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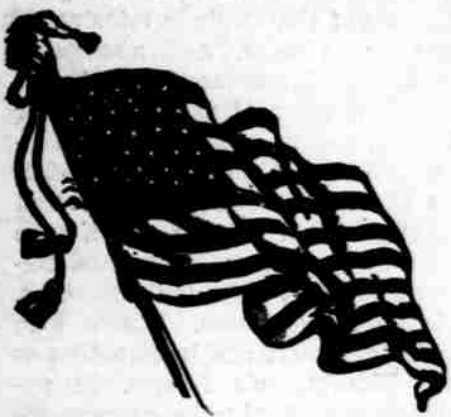
SARAH B. HARRIS, Editor

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### OBSERVATIONS.

The residents in the southwest quarter of the city, where the mains are filled from the F street well, are complaining of the acrid, unsatisfying quality of the water they pay taxes for, but cannot drink. Their complaints are answered by the statement that the city is in no condition to put in more wells, and that the mains cannot be filled without the supply from the F street well.

Yet, last winter, on account of defective city scales, the city paid for thousands of dollars worth of coal which was not delivered. The blunder was the fault of city officials, whose business it is to see that true delivery is made. With that money exten-

sions of the water system, which we so acutely need, could be at once undertaken and the thirst of the F street people be in the way of assuagement. The F street well water is unfit for stock whose open air, barefooted existence counteracts most poisons; on human beings the effect of the water is very injurious. The alkali corrodes and finally destroys the tissues of the body just as it does lead pipe, iron, and stone. This hot weather the suffering of those who must depend upon the F street well for drinking water is genuine.

The stereotypers' strike seems to be founded on a reasonable enough demand. The hourly issue of extras doubles their work, and so far the publishers have refused "extra" pay for it. The stereotyping room is a red hot place, where the perspiration pours from the workmen in streams. A few hours in the heated atmosphere, full of the poisonous vapor of antimony is very weakening to a man not accustomed to it, and the health of the stereotypers themselves is injured by the excessive heat and slow lead poisoning.

The stereotypers ask to be paid for this extra time. If the publishers cannot afford to pay the workmen for it they cannot afford to get out the extras. According to the present custom "extras" are wrung from the workmen, costing the publishers only for composition, which is very little on an extra, and for paper, which is somewhat more. The enterprising publisher who makes the stereotypers do the work, while he pockets the extra pay and reputation, is on the wrong side of human rights, and the COURIER's sympathies are entirely with the stereotyper and their cry of "no extra pay, no extras."

Neither the French in France, the Russians in Russia, nor the natives of any country across the seas, attempt to speak English as she is spoke here or by English people. But we foolishly do try to get an accent we can never acquire. We say Paree, Koeln, Vith-ky-a Victor A-man-oo-a-lo and a great many other ridiculous things. Would it not be better to pronounce them, according to the rules of pronunciation accepted by the greatest race on the face of the globe? Parisians assume that we are too ignorant to pronounce our language correctly and do not bother to learn our rules. Our painful efforts to speak the French of Paris they only laugh at. An instance of the conscientious search for foreign words is in the pronunciation of Miss

Agnes Repplier's name. She pronounces it just as it is spelled, Repplier, with the accent on the first syllable, but one heard of her in Denver as Miss Repple-a, with the accent on the last syllable. Miss Repplier is an American of Americans, nasal accent, cynical humour, independence and all. It is too bad to let our suspicions of her French origin retrovert her, perhaps for centuries.

"Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," is finished in the current number of McClure's magazine. It is not any worse than most sequels, but I should have said beforehand that Anthony Hope would have been equal to the supreme test of skill, taste, and inspiration, viz., writing a sequel to a popular success. But Rupert of Hentzau vulgarizes Flavia. In the last pages she is at times a trifle maudlin. She never mentions the people or her kingdom of Ruritania. She is not queenly; she lacks dignity. Rudolph, the English red Elphberg, would have made a good king had he not refused to be an impostor, even for the good of the people of Ruritania and for his love. That he had determined not to accept the false position no one can doubt, though he is shot before he can announce to old Sapt the result of his moon walk. Mr. Hope has left the question to be answered, like the problem in the "Lady and the Tiger," according to the reasoning in use by each reader. Rudolf would not wear a crown that was not his—we know that—but we know also that he would do nothing that would cause Flavia to be gossiped about. As he strode up and down the garden, just before he was shot. Sapt and the watchers at the windows saw him throw up his head, smile, and forthwith all signs of indecision left him. He had discovered how to be plain Rudolf Rassendyl, and to protect the queen. What was his plan? THE COURIER invites the readers of this story to sketch a course of action satisfactory to Rudolf and to Rudolf's conscience, and to his love for the queen, and send it in in time for publication next week.

We cannot rejoice over Sampson's victory with the unalloyed, triumphant satisfaction with which primitive peoples celebrated their victories. It is impossible to forget the loyal Spanish sailors who fought their desperate fight just as bravely as though they had a chance of winning it. Poor marksmen, cruelly misgoverned and deceived, degraded by national institutions that have survived the dark ages which brooded them, the Span-

iards have the saving grace of bravery and love of country. For the swarthy hundreds of Cervera's fleet who were drowned and shot by the unerring guns of Sampson's ships, for the wives whom they made widows and the little brown children who will never see their fathers, it is not un-American to weep. A victory in which so many of a brave enemy were killed cannot set a civilized people to ringing bells with the abandon and unmitigated joy of our ancestors, for one reason we have but lately recovered from a civil war in which a victory of either side meant the death of fathers, sons, brothers, and friends in both armies. Our brother of Spain has been out of the procession for a long time. He has not submitted himself to the influences of evolution. He has refused to lay aside that which degrades while it amuses. He has not applied his mind to self government, and absolutism has taxed him, neglected his education, but kept him good-natured with bull fights and brass bands. This being the case, the American "pigs" are sorry for him and regret the necessity of slaughtering him; for surely, when evolution begins to improve him it will have a substratum of manliness and homely loyalty to work upon.

The sinking of the Merrimac in Santiago harbor was a brave act on the part of Lieutenant Hobson, but it did not prevent the enemy's ships from sailing out. The Merrimac was a costly mistake in naval architecture. The mud of Santiago harbor will gradually engulf a part of the United States navy that it is said nobody knew how to dispose of. The proof of the futility of sinking the ship in the harbor strengthens the suspicion that the naval department's real object was not to block the harbor, but partly to rid itself of an unseaworthy ship. Of course Lieutenant Hobson's intrepidity was not lessened because the object of his expedition is only partly known to the public. The newspaper hysterics which follow an act of daring by anyone of the hundreds of brave officers in the army and navy increases the jealousy among the soldiers and sailors themselves, and creates a suspicion in the mind of the public that the thing is being overdone. It is not necessary, for instance, to print pictures of Hobson in long clothes, and as he appeared after his mother put him into short clothes, of Hobson barefoot, with an unknown playmate, of the Hobson house, and servants with the family, mother and father in rocking chairs on the porch with four daughters sitting stiffly and consciously on the steps in front of them,