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OBSERVATIONS.

The Mecca, a new weekly octavo of sixteen pages, is at hand. The typography and the paper leave nothing to be desired. It is edited and published by Mrs. Clara Foltz, who used to live and work in Washington, D. C. It treats of the topics of the day, women's clubs, calls them "current events," editorially, of society and mining, of music and the drama, in short of whatever any weekly paper 1,500 miles to this side of New York society fills its pages with. The editorial matter is breezy and very readable. The paper has the best wishes of THE COURIER and, if we may be allowed, also its sympathy.

The Rev. Scudder, who holds dancing parties in the parlors of his church in Jersey City every week for the young men and women of his church, has shocked a number of very good people. Dancing is either right or wrong. If it is harmless there is no reason why young people should not dance at a church sociable instead of restricting themselves to the deadly dull remarks and diversions common to these occasions. If dancing is wrong church members must renounce it or leave the church. It is inconsistent to ask the young people of the church to amuse themselves by making them talk when music is at hand to be danced to. Very few good dancers will admit any immorality in dancing, and it is only since Bible times that a prejudice has risen against it. In the first place the church pronounced against it and it is an evidence that that institution is returning to first principles and dis-

carding prejudices that one of its shepherds presides while the lambs of the flock skip about in time to music—the fittest and most natural expression of the gayety of youth whether the dancers are colts and lambs or lads and lassies.

Some of the war correspondents are delighted and surprised at the reply of Lieutenant Hobson, who replied to a question of how he would like to be addressed by saying: "You might call me Mr. Hobson." It is not worth while inquiring what the man thought Lieutenant Hobson ought to be called. His exploit with the Merimac raised him to a rank in peerage which should be represented by a title rarer than mister, according to the ideas of the correspondent who could not recover from the amazement into which the Lieutenant's choice of "Mr." cast him. In consequence he wrote a column or two of gush to the New York paper which must have selected him because of his rare lack of sense he might be counted upon to turn in unusual copy. The yellow journals must contain sensations, and an idiot correspondent is as rare as a genius and costs less than half as much—hence their columns.

The relations between Superintendent Andrews and the school board of Chicago are being watched by teachers and everyone interested in the system all over the country. If he succeeds in carrying out his plans the public schools of Chicago are likely to become the best in the country. If he fails the Chicago board will find it most difficult to fill his place with any body but the typical place hunter, whose incumbency of the mayor's, superintendent's and several city offices has been at the expense of the service. Superintendent Andrews is a man peculiarly and cunningly fitted for the position he was invited to fill by the very members of the board who now oppose his recommendations. Of course, if the board will not allow him to use his best judgment there is nothing left for the superintendent to do but resign. He has undertaken to free appointments from politics, a task which honest and able men have tried before and failed to perform. But he has such prestige that it is hoped that the success said to await the right man in the right place doing the right thing may crown his enlightened effort.

Harvard's football victory has delighted every lover of the sport not related to Yale, whose victories, well won though they were, have made the Yale athletic atmosphere a trifle arrogant. The pouring rain was not sufficient to put out the enthusiasm of the audience, two-thirds of which was feminine, and it is questionable if the players even knew that it was raining. In regard to the interest in this particular sport the papers tell of a clerical looking man who, on looking over the 15,000 people as oblivious of the cold rain as Abednego and his companions were of the burning fiery furnace into which they had been cast by their captors, remarked that no religious service could call out that number of people in the choicest weather to an open air meeting, which remark was true as well as apposite.

Mr. Keeley, of the Keeley motor, is dead and his secret is buried in the grave with him, and his secret he will keep more securely than Swinburne's wife kept the poems exhumed so soon as time had moulded the poet's resolve. Perpetual motion, if discovered, would contradict the whole scheme of life which is founded on labor. The purest and best cannot resist a long spell of idleness. Work alleviates sorrow and ennui, but it is a cure which everybody must be forced to take. Perpetual motion would save coal and muscle. A machine which would run of itself would inevitably be the cause of more wickedness than ruin. For this and other reasons it is perhaps as well that the 2,000 pages of relict manuscript said to reveal the secret of perpetual motion which Mr. Keeley confided to his lawyer be not published. The other reason is that such publication would be expensive and would not enlighten the world as to a motion which is the secret of the world itself as it whirls through space and which none of the worms which crawl upon the earth's surface and make faces at each other have been able to imitate.

Intimates of Nikola Tesla report him a visionary and a materialist. He considers the human organism a sort of thermo-electric machine with receivers composed of eyes, ears, mouth, nose and hands. His idea of running the machinery of the Paris exposition with power generated by Niagara Falls and sent by a machine in New York to one in Paris without the use of any connection by wire is founded on this conception of a sensate machine. Mr. Tesla says the essential feature of the invention "consists in establishing a region of waves or disturbances and actuating by their influence, exerted at a distance, the devices on the vessels or vehicles which control the propelling, steering or other mechanism. He is surely at work upon a Frankenstein, or upon two Frankensteins, the one to send and the other to receive, who will use no clumsy and worn out medium of communication, such as wires, the one to give and the other to receive energy enough to run an exposition or a ship.

The officers of the Union-Commercial club who have ordered that the by law in the constitution of the club forbidding all games of chance shall be obeyed evidently do not consider whist a game of chance. Of course it is not, but one in which success de-

mands the undivided attention of the choicest intellects, only it is played with cards and all card games are classified as games of chance in a category too hopelessly old and self satisfied for revision. The element of chance is not eliminated even from the modern game of duplicate whist, if it were the game would become about as fascinating as logarithms, but the alert intellect takes advantage of chance and is not controlled by it and the quiver attitude is the stimulating, fascinating part of whist that neither Cavendish, nor any of his later disciples nor dissenters have been able to destroy. THE COURIER is, nevertheless, gratified to perceive by the naïf expulsion of all games of chance from the household of the Union club, while whist is still held in supreme favor that the members of the club consider the practice of whist a purely intellectual exercise worthy the honored place it occupies in their club life.

The club women of Denver have made their organization an agent for the accomplishment of improvement in the conduct of the street cleaning department in the department of city philanthropy and for the amelioration of the school children in the city schools. The club women of that city are united in one big club which is divided into departments for the study of practical philanthropy and municipal economics. There is no city in this country where the women are more determined and pluckier, or where the woman's club is so active, united and devoted to the interests of the whole city. It is fortunate that Mr. Moody should have attacked the club woman in a city which owes so much to her as Denver instead of in a city of exclusive clubs quite independent of each other, engaged in a dilettante study of history or literature or something which grown up people use as an ornament in society. Because when he said that club women went to the club to smoke cigarettes his audience knew better. Many of the women he was addressing were club women, who had left well ordered homes to listen to a preacher whose reputation is greater than his judgment or his future. Mr. Moody has very little effect upon a cultured audience and perhaps he has foreseen that the effect of a union of women for the sake of culture and an intelligent attempt to improve the conditions of the present life for everybody, might be preparing an unavoidable contrast to his own rather hysterical exhortations in regard to the life to come. At any rate, whatever his motive, the absurdity of his statements will undermine his authority on subjects which he has studied for many years. The anecdotal character of his exhortations have made them very popular, while at the same time concealing his short comings of logic, judgment and education. Whether