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## OBSERVATIONS

Judge Cunningham R. Scott of Omaha disapproves of the platform adopted by the republican convention in St. Louis, and he makes a platform himself. It is a pretty small platform, but Judge Scott can stand on it without any difficulty, for the judge is a rather small man.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, of the Universalist church, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. It may or may not be significant that the pastors of three prominent city churches have resigned within the last year. Mr. Chapin has been a faithful pastor. He has fine ability and undoubted sincerity. He has labored unceasingly and with much effect in the upbuilding of the church. He has taken a proper interest in the public affairs of the city, and has been particularly active in all movements for good government. Mr. Chapin, in addition to being a good pastor and able preacher, is an excellent citizen, public spirited, outspoken, courageous. He is the kind of man Lincoln cannot afford to lose.

Next week the political party that enjoys the distinguished honor of having been pulverized by Grover Cleveland will assemble its fragments in Chicago for the purpose of adding its quota to the prevailing unpleasantness in national politics. The large, determined man destined to be known in history as the predecessor of William McKinley is notorious to all the feathered tribes as Old-Death-to-Ducks. He is quite as disastrous to the democratic party as he is to ducks. Three years ago when Mr. Cleveland took up the democratic party it was strong and hearty and reasonably well fastened together. Today the party is pulverized and poisoned. And the presidential duck shooter did it. The old party that was wont to stand on its own bottom and spar with the republican party for points is now disintegrated and demoralized and decrepit. Its leaders abandoned its old

time traditions and, in despair, are ready to seduce or be seduced by populism and anarchy. Democratic fragments are waiting to fasten themselves onto free silver or any old thing that holds out hope. The party, anxious to keep the remaining vestiges of life that are in it, is treating or ready to treat with anybody or anything, and is no more bothered by the enforced surrender of historic principles than is the mincing strumpet beset with conscience qualms.

Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, was a republican who was proselyted to democratic faith. Since the St. Louis convention he has returned to republicanism. Colonel McClure is a strong, vigorous writer. Recently a correspondent asked him, "Why are all the millionaires, Wall street gamblers, railroad wreckers and possessors of inherited wealth the most determined upholders of the gold standard?" The editor replied as follows:

"The assumption of Mr. Brown that millionaires, Wall street gamblers, railroad wreckers and possessors of inherited wealth are the chief supporters of the gold standard in this country is simply a repetition of the demagogic utterances made by knaves and fools in every section of the land. All the millionaires, Wall street gamblers and railroad wreckers in the entire country do not aggregate one per cent of the population of the United States, and they are less potent in shaping the political destiny of the country than any like number of American citizens of average intelligence.

"No class would profit more by free silver than the millionaires. The major portion of their property would be nominally doubled in value, and they would reap a rich harvest with their ready millions from the bankruptcy that would inevitably fall upon an overwhelming number of those less favored by fortune. Wall street gamblers would have everything to gain by the unsettling of values that would attend the adoption of free silver. Anything that disturbs the tranquility of commerce and trade is grist to the mill of the stock gambler. Railroad wreckers would only have their business multiplied by the acceptance of the free silver convulsion. As a rule they would have everything to gain by our degradation to the silver standard, as they are shrewd enough to have all their obligations issued in the reorganization of railways payable in gold, while, under free silver, they would pay their own debts in money worth 50 cents on the dollar.

"The possessors of inherited wealth embrace one-half the people of the United States, differing only in the amount of their inheritance, and most of those who acquire it by industry, appreciate its value and seek to maintain it. The intelligent and industrious mechanics and other workingmen who have acquired their own homes and paid for them by their own labor are in favor of the gold standard because it is the only standard of honest money throughout the civilized world. They know also that in no country on the face of the earth, where the silver standard of money is accepted, can any mechanic or workingman ever ac-

quire a home by his own labor. They know that under free silver wages would be but little advanced, if at all, while it would require two dollars of their earnings to buy the necessities of life now purchased by one dollar.

"If we were to call upon Mr. Brown to explain to the people of the country why every red-handed anarchist of the land is a blatant free silverite; why every agrarian who despises the sanctity of honestly acquiring property is a free silverite; why every idle and vicious lounge in the community is a free silverite, and why every dishonest bankrupt or debtor is a free silverite, it might require of him much study to invent a plausible answer, because a truthful one could not be given without putting him to shame. Our correspondent has been misled by demagogues, and he should not add to his error the crime of helping to mislead others."

The most interesting personality at the American Whist congress held during last week at the Oriental hotel, Manhattan beach, was Mr. Henry Jones of London, England. This name means nothing to the average whist player, but it is as "Cavendish" that Mr. Jones is known wherever four people sit down together in the game of whist. The infallibility of "Cavendish" in defining the laws of whist is unquestioned wherever the game is played. He is the law in England and in the United States and Australia, and translated into French, German, Spanish or Italian, he is yet the law. Mr. Jones or "Cavendish" is a landed gentleman who for thirty-five years has conducted the whist department of England's standard sportsmen's newspaper, The Field of London, which department is recognized in the world of whist as gospel. He also presides over the department of cards and pastimes in the columns of The Queen, a leading illustrated periodical devoted to women and her fashions. "Cavendish" visited the United States during the year of the world's fair, attended the whist congress, and in the course of an extended tour of the country, met the leading whist players of the American league, which today is an affiliation of 100 clubs formed for the study and enjoyment of this game. The former visit of "Cavendish" gave whist a decided impetus in America. In a match or championship game he sits up to the table stiff, prim, moving with precision and in a mechanical manner that does not vary in the slightest degree. "I endeavor on such occasions to avoid conversation, and in the handling of the cards I appear to be a machine. Whist is a game in which the cards should furnish the conversation. No matter what the situation, I give no sign of either to myself or partner by my manner. Although I detest all round games of cards, I have frequently been called upon to admire the silent, impassive, mechanical sphinx-like demeanor of your best American poker players." Yet with all the freedom of a social game, "Cavendish" is a stickler for the etiquette of the board. He plays, as a rule, in the simplest manner. He is a stickler for the exact position in which the counters shall be placed upon the board. In a thousand games their position, just so far from the end

or inner edge of the table, would not vary a fraction of an inch.

Mr. Jones smokes cigarettes of Turkish tobacco with Russian mouth-pieces during his play, and at critical points in the game pauses to take a few reflective whiffs. His movements are slow, but are without flourish. He reminds one as he reaches for a trick or leads a card of the school book definition: "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." He holds his cards loosely—carelessly, an American poker player would say, but this is only in appearance, for, as a matter of fact, while he spreads them out, he holds his hand close up to his breast, and under no circumstances do his adversaries get a glimpse of their faces. During play he holds his cards in the left hand, leading with the right by a short, easy movement, the hand being about three inches above the table. He lays the card down quietly, never dropping it. In gathering in a trick he does so by a comprehensive spreading of the fingers, dragging the cards to the edge of the table, where by a single movement he bunches and then turns them over. The last card he plays with his left hand. In the arrangement of the tricks into books he is a stickler for the form shown in the last of the illustrations. The exact number of tricks taken is revealed to the player and onlooker at a glance. The glass of brandy and water which accompanies "Cavendish" into the card room rests on a chair by his side, and is only consulted between deals, when a mere sip of the decoction is taken. "Cavendish" has played whist so long that every movement of the game is to him second nature. He does not impress the spectator as being an expert in the manipulation of the cards. He is not. In an effort to show how the deck may be divided and the cards put through what is known as the "book shuffle" without changing their position in the deck, he bungled badly. His favorite shuffle is to divide the deck evenly, standing one-half on end against the table and well protected by the left hand, while the other half, placed to the end, is gently forced through the deck. This is a very common and satisfactory way of mixing the cards.

The state convention marked the passing of men who in times not so long ago past exercised a potent influence in republican state politics. Tom Majors, who two years ago surmounted every difficulty, including E. Rosewater, and wooed a nomination for governor from a party that was coy, was notable by his obscurity in the deliberations this week. And Church Howe, who has boasted for years that he is "out of politics," seemed to be entirely so. It is singular that these two men, Majors and Howe, who have kept up a feud for years, should both suffer eclipse at the same time. Fate has been impartial to them. Both have been prominent, but circumstances raised a wall in front of each's ambition. Majors has yearned to be governor. Howe has dreamed for twenty years of the delight of adding M. C. to his name. Two years ago both came near the realization of their desires. Howe was within a few votes of the nomination for congress. Had he been nominated he would have been