

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1895.

OBSERVATIONS.

The titwillow editor of the *Journal* didn't like my little pleasantry about his testimonial for "dear Mr. Croan". For the day after *THE COURIER* appeared titwillow, malicious and lying, proceeded to "get even" by making what he conceived to be very cruel statements about me in the *Journal*. I am sorry that my friend titwillow lost his temper so. He might have been more adroit in covering up the chagrin that he felt over the publication in Lincoln of his Croan letter. Let me give you a piece of advice, oh, titwillow, titwillow, titwillow! Never allow yourself to get excited, particularly in the summer time; and because somebody has a little good-natured fun with you, don't straightway fall to and be malicious and lying in order to get even. You are a bit too sensitive, oh, titwillow. If you must get in a rage at least, titwillow, stick to the truth. The truth, titwillow, is a good thing to stick to. People would have a good deal better opinion of your maxims, and honesty, titwillow, if you were truthful. And titwillow, if you do not want to be held up to ridicule before the people of Lincoln, don't commit any more asinine atrocities like the testimonial for "dear Mr. Croan".

The next time titwillow Jones writes a testimonial for a man of Croan's stamp he will add the celebrated injunction, "Burn this letter."

The persistent attacks made on residents of Lincoln by the *Omaha Bee* have been carried to such an extent they have altogether lost their force. Nowadays when the batteries of abuse in the *Bee* office are turned on some prominent citizen or politician, knowing ones smile and say: "So Roggen is at it again, is he?" E. P. Roggen, commonly known as the chief hound in the Rosewater gang of whelps, was for many years a citizen of Lincoln—and he conferred a benefit on this community when he left it. Roggen waxed fat on the pap that flowed in the secretary of state's office for a decade or more, and it was seldom that he was not in a deal of some sort, generally reprehensible. Naturally he was opposed in some of his deals, and it occasionally happened that he was turned down. Finally, when he left this city to become whipper-in at the *Bee* kennel, he had run his length. The people had had enough of Roggen and they didn't hesitate to let him know it. He was sore and he pined for retaliation. Rosewater hired him, and now, for three or four years, he has been evening up old scores, by hounding down with all his pack his former adversaries. The wonder is that Rosewater has not tumbled to Roggen's little game.

A gentleman who has had some opportunities for judging, gives me the following "impression" of the new chancellor of the state university, Prof. McLean: "He is, first of all, a scholarly man. There is in him and about him evidences of genuine scholarship and intellectual force. He is keen sighted, alert and polished. I believe he is a man of positive character. He may not concern himself so much with small and unimportant details, but I think it will be found that he will take a broad, practical view of the aims and purposes of the university, and his administration will inspire confidence in the faculty and thus be effective. In my opinion the regents have made an excellent selection."

One of the professors in the state university—: "Canfield was an excellent chancellor and I think he did the university more good than all of his predecessors combined; but it is not necessary to deify him. He had his weaknesses just like ether men. He is dictatorial to a degree and he sometimes carried his animosities too far. I think what *THE COURIER* said about his conduct with reference to Miss Smith and Mrs. Manning entirely fair."

That the new chancellor of the state university is an excellent man for the place there appears to be no question. Chancellor Canfield was largely instrumental in securing the selection of Prof. McLean as his successor, and he is entitled to credit for his efforts to

Mayer Bros. sometime ago ordered \$20,000 worth of shoes. Very recently they were offered \$2,000 for a release from the contract—a pretty sure indication that there is something besides talk in the predicted rise in the price of shoes. As a matter of fact many things are advancing in price. Flour is high, and leather goods are going up, and drugs are in the ascendant. In dry goods the same tendency is manifest. It is a trite saying that high prices mean general prosperity.

There was a sermon delivered in Lincoln last Sunday that the *State Journal* did not see fit to publish. It was preached by Rev. E. H. Chapin and had for its subject 'Lincoln Misgovern-

ment ought to be said now. My criticism of the *State Journal* is that it is unmoral. Note that I do not say that it is immoral, but unmoral. I grant, however that unmorality in an individual, as in a newspaper, may be the worst kind of immorality. There are few things more reprehensible than that where one refuses to assume any moral responsibility when it is clearly his duty to do it. I call the *State Journal* unmoral because it is not guided by any proper sense of truth or justice or animated by any principle of right; but because it does at all times just what the party to which it belongs or its own selfish business interests dictate. It is not for the people in any disinterested or noble sense that I can see, but for self. True it stands by its party, good, bad or indifferent, but this is only because it finds it to its own temporal well being to do it. Much of the responsibility for the inhuman and revolting practices now carried on this city must be laid at the door of the *State Journal*. Those in control of that paper cannot plead ignorance. They knew the kind of men who were being elected to office and what they were being elected for. Why then did they give these men their support? Was it that they were being paid or expected to be paid for their services; and that they preferred the city should be sunken in debauchery and crime rather than lose the little gain these services might bring? *The State Journal* poses as a great family and party paper; but what kind of an example is this to set the youth of our city? Can our young men and young women be taught love for country, love for home and love for God and humanity by such evident love for self as this? Can any sort of moral heroism or true manliness or womanliness spring out of such abject political cowardice and worldly subservience? I say that such a paper as the *State Journal* has a moral obligation resting upon it, and that is the obligation to do right, and to cause others to do it so far as it is within its power. This paper does know better than to do many of the things it is doing; and it is accountable not only to this community but to High Heaven for its sins of omission and commission. Never will this city be wholly freed from the troubles by which it is now so grievously afflicted until our newspapers become the patriotic, the truth-loving, and the man-loving institutions they ought to be. Not until they dare to teach true and unspotted citizenship by rebuking the personal corruption and political trickery and wickedness of those with whom they are called to deal will the city be redeemed and the newspapers themselves enter upon their real mission."



Eb. E. MOCKETT.

secure so good a man as the present chancellor.

Things are not as they used to be between one young man and young woman in this city. Now they do not speak as they pass by. It was a pair of bloomers that did it. She wanted to wear them. He didn't want her to. She had her way.

C. Y. Smith, who for some months has been writing a series of interesting articles on European travel for *THE COURIER*, expects to leave for the east soon; and the articles will be discontinued until late in the summer. Mr. Smith usually finds something interesting when he goes away from home, and if he has his customary luck this summer he may tell the readers of *THE COURIER* about it.

ed; and the Causes of It." Rev. Chapin is not a dull man, and in casting about for the causes of misgovernment of Lincoln, he naturally found in the *Journal* a principal cause, and he didn't hesitate to say what the people of the town generally think: "Another cause of the existent misgovernment is the daily press of the city, the *Evening News* excepted. I am fully conscious, I hope, of the candor, frankness and judicial temper required on my part to speak 'the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth' on this most important subject. But if I know myself I approach this part of my discourse without the least feeling of prejudice or unfriendliness toward those to whom I must now address my words. Personally, I must acknowledge the uniform courtesy with which I have been treated by such a newspaper as the *Nebraska State Journal*, and yet this must not deter me from saying just what I believe

I can imagine what a rattling of editorial dry bones this touching little tribute caused. If the patriarchal editor blinked his eyes in horror, how the little cur, known variously as titwillow, or Will Owen Jones, that trots at his heels, must have whined in misery. For these editors and curs of the *State Journal* do not like to have the truth hurled at them. They are mighty touchy. Steeped in a vicious subserviency to the worst influences in the city they are not without a realization of the immorality of the prostitution to which the *Journal* is committed, and they are very, very tender on this point. It is tuff when a reputable minister ventures to tell the truth about the *Journal* in this public manner. Of the two testimonials, the one given by titwillow to Mr. Croan, and the one given by Rev. Chapin to the *Journal*, public opinion will unhesitatingly repudiate the first and endorse the second.