

## ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

The hotels of Denver are crowded with club women. Women are clever and ardent politicians. The Nebraska delegation was well organized under the leadership of Mrs. A. W. Field, whose knowledge of the technicalities of a complex situation involving antagonistic and antipathetic units was an important element of the victory secured by the Lincoln delegation.

Although many of the exhibits in the Omaha exposition are still in packing cases, the buildings, except in some trifling details, are finished. The effect of the lagoon and the facades which surround it is very much like that of the world's fair. We miss the noble gigantic statues of horses, cowboys, deer, oxen and lions and the big gilded matron in an island of the lagoon that gave to the Columbian fair its monumental character. But when the difference in the cost of the two celebrations is considered, the Omaha management, architects and landscape gardeners are to be congratulated on their splendid achievement.

Lieutenant Frank Burr's letter in last week's COURIER was a realistic report of the trials and hardships of a volunteer's first experiences. In the manner of the best impressionists he laid in his colors fresh and clean, while his bones were still aching from his unusual exertions and his feelings still smarting from the profane criticisms of the corporal. Lieutenant Burr is a talented young fellow who can dance and sing, play all kinds of musical instruments, and write poetry in an original and graceful way all his own. Besides he can do the things that everybody does without trying. He is not especially ambitious and so far in his career has not thought the prizes worth the trying. He has now won a lieutenantancy in the regular army. His feet are set in a path which leads upwards, and there is little doubt but that he will climb.

William Black's serial of "Wild Eelin" in Harper's Bazar is nearing the end. The heroine is a young lady of high degree engaged to a young literary fellow of low degree and great talent. But Eelin with eyes like the blue of the sea wave has given him her promise and although she loves another man who loves her she will keep her word. She is the daughter of a chief of a Scottish clan, whose father, grandfather and dimmest ancestor was a chief of the clan organization which has been preserved for years by keeping faith. This daughter of a hundred chiefs falls sick of a fever and in delirium tries to drown herself, is rescued by her fiancé who hears her confessions of love for Somerled Macdonald, the other man. Archie Gilchrist, the fiancé, has the difficult task of uniting the real lovers and concealing his broken heart. Mr. Black helps him by the introduction of Gaelic songs, legend and other highland "business." The real lover is informed by Archie that his love loves him and he says that he would have the skin of both his hands flayed to make a lacing string for her shoe. But he says to Archie "You love this girl quite to distraction, and she has promised to marry you, and you have just saved her life. Yet you seem to suggest that I should take her away from you on account of a few words spoken in delirium. My friend, even if there were any such impossible possibility I am not a coward hound." Nobody better than Mr. Black has been able to express the worshipful tender love of a young man for a

beautiful woman and in this story he does what he has done many times before. But so long as all the world loves love it will sit open mouthed when William Black tells how John Jones loves Mary Smith.

Mr. Watkin's recent criticism of university address is deserved. The custom of substituting professional speakers in place of the boyish orations and school-girlish essays from the most talented members of the senior class is not altogether satisfactory. In the first place the professional speakers are not good looking. They are grizzled or laldheaded and youth has fled them long since. The class is transfigured by youth and newly won accomplishments, their future is mysterious. Hope, joy, and beauty are their valets, who have dressed them in the latest thing in waistcoats, collars, coats, trousers and gowns. It is Hyperion to a satyr and we are not going to stand it much longer. There are plenty of opportunities to hear the celebrities, but we, the mothers and fathers, uncles, aunts and sisters, will never see our young, conceited, enthusiastic, handsome, chic relatives in the act of graduating from this particular institution again. It would be just as sensible and just as appropriate (if it were legal) for a bride and bridegroom to select two elocutionists to pronounce the words of the wedding ceremony for them, because they know where and how to emphasize, and because they can make the syllables round and full and audible in the furthest corner of the church. Were this the custom policemen would be unnecessary to keep strangers out of the church. Cut and dried preparations are of no special interest to any of us, especially when they interpose between something young, beautiful and eager related to us by blood. The hesitation and stage fright of the gallant blustering boys is far more worth seeing than the polished gestures of the most distinguished orators, who are all very well in their place, which is not the center of the stage on commencement day.

Some of the speakers who have spoken to the graduating classes of the Nebraska state university have underestimated the intelligence and culture of a western audience. Among those who did not were Dr. Duryea and President Angell of Ann Arbor. The mistake is a common one. The English conceive all Americans except those who have been sophisticated by residence in England, to be cowboys and Indians. New Yorkers and New Englanders bitterly resent being placed in what they believe a truthful picture of the west. The error of the Atlantic coast people is unpardonable for they continually meet travellers of culture and savoir faire from the west. Yet that eastern people do think us woolly there is recurring evidence. No protests or examples of culture, amiability and polish on our part disturbs this impression. Nothing will except age and we are willing enough to wait. While the east is getting acquainted with us would it not be better not to import any unsympathetic part of it but to follow the dictates of our hearts and listen to our young gods and goddesses on commencement day before the world lays its oily talons on their triumphant shoulder?

"Paw," asked the little boy, "didn't you say in your speech that you expected the map of the world to be changed soon?"

"I think I did," said the orator.

"Then what is the use of my study in jography."

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MARIA LOUISE POOL

The sudden and deplorable death of Maria Louise Pool has occasioned widely spread and genuine regret among American readers; and especially among those to whom the development and future of American fictional writing are matters of particular concern. The fact that Miss Pool's literary career was steadily showing a growing promise of still greater achievement makes her taking off seem peculiarly untimely. An artistic portrait of the late gifted author, with a reproduction of her autograph, makes a seasonable supplement to the issue of literature for June 8.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The July Century will open with a story of the Cuban insurgents, entitled "By Order of the Admiral," by Winston Churchill, author of "The Celebrity." It will be fully illustrated by Clinedinst. Another story which The Century has in hand for immediate publication is a Spanish-American tale by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, whose book, "Where the Trade Wind Blows," has recently attracted attention.

The Century Magazine has arranged for a series of articles on the present war, somewhat in the manner of its famous "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." The series will be entitled, "Battles and Leaders, Places and

Problems of the Spanish American War," and a number of important articles are already promised for it.

When this cruel war is over,  
And the boys come home again,  
What show will those who didn't go  
Stand with the maidens then?

"Hot water lamp posts," with which Liverpool is already familiar, are soon to be erected in four different parts of London. A gallon of water boiled by the heat of the ordinary gas lamp will be supplied, day and night, for a half penny, on the penny-in-the-slot principle. A cake of solidified tea, coffee or cocoa, with the use of metal mug, may also be had automatically for a penny extra.