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OBSERVATIONS.

The suffering which is impending over the new comers to Alaska is appalling. The forty-niners died of starvation and thirst on the then arid plains between Colorado and California. They went to a country flowing with milk and honey, where even the destitute did not perish for lack of food and where the climate made shelter a luxury rather than a necessity. The Alaska emigrants go to a winter eight months long, to bitter arctic cold and darkness. They go to seek their fortunes. To the hardships of alpine climbing they bring no expensive guides and comforts. Their fortune is to make, but in order to dig and prospect they must be prepared to purchase food and shelter in a market where staples bring the cost of production, plus the cost of transportation, which on water is controlled by a steamship company with no competing lines. The small Alaska towns have had no hotels or accommodations for transients. With the sudden demand for food and lodging, prices will be beyond the means of the gold seekers whom dearth of gold has sent into a far land. In cold weather a man especially a stranger must be well fed to resist the cold. It is late in the summer now and the hopeful hordes who are marching to the gold fields of the Klondyke, will not have time to adapt themselves to the climate before the

mercury begins to sink lower than they can ever remember seeing it go before. With all the comforts of home and twelve hours of sunlight two thousand miles away the "emigres" will drop along the trail as storm driven birds line the way of the telegraph wire.

The Indians of Alaska live in furs for two thirds of the year. Short, with broad faces through which the oil of the fish they eat exudes, they are built for the cold like the seal, to which they bear a close resemblance. Men from a temperate zone can not live in an arctic climate without all the assistance that money and science can provide. The expeditions to the north pole which have been fitted out regardless of expense have returned, in most cases, with only a pitiful remnant of those who started out, due, as the reports say, "to the climatic conditions surrounding the north pole." Although the gold fields of Alaska are not within the arctic circle, they are near enough the frozen fields to be within reach of very cold draughts. Those who have made up their minds to try their fortune in Alaska should wait till spring, when they will have two or three months of a rising barometer ahead of them.

The administration arch, cuts of which the newspapers are printing is a most unsatisfying, fragmentary piece of architecture. It looks like the first two or three stories of a church steeple, with the tower part cut off and the spire set on to the dismembered portion. Perhaps the architects, Messrs. Walker & Kimball had in mind to construct a point of observation from which views can be obtained of the grounds and the surrounding country. It is not for me to say that in this they have not succeeded, though as an arch it is a failure. It is like no other arch ever made. This is the more surprising as the plan of the new Burlington depot in Omaha is distinctly classic and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is built. All the great arches have flat tops ornamented with statuary, carving, or architectural devices not in the least like a steeple. An arch is not utilitarian; it is built for the purpose of making more significant and spectacular a triumph which in the form of a procession winds under its roof. It is of the earth, earthy. It begins and ends with the occasion it memorializes. The Arc de Triomphe, the arch of Constantine, the administration arch at the Columbian exposition, though very different arc arches

still. A spiritual spire which signifies the final triumph of the spiritual is out of place on an exposition arch. It would not matter about its significance if it were an architectural success but it is very ugly. The lower part joins two handsome colonades which spring from each side. In general, except for the spires the design is much like the arch at the Columbian exposition. This arch was purely triumphal in character and one of the most effective sights of the exposition.

The midsummer magazines are filled with fiction and their covers are brilliant in red and gold. Scribner's shows a maid with wheat yellow hair, and poppies in it. In her extended arms she holds a garland of poppies. Behind her and up to her neck is a field of ripe grain, and behind that the sun turns everything into gold. It is a beautiful poster on the cover of the magazine and the artist's name deserves to be known to the general public but it is too blurred to be read. Inside, Kenneth Grahame has one of his reminiscent child stories illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. The pictures cover the half of each page in regular story-book fashion, and take me back to the time when only the real was of no consequence. The story and the pictures tell of how a girl's imagination strolled up and down the streets of a little town of which she could see only the walls in a picture which hung in the dining room. The little boy who tells the story has to go calling with his aunt and he finds a book with the little castle and the walled town—the same little town—in it and at last he gets inside. It is realizing rapture to enter, but as he does so two immense hands shut the book and reproach him like the rude awakening from a dream of paradise. The illustrations take one back as Du Maurier's "dreaming true," to the pleasures, not to the pains of childhood. Frank Stockton's story of "The Buller—Poddington Compact" is without especial interest, even though the illustrations are by Peter Newell, except in the first one, which is in poster style and represents two men driving a horse in the water. Most pictures are drawn from a side or front view. This is drawn like a map, from above, and shows the tops of the hats and the back of the horse. There is a good story by Jesse Lynch Williams who knows the inside of a newspaper office. Under a thin disguise, "The Day" for *The Journal* and "The Earth" for *The World*, the two New York papers, which are willing to spend

a fortune for a "beat." Mr. Williams tells a very good story of "The Day's" triumph over the treachery of its opponent. The story by Rudyard Kipling is a fable of machinery in conversation. The device is somewhat overworked in Mr. Kipling's hands. He began with making the wolves, bears, monkeys and snakes of an Indian jungle talk like folks. Succeeding in fooling us he continued with the outs, bars, bolts and beams of an Atlantic liner. His latest is a conversation of engines in a round house. The whole is stupid fooling except for a few lines devoted to "the yardmaster," a smallish white-faced man in shirt, trousers and slippers, looking down upon a sea of trucks, a mob of bawling truckmen and squadrons of backing, turning, sweating spark-striking horses. "That's shipper's carts loadin' on to the receivin' trucks, but he don't care. He let's 'em cuss. He's the Tsar, king, boss! He says 'please' and then they kneel down and pray. There's three or four strings o' today's freight to be pulled before he can attend to them. When he waves his hand that way, things happen." Compared with anything Mr. Kipling has done this story of No. 007 is pretty flimsy. More than that, it would be poor work for anybody and would be returned with the remark that "we are sorry that your M. S. is not available."

In an interview with a writer who was getting up a "Lives of Famous Women" book, Jean Ingelow said: "As a child I was very happy at times and generally wondering over some thing. I used to think a good deal, especially about the origin of things, when people spoke of having been in this world and that very house before I was born. I wondered, I thought everything must have begun when I did. No doubt other children have such thoughts but few remember them. Indeed nothing is more remarkable among intelligent people than the recollections they retain of their childhood. A few, as I do, remember it all." As a baby of six months who cannot talk and who is said to "take notice" only by kin folks, will gurgle and grasp at another baby, so the children have put their mork of approval on Miss Ingelow's poetry. They turn to it as one child to another, because they recognize a personality which is sympathetic to theirs. Children communicate with each other in various ways, the least important of which is words. The children of travelers in a foreign land are constantly reporting to their parents facts which they have learned from playmates to whose language they