

ferior in many respects. Nor do students, as THE COURIER editor ought to know, ever need to be held by restrictions from overcrowding an inferior department when the work is almost wholly elective, no matter what the branch taught.

THE COURIER'S reflections upon Professor Wolfe's personal character are absolutely inexcusable except on the ground of violent prejudice. Fortunately for the professor, he is too well known in Lincoln to need any defense. No one who is at all acquainted with him, either citizen or student, can deny him the respect due to a man who is thoroughly honorable and upright, who does not hesitate to act the right he believes in even to the disregard of his personal safety, as events have shown, and who—even though he may at one time have been a Nebraska "ploughboy"—is altogether a gentleman. I do not say however that Professor Wolfe possesses the suave sincerity of manner which is so evidently THE COURIER'S ideal of gentlemanliness, nor has it ever occurred to me to search out his "family traditions" for a patent to that culture which is his as an educated man and student.

THE COURIER'S assertion that the student demonstration was that of a "noisy minority of Professor Wolfe's confidants" censured by "the large and respectable part of the student body" is simply a misstatement of the facts which needs no denial except outside university circles. Professor Wolfe not only exerted no influence to encourage the demonstration but did endeavor to quiet it as may be readily proven. And as to the students engaged being in the minority—THE COURIER most certainly cannot refer to numerical relations.

The flings at the character of the student, canaille—as THE COURIER would evidently like to term them—are merely absurd, rather the more so coming from a graduate pen. But very likely there are some of us who haven't the requisite "three generations pedigree" of THE COURIER style of gentleman to fall back upon for our own credentials. It may even chance that some of us are children of border pioneers. It is our misfortune and THE COURIER should be charitable.

Finally, the concluding paragraphs of the editorial mentioned should have a moment's notice. With all due modesty I am led to suspect that I am one of the "little men" THE COURIER refers to, for I have had, shall I say, the misfortune to inflict some sketches upon COURIER readers. Whether the charge of "cynicism, selfishness, conceit and misanthropy" be true or not—though I do hope it's not quite all of that—matters not. What does matter is the implication that these qualities spring from Professor Wolfe's influence or characterize his students. This is certainly untrue. His own character is the opposite of all these and as is his character so is his influence. I have been in his classes and known his students for three years and I know whereof I speak. And to close, I believe that Professor Wolfe's influence has been to many what it has been to me, the strongest and best of the university course.

H. B. ALEXANDER.

Dodd—I hear a great officer was killed yesterday. How did it happen?

Todd—He had captured a Turkish garrison. He was trying to repeat the name of its commander and died for want of breath.

He—At what age do you think a girl should marry?

She—When she's asked.

Don't you think I have a lovely figure?

Said a pretty little maiden that I met, And remembering she was heiress to a million,

I said her figure suited me, you bet.

RANDOM NOTES.

The other day some passengers on the Fort Lee ferry boat were engaged in a discussion of the appropriateness of the names of the various water craft seen about New York. The discussion was started by somebody's calling attention to one of the city dumping scows moored just above the ferry slip on the east side of the river. Hundreds of "Department Public Works" carts had deposited their miscellaneous burden on the big flat boat, and it was piled fifteen feet high with garbage, ashes, scrap paper and other refuse. It was bespattered and begrimed, and altogether it was about as unsightly as anything one could find on the East River in a day's journey. But at the stern on a standard rising from the deck was a conspicuous signboard, and in large letters was the word "Venus." "That," remarked a passenger, "is a fair sample of the taste of the people who give the names to the boats hereabouts. The more degraded the use to which the craft is put, and the more repulsive its appearance, the more ethereal or high sounding its name. These refuse scows are frequently 'Lily,' 'Violet,' and 'Pansy,' when they are not 'Aphrodite,' 'Parynes' and 'Psyche.'" The others chimed in and told of the funny names they had seen.

It was not explained that every boat has to be known by a distinctive name or number, and be registered before it can have the freedom of the port. In conformity to the maritime regulations the owners are not particular to find a name that fits the craft or its uses. Any old name will do. Frequently they use numbers. Many of the entries are like this: "H. & R.'s No. 2," or "The Blank Company's No. 7."

Within the past few days the vendors of fresh sod have made their annual appearance. Great piles of square pieces of greensward can be seen in busy parts of the city, far down town, in fact, close to the displays of the street candy and fruit merchants. It is a bit odd to see sod offered for sale in localities where there is no grass visible or any attempt to grow it for many blocks. But there is a good demand for it. A considerable quantity is used in patching the backyard grass plots, and in some of the old residence portions of the city there is a square bit of grass, surrounded by a stone coping, in front of the house that may need a little reinforcement.

Almost every afternoon, and evening, too, for that matter, fashionably dressed women can be seen going into a dingy little hole in Orchard street. Sometimes they are observed in such numbers that they attract attention, and the inquisitive investigator who follows them will find himself in a veritable sweat-box, cramped and evil smelling. But waiting in a small room he may see, as one observer saw the other day, between twenty and thirty women showing evidences of wealth. They were waiting to see the proprietor, a Hebrew, who makes women's dresses. This man has a reputation for making garments that fit, and he makes them, according to one of his customers, for "next to nothing." So he has plenty of patrons, and some of them are aristocratic. The proprietor employs the cheapest kind of labor, and many of his customers find it convenient to air their garments for twenty-four hours after they leave the sweat shop. But for the sake of the fit and the price they will gladly submit to all these annoyances. A peculiarity of this Hebrew tailor is that he never makes any memoranda of his measuring. There are not less than seven or eight items in the measure of a dress, and he keeps these in his head. He can cut out a dress from his memory of measurements taken a year before. His record of names and addresses is kept the same way.

The newsboys are beginning to give City Hall park the playground appearance that it usually takes on at this time of the year. Pretty soon the big fountain will be running daily, and then the boys will have a chance to keep the park policemen busy. The boys have a predilection for making the fountain a bathing pool in the warm weather, and last summer it happened more than once that street urchins were caught in a decidedly negligee attire, enjoying the refreshing downpour. Sometimes the crowd of onlookers would form a circle and protect the boys while they were dressing after the bath.

There are some accomplished persons behind the counters of the city's stores. In a Seventh avenue store a woman was examining a pair of imitation diamond earrings, and she ventured to remark that they were not a good imitation. The young saleswoman said in choicest East side patois: "Oh, I don't know; daase good enough ter chuck er bluff wid."

Possibly there is no competition in this city so keen as that between the Broadway florists who cater to the so-called swell trade. In the Easter season this rivalry was manifest in the large number of showy branch stores maintained. But it finds expression all the year in gorgeous externals that make the florists' business seem the most luxurious in the city. Elegantly attired carriage men and flunkies of various sorts are one characteristic feature of these establishments, and a few of them have shops that are marvels of beauty and magnificence. But it is in the one direction of delivery wagons that the competition produces the most striking results. These wagons, with their uniformed attendants, are the admiration of the town. They are gilded and varnished chariots that glisten in the sun like the circus wagon of old. They are set off with burnished silver and nickel and brass, and the horses are royally caparisoned. Recently one or two new wagons have made their appearance, and they are more dazzling than the others. When flowers are ordered for a private residence one of these splendid vehicles makes one or two trips, and sometimes it remains in front of the residence a half hour or more. It is a proud day in a New Yorker's life when he can look out of his front window and see one of these turnouts before his door, and observe the admiring glances of the neighbors.

There is a fine theme for an interest-

ing article in the extreme provincialism of the collection of boroughs that have just been joined together under the name of Greater New York. Sometime when I have a little more time, I may attempt to do something in this line for THE COURIER. Just in passing, I may mention a few things that have made an impression on my crude, west-rn mind. The street car facilities of New York would be a credit to Brownville, Neb. The only lines that use the cable are the Broadway and Third avenue roads, and only one short line uses electricity. All the others, and they are way in the majority, are run by horse power, and the cars are dragged along, well, not at the pace that kills. Horses were discarded in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Lincoln and other places years ago, but the spavined equine still holds supremacy in this imperial city. Some of the most important ferries are met by antediluvian cars drawn by one antediluvian horse, and the passenger himself is likely to pass into senility before he reaches his destination.

Then there are those wonderful relics of the past, the Fifth Avenue stages. Much has been written about the Fifth Avenue stages, but the subject has not by any means been exhausted if the persons who ride in them have been. Fashioned like no other vehicle on earth, driven by men who look neither to the right nor to the left, and who are deaf and dumb, rumbling as they do over the worst paved street in New York, the Fifth Avenue stages are worse than hundreds of things that Parkhurst and Rainford have pounced upon. This coach is greatly inferior to the Concord stage coach that civilization has driven out of the wilds of Wyoming and Montana and Colorado. Somehow it holds its own here in New York, and is as characteristic of the town as the Washington arch on the Goddess of Liberty.

The L road does measure up to the stature of metropolitanism, and it is the only railroad in the country that I know of where absolutely no provision is made for smokers. It is a crime to get on an L train with an unlighted cigar in one's hand. Perhaps it is unnecessary to remark that all of New York's street railroads were completely paralyzed during the Grant day crush.

W. MORTON SMITH.

New York, May 12, 1897.

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