

# THE COURIER

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Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

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SARAH B. HARRIS.

Editor

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## OBSERVATIONS.

### An Imperialist.

It is not often that a political organization submits so completely to the domination of one man as the democratic party has submitted to the preponderating authority of its last presidential candidate—its next national nominee. The Czar of Russia is not more completely an autocrat in his domain than is Bryan over his party. With little to mark him as a statesman he has by the use of the arts of a politician, in the knowledge of which he is a master, and by taking advantage of fortuitous circumstances, become not simply the leader but the autocrat, the imperial master of a great political party which has in the past embraced in its membership some of the ablest statesmen of the nation. By inclination as well as by inheritance he belongs to that political organization whose history stamps it as the advocate of imperialism—the government of the many by the few. The party which yields to Bryan unswerving allegiance was ever the advocate and defender of human slavery and from the beginning of history, slavery has been the concomitant of imperialism. The doctrine of states' rights as taught by Jefferson, believed and sought to be enforced by his followers, in its practical application to the affairs of government, meant that a single state was greater than the Union of all the states and that such Union was powerless to enforce in a state, against its will, Federal laws. That is the doc-

trine of imperialism and from it the democratic party has never receded.

The constitution guarantees to the people the right to petition the government for a redress of grievances. For the period of nine years commencing with December 1835, that right was denied to the people of the United States by a democratic majority in the House of Representatives. During that period petitions relating to the subject of human slavery could not be read in the lower house of congress. That was imperialism. Negroes are citizens of the United States declared to be such by the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution. They are electors and in several of the states constitute a majority of those entitled to vote but because it is the will of the white minority they are not permitted to exercise or enjoy the rights of citizens—to cast their ballots and have them counted. That is imperialism against which the autocrat of the democratic party has never raised his voice because its effect is to insure to his party a "solid south". No more does he in after election addresses to the public refer in terms of endearment to the "common people" or the "plain people. He is now above and beyond those classes. Clad in the toga of a democratic politician he has ascended the throne. He is no longer what the World-Herald in November 1896, declared him to be, "the Silver Prince". He is the Imperial Colonel. The autocrat of the Imperialist party. The sole and only representative of Imperialism in the United States.

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### Excelsior.

It is reported that Mr. D. E. Thompson has bought a controlling interest in the postoffice department and will move it to Omaha. Some doubt has been expressed as to the authenticity of this rumor, but belief in his sagacious recognition of a good investment seems to permeate this community so thoroughly that the wildest guesses as to his intentions and his means find comfortable lodgment here.

As a matter of fact Mr. Thompson is not an extraordinarily wealthy man, he is not an unusually able man, he is not at all interested in public questions, he is not a republican, he is not a democrat, he is not a populist, he has never taken an abstract, impersonal interest in the United States or in partisan politics. It was only a few years ago that he exercised for the first time the suffrage of an American citizen. He is a good business man because he is energetic, vain, and inordinately ambitious, and has the very rare quality of persistent, undiscourageable devotion to any ambition, which will increase his importance in the community, increase his wealth, or add to the awe with which a simple minded people, a very simple minded people, regard him.

Mr. Thompson discovered last winter that throughout the state a strong

suspicion of his motives existed. The plain people who had a vote advised their representatives, in portentous tones that a vote for Mr. Thompson would insure their own unpopularity and certain political death. It was suspected that Mr. Thompson would use the honorable office of United States senator as a lever to obtain government appropriations for a railroad to an isolated property in Texas or use the inducements and the class of men with which he has become familiar in city politics to accomplish his own personal or financial enlargement. It is singular, if Mr. Thompson wanted the office in order to serve the people of Nebraska that the people of Nebraska should have been so unanimously suspicious. To be sure these suspicions were based upon his employment of politics in Lincoln. He has never regarded politics in any other light than as a means for diverting some advantage to himself, and the tools he used are now and were then discredited citizens, willing, at his request, to plug a city well from which the only pure water was flowing, or to distribute money at the polls that his creatures might be elected to the council or to the mayoralty.

When Senator Hayward had finally been nominated by the republican caucus Mr. Thompson tried to bribe the populists and if he had had a little more time his supporters claim that he would have succeeded. Mr. Thompson has moved a part of his business to Omaha in order that when the time comes he can be on both sides of the Platte—the dividing line in this state for political honors.

When Mr. Thompson was a baby he cried for the moon. His folks did not get it for him and this disappointment made so strong an impression upon his infant mind that he recalls it, to his idolatrous biographer as the first thing he can recollect. He can remember that, infant as he was, he determined to get the moon for himself just as soon as he was big enough. The ambition which moved him to decide in the cradle, upon a heroic career has spurred him to the accomplishment of things which a less energetic man would have called impossible.

In youth most of us desire the moon. It is the largest and brightest object visible from the nursery window and inside the nursery there is nothing that has not been examined and rejected scores of times. The desirable lies just beyond our reach and the moon on the horizon is the child's last sight of the enchanted world outside, when his nurse pulls down the curtain for the night.

Doubtless his aspiration has led Mr. Thompson higher and further than he would have climbed, had it not been for his infantile determination, but the moon is about as far from the highest mountain top as from the valley, and the confidence of the people of Nebraska is almost as far out of

Mr. Thompson's reach. Because like poor Mrs. Tankeray and other stage ladies, he has a past which looms large and croaks now and evermore.

Mr. Thompson has given no hint of his policy in the management of the postoffice department. His friends, however, may feel secure in the assurance that they will not be disturbed and those out of a job may be sure that they will be taken care of very soon now. It is Mr. Thompson's reiterated boast that he never forgets his friends and that when he moves up they move with him. Fears have been timidly expressed that letter rates will be raised and that newspapers not favorable to Mr. Thompson's plans will be charged letter rate. In case he decides upon such a policy newspapers must go out of business or become advocates of his claim to the senate or to his appointment as minister to England or to any other office hitherto occupied by the most cultured and most distinguished Americans.

### Mr. Hitchcock's Services.

If the next legislature is populist, and there is every indication that it will be, there is one man who by length, quality, and effectiveness of service deserves an election by that body as United States senator. The World-Herald has done more to build up Nebraska than any other paper or papers. It has advocated measures and men from a strictly party standpoint and from the first. Mr. Hitchcock, the editor, is the logical, inevitable North Platte populist candidate. To ignore his claims is to invite the penalty of ingratitude. The World-Herald is the organ of populism in Nebraska. It has fought its battles and the editor has bravely occupied the most exposed places and suffered the assaults of the opposition without whining. So far as I know he has never claimed, at least he has never been awarded, the rewards of able leadership. Dusty, parched, and weary from an endless, if successful advance, other men have been banqueted, toasted, and rewarded, while Mr. Hitchcock is allowed to rest at the close of each cleverly planned and triumphantly executed campaign. The World Herald claims the largest circulation in the state and there is other evidence besides the publisher's statements that its circulation is the largest in the state. Very generously and without asking any reward, Mr. Hitchcock has devoted the columns of the World-Herald to preaching populism, to defending fusion candidates from republican attack and to offensive analyses of the lives, characters, and policy of republican candidates. Whatever may be his opinion as to the soundness of populist doctrine, no republican will deny the value of the World-Herald's services to the party which polled the largest number of votes at the recent election and in the election of 1896.

Excepting for the constant pursuit of the Rosewaters and The Bee Mr.