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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MARCH 23, 1894.

Sack cloth and ashes are at a premium in this city. Lent was never half so much of a success.

The fag end of the winter seems to have been a favorite time for the birth of great men. Within a few days the birthdays of Jackson, President Cleveland, Mr. Bryan and St. Patrick have been celebrated.

The Crawford county system of placing men in nomination for public office may not be perfect, but it could have a great many defects and yet be immeasurably superior to the system that obtains in this county, and, in fact, all over Nebraska.

A San Franciscan has written a book about the "400" of the Pacific coast metropolis in which he says society people in that city drink soup out of a soup plate, discarding the traditional spoon, appear at noon in evening dress, fill up on champagne and other fancy drinks and smash things, and end by becoming co-respondents in divorce cases. And yet people can be found every day who think Nebraska is not far enough west.

There is a disposition in some quarters to measure a voter's devotion to his political faith not by his fealty to the principles of his party, but by the extent of his subservience to the mandates of disreputable bosses who have a much greater regard for pimps than for principles. In elections where national questions are involved we believe, as a general rule, in "straight" politics; but in a municipal contest where the tariff and the silver question are relegated to the rear and their places taken by such questions as municipal contracts, better sidewalks and economy and honesty in the expenditure of public money, etc., it is more than unreasonable—it is absurd, to say that a voter forfeits his place in the membership of his party by a refusal to endorse every act of the more or less corrupt men who "boss" the party, locally. The election to be held in this city next month is important. The policy of the business management of the city is at stake. But there is no national issue involved any more than there is in the election of a church warden or a director of the Y. M. C. A., and every republican, democrat, populist or prohibitionist is, or should be, rationally, at liberty to vote for any candidate, irrespective of the candidate's politics. It is gratifying to note the growing spirit of independence in municipal politics. The crack of the party whip has lost some of its effectiveness, and desperate attempts on the part of "workers" to coerce voters "into line" cannot crush the independent spirit. When it comes to electing an officer of the municipal corporation it is a good deal better to be guided by one's own honest convictions than by the presumptuous command of some characterless heeler.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is a sensationalist, and there was more or less sensationalism in his sermon in the Academy of Music, New York, on divorce delivered last Sunday, but there was also much solid truth. "Unhappily married," he said, "are two words descriptive of many a homestead. It needs no minister to impress on the badly mated pair that there is a hell. They are there now. Sometimes a grand, a gracious woman will be incarcerated there, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and great soul. Sometimes a consecrated man will be bound to a fury, as was John Wesley, or united to a vixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes both parties are to blame—Thomas Carlyle was an absolute scold and his wife smoked and swore. Some say easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as he authorizes marriage, and I believe as much in a lawful divorce as in a lawful marriage; but wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. * * What we want in this country and in all lands is that divorce be made more and more difficult. What we want is that the congress of the United States change the national constitution so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country, and what shall be right in one state shall be right in all states, and what is wrong in one state shall be wrong in all states. Let congress appoint a committee, not made up of single gentlemen, but men of families and their families in Washington, who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive, uniform law that will control everything from Sandy Hook to the Golden Horn. That will be an end to brokerage in marriage." Living in Lancaster county, Nebraska, where divorces, like clothes, can be purchased ready made, we most heartily agree with the views expressed by Dr. Talmage. Ready made or fifteen minute divorces knock the bottom out of the sanctity of marriage, and that's the kind in vogue in this county.

THINGS WE ARE TIRED OF:

Talk about the Davis trial.

Attempts (and success) on the part of the big corporations to bribe jurors in this county.

The jury system. It might have been practicable at one time, but it has outlived its usefulness. The way things are run in this "advanced" age the "twelve honest men" are largely fiction.

The way candidates for office are selected. The bosses have too much power. Something simpler like the Crawford county system is wanted. This with the Australian ballot would give the honest citizen some chance.

The legislature.

The March winds

The hard times.

Mayor Weir's self-praise.

The meanness and corruption and hypocrisy and villainy and crime that go stalking about in the by-ways and high ways "holding up" honest people.

MISS WILLARD AND HER WHEEL.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

For several weeks one page of the Chicago Tribune has been devoted to Miss Frances Willard's article, "How I Learned to Ride a Bicycle." Miss Willard is regarded with veneration by the members of the W. C. T. U. all over the world. They will not criticize the very bad taste of this article nor see in it anything but an unselfish attempt by Miss Willard to keep her worshippers interested in her movements. The general public is nauseated and turns over that page quickly. It is questionable if Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard have made more enemies or friends to temperance and to suffrage. It takes a good sailor to hear them compliment each other and relate what privations they have endured, what luxuries given up for the sake of "the cause" to a crowd of good but mistaken women; whose idols after all are but clay. They might have been useful vessels but adulation has spoiled them. J. A.

"What's in a name?" Well, that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard.