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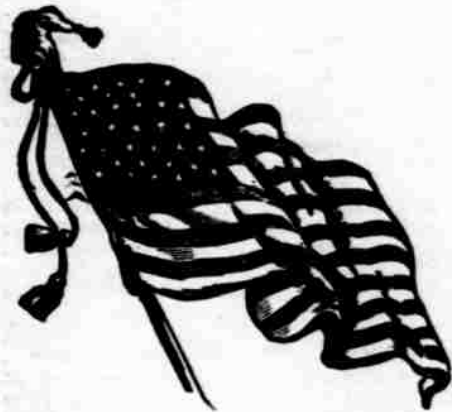
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OBSERVATIONS

Major Clarkson, of Omaha, desired to be elected commander at the annual Grand Army encampment, recently held in St. Paul. Major Clarkson being a Nebraskan, distanced all competitors and was elected. This is Nebraska's year. It's a great mistake for anybody not a Nebraskan to attempt to be elected chief of any order or organization this year. Our own Richard O'Neill, the soft-voiced and gentle-mannered O street jeweler, who has a sweet brogue, determined, some months ago, to have himself elected president of the Retail Jewelers' association of the United States. He packed his grip and went to Atlantic City where the annual meeting was held, and almost with one accord the jewelers of the country rose and demanded that the crown be placed on Richard's head. Of course he came home president. The attorneys of the country met in annual convention. Mr. Woolworth, of Omaha, white-whiskered, suave, and of high standing in his profession, conceived the idea that there

would be some honor in being elected president of the American Bar association. He went on to the meeting. The other attorneys asked Mr. Woolworth where he was from. He uttered the magic word "Nebraska." He was elected with practically no opposition. Major Clarkson, it will be remembered, was the unanimous choice for commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In a larger way this state has received unusual distinction this year. We have alluded to the honor that has come to Mr. Bryan, to Senator Thurston, to Senator Allen, to Mr. Bentley and numerous other Nebraska politicians. The Honorable J. Seedless Morton, as is well known, had to use force to keep himself from being nominated for president.

Nebraska can raise more corn to the acre and more politicians to the precinct than any state in the union. If Mr. Bryan should be elected president he would not have to go outside of his own state for his cabinet—in fact he could fill all the places in the government service from this state, and we would still have enough patriots left to keep things from stagnating at home. It comes to us, from a reliable source, that Mr. Bryan is not exactly satisfied with the sum total of his service to Nebraska. He has come to believe that the debilitated elevator in the postoffice building is slightly out of proportion to the \$20,000 which he has received as a result of the favor bestowed on him by the people of this state. He is said to have made up his mind to throw Altgeld and Tillman and Mrs. Lease and Eugene Debs and St. John and the rest, overboard, and make up his cabinet of jewels exclusively from Nebraska talent. We hope this is so. There are a few faithful adherents of Mr. Bryan and free silver in this city who have not, it seems to us, received the consideration they deserve, and we hope Mr. Bryan will accept our suggestions in good part. Now there is that fecund and wily diplomat, M. D. Tiffany. He would make a secretary of state that Li Hung Chang would no doubt be willing to come all the way from China to see. Certainly no confidence is violated in the statement that M. D. Tiffany would make a daisy secretary of state, a proper successor to the heavy and homely Olney. For secretary of war there could, of course, be no second choice. Colonel Pace has fought on so many and so varied political battlefields that his fame as a fighter is almost equal to that of the redoubtable Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. Colonel Pace has free silver whistles. He is a man after Mr. Bryan's own heart. Not long ago he was slashing around in the greenback party, demanding the free coinage of

paper. He has a seductive smile and an incisive sword thrust. For secretary of war, Colonel L. C. Pace! There's another valiant man with beautiful whiskers who has never had his due. We refer to that sainted martyr on the cross of patriotism, J. H. Craddock. Mr. Craddock is one of the ablest and most distinguished supporters of Mr. Bryan in all the country. There's one nice thing about Craddock—he's amenable to reason. When Alva Smith was running for sheriff on the republican ticket, Craddock visited Smith's town, Waverly, to make a speech in behalf of the populist candidate. Before the populist meeting Craddock got some dust in his mouth and wanted a drink. It was very thick dust, and he knew water wouldn't affect it. He thought whisky would answer the purpose. Waverly is a temperance town. Craddock couldn't find any whisky. Finally he sought out Smith, the man he had come to oppose, and disclosed his terrible plight. Mr. Smith knew where there was a pint of whisky, and he told Craddock he would produce the pint, if he (Craddock), would do the right thing by him, [Smith], in his speech, the pint to be forthcoming after the speech. Craddock readily promised. He made a populist speech, but said he had nothing whatever to say against the republican candidate for sheriff, Mr. Smith. In fact, he believed he was a very good sort of a man. The speech was very short, and Mr. Smith willingly placed the flask in Craddock's hands. Mr. Craddock, it seems to us, would make a lovely secretary of the interior. He would listen to reason. Now, while one J. H. Harley draws the postmaster's salary in this city, it is a well known fact that the real postmaster is the Honorable Tommy Worrall, who works so hard that it makes him limp. Mr. Worrall is known in the postmaster general's office as the most beautiful and efficient postmaster in the service, and Senator Jones gets daily bulletins of advice from Tommy. Certainly Mr. Bryan would not hesitate to make Tommy postmaster general. John Currie would make a good secretary of the navy. At present he knows nothing about naval affairs, but he talked with St. Gaudens once and became a famous sculptor an hour afterwards. He could go out to Burlington Beach and glance at John Dorgan's flotilla and know twice as much about the navy as does Secretary Herbert. Let Currie have the navy. Currie's appointment would settle a question that just now threatens to involve Nebraska and Tennessee in war. For secretary of agriculture who could be better than Col. J. G. P. Hildebrand, who, we understand, has deserted gold for silver? Col. Hildebrand raises watermelons as large as roe's eggs, and he knows a good many things about agriculture in general. He is a formidable looking man, and his selection would

give joy to the farmers—and Hildebrand, C. G. Bullock is a nice man, and we think he would make a much better secretary of the treasury than Mr. Carlisle. He would issue some red hot free silver documents from the treasurers office. For attorney general, Ed Lamb. Mr. Lamb is handsome, and we understand he is a lawyer. He believes in free silver and talks for it, and that is the principal thing. If anybody can propose a better cabinet than this we would like to see it.

The event for which Omaha society waited one whole year was celebrated Friday night of last week. Of course the Ak-Sar-Ben ball was not so swell or so radiantly brilliant as the first one when beautiful blondined Isadore Rush graced the fete. But then it is not always possible to have Isadore, and the second annual ball was a gorgeous spectacle. And it was swell. If there is anything Omaha people like it is being swell, and the annual Ak-Sar-Ben ball furnishes a suitable opportunity for indulging this propensity. The state fair was not a success financially, but the principal feature of the fair was an iridescent spectacle, and King Yost and Queen Dundy held a fair court.

There is no such thing as a national silver party. The fact that there isn't makes the notification ceremony which was observed in this city this week, ridiculous. Every man who claims to be a member of the silver party is a full-fledged populist. Mr. Bryan accepted this notification seriously. The candidate is steadily improving in acting ability.

W. MORTON SMITH.

What is all this fuss about Li Hung Chang for? He is not an envoy is he? He left China as its representative at the coronation of the Czar and decided to come home by way of England and the United States. "It is his pleasure, not his duty or his order."

There was a time when he might have been called a "boss." That time has passed, however. He is today simply Li Hung Chang, a venerable and astute Chinaman, who has fulfilled the mission for which he left his native land, and is now moving homeward in the most convenient and luxurious fashion he can think of. They had fits over him in London, but the hysterics were short-lived. The Americans, taking their cue from Engliand; have set up a rival wriggle. What does it all come to? There is a cynical suggestion in this great to-do concerning the unrepresentative representative of a nation whose subjects are denied admission to this country, and whose citizens are kept outside political recognition. It has been funny to watch the popular ecstasy about the Waldorf, and then to consider the persecution and the contumely to which the inhabitants of Mott street are subjected by the same mob that obstructs the progress of the viceroy's chariot.