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**OBSERVATIONS.****WILLA SIBERT CATHER.**

With David Nation.

When David Nation made application for a decree of divorce at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, last week, the hearts of the people were with him. If he found the ridiculous position in which he has been placed at all endurable it would be an unfaltering indication of the manner of man he is.

Mr. Nation has for some time been living with a daughter in Iberia, under whose roof he had taken refuge. Mrs. Nation, in her comments upon the suit, scornfully stated that her husband had been an encumbrance upon her for years and that she had never had the slightest respect for him.

The maid refuses to picture the position of a man whom Mrs. Nation regarded as an "encumbrance;" an old soldier and a peaceful citizen deserved a better fate.

There can scarcely be any doubt that his wife's astonishing conduct is the result of her limitations and a soured and uncharitable nature. Given a woman with a passion for violence and bitter speech and place her in a small town where petty animosities thrive, feed her ambition by office in local societies, and your result is a Carrie Nation in word if not in deed.

There is no figure in society who can work more discomfort than the village Semiramis, whose prejudices are as violent as her information is limited, and who has an accepted outlet for her ferocious energy.

Henry of Orleans.

The death of Prince Henry of Orleans in Cochín-Chira, on his way to America, robs the royal family of France of its only member who could

ever have hoped for favor or consideration at the hands of the French people.

Had the Duke of Orleans died without issue, Henry's father would have been the heir presumptive to the French throne. The young man was a vast improvement upon his father and grandfather, though his republican sympathies had caused an estrangement between himself and his family and had made him unpopular with all the royal families of Europe.

Royalists asserted that Henry had begged the French people to forgive him for having been born a prince, and that through all his overtures to the republicans could be seen the hope of the throne.

Whatever the Prince's motives may have been he never compromised himself in Bourbon intrigues and his attitude toward the bourgeoisie was consistently amicable throughout his life. He went to banquets given by trades people and manufacturers and he called upon tradesmen's daughters and engaged creditably in several business enterprises. The greater part of his life was devoted to making explorations in Madagascar and Asia, for which he was decorated with the Legion of Honor, chevalier rank.

As for the remainder of the Bourbon family who survive him, the less said the better. The couplet which some English wag composed on the death of the eldest son of George II. will apply equally well to the family of the late prince.

**The Real Homestead.**

There is probably no city in the United States which is more in the public eye just at the present time than the town of Homestead, and probably no steel town where there is less outward excitement about the strike.

The town lies about five miles up the river from Pittsburg, built in the narrow valley between the Monongahela and the low line of hills beyond.

On the opposite side of the river the Baltimore & Ohio tracks wind under wooded bluffs where the trees are gradually dying from the chemical action of the smoke-laden atmosphere. The river is seemingly without current, still and yellow as a mud lake, and dotted with coal barges and puffing little tugs.

The great steel plant that will always be known as the Carnegie works is not in the town of Homestead at all, but just outside the town line in the village of Munhall. The majority of the mill workers, however, live in Homestead.

The town is neglected and unlovely in appearance, like most manufacturing towns, and the residences are built to eat and sleep in rather than to live in. There is very little green grass, few trees and fewer flowers. The meat shops and grocery stores carry goods of the best quality, as mill

workers are prodigious eaters and insist upon the most nourishing sort of food. At the Carnegie hotel, which stands just outside of the main entrance to the steel works, a dollar-a-day house of indifferent service where many of the chemists and testers and draughtsmen board, the meats are as good as can be got at any of the best hotels in the city of Pittsburg.

The mill worker's notion of comfort is good eating. He buys strawberries in April and canteloupes from Colorado. The interior of his home usually is more indicative of prosperity than of taste. He always has an organ and a brussels carpet and a "set" of cheap oak furniture and a crayon portrait of himself in a huge gilt frame. Ordinarily he is careless of his dress, but he invariably has a diamond to screw in his shirt front on Sunday. This, of course, is true only of the workmen who are more or less skilled. Nearly every man rides a bicycle to his work.

The Carnegie Library of Homestead stands on the hills overlooking the works, but just within the Homestead line. It is a French Renaissance building 228 by 133 feet in its exterior dimensions. Back of the library stands the residence of Robert Corey, former superintendent of the works. The library building includes under its roof a well equipped music hall, gymnasium, billiard room, swimming pool, running tracks, smoking rooms and ladies' parlors and reception rooms.

The library, like the rest of the world, is full of good things that no one has leisure to enjoy. It was built and fitted up for the use of the mill men, but the mill men, when they are working, work twelve hour shifts, that means from six in the morning until six in the evening. If a man lives any distance at all from the works he has to get up before five in the morning, and by the time he has cooled off and had a bath and his dinner in the evening it is eight o'clock. He has been working all day in a most exhausting temperature and probably drinking heavily to combat the heat, and he wants no music or books or athletics, but all the sleep he can get before four thirty the next morning.

There are hundreds of the men who stand the strain of these twelve-hour shifts year in and year out without losing a day, but the margin left them of their lives for social relaxation is so small that clubs and libraries established in their interests seem almost absurdities.

Occasionally, when it is a question of a marriage or a funeral or a christening, a man can get his "buddy," the man who takes his work in the next shift, to relieve him; this arrangement gives the "buddy" a shift of twenty-four hours over the hot metal with no break except the half-hour allowed for lunch. There are plenty of cases on record where a

substitute has stood his ground for sixty-four hours without sleep and with few breathing spells. It would seem that Mr. Carnegie's sense of humor must be deficient when he supplies Herbert Spencer and Wagner for these men.

The facilities of the library are made use of by the bosses and draughtsmen and office forces, but the mill workers proper very seldom go there and even their wives and children patronize little.

Twelve-hour shifts are doubtless good economy, but they do not tend to make a literary or music loving community.

The most objectionable element of Homestead, the foreign labor element which was met with such bitter antagonism when it was first introduced there, is carefully hid from the eye of the casual observer. Occasionally some one asks what is to be found in the ram-shackle red buildings inside the company fence, and he is told, "That is only Pottersville." Pottersville is a collection of some sixty or seventy hovels made of thin planks and painted red, which are huddled in the soot and ashes and cinder heaps back of one of the rolling mills and inside the fifteen foot stockade which surrounds the town-front of the steel plant.

In this collection of wretched habitations dwell nearly two thousand mill workers; Huns, Slavs, Poles, Italians, Russians and negroes. The last census revealed a startling condition of things in Pottersville, but it is a condition that will last as long as the town lasts. One six room boarding house reported seventy inmates, some of the rooms accommodating twenty lodgers. This, of course, is only made possible by the twelve-hour shift system. Every bed does double duty, and every floor is a bed. As soon as one set of men get up and go to work, another set, tired and dirty, creep into the same sheets and go to sleep.

Naturally a corporation can employ to advantage men who can live in this fashion. They seldom eat meat and need only rye bread and diluted wood alcohol and an occasional turn in a sort of tribal bed. When a Hun or a Pole gets crippled in the works, he usually opens a boarding house in Pottersville. No one house is ever occupied by a single family, even when the children run above a dozen in number, as they often do.

This world of barbarism that is shut in behind the stock-pen-like fence is not the work of any "soulless corporation," at least, not directly. During the great strike of 1872, when the company took on a great many foreign hands, the superintendent, John Potter, built the ram shackle houses inside the stockade to protect the "scab" laborers from the fury of the strikers. The "scabs" have never had ambition enough to get outside of the stock-pen, and it is well enough for the town of Homestead and the vil-