

THE COURIER

LINCOLN NEB., SATURDAY, JUNE 27 1896



ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO

Office 217 North Eleventh St.

Telephone 384

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

For annum	\$3.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	50
One month	20
Single copies	5

OBSERVATIONS

What is the standard of manhood in this state of Nebraska, where the fresh breezes blow over the rolling prairies? Is it above or below the average of other western states? Is it so low that a leer, a grin, a handshake, an obscene jest, a maudlin tale, a bar-room popularity is made the measure of eminence? Usually a great party selects for its greatest offices its greatest men. Is it a fact that grinning "Jack" MacColl is the greatest man in the republican party in this state? Are there no sober, intelligent, dignified men to lead the party, and must the great organization be forced to take as its standard bearer, its candidate for the office that has been filled by such men as Saunders, Garber, Dawes and Thayer, a grotesque figurehead, a man whose tangled whiskers and promiscuous jocularity are his sole claims to distinction? Who is this "Jack"? What did he ever do that he should assume to be governor of Nebraska? Did he ever lift up his voice in behalf of Nebraska? Did he ever do anything for the state? Did he ever write a letter or make a speech or lead a patriotic movement or give wise counsel or exhibit any interest in the public life of the state barring his long and tiresome candidacy for office? Why, we ask of the men who are raising their husky voices for "Jack" MacColl, why should this man be made governor of Nebraska?

The republican party has it in its power to name such candidates as will absolutely insure party success. On the other hand it is possible to make an unwise selection and place in jeopardy both the electoral ticket and the state ticket.

Particular attention will be given to the office of state treasurer in this campaign. The people will hardly submit to any manipulation or dictation in the interest of the political syndicate. The party does not want, and the people may not take, any candi-

date selected by the present incumbent of the treasurer's office.

There is a widespread desire to get away from all deals and combinations and cheap politics and select candidates upon their merits, and thus insure a strong ticket.

"Will republican presidential electors be elected in Nebraska this year?" was a question put to Senator Thurston by The Courier in Omaha last Saturday. "There is no doubt of it, whatever," he replied. "Nebraska will go republican by 15,000 majority." It is Mr. Thurston's idea that the battle will be fought in the western states this campaign. "The east will take care of itself. The money and speakers will come west, and it will be the greatest campaign the west has ever seen."

G. M. Lambertson says Nebraska will go republican by 20,000 plurality. "The western part of the state has heretofore been conceded to the silverites," he said, "and there has been no effort to advance the cause of sound money there. Now we will go into this territory and our side of the question will be presented. I do not think there is any doubt as to the result."

Mr. E. E. Brown has entertained the people of Lincoln and Nebraska a great many times by the exhibition of peculiar and singularly ill-conditioned political idiosyncracies. He has gone into republican conventions through the front door, wrapped in a desec for office and girdled with flamboyant partisan enthusiasm. Disappointed in convincing his colleagues of his particular and unique availability he has cast off the girdle and crawled out of the back window and dropped to the ground below a full fledged democrat or populist. Such, when he doesn't get what he wants, is the ease with Mr. Brown changes his politics. This distinguished citizen has been a frenzied applicant for a republican nomination one month and an equally frantic schemer for republican defeat the next. He has tried a greater variety of politics than any other man in the state of Nebraska, possibly excepting Paul Vandervoort, and the community has long ceased to wonder at his versatility in the matter of political principles.

But strange and many as have been his incomings and his outgoings, his professions of fealty and his flarings up, his idiosyncracies, demonstrations, hand springs, summersaults and genuflections, the people were not prepared for his latest manifestation. Mr. Brown rushes to a newspaper office and shaking his shaggy locks and hitching up his high-water pants, shouts in a loud tone of voice—"I will not vote the republican ticket this fall." Shades of Abraham Lincoln and James G. Blaine! Who expected he would? When the thousand representative republicans met in St. Louis to name candidates for president and vice-president and adopt a platform it was perfectly and clearly understood by each delegate present that Mr. E. E. Brown of Lincoln, Neb., the king of the leap frogs, would not vote the republican ticket this year. It was universally known that this

was not his republican year, and all of the deliberations and acts of the convention were with the calculation that Mr. Brown would be outside of the republican breastworks. So, when Mr. Brown hastens to remark in a loud tone that he will not vote the republican ticket this year, some people who are disposed to be a little harsh in their judgments will say that he is impertinent.

Close on the heels of Mr. Brown's reiteration of his apostasy, comes the rumor that he will run for congress in this district as a populist. It would be just like him, and in the interest of Mr. Strode's election we hope he will run. Mr. Brown has started out to run for a good many different offices, but he always dropped into a slow walk before he got very far, and if he should "run" again now it would make the "Dead March in Saul" seem like the most rapid kind of a quick-step.

If Mr. Brown does not have the grace to withdraw from the republican delegation from this county to the state convention, the delegation to the convention should lose no time in taking appropriate action.

Mr. Bryan's paper apotheosizes Henry M. Teller. The bolting senator is described as a patriot. And why, forsooth, is Teller a patriot? Mr. Teller was elected to the United States senate as a republican, and all of the prestige and honor that have come to him in twenty-five years have come to him through the good offices of the republican party. For years the party has been committed to the policy of maintaining the existing standard, and Mr. Teller has been content to take whatever of honor and prominence and profit he could get from the party. The silver mine owners of Colorado obtaining control of Colorado the word goes out that congressmen and senators from the Centennial state shall be committed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and Mr. Teller has exhibited as great proficiency in obeying the mandates of the silver magnates as he exhibited zeal in opening the tear ducts in St. Louis. Mr. Teller's term is about out and he wants to go back to the senate. He knows the only way for him to get back is to slide in on free silver sentiment, and he used the incident of the republican national convention as a means of manufacturing campaign thunder for use in Colorado. He bolts in order that the Colorado mine owners may send him back to Washington and he casts a presidential anchor to windward. Where is the patriotism?

Mr. Bryan to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Teller comes much nearer being a lachrymose fraud than a patriot. He is crying his way back to the senate. Patriots do not stand idly weeping, while the honor and credit and prosperity of the country are at stake. The republican party has not been for the free and unlimited coinage of silver independent of other nations and Mr. Teller had no right to expect that the party would subject itself to the silver kings of Colorado in this campaign. Under the circumstances the senator's action

savors more of apostasy than of patriotism.

The State Journal had an editorial Saturday on contempt of court that was quite as brilliant and clear as the previous expressions of that paper on this subject. The Journal referred at length to the case of the editor of the Sacramento Bee, and came to the conclusion that the editor was culpable because of his contempt and that the judge was culpable because of his sentence.

The republican party's platform is a good platform. It comprehends almost everything, and it speaks in certain, decisive terms. There are positive expressions on the tariff, money, the old soldiers, foreign policy, Armenia, Cuba, Hawaii, Nicaragua canal, the Danish Islands, the navy, immigration, civil service, free ballot, lynching, arbitration, homesteads, new states, Alaska and temperance. It is only when the platform reaches the subject of woman that there is any suggestion of indecision. Frankness compels us to say that here the platform wobbles. Sympathy is expressed with the "rights and interests of women," and the party is placed on record as favoring the admission of women to "wider spheres of usefulness," and then the grand old party says we "desire their co-operation in rescuing the country from democratic and populist mismanagement and misrule." But how? Alas, there is a hiatus. The public is left in the dark as to the manner in which "we desire the co-operation" of women. It is no known whether it is desired that they shall take young children who exhibit populist or democratic symptoms and place them in straight jackets until they are formed and fashioned to the lines of republican rectitude, or whether they shall institute a social and matrimonial ostracism of populists and democrats or whether they shall, like men, be permitted to vote a few times each election day. The platform is generally so strong and so well put together and altogether such an admirable production that we would not make any adverse criticism of it; but we will doubtless be pardoned for expressing the wish that the convention might have been a little more explicit in dealing with women. But then, men always were timid where women are concerned, and there are ethical reasons why the gathering of men that rushed in the breach where for years political parties have feared to tread and declared for gold, should have halted and backed up a little when confronted by lovely woman.

Dave Mercer, congressman from the Second district, has returned from Washington. And the surprising fact is that there are some people in Omaha, notably a few men who would like to occupy Dave's seat in congress, who are opposing his re-nomination. There is no serious danger that Mr. Mercer will be kept at home, but the mere fact that anybody thinks of trying to defeat him, after all he has done for the Second district and for the state of Nebraska, is a woeful commentary on the appreciation of his constituents, and bespeaks the premium gall of some people. Dave Mercer, since his