

# Saturday Morning Courier.

VOLUME 8, NO. 52.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## BUSINESS FIELD

In Lincoln as elsewhere, one hears daily the query, How long will the hard times last; how long will it take the country to get over the effect of the panic?

A general commercial and financial panic was experienced in this county in 1857, from the effects of which the country did not revive until nine years later, when the change was brought about by the Mexican war. The government confiscated the lines of Mexico and Texas, issued its notes, and bonds, and a period of inflation followed, that was stopped in 1857 by the banking laws, and then came another panic. From this time on until the war broke out there was great uncertainty in the commercial and financial field. The war brought great activity in business, and the good times lasted till 1873, when there was another serious panic, which dragged its weary length along till 1877. During one week in March 1877 stocks tumbled down from 10 to 35 points; but that was the end of it. A recovery, slow it is true, followed; but this culminated in a grand hurrah, that was only stopped by the assassin Guiteau's bullet on Saturday, July 2, 1881. The foundation had been laid for another panic, which took place in May 1884. The Cyrus W. Field panics of 1877, and the Baring panics of 1890 are too fresh in memory to need special comment. The present acute depression has already lasted six months. How much longer will it continue? This is not an easy question to answer.

Perhaps the opinion of Isidore Wormser, a leading New York authority on financial matters, is as good as any. He says that last summer's decline in stocks and the general prostration in business were due to the fears of moneyed men that the dollars which they owned would be cut in two by the descent of the United States to a silver basis. That evil has been averted, and we are face to face with other conditions. Confidence in the dollar has returned, and hoarded money has been released, until the evidences of indebtedness in the form of clearing house certificates have been retired and we have the present glut of unemployed funds. The American people do not bury their money; they want interest. Now that confidence in the stability of the dollar is restored, they are beginning to seek channels for investment. Prosperity is not a matter of forty-eight hours, but of weeks and months; but already it is impossible to get blocks of undoubted bonds or stocks. The investment movement will grow and reach each other's issues of bonds and stocks. Better than all, manufacturers will resume, and business in general will become good. With fair legislation, our improved machinery and our American push, we shall, as a nation, within a year, be in a more prosperous condition than ever. Our recuperative powers are the greatest of any nation's. Looking at the general situation in this way, he does not care what fluctuations there may be in the stock exchange, which often represents, for weeks at a time, simply the operations of professional traders. Ultimate prosperity, and that within a year, is seen as clearly as anyone could wish.

It is a fact generally recognized by the bankers and business men of the state that the Omaha banks invariably take all they can get and ask for more. Last Sunday's Omaha Bee contained the following:

Omaha bankers have been commenting considerably of late upon the recent withdrawal from the national banks of the city of state funds. It is claimed by them that Omaha has not had a fair proportion of the state's money, and now the amount of state funds on deposit here is less than at any time previous. One banker says it does probably not exceed \$50,000.

This sudden taking of the funds in question from Omaha and South Omaha has, it is said, worked ruinous inconvenience to one or two banks, and was done at a time, too, when there was no good cause for it, because the state treasury had just been replenished by the remittance of taxes from the several counties. The action is regarded as only a part of the discrimination which, some of the bankers say, has been habitually practiced by the authorities against the banking institutions of Douglas county and in favor of those of Lincoln, Lancaster county. It is claimed that the Omaha banks, being more heavily capitalized and having more credit than any other like concerns in the state, are entitled to greater consideration at the hands of the state treasurer and other officials having

some authority in the management of the state's finances.

A leading banker in this city to whom the statement was shown laughed at the idea of the Omaha banks being discriminated against in favor of the Lincoln banks. "Why," he said, "everybody knows that the Omaha banks have been specially favored by successive state treasurers for several years past. The bulk of the state money is always placed in Omaha. I will venture to say that not one-sixth of the money loaned out by State Treasurer Bartley is deposited in Lincoln. Omaha not only has more of this money than Lincoln; but it has much more than its proportionate share. There has been no state money taken out of the Omaha banks and placed in this city. The only money that has been withdrawn has been used to pay warrants, and Lincoln has had to pay these warrants as well as Omaha. It's a cold day when Omaha banks are discriminated against, or when they lose any advantage."

Probably few people have stopped to consider the proportions of Lincoln's financial operations with the east, and not very many, outside of the few whose business is such as to make them acquainted with the facts, will at first credit the statement that considerably more than \$1,000 goes out of Lincoln every day to pay interest on mortgages and other securities held in the east.

The Courier has gone to some trouble to obtain accurate information on this point, and the estimate of \$1,000 a day is conservative. As near as can be learned there is fully \$5,000,000 of eastern money in this city in the form of loans on real estate. This means an annual outlay for interest of \$300,000. Interest on bonds, etc. will easily bring up this figure to over \$500,000.

The bulk of this money comes from Philadelphia and Hartford. There is considerably more than \$1,000,000 of Quaker City money in Lincoln real estate loans. The Penn Mutual Life Insurance company sends a good deal of money to Lincoln and there is \$500,000 Drexel money here. It is estimated that the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company has considerably over \$500,000 in this city. The National Life of Vermont, and the Insurance company of North America are large loaners. There is very little New York money here on this class of securities, insurance companies and savings banks being prohibited by state law from loaning money on real estate outside of the state.

In ordinary times much more money comes into Lincoln in the shape of principal than goes out in the shape of interest; consequently when there is an almost total cessation in loans, with a demand for the prompt payment of interest, it can readily be seen that there has been an immense strain in the last six months. Since June there have been practically no new loans; but most loans expiring, have been renewed. As to the payment of interest Mr. McDonald of the Clark & Leonard Investment company, a concern that handles a very large percentage of the loan business in this city, said: "In view of the apparent scarcity of money and the general complaint of hard times, it is really surprising how promptly the interest on loans is paid. It is of course not as easy to make collections as when times are good; but borrowers on the whole are meeting their obligations better than one would expect." Mr. McDonald thinks that notwithstanding the fact that money is now a glut on the eastern market, the effect of the prevailing depression will be to make a slight increase in the rate of interest. Several companies have already made a demand for higher rates.

There is another flow of Lincoln money to the east. The most conservative estimate places the amount of money that goes east annually to pay discounts or interest on commercial paper, at from \$125,000 to \$150,000. This added to the other amount makes a total annual outlay for interest of \$450,000 to \$500,000.

More Lincoln commercial paper has been floated in New York in the last two weeks, by the way, than in the entire six months previous, and Lincoln firms have been able to secure accommodations at a low rate of interest. One large concern has had no difficulty in obtaining money in large amounts for 2 and 6 per cent.

It isn't an easy matter to see just where this \$1,000 and more comes from. A little figuring, however, will trace a good deal of it back to Nebraska hogs and corn.

Mr. McDonald gives it as his opinion that there will be a very material inflow of eastern people into Nebraska commencing early next spring, and this opinion is also expressed by railroad officials and others who make a study of such things. It has been remarked that there has generally been a boom in the west following a business depression, and the indications point to a rapid advance in Lincoln and Nebraska next year.

## BLACK CHATTY

It was standing under the shadow of a thorn tree by the edge of an Indian river—that gray stone which is the subject of my story. The country is very full of such marks and memorials. Sometimes they are conical masses painted red, with another flat stone placed before them, upon which trivial offerings of flowers, fruit or rice may be laid. Sometimes they are carefully sculptured stones, bearing the sign which shows that a "sati," or Hindoo widow, has in days past immolated herself on the sacred spot. Sometimes it is merely an old shaped bowlder which has struck the shaped imagination of some peasant or village priest, and he has daubed a patch of yellow or vermilion paint upon it, after which the local deity is supposed to reside there, and everybody flings a little pebble in front of it or ties a strip of cloth upon the branches of the tree overhead.

But this little monument was very special, established in the patch of acacias and long reeds by the river's bank, and having carved upon its face the rude picture of a "chatty," or common water pot, with underneath that, a woman's name. Above it, among the little golden balls of blossom which grow upon the babul boughs, were fluttering numberless strips of cotton and goat's hair stuff of all colors, and the faded flowers and stones lying in front proved that it was a popular shrine, which no native of the district passed without some small token of respect or pity.

The Indian rivers often appear very beautiful—especially where they run, as this great stream did, through wild country, embroidering their path across the sunburned plains with a double ribbon of verdure. From far off the traveler or sportsman discerns these two strips of green trees and bushes, and coming closer the shining channel will be full of refreshment and interest to his eyes. Little or no traffic disturbs that placid waterway, which, indeed, very frequently is but a chain of isolated pools. Above them may be seen everywhere hovering the much-bag or "fish tiger," a black and white kingfisher that hangs motionlessly poised over the ripples, and then suddenly plunges like a stone into them to seize some gliding fish.

In the deep parts the big mah-seer sucks and grunts. On the shallows will be standing knee deep the great gray cranes with scarlet heads, and near to their flocks of pretty white egrets or paddy birds, while flights of duck and teal whistle up and down the channel, and painted grouse settle suddenly on the sandy margin in large coveys to drink. If it be near a village the dhobee, washerman of the community, will be beating "saris" and "cholis" upon a flat rock by the nearest pool, and in some quiet nook a fisherman will be flinging his circular net into the water to catch the little fry called "invalider and ten," which are dried afterward in the sun and make a good relish.

There is no regular ferry at such points. Should you want to go across singly, you must swim over with your horse or do as the natives do. They stuff up the mouth of a chatty—an earthenware water pot—with grass, and placing it under the chin embrace the vessel, which supports them well out of the water, while with their legs and feet they propel themselves to the farther shore. Or you may hold the chatty under one arm and swim with the other, putting your clothes in a bundle upon your head. By this means also the Indian fishermen spread their nets across the stream and traverse it at all times with ease and security.

It was one of these, indeed, who explained the meaning of the old gray stone by the bank of the river, sprinkled with those golden balls from the babul tree, and standing so lonely, with "Sohni" cut upon it and the picture of the waterpot. When the British laborers rest for food in the heat of the day, or after a spell of hard work, his first idea is to drink, but the Indian peasant has a different habit. At the hour of repose his custom is to disengage from his turban and loin cloth a small bag like a "housewife," with antipiths, tied by a string. This he unrolls deliberately, and there are seen a layer of green leaves from the pepper vine, a lump of lime, two or three nuts of the acrapalm, a few cloves and an iron implement something like a nut cracker.

With this he breaks off some fragments of the aromatic nut, mingles them with a little of the lime, lays both in the hollow of a pepper leaf, which he folds over and pins with a clove, putting the whole medley into his mouth and joyously chewing it. That is the pan sopari, or "excellent leaf"—the betel—which soothes half Asia with its hot, astringent taste, and is no doubt an admirable stomachic and febrifuge, though it blackens the teeth and turns the saliva blood red. Unrolling his betel case and making himself a quid, the village fisherman explained the gray stone and its inscription:

"Sohni—Protectors of the Poor!—was a girl of this gum; oh, only a common low caste girl, but beautiful to see as the blue lute is when the blossom first opens. It is now very long ago since the thing happened about which the Presences ask, but anybody will tell

them still, among the white hatred men of those who saw her face, that it was as fair as Radha's or as any of the milkmaids of Krishna. Her father was a herdsman, owning many sheep and goats, which he grazed along this bank, and Sohni's business, after she became big enough, was to drive them out to pasture in this jungle, which business she did for many dry and rainy seasons until she was well grown.

Sometimes as it would be by day and sometimes by night that she wandered along the river, and once, alone with her flock, she heard the bansuli very sweetly played upon and saw a young shepherd named Luximan, who was playing it. He was a very good looking lad, they all felt, and skilled beyond measure upon his pipe, so the thing fell out easily that they became violently enamored of each other, but kept the matter hidden, from all for other reasons and because Luximan's people, who lived on the farther side of the river, were no friends of the herdsman, Sohni's father, but the contrary.

Moreover, Sohni had been secretly promised by her father to Govinda, the soncar of the district, who was a man growing old, and a wicked and cruel man, always taking advantage of the poverty of our people to lend them money at hard interest, and then, when they could not pay and the time came round, to get their fields and cattle and implements and silver ornaments away from them—so that they became his slaves. The Sahels, of their wisdom, will know very well what sort of folk these bloodsuckers of marwarries be. It is better to put your hand into the hole where a cobra is sleeping than to dip it into the money bag of the soncar. The seasons had been bad, and Sohni's father, notwithstanding his ewes and his goats, had fallen into debt with Govinda years back and could not clear it off. So he had been led unwillingly to promise his child to the money lender. But this was not known to Sohni nor to Luximan.

If you had seen them together, Gharbhupurwar, you would have cried, "It is surely Krishna with one of the Gopis!" and he so comely and erect and slender, and he so handsome, playing his bansuli, and so loving. The jungle deer does not tread lighter than Sohni pacing before her goats, nor the palm tree stand straighter than she with her milkpot upon her pretty head. But it was as much as the life of Luximan was worth for him to be seen upon this side of the river, where so many enemies were. Therefore, in order they might meet, Sohni, who was strong and skillful as a Brahmany duck in the water, would many a time at night swim over to her chosen lover.

The river, as the Presences perceive, is very broad hereabouts, and when the floods descend—nay, indeed, for weeks and weeks at a time—no swimmer could of his own strength breast that current and safely pass over. But Sohni was wont to keep in this thicket of thorns and reeds here a large black chatty of baked clay, and when the gods favored she would stop the mouth of it with grasses, and placing it beneath her breasts she would boldly swim over the water, carrying her sari and choli dry upon her head, and Luximan would sing and play to her, and she make him good love cheer until such time as the 'wolf's tail came into the sky and the first croak sailed across the dark fields. Then the goat girl, happy in her heart and well contented, took the chatty in her arms and silently swam back to her charge, none knowing of their mutual comfort and joy.

"Now, this thing went on for many moons, and their happiness made Luximan and Sohni somewhat too bold—indeed. We villagers are accustomed to say that 'the stars keep secrets, but the sun tells all it sees,' and the goat girl, it seems, was oftentimes urged by her Indian boy to linger longer than was prudent, while the sky whitened. Also it has been noted that no good fortune very long endures either in love or in fishing, or in any earthly matter—nay, perhaps it might have been that they neglected in their pleasure to make due offerings to the gods. It was afterward told, indeed, by Luximan that his beautiful companion informed him the tilaka—her forehead spangle—had fallen off one morning, which should surely have warned her of approaching misfortune, and he himself, it is related, dreamed he saw two elephants fighting without their mahouts, which, as everybody is aware, always signifies death.

"Be all this as it may, one happy night Sohni had tarried with her young lover overlong, and the light of day was shining too broad upon the face of the river as she swam homeward. That morning the evil hearted Govinda, who had become already somewhat suspicious, was abroad very early to note the crops of ragi which he had brought into his power from the villagers by usury, and walking under cover of this grove he spied a woman swimming upon a chatty from the farther bank and presently perceived it was no other than the girl he had secretly bought from the herdsman. If he were jealous before, his angry heart burned fiercer than ever as he watched from his hiding place the lovely goat girl step, bare of all her garments, from the water, her beauteous limbs shining, smooth and rounded, in the morning sun, and her teeth of pearl gleaming white between her little rosy lips, as she smiled to think of Luximan's bygone fondness.

"The wicked old Govinda observed her hide the chatty away in the reeds and press the water from her sides and back

with dry grass, while all hastily she unfastened her clothing and wound her purple sari round her waist and over her head, having first tied on her choli of orange and green. Afterward she tripped up the bank and away to the fold—not thinking when Govinda afterward passed her in the fields and made her 'Ram! ram!' and fair salutations that he had already devised a devilish plot to cause her to die.

"What did that gray fox contrive, do you ask, asylum of excellence? He went forth with his pony to the potter's shop of the neighboring village, and there he bought a black chatty of exactly such a size and make as that with which Sohni had swam the river, but unbaked, and the clay only set by the sun. This he took with him at nightfall and came with it into the little grove here, where the goat girl had concealed her swimming pot. That pot he broke into many pieces and flung them all far into the stream, putting in its place the unbaked chatty, which looked like the other, especially in the gloom, for always of course it was after nightfall that the goat girl crossed over to Luximan."

"That night and the next night there was a feast in this village, and Sohni must take her part with the household, so she could not go over the water. And the next day a flood came down, strong and sudden, from the hills, so that the river became greatly swollen and perilous, nor did any of the fishermen venture forth with their spreadnets in such yellow twisting eddies as were running. But Sohni's heart was too full of love to have in it any room for proper fear, and when she heard that evening, coming across the current, the faint sound of her Indian boy's flute she knew it was the signal of his fond impatience for the comfort of her hands and the blessings of her mouth, and she waited until the moon was down and then set forth for her grove.

"In its old hiding place she found—as she thought—her black chatty. She drew it forth and filled the narrow muzzle with grass, and placing it under her naked bosom committed herself, with a little terror at the dark flowing waters, to the quick current. Again at this moment she heard the soft notes of Luximan's bansuli. He was awaiting her in the safe and warm jungle and would be doubly loving to her for her courage in coming."

"But, O Shival what is this which is befalling? The water flows into the vessel. It fills. It sinks under her! The false sides of the chatty—unbaked and softening quickly in the strong stream—yield, melt, fall in between her hands. The accused cheat fails her! She knows what has been done and lets the deceitful pot go before its growing weight pulls her under the chill waves of the river, the half of which she has not yet swum over. Then unseen by her lover, unhelped by any pitying star, she struggles steadfastly and bravely not to die.

"Many times she rises bravely from the whirlpools which drag her feet down and cries to Luximan, who, to save his jungle dove, would have breast the river of Asipatra, which flows through hell, if he only knew and could have seen. He does not know and cannot see, and so, deprived of the sustaining chatty, her young strength yields, the yellow currant boils again and again between her gasping lips, her long brown arms beat the stream with feeble strokes, and at last, naming her lover's name, her beautiful head went under, and only a dark hand was seen above the river as it whirled away the dead body of beautiful Sohni.

"Next day, when the light was strong upon the stream and its swollen tide had somewhat fallen, they found the corpse of the goat girl upon the tail of yonder sandflat, where the cranes are fishing. Her funeral pile was reared near to where this stone stands, and the village people raised the stone and had the black chatty carved upon it as a memorial for times to come, and because they compassionated Sohni and hated the cruel and avaricious Soncar Govinda." —Sir Edwin Arnold.

Westminster Abbey.

Rev. Dr. Charles Cox read a paper at the sixteenth annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, in which, after reciting a number of historic incidents associated with the edifice, he said it was estimated that room could be found for the burial of 65 more persons at the outside within the abbey. Therefore, at the more carefully ordered rate of recent interments, it looked as if no pressing care for additional space might arise for another century. The walls, however, were so crowded that no part of them was available for a single statue. If a place for really national monumental inscriptions was required, it would have to be subject to some such regulations as govern the national portrait gallery, where it was a standing rule that persons represented and received should be dead not less than 10 years, so as to guard against newspaper fame and undue influence.—London Times.

Rebuked. Mrs. Wickwire—I'd just like to know what kept you out so late last night; indeed I would.

Mr. Wickwire—My dear, this is an era of returning confidence, and you ought not to delay it by getting such ideas in your mind.—Indianapolis Journal.

Best grades of Scranton and Lacka wanna hard coal at the Whitebreast—\$10.80.

## RANDOM NOTES

The Courier has tried to follow the base ball situation for the last two or three months, and it has recorded the rise and fall of Lincoln's interest in the proposed re-organization of the western league. Several times it seemed certain that Lincoln would be in the league; but at Indianapolis, as stated in last week's Courier, Lincoln received its quietus. Then it appeared to be definitely settled that there would be no base ball in this city next season; but now, when the subject has been practically dismissed, comes the information that it is very probable that we will have a ball club after all, and that Lincoln will be in a formally organized league.

Col. Hickey grabbed a Courier representative yesterday and held him like the ancient mariner with his glittering eye, while he talked of the future of base ball in this city. "Lincoln will have first-class base ball," he said, "and will be in a western league that will be a stronger organization than the one two years ago. Omaha, St. Joe, Topeka, Davenport and such towns as those have taken up the matter of the formation of a new league, and there are eight good cities now waiting to come in. Each of these cities is prepared to hire first-class players, and the clubs ought to play just as good ball as the old western league clubs, if not better. There is a great deal of interest in base ball in all of the cities, and the season is, I think, sure to be profitable. We will have a meeting in the near future, and probably a definite organization will be effected some time this month."

The announcement recently received by the chancellor of the state university to the effect that the detail of Lieutenant Pershing has been extended one year will be particularly gratifying to the members of the battalion who have the highest regard for the lieutenant, and to his friends generally. Lieutenant Pershing is unquestionably one of the most popular officers ever stationed at the university. He entered into his work with great zeal, and under his able direction the battalion has reached a state of proficiency in military tactics never before attained. His time has been given almost wholly to the interests of the military department at the state university, and although a strict disciplinarian he is very popular with the boys, with all the students in fact. The lieutenant's original detail was for three years, and his term would have ended in September, 1894. He will now remain until September 35. Under a new ruling of the department hereafter details similar to Pershing's will be for four years instead of three.

Dramatic criticism in this city occasionally relieved by a flash of intelligence, has for the most part been a dreary waste of diluted mediocrity. The men who have presumed to criticise, in too many instances, have had a most grotesque conception of the purposes and incidents of the drama. They have often placed Modjeska and Corinne on the same level of consideration, and brought to bear upon the art of a Booth or a Jefferson, an intelligence that would have been appropriately engaged in a consideration of the beauties of a box of soap, or in a discussion as to the best way to remove warts. The drama to these men who have essayed the role of Aristarchus has been a platform with a lot of men and women performing on it. They have noted the paint on the women's faces and the cut of the men's clothes; but they have not seen the subtleties of the plays, and the art of the players. In short most of Lincoln's dramatic critics have been to a considerable extent wooden men.

Some months ago the News secured a new critic, one Toby Rex, a gentleman who is known and respected as a professional man. Toby Rex's methods are, so far as Lincoln is concerned, unique. There is a strong personal flavor in his criticisms, and they are always interesting. Perhaps the reader does not always agree with the reviewer, but he cannot charge the latter with dense ignorance. Toby has seen something of the stage, and he has more than a passing acquaintance with his subject. The Call hasn't any critic, and the Journal's theatrical expert may, if he lives long enough, improve.

(Continued on Third Page.)