

would the citizens do in case of a large fire if that pump (evidently a third pump, as "that pump" has not been previously mentioned) should break down and that pump should have no other pump to take its place?" There are four pumps in Mr. Woodward's mind. Whether the last phrase refers to the third pump's feelings or to the consternation of the citizens in case of fire, unless they can be assured of four pumps in each station at the very least, cannot be definitely stated. On further consideration Mr. Woodward must have transferred his sympathies somewhere between the beginning and the end of the sentence from the citizens to the third pump, because he, as a councilman, recollected that the citizens in general are not in the habit of doing anything at all "in case of fire," and even if a pump should break the police would keep the citizen's back with a rope in accordance with their usual custom.

The exhortation is only considered here because Mr. Woodward is a councilman and represents a fourteenth part of the city and aspires to be mayor or head of a city in such difficulties that its general manager should be a man who can think clearly. Words are the signs of ideas and a speech or essay containing pronouns without antecedents, singular verbs with a plural subject or decapitated sentences lacking a subject or predicate, is the work of a man who only thought he was thinking when he wrote it.

Extravagance is not absolute, but comparative. For instance George Gould's yacht, though it may have cost a million, and though it may require a hundred thousand dollars, more or less, per annum, to run it, is not an unwarranted outlay on Mr. Gould's part, because it does not bear an embarrassing relation to his income. On the other hand, it might be reckless for another man to set up a donkey cart because the keep of the donkey would be too large a fraction of his weekly earnings. In like manner what is a measure of economy for a larger and wealthier city is unwarranted extravagance on the part of the municipality of Lincoln, which is now paying out a hundred dollars a day more than is received in taxes. The city expenses must balance with the income or the catastrophe of the destruction of the city's credit will overtake us. A householder's first measure of economy is to discharge supernumerary servants. Lincoln taxpayers are supporting ornaments in the city treasurer's office, on the police force, in the fire department and in the street commissioner's service that might be dispensed without diminution of municipal comfort or safety. A mayor, city clerk, city treasurer and heads of police, fire and water departments, as well as a police judge and a smaller city council, we must have. But the rest of the cityhold we keep because other cities have them. If dismissed they might begin productive work and thus increase the wealth of the city instead of making monthly inroads upon it as they do now. Unless municipal outlay and income can be made to balance real estate in Lincoln will never regain the value which it once had and should have by virtue of location, character of the citizens and railroad facilities. The prosperity of the country at large will avail nothing against the depression caused by local misgovernment. It is useless to talk about the attractions that nicely paved streets, nice public buildings, schools, etc., have for strangers. No stranger is so confiding and witless who will not inquire before he buys an office building or block, what proportion its earning

capacity bears to the taxes and insurance. The willingness of owners of real estate on the corner of Eleventh and O to sell at prices very much below its normal rating is not an indication that values have recovered their tone. The loss of value by the disproportion between earning capacity and taxation of various properties is greater than the annual taxation itself. Value is an elusive quality but it is determined, especially in real estate, largely by its saleableness. If values were entirely governed by the desire of others to purchase what we have our property would be worthless. As it is the recently published tax lists do not include all the lots and land in the county. The voters, upon whom, finally, however indifferent they may be, rests the responsibility for extravagant executive officers, are soon to have an opportunity of declaring their approval or disapproval of the regime which has cost a large number of the freeholders of Lincoln their property.

A populist or an old line democrat will not vote, however disgusted, for any but a populist or democratic candidate, but the average republican is a man of courage, experience, determination, and when thoroughly disgusted he will consent to a temporary defeat of his own party. He is willing that the other party should take the places in order that his own party may be disciplined. Such men will not suffer the character of republicanism to be altered because of a few offences and it is these men who may next week inflict a punishment long threatened.

A story in the November Black Cat by Miss Martha Pierce of this city, is one of the best of the short, short stories of the month. The scenery of the Big Horn Valley in Wyoming is a part of the structure of the tale. The strokes are as few as in one of Whistler's etchings, not a line is wasted. The little girl and her ranchero dad in the startlingly clear Wyoming atmosphere are remarkably well composed. Miss Pierce's work is fast being recognized as desirable by magazine publisher's.

THE COURIER has received an open letter addressed by Mr. Burkett to Mr. Manahan explaining why he does not accept his challenge to a series of joint debates. The letter is evidently intended for publication, but because, on the whole, we still hope for republican success in this congressional district, Mr. Burkett's letter is not published. It consists of sixty typewritten lines in which the first personal pronoun is repeated thirty six times, or oftener than once every other line.

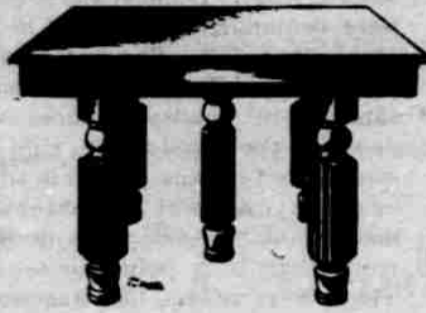
The eminent botanist, Prof. Charles E. Bessey, of the Nebraska State University, very kindly writes the following in correction of the sunflower-Mormon theory republished in these columns last week:

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 29, 1898.
Editor of THE COURIER:
That little item, "Where the Sunflowers Came," in today's COURIER (page 3) repeats an often exploded theory of the non-botanical as to the origin of the sunflower. There were sunflowers all over the western country ages before the Mormons came. They are native from the Saskatchewan river on the north to Texas and Mexico on the south, and from Minnesota, Iowa and Arkansas on the east to Washington, Nevada and California on the west. In all this vast region wherever man breaks the sod, as by trail or camp, the sunflower grows up taller and more luxuriantly than on the tough wild sod, and so becomes noticeable. Mother nature, not the Mormons, planted the sunflower in this great area, and did it much longer ago than the writer of the item supposes.

CHARLES E. BESSEY.

HARDY FURNITURE CO., 1224 O St., Lincoln, Neb.

This fall we are showing a very strong line of medium furniture, carpets, curtains and draperies. Here are two of our leaders in dining room furniture.



Solid oak dining table, top 42 inch square, very heavy and will last a life time. Six foot length, \$6.50; eight foot length \$8.



Solid oak dining chair, cane seat, brace arm. A very good thing. We sell six of them for \$5.

FREIGHT PAID ONE HUNDRED MILES.

THE FUGITIVES.

As September fast disappears and the thought of gentle frost is no longer a mere shadowy hope, but an approaching historical fact, the hay feverite returns. As he greets once more his accustomed companions he opens his eyes wondering. Is it not a sensation of pleasure he is experiencing? How strange, how very strange! Not long since all mankind were his enemies. Ugh! how he hated the world. It is true that even now he says somewhat timidly, "How do you do." But remember, only a week ago his face was a woe-begone landscape and his eyes aqueducts, overflowing. What bits of energy he could gather he employed in inventing a mystic web whereby there might be instantaneous disappearance, on his part, should an unfatigued hay fever appear. Even in the lowest depths of despondency, over his affliction, he was not entirely without ambition. What glory if he should perfect his invention. Would not the hay fever conventions all over this happy land rise up and praise his name?

How crisp and cold the air is tonight. The moon has come out and the house roofs, in order to greet her properly, have powdered themselves lavishly. Thank heaven.

The hay feverite smiles. Ah! he is glad to be alive. Once he could only pity his fellow sufferers, but now he can even philosophize a little about them.

For instance, there is Jane, a long time spinster of "the old school," who thinks all the world against her. He shudders as he thinks of her long dissertations upon remedies she had tried—three hundred in one year. How often had the clan begged for mercy

which was never granted! Tears, hysterics, were unavailing. But one other subject aroused her enthusiasm, and that a bit of prose she had made, which she said proudly twenty-six editors refused.

Sweet young girls there were and children already among the afflicted. Strong women and hardy men meekly and otherwise accepted their fate. Others too, whom he would rather not mention, whose faces trembled and whose hands shook. Men who had not the courage to meet this disagreeable inevitable and must needs find comfort in that evil of evils—Cocaine.

The hay feverite ponders a minute. He feels so well that he is actually in doubt over the question of whether the hay feverite or his relatives are the more to be pitied. Then he sighs and bites his mustache. He is positively fond of that girl again whose rooms are festooned with goldenrod and who wears a sprig or two in her belt. Propitious, but then—

The moonlight streams down the trees and floods the grass. It recalls another night on a lake Michigan boat when the moon rose in all her glory and searched the deck from bow to stern. She disclosed to view a mournful hay feverite, huddled in a corner.

The captain, standing nearby, turned, "You one of 'em too?" he asked.

"Yes," humbly and sadly replied the hay feverite.

"Well, it does beat all," exclaimed the captain.

HELEN C. HARWOOD.

Willis—A pin factory in Jersey turns out 1,000,000 pins a day. I wonder what becomes of them all?

Hills—I guess that sooner or later my baby swallows the most of them.