

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

brook, of Omaha, is to change his residence to Chicago, is a source of genuine regret to all who have ever come in contact with this gentleman who occupies a somewhat unique place in the public life of Nebraska. Here in this state we are not surfeited with men of Estabrook's culture and polish, and when we find a man who has these qualities and is withal a jolly good fellow, we are in the presence of a product sufficiently rare to be regarded with rather marked respect and esteem. Mr. Estabrook is not a self-assertive man. He is much less known than fifty or a hundred infinitely smaller men who manage to attract public attention in this state. But where he is known he is appreciated. As a regent of the state university and as a guest of the Young Men's Republican club, he has been prominently known in this city. In his departure from the state the university will lose one of its staunchest and ablest friends and Nebraska one of its foremost citizens. Mr. Estabrook is the most polished, scholarly speaker in Nebraska. As an orator his fame is national. He is the kind of men Nebraska could well afford to put a premium on.

Nebraska cannot afford to do otherwise than cast its full vote for McKinley in the republican national convention. The distinguished Ohioan has many elements of strength. He is a perfect type of American citizenship. He has the sturdy honesty, the outspoken will, the unflinching courage that are associated with the ideal American character. He represents as no other living man represents the aggressive, moving force of advanced republicanism. McKinley stands as no other man stands, for the great principle which the events of the last two years have caused the whole nation to regard as the practical basis of national prosperity. But he is not a man of one idea. He is broadly republican and patriotic. Major McKinley, for the sake of honor, surrendered the accumulations of years, and elected to be known as an honest man rather than as a successful man. It is something to have in a candidate for the highest office in the country, a man who is not only honest but truly honorable. This candidate's character is beyond assual. He will go into the St. Louis convention the popular candidate. Quay and Platte and the vote buying element of the republican party will be against him. It remains to be seen whether the bosses can stem the current of public sentiment and take the nomination away from the man to whom, logically and rightfully, it belongs. Nebraska cannot afford to vote with the Quay-Platte machine.

This is not an extravagant estimate of McKinley. It will be noticed that it is not said that he is a greater statesman than Blaine or a bigger man than Lincoln. He has not been tried as these men were tried. Thus far he has met every emergency that has come in his way, and there is every reason to suppose that the man who has served with signal honor and distinction as the governor of Ohio and a member of congress may be eminently qualified for the proper discharge of the duties of president of the United States. McKinley is a safe man. He is conservative, with-

out being slow; sincere without being a crank; patriotic without being bombastic.

A new monthly publication has found its way to The Courier office. It is fin de siecle—very. It is called "The Lark," with the motto, "Who'll be the clerk? I said The Lark." It is printed on brown paper closely resembling that which comes into our kitchens wrapped around beefsteak. The pages are four inches wide and six inches long. There are sixteen of them. The publication office is in San Francisco. There is an up-to-dateness about "The Lark" that will appeal to those persons who like oddity and affect the aesthetic. The following is rather the best thing—and is not bad—in the copies thus far at hand:

Let's open the window! There's the new day out there—new light on our faces, and new hope in our hearts.

The room breathes again. What fools we have been to think we could have worked it out in a studio—this sense of life, in art! Hear that milkman's whistle—he will kiss the girl washing down the back steps; and God gives us hope in the next generation! He came in over a fresh country this morning, with the din of the cans; and the meadow larks parted from the fences on either side of the road as he passed, and brushed the dew off the grass in long sweeps as they went whistling down the slopes. O, undoubtedly he didn't think much about them! They were Peter Bell's yellow promises to him, "and they were nothing more." We are, after all, not at the end of things, so long as the masses look at the yellow primrose without thinking of Mr. Wordsworth. We can maintain a hope. Art must come out of the earth, and the earth be plowed and sowed and reaped by a sturdy race, before there comes the harvest of conscious beauty. And why should we hurry to the end of the feast—the tidbit, the dolce? Ah! my milkman has not! Here he comes at last, with a leap like a bird's to duty. Overmeasure to every empty can this morning, I'll warrant, with a drop on the curb for the cat! God! I'd rather pull the teats of a cow than squeeze tubes of cobalt and carmine! Let us get out into the air—run wild over the Presidio, and then a dash in the bay. Life is a bigger thing than art!

Yvette Guilbert naively remarks that "Paris is not any more rotten than New York." Of course there are degrees and shades of rottenness. It must be gratifying to know that New York is not more rotten than Paris. Miss Guilbert

is a competent judge. Her vindication of New York will be accepted as the last word on the subject. Miss Guilbert has never seen Lincoln. It would be interesting to know her opinion on the comparative rottenness of this town. Her experience is largely confined to London, Paris, Chicago and New York. She has never seen a real "wide open" town like Lincoln.

Next week, the 12th, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln will be celebrated all over the country. In the last ten years Lincoln's birthday has been accorded a prominence almost equal to that given to Washington's birthday, and it is probable that the former will be celebrated with more and more enthusiasm as time goes on. Just now there is more interest in Lincoln and his life than has been manifest any time since the war.

Mr. Newbranch, elsewhere in this issue of The Courier, discusses hard times in Nebraska. He speaks of the scarcity of money as a principal cause. Money is scarce, it is true. But what is it that makes money scarce? For three years we have been sending money out of the state instead of bringing it in. Just as soon as Nebraska is restored to its normal agricultural condition money will be plenty again, and times

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—*The Courier*—

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