

move in an atmosphere of sweetness and purity; and, like Jim Bludsoe, "he ain't no saint;" but there are worse men in politics in this city.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Written for THE COURIER by C. Y. Smith.)

No 5

*Of all the words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these "Whitechapel."*

What name fills the mind with greater horror and misapprehension? the havoc of Jack the Ripper, that daring bloodthirsty gentleman who treated life as a mere toy, whose pleasure was best obtained when he took his victim against objections and juggled with his body in a blood curdling manner. Do not the names Whitechapel and Jack the Ripper cause our hair to stand on end in battle array; do they not at the first blush fill our mind and body with an indescribable thrill of fear? We actually shudder and unconsciously shrink from this daring foe and his mysterious haunt. We are apt to think of Whitechapel as a narrow, dark and gloomy street, with villains and murderers hiding in the shades with cudgel in hand ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting victim and pound him senseless, or else mangle his trembling and shivering body by unmerciful thrusts with a long, two edged knife.

We can see Jack the Ripper sneaking along a darrow alley into the dim light of the street at the mid hour of night and silently snatch his prey and disappear into the darkness beyond. A fearful shriek and all is over. We would believe Whitechapel to be a dangerous place; the resort of the devil, the culmination of all that is wicked, and a venture within its domains as a foolhardy exploit.

In the evening, while standing on the steps of Inns of Court Hotel, on High Holborn, I saw several 'busses go by with "Whitechapel" on one of the sign boards. I concluded I wasn't afraid; if it was safe for the 'bus it was safe for me; so Frank and I hailed the next one and climbed up the winding stairs behind and took a seat on the top where we could see London as she is by gaslight. We rumbled along High Holborn, by Charing Cross, to the end of Poultry and Queen Victoria streets, where the Bank of England stands like a monument.

Some distance on we enter Whitechapel, aglow with lights and people by the thousands walking and strolling along to their heart's content. On each side of the street are myriads of peddlers and vendors with everything for sale from a tin whistle up; now and then a church and for variety's sake are several theatres of different grades.

The buildings were mostly stores and small shops, used in part for homes. Pins, needles, buttons and suspenders were a common subject of barter; and the stores confine their traffic largely to the line of food and clothing. The people were of the poor working classes, with two exceptions at least. Everybody looked harmless, however, and while I should prefer to live elsewhere, I am of the opinion that Whitechapel is a pretty fair sort of a place. It's lively at night, as it naturally would be with so many persons about; but there is no danger other than being stepped on perhaps.

But I rode on the top of a 'bus. These

'bus rides in London are great, and when next in London take one. Only costs two pence.

When I came down to breakfast on July 4th I was told by the waiter that our party would be served in a private room. Our guardian, Mr. Shepherd, has a great head. He brought over with him a lot of small American flags and banners and had the room decorated with flags, flowers and fire crackers—a regular Fourth of July celebration in England. We had all kinds of fun. We sang the Red, White and Blue, The Star Spangled Banner, and so on, and the waiter joined in the chorus with God Save the Queen. It was an elegant spread, with crackers and cheese for the last course; a usual custom in England. But do you know they put very little salt in the food there? Great Scott! A man can't live without salt; but you get used to it.

In the afternoon we went down to the National Gallery. It will be impossible for me to give it more than a passing glance. The various schools of art, both ancient and modern, are well represented. Paintings of Angelo, Del Sarto, Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Corregio, Hogarth and others adorn the walls.

That evening we left London for Harwich and took the steamer across the North sea for Rotterdam, Holland.

You may well imagine with what woful misgivings I went down the stairway into the cabin of the little steamer which was to bear me across the North sea; a surging mass of turbulent water. But I had a lovely time; was asleep all night and early in the morning when I came on deck we were gliding along the waters of the River Maas, by the curious water crafts, and through the shadows of the spreading arms of genuine Dutch windmills.

Holland is a joyous revelation. To no place on this great earth of ours does an honest and conscientious traveller desire to return, more than to Holland.

I was there only two days. Just think of it! One can stay a year and find enjoyment every day. Holland is small comparatively speaking. One can start at the coast, take a run, hop, skip and jump and land on the other side; but during his flight his eye will see much of untiring interest.

A flat country below the level of the sea, cut into thousands of pieces by labyrinth of canals, dykes and ditches. The great arms of the numberless windmills swing slowly in the wind and fan the cows and swine that feed in the rich pasture. Along the roads in quaint array the little dogs trot, sometimes one and often two, three and four together; dragging behind a small two wheeled cart filled with vegetables or milk, on their way to market. How these little fellows pull, and what a curious sight it is! It is not unusual to see a woman and a dog or two, harnessed to the same cart tugging a heavy load of vegetables while the indulgent husband walks along before or behind as fancy may lead, smoking his trusty pipe. We see very few horses; the dog and woman being the chief motive power.

It occurs to us that the "Womans Federation for the Preservation of Women" would find a wide and fertile field for their labors in Holland, where man, the lazy thing, don't work; and where woman, lovely woman, is likened unto a beast of burden. In Rotterdam

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I saw the glorious and enchanting a woman harnessed together from an esthetic point of view. Its puling a heavy load of chief attraction is itself, with its charming vegetables. This is pretty tough on the woman; but as many of us know it is her proper sphere of action. It is one of those things she knows how to do just as well as a dog or a mule, and if she has the ability to do it, she ought to be given an opportunity to show her capacity for such labor. Opportunities should be denied no one. This should be recognized as a fundamental law in society. It is only fair to give woman a chance, and if she can drag a cart as well as a dog or a mule, why let her do it. Man should not attempt to hinder the progress of woman along the lines of work. In Holland she has shown that she can do it, and do it well. The question is asked, why can't she do it in America? Can it be we are behind the times here? Wake up, ye indigent sons of America, and give the women a chance! The only difficulty that presents itself to our mind is in the poor roads here which would make the work extra hard. But they would get used to it, with practice, and in time with a fair exercise of their intelligence we believe they would be entirely successful and show the present age that they may be of some benefit to the community.

Our next point is the Hague. This combination of a dog, a mule and is the most attractive city of Holland a woman harnessed together from an esthetic point of view. Its puling a heavy load of chief attraction is itself, with its charming vegetables. This is pretty tough on the woman; but as many of us know it is her proper sphere of action. It is one of those things she knows how to do just as well as a dog or a mule, and if she has the ability to do it, she ought to be given an opportunity to show her capacity for such labor. Opportunities should be denied no one. This should be recognized as a fundamental law in society. It is only fair to give woman a chance, and if she can drag a cart as well as a dog or a mule, why let her do it. Man should not attempt to hinder the progress of woman along the lines of work. In Holland she has shown that she can do it, and do it well. The question is asked, why can't she do it in America? Can it be we are behind the times here? Wake up, ye indigent sons of America, and give the women a chance! The only difficulty that presents itself to our mind is in the poor roads here which would make the work extra hard. But they would get used to it, with practice, and in time with a fair exercise of their intelligence we believe they would be entirely successful and show the present age that they may be of some benefit to the community.

Of all places in Holland, don't miss Rotterdam, for there you see the Dutch of antiquity, peasant life as she is, quaint and homely characters which are a constant and everlasting source of joy.

Society, I imagine is the same there now as it was years ago. Canals cut the city into many fragments, and ships of all descriptions are lazily laying by the wharf all over the city. The streets for the most part consist of bridges, and wharfs. The wooden shoe goes clippity clip on the pavement. Curls of smoke roll from the pipe of the festive loungers. Dogs and women navigate the vegetable and milk carts which call forth admiration from the tourist. The tall masts of the ships rear upward into the clear sky. What a picture alone is the old windmill with its broad and sweeping arms! How curious the houses with quaint gables!

Rotterdam is intensely interesting. Erasmus was born there. If you don't know who Erasmus was, look him up.

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