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## OBSERVATIONS

The coronation of the Czar of all the Russias is an event of considerable brilliance; but it has not in the least overshadowed the festivities of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. England has seldom, in recent years, seen such magnificent festivities as those in honor of this pair. The Vanderbilts, as they note the success of the Marlboroughs, must feel abundantly satisfied at their bargain in disposing of Consuelo to the indigent son of one of the greatest rakes and spendthrifts of modern times, the direct descendant of the most noble family that had its origin in the marriage of Sarah Jennings, a fair and frail creature who won royal favor, and the young man Churchill, whose marriage portion was the wages of prostitution paid him by the Duchess of Cleveland. In a country where heredity and ancestry and family count for so much it is not surprising that the Marlboroughs are shown unlimited deference.

Ex-President Harrison, Ruth Ashmore and Lillian Bell vie with each other in the June number of the Ladies Home Journal, and the productions of these illustrious persons are so uniformly exciting that it is difficult to select any one article as the leader. If we are charmed by Mr. Harrison's discussion of the power of the president, we are more than delighted by Miss Bell's very important article on "Woman's Rights in Love," and passing on to "our girls" corner we find that Ruth is still the same gay old girl we have, to adopt the Ashmorean phraseology, "learned to love so well."

Miss Bell's plea for woman's rights in love is ingenious. The average man has a pretty well grounded belief that

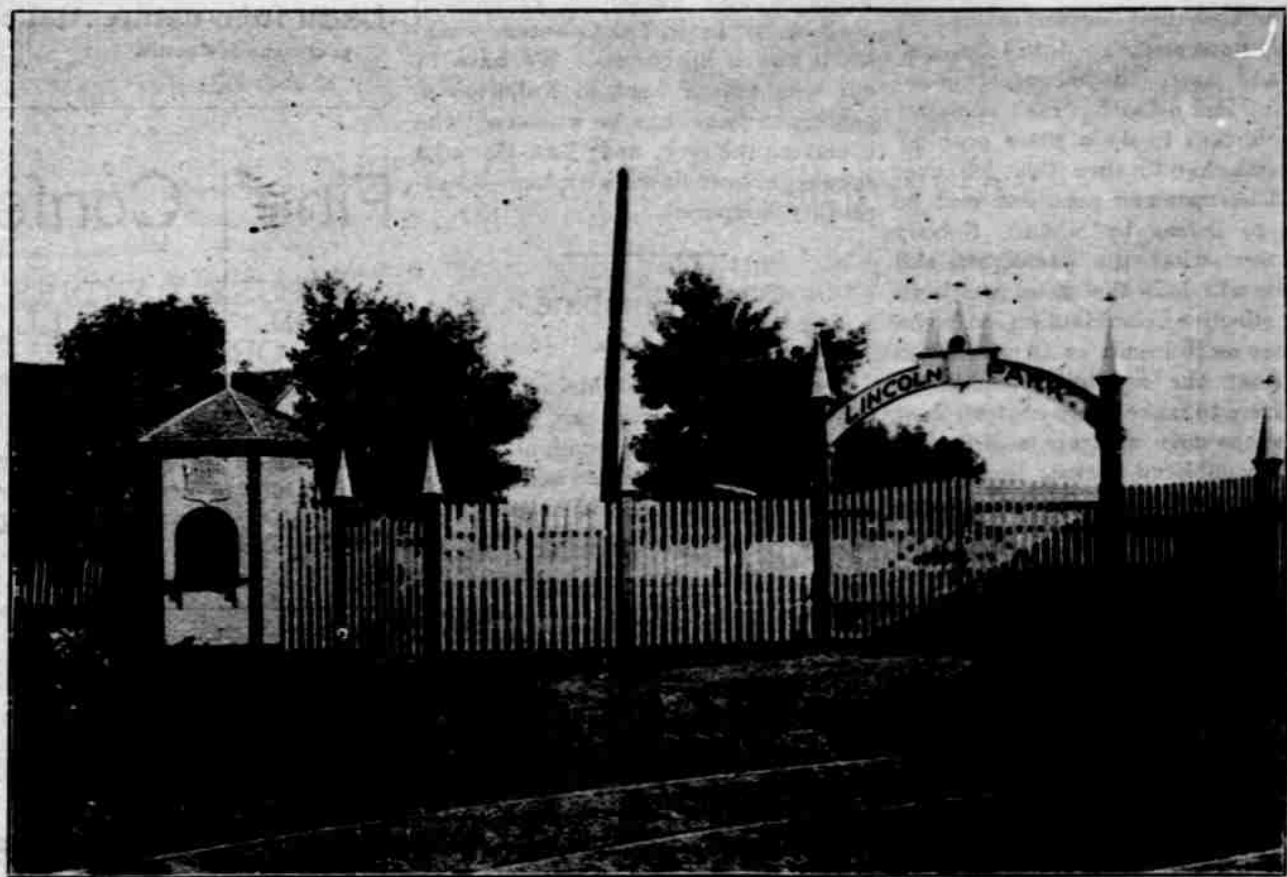
under the present arrangement, woman has a rather large assortment of rights in love. The average man has played the game and he has found woman abundantly able to hold her own. He would be greatly interested in an article on "Man's Rights in Love." Miss Bell says that the girl knows nothing of the man who has called on her three hundred and sixty-five times. The average man has found that she knows entirely too much about him after he has called six times. One question has agitated the human race ever since the Eden fruit party, and Miss Bell considers it—"How far a girl has a right to encourage a man in love." But having taken the momentous subject up, she looks at it first from this side and then from that and finally puts it down again without a conclusion. We had a right

side talks will believe that.

Delegates to the republican state convention will enter upon the work of making up a ticket with their eyes open. If they name as candidates men who will be a dead load on the party, men who will put in jeopardy the success of the party in this important presidential year, they cannot plead ignorance. For they have been informed.

Delegates who are already elected and those who will be elected know the character of the various candidates. They know that there are candidates for governor who are respectable, able, dignified, manly, clean men, and they know there are candidates the mention of whose names in connection with the office of governor is a shocking absurd-

harmony in this far reaching scheme. It is well known that every state bank, examiner and every employe controlled by Mr. Bartley or Mr. Moore or the banking board is working might and main and traveling up and down the state in the interest of the syndicate. It is well known that for governor, Mr. Bartley's choice and Mr. Moore's choice is "Jack" MacColl, and that Mr. Moore's candidacy is a blind. It is well known that for certain peculiar reasons of a delicate character, Mr. Bartley is anxious to name his own successor in the office of state treasurer, and that he has settled on C. C. McNish, of Wisner. It is well known that Mr. Bartley and Mr. Moore and Mr. McNish and "Jack" are in this deal, body, soul and breeches. No delegate to the state convention will be ignorant of these



Entrance To Lincoln Park  
(Where the June races will be held)

to expect that the Ladies Home Journal would issue its ultimatum on this point. Perhaps it will come later. It is respectfully submitted that the other Lillian might handle this subject with great ability. Miss Lillian Russell's views would be eagerly read.

Ruth Ashmore prefaces her department this month with a personal statement, two inches long and four inches wide. She is hurt. The humorous papers have intimated that Ruth Ashmore is Mr. Bok. If Ruth is hurt by this suggestion one would think Mr. Bok would be paralyzed. Ruth tells us that she is "just an ordinary woman." But no one who is familiar with her

ity, men whose claims for the highest office in the state are a maudlin grin, a promiscuous hand shake, an insatiable desire to hold office; men without ability, dignity or reputation. Can the delegates afford to take the risk of heading the state ticket with a candidate, whose principal strength is Joe's combination of Macks and Jacks?

There are a few facts well known to the republicans of the state. It is well known that there is a gigantic deal on foot to capture all of the important offices in the interest of a political syndicate. It is well known that the state treasurer's office and the auditor's office are working together in perfect

things, and it does not seem possible that the convention will lend itself to the schemes of the syndicate.

A certain very respectable gentleman who is himself a candidate for office remarked the other day, that he was sorry to see The Courier taking the part it is in the ante-convention contest in the republican party. "You are simply furnishing ammunition to the enemy," he said, "and making the way more difficult for the men who will be placed on the republican state ticket. I am sorry to see a republican paper pointing out weaknesses in republican candidates." There you are! If the