

man in a community had money and power. To-day trade is the business of life instead of war and if the consumers are to be deprived of the power to buy and sell the hard times will continue until the serfs are freed. "Trusts restrict production and take possession of the channels of distribution, wages are reduced and in many cases shut off altogether. This in turn diminishes the nation's purchasing capacity so that the farmer has to feed his corn to the hogs or burn it for lack of a customer. Having fewer or no purchasers he has less or no money, though the interest on his mortgage has not been lowered and the combined manufacturers of agricultural implements make him pay more for machines and tools than they ask the British or German farmer over 3,000 miles across the sea."

The Lexow committee has simply looked into the case without attempting to cure it. The people can do that by taxation, as Mr. Ingalls suggests.

Last week a committee of citizens called at the Courier office to consult with the editor on the dangers and discomforts of the spitting habit common to members of the unfair sex. The spokesman of the committee thought the city council should be requested to pass an ordinance making it a criminal offense to spit anywhere except in the gutter or in a cuspidore. "I think," she said, "that the street cars are the worst of all, for there, when you sit down, it is impossible to keep your skirts out of the foulness. This subject," continued the little woman, "should be insisted upon just now when men are getting excited over the theater hat nuisance. If man is going to destroy the pleasure of my walks abroad why should I be forbidden to wear the only becoming hat I have to the theater? My hat does not make him sick to the stomach nor endanger the health, though it may the peace of his family."

But the little woman cannot vote and the Dunlaps can. Their habits are making the sidewalks "no thoroughfare" for her, the street cars detestable and all public buildings offensive to her sight and smell.

This spitting habit is worse in the west than it is in the east; in towns and villages than in cities. The large number of clean self-respecting men even in Chicago has modified the habits of the loafer who in Lincoln makes the sunny side of a corner in the winter and the shady side in summer a spot of indecipherable filth. The necessity for movement and the street sweepers help to keep the walks of a city passable to women. And I have seen men who spit on the floor of a city theater ejected by the ushers. Such action would be considered an outrage here. If the habit were not so common its offensiveness would not be tolerated. As it is, most respectable men are chivalrous and if they could comprehend the sick loathing that a woman has for spitting they might be decent. Chewing gum and wearing high hats are unquestionably bad manners. Civilization, public opinion and the wish not to be repulsive to members of an opposite sex are curing many of the less obstinate cases. But man as you find him in Lincoln is indecent. Appeals and reproaches do not effect him, and if spitting were made a misdemeanor the jail would be too small to hold him.

However, The Courier represents every woman in town in protesting against the habit which makes "out doors a sewer."

All forms of strife are forbidden and discouraged by the higher culture. Secretary Olney is said to have stepped into history by his arbitration treaty, which asserts that the mouth and the pen are mightier than the sword in settling international difficulties. Yet to him who has been introduced to human nature in its still unregenerate state the function of physical contests is valuable in developing pluck and a spirit of fair play. We all come of fighting stock and the original impulse is not yet exhausted. This city probably contains as much masculine refinement as any other place of the size within 500 miles and yet the Corbett-Maher fight in New Orleans emptied it of its richest and best at that time. The daily papers for weeks before and after the mill contained such notices as these: J. H. Harley has gone south on business. Captain R. O. Phillips has gone south to get a whiff of roses and violets. R. E. Moore and J. D. Macfarland have a good deal to say about the interesting historical remains in New Orleans, from whence they have just returned, and so on until the list of resident capitalists and literateurs was exhausted. But such is the desire of statesmen to strike a high moral attitude, which they can maintain no longer than it takes to make the speech, that one of our own legislators has introduced a bill to prohibit match games of football, and a member of congress is trying to pass a measure forbidding newspapers to publish the details of prize fights. As to the football bill, it is very foolish. Very few men, compared to the number who play it, are hurt. And the football player is a man of brawn and courage that it is a pleasure to behold. He is a rebuke to nambypambyism, the idol of his mother and sisters, a worthy example to his younger brother and the chief ornament to his alma mater. The prize fighter is a brute. In him professionalism has killed sport. Yet he is necessary as an example of what athletics carried to an extreme will produce. The fight, which is the culmination of months of pen and mouth work, is at last and at least real. One or the other fighter gets badly battered and the public is revenged upon one of them and the other one's time is sure to come. But the bill which seeks to prevent newspapers from publishing what everybody who opens the paper the morning after the fight will turn to first is an interference with freedom which the occasion does not warrant. If it had been best the world could have been made without temptations of any kind and the people in it an interesting lot of milkops. The tendency of the crude legislator and of the W. T. C. U. to improve on the plan of creation should not receive any encouragement.

(First publication Feb. 27)

NOTICE.

20-68. Tavender vs. Field.

To Anna C. Pailpott, non-resident defendant.

You are hereby notified that on January 25th, 1897, Harriet Tavender, Sophia Tavender, Walter J. Tavender, John F. Maynard and Dennis T. Kelley, executors of the last will and testament of Joshua Tavender, deceased, as plaintiffs, began an action against you and other defendants in the district court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, the object of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to wit: Lot number 3, in block number 3, in Field & Harrison's Addition to the city of Lincoln, made by Allen W. Field and May B. Field to the Lombard Investment Company, dated May 1st, 1888, to secure the payment of a promissory note of said Allen W. Field and May B. Field to said The Lombard Investment Company for \$700, on which there is now due \$763.10, with interest from May 1st, 1896, at ten per cent per annum pursuant to coupons.

Plaintiffs pray for decree of foreclosure and sale of said land to satisfy said liens as aforesaid or deficiency judgment and general relief.

You are required to answer plaintiff's petition on or before the fifth day of April, 1897.

HARRIET TAVENDER, et al., executors, etc., Plaintiffs.

By S. L. Geisthardt, Attorney.

Random Notes.

Julia Marlowe's acting has received extended consideration in the columns of The Courier. It is not necessary to add to what has been said, but it may be of interest to say a word about her new play "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," now enjoying a successful run at Wallack's, New York (formerly Palmer's). This play, besides making a feature of large legged "Highlanders" in abbreviated plaids and the skirling of bagpipes and the exploitation of the traditional pibroch, introduces one or two dramatic situations of rather more than ordinary intensity. One, in the third act, I will endeavor to describe.

Mary (Julia Marlowe), a pure hearted, simple minded beggar girl, is blindly, passionately devoted to the profligate Prince Charles Edward (Basset Roe). She is the only comfort of her uncle, aged, blind pitiful Angus (Robert Tabor), a righteous man, but stern. At a critical moment the Highland soldiers become convinced that the prince has made a mistress of the wife of their chief, Clanmorris, and they are on the point of abandoning the Pretender's cause, declaring that they will not fight for an adulterer. They learn that the prince and his mistress are to meet at a certain house one night and they arrange to watch and ascertain if he is guilty, as they believe. It is made to appear that they would condone the prince's offense if his victim were a common wench. But if the prince has betrayed the wife of their lord then he is to be abandoned. Poor Mary, loving the prince to distraction, hears all this discussed, herself unseen, and is at first horrified and indignant, expressing her loathing of Lady Clanmorris. Then her love for the prince masters all other emotions and she realizes his danger. If discovered with his mistress his cause is lost. She resolves to save him by sacrificing herself "for Bonnie Prince Charlie and Scotland." She goes to the house where the meeting is to take place and is brought face to face with the guilty Lady Clanmorris. Her loathing drives her noble resolve out of mind, and while the degraded woman grovels at the girl's feet Mary has no word of pity. The exposure shall come. But the sound of advancing soldiers recalls her to her resolution and in the very nick of time she hides the prince's mistress and prepares to take upon herself the disgrace implied by her presence at the rendezvous. The soldiers break in the door, expecting to find Lady Clanmorris. Instead they find poor Mary—a wretched figure, the picture of misery. It is a trying moment, for Mary has been regarded as an angel of purity. Accusations are showered upon her and she cowers in silence that is taken for acquiescence. Fearful that the soldiers may not believe in her guilt, and wishing to remove the last reproach from the prince, she contrives to drop a purse given to her by the prince in recognition of her services as a spy. It is at once recognized as having belonged to Charles Edward. The sight of it, the girl in guilty silence, with the knowledge they already have, is convincing. Mary is denounced as a wanton. The prince is held blameless (such is the portrayal of Scottish moral inconsistency), and for the moment his cause is saved. But that is not all. The men have brought with them a judge to censure the guilty one, and Mary is told to get ready to stand before him. This is more than she expected, and is almost more than she can bear. The door is opened and the judge appears. It is blind Angus, her uncle. She recoils in horror. The soldiers are willing to spare the girl, and they tell Angus that they were mistaken and that there is no woman in the house. But Angus, blind as he is, knows better and he launches a terrible curse upon

the woman before him. Mary shrieks and rushes to her uncle's arms. The old man, tottering with age, recognizes the voice of his beloved Mary, and the shock almost kills him. Up to this moment the tension has been sustained at a high point. Here the men withdraw and the act ends with a full explanation by Mary and a loving scene between uncle and niece. The prince does not appear and his absence is not explained, but the audience forgets all about him. The act is a trying time on the stage and a crying time in the audience.

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A new administration! What will it bring? No president since Lincoln, when his first election brought him face to face with the slavery question and the question of the maintenance of the union, has had to meet such an emergency as exists at the present time. The great impulse that nominated Bryan in the last campaign is not dead. It is, if anything, more alive than ever. All over the land there is unrest. Prosperity seems far off and advances with halting steps. Wages have, in many cases, been reduced since election. Business is at a standstill. Industry is paralyzed. Workingmen are weary with waiting. Heroic measures are to be adopted, but men who for years have believed in these measures begin to doubt their efficacy in the present instance. There is a feeling of apprehension pervading every stratum of society. If President McKinley and his advisers are able to meet the demand that the time make upon them there will be a safe passing of a critical point in our history and the republican party and the president will emerge as strong as Gibraltar. But if the looked for change does not come what then? That will, indeed, be another story—melodramatic, tragic. But this country has met other emergencies and come out of the trial stronger than it ever was before. President McKinley has the cordial good will of the people, and the people believe in him. That means much. The next six or nine months will be a fateful period.

W. MORTON SMITH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1897.

Lincoln Dry Goods Co., 1009 O street.

Hanna Coal for sale by Gregory, 11th and O. Phone 343.

Miss Anna Dick, modiste, has moved her rooms to 1318 O street.

The Capital hotel is offering the best table and service in the state. For legislators, business men and private families it is unexcelled. Centrally located. \$2 a day. R. W. Johnson, Prop.

Say Boys! We have just received 243 dozen new Spring stiff and soft hats, they are on our second floor, Call and inspect, Armstrong Clothing Co.

(First publication Feb. 6.)

SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an order of sale, issued by the Clerk of the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster County, in an action wherein John H. Fisher is plaintiff, and Sophie M. Swan, et al defendants. I will at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 9th day of March, A. D. 1897, at the East door of the Court House, in the City of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

Lot eight (8), of block one hundred fifty-four (154) in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 4th day of February, A. D. 1897.

John J. Trompen,
Sheriff.