



# THE COURIER

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### OBSERVATIONS

Lincoln may yet rise triumphant from the doldrums and dumps of depression and assert herself in the certain and exultant tones of the victor. Out of the quiescence and desuetude of a half decade, during which the state fair and other lively and useful institutions departed from us, there may yet come a compensating spirit of achievement. It is within the range of possibility that Lincoln may, in the near future, secure two or three enterprises that will more than offset those we have lost. Should the endeavor to give the city a place in the racing circuit be successful—and it depends solely on the business men of the town—there will be secured a permanent institution worth in dollars and cents much more than the lamented state fair.

The state fair was a good thing. It brought thousands of people to Lincoln and stimulated local trade in many ways. But, as we all know, the great majority of the state fair visitors brought no money into the city. They came provided with return transportation, and a basket full of cold chicken and pie. They stayed in Lincoln from 4 to 10 hours and gave us their company and the debris from their lunch baskets. They did not remain over night, and none of their money was covered into local tills.

Now the class attracted to a great horse race is of an altogether different sort. A horse race means the expendi-

ture and circulation of a large sum of money. Men do not go to horse races with empty pockets and dine out of shoe boxes. They are, as a rule, men who have money and it is a pleasure for them to spend it. Ten thousand people attracted to Lincoln by races such as it is proposed to give would be of more benefit in a financial way—and this is the desideratum—than fifty thousand people of the average fair visitor type. Moreover, the races would be held two or more times each year. Lincoln is in sad need of a shaking up. These races would do the shaking, and business men who are interested in drawing outside people and outside money into the city cannot well afford to let this opportunity go by without offering some assistance.

Another prospective acquisition is a big beet sugar factory. The fate of Nebraska has for years been anchored in the corn fields. I believe it will edge toward the beet sugar fields and factories and finally rest jointly upon corn and sugar. The erection of a large factory in Lincoln would give great impetus to the beet sugar industry; and energy should be put forth with a view to getting a factory here.

I am in receipt of an illuminated prospectus of the Conservatory and College of Music of the University of Denver, the institution which Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Howell and son recently took under their flapping wings. The prospectus is illustrated. There are three illustrations. One is of Oliver B. Howell, dean. One is of Mrs. Oliver B. Howell, preceptress. The other is of Roy Chester Howell, secretary. There are other people in the conservatory; but they are evidently not of sufficient importance to rank with the Howell family, and their portraits are not given. Mr. Howell's portrait is decidedly familiar. It is the one showing the fur coat. It is in reality a picture of Mr. Howell's fur coat and white tie, with just a little of the Howell physiognomy to fill up. The dean has a sort of would-be-Paderewski expression; but somehow I am reminded of Buffalo Bill by the picture. If long hair and a fur coat make a musician then Dean Howell is a musician. But with the long hair and fur coat there is much to be desired in this enterprising blacksmith and undertaker, as the people who own the Denver conservatory may find out.

The portrait of Mrs. Howell does not flatter that energetic lady. Roy Chester Howell is shown in all the glory of evening dress.

By the way, I have learned some things from the Howellesque prospectus. For instance, I find that "Mr. Howell's services were in constant demand throughout eastern and middle states as conductor of music festivals, in which he was remarkably successful." The

information is also vouchsafed that Mr. Howell's conservatory in this city "soon outgrew the city and locality." It is said in the prospectus that the concerts of the "famous Mendelssohn concert orchestra were the leading musical events in the state." Passing over the somewhat remarkable early history of Mrs. Howell, I notice that the brilliant son of a brilliant father, Roy Chester Howell, "was raised in a musical atmosphere," which being interpreted would no doubt be found to mean, "in the immediate vicinity of Mr. and Mrs. Howell." The Howell catalogue is great, though I doubt if it will be appreciated in this city where we are so woefully lacking in musical culture.

Marshall Cushing, editor of the *Washington Capitol*, has an article in *Newspaperdom* on the weekly newspaper. Mr. Cushing's statement that there is a demand for the weekly paper "because the dailies are dull, padded out, filled with crime and sloppiness" suggests the thought that he may have an intimate acquaintance with *THE COURIER'S* diurnal contemporaries in this city, the *Journal*, the *News* and the *Call*. There is in Lincoln, as elsewhere, an "unquestioned desire of many newspaper readers for something cleaner and more careful." There is, after all, something more interesting than the details of divorce cases, the disgusting police court recitals, and the general unclean and unreliable quasi information with which the daily newspapers are largely filled.

The temptations that beset the daily newspapers are many, and if the readers of these papers are to be pitied, as indeed they are, a measure of consideration should be accorded the publishers. Competition seems to force them to be sensational, and they haven't time to be accurate and painstaking. By the way, the *News* is preparing to put forth greater effort in the immediate future. This paper will put in type-setting machines and add to its editorial and reportorial force, and make a strong demand for increased patronage. The *News* has had exceptional success, and having firmly established itself, it will doubtless find it profitable to make these expensive improvements. Whatever its editorial policy may have been this paper has had wise business management, and it is not by any means a small achievement that H. T. Westerman has to his credit in the *News* upbuilding. He has succeeded where many men have failed. The editorial policy has at times been tinctured with demagoguery, and its much vaunted independence has sustained too close a resemblance to Rosewaterism to commend it to favor. But the paper has always been snappy, and it is a fact that those who hate it most read it regularly. Of course it is a daily newspaper and necessarily sloppy and sensational; but there seems to be no way of getting rid of the

daily newspapers, and here's to the *News*! Let me add just a word of advice: Don't go on the assumption that all men are rascals; don't think there is nothing but rascality in the world. Keep up the detective instinct if you will, and do not hesitate to scourge when you are certain a scourging is deserved; but remember there is some good in men, and be a little more careful in drawing distinctions. Be honest, or as honest as you can, in your editorial expressions. Don't imitate the *World Herald's* demagoguery or the *Bee's* vicious policy of persecution.

From the east comes information of a new industry: "To her question, 'What shall I do with my husband?' a storage warehouse for husbands has been established in Boston by a 'refined widow lady,' who offers to contract with wives about to depart for the seashore or the mountains, to store their husbands during their absence, and return them in as good condition as when received, at the end of the season. Her establishment has some slight resemblance, it must be confessed, to the ordinary boarding house of commerce, but the resemblance is only superficial. The great feature of her plan is constant supervision of her charges. Every care will be taken to interest and amuse them, but the strictest discipline will be maintained. No latch keys will be allowed, an efficient corps of stalwart assistants or keepers will be employed, and, in the terse and significant language of the prospectus, no 'funny business' will be allowed. There may be some difficulty in luring a husband into this asylum, but once she has got him there his wife may depart for her journey with a mind free from anxiety as to his safety."

Mr. Helwig, from Ohio, has been supplying the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church. He is a minister of the old school, with a gentle, kindly voice, a sweet, strong face and a commanding figure. He uses simple language and he preaches the gospel. His words push his audience upward. He has lived his life as a guide and he leads the way by the "green pastures and the still waters." He knows where the morass is but he does not hold up his hands dripping with its slime to prove that it is there. Instead he leads the travelers away from it. The little children and the maidens need not fear to soil their garments.

Mr. Pearse, the young man who recently contracted to exchange his \$1,200 position in Beatrice for a \$3,000 or \$3,600 position in Omaha, is coming in for a good deal of abuse, particularly at the hands of Mr. Rosewater, and to the usual difficulties which confront a new superintendent of schools, there will be added in Mr. Pearse's case, a prejudice on the part of the public that he will