

# THE COURIER

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## OBSERVATIONS

The meeting of the state editorial association in this city last week was marked by the absence of Omaha newspaper men and women. I believe not a single person connected with any newspaper published in Omaha was present at the meeting. Several years ago the association met in Omaha and it is reported that not one Omaha newspaper man put in an appearance during the two days session. Now this conduct on the part of the fraternity in Omaha is a little peculiar. The people in that city are constantly exerting themselves to strengthen their hold on the people of the state, and the Omaha newspapers are anxious to have the good will of what may be called the country press. It is only a few weeks ago that, according to report, Mr. Rosewater was sending out personal letters to editors of the country newspapers making conciliatory propositions.

Here in Lincoln the only feeling entertained for the people who eat Missouri river mud is that of deepest love, and I am sure it could not be expected that The Courier would give expression to any of the utterances of the Nebraska editors apropos of Omaha's seeming indifference. Such a course would jar on that feeling of brotherly love which binds the cities of Omaha and Lincoln. Besides, it can hardly be believed that Omaha is so arrogant as some of the editors said. Surely it is beyond comprehension that the gentlemanly Mr. Hitchcock and the pugnaciously versatile Mr. Rosewater and the Chesterfieldian Mr. Chase and the numerous other knights of the Omaha press should regard the state editorial association in a condescending manner. It is certain that these gentlemen, great and powerful and beautiful as they are, could not

consider beneath their notice an association that numbers among its members such men as Ross Hammond and F. G. Simmons, and Mr. Gere, and my especial friend, Mr. Jones. Messrs. Hitchcock, Rosewater and Chase and their colleagues are truly great, and they undoubtedly have a proper realization of their greatness; but it is past belief that they imagine the men and women who compose the state editorial association of so little consequence that they could not make personal recognition of their associated existence without loss of dignity. The explanation of the absence of these great men of the Omaha press probably lies in the fact that they all three went around to Ed Maurer's or

was especially active, took a lively interest in all the proceedings of the meeting, and if the whole truth were told it would be shown that a large part of the success of the meeting was due to Mr. Jones. Thank the Lord that our great men are not puffed up with that arrogance or pride which some of the Nebraska editors imagine the Omaha great men are puffed up with.

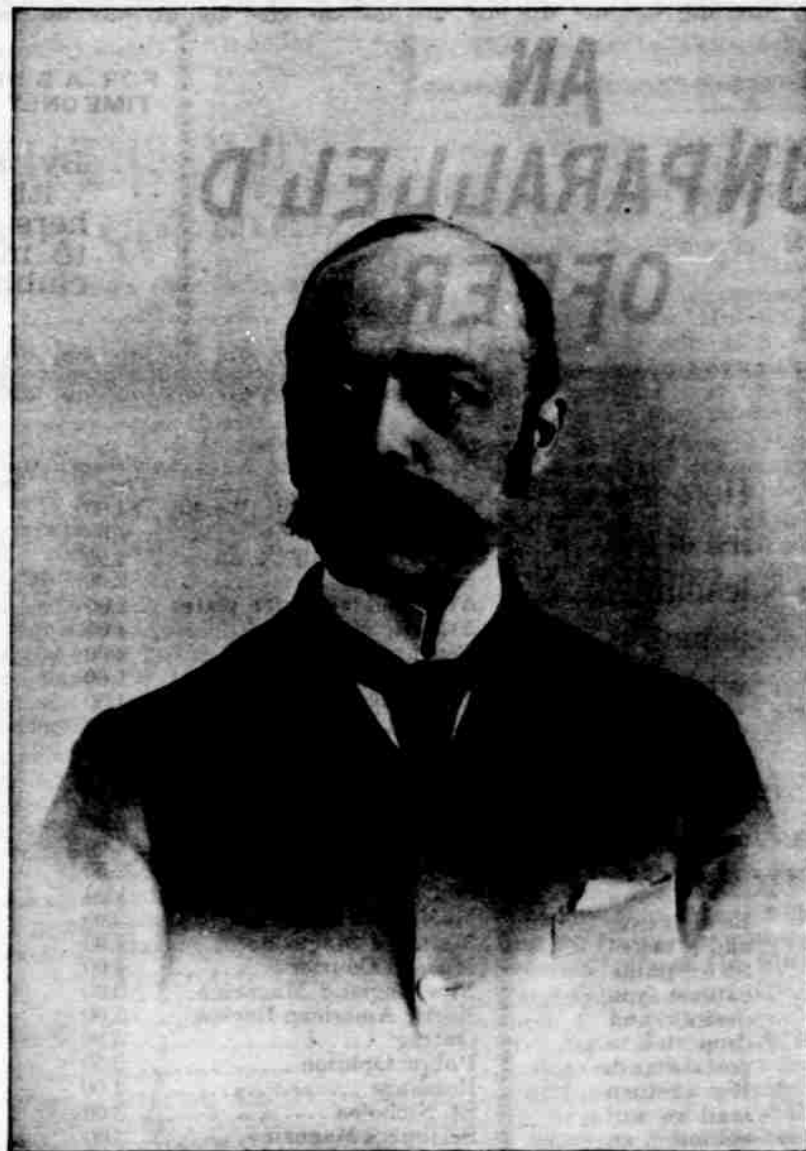
Perhaps the most modest man in attendance upon the editorial association meeting was that gentleman of candid countenance, Ross Hammond, of the Fremont Tribune. Mr. Hammond, so far as known, only has two weaknesses.

the successor of Mr. Meiklejohn in congress from the Third district. About the only persons in Mr. Hammond's district who are opposed to him are a few men who want the office themselves—it is strange that some men are graceless enough to run as opposing candidates when an editor wants an office. Mr. Hammond is one of the ablest men in the state. He has integrity stamped all over his face. He would be a good man to send to congress.

Chancellor MacLean made an informal address to the newspaper people. The chancellor, although physically indisposed, rose to the occasion in a manner so graceful and clever as to make a decided impression on his hearers whom he called "colleagues of the faculty of the university." For a moment, during his address, editors saw a vision of a press lofty and cultured in tone, impartial, patriotic, honest, educational. It was an inspiring vision. But the editors are not in the business of publishing newspapers wholly for their health. Some of them may have tried to be lofty and cultured, only to get in among the rocks. Most of them have found out that a newspaper may travel along at the head of public sentiment, but it cannot, profitably, travel very far ahead. A great many papers have died because they were too bad to live. Some of them have died because they were too good.

That speech of Thurston's— Very few men have gone into the senate of the United States and in two months time attracted so much attention as has Mr. Manderson's successor. Mr. Bryan went to congress and became a figure of national importance; but Bryan, with all of his impetuosity, went a little slower than Thurston. William Vincent Allen acquired national notoriety not long after the injection of his ponderous frame into the sacred precincts of the Millionaire's club, which by the way, contains some pretty poor men. But Allen didn't make the leap from unfathomable obscurity to a peak of prominence with quite the agility of Mr. Thurston. What is it that the junior Nebraska senator has acquired? Is it reputation or notoriety? It all depends upon the point of view. By some he has been heralded as a second Clay or a modern Webster. Others have declared him to be a hifalootin Fourth of July stump speaker. At all events the senator and his speech have been talked about, and that great desideratum, the advertisement of Nebraska, has been accomplished. Senator Thurston's speech was intended for listeners, not for readers. And a gentleman of this city who was present, informs me that the staid senators were unusually demonstrative at the conclusion of the speech. Sentiment that may tickle the ear sometimes seems overdrawn when reduced to print. The truth is the senator gave the eagle too much string. She soared a little high. The conservatism of the senate will easily teach him to bring the bird down nearer to earth.

The announcement that Henry Esta-



Prof. T. G. MARTIN (See Page 3)

McTague's for a little social time and in the conviviality that must inevitably follow the juxtaposition of three such familiar and fraternal spirits, forgot all about the meeting in this city.

Mr. Gere and Mr. Jones, of the Journal, are great men. No one can doubt their greatness. Mr. Gere has an intellectual eye and particularly able whiskers, while Mr. Jones is justly entitled to the designation as the Joe Medill of Nebraska journalism. And these two great men, than whom in their own profession there are no greater, were not above an affiliation with the association of country editors. Mr. Gere and Mr. Jones, and the latter

He writes execrable poetry—stuff that is really worse than the halting productions of Alfred Austin, poet laureate, and he wants to go to congress. He very considerably abstained from the poetry habit while in this city, and with characteristic modesty made careful concealment of the other weakness. Mr. Hammond is conscientious, and he did not desire to have the impression go abroad that he is using his newspaper connections to accelerate the movement of his congressional boom. As a matter of fact, had he permitted it, the association would have gone on record as enthusiastically endorsing his candidacy. All the republican newspapers of the state are in favor of Mr. Hammond as