

# Sunday Morning Courier.

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## TOWN TOPICS

In the last four weeks Lincoln has been visited by several storms with electrical accompaniments that have caused more or less inconvenience to the public, in some instances calling forth remarks not particularly complimentary to the electric street car service superintended by Mr. Little and Mr. Upham. On at least two occasions, when the storm was at its height, the power had to be cut off and the cars were left "dead" in all parts of the city full of passengers who were in an irate or so-so frame of mind, according to disposition and the distance from home. There are some people in this world who are always grumbling when the sun isn't shining, or when they are not walking on velvet carpet or sipping tea with a silver spoon, or when there is even the minutest speck on the horizon, and when the sun is shining and the birds are singing and the current of pleasure and happiness flows free of the debris of disappointment, they accept it all as a matter of course and never think of thanking anybody. As a rule the people who grumble and complain are the people who seldom have time to say anything pleasant or agreeable. These people, the grumblers and malcontents, have lately been busy hurling anathemas and maledictions and other similar articles at the management of the Lincoln Street Railway company for the interruption of the service during the electrical storms, and they have apparently derived considerable satisfaction from the said employment. It is possible that had these same people been at the power house of the street railway company before the current was cut off and witnessed the electricity playing high jinks with the expensive machinery, they might have been a little more reasonable. They might, but the chances are they would have grumbled just the same. Convincing a woman against her will is as nothing compared to the task of pounding reason into the skulls that some people carry around with them. But the general public may be interested in knowing some of the troubles of the street car magnates who are popularly supposed to be rolling in wealth, and who, it is said, cut off the power and shatter the time schedule every once in awhile just for the fun of the thing, or to amuse Budge and Toddy, who are sometimes as greatly interested in seeing the wheels stop as they are in seeing them go around.

Every street car is provided with a lightning arrester, and at the power house there are innumerable devices to divert the overcharge of electricity from the generators; but while electrical engineering has reached a degree of development that approaches the marvelous, there are yet many things to be accomplished. Electricity has been harnessed, it is true, but all the Edisons and Westinghouses and Thompsons and Houstons and Siemenses have not been able to hitch the steed up single. Storage batteries, one in each car, are still a hope held out by the future. Meanwhile all the cars must be propelled by one central power. So in a smaller way there are many defects in electrical appliances. The best skill has not been able to save telephones and all electric service from injury by lightning. The big generators have magnets to draw off the awful force, and there are safety fuses galore; but when the atmosphere is heavily charged all of these precautions are practically useless, and to save human life and valuable property, the power has to be turned off until things ease up a little. In Omaha and other large cities the street car service is often at a standstill for three or four hours at a time during severe electrical storms. Lincoln has been more fortunate in this respect. The company has taken a little more risk, and the interruption to traffic has seldom lasted more than an hour.

Probably at some time in the near future an enterprising playwright or theatrical manager may desire to present on the stage a spectacular vision of the Devil's great business office, with the fiery furnace and sheets of flame and infernal fury scattered about in glittering chunks. An electric power house during an electrical storm while the current is still on, would furnish him some excellent material in the way of ideas. The lines radiating from the central station gather in the electricity from all points, and it swoops down on the power house like a forerunner of the great climax to life's melodrama that certain people are always expecting. Blue flame glows from the fuses and the switching machinery on the wall, and fire flashes from the great generators in a manner that is positively terrifying. Electrical fireworks play here and there and the tout ensemble, as Tom Cooke would say, is something like a small velvet pocket edition of the Last Days of Pompeii. While this is going on the machinery is being damaged and the life of the employees is in danger. When the lightning gets into the generators the concentration is so great that the wire wrapping is melted and the machines are "burned out." The damage in this way alone in the recent storms amounted to several hundred dollars. Of course when the power is cut off, there is no further trouble; but in the meantime the cars are standing still out in the rain and the passengers are getting uneasy. Like street paving, every kind of street car service has its objectionable features. Until there are some further improvements or new inventions, there will always be more or less interruption to traffic via electric cars during electrical storms.

By the way, it is a base power means what the word imply, the six generators at the railway power house are daily doing the work of 450 horses, and on big days of 800 horses.

Passengers have noticed that once in awhile power is shut off from the cars for ten or fifteen minutes in clear weather when apparently there ought to be smooth sailing. "That is generally caused by a fuse blowing out," said Mr. Upham, "it takes a few minutes to put in a new one."

There is being built in the railway shops a new car to be used as a trailer, that will make something of a sensation when it first appears on the streets. It is thirty-six feet long and will accommodate nearly 80 people. Instead of four wheels there are eight. It is altogether quite a ponderous affair, in striking contrast to some of the jaunty and rather frivolous rolling stock owned by the company. There is a closed space in the middle, about as large as the smallest of the cars now in use. The ends are open after the usual manner of summer cars. If this car is a success, and the company is confident it will be, another still longer will be built. This one will be 42 feet in length. In going around a curve it will require about all the room there is in the immediate vicinity.

THE COURIER has purchased an entirely new printing outfit, one of the most complete in the city. There is not a type or a piece of material of any kind in the establishment that is not brand new and everything is of the best. We are now particularly well equipped for all kinds of artistic printing and engraving, especially invitation work, cards, menus, etc.

It seems that the Burlington's restless untiring ambition to build and improve will never cease. The telegraph of Wednesday announces that work is about to be commenced and the line at once pushed still farther northwest from Sheridan, and that ere many months the Burlington will be a daily visitor to Northern Pacific points. The report also states that the work is to be kept up until the famous Puget sound is reached, and either, or both, Tacoma and Seattle are shown as Burlington towns. Lincoln is peculiarly interested in each of these moves, and it is certainly due this great corporation that a full share of appreciation be extended. This city is practically the company's headquarters for this new line and when completed it will add several thousand more miles of track to our tributary railway facilities.

Once in awhile some one raises an objection to music in the public schools. There never was anything but what was objected to by somebody. But the splendid showing made by the musical department of the Lincoln schools at the recent graduating exercises of the senior grammar schools must have made it apparent that music is a very valuable and desirable feature of public instruction in this city. There were many favorable comments on the excellence of the vocal part of the program. Mrs. Jennie M. Anderson, who for the past two or three years has been the supervisor of music, has performed her duties in a whole-hearted way and the results have been most satisfactory. She has aroused much interest in music among the pupils, and she has succeeded admirably in using the material at hand to good advantage. The chorus of one hundred and fifty boys was particularly sweet and effective, showing careful training, and all of the musical numbers were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Anderson is to be congratulated on the extremely creditable showing made by her department of the city schools.

For the first time since Nebraska became a state the president of the senate, in the absence of the governor and lieutenant governor, was last week called upon to act as the executive. E. M. Correll of Horton, is an able editor, an accomplished gentleman and a dignified officer, and without any disparagement to the Honorable Lorenzo Crouse and the Honorable Tom Majors, it can be said that the present acting governor is one of the most capable and best-looking men who ever held down the executive office. The state is entirely safe in his hands.

For a general family catholic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Rich, pure and wholesome ice cream and ices for the home, party or picnic at proper prices at Chas. June's, corner Thirteenth and O streets. Telephone 574.

When you and your best girl are out for a stroll always make a bee line for June ice cream pavilion Thirteenth and O streets.

June the caterer, Thirteenth and O streets is anxious to serve all parties, picnics and festivals with ice cream, ices, cakes, etc., and will appreciate a call from all intending entertainers.

Special ladies' ice cream parlors have been opened over Brown's Royal Cafe, 124 North Tenth street, where the most delicious ices and creams are served by courteous and trained attendants. Private dining rooms for small parties.

Never give a party or order ice cream, ices or lunches until you have first seen Mr. Brown at the Royal Cafe, 124 North Tenth street.

Business men that want a clean economical lunch at noon, instead of going home, will find a fine dinner at the Cafe Royal, 124 North Tenth street. Prices from 15c up.

There may be some nicer and cooler places to enjoy a plate of delicious ice cream than Chas. June's pavilion, but they are not to be found in this neighborhood.

L. S. Gillick, Fashionable Tailor. Latest novelties in gentlemen's spring goods. Gillick still caters to the wish of the public. Call on him and be suited. 1019 O street, room 10.

## LITERARY CHAT

There is of late an increasing demand for foamy literature, in which there is just enough acid to impart a tart flavor. It answers the same purpose in the world of books that spicy comedies like "The Henrietta," "Charity Hall," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widow," or to go a long way back, "School For Scandal," answer in the more contracted territory of the stage. It is a kind of artistic diversion, a fastidious trifling, that has enough spirit in it to make it interesting to a wide range of different kinds of people.

Harper & Brothers have just published a book of this ilk that is pretty sure to meet with a cordial reception. Perhaps the fact that the author was but a few months ago a visitor in this city may invest the book with a special interest for some Lincoln people. Miss Lillian Bell, whose address, "Prairie Ave., Chicago," is certainly not rich in literary suggestiveness, has been particularly happy in the choice of a name for her book. Isn't

trivially honest, you know." Even a girl who was "terribly honest" would hardly tell a woman just turning thirty that she is a "back number." The entire speech is utterly impossible, even from such a girl as Pet Winterboham.

There are old maids who do not compare with cats, and the introduction of Tabby is a somewhat trite subterfuge. A touch of pathos here and there—the death of Flossy's child, and the Mayo family incident, lends color to the work and evidences considerable skill.

Miss Bell's style is incisive. For a young woman only twenty-six years of age she is a shrewd observer, and she has the faculty of expressing herself with clearness and force. The theme, more or less frivolous in itself, is seriously treated, and along with deft character painting and caustic comment, there is a voicing of deep and noble sentiment. "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," by Lillian Bell; Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by local booksellers.

Bayard Tuckerman's sketch of Peter Stuyvesant, published in the "Makers of America" series by Dodd, Mead & Company, is an interesting account of an interesting historical character. The author crowds a great deal of informa-



MISS LIZZIE BORDEN.

there something striking in the title—"THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN OLD MAID." I believe that a book with a name like that on a book store or library shelf would attract me, and my susceptibilities are not particularly unlike those of a great many other people.

There is a quotation on the title page of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" that shows the temper of the book: "Some ships reach happy ports that are not steered." It has been authentically stated that Miss Bell's book is not in any sense an autobiography; but the reader who follows the Old Maid until the end stares him abruptly in the face, somehow imagines that her expressed ideas of matrimony closely approximate the real thoughts of the writer on this interesting subject.

One does not think of the old saying about marriages being made in heaven as one finishes the Old Maid's recital. Rather there is the thought that they are of the earth, very earthy, and that with rare exceptions, they are blundering mistakes.

The twelve chapters of the book are devoted not to the Old Maid's own love affairs, but to the love affairs of the people around her.

There is a great deal of disappointment in the lives of the men and women whose "affairs" are so knowingly discussed. "Alice Asbury has made shipwreck of her love affairs." "The girl is actively miserable and her husband is indifferently without love to spite another whom she really loved and with whom she quarreled, and because her husband married her 'fresh from being jilted by Sallie Cox.'" The happy couple never got over being miserable.

"The more I know of horses the more natural I think men and women are in the unequalness of their marriages. I never yet saw a pair of horses so well matched that they pulled even all the time. \* \* \* And I never saw a marriage in which both persons pulled evenly all the time, and the worst of it is I suppose this unevenness is only what is always expected." It might have been added that everything in the world is unequal. Marriage doesn't even up the scale of human inequality any more than church membership makes saints and angels of mortal men and women.

There are some pungent remarks concerning pet names like "Flossy." "Could anybody under heaven be noble with such a name as Flossy? \* \* \* I suppose she was one of those fluffy, curly, silky babies. She grew to be that kind of a girl—a Flossy girl. It speaks for itself. I suppose with that name she never had any incentive to outgrow her nature."

It requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to accept a speech like this from a nineteen year old girl to the Old Maid, who asks, "Am I called an old maid?" "Oh, yes, indeed, by all the younger set. You see you belonged to Grace's set and they are all married. It makes you seem like a back number to us, but you don't look like an old maid. I suppose you can look back ages and ages and remember when you had lovers, can't you? Or have you forgotten? I can't imagine you ever getting love-letters or flowers or any such thing. I hope I haven't offended you. I am ter-

tion into small compass, and a perusal of the little book leaves one with a pretty fair estimate of the importance of the director-general for the West India company in New Netherland, and a fund of knowledge concerning the early development of New York. The book is a valuable addition to a most useful series.

"Peter Stuyvesant," by Bayard Tuckerman; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by H. W. Brown, price \$1.00.

Martha Finley's latest book contains a rather alarming amount of robbery and murder and intrigue—quite out of keeping with the peaceful serenity of most of the work of the author of the "Elsie" books. "The Tragedy of Wild Run Valley" is a full-fledged novel for "grown up" men and women. There are two kinds of people in the book—good and bad. The former are superlatively good and the bad are shockingly depraved. This author believes in the power of contrast. There is plenty of action and stirring incident and admirers of Martha Finley will probably welcome the new book.

"The Tragedy of Wild Run Valley," by Martha Finley; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by H. W. Brown.

It happened in the cathedral at Tours. "An unaccountable curiosity kept his eyes fastened upon them, and as they came nearer he was struck with something familiar in the bearing of the former. Surely he knew that tall, straight figure and the graceful pose of the head. Where had he met her before? Was it a dream, or was her likeness simply a reflection from out of the past that caused him to watch her with a sense of unwarrantable expectation; and what was it that made his heart leap as he caught the sound of her voice? Suddenly she turned in his direction, and the light from the window above fell full on her face. She saw him at the same moment, and her eyes filled with a look of instant recognition. He was by her side at once, and their hands clasped.

"Allen," said she quietly, "is it really you?"

"But he only answered fervently, 'Margaret, my Margaret, I have found you at last!'"

Margaret and Allen had loved years before; but fate did not smile approvingly; they separated; she married another—but her love was still Allen's. He devoted himself to art and her memory. Time passed; she became a widow; and now they meet again. The old love wells up in his heart; the years have only intensified his passion, and he pleads with Margaret. There is a daughter and the memory of the past, and she resists. Then there is a climax which forever binds the patient heart and that is the story. It is a simple and thoroughly plausible sketch, told in a charmingly simple way, a touching bit of romance.

"From Out of the Past, the Story of a Meeting in Touraine," by Emily Howland Hoppin; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by H. W. Brown; price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

A gentleman, under forty years of age, whose hair was rapidly becoming thin and gray, began the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in six months his hair was restored to its natural color, and even more than its former growth and richness.

## POLITICAL TALK

L. W. Gilchrist, of Saunders county, formerly member of the state board of transportation, was in the city this week. Mr. Gilchrist has lately embarked in the real estate business and he insists that he is out of politics—but he still knows something about it. "So far as my observation goes," he said, "the independent movement is slightly on the wane. I think the third party will use the impeachment case against the republicans with more or less effect, and perhaps will show up pretty strong in this fall's campaign."

"There are more candidates for office in the independent party than in all the other parties put together," continued Mr. Gilchrist, "and that fact may interfere with the plan to make Judge Maxwell the independent nominee for the supreme bench to succeed himself; but if he is nominated I am positive that he will be elected. He will draw heavily from all three parties." It is a fact that republicans generally are beginning to admit that Maxwell's candidacy on the independent platform would be a very serious matter.

The politicians are beginning to look ahead. Mr. Gilchrist informs THE COURIER that there is considerable talk among the independents of Saunders county of ex Speaker Gaffin for governor.

Gaffin was a member of the legislature of '91, being elected by something like 1,400 majority. Last fall when he ran against Gilchrist, he was returned by a majority of less than 400. He is a pleasant gentleman with a somewhat highly developed proficiency for carrying water on both shoulders at the same time. He is one of those men who when they see in the way promptly select another route, or crowd themselves in a hole in the wall until the trouble is past. He may not be a great politician, but he certainly is very politic. Last winter his one aim was to please everybody, and it must be admitted that he succeeded a great deal better than most people who adopt this role. Mr. Gaffin is sometimes accused of namby-pambyness. He is never credited with an excess of force or will power. He is not a man to arouse enthusiasm or draw votes and while he is pretty generally respected, there are a number of men in the independent party who would make much better vote getters.

J. G. P. Hildebrand of this city, is a candidate for deputy collector of internal revenue. Col. Hildebrand is endorsed by prominent democrats in all parts of the state, and his appointment would doubtless meet with very general approval. For fifteen years he has conducted democratic newspapers in this state through which he has expounded the straightest kind of democratic gospel, and he has for years been prominent in the state conventions and high councils of the party; he is a democrat, but he is not identified with any one faction and there will be no protest against his appointment from any of the dozen or so wings of the democratic organization. He has backers and friends in all of them.

The appointment of James E. North of Columbus, to the important and remunerative post of internal revenue collector for the Nebraska district, is not exactly calculated to bring peace to the warring factions of the Nebraska democracy. North is a kind of a red flag in his party, and his appointment will tend to keep the breaches open. He has many ardent supporters and many earnest opponents. Congressman Bryan protested against his candidacy, and the action taken this week cannot be otherwise regarded than as a slap at the Bryan wing. Euclid Martin was opposed to him, and that gentleman is known to be very much disgusted at his appointment. Some of the democratic papers have not hesitated to express themselves with considerable force on the subject. The Plattsmouth Journal, for instance, says North's appointment will do "far more injury than good to the party." Then follows this very vigorous "cross": "To begin with, it is doubted if North is capable of filling the office creditably; secondly, he is a man who lacks political principle; third, he is the creature of his surroundings, and his political career indicates that personal self is the leading motive for his public course. His connections, and sympathies, his companions and associates are of the monopoly, railway and subsidy order. If a republican outright he would belong to the worst element in the party. As a democrat he is of no benefit, but an injury to the party's hope of success. Hence we find him voting for the sugar bounty, against the resolutions of impeachment of corrupt republican officials, and against state regulation of railroads in each of which positions he went contrary to almost unanimous democratic sentiment and certainly against democratic interests. The promotion of such a man to the most important governmental office in the state—or in fact to any office—is certain to be demoralizing in its effect, and greatly detrimental to the interests of the party and it is strange that the strong and able democrats who backed him for the appointment could not see that such would be the effect of it. His vote for the sugar bounty, for instance, was generically wrong, and utterly undemocratic. No man who was an honest, earnest democrat could favor such a measure. Jim North's appointment means a continuation of republican misrule in Nebraska."

There is the usual talk about candidates for county offices being held up. One more or less prominent republican is accused of bringing out candidates

for the different places simply for the purpose of bleeding them. Some of the candidates are in favor of an early convention because they are anxious to stop the expense.

R. R. Greer of Kearney, ex-commissioner-general of the Nebraska Columbian Commission, was in the city Thursday. Bob hasn't anything to say about politics, but he is enthusiastic on the subject of crops.

Dave Bomgardner, formerly in the Secretary of State's office, and now drawing a salary from the government in the McCook land office, was in the city recently making arrangements to go into commercial business. He doesn't know how long he will be permitted to remain in office, and he proposes to be prepared when the blow falls. Dave's friends will doubtless follow him in business as they always have in politics.

Ex-Chief Justice Annasa Cobb is spoken of as a prospective candidate for the supreme bench.

"The county convention should not be held until October, or the state convention either," remarked ex-Governor Thayer the other day. "Five or six weeks is plenty long enough for any campaign. I believe the republicans ought to let the independents hold their state convention first."

There is a very close connection between politics and the corn crop in this state. Indeed there are very few things in Nebraska that are not affected in some manner by the yearly crop of corn. Experienced observers who seek to read the political future look to the fields in much the same way that an old woman consults her rheumatism in regard to the weather. The corn crop is a political barometer that seldom fails. It indicates "fair," "cloudy" or "stormy" with remarkable distinctness and accuracy. When the rain has descended and the sun has shone in appropriate and timely rotation and the seasons have marched, along without stumbling over each other the fields, at the proper time, are covered with a carpet of green and gold, foretelling not only a bounteous harvest but a period of quiet and comparative peace in politics—and the promise is almost invariably fulfilled. But when the rain and the sunshine get tangled up, and the seasons refuse to run on schedule time, the fields are scant of crops and full of weeds, and the barometer indicates hard times for the farmer, and a consequent stormy time for the politicians. A poor crop drives the farmers into politics every time, and the agriculturists relieve their feelings by sowing Hall Columbia. The independent party in Nebraska is the offspring of misfortune. Republican foolishness was one parent and a bad season, agriculturally, was the other. The republicans have not quite got over being foolish now and then, and the crops have not been particularly good and the infant has thrived. Yes, it has positively waxed fat.

But there are those who, faking their cue from the growing crop, confidently predict that the political situation in Nebraska will shortly become more settled than it has been for years. It is argued on the one hand that the republican party has lately passed through so much tribulation that it will be much more careful in the future, and then the corn crop promises so much! "My residence in Nebraska embraces two decades," remarked Mr. Gilchrist during the conversation with a COURIER representative above alluded to, "and being a farmer myself I have always taken a peculiar interest in agricultural affairs. I claim to know something about what which I am talking when I am talking about crops, and I can tell you, after an extended observation in different parts of the state, that in all the time of my residence in Nebraska there never was so bright a prospect for crops as there is right now. The outlook is splendid. The acreage is much larger than ever before and corn is in excellent condition and the fields are remarkably clear of weeds, and when at this time of the year the weeds are well under control there is always a good crop. But this year everything is propitious. The rains have been general, and, if I wanted to be poetical, I might say that the earth is singing with gladness. Where winter wheat was a failure the ground was ploughed up and corn was put in and it is coming along beautifully. Oats are in good condition, and I do not believe that anything can now prevent us from having a magnificent harvest."

A good harvest will bring prosperity and content to the farmers, and it is reasonable to expect less turbulence in politics.

"Brace Up."

Is a tantalizing admonition to those who at this season feel all tired out, weak, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite is really wonderful. So we say, "Take Hood's and it will brace you up."

Miss S. E. Blakeslee, fine dressmaking, at Mrs. Gosper's, 1114 O street.

A fine line of canned soups, 25 cents per can. Miller & Gifford, grocers.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, 143 South Eleventh street.

Misses Boggs & Caffyn, dressmaking parlors, F. N. stamping, 1311 M street, telephone 519.

For Sunday dinner supplies call at Halter's market, opposite Lansing Theater. Phone 100.

Fruited ice cream soda water made from the natural fruit, at Rector's Pharmacy.

Mrs. W. E. Gosper's new spring stock of millinery, the finest in the city, is now complete.