

THE KING'S EVIL.

H. WINNETT ORR.
For The Courier.

For seven hundred years there prevailed in England a superstition regarding the healing of disease which is of interest both as a matter of history and by comparison with some similar "systems" of the present day. Beginning in the reign of Edward the Confessor it was believed that scrofula, or the King's Evil, as it came to be known, was easily to be cured if only the patient could be touched by some member of the royal family. This superstition was fostered and encouraged until it gained such a hold upon the people that during the reign of Charles the Second, ninety-two thousand people affected with this disease came to him to be touched. According to Wiseman, the King's physician, they were nearly all cured. Testimony supposed to be reliable may be secured to support even the most absurd propositions.

In the light of our present knowledge regarding scrofula this short history is interesting because it shows to what extent the credulous may be led to accept blindly any measures which are promised as relief for conditions which they do not understand. Scrofula is indeed a serious local or general tuberculosis infection resulting in the formation of abscesses in the lymph glands or disease of the bones or joints. It is a fact that many scrofulous children will recover spontaneously, even under unfavorable circumstances. If they are placed in better circumstances, however, given pure air and better food, a still larger number will recover without other treatment.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson was a child of three or four years he was so seriously affected by scrofula that the glands of the neck and face were extensively involved and the tubercular process had extended in such a way that the vision of one eye was destroyed. Of his journey to London to receive the royal touch of Queen Anne, Boswell says: "His mother, yielding to the superstitious notion which it is wonderful to think prevailed so long in this country as to the virtue of the regal touch, a notion which our King encouraged and to which such a man as Carte gave credence, carried him to London where he was touched by Queen Anne. Mrs. Johnson acted by the advice of the celebrated Sir John Floyer, then a physician at Lichfield. This touch, however, was without any effect."

As soon, of course, as the cases began to accumulate where, beyond controversy, the touch had been "without any effect," this regal prerogative ceased to be exerted, and, like other useless methods of healing, it simply ceased to be. The law which governs such procedures is still operative and the world is better and wiser—there is no "irregular" system of healing the sick now extant which will live one tenth as long as this similar superstition of a few hundred years ago.

Just the Opposite.

"I understand that Gargoyle bested Gummery in the scrimmage last night," said Hunker to Spatts.

"Have you seen Gummery?"

"No."

"Well, go and make an inspection of him, and then you'll understand that Gargoyle worsted him."—Town Topics.

No Difference.

"Here's an article that says that some of our officials who reside abroad can't even speak the language of the country they live in!"

"That nothing. The same thing can be said of those who stay at home."—Town Topics.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Nebraska Woman Suffrage association will be held in Lincoln November 12, 13 and 14, 1901.

All state officers, presidents of auxiliary, county and local associations, and three delegates of each local club, with one delegate additional for every twenty-five members, are entitled to vote in the convention.

The national president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt of New York, will address the convention and conduct a question box.

A. L. Bixby of the State Journal and Miss Laura A. Gregg, manager of the woman suffrage headquarters, will hold a joint debate on the question, "Resolved, that the right of citizens to vote should not be denied or abridged on account of sex."

A symposium will be conducted by eight prominent state workers on the subject, "How would the enfranchisement of woman advance the progress of civilization?"

Mrs. Emma Shuman of Nebraska City will preside over a work conference on "What methods of work have proved successful in increasing membership, stimulating activity and extending the club influence?"

All auxiliary organizations are urged to send complete delegations, and friends of the cause, not identified with the organization, are cordially invited to attend and accept the same hospitality accorded to delegates.

CLARA A. YOUNG, President.
IDA L. DENNY, Secretary.

When You Know How.

"I will be beautiful," she said as she turned away from the mirror. "Surely in this modern, progressive age it is possible for any girl to acquire beauty."

So she invested in all kinds of cosmetics, had them applied by an artist and went to a big ball. The next morning she scanned the society columns of the papers eagerly, but there was not a word about "the beautiful Miss Brown." She merely figured among those who were "also present."

"Still," she added, "it is possible to be beautiful when you know how, and I will experiment until I discover the secret."

Thereupon she employed a beauty doctor, and was rubbed and massaged every day for a month or more, but it was no use. The gossip departments of the papers spoke of this girl and that girl as "beautiful," but never of "the beautiful Miss Brown."

"Possibly," she thought, "something is the matter with my gowns. Much depends upon proper harmony or contrast, which often makes the beauty. I will have one designed especially for me by the most gifted costumers."

The papers said she was "beautifully gowned," but that was all.

"I will become engaged," she cried, in despair. "If necessary, I will marry. Brides are almost invariably beautiful."

But when her engagement was announced the papers merely referred to her as "the charming and gifted Miss Brown."

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "can I not be beautiful? Is that great boon possessed by so many girls, no more favored by nature than I am, to be always denied to me? A mockery, truly! I will have none of it."

In this humor she went boating, and, giving it the appearance of an accident, deliberately fell into the water, from which she was quickly rescued by an athletic young man.

"Why," she cried the next day, as she thought it all over, "was I not allowed to die?"

Then her glance fell upon a daily paper, and her eyes instantly brightened.

"Gallant rescue of a beautiful girl," she read. "Pretty Adele Brown, the beauty of the season, saved from a watery grave."

"Why, of course," she commented, thoughtfully. "It's very simple when you know how. Now I think of it, a rescue or a scandal will make a girl beautiful any day."—Town Topics.

Open to Question.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Second thoughts are best, my dear.

Crabshaw—I don't know about that. The creation of woman was a second thought.—Town Topics.

He Plays on Words.

Mrs. Henpeck (banteringly)—That old flame of mine has become so attentive that I fancy he'd like to run away with me.

Henpeck—I'd like to see him do it.

Drib—They say that lawyer is well to do.

Drab—He was well enough to do me all right.—Town Topics.

THEATRICAL.

THE FUNKE.

"McFadden's Row of Flats," that spectacular farce which has made the universe laugh will be seen at the Funke Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, October 22nd and 23rd. "The Flats" is a "fireside" attraction like "The Old Homestead." The staple features, such as the famous Yellow Kids, the exciting and humorous fire scene, the famous "billy" goat are retained, while new features, novelties, pretty girls, choice vaudeville acts etcetera are made. Nearly fifty people present this gorgeous scenic success in the world of hilarious farce. The musical numbers are the very latest. In seeing "McFadden's Flats" you see the best of all modern farce comedies.

Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents. Seats now on sale.

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THE NEW PRESIDENT.

A PRAYER.

The following poem, by Clinton Danversfield is reproduced, by permission, from advance sheets of the November Century.

Not for the silent chief whom Death
Gently and sedulously keeps
Within a splendid calm; naught mars
His well won laurels where he sleeps.

Rather for him who newly stands
Half startled on a slippery height,
Like a strong falcon which some hand
Unhooded rudely, whom the light

Floods unforeseen, but who shall prove
A wide winged strength!
For him we pray:
He shall restore us Yesterday!

Dillion, Ga.

Disconnected.

"Say, Mame," said the hello girl during a lull in the calls, to her intimate friend who occupied the next chair, "is it true that you have broken off your engagement?"

"Sure thing," answered Mame, as she chewed her gum with renewed vigor.

"Oh, Mame, did you, really?"

"Well, I guess!"

"Oh, Mame, what was the matter?"

"He heard about my going down the river with a strange young man."

"Oh, Mame, did he, really?"

"Yep. Then he had the nerve to call me up over the 'phone and read the riot act to me! Said if I was going to carry on like that he didn't want me to be wearing his ring."

"Oh, Mame, what did you say?"

"Ring off!"—Detroit Free Press.

"What, using hair dye, and you only nineteen!" exclaimed Mabel to Amy.

"Yes; the good dye young, you know."

Parke—Are you doing much in your business now?

Lane—Well, I should say so. Why, we are so busy that we employ a man to insult new customers.—Town Topics.