

emerge from their sea of troubles would get home early and into golf stockings and knickers, give their golf sticks to the stable boy with an order to follow after, it would encourage depositors by the sight of confident gaiety in the persons of the custodians of their funds and would also give the portly presidents strength to resist the shocks, liable at any time to occur in the business world. There is plenty of land, weather and time, with health and renewed sociability at the end of the season's sport if the rare old veteran financiers left to us only give the word.

THE COURIER publishes a letter from Mr. Alexander on another page, because it represents the other side of a case that is already on the way to the obscurity it deserves. Mr. Alexander is one of the students who were not included in a recent remark by Professor Wolfe to the effect that unfortunately there were members of his classes whom he was not perfectly sure of. Therefore on this account he was forced to be a trifle more careful than formerly when he could confide to them his not especially flattering opinion of the balance of the faculty and executive with no fear that it would be repeated where it would harm any one but especial members of the faculty and executive. The editorial of last week was written after a careful investigation of the trouble at the university, with especial attention to the relative numbers of the students who criticised the action of the regents. Very much the larger part of the student body is made up of young gentlemen and ladies to whom the action of hissing in an auditorium which is for the time being a church, is impossible. Nothing that the public can say of Professor Wolfe condemns him as this action of those directly under his influence for three or four years. Close association with and admiration of a gentleman for that length of time would have made such a manifestation by his intimates of their displeasure incredible. To the credit of the fraternities, be it said, I have yet to hear of a member who approves of the discourtesy to the regents and the disregard of the time and place. There are over 1500 students in the university. Two hundred, which is smaller than the actual number of those who criticised the action of the regents is surely "a small minority."

Mr. Gilman, who, Miss French (Octave Thanet) says came near dying from a severe attack of pneumonia in Nebraska, now says he never told Miss French that Nebraska was in bad shape. He says he is going to build a new mill right away and that he has confidence in all Nebraska investments. Probably the people of Valentine where Mr. Gilman's mill is located have decided that a man who represents his customers as starving anarchists no longer deserves their patronage. Consequently Mr. Adam Gilman has decided to lay it to the woman. In reparation, he will have to build another mill, but no matter what he does the Valentines will never look upon him as one of 'em again. His commercial cake is dough in that part of the country, mill or no mill. On account of his bad case of pneumonia Mr. Gilman in a moment of blind rebellion against a cold due to his own lack of care or enfeebled constitution told Miss French a harrowing tale of destitution which has never existed in the state. He knew at the time he told her, that Miss French had the pecky story-writer's itch for heart-rending situations and that she would probably fix his remarks up into a regular Frankenstein tale of horror. When Mr. Gilman first read the Spellbinder story as it came out in McClure's he was very much pleased

with himself for contributing (being without literary gifts) the material for so striking a tale. Afterwards, when the Omaha board of trade and the citizens of Valentine, whose rage is not at all comic when it is, as in this case, concerted, protested against the injury the publication of such falsehoods would do the state and the section, the point of "The Spellbinder," or "Mr. Gilman's Revenge," began to be inserted in his own breast, hence the squirming and the lack of appreciation of the heights to which Miss French's literary talent has elevated him. Speaking of destitution, drought and despair, I would that Miss French could see Nebraska prairies now with the contented cattle standing withers deep in the lush grain. If she be sensitive, conviction of the great injustice done Nebraska would disturb even a literary conscience.

The latest exhibition of portraits at the state university compares favorably with the best work done in the east. Sargent himself does not do so well with the likeness as Miss Parker has done. There are six or seven portraits in the collection, mostly of young girls. The sitters were Miss Mamie Hartley, Miss Frances Gere, Miss Lottie Whedon, Miss Julia Lippincott, Mrs. Fisher, a head of John Tefft and an ideal head. The portraits are in pastelle with brilliant transparent shadows. In every case the subject is well posed and gowned. Miss Mamie Hartley, head and shoulders with a bit of green at top of bodice, firm modeling. The soft and fascinating outlines of a young girl, the eyes blue and veiled by adolescent visions, the hair abundant yellow, and a crown. Miss Frances Gere, full length in colonial dress with panniers, the silk, a purple pink, decollete. The firm white young neck is exquisitely modeled and is caressed by the gleaming, transparent shadows I spoke of. In all, the portraits, the modelling is subtle and firm and likeness perfect. Miss Whedon's portrait is a smaller study. The picture is most characteristic, the unusual projection of the brow, which keeps the eyes always in mysterious shadow, the oval where the brow meets the hair is photographic, but the expression of the eyes and the mouth is a secret that only Miss Whedon and Miss Parker know. The texture of the skin in this portrait and in Miss Gere's is as fine as miniature work. Miss Parker made her own choice of models, which may be the reason that the modeling is so exquisite in all the portraits. Done in marble unless the expression and the subtlety fled before the pointing machine there would be nothing to wish for in the way of lines. The portrait of Mrs. Fisher, full length, black skirt and thin gauze waist, suggests Alexander's portraits, in long line and fascinating, unselfconsciousness. The problem of a black skirt is no puzzle at all because of the entirely new treatment here. The waist is some transparent gauzy stuff that has responded most effectively to Miss Parker's chalk. The regular features of the model, although unknown, are individualized so that it looks an excellent likeness. Miss Julia Lippincott in thin lavender is very satisfactory, and John Tefft, Dr. Tefft's little boy, in dimples, shed pink complexion, the auburn hair that goes with it, a wide collar and smile holds his own in the otherwise entirely feminine group. The ideal head is also in pastelle, dishevelled yellow hair, blue eyes, oval of face perfect, just a girl, Miss Parker said. The exhibition is the work of a modest young artist of great technical ability added to a sympathy and understanding that will make her portraits famous sometime. Nothing is harder to paint than a young girl's face. Poets and dramatists grow gray headed striving to reproduce the essence of girlhood without destroying the particular likeness. These sketches of Miss Parker's are fragrant of something which can not be described and which will not long remain even with those upon whom it so lightly rests now.

Unknown Friends.

How few of us there are who know what true friends and helpers we have in the birds which the Audubon clubs are striving to protect against the heartless demands of Dame Fashion. Aside from their cheerful songs and sprightly ways they are great factors in helping us to get the fresh luscious fruits and green vegetables we so much enjoy, what would the farmer do without these little feathered friends? It is wonderful the numbers of worms and insects these little busy bodys destroy each day. All day long we see them flitting from limb to branch, from branch to twig, pecking at the bark, turning over the leaves, peering in the blossoms for the worm, bug or eggs which they seldom fail to find. Ask the farmer about the black birds, the beautiful crow black bird, with his glossy head and neck of shimmering blue and green, how they follow the plow all day long working away in the rich loaming soil as the plow turns it up, digging out the worms and insects, assuring him with his hearty rasping cackle that he will do his part towards making a good crop in the fall if he will only let him work. He is not, however the only hard worker. Have you never watched the robin, with his pretty red breast standing in the green grass of the lawn? Motionless for a moment, then cocking his head to one side with an inquisitive, what's-the-matter-with-you sort of a look, a quick hop, a now watch-me nod, a jerk, and up comes Mr. Cut Worm or a big, white, juicy grub from his dinner on the young roots of grass that make our fine lawns. Later these same grubs and cut worms get tired of working in the sod and leave the lawns for our flower beds and cut down the tender plants and rob us of them like a thief in the night, so that instead of a fine bed of bright blossoms there is nothing left but a few withered plants that hardly repay us for the time and trouble spent in caring for them. One little red breast during the season will destroy 18 quarts of these destructive worms. Some of us have accused these birds of robbing our fruit trees and vines. But I think they are entitled to the few cherries they help themselves to and very reasonable are their charges. Another little friend with which we are perhaps better acquainted is the brown thrush or brown thrasher as he is sometimes called. This pretty golden eyed, bright brown plumaged bird is one of our sweetest songsters. Early in the morning when the first faint streaks of dawn appears in the east, late in the evening when the sun has gone down, high on cottonwood or maple he likes to perch amid the green leaves, pouring forth his sweet song, seeming never to tire in his efforts to brighten this matter of fact old world of ours. Then we have the little speckled breasted wood thrush, in habits rather seeking the seclusion of some retired wood, where perched on a dead branch he whistles his five or six little parts with the clearness of a bell, each of which seems more delightful than the first. He always reminds me of some cool, pleasant, fragrant dell with clear, babbling brooks and often when tired I like to seek this little friend's home and lie down on the rich green turf, listen to and enjoy this little singer's wonderful music.

The sombre hued cat bird with its cat like call; look at him. Would you think he could hold you entranced with his song? And yet this dusky little fellow rivals the thrushes with his clear mocking bird notes. In fact if not well acquainted with him, when he breaks out in melody you would think he had stolen the brown thrush's music roll and was playing his part instead of his own. And the high plumaged Baltimore oriole with his black cap perched on the topmost branch of the highest trees, ut-

tering his clear, flute like note of "Don't you see me," "come up and see me," then bursting out in his beautiful lay. As the rainbow colors the sky so this little singer with his bright plumage and brilliant music gives color to his surroundings. One cannot help crediting him with a sunny nature. In flight with wings and tail spread he rivals the sun's brightest ray. The orchard oriole, though not so beautiful a bird, yet has his brother's piping note. Then the little vireos, warblers and finches, great numbers of them, all songsters, some golden yellow, others dusky olive. They are all hard workers, destroying countless numbers of insects. The wood peckers too are accused of digging holes in and destroying our trees. If there were no worms and beetles under the bark he would not dig the hole or chop off the bark. Watch him give his quick rat-a-tat tat, and then listen for the beetle he has frightened. Now he has him located, down comes his sharp edged bill and he has drilled a small hole through the bark, in goes his long round tongue quick as a flash with its sticky secretion on the end, and out comes the real tree destroyer, a wood beetle. Let him alone, he is only helping the trees with their spring house cleaning. Don't think when you see the little sparrow mentioned we mean the English sparrow. I have not a good word for this little villain. He is a tyrant, a murderer, and cares but little for the worms or insects other birds destroy, destroying few weed seeds, robbing and driving the blue bird and purple martin from their home, so that in a few years we may see few of them in our cities. How unlike him are his cousins, the pretty white throated sparrow, the white crowned sparrow, song sparrow and many others, never quarreling among themselves, at work from early morn till late at night treating us to their sweetest music. There are many other birds that I have not the time to describe now, the rose breasted gross beak with his alarm note like the squeak of a rusty hinge and his robin like song. The interesting cow bird who never raises or cares for her young, the trickey blue jay, the larks, fly catchers, the many shore and water fowls. Get up early any bright morning at day break, drive or take the car to some quiet wooded spot and spend an hour or two in getting better acquainted with these little unknown but real friends of ours and you will not only enjoy the free concerts but will return with a light and happy heart, a staunch friend and protector of these cheerful little birds.

AUGUST EICHE.

A Communication.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER:

The leading editorial of your issue of May 8 is so extremely unfair, and at least in its implications as to Professor Wolfe and his work, so untrue, that I cannot but feel a public remonstrance called for. As a student having had three years' work in the department of philosophy, I feel justified in speaking both of it and of the man and gentleman under whom I have taken it.

As to the work, it is necessary to say little. THE COURIER speaks truly when it says that under Professor Wolfe it has raised from insignificance to wide popularity. But THE COURIER'S implication that this is due to the nature of the branches taught rather than to the professor's ability, personality and indefatigable labor is absurdly false as a half hour's investigation of college records will show. There is not a department of philosophy in the country having but a single professor, that approaches our own either in popularity or in work done. There are several having philosophical faculties composed of men of unusual note decidedly in-