

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 river 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

snare 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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