

ment in a new law and new officers, New York city would not now be at the beginning of a new period of better city government.

The legislators now in session in the capital of Nebraska, reply to arguments based on evidence of the bad character of Mr. Thompson. "Well but he has been a local power in Lincoln politics." It is true that his influence was sufficient, several years ago to elect a very bad mayor, who sold appointments to an incompetent chief of police, and chief of the fire department. But decent and exasperated citizens changed all that. In spite of Mr. Thompson Mayor Winnett was nominated and in spite of Mr. Thompson one of his closest friends and workers was defeated overwhelmingly in this republican town and county. The country legislators are respectfully invited to study the history of Lincoln and Mr. Thompson's connection with it, especially his activity to prevent the city of Lincoln from getting good water from the east side of town. Legislators who believe that the opposition to Mr. Thompson is founded on envy or upon any unworthy or private reason owe it to their representative oath to study his connection with and influence upon Lincoln politics, before voting against the convictions of men who are trying to keep Lincoln from slipping back into the condition from which the revolt against Mr. Thompson rescued it. The capital city of Nebraska belongs to the state and the statesmen who have been elected to look after the well-being of this and every other city in Nebraska, men who are not of this faction or that, who have only a patriotic interest in doing their duty owe it to the state as a whole to send some Nebraskan to the senate who will represent it proudly, creditably and unstained by a reputation which makes it impossible for the state organ of republicanism, *The Journal*, to support him. When a unanimous press condemns a citizen, when it refuses urgent invitations and inducements to say a good word for a candidate for the second most exalted office in the gift of the people, surely it is incumbent upon the representatives of the citizens and of all the cities of the state to listen to the objections and arguments urged by the most reputable of his fellow citizens. *The Courier* has opposed Mr. Thompson's candidacy and his pernicious influence in city politics for years. But *The Courier* is edited by a woman, who may not fully comprehend the exigencies of city politics, and who may be attracted by impracticable notions of reform. But *The Journal* is edited by a man who knows city politics from beginning to end, who has lived in Lincoln for thirty years and who knows by experience what is practicable what is possible, and what is abominable in politics. Mr. Thompson has not been able to induce Mr. Gere to say one word in his favor and *The Journal's* daily reports are a truthful and hence unflattering comment on Mr. Thompson's methods, and the progress of his campaign. There is little doubt but that the legislators will be influenced by a moral sentiment so unhesitatingly and repeatedly iterated.

A City Hospital.

Several cases of small pox in the city emphasize the necessity of a city hospital, on or near somebody's property, not on or near mine or yours, but across the city somewhere, where it will not depreciate anything we have paid taxes on. It seems to be impossible on account of the fastidiousness of remote neighborhoods, latent until a city hospital is dumped

near, to locate a hospital. This being so, it becomes necessary to quarantine small-pox cases wherever they chance to develop. The necessity is not altogether desperate. The medical profession is by no means unanimously certain that carting patients from all over the city to a house already containing millions of small pox germs, is the most effectual way of repressing a small-pox epidemic. Sick people are most comfortable and least dangerous, at home, especially if the home be a house by itself and not in a block. Lincoln is fortunate in the possession of a doctor-mayor whose temperament and disposition inclines him to firmness and steady adherence to a policy which he has determined is wise. If the Doctor-Mayor considers it sanitary that Lincoln should possess a city hospital for contagious diseases, Lincoln will have such a hospital somewhere.

The Right to a Living.

In the past certain men made a living by exchanging shoes for money which bought clothing, lodging, food, education, others made houses, wove blankets, or cloth. Every man made some one article or set of articles which he exchanged for all the other things he needed, took pleasure in or was educated by. We have changed all that and no one man is responsible or to blame for it. The inevitable result of the accumulation of capital in few hands and the consequent need of vast enterprises for its investment, combined with the human inclination to corner the market, have produced trusts. The department store is a combination of the little stores under one roof and under one management. The change has been accomplished in little more than a quarter of a century. Where there used to be in this small city numerous flourishing hat, glove, trunk, hardware, book, furniture, and candy stores, there are now but one of each and five department stores. The natural expansion and development of the city would have doubled the number of these single-line merchants were it not for this centralizing and irresistible tendency of the decade. It is idle to rail against it or against the men who have interpreted, anticipated and taken advantage of the movement.

It is expedient for a department store to pursue a policy of underselling some article, jewelry for instance, in order to attract customers to the store, who are more than likely to buy a number of other articles on which the merchant makes a legitimate profit. But the men who deal only in jewelry can not afford to cut the profit from the selling price, because they have nothing but jewelry to sell. It is not legitimate competition for a merchant to use any commodity as an advertisement, from the sale of which another man makes his living. Disobedience to this principle has already driven a large number out of business into clerkships and correspondingly diminished their scale of living and their desirability as customers. When the system shall have reached its inevitable conclusion, three or four department stores in every town the size of Lincoln will be selling goods to farmers, professional men and their families, department store clerks, mechanics, servants, day laborers, merchants of raw materials and politicians. In other words, when there are no jewelry, book, drug, confectionery or any other kind of single-line store, and the former proprietors have all become clerks for their more prophetic rivals, the purchasing power

of the present-day customers will be very much lessened. The transportation companies will appreciate the falling off of freight, the newspapers will miss their old subscribers, ministers will miss once generous parishioners, landlords will advertise in vain for tenants of small stores on O street and the dead-lock will seem to be complete. Perhaps it will break up the urban habit and drive men and women to the farms. But speculation is idle as repining. Vaporings of men like Herron who see nothing worthy in the civilization we have accomplished and who fail to recognize the man-making qualities of the competitive system are applauded only by a few whom disgust with the ways of life has removed from its activities. Influential men have stayed in the procession of their times. To turn the procession one must lead it or propel it. A scoffing bystander only adds to the tumult. If someone has genius and philanthropy enough to run on ahead and pick out the best of the maze of roads, time enough to get back and lead the procession or influence enough to induce the leaders to accept his information and advice,—there is a benefactor worth a monument and the gratitude of the race. Mr. Herron is not the kind of man to help his fellows. Saturnine, with long black hair, pale sallow skin and mournful eyes with a voice that forever cries woe, he attracts the disappointed, disgusted people who believe only in negations. We may be in the stage of the children of Israel but he is not the cheerful alert Moses that the tribes are looking for. Every stage of development is interesting and worth while. A process that individuals are not accomplishing is going forward. We have not any more to do with it than the dough which is being raised by the yeast and is afterwards baked and made into something very much more wholesome than dough.

Exhibit of the Western Art Association.

Maria Brooks' portrait of a woman called "Mental Conflict" in a black frame carries further than any picture of the size in the gallery. According to the catalog, Miss Brooks (I suppose she is an unmarried woman as Mr. Taft left word that married women whatever their virgin genius, never painted, modeled, played the piano, wrote books, or created anything worth while) was a student at the South Kensington and Royal Academy schools of London, England. This is a typical English portrait and familiarity with the English style should have made consultation of the catalog unnecessary. South Kensington is as plain as a label on it and on the little nursery genre under it, "Unbutton my Shoe." Andre Dauchez, whom Mr. Taft said that people who knew in Paris prophesied, the coming man, has three pictures, the Reefs, the Plain, the Marshes. Each picture is a generalization of reefs, plain or marshes, with trivial, individual accidents omitted or obscured. The painter understands the essential character of what he is painting and does not distract the mind with irrelevant detail. I know this is so from the ease with which the pictures are recalled. Solitude, by Dougherty, evening in a wet meadow has the same dignity and repose. There are two very peculiar pictures painted by Albert D. Gihon. He was born, according to the catalog, in 1866, a comparatively modern date. I looked because the pictures give the impression of great age. Early Evening at Episy France is a light green and olive landscape in the style of 1830. If there were fig-

ures in the landscape their costumes might be of this period without exciting surprise. But Mr. Gihon was a pupil of Constant, Gerome Laurens and the Ecole des Arts at Paris. The other picture, the portrait of a young girl is called a "fantaisie." It is framed in a dingy oval frame and seems to have been rescued from a very smoky place. They are antique or painted by a man in love with the past and determined to recall it. Mont St. Michel is a study of a mountain when it is too dark to see it. Whistler teaches that things are only beautiful when almost invisible and Mr. Alexander Harrison has striven to paint the velvet thick dark between a mountain and the spectator. If it is difficult to paint light which can be done only by painting its effect on some object or objects, fancy the difficulty of painting the dark with nothing but brushes, a few purples, browns and blacks with nothing visible to paint the effect on. The Old Town Dinkelsbuhl is a walled Dutch town, seen across a marshy foreground grown up to reeds and water lilies. The ground is very wet and the effect of the tall straight reeds in the middle foreground fascinates me. It does not matter that there is not a dry place to stand on. Not very many people care to get on to a picture. Miss Lee Lufkins' portrait group of two sisters has an indefinable refinement. Mr. Maynard's two contributions are very decorative. A Studio Corner is a picture of that bust, the laughing boy, I think of Donatello's. It is painted in green and the color is better than white for the irresponsible little kid. The other contribution—is a group of objects done in blue. Both are characterized by a glistening radiant light, very cheerful, and encouraging to the pilgrims who stray into the gallery. Mr. Leonard Ochtman's Autumn Afternoon is mellow as his pictures always are, yet about his style and subjects there is a monotony, that in time produces indifference to his good technique and irreproachable composition. Mr. Lawton Parker's pictures are covered by glass and I have not been able to get a satisfactory view. Glass is doubtless a great protection to pictures, but so long as it effectually obscures the pictures they are supposed to protect, seems to me the protection comes high. Mr. Frieske's portrait, a cloudy day, and a study, of blacks, suggest Whistler, but they have not Whistler's gift of tantalizing and irritating, and do nothing more than suggest that the painter admires Whistler. Irving R. Wiles' In Summer Time, is a smooth and finished picture, with the details worked out to the taste of those who do not paint and do not propose to spend money on a picture that does not show labor. A pretty little girl is sitting in a gateway, while about her the grass is green and full of grasshoppers and all such summer boarders. It is a quiet, and very beautiful water-color. Mr. B. S. Sanders' Old road and beech-tree should not be overlooked. The composition is especially fine, with the beech tree in the foreground and the old wood-road disappearing in the trees. A portrait bust of Mr. Stuart by Mr. Kimball, the young sculptor who has done very good work is attracting notice and much favorable comment.

The Pioneers.

Dr. James O. Carter, one of the pioneer doctors of Lincoln, is ill at his home on L street. In the early days of Lincoln and of Nebraska Dr. Carter traveled up and down the prairies visiting his patients between the wide spaces. He is an old-fashioned