

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY JUNE 4, 1898.



ENTERED IN THE POSTOFFICE AT LINCOLN AS
SECOND CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—
THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

Telephone 384.

SARAH B. HARRIS,

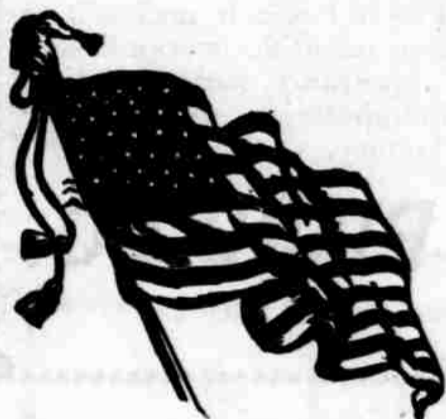
Editor

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$1 00
Six months.....	75
Three months.....	50
One month.....	20
Single copies.....	05

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Communications to receive attention, must be signed by the full name of the writer, not merely as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication if advisable.



OBSERVATIONS.

The appointment of ex-Governor James W. Dawes of Crete as paymaster in the army is commended by all who know the man or his record. The position requires scrupulous exactness and attention to duty. Heroic virtues are required only once or twice in a lifetime and when a great occasion arrives it stimulates the actors so that characterless men and women occasionally do themselves credit and are rewarded by a distinction not really deserved. But those who have had occasion to search for a man, scrupulously honest, exact, and with a record for doing his duty 365 days in the year have been humiliated to find like Diogenes, that it would take a long

time and a far journey. The department which recognized the fitness of Mr. Dawes for a position of trust is to be congratulated on its discrimination.

The Presbyterian assemblies, which at this time of the year are struggling with questions of Sabbath observance, verbal inspiration and the proper length of the tether which attaches professors of theology to the catachism, are survivals of the diets and synods which used to meet and settle (or rather crystallize) questions concerning the relation between the members of the Trinity. The priests and fathers of the church in the early centuries when they met in diets stopped discussion. Their conclusions could divide the Christian church into a Greek and a Roman church. But the Protestant reformation has changed all that. It stopped discussion in the Catholic church altogether and has made the conclusions of a synod or convocation of no more weight than the opinions of any body expressing its mind on professional matters.

Sunday laws should not interfere with the quiet recreations of those who do not care to go to church and who would not be benefited by being made to go. The new Testament is singularly reticent on questions concerning the observance of the Sabbath. Christ himself on several occasions criticised the Pharisees who had made a fetish of the observance of certain forms on Sunday. Libraries, exhibitions like the Trans-Mississippi, as well as all forms of similar recreation, ought not to be closed by the dictum of those who know a better way to spend Sunday. The people who are shut up in factories, stores and offices have a right to decide for themselves how they will spend their one day of freedom. If they are tired of everything human even a heavenly message delivered by the voice of a preacher is a part of what they wish to flee from. For these the country, birds and trees. There are many more who crave movement and bustle; for these, an exposition and streets. It is not for one part of us to say how the other shall take its religion. It is better religion to put our sacreligious hands in our pockets.

The sewer contemplated by Councilman Mockett is still of the stuff that dreams are made of. Between Mondays Mr. Mockett can see it stretching its brickly length on Vine street, but when Monday comes and Councilman Webster turns the light of common sense on to the sewer Mr.

Mockett is reduced to calling names and his sewer is disposed of for one more week. Let those citizens who think the sewer is needed, examine the proposed location after a heavy rain storm and the perfectly drained street will convince them that Mr. Mockett's plan for building a storm sewer there is for some other reason than that the people need it.

Those members of the council who pay taxes and have done their part without complaint for years towards paying for the common necessities of city existence, are opposed to spending money where it is not needed, and for the sole purpose of assisting Mr. Mockett to a reputation among his constituents for great activity. The occasion has been approaching for years and now is when the credit of the city is as low as that of any city in the country of the same size. The result has been accomplished by an irresponsible council voting for this and that when there was not money enough in the treasurer's hands to pay for either. A continuance of such a policy is driving the wealth of Lincoln, in the shape of good citizens, out of it. Their protests have been unheeded by those who find it easy to vote taxes on other people's property. The opposition to the Mockett sewer is by good citizens of the class aforesaid who are tired of being taxed for the trimmings on any councilman's ward reputation. They have determined to enjoin the building of the sewer even if it be finally reapproved by the council, which at the present time seems very doubtful.

Lydia Maria Pool, who has just died, was a New England story writer of ability. Her stories deal with the mystery of good and evil as expressed in women. In "The Two Salomes" the New England heroine with Spanish blood in her veins is transplanted from her home to Florida and the semi-tropical climate develops the graces, inaccuracies and lax integrity of her Spanish grandfather. The conflict always growing weaker between the inheritance from a Puritan ancestry and a Spanish one, when the latter is cultivated in a sympathetic climate, is the groundwork of the plot. The sequels to "The Two Salomes" and several other stories by Mrs. Pool are based on the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde problem. They are not tiresome, the action is rapid and the characters are interesting if a trifle vague. But as indicated Mrs. Pool lacked versatility. Her women have the nameless charm which makes some women belles. They are frank, cruel, beautiful, but especially frank. However they are too much alike to be a problem to the novel reader who has read her

before. The current long story of Lippincott's is by Mrs. Pool. "Mere Folly" was probably the last story she wrote before her death. The heroine is the same fascinating flirt with an uncontrollable desire for something which belongs to another woman, which in this case happens to be her cousin's sweetheart. On the bridegroom's wedding night he casts off a little sailboat and is blown out into the ocean before he discovers that Prudence Ffolliott, who had jilted him for a lord and been jilted by him in return, is in the cabin. She wiles him into running away with her and they are married and live miserably ever after, or until she runs away with the aforementioned lord on a bicycle and is killed in a collision caused by her inability to steer. The miserable bridegroom goes back to the girl he deserted. She loves him and will marry him, without doubt, but fortunately the story ends before the wedding.

We could have better missed a better writer for whatever her faults of style Mrs. Pool is not tiresome. Her stories have the quality of readability which more distinguished novelists unfortunately for reviewers, are apt to ignore.

Mr. Bryan was enabled to convince many of those who listened to him in the last campaign that he was the very latest and most accomplished apostle of the poor and the oppressed. He defied monopolies and corporations and all forms of aggregate power. They worked an injustice, he said, to the individual, who was not able to compete with composite and influential capital. Mr. Bryan himself has acquired political capital. In his own party—I am not sure just what that is, but it is not republican and is anyone of the five or six organizations outside that party—he is a dictator. To revert to Mr. Bryan's speeches and the feeling he aroused among a mob of people against the rich, banks, railroads, manufacturers, etc., the point of his remarks was that plutocrats used the power of wealth for their own comfort and use. As an anarchist who inherits money is thereafter found among the most conservative upholders of the rights of property, so the man who in the last campaign insisted in identifying himself with humble people by always riding in a day coach, wearing shabby clothes and stopping at third rate hotels, uses his political power for the advancement of his own ambitious hopes.

Mr. Whitmore, though young and of no especial political significance, holds a commission from the United States government granted for four year's