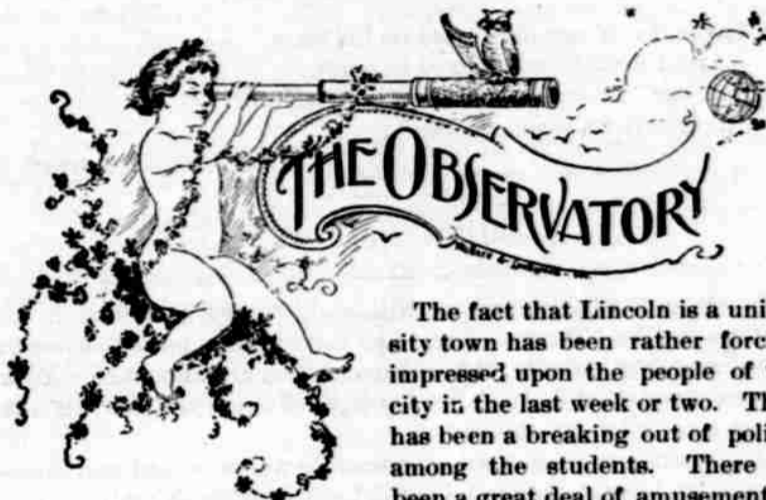


THE COURIER

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The fact that Lincoln is a university town has been rather forcibly impressed upon the people of this city in the last week or two. There has been a breaking out of politics among the students. There has been a great deal of amusement for the majority, and, as in a game of boot ball, one or two men have been thrown down and carried off.

Who wrote McMullen's oration? This is almost as momentous a question as the memorable query, never as yet satisfactorily answered, who struck Billy Patterson?

The other night a new telephone ordinance was passed by the city council. It provided for a material reduction in the price of telephone service. It contained several good provisions. It may have contained some that were not proper or expedient. But there was no occasion for the unseemly haste exhibited by Mayor Weir in vetoing the measure.

Mayor Weir said that the ordinance was passed too hurriedly. He would veto it, and then the people could think about it, and a new ordinance could be passed. The mayor knew that this ordinance was passed unexpectedly, and he also knew that it would be impossible to pass a new ordinance dealing with this question in a just and proper manner. He knew that in vetoing the measure passed a week ago last Tuesday night he was giving a quietus to the only measure that has attempted to regulate the telephone business, or that will attempt seriously to deal with this monopoly.

The mayor gave a great many more or less tiresome reasons why he vetoed the ordinance. He omitted to name the real reason, viz: That the ordinance was not satisfactory to the telephone people, and that as the telephone people have "influence," he did not care to offend them. It might effect his candidacy for governor.

Some months ago THE COURIER ventured to assert that Mayor Weir is a humbug. Succeeding events have made it more and more clear that our statement was entirely correct.

A couple of years ago when James Whitcomb Riley gave a lecture and some recitations to a handful of people in the Lansing theater

the writer of these desultory observations was bold enough to say that the peculiar intellectuality of this town grasps eagerly at base ball and vaudeville and farce comedy and melodrama while it often passes by in almost utter indifference slightly more elevated and certainly more deserving entertainments.

We were promptly informed by one of our contemporaries that the taste of the people of Lincoln is of the most refined sort. Riley it was said, is no poet any how, and the fact that only a handful of people attended his entertainment was no argument that there was anything the matter with the intellectual discrimination of Lincoln people. Perhaps Riley isn't very much of a poet, but intellectually, his entertainments are quite as profitable as many that are patronized much more enthusiastically.

This week, Mr. Leon H. Vincent, a lecturer of polish and keen wit and much intelligence has made three appearances, lecturing on Hawthorne Monday, on Emerson Wednesday and last evening on Dickens. On all three occasions the audience present could have been put into a very small corner of the grand stand at the base ball grounds and you would scarcely have been able to see it. There were not enough people present to offer the lecturer the slightest encouragement. But the ball games continue to draw well. There is something too gross about a dissertation on Hawthorne or Emerson to appeal to the delicate sensibilities of people who talk about culture and spend their money on "A Texas Steer," or "A Rag Baby" or entertainments of that ilk.

Homer West, a real estate dealer in this city, has just returned from Geneseo, Ill. He met there a gentleman who has a very large amount of money, something over \$100,000, stacked up in the banks awaiting investment. He can't find any use for the money in his own town. Mr. West suggested that he send it to Lincoln. The capitalist replied that he had read of Lincoln and that he had no money to put into a town composed of Coxeyites and anarchists. So much for the effect of the mob and rabble which Mayor Weir publicly encouraged.

Apropos of Coxeyism our contemporary, *Town Topics*, opines that the real cause, the *causa causans* of the movement, is "the almost universal childish American desire for a badge, a feather, a uniform, a title of some sort. We are a nation of captains and majors and knights and Grand Worthy Supreme Second-Hand Squirts. Coxey, who is an immitigable fakir, advertising his horses and silica sand, and laughing at the public in his sleeve, saw this rudimentary militiaism, this primitive savage delight in plumes and sashes and tin medals, of his countrymen, and played the public for the ass it is. Instead of seeing blood and revolution and wall-eyed anarchy in the raids and marches of Coxey and his marshals, the thing to see is that we are pleased with a bugle, tickled with a sword. The clean march; no wonder the dirty do. I believe that if some eccentric millionaire were willing to spend his fortune in drums, fifes and togs of war, the whole American people would do nothing but parade, not a whit madder than the Neapolitans that danced the tarantula."