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Corn Tassels, William Reed Dunroy's new collection of poems, on sale at the book stores.

Up Salt Creek Way.

My friend the professor, was showing me some fine colored photographs of a quaint old town, an old, old town in Germany, with a pretty unlabeled name impossible to Anglicize. The "schloss" overlooking the place was there pictured, the lake, the steep, high roofs, with all those old, daintily curtained roof windows, and the old Gothic cathedral with its, an impossible date ascribed to it. It may have been the success of the photographer's art, but I thought that a mellowed sunlight fell upon the colored tiles and cast a touch of old world splendor on the simple home places.

"We have nothing like that here; nothing old and hoary with associations," the professor complained, and I aided him, for the spell was upon me. "And yet, professor, one wouldn't want to live there. It would do as a place to poke around in for old bones, and so forth, but it would not be exactly comfortable to live in, would it?"

"That is true," he admitted, wisely. What I was thinking of, though, was the "Hamlin town in Brunswick, by famous Hanover city, with the River Weser, deep and wide, washing its walls on the southern side." I know this old town of the middle ages must have been the abiding place of dirt and vermin of more than one variety. I was sordid enough to be thinking of that all the time I admired the old fashionedness and peacefulness of the place.

Yet the disturbing and baneful spirit of modern progress had invaded it. The professor had not noticed, but I pointed to him the intrusive telegraph—I cannot think it was telephone—poles, and a horse car. May the old town be spared the sadness of having its tranquility disturbed by any such manifestation of the hurrying age as an electric car, or cable car, no to mention automobiles. I still think that the horse is a noble animal, although becoming a relic of antiquity, suited to old towns.

"Oh, I wish we were five hundred years older," with the usual twinkle in his eye. "Then we could have buildings that we could be proud of for their venerable associations."

"Well, professor," I mildly suggested, "what buildings are there in Lincoln which, if they could endure so long, would be likely to be considered classic or even quaint in architecture? The main building at the university?"

With a look of disgust the professor declared that that edifice would be torn down and a better one would be in its place.

"Yes, but what becomes of the age and associations, then?"

If I remember rightly the professor simply smiled, or said "Well." Possibly he may have commented inwardly to the effect that women are such illogical creatures.

I have often wondered what there is in the city on Salt creek that would add the much sought for flavor of antiquity to the place when it is two hundred years old. I have tried to imagine how this or that place will look when age has touched it. As the professor said, "Really, I should like to come back in five hundred years just to see how things are. It would be quite an experience."

But Lincoln has thus far been making itself as if it expected a rather short existence. When a building wears out it can be torn down and a new one built, we say, regardless of whether it was the home of a genius or not. Why, what will the magazines of seventy-five years hence do for illustrations when they are affording the public biographies of all the famous sons of the city on Salt creek? Just imagine it.

We westerners are not much given to worship of the old. When a man once gets a breath of the boundless prairies in his veins he seems willing to let go the things of older days that men are

trained to love because they are old, and unconsciously say, "This is fresh from the hands of God; it needs nothing more." At least that is how it appeals to me—the great sweeps of unturned sod, the silent hills and all the fair beauty of valley and plain. The allurements of the old world, with its historic places where men have wrought out the ideas of God, are strong, I know. Yet the new places have their history, of a different sort but no less sacred, and they yield an emotion as profound as any that might come to the traveler who stand in the Acropolis or views the field of Waterloo.

So the rather disheartening state of newness of our city, or its altogether squalid and unpicturesque middle age has reason in it. Still, a town is built to stay, or it should be, and there is just now beginning an idea of permanency, durability and style in architecture that will last. The new library is to be built. Many will say, "Let it be simply elegant, substantial and durable." My plan is—in the interest of the professor and others like him—that the architects make us some edifice that shall be of good stock that it may attain to a ripe Mithras age, and fashion it with such innate gentility that it may grow old gracefully. Those who come after us are likely to be more given to ancestor-worship and tradition-preserving than we are—luckily for us—so, after all, we may be building for the future as much as for ourselves.

You will observe that in last week's Courier and this number I have given my quota of advice on the subjects of the site and the architecture of the Carnegie library. In successive issues it may be possible to get the library built, stocked with books, and delivering them to patrons before ever the man of dollars has signed his check. There is nothing like getting things done on paper—for speed.

Speaking of ancestors reminds me. Not long since I asked a class of young students of United States history two questions bearing on the colonial period. The first was: If you had been living in those days, in which of the thirteen colonies would you have preferred to live? The majority of the class favored Pennsylvania, because it was the most peaceful one—their outline work had not told them what poor old Penn thought of that peacefulness, himself. Then I inquired, "In which of the colonies would you rather say now that your ancestors lived?" and they debated between New York and Pennsylvania! You may be sure that I was amazed. They did not know that he only may be proud who can say: "My forefathers settled in Massachusetts." It may have been vainglory on my part, but I had to set them right.

In the general era of good feeling now shedding light in Lincoln even the Old Town on the River may take some part. The members of St. Mary's parish, the Episcopal church of this city, are the pleased recipients of the gift from Mrs. A. J. Sawyer of Lincoln of an excellent organ. The church members were busily engaged in soliciting subscriptions for a pipe organ when Mrs. Sawyer kindly offered to give a two-manual Estey organ, which will serve in the little church quite as well as a larger organ.

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CLUBS.

(Continued from Page 5.)

able as to cause her election as a fellow of the American association for the Advancement of Science, and she gave up a life position which brought her a yearly income of \$2,200 in her enthusiasm for scientific study. Miss Martin will reflect honor upon the university, which, in making this appointment, demonstrates anew the policy of this aggressive university to seek the foremost educators irrespective of sex.

Mme. Pegard, director general of the woman's congresses of the Paris exposition, after consultation with Mrs. Lowe, has decided to change the date of the international meeting of women from September 8th to June 28th and 29th. The change was made in order to bring American club women into personal association with the various congresses of women which will be held in Paris in June. This change in plans is really an advantage to western women, as those intending to visit the exposition can first attend the Milwaukee biennial and at its close proceed on their European trip, thus obviating the necessity of two trips east.

The Christmas number of the Manila Tribune, now at hand, is a very creditable beginning of American-Filipino literature. It contains, in addition to the general news of the day and reports of social and church gatherings, original contributions in verse and prose. The fiction is of the realistic school based upon Filipino life. Among the notices is one requesting "all those interested in the establishment of the Manila public library to meet with Mrs. Greenleaf at the Hotel Oriente this morning." There are no reports from women's clubs, but their appearance will only be a matter of short delay after the founding of a city library. I believe it is a wise beginning to start with the library, as the clubs will then have material at hand when they begin a regular course of study.

Mrs. Richard P. Bland, wife of the great silver advocate, is preparing a biography of her deceased husband. Mrs. Bland has the reputation in Washington of being a brilliant, thoroughly cultured woman. She already has a number of clerks engaged in sifting out available material from among Mr. Bland's private papers bearing on the current political events of the last quarter century, and she has succeeded in interesting in her project many of the political friends of her late husband, who will assist her to the extent of their knowledge. Her long residence in Washington will give her adaptability and facility for the work she has undertaken. Mrs. Bland intends to make this work not only a biography of her husband, but practically a review of the silver question.

The Western Club Woman, edited by Ellis Meredith and Ella Chester Adams, at Denver, is ever a welcome visitor. It has already from real merit made itself a sure place in club literature. Like the western prairies, it is breezy and inspiring. May it win the success it deserves.

At a recent club meeting at Pasadena, California, a learned judge was explaining "The Legal Status of Women in the State." After sketching the historical development of the laws relating to woman, he explained her property rights and business privileges, adding that any favors lacking were due to her own influence. The law makers are her fathers, brothers husbands and sons, he said. Naturally they will never deny her any just demand. Further, she