

## Here and There

It was counted a noteworthy thing in the latter part of the eighteenth century that a man might stand within the shadow of the Edinburgh cross and in a few minutes take fifty men of genius by the hand. The list has been somewhat shortened by time, but allowing it face value it is to be questioned whether the entire fifty contributed as much to the comfort and convenience of their fellow-creatures as any one of several individuals who were present at the breakfast given by several prominent men in New York to Prince Henry.

In this gathering of one hundred noted men there were none who had not "in some way contributed to the progress and prosperity of the country." As they represented commerce, industry and finance, there was naturally a preponderance of men of wealth, but it was not their wealth that secured them admission to that notable assembly. And it shows how shallow is the thinking, and how groundless is the prejudice which stirs up class feeling that so many blazing headlines heralded this breakfast as a fete of nabobs who represented nothing but money.

Mayor Low was there officially, and it is therefore not necessary to speak of him, except to mention that no one ever thinks of his wealth aside from his gift of a million dollars to Columbia university. There was Alexander Graham Bell, famous for conferring the gift of speech upon the mute long before the telephone made him rich; there were men like Professor Newcomb and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Professor Langley, whose names are linked with the record of the country's scientific and sanitary progress. There was Cornelius Vanderbilt, who would be eminent as an engineer and inventor if he were not handicapped by his name and the fortune which he inherited. There was an Armour, representing a family which may be said to have created an industry which has given to the northwest such wealth that their own share is as a drop in the bucket. There were many other men who were managers of industries which not only promote progress, but which give employment to thousands of workmen and render possible thousands of comfortable homes and the rearing of thousands of industrious and intelligent families. There were other men to whose efforts are due the fact that a woman or a child may travel in comfort and safety anywhere in the land, men who are constantly berated and abused by a generation who do not know what were the conditions of travel when one had to change cars and get out and look after his baggage and purchase tickets half a dozen times between here and Chicago. There were other men so well known for the ability and uprightness of their public service that their financial status is never thought of save by a few pessimistic decryers of prosperity in every form. No one who has the broadness of vision to be fair and honest can fail to give credit to the men in that gathering who have patriotically come forward to the help of the country in times of panic and financial distress. We may well congratulate ourselves that this is a land where men not only rise from penury to become "captains of industry," but where their rise to this honorable rank is invariably accomplished through service which benefits other men besides themselves.

The southern students who are receiving an education at the Nebraska university have not yet given sufficient evidence of their narrow-mindedness and provincialism, and the Booker T. Washington fight goes merrily on. After voluntarily entering a northern institution, attracted no doubt by the fact that no foreign tuition fees are exacted, they are trying to infect the whole senior class with their ante-bellum class prejudice, while simple courtesy, which is the average southerner's

greatest charm, demands that "when in Rome he should do as Romans do." Especially when in Rome without the formality of an invitation which the Nebraska taxpayers would be slow to tender. Meanwhile a negro has been chosen class orator at Harvard university. In the great universities the color line has no existence.

Roscoe Conkling Bruce is the name of the young man who has won the distinction of being chosen class orator at Harvard. Although this is not the first time that class honors have been conferred upon a colored student at Harvard, it is doubtful if a more promising representative was ever sent out from its halls. He is one of the finest orators of his years in America, and is never more eloquent than when speaking for his race.

A good verbal memory is sometimes a great convenience, but it also has disadvantages. Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, was one of the men who found this out to his sorrow. So deeply had certain striking passages from his masters impressed him that they crept, inadvertently, no doubt, into his recent book, "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life." Whereupon his enemies pounced upon him charging him with plagiarism and proving it by quoting the originals.

Students, both young and old, depend too much upon their memory of other men's words, and do too little thinking for themselves. Their minds are steeped in a solution of other men's thoughts until their most fervid sentiments, when cooled, invariably crystallize into the original forms and thus betray their lack of individuality. The development of mental alertness and independence is ignored in modern school rooms. Even where the system of correlation is given widest range, the object is still a knowledge of the subjects themselves and their relation to each other, with no distinct effort to develop that acumen which enables a student to appreciate all relations and values. Said Robert Browning, with one of his flashes of intuition, "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things, whatever you may believe." Yet "within himself" is the last place where the average student would look for a truth. Instead he would go to the class room, the library or to the daily paper. And by accident he did catch a gleam of the "imprisoned splendor" he would ignore it or reject it as scholastic anarchy unless it conformed to some system already laid down in books. Without doubt literary work is of great advantage to students who are self-reliant; but in the average college there are few indeed who follow the advice of Shakspeare, "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

Not alone in the university of Nebraska should the regents arouse themselves to an intelligent comprehension of conditions in the various departments. The recent suicide of Miss Agnes Inglis, the direct result of overwork in the medical department of the university of Michigan, ought to impel the regents to a careful investigation of methods employed by both students and teachers, especially in the medical department. This department is notorious for the unreasonable amount of work required from its students. The famous specialists pile up the laboratory requirements unchecked, until good students are compelled often to work in the laboratories as early as 5 in the morning and as late as 10 at night in order to complete the required work. This, too, in addition to the regular text-book and recitation requirements. One of the professors last semester warned the students not to resort to powerful stimulants like strychnine to help them through the double task of excessive laboratory work in connection with the severe examinations. Surely the medical department of all departments should show some regard for the health of its students, and no great reputation for discoveries can com-

pensate for such a condition as too evidently exists in Ann Arbor.

The Tillman episode has a touch of opera bouffe. When the senate deprived Tillman of the privileges of a senator, President Roosevelt canceled his invitation to the Prince Henry dinner, to which Tillman had been invited only because he was the senior democratic member of the committee on naval affairs. Then Tillman's nephew, lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, acting, he said, on behalf of the subscribers to the fund for a sword to be presented to Major Micah Jenkins, a South Carolina hero, canceled the invitation to President Roosevelt to present the sword, on which was engraved a sentence from a Roosevelt address. Next Major Jenkins refused to receive the sword unless the president should present it. The sword has not yet been heard from.

Senator Tillman is greatly worried because only the English language is taught in the Philippines. He declares that the government is forcing the natives to accept a language that they do not want; that they are not given a chance to study their own language. This seems almost like clear reasoning at first sight, and is eagerly swallowed by the Tillman democrats whose bumps of logic are still imperfectly developed. Senator Tillman neglected to mention, however, that each of the eighty or more tribes has a language distinctively its own; that there is not a letter or character of any description by which any of the different languages can be written or printed. What language then would he teach these tribes? Through our language they can hold intercourse and business relations with the outside world. The natives themselves show remarkable eagerness to attend the public schools taught by the Americans; every one of these schools is crowded, and often the parents come with their children and beg the privilege of instruction. Then what rights are we taking from them, what wrong are we doing them by granting them this privilege? We do not force them to attend school, but simply give them the opportunity and they eagerly seize it. This is the way we have taken away their rights; we have taken from them smallpox, yellow fever, bubonic plague and leprosy, and given them in place thereof a clean bill of health. This is the only way in which we have abridged their liberty.

It is interesting to note how the idea of election reform is taking hold of politicians all over the country. In Michigan the Detroit Journal has come like a comet into the field of discussion and with Governor Bliss is shouting for purity in the preliminaries to election. The governor does not seem to see, however, that it will do no good to put the screws upon the cities and let the country remain a prey of the political vultures, made more numerous and ravenous because shut out from the carrion of the large towns. A primary election law confined to the large cities is not what is needed. The important demand is from the smaller precincts; the reform should reach every polling precinct in the state.

A writer in a recent magazine made the assertion that the Amalgamated Engineers and some other labor unions frequently expel members for chronic laziness. Tell it not in Chicago, where the bricklayers pick up a brick, turn it about, squint at it, reverse it, apostrophize it, write a poem on it and only lay it when their ingenuity can invent no further excuse for delay.

While the citizens of two countries have been throwing fits over the launching of a yacht, there has been launched at the Cramps' yards, with no further ceremony than the presence of a few friends verbally invited and the usual christening, one of the finest passenger vessels afloat. This vessel is the Kronland, of the Red Star line, the third of the four new twin screw steamers to ply between New York and Antwerp.

The vessel is larger than the St. Louis and the St. Paul, and is finely equipped with all conveniences for travel. When the launching of such great vessels attracts no more attention than a paragraph in a daily paper, it looks as if shipbuilding had become one of our great national industries, and that this country is in the business to stay.

The Poles of Chicago, not knowing just how to express their disapproval of Prince Henry's reception by that city, resolved to go to their churches and pray. That was much more creditable than to get up a riot, and the example may be commended to the disgruntled generally.

A robin sat singing high up in a tree, as happy as ever a robin could be, till a boy came along, down below, with his gun; one flash! And the song of our robin was done. A violet blossom so meek and so fair bravely held up its head in the cold April air, till a horse, coming down to the river to drink, crushed the life from our violet, there by the brink. A bicycle rider just new to the art started out on the street with a sad, trembling heart; met a cow by the roadside—what could you expect? The wheel and the rider and cow all were wrecked. Do you ask why I tell such a pitiful tale at the sound of which strong men and maidens grow pale? Why of woe and of death and destruction I sing? 'Tis a twentieth century poem on "Spring!"

By a clever manipulation the modern photographer produces your picture with two faces looking in different directions at the same time. The politician who has heretofore had only the cartoonist to fear may now be shown up true to life and left to wonder how the camera caught him at it.

## DENIES DIFFERENCES



Because the contemplated production of Camille with James K. Hackett and his wife, Mary Manning, in the leading roles has been abandoned, unkind rumors are going around that there are domestic differences between the famous couple. Mrs. Hackett or Mary Manning indignantly denies these rumors stating that she loves her dashing actor husband better than anyone in the world.

## Clements

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