

gressman Mercer has secured the gratitude of his district because he has been able by wire pulling and various kinds of activity to induce congress to pass bills appropriating money for several structures in the second district of Nebraska. No newspaper or partizan contends that he is a statesman or is liable to do anything for the country at large. He looks out for Omaha and improves every opportunity to deflect United States revenues to that city. With a Dave Mercer representing each district in the country the character of the legislation would be easily predicted.

Under the present municipal system the council meetings which should be business like discussions of the needs of the city at large are in the nature of a wrangle over the division of the spoils, where each councilman is suspicious and jealous, not for the good of the city, but of his fellows and their motions. Until the councilmen are elected at large and their number very much decreased good municipal government is impossible. Such a reform would decrease the amount of patronage and the number of offices, and the politicians are not in favor of it. Syndicates and corporations of all kinds would be bankrupt if managed in the way cities are, but the few politicians who profit by directing a city's expenditure are organized. They are competent to prevent any change which would place the affairs of a city into the hands of an entrepreneur of courage, ability and unsalable integrity.

The present Lincoln city council contains men of more than average intelligence and conscience but on account of ward antagonisms, council legislation is a series of compromises for the purpose of conciliating certain members of the council or to secure their vote for an unwise appropriation of the money of the city. Occasionally it happens that some desirable measure for the good of the whole city is passed in spite of the system. This is unfortunate because if the results were all bad they would the sooner become intolerable.

If the present city council is unsatisfactory—and it is—there is little hope that there will ever be one of higher average intelligence or character. The system is radically wrong and should be discarded. By dividing the responsibility it has been thought that corruption was made more difficult. Municipal history shows that it increases opportunities for corruption and lessens the dangers of detection. Responsibility unshared and unsharable develops character and enlarges the honors of a public office. When the mayor shall be a citizen and man above reproach assisted by three counsellors who can prove their title to an exalted position the name of politician will close the shadow of reproach.

Before the meeting of the next legislature Lincoln citizens could prepare and develop a system worthy of being operated and obeyed.

Bulletin number fifty-four issued by the University of Nebraska is entitled "The Effect of Certain Methods of Soil Treatment Upon the Corn Crop," by Dr. T. L. Lyon. One of the most encouraging features in Kansas and Nebraska agricultural experiment stations is the attention given to the conservation of moisture in the soil. Dr. Lyon says that "The question of production of field crops in this region is largely one of water supply for all other conditions of fertility are present in abundance. The average annual rainfall for the state during the last twenty years has been 23.48 inches." The experiments recorded in the bulletin under consideration are as to the effects of subsoil-

upon the production per acre, experiments in fall and spring plowing, on Mr. H. W. Campbell's plan for sub-surface packing the land, listing and deep and shallow cultivation of crops during growth. The experiments in subsoiling on sixty farms in different parts of the state indicates that of the trials on a clay subsoil 80 per cent were favorable and 23 per cent on a loam subsoil were unfavorable. The point most strongly brought out by the record of these trials is that on a large majority of soils having a clay subsoil, subsoiling was beneficial, while on land having a loam subsoil, generally, it had either no effect or was injurious.

The continued publication of records of experiments made in adjacent fields are of great value to the farmers of the state who think they can not afford to try experiments but are willing to accept new methods of increasing the productiveness of their fields when the merit of such new methods is established.

Neither the successes nor the ultimate failure of young Leiter have lost him the popularity among the other dealers on the board of trade. He is a true sportsman and he has played the game which lasted a year and ended in defeat with the aplomb, generosity and fairness of a young athlete. Fair-play is his motto. He has played to win but not to beat. And between the two motives there is all the difference between "Old Hutch" and young Leiter.

As gallantly and proudly as Hobson, Joseph, the son of Levi, sailed into the wheat market. He has sunk nobody knows how many millions in stimulating wheat and arrayed banks and financial forces of the country on the side of the farmers to keep the price up. Everybody knows that when interest and wheat are high manufactures and commerce of all kinds are stimulated into an activity that reaches to the most secluded corner of the globe. When bread is low the workmen are more apt to be out of a job. So that from the side of the workers in the city or country, Joseph's dream and his efforts to garner the wheat into the granaries of the world was beneficent. His boldness, his chivalrous treatment of the enemy, his calm acceptance of defeat, have given Joseph a warm place in the heart of everybody who likes to see a game played with strength and skill and confidence. To my mind his magnificent courage and calmness, undisturbed, first by the success of the century and later by overwhelming failure, is the most admirable example of that presence of mind, absence of self-consciousness and something else which is wholly American but undefinable and that novelists have hopelessly tried to portray. The square face of him, with his short strong nose, chin and firm lips and steady eyes would make an ideal head for an American coin if the masters of the mint were not so given to placing a long nosed Grecian lady on the coin of the realm of good fighters.

The amateur sportsman has shot at the partridge and had hit the dog. "Confound that ammunition dealer," he said, "I ordered birdshot and he gave me dog shot."

Hills—That wild, weird, unintelligible poem of yours will never find acceptance with any of the magazines.

Mills—Won't it, though! I'll bet ten to two it does.

Hills—I'll take the bet. How will you manage it?

I'll call it a literary translation from the Persian of Omar Khayyam. Every body goes under that head, you know.

COOL HOUSES

Are what everybody wants in the summer, and nothing does so much good to make a house cool as matting on the floors. We have just put in a new stock of fine designs. We have a fine grade of linen warp matting that is usually sold at 40c per yard. We only ask 30c per yard for it. We also have a heavy grade of straw matting at 15c per yard. Just think! You can cover an ordinary room for about \$3.00.

HARDY FURNITURE CO.,
1124 O St., Lincoln, Nebr.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

CHICAGO, June 13.—[Special Correspondence to THE COURIER.]—I had the good fortune to come to Chicago just in time to see the spring exhibition in water colors and pastels on the closing day. Four galleries were filled with works of American painters and all the fads and foibles of the time were represented. There were good canvases, but examples of individuality and vitality were rare. Landscapes predominated and the majority of them might have passed for the work of one man if the observer had denied himself the pleasure of peering into the corners. Rhoda Holms N ekolie has a splashy little Venetian sketch, and a more carefully executed "English bridge of the twelfth century." Mr. Leonard Ochtman in "A Winter Symphony" dealt with the problem of snow in twilight and produced an exceedingly poetic effect. The largest and most striking work in the exhibition, however, is a pastel of H. H. Breckenridge, and represents a young woman, nude, holding a lighted Chinese lantern in her hand while several other lanterns give a glow of light behind her. The whole effect is charming, especially the play of light on the figure. Frederic Freer has a sketchy, one might almost say scratchy, pastel which he calls "Fiction," where two girls, with heads together, are intently reading a book but one corner of which is visible. The composition is pleasing, but there is a lack of solidity. There are contributions from Barnard, J. Apleton Brown, J. Alden Wier, Chas. Warren Eaton, J. Wels Champney, Chas. Curran and many others of prominence.

But water color exhibitions always impress one with their lack of seriousness, and it was with a feeling of relief that I turned into the beautiful gallery containing the Field collection, to enjoy for the hundredth time Breton's "Song of the Lark," and the cool grey tones of a Corot. As I sat down to rest, my attention was attracted to a tall, cadaverous looking individual, with deep set eyes and over abundant hair, who seemed to be entertaining a number of people with his views on the various paintings. As I watched them a little fat woman with faded blue eyes dropped into the seat

beside me. I asked her if she knew the man, and her answer was a volume in one sentence. He was an art teacher, her grandson was in his class, and that was her daughter, the one nearest to him, etc. When she stopped for breath I remarked that he was unusual in appearance. Then her little round eyes opened wide and drawing nearer she gave me a gentle tap with her fan, as she said in a half confidential whisper, "I ain't been studying people fifty years for nothing. I tell you some folks is harder to read than books; the longer you study 'em the less you know about 'em." Then she gave a little sigh and stroked the faded strings of her well worn bonnet. I wandered on to the next gallery where I found an unexpected treat, Sargent's "Mother and Son." A wealthy Chicagoan is the owner of this beautiful picture and has loaned it to the Institute while he is traveling in Europe. I saw it first at the World's Fair, but here, where there is less to distract one's attention, its beauty is intensified. The perfect abandon of the boy, his half dreamy expression as he listens to the story his mother is reading, the glorious freshness of color and exquisite modeling, all combine to give a satisfying and lasting pleasure. I think Sargent was at his best when he painted it. An artist confessed to me yesterday that he makes daily visits to the institute to study the masterly technique. He is clever, marvelously clever, this genius of the nineteenth century. There is a portrait of Zorn and little else that is new.

The exhibition of students' work opens on the 19th and if newspapers are to be relied upon it will be the best of the kind ever held at the Institute.

CORA PARKER.

He is a man without a country, said Gobang.

"Too bad, too bad," said Ukerdek. "Oh, I don't know. He owns the city and most of the state."

"Have you ever had any missionaries here?" inquired the latest one of them. "Oh, yes," said the king of the Cannon Ball islands, "we have had missionaries to burn."

May—What's the average woman's weight.

Maxence—Till the man asks her.