



THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895.



Is there anybody who does not number among his acquaintances a Thompson? Most of us know several. Thompson's remedy for all the ills that flesh or spirit is heir to—his specific, as it were—is egotism; says H. W. Morrow, and, preach as

you will, "To be good is to be happy," the only real happy person on earth is the egotist. This conclusion is reached after long study of a perfect specimen. He patronizes Jones because he lives just outside of town, declaring that the heart of the city is the place to live. A week later he moves to a farm house a mile and a half out. "I tell you what it is, Jones," he shouts, gleefully, "you fellows don't know how to live. Why, as I walked over the hills this morning I felt like a new man. The air was so fresh and pure, the flowers blooming in every fence corner, the birds singing in every bush—I tell you, it's glorious! 'Thought I didn't like to live away out? Well, I don't generally; but then, this place—you never saw such a place in your life—such scenery, such cooking. Come out some time and I'll show you how to live." Thompson is insured in the Mutual, Jones in the Equitable. "How on earth did you ever come to go into a snide thing like that?" exclaims Thompson, impatiently to his friend. "Why, the concern's rotten. They're just simply robbing you. They tried it on me, but I know something about insurance, myself." And so it goes. Poor Jones! he really knows twice as much on any conceivable subject, but he recognizes his limitations; he has doubts; he fears that he may be mistaken, that he may be cheated. There are disagreeable features in his house and neighborhood. His horse may be spavined. His library is not so large or so well selected as he could wish. The collar of his coat binds a little. He may have been mistaken about having paid that rent. He is afraid that he was too hasty in his argument with Brown. He is tormented on every side. All this Thompson escapes. He is always right. Doubt is unknown to him. He deals with Smith, and Smith becomes a scholar and a gentleman, all his competitors rogues or ignoramuses. His tailor is a genius; his cook a paragon. He buys a broken down plug, and its ringbones and splints vanish, and lo! he possesses a thoroughbred. His watch never loses a second, although the sun may gain a little. Like the king, he can do no wrong, and therefore never worries over having hurt anyone's feelings. There is only one newspaper worthy the name in the city—the one he reads. He buys a bunch of flowers, and no others have such a rich color or sweet smell. Criticism hurts him not, because he is himself. He has discovered the secret of life. It is "me and the world."

Since the last issue of THE COURIER Mr. Bryan and Judge Broady's congressional aspirations and politics generally have been

made issues in the municipal campaign that for a time promised to be confined entirely to local issues, and it is not strange, under the circumstances, that there should be some adverse to criticism of the churches that fostered last Sunday night's political meetings. The churches that keep entirely aloof from party politics undoubtedly pursue the proper course.

Rev. C. M. Shepherd preached a sermon Sunday night on "Roads Which Lead From Lincoln to Hell and Who Keeps Up the Bridges." Rev. Shepherd is the Parkhurst of Lincoln.

The legislature gives renewed evidence of its incapacity as it drags its weary way along; but the end is not far off now. The amount of necessary work that the legislature has to do is small, and these long drawn out sessions of three months or more are as unnecessary as they are tiresome to the public.

It is in these closing days of the session that the lobbyist makes his greatest effort, and it is now that the legislator who has held out all along views with alarm the return home empty pocketed and yields to the seductive argument of the man who is "interested in legislation." Look out for the disappearance or decapitation of bills aimed at the big corporations. Some of them have already been "taken care of."

The *Bookman*, an American edition of which has lately made its appearance reports the selling power of new books in all sections of the country. There is no report from Lincoln, Kansas City being the nearest city represented. It is not probable that there is much difference between the literary taste of the people in this city and those of the near-by city to the south. It appears that during the month of February, Hall Caine's "The Manxman" was the favorite and "Trilby" came second, followed by Brockett's "The Play-Actress." Mr. Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal," "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" and "The Ralstons." In New York, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville, Pittsburg, Portland and St. Paul, "Trilby" triumphantly heads the list. But this great favorite does not appear at all in the list from Boston, New Haven or Worcester, while in Washington, as in Kansas City, it is second, and in Hartford, fifth in the list. In Albany alone Stevenson's "Amateur Emigrant" sold more copies than any other book. It is mentioned also in the lists from Buffalo, Chicago, Louisville and Worcester, while in Cleveland they are only now reading his previous book, "The Ebb-Tide." The Kansas City *Star* thinks Boston's list, which is, of course, a matter of interest everywhere, is greatly to its credit, as a whole. Thus it runs: Besant's "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth," "As a Matter of Course," by A. P. Call, "Municipal Government in Great Britain," by Albert Shaw; "Century of Charades," by Bellamy, and "Social Evolution," by Kidd. "As a Matter of Course" is by the author of "Power Through Repose," its aim being to assist in the removal of nervous irritants. The "Century of Charades," too, seems a rather frivolous book for Boston, but it is ungracious to carp at these, rather should the rest of the country rejoice that in the literary center of the nation there is such catholicity of taste as to admit even the frivolities of life into companionship with the serious studies.