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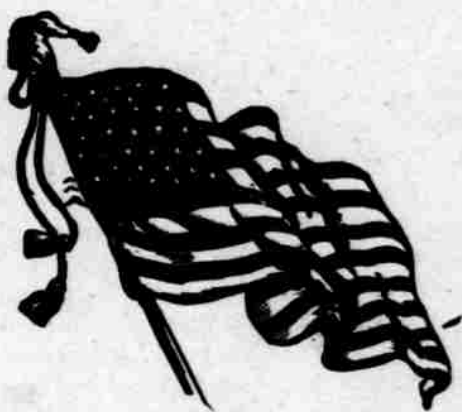
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OBSERVATIONS.

Judge Charles L. Hall, of the district court, who died in this city last week, was the possessor of certain rare qualities of mind and heart, held in esteem by all men. His legal acumen and learning and the integrity of the administration of his duties on the bench can be better recorded by members of the bar, who have agreed to hold a meeting for that purpose. The qualities I refer to, were those which made Mr. Hall the beloved friend of those who knew him intimately. It is somewhat hard to classify these qualities because they were the essence of his personality. Call them simplicity,

directness, friendliness, frankness, calling things by their right names rather than their polite ones. All of these Judge Hall possessed, but the combination, unless fused in personality, will not identify him, even to his friends. Men loved Abraham Lincoln because he was gentle, good and kind and funny and not a bit stuck up. Judge Hall's personal following was based on the same qualities. His death is a real loss to the bar and to the community. When the new judge takes his place The Courier hopes he will bear in mind Judge Hall's faithfulness, integrity and sincerity, and thus continue the regime which Judge Hall inaugurated.

One of the most attractive rooms of the exposition is the upper one in the Mines and Mining building, wherein Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Wattles, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Redick and others of the committee on hospitality and welcome, received the dusty and weary visitors to the show. The room is long and low, and hung about and above with cool, translucent cheese cloth. It is furnished with rugs, cane chairs, escriptoires, and a few fine pictures. The French windows give on a balcony set in palms and ferns and other plants and the breeze which enters therein is fragrant and cool. With that fine courtesy shown on all occasions where cis-Mississippi women are hostesses, the committee, clustered about the entrance, receive the strangers and welcome them so warmly and graciously that the memory of the welcome and the beautiful women who offered it is the most impressive souvenir of the exposition.

Omaha people are very tired of references to the Columbian fair, but really, there was nothing like this room and hostesses in Chicago and because all human expression of friendliness, and because every attempt to dissipate the prejudice in which selfishness and environment imprison us, is of more value than miles of plaster statues and gilded Columbias and merchant exhibits, I sing the bureau of entertainment of the Trans-Mississippi exposition, who have given the human touch to what must have been without them purely a commercial and advertising venture.

The asphalt pavement is much cheaper to keep clean than any other, it is quieter, it is smoother and the contract which the Barber company offers the city of a ten year's guarantee for repairs is very tempting. The

brick pavement is noisy, prone to soft places hard and expensive to clean, and is really only suitable for those streets on which the heaviest trucking is done. The preference of bicyclers for asphalt pavement should be considered. Their numbers are nearly coincident with the taxpaying list and they are clamoring for asphalt. If the company are to keep it in repair for ten years, self protection will induce them to do a good job. If the brick contractors succeed in selling Lincoln brick for paving it will be contrary to the wishes of the people at large who have been considering the subject of repaving for some time and have come to the almost unanimous conclusion that asphalt is the best material. The council has shown no unseemly haste in coming to a decision of so much importance to the city. Instead of jibing at the deliberate methods of this body it should be commended for the efforts it has persisted in making to discover the preferences of the people at large and of the property owners who are to pay for it.

Reporting is very apt to be sneered at by magazine writers and literary men as fit only for hacks and drudges who cling to any form of printed expression from desire rather than ability. But the quality of some of the reporting done on many of the larger dailies, the New York papers especially, is frequently more worthy of attention than the trumpety stories of some professional novelist or short story writer. A specimen of each kind referred to is to be found in the September number of Scribner's in the work of Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis. The former, as everybody knows, was wounded in the charge at Caney and wrote the account of the battle to his paper between the convulsions caused by his wound. The habit of self-forgetfulness and of noting every fact of real importance which a good reporter acquires is apparent in Mr. Marshall's account. With the unconscious skill of an impressionist, his story is full of light color and vibration. He is the central figure because we cannot forget, as we read the words, that the brave lad wrote them lying on his back in a hospital. It is in quite another way that Richard Harding Davis impresses his own importance upon those who are only anxious to read of the battle. In order to prove his actual intimacy with Colonel Roosevelt, Mr. Davis had his picture taken while conversing with the popular hero. Like the mouse when the mountain quaked, or like

Stephen Crane in the Grecian war, Mr. Davis is not the primal cause of the interest in Cuba. He is hindering for a moment those who are reading his stuff to get a better idea of the charge of the Rough Riders. And in spite of the obscuring egotism of his narrative he does help us to a better view of the ground, the charge and the heroism of the men. But when it is Edward Marshall's turn to speak, he gets out of the way, as his newspaper work has taught him to do, and we are in the thick Cuban grass, hearing for the first time, the curious notes of the Mauser bullets. We are no longer conscious of a superior and very literary young man showing us his photograph and explaining his relative position to Colonel Roosevelt and to General Wheeler. This one says so little about himself we wish we could see his picture and we honor him for a brave modest hero. The way of the public with a writer is like the way of a man with a maid. Pursued, it flees and scorns, ignored, it craves a photograph and some sign of favor.

Nevertheless Mr. Davis used to be a good reporter, but the popularity of a few stories changed all that and he has become in writing what Thackeray and all of us hate—an insufferable snob.

The successive withdrawal from the local newspaper field of all daily papers except a morning and evening sheet published by the same company is regretted by those who acknowledge the wholesome effect of two or more opposing political parties. The post since the departure of Mr. Schwind was increasing in circulation and the editor was writing breezy editorials on the city and state politics and business. It suspended publication, not for lack of a fair subscription list or an advertising patronage not smaller than usual at this time of the year, but because the debts contracted by Mr. Schwind pressed for payment and the lessees had not the capital to pay and continue publication. There is a lull in the journalistic year as there is a time of the night, when vital forces are lowest and suspensions are most likely to occur. If the Post had lived through August and September the revival of business at the beginning of a new and prosperous season would have given it an impetus which would probably have carried it over the next dull season into a permanent place in the newspaper world of this city.

There is still another reason why the loss of the Post is a real one. It