

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

PUBLISHED SATURDAYS
BY THE
COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

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Business Office 1201 O Street. Phone 253.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
THE COURIER, one year in advance \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

LINCOLN, NEB., JANUARY 6, 1904.

A TYPICAL NEBRASKA CITY.
Nebraska has reason to be proud of the lively and progressive little cities that rise at frequent intervals throughout the state, so many monuments to the prosperity and enterprise of the commonwealth—all developing in keeping with the state's remarkable progress in material things.

Probably no town of its size in the whole state is established upon a firmer foundation or enjoys a greater prosperity, with a most promising outlook for the future, than the bustling little city of Wahoo, the county seat of Saunders county, to which a descriptive article elsewhere in this issue of THE COURIER invites particular attention.

Back of Wahoo's growth is the great and inexhaustible fertility of one of the most favored sections of Nebraska. Then this part of the state has been occupied and developed by a peculiarly thrifty and energetic people. The inhabitants of Saunders county are substantial people, active and yet conservative.

Growing and expanding under these conditions, Wahoo enjoys a certain distinctive stability. There is a logical reason for its development and a sensible basis for a most optimistic view of the future. What Wahoo is and what it has is due entirely to natural causes, and not to any forcing process.

Surrounded by a rich and well developed agricultural country, enjoying valuable natural advantages and possessing adequate railway facilities, Wahoo is most strongly sustained, and it is certain to continue to expand and grow in importance every year.

Wahoo is entirely free from any objectionable condition, and it is generally regarded as one of the most securely established and promising cities in Nebraska.

There has been a great deal of unnecessary clamor during the past week over the accounts of the state auditor and the state treasurer. Notwithstanding the frantic efforts of some newspapers to convince their readers to the contrary, the public is fully satisfied that there is nothing wrong. There will always be a difference between the figures of the auditor and those of the treasurer, by the way, due to the fact that warrants checked off by the auditor do not always reach the treasurer promptly.

As an illustration of this, an unregistered warrant was presented to the state treasurer only a few days ago that was drawn by the auditor in 1872. As it was not registered the treasurer had no record of this warrant, and did not know of its existence until it was presented for payment. Mr. Moore and Mr. Bartley are both honest, conscientious officers, and there is no disposition on the part of the public to question the official acts of either of these gentlemen.

A GROWING HORROR.
The dawn of the new year unfortunately brought with it no relief from the world's fair portfolio scourge that now afflicts the city of Lincoln, and threatens to drive a long suffering and misused public to acts of unseemly violence, and probable general insanity. This nuisance, to which we referred in mild terms last week, has not abated its hectoring and disturbing tendency one whit; indeed, if such a thing were possible, it has assumed more awful proportions than before. And matters have at last taken such shape that some decisive action on the part of the authorities seems to be imperative in the interest of the mental well being of the people. The portfolio horror is administered in most terrible doses three times a day, every daily newspaper in the city sharing in the offense, and the evil effects of this systematic and unanimous attempt of the daily press against the sanity of the people have already been noticed by the physicians, numerous cases being reported wherein children at school when asked to recite a lesson in grammar or spelling have mumbled more or less unintelligible words about "wonderful art treasures," "the chance of a life time to get a panoramic view of the world's fair for a few coupons and ten cent pieces," etc., etc., or where citizens have become so hopelessly addicted to the coupon habit that they have been discovered cutting the flowers out of wall paper, and the faces out of bank notes, or where unusually impressionable persons have refused to eat, drink or sleep, having been thrown into a state of ecstatic fervor by the seductive and highly wrought newspaper announcements of the portfolio scheme. Unless

proper precautions are taken, and taken promptly Lincoln bids fair to be overrun by a howling mob of portfolio maniacs. The plague should be checked before it gets beyond bounds.

Says a writer in the *World-Herald*: "The west doesn't invest very much in bonds. It has been busy in developing its hidden powers in field and mountain. Nebraska, for instance, with its \$100,000,000 earning power every year in field and pasture, is able to support its people, pay \$50,000,000 of indebtedness and save \$25,000,000 every twelve months. Then to this must be added our large manufacturing interests, which are gradually supplying the wants of our people more and more every year. We can manufacture all our sugars, syrups, meats cotton goods, boots and shoes and other necessities of life. In this one state, eventually, the eastern manufacturer will find greatly reduced demand for his goods. This condition of affairs has been hastened by the events of the past eight months. The east wants its money, and we are not sure but in the end we shall see greater prosperity by cheerfully responding to the call. It may cause some distress, and very close economy. But what of Omaha and Nebraska while we are going through the process of paying our debts? Both are all right. There is not a banker or a business man who does not realize that the same agricultural and live stock interests, which have given us our greatest prosperity, exist today upon solid foundations, and will continue to exist and grow and develop and make us great as a city and state so long as man eats bread and meat. Bankers pin their faith to cattle, hogs and corn, and they are entirely content with the business of people who can convert either into cash upon forty-eight hours' notice. There is not an Omaha banker who cannot look serenely into the future, confident that with good crops, our prosperity is assured regardless of the condition of others."

It is alleged that the reason a petition has been circulated among republican ex-soldiers in this city asking for the appointment of J. D. Calhoun to the postmastership, is that it is desired to show the president that there is no feeling against Major Calhoun in this city on account of his connection with the southern cause in the civil war. This was entirely unnecessary. Nebraska is not South Carolina. We are not living in the past and influenced by out-worn prejudices. The ex-union soldiers in Lincoln are loyal, patriotic citizens; and they extend the right hand of fellowship to those who served on the other side in the great conflict, and Major Calhoun may rest assured no ill will is felt toward him for his whilom allegiance to the south. Here in Nebraska we are living in the present. The war is over. If President Cleveland appoints Major Calhoun postmaster, there will be no protest from republican ex-union soldiers. But we are constrained to say that we do not imagine President Cleveland is in any way concerned as to the attitude of republicans toward Major Calhoun.

We are disappointed to observe, of late, a tendency on the part of the populist evening press, to falter in its crusade for cheap money. We trust the *Call* and *News* have not wavered in their policy, because their editorial emanations on this subject have furnished about the only diversion in the recent and still existing period of unnatural quiet. It has been a relief to turn from the monotonous cares of business in a time of anxiety and much annoyance, to the editorial columns of our evening contemporaries and there find the representation of mental contortions and fantastic incongruities that would make a hitching post laugh. There has actually been more real humor in the financial discussions in these two papers than there is in Bill Nye's letters or Dr. Jayne's almanac, and we have become accustomed to looking for our daily relaxation in the columns of these two papers to such an extent, that we sorely miss the recent avoidance of the subject of free silver by our amusing contemporaries. Now that Dr. Billings has left us and Bishop Skinner has got becalmed we must have some amusement, and we hope the *Call* and *News* will fulfill expectations.

Our calm and most conservative opinion on the result of the Irvine case is that the verdict rendered in Salt Lake City is an outrage on justice and a most carefaced iniquity, indefensible on any ground of law or morality, shocking to the public sense of decency, and a flagrant evidence of the fallibility and weakness of our much vaunted judicial system.

SOME very capable republican officials were ushered out of office in Lancaster county this week. We sincerely hope that the men who take their places will prove to be equally satisfactory, and we believe they will.

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AN IDEALY BAD BOY

Tom was a bad baby, from the very beginning of his usurpation. He would cry for nothing; he would burst into storms of devilish temper without notice, and let go scream after scream and squall after squall, then climax the thing with "holding his breath"—that frightful specialty of the teething nursing, in the throes of which the creature exhausts its lungs, then is convulsed with noiseless squirmings and twistings and kickings in the effort to get its breath, while the lips turn blue and the mouth stands wide and rigid, offering for inspection one wee tooth set in the lower rim of a hoop of red gums; and when the appalling stillness has endured until one is sure the lost breath will never return, a nurse comes flying, and dashes water in the child's face, and—presto! the lungs fill, and instantly discharge a shriek, or a yell, or a howl which bursts the listening ear and surprises the owner of it into saying words which would not go well with a halo if he had one. The baby Tom would claw anybody who came within reach of his nails, and pound anybody he could reach with his rattle. He would scream for water until he got it, and then throw cup and all on the floor and scream for more. He was indulged in all his caprices, however troublesome and exasperating they might be; he was allowed to eat anything he wanted, particularly things that would give him the stomach-ache.

When he got to be old enough to begin to toddle about and say broken words and get an idea of what his hands were for, he was a more consummate pest than ever. Roxy got no rest while he was awake. He would call for anything and everything he saw, simply saying "Awnt it" (want it) which was a command. When it was brought, he said in a frenzy, and motioning it away with his hands, "Don't awnt it! don't awnt it!" and the moment it was gone he set up frantic yells of "Awnt it! awnt it!" and Roxy had to give wings to her heels to get that thing back to him again before he could get time to carry out his intention of going into convulsions about it.

What he preferred above all other things was the tongs. This was because his father had forbidden him to have them lest he break windows and furniture with them. The moment Roxy's back was turned he would toddle to the presence of the tongs and say "Like it!" and cock his eye to one side to see if Roxy was observing; then, "Awnt it!" and cock his eye again; then "Hab it!" with another furtive glance; and finally, "Take it!"—and the prize was his. The next moment the heavy implement was raised aloft; the next, there was a crash and a squall, and the cat was off on three legs to meet an engagement; Roxy would arrive just as the lamp or a window went to irremediable smash—Mark Twain's "Pudd'n-head Wilson," in the *January Century*.

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MUSIC IN HER.

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