

ment as lieutenants in the regular army, Nathan J. Shelton and Clarence B. Furay. The former is now in the Philippines holding a volunteer lieutenancy on one of the gun boats running south of Luzon. Junius Boyd and William F. Godson, both of Nebraska, are also ordered up for similar examinations.

Mrs. James Savage went to Boston Wednesday and will be absent four months.

The hop last Saturday at the Country club was enlivened by the presence of a larger number of the younger set than has been out there this season, and the warm evening brought out a great many just to enjoy the breeze that never fails to visit the club porches. Among the dancers were Misses Towle, Carita Curtis, Curtis, Lomax, Embry, Peck, Spurgeon, Burke, Moore, Ada Kirkendall, Kountze and Webster; Messrs. Charles Pratt, Otto Bauman, Howell, Gannett, Fred Hamilton, Haskell, Frank Hamilton, Keogh, Stewart, Gould, Dietz, Bruno of St. Louis, Henry Allen and Allen Smith.

There recently came into our hands an old subscription list of a "private party" given at Masonic hall on December 27, 1886. It is interesting as showing the men who were prominent in affairs of that kind at that time, including, for instance, T. W. Stephens, R. G. Smith, Harry E. Moores, F. C. Simpson, Egbert Keller, Clark Redick, G. A. Rathbun, W. G. Preston, Ed. K. S. McCann, Fred Rustin, Bert Wheeler, H. M. Rogers, H. A. Clarke, H. Cook, Wing B. Allen, D. C. O'Reilly, Fred Anderson, R. N. Hackney, Harry McCormick, Ed Sherwin, Harry Cremer, Stockton Heth, Charles A. Ellis, Billy Marsh, Hilton Fonda, Art Guio, Chat Redick, Perry Badollet, A. F. Kountze, H. T. Lyman, Charles Kountze, Fred Preston, A. W. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lininger and their granddaughter, Miss Marion Haller, who have been traveling abroad for the past ten months, returned to Omaha last week Friday morning. During their tour they visited England, Germany, France, Italy and the Holy Land. Mr. Lininger brought home many rare curios and paintings to add to his already interesting collection.

Miss Gertrude Clarke is visiting in Chicago. She will spend the summer in the east.

Miss Marie Crouse, who has been visiting in Hannibal, Missouri, and in Indian Territory, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. M. Hitchcock.

The romantic marriage of Miss Elizabeth Josephine Campbell, daughter of Mr. William Price Campbell of 1910 South Twenty-third street, and Mr. Ira C. Weatherill, took place Thursday, the 16th. Invitations were issued for the ceremony May 27, but the groom, who was on his ranch at Canyon City, was thrown from his horse and seriously injured. On receiving the dispatch, Miss Campbell went to him immediately and the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Ayres, at the home of the groom's uncle and the bride's aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Weatherill. The couple are now at Salida, Colorado, where Mr. Weatherill is in a hospital and improving rapidly.—World Herald.

Miss Helen Peck left Wednesday for Chicago to attend the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Sellers and Mr. Horace C. Hutchins.

Mrs. C. E. Yost gave a beautiful luncheon last week Friday, at which the guests were Mesdames E. M. Morsman, W. W. Morsman, Redick, Joseph Barker, Belden, Coutant, Brinker, Pritchett, McCord, Gannett, Hull, Rogers, Arthur Crittenden, Smith, Wood, Offutt and Miss Deering.

"PICK."

[KATHARINE MELICK.]
For The Courier.

One of the transports coming to the Golden Gate is bringing a raw citizen to America. It is not certain that his own ideas of his future are as lucid as those of the simple-souled oriental who made his way to our own city not long ago and is yet taking lessons in greatness of his adopted father. But he has been chosen as the gardener selects his rare stocks for hybridation, and he may or may not prove a Moses or a Boliver.

He is a fair sized native, as Maccabees go, but above the average in grotesqueness of contour and expression—this one-eyed pickaninny who devoted himself to an Iowa company of volunteers the moment they landed from the old "Penitentiary Ship." It was after the ninety days of cruise and Cavite delay, after the long waiting on the old Pennsylvania that made her a prison ship forever to Iowa volunteers, that the future came to Pick. As he was rolling himself contentedly in the waters of the bay, he saw a boat slip out from beneath the black shadow of the big hulk that had lain harmless and sullen for so many weeks in the harbor. There were two Americans and a native in the boat, and they made such haste in the gathering twilight and among the swarm of boats, to get beyond the sheltering curve, that Pick swam after them to see what they did not wish to have seen.

He did not see much. They landed, seeming to shake the very sand in which the pickaninny lay, as they leaped with their heavy shoes to the shore. They shook themselves and lay down on the first green spot they reached to roll over and over in the grass. They encountered a knife-man whom the little native knew, and after much sign-talk, received his heavy, twisted blade, and gave him something.

Then, turning quickly, one of them saw Pick's head slip down behind a rock like a turtle's. When the Americans reached the landing place, there was only a soft splash far out at sea, and the native made his explanatory gesture of "Pickaninny" cover the earth.

Pick was everywhere that Americans were in those days. They did not differentiate him at first from the swarm that paddled in and out of the deep blue tides or silhouetted themselves against every skyline, and made the atmosphere black and blue. But "Cyclops Junior," as his one eye and inscrutably ugly countenance christened him, rose above the herd, the day of the memorable landing from the "Penitentiary Ship."

The mascot of an Iowa company broke ranks when the gang-plank was at last laid to shore. The fighting bull-dog, Bob Evans, had remained ninety days on shipboard, with no surreptitious visits to terra firma. Now, as the sullen, weary files rolled over, one of them was twisted like a hairpin, as Bob suddenly saw his way clear to land.

Between and around the legs of the soldiers, out over the pier and on to a stretch of the tangled green, with his nose to the earth and his stub tail stiffened, went Bob. Pick followed to see, as did a third of the company, not at all unwilling to see their feelings expressed in simple brute sincerity. With his nose to the good green earth, Bob ran round and round, in widening circles, barking his joy, until every hair began to glisten with the island heat. Still he shied from under every hand stretched out, and seemed to spin faster as his yelps grew fainter, and the men began to fear sunstroke or convulsions from the sudden joy that crazed his sea-wobbling legs.

Then he disappeared. Nobody had seen him, after his Navajo dance around the edge of a nipa hut. Nobody but Pick. It was he whose one steady eye

marked the tip of Bob's tail sink into a hole that ran down deep beneath the roots of a banana tree, and it was he who dived after and brought out the limp and recreant mascot of an inglorious naval service. With his one eye batting like an agitated young owl's, the little black wriggled out of his hole and clutched Bob Evans tight.

"Pickaninny, Capitan!" was his one answer, as he squirmed away from the big white hands stretched out to receive Bob.

So it was to the little captain that one Francesco Suna delivered the company mascot, and it was to the big smile of the little captain that he surrendered his allegiance henceforth (as many another guileless soul has done before and since).

To be sure it was now the "Pickaninny capitan" that Francesco Suna trailed after between engagements, and followed afar on the Maccabebe road. Four or five other small natives hung about the cooking shack with greater or less diligence, but "Pick" soon quietly asserted the principle of survival by staying powers entirely beyond the capacity of his volatile monkey brothers. When these young apes ran away with the straps they were given to clean, Francesco knew nothing about it, but he brought back the straps. When the fighting rations were in the rear, and the commissary department stuck fast in a bamboo swamp, Francesco found a cellar full of well ripened mangoes, and eased the hearts and stomachs of a parching company. The knee deep dust or the chin-deep mud of the Maccabebe road made no difference to Pick. When you wanted him, he was there.

The really remarkable thing, however, about this young Filipino, was his Puritan idea of duty. How the principles of John Knox ever sprouted in that black soil, let Him who made us answer. But certain it is that to Pick everything that is "malo" is forbidden. When the boys taught him choice scraps of Americano dialect, he invariably went to the "Pickaninny capitan" for enlightenment. If the phrase were pronounced "malo" it was consigned to the limbo of things unusable.

Once when the captain went on a long "hike," leaving Pick in camp, several of the guard who kept the station whiled away the time teaching Francesco complimentary speeches wherewith to greet the returning men. Pick was assured that the words were not "malo," and marched out when the first streak of khaki came down from the hills. As soon as the men "fell out" he went up to the captain, stood at attention, and with his one eye blinking in expressionless regard, let loose a string of blood-curdling oaths. The tired, dusty captain, who had left the hospital tent to take his men out that day, doubled up with laughter at the solemn imprecations, and then, at Pick's straight stare of utter disappointment, vowed to himself that Francesco Suna should be put beyond the mercy of the irreverent. He got the boys together in his tent, and they talked over plans for bringing Pick to America.

When Francesco was consulted next day, he was stolidly acquiescent. Indeed, he wore with such calmness the new suit which was brought down from Cavite, that the captain wondered, until presently the suit and the pickaninny disappeared.

"Has he skipped for the timber?" the men asked, but it was not long before some one found the young native in the cook shack washing the capitan's socks, the new finery religiously laid aside.

Francesco did not come back on the Senator that brought his regiment home. Some Filipino relative entered protest, and he was left behind. But a letter written in his own hand, has announced to his company in America that he will come to them and be their boy.

He is not as quick as his wily brothers, but his is the fibre of which nations are made. And fortunately for us and for him, our Uncle Sam has taken note of the same, and will land him before long on our shores, to try an experiment worth watching.

THE DAY'S DEMAND.

God give us men!
A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts,
true faith and willing hands,
Men whom the lust for
office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils
of office cannot buy;
Men who possess
opinions and a will;
Men who have honor;
men who will not lie;
Men who can stand
before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous
flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned,
who live above the fog
In public duty
and in private thinking,
For while the rabble,
with their thumbworn creeds,
Their large professions
and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife,
lo! freedom weeps;
Wrong rules the land,
and waiting justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

The Strained Relations Between Finland and Russia.

At present, as everybody knows, these are almost the worst possible. Twice within the last few months I have seen a capital where every woman was in black. One was London, where the people were mourning their dead queen; the other was Helsingfors, where people mourned their lost liberty. Every woman in Helsingfors bore the black symbols of personal woe. But personal protest went much farther than this. When General Bobrikoff, the Russian governor-general, who was sent to carry out the new regime, took his walks abroad, every Finn who saw him coming, crossed to the other side of the street. When he patronized a concert for some charitable purpose, the Finns bought all the tickets, but not a single one of them attended. The hotels refused apartments to one of the Finnish senators who supported the Russian proposals. By the indiscretion of a porter he secured rooms at one of the principal hotels and refused to leave. Therefore the hotel was boycotted and it is temporarily ruined. The Russian authorities, intending to make the Russian language compulsory in all government departments, invited several young Finnish functionaries to St. Petersburg, to learn Russian under very advantageous conditions and with every prospect of official promotion. When the language ordinance was published and these Finns saw why they were desired to learn Russian, they immediately resigned. The Russians took charge of the postal system of Finland and abolished the Finnish stamps. Thereupon the Finns issued a "mourning stamp," all black except the red arms of Finland and the name of the country in Finnish and Swedish, and stuck it beside the Russian stamps on their letters. The Russians retorted by strictly forbidding its sale and destroying all letters which bore it. Now it is one of the curiosities of philately. So the wretched struggle goes on, and the young Finn turns his eyes and often his steps toward the United States and Canada.—From "Russia of Today," by Henry Norman, M. P., in the June Scribner's.

It is something to make people cry, more to make them laugh, most to make them think.—June Lippincott.