

a man like Hubbard is directing it in the way of making beautiful things. But let the many take it up and the doctrine means the freest sensual interpretation of the inscription over the gate of Rabelais' Abbey of Thelema.

If we were all Hubbards, if we all had those burning eyes, if we all had that sanctified simplicity of smile, if we all were of the aesthetico-ascetic temperament, the Hubbard doctrine would be a good thing for the world. But we are not all Hubbards. We are not all seers. We are not all of those "whose ears, long closed to earthly things, catch heavenly sounds." We are not able to contain ourselves within ourselves and to forget the call of "the world, the flesh and the devil" in contemplation of inner and outer visions. We are not able to transform the actual with beautiful illusions. We can't go too strong on love and joy in our work, for fear we may go wrong, as many of a lover of his kind and votary of the higher joys have gone. And so, while we say that Mr. Hubbard is a good man and is doing a good work at East Aurora, and is following an ideal which it were blasphemy to assail, we may be permitted to doubt that the many are as yet sane enough to approach the truth he teaches, without danger to what we call their souls.

There is no one who can more highly approve of the work Mr. Hubbard has done at East Aurora than I do. None can better understand the aspirations that have grown out of his work—aspirations flawless in the abstract, aspirations that are part of the spiritual life of all men who look at the world and think about it. But the application of those aspirations, concretely and generally, would be dangerous, involving as they do subtle distinctions that only philosophers like Mr. Hubbard can make.

Mr. Hubbard is doing good at East Aurora. He is doing good in his "work," as distinct from some phases of his "doctrine." He is teaching the value of intelligent effort, the worth of kindness, the influence of beauty, the truth of doing in the best possible way what is nearest the hand to do. There can be no just fault finding with all this. But mix up this practical, aesthetic polytechnicism with psychism, with unrestricted freedom, with abstractly asserted sanctity of naturalism, and the combination is moral and social dynamite.

Of course, the doctrinal feature of what we may call Hubbardism, is not dangerous to audiences of intellects, like that which hung upon his words in this city last Friday night, just as the work he teaches his Roycrofters to do at East Aurora is not dangerous to the doers thereof. The danger lies in application of his doctrine by the half-informed.

Wherefore, earnest, exalted, inwardly illumined, gentle and affectionate as Mr. Hubbard may be, he would do well to put some curb upon his proclamation concerning the philosophy with which he supplements his work. He does not mean to do more directly than to put joy into our lives, to do this by making work a pleasant, unrestrained expression of individuality. That he has done at East Aurora. May he long continue so to do. But let him beware of an unqualified declaration of such doctrine, for we know to what horrors of life a general, unrestrained expression of individuality might lead.

The Stotsenburg Fund.

Previously reported.....	\$222.20
Beatrice.....	5.00
Chain letter receipts:	
Mrs. Lida Dinaway, Overton.....	
Marguerite Koch, Malcolm.....	
Mrs. Marie Thurlwell, Malcolm..	
Mrs. Lee Beeson, Malcolm.....	
Mrs. Schenck, Denver.....	
Mrs. S. A. Perry, Denver.....	
Mrs. Sheen, Lincoln.....	
Mrs. W. J. Lamb, Lincoln.....	
Mrs. W. A. Green, Lincoln.....	
Mrs. White, Lincoln.....	
	\$ 1.85

Total.....\$229.05
[The names are printed as a receipt or acknowledgement. Ed.]

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

Mr. Thompson in the State Press.

The candidacy of D. E. Thompson for the senate this winter is one of the most serious problems that confronts the republican party of the state. Whatever may be urged in Thompson's favor by his friends, it is unquestionably a fact that, with the possible exception of Lancaster county, his candidacy is received with forebodings in every portion of the state. He is a man in whom the masses have no confidence and his ambitions are not regarded as laudable. His immense wealth and manifest willingness to spend it to accomplish his purposes are, of course, elements to be feared in politics. While it is not at all probable that with a republican majority in the next legislature, Mr. Thompson could ever be elected senator, yet the possibility gives rise to fear in the minds of the people, and that condition will be worked for all it is worth by the opposition. It will enter into the fall campaign in spite of our efforts to side-track it, and the sooner it is met and obscured by an overwhelming flood of public sentiment the better it will be for the party and the state. Nebraska wants no Montana experience in her senatorial contest, and a prompt and emphatic declaration against Mr. Thompson's candidacy by republicans generally may go a long way towards averting it.—Fairbury Gazette, April 14th.

D. E. Thompson won the contest in Lancaster county, hands down, against all comers. Having done this much, it now behooves him to accept the proposition of Frank M. Hall to arbitrate the question as to whether he really attempted to sell out to the populists for a mess of pottage and a bale of hay. Mr. Hall's deposit of \$1,000 which says he did, cannot be ignored. Republicans outside of Lincoln are disposed to insist that Mr. Thompson clear himself in some satisfactory manner of the horrible suspicion under which he has labored ever since the day Hayward was chosen, before he comes to them imploring their assistance. He is manifestly missing his opportunity by not meeting Mr. Hall as proposed. Lay on Macduff.—The Fremont Tri-Weekly Tribune, April 10.

That man D. E. Thompson of Lincoln is a warrior strategist.—Schuyler Sun, Friday, April 13.

The republicans in convention assembled at Syracuse, Otoe county, Nebraska, were as emphatically anti D. E. Thompson as Lancaster was pro. Nomininee delegates had to declare themselves straight anti or fail of election. Judge Jessen pounced upon and flayed the would be evasives to the queen's taste. If the republicans fail to carry Nebraska this fall, the obtrusion of Thompson's candidacy will have to bear the blame.—Palmyra Nineteenth Century Items, April 13.

D. E. Thompson seemed to have everything his own way in the republican county convention in Lincoln. Thompson will be a formidable candidate for the next United States senator in the next legislature.—Burt County Herald, April 13.

Otoe county republicans opposed the candidacy of D. E. Thompson. The ghost of the late Hayward-Thompson senatorial fight is the bugaboo which affrights the friends of the Lincoln statesmen. The position of the Otoe county republicans is nothing more than a defense of an honored member of their political body, a good citizen and neighbor, whose memory is still dear to his fellow citizens. An interesting feature of the coming campaign will be the acrobatic tactics of some of the papers which opposed Mr. Thompson

two years ago.—Hastings Weekly Record, April 19.

The republicans of Otoe county knocked some of the bark off D. E. Thompson's senatorial boom. They did it because Mr. Thompson has not covered F. M. Hall's thousand dollars which says he connived with fusionists at the last moment to defeat M. L. Hayward. Mr. Thompson will remember the Tribune pointed out the necessity of coppering Hall's thousand for the moral effect outside Lancaster county.—Fremont Tri-Weekly Tribune, April 17.

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER
FLORA BULLOCK.

There was a treasured tradition in the club that when the editors ran short of verse for the little (little, but oh, my!) magazine published by the club as a vent for its superfluous ideas, the editor, who was generally counted a poet, caught and incarcerated the business manager. The purpose of this punishment became evident when the magazine appeared. Then it transpired that the business manager—a prosaic, though uncommon fellow—was more successful in bringing the Muse to time in an emergency than others with whose wooing she was surfeited. Out of this fact arose the tradition, for it was felt that something was needed to explain the circumstance that the business manager, being a business manager, contributed such delightful verse to the pages of his little magazine. All members of the club cultivated the habit of writing only under compulsion of some sort; it was believed that a specially vigorous compulsion must be behind the poetic outcroppings of the business manager.

You can easily see how it came about, then, that the burden of furnishing the verses gradually fell chiefly upon the business manager. He seemed to thrive on the ordeal. Then he had the temerity, finally, to put forth a "little book of verse"—the club always favored that word—led on doubtless by some unexpected and unasked compliments and big-worded remarks of Great Folks. From now on you may be sure that the members of the club will have more faith than ever in the poetry by compulsion doctrine, for the little book is a credit to the — club, not to speak of the business manager.

"Mr. Schuyler W. Miller's verse is very interestingly fresh and autochthonic," says William Dean Howells, one of the Great Folks. I am so glad. To be sure I do not know what that means, and the dictionary of foreign languages is down stairs, but it looks as if it meant something good.

The prevailing spirit of the little "Gallery of Farmer Girls" is fresh and cheerful, I will say. I always hail with delight any Nebraska literary product written in a major key, for your gruesome minor is done to death here in the west. We all know the typical story of the plains—drouths and hand-to-mouth conflicts always. However true they may be, they satisfy no one, neither the one who has not known how it feels to grow hungry, nor the man who has watched the sky every evening for two months to catch sight of a cloud and has not been satisfied. The cheerful view of life is the sane and wholesome one. Unobtrusively and delicately Mr. Miller pictures this side. Perhaps you can hardly say "pictures," for the outline is hardly filled in. You would not call the verses especially Nebraskan, either. They are good to pass everywhere. Just glimpses of simple, wholesome, cheery enjoyment of the place in which the speaker finds he is put. Hence, to me, the longest poem of the

book "Through the Drouth" is a discordant note. The verse may be more dignified and conventional than the simple lines of "At the End of the Row"—call it "lines"—but the spirit does not seem to suit the rest of the book.

Where does the 'farmer girl' come in? There is hardly a girl in the book, really; just shadows and influences of a few. Perhaps I can explain. There are two classes of folks in the club. One is composed of those who have a happy faculty of securing titles for unwritten stories; the other composed of those who can write stories, but stop when it comes to the title. I have a suspicion that the poetic editor furnished the title off-handed, while the business manager tried to live up to it. This is just a suspicion.

The point system of writing used by the blind is a system of provocations to those who are blessed with sight. Comparatively few blind pupils become sufficiently expert to make their reading enjoyable to a listener. The sentences are broken up by long pauses, and while the poor fingers try to make out some phrase or word, the hearer must wait nervously, even anxiously for the outcome. Some times this adds a wonderful piquancy and unexpectedness to a narrative. You think of several things which your reader may say. Then comes a most startling announcement of some sort. I heard the following original "essay" on "My Little Hen" read from point by a little midget the other evening. The pauses between words, some times more than a minute in length, gave time for reflection and expectation, but still there were surprises of a most amusing nature. It was even trying, for instance, to wait for the announcement of the number of toes on the "other foot" after we had been told there were three on one foot. I felt sure that there would be four or five toes on the "other."

MY LITTLE HEN.

My little hen goes round...the... yard and...clucks for her chickens. And my little...hen...lays...eggs. And she eats...corn. My little hen scratches...in the ground for...worms. And my little hen lays...eggs in the...haymow. And my hen sets on...her nest quits long at a time. My little hen is very...speckled. Most hens are good...to eat when they are...young...but not so pleasant...when they are...older. Some hens are blue-eyed and some are...black-eyed. Hens are good to eat...when they are...fried. And some chickens lay...eggs, one and two a day. The chickens are very much frightened when they see a...hawk. The hens get up...early...in the morning. Chickens have...two...legs, and two...wings, and two...eyes, and they are called fowls. Hens have three toes...on one foot, and...three...on the other. And they have...claws to scratch...the ground. And they have...a bill or beak, to pick up...their...food with. Chickens have tails...made of...feathers.

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