

# THE COURIER

LINCOLN NEB., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1896.



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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.  
Telephone 384.

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

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



## OBSERVATIONS

Before the state convention The Courier warned the republican party that the nomination of a man like Jack MacColl would be disastrous. But the ring was too strong to be broken, and Jack was nominated. A man whose salutation is generally followed by an invitation to take a drink and who is the boon companion of Tom, Dick and Harry, is not the kind of man that the people of Nebraska wish to make a governor of. He might have done in territorial days, though even then there were men of character whose spotless linen was a sign of the respect they had for themselves. A blue shirt is not a sign of a broad humanitarianism, nor of a high grade of political honesty, nor of anything except eccentricity. The Toms and the Jacks have been defeated in Nebraska once and for all. The people want a man whose neighbors and townsmen are accustomed to address as Mr. Somebody.

The new state officers have the re-

spect of the few who know them. Their reputation is that of honorable men. They have been elected without the aid or consent of a ring. Therefore they will have no pledges to fulfill, nothing before them but their duty, and no particular record behind them. They will have a chance to show their honesty and ability. Nebraska credit will improve and the capitalist and populist will shake hands. An honest and capable administration by the state officers of whatever party, will steady wavering credit.

Governor Holcomb has been the chief executive of the state for two years. On no occasion has he failed to perform the duties of his office. His election to a second term is a fitting recognition of his honesty and faithfulness as well as a rebuke to the gang between whom and the public treasury he has stood.

Those who have had the advantages (I use the word in its educational sense) of hearing Senator Thurston in Phillipic, eulogy and prophesy this summer say that he was magnificent. There is hardly an office or honor that the republican party has to bestow that will adequately reward him for his services. The only trouble is that if he gives up his senatorial seat to go and get his reward Mr. Bryan will drop right into it.

In spite of which he really deserves something more than having his picture published in the illustrated papers as chairman of the nominating convention at St. Louis. Something from the party, the pictures were only a natural consequence of distinction. In view of the danger of finding his chair occupied by the form of W. J. Bryan if he leaves the senate chamber it may be necessary to give him something in solid silver with an inscription commemorating virtues which only posterity has not yet recognized and been grateful for.

The outrages to the American flag which, the newspapers say, were perpetrated by populists in the late campaign show the propriety of removing that emblem from politics. It should be against the law to print upon the flag the face of any candidate or candidates. The union should be of first importance to every American. When the flag of which it is the symbol is stamped with the portrait of a man, who represents a policy which a large minority of the people believe will impoverish the United States, they are apt to forget their reverence for the one in their detestation of the other. It is unpatriotic for one party to assume the flag as their distinctive badge. When their candidate is elected, if the other party or parties, shall have accepted their claim to the flag, they—the defeated party,

may not accept the new president as their president and there will be various kinds of trouble.

It is penal to mutilate a dollar, yet any one who likes may have anybody's picture printed on the flag. Before the next presidential campaign a law should be passed making it a penitentiary offense to paste the flag on sidewalks or buildings where it may be defaced, or to print anything upon it that may obscure the stars or stripes or cause any loyal American to waver in his allegiance to what that flag means. The party who appropriates the flag and makes of it a party badge, especially if it succeed in making a party sign of it, is doing a dangerous and foolish thing.

The unattached foreigners who are pouring into this country have no traditional love for America. If they see the pictures of the candidates of the other party printed on a banner of red and white stripes and white stars there is nothing in its position to prevent them from tearing it down and stamping on it. What do they know about the union of forty-five states more or less, and the fact that when a man is elected president of the United States he is the head of the nation—of democrats, republicans, populists and prohibitionists? They need to be taught the oneness of this country, and they will learn it more quickly by the universal reverence for, and acceptance of the symbol of unity than in any other way.

"I wish to say now, before I forget it, that the most public-spirited citizen, the man of the most undaunted civic courage, the bravest, wisest, most patriotic, most far sighted party leader, the stout, est defender of law and honesty and the rights of property, the statesman to whom the gratitude of the inhabitants of New York is most justly due and most warmly shown, the statesman to whom this victory of good faith and good order brings the brightest promise for a continuing career of usefulness, is not the little democratic politician in Wolfert's Roost who has been lying *per du* in his cyclone cellar since the Chicago convention. Poor little Davey! He didn't know how the cat would jump, did he? His friends told him, but he would not listen to them. Has he got any friends now? Poor little Davey! He was cheap in his beginning, cheap in the middle, and cheapest of all in his inglorious end."

The face of the Montana silver statue to be shown at Herpolsheimer's next week is a likeness of Ada Rehan but the form is that of Mrs. Caroline Beach. The model was selected from a vast number of applicants by Sculptor Park. Mrs. Beach's figure was very beautiful and as near to the proportions immortal-

ized by Greek sculpture as an artist could hope to find on this earth. In size she was almost heroic, for she was five feet nine and a half inches high and weighed 170 pounds. Grace and strength were as happily combined in her as in the Venus de Milo. Today she is an inmate of the alcoholic ward of Bellevue hospital.

To destroy such beauty seems no ordinary sin, but that is what Caroline Louise Beach has done. Today she lies distorted and hideous, with hardly a trace discernible of the charms that attracted a nation. Her former beauty lends great interest to the sordid but tragic story of her life. In the beginning she was a vain woman, who married a good steady businessman in a small Illinois town. She developed a craving for notoriety. She moved to Chicago, and they drifted apart. She and her husband were not living together when she became the model for the Montana statue. After that he renounced her, and she came to New York. When living pictures were the rage in New York, Caroline Beach posed as St. Gauden's Diana at Koster and Bial's. She was only half an inch shorter than the Madison Square Diana and she weighed fifteen pounds more. Artists said that the lines of Mrs. Beach's figure were more beautiful than St. Gauden's ideal.

Her fame and success at that time, also, led to her downward career. The cold bottle and the hot bird proved an irresistible temptation. The lady continued to be five feet nine and a half inches high, but she lost many of the proportions that attracted Sculptor Park back in the days before the World's Fair.

She fled the calcium and the platform of living pictures, and took a whirl at the "legitimate." She tried a season with Lillian Lewis, and played parts in "Only a Farmer's Daughter" and "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl."

Last March she reappeared in New York as a member of George C. Miln's company. Mr. Miln is an unsuccessful Chicago preacher, with a Roman face and some elocutionary force. He intended to play at the Broadway theatre for ten weeks. The engagement was cut in half. Two of the weeks he played in "Julius Caesar."

Mrs. Beach attracted much attention. She played the part of Lucius, the boy page, who has a scene with Brutus in the tent after the quarrel with Cassius and on the eve of the battle of Phillippi.

When Mr. Miln's company reorganized Mrs. Beach was without an engagement and drifted into the inebriate ward of the hospital at Bellevue. She has lost her mind and raves. Sometimes she thinks she is back in Lincoln, Ill., and that she is the Katie Larimore