

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Independent, and not afraid to say what its proprietors think. He doesn't take any stock in this independence and says "there is very little likelihood of my letter ever appearing in your paper." Threats, doubts and innuendo of "Indignant Citizen" are amusing. He is himself afraid to declare his identity, and yet accuses me of cowardice. It is a rule in all well regulated newspaper offices to pay no attention whatever to anonymous communications, and the letter sent me by "Indignant Citizen" does not really deserve the consideration it receives in The Courier. But it may be a source of satisfaction to "Indignant Citizen" and other citizens to know that we of The Courier are not on speaking terms with fear, and I am willing to afford them this satisfaction. The letter is as follows:

To the Editor of The Courier:—The fact that the city council hurried the new electric light ordinance through in such a hurry is evidence enough that it would not bear close scrutiny. The company makes no considerable concession to the city. In the past the electric light company has robbed the city, and it now intends to rob it for five years longer. The council is owned by the company and so are the newspapers. There isn't any such thing as conscience in Lincoln. We are monopoly ridden. There is no hope for us.

INDIGNANT CITIZEN.
Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 18, 1895.

It is to be regretted that the new ordinance was put through in such a hurry. The attendant haste excited suspicion. The council owes it to the city to give time for consideration, and investigation before the adoption of any measure. Councilman Webster, in his protests, was backed by a large public sentiment. However, the milk appears to have been spilled now, and it does not seem that anything can be done. If "Indignant Citizen" can point out anything that can be done The Courier columns are open to him.

The ordinance, it is but just to say, makes a slight reduction in the cost and provides for a better service.

The Lincoln newspapers are putting in type setting machines. The News put in two iron men a couple of weeks ago, and all of the composition on the paper is now done by the Linotypes. That paper presents a sprightly and slightly appearance and is much improved. The News has made additions to its force, and is now well equipped. H. T. Westerman, who has been business manager for the past three years, is re-inforced by T.H. Tyndale, who comes to Lincoln from the northwest, Seattle, I believe. Mr. Tyndale is a brother of Dr. Tyndale, known locally as "Toby Rex." Eleanor Tyndale, the actress, who was seen in this city three or four years ago in "Men and Women," is his daughter. Mr. Tyndale was at one time Villard's private secretary, and has had many years' experience in railway management. Mr. Westerman and Mr. Tyndale will conduct the business affairs of the paper. The editors and reporters, H. T. Dobbins, J. W. Cutright, E.B. Fairfield and Dr. Tyndale, are all bright, capable, energetic men and they are making the News better than it ever has been.

And the Journal, the lumbering old morning paper, was forced to follow the example set by its more enterprising contemporary. The Journal's machines were erected a week ago. The Journal always was a machine made paper. It is now more cumbersome and mechanical than ever before. There is about as much life and brilliancy in the morning paper as in a slab of muddy sandstone. It is heavier than the Bee and not as interesting, and that is saying a good deal. Now that the Journal has got machines to set type and print the paper it would be a good idea if it could get new machines to do the writing. The old ones

are rusty and are constantly slipping cogs. They rattle and are generally clumsy and out of date. A proper machine that would turn out editorials and other matter would be a boon to the Journal. The ones now in use could be presented to backwoods and fresh water colleges for use in Schools of Journalism.

The local newspaper situation is just now very much perturbed. The News, which for years has been a union office, that is an office employing printers who are members of the Typographical union, in order to keep pace with the progress now making in the newspaper business all over the country, put in two type-setting machines, and was compelled to dispense with some of its old employees. That most autocratic body on the broad earth, the Federal Union, was immediately torn from center to circumference, and out of the perturbation came an order condemning the News. The paper that has fought the battles of the union for years is turned upon and pursued with malice and vindictiveness. Putting in machines was simply a question of business with the News. There was nothing dishonorable in it, no treachery to the cause of labor. The News faced an emergency that every progressive newspaper, daily or weekly, will be forced to meet in the near future. It has always been friendly to organized labor, and is honestly entitled to consideration for having so long voluntarily used hand composition and employed union men at a greater cost than was necessary.

The Federal Union at the same time that it turned upon the News, took up another afternoon paper that has recently had a very small claim upon labor, and proclaimed it the champion of the workingman. The paper that paid high prices to its men, employed the largest number, and paid all wages in full, is spat upon, while the paper that has employed a small force, paid the lowest possible wages, and forced many of its employees to get their money by legal process, is endorsed by the union. This is certainly a queer state of things.

It may be interesting to know that the business manager of the Journal is anxious to sever his connection with that paper. He has for months been looking for another opening, a suitable opportunity for the unrestricted display of those great talents that gave a spectacular setting to the passing of the Globe and other papers. It is said that Mr. Seacrest, who, since his journeyings to New York to the annual meetings of the American Publishers' association, has really become a Great Man, is said to be negotiating for the purchase of the Call. It is a good thing for great men to succeed in their plans, but if Mr. Seacrest should obtain possession of the Call, consider the effect on the Journal! What, in heaven's name would become of the Journal if Mr. Seacrest left it? The prospect is fearful to contemplate. It would be no ordinary disaster. It would perchance, drop back into the fearful condition in which it was at the time Mr. Seacrest came along and discovered it and saved it. On the whole, it is to be hoped that Mr. Seacrest will not desert the Journal and leave it standing alone and wobbling.

The Haydon Art club has done much to raise the standard of art in Lincoln. So much that the kind of pictures exhibited at the Lancaster county fair last week, is inexcusable. Amateurs who have painted for six months, sent their work there and expected to take a prize. There is nothing so bad as bad art. A gulf is fixed between an artist and an artisan that the latter cannot cross without years of conscientious study. A man may have very good ideas of color and flat decoration, and earn good wages as a frescoer, and yet be unable to paint a cow in a pasture. His success as a frescoer has made it difficult for him to receive criticism.

But criticism cannot help him much. There is no salvation for him excepting years of labor in the atelier of a good artist. He is an artisan and without money. How can he go to Paris and study? He cannot. Therefore let him stick to his trade. He is doing the world good service in it. His cows look like hides thrown in a shapeless heap on the turf, without form and void. He bores his friends and destroys the looks of the wall paper.

These thoughts were suggested by the pictures at the fair, most of which were very bad. Some of the work was original and hinted a future for its creator. None of the local artists seems to have sent his best work. Many sent the same pictures that they have sent for the past five or six years. The committee should make some unyielding rules—like these: No picture accepted which has been exhibited in this state before. No copies accepted. The date of painting should be stated by the artist. Then the catalogue should be revised. It was made a good many years ago. The headings are not general enough to include many of the best things sent. In order to adjudge them the prizes they deserved the committee were obliged to use all the discretionary powers granted them by the board.

There is no reason why the picture exhibit at the annual county fair should not be as interesting as the Haydon art club exhibits have been in this city. If the fair managers would put the exhibit into the hands of the club and give them the right to refuse the worst pictures the result would be more satisfactory.

Mrs. Frank Hall has been in charge of the art exhibit for several years. She has done wonders with her material. No more efficient general-manager could be found.

The embroidery and china painting in the same room were beautiful, dainty, creditable. Miss Kingsley, Mrs. C. C. Burr, Mrs. Schwab, Mrs. T. E. Calvert and others have done much for the history of needle work in Lincoln. Their work alone would make a handsome exhibit.

No paper read at the National Convention of elocutionists, which met at Boston this summer, attracted more attention than that on "Dramatization as an Aid to Interpretation," by Mrs. Mary Manning of this city. Mrs. Manning's paper was highly commended by both the Boston Transcript and Advertiser, and has since been published entire in Werner's Magazine, with several other papers read on the same occasion. Mrs. Manning has my congratulations for the favorable notice that her work commanded though it

is no more than I expected from her. The same magazine also published a picture of Mrs. Manning.

This office is, I think, afflicted with more poetic effusions than any other office in the town. Now we are interested in literature and in the encouragement of youthful talent. But poetry is at least a craft and it requires as much study and practice to write poetry as it does to run an engine or an electric light plant. Yet there are a dozen people in this town, principally feminine personages, who sit down and dash off a "lyric" with no scruples or compunction of conscience. Here is a new mission for Rev. Byron Beall. Let him arouse the moral sensibilities of the budding poets of this town if he can.

So the Rev. Byron Beall is ready to give up his local pastorate for a broader field. May he have the greatest success. As Mr. Beall shall leave Lincoln and go up and down the state he will find wickedness in various forms. He will find vice stalking before him, and crime ever raising its head. But he will also see goodness in men and women, virtue strongly entrenched, and if his ears be not closed he shall hear the glad music that swells from pure and happy hearts. He will see light and brightness on all sides, and Christian endeavorers shall lead him by the hand into pleasant places. I hope Mr. Beall is not too old to take hold on hope and, departing from his course in Lincoln follow virtue sometimes instead of always tracking vice.

H. H. Everett of the state university has an article in an Omaha paper on devils' cork screws of northwest Nebraska, and South Dakota. The article is three columns long and illustrated by five cuts. The cork screws are found in no other region. Geologists all over the world are continually asking for cuts and descriptions of them. The university has had many offers for its Morrill collection, which it has, of course, refused.

Mr. Everett was one of a party of seven students with Professor Barbour, who spent several weeks digging for more cork screws. They found them and other specimens enough to fill seventy large boxes.

It is this kind of original work that is making the University of Nebraska respected by scientists throughout the country. Mr. Everett's article is an interesting account of the mysterious spirals. He does not know what made them. The three explanations generally offered are by accretion, the furrow theory and the plant theory. None of these is exactly satisfactory, but the last one seems, so far, to be the most plausible.

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