



# THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEBR., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901.

**THE COURIER,**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.

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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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untary communications unless accompanied by  
return postage.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.****Mr. Taft.**

Mr. Lorado Taft is a graceful, witty speaker. He is a familiar number at Chatauqua assemblies and he escorted groups of disciples and believers through the art building at the World's Fair explaining to them what was good and what was bad in color, composition and drawing. His features, vocabulary and style are therefore familiar to a very large number of people, principally women, throughout the United States. Women generally have an enormous bump of reverence and they invariably worship the nearest and largest lion. These very large groups regard Mr. Taft with an idolatrous respect and conviction of the finality of his judgment that is one of the most interesting features of his lectures. Mr. Taft's manner is very modest, and I do not remember ever to have heard him speak with the finality accredited him. Quite to the contrary, he is accustomed to preface his lectures with an explanation that he is a sculptor and talks about pictures because people seem anxious to hear his opinions rather than from any internal conviction of a special call. It is not his fault if his disciples swarm around him with solemn, eager, uplifted eyes as though he were the source of light, or the young man in Patience. In fact, like some virile clergyman, he looks, after his lecture when the swarming begins, as though the idolatry bored him, though the fame and effects of it are more or less profitable.

As the comments of an artist, of a traveled, well read, and highly cultivated gentleman, Mr. Taft's lectures are interesting enough. This mild protest against regarding him and his lectures as something supernatural-

ly final, will not affect the Chatauqua attitude, excepting as an impertinent and atheistic criticism.

Mr. Taft's talk to the members of the Nebraska Art Association was exceedingly interesting. He has literary grace, instincts, and the charm of a man in his prime who has spent his life in successful endeavor to add to the world's scant treasure of art. And of all who gratefully heard him, he himself was least conscious of and not at all affected by his elevation by the cult Chatauqua.

**New City Officers.**

Everybody who knows anything about the history of Lincoln is anxious that Mayor Winnett should be renominated. He is honest, able, conscientious, economical. It does not matter who wants it, it is to the interest of the city of Lincoln to elect a man who has proven his ability and will to render the city good service. Mayor Winnett belongs to the type of men elected mayor or councilman in England or Scotland. A successful doctor and financier in his own affairs, he was chosen first by his neighbors as councilman from his own ward, not because he wanted the office and urged his claim upon the party for something as a reward for partizan service, but because these neighbors were impressed with his good judgment and integrity. As a councilman these qualities were apparent to the city and he was nominated for mayor by one of those inspirations which occasionally guides a democracy. He was elected by a large majority and his economical, honest administration has been a very bright, clean spot in our municipal history. We know what evil a corrupt mayor and chief of police can work and that, so far as experience can demonstrate their fitness, the mayor and chief of police of Lincoln are incorruptible. A vain, babbling, weak man in the mayor's place can get the city into debt by employing twice as many men to add to his popularity as Mayor Winnett has hired. But this is the very kind of man we tried before Winnett's time. For the sake of the present, the past, for the sake of the fire, police, and water departments, for the sake of the republican party which can safely point with pride to this administration, and warned by our past experience, I hope the primaries will set their seal of approval upon a most creditable and irreproachable administration.

**The Police and Criminals.**

In a scientific spirit, and with an explorer's inspiration Josiah Flynt spent several years of his life tramping from Buffalo to New York and in stealing rides to and through the west in company with the nineteenth century nomads. He was known by hundreds of tramps as "Cigarette."

They did not suspect him, while he was tramping of leading a double life, and it is questionable if they have yet found it out. Students of criminology, policemen and chiefs of police have known about the understanding and comradery between criminals and the men who are hired by the people to hunt them up and arrest them. But no one has expressed it so clearly as Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton who in their stories about the Under World, the Powers that Prey, the Powers that Rule and Things as they Are, have frankly related their own experiences with the criminals. The world that reads the magazines, goes to churches and receptions, sells and buys and neither begs nor steals for a living, has finally accepted the truth that between the chief of police of every large city and the professional criminals there is a pact, an understanding. The chief gets a certain percent of a thief's "earnings" for allowing him to pursue his calling without too much surveillance. Policemen justify the bargain to themselves by acknowledging what is true, that if it were not for the criminal classes there would be no need of policemen. Chiefs of Police like Devery justify to the public their tithes and their contracts with criminals by the reasoning that "a community wholly policed by men of perfect integrity would be at the mercy of its criminal contingent." Most taxpayers however, if given the choice would prefer to pay policemen whose relation to criminals is as cats to mice. A man who receives pay from both sides is likely to serve best the employers who pay the most, and criminals in large cities are sure pay and their numbers insure large returns for the "understanding" they have with the chiefs,—much larger sums than their comparatively small municipal salary.

Nebraska policemen are unsophisticated. In Omaha, for instance, chief Donahue's loquacity and impotent activity in the Cudahy kidnaping case are doubtless genuine manifestations of helplessness. If he had had any general understanding with Pat Crowe, public horror and clamor would have induced him to give up his per cent of the \$25,000 in order to make a capture, that would net him more than the "privilege" and immunity that may have been granted to Crowe and his pals.

Investigation into chief Devery's administration has demonstrated the truth and realism of Mr. Flynt's and Mr. Walton's New York stories about the league, between the powers that rule and the powers that prey. The authors have selected certain real criminals and their crimes, given the perpetrators new aliases and made stories of them fit to print. The last one, which appeared in McClure's Magazine was about a circus manager and his preliminary arrangements in regard to gambling privileges with the mayors and chiefs of police in the

towns where his circus was billed. Both the illustrations and the letter-press present familiar types of the genus criminal.

**Carl Morton.**

Of the type American, energetic, of sound judgment and confident initiative, Mr. Morton, although only thirty-five years old, has earned distinction as an entrepreneur. The starch works at Nebraska City are the result of Carl Morton's intelligence, energy, and of the confidence he inspired in other able men. There are men who succeed fairly well in a beaten road that other men have leveled and smoothed for them. There are other men of original inspiration, and flexible minds who would succeed anywhere, for where ever they are placed they conceive and establish new enterprises that employ men and make capital. Such men are the true benefactors of a community. Mr. Carl Morton had a fertile mind and energy. Restless except when his energy was exhausted in work, after the successful establishment of the starch works, the invitation to take charge of the glucose factory, at Waukegan, tempted him to leave his native place, which his constructive genius has done so much to improve. With the generosity of a young man newly distinguished by public recognition of his creative ability, Mr. Morton probably gave more strength than he could spare to his work, so that his system was not able to resist the attack of pneumonia which cut off his beneficent career. He was the youngest of the four brothers whose achievements are a credit to their native state. He was worthy the traditions and name of his family which has the sympathy of Nebraska where Carl was born and reared and to whose wealth and fame he made such worthy contribution. It was his ambition and purpose to build glucose works in Nebraska City, for which he had a peculiarly tenacious loyalty rare enough in the west where people move from place to place with little of that love for home which distinguishes citizens of older countries.

**The Salvation of Cities.**

If it were not for the broad lonesome fields that when in wheat, droop under the noonday sun, if it were not for the thick-booted, gingham-shirted, tanned, silent farmers walking up and down and across the furrows of the fields, there would be no cities. The farms feed them and keep them alive. If it were not for the morality and simplicity, continually shipped into the city from the farms the supply of great men would be short, the Crokers would not need to justify themselves or explain to investigating committees why they were in politics. If it were not for the state and its influence upon the city the periodical reforms, each one of which leaves at least a vestige of the purifying move-