

as there has been any money sufficient in his hands to pay them, amounting to \$12,383.93.

The reorganization committee, under the order of sale by the United States court, will purchase the Lincoln street railway property under the same conditions that any one purchases a piece of real estate or personal property, subject to the taxes and any other liens or incumbrances there may be upon the property.

The reorganization of the ministerial association is an encouraging sign that the association has at last realized that the representatives of five or six parishes, in a town which has reached cosmopolitanism in the expression of religious beliefs is not enough to compose a ministerial association. The priest of every parish, of every form of religious belief should be a member of the association. The most dogmatic will be helped by the necessity of finding a common ground on which he can stand with all the other members of the organization. United in fraternal toleration, an expression of approval or disapproval from the ministerial association will have an influence in which such expression has been heretofore lacking. There are two organizations now, to which the city can look for an honest, non-partisan treatment of its interests. The young men who have lately united to discuss city affairs from a business-like and patriotic point of view as opposed to that of the selfish politician's, will declare themselves against the domination of the saloon and will use their influence for the other man, whatever his party.

With these organizations, and others like them, which the necessities of the local political situation will call into existence, there is a reasonable hope that we will be able to free ourselves and our treasure box from the clutches of the gang who have been our masters for so many years. When this result is accomplished, when we elect a mayor of incorruptible honesty and proved ability, the citizens will be rewarded by a decrease in taxes, by the strict supervision of saloons and by enforcement of the laws made to restrict their evil influence, by an able administration of the water system and, in short, by improvements which will touch the intimate life of each individual at many points. Such a result is worth the combined efforts of the clergy and the laymen, of men and women, and all signs indicate that they have begun to pull together for this result.

The football game last Saturday between Nebraska and Kansas on University Field after the first fifteen minutes of real play was a tiresome succession of waits occupied by the captains, coaches and umpire in arguing and threatening each other. During this time the largest audience ever gathered in this city to witness any outdoor game sat patiently and shivered in the cold wind. But they won't do it again. The University football team is composed of stalwart men who have worked hard and who deserve the support of this community as well as the appreciation and support of the University faculty and students. But for the tiresome arguments which the audience could not hear nor understand the reasons for, the management of both teams should be held responsible. The first fifteen minutes demonstrated the superiority of the Nebraska players as well as the apparent tendency of the Kansas umpire to help the Kansas team by rank decisions. The Kansas men forced the umpire on Nebraska by threatening to withdraw from the game after the home team had thoroughly advertised it. Klinehans admitted at the time he disqualified Cowgill for slug-

ging that he had not seen him slug, only Blockberger, the Kansas left tackle, had complained of him and he must leave the field. Cowgill asserted that the charge was untrue and he was allowed to remain on protest. The umpire was under the influence of Woodruff, the Kansas coach, who, because he was a doctor as well, was allowed within the bounds from which Coach Robinson was excluded.

On the other hand the Kansas men were not received with the courtesy due between sportsmen. The visitors were followed from their hotel to the grounds by a howling, hooting mob, whose manners university culture has not affected. Arrived at the grounds the visitors were greeted with profane songs and jeers by the rooters who had practised for the occasion. Now a certain expression of "esprit du corps" is all well enough, but when it comes to howling out lyrical curses through fog horns at eleven strangers surrounded by an audience of three thousand Nebraskans, the primitive, unreflecting selfishness of the rooters is apt to create sympathy for the visitors. The subsequent exhibition of bad temper and unfairness on the part of the Kansas players was retributive and not altogether undeserved. Another matter in which the townspeople will concur with THE COURIER is the railing off by members of a certain fraternity of the middle and best portion of the grand stand for the exclusive use of themselves and their guests. The townspeople bought their tickets understanding that the first comers would have choice of seats but on entering the grounds found that the best part of the seats were reserved by a fraternity. If it is the policy of the management of the football team to grant special privileges to a few, the patrons in the city ought to have been informed of it. The number of fraternities in the University who can thus claim precedence at University spectacles will have a tendency to make ticket buying unpopular among the barbarians in the University and the unconsidered ruck of citizens who have been in the habit of supporting University enterprises. Though, to the credit and self-control of the other fraternities, be it said, they have not exhibited a desire to secure the best place and hold it regardless of others. They have paid extra for exclusiveness by hiring tallyho coaches or going early in a body and taking possession of an unoccupied square of seats justly their own by right of discovery. By the way it is this assumption of super-privilege in public places that aroused and is keeping alive the opposition to fraternities.

However the main point of Saturday's game was the failure of both teams to keep faith with the public which had paid fifty cents apiece to witness a game which was not played to a finish and which was interrupted by wrangling while the wind blew cold. All the officers were to blame. But because it was a Lincoln audience who had been induced by the representations of the Nebraska team to buy tickets, Manager Oury and the referee should have cut short the discussions and allowed the game to proceed under protest. The points at issue could have been discussed after the three thousand people had gone home. It was a magnificent audience but it will be a long cold day before another such a one gathers to see a football game here. If the two teams playing the game have no consideration for the rights of the audience they ought to play the game without spectators and with the privilege of unlimited debate.

## THE PASSING SHOW.

"The street sounds  
to the soldier's tread.  
And out we troop to see:  
A single red coat  
turns his head,  
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky  
to sky's so far,  
We never crossed before;  
Such leagues apart  
the world's ends are,  
We're like to meet no more.

What thoughts at heart  
have you and I?  
We cannot stop to tell;  
But dead or living,  
drunk or dry,  
Soldier, I wish you well."

—E. A. Housman.

The air was full of music and the streets were full of soldiers. There were soldiers everywhere, for it was Pittsburgh's great day, the day when the McKinleys tarried here.

The President reached Pittsburgh at 11:15 a. m. The approach of the special train was signaled to Battery B, and the guns, which were placed high upon the bluff over the river, began firing the presidential salute. Then the cheering began and it lasted until the President stepped upon the platform at Union station, and then it was not cheering any more, but the roar of a hurricane, all the noise twenty thousand throats could send into the frosty air.

It is really a great occasion when a big city relaxes itself, when business is suspended in a town where business is paramount, and all the diversified and antagonistic interests of half a million people are for the moment forgotten and, a common enthusiasm makes men akin indeed. The town literally went mad; to be gay was the business of life. The street cars on Fifth avenue were stopped, the stores were deserted, everything shut down but the iron mills and I doubt if the advent of the Messiah would stop those.

The parade was a great sight, seen from the balcony built in front of the Leaser office on Fifth avenue. The 14th regiment came swinging up the hill like old veterans they served in the big Homestead strike and know the smell of powder—and the regimental band was playing "El Capitan" as though the day of joy had come. Down the hillside as far as you could see they were coming, regiment after regiment. The sky was almost as blue as a western sky—almost—and where the sunlight came here and there between the tall sky scrapers it cast broad bands of gold over that interminable line of men, making their muskets glitter like silver. At last the President's carriage came surrounded by detectives—but he didn't read them. He was in the arms of his people, so to speak. There wasn't a blue coat out of all those hundreds who wouldn't have stood up and been shot at all day for him. And as he came from those thronged streets there went up a cry that will always echo in one's ears. It was so gigantic, this elephantine glee of the multitude, this transcendent passion of patriotism before which everything else is dwarfed and pale. It was like a mighty Wagnerian chorus.

Mrs. McKinley was met at the depot by Mrs. Robert Pitcairn, wife of the superintendent of the Pennsylvania railroad, and driven directly to their residence, Cairocarque, where, in the afternoon, Mrs. Pitcairn gave a luncheon to her friends in honor of her guest. Never before was I present at anything so truly gorgeous. It was one of those rare things that are not overdone and yet leave nothing to be wished for. The floral decorations were from New York

and Sherry of New York did the catering. Everything moved on velvet wheels. Outside the house the grounds and streets were packed with people under the charge of a score of policemen, but inside there were just guests enough to fill the rooms comfortably. The parlors were simply lined with chrysanthemums of that magnificent pink variety which was named after Mrs. Robert Pitcairn. The dining rooms were in green palms and ferns, no flowers visible except the gorgeous American beauties on the tables. But the staircase was the *chef d'oeuvre*. It is some twelve feet wide with a big curve toward the top. The white and gold chrysanthemums were so thick upon it as to only leave room for people to descend two abreast. I should hate to have had to count the thousands of blossoms on that stairway. Presently two boys in livery descended to make sure that the way was clear. Then the orchestra began playing the waltz song from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliette* very softly, and Mrs. McKinley came down the staircase on Mrs. Pitcairn's arm, between the serried ranks of chrysanthemums under the soft light that fell through the stained glass windows.

Mrs. McKinley must have been a very beautiful woman once; she still has a sad after-glow of loveliness in her face. But illness has wrought horrible havoc in mind and body. Of course you know that she has been the victim of epilepsy for years and is really almost imbecile. Her maid stands always behind her, never knowing at what time an attack may seize her. They come on her at state dinners sometimes, and the President quietly lays her head on his shoulder and covers her face with his handkerchief until the attack passes. But while she was here nothing so unfortunate happened and she was as graceful and charming as possible. Seated on a dais she received and talked with everyone, and if she were bored she concealed it most artfully. She was dressed in one of those striking black and white striped silks, with a front of real lace and wore a great many diamonds. Her hair is cut short and curled, which is rather out of harmony with her mature and almost pathetic face.

Mrs. Homer Decher stood in the receiving line and her presence recalled an old story which is so characteristic of the town that it will bear repeating. In his youth Mr. Homer Decher was clerk at a handkerchief counter in a big store down town. After a time he grew weary of the somewhat limited opportunities of a handkerchief clerk and resolved upon a bold course. He borrowed five hundred dollars from a friend and bought a lot of clothes and came out to the Kemwar, which is the fashionable hotel in the East End, to board, with the understood purpose of catching a rich girl. Before the five hundred was exhausted—and that would not last long at the Kemwar—he was engaged to the daughter of one of the wealthiest railroad magnates in the state. But they do relate that his bride was furious when her dearest foe, the daughter of a rival railroad magnate, sent her a lace handkerchief for a wedding present.

In the evening of this eventful day the Pittsburgh orchestra opened its season at the Carnegie music hall with Campanari as soloist. Of course the house was gorgeous, even before the boxes were filled. The dress circle on that occasion extended from the gallery to the foot lights. There was not a sack coat in the house, not a woman who was not a triumph of costume. Pittsburgh audiences are not ordinarily what a New Yorker would call "smart." Perhaps the people are too careless to think dressing worth while, perhaps they are too rich to think it necessary.