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OBSERVATIONS.**The Union Forever.**

The civil war was fought to maintain the union not for the negroes. The historical proof of this fact is that the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was not proclaimed by the secretary of state until December 1865, four years after the declaration of war made by the southern guns at Fort Sumter. If slavery was the cause of war President Lincoln would have immediately issued the proclamation, but he hoped to preserve the union for which the citizen soldiers were fighting and he deferred it. The north has always cared for the south and insisted upon staying together. Union is the permanent policy of the north and the south will never succeed in shaking us. When a man boasts that he votes as he shot, meaning that he shot southern soldiers to free negroes, he misrepresents the meaning of the civil war. The preservation of the union was the cause of war. Its preservation now should be our chief concern. The negro women who are now striving to enter white women's clubs and the white women who are so anxious to let them in even if by so doing we exclude the southern women should study the causes of the civil war, and should read President Lincoln's speeches about the necessity of maintaining the union and of cultivating everything which strengthens it.

Municipal Politics.

In their disgust with both Platt and Croker the citizens of New York city are willing to unite on any honest and able man. Between Tammany and the Platt machine there is nothing to choose. Platt and Croker

work together in farming the people, who have but lately seen the point.

New York city contains more people than that of any one of thirty-eight states. Partisan politics has heretofore made the mayor a creature of the boss, republican or democratic or both. The city is sold to criminals by the police, unswept by the street department, and wharf privileges sold to companies who pay the mayor for it in stock. The mayor of New York city should be a man of mind and morals. He is in fact a graduate from ward politics with a tigerish conscience about spoils and his right to appropriate them. National politics have nothing to do with the mayor of New York or with any other mayor of any city for that matter. Suppose corporations selected their administrative officers for political reasons. If they did, there would be no opposition to trusts. No one is jealous of a bankrupt concern. Who knows or cares whether Michael Schwab is a democrat or a republican. He was selected and is paid a million dollars a year because he has demonstrated large ability. When the citizens of this country have come to their senses they will select mayors from men who have controlled a large number of men and large affairs successfully. When that time comes, to be mayor of New York or of Chicago will be a distinction. The mayor of either of these cities will have earned a diploma of character and intellect before nomination.

Dr. Rainsford.

It is silly to swear. The man who never yielded to the impetus of a supreme disgust or disapproval to the extent of saying "damn," which is technically not swearing, is a rarity and when found of not much use to anybody. The weak loose-mouthed loafers who swear at the weather, and at everything are as useless as the choice man I have alluded to who never swears. Dr. Rainsford of New York city is a minister and a human being. He is a courageous, unterrified minister, quiet enough, but given to expressing his opinion on occasion. He said lately that the talk about the missionaries being responsible for the Chinese embroglio was "damned rot." And when it was published and newspaper writers began to criticize him he did not retract and lay the blame on the reporter, but he acknowledged that he said it and felt it. Every man and woman who believes that the missionaries have been blamed unjustly was delighted when they read what Dr. Rainsford said about the charges. In that much written-about speech the newspapers have ignored another phrase Dr. Rainsford used. "You want to keep the highest in you alive," he said to a gathering of business men. "Life is more than guts and gold—its sentiment." The greed for money, the passion for luxuries, the hot pursuit after both over the weak and prostrate is what

Dr. Rainsford meant. I think the phrase will stick like a few of Kipling's and to better purpose. The Anglo-Saxon nakedness of his vocabulary shocks us; we can stand any kind of wickedness if it is called by a latinized word, but the Anglo-Saxon, real word appalls us. Dr. Rainsford retorts that the clergyman has the same right to the dictionary and his emotions as any other man.

The Marlboroughs.

After repairing and refurbishing her husband's old castles and London house, after paying off some very old debts, that had been in the family since the duke was a baby, after making him a handsome allowance, and sweetly enduring covert snubs from his poor but proud relations, Consuelo, born Vanderbilt was not in the mood for submitting meekly to English discipline, which an English husband, noble or middle-class, believes it his own duty and for his wife's good to administer. The Marlborough match has had the reputation of being the only happy union of American money, beauty and sweetness to impeccunious rank. But it seems Marlborough is a cad like all the rest and has reproached the Duchess with her American nativity, because it was said that otherwise he would have been appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland. The American idea of a lord is that he is an insufferable cad, undersized, unhealthy, the spent remnant of a once vigorous race. Only the unhappily matched American heiresses and English lords are heard from and it is likely that Americans hold an exaggerated and unjust opinion of the unmanliness and mercenary motives of the impoverished noblemen who come to this country seeking rich wives. But there is cause for distrust. The long line of weeping, despairing American girls reared luxuriously in the indulgent regime of an American household is an indictment against the noble lords that has not yet been answered. And when the bogus peers are added to the line, it stretches beyond the reach of the eye.

A man who signed himself the Count de Penaloza, wedded a few years ago a young lady of St. Louis, who had a small income of her own. From a recent inquiry at the Spanish legation it develops that there is no such title in Spain as the Count de Penaloza. Just now he is making himself conspicuous in London society. Americans who have met him in the British metropolis describe him as of ill-bred manners and as never failing to express his intense hatred of America, which he describes as a country of "shrilled-tongued women, tobacco juice and spittoons." In the five years, since his marriage the "count", who claims to be a Spaniard of blue blood and ancient lineage, has not contributed to his wife's support, but he and his wife and occasionally

his sister, have lived with his mother-in-law, a gentle lady belonging to a real aristocracy of breeding and traditions, an American aristocracy which pays its bills and deals honestly with neighbors.

Police Report.

Chief of Police Hoagland has published his report of the department for the year ending March 31, 1901. It is a neat little pamphlet bound in green lettered in gold and with a frontispiece of the chief himself in his official long blue prince albert, with brass buttons and visored cap. There are no severe, hard lines in the chief's face. His expression is one of gentle contemplation, the temperate kindly face of one not given to exploiting his authority, but competent to execute the functions of his office. The report from Police-Matron Hyde enumerates the number of imprisoned women she has visited. But the efficient matron truly says that her work is "as water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." She is employed to steady feet which stagger, to inspire vicious women with a desire for reform. The task is a very difficult one. No one in the city is better fitted to accomplish this almost hopeless task than Mrs. Hyde. She visited the sick, poor and imprisoned long before she was appointed police matron. Born with a regular old Methodist carelessness for her own comfort and ease, if by giving it up she might convert sinners, Mrs. Hyde has gone about among us reading the Bible to the sick, the obscure, the friendless, comforting and exhorting with an evangelical patience and hope. She is shrewd too and recognizes the woman who is trying to work upon her sympathy without deserving it.

During the year the police arrested 222 women. The most of these Mrs. Hyde visited in jail, endeavoring to discover what they intended to do when released and encouraging them to return to their homes and employ themselves decently. She has secured for such women fifteen places, sent seven to the convent of the Good Shepherd, one to Bancroft Rescue Home, two to Milford Home, one to Salvation Army Home, placed five babies in homes, made 70 calls on behalf of neglected children, solicited charity for eight worthy poor people, secured entrance for four women to the Y.W.C.A., secured railroad transportation for seven destitute women, taken seven women and children to Home of the Friendless, returned three runaway girls to friends, and by her complaint filed with board for insane three women have been admitted to insane hospital. Mrs. Hyde has made besides during her year 1120 calls on or for the destitute and desperate.

Chief of Police Hoagland reports that in the 1612 arrests made during the year last past, there were fifty-two callings represented. Only seven occupations are represented by more