

first artistic work done by an American Indian ever published. The preface, by John L. Webster, closes with the words: "It is hoped that a souvenir of this kind will not only recall the wonderful progress made by the white people who have found homes in the valley of the Mississippi, but create and forever perpetuate a kindly feeling for the remnant of the Indian people still remaining and who are slowly struggling upward toward a higher civilization." No one could read this simple record of those Indians who signed the treaty with the government in 1854 by which the land now occupied by the city of Omaha and the exposition grounds passed from the tribe forever, without adding respect and admiration to the "kindly feeling." The treaty is printed in full and is followed by short sketches of the chiefs and a few Indian legends. The life of Estamahza, Iron Eye, known to the whites as Joseph La Flesche, is drawn with a delicacy and charm inspired by love of the subject. The simple little tale with its lofty ideals and high standards of morality is so well told that one mentions with hesitancy an inaccuracy at the close where some lines on prayer from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" are ascribed to Tennyson.

The son of Iron Eye is Mr. Frank La Flesche, now employed in the Indian bureau at Washington, who is to lecture upon Indian Music at the congress of musicians at Omaha. An autograph fac-simile of a note to his sister accompanies the music of a song as follows: "This is a little song we have often sung years ago in our play with the children of the Winjahgae village. We used to form in a single line and march through the village singing this at the top of our voices, following the leader wherever he went through vacant houses, deserted mud lodges, the tall grass and through mud puddles. Little beaded moccasins would be a sorry sight when we got through. I put it in your album to remind you of the fun we used to have." After all the children of different races are much alike. To escape from the insincerity and formalism of everyday life into the ideal atmosphere of directness and singleness of purposes diffused by these few pages, is like a rare visit to nature's haunts.

The parents of pupils in the public schools are criticising the method of preparing the work which was sent from them to the educational exhibit of the exposition. It seems that in many cases the work was not done by the pupil whose name is signed to it. Superintendent Saylor was most anxious that the work of the Lincoln schools should compare favorably with exhibits from other sections of the state. Those who examined the exhibit of the Lincoln schools before it was sent to Omaha were astonished by its cleverness, the manual skill of execution and the feeling for color and decoration. Upon examination it has developed that the samples are composites. Pupils whose handwriting is excellent have copied the work of the best scholars and signed only the name of the latter to the joint production. The samples of handwriting are bound into books on the covers of which are printed that the writing is done by a peculiar method called "muscular," whereas the teachers were instructed to allow the children to produce their samples by holding the pen in what manner and position, and by using whatever muscles they liked, so that they sent in a good example of "muscular" writing. The effect of such methods upon the young unless counteracted by examples and

precepts of scrupulous truthfulness at home must be demoralizing.

The fate of the nation and the state in a few years will rest upon the school children of today. If Eugene Moore and poor Bartley had been trained into rigid habits of honest thinking and doing at school, they might have resisted the temptation to release the strain of notes overdue by adding some of the money of the state to their own bank account. The record of thieving from the city and the state and by business men from any convenient victim is very large in this state. The whole future life is roughly sketched in at school. Mental integrity is far more useful to one who possesses it and to the community he serves than geographical, mathematical, or chirographical proficiency. The principal of the city schools is a being good, powerful and incapable of deceit to the little child. A direction from him which conflicts with the nicely poised conscience of the child, is apt to make him a cynic, to make him distrustful of that inner voice which he has been taught to obey. The shock of such a discovery, unless counterbalanced by protests at home, must be hardening.

The temptations of business and politics to dishonesty and lying are almost irresistible. So much so, that the life records of only a few can be referred to without great care and delicacy on funeral occasions. There is occasionally a blameless Sir Launfal whom his business associates pity and call a crank, whose record, humanly speaking, is perfect, but these are rare enough not to affect the average.

One of the exceptions should be employed to direct the policy of city schools. The harm a man below the average can do in such a position is far-reaching both geographically and as to time. It is a wise provision that as a man sinks in the social scale his influence decreases in the same ratio. The toughs and professional bad men only injure themselves. The natural uplift of a normal child removes him from the influence of the vicious. It is the average man's example when placed in the most exalted position in the child's school world that Satan gets the best results from.

Much of the work, especially the kindergarten samples, that was sent from the Lincoln schools to the exposition was the work of the teachers or of some one whose name was not signed as the author of it. The children have talked about it for several months and parents who are trying to teach them that truthfulness and honesty are of more value than marks have been seriously embarrassed and discouraged by the questions of the children for help in the work demanded of them by the teachers under the direction of Superintendent Saylor.

The present attention given to naval affairs lends added interest to the fascinating career of Lord Nelson, as portrayed in the biography by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. Nelson had wonderful inherent qualities of greatness, but, like Dewey and other heroes, he was indebted to the age and to the opportunity for their expression. He did not wait idly for the opportunity to come to him, he was constantly seeking it; and as it flitted swiftly by, he had the unerring instinct to grasp what to other men might seem a delusive shadow, if seen at all.

Duty and honor were his watchwords through life—the honor of the nation and his duty to his country. From childhood until after he had reached the highest glory in the battle of the Nile, all else was sacrificed to his devotion to his career.

Nelson was one of the eleven chil-

dren of an impecunious clergyman of good family. The poor little boy at the age of twelve, wishing to assist the family fortunes, asked his uncle, Captain Suckling, to take him to sea. "What has poor little Horatio done," writes this uncle, "that he, being so weak, should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come, and if a cannon-ball takes off his head, he will at least be provided for." From his delicacy of constitution there seemed little likelihood that he would return from the voyages to southern seas, but while stronger men and boys succumbed to the fevers and hardships of a tropical climate, Nelson escaped. Through the influence of his uncle he was advanced rapidly to the rank of captain, from there promotion was slower. He was thirty-nine when he obtained the coveted flagship of an admiral. All through the intervening years he was constantly upon the water. After spending three years in the West Indies, he reached England only to be sent to face the rigors of a northern clime, and he had learned to dread the cold much more than the heat. It was while stationed in the West Indies enforcing the laws in reference to commerce with the United States at the close of the Revolutionary war, that Nelson met his future wife, Lady Nelson never aroused the ideal love of her husband, though he retained a warm affection for her till the end. She had little sympathy with his ambition or love of his career, and we cannot blame her. It must have been weary waiting for a husband always at sea, that rival by which she was totally eclipsed. To fully delineate the character of Nelson, no doubt it was necessary to give his relations with Lady Hamilton during the closing years of his life. But we would like to forget so great a blemish on his fair fame. He was of a singularly lovable disposition; he liked and trusted all his subordinates and was worshipped by them in return. No wonder then that such a man seldom thrown with women, should idealize a famous beauty who had turned the head of many an older man of the world, and who gloried in his own achievements. His devotion to Lady Hamilton lasted until his

death, but his final words did not breathe her name, but "God and my country."

Captain Mahan speaks of Nelson's life as "The embodiment of the sea power of Great Britain." At Nelson's death at the battle of Trafalgar, won against the combined forces of France and Spain, England's naval supremacy was established. The period of history following the French revolution and Napoleon's encroachments, by its constant wars by sea as well as land, furnished a remarkable opportunity for the development of a great commander.

Nelson's success lay in his fearlessness of responsibility, and in the intuitive judgment and quick decision, which led him to seize a chance which to others appeared hopeless. He lost an eye, an arm, and received a deep cut over his forehead at different battles but remained without a vestige of personal fear, and was killed at his post of duty. Nelson sometimes gave the following pithy counsels to young men for their guidance in their professional life: "First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form an opinion of your own concerning their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." The closing clause may partially explain the undying nature of the English antipathy for the French.

Some under graduates once wished to play a joke upon a man who was a disciple of Pythagoras, says the London Figaro, so one day when he was a little sleepy by reason of the amount of brandy and soda that he had imbibed, his friends smeared him with honey and rolled him in the inside of a feather bed. When the disciple of Pythagoras got up in the morning he looked in the looking glass at himself and said slowly with a whistle, "Bird, by Jove!"

Smith—He's a clever man; speaks three languages.

Snooks—What are they?

Smith—United States, base ball and golf.

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