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SARAH H. HARRIS,
DORA BACHELLER

Editor.
Business Manager

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OBSERVATIONS.

The populist party attacked corruption with a virtuous vim that lead the unprejudiced to really believe that when they got to running things they would consider truth and justice before everything. Instead of that it is the same old story. Public office is a private snap to be held on to as long as possible and at the same time boost relations and friends into paying positions.

Since political history began the men, who, out of office, have cried "Reform, corruption, malfeasance, tyranny, in office, have cast aside all precedent, have grabbed everything in sight and have broken the rules of fair play which even thieves have found it expedient to adopt. In short a party which has been on the outside a long time is worse than the gang in a case of looting. The consciousness, whether true or not, that the outs have been robbed without recourse for years, makes them, when a change comes, more rapacious and bold than the former incumbents. The contemporary Nebraska populist legislature owes a grudge of many years standing to railroads, to banks, to all republican state officials. The state officials in question, to be sure have given the party a black eye which no amount of soothing applications can conceal. There is cause for the accusations which the state house orators make. But this recount ballot is striking a blow at democracy which no party can afford to deliver. From the governor down to the most insignificant pop of all no one has shown a disposition to have the votes counted by

methods above suspicion. It would be an easy matter to have the recount conducted in such a manner as to satisfy members of all parties. Instead of that, when a member of the commission made grave charges against the way in which the recount was being made, the governor rebuked him by withdrawing his appointment and refusing to investigate his charges against the other members of the commission. If the recount is regular and everything fair and above-board, why in huffer-mugger thus inter him? Party loyalty is a fine quality but loyalty to the principles upon which this great experimental government is founded, is better.

"But nevertheless it does move," Galileo whispered just after the rack of the inquisition had forced him to renounce his belief in his scientific discoveries. This was in 1632, and he was put to the torture by order of the Spanish inquisition. The Y. M. C. A. of this country exhibits the same spirit, though it lacks the powers conferred on that self-righteous inquisition by an absolute monarch. Science and religion were never opposed though protagonists have been trying to get up a fight between them since the first thinker on physical phenomena began to announce his conclusions. The German writers on the Bible have done more to bring the Bible into the daily lives of scholarly men and to induce them to make it their rule of conduct than any other influence. Ignorant preachers, like Mr. Moody, who insists that the Jonah story and all others like it must be accepted, or sinners must stay sinners and suffer in the lake of fire along with the culprits who have died in their sins before and since the christian era, go much farther than Christ's teaching warrants. He told the people when they asked Him what it was He came to teach, that it was love and love alone. Unselfishness, meekness and all the Blesseds of the Sermon on the Mount are included in the new commandment: "Love one another." That includes all the law and the prophets. If Jonah and all the miracles had been necessary to salvation, the new law would have stated it in some of the verbatim reports of Christ's sermons, but it does not and the inference is that "love is the fulfilling of the law." This being the case, the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. young men who shut out Dr. Lyman Abbott from their lecture-room have missed the lesson of the New Testament, though they can repeat whole chapters with the oily glibness of their kind. Oh! "It flecks me on the raw" to hear a Y. M. C. A. secretary holding a Bible in flabby covers, profusely marked with a blue pencil, and himself just about as ignorant as the day he was born, elucidate what he considers necessary to the salvation of the people he addresses. This kind have a sort of Bible slang.

a jolly, intimate way of speaking of the Force which created everything, intended, I think, to impress upon any unbelieving young man in the audience that religion is a cheerful experience, and that the speaker himself is private secretary to the Lord. None of the hesitation and humility which invariably characterize an old minister is to be observed in the young exhorter's attitude. He speaks with a brazen flippancy that attracts some and repulses more. It was this kind that locked the doors on Dr. Lyman Abbott. It was this kind that criticised that good scholar and eloquent preacher, Dr. Duryea. It is this kind that without desire or ability to study the modern critics of the Bible themselves, condemn and assault those who do. Dr. Lyman Abbott believes that the doctrine of evolution is not inconsistent with "God's way of doing things." Dr. Abbott says: "I believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ as the best attested fact of ancient history; I do not believe that the sun stood still and the moon stayed in the valley of Ajalon at Joshua's command; and I am uncertain of the interpretation of the wonderful stories of the Book of Daniel—whether they are to be regarded as Dean Farrar regards them, as 'lofty moral fiction,' or as essentially historical, or as partly imagination and partly historical. Hypotheses must, however, be conformed to attested facts, we must not determine whether we will accept the evidence as to facts by considering whether they agree with our preconceived hypothesis. If I were convinced, for example, that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is not consistent with the doctrine of evolution, I should be compelled to abandon or modify that doctrine. That resurrection is a fact, evolution is a theory."

Dr. Abbott's preaching is instinct with the spirit of love. Self-sacrifice and reverence are as natural to him as impertinent familiarity and all-over offensiveness is to the Y. M. C. A. exhorter. Further east, or north or south there may be a type of Y. M. C. A. worker possessing culture spiritual and social. In which case these strictures do not apply. The kind described has infested the west long enough to make the office of Y. M. C. A. secretary a reproach. The opposition to Dr. Abbott will seem as unwarranted to the coming generations of Bible students as the persecution of Galileo seems to us.

Oliver Optic—William T. Adams, who died last Saturday in Boston, aged 75 years, was the most prolific juvenile writer of the day. He was not versatile, he lacked style, his heroes were impossible, twelve year old athletes, marvels of courage, patience, chivalry, honesty. Very tiresome reading for grown people—his books. But they were not written for grown people and the annual reports of public libraries show Oliver Optic books to be more in de-

mand than those of any other juvenile writer. He knew that boys loved adventure and he told them stories of the American boy in many lands and victorious in all. In tropical forests where the boy meets treachery from the natives and from venomous reptiles, at home in America, as the poor and virtuous lad tyrannized over by a mean, cowardly rich man's son who can not swim, nor run, nor ride, nor work sums nor do anything in the splendid perfection that the poor widow's son can. In the hundreds of stories and series the boy who represents virtue is the same brave lad rewarded after many trials by honors and in many cases by unexpected riches. His enemies who represent vice are always defeated and disgraced, so that the effect of his books on the most unreflecting of the genus was good. The men are gray-headed now who read Oliver Optic's first stories and they confer upon the author of them a tenderness that the more brilliant purveyor to their mature tastes does not receive.

The strong point of fraternities, as I said last week, is the fraternity which they teach and practice among themselves. "Liberte, egalite, fraternite." The fraternity which means "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more," is not worth as much as it might if it were more universal. Everyone who knows anything about fraternities knows that the secrets are formal and of no consequence. Therefore when a group of men ostentatiously whisper and keep silent until an outsider who has innocently ventured near, has withdrawn, they are without excuse. By such lack of breeding fraternities have made enemies who will grow in number and power until the reformation of one eliminates the other. Members of a fraternity are very touchy about the discussion of questions which involve the merits of the system. But the new journalism was born to discuss these subjects which those who consider themselves the proprietors of would rather have let alone. The fraternity subject is one to be considered with gravity and impartiality, and from time to time The Courier will treat fraternities the good which they do—the jealousy which they cause, the noise they make, and the evil which lives after them, with impartiality.

Taking everything into consideration Mayor Graham has been a capable official. The experience of the last two years and weeks has made us suspicious of reformers, of men who have somehow climbed into a higher place in the estimation of the public than they can keep when the devil tempts them. Mr. Graham has done the work he was elected to do. There is no reason, judged by the standard his predecessors have