

# THE COURIER

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## OBSERVATIONS.

IF Mr. Bryan were only in touch with the administration he might be selected by Mr. Cleveland to succeed Gresham. But Billy is very much out of touch, and he will not get the job. There are other great men in Lincoln, however, who are in the closest kind of harmony with the president, and as he reads his copy of THE COURIER this week I am not sure that he will not decide to send to Lincoln for a secretary of state. In any mention of great Nebraska democrats the impulse is to head the list with that unctuous statesman, Tommy Allen. But Tommy can hardly hope to be selected by Mr. Cleveland. It is true he holds an office under the Cleveland administration; but his affiliation with Bryan precludes higher preferment at this time. It is too bad; for Tommy has a good deal of brilliancy himself, and as secretary of state he would be, in many respects, a cuckoo. Then there's that Roman Warrior and statesman, Albert Watkins. Surely, he's in touch. He's a Cleveland democrat from the hair on his head to the farthest extremity of his great toe. And THE COURIER will guarantee that when it comes to diplomacy he is a corker—much more of a corker than the lately departed Walter Q. If Watkins doesn't suit, what's the matter with that great and good and beautiful man, Andrew Jackson Sawyer? There, Mr. President, is a man for your eye. His democracy is stamped all over with the Cleveland trade mark. He's in touch all right. Andrew Jackson Sawyer for secretary of state; hooray!!! There's the genuine stuff for you. Mr. Sawyer is an A1 diplomat, and he is as fierce as the old boy. Why, if he could get a chance at the British Lion's tail he would twist it out of its socket. And then, see how handy Andrew Jackson's classical knowledge would come in! Why, he knows more about ancient Rome and Greece than some people know about New Jersey or Omaha; and he could just take the shine off all other diplomats when it came to quoting the statesmen of two thousand years ago. If Mr. Tommy Allen would be a cuckoo and Mr. Albert Watkins a corker, Andrew Jackson in the robe of state would be a Jim Dandy, and no mistake. Perchance the president is hard to suit, and will have none of these I have mentioned. Then there is that towering specimen of the Cleveland brand of democracy, N. S. Harwood. Mr. Harwood is big and brainy, but not belligerent. He knows his own mind and knows how to maintain his position. He is imposing too; and altogether he would be a good man for secretary of state. Surely there is no necessity for Mr. Cleveland to go outside of Lincoln for a secretary of state.

Have you ever received a letter from J. Sterling Morton, Mr. Cleveland's secretary of agriculture? If you have you have noticed Mr. Morton's crest. On all

of his stationery there is embossed a wide spreading oak in full green leaf, and underneath appears the legend, "Plant Trees." The sage of arbor lodge says in speaking of this crest of arms that he was not a little struck while journeying in Scotland last summer, when he learned that the crest of the Scotch house of Morton was a tree. "I began to wonder," he said, "if all my admiration for a tree was not inherited from some forest-loving ancestor who lived and died in Scotland centuries ago."

Benjamin Harrison, the man who had the distinguished honor of preceding the present incumbent of the White

House, is a most important figure just now. Very recently he has taken part in some notable suits at law in Indiana, as for instance the Morrison will case, and within the past few days his presence in New York city has directed public attention to him as a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1896. Mr. Harrison was a discreet president, and he is probably the most discreet ex-president this country has known. His wise conduct since the close of his administration has strengthened his hold on the public. During his New York visit he has been besieged by the leading politicians of his party; but he has refrained from any positive expression as to his intentions. His trip east

was ostensibly for the purpose of sitting for a portrait; but one eastern journal remarked that he was in reality sitting for a portrait of the next president of the United States.

A. W. Scott, of this city, the Saxon-featured gentleman of the Sixth ward, who would accept most politely a nomination for district judge, is an old Indiana boy, and as such he cherishes a genuine admiration for the ex-president. The other day he was telling me some thing about Harrison as a lawyer and a citizen. "Harrison loomed up as a great lawyer long before he was president," he said. "In Indiana he has always

Harrison was brought over from Indianapolis. In making their arguments the lawyers on the other side made a great many sarcastic allusions to 'imported lawyers.' This sort of thing was indulged in to such an extent that it really became offensive. Finally, when it came Harrison's turn to speak, there was much curiosity as to how he would reply to the taunts. He rose from his seat and with perfect courtesy and great deliberation began his speech. 'I have always had the greatest respect and regard for old Wayne,' he commenced. 'I have admired its worthy people and venerated its honorable traditions. But I had always supposed that the honor and fame of old Wayne rested, in no small degree on the hospitality of its people. I had always thought that the people of old Wayne received the stranger within their gates with cordiality. But it seems I am mistaken. I learn that the stranger instead of being received with warmth is treated as an alien importation.' Then he went on to say: 'Had I the tongue of a flatterer I could say many gracious things about old Wayne, but alas I have not. I have even been unable to give expression to the feelings I entertain.' This allusion to his alleged coldness provoked much amusement. After this introduction Mr. Harrison proceeded with his legal argument. The ex-president is a fairly wealthy man, and he has made his money practicing law."

What will become of the Western Normal college now that the adventurer Croan is to gather up his much advertised and somewhat warmly contested Lares and Penates, and hie himself to another town? Several citizens of Lincoln have a good deal of money invested in the Western Normal college enterprise that up to date has proved so disastrous, and unless some provision is made for keeping up some kind of an enterprise at Hawthorne they stand to lose heavily. It is thought that one normal school is about all the town can stand, and as the management of the Lincoln Normal is making an honest effort to conduct a legitimate school it appears that the wisest course would be to devote the buildings to some other purpose than that for which they were originally intended. If any kind of a school is to be maintained then it would not be a bad idea to secure some institution backed by a denomination, in the same way that Union college is backed by the Adventists. But it is probable that better results might be obtained by getting some manufacturing enterprise that would employ a large number of men, to locate at Hawthorne, and if the proper inducements were held out this could undoubtedly be done.

A gentleman who had the misfortune to have been associated with Croan in this city, and who called at THE COURIER office several days ago to express his intense gratification at the plain truths concerning Croan which appeared



WILBUR EDWARDS, One Mile 1.34 1.5.

been a good deal more of a lawyer than a politician, although he was in the senate and was nominated and elected president. The same qualities that gave force and dignity to his career as president raised him far above the level of the Indiana bar. Harrison is well grounded in legal knowledge; and he fights with a coolness and determination, intermingled with brilliancy, that have always been particularly effective. He is impressive and powerful.

"The last time I saw Mr. Harrison in court," continued Mr. Scott, "was in a noted case in Wayne county. It was a big suit and the best lawyers in the county were concerned in it, and Mr.