

# THE COURIER

LINCOLN NEB., SATURDAY, JUNE 6 1896



ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 217 North Eleventh St.

Telephone 384

W. MORTON SMITH Editor and Manager  
SARAH B. HARRIS Associate Editor

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum .....	\$2.00
Six months .....	1.00
Three months .....	50
One month .....	20
Single copies .....	5

## OBSERVATIONS

So Lincoln has a live candidate for the presidency! Lincoln is a little back from the Missouri river and there is no Bee building or Clementina Chase here, but they can't keep us down, for all that. Not even Omaha can snuff out our light. To be sure, Mr. Bentley had to split up the prohibition party in order to get himself nominated for president, but as there wasn't very much of the party in the first place, the fracture cannot cause any serious damage. Lincoln ought to be represented in the galaxy of presidential candidates, and we would not have blamed Mr. Bentley if he had divided the cold water party into twenty-seven different sections that he might be nominated by one of them. Hurrah for Bentley! May he run like the Fowler sextuplet, and may his tire never puncture! General Manderson was forced to retire from the race for a presidential nomination, but Bentley, the adored of the Bittenbenders, goes in and wins. Bully for Bentley!

Our "broad gauge" prohibition friend having smashed his party into smithereens that he might snatch a nomination from the wreck we will wait and watch with eager interest the attempt of our suave and sapient townsman, William Jingling Bryan, to smash the democratic party in bits for the same laudable purpose.

Did it ever occur to you, gentle reader, that politically and otherwise Nebraska is, all things considered, the greatest state in the union? Nebraska may be still struggling in the swaddling clothes of infancy, but she can kick holes in the nursery ceiling and set up a howl that makes the older states dizzy. Here we are, a community so recently emerged from territorial incipency that we are not yet dry behind the ears, and we are taking such a large part in the affairs of the nation that each one of the four chief political parties has not only some of its most prominent members

here, but has come to us for candidates for the nomination for president! Manderson and Thurston with their various aspirations have kept Nebraska well to the front in the republican party, while Mr. Bryan is regarded as a leading candidate for the silver democratic nomination for president and the Honorable J. Seedless Morton represents that which is picturesque and exquisite in the ranks of the old line democratic party, and is a possible candidate for president. In the populist party we have that great and good man, Silas Adipose Holcomb, and that long drawn out specimen of senatorial sensationalism, William Vainglorious Allen, both of them frequently "mentioned" in connection with the presidential nomination.

A pretty good showing, isn't it, for a state that only a few years ago echoed with the shrill note of the coy-

men from the faculty to Leland Stanford university and the university of Minnesota. Nebraska is only a suckling infant, comparatively, and yet one of our citizens, General Manderson, was selected from the whole country, to make the annual Decoration day address at the tomb of Grant, and within the state originated the observance of Arbor day. Nebraska has produced Buffalo Bill, the greatest thing in his line on two continents, and has given the seductive game of high-five to the world. Nebraska people have a smaller percentage of illiteracy than those of any other state, and we lead in beet sugar manufacture and with one or two exceptions raise more corn than any state in the union. Nebraska has turned out one of the world's fastest bicycle riders, Barnett, and produced one of the country's noted journalists, Walter Wellmar, and is the mainstay of one of the greatest railway corporations

tempting to do is to preach the word of God. And yet what interest he has aroused! How the people flock to hear the young man tell afresh the story that is as old as the world and whose vitality and ever-increasing influence render puerile the demonstrations of kicking clowns like Ingersoll! The Rev. H. Percy Silver came unheralded from Omaha to become rector of Holy Trinity church. He is young, and somehow in Omaha he was kept on the outskirts and he was little known. But he has made a remarkable impression in Lincoln. Some men who have preached in this city have declared that this is not a spiritual community and that the people would not listen to old fashioned spiritual sermons. They contended that what the people wanted was "practical" sermons, or "pulpit editorials," and they conducted the prayer meetings through the week in an apologetic way, and on the Sabbath day preached on poli-



ote, and had as its human inhabitants scattered tribes of Indians, whose trails through the tall prairie grass marked the way for the gold seekers in '49, and later suggested the course of the great trans-continental lines of railway?

It is twenty-eight years since Nebraska became a state, and yet the four great political parties have their greatest members here, and Mr. Cleveland comes to us to complete his cabinet; and Mr. McKinley comes to us for one of his greatest advocates, the man who is to stand sponsor for him before the St. Louis convention; and the mine owners, or the silver men, come to us for their most effective champion. Only twenty-eight years old and the Ohio state university comes to us for its president, and our state university obtains recognition as one of four of the leading state universities of the country and we send

in the world. Nebraska has the first homesteader in the United States, the only living war governor, the greatest living botanist, and that most powerful organization the Irish National league had, in its greatest days, its central organization here. Nebraska has all these and a hundred other similar distinctions, and it is a pretty good record for a kid, isn't it?

There is a tonic in the air in Nebraska that rouses men to action, and causes them to create, to produce. And if we have done so much in the last quarter of a century, starting from nothing, what may we not do in the next twenty-five years? "Stand up for Nebraska!"

There is a young man in this city, a new comer, who is going to make his mark. He isn't an author or a financier or a builder of bridges. He is only a minister, and all he is at-

tics or the reservation or the last murder trial.

Mr. Silver is very old fashioned in his ideas of preaching. His sermons neither partake of the elements of a stump speech nor an editorial leader. He has studied the Bible, and he is so far behind the times that he is preaching solely from the Word. And, strange as it may seem, he has found many old fashioned people in this practical and rather calloused and frivolous community, who, like himself are behind the times, and who like the old fashioned preaching. It has been made plain, since Mr. Silver came to town, that even among a practical unspiritual people there is a demand for spiritual teaching.

The new rector is an athletic young man, full of life and spirit, just the sort of man who would be interested in wholesome sport. He has a manly