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# THE COURIER

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## OBSERVATIONS

Those persons who did not attend the meeting held in the Funke opera house last Saturday night missed the edification of witnessing a spectacle so rare that it assumed the form of a phenomenon or a paradox. If the truth were told, the like of it was never seen before. It was no wonder that the advertisement of it filled the opera house with curious people. It was the evening of George Washington's birthday, and the Father's portrait, draped in glory, beamed benignantly from the stage. The goddess of reform, star-eyed and radiant as the morn, held sway. Virtue lifted up its voice, and purity clapped its feet together. Righteous indignation rolled in thunderous tones, and the very air was clarified. It was a great night. The star-eyed goddess had her apotheosis. Many a time and oft in this town has she risen as if to fly aloft; but ever and always her wings were clipped, and the flowing white robe has trailed in the dust, and her feet have stuck in the mud. But the goddess had her day at last. And it was a triumph, full and beautiful. This time there was no dropping to earth. The wings did their duty, and the goddess sailed to a dizzy height, while the multitude gazed as if spell-bound, and then, breaking the spell, burst into rapturous applause. To repeat, it was a great night.

And the apotheosis of reform was achieved by republicans! Some impertinent persons have said that republicans are bad. It is neresy, rank heresy. This irruption of virtue proved that republicans are good. It was a fine thing that the scoffing Billy Bryan was there to witness the serial gymnastics of the goddess. It was a good thing

that the explosion of virtue had plenty of witnesses. It all came about through somebody's agitating the adoption of the Crawford county system of voting. This system, with modifications seemed to be a good thing, and the republican party adopted it, for municipal purposes only.

The one feature of the meeting, the one phenomenal paradox, was the spectacle of the editor emeritus of the State Journal, and the present commander-in-chief of the Sunday Bicycle Journal, the kindly-eyed and beautifully whiskered Mr. Gere, lifting up his soft and melodious voice in praise of the goddess. Tom Platt's song was naught beside Mr. Gere's chant of praise. It was astonishing, inspiring. It was great. For many years Mr. Gere has paid secret court to the goddess of the starry eyes. He has sought her in private and gazed rapturously into her eyes. He has walked with her in the white walled chambers of purity. Aye, and he has stroked her hand. Coming out into the grim, black world again, his face shone with reflected glory, and his eyes have gleamed softly and benevolently. People have marked the benignancy of Mr. Gere's countenance through all the years. But they have not known that all this time he has been under the influence of the adorable goddess. Mr. Gere has always worshipped the goddess and believed in reform. But he has carefully abstained from giving any evidence of his infatuation in the columns of the Journal. So successful has he been in concealing his secret affection that some people have even imagined that he was given over to the worship of the grass and ugly baubles of the system of spoils. The Journal persistently attacked the goddess, and on more than one occasion blacked her starry eyes. While the editor flirted with the goddess the paper trailed along after the freckled and muddy-skirted bowery girl. So, when Mr. Gere took his place on the stage of the opera house last Saturday night, with one hand resting on the snowy head of George Washington and the other near his (Gere's) heart, his eyes uplifted to the beautiful, calomined ceiling, his feet hidden in a vast roll of red, white and blue bunting, the footlights covering him with glittering refulgence, and, in crooning notes of melody, made public confession of his amour with the goddess, and led in the praise of reform, a wave of surprise and incredulity swept over the audience. It was a sight never to be forgotten. D. G. Courtney was stricken as with palsy, and his hair is now white. Mayor Graham dislocated his left hip, and L. W. Billingsley had to be removed from the audience. It was a great time.

As was anticipated the contest for the delegation to the national republican convention has developed into a trial of strength between Senator Thurston and ex-Senator Manderson. It has been charged that Thurston is himself am-

bitious and is in the McKinley movement for purely selfish reasons; that in return for the support of the Nebraska delegation he will receive the promise of material recognition when the candidate shall have become president. It is questionable if Thurston would exchange the senatorship for a cabinet office, as history shows that in most instances the men who have left the senate for a place in the cabinet have never risen any higher than the cabinet, and it is no secret that Thurston's ambition reaches higher than a secretaryship. But Thurston has been for McKinley for president for the last three years, in fact ever since the Minneapolis convention. His advocacy of the Ohio candidate is no new thing, and it can hardly be charged that there is any bargain between himself and McKinley. He is attacked because his advocacy of McKinley is in opposition to a favorite son, that he is duty bound to support Manderson. It must be remembered that it has been known for several years that Thurston was for McKinley, and that a strong effort would be made to throw this state to this candidate. In all this time and up to two or three weeks ago there was no mention of the possibility of there being a candidate from Nebraska for the presidency. Neither Mr. Manderson or anybody else knew that Manderson would be a candidate, and the ex senator did not know it himself until he went to Washington and got afloat of the influence of Matt Quay. No friend of Manderson can charge bad faith. As has been repeatedly said in these columns the republicans of Nebraska would be glad to honor Mr. Manderson. They would be pleased to have Mr. Manderson made the candidate for the presidency, but they know that under existing circumstances such a hope is futile. They know that the republican party will not come to Nebraska for its presidential candidate this time. The Manderson men claim that in the event of a deadlock the ex-senator would in all probability be chosen. It is the judgment of the leaders of the party throughout the country that either Harrison or Allison would be the choice in that event. It is impossible to consider the Manderson candidacy as being conducted with any serious intention of pushing the ex-senator as a candidate in his own right, and there are many republicans in this state who can see no good reason why they should desert McKinley, their natural choice, for a candidate who is being run in the interest of the Quay-Platte machine.

Again it is urged that the officers of the republican state league are using their positions to further the interests of McKinley, and Mr. Collins, as one of the aggressive young men in the McKinley movement is coming in for his share of attention. There has been no meeting of the league for two years, and the executive committee has not been together in six months. The league is taking no part whatsoever in the struggle for the control of the delegation to the national convention. It so

happens that the league is largely composed of men who are not at the beck and call of the railroads and the machine, and undoubtedly the great majority of league members are for McKinley. But officers are not using their offices in McKinley's interest. Surely Mr. Collins and others should not be restrained from taking part, unofficially, in the McKinley movement because they happen to hold league offices.

Governor Holcomb has appointed Victor Rosewater regent of the state university, to succeed Henry D. Estabrook, resigned. The governor owes much to Mr. Rosewater, the elder, and it is natural that he should requite the obligation, and visit his favor on the son. The appointment will not be approved by everybody. No appointment ever is. Some of the anti-Rosewater republicans are disposed to object to this recognition of the arch enemy. But the governor unquestionably has the power, and the executive and appointee can regard the situation with complaisance at a smile and say: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

In reality it is a good appointment. Whatever may be the prejudice against the father, no one can deny the son's fitness for the place. Victor Rosewater has had special educational advantages, and withal, he is of a practical turn of mind. He will undoubtedly render satisfactory service on the board of regents, and it is possible that through the son's connection the father may come to a better realization of the merit of the University of Nebraska. If Governor Holcomb had not made any worse appointments than this one, his administration could not be severely criticized.

Councilman Lawlor is pushing his cigarette ordinance along, and the curfew sends out the warning note nightly, but Mayor Graham has as yet taken no step to prevent the real lawlessness that infests the city. If the city is to be reformed there must be no half way measures. It will not do to stop with the curfew and cigarette ordinance. Of course the mayor intends to do the right thing, and go after the gamblers. There is no doubt as to his ultimate intention. The trouble is, he is too slow.

No system of voting can make politics entirely pure. The Crawford county system and the Australian ballot notwithstanding, there will be base men and base methods in politics. But it is possible to improve that which cannot be made perfect. The Crawford or Lincoln system is a move in the proper direction, and its general effect will probably be good. It contains good and bad points. There is no reason why it should not be tried. It will not be a difficult matter to amend it.

There is in this city an informal organization that meets every Sunday evening to discuss subjects connected with sociology. It is called the Social Science club. In it are men of radical