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philosophy in the university of Nebraska, should come to the conclusion that there was no god and that that belief was unnecessary to religion, that immortality was a superstition and that religion had no essential connection with ethics or morality, he should be free to announce his discovery without danger of losing his position. But if the same teacher taught that theologies and churches are humbugs, religion a superstition, ethics and morals a curse, he should be discharged, for he is insane. Even free speech is limited to fields of investigation. So a professor in political economy, might say, "such are the principles of government," and though they dispute accepted views and machine practice he should be upheld in his "lehrfreiheit." Should he say, "all government is wrong and government in the United States must be abolished, he is too ignorant a fool to teach. There are limitations to university freedom, but they are not dictated by bigotry.

As to Stanford university, I can not see where freedom of speech (of the degree represented by Harvard or Johns Hopkins for instance,) was interfered with. It seems more like a rebellion against petticoat government. Here I suppose, Miss Editor you arise in your insulted dignity, but do not forget that I am the most radical advocate for the complete emancipation of women from the despotism of church, state and society.

As to endowed schools, I do not believe in them. Let the public take care of itself. The people of Nebraska do not half appreciate the glorious possibilities of the state university. These endowed things are nothing but self-erected monuments to vanity, cowardice and superstition. No one was ever given to the people, out of love for and interest in culture. Such endowments are either monuments to vanity or margins on post-mortem dividends. Stanford is the sickliest example of the lot, a monument to the memory of a stripling who might or might not have lived to be of service to humanity. It is all right for parents to love and cherish the memory of children, but these monuments to self or to a dead ancestor are disgusting.

Yours for freedom of speech, for women as well as men and war on the cowardice that would destroy it.

FRANKS. BILLINGS.
 Sharon, Mass.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Test of Wit.

"The only way, therefore, to try a piece of wit is to translate it into a different language," wrote Addison in the Spectator for May 10th, 1711. "If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun." Unfortunately for Addison's stricture, however, some of the most undoubted puns have not only been translated into a foreign language, but have been doubly witty through the translation.

Some years ago the assistant editor of the Levant Herald, the Constantinople journal, celebrated by Mark Twain in the "Innocents Abroad," was a Mr. Percy Pinkerton, a young man of considerable culture and something of a poet. In the course of time he was succeeded by a gentleman by the name of Pinter, clever but still commonplace, of whom it was wittily said that "il Man-quit le ton."--New Lippincott for February.

Lincoln's Attitude towards Henry Clay.

"I think Lincoln spoke truth in saying he had neither friends to reward nor enemies to punish, but, after all, he was very human, keenly sensitive to slights,"

says Col. Chas. P. Button in the February New Lippincott. "Judge Douglas said to me once when the talk had fallen on Henry Clay: 'How Lincoln admires and hates that man! Do you know the reason? It is this: Back in old Whig days Lincoln, who had served his party mightily well in the state and out of it, and who was known as a rising man, went to Kentucky on a visit. While there he called on Clay--and was beautifully snubbed. He has never forgotten it--he never will forget. Yet the snub made not the least difference in his party loyalty. When Clay was running for president, Lincoln worked for him as hard as the next man; but he did not try to help him win the nomination--that would have been too much to expect.'"

The "Heart of a Child," by Josephine Dodge Daskam, which opens the February number of McClure's magazine, is a story of unusual and profound interest. In it breathes a charm of a tenderest sympathy, and that sympathy is interpreted by consummate art. The heart of a child, a heart eager, and thrilling, brimming with the vagaries of jostling dreams, the heart is laid bare before us and we gain glimpses of all the wonderful life in it. Yet the revelation is made with gentleness, with fondness such that the author's analytical skill is masked. The story is realistic in the best sense; its theme is beautiful, and the beautiful truth is beautifully told.

It is a far cry from the heart of a child to Richard Croker. Nevertheless, William Allen White, in a character-study of Tammany's ruler, insists on a certain childlike simplicity in the nature of this political "boss." The article is written with that brilliancy which distinguishes the author, and its effect is to explain something of the mystery in Croker's power over his fellows.

The transition seems less violent when we pass from Croker to the "World of Graft," by Josiah Flynt. This unique writer is the only one who, by right of personal experience, may be justly regarded as the voice of the under-world. In his present article he considers the criminal conditions of Chicago from the view-point of the criminals themselves. The contribution is curiously entertaining, while it is, too, a sociological study of value.

Spoiled children are not the children of self-sacrifice, but of selfishness and cowardice--the selfishness which seeks the easiest way; the cowardice which shrinks from facing dangers thereby engendered.--February Ladies' Home Journal.

No sensible girl dreads a single life. Old maid, as a phrase, has dropped from the common vocabulary. The spinster has her honored place in the community and is as useful, as happy and as comfortably situated as her married sister.--February Ladies' Home Journal.

Love your children and they will love you in spite of all your shortcomings; keep faith with them and they will keep faith with you; treat them courteously and they will be courteous; maintain high ideals and they will follow them; make them the centre of your life and they will make you the centre of their lives.--Caroline Leslie Field in the February Ladies' Home Journal.

Both my mother and I can see now as we look back that she was too anxious that we should always do right in every small detail; she tried too hard to shield us from the consequences of our own ignorance and persistency. It would have been better, I think, if she had given us a little more liberty even to