

tuck up their skirts and remain in rigid position during the recitation. The untidiness of the down town streets and of all public buildings is accomplished by the universal habit of spitting. It is idle to try to reform men who have formed the habit of spitting on stairs, walks and floors. The brutal disregard of the crudest notions of cleanliness and of sanitation and the universal offense to everyone who wears skirts, are arguments which have been fruitlessly used again and again.

If the boys in the schools and in the university showed the effects of education and refinement by a change in this one respect there would be hope that the young woman of say 1920 would not be obliged to walk through the human slime which revolted her mother and grandmothers. It is a very unpleasant topic but the daily sight of the public buildings and thoroughfares of Lincoln is worse. And the hopelessness of a change when the boys in the schools are permitted to spit on the floors is depressing. There are cities, like Denver, where men have progressed far enough to refrain from spitting on floors and stairs, but such a stage of civilization has not even begun to glimmer here. Were it not for the sunshine and the far off clean blue of the skies, the ugliness and discomfort of living in a town which has been converted into purgatory would drive all the women into the insane asylum.

Sports and Chivalry.

The sight of the lithe beautiful young women of Omaha and Lincoln who played a match game of basket ball here last Saturday night, was a pleasure to a very large audience. The young girls whose cheeks and eyes burned with ambition to do credit to their respective high schools, their absolute unconsciousness of their own good looks, their spirited carriage, their bravery and indifference to hard knocks, their quick obedience to the umpire or referee and their physical endurance was a surprise and a delight to the adult part of the audience. The teams were evenly matched and the score as it fluctuated between Lincoln and Omaha, kept the interest undimmed. Many of the high-schools in this country have a girl's basket-ball team and for the old-fashioned people who have not seen their young Atlantas play there is a stimulating spectacle in prospect. The plaited suits, the girls wear, are modest, and the freedom of the eager, strong, quick young creatures, their absorption in the game and their unselfconsciousness is proof of the healthfulness of the game and the propriety of the costume.

Games and sports have a greater effect on the character than mere book-learning. It is especially true of a game like basket-ball where two teams play against each other, where the referee decides contested points without appeal and where intelligent cooperation between the players of a team is worth more than individually brilliant playing. To keep one's temper, not to "get rattled," to keep constant sight of the ball and of the kaleidoscopic changes of the players, requires a cultivated heart, a trained disposition, an educated eye, a clear head and steel muscles. A good basket-ball player is therefore well equipped for the problems, struggles, accidents and agonies of a woman's lot.

The Courier has commented before on the low moral tone of the Lincoln high-school. Sportsmanlike, clean, manly virtues are possessed by some

of the high-school boys but en masse, they forget what distinguishes the savage from the civilized, heirs of the traditions of Sir Philip Sidney, from boors without breeding or traditions. Unfairness to an opponent robs any game of its pleasure and transforms its benefits into injuries. Of their courtesy the Omaha high school faculty came to Lincoln to play the Lincoln high-school faculty, and both sides played a smashing good game. The young men of both teams are clean-limbed college athletes, who but a short time ago were undergraduates themselves.

When the Omaha goal-thrower attempted to toss the ball into the basket, the Lincoln high school boys who lined the hall hissed him. The assault was so unexpected, so concerted and so determined that the young fellow was disconcerted and missed. Every time in the first half, that he attempted to throw the ball the unmannerly insult to his race and the Omaha team was repeated. Before the second half was played, Principal Davenport explained the unsportsmanlike character of hissing tactics and Mr. Condon took away the megaphone which the principal offender was using to the embarrassment of women and the discomfiture of the visitors.

The influence of education on character should be apparent. These boys have passed through the grades, and arrived at the high school without attaining the beginnings of courtesy, manliness or self-control. The Omaha goal-thrower was a stranger, a visitor and a Jew. Most of the audience are residents of Lincoln and Americans. But the Jew, with admirable gentleness and breeding appeared not to notice the cowardly insult. He was one to four hundred, but he bore himself with admirable dignity.

It is urged that the youth of the boys should excuse them. It is because they are so young that their offense is so great. Youth is generous, and easily and unaffectedly chivalrous. The Lincoln schools have passed through vicissitudes of which the severity is now being demonstrated by the product. To the constant changing of superintendents and a recent demoralized state of the high-school may partly be attributed the low standard of sportsmanship and manners exhibited by the high school boys. The bad impression made on the visitors by the audience is unfortunate, just at this time when the board of education has decided to ask the people of Lincoln to vote bonds for new school-buildings. It is unfortunate, but a more liberal policy towards the schools, adequate pay for the teachers and provision for the rapidly increasing attendance may alleviate the conditions which are now graduating such poorly cultured youth into the activities of life. If the tax-payers, not discouraged by the evidence that education does not educate, are willing to spend what other cities of Lincoln's size spend on the schools, improvement is certain. Principal Davenport of the high-school has acquired the respect of the boys and his influence is likely to place a new ideal of manliness and chivalry before them. But in order to raise the existing deplorable standard of morals and manners the active cooperation of the people of Lincoln is indispensable.

A Famous Duel.

Every town, however small has its good, bad, and unclassable society. New-York is big enough, rich enough, old enough to have a rigidly defined

coterie recognized as the best. Ward McAlister counted the members of it once and announced that it contained just four hundred people. Since his death, the number has decreased. The pressure on the outside is very strong and occasionally a new man or woman slips in. Several years ago Mrs. Ayer, the wife of the patent medicine man, was very near the outside circle, but she was forced back. Mrs. Astor snubbed her and she went to Paris where she established herself in great magnificence. She had a splendid hotel on the Faubourg, and worked her way out of the "American colony" into the society of the *haute noblesse*. She was regarded as an eccentric *Americaine* with a plethoric purse that opened easily. Mrs. Astor heard of her entertainments, and let her friends know that she was willing at last to meet Mrs. Ayer. They met in the salon of a common friend and Mrs. Astor was gracious. Mrs. Ayer said, in a tone of gentle inquiry, "Are you from New York?" and when she mentioned the absence of her daughter, Mrs. Pearson, added, "Yes it is hard to be parted from an only child. Have you any children Mrs. Astor?"

Minister Ting Fang's Plan.

The daily papers call him Mr. Wu, but as Wu is but a title Mr. Wu is scarcely more definite than Mr. Senor or Mr. Duke. Wu Ting Fang advised the Americans who consulted him in regard to what is best to be done with the American negro, that the black must be assimilated by marriage with the whites. Somebody suggested that our advice to the Chinese might be received by the natives with the same horror. A foreigner knows nothing about our antipathies, repugnances, disgusts and incurable prejudices, and by the same token we know nothing of theirs and because of the essence of this truth can not work out their salvation for them.

Florida Freezes.

The new plan of protecting the orange crop of Florida by providing a canvas hood for each tree is being used with success. The hood and lamp that keep the tree from being frozen in case of a freeze, costs \$12. The cost is large but a mature tree will produce \$20 worth of oranges a year and will bear for years. The expense is, therefore justifiable.

Magazine Literature.

Although the monthly magazines are occasionally disappointing, their arrival in Nebraska somewhere between the twentieth and thirtieth of each month, is very welcome and diversifying. Perhaps the most interesting literature of this kind is William Allen White's Croker in McClure's. Mr. White's style is simple and direct and his conclusions are obvious and indisputable, when once he announces them. He has the faculty of interpreting every man's inchoate and inarticulate impressions (that have not yet become conclusions) into final syllogism. With temperance he analyzes Croker, his relation to Tammany, Tammany's relation on the one side to the city and on the other to the undigested foreign element that if it were not for Croker and Tammany's claim to their votes would join the army of the disorganized and lawless. Mr. White agrees with Mr. Kipling that there is a law of the jungle as well as of organized society and that Croker is useful in enforcing the law of the jungle, that he is a beast himself, understands other beasts and lives up to a certain crude but rigid code. The half-tone

from a photograph, that accompanies the article, was taken a week before the recent presidential election. It is doubtless only a curious coincidence and has no significance, but the broad straight nose, with the flattened nostrils, the grave eyes whose only expression is a crouched watchfulness, the square face, and an additional stealthiness of expression unavoidably suggest a tiger, with all his steel springs coiled and out of sight. Clara Morris' recollections of the stage are appearing in several magazines. She is an artist after all, though she can no longer act. Her memoirs have the indefinable charm of a writer who knows how to convey an impression and what finish is and does not confuse simplicity with the commonplace. Her "Recollections of John Wilkes Booth" dare to do justice to Booth's inherited gentleness, chivalry and historic ability in spite of his crime. The critics seem to be sure that Kipling's strength has returned to him or he could not have written "Kim," a story of a holy man and his disciple an elfish, preternaturally shrewd small boy. It is mortifying to disagree with the critics, because it is a sure sign of an uncultivated, or depraved taste; but this story does not exert the fascination of the Jungle Book or of Soldiers Three, or of the Gloucester fisherman's story, "not down where I live, not in Lincoln Nebraska."

The February Century is signalized by a really interesting psychological yarn by Mr. Howells, who, I thought had forgotten how. The kind of a man that is known in the west as "a smart Aleck," who accompanies Mr. Howells, and never lets a story proceed without his impertinent and conceited interruptions is in this story, "At Third Hand," too. But he does not spoil it. This objectionable Smart Aleck is called cousin something in Howells' sleeping car and elevator and flat farces. I wonder what New York and Boston people call their Smart Alecks. I know they have plenty of them because so many have come west. Howells calls his personification of self consciousness in "At Third Hand," Rulledge. The English call him a cad. Chester Bailey Fernald's story of "The Lannigan System with Girls" is an original, breezy story that one reads with a smile, and finishes with a sigh, and remembers. The heroine is a Minerva of a girl who bosses her father, but who is in love with love and accepts the first little man who tells her she is the finest girl he's ever seen. Mr. Fernald does not write stories according to old receipts. He's got some new ones and the women are crazy to try them. It would pay the Ladies' Home Journal to set him over a department.

The serial in Harper's Magazine of more than ordinary interest is Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way." Mr. Parker is considerate enough of the feelings and tastes of the untechnically literary to make his principal character fascinating, to surround him with circumstance that attract investigation and offers a foothold and handhold occasionally to the unskilled mind that yet enjoys unraveling a puzzle for its own sake. A story by Edith Wharton is a Henry James story as a woman would tell it. If you like Henry James you are sure to like Edith Wharton's impersonation which is perfect. "The Recovery" is an analysis of a wife's gradual realization that her husband is not the great artist she supposed he was when she married him. Her growing conviction that he is hopelessly provincial and the effect of really inspired pictures in dislodging his belief in his