

cinct is entitled to ten votes, then the candidate receiving the highest number of votes in Oak precinct is entitled to the ten votes. Third: Apportion the whole county, but provide that candidates shall receive their fractional part of the vote of each precinct. To illustrate: Hickory precinct would be entitled to 12 votes. A, B and C are candidates for the nomination of sheriff. A receives 50 votes, B 30 and C 40. A would therefore be entitled to five votes, B to three votes and C to four votes.

The primary election system gives an opportunity for each individual of the party to make his voice heard, and enables our young men to qualify themselves for useful service. It insures satisfaction with the party nominees, and at the same time inspires loyalty to the candidate because he was selected by the direct vote of the people. How different is this from the cry we so often hear: "Stand by the leaders," "Support the administration." Instead of blindly ratifying the people should initiate the movement and select their standard bearers.

In conclusion, allow me to say that the following expression of a man high in political circles: "It is not desirable that any but men of wealth and consequence should sit in the United States Senate, and the proper way to select Senators is to filter them down through the people," should have no echo among our people. United States Senators and all other officials honored with our suffrage should come from among the people, being chosen directly by them.

I indulge in the hope that in the near future the Legislature of the State of Nebraska will enact a law as to party nominations in substance as follows: That the name of any candidate shall not be placed upon the official ballot in general or special elections, as a party nominee, who is not nominated by a primary election, and the election of any party nominee who shall be nominated otherwise shall be void. The nominations for United States Senators shall be by primary election preceding the meeting of the Legislature at which the election is to be had.

If we make our methods correspond to our principles there will be an awakening among us born of a renewed confidence that will be the herald of better days.

"I suppose he will rest on his laurels now?"

"Summers. Winters he's going to lecture on them."—Puck.

THE MAN HE KILLED.

Scene: The settle of the Fox Inn, Stag-foot Lane.

Characters: The speaker (a returned soldier), and his friends, natives of the hamlet.

Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin.

But ranged as infantry,  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him, as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

I shot him dead, because—  
Because he was my foe,  
You see; my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; altho

He thought he'd 'st, perhaps,  
Off-hand like—just as I—  
Was out of work—had sold his traps—  
No other reason why.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!  
You shoot a fellow down  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown.  
—Thomas Hardy, in Harper's Weekly.

I don't understand men of the world when they tell us we must rely upon the influence of Christian principles, and boggle at every proposal to enforce them in the current proceedings of governments and societies.—Richard Cobden.

"What is a sinecure, paw?"

"A sinecure, m'son, is a job that gets money for not doing what it gets it for."—The Harlequin.

BOOKS

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Under the above title Mr. Bolton Hull has gathered his witty parables into a neat little volume of 230 pp. (A. Wessels Company, New York). They have been widely read in various periodicals as they appeared from time to time, and those who have read them, as well as those who have not, will be glad to welcome them in their new dress.

It is a book to have and not to borrow, a book to pick up at odd times and not to read through at a sitting. The parables vary in length from three lines to three pages, and two or three at a time are about enough for a day's digestion—especially if they happen to hit one's self as well as one's neighbor.

Each of them has a point, and often a sharp one. There is hardly a situation in the modern game of life which fails to get pricked more or less deeply. But while most of them are sharp and somewhat bitterish, now and then one appears which shows that the author can, when he wills to do so, deal tenderly with a subject. "Love is of God," for example, is a beautiful little piece, and "The Last Lesson" is a perfect gem of its kind.

Apart from its keen insight into modern shams and foibles, Mr. Hall's book has an interest for students of "mere literature." This is, of course, a very insignificant part of its value; but still, to find a book which professedly revives an antique form of writing cannot but attract interest to the experiment. Somehow fables and parables have not seemed to flourish in modern literature. Perhaps we are too nervous and self-conscious and strairy. Think of the ease with which Aesop winds off his inimitable yarns; we could not possibly do such things now-a-days. But it may fairly be said that, with perhaps the exception of some of Toi-stoy's, no modern parables can be found as good—even from a literary point of view—as some in this little book.

J. H. DILLARD.

THE WORSHIPPER OF THE IMAGE.

To readers slow to perceive truths in symbolism this book by Richard Le Gallienne (London and New York: John Lane, Bodley Head) may seem to be only a grotesque story. But in fact it exemplifies the spiritual demoralization that comes from devotion to the expression of a thing, with the minimization or total ignoring of the greater importance of the thing expressed.

So devoid of life is expression for its own sake alone, so suggestive of that idea of hell which has been described as "the sensuous separate," that Le Gallienne very properly represents it in this tragic fairy tale by a mask stirred now and then by appearances of life, instead of taking for his image the full rounded form. His hero becomes infatuated with the beauty of this artistic counterfeit of a lovely living face to the extent of subordinating to that infatuation all his possibilities of love for the good and truth that constitute the soul or life of the beautiful. He falls a natural victim, consequently, to love of external beauty, regardless of the evil it masks. The tints of the deadly toadstool and the shifting curves of the poisonous adder become as beautiful to him as bright flowers and graceful birds. At last the beautiful mask, symbol of "art for art's sake," steals wholly away his affection for wife and child, true types of vital love; and his child, poisoned by the miasma of the beautiful valley in which he lives passes away, while his wife, dazed and inanimate, sinks out of his life in the beautiful waters of one of its miasmatic ponds. Separated thus from all his affections save that for external beauty, he himself then enters fully upon the state of spiritual death.

This may not be a true interpretation of Le Gallienne's singu-