

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEBR., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1898.



ENTERED IN THE POSTOFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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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OBSERVATIONS.

Tsi An, the Chinese dowager empress, who is more absolute than Emperor William dares or than Queen Victoria dreams, belongs to a nation where it has been customary since the invention of the first missionary to deplore the subjection of woman. But she has grown a deprecatory and haunted look, in America it is known as the henpecked look, on the face of the Emperor of China. The latest advices show that the emperor is still alive, though frightened almost out of his wits by a little old woman. She has probably been restrained from killing him by considerations of the revenge his ghost would take upon her if she ordered him strangled or poisoned. The emperor is supposed to possess the most powerful ghost in China and if his spirit took possession of that ghost it would keep Tsi An out of Chinese heaven forever.

The templed entrance of the new Burlington depot in Omaha, the lofty rooms, the stair flights in complimentary curves, the mosaic floors and tiled walls, the pure blue and clear white of the decoration and something else to which these are accessory, that something inherent in a Grecian vase and called proportion for lack of a better word to express the harmony and correlation of parts and fitness for a specific purpose, distinguished this station from all others I have seen. There are larger depots in Chicago and St. Louis and elsewhere, but none with the cool recessed entrance and admirable proportions that rest and cool and preach to the through passengers to death who stop,

to rest their souls smarting with cinders and the dust of time in this station for a moment. It is idle to anticipate the verdict of posterity, but I would all wagers were laid upon so sound a basis as this: When young Mr. Kimball's black locks are whitened by age still nothing better in architecture of this kind will have been accomplished. Even imitation cannot vulgarize it because its beauty is of line and must endure so long as the stones last. When the Greek made the vase which inspired Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" he must have known the chord of lines was perfect.

"When old age shall this generation waste; Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

Queen Victoria's grand children are in the habit of playing tennis seven days in the week on the lawn at Osborn house or wherever the queen chances to be in summer. Observing what it is customary to consider a desecration of the day, the queen's neighbors were shocked and addressed a written remonstrance to this grandmother of say forty grandchildren. The queen was shocked by the impertinence and replied that it was no one's affair what her grandchildren did, that they had done nothing she did not approve of, that tennis was an innocent amusement suited to Sunday afternoons in summer, etc. Her letter is making more discussion and is read with more interest than any of the queen's previous literary productions. She is the head of the Church of England and is more or less distinguished for piety. This expression will undoubtedly lessen the veneration which many of her subjects have cultivated for her. They forget that the queen is really a German and the difference between the continental and Puritan sabbath. On the continent in Spain, France, Germany and Italy the people go to church in the morning and in the afternoon family and neighborly groups play cards, dance and drink coffee or beer. The Sunday we keep is the Puritan application of the Jewish law. We have grown so accustomed to the negative of activity and anything like recreation on Sunday that most people insist such an observance is enjoined by the New Testament. On the contrary no such regulations are to be found except in Christ's recognition of the commandments. He was several times reproved for ignoring the letter of the law. But the Protestant and Catholics of the continent were influenced very little by Puritanism, whereas it is the bone and sinew of American religious thought and habit. Queen Victoria is of the continent and her grandchildren are the gayer by a continental sabbath.

There can be no question about the innocent nature of lawn tennis, but

there are few American parents who would allow their children to play any game on Sunday. First, because they fear it will lead to recklessness and irreverence but more especially because of the lingering Puritanism which teaches that Sunday is a day not to be enjoyed, but for meditation and mortification and denial. The heart of a child clings to joy, he loves action and noise. Meditation, prayer that is not spectacular and before an admiring mother and nurse, or induced by fear, is repugnant and all the sufferings of adults to make him observe the day according to the Puritan's code are only partially successful. The only effect appears in later years when the habit of reverence and observance, firmly implanted, in youth, the only springtime blossoms in a serious character willing to renounce happiness for duty.

In the clear yellow autumn light the Omaha exposition was never so beautiful. The plants and vines banked up so cunningly against the midway end of the lagoon are in brilliant and rapidly changing contrast to the white cloisters they partially cover. Then, the whole court, from end to end, is filled with people. The thousands of bootheels crunching the gravel and ringing on the tiles are a human music very soothing to the brave men who planned and built this summer city. Everyone else who contemplates the ensemble rejoices that the creators are not to be embarrassed by non-appreciation. Quite as in Chicago, just before frost began to crumble the beautiful white walls, the people of the United States are crowding the exposition and the entrance fees of the last two months turned financial failure to success. Since the walls rose and the grounds were laid out and planted, since the buildings were first illuminated, the success of the exposition architecturally has been conceded. The readiest recognition has come from those possessing the widest culture and knowledge. THE COURIER once ventured to criticize the administration arch. The criticism was ill-considered. In its position it is an object of much beauty, sustaining in dignity and triumph its arch-festal character. The ornamental detail, though not so rich and varied as at the Chicago fair, is satisfying. The lacey frieze or railing on top of the electricity building is an arrangement in cogwheels just as ingenious and characteristic as the Turkey cornice at the world's fair. The reserve and refinement, strength and unity of it, in part and in whole, tends to a growing conviction of the patient genius of the architects. In only fourteen days the gates of the fair city will close forever. The waters of the lagoon will stain the walls, perhaps fire, set by tramps incited by lumber dealers, who object to having their market shaken by the sale of so large a quantity of second-hand lumber, will

blacken the whole view. Anyway, the weather will not be cajoled by the board of directors or President Wattles to let the frail staff alone. It will crack and peel and drop, exposing the skeleton, as soon as Jack Frost bills the town for Winter. "So slip the work of men back to the earth again." But, like the fabric of a dream, or the famous lost chord, this vision will not fade from the minds of this generation but will remain as a permanent standard of beauty and elegance.

The exposition grounds lack waste baskets. Many a little boy and girl taught by their teachers and members of city improvement associations not to throw fruit rinds and papers on walks or streets go searching for the baskets that are not there. Finding none, the child places the unsightly remains of a lunch in a corner and the training of many months suffers a shock. The charming arcades which connect the buildings are disfigured by papers and old fruit. Where no waste boxes are provided visitors can not be blamed for throwing away encumbering boxes and bags, but the management should have provided receptacles for such rubbish. At the world's fair it took the people a little while to learn that the admonition displayed all over the grounds not to throw trash anywhere but in the waste baskets meant business and that an offender would be reprimanded and made to pick up what he had ruthlessly thrown down. After the idea had once penetrated the sub-consciousness of the men who are accustomed to spit in street cars and on steps and walks and of the women and men too, accustomed to throw papers and rubbish into the streets, the baskets were found by the garbage man on his early morning round to be filled with all sorts of rubbish. For the first time in America a crowd had respect for itself and the race. Wondering hands filled baskets in a public place which before had defaced public property by vandal signatures and wanton slovenliness. The grounds were kept neat and seemly, but far more important than the aspect of things, was the effect upon the men and women themselves who went home to village or farm and for the first time perhaps appreciated the squalid ugliness of their surroundings produced by their own untidy habits. The vision of a city set in smooth green lawns, gemmed with flower beds, which, for the first time, they did not destroy or deface, followed them. The inspiration of beauty induced them to look to their own yards and then to attempt to improve their own city. Much of the effect of the beauty at Omaha is destroyed by untidiness. It is only at night when the kind moon gilds things ugly and beautiful and the rows and crescents of electric lights jewel the gravel walks that the human squalor is obscured. But it is a pity that in the beneficent result of