

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1895.

OBSERVATIONS.

SINCE that memorable election of members of the board of education, held a year ago, Superintendent Strong's supporters on the board have been in the minority, and it has been freely talked that the superintendent would have to contend against strong opposition. Very recently, since the reduction of teachers' salaries, the movement against Strong has taken form, and it is currently reported that he has been asked to resign. The feeling is generally entertained among members of the board that his salary of \$3,000 is more than his services are worth and that it is entirely out of proportion to the salaries paid to the principals and teachers, and it is contended that the superintendent might, under the circumstances, submit to a reduction. But Mr. Strong has a three year contract in his pocket, which entitles him to another year at \$3,000, and he is disposed to make the board live up to its contract. If he should make any concession it would be out of keeping with the disposition he has all along exhibited.

When the contract was made, two years ago, the point was raised that entering into a binding agreement for three years, was somewhat dangerous, inasmuch as there was no telling how the new superintendent might suit, and now the fact that the contract was made is greatly regretted.

The salary is probably excessive and it may be that there are valid objections to Mr. Strong's methods; but it would be unwise to oust the superintendent at this time. Let him serve out his term. The contract was duly made. Now live up to it. Next time be a little more careful.

An officer who was recently at Sioux Falls brings back the intelligence that Mosher's lines have not fallen in pleasant places inside the federal penitentiary. He is still shoveling coal. One day, so the officer says, Mosher shoveled out a whole car of coal. Life, as Mosher finds it, is no longer set with the stars of joy and hope. His sentence seems a life time. Under its weight his spirit is broken. Such is the impression produced on the officer. But I imagine the officer was fooled. There may be

pleasanter occupations for the fallen Napoleon than shoveling coal; but it would take something a good deal worse than shoveling coal to drive all of the optimism out of his mental make-up. And that sentence of something over three years! Does anyone who knew the political and financial Boes in the days when his power was panoplied by a pull that reached from a ward caucus to legislatures, state offices and courts, imagine that the spirit of this intrepid trader would or could be broken by three or four year's imprisonment?

Mosher carefully estimated the punishment that would follow his wrong doing, and when he gazed on the pile of his stolen ducats he was reconciled

The crime committed by Mosher was so enormous, the ill effects of his bank-wrecking are so manifest, that attempts to work up sympathy for the exiled financier find no response in this city among the people that he victimized. It will be many years before the people of this town can regard the operations of Mosher with anything but indignation. You can't chop a man's legs off and then expect him to be sorry for you. Mosher's million dollar steal took Lincoln off its legs, and it is still crippled. Have you ever stopped to think what a fine condition Lincoln would be in if there had been no Mosher among us: no reckless adventurers like Croan and his ilk, who have had such a blasting effect on the credit of the city?

caller for an instant; then his mind wandered, and he spoke of himself as president of all the railway companies whose tracks can be seen from the asylum. He also said he was president of the United States senate. Such is the state of the man who, up to a couple of years ago, was one of the leading business men of Lincoln, and the fate of Louie Meyer may be laid at Mosher's door.

The other evening, about 8 o'clock, I was accosted by a lady and gentleman coming up from the Burlington depot, and asked to direct them to some good restaurant where a lady could go with propriety. They didn't want a chop house, but a respectable restaurant where meals are served at all hours. I told them there wasn't such a place in town, and when finally the man was made to understand that the city of Lincoln contains no restaurant of this sort his remarks about the enterprise of the town were not at all elegant or complimentary.

According to Auditor Moore's figures the incidental expenses of the last legislature were \$28,956.46. For salaries and expenses of members and employes the sum of \$105,456.95 was spent. The legislature costs a good deal more than it is worth. Can anybody recall anything that it did, beyond making appropriations, that was worth to the state even a fraction of \$105,456.95? The last legislature was a bad egg all through, and its doings do not reflect credit upon the republican party, which controlled it, or the state. The legislative system in Nebraska needs reforming.

So Dr. Curtis, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church, is going to Chicago. The doctor has been in Lincoln a pretty long time, and his departure means that a serious problem is soon to face the Presbyterian people. Choosing a pastor in these days is no easy task. It is almost as difficult a matter as selecting a chancellor. Before a selection can be made a long list of "supplies," the bane of most church goers, must be heard; and then comes the difficulty of arriving at a condition of unanimity in the final selection.

The regents of the state university, by



A BRIDGE AGROSS.

in advance to the slight cost of his big haul. And notwithstanding the stories that from time to time reach Lincoln from Sioux Falls it is doubtful if the bright man behind the bars, who, according to one rumor, is writing an answer to "Coin's Financial School," is overworked. That car of coal may have been only a wheelbarrow. And the sweat on his brow that has been pictured by returning pilgrims may have been created out of the imagination of sympathetic friends. Mosher isn't the man to sweat. If the truth were known it would be found that Mosher is faring tolerably well in the Sioux Falls pen, that he is visited with a severity only equal to or less than that bestowed on other prisoners, and that his spirit is plumb full of hope.

Louie Meyer is seldom thought of now. When he went down in the current the eddies swirled over him and then the current moved on as before. He was an important personage before misfortunes overtook him. He was a man of affairs, and people used to think there was no such thing as failure in anything in which he was concerned. He began to lose his mind about the time of the Capital National bank failure, and not long after his own failure there was an almost total mental collapse. He is now an inmate of the hospital for the insane in this city. A friend who visited him the other day was shocked at the great change which has taken place in this once vigorous man. His health is broken, and his mind is a blank. He recognized his