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Address of Principal, 619 South 11th Street, Lincoln, Nebr.

remainder of the summer in St. Paul, Minnesota.

**SONS OF THE MORNING.**

WILLA SIBERT CATHER.

Married, on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Barclay, Miss Jessie M. Stanton and Mr. Zeno E. Crook of Auburn, Nebraska. Mr. and Mrs. Crook are both alumni of the state university.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilson left Thursday evening for Chicago. After a visit in that city Mr. and Mrs. Wright will visit Buffalo, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will take a trip up the lakes.

Mrs. Carrie S. Irwin and family of Quincy, Illinois, spent Friday with Mrs. Irwin's mother, Mrs. Eliza Polk, en route to the Black Hills.

Mrs. W. W. Holmes and Mr. George Holmes left Lincoln Sunday evening for an European tour.

Mrs. E. P. Savage left on Wednesday for Clinton, Iowa, where she was called by the serious illness of her mother.

Miss Margaret Kyle will return next Monday from a six weeks' vacation spent in the east.

Miss Lennie Stuart returned Wednesday from an eastern trip.

Mrs. W. C. Griffith will spend the remaining summer months in Minnesota.

Miss Winifred Sherman is entertaining her cousin, Miss Bagley, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Eaton have returned from a month's visit in the east.

The American Savings Bank of 132 North Eleventh street, pays interest on deposits.

Hon. H. C. Lindsay has returned from a trip to the Big Horn mountains.

Mrs. F. A. Harrison has returned from a visit in Omaha.

Mrs. Carl Funke and Miss Claire Funke left Sunday afternoon for Newark, Ohio.

Dr. Rosa Bouton is spending the month of August in Sabetha, Kansas.

Dr. Carr, surgeon, 141 South 12th.

Died, on Wednesday afternoon, at St. Elizabeth's hospital, Paul C. Hunger, aged twenty-three years. Two weeks ago Mr. Hunger returned from an outing in Kansas, where he was injured while playing base ball. Soon more serious symptoms developed, and a surgical operation was decided upon after a consultation of physicians. He was not strong enough to rally from the operation, and expired on Wednesday at 1:30 o'clock. Mr. Hunger was a young man of exceptional ability. Graduated from the high school in '97, he later received his diploma from the university college of law and was admitted to the bar in Lancaster county. He was a member of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, was president of the High School Alumni association, and of the young men's republican club. Funeral services were held at the home of his parents, Twenty-fourth and Randolph streets, on Friday morning.

He (at the shore)—This ocean breeze is awful damp. It makes a fellow's moustache very salty.

She (absentmindedly)—Yes, I noticed that.—Philadelphia Record.

"Sons of the Morning" is the title of a remarkable new book by Mr. Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Phillpotts' first novel, "Lying Prophets," attracted considerable attention because of its marked individuality and its picturesque and vigorous prose. His second work, "The Children of the Mist," which was reviewed in The Courier two years ago, convinced all critical readers that a new man had entered the ranks of the great English novelists. In his last work, "Sons of the Morning," he has entirely avoided the fault of diffuseness which detracted somewhat from his second novel.

In "The Children of the Mist" Mr. Phillpotts attempted to depict the life of an entire Dartmoor village, and to chronicle fully and sympathetically the lives of some twenty persons. In view of the difficulties of the task he set himself, his success was remarkable; but the diversity of interest in some measure detracted from the congruity and compactness of the novel as a whole.

The scenario of "Sons of the Morning" is much the same as in his former novels; but the plot is concerned chiefly with four characters, picturesquely attended by a train of country-folk and retainers which Mr. Phillpotts handles with notable success. Indeed the most hopeful of this young man's many brilliant qualities is his clear and sympathetic understanding of the British yeoman and the laboring men of that part of England of which it is his pleasure and perhaps his necessity to write.

Thomas Hardy, George Meredith and George Moore are all of them old men, to whom very many more years of literary activity cannot be left; and among the newer writers there seemed none of sufficient vigor and body to succeed them worthily.

Sir Walter Besant has chosen easy and flowery ways; Hall Caine, who even in his best days wrote always at the top of his voice, is now quite beyond the province of serious consideration. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who might have done what he pleased with us eight years ago and made us all for a space prisoners of Zenda, has since done nothing much above the clever dilettante, and Mrs. Craigie has never cherished any ambition other than to surprise.

For the sake of so much that was beautiful in "The Forest Lovers," we willfully stopped our ears to that note of hysterical effeminateness which crept now and then into Mr. Maurice Hewlett's work; but the lamentable collapse of the latter third of "Richard Yea and Nay" demonstrated that he has not sufficiently matured to be absolutely trustworthy and that his taste is capable of very gross lapses.

Then there is a whole host of the disagreeable people of the Voynich and Cholmondeley order and a host of the light and subtle people, passionate imitators of all genre work, ancient and modern.

The notable thing about Phillpotts is that he has withstood the temptations of the historical romance and the illusive and recompensful short story and has gone back to the life of

the real English people depicted by George Elliot, Henry Fielding and Thomas Hardy, and by Dickens at his best.

The world is weary unto death of stories about artists and scholars and aesthetic freaks, and of studies in the "artistic temperament." Mr. Phillpotts was wiser than his generation when he went back to racy, rugged chronicle of common life again.

In his "Sons of the Morning" there is a whole troop of working people, reapers and hay-makers and foresters and plow-boys and milk-maids, all presented with a brevity and vividness and impartiality almost Shakspearean.

Indeed as one Shakspearean reads of the black rages of Cramphorn, the wisdom of Churdles Ash and the Courtship of Libby, one things continually of Andry and William and Phoebe and the old shepherd. The combat between the two sisters, Margery and Sally Cramphorn, in its rich humor and lusty spirit recalls the famous battle in "Tom Jones" in which Mollie, the forester's daughter, lost her new gown and most of her reputation. Both the sisters were known to be in love with Greg Libby, a weak-blooded, cautious country swain who could not make up his mind which of them would make the best housekeeper, and mightily feared the wrath of the rejected. After mature consideration he proposed to both and invited each separately to appear at a certain secluded spot on the same hour of the same day. He himself hid behind a rock and the maids met, began to twit each other and finally fell into a furious battle, fighting with stones and finger-nails for weapons while Greg sat by and watched them, determined to wed the victor.

I am sure there is no other living man besides Thomas Hardy who could have written that scene. If Mr. Phillpotts were not absolutely without sentimentality, it would have been impossible for him.

Fiction writers are becoming more and more "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" given over to psychological studies so that they have lost all kinship and knowledge of that part of society which lives in its ears and eyes and stomach and uses its fists oftener than its handkerchiefs.

Old Dumas said that to make a play he needed but four walls, two people and one passion. Now-a-days to make a story we need but a studio, a woman who is more than half man and a man who is more than half woman and an intellectual affinity. If there were one man who could write of the American common people, the people on whom the burden of labor rests, who plant the corn and cut the wheat and drive the drays and mine the coal and forge the iron and move the world, then there might be some hope for a literature of and from the American people. But so far our men who write of the people at all write of trusts and strikes and corporations and man-devouring railroads, of the mere condition of labor and not of men at all.

The wealth of descriptive writing which from the first marked Mr. Phill-

potts' style is, if anything, enhanced in his last work. It seemed that nothing more could be said about Moorland rivers and trees and sky and birds and flowers, than was said in "The Children of the Mist;" but the man's passion for the visible forms of nature seems inexhaustible.

I suspect it was to tell of these things that he first wrote at all. He paints a dozen different sunrises seen from practically the same place; all complete, presentive, and wholly distinct. He tells of nights and noons and morns over and over without ever wearying the reader's patience. Such a knowledge of botany, forestry, horticulture, geology, ornithology and zoology as underlies this fervid and pictorial descriptive writing.

Whether he will sustain his objective study and delineation of character as wonderfully as Thomas Hardy has done it, is too soon to say; but like him he has heard the heart-beats of the people, and he is more of a poet than Hardy ever was.

So Miss Charming is going to marry old Jimson? She'll look lovely in orange flowers.

"But how much lovelier she'll be in weeds."—Chicago Record Herald.

**Analyzing His Affection.**

The young lovers sat beside the waterfall. The rapids and the near-by whirlpool had a strange attraction for the romantic young girl. She had heard the story of the unhappy maiden and the young brave who had gone to their doom, clasped in each other's arms, to the slow music of the swan song. That seemed very beautiful to her.

"Jack," she said, "if you saw me struggling in the water near the edge of the falls would you jump in after me?"

"What would be the use, my dear, when I can't swim?" he answered.

"But at least we should perish together," she replied, bravely.

"Yes, there would be no doubt of that," he returned, shuddering at the sound of the cruel waters.

"But haven't you often said you would die for me?" she asked, piqued at his coldness.

"No, my dear," replied her practical lover. "If you'll remember, I've always told you that I had an undying love for you."—Smart Set.



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