

THE COURIER

LINCOLN NEB., SATURDAY, May 2 1896



ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 217 North Eleventh St. Telephone 384

W. MORTON SMITH Editor and Manager SARAH B. HARRIS Associate Editor

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum	\$2.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	.50
One month	.20
Single copies	.05

OBSERVATIONS

That beautiful, if innocuous paper, the Omaha Excelsior, says: "The Lincoln Courier has a serial story entitled, 'Omaha, and Why We Hate Her,' in the publication of which it pauses long enough in a recent issue to make some sensible remarks upon State Superintendent Corbett and the late Mrs. Notson."

Hate Omaha, indeed! Journalistic enterprise that runs exclusively to half tone portraits and tinted paper might profitably be diverted into other channels. The Excelsior might take on a little more wit. A little more wit and a little more perspicacity would enable it to see that THE COURIER, far from hating Omaha, loves the great, throbbing metropolis, loves it with a fondness that is satisfied only with an hebdomodal expression.

How could it be possible for any one to hate Omaha? Could any one look upon the moon and hate it; or look upon the sun and hate it; or look upon the north star and hate it; or look upon any specimen of nature's handiwork or any human masterpiece; and hate it? Whatever the opinion the beautiful Excelsior may have concerning Lincoln, THE COURIER can have only one opinion of Omaha, that of profoundest admiration, deepest love. And the people of this city are of the same mind as THE COURIER—on this one point at least.

Omaha is great, delightful to look upon, a daisy place to live. Life in that charming city has a piquant flavor. The corn beef and cabbage of common urban existence have, in Omaha, the spice and fire of Worcester sauce. Life in Omaha is seasoned with zest in much the same manner and with much the same effect that Welsh rarebit is seasoned with paprika. Council Bluffs and other places may be flat, stale and unprofitable; but

not so, Omaha. Would you go to the head centre of pulsing, palpitating progress? Would you get not only in the push, but in the push of pushes? Would you go where life has not lost its savor? Would you go to a metropolis that combines the sombre grandeur of London, the airy graces of Paris, the whir-r-r of Chicago and the solid comfort of Berlin? Then gentle reader, take your railroad pass or your bicycle or your shoes and hie away to Omaha, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the sum total of the effort of civilization. In Omaha ennui will drop away as the now disappears when the south wind blows, and there can be no such thing as surfeit where there is kaleidoscopic change.

The majestic Missouri as it flows its stately course passes no city like Omaha, rising from the banks with its noble towers and glittering minarets and great stone walls after the manner of the embattled cities of old. The great transcontinental lines of railway pay tribute to no city so wonderful as Omaha, with its \$47,000,000 union depot, almost too magnificent to be real. All of the wealth and luxury and beauty of the Seven Cities of Cibola are as nothing to the miasma of magnificence that floats over the One City of Omaha and gets tangled in the twin towers of the New York Life building, and the teeming turrets of the Krug brewery.

Hate Omaha with memories of Schlitz's place still hovering about us and with the brass key to Room 47 at McGue's in our pocket? The Excelsior will have to guess again.

Albert Watkins who, with Andrew Jackson Sawyer, enjoys particular distinction as a classical scholar—who is there in this city who has not heard these learned men make Greek and Roman speeches of exquisite beauty and elegance—pays tribute to Governor Stone, of Missouri, or rather to Governor Stone's address delivered in this city. Mr. Watkins in addition to being a classical scholar is able to use his pen as a two-edged knife. For instance, he says: "For a stump speech the address was remarkable for its rhetorical excellence; and it was very effective—as a vote winner perhaps the most effective address that has been made in Lincoln for many years." This is the way Mr. Watkins gets even with William Jingling Bryan, the boy orator of the Platte.

The city of Lincoln expects Messrs. Talbot, Burkett, Clark and Waite, and the country members of the Lancaster county delegation in the legislature, to secure the passage of a bill for a new city charter. The Lancaster delegates will, in all probability, have little trouble in getting such a measure through.

The legislature is nothing more nor less than a huge grab bag. If the Lancaster delegates and their friends stand by and allow the Douglas county delegates to grab unmolested, the Douglas

delegates and their friends will not disturb the Lancaster delegates. And Omaha will want to do so much grabbing this time that Lincoln ought not to have much difficulty in getting what she wants. There ought not to be any trouble in getting a new charter or in securing an adequate appropriation for the state university. Omaha will want, among a great many other things, an appropriation of \$50,000 or \$100,000 for the Trans-Mississippi exposition, and that want will make the Douglas delegates tractable.

Some years ago in a spasm of enterprise Lincoln citizens got together and determined to make an effort to secure such freight rates for this city as would place it on something like an equality with Omaha. One John E. Utt, a cherub-faced, resourceful man, was employed to carry on the fight. In those days Lincoln enterprise occasionally counted for something. The fight was won. Now Lincoln has another freight fight on her hands. This time the contention is not for better rates, but for the maintenance of the existing schedule. The Union Pacific and Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railway companies want to break the agreement that has stood for years, and make a rate that will be a most unjust discrimination against Lincoln and in favor of Omaha. It is said that Omaha business men have promised these two roads a big increase of incoming tonnage if they will put the new rate in force. The Omaha people have an able gentleman to look after their interests, and, singularly enough, it is the same John Utt, cherub-faced and resourceful. Mr. Utt is trying to undo what he helped to do a few years ago.

The importance of this question that is now before the state board of transportation cannot be overestimated. Lincoln's future prosperity is to a considerable extent bound up in it. If railway companies are to be permitted to discriminate against Lincoln in an effort to build up Omaha this city will lose its commercial importance and become a mere country town. As it is the wholesale business is in a reasonably flourishing condition, and under the present arrangement, will certainly expand. Until this question is settled the energy of citizens can find no better employment than in working up public sentiment. Mr. Lambertson has charge of the case before the board of transportation, and the outcome is awaited with great interest.

The vigilance of our municipal authorities is constantly seeking some new outlet. The desire to do right and to make others do right is so intense that the effort sometimes assumes an unusual or peculiar form. Witness the curfew ordinance. When this measure was passed by our most worthy council some months had elapsed since anything had been reformed. Councilmen were panting for reform. Official zeal demanded a victim. So the kid whistle project was devised, and the city fathers

fell over themselves in their eagerness to make a new reform law. Almost before one could say "Jack Robinson," the law commanded, and the steam whistle spoke in stentorian tones, and the small boys rushed to cover. The curfew having been given a place on the statute book councilmanic ardor cast about for some new exploit. The appetite for true reform which has taken hold of our councilmen cried aloud for food. And it was clear to everybody that it must be appeased. But, horror of horrors, there was nothing left that could be reformed. The curfew had settled the small boy nuisance. The law, spurred by Mr. Hatfield and his co-workers, had visited the abode of the gambler and stilled the whir of the wheel and the rattle of the coin, and turned the speculative gentry adrift in the streets. Even the saloons, usually sacred in the eyes of a wide open administration, had lately felt the rigor of the law. And so on to the end of the list. Councilmen looked about and saw law and order a foot deep all around them. Reform had rolled over the city and left it clean and pure. Official zeal had taken a wicked city and made it good. Councilmen gazed upon their work and groaned despairingly, "Perfection!" Who can measure the agony of one whose soul yearns to reform somebody or something and who can find nothing that is susceptible of reform? But the councilmen as they scanned the city over as the three wise men scanned the plains suddenly started, and taking a second look, uttered in unison an ejaculation of relief and joy. "Tuh-hee and gloria" chorused the excited fathers. An opportunity to carry forward the work of reform beckoned to the vigilant authorities, and away they ran street commissioners, councilmen, policemen, excisemen, the mayor and a dozen other lieutenants and captains of the city's regiment of salvation; running as if to a fire, councilmen falling over the street commissioner, the Honorable Linger Longer Lindsey, and the excisemen getting in the way of the mayor's high stepping charger. In the grand rush some were bruised and arrived at the journey's end bleeding blood. But they all got there and a mighty shout went up: "Vive la reform." "Down with wicked obstructions."

And, what think you, was the occasion for this demonstration? Was it grand larceny of the great seal of the City of Lincoln, or expectation of the Honorable Linger Longer's clean streets, or a woman beating her husband, or D. G. Courtney talking in a loud tone of voice? No, indeed. Worse than that; worse than gambling or selling liquor on Sunday or the practice of the social evil. In fact somebody with unparalleled audacity and shocking depravity, had commenced to erect a bow window that projected a few inches over the sidewalk on one of the principal streets. In an orderly and law abiding and virtue loving community such as Lincoln it is almost past belief that any one should be so low in the depths of degradation as