

MISCELLANY.

BY FLORA BULLOCK.
For The Courier.

A man who makes mistakes is sure to lose friends.
To lose a friend is heart-break.
There was never a man born who did not make mistakes.
It would seem to be a great blessing if one could avoid being born.

The Conservative quotes some admirer as declaring that he who subscribes for the Commoner should take the Conservative also—as an antidote. Permit the suggestion that after you have taken both doses you had best have The Courier to sweeten the taste. Bill Nye says in his "Guest at the Ludlow," that the partakers of the hospitality of that hostelry were furnished with soup, bread and coffee, and that they used the bread to take away the taste of the soup, and the coffee to drown the taste of the bread, or varied it, eating the bread last to remove the taste of the coffee. The Reader of the three C's might do similarly. He would probably reflect upon one thing—among many namely, the seeming Monopoly or Trust that the letter C has on Nebraska weekly journalism. Even the university Kiote narrowly escaped the clutches. I shall have to plead guilty myself to having made a stand for proper Websterian usage, when the Kiote was christened. It is fortunate that I was outnumbered, for I have no relish for anti-trust prosecutions, real or only threatened. There is still room for a Contemplator, a Converter, a Kow-boy, or a Kactus. If they should all get to saying pretty things about one another—what a world to live in Nebraska would be!

But really, the people who said, "Look out for fun from Nebraska City," when the Lincoln paper was projected can not be suffering with disappointment thus far. Mr. Morton possesses a notable versatility in writing which enables him to smite an enemy, laud a friend, describe Nebraska skies and prairies, or relate a simple story of home, or satirize a public opinion,—all with equal effectiveness. The manner in which he took the Commoner to his bosom was naive. The relationship bears no traces of the David and Johnathan variety; rather is it a little David and Goliath "affair," David being represented by—well, fix that to suit yourself. I apprehend that ere long the two papers will become so indispensable advertisers of each other that while the editors lock horns, the business managers will lock arms, and the Common people—so vigorously loved and defended by both sheets,—will be afforded the inducement of a clubbing rate.

Teacher: "Who was the greatest American?"

School in chorus vociferous: "George Washington—First in war, First in peace, First in the hearts of his countrymen!"

Little the poor dears understand of it all, but they are very certain, very much impressed, very joyful everywhere in this broad land on Washington's birthday. They sing patriotic songs, can shrill through

"The ark, then, of freedom's foundation," with never a glimmering notion of the meaning—I am not certain of that line myself. They "speak pieces," with four-fifths rhyme and one-fifth sense; they perform beautiful flag drills, and otherwise exercise the ingenuity and patience of the teacher. To what end? "What shall the harvest be?" Statesmanship? Good citizenship?

No one can tell, and yet cold-blooded critics would rob the aspiring teacher of the hope that strengthens—the hope of lighting the little fire of patriotism in

childish breasts, so that it may never die. The name of Washington, that inspires reverence in gray-haired savants everywhere in the world, has a potency with children far above any king of fairyland,—though they do not really understand, and can not.

No matter. They never spoil their love for their mothers by reasoning about it. Their devotion, taught as it is, does them immense good, for it is one of the childish impressions that, though they may not save a life from degradation, help to "keep alive in the breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." For conscience is the memory of good things, the voice that harks back to some truth that once was with us.

In the midst of so much discussion and criticism of higher education, so much skepticism as to the usefulness of college training, it is pleasant to have Charter Day celebration come to recall to even those who can only think afar of the scarlet and cream, that there is a tie that binds us to the Alma Mater. Charter Day never comes but it reminds one of us of the one Charter Day poem that belongs to the university of Nebraska,—the notable pean of rejoicing that came to us in 1895 from the pen of one who thought himself an exile among us, but who saw our noblest destiny in a flash one night and wrote it down in all its white heat. I suppose not one in a hundred of the university students of today know of this most beautiful and majestic utterance. It seems to me worthy to be recited at every Charter Day, as a Declaration of Independence. An eastern university so honored would not let a great song or its singer go unremembered. The West uses a beautiful thing for a day, then throws it aside for something new. The Charter Day poem of 1895 by Herbert Bates is one of those beautiful things. Yet many of the university family gone from its protection have need to recall those stirring lines, have need to be reminded of the things

"That make of life,
More than a barren strife,
And of life's end
No mere forgetfulness."

The poem slipped into our midst quietly and with no pretension. Yet it was soon recognized as one of the unforgettable messages, a call to action, to hope and courage and strenuous endeavor. If ever a new poet would write the Word for Nebraska's crown of glory, let him wait long until the '95 poem is unknown to most men—for now it silences any minor song. It should not be forgotten. We should listen to it as to

"The voices of all victors, gloriously
Triumphing up the slopes of victory."

The Wife—The new cook is very tall, isn't she?

The Husband—Yes; but it isn't likely she'll stay long.—Town Topics.

THEATRICAL.

THE OLIVER.

The brilliant romance, "Under the Red Robe," after its enormous success in London and New York will be produced here for the only time on Tuesday evening, February 26, at the Oliver. Its production will be marked with all the attention to costumes and stage garniture which characterized it in London and New York. A large company of prominent New York actors will be seen, notably, Mr. Paul Gilmore, a romantic actor of great power, and Miss Frances Gaunt, a lady of much experience in emotional roles. The dramatist, Mr. Edward Rose, has done his work with admirable discretion. Spectators who have not read the book can comprehend the substance of the story perfectly. Prices 25, 50 and 75 cents, and \$1.00.

THE FUNKE.

The splendid reports of the Black Patti Troubadours indicate that this company will meet with cordial reception in this city, Thursday evening, February 28, at the Funke opera house. In addition to Black Patti, there are a number of clever singers, dancers and comedians among the forty or more people who comprise the company. Al Watts, the prince of comedians, with a coterie of fun makers, sustain the comedy features, and Black Patti, and a quartette of vocal soloists with a grand chorus of thirty well trained voices, render a series of operatic selections in costumes and with scenery which has created a veritable sensation.

Prices 15 to 50 cents.

Tailor—You want the coat made in Prince Albert style, Mr. Hooligan, I suppose?

Customer—Be hivins, no! I'd wear a Cor-r-ck jacket first!—Chicago Tribune

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Notice to Creditors.—E 1517.

County Court, Lancaster County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Steward Sappenfield, deceased.
The creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is October 1, 1901, and for payment of debts is April 1, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on July 1, 1901, and on October 1, 1901, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Notice whereof is ordered published for four consecutive weeks in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska.
Witness my hand and seal of said court this February, 15, 1901.
[SEAL.] FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.
By WALTER A. LEASE, Clerk County Court

"Double-yolk! Double-yolk!" cackled the old rooster who considered himself the head of the family "We laid it! We laid it! We la-a-a-a id it!"—Chicago Tribune.

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