

riated is spent. In the times when money was plenty and the taxes had not become the burden they are at present a councilman who was liberal with city money was sure of a certain amount of popularity. In those days the public would have taken Mr. Mockett's fulminations against the street railway company's being allowed to improve its property as a devoted official's protest against the encroachment of a corporation upon the rights of the city. Then from very preoccupation the citizens would not have taken the trouble to investigate the real state of the case as so many have done now. They have found that the company wishes to improve property against which the city has a claim. Such improvement would, of course, only add to the value of the property claimed in lieu of taxes and the vehement objections urged in the council by Mr. Mockett, against allowing the company to put the roadbed in good repair is a kind of buncomb which no longer deceives anyone who has even superficially studied the councilmen and their addresses to the council.

The growth of the Evening News of this city, though, of course, largely the result of the war between this country and Spain, is a tribute to the vital energy and business inspiration of Mr. Joseph C. Seacrest, whose success in building up decaying newspapers has no parallel in Nebraska, so far as state newspaper history is known to the writer.

The editorial page conducted by Messrs. Dobbins and Robbins is a commentary on contemporary events by two keen intelligent writers apparently as yet unhampered by restrictions from the counting room. Dobbins and Robbins are two merry men who dare to criticize seriously and serio-comically the tyrants who before the Hamilton club renaissance we elected to rule over us. Mr. Dobbins' style is direct and strong; he is honest and fearless and unless the increase of business bring the counting room into the editorial department, as it is likely to do, Mr. Dobbins has a brilliant future. His neighbor in "The Any Old Thing" column, Mr. Dobbins has less experience and more youth but his wit is keen and his work has a literary flavor exceedingly pleasant.

Since writing the above Mr. Robbins has left the city as war correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The policy of the Journal is yet to be proven sound. The eventual success of a newspaper among other things depends on the reputation for frankness and fair treatment which in course of time it acquires. In order not to be forced to take sides on any question the Journal has avoided editorial expression on local topics, so that those things which are of most concern to the patrons of the paper are rarely discussed. Some years ago the Journal used to have very decided opinions about the wickedness of Omaha but since the Omaha merchants have begun advertising in the Journal it has nothing to say on subjects in which the interests of the two cities do not coincide. It is supposed that the rules pasted up in the editorial rooms read something like this:

a. "Do not come nearer to Lincoln than the Iowa frontier. b. Avoid Nebraska subjects as far as possible. c. Attack corruption in New York and Chicago heartily. d. Let all editorials be at least a column long. e. Although the members of the staff are at liberty to join the Hamilton club and are advised in the meetings of that body to strike an heroic and virtuous attitude for the purpose of attracting the admiration and patronage of the good, it is

necessary that the influence of such decided expressions be counteracted by frequent editorial compliments to Mr. L. L. Lindsey and his friend. f. The last rule to be strictly followed until the political discomfiture of the aforesaid pals is entirely accomplished without our help.

In the list of current serial stories given in last week's COURIER there were several overlooked, among which is The King's Jackal by Richard Harding Davis, illustrated by the painter of the American giant and giantess Charles Dana Gibson. Mr. Davis' young man is familiar to those who have read any of his stories. He is very well dressed, with thin slightly curved lips, hair smoothly parted in the middle and very correct manners, in short very like Mr. Davis himself. Mr. Davis' young man is in the first place superior. Vulgar and cad-dishness he loathes. He is always a thing too sweet and good for human nature's daily food. In "The King's Jackal" the Davis mimeograph has just appeared in the May number of Scribners. Archie Gordon is a special correspondent and arrives on the scene with uplifted hands and an expression of horror at the characters of the men who appeared before him and inveigled the heroine into their company and, what is even worse, large sums of money away from her. But Archie is as gigantic as the heroine and by that Gibbish sign we know that the two will be united in the last chapter in spite of the plots which already thicken around them.

Red Rock, in the same magazine by Thomas Nelson Page, is a story of reconstruction, from the southern standpoint. Other stories of this period more trying to the southerners than the war have been written by northerners whose point of view was entirely out of focus and served to irritate the south and increase the lack of sympathy this side of Mason and Dickson's line. Red Rock is a story of spirited, fine men and women conquering circumstances while preserving their truth and honor. The carpet baggers, the overseers and slave traders had the southern people at their mercy when they got control of the negro vote. Taxation in the southern states manipulated by the landless and unscrupulous politicians deprived the southern planters of their plantations. Taxation amounted to confiscation then just as it does here today and for the same reason, viz., legislation of taxes onto other people's property by politicians too lazy to earn their own living but possessed of a cleverness in cajoling votes from the ignorant and unsophisticated. The origin of the Ku Klux was a measure of self preservation and from Mr. Page's point of view justified by the cruel circumstances that threatened the holdings of the best southern people after the war.

The Adventures of Francois by S Weir Mitchell in the May Century is yet unread.

The Workers by Walter Wycoff in Scribners is a continuation of Mr. Wycoff's experiments into the conditions of unskilled labor. He is a Christian socialist and his conclusions are awaited with hope.

Buffalo Bill's show is playing to a crowded amphitheatre in Washington. The Honorable Cody understands the commercial advantages accruing to the man who gets his show into the right place at the right time. He knows that America's blood is up and that those who cannot or will not go to war will flock to a spectacle of fierce looking men riding horses at the top of their gait and shooting and performing feats of arms. The excitement at Washington is

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especially high and there is a large leisure or waiting class to whom a show is a welcome means of passing the time. Therefore our Bill will probably return to Nebraska with his pockets full of money.

In regard to the mayor's letter advising a refunding of some of the city bonds and alleging a cheaper rate easily procured by other cities, it might be well to consider Des Moines, Iowa, a city not very much larger than Lincoln, surrounded by no richer a country but older and of much more wealth. Des Moines' assessed valuation is \$16,500,000. Its bonded debt and floating debt \$855,000, or only a trifle over 5 per cent of the assessed valuation, so that Des Moines bonds are eagerly sought by all first-class financial institutions, whose by-laws will not allow them to buy bonds of

cities whose debt exceeds 5 per cent of their assessed valuation.

Lincoln's assessed valuation is 5,200,000. Actual city indebtedness \$1,169,000, contingent district paving debt over \$400,000 more, making our debt over 30 per cent of assessed valuation.

Imagine an agent from the city of Lincoln and from the city of Des Moines travelling together to New York to borrow some money at a lower rate of interest for their respective cities. The difference in their

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