

chairman.
 Biennial report of educational session by
 Chairman.
 "The school laws of Nebraska," Mrs.
 Grace M. Wheeler, Lincoln.
 "The public schools of Nebraska."
 (a) "From a mother's standpoint," Mrs.
 Minnie S. Cline, Minden.
 (b) "From a teacher's standpoint," Mrs.
 Bertha Bloomingdale, Syracuse.
 (c) "From a county superintendent's stand-
 point," Miss Charlotte M. White.
 (d) "From the school board standpoint,"
 Mrs. Harriet S. Towne, Omaha.
 Address, Miss Alice French, (Octave
 Thanet) Davenport, Iowa.
 Thursday Evening, 8:00, P. M.—Mrs. Ap-
 person, chairman.
 Report of Biennial Delegates.
 8:30, P. M.—Indus-
 trial, Mrs. Harford, chairman.
 Report of the Biennial industrial meeting,
 Lillian R. Harford, Omaha.
 Address, "Club revolution," Mrs. Sarah S.
 Decker, Denver.
 "Industrial laws of Nebraska," Althea Let-
 ton, Fairbury.
 Report of industrial work done by our club.
 Discussion: "What can we do to better in-
 dustrial conditions?"
 Friday Morning, 9:30, A. M.—Business
 meeting, Mrs. Apperson, chairman.
 Report of Nominating Committee.
 Election of Officers.
 Report of Resolution Committee.
 Installation of Officers.
 Adjournment.

THE MAN WHO WAS FOR PEACE.

KATHARINE MELICK.
 For The Courier.

Had he not loved peace so well. Gus-
 tav Kestner had certainly enjoyed a deal
 more of it. As it was, the blue kruglein
 was his undoing, both first and last.
 How he had escaped the recruiting
 officer so long I could wish to ask him,
 down there under the prairie grass, but
 he is even more silent now than was his
 wont, which says much. How the re-
 cruiting officer eyed him; sitting there in
 the little riser garden by the old Nurn-
 berg gate, as his forebears had sat be-
 fore Columbus began recruiting,—one
 does not need to ask. Not if one has
 seen Smith Kestner with a horse-shoe in
 his hands. There was not a pioneer on
 the banks of Salt creek to stand beside
 him in the old days. There is not his
 like today in a state which measures
 men by the yard. Many a day after
 that June morning when young Gustav's
 strong, white fingers held his last mug
 of Nurnberg beer, while his deep blue
 eyes turned their giant lashes lazily
 upon the red tiles of the Turm opposite,
 many a morning the Hauptman looked
 for that same head of Thor by the gate.
 And every one of those mornings found
 the sinewy shoulders of the peace loving
 Nurnberger farther away from the
 Hauptman's bayonet pricks—dizzying
 ocean leagues farther away. But when
 racked in sinew and soul by the un-
 speakable rescue of the emigrant ship,
 the rescued lad sat a vast and weary
 foot in Covent Garden, throes of peace
 had but begun for Gustav Kestner.

The summer of '61 was not a time
 well calculated to afford a haven of rest
 for war-ridden refugees in the United
 States of America. From Covent Gar-
 den Gustav's heart went back to the
 little Garten by the Nurnberg gate. His
 face turned steadily to the garden of the
 West. I have felt sympathy for the re-
 cruiting officer when I have seen the
 mighty arm of Smith Kestner, in the
 red light of the forge. But when tiny
 Frau Gertrud speaks of the long trek
 Gustav made alone across the continent,
 the sheer strength of that huge spirit
 shames me. Niagara is best unhar-
 nessed.

So, while the Hauptman spread his

snarers for other lithe young limbs, and
 while over half a continent between, the
 trampling herds of war ramped up and
 down. Gustav found a kindred soil in
 the great alluvial bay which centuries
 have drifted into the lap of the Mis-
 souri, vast and deep and silent. He
 found the riotous stream, pushing
 among bowlders of dark, grassy soil, a
 giant worthy his grip. The stones of
 his quarry, red, like the tiles of Nern-
 berg, he lifted from the hollows where
 the heavy glacier dropped them. Safe,
 strong walls they made for Frauline
 Gertrud, when she came, tossed by ship-
 wreck and storm, to the stone house by
 the river. In those morning, when the
 little girl wife, given back by the sea
 and the storm from the fatherland,
 stood at the door of the stone house to
 see if the antelope come to feed with
 the cattle,—in those days the smith
 lived his life.

Then the war-cloud loomed again;
 quarry and forge, in their river bend,
 lay right in the war path of the Sioux.
 From a dozen roofs of sod and stone
 that strung out the trail fifty miles up
 and down stream, the settlers rush d as
 from so many death pens, out into the
 open plain. There from the circle of
 wagons in the night Frau Gertrud
 watched,—watched by the lightning
 flashes of a hurricane, the sentinel fig-
 ure of the smith who rode round and
 round the camp, keeping the watch of
 the prairie.

This was the conscription which Gus-
 tav never questioned—not even when he
 saw the face of the little child, Frau
 Gertrud had rocked in her arms that
 black night,—a face grown old before
 one dawn, with the horror of the savage
 dark, and it was not this battle that
 Gustav Kestner lost.

(Continued next week.)

Signs.

Briggs—"Monkey is losing his inter-
 est in golf."
 Griggs—"What makes you think so?"
 Baiggs—"I saw him at his office yes-
 terday."

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