



LINCOLN, NEBR., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

THE COURIER,

Official Organ of the Nebraska State
Federation of Women's Clubs.

ENTERED IN THE POSTOFFICE AT LINCOLN AS
SECOND CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

Telephone 384.

SARAH B. HARRIS.

Editor

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$1 00
Six months.....	75
Three months.....	50
One month.....	20
Single copies.....	05

THE COURIER will not be responsible for voluntary communications unless accompanied by return postage. Communications, to receive attention, must be signed by the full name of the writer, not merely as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication if advisable.

OBSERVATIONS.

Wealth.

The hope of the country is the man who goes out from his father's house to build one for himself, who ceases to eat at his father's bountiful table and eats the meagre fare he earns himself, who chooses a wife and sets her at the head of his household, and who resolutely depends upon himself in all things. Such men have made Nebraska. There are thousands of men in the state, old men now, who have made it rich by building their homes in it, rearing their children here, developing the schools, planting and cultivating the soil, and by establishing manufactures. Men who have done business successfully in Nebraska have enriched the state and made its reputation. They have not gone into business for philanthropic reasons, but the success of one man means the inevitable and consequent prosperity of many. The man who builds his fortune is not afraid of fortune; sure of the integrity of his intellect and purpose, he succeeds perforce of initiative, and he deserves success. Mr. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska City and his sons have established, and they conduct, a starch manufactory there. Nebraska is a corn state and a starch factory

and cereal mill such as they operate at Nebraska City stimulate the production of corn. The former is the of coal, costing \$22,796. Factory labor, largest of the kind in the United States.

The Argo starch factory was established in 1891 and the producing capacity has been quadrupled since that time. It is equipped with the latest machinery, and a tour of the works shows one hundred and fifty men and seventy-five women at work. The starch arrives in front of the young women, who break it up, in large slabs. They break it into cubes with very rapid movements of their fingers. An experienced worker earns two dollars a day. The management has never even been threatened with a strike, and the entente between the employer and the employed is cordial and entirely satisfactory. Perhaps this business was the only one in the state that ran full time and full force during the hard times.

Nebraska City did not have to vote bonds to get this factory started. The massive fire-proof buildings of yellow brick were built by the Morton family because it is their birth place, and because members of the family believed that a factory in the center of the corn-raising region would pay. Good management, a confident initiative and energy has produced a business constantly growing, and, in its growth, enriching Nebraska City. There is not a citizen of any city that would not be glad to hear that such a prosperous manufacturing plant was to be established in his vicinity. I know Lincoln people would not get over smiling and exulting at such news for months.

Attorney General Smyth's attack upon the Argo Manufacturing Company is resented and condemned by everybody who realizes what wealth is and how it is made and distributed. If he has made this attack on the living of two hundred and twenty-five men and women because of Mr. Morton's criticisms in The Conservative, he is unfit to hold any public office. If his motive is single, his knowledge of economics is crude and his observation of the conditions at Nebraska City most prejudiced.

It is said that the Argo company will not defend itself from assassination, but if forced to leave the state, will establish itself at Kansas City or in some other welcoming community. The records indicate how profitable such a factory is to a corn raising community. For the years 1897-'98 and '99 this factory purchased 1,543,000 bushels of corn and paid for it \$391,000. The production for the same period was 46,000,000 pounds of starch. The factory burned 22,300 tons of coal at a cost of \$36,800. For those years \$156,000 was paid to operatives.

Bought for the Cereal Mills for 1897, '98 and '99: Corn ground up 1,753,976 bushels, costing \$419,408; oats, 1,052,838 bushels, costing 252,133; 14,397 tons

an average of one hundred hands, \$93,671, and the gross sales were \$1,060,394.

The Fairy Prince.

It is still debated whether to let children believe that there are fairies and a Santa Claus and other delightful, unseen beings who leave their foot prints on the window-panes, and gifts in stockings and on trees, or to erase romance entirely from their lives and to begin in words of one syllable to tell them the truth about everything just as soon as they can sit up straight or after their second summer. To be sure, the first shock of realization that Santa Claus is many people, that he does not reside in perpetual snow and ice, that he has no reindeer nor furs, that he is not a little hideous, pot-bellied elf, with a round, red lump of fat for a nose, and a face expressive of nothing but jollity, makes cynics of children. For a year or two they look upon all grown people as deceivers, who, for their own purposes, have prepared an elaborate scheme, utterly unrelated to the facts of life. But adults realize that fairy stories are truer than children ever find out.

There is one familiar plot that the brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen and the author of the thousand and one tales that the lovely, brave Scheherazade told to the woman-hating sultan, make use of many times. It is the one where a king has a lovely daughter, bewitched or imprisoned. The man who attempts to cure or rescue her must do it or die. He has not the chance of trying and escaping with his life, if he fail. The guerdon is half a kingdom, a whole princess (of dazzling beauty), and an athletic and intellectual reputation, comprehensive and bright as the dreams of a college football champion. This plot is enacted and re-enacted in the lives of men who are living and dying nowadays. Where one man succeeds a dozen fail, and as the thirteenth man goes into training, he can see, if he wishes to discourage himself by looking twelve heads that once wagged on shoulders, as strong and confident as his. But the thirteenth man is a hero, even if he lose his head, for not being daunted by the gruesome heads of his predecessors.

Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews is the right size to undertake the job of steering the university of Nebraska. He has never learned how to shiver, and he contemplates history with *do arriere pensee* that the same combination of faculty, politics, students and citizens will defeat his labor and plans. The chancellor's inaugural address on last Saturday morning was listened to by a thousand or more people with judicial attention. We are a critical, carping public, and we do not regard the difficulties of the chancellor's place with consideration. But there is always a thirteenth man in every succession of governors or

dynasties, and this big-boned chancellor has come here to stay. Every graduate of the university and every loyal citizen of the state, welcomes him, and is ready to give him his support. The Nebraska State University needs a man that looks exactly like Chancellor Andrews. He announced his creed and his policy last Saturday morning, and it was unequivocal and satisfactory to partizans of all political parties.

The students of the university are ready to respond to frankness. An example of simplicity in the treatment of all university questions will have an immediate effect upon the standards and traditions of the students. Mr. Andrews has arrived at the Nebraska university at a favorable period in his career. He is not afraid of politics and politicians, but he has learned something about them and their methods that will not be without value to him in Nebraska. With a scholar's enthusiasm for truth and expression, he possesses the subtle resources of the stag who has been hunted. The final impressions made by the two addresses I have heard him deliver are of sense and sanity and large-mindedness. Perhaps we will be patient enough to give this stranger a chance to develop his plans and show us what he can do as the head of one of the largest schools in the United States, and potentially one of the very few great universities.

Snobbery.

Andrew Lang regrets in "The Critic" that Omar Khayyam is no longer the poet of the few. "Long ago," he says, "Omar was a favorite of a very few persons. Mr. John Addington Symonds gave me a copy, nearly thirty years ago, which someone had given to him, and which I was to hand on to another, as I did." The snobbery of literary men who are snobs is more offensive than the airs of the opulent. It is less excusable. Writers are supposed to be within range of literature, and if they are unaffected by its catholicity, their own contributions can have no permanent value for mankind. A snob who is exclusive and fastidious because his father is rich, is like the heathen who die unconverted—they do not know any better. If Omar Khayyam is a bore, as Mr. Lang says, because so many distinctly unlitary people quote him, then Shakspeare probably wears Mr. Lang. The common people quote him so in their daily talk. What is the use of enjoying a writer unless the appreciation can be kept in the family? Mr. Lang says he knew Omar thirty years ago, and had the Rubaiyat from a man who secreted the tent-maker's sayings just as long and handed them on to Mr. Lang, with instructions to keep the book among the elect. When the common people begin to quote Omar, this unmitigated aristocrat twits them with a desire to be literary, be-