

# THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

## A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THERE was, once upon a time, a beautiful city, the capital of a great territory. The people of this city were progressive and active, and the city grew like a green bay tree. Enterprise and thrift went hand in hand, and all the people were happy. The city spread out in all directions, and its beauty and prosperity attracted not only thousands of people, but great institutions. Soon, besides its great business interests, it had colleges and universities, without number, and it became famous throughout the land as a seat of learning. But after awhile a change came over the people. Enterprise gradually gave way to a kind of manipulation that promised much but achieved little. Half of the people gave themselves largely or wholly over to politics, expecting to secure at one grab from the public treasury, that which it would take years to obtain in legitimate business. The other half dropped back from their erstwhile condition of enterprise and activity and some of them went to sleep. Some of them went into a kind of stupor, and others put their faith in the politicians, expecting them to accomplish for the city what formerly was obtained by the prompt exercise of public spirit. Public spirit? That phrase became a mockery. Scheming on the one side, and lethargy on the other, took the place of that public spirit that had built a beautiful city on the bare prairie. The change in the people soon brought a change in the town. There was no longer any advancement. No new enterprises came to town. The population not only did not grow, but began to decrease. Politics and sleep and lethargy did their work. Gradually progress turned around and commenced to go backward. Instead of gaining new strength, the city began to lose, little by little, that vitality that had made it so powerful. Finally a few of the people becoming alarmed at the trend of affairs rubbed the sand out of their eyes, after a deal of talk, got together and organized a club that was to supply all of the enterprise for the city. This club was installed in a handsome mansion with great *eclat*, or something nearly akin to it; and the city, or as much of it as was awake, waited to see what the club would do, fondly expecting that the old time prosperity would be brought back. First, the members and officers provided for their stomachs. That done a

long rest was taken. Then came the question of the re-location of a big exposition that had been held in the city annually for years, an exposition that was worth thousands of dollars to the city. The club essayed to secure the re-location of the exposition. The other people did nothing. People said, "There is no use for us to get up any excitement. The exposition will never be taken away from this city." They thought the relocation was simply a question of politics, and they were confident. The club soon came in contact with the representatives of other cities—live cities, and men who were fully awake and who had long since cut their eye teeth. The habit of sloth was too much for these men who tried to keep the exposition. A rival city carried away the prize. The club thereupon went into a state of desuetude. And one by one many enterprises that were of value to the city slipped away, and the town that five years before was the wonder of the county became a peacefully sleeping community whose only relief from the dreadful monotony that marked the passing years was politics.



Ada—That is Mr. Leader, the great conductor.  
Saida—Of which car-line?

other city it is barely possible, unless the people wake up, that a like fate may be in store for us.

## A MUTUAL SERVICE.

He—I am very unfortunate; it seems I can please nobody.  
She—Come, cheer up; I have no one to admire me, either.  
He—Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration  
I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes; and what do you admire in me?  
She—Your good taste.