



# THE COURIER

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When a rascal is introduced or recommended by a friend or some one in whom we have confidence and we enter into business dealings with him and he defrauds us, we complain of the rascal's sponsor. This remark is apropos of the

brilliant exploit of an accomplished individual aptly if not elegantly described in the women's edition of the *Call* as "A Smooth Duck." We refer to one H. F. Atherton who a month or two ago established himself in this city as the representative of well known book and art publishers. Atherton, it seems, was a convict, and had been released from the state penitentiary on parole. He was allowed by those who were instrumental in securing his release on parole to prey upon the public—and we cannot help admiring the ability and alacrity with which he made use of his opportunities. The parole system has been widely commended as a reform measure, and we believe it was favorably discussed in *THE COURIER* on the occasion of the publication of the annual report of the warden of the penitentiary. But the victims of Convict-out-on-Parole Atherton, and we are of their number, have reason to find fault with those who opened the prison doors to him, and there are people in Lincoln who do not regard the parole system with the favor they once did.

People are wondering if there really was a Civic Federation. There is a growing feeling that the whole affair was a newspaper myth. Mr. Raymond and Mr. Hall are lending encouragement to this belief.

Judge Broady is said to be happy that he was not elected. Here is one of the queer things in politics. A man will strive with might and main to get a nomination and, once nominated, to be elected, and then if he is defeated he is glad of it. Both George Woods and John B. Wright feel so good over their defeat in the convention that their happiness sticks out all over them, and now comes Broady with rejoicings because he was not elected. The friends of these gentlemen are glad that they are glad.

Shrewd observers comment on the fact that the *Journal's* regard for Mr. Graham was decidedly more enthusiastic the day after election than it was during the campaign, when many reputed good judges thought Broady would be elected.

Brownville, having been disturbed in that serenity which it has enjoyed for so many years, and made an issue in the late campaign, can now relapse back into the blissful state in which Judge Broady left it.

The railroad companies and summer resorts that are sending beautifully illustrated circulars and pamphlets to the people of Nebraska in the hope of inducing them to leave home during the coming summer are dropping their tickets at the wrong door. Last year large numbers of people went away for a part of the summer, and while they were gone the corn crop was lost. This year most of us are going to stay at home and watch and pray.

The women's edition of the *Call* was a distinctively creditable achievement. Considering the short time in which the work was done and other difficulties with which the women had to contend the editors did remarkably well. The portrait of Prof. Easterday about which so much has been said was not without its use, making all the other portraits appear to advantage.

It is to be hoped that long before *THE COURIER* reaches its readers the legislature will be a thing of the past. The closing days were marked by the flow of huddle, and the cries of some bills that were killed at the last moment will long echo the disgrace of this body of "representatives" of the people.

In last week's *COURIER* Miss Harris had something to say about young poets who write melancholy verses. Mr. Dunroy in this issue maintains that a young poet writes as he feels—from experience; if his lines have not fallen in pleasant places filled with bright sunshine, but instead have taken him along a dark and stormy way, he sings perforce, not in the high and happy notes of joy but in a lower and more serious key. Miss Harris continuing her discussion, maintains that happiness is not a matter of circumstance or environment, but of temperament, and instances poets who from a bed of misery and lives of suffering and disappointment have lifted their voices in mirthful song.

A correspondent who is impressed with the objectionableness of the present system of nominating candidates for public office gives, in another place, his views as to how the system might be improved. There is certainly a great and growing necessity for a radical change here—something that will reduce the three or four self-constituted captains of the party and bosses of the city to the ranks, and give the people a chance to say who shall be nominated and elected to office. The Australian ballot system dealt a powerful blow to a great and vicious industry. A corresponding reform in the manner of nominating candidates would effectually cripple the industry and possibly force a few of these practical politicians who subsist on the proceeds of skullduggery to seek some honest occupation. The Civic Federation, if there ever really was such an organization, might well be revived for the purpose of assisting to bring about a genuine reform of this sort.