

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

NOTICE.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that it will not be responsible for or pay any debt incurred by employees, except those for which an order is given personally signed by it. This notice is imperative. COURTESY P. O. LINCOLN, Neb., May 1st, 1893.

FALL STYLE

OF THE

DUNLAP HAT.

NOW IN.

W. R. Dennis & Co.

1137 O Street.

The Courier can be found at

Hotel Lincoln News Stand.
Windsor Hotel News Stand.
Capital Hotel News Stand.
P. A. Duke Cigar Store, 1020 O St.
L. Young, 1907 O St.
Clason, Fletcher & Co., 1120 O St.
Moore's News Stand, 118 So. 11th St.
COURTESY Office, 1201 O St.
Archie Ensign, 217 So 11th St.

Furs stored at F. E. Voelker's.

Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.
Bathing caps at Rector's Pharmacy.
Jockell Bros. Tailors, 119 north Thirteenth street.

David P. Sims, dentist, rooms 42
63 Burr block.
Try Club House coffee, none so good.
Miller & Gifford.

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast
Coal and Lime Co.

Imported and domestic toilet soaps at
Rector's Pharmacy.

Sampson Sisters, artistic dressmaking,
1125 N. street, over Dorsey's.

Buffalo Flour, \$1.00 per sack. Miller
& Gifford, grocers, opposite Burr block.

An entire new line of ladies' card cases
and pocket books at Rector's Pharmacy.

All orders via telephone 308 will reach
W. A. Coffin & Co. and receive prompt
and careful attention.

"The Best" Laundry, 2308 O street
telephone 579, H. Townsend & Co., proprietors,
Lincoln, Neb.

No such line of canned fruits in the
city as shown by W. A. Coffin & Co., 143
South Eleventh street.

For dances and outings there is no
cost music in Nebraska as that supplied
by the Nebraska state orchestra.

When you want prompt service and
fair treatment and the selection from
the largest stock of groceries in Lincoln
call on W. A. Coffin & Co., successors to
J. Miller, 143 South Eleventh street.

Haider's market, old reliable market,
now moved to Thirteenth street, opposite
Lanning theatre, is where ladies should
call for their meat orders. Telephone
orders over No. 100 receive prompt at-
tention.

Professor Swain's ladies tailoring and
dress cutting school. Thorough instruc-
tions. Lessons not limited. Dress mak-
ing done with dispatch on short notice.
Patterns out to measure and all work
guaranteed.

Ask your groceryman for the "Wilber
Rolling Mills" Flour, Chas. Harvey, pro-
prietary. Inquire for
"Little Hatchet,"
"Nickie Plate," and
"Bakers' Constance."
Every sack warranted.

Reduced Rates by Missouri Pacific
will be given to St. Louis from July 20
to October 31. Very low rates will be
on sale and this will be an excellent
chance to visit the greatest carnival
city in America. Call on nearest ticket
agent M. P. railway for information, or
J. E. R. Miller 1201 O street, Lincoln
Neb., or H. C. Townsend G. P. A. St.
Louis, Mo.

Eye and Ear Surgeon.
Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist,
No. 1203 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

The Union Pacific Cut Rates.

Denver, one way	10.75
Denver, round trip	20.00
Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Cheyenne the same rate.	
Chicago, one way	9.15
Chicago, round trip	16.40
St. Louis, one way	10.05
St. Louis, round trip	19.40

Full information cheerfully given at
1044 O street, southwest cor. O and 11th.
J. T. McArthur, E. B. Blomson,
City Ticket Agt. Gen. Agt.

Moving South.

Convenient markets, good soil, pure
water and excellent climate are advan-
tages to be considered when looking up
a home, business location, farm, etc.
Maryland and the Virginias afford these,
with many more advantages. Improved
farm lands, adapted to stock raising,
dairying, grain, grass and fruit growing,
can be obtained at low prices and upon
easy terms. Thriving towns invite the
merchant, mechanic and business man.
Abundance of coal, timber, ore, water
power, etc. Free sites for manu-
factures.

For further information, address M. V.
Richards, Land and Immigration Agent
R. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

TIRELESS WORKERS

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—There are two
men in this town, men holding high po-
sitions and envied by thousands of their
fellow creatures, toward whom my sym-
pathies are extended. They are Secre-
taries Gresham and Carlisle. You have
heard of men who worked like a horse.
To work like a horse is to work six days
in the week, from early morning till late
at night, and get nothing out of it but
your feed and shelter. But these two
secretaries do more than this. It must
be like a mule that they labor, for they
work seven days a week instead of six.
They never know what it is to rest. And
what are they getting out of it? A little
ephemeral fame, the consciousness of a
duty well performed and a possible
chance to be president of the United
States some day. The second reward is
worth more to either of them, I dare
say, than the other two together.

These two men occupy the most diffi-
cult posts under the government. They
are brought face to face every day of



SECRETARY GRESHAM.

their lives not only with an enormous
amount of routine work, but with grave
questions which must be decided quick-
ly, questions in which it is so easy to
make a serious mistake. I called on
Secretary Gresham last Sunday. On
that day I had supposed he would be en-
joying a little leisure. Imagine my sur-
prise to find him in his favorite attitude,
crouched down in a huge easy chair
with his back to a window, and in his
lap a big bundle of documents tied up
with red strings and wrapped in blue
paper. These are the distinguishing
characteristics of state department docu-
ments. When you see pale blue envel-
opes, large, well made and inscribed in
an angular penmanship, you may be
pretty sure without further inquiry that
they are from the American foreign of-
fice. As to the red tape, that is a com-
mon characteristic in our government
departments. I am sorry to say that it
prevails throughout Uncle Sam's shop,
both physically and indicatively.

Well, Secretary Gresham had a little
pile of red tape lying on the floor by the
side of his big chair. Strings of red
tape which he had pulled from the thick
bundles of documents were drooping
down his person and wrapping them-
selves about his legs. He had been at
work for four or five hours he had at
a tab of paper and lead pencil had made
notes enough to fill a column of a news-
paper. You see, he had brought a piece
of work home with him Saturday night
and had put in all day analyzing, dissect-
ing, shaping the case. To tell the simple
truth, he had done a marvelous day's
work. He had gone to the inside of the
situation, bored to the very heart of it
and jotted down on paper memoranda
which in simple, strong words told the
whole story.

The secretary placed enough confi-
dence in me to put these notes in my
hand to read, and I was struck by the
manner in which he had arranged the
logical delicate points of the controversy
so that he had on those few pieces of pa-
per a bird's-eye view of an international
dispute which has been going on I don't
how many years, and which has occupied
the time and talents of innumerable
diplomats, lawyers and courts. Of
course I am not going to tell you what
case it was, but if a complicated, intri-
cate matter were ever succinctly sum-
med up and arranged in what Henry Ward
Beecher used to call the apple pie order
of good logic, this case was summed.

As I looked over these notes I was
much struck by another fact. It was
that most of the points set forth seemed
to be adverse to the position and inter-
ests of the United States.

"Mr. Secretary," said I smilingly,
"have you been retained for the opposi-
tion? They couldn't make out a better
case for themselves if they were to try
for a month than you have made out for
them right here."

"Oh, that is just a way I have of do-
ing things," responded Secretary Gresham.
"I learned that from General Grant.
You will remember that Grant used to
say that he couldn't fight a battle
or carry on a campaign till he had
mentally put himself in the enemy's
place and thought out just what he
would do if he were in the other fellow's
shoes. When you have thought of all
the things that he has thought of, then
you are ready to fight and whip him.
That is what I am trying to do in this
little game of diplomacy."

Gresham appears to be a tireless work-
er. He goes to the department every
morning about 10 and rarely leaves be-
fore 6. Every evening he is studying
out one of the many important cases
which are always pending in the state
department. Every Sunday he takes a
piece of work home with him, just as
bookkeepers have to do when their ac-
counts don't balance or their ledgers are
not written up to date when Saturday
night comes. His chief amusement is
driving in the country with some good
fellow by his side to tell good stories and
appreciate good stories. With all his

hard work and multifarious duties and
responsibilities, he is one of those men
who are never in a hurry. You will
have to live a long time and see some
stirring times if you want to catch Sec-
retary Gresham evincing haste, worry
or anxiety.

A few months ago a diplomatic mat-
ter of pressing importance came up for
consideration. Secretary Gresham had
not been long in the department and was
unfamiliar with the history of the case,
which ran through several years and was
embalmed in a large number of formi-
dable looking blue books in the state de-
partment library. One night as the
doors of the department were being
closed and the clerks were rushing away
to their homes, the secretary approached
the librarian and asked for certain books
bearing on the matter. They were shown
to him, and after an hour or so spent in
their examination he asked for all the
books and documents there were in the
library possessing information concern-
ing this case. The librarian tumbled out
about a half a cord of blue books and
then asked if he might go home. The
secretary nodded.

Away went the librarian to his dinner.
After an evening at the theater he went
to bed. But he was troubled in his
mind. Something seemed to be con-
stantly saying to him that he had not
done right in going away and leaving his
chief alone in the library. So next morn-
ing he was up a little after daylight,
and without waiting for breakfast he
set out for the state department. The
watchmen let him in, and he proceeded
straight to the library. There was Gresh-
am, amid a wreck of books and a floor
strewn with dusty documents, reading
away. All the gas jets were burning
full head, and the sun's rays were stream-
ing in at the window.

Secretary Carlisle works as hard as
Gresham does, but he is a different sort
of man. Work worries him—that is to
say, sitting all day at his desk receiving
callers, talking about offices and back-
ers and the party and indorsements, and
all that sort of thing, receiving depart-
ment chiefs who wish to consult him as
to their bureau, telling senators or rep-
resentatives in congress why he can't
make this appointment or find a place
for that protegee, worries Carlisle nearly
to death. But give him a knotty point
in finance, columns of figures as long as
the moral law, stacks of Revised Statutes
of the United States as tall as dry goods
boxes and a piece of paper and a rusty
old lead pencil, and he will sit up all
night and enjoy himself. He is a stud-
ent, essentially a student. He likes to
shut himself up in a corner, lock the
door and think and figure and evolve and
analyze.

But he is a Kentuckian as well as a
student, and you never yet saw a Ken-
tuckian who didn't know how to receive
callers and make them feel comfortable.
I think Mr. Carlisle can be more bored
by a long winded and unimportant caller
and show less of his annoyance than any
man I ever saw. Notwithstanding his
studentlike characteristics, that alert
brain of his enables him quickly to an-
alyze men as well as things. He knows
what a man is going to say, what he
wants, what he is trying to conceal and
how much he is endeavoring to exagger-
ate in his own behalf before the
caller has uttered a dozen words. Car-
lisle's brain is on a hair trigger all the
time, and the wonder is that it doesn't
wear out.

He thinks of your side of the case
first and sees the inside of it and detects
all your little sophistries and weak-
nesses. He does it like a flash. Then
he states his own side, and there is per-
fect coincidence between the two. He
doesn't waste a thought or a word. He
snaps out a few syllables of about as
good English as you would want to hear
—snaps them out quickly, not sharply
or unpleasantly—and you may as well
put up your shutters and go home. Your
case is decided. No use to stop and ex-
plain. He has already thought out all
your explanation and could tell it just
as well as you could and better. Car-



SECRETARY CARLISLE.

lisle has a snapshot sort of brain, and
when he pushes the button you may be
sure that everything within range has
been photographed on the sensitive plate
of his mind.

He disposes of callers easily and quick-
ly. His ability to do this lies largely in
the quickness with which he perceives
everything and answers questions which
have not been put, but which are wait-
ing. How can you argue with a man
who anticipates all you would like to
say and cuts the ground out from under
your feet?
"I have just as many callers now as I
had during the first month of this ad-
ministration," the secretary said to me
today. "The men who want appoint-
ments are here as numerous as they
ever were. Men who came here last
March after offices which won't be filled
till next summer are still here, and I
have to see them about once in so often.
But I only give them two days a week
now. If I gave them every day, I
wouldn't get time to read my letters or
eat my meals." WALTER WILLMAN.

Always Liked Company.

Mr. Wilkins (who detests society)—You
didn't care anything for company when I
was courting you.
Mrs. Wilkins (who likes society)—You
were company then.—New York Weekly.

GOSSIP OF THE RING

What promises to be the greatest
flat struggle that has ever occurred in
this country between minor monarchs
of the ring will be the meeting of George
Dixon and Billy Plimmer, which will take
place at the Coney Island Athletic club
on the night of Monday, September 25.
The battle will be for a purse of \$10,000
and the featherweight championship of
the world. Until the temporary reverse
Dixon suffered when he met Billy
Plimmer, of England, the chocolate-
colored lad was an overwhelming
favorite in the east. Since that time
the California boy has had an even call
in the betting. Those who are best in-
formed in these matters, however, say
that Dixon's set-back with Plimmer
should be no measure of his flat skill
or a criterion to go by in his approach-
ing contest with Smith. Dixon, they
aver, was suffering with an affliction
known as the "big head." He held
Plimmer too cheaply and made no pre-
paration for the fray. The Briton on
the other hand, was trained to the hour.
Solly Smith, the "Pride of the West,"
has always entertained an impression
that he could defeat Dixon. Since the
latter's bout with Plimmer, of which he
was an interesting observer, that im-
pression has become a deep-rooted con-
viction. He will enter the ring with
every confidence of ultimate victory.
He is strong, resolute and enduring. He
has fought thirteen hard battles, defeat-
ing, among others, such wonderful
fighters as Johnny Van Heest and
Johnny Griffin. While not quite as
clever as Dixon, he is fully as quick on
his feet, and by far a harder hitter.
Dixon says he does not care if Solly is
as strong as Sandow, he will punch him
out before he least expects it. Addi-
tional interest is manifested by the
public at large in the contest from the
fact that the winner will undoubtedly
be pitted against Billy Plimmer, of
England, the champion bantam of the
world, who can no longer find any
fighter of his own class to meet. Then
it will be determined whether the
world's featherweight championship
will abide in America or go over to old
England.

Joe Choyneki is after Bob Fitzsim-
mons and "Denver" Smith, both of
whom he would rather lick than eat.
He wants to put a head on Smith. For
the latter licked the man who licked
him twice, and he argues that if he
whips the man who whipped Goddard,
he will have wiped out the lickings
which Goddard gave him when he was
in Australia.

CORBETT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

He Did a Little of Everything, But Drew
the Line at Milking a Cow.

It is one thing to be a private
secretary and quite another to be the private
secretary of the world's champion pugil-
ist. This is the opinion publicly ex-
pressed by Buddie Woodthorpe, the
dapper young Californian who stood in
that capacity to Pompadour James J.
Corbett until a short time ago. Buddie
and Jim were boys together, and while
the latter has been only a bank clerk,
an athletic instructor, and a pugilist,
the friend of his youth has been a clerk,
a drummer, a theatrical advance agent,
a Pinkerton operator, and a great many
other things; "but never," he said, "have
I done so many things at one and the
same time as when I acted as private
secretary to the champion."

"It happened in this way," continued
Buddie. "Corbett wanted some one to
attend to his correspondence and to pre-
pare the challenges and statements
which he issued from time to time.
Being an old time friend I was engaged.
Then the peculiar views of the pugilist
as to the duties of a private secretary
began to be made known. We were on
the road playing 'Gentleman Jack,' and
Jim needed some one to play two little
character bits, an Irish woman and a
German. I never acted in my life, but
that didn't count. I was pressed into
the service. It was fun for the time,
but when the season ended at Chicago,
when the world's fair management in-
vited Jim to leave the midway, and I
went to Jim's home at Asbury Park, I
sang a different tune.

"It was Corbett's suggestion that I
came east with him. He told me that
besides attending to his correspondence
I could help Delaney to train him. I
had a pretty good time at first, but it
didn't take long before the duties of
private secretary became burden-
some. I had no objections to carrying
forty buckets of water from the next lot
for Jim's bath every morning and then
carrying the water out after he had
used it, but when they got to making
me clean and fill the twenty-five lamps
used in the house and on the lawn I felt
inclined to question if that was part of
a private secretary's duty. I did it,
though. It was sport attending to the
lawn, cutting the grass and raking up
fallen leaves, but I can't say that I liked
attending to the horse and cleaning
after him. This made me grow suspi-
cious. I thought they were trying to
make a stable boy out of me. Still, it
was a sort of free-and-easy arrangement,
everybody doing a little something for
the common good and general comfort,

and I stood a good deal that didn't com-
port with the dignity and character of a
great man's private secretary.

"When Jim said he was going to get a
cow, though, I cut sticks. I imagined
myself monkeying with that cow's off
hind quarter, vainly trying to relieve a
milk famine. I knew I couldn't do it
and quit. A man who can't milk a cow
isn't sufficiently accomplished to be pri-
vate secretary to a champion pugilist."

"Oh, yes! I read and wrote a few
letters."

Sure, efficient, easy—Hood's Pills

They should be in every traveller's grip
and every family medicine chest. 25c a
box.

A full line of Imported Sardines and
canned soups. Miller & Gifford, opposite
Burr block.

For all social doings the Nebraska
state band or orchestra is what is
always most desired.

THOUGHT IT WRONG.

He Didn't Believe in Kissing—Oh, No, Not
at All.

Clevertown—I had a great piece of luck
last night.

Dashaway—Did you? What was it?
Clevertown—Well, I'll tell you; but, old
man, I wouldn't tell it to every one. You
know Miss Penstock?

Dashaway—Of course.

Clevertown—Well, I dropped in there last
evening and was lucky enough to find her
alone. I don't know, I guess perhaps I
would better not tell you.

Dashaway—Oh, go on. I won't give it
away.

Clevertown—I wouldn't give her away to
every one, but you are my most intimate
friend. The fact is, old chap, I kissed her.

Dashaway—Did, eh? More than once?

Clevertown—Well, of course, old fellow,

I—

Dashaway—Oh, of course. I see. Now
I am not saying anything against you, old
man, but I tell you that sort of thing is all
wrong. No, sir, I don't believe in it at all.

Clevertown—Do you mean to say you
wouldn't kiss a pretty girl if you had the
chance?

Dashaway—That's just what I mean.
No, sir, I repeat it. You are a gentleman.
You meet an unsophisticated, delightful
and charming girl. You are invited to her
house. Her mother receives you. I say,
sir, her mother receives you. She trusts you
within those sacred precincts. And then,
sir, you deliberately transgress the law of
hospitality, you impose upon trusting in-
nocence, you betray the hallowed trust that
has been placed in you. It is idle to tell
me that the girl is willing to be kissed.
She does not know. You should not yield.
No, a thousand times no. Parents are too
trustful of their children. It is we young
men who should stand together. Character,
sir, character is what we want. My dear
fellow, pardon me if I have been led away
by the excess of emotion, but I feel so
strongly on this point.

Clevertown—Oh, that's all right. You call
on Miss Penstock yourself occasionally,
don't you?

Dashaway (stiffly)—Yes. I have been
there at stated intervals.

Clevertown (musingly)—Um, yes. She said
you were around there the other night. I
don't suppose, old man, that you kissed
her, did you?

Dashaway (indignantly)—I, sir? No, sir.
What made you entertain such an idea?

Clevertown—Why, Miss Penstock, of
course.

Dashaway—Great Gotham, old fellow,
she didn't tell you anything, did she?

Clevertown—She said you tried hard
enough to.—Tom Mason in Life.

HIS VACATION.

Malvina and the Best of the Things Were
on Him.

SUNDAY NIGHT. SATURDAY NIGHT.
DEAR TOM—You were a fool not to come here
with me! Lovely scenery, fresh milk, eggs and
pot cheese! Buxom daughter (Malvina) Giv-
ing fishing tomorrow. Awfully sleepy. Yours,
JIM.

SUNDAY NIGHT.
DEAR TOM—Fishing N. G. Malvina said it
served me right for "breaking the Sabbath."
Being blackberrying with her in the morning.
We have fresh milk, eggs and pot cheese gen-
erously supplied. Yours,
JIM.

MONDAY NIGHT.
DEAR TOM—Picked six quarts of berries—got
a few scratches, but Al appetite. By the way,
don't take trouble to write about your shoe
dinner. Fresh milk, eggs and pot cheese for
me! Have a slight headache. Sunday school
picnic tomorrow. Yours,
JIM.

TUESDAY NIGHT.
DEAR TOM—Headaches like the best of Mal-
vina says I'll be better when acclimated. Went
to picnic with M—. Had delicious homemade
ginger ale and currant wine. Sandwiches,
cake, pickles and pies by the bushel! Dances
tomorrow night. Yours,
JIM.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT (12 o'clock).
P. S.—Remember me to your sister Helen.

DEAR TOM—Woke up with more headache.
Farmer said I needed exercise and took me in
field to pitch hay. Got dizzy soon and laid
down until dinner time. Wanted cup of tea,
but there being none made took a glass of pure
milk. It seemed to make my head worse.
Braced up after supper and went to dance for
three hours. Mosquitoes lively! Must put out
light. Yours,
JIM.

P. S.—Tell your sister I have been reading
the Ibsen she lent me, but could not make
much of it on account of hired man picking out
"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" on accordion.

THURSDAY NIGHT.
DEAR TOM—Don't seem to get acclimated.
Appetite flags. The mosquito is a prolific in-
sect! How I hate the "Sweet By and By"
with mellowed accompaniment. Yours,
JIM.

P. S.—Kindest regards to Miss Helen.

DEAR TOM—Been in bed all day. Better now.
Doctor insisted on tea and toast diet. I must
be fearfully run down. My system even re-
fuses fresh milk, eggs and pot cheese. Yours,
JIM.

P. S.—Tell Helen I shall always cherish this
copy of Ibsen. It has been a great comfort to
me today.

Telegram received by Tom Saturday night:
Meet me on noon train tomorrow. Order
lunch for two at rooms. Little neck clams,
broiled steak, salad, champagne and coffee.
—Brooklyn Life.

Althea toilet preparatories at Rector's
Pharmacy.

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

The finest grocery store in the city.
Miller & Gifford.

When you and your best girl are out
for a stroll always make a bee-line for
June ice cream pavilion Thirteenth
and O streets.

Jeckell Bros. new tailoring estab-
lishment, 119 north Thirteenth street near
the Lanning is the popular resort for
stylish garments.

June the caterer, Thirteenth and O
streets is anxious to serve all parties,
picnics and festivals with ice cream
ices, cakes, etc., and will appreciate a
call from all intending entertainers.

Notice of Removal.

The business office of the SATURDAY
MORNING COURIER has been moved to
1201 O street.

The Union Pacific Cheap Rates.

Only \$30.00 first class to Ogden, Salt
Lake, Helena, Spokane and Portland
Ore.

For full particulars call at city ticket
office 1044 O street.

A Rare Chance.

If you want a fine residence lot,
at your own price, don't fail to attend
the auction sale, of 200 lots at Western
Normal.

This property is rapidly increasing in
value and is a sure and safe investment.
Free street cars, free lunch, speeches
and etc., a good is assured. September
26 at 10 a. m. Read ad on page 8.

HIGH CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VAL-
LEY AGAIN PRESENTS A PROGRAM OF
FALL FESTIVITIES THAT FOR BRILLI-
ANCE AND VARIETY OUT-
SHINES THE CARNIVAL
CITIES OF THE
OLD WORLD.

Paris, the most magnificent city on
either continent, has for ages held the
proud title of "the premier carnival city
of the world." However, during the
last ten or twelve years an American
rival of no mean pretensions has con-
tested for that high honor, and today St.
Louis holds what Paris so reluctantly
relinquished, the title of "the carnival
city of the two continents."

Not content with the successful ex-
hibitions of previous years, the autumnal
festivities association has arranged a
program for 1893 that for brilliancy and
variety will be difficult to improve upon.
The first of the great attractions, the St.
Louis exposition, will throw its doors
open to the public September 6 and con-
tinue until October 21. The world re-
nowned Sousa's band has been engaged