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PRIZE FIVE CENTS

HOLLIE'S LETTER

The stranger who arrives in Chicago finds himself at sea, and unless he is skilled in the art of travel he is more than likely to be fleeced in seeking guidance of the Jehus that swarm the various depots. Chicago is a city of great distances and multiplied railway stations, and the situation is at once confusing to new comers—particularly so this crowded season. Therefore, to strangers and even those who have a limited acquaintance of the city, my advice is not to come until you have corresponded with some relative, friend or reliable agent and made your arrangements. When you arrive you will find it advantageous to know just what to do and where to go, independent of hackmen and idlers, who are on the keen watch for suckers. Information should be sought only of policeman and uniformed depot agents, and even of them ask only the directions you have been advised to take. They are bombarded day and night, and it is not to be wondered at if they frequently lose patience and give unsatisfactory replies. Don't bring a trunk or even a large valise—baggage always proves a heavy item of expense, porter's tips included. Unless you are ambitious to be seen as well as to see, one good suit of clothes will be found enough for a fortnight's visit, with sufficient lined for a daily change. A small grip will hold this, together with your own toilet articles, including a hair brush. A gentleman who can shave himself and has his outfit with him will not regret it, owing to the crowded shops and incompetents that are counterfeiting as barbers.

After you have secured a room and are ready to see the city and the fair, buy a dime map at any news stand and study "the lay of the land." This will save you many items of expense, relieve you of asking questions and enable you to systemize your sight-seeing. If you patronize a hotel, boarding-house or tent near the fair grounds you will save railway, boat and street car fare—a very considerable item in the aggregate. Your expense coming to the city and while you are here will not vary much either way from the following estimate: Railway ticket, one fare for the round trip; lodging or room, \$1 a day with room-mate or \$2 without; meals, \$1.50, or 50 cents each by strict economy; car fare, 25 cents a day; world fair ticket, 50 cents. Total, \$3.25 a day.

In a word, \$25 a week will cover the cost if hard economy is enforced, but incidentals multiply like stars on a clear night and seem quite as difficult to keep back. Fifty cents, however, pays for everything to be seen in the fair grounds, and no extras are necessary unless you yield to temptation and patronize the side shows in the Midway plaisance. The plaisance itself is free and a world's fair of its own without entering a single one of its admission shows. The strange and grotesque foreign people who constitute its population are quite as fond of seeing and being seen as some Americans are, and freely exhibit themselves on this odd cosmopolitan thoroughfare every day and evening. Some of them, like their side shows, are palpable fakes. A few, however, are genuine, and if one has the money to spare their exhibits are worthy seeing—being educational and enjoyable. There are in all about fifty of them, and it would take \$25 to see the complete list.

The majority who come to the world's fair have but a week or ten days to see the whole of it, and must therefore save their time as well as their money. The way to do this is to see it systematically. Being familiar with the grounds I offer the following suggestions and route: Most people arrive at the main entrance—Sixty-fourth street—and ask for the administration building and plaza. This is one of the finest views the exposition affords and gives a grand first impression. Devote your first day to the machinery and agriculture buildings, and the exhibits south of them. Give your first evening on the grounds to the electrical building. The second day should be given to the transportation, horticultural and women's buildings—all in a row—saving your time and strength. Devote your third day to the great manufactures' building—the largest in the world—covering nearly fifty acres. To see it thoroughly would take a fortnight or ten days, but give no time to exhibits that do not particularly interest you. You may need part of the fourth day to finish seeing the great manufactures' building, and then still have time left to pass leisurely through the government and fisheries' buildings near by.

Start out on the fifth day and visit

the great art gallery. This will require a whole day or in part, according to your appreciation of art.

For the sixth day's program choose between making a leisure tour of the Midway Plaisance or the varied and educating state buildings, including your own, all of which are launched in a group or circle. This brings you to the eighth day, which you should devote to a tour of the buildings that have been erected by the foreign governments—England, Russia, France, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Brazil, India, and a dozen others, each of a peculiar and interesting style, the like of which you may never have seen except in pictures, or ever have the chance of seeing again.

The ninth day should be devoted to a general review of the grounds, the north island, the lake front, the lagoons, the naval ship and boat pier.

You will require the tenth day to revisit the main buildings and see exhibits that you have missed, but meanwhile heard about. Keep a list of these as you chance to hear of them, and make one last job of it, if you want to economize your time.

This program is admitted to be the only practical one, and it must be followed if you would see the world's fair thoroughly in ten days. Otherwise the show is incomprehensible and enervating. The grounds cover nearly 700 acres and so idle rambling is not to be thought of, except by those having the whole summer. The above program allows you your evenings for visiting the various theatres and shows, if you can afford it, or enjoying the free band concert on the plaza.

There are four ways of travel between the heart of Chicago and the fair grounds. The Illinois Central fast trains make the run without a stop in fifteen minutes, fare 10 cents each way. The regular suburban passenger trains make it in half an hour and charge 22 cents each way. The elevated alley road requires fifteen minutes and the Wabash cable an hour each way, stopping frequently, fare 5 cents. The boats afford the cleanest and most enjoyable trip, 15 cents one way or 25 for the round trip.

Don't fail to have loose, easy shoes, with thick soles or your feet will cause you untold suffering. Let your breakfast consist of a cup of coffee, a small steak, a dish of potatoes and possibly a dish of berries. At noon on the grounds in any of the buildings let your lunch be coffee, a cut of meat, and bread and butter—enough. Dinner or supper—order meat and pastry or fruit. You may be a day or two finding a good restaurant in the vicinity of your hotel, then stick to it and the same waiter, if he serves you satisfactorily.

HOLLIE.

ALL IS NOT LOVELY.

The Labor Commissioner and His Lady Clerk Not Congenial.

Inside information is accessible of an ugly state of affairs in the office of Labor Commissioner Erion. It is to the effect that Commissioner Erion and his clerk are not finding themselves to be entirely congenial. The clerk, who is a sister of A. E. Cady, chairman of the republican state central committee, has recently complained to friends that the commissioner's manner of treating her has been extremely distasteful and annoying; that in his instructions as to her work he always addresses her as little girl, especially when he has any report to offer, and that he is often overbearing and insulting. She recently laid her grievances before ex-Governor Thayer, and he in turn communicated them to Governor Crouse. The latter reassuringly advised her to go ahead and attend to her work, paying as little attention as possible to the objectionable characteristic shown by the commissioner.

To her surmise that the latter's conduct was probably due to a desire to secure a successor for her the governor vouchsafed the assurance that she has nothing to fear on that score.

If you desire a luxuriant growth of healthy hair of a natural color, nature's crowning ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, 143 South Eleventh street.

Mountain Rose Pine Apple is better and cheaper than any other in the market. Miller & Gifford.

Fine new line of business suitings from \$25 to \$40 in Scotch and homespuns, Jeckell Bros., 119 north Thirteenth street, near Lansing theatre.

L. S. Gillick, Fashionable Tailor. Latest novelties in gentlemen's spring goods. Gillick still caters to the wish of the public. Call on him and be suited. 1019 O street, room 10.

DOWN BY THE SEA

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 26, 1893.—[COURIER STAFF CORRESPONDENCE.]—Time makes many changes in man and nature, but down by the sea one always seems to find the self-same attractions. The great and ever restless ocean, with its low and high tide, its beautiful snow-capped waves, the delightful breakers, together with the superb bathing—all reminds the writer of many happy days in years gone by.

The season here is now at its height, and the crowds are large, yet the general depression in financial matters keeps away hundreds whose familiar faces are generally seen here each season. Atlantic City is the resort more particularly sought by Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, although Boston and New York are well represented. The distance to Philadelphia is about the same as from Lincoln to Omaha, and hundreds of Philadelphia families reside here for the season.

Surf bathing is, of course, the great attraction, yet there are numerous other pleasant entertainments to fill in odd moments. The surf here is said to be the best on the entire coast, it being uniformly smooth and the sand free from rocks, shells and debris. Over 10,000 people may be seen on the beach here daily in hundreds of different costumes, from navy blue flannel to colored silk. It is a pretty sight indeed.

The other day I saw a vision of loveliness, beautifully robed in bright silk, floating about with a tiny red silk Tam O'Shanter cap covering her head. In her right hand she held an umbrella to protect her from the rays of old Sol, while her left arm did service as a pillow. My kodak was not at hand at the time, or a picture of the scene might have appeared in this issue of THE COURIER. There are numerous other pretty pictures to be caught here on the beach, and the big city dailies have an ample supply of them every Sunday.

This is a grand place for all; there is no distinction between prince and pauper. It is not the new beginner that enjoys it the most, for the old-timers that have been coming here regularly for years seem to delight in the water as though it were their first attempt. The great waves, as they strike the beach and break into a foamy mass envelope all alike in a refreshing bath.

We rise at about 8 o'clock here, breakfast at 9 o'clock; the time until 11 o'clock is devoted to reading and writing, then comes the bath for an hour or more, followed by dinner at 1:30 o'clock. The afternoons are mostly spent in sailing, crabbing, fishing or in repose. Supper at 6:30 o'clock, and the evening is given to promenades on the board-walk, which is a continuous wood pavement twenty-five feet wide and five miles long on the edge of the water, raised about ten feet so as to allow the water to pass under it at high tide. This is thronged every evening. There is a friendly co-mingling of guests and an interchange of hospitality between the hotels is always a pleasant feature. All the larger hotels have a hop at least once a week.

The large four-decked pier is another feature of enjoyment where on a hot day thousands of people are accommodated. It extends 1,400 feet into the ocean, and at its terminus the sea breeze is truly delightful. A dancing pavilion 60x170 feet with full orchestra every evening makes it a very popular resort. Near the pier is a mammoth merry-go-round, the delight of hundreds of young folks and children. Several large wheels on the order of the world's fair Ferris wheel are also found here.

At the Academy of Music on the board walk the Gaiety opera company is playing a very successful season. The company is headed by Milton Aboon and Marion Chester, and the support is very clever. They put on two light operas a week, presenting one in the afternoon and the other at night. Being on the beach the house is always cool and the plays well attended. The company is from the Bijou theatre, Philadelphia, and the latter part of August will close here and go to New York to open Keith's new theatre, which is now building.

Atlantic City has a regular population of 30,000 all the year around, with all modern improvements. The residence portion contains some magnificent homes, and on Atlantic avenue, its principal busi-

ness street, are found many large and elegant stores, representing every branch of trade. When the visitor tires of the sea shore he can visit the city portion and enjoy life as at home.

With the advantages of sea shore pleasures generally over those offered at mountain resorts or the lake regions, it is difficult to understand why more western people do not visit the former. True, they are farther away, but the extra inducements will more than repay the difference. Atlantic City is a delightful place, and not an expensive resort. Besides being by the seaside the tourist is near all the great eastern cities. Within a few hours of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, and dozens of resorts can be reached by rail or water, and every facility is at hand for almost any kind of recreation and summer outing. One trip for westerners that have not visited here before will fascinate them as it has thousands of others. L. W.

ERASMUS IS GOVERNOR.

Senator Correl Has Been Occupying the Executive Chair the Past Week.

Governor Crouse has gone to Wisconsin to join his daughters in a summer's outing. He made up his mind last Friday to accede to their repeated invitations for him to come, and at once wired an invitation to Lieutenant Governor Majors to come up to the capitol and make himself useful as well as ornamental.

It was subsequently learned that Lieutenant Governor Majors was out of the state enjoying the summer comforts of the Dakota Hot springs, and Senator E. M. Correl, of Hebron, was thereupon wired to report for executive duty. The latter said that he would be on hand when needed, and word was sent to him that he would be needed at once. He responded that he would be here, and Governor Crouse was at once notified in Omaha that the senator would be on hand at the hour designated. He left Omaha for Wisconsin last Monday.

The cause of this crying need of an executive at 1:30 p. m. tomorrow declined to make itself manifest.

WITH THE AUTHORS

The complete novel in the August number of Lippincott's is "In the Midst of Alarms," by Robert Barr (Luke Sharp). It is a tale of the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1871. The sixth in the series of Lippincott's Notable Stories is "Jane's Holiday," by Valerie Hays Berry. It is illustrated. In "The Lady of the Lake," Julian Hawthorne describes some of the stately and other attractions of the Columbian exposition. The athletic series is continued in an article on "The National Game," by Norton B. Young. It is accompanied by portraits of several leading players. "Zachary Taylor, His Home and Family," is by the president's grandniece, Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson. It corrects certain popular errors (as that concerning the first marriage of Jefferson Davis), and gives much interesting information about one of the best known of our great men. This article is illustrated, as is another biographical paper, "A Philadelphia Sculptor" (William Rush), by E. Leslie Williams. W. H. Babcock discusses "Supermundane Fiction," and M. Crofton, in "Men of the Day," presents brief sketches of Sir J. E. Millais, Sir Arthur Sullivan, General Diaz and Philip D. Armour. The poetry of the number is by Clara Jessup Moore, Howard Hall and M. H. G.

The reports of the congress of authors at Chicago, have not made a very satisfactory showing, and the cause is not far to seek. The leading American authors felt no personal part or interest in it. Mr. C. C. Bonney, of Chicago, came to New York and said he and Chicago were going to run things. He did run things, and as a result only a very few American authors and but one or two from abroad were there, and what was said and done was of little moment, though some learned papers will doubtless be published later as a result of the gathering.

The New York Herald says it understands that the new book of sensational personalities entitled "Americans in Europe," is written by a clergyman in charge of an American chapel on the continent. It is hard to believe that a clergyman could be such a snob.

Lewis Morris has been commissioned to write the marriage ode, but the knowing ones assert that that does not mean by any means that he is to be laureate.

A. H. Smith, the man who forged the literary manuscripts in Scotland so much talked of lately, has been tried and sentenced to a year in prison.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25 cents a box.

POLITICAL TALK

In former years the contest for county treasurer usually overshadowed every other struggle in the republican convention and the fight was often a very bitter one. This year it is different. There is practically but one candidate for the republican nomination, and his name is Maxey Cobb, of Denton precinct, son of Judge Anasa Cobb. Maxey is well known all over the county, is a modest, capable and thoroughly trustworthy young man, and his friends are legion. He was a candidate for the treasurership in 1889, and the race between him and Treasurer Burnham was a very close and interesting one, the latter winning by a small margin after a dozen or more ballots were taken, and then only when Charley Griffith, who was also a candidate, threw his strength to Burnham. There is a widespread belief that if Maxey Cobb reaches the coveted goal this year, he will receive the highest vote of any candidate on the republican ticket, which means, of course, his election by a large majority.

There was some talk of another candidate for treasurer in the person of a Mr. Weller, but at present he does not appear to be in it. In fact, he is out of sight.

There are only a few candidates for sheriff this year—not over twenty. There's John Trompen, of Hickman, Henry Hoagland, A. C. Langdon, Louie Otto, Ernst Hunger and W. J. Bebout, of this city; Alva Smith, of Mill precinct, and still there's more to follow.

At this stage of the campaign Trompen and Hoagland appear to have the call, but Smith, and Langdon, and Hunger, and Bebout and Otto deny this with great unanimity. Hunger and Bebout both live in the Sixth ward, so one of them is certain to be thrown over the transom at the primary election. Hunger declares that Bebout ain't in it for a minute, while the latter asserts that Hunger has no show on earth. Of course these are both disinterested opinions.

But all signs and portents indicate that the real fight for sheriff will occur in the primary election in the Second ward, where Hoagland and Langdon will cross swords for supremacy. These gentlemen both reside in the Second, and naturally both can't have the delegation, and that means a fight. It is freely predicted that Langdon has nearly every fighter in the ward on his side and is certain to win two to one. The same fellows who supported J. D. Parker for councilman against Fred Krone last spring, are said to be for Langdon, and this is said to be an invincible army. A rumor has been going the rounds for several days to the effect that Hoagland realizes that he is leading a forlorn hope in the Second ward and has decided to move over to the Fourth, and come into the convention with that powerful ward at his back. Mr. Hoagland brands this story as an invention of the enemy, however, and declares that he intends to wage a winning fight in the Second against all odds.

Mr. Hoagland says Langdon's candidacy is only a blind; that Langdon is running in the interest of John Trompen, and that if Langdon carries the ward he will throw the delegation to Trompen at the proper time, thereby retaining his position as county jailor.

In the meantime Candidates Smith, Otto, Hunger and Bebout are sawing wood.

County Clerk Woods hopes to succeed himself, but he has an opponent in Major H. C. McArthur, who is an open and avowed candidate. Woods' friends only smile when McArthur's candidacy is mentioned, claiming that the former will be re-nominated for his second term by acclamation. It is said there is a revolt against Woods at his old home in Grant precinct, and also in the northern tier of precincts, but this is only a rumor that lacks verification.

There have been rumors of opposition to Judge Lansing's re-nomination, but thus far the opposition has assumed no tangible shape. The "singing pilgrim" will probably be re-nominated, but the friends of ex-Mayor Graham declare they intend to make it interesting for him, claiming that he not only bolted Graham last spring, but insulted him during the recent mayoralty contest.

One of the most interesting events in the convention will be the contest for the nomination for register of deeds, there being no less than nine active candidates for the honor, namely: J. E. Douglas, of the First ward; F. W. Red-

ford and J. H. Fawell, Third ward; W. C. Griffith, Fourth ward; W. H. Clark, Fifth ward; W. E. Churchill, Sixth ward; John Harrop, Seventh ward; Dennis Berry, University Place, and Pat Dore, of Havelock.

Griffith, Harrop and Redford are considered the leading candidates, but there are several rumors in circulation concerning Griffith which may injure his chances. One of these stories is to the effect that he is ostensibly a candidate for register, while in reality he wants to be treasurer. Another is that he quietly knifed R. G. Graham in the spring election, and still another is that he is worth at least \$200,000, while the other candidates for register are all poor men.

County Superintendent Baer has made an excellent record for himself, and his re-nomination is a foregone conclusion.

Coroner Crim is a faithful and efficient official, and he can have another term for the asking.

There are a dozen or more candidates for county commissioner, the leading aspirants being Joe McGraw, the present incumbent, and H. F. Mitchell of Centerville precinct.

W. S. Scott, the present efficient county surveyor, is a candidate for re-election, and will probably be re-nominated without opposition.

The office of justice of the peace appears to present many alluring charms, judging from the numerous aspirants. There are three to elect. Thus far the First and Second wards have no candidates. The third will present either Colonel Joe Brown, Major L. A. McCandless or Corporal Jake Oppenheimer. The Fourth ward will offer either Judge C. H. Foxworthy or L. C. Corey, while the Sixth will name H. C. Palmer, and the Seventh boom W. B. Comstock.

Judging from the attitude of the members of the bar, there will, in all probability, be three new men nominated for justices, as there appears to be considerable dissatisfaction with the present incumbents.

The following ticket appears to be a favorite with the political prophets—the fellows who always know far in advance just what a convention will do until it meets and gleefully breaks the slate into irreparable fragments:

Treasurer—Maxey Cobb.
Sheriff—John J. Trompen.
County Clerk—J. D. Woods.
Register of Deeds—W. C. Griffith.
County Judge—L. W. Lansing.
Commissioner—Joseph McGraw.
Superintendent—J. S. Baer.
Coroner—F. W. Crim.
Surveyor—W. S. Scott.
Justices of the Peace—W. B. Comstock, C. H. Foxworthy and H. C. Palmer.

The p. p.'s are not unanimous in their prediction, however, and many of those who profess to be on the inside assert that either John Harrop or Colonel F. W. Redford will capture the nomination for register of deeds, while there are those who declare that H. F. Mitchell will be nominated for commissioner hands down. It is reported, however, that Major Joe McGraw has but little faith in this latter prediction.

But right here in line comes an ancient but eminently truthful saw, usually credited to a celebrated Scottish bard, concerning the plans of men and mice, etc.

It is generally understood that there will be a demo-pop fusion in Lancaster county this fall, and there is talk of running Mayor Weir for county judge. His honor is not a lawyer, but that of course cuts no figure with him or the other pops. J. C. Mc Nerney is a candidate for the place, and there are even those who mention Tommy Allen in connection with the office.

Chief of Police Cooper is slated for sheriff, and should he succeed in getting himself elected, Mayor Weir may endeavor to place Jim Malone at the head of the police department. By the way, Jim Malone's proclivities for street fighting—such as his assault on Editor Littlefield, his attempt to shoot two ball players at the Capital hotel during Weir's first term—for which he was never arrested—his row with Bill Morrison just before his appointment on the police force—seems to have endeared him to the present administration. Jim made a trip to Washington after a criminal the other day, for which the state paid him \$3 per day, while his salary from the city went marching on. Great is reform from a Weirian standpoint.

Mart Howe is spoken of as the probable candidate of the fusionists for county clerk, and Professor Hartley may make the race for county superintendent.

The other fellows who will participate in the forlorn hope are yet unknown to fame.