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W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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THE COUNTY TICKET.

The kindergarten convention nominated a kindergarten ticket.

Composed to a large extent of young men who are identified with the best element in politics, and dividing the honors between the city and the country, the ticket is one that appeals to the voters of the county with particular force.

The candidates are reliable, competent men, who can be depended on to perform the duties of the offices to which they aspire.

It is in many respects the best county ticket ever nominated, and republicans should bestir themselves and see that it is supported as it deserves to be at the polls.

It is especially incumbent upon the young men in the party to promote the success of the ticket. The young men have received splendid recognition and they should evidence their appreciation by lending all possible assistance in the campaign. A responsibility is upon them. The Courier predicts that they will be equal to the occasion.

A little of the kindergarten in politics now and then is a good thing.

GOVERNOR CROUNSE.

The Courier has on several occasions ventured to take issue with the Honorable Lorenzo Crouse, governor of Nebraska, and we are free to admit that perhaps our expressions have not always been characterized by that humility and respect which should properly mark the attitude of a subject in the presence of his excellency, Lorenzo I.

But be that as it may, we are, to our own surprise, at last lost in admiration for the most recent important public act of the governor, and it gives us pleasure to inform his excellency that for what he has this week done we desire to assure him that he once more has our most distinguished consideration.

We forget Garneau and his idiocy as we contemplate the latest gubernatorial manifestation, and we salute the executive.

A lot of befuddled nincompoops conceived the grand idea of a secession on the part of the western and southern states and the organization of a commercial boycott against New York and the east. A convention was called, and the governor of Nebraska, together with the governors of the western and southern states, was asked to name delegates to this proposed gathering of addle-pated cranks.

And the governor of Nebraska, to his credit be it said, not only refused to lend his sanction to any such idiotic scheme, but went farther and proceeded to reel off a few truths to the promoters of the scheme in a manner that must have a salutary effect within and outside of the state.

In his letter Governor Crouse said: "Nebraska through no consent of mine will join in sowing the seeds of secession at St. Louis. If she appears there it will be through volunteers. Not unlike some states in her neighborhood she has plenty of individuals who no doubt could delight your convention. They are for the most part men who have not earned a place on our assessment rolls, and who, having demonstrated their inability to conduct their own affairs successfully, think themselves qualified to join Florida, Old Mexico and the Argentine Republic in instructing the world on the subject of finance. These gentlemen whose financial ability holds no parity with their ability to talk, would gladly engage in a crusade up to their 'bride-bits' against the imaginary conspirators of London, Berlin, New York and Boston."

Governor Crouse also lifts the cover off the pretended bi-metalism of these precious revolutionists. He mistrusts "that the bi-metalism your association professes is but the pretext for the free coinage of silver with silver monometallicism," and that's exactly what the populist freaks who are making such a stir about "bi-metalism" are after.

The governor in this instance goes after the nail, and he hits it squarely on the head, and he hits it hard.

YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.

The "kindergarten" convention that was held in this city Wednesday afternoon will, we are certain, be found to be productive of important results.

For the young men who so largely composed the republican county convention will not fall asleep now that the nominations have been made. Their interest having been aroused as never before, and having received the recognition which they deserved, they will continue their activity until election day,

and the ballot box in November will tell the story.

No political party can make a mistake in according a degree of consideration to the young men. Old men may scheme; but the young men perpetuate. The party that enlists the co-operation of young men is the party that is most likely to win the confidence of the people.

Our contemporary, the News, apropos of this subject, says:

"The News is pleased to notice the gradual increase of young men upon the various delegations. It is a good sign. When the young men take the helm it means a progressiveness in ideas, the inauguration of new methods and the dispensing with the back room caucus. The hope of the republican party is in its young men, because from that element it receives the stimulus of progressiveness that has always distinguished it from the democratic party. But the young men should not see from the men who run the caucus the boon of being placed on a ward delegation. It is the surrender of a right that is distinctly their own. If the caucus leaders do not see the wisdom of sufficiently recognizing the young men, then the young men should give the caucus leaders a practical demonstration of their force in politics. The young men should go in politics more, not the politics of the saloon or the joint, but the politics that makes men better, wiser and more respectful of one another's opinion. Their influence will be for the better, and the only hope of ridding the party of its life-sucking octopus, is for their active participation."

Of course the young man to make himself felt must get into the caucuses and the conventions, and there is some danger that in the effort to accomplish this, he may forget the high resolve that should be and naturally is the portion of young men. If young men forget this they are then no better than the men whom they displace, and there is no particular reason why they should be in politics.

WHERE HE IS KNOWN.

The two counties in this state where Judge Maxwell is best known, are Dodge, where he lives, and Lancaster, where he spends at least half of his time.

In both of these counties the sentiment of the republican voters is overwhelmingly opposed to his re-nomination and the delegates to the state convention are against his candidacy.

It has been charged that the railroads are the only enemies of Maxwell, and that his defeat in Dodge, Lancaster and other counties is due wholly to railroad influence.

This is not true.

Judge Maxwell's unnatural prurience for everlasting political preferment is opposed by republicans because, after having watched the erratic course of the venerable judge who ought to go off and fall asleep, and making due allowance for age, they have come to the conclusion that he is a tiresome political humbug who has allowed his desire for office to obscure his recognized legal ability, who has of late years been casting anchors to the windward with a zeal not befitting a justice of the supreme court.

Demagoguery has ever been the most alluring temptation to the politician, and in these times of populist clamor, the temptation has taken on an added attractiveness. Judge Maxwell, in a manner altogether unworthy of his years and his intelligence, has yielded to the temptation, and for the sake of the approbation of the shallow crew that cannot distinguish between true metal and counterfeit, has forfeited the respect of sensible people who are not deceived by demagogic jawing.

If Judge Maxwell is sensible he will take the hint given by Dodge, Lancaster and other counties, and take himself off to some secluded nook and thus avoid a row at the state convention that will, if he persists in having a row, result in a blow that will utterly disgrace him.

FOOT NOTES.

The new duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is making a collection of titles. In addition to his latest acquisition his accumulation comprises the following: Royal Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Edinburgh, Count of Ulster and of Kent, also Duke of Guelich, Cleveland and Berg, also of Engen and Westphalia, Landgrave and Thuringen, Margrave of Meissen, Prince of Count of Mark and Ravensberg, and Henneberg, and Lord of Ravensstein and Tonna and Fuerberg.

Chief Inspector of the Secret Service Drummond accuses H. S. Cochran's theft of \$23,378 worth of gold from the Philadelphia mint on the ground that "he had a passion for gold," and intimates that the government may not prosecute the offender. That's what's the matter with most of us. We have a passion for gold, or money of some kind; but when we gratify our passion by stealing, we are rudely rebuffed in by the law and we are not let off because we have a "passion for gold." The safe blower who breaks into a store and blows up a safe has a passion for gold or its equivalent, but he is not excused on account of his passion. Mr. Drummond appears to be too kind hearted for his business.

More than one Nebraska newspaper is referring to the case of Dick Thompson, of Hastings, who was sent to an asylum the other day, spoke of him as "one of the brightest newspaper men in the state." Which moved Ross Hammond, of the Fremont Tribune, to remark: "This was, in fact, never true of Thompson, and while the compliment is paid in a spirit of kindly feeling for an unfortunate, it is nevertheless mistaken. Thompson was for years a hard drinker and simply because he wrote mediocre stuff there was a disposition to say of him as is said of all others who possess any ability and yet who make a specialty of publishing whisky, 'they are very brilliant.' There are scores of hard drinkers who are spoken of as possessing a rare order of genius and 'might distinguish themselves if only they would let whisky alone, when in fact they are very ordinary individuals. This sort of laudation of the drinker is not fair to the sober man. It offers

an inducement for him to experiment with burlesque in order that he may be spoken of as brilliant. A flash of intelligence shines more resplendently from the gutter than from the pulpit or press, because people are used to it in the latter two. There is no doubt but a great many Dick Thompsons of the world become such because they think they will attract attention in the gutter when their brilliance would be overlooked anywhere else." Mr. Hammond is quite correct. Many a man with a modicum of ability and a belly full of gin successfully palms himself off as a genius. In some way not easily explained the stuff that a man drinks magnifies, in the eyes of other people, whatever good qualities he may possess, and many an ordinary man dies becoming a paragon of ability who had the "misfortune" to be addicted to drink. Dick Thompson was never brilliant, and there are a hundred sober, hard-working newspaper men in this state who have tenfold more ability than Thompson ever had, but who have been kept in the back ground by their conventional respectability, and who, because they have not made frocks of themselves by getting on the outside of an unconscionable amount of the fluid that inebriates, will never be accorded the distinction of being called "one of the brightest newspaper men in the state."

But there is nevertheless an apparent connection between dissipation and genius, and the lives and works of some noted literatures suggest the query: Does wit spring up out of the decay of sobriety? Some such thought as this occurred to the writer a few years ago when O. H. Rothacker died in Omaha. Here was a man whose meteoric brilliancy was wont to flash across the horizon of western journalism with the suddenness and splendor of electricity, who was a Bohemian of Bohemians. He knew little of the comforts of the domestic fireside, preferring the excitement and life of "the street." He drank of the forbidden cup, and drank deeply—indeed, it might be said he drank incessantly. He knew society as it exists on the lowest level, and he was qualified to speak and write of life—life with its disappointments, its sorrows, its pain, as well as its pleasures and joys. His work was infinitely pathetic, and because pathetic, natural. For who will say that there is not pathos in a human life and in the history of human lives? One could almost see the sparkle of wine in his literary essays. They contained nothing that was cold, methodical, arithmetical. Instead there was the warm breath of life, the active thought of a living, thinking man, the outpourings of a soul. Instead of the artificial, there was the real, the true, the natural ring in all that he wrote. Genius flows not like a placid river, but flashes and sparkles like a mountain stream. Rothacker's genius was meteoric. And many of the real geniuses of journalism and literature are, unfortunately, men like Rothacker. They are erratic, nervous, emotional. Few men of his time possessed the genius in his particular sphere of the author of "The Raven" and the life of Edgar Allen Poe, as everyone knows, was a prolonged debauch. And of Lord Byron and Robert Burns nearly the same can be said. But it does not necessarily follow from this that dissipation is the price of literary genius. Geniuses are born, not made. Highly developed mental faculties are often co-relative with a nervous temperament, a restless disposition. These seek excitement and change, and thus it is, mayhap, that Bohemia is peopled with uneasy spirits and that so much brilliance emanates from the gypsy band.

A MIXED MARRIAGE.

A TEXAS PARSON Who had Too Many Jobs and Got Them Tangled Up.

Parson Downycouch, of Cedarville, Tex., is not only given to absent-mindedness, but he is also addicted to overstimulation, hence it is not strange that he occasionally gets things mixed up.

Not long since he was called upon to bury an inebriate, McGuzzle, at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock he was to marry a couple from the country, and he had an appointment later to meet Colonel Yerger and his wife with a view of bringing about a reconciliation, they having had a serious falling out.

In order to be equal to the emergency Parson Downycouch quaffed a few flowing bowls, hence when he stood at the grave of poor McGuzzle he became somewhat confused, particularly as Colonel Yerger and his wife happened to be among the mourners. He also got the idea into his head that he was performing the marriage ceremony, which was not to take place for an hour later.

Raising his hands solemnly over the sarcophagus, Parson Downycouch said: "Beloved bridal couple, you should remember that this is a sad and solemn occasion, and, if not for your own sakes, you should for the sake of your children here present let bygones be bygones, and love each other as in the days that are past. I hope the fair bride will never become the victim of the intoxicating bowl; that she will love and cherish in sickness and in health the remains of this unfortunate man, which are about to be consigned to the silent tomb. Let us hope that the bridegroom will register a solemn vow never again to look upon the wine when it is red, for it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. And above all things, dearly beloved, would I admonish the silent form now cold in death to remember the awful responsibilities imposed upon him by the marriage vows he is about to assume, so I now ask you, Colonel Yerger, will you take these sad remains to be your lawful wedded wife, to love?"

The parson paused in his remarks, for a chunk of Texas limestone weighing about four pounds struck him in the vicinity of his equator, and while the remains of the inebriate were consigned to the grave the friends of the parson jammed him into a hack and hurriedly drove off.

Summer Weakness

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Something good, "White Leaf Flour" \$1.40 per sack. Miller & Gifford.

Fine new line of business suitings from \$25 to \$40 in Scotch and homespun. Jeckell Bros., 119 north Thirtieth street, near Lansing theatre.

IS THE RACE IN DANGER?

Medical Director Gihon of the United States navy takes a gloomy view of the future of the American race. He thinks that the "once pure lake of American people" is being contaminated by the "pestilential sewer" of immigration, and that the refusal of our women to bear children will lead to the early extinction of the native stock. Dr. Gihon believes, however, that the creation of a national department of health would settle the whole trouble, and under its lead the race would revive and improve.

There are several curiously inconsistent codes of ethics relating to the subject of the perpetuation of the species, and sometimes two or more codes are professedly held by the same person. There is the conventional theory of the physicians, which is that women should have children just as fast as natural laws will let them, and that any prudential limitation of the size of families, with its corresponding curtailment of medical fees, is a crime against society and the profession. There is the theory of the orthodox Malthusian political economist, according to which the increase of population threatens the world with starvation, and its limitation is an imperative social duty. There is the prudent business theory, which is that the number of children in a family should be determined by the family income. And finally, there is the feminine theory, hitherto silent and unnoticed, but now coming to the surface and quietly regulating the whole subject. This is that the size of her family is the personal affair of each individual woman, with which no physician, preacher, economist or secretary of health has any business to interfere. The Gihons may chatter, but the women will do as they please, for they have reached the conclusion that as they have the burden to bear it is their business to decide when and how far they shall bear it. This is the true women's rights idea, infinitely more momentous for the race than any question of suffrage, and upon it suffragists and remonstrants are united.

It discloses a singular narrowness of mind on the part of physicians that they can see nothing in the alleged decline in the size of American families but the tendency of women to "put social pleasures above motherhood," and to "prefer the strains of the 'Blue Danube' to the cry from the cradle." If they could have a few children themselves the subject might present itself to them in a new light. There are frivolous women, of course, and the fewer of these become mothers the better for the community, but the principal causes for the divergence between the feminine and the medical codes of ethics are two—a natural fear of torture and death and a desire to give every child born the best possible advantages in life. Dr. McNutt recognizes the effect of the latter consideration when he says that American babies are healthier and better cared for than the children of immigrants, and that the number that survive to maturity is enough greater to make up for any excess of foreign births. It is simply the case of an orchard of selected trees, properly spaced and cultivated, as compared with a neglected thicket choked out by weeds.

The American race is all right. The population is increasing quite as rapidly as desirable in the interest of the national welfare. Excessive immigration is a danger, of course, but that will be regulated by legislation. The size of American families is not a matter that can be affected by acts of congress or rules of secretaries of health, but happily it may be safely left to the good sense and the conscience of American mothers.

Dr. Burrus' Is the Place.

So says an old gentleman of about 70 years from Oakdale, Neb. He says, for the past year I have suffered a great deal with poor teeth, after trying nearly all the dental buxwackers and spending over \$45.00 and still not able to get a set of teeth that I could use. I was about to give up in despair, when I happened to read one of Dr. Burrus' advertisements, seeing that he made a specialty of making sets for old gentlemen. I determined to make one more effort and give him a trial, and can truthfully say that I at last found the right place. Mr. Burrus hit the nail on the head the first lick, and I am now going home feeling 20 years younger and with a set of teeth that are perfect in every respect.

Mr. J. M. Crow says he is going to send up all the old boys in Oakdale who want a good set of teeth to Dr. Burrus, at 1208 O street, Lincoln, Neb., as he is certain that he knows his business.

Home Seekers Excursions.

By Missouri Pacific Ry. August 22, September 12 and October 10, 1903, with stop over privileges, going but continuous passage on return trip good for twenty days, this gives very low rates, to Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and other points. Call at 1201 G street, Lincoln, Neb., Missouri Pacific office, J. E. R. Miller ticket agent, for further particulars and tickets.

Fruited ice cream soda water made from the natural fruit, at Rector's Pharmacy.

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