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OBSERVATIONS.

Phrenology.

A Websterian skull is not an infallible indication of intellect. There are heads in the penitentiary that in size and shapeliness would admit them to the faculty of the university, if occipital size and shapeliness were absolutely trustworthy signs of intellect. Nevertheless types may be classified by the scientist with confidence that the results will be correct, with only a few exceptions—where a fine quality brain has been packed into a small or misshapen case or where a very coarse-grained and inflexible material has been dumped into a noble brain pan. The phrenologist is accorded none too much credence, yet when a cartoonist draws a type of a pugilist, a man of muscle and of small intellect, he draws almost a straight line from the forehead to the base of the neck. See the Davenport cartoons of the Trust. There are exceptions to everything excepting mathematical computations. Twice two is four and it is never five.

When you observe a skull with the criminal drawing, trust your observation and experience until the owner of the skull has proved by his life and deeds that he is a man among men. A skull that places its owner among the class criminal can belie its shape by showing a life of good deeds, of love to man, of conjugal fidelity, of integrity, of a record of benevolence etcetera. Otherwise men are safe in accepting the silhouette of the skull as an infallible sign.

For What We Have.

In reckoning up our mercies for the year municipal, there are many officials whose services have been of great value to the city. Lincoln will not forget to be grateful for the ser-

VICES and conscience of a mayor who performs his public duties as scrupulously as though he were prosecuting his own affairs. In Omaha the ornamental and perfunctory character of the police is more than usually obvious in contrast with the cleverness of the kidnapers of young Cudahy, wherein the criminals lead and the police followed, a very long way behind. It has seemed to the public which sits on the bleachers and can always play better ball than either of the two competing nines, that the police might have caught the kidnapers after the boy was safe in his own home. There are only a few people in so small a city as Omaha driving around in a hack after one o'clock at night and if the house had been surrounded within a radius of two miles by men they might have captured the fugitives. It is easy to criticize after the fact. But a general is known by the battles he wins, not by those he loses. The chief of police should be a man of finesse, initiative, and unusual intuition and logic, instead of the formalist he usually is. Acumen and a knowledge of human nature are the qualities essential to a chief of police. But chiefs are not selected, in this country because they have demonstrated these qualities. The order of progression in the police department is based upon the amount of political influence which policemen can demonstrate at the polls. The various stages of police hierarchy are determined by practical demonstrations before ward bosses, who know nothing and care less about the qualities and temperament of an efficient policeman or chief of police. The public knows nothing at all about the modus operandi of catching thieves, but it pays a chief thief-catcher and in most cases he is about as efficient as a picture of a chief of police suspended in the chief's office. It is essential that there be a chief of police, but he is often a voluble, boastful, quack, who pretends to a knowledge that has not been revealed to him. Chief Donahue of Omaha has spent his time since the kidnaping, which has infuriated every honest man and woman in the country, in explaining to the newspapers that he knows who did it and that when the opportune moment arrives he will arrest Pat Crowe or somebody else.

Notwithstanding that the police are in a position of vantage in regard to criminals and criminal news, the newspaper reporters are invariably ahead of them in the solution of mysteries. The difference is that the reporter's job and promotion depend upon his exertion and upon his correct reading of the signs and clues of a crime which absorbs public interest, and the chief's place depends not upon his understanding of criminology and upon his ability to locate criminals and restore swag but upon his political activity and the result of it to the party in power.

The American people whose chil-

dren are stolen without recourse, are feeling the effects of the spoils system. If a man be made chief of police because he stands in with the saloon keepers of the city, it is silly to repine when an emergency discovers him to have no acumen and no talent for finding criminals and punishing crime. Stock breeders might as well devote all their energies and studies to developing speedy stock and be disappointed because the long-legged, slender results of their biological experiments are not graded A by the cattle assayer who is only looking for meat, that is for the proportion of tender meat furnished by each animal, which determines its percentage mark. The American people select their chiefs of police for qualities which a chief of police does not need in the performance of his duties and it is idle to repine when our children are stolen at six o'clock P. M. and hidden within three or four miles of their homes, quite unsuspected by the wax figures in blue and brass who are good at the polls, but of no use in catching thieves, thugs and kidnapers. If the kidnaping of brave, young Cudahy, and the other kidnapings which will result from the payment of the \$25,000 ransom, teaches us that we need a specialist and a genius at the head of the police departments of the large cities, it will be worth the expensive tuition.

A Dollar a Year.

No weekly was ever started with better prospects than "The Commoner." Mr. Bryan has thousands and perhaps millions of disciples in the United States, and perhaps half of these thousands or millions think enough of him, to take his paper. But as sure as the sun shines and the moon wanes, men who have madly and with all of Peter's passionate protestation sworn their devotion to him, will fail to pass the test of the dollar. A dollar a year is a large sized sieve. A man, the least popular, reckons that he has, at least, five hundred friends who like him at the commercial rate of a dollar a year. But let him start a paper and he will discover that those friends who professed to hang upon his words, to be stimulated to juster and sounder thinking by his exhortations and example, were stimulated to the degree of something less than a dollar a year. It is a small rate, but it is conclusive. If a friend does not care a dollar a year's worth for his friend, taking everything into consideration, a bowing acquaintance is sufficient to express the value of the association to each one.

Mr. Bryan is an ardent, ingenuous nature. Perhaps no man of the century, black or white, American, Dutch, Englishman, Frenchman, Norwegian, Dane, Austrian, Russian or Swede, has received the personal tributes offered, unsolicited to Mr. Bryan. He has been sent birds from Mexico, furs from the north, fruits

and grains from the temperate zone; some enthusiastic hero-worshiper has modeled a portrait bust and sent it to him as a votive offering, while thousands of young husbands have named their oldest sons for him. All this is a different matter, Mr. Bryan will discover, when it comes to the matter of a subscription at a dollar a year for "The Commoner." Extravagant prostration and even christening the oldest son William is easy enough, compared with the serious and genuine test of faith and affection—a dollar a year. Ahead of the trustful and ingenuous Mr. Bryan there is a trial hard to pass. "The Commoner" will undoubtedly achieve a hundred thousand circulation in a short time, and it has, The Courier's very best wishes, but among the number who do not take it will be a number whom Mr. Bryan has supposed, thought more than dollar's a year's worth of him.

Mr. Bryan's confidence in the vote-getting potency of free silver shows that he has a confiding disposition. He has faith in himself and in creeds and protestations. Disillusionment is always a painful process, when applied to a young, zealous believer in the truth of what folks say, and this experience is about to be endured by Mr. Bryan, who believes, or professes to, in the sincerity of his followers. There are thousands who will prove their sincerity by sending him a dollar for "The Commoner" and there are several other thousands who will show him that the doll he loves is stuffed with sawdust; that as a possible president of the United States an attitude like that of Buddha, cross-legged, and an expression of unbroken peace and faith is entirely appropriate, but that as an editor of paper at a dollar a year his expression should be humble, deprecatory, and grateful etcetera. Mr. Bryan's disillusion will not be so complete as that which makes cynics of most editors, but it will be complete enough to chill his young blood and make every individual hair on his much-photographed and cartooned head stand on end, for once in a way.

The Commoner will be a very interesting periodical. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will make it readable. It will have a large circulation and will add to the fame of Lincoln. The Courier wishes it the best of fortune, and is sure of its cordial reception.

When Love is King.

A narrative poem or lyric is the most difficult form of poetic composition. Homer, Goethe, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, and many others have written narrative poems, and everyone who reads more than newspapers knows The Iliad, Faust, Paradise Lost, The Eve of St. Agnes, The Idyls of the King, Prometheus Unbound, and Evangeline. Of all these the Iliad is the only really successful long poem. In order to

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