

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1897.



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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

Telephone 384.

SARAH P. HARRIS, Editor.
DORA BACHELLER, Business Manager.

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$ 2 00
Six months.....	1 00
Three months.....	50
One month.....	20
Single copies.....	05

OBSERVATIONS.

In the current number of the Review of Reviews there are pictures of two former citizens of Lincoln who since leaving have had a chance to grow famous. I refer to the future comptroller of the treasury, C. G. Dawes, and the probable minister to Greece, the once Chancellor Irving J. Manatt, now professor of Greek in Brown university. If Lincoln, Nebraska, is not well known all over this country it will not be the fault of the citizens who live and leave here. They come with high hopes and leave with energies and patience strengthened by a struggle against conditions which finally defeat them. Lincoln is a training school of mighty men. Many of those who remain are as strong if not stronger than those who have travelled into the zone of celebrity. They are fighting the same fight which the others gave up, they have been hit just as many times, but like Fitzsimmons they do not know they are whipped.

Professor Manatt's recent book, "The Story of Mycenaeus," as well as his very acceptable service as consul at Athens makes him a strong candidate for the Grecian mission which he is said to be working very hard to secure. Fitted by learning and liking for Grecian archaeology for the place, he is not the beau ideal of a minister from this country to another. That is, if a foreign minister's duties bring him into close contact with men. Perhaps the duties of attending to the wants of the traveling American, of explaining and introducing America to Greece and Greece to America are at-

tended to by deputies, vices and assistants of various kinds. If so the eccentricities of Prof. Manatt's disposition which were unfolded while he was at the head of the state university unless they have been modified, might get America and Greece into trouble. On the other hand a diplomat must understand that words were meant to conceal thought and Professor Manatt has practised this for several years. His learning, his unusual comprehension of the Greek language, old and new, pre-eminently fit him for the position he hopes for. And in this connection it is impossible not to remember the sweetness, the affability, the positive genius for social life that Mrs. Manatt always showed, sometimes under depressing circumstances. As the wife of the minister to Greece she would dispense a hospitality that would warm and cheer exiles as well as natives. Mrs. Manatt's sunny, joyous nature has modified the arctic stream beside which she glistens and bubbles, modified it in spite of the frozen source from which it springs. The duties of a wife and mother have never been able to lessen the vital, unworn interest which Mrs. Manatt takes in everything beautiful and human. She sings, she paints, she entertains guests with a grace unrivalled. Her manners are simple and genuine. She is the first and ablest to help a neighbor in trouble. As the wife of an American minister to Greece she will ably represent the American woman i. e. if the union in one person of the best qualities of many, can be called representative. In the atmosphere, natural and intellectual best suited to his organization and to his life long preparation, in the little kingdom of an American minister to a foreign country, the qualities which opposition and western assertiveness, exaggerated, might not appear, and Professor Manatt might begin to bloom by the side of his wife in sunny forgetfulness of other scenes. His neighbors and friends in Lincoln will rejoice to hear of his appointment.

On another page of the Review is a picture of "Charlie" Dawes. Mr. Dawes is quite a different type from the Professor of Greek aforementioned. He is in the best sense a politician. He understands how to get a large number of men to do what he thinks they should do. He has an overflowing geniality that attracts all classes to him personally. This is the especial gift of the politician. To be successful votes are necessary. To get them, a large number of all kinds of men must be influenced. Oratory is frequently a means of applying influence, but it is not necessary. Senator Plumb of Kansas probably got more bills through congress for the benefit of his district than any other western representative and he never made a speech. To attain results by means of the requisite number of votes is a faculty apart and not at-

all dependant on education, oratory, money, color, or character though it may be accompanied by many accomplishments as in the case of Mr. Dawes, or by few as in the case of a famous local dictator. But Mr. Dawes comes of a famous family of politicians—all branches of it according to genealogical record have been senators, governors, makers of constitutions and signers of declarations. So that the latest representative of the family is only another example of the strength of hereditary tendencies.

The most intelligent, the most conservative of all classes, strongly disapprove of the decision of the supreme court in the case of the Trans-Missouri freight association. The decision was carried by a majority of only one member of the court. Since it has been conceded by railroad employes that the decision applies to labor unions as well as to unions of capital the satisfaction of those who consider that the interests of capital and labor are always opposed, has decreased. Nothing would be more disastrous to the spring revival of trade than a railroad rate war. All kinds of merchandise and produce are immediately and disastrously affected by a daily changing scale of freight rates. A relapse into the distrust and apprehension of a year ago which the demoralization a freight rate war would produce is dreaded by all. The good sense and good faith however of railroad managers may and probably will prevent the disorganization that the court has made imminent.

Richard Harding Davis' story, Soldiers of Fortune now running in Scribner's magazine has all the rich coloring that a tropical country and the use of unlimited wealth can give it. Mr. Davis' heroes and heroines are so good looking, so handsomely dressed, so well acquainted with the manners of good society it is an education, an honor to meet them. Their conversation instructs the very latest usages of a society into which no westerner can ever penetrate, but Mr. Davis speaks from the inside. Although we are separated from his world by miles of atmosphere as thin and as cold as that between us and the moon still it is interesting to know how the dwellers in that rare air sit, and stand, how they pronounce their r's and a's and how they take their nourishment. His manner is that of a clever country boy who has been taken up by wealthy city people. When his abashed agricultural relations arrive, the boy must exhibit to them the familiarity of the rich people towards himself. Mr. Davis does it with modesty but his innocent pride in the distance he has sped from his pastoral beginnings is evident and must be touching—to his mother. "Soldiers of Fortune" is more than usually fascinating because it

shows the way from here to the moon or, which is the same thing, from provincialism to metropolitan favor. The hero was born in an ugly little house no bigger than Abraham Lincoln's birthplace. He is a civil engineer who has built bridges, tunnels and railroads that are the marvels of a century. He is decorated with orders from the monarchs of Europe but the girl to whom he offers everything can not forget his origin and thinks his pride in his work belittling. So Richard springs another heroine—the first girl's sister not yet out, one of those magnificent young creatures who take so much pleasure and interest in living, the sight of them revives the capacity for enjoyment for those who perish of ennui. Even those who know Mr. Davis for a snob can not help liking his girl. She redeems the story, just as such as she in the world make life worth living.

While the new administration group at Washington is getting housed and settled the first lady question is still undecided. Mrs. Heistand who was in the lead for so long has fallen behind. She had the misfortune to offend some of the society reporters, whose pastime is making and unmaking social favorites. At the same time Captain Heistand and Secretary Porter had words and now the Captain, who in Canton, had immediate access to Mr. McKinley has to stand aside and await permission from the secretary before he can see the President. It is very galling to the captain after the hard work of so many years, to be ousted by the little man in glasses.

The Washington people of all classes are delighted with the president's accessibility. His private detectives, uniformed policemen and secretary Thurber barred all approaches to President Cleveland. Many senators, who have not been to the capital in the last four years have entered it since McKinley's inauguration and have been very much gratified by the simple friendliness of President McKinley. Besides his private audiences which he grants to as many as possible, the president takes a daily constitutional through the streets of Washington. As he strides along, a democratic but celebrity-loving people have an opportunity to become familiar with his sturdy figure. Socially he is what Mrs. Cleveland was during her husband's administration, gracious and friendly to everybody, tactful and unselfish, although never forgetting the dignity of her position.

The protest which all artist's societies of any importance in this country have made against the reimposition of the McKinley bill tax on foreign pictures should be heeded. American art is just emerging from the influence which a protective tax, destructive of the art it was intended to preserve, has had upon American artists. The large group of artists in New York, the smaller ones in