

word to them to mind their own business and go home. But they closed in on him and he spent his last days in the little island for which President Kruger's passage has been booked and where his house is being papered, painted and repaired for his venerable occupancy.

#### Peculation.

Some of the first news that was printed in all of the newspapers as soon as the American occupation of Cuba began, was about the corruption of the Spanish revenue and post office officials. In spite of periodical revelations of corruption and stealing principally by American municipal officers, we are still not beyond appearing shocked by authentic information of Spanish thievery. The remnants of the shocked look still lingered upon our national countenance when news of the steal by the United States Director of the Posts, Rathbone reached this country. Our only excuse for American administration in Cuba is to show the Cubans how to govern honestly and effectively. It is fortunate therefore, that postal criminals and defaulters are inevitably punished by Uncle Sam. No branch of the service is so merciless towards a defaulter as the post office department. Mr. Rathbone's crime is exaggerated by the disgrace which he has brought upon the United States administration in Cuba. In this country faith in the integrity of post office officials is so rarely shaken and defaulters are so quickly captured and imprisoned that an irregularity like that committed by Rathbone creates no heresy in the system. But the Cubans that have heard stories about how the ice man runs New York, will have their worst suspicions confirmed by Rathbone's misappropriation of funds. Rathbone committed treason as well as robbery, for he has brought his country into disrepute in a foreign land. Captain Oberlin S. Carter, who is serving a sentence for plain robbery, perpetrated by way of a harbor contract, committed a misdemeanor in contrast. Rathbone has made the United States ridiculous and injured the effect of the example the government is trying to set.

#### A Spring Sunday in 1900.

In the days of our grandfathers, Sunday was an indoor day. Verdure, blue skies, the robin and the melodious meadow-lark, the spring fragrance of the earth, the trees and the flowers, it was acceptable self denial to shut them out and read a morbid book of martyrs, or the gloomiest conclusions of Job, or threats of David. The idea of propitiating an offended deity once a week by shutting our eyes and our ears and by barring out the scented breeze has insensibly disappeared. Friends lunch together in the evening, all the streets are filled with strollers in pairs or in groups. Sunday is perhaps even more of a family day than it was in Puritan times. Fathers take their children to walk, read to them or tell them stories. The streets are full of family carriages. The nearby timber on the banks of Salt Creek shades the mother, father and children. The air is full of a quiet rustle and the hum of voices. The effect is not one of Puritan somnolence and repression, but of movement and an indolent spring gayety.

The department of those who still believe in all that Calvin confessed and announced is much more human and hearty than the most heretical of our forefathers. For such a one was constrained by his neighbors, by his

wife and his son's wife, by his business partners, by his customers, his clients, or his patients and all their female relatives to an observance and a conformity that his heart and his mind had no share in.

Believers in the verbal inspiration of every "thus saith," whereunto and Selah in the Bible ascribe the seizure of the Lord's day, and the human enjoyment of it, to higher critics who have made the decalogue a purely human document. There was an idea among the older theologians that God demanded that every minute of the Sabbath day should be used in worship. Not on account of the benefit man received from adoration, though that was admitted, but as tribute to an exacting deity who gloried in the humiliation of the worms he had created, and as penance for sins for which otherwise they would be scourged mightily. We have traveled far from that conception. Unitarians are no longer the only ones that hear God in the lark, that worship him in the firmament, that realize the globe whirling through space, and the majesty of the sun, moon and stars. And on Sunday in the spring time in this part of the world, the doors to the houses are open, giggling lovers are indispensable figures in the idyl, the unafraid children play with their darling week day toys and all Nebraska that is not sick-a-bed or eating dinner is out of doors.

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#### Three Score and Ten.

At forty years every man and woman has seen sickening sights. At forty years every man, at least knows that nearly every other man is for sale, some are bargains and others are dear at the lowest price. Considering that enthusiasms are quenched, that faith in man is almost destroyed, the cumulative evidence of ingratitude, treason and the purely commercial emotions of the times, sixty years is long enough to live. At this age almost every one is certain that the world is hollow and that the men and women moving around upon it are lifeless, as dolls except for the power to eat. Formerly men and women were distinguished from automata by speaking and by the power to love and think. Machines can speak as well as men now and only the hearts of the very young and ignorant still beat faster at true stories of a life sacrificed for others.

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#### A Miracle Play.

A miracle play of the fifteenth century called The Third Shepherd Play, was given by the Yale Dramatic Association at New Haven on Wednesday. Frank Lea Short of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts is the director in charge of the presentation. Mr. Short's residence in Omaha for a few years stimulated, or more exactly, created a school of dramatic art in Omaha and several spirited and unusually interesting performances by local students were given there.

Of the miracle play given by the Yale students on Wednesday, Mr. Short says:

"The 'Third Shepherd Play' is one of the Towneley cycle of miracle plays. These plays were a great factor in the creative period of English drama, furnishing inspiration to Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Congreve and many other writers of the period. The miracle was originally of a religious nature, being in fact presented in the churches. They became so popular after a time that the churches were insufficient to hold the crowds and the plays for a time were given in the churchyards. But a desecration of

the graves followed, and in course of time the plays came to be presented on huge carts drawn through the streets. About this time the clergy ceased to control their production, the characters being taken by members of various trades guilds, the wheelwrights, the smiths, etc., etc. As the competition among the guilds increased the plays became more elaborate. The wagons, or rather scaffoldings on wheels, on which they were given, were divided into two stories; the lower was curtained off and used as a dressing room by the actors, while the upper served as the stage. These carts were always drawn by twelve men; there is no indication of horses ever having been used for the purpose.

"All the music used will be of the most ancient character, from the period preceding the Palestrina. We have spent a great deal of time ransacking the libraries of New York in search of the manuscripts of this old music and have been fairly successful. All the other details pertaining to costume, language, etc., we have taken the greatest pains to arrange with all possible historical accuracy."

In "The Third Shepherd Play," the curtain rises on an old English street on a feast day. A crowd of townspeople is seen, craftsmen, ballad mongers, flower girls, etc., while in one corner a crowd of men at a table are throwing dice. The whole crowd is represented as waiting for a miracle play which is expected to arrive shortly. After a time a herald announces that the pageant is coming and a moment later the great cart, nearly fifteen feet in length, is dragged on the stage by twelve townspeople. The pageant halts before the audience on the stage and the play begins immediately. The first part of the performance is in the nature of a farce. The characters are three "Shepherds," a sheep stealer "Mak" and his wife "Gill." There is a great deal of boisterous talk and joking both among the real actors and the supposed audience on the stage, and the farcical part of the drama ends with the tossing of the sheep stealer in a blanket. Then suddenly the nature of the play is entirely changed. An angel appears before the "Shepherds" and announces to them the birth of Christ. The men are struck with awe, and procuring presents they lay them at the foot of the Manger. This is the usual ending of the Towneley cycle of plays.

Preceding the production of the "Third Shepherd Play" the association will give a dramatization of Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," which dates from the same period. The work of dramatizing has been done by H. D. Westcott, of the class of 1900. It is entirely a play of symbolism. The curtain rises on a crowd of rogues who are supposed to represent the Follies. While they stand there the corpse of one of their comrades is brought in and the rogues decide to avenge his death by finding and slaying Death. The play carries them through the various adventures of their search until finally they find a pile of gold at the house of "Avarice." A dispute arises, the rogues slay one another and thus find Death.

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#### The Stotsenberg Fund.

The contributors to the Reception fund who have sent me an order on the unexpired balance are O. J. King, W. Wittmann & Co., Funke & Ogden, J. B. Trickey & Co., Perkins, Sheldon & Chamberlain Co., Lincoln Drug Co., H. W. Brown Co., Judge Waters, J. H. Mockett, John S. Reed, F. W. Brown Lumber Co., Foster & Smith Lumber Co., Buckstaff Bros., Stearns

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The following names have been received in answer to Stotsenberg letters. The total amount now on hand will be reported in these columns next week: C. H. Dietrich of Hastings, W. A. Huntley of Oregon City, Oregon, Bertha J. Robbins of Lincoln. Mrs. D. E. Thompson, Flora Brandes of Seward, W. G. Jones of Marquette, Nebraska, Mrs. C. E. Davis, Susie Larimer, Mrs. Mark Tilton, Mrs. Matheson of Omaha, Mrs. R. M. Turner, Mr. H. C. Shedd, Mrs. H. H. Glover of Grand Island, Mrs. George E. MacLean, Mrs. George H. MacLean, Mrs. John Griffith, Dency W. Stephens, S. W. Miller, Mary E. B. Ely, Bessie Turner, Major Edgar S. Dudley and Jennie B. Brown.

#### BECAUSE.

No more I hear his footsteps  
Upon the silent street,  
No more the measure of his tread  
My pulses madly beat.

The joy and expectancy  
My heart no longer feels.  
He comes—I know not when because  
My love wears rubber heels.

—Town Topics.

"Well," said Mr. Giddings, at length, "I'd buy a typewriter from you if you would give me the proper sort of a guarantee."

"I'll give you every guarantee in reason," said the agent. "What do you want?"

"I wish you to guarantee that it will spell correctly."