be wicked not to teach success in the schools. A boy may practise all that Mr. Schwab, or any other successful man teaches, and, as the world sees, fail. Success is a matter of chance, temperament. or of the personal equation. To give a boy exact rules for succeeding is like encouraging him to believe that he has a good chance of becoming president of the United States. If a boy grows up with his eyes on the stars or fixed on the presidency of his country, he is likely to underestimate the small preferments that come to him. Depression succeeds to the high hopes which have been sowed in him by aspiring but injudicious orators. He belittles his own attainments and loses his courage to bear manfully the part assigned him by fate and by his own limitations. Robert Louis Stevenson said that "Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study; it is so, above all, in the continent art of living well."

School-Days.

"Little Puck," a play popular a few years ago, wherein Frank Daniels played the principal part, is founded on the mistaken idea grown-up people have of children's joys. A father who is a bon-vivant exhorts his son, who is spending a brief vacation at home, upon the pleasures of youth and particularly upon the pleasures of school. The youth knows more about both of these subjects than the father, but youth is humble and fathers are wise about some things and besides they occupy a place of vantage. So the boy listens to the father with a show of attention. Suddenly father and son change places, by the magical interposition of an Indian relic. The pompous old man, accustomed to subservience from employes and relatives, is set in life with altogether different surroundings. The teacher whom he has patronized, bullies him, the big boy of his son's school pounds him and his son cuts off his whiskers. The real boy has a chance of conquering the school bully. But the father blubbers and cries "enough," thus disgracing the son forever. His school mates have placed even bets on the son because of his well known courage. The father, enervated by a life of self indulgence, is not the man his son is and the big boy finds him easy to whip.

The life of dependence a child leads is not pleasant even to the most obedient of children. To be subject in all things: to have one's food selected, one's reading assorted, by some one else, to be told to go there and return in so many minutes. is not agreeable to the infant, it is intolerable to the adult. The man forgets how the boy felt about it, and either writes poetry or exhorts the youth at commencement about what a good thing it is to be young. Helpless, the slave of everything taller, moneyless, of no account in council, expelled from the room when anything important or unusual is being discussed, reckoned of no discretion, despised of all men and some women, this is the daily lot of a child. In another mood adults sing of liberty and its joys, forgetting that the love of freedom is common to all ages. The happiest period in one's life is still a question, but the candid man who remembers his childhood, as well as the exultation of his early manhood when he first discovered his ability to care for himself and that men of affairs sought his opinion, will award the distinction to the later period. As for myself I never pass a grim school house without gratitude that I am passing it and not entering it and that I can do so safely; that no teacher's watchful eyes mark my truant passing.

So The Courier's advice to the youth who are about to be graduated from the high-schools of this country is not to be easily frightened by the reflections of the self-satisfied old ladies and gentlemen who will address them. The senior classes know very well that their school experience has not been all enjoyment. They can tell very well that the speakers do not know what they are talking about, that they have forgotten the wearisomeness of the school routine and the vexation of never having their own way. Senior classes are in reality looking forward to life with an eagerness that the croakers cannot adulterate. The commencement orator who will expatiate upon the joy of conquering a modest place in the world, of attaining by one's own exertions a home and the esteem of neighbors and of the community will deserve the warm gratitude of the class to which he speaks. That chestnut, too, of the self conceit of the new college graduate is unworthy a grown man's discrimination. A young man or woman just graduated has, in reality, a child's heart. They are afraid that the world will not find them useful, they are nervously anxious to be trusted and to prove, more to gain their own confidence than for the world's sake, that they have learned to be actively useful. There are college graduates who are conceited, but they were born conceited. College training has not developed, but rather schooled it. Your self-made man is your real egoist. It is as apparently insincere for the successful business man to commiserate the graduates upon getting through school as for an officer to congratulate the privates that they are still in the ranks, or for a member of the senior class at West Point to felicitate a tortured plebe upon his immediate prospects. These few hints to the orators who are preparing the usual guff for the classes will have no effect upon the product. The disease is too old, too deeply fixed in the orator's affections as the eloquent requisite for the occasion. And for many centuries to come bored and secretly scoffing high-school and university graduates will be obliged to listen to these antique addresses.

City Wages.

Lecturers on economics, socialists and the various types of men who are dissatisfied with the way the present commercial system is working and who hope to make it better, assert that manual labor should be paid just as high wages as mental and creative exertion. Creative effort is stimulating and pleasant in itself, and manual labor is deadening to the nerves and higher sensibilities. Yet the man who labors on the roads, or cares for horses, or lays railroad ties is serving the community and performing an essential part of the labor of the world. He is entitled to as large a wage for his labor as the man who writes books, or invents, or paints, or preaches and a little to boot, because creative labor is a joy in itself. The artist or the author is an artist or an author because God made him so, and it is not fair for him to claim wages for another's work. Indisputably most of the work of the world is manual and only the occasional man has been presented at birth with more than enough brains to do routine work. Therefore there is force in the contention that it is not fair that the most of us shall be in subjection to a few, especially as the product of our labor is as necessary to the life and happiness of the genii as theirs to us.

But these questions involve the whole economic and social system now in operation. It is not for the council to settle them or to accept as a basis of legislation any other system than the one under which they were elected. This being so, there is great impropriety in paying firemen larger wages than private parties are paying them. The citizen who represents the average tax-payer of Lincoln is not a very opulent person. He receives less than five hundred dollars a year himself. Obviously then, it is unjust for the council to force him to pay more than the price of a fireman in the open market. At the most the city can employ but few men and by paying fancy wages to them the council forces the large number unemployed by the city to bear more than their share of city maintenance. The council was elected in good faith by the citizens of Lincoln to administer, in connection with the mayor, its affairs. Some members of the council are allowing a pique against the mayor to interfere with a wise administration. Such conduct is offensive to the citizens. It is of no consequence to citizens whether councilmen Lyman and Pentzer like the mayor or not. It is of importance that they confer together without prejudice concerning the business of the city. To be sure the influence of an employed man in an election is three times greater than that of a man to whom the election of Tom is no more than the election of Harry. And it may be that this reasoning is influencing certain members of the council. But there are more taxpayers in this city than tax consumers and their interest in the next election may be aroused by judicious advertising.

Portland Cement.

Mr. Edison announces that he has discovered a new and much cheaper way to make Portland cement. This is not in his latest manner. Mr. Edison and Mr. Tesla, whom the newspapers are pleased to call wizards, have an irritating habit of announcing that they are just on the point of a discovery that will revolutionize industry and of leaving the world waiting further information and busying themselves about something else. This time Mr. Edison has definitely announced that his invention is a cheap process of making Portland cement. If it be so the long sought for new pavement is found. It is said that it will revolutionize building; a man can erect a mould of a house and pour the cement in from the roof, thus making a perfectly solid house water-proof, rat-proof, warm in winter and cool in summer. The process is so cheap that the poor man can have as warm a house as the richest. Mr. Edison says that by the new process the cement can be sold cheaper than stone or brick or wood. Therefore it will stop the demolition of the forests.

The Quality of Mercy.

The treatment of animals by the butchers of Lincoln is not a pleasant subject to consider. It is the habit of one butcher to dislocate the wings of fowls brought to him and then throw them down in a heap together. The agony of such a position is worse than the thumb-rack. Butchers are callous because of their calling. They regard the animals they sell as the carpenter regards his lumber. They dispose of them to suit their own convenience and pay no attention to the animals' capacity for suffering. But the butchers in other respects are good citizens. If the laws in regard to the treatment of animals were insisted upon by their customers, if the women of Lincoln would refuse to patronize a meat market where chickens are kept for days in a close coop, or where they are thrown in a heap with wings or feet tied together, the butcher's cruelty might be prevented. The torture inflicted upon that silly fowl, the hen, before being killed for our food is unnecessary and although we do not inflict it ourselves we are responsible for it because if we were not too selfish to spare the time and to run the risk of being called names by the butcher we could stop it in a short time. The butchers are in the business for money and when the women, their customers demonstrate to them that cruelty does not pay they will be merciful. Mrs. Plumb, the state superintendent of the department of mercy of the W. C. T. U. has organized a band of mercy in every school building in the city but without the aid of the housekeeping shoppers of Lincoln it is impossible to reach the butchers who, from the nature of their business, are the most flagrant offenders against the humanitarianism of the last decade which is quite a different thing from the kindness of any other period.

Mr. Bixby is doing his best, which is very effective, to convince the men that it is cruel and ignoble as well as unsportsmanlike to shoot trapped pigeons. If he succeeds, the women of Nebraska can afford to forgive him for his mean flings at woman. They will forgive him anyway, for the sake of the effort he persists in continuing, to induce the men to forsake a degenerate sport, which involves the wounding and slow death of hundreds of pigeons. Mr. Bixby's championship of dumb animals is chivalrous. The more loquacious individuals whom he persecutes, can answer back and make a good deal of trouble for those who abuse them.

The Order of Don't Knock.

A "knocker" is an individual who is continually reviling or gossiping about the people who are unfortunate enough to be numbered among his acquaintances. Buffalo, where that silly, guzzling, hold-up society of the "Buffaloes" was lately organized, has started something worth while perhaps in extenuation. Inveterate, confirmed "knockers" are rare. We have too much to do to spend all our time doing evil. For very novelty we occasionally say a good word of our neighbor or our friend. But the temptation to tell an interesting bit of gossip to a friend who may reciprocate with just as good a story is persistent. A regular "knocker" who talks scandal for the sake of injuring someone is rare. Habitues of afternoon teas and card parties, clubmen and the village loafers repeat scandalous stories for the love of tattling and not to be cruel. But the victims squirm as though we had tied them to the stake because we enjoy writhing. The object of the new society is to encourage the virtue of silence when our neighbor's faults, or escapades are referred to. In a place the size of Lincoln, where everybody is almost as well acquainted as the members of one family, where the scions of families have intermarried to such an extent that the "knocker" is obliged to select his items with great care, the order of "Don't Knock" should be immediately established. The object and creed of the order are herewith reprinted:

Section 1.—To overcome in its membe the deplorable habit of speaking ill of our