

edge is not at his finger ends. So the university theme readers sit up nights making red ink marks calling attention to the author's evident unfamiliarity with the simplest rules of the English language.

All this is of course the fault of no modern school board. The system of ignorance we are operating in this country now has been a long time reaching its present state of perfection. It cannot be reformed at once. It is only better than nothing and I have only made examination into its results for the purpose of expressing some of the dissatisfaction felt by parents and employers of public school pupils. Eight years of intelligent instruction should prepare the average pupil for life, should teach him to think with precision and to observe, and to register his observations simply and accurately. An apprentice to any profession or trade who learned as little from his master as the average pupil of the eighth grade learns in eight years, is accounted simple minded. However there would be no more apprentices if all masters were so ineffectual.

The public school interests in Lincoln at the present time are hopeful. The grade teachers are unusually intelligent and anxious to improve the product. Principal Gordon and the school board are aware of the deficiencies in the educational system. Of course improvement will be slow. To be of any account it should begin with the grades and not with the high school. For as soon as the grades do their work thoroughly, the high school will not have to do it over again and the university will not have to do high school work. The system now works like that cumulative tale of the little, old woman who could not get her pig over the stile, and stick would not beat pig, fire would not burn stick, water would not quench fire, calf would not drink water, butcher would not kill calf, etc., etc. It will not break the blockade to begin at the wrong end. If the first primary grade accomplishes the work integrally, the second grade will be free to do its own work and in a few years the effect will appear in the last year of the university course.

These two sentences have been sent The Courier by a judge in an oratorical contest of university students:

"The legalized Benedict Arnolds not only take the brawn and muscle and hurl it down the groove of pleasure to a pit of pain, but take the brightest men of nations."

"Today in our country dark venomous blood flows through the veins of men, but the lost souls and worthless bodies of despairing victims go through the streets."

Clark's Gift to Legislators.

Senator Clark of Montana says he paid in all about \$115,000 during his campaign legitimately, and for the good of Montana, and to organize the state against "Daly power." He said he had never bought any votes directly though he admitted giving a cheque to a minister who made the oratorical error of asking him for it in the first place to get a man's vote with. The one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars were disbursed for this object and never for the votes in the market. Senator Clark is squeamish about words. Spade is a very ugly word for that useful agricultural implement and he gave orders that were well understood by those who served him and helped to boost him into the senate that no vulgar words should be used in his presence. Senator Clark said that the relation to himself of his son, C.

W. Clark, Wellcome, Bickford, A. J. Davidson, A. J. Steele, William McDermott and others were legitimate.

"They stood to me in the relation of friends promoting my political interests, and some of them composed a committee which had undertaken to disburse funds in the campaign, and they were authorized to look after matters generally." The Montana legislators are a fair sample of the people they represented. There is little question that the same liberality will win a senatorship in any western state. In the east perhaps, morality is no more rigid, but when a senator of character, culture and ability is once elected and has proved his usefulness it is more difficult to induce his constituents to replace him with a more generous man.

All other legislators who sell their votes should at least demand as high a price for them. Mr. Clark stiffened the vote market appreciably. If the woolly Montanese can get \$10,000 and more for a vote, a Nebraska vote should at least bring as much. Nebraska is frequently represented by State university graduates who have taken the advanced course in ethics and the history of the rise and fall of republics. Having historical as well as personal reasons for virtue of course the damage to a university graduate's conscience will be more severe in case he feels constrained to sell his vote. Therefore the low prices and reasonable promises which have heretofore been obtained in Nebraska, will probably respond to the bull movement in Montana so successfully inaugurated by Senator Clark.

In Extremis.

A young telegrapher sat quite still in the window of the telegraph office here last week and shot himself because his pockets were empty and because he was homeless and hungry. He had telegraphed to Kansas City, to Omaha, Chicago and St. Louis for work without result. It was a cold night, the snow was falling, and he had no lodging. He was one of those methodical, scrupulous individuals who never borrow money unless positive of being able to return it immediately, who do not get things charged on a supposition of future prosperity. When his pockets were examined only a few receipted bills were found in them. His friends who knew that he was out of a job supposed that he had a little money. Among the people whom he watched hurrying to comfortable homes or lodgings there was probably not one that would not have helped him if the meaning of the despair and hunger in the young eyes that gazed out the window were known. There are so many imposters that street applications for aid are only useful when the beggar is a genuine fraud. An honest man in actual need is so ashamed of himself that he cannot simulate the expression of an innocent man overwhelmed by misfortune. Hunger in itself is depressing and when besides, one is cold, friendless and without even the prospect of a job and with scruples against stealing or borrowing, death seems the only solution. This sensitive young fellow knew that his death would break nobody's heart and while the depression of hunger overmastered him he drew aside his vest and shot himself through the heart.

Because of the men and women who hate work and are willing to prey upon the industrious no institution has yet been established that a sensitive, proud, honest, man or woman can apply to for aid in extremity without loss of self-respect. Such an institution could prevent just such suicides.

A very little aid when a man is sinking will bring him to land. It is natural enough to call a suicide a coward. To take one's own life is a morbid, insane act of retreat. It is a faithless, hopeless act. The men and women who despair are not the best of their kind. But neither was this young man the worst of his kind. He killed himself, for lack of bread, work and lodging, while we sat at home reading the evening paper, warm and wrapped about in an atmosphere of love.

The Eskimos.

Most of the Eskimos which Arctic parties bring to this country die before getting accustomed to the climate. About two years ago with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties, were about half a dozen Eskimos. Most of them died shortly after their arrival and the doctors who recorded the observations made in post mortem examination announced that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than that of a resident of this zone and that his liver was shaped like a dog's liver. The Eskimo is only half the size of an average American and the internal organs are cut to fit. But the doctors are not given to accepting obvious and external reasons for things when there is so strong a temptation to demonstrate the existence of a radical variation from the human type.

The Central America Canal.

We are a long way from Washington and a long way from Nicaragua and Panama, but it does seem queer not to wait for the report of the commission appointed to investigate the Isthmian route. These large contracts are so apt to be mixed up with deals that the apparent intention of congress to select the Nicaragua route before the Isthmian commission can make its report is suspicious. The Panama route and diggings is now owned by an American company, it is shorter, and according to maps and reports issued by the company, the excavations can be completed for one half the cost of the Nicaraguan route. The neighborhood of the volcanos Los Votos and Iras threaten the machinery of locks on the latter route.

For half a century or more a water way connection of the Pacific ocean and gulf of Mexico has been contemplated by this nation. There is therefore no special hurry and no reason why the Isthmian canal commission should not be allowed leisure for a comparative study of canal routes in Central America.

Arrested Development.

Ex-Consul Charles E. Macrum is all out of drawing. He considers himself and his personal affairs of much greater importance than the duties of his office. From his station in Pretoria where he had been sent to attend to the interests of the United States, he perceived that this country was encouraging neither one side nor the other. He says he kept advising Secretary Hay of the state of affairs but received no reply to his communications. The secretary evidently expected him to stay at his post, perform the conventional duties of a representative of the United States, suddenly become of great importance, and besides to attend strictly to his own business as consul. Mr. Macrum demonstrated his unfitness for a position of trust, first by concluding that the home government was not fully aware of the state of affairs in Africa, second, by writing advisory letters to the secretary of

state, third by asking for a vacation and deserting his post, in order to personally inform the secretary of the state of affairs between England and America, and between England and the Transvaal; and fourthly, by announcing to the American people the existence of a secret treaty. Everybody knows that a secret treaty between America and any other power is impossible and everybody knows who has read this silly little consul's statement of his reasons for deserting his post and his allegations against the government that the administration made a mistake in selecting a man who "never would understand" for consul. His was probably one of those appointments based on congressional recommendations for reasons of assistance in a political campaign rather than on the possession of personal qualifications for the post.

The Butter Makers.

They are, in the ensemble, a ruddy, wholesome, well-dressed body of men. As though the product they handle had permeated their dispositions they take life smoothly and unctuously. They have a common hatred—oleomargarine, a common cause—death to the oleo trust and a common ideal—pure butter. The man who labels yellow grease by the name they have sworn to protect from adulteration is honestly considered an enemy to mankind and the butter makers hate him and in time they will exterminate him. In their war against sham butter they have cultivated a dislike of all pretense. Simplicity of manners, plainness of speech, and a modest consciousness of merit distinguish the butter makers. The city has been decorated in yellow since their arrival and in honor of the product whose purity is their bond and oath. They are very welcome and, I hope they have not found Lincoln too narrow for their large buttery experience.

Sapho.

The arrest of Miss Nethersole and the leading members of her company who have been playing in Sapho may serve only to advertise the play. I fervently hope it will lead to its complete and final suppression. Daudet's book is repulsive enough. The play is only a celebration of animalism and it is surprising that New York has endured it so long. Miss Nethersole is an actress of much power and imagination but she uses her powers as Delilah did. The bungling giant of a public does not really like degrading spectacles. The public wants to be amused and is willing to be improved and preached at, if the moral is cleverly hidden; but even a New York audience is revolted by French filth like that of Sapho. All real lovers of drama are hoping that Miss Nethersole will be taught a lesson she has long deserved. She has no right to put her talent to such base use, and if she still ventures to do it, the American police court should try her in every city in which she attempts to pull down the standard of public decency. She deserves no consideration because she is a great actress. The harshness of the court should not be reserved for the ignorant, the poor, and the obscure offender. Miss Nethersole can do and has done more harm than any of these and in such wise should be fined and suppressed.

Classicus—I suppose you know that the ancients used to write on tablets of wax?

Cynicus—I'll bet Sapho didn't.—Town Topics.