



ENTERED AT THE LINCOLN POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE GOURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OFFICE 217 North Eleventh St.

TELEPHONE 90

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$2 00	Three months.....	50c.
Six months.....	1 00	One month.....	20c.
Single copies.....	Five cents.		

For sale at all news stands in this city and Omaha and on all trains. A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MARCH 30, 1894.

Eggs are plenty and cheap and now is the time to pack away for future use as the hens will soon begin to get tired. Here in Lincoln a few old hens have already got *Broody* and are expecting to hatch out a mayor.

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Sam Jones in a recent sermon said that as pastor and sinner he had never seen a respectable, earnest Christian man or woman on a dancing floor. Sam, as pastor and sinner, probably went to just one kind of dances.

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In one of his letters to Wilson, pending action on the tariff bill in the house, the president said there was danger of the idea becoming prevalent among the people that the democratic party was incapable of carrying on the government. Grover was a prophet—the idea become prevalent and its prevalency has been growing ever since.

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The postoffice department, in answer to petitions, has established two new postoffices, one in Franklin county, Ohio; and the other in Schuyler county, Ill., each bearing the name of Trilby. It has been suggested that fools will soon be clamoring to have postoffices named Dodo and Isben or Kreutzer Sonata. The Green Carnation would make a striking name.

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When "the honest citizen" realizes his privileges and responsibilities and attends caucuses and primary elections there will then be some hope for improvement in politics; but so long as "the honest citizen" stays away, as he quite often does, from all political meetings and elections, and confines his protestation to a fuming indignation—after the nominations have been made, and the candidates elected, just so long will party politics be manipulated by "practical politicians" and rogues.

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The women of Lincoln will give the people of this city another exhibition of their adaptability and enterprise in the edition of the *Call* which they will get out. Great things are expected of this women's exploit into journalism. The principal danger is that the contents will be too learned for the male portion of the *Call's* readers who can scarcely measure up to the wisdom displayed by the women in their women's clubs. If the women keep the paper down to man's level we predict that it will be a distinguished success.

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A portrait of the president of the United States was hissed in this city Thursday night at the Lansing theatre. Mr. Cleveland is a democrat and as such is open to objection; but hisses should be reserved for those whose offenses have exceeded Mr. Cleveland's. In

fact just at the present time the president and his republican secretary of state are doing valiant and patriotic service in the cause of Americanism, and there should have been plaudits instead of jeers for this president whose administration is today not only asserting at Madrid the rights of this country, but is standing up for American principles at the court of St. James.

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It is gratifying to know that Mr. Rosewater and the pack of hounds he turned loose on the state university did not prevent the legislature from doing its duty by that institution. Even the publication of a salary list containing the names of instructors who have not been connected with the university for more than a year—a list that was otherwise full of glaring errors, did not avail. Unjust restrictions as to the expenditure of the money appropriated have always been imposed by the legislature, and there is no departure from precedent this session; but the amount of money placed and to be placed at the disposal of the management of the university will enable the institution to continue the progressive movement that dates from the installation of Chancellor Canfield.

NOTES.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

Those who read the *Sunday Journal* missed the dramatic criticisms from Miss Cather in last Sunday's paper. Many of us read her columns first and always with pleasure, though sometimes we do not agree with her, which is of little consequence. Her style is brave and sweet and full of individuality. The day will come, if the child-heart faint not, when Miss Cather's name will hold an honored place in American literature. She is recovering rapidly from her illness and in another week will fill her space in the paper and in the world again.

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The streets are now made beautiful and fragrant by the bi-daily passage through them of the florists' carts filled with the tall easter lillies. The florist shops are in town, their hot houses in the country. So this largess is a necessity of the trade we profit by.

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Madrigals for the living. Dirges for the dead. The dead have not the suffrage. Therefore more madrigals.

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Young poets write such melancholy verses. They are so seldom cheerful. Occasionally, they write of violets and sunshine but more often of the tomb, of famine and desolation. People read the flower lyrics, and quote them into their local life, for a day or so at least. The tomb pieces are snubbed immediately into oblivion. It is doubtless much harder to be cheerful, sunny, simple than to be misanthropic, gloomy and metaphysical; but the former pays better. When the poet sings of "Violets in her velvet eyes" a thousand lovers' hearts respond. Their ladies eyes are five hundred different colors but each lover has seen violets there. Only he waited for the poet to name the delightful shade.

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William Cullen Bryant saw in this world only an immense tomb. He described the world-tomb in *Thanatopsis* when he was sixteen years old. His subsequent poems repeat the same theme. It is necessary to reflect upon the shortness of life in order not to waste it. But when the mind dwells upon mortality continuously the impressions are apt to be lugubrious rather than solemn.

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Therefore young poet look up! The green grass will be growing all around soon. If it grow from dead men's bones enjoy it none the less. We will pay our debt to the millions that succeed as they are paying now. Why mourn for them or for ourselves? Now is the time to laugh and look and love. It is forever too late when we shall have become fertilizers. Other people will be taking our turn then.

SARAH B. HARRIS.