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THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JULY 13 1895.

OBSERVATIONS.

MR. ANNIN'S Washington correspondence is interesting, even in these times of quiet at the capital. Mr. Annin, by the way, usually has some one great man on the string, some one to whom he is wholly devoted. Not very long ago it was his relative and benefactor Algernon Sidney Paddock, now gone to rest in the peaceful shade of Beatrice-on-the-Blue. Then it was Senator Manderson. Now it is that straight and rock-ribbed democrat and infatigable letter writer, J Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture and general high jinks of Mr. Cleveland's administration. The correspondent's devotion to Morton is quite as intense as his erstwhile affection for Paddock and Manderson. Some republicans are disposed to resent this pushing forward of the Sage of Arbor Lodge through republican agency, but such resentment comes from a narrow minded way of looking at things. Mr. Morton, though a democrat, and as much of a victim to the letter-writing habit as the late A. H. Weir, is one of the greatest men that have gone forth from this state to occupy a place in the government of the nation. He has brains and integrity and patriotism. Few Nebraskans have brought more credit upon their state than this official authority on Russian thistles and sub-soiling. Mr. Morton is a man of assertive character and his influence has been strongly felt by the administration in many ways—apart from his duties as secretary of agriculture. The *Journal's* Washington correspondent does justice to the admirable qualities and wise administration of Mr. Morton, and his course is to be commended. Partisan journalism may be dignified by such a policy.

The state house in this city has, in the last five years, been the scene of many a strange and picturesque exhibition. The complications resulting from hybrid politics have possessed at times a certain Gilbert and Sullivan flavor that have given a piquant interest to the news from the great white building erected by convict labor. Since the fitful days when the state had two governors, John M Thayer and James Ecclesiastical Boyd; when state troops patrolled the state house corridors; when bailiffs battered in the doors of the legislative halls; when Sam Elder held sway as speaker, etc., etc., there have been many peculiar happenings under the big dome; and not the least singular of these occurrences is the hocus-pocus that has attended the affair of the penitentiary contract.

The ramifications of this business have passed beyond the understanding of a considerable portion of the public, and the people look on in bewilderment as event follows event. The warden, the board of public lands and buildings,

Mr. Moore, the governor, and ingenuous Willie Dorgan, have been playing star parts in a spectacular extravaganza that has done much toward relieving the tension of these sultry days. That warrant for \$33,000, more or less, has bobbed about in a dizzy fashion. One minute it has hung seductively before the wistful gaze of Willie, and the next Mr. Moore pulls a string and away it goes. It has cut queer capers. But though this play has gone on and is still going on, the demo-pop Holcomb is governor and the government in Lincoln still lives; and the corn is growing on the Nebraska prairies and even the

once, after all hope had been abandoned, that a quiet man was building a woollen mill down the river, which he completed and afterwards operated without the help of the committee which had been appointed to aid in such matters of public weal. The trouble was that the man lived in Twin Mounds, whereas we had been expecting a man and money to come from a distant point for that purpose, and had never thought of looking about home, but spent a great deal of money in sending committees away to make arrangements for a woollen mill. The circumstance although humiliating, proved a good thing, for it

of our own citizens are regarded with cold indifference. A case in point is Henry Holt's Lincoln Park enterprise. Many times in recent years the newspapers, including *THE COURIER*, have had much to say about the great benefit to be derived from a good mile racing track. All sorts of things were promised if somebody would only put in a mile track. And here comes along "that quiet man" Holt, who builds a first class track without the assistance of committees, or any body; and because Holt is a Lincoln man and runs his business quietly nothing is said about his enterprise and people do not think anything about it. As a matter of fact Holt is doing a splendid work at Lincoln park, a work that will benefit the whole city, and such efforts ought to be appreciated. A fast one mile track is a good thing for any town. This Lincoln now has thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Holt. The people ought to push it along.

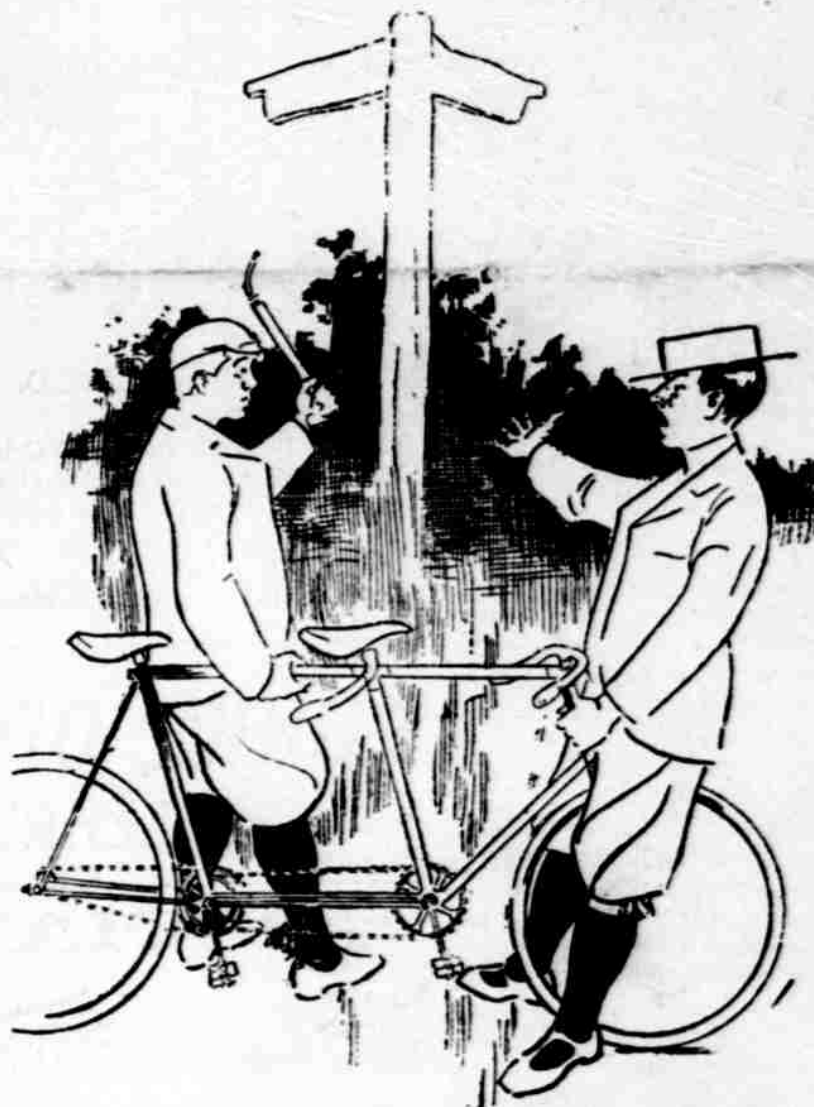
Nearly everything of value that Lincoln has was supplied by Lincoln people, and this will continue to be true.

The enemies of ex-President Harrison have done many mean things to embarrass that gentleman's candidacy for re-nomination, but they capped the climax when they caused it to be reported that he had proclaimed against bloomers. The way things are going now it looks as if the man who would venture to say ought against bloomers in 1896 would be ridden to pieces; and it was low down in the anti-Harrison people to seek to arouse the opposition of the great wheel brigade in this way.

Speaking of the apparel of women, Dr. Talmadge in a recent discourse said, "It has," he said, "within the past few years been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have ever known; but there are those who will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I charge christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil."

Was he thinking of the "bloomer girl"? Already has she made her appearance in Lincoln in small numbers. I do not mean those whom every afternoon I see in costumes of quiet, subdued colors, go spinning about the city, veritable visions of loveliness and grace but the particular examples who, in hues that are termed "loud" herald their approach as effectively as would the alarm bell of the patrol wagon.

Hard times must have struck England according to an exchange. Five actors applied in answer to an advertisement for a "leading man" in a traveling company in London. The one who said he could sole shoes secured the position. His ability in this line, it was thought might aid the company in a weary walk homeward.



DIFFICULTIES OF TANDEM TOURING.

Joe Sullivan and Ory Ward in animated dispute over which is the right road to Kearney. Joe wants to go one way, Ory the other. Ask them how they settled it.

birds are singing of the good times coming.

E. W. Howe, in his *Story of a Country Town* says: "There was a very general impression that manufactories were needed, and this was talked about so much and so many inducements were offered, that the people became discouraged, believing that the average manufacturer had a wicked heart and a hollow head to thus wrong Twin Mounds in the face of his own interests; therefore we were much surprised to learn

taught the people that, if the town were to be built up at all, it must be by its own citizens, which knowledge was afterwards used to good advantage."

Edgar Howe's town of Twin Mounds had characteristics that are to be found in Lincoln. We are always on the lookout for somebody to come to Lincoln and do something. We are willing to subscribe money, push and do anything in our power for any enterprise projected by somebody not a resident of Lincoln, while similar attempts on the part