

State Historical Society

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OBSERVATIONS

Political economists tell us, and observation confirms the tale, that high prices mean prosperity. Throughout the country prices of all commodities are now on the ascendant. Bradstreets and Dul give us weekly bulletins of the progress of the advancing market, and the press dispatches contain every day some hopeful intelligence. In Lincoln the advance has not been so marked as elsewhere, owing in part, to the continued agricultural depression. But of late the general upward tendency has not been without a local manifestation. I note with interest, and I am sure the information must be of importance in a community where every other man is a patriot, where politics is perhaps the chief industry of the people, that all kinds of political service command a much higher price than formerly. There has been a sudden and at the same time a very material advance in this particular instance. The inflation may be said to have commenced, or rather the effect of the rise was first noted, at the primary elections held in August. The politicians were startled to discover that, as an illustration, the votes of a certain class of citizens in the Fifth ward that for years have been hawked about among candidates for 50 cents a piece, had, without warning, gone up to \$1.50 and frequently to \$2.00 and higher. That meant the beginning of a new era in the large and well worked field of practical politics. It meant that those disbursing agents who had formerly gone down on the bottoms on the day of the primaries with a pocket full of silver half dollars would have to take along a bag of whole dollars or a wad of \$1 and \$2 bills.

Recent disclosures, however, make it clear that the rise in political prices had its beginning a good many months prior to the lately vanished August. To Mose Oppenheimer, good, kindly old Mose, belongs the distinction of being the first to realize the true value of political service and effect a readjustment of prices in correspondence therewith. Time was when Mose used to offer the one or two country precincts he claimed to control to aspiring democrats for something like \$10 each, and it is a tradition in political circles that the purchaser from Mose invariably had to buy up the delegates in the purchased precincts afterward. But \$10 was all he asked. Now comes the information, through developments in certain legal proceedings, that Mose has recently put a proper valuation on his services and

Senator W. V. Allen has the populist propensity for making an exhibition of himself. When a man delivers himself over to the populists he somehow seems to lose all idea of the fitness of things, and he is able, with singular facility, to make himself and his cause ridiculous. The mental strabismus that causes a man to be a populist apparently renders him foolish in many other ways. Men who before becoming populists, lived along, doing things decently and in order, having a due regard for the proprieties in speech and conduct, seem to develop a remarkable proficiency, after conversion, in the art of clap trap and hocus pocus. Senator Allen went to the Hastings encampment last week, and being prevailed upon to make an address he did so, and now the whole state is laughing at the female spy

it was written in England. Never a copy got across the ocean. It was not a history of women but a history specially written for women. There is no subject so impossible to expurgate as history. If it were possible it would be criminal to attempt it. Therefore the day of women's columns is short.

When a woman enters any business previously filled by men, she must accept the standard of excellence established by men in it or fail.

Mr. John Currie is at work with a hammer and chisel on what looks like a cast from a clay model. He stands in Mayer Bros. window on 10th St. and scrapes and cuts as he might on a stone reproduction. The head of the statue is that of a man that looks like Abraham Lincoln. It is said that the face is taken from the death mask of Lincoln. Any one who has seen that mask will wonder how Mr. Currie was able to entirely leave out the power, repose, solemnity from that face. The hands look like corrugated iron, the arms and legs like stove-pipes. If this awful thing is cast in bronze and set up in the Post Office park it will be a disgrace to the city. What does John Currie know of anatomy, drapery, composition, light and shade? Look at the mass of plaster he is working on and the question is answered. If this city allows this profanity to be placed in the Post Office square it will probably remain there for years to comfort our children when they regret too poignantly their grand-fathers death.

Mr. Currie has done some very good work on the Y. M. C. A. building and the Rock Island depot. Probably he is the best stone-cutter in Lincoln. All honor to him for his honest skillful labor. But just because he lives in Lincoln and makes something ugly it should not be erected a blot on the landscape where the people swarm. The *Journal's* encouragement of Mr. Currie is as insincere and suspicious as its treatment of Mr. Howell and Mr. Croan.

We hear that an early autumn wedding was very nearly postponed because the white shoes which had been ordered for the bride and bride's maids did not arrive in time. Lincoln is not a particularly satisfactory town in the matter of shoes and as the slippers ordered were of a new style point it was impossible to find satisfactory substitutes. After fretting and telegraphing in vain the bride finally relieved the groom's anxiety and decided to walk the Way of Roses in her dancing shoes and let it go at that.

It is amusing, but a little incident which for the last week has been the theme of the gossip of the town, the subject of smiles among men and hurried whisperings of astonishment among



AUGUST HAGENOW.

precincts. Mose said, and therefore it is a fact, that he was offered \$1,000 for his precincts and also for the nominal service of boosting Mr. Redford and knocking out the cause of free silver and downing one Billy Bryan. Truly prices have gone up when the dusky denizen of the bottoms will not sell his sovereign right of suffrage for less than \$1.50 and Mose Oppenheimer demands \$1,000 for "his precincts" and "knocking out Billy Bryan." Just how this sudden advance is going to make things more prosperous in this community, I do not know, but it will probably come about somehow. In the meantime there is a belief that the gentlemen who dealt with Mose on the \$1,000 basis were somewhat extravagant. The query naturally suggests itself, if \$1,000 was spent in the purchase of Mose what was the total amount spent by Mose's buyers in the same deal? There is money in politics.

I do not for one moment imagine that Senator Allen ever had the experience he described at the Hastings encampment. He just drew on his populist imagination and the result was disastrous. Whether Senator Allen talks twenty-four hours or twenty-four minutes he invariably makes a spectacle of himself. It's a pretty bad thing for a good state like Nebraska to have a populist United States senator, especially when his case is as hopeless as Allen's.

Although there are two women on the editorial staff of THE COURIER there will be no special woman's department in this paper. There is no sex in literature or journalism. Women are interested in news, politics, society, music and the drama just as men are. Two or three years ago, some one wrote a *Woman's History of England*. I think