



THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895.

OBSERVATIONS.

MR. REWICK had to wait a good while for his reward, but it came at last, and I suppose his revels among the pots and pans of the stewardship will compensate his for the ignominy into which his peculiar conduct of a few years ago brought him. That there was much corruption in the direction sought by Mr. Rewick there is no doubt, and if the public could have been convinced of the sincerity and disinterestedness of the reformer's purpose he would have been much applauded. But there was a very general impression that Mr. Rewick was himself after the flesh pots, and the man who assisted Rosewater in his campaign against the republican party and the city of Lincoln has not been, in the last couple of years, in the enjoyment of any considerable degree of public respect. Even his late appointment will not advance him in the estimation of the people.

Governor Holcomb's policy with reference to appointments has been watched with much curiosity, and it is a fact that until the last few weeks republicans were disposed to give him credit for doing better than they expected. But lately they have been compelled to admit that his conduct is about what would have been looked for from Grand Pa Powers or any other patriot of his ilk. Governor Holcomb must be charged with Mart Howe's appointment, and any man who carries the responsibility for Mart Howe and his acts must needs struggle under a heavy burden. Howe is a common scold and public nuisance. His appointment is a good thing for Lincoln, because this city is relieved of his presence; but it is a bad thing for Grand Island and the state. And the recognition which the executive has bestowed on E. C. Rewick is just as reprehensible. The governor, by appointing such men to public office, puts a premium of pusillanimity.

There was a prize fight the other night and I was there—in a professional capacity. Afterwards, while waiting for a car at Eleventh and O streets I was approached by a motherly old lady whose face bore a particularly benevolent and kindly expression and whose hands held a Bible and a hymnal. Having just witnessed a brutal physical encounter with surroundings decidedly sporty my thoughts were far away from all considerations of religion. Consequently her inquiry was somewhat startling. She said: "I beg pardon young man, but are you saved?" She looked into my face with much earnestness and stretched forth her hand. "I do not know; I hope so," I replied. "Oh," she said, "you ought to know. Whosoever accepts the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." I attempted a Calvinistic argument, but she would not have it. "There is a wonderful sight of men's religion," she preached, but

the Bible is good enough. It is not necessary to go out of that, and the Bible says that whosoever will may come. It doesn't say that men are saved whether they will or not, and it doesn't say that some are marked for salvation and others for damnation. No, young man, your future life is in your own hands. If you accept Christ you will be saved, and," here she lowered her voice, "I tell you living with Christ is a wonderful nice way to live." I thanked her for the interest she had shown in me and received an invitation to attend her church—the Gospel Tabernacle, I think it was.

Such experiences are common in Lincoln. However dull business may be, it seems that religion is booming. A few days ago two evangelistic street services were in progress within a block of each other in the very center of town. One, at the corner of Eleventh and O streets, where I was accosted by the old lady, was presided over by a young man who gave evidence of more than ordinary intelligence. He had a frank, honest face, and as he stood there on a soap box, hat in hand, and pleaded with the crowd none could doubt his earnestness or sincerity. "Oh, come to Christ," he said. "My friend, is your burden heavier than you can bear; are you deep in sin; do you long for a better life? Just acknowledge your Saviour and live in peace. Oh, accept the salvation so freely offered. Do not delay but come now." His words were listened to by a hundred men, some of whom had been discussing politics a few minutes before on the same corner. The attitude of the impromptu congregation was generally respectful. Another young man, quite as intelligent and zealous as the other took off his hat and prayed—at Eleventh and O, the heart of the city, in the middle of a busy afternoon a hundred men lingered to hear the young zealot pray to God! And so the service went on. By stepping a few feet one could hear the sound of a gospel hymn being sung at the other street meeting. Religion meets the citizen of Lincoln a good deal more than half way.

An examination of policemen in this city, and of applicants for a position on the force, not as to their knowledge of Latin or Greek, but as to their acquaintance with the city, might disqualify a large number. It would at least disclose the inexcusable ignorance of one patrolman. Last week when the Michigan university boys were being entertained at the Commercial club I left the building at a late hour and ran into a policeman who was standing on the sidewalk in front of the club, stick in hand, in open mouthed amazement. Light was streaming from every window and there was a sound of revelry distinctly audible in the street. "What kind of a place is that?" asked the officer, pointing to the club building with his stick. "I have been hearing the music and noise for two or three

hours and I did not know what to make of it. Is it a hotel?" When assured that it was not a hotel, but simply a club he seemed relieved and moved on. This man—he is probably a new appointee—must be a valuable acquisition to the force. I wonder if he knows where the station house is.

Speaking of the police, a word or two of compliment to the ex-chief is certainly proper. P. H. Cooper, the man with a wide open face and philanthropic whiskers, has a notable record for efficiency as head of the police department. Serving under an erratic mayor who was nearly always opposed to the other members of the excise board, it would have been excusable if Mr. Cooper had exhibited some heat. But he is in the ice business and he kept cool. He was not allowed much of a force, but he did the best he could, and the best he could was not bad. Above all, his unimpeachable integrity had a strong tendency to keep things clean at the station house. Chief Cooper never allowed himself to be made the object of suspicion or scandal. He was a good officer, which is more than can be said of all the men who held positions under the Weir administration.

One who was permitted to gaze upon the late S. J. Odell in the days of his glory, only a few years ago, could hardly have believed that the splendor was soon to vanish, and that Odell would sink to the condition in which he has lived for two or three years, and in which he died this week. This man was one of the most striking figures in Lincoln, in the palmy days. He was a restaurant king. Money seemed to be wafted into his pockets by every breeze. He rode on the crest of the wave of fortune. There was nothing too good for Mr. Odell then. He made a collection of fast horses and big diamonds, and I don't think the thought ever occurred to him that he would not be driving fast horses and wearing big diamonds all the rest of his life. His boom was at all times more showy than secure, however, and after awhile it burst. The restaurant, which for a time, was a veritable mint, lost its paying qualities; the horses disappeared, and the diamonds flickered out of sight. Misfortunes followed each other and Odell's luck constantly grew worse. Other restaurants were started, but somehow he could never catch on again; his half dozen or so ventures after leaving the building on N street were all failures. He has done little or nothing for the last year or two, and the Odells have had a hard time of it.

William E. Smythe, a former Nebraskan, has an interesting article in the *May Century* on irrigation. Mr. Smythe is editor of the *Irrigation Age*, and his Boston brain has absorbed about all there is to know about irrigation. Six years ago when the town of Kearney was undergoing its boom Smythe was editor of the *Enterprise*, and for a year

or so that paper, published in a small interior country town, had a large number of metropolitan frills. Associated with him was Will Hall Poore, a bright young man, also several other clever people. His paper attracted wide attention and did much to accelerate the "Kearney Gait." Of course there was no money in it and a collapse was inevitable. Smythe was beginning to take a band in state politics when he left Nebraska. He was Jack MacColl's chief backer at the time of Jack's first active candidacy for the republican nomination for governor.

A gentleman of this city is making a collection of portraits of Napoleon. He has something over five hundred, and he has only just begun. Napoleon must have spent fully as much time in sitting for his picture as Washington did in talking to colored women who were destined to become centenarians.

The *Chicago Times-Herald* last Saturday printed a portrait of Henry D. Estabrook, of Omaha, regent of the University of Nebraska, and in the accompanying article the regent was referred to as "of Ottawa, Kansas."

Col. Harry Hotchkiss, secretary of the Commercial club, has taken time from the onerous social duties which he imagines are the chief occupation of a secretary of a business club, to distribute beet seed to farmers in Lancaster county. And this seed distribution is, so far as I can learn, all that has been done by the club along the line of the purpose for which it was organized, for some months. *THE COURIER* has already given voice to a feeling that is entertained among a large number of the members, i. e., that the club is falling far short of its real purpose; and there does not appear to be anything further to say at the present time. A member of the club who writes to the editor of *THE COURIER* complaining of the sad state into which this organization that started out so auspiciously has fallen but follows the remarks that have appeared in these columns. His request that an effort be made to stir up the club has been placed on file. When there is the slightest indication that a stirring up would be of any avail *THE COURIER* is ready to "stir." Just now the desuetude is so intense that the task of revivification appears hopeless.

Secretary Morton has introduced "arbor day" in the District of Columbia. The first observance of this day in Washington came on Mr. Morton's sixty-third birthday, and the secretary with his own hands planted a number of trees. There can hardly be any foundation for the report that following the publication of Mr. Morton's interview on the financial question, the president advised his secretary of agriculture to let silver and gold alone in the future and stick to dirt. But it is easy to imagine that Mr. Cleveland was annoyed by Mr. Morton's loquacity.