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OBSERVATIONS

Bill Dorgan always was a rather interesting person. Just now he is unusually interesting. He has \$33,000 in ready money or its equivalent. I understand Mr. Dorgan is unable to make up his mind as to what to do with the \$33,000. Within the past ten days divers persons have offered to minimize Mr. Dorgan's embarrassment by suggesting that he transfer to them various amounts of money in exchange for highly decorative I. O. U's. At Mr. Dorgan's elbow there has frequently been a cheerful Mulberry Sellers to point out the way to fabulous wealth by the investment of a few thousands. Still the \$33,000 and Mr. Dorgan have remained in close communion; albeit the erstwhile placid contentment pictured on the glowing Dorgan countenance has been displaced by a worried look. The problem is becoming almost too much for the possessor of the \$33,000. In the first place \$33,000 in cash, all in one lump, is a good deal of money these times. No wonder its possession is a source of annoyance and anxiety, tho a great many people would like to be similarly annoyed and anxious. Then Mr. Dorgan is probably not unmindful of the fact that there isn't any more money, for him at least, where that came from, and that is a good reason for care in its disposition. The wisest economy is not in not spending money, but in spending it well, and Mr. Dorgan will doubtless be wisely economical.

Young Mr. Wanamaker recently gave a dinner party in Paris that cost \$20,000. That was what might be called high living. Mr. Dorgan might be as ex-

travagant as Wanamaker and give a \$20,000 dinner, and yet be economical enough to save sufficient money to buy himself a breakfast. A \$20,000 dinner in Lincoln would be somewhat of a novelty and would give Mr. Dorgan great distinction. But there are other ways of disposing of the \$33,000. A quick and effective way of getting rid of the whole amount would be the starting of a newspaper. There would be glory and perquisites in this while the money was a-spending. Perhaps I could find one or two openings for Mr. Dorgan in this line. The sum of money in Mr. Dorgan's possession would buy 660,000 drinks of beer, or more than 219,780 drinks of fifteen cent whiskey. It would buy and wholly pay for 106,260

lie have frequently been a subject of discussion in the newspapers and elsewhere. Joe Jefferson criticised the theatre-goers of Omaha, on the occasion of his last appearance in that city, for their lack of appreciation. He said they laughed when they ought to have cried and cried when they ought to have laughed. Last winter the musical critic of the *World-Herald*, Mr. Kelly, berated the people of the city wherein is the "pride of two continents" for their behavior at musical entertainments. He said they were rude. They were loudly and inartistically demonstrative when they should have been silently appreciative, and they demanded encores with a selfish disregard for the performer's feelings or condition. And now they

outré. Somebody ought to take them in hand. Clement Chase might undertake the job. It might pay to open a school of manners where people of both sexes would be taught "How to Conduct Themselves in Public." Then again the managers of the theatres might arrange a series of changeable signs before the audience, such as: "Laugh Here," "This is the Place to Cry," "Applaud Softly," "Give Three Cheers and a Tiger for the Hero," "Hiss the Villain," "Call out the Leading Lady," "Now Go Home Quietly."

Here in Lincoln they do not always laugh when they ought to cry, but whenever there is a particularly affecting passage somebody invariably lets a seat drop, and the anxiety of the people to get home to the babies—I can't imagine what else it is—causes them to make a break for the door ten minutes before the curtain falls. Very few Lincoln people ever heard the last five hundred words of a play, or saw the curtain drop on the last act. As Patrick O'Shaughnessy would say, the theatrical companies might just as well omit the last ten minutes.

The *News*, as might have been expected, takes exception to my remarks concerning its editorial policy, but admits that the criticism that it "has at all times been tinctured with demagogy and its much vaunted independence has sustained too close a resemblance to Rosewaterism to commend it to favor," is "doubtless well meant and is evidently honest." The *News* says "We have yet to learn exactly what is meant by the term Rosewaterism," and continues, "We have carved out a policy entirely independent of the Omaha editor, and the only approach to a resemblance between the two has been their absolute independence of the political dictations of the railroad and machine politicians. * * * Possibly in retaliating the *News* may have done injustice to some men, but while that is to be deplored we do not think that we have done more of this than has been done to us. The *News* is perfectly aware that there are many honest men in public life, and it does not believe all men are rascals. It harshly criticised some bodies where distinctions ought doubtless to have been made, but so closely are men in bodies like the council bound by hidden ties of party, relationship, business, self-interest, that is impossible to make these distinctions at times, although we venture to say the public has been fairly well enlightened on which of its public officers it can place dependence when public and private interests clash. Meanwhile we would be obliged if our contemporary would kindly define what it means by Rosewaterism, and where the *News* is tinctured with it."

The *News* in this instance is ingenuous and courteous; and if I am able, in answer to its inquiries, to satisfactorily



F. C. ZEHRUNG.
Mgr. Funke Opera House.

bushels of December corn at Monday's price, or it would build and equip from one to two miles of steam railroad. Mr. Dorgan might go in with the European bond syndicate and use his money to keep up the gold reserve in the United States treasury. He might loan his money on chattels at something like the prevailing rate of interest and receive an income—providing the interest is paid—of \$10,000 per year. He might buy lottery tickets or go in for a sure thing and put in a stock of postage stamps. Mr. Dorgan might open a dry goods store or start a savings bank or endow a church. He might do what he probably will do, wait for something to turn up.

The manners of Omaha people in pub-

are catching it again from their own newspapers. "The Masqueraders," the play with which the Creighton theatre was opened, contained, as indicated in last week's *COURIER*, some highly dramatic and affecting incidents—times when tears should have coursed down the Omaha cheek, and handkerchiefs should have fluttered. Instead a considerable portion of the audience set up a loud and unseemly guffaw, thereby causing Henry Miller to say things through his teeth, and Miss Viola Allen to remark in dulcet tones "ditto." The *Bee* says the Omaha people disgraced themselves. There isn't any doubt of it. There is something radically wrong with the Omaha people. They are either unduly influenced by Council Bluffs or too much bound up in packing house etiquette which M. Blouet would describe as