

It was on June 1st, 1900, that the club was organized, S. H. Burnham being the chief promoter. Golf was then a spreading rage. Now it has come to be recognized as a stable, rational, healthgiving sport, and a soberly increasing portion of the public is taking to it. It is hardly a recreation that can be undertaken by solely one man or two, because there is need of space and much effort and care in the perfection and maintenance of a green. Consequently Mr. Burnham did not comprise the sole charter member of the golf club. Nearly fifty were interested in it before it became incorporated. Money is one of the first requisites. It takes coin to indulge in golf. In the first place membership costs \$15. After that dues of \$1 a month for six months in the year are required. Each member has to furnish his own equipment and this is no trivial expense. Monthly meetings are held for the transaction of business and the settlement of vexed questions.

On some evening, about the middle of the present month, a basket picnic will be enjoyed by the members on the grounds surrounding the club house. That's nothing new of course, but it is always something decidedly delightful. It is a rare member who will miss it. He will hitch himself to his good friend whom he desires to acquaint with the fellowship of the organization and nothing short of a calamity will deter him. Another excellent feature for the summer is a contemplated porch or pavilion at the club house, the cost to be about \$500 and the purpose to be informal dancing.

Recurring to the tournament at the end of the month, pamphlets are out giving the programs in full. In due season they will appear in the public press.

The big golf game of the first day, Wednesday, May 28th, will be the qualifying round at medal play for the Western interstate championship cup. It is valued at \$40 and will be carried away by the winner. A cup valued at \$25 will be the prize of the Second Sixteen, 18 holes match play. On the second day this contest will be resumed and the amateur championship will be determined. The match play against bogey for the club Western interstate championship is due on the third day. Teams of five, one from each club, will engage in this, the prize to be a \$40 cup with names and scores inscribed on it. A general handicap game is also on the bill for that day with a limit of handicap to eighteen holes. A cup worth \$25 will go to the winner. A handicap game, eighteen holes for Lincoln players only, will be the last event of the day, the prize to be a set of sticks.

In tennis, the one who proves himself the western interstate champion in singles will secure the trophy of a cup worth \$40. For the runner up in singles a \$25 cup is in store. The second event is the western interstate championship in doubles, the prize to be two silver cups, valued at \$50 each.

Phonographs, guns, revolvers, pictures, fishing boats, fishing outfits, cups and kodaks and a variety of other things of lesser value go to the winners of the shooting events. There are many of these and the targets are free, a thing not usual.

IN DESPERATION.

The European king sighed and stirred uneasily.

"My subjects," he exclaimed, "are getting so enlightened, so imbued with the ideas of democracy, that they no longer fawn upon me, toady to me. There's only one thing for me to do to relieve this monotony. I must visit America."

Mrs. Close (cautiously)—I was looking at some lovely laces today and the prices were ridiculously low.

Close—I wish you had bought me a pair—there are four knots in the ones I'm using.—Town Topics.

You'll never find a pretty matron with a grown-up daughter who wasn't married when she was a mere child.

OBSERVATIONS

BY SARAH B. HARRIS

Julius Sterling Morton

Untried men sometimes acquire a reputation for great ability. That man of mediocre ability is fortunate who has lived a life of obscurity, a life which has not made great demands upon him. Many kings and other rulers have been execrated by their times and by posterity for no more personal reason than that they were unequal to the responsibilities of their birth and position. Mr. J. Sterling Morton, the most widely honored citizen of Nebraska, was tried in various conspicuous positions of great responsibility and he was not found wanting at any time. He was repeatedly in a position where, if he had yielded to the tempter, greater honors might have been heaped upon him, but nobody knows of any occasion wherein he struck his colors.

He might have been nominated by the democratic party for president if he had only consented, not to advocate free silver but just to suppress his opinion in regard to the expediency of a single standard. He considered the suggestion a challenge to do all that he could on the platform, with his pen and by the use of an extensive influence to secure the firmer establishment of the gold standard. As the secretary of agriculture, in President Cleveland's second cabinet, he endeavored to stop the distribution of seeds to farmers by congressmen, a survival which costs the agricultural and the post-office departments millions of dollars annually. There is everything to be said against the custom and nothing in favor of it. But Mr. Morton's successor yielded to the clamor and resumed the distribution of flower and vegetable seeds. Mr. Morton was a farmer; he had been in Washington long enough to know just what an outcry a withdrawal of a trifling patronage from congressmen would cause. But the man, the deed and the time were met and the expenses of the department of agriculture, while Mr. Morton was secretary, were largely reduced. Not that it has made much difference to the country. His successor reinstated the corrupt custom and the useless employes who were kept in the department by a pull snapped back into it just as soon as a new secretary was appointed. But the time may come when another secretary of agriculture possessing Mr. Morton's mental integrity and his personal bravery and self-respect may be appointed. In that case Mr. Morton's example will strengthen him to gird up his loins and do battle with an ancient wickedness.

A son of an old and well-to-do family in Michigan and graduated by Union college, Mr. Morton might have remained in the east. He preferred to make a home and found a family in the west. On his wedding day, October 30, 1854, he started with Mrs. Morton for Nebraska, and after a long journey they arrived in Bellevue. After a few weeks they took the homestead in Nebraska City which these pioneers of fifty years ago have developed into a manufacturing centre. Mr. Morton deliberately renounced ease and the comforts of a fully settled community for a little house on the prairies and the opportunity to be of boundless influence and usefulness in a new community.

The prairie grass billowed around his home and the young man and his wife were homesick with gazing on the distant horizon, a view unbroken by trees or by any perpendicular lines except by the four angles of their own cabin. But a courage and a faith like that of George Washington's sustained them. Mr. Morton's belief in the future of Nebraska never faltered. He

became the state's foremost citizen. He made Arbor Day a national occasion, and thousands of trees are now in bud that would not have been planted if Mr. Morton had not spent his time and energy and creative inspiration in inducing settlers to "plant trees."

It is a task that must be done almost as often as the seeds are planted for the fall harvest, the borers and the constant heavy winds kill the trees. Nevertheless for thirty years or more Mr. Morton has not had to buy any firewood. By judicious cutting and planting he had enough wood every fall to make an imposing wood-pile at the kitchen door of "Arbor Lodge."

He loved his fellow man whom he had seen. He spent his life in kind deeds for the community. Where he cast his lot there he remained. He had many opportunities to live elsewhere, in larger and more prosperous communities. But when he and Caroline, his wife, had gone out hand in hand to seek their fortune, they chose Nebraska City. Four noble, talented boys were born in the home they built there, and no honor or opportunity of fortune could tempt Mr. Morton to give up the home they built together. This was another characteristic: tenacious fidelity to family and friends and to his own ideals.

He had a very passion for loyalty, sincerity, direct dealing. He hated trickery and the assumption of opinions for the sake of votes and delegated power. Some underlying moral energy helped him to fill his life with accomplishment that blessed the community in which he lived. In years he was seventy-one, but in nervous energy and activity and intellect he was, before the beginning of his last illness, as young as the president of the United States. Like him he was eminent as a writer, as a statesman, and as a brave, dauntless doer of deeds. He loved books and the life of the student, but more than all he loved life and doing his best in his day for his family and his generation. He died on the battlefield and the Valkyrs recognized the old warrior and carried him to where the wife of his youth and his youngest son waited for him. And not one for a long time has been so surprised at the meaning of life and the inevitable recognition of noble deeds at the end.

Readers of the Conservative will miss the short editorials wherein the talent to call things by their real names was Mr. Morton's unique possession. He was a preacher of truth, and his words and phrases had a biblical force and nakedness that made lies squirm. He was his own editor and his inspiration was deeply hidden in the mountains of integrity and patriotism. Mr. Morton never knew the meaning or convenience of compromise. Conduct was good or bad, dealing was dishonest or upright. For him there were no gradations or fine shadings. Between honesty and dishonesty in commerce and politics there was a gulf fixed. He never tried to cross it and the rope-walker who attempted it for the spectacular effect excited his temperamental scorn. He was at the other pole from the opportunist.

The death of his youngest son, Carl, was for him the beginning of the end. His wife left him in charge of their four sons. He fulfilled the trust with fidelity. They have grown to be distinguished men, loved for their integrity and qualities of mind and heart. But the death of the youngest snapped the golden cord that age had drawn tense.

The centre of the man's life was his affections. He had many interests and he was true to all. To his last ill-

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