earned at Cambridge before had nothing to do with the case. She was a woman and had ventured to compete with men and she deserved the scorn which centuries of wrong has made to seem right. This feeling that slavery is a divine institution, comes from Germany and England whence faculties, and heads of faculties are recruited. The west and particularly Nebraska is influenced by this prejudice. In all the great coeducational universities of the west, except in Nebraska there are women who are deans of faculties. In the Nebraska faculty there is one woman who has but lately been presented with a vote. In the universities of Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Chicago and Stanford the proportion of women in the faculty is nearly as large as the proportion of young women to young men among the undergraduates. In Nebraska university the number of male undergraduates was 825, or thereabouts the number of female 725 or thereabouts, there being exact'y 100 fewer females than males. Miss Jones the efficient librarian was led to resign her position in an institution whose ideas of equal justice are feudal in their partiality to the dominant side.

THE COURIER, would be silent on this question, were prejudice growing less, injustice giving way to an appreciation of the rights, not privileges but rights of a long abused but awakening sex. Although the record of the alumni contain the names of many distinguished, nevertheless they have no vote and in those festal times when both sexes meet to elect officers and to felicitate themselves and the university on the deeds and intelligence of the children of the university, no alumna's deeds are ever cited. Occasionally one of the ablest alumnae is elected to be second vice president of the alumni association and although she protests, is elected. The present administration is especially opposed to the participation of women in the university life in any capacity whatever save that of students. The only reason why these are tolerated at all is because they are, when it comes to the number of students, important. A chancellor of a university of 875 students lacks the dignity of the head of a school of 1650 although half of that number be women. Another reason for the toleration of women in the Nebraska state university is that the charter to the university is granted for the purpose of educating both sexes. Were it not for these two reasons the exclusion of women sentiment, so rapidly is it growing at the university, would finally drive them from the class room. The thousands of club women in the state have this and all other matters pertaining to the inequalities of woman in their own hands. The splendid organization which unites isolated clubs into city and state federations, has put an effectual and a new weapon into the hands of the women. If the women who have accepted the better part of mothers do not see the necessity of voting let them study the position of women in the Nebraska state university, which will never be entirely changed until the regents, the chancellor and the faculty can see that they are outraging the sense of justice of a body which has the power to replace them with modern representatives of both sexes, who can make them acknowledge that the declaration of independence includes white and black, men and women.

### STORIES IN PASSING.

Before the plate glass window of a large department store, a mother left standing a baby-carriage, containing her sleeping infant. The hour was early and there were few upon the streets. But the small, fair, round face with half-open, breathing mouth and curly, golden hair, the soft, pink hands clasped tightly about their fat, little thumbs, the chubby feet peeping from under the coverlet, caught the eyes of the passers-by and brought a sympathetic smile to their lips.

A fly buzzed about the carriage and the child moved uneasily. A sunbeam crept over the cornice and fell upon the little face, and the child turned its head. Then a dog ran heavily against the carriage. But the child did not wake.

The force of the dog had its effect upon the carriage. Slowly the wheels began to move down the sloping pavement. The walk was deserted at that moment and the carriage gained momentum as it approached the curb.

A man up the street saw and hurried to the spot. A woman on a passing car glanced up and turned pale. The baby-carriage had reached the curb. Directly before it a horse was plunging at its rein in deadly fright.

The baby-carriage seemed to stop a second at the curb. Then there was a crash of splintering wood, an animal's snort of fear, the stifled scream of an infant's voice, and a white faced woman came running from the store.

When I was a boy at stated intervals the desire came over me to possess dif-

ferent places of business. In winter it was a bank or a bakery: in summer, an ice-cream parlor, a soda fountain, or a circus aggregation. To own a railroad or a candy store was a constant wish. At one time of the year—in early spring—a similar fancy seizes me even now. The sensation always takes hold of me in early May in passing a grocery store. The freshness of the place, the sweet odors from the opened doors wafted across early strawberries, new strawberries, new vegetables, Florida oranges and huge bunches of bananas allure me, and recall those recollections of one's youth that every man has more or less with him. Then and then only does my boyhood desire for possession come over me and the temptation for investment fall strong upon me.

Cholly Pan, the Indian guide, sat upon the limb of a cotton-wood, wailing "Beulah Land." He had picked up the song down at the mission school at Tombstone, standing every evening for a week outside the church window silent and motionless, but ready to run away if the teacher or any of the scholars approached him. At the end of a week he ceased to go to the school, for he had "Beulah Land" by heart. There was something in the song that touched his half-savage nature. He sang it constantly in the low, monotonous, sing song of the vernacular, with little music and a strange mixture of English and Apache in the words. And he taught the song to the other guides and they took it up and from that day Cholly Pan and his "Beulah Land" was the curse of the fort.

But to-day Cholly Pan was wailing away from the limb of a cotton-wood, and on the trees about him were the dozen other guides and scouts squalling like huge, old, dark-faced turkeys and following the lead of Cholly Pan. But the strange thing was that on the head of each was a mess of mud, plastered down over their hair, baked hard by the heat of the sun.

"An improvised choir-loft," suggested Shorty Cawkins, the tall, awkward first lieutenant of D company, who had just come out new from the Point with the rest of us. We were all as green as sailors on Indian's ways.

"Perhaps it's a ghost-dance," said Mac-Murphy. But MacMurphy had not yet got over the adjutant's hospitality of the night before and his opinion went for nothing.

Then old Pearson of B company came up and told us to drop around in the evening and the thing would explain itself clear enough.

We did so. As the sun went over the last western hill, those savages dropped to the ground, battered their heads on the tree-trunks until the clay fell loose in large pieces, and then took a shampoo in the hog-trough.

"That kill 'em, every one," said Cholly Pan, coming up, rubbing his head with great satisfaction. "Mud kill 'em—dry 'em all up. No more buggy. All gone—all gone." And thus we heard the explanation promised us.

Many years ago, fifteen or twenty perhaps, there lived in Ashland a little man by the name of John Everhart. His wife kept a millinery store and was the principle factor in the support of the family while John tinkered some with an insurance company. He was an ardent Republican and strange to say was anxious to have an office. In his mind the halo around an office holder's head was a real tangible thing. He became a little cross as time passed and he continued to be overlooked but by and by his chance came. He was nominated for constable and with great pleasure he entered into the campaign, "setting up" the cigars and spending as much money as his limited purse would allow. When he was elected he remembered everyone

with cigars.

In those days the office of constable didn't amount to much and as there was actually no business at all for three or four months, he fell to wondering where he was going to get his expense money back. But one day he was sent for with word that old Bill Brown was down the street drunk and making a disturbance and must be arrested. At that time there was no police court system and the justice and constable kept the peace. So Everhart went down the street with as much dignity and importance as his size could command. He found Bill in a very tottering state, very noisy and making it very unpleasant for the neighboring stores. He put him under arrest, took him by the arm and started to lead him away. Brown who was a harmless fellow, even when drunk, objected to being led away and resisted. Then Everhart drew back his dexter arm and smote him. It wasn't much of a blow but it did not take much to send Brown to grass in his maudlin condition. For a moment the constable felt a glow of pride and triumph at thus being able to display his prowess before the encircling crowd. But after he got his man down he found he didn't want him there. He wanted him up on his feet again, so as to get him away. The intoxicated man concluded that as long as he was down he might as well stay. It was easier and more comfortable. So he declined to get up when requested. It was some time before the constable could feel willing to do the humiliating thing that of asking the bystanders to help put him back on his feet again. But he had to do it because he had to get him off the street.

At the time there was no jail in Ashland, the old one having been burned down by an inmate who wanted to get out. Everhart took his prisoner up to the justice's office only to find out that the Justice was out of town. He was puzzled to know what to do with him but finally made arrangements with the proprietor of a small boarding house to let him stay in the dining room over night. By morning the prisoner would be sober when he could be tried and made to pay a fine.

It was a great mistake to put an intoxicated man in a dining room. When morning came Everhart was accosted by a roaring landlord, furious with anger. The noise promised to be greater than the disturbance the night before. Finally the constable fished five dollars out of his pocketbook and gave to the landlord to quiet his feelings and enable him to clear up his room. Then he took the now sobered man up to the justice for trial. The prisoner was fined five dollars and costs. He didn't have a cent to pay it with. What was worse there was no prospect that he ever would have the money. The constable led him around a while and then abandoned him. The justice told Everhart to let the man go and with the warning to leave town he was turned loose.

Everhart went back to his desk and sat for a long time without saying a word. He was pondering over the experiences of an officeholder. He was learning that it cost something to be great. Then he took his pen, wrote and addressed an official communication, walked across the street and delivered it. With that one arrest began and ended his official career.

Going home to dinner the other day I passed two little girls who had been constant companions and playmates for many months. They lived only a few doors apart and on their little tricycles were to be seen together at almost any hour in the day. But on this noon they had a quarrel and were parting in anger and tears.

"You go right home. I never want to see you again."

"You're just as mean as you can be. I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"I'm going right home and tell my ma what a naughty mean girl you are."

And so they both broke for home to pour into the mothers' ears the story of unkindness and bad treatment.

That was at noon, when I went to supper at night I saw the two little wheels and riders side by side on the walk ahead of me. They were just parting for the night.

"Good bye dear."

"Good bye, I'll come and meet you in the morning."

H. G. SHEDD.