

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

devil himself should come to Nebraska (a very improbable supposition), and announce himself as a republican and become a candidate for office, thousands of republicans like the gentleman quoted above would say—"Don't say a word against him. He might be nominated, and we wouldn't want him defeated—if he is the devil." The republican party in Nebraska has suffered seriously from this sort of partisanship.

Two years ago a notorious gambler settled himself upon the republican party as candidate for governor, and though every decent man in the state recognized his monumental unfitness for the place, he was allowed to secure the nomination and lead the party to humiliating defeat. Had the respectable element exerted itself the gambler would not have been nominated and Holcomb would today be loaning money on chattels out in Broken Bow. But the majority preferred to take a weak man and bring defeat on the party rather than rebuke the presumptuous gambler-politician.

In the preliminary campaign now in progress there is just one question at issue—"Shall we do our own washing before the state convention and put up a good, clean ticket, or shall we allow things to take their course, and naming palpably unfit men, go into the campaign and court the strongest opposition and risk defeat?" Isn't it better for republicans to do a little pruning themselves than to turn the job over to the democrats and populists and be driven to defeat by them? Nobody knows now what the democrats and populists will do in the state campaign but an effective combination on some such man as Holcomb or Bryan would mean that the republican candidate would have to make sharp contest. Just consider the men who are aspiring to lead the republican ticket; how many of them would make a proper antagonist of Bryan or Holcomb?

The Bee suggests a new candidate for governor, the Honorable William F. Cody. By all means let us have Mr. Cody brought in as a candidate. We need a Bill along with our choice assortment of "Jacks" and "Toms" and "Macks" and "Joas." It is a wonder nobody thought of Buffalo Bill before. Judged by the standards by which a considerable number of the people in this state judge of the capabilities of a candidate for governor, Bill would be what is known as "a hot thing" in the gubernatorial quarter stretch. He would dim the lustre of be-whiskered "Jack" and his cavortings would put into disparagement the wildest exhibitions of the Poker Player of Peru, fondly known as "Tom." It is quite probable that "Joe" might be induced to let him into the political syndicate.

Buffalo Bill would be a good candidate for governor. He is, if anything, more of a freak than "Jack." His sombrero is a thing of massive beauty, matched only by the wide-spreading head piece worn by our own John Trompen. His mustachios are brilliant and picturesque, several times more gorgeous than the fading whiskers of "Jack" MacColl. He has a very able

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No Combinations

Every candidate for the republican nomination for state office this year should be patriotic enough to go before the state convention on his own merits, and upon his own claims, without any combination or tie-up with other candidates. If he is not the voluntary choice of the convention he should go out of the convention without a frown or murmur and give his cordial support to the ticket. Combinations and schemes always leave a bad taste in the mouth, and men who are defeated by them and their friends, feel as though they had not a fair chance and are grieved if not disgruntled. It is very desirable that this presidential year our state should give a genuine old fashioned republican majority for the national, state and congressional tickets, and in order to do it every republican must be in line and must have his heart in the work.—York Times.

Whiskers and Affability

THE COURIER is going after the Mc Coll—McNish combine as it calls it; and says McColl is making a campaign for the nomination upon a platform of whiskers and affability. Probably if Jack had no beard THE COURIER would say it was on his cheek. We have in our neighboring town of Fullerton a gentleman who has no whiskers, who is making the race, and THE COURIER should get acquainted with him.—Central City Nonpareil.

The Gombine

For their own good McColl and Mc Clay should disclaim any connection with the three Mc's combine. The move is not a popular one and its object is quite apparent.—Webster County Argus.

Bartley vs the Republican Party

A story is current that a "combine" has been formed which has McColl for governor, McClay for auditor and McNish for treasurer. Bartley the present treasurer, is said to be doing the figuring and for the very ostensible object of naming his own successor. It may be all very well for him to arrange in advance the terms upon which his successor shall take charge of the office. Possibly it may be of some interest to the people that they take a hand in naming the officers themselves. The probabilities are that they will, and regardless of the "combine."—Webster County Argus.

Mr. Bartley, Manager

There are several men in the state house who seem to be more interested in politics this year than those who are candidates. It is a pretty narrow man who will deny to anyone the right to be in politics and to support whom he will, but one cannot help feeling a curiosity to know what it is all about.—York Times.

The Slate

Let the republican convention nominate a ticket composed of its best men, and while slate making cannot be prevented, the slate should be knocked out unless the candidates are competent and honest men.—Wahoo Wasp.

Wanted--A New Deal

There are seven republican candidates for the office of governor, and six of them will get left. Two of them are chestnuts who have been on the trail of the offices in the state ever since she became a state, and their pictures should be turned toward the wall. Let us have a little fresh blood for a change.—Beatrice Express.

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A delightfully cool and attractive place these warm days is the handsome store of Sutton & Hollowbush, 12th and O street. A new addition is a large and beautiful onyx soda fountain, one of the finest in the state. This is presided over by an expert fix clerk. This season nut ice-cream and many new flavors in cream and ices are strong favorites. Mr. Sutton's cream has a state reputation; he fills orders daily from many outside points; and is making a specialty of this trade. The line of candy is now larger and finer than ever. Confectionery always fresh; many novelties.

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