

Saturday Morning Courier

VOLUME 8, NO. 33.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

PRIZE FIVE CENTS

TOWN TOPICS

Iron bars do not a prison make, and all the safeguards that are thrown around the banking business still leave it one of the most hazardous occupations in which men can engage. Banks depend for their security on their own strength and the confidence of the public. To be secure they must have both. And experience has made it apparent that the public confidence is most easily shaken. Did you ever realize the extent to which banks are at the mercy of the public or of individuals? Almost any man can start a disastrous run on the most solid institution by a few words dropped here and there. In fact the mere remark "I understand there is a run on the bank" is enough to start a run in earnest. After a great deal of civilizing and education of different sorts, people are still very much like sheep. They go in droves and are turned this way or that by the merest trifle. An incident that happened a few years ago in Philadelphia shows that a small matter may cause a grave financial crisis. A woman slipped on a piece of banana peel and was carried into a savings bank close at hand, to await medical assistance. A few people stopped to see what was the matter; the few people attracted more and in a few minutes the bank was surrounded by a crowd, which by and by became a mob. It was said that the bank was about to fail, and the depositors checked out their money without listening to explanations. The institution narrowly escaped suspension and other banks in the vicinity were also raided by depositors, and all because a woman slipped on a piece of banana peel.

In this city there is a considerable number of foolish people who are constantly throwing banana peelings on the sidewalks, or more literally, spreading nonsensical talk concerning the banks. Nine-tenths of the present uneasiness is the result of foolish babbling of this sort.

The Nebraska crop of grasshoppers is unusually thrifty this year. At one of the hotels the other day two or three men from out in the state were discussing crops and grasshoppers, when one of the party related the following—he admitted afterward that the experience was not his own, but he vouched for the truthfulness of the facts stated:

"I don't suppose any of you ever ate grasshoppers," he commenced. "Well, if you haven't you don't know what luxury is. Talk about your fricaseed frogs, *pate de foi gras* and all the rest o' your highfalutin French fix'n's! They ain't in it at all with a big, fat Kansas hopper done brown in fresh country butter. I was once travelling from St. Joe to Wichita when the hoppers swopped down on Kansas like a horde of hungry office-holders on a president-elect. When they finished feeding and hopped up on the barbed wire fences to pick their teeth and talk it over, the country looked like the burned district in Chicago after the big fire. I had a new green wagon, with red wheels, and the hoppers ate every bit of paint off it and gnawed the woodwork. They ate all the blucking off my harness, the tails off my horses, and I had to keep my dog under a tarpaulin to prevent them devouring him away. You never saw such appetites. They got into my commissary department and made away with everything but a stone jar of butter I had bought in St. Joe. I didn't have a cent and it was two days' drive to Wichita. Couldn't live on butter, you know, so I concluded to play for even. I built a fire, put my skillet over it, and dropped in a half a pound of the dyspepsia provoker. It was soon frying and sizzling away at a great rate, and the hoppers hopping into it, sixty a second. I let 'em fry about a minute, then I removed 'em, and sat down to give my stomach a surprise party. Well, sir, the hind legs were the finest meat I ever ate. They had an excellent game flavor and tasted like mountain brook trout. I fared sumptuously after that, and found the journey far too short. I had always been sorry for St. John, whose diet was locusts and wild honey, but I tell you he knew his business. If a locust is anything like a Kansas hopper, the original pathfinder had no kick coming."

The value of a good name was well exemplified the other day when a man asked one of our druggists for a bottle of Saraparilla. "Whose?" inquired the clerk. "Whose? why, Ayer's, of course. Ye don't suppose I'm going to run any risk with Hannah, do ye?"

TIME FLIES.

And the Final Day of the Great Sale Draws Near.

Many persons have already registered their pledges and secured a portion of the \$1,000 offered by Ed G. Yates, 1126 O street for the church or institution of their choice. Tabitha hospitable and the W. C. A. are making strenuous efforts to secure their share and the amount to the credit of these deserving institutions shows a gratifying increase, but each day brings the contest closer to the limit and now is the time to make your work count. Readers of this paper will find a blank pledge in the advertisement of Ed G. Yates of this issue, cut it out and bring or send it to the store, 1126 O street, properly filled in. Blank pledges will be supplied at the store when you have used this one.

TRUTH AND EPIGRAMS.

Bright Sayings of Clever People—Little Things That One Ought to Remember.

"Little girls are won with dolls, big girls with dollars."

"A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run."

—Ouida.

"Our vices are like our nails; even as we cut them they grow again."—T. Bernard.

"A woman of honor should never suspect another of things she would not do herself."—Marguerite de Valois.

"A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid."—J. J. Rousseau.

French definition of a baby—"A puffed angel from a ceiling by Bonder for parents, a little degenerate monkey for strangers."

"There are three things that I have always loved, and have never understood—Painting, Music and Women."—Fontenelle.

"Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more dinner than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinner."—Chamfort.

OBSERVATIONS.

The former policy of the railroads has been such, that the public generally, believing the Columbian exposition would be reached by very low rates, and that it would be to the advantage of the railroads to materially lower their rates. They seem, however, to have adopted another plan by which to make money by reason of the fair. They have made a nominal reduction in their rates, and declared that no free transportation would be given over their lines. This slight reduction was made on the theory that people would go to the world's fair, no matter what the railroad rates were. This thing might have proved a successful one for them if the present year had not brought such hard times to so many.

While railroad fare is not the largest item to consider in visiting the exposition, yet, taken with reports that everything is so expensive in Chicago now, it has much to do with many people giving up going, even for a few days. The roads are issuing passes to Chicago to a great many, notwithstanding their joint agreement not to, and they do not confine free transportation to their employees either.

Seeing that their anticipated crowds are not going at their established rates, they have agreed upon a sort of an excursion deal—a ten day's trip on certain days specified by them, with poor accommodations, and only a further slight reduction. When they see that people will not—cannot in fact—attend the exposition this year when money is close and so hard to get, they may see the necessity of a reduction which will enable people to go, and at the same time bring in a snug profit.

The railroads are acting like a good many individuals who went to Chicago with the idea of making fortunes during the six months the fair was in progress, and thought they could charge any price and people would unhesitatingly pay it. Their eagerness for their own individual gain has been so far reaching that it has kept many foreigners away, and one of the main objects of the fair has failed, and there is no wonder there is danger of the fair not being a financial success. Let the railroads and all join in to make the fair a success in the way it was intended it should be.

LYNN.

June the caterer, Thirteenth and O streets is anxious to serve all parties, picnics and festivals with ice cream, ices, cakes, etc., and will appreciate a call from all intending entertainers.

For Sunday dinner supplies call at Halter's market, opposite Lansing Theater. Phone 100.

RANDOM NOTES

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 19, 1893.—[COURIER Staff Correspondence.]—After reading much and hearing more regarding the world's fair, its failure and success, extortionate prices and various other encouraging and detrimental remarks, I have "been there and seen for myself," and I can cheerfully say that much unjust criticism and no end of unworthy abuse have been heaped upon the fair management. It may be true in some minor details that the management is at fault, but people must remember the gigantic enterprise that is being conducted and judge accordingly.

The magnitude and grandeur of the fair amaze all, and if the writers on the big Chicago dailies admit their inability to do it justice, certainly THE COURIER visitor will be left off on the same good plea. It has been termed a great white city, a place of palaces and a center of endless sightseeing and amusement, furnishing ample food for interesting thought and study in every imaginable field and sphere. You could attend daily for three months, eh, six months, and then, weary and tired you would reflect and conclude that half had not yet been seen. Of course, much can be seen in a walk through the buildings in a few days, but afterwards, all that is remembered is a conglomeration, and the visit is of little consequence, but you can say you have seen the great fair, and that is all.

As for extortion, really I can't say that I found it so. The restaurants, to the contrary, are quite reasonable in their charges. The Wellington Catering Co. has cafes at various convenient points, and while their fare is of the best, yet the prices are no higher than one would expect to pay at any first-class restaurant throughout the land. For instance, a cup of coffee is 10 cents, sandwiches, cut of pie, eggs, etc., are the same. In this way a good lunch can be had for from 25 cents to 50 cents. Certainly these prices are not high. Water is free, unless you want Sylurian, and that is only 1 cent a glass.

The Midway Pleasance is a great show in itself and a day can well be put in there alone. Of course the usual fakes are here to be found, but the experienced traveller need not be taken in. The congress of beauties, to my thinking, is one of them. It reminds me of a huge side show. There are about thirty dizzy females in a circle attired in a variety of costumes, disporting themselves in ways that are questionable. The Dahomey village is another, and there are several more that one will do well to avoid. On the other hand there are several very good attractions that are worthy of patronage. The streets of Cairo are certainly a novelty and furnish much interesting pleasure and study. The street is composed of full sized stores doing regular business and fac similes of Cairo streets. To this is added camels that traverse the thoroughfare freighted with passengers. At the end of the street is the Egyptian temple, in which are the mummies and all the paraphernalia that is now in their orthodox worship. Daily service is held by the natives, and the sight is very interesting.

The Libby glass works is another pleasing feature in which one sees glass made in all styles, shapes and kinds. Just now the glass dress presented to the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, is on exhibition. It attracts endless attention. It resembles fine woven fabric, and were it not for the high glaze finish, it would not be difficult to believe that it was made out of woolen goods.

Hagenback's wonderful animal exhibition furnishes one of the most enjoyable attractions on the pleasance, and seems to be delighting everybody. The idea of lions riding on horseback and tigers going through various performances seems almost incredible, but such and much more is wonderfully executed at Hagenback's.

The Ferris wheel, which is a far greater achievement than the renowned Eiffel tower, is the center of admiration—in fact you could not miss seeing it if wanted to, for it is visible from every section of the grounds and far off into the city. But to ride in it is even more of a novelty. There are thirty-six cars on the wheel and each seats forty people. This will give a slight idea of its mammoth size.

The writer, after a few days at the fair, left for Philadelphia via the Balti-

more & Ohio, and thence to Atlantic City. The trip to Philadelphia over the B. & O. was through much of the finest scenery and most historic spots that the central states have to boast of. The fashionable summer resorts, Deer Park and Oakland, were passed, and later on the national capital, where an hour's wait gives the passengers time to take an interesting drive over the principal streets of Washington.

From Philadelphia to Atlantic City the trip is one fraught with continual pleasure. The Philadelphia & Reading line seems to be doing the bulk of the business, and certainly their fine equipment, fast trains and excellent service fully deserve the preference. After travelling on western roads where soft coal is used in locomotives, it is a noticeable improvement to find that the P. & R., by using anthracite coal, renders the trip free from smoke and cinders. The Reading in late years has made for itself a reputation that is deserving of recognition, and their train service in and out of Philadelphia nowadays is such as will delight all westerners.

Next week's letter will be from the sea shore and will be handsomely illustrated.

L. W.

HUMOR IN ADS.

A Personal in the "Chicago Herald" Advertising a Laundry.

The advertisement column in the Sunday papers marked personal, is always amusing. The following laundry advertisement in the Sunday Herald, Chicago, is not without humor.

Reginald, PAPA SAYS HE WILL TURN Rover loose if you ever come inside the gate

Again wearing those shining collars and cuffs,

Send them to — laundry, and get the domestic finish. ETHEL.

Whitwell-Dennison.

Wednesday afternoon at the residence of L. L. Mead, Mr. C. D. Hartwell, of Hastings, was married to Miss Georgiana Dennison, formerly of Geneva N. Y. The newly married couple left at once for Hastings, where they will make their home. Mr. Hartwell is one of the leading real estate dealers of the Queen City.

At the Parks.

Summer opera is flourishing at Lincoln park and the patrons of that popular resort have been treated to a very fair rendering of the "Mikado" during the past week. Manager Hickey seems to delight in aerial performances and has secured a prime attraction in the person of the famous Swedish diver Joseph Leuvenmark the champion high diver of the world. Mr. Leuvenmark is said to be the only man who makes a running headlong dive from a height of eighty feet. He will give one exhibition at eight o'clock this evening, and the second and last tomorrow at 5:30 p. m.

Burlington Beach has as usual, been well patronized during the past week. On these warm evenings it would be difficult to find a cooler and pleasanter resort than Lincoln Salt Lake and both strangers of Lincolnites have patronized the beach very liberally. Strangers in the city seldom fail to inquire about this popular resort and if their time permits they always visit Salt Lake.

Mosher and Tracey.

Mosher	\$1,000,000.00
Tracey	\$5.00
Mosher	5 years at home.
Tracey	7 years in prison.

—The Unionist.

Big Drop in World's Fair Rates.

Round trip tickets to Chicago will be on sale via the Burlington Route at GREATLY REDUCED RATES as follows:

July 24, good to return leaving Chicago July 28 and August 4.

July 31, good to return leaving Chicago August 4 and 11.

August 7, good to return leaving Chicago August 11 and 18.

Tickets not good in sleeping cars, otherwise first class in every particular.

For further information, apply to Bonnell at B & M depot or Ziemer corner O and 10th streets.

For all social doings the Nebraska state band or orchestra is what is always most desired.

Furs stored for the summer insured free from moths and theft at F. E. Voelker's, practical furrier, Y. M. C. A. building.

After the theatre call at "The Annex Cafe" for a lunch. Everything nice, new and attractive. Prices reasonable.

New Imported Swiss Cheese. Miller & Gifford, grocers, opposite Hurr block.

Never give a party or order ice cream, ices or lunches until you have first seen Mr. Brown at the Royal Cafe, 124 North Tenth street.

POLITICAL TALK

Nebraska's member of the cabinet continues to receive much attention from the newspapers. It isn't all one kind of attention. The special correspondent of the *Inter Ocean*, for instance, anent the announcement that certain charges have been ordered in the administration of the United States weather bureau by Mr. Morton, says: "This obscure local statesman from Nebraska signaled his advent to a position in the national government by an attempt to remove Professor Mark W. Harrington, the present chief of the bureau; but as there has been no thought of treating the heads of the coast survey, geological survey, or nautical almanac office as offensive partisans, it was necessary to find other ostensible reasons for the movement against Professor Harrington. Certain petty charges of careless administration were therefore trumped up, and an investigation was ordered. Although this inquiry was conducted in a grossly unfair way, and the inquisitor received private instructions to make his report more damaging than he had first intended, the plot failed. Professor Harrington's direct appeal to the president, and the exposure of the scheme by republicans papers, balked Mr. Morton, and a formal exoneration followed."

"It is due to the chief of this bureau to add that in the two years of his administration he has conducted the service more economically than it has ever been conducted before, has extended its benefit to a large number of people, especially farmers, not previously reached, and has sensibly lessened, if he has not entirely overcome, the contempt which the press and people, somewhat foolishly, to be sure, had been evincing for official forecasts for several years prior to the transfer of this work from the war department to a civilian basis, July 1, 1891."

"Foiled in his original campaign, however, Mr. Morton has now renewed the assault upon a new line. He has undertaken to cripple the service materially by reducing the scientific staff of the central office and cutting off all scientific research. The salary of that veteran scientist of international reputation, Professor Cleveland Abbe, is reduced from \$4,000 to \$3,000, and a brutal letter has been sent to him by Secretary Morton with the evident design of forcing him to resign; Professors Barnes and Russell are dismissed altogether, and Professors Bigelow, Hazen and Marvin, Major Dunwoody and Sergeant Garriott, all investigators of marked ability in special lines, are forbidden to do anything but make daily forecasts."

"The enormity of this proceeding will be more distinctly perceived when the following facts are recalled: No science, except possibly medicine, has such a direct relation to human welfare as meteorology, and even that exception does not touch the interests of so many people in one day as do weather forecasts; meteorology is really in its infancy as a science, and a great many profound problems yet need to be solved in order to give its practical applications their fullest value and before forecasts can be what they ought to be. All or nearly all of the foreign weather services distinctly encourage research into the fundamental laws of observed weather phenomena; and from its foundation in 1870 until now the United States weather bureau has led the world in this direction, having called to its assistance, either temporarily or permanently, such illustrious scientists as Cleveland Abbe, Elias Loomis and William Ferrel, and recruited this corps with men of marked capacity like Frank Waldo, H. Allen Hazen, John P. Finley, Thomas Russell and others."

"Professor Harrington, who had filled with credit the chair of astronomy at Ann Arbor, and conducted the *American Meteorological Journal* for years before his appointment by President Harrison as chief of the bureau, has shown a progressive spirit and rare good judgment in the conduct of his work. He retained that experienced attaché and skilled forecaster, Major Dunwoody, and most of the scientific experts; he made a valuable addition in securing Professor Frank H. Bigelow, a leading authority on terrestrial magnetism, to investigate the possible relations between that class of phenomena and the weather, in accordance with the advice of the international meteorological conference of 1891; he authorized the issue of forecasts by such local observers in large cities as showed ability to do so

advantageously; he brought to the front young men of promise, and in other ways he treated the bureau as a branch of the public service rather than a private trust."

"In view of these facts the course of Secretary Morton is more than lamentable; it is mysterious. It not only revolutionizes and cripples a service that comes home to every man, woman and child in the country like the postal service, but it excites grave questions as to his motives, which appear to include something besides partisan zeal. People are asking whether ignoble personal pique, disappointed ambition, or commercial interests have been using the secretary of agriculture as a cat's paw. If these queries were vigorously pressed perhaps some curious results might ensue."

Secretary Morton, in an interview under date of July 16, denies that he asked for the resignation of Professor Harrington.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, gives the secretary of agriculture another kind of consideration. He eulogizes Mr. Morton, gives the following description of his personal appearance, and then gives an interesting interview with the now famous Nebraskan: "Governor Morton is about 5 feet 7 inches high and he weighs just about 150 pounds. His shoulders are broad and his limbs are clean cut. He does not look to be more than 50 years of age, but he is over 60 and still in his prime. He has a light complexion, light gray hair and a gray mustache, with the shadow of a gray goatee shining out from under it. He has a high forehead, a strong nose and a pleasant mouth. He dresses more like a New York club man than the typical farmer statesman."

The correspondent asked Mr. Morton if the farmers in the west are ruined. The secretary replied: "Of all classes in the United States today it seems to me that the farmers have the best outlook. They are not half so badly off as they have been painted, and many of them are making money. Of course, there are failures, but of all the businesses of the United States farming is the least liable to fail, and there are more successes in it than in almost any other business. Take the dry goods business; 97 per cent of the men who go into it become bankrupt, and the proportion of failures in all mercantile pursuits is very large. As to farming, I know hundreds of instances of success right around me in Nebraska. One of my neighbors came out west with only 75 cents. He bought his land on time, and he now owns 1,800 acres. He is the president of a bank and is rich, and all of his possessions came out of the soil. Around him you will find many poor farmers. They came to the same place with more money and better prospects, but they were shiftless. They have not stuck to their work. They have left their farms to sell patent rights and been inveigled into schemes to make money faster without work. No business can succeed without thrift, energy and brains. Pure muscle will not make a good farmer or a good farm. The land has got to be manured with the brains of the owner in order to make it pay. The average farmer is better off now than he has ever been and I believe he will continue to improve."

In answer to the question, "How old were you when you went west?" Mr. Morton said: "I was just 22. I went west on my wedding tour, and the trip to Nebraska at that time was a far greater undertaking than it is now. We went by rail from Chicago to Alton, on the Mississippi river. There was no such thing as a sleeper at that time, and we had to sit up all the way. From Alton we went by steamer to St. Louis, and from St. Louis up the Missouri to St. Joseph by steamboat. Here we got a stage and rode on to Council Bluffs. The trip took about eight days and nights, and it was full of hardships. It could be made now in about a day."

"We settled first at Bellevue, and the next spring we moved to Nebraska City, where we took up the quarter section on which I now live. I have added a little to it, but it is the same ground I got from the government thirty-eight years ago. We began life in a log cabin, and my boy, by the way, has just had a picture of this cabin made in connection with some others on a sheet advertising his cereal and starch manufactory. Under the cabin he has put the words 'The house in which the president of the company began business.' As I looked at it I asked him what business he had carried on in the cabin, and he replied: 'I suppose you might call it a milking business.'"