

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

discussed there has always been heard the chorus of mixed voices—"He is such an honest man." Here in Lincoln we have looked upon his face and we have seen that it is good, and we have saluted him as one who has succeeded in mixing plety with politics.

Our fellow citizen who dangles three presidential nominations from his belt never took a penny that did not belong to him. We are sure of that. He never had a part, personally, in any jobbery or corruption. He has held up his head among men, and gone his way serene in the confidence of rectitude. It is a pleasure to be able to say that in his private life, Mr. Bryan has always been and is a man of unblemished reputation—a man of clean habits and moral impulses.

But in the present crisis the question at issue is not any one man's private character. Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley might be men of exemplary personal conduct and yet totally, shockingly unfit for the discharge of the important duties of chief executive of this nation. What if Mr. Bryan's private life has been blameless, if the trend of his official and public acts and utterances has been in the direction of palpable dishonesty? An honest man is one who is fair in his dealings with others; just, frank, sincere—one who is equitable, rightful, honorable. Let us consider the brief public career of this man for whom extravagant claims of honesty are made.

Mr. Bryan, as appears elsewhere in this issue of The Courier, was given his first prominence by Mr. J. Sterling Morton. As soon as he got on his feet the first thing he did was to turn from his benefactor. He secured a further advancement from the element of the democratic party represented by Mr. Harwood. Once elected to congress, he deliberately set himself in opposition to the element of democracy that made him what he was. He was elected to congress and paid a salary of \$5,000 per year for representing the people of the first Nebraska district. Did he do what he was paid to do? Twenty thousand dollars for an elevator in the government building in this city that has long since ceased to run! Will any one pretend to say that Mr. Bryan did any one thing for his constituents in his four years in congress, save secure a miserable appropriation for a useless and now disused elevator? Mr. Bryan made speeches in Philadelphia and elsewhere, but that was not what he was paid for.

Early in his congressional career Mr. Bryan placed his ear to the ground and imagined he heard the roar of a coming tide of tariff reform. And he straightway rushed headlong into the advocacy of free trade. The people of this section of the state well remember how the young man eloquent strode the rostrum brandishing butcher knives in one hand and waving the red flag of flannel in the other. As soon as he observed a change in public opinion he dropped free trade as he had before dropped the men who made him, and turned to the new fad that promised to obtain a hold on emotional humankind. We know his connection with the cause of free silver. Mr. Bryan for four years has been a populist masquerading as a democrat. He has straddled two parties in a manner that does violence to the true meaning of honesty. Mr. Bryan espoused the cause of his friend J. D. Calhoun, who desired to be postmaster and who had for years tooted the loudest horn in the Bryan procession.

He assured Mr. Calhoun that he, Bryan, would "die in the ditch with him." Calhoun died in the ditch while Mr. Bryan danced on the upland. He dropped Calhoun and took up Harley with the same agility that he dropped free trade and took up free silver. Calhoun suffered what most of the men who have tied themselves to Mr. Bryan's wheel have suffered—He was ground and cast down. Everybody knows why Mr. Calhoun left Lincoln and Nebraska.

The most gigantic trick ever played on a political convention was that which won for Mr. Bryan the nomination for the presidency in Chicago. And that disgraceful incident in St. Louis! The familiar words: "His honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true," have been more than once applied to Mr. Bryan. With a contemporary we say: "Honor and honesty should go together. When the convention met it was evident that there was a majority in favor of Mr. Bryan, but opposed to Mr. Sewell, his colleague on the Chicago ticket. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, chairman of the democratic national committee and chief manager of Mr. Bryan's campaign, telegraphed that fact to Mr. Bryan, asking what should be done in case Mr. Sewell was not nominated, and adding, "I favor your declination." Mr. Bryan at once replied: "I entirely agree with you. Withdraw my name if Sewell is not nominated." Mr. Sewell was not nominated, but Mr. Bryan's name was not withdrawn; nor was his message to Senator Jones officially announced to the convention, although it was printed in the public press. And now Mr. Bryan hedges and trims, and says he does not know whether he will accept the nomination or not. So the case stands today, and it arouses a few interesting questions. Did Mr. Bryan mean what he said when he telegraphed, I entirely agree with you—that is, in declining to be nominated if Mr. Sewell was not—Withdraw my name? If he did, why is he hesitating over it now? And why did not Senator Jones withdraw his name, as he was bidden to do, or at least have that telegram officially announced to the convention? By what right did he suppress an important message involving the honor and integrity of the chosen leader of his party? A prompt and unequivocal explanation from either Mr. Bryan or Senator Jones, or both, is in order. If it is not forthcoming, it will be difficult to persuade honorable men that Mr. Bryan is not deliberately "selling out" his colleague on the Chicago ticket, and that Senator Jones is not conspiring with him to that end.

In this campaign Mr. Bryan is the advocate of a policy that looks to the repudiation of 47 per cent of all debts.

Mr. Bryan's private honesty is hardly equal to the task of balancing his public dishonor.

Next Wednesday in Madison Square Garden, New York, the glittering arena in which be-ribboned horses and pedigreed pups lately contended for the favor of frivolous people, will occur a spectacle that will eclipse all of the picturesque exhibitions that have taken place in this mammoth circus. The man who has left his home and crossed a continent to escape a problem that demands manly treatment, will appear as a prize feature of a dazzling show, and in the presence of fifteen thousand people shake hands with Arthur Sewall the man who with Senator Jones he

has conspired to displace. What a spectacle! The candidates will be notified of their nomination in much the same manner that the rustic swain and clinging maid are joined in wedlock at a county fair. One of the most dignified ceremonies that can take place in this republic will be turned into a noisy show, at a cost of \$18,500. Mr. Bryan advocates Jeffersonian simplicity. He would put money into the pockets of the poor! This ceremony could have been held in this city without the expenditure of one cent. How many backs might have been clothed, how many stomachs might have been filled with that \$18,500! Simplicity, where art thou? Consistency, oh, consistency, where art thou? Gone, gone, as the promises of man dissipate on the day of reckoning—sunk into obscurity in the big, blazing, glaring hippodrome that degrades the high office of the serious ruler of 70,000,000 of people.

How often have we listened to the sweet tones of Mr. Bryan's bimetallic voice as he has told us how he loved the boundless west, how he gloried in the rolling prairies, how his sympathies were wrapped up in our toiling agriculturalists, how he prized the simple mode of western living. And now, forsooth, he shakes his native dust from his feet, and turns his back on his home and the people who lifted him up and rushes to pay homage to a people he has told us with vehement and swelling oratory, he despised. Having told us to stick to Nebraska, he flees to New York. He wins his triumph in the land of the sweeping prairie, where the pride of the people is the harvest of corn and celebrates his jubilee in the far off east, whither the men who raised him up cannot go. The people's candidate spends \$18,500 to be notified of his nomination!

THE EDITOR.

FRANK ZEHRUNG RETURNS.

Frank C. Zehrunge came back from New York in the east wind that blew Thursday. Five weeks on the Rialto have made him more youthful and buoyant than ever.

"No, I am not ready to make a detailed announcement of the bookings of the Funke opera house for the coming season," he said yesterday. "The fact that this is a presidential year will make the season late in starting, and there will be fewer companies on the road than there has been in ten years. Such people as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Charley Dixon, Donnelly and Gerrard, who used to have companies of their own, will abandon starrng and join other companies. The companies that do go out will be unusually strong."

"The Funke opera house will this season present as fine a line of attractions as will come west." And then Mr. Zehrunge modestly named a few of the bookings and remarked incidentally that Lillian Russell will present the new opera "American Beauty" at his house October 30.

"September first Mark Murphy will appear in 'O'Dowd's Neighbors,' and the Spooner Dramatic company, which should not be confounded with the Cecil Spooner company, will play a week's engagement during the national guard encampment."

"Of course I have arranged for a return of all of the old favorites such as Roland Reed and Walker Whitesides. Whitesides, by the way, will put on the Merchant of Venice."

"The formal opening of the Funke will occur September 24 and 25, when Jacob Litt's famous attraction 'In Old Kentucky' will be presented."

"Shore Acres" will come again for two nights and a matinee.

"Rob Roy," the opera which had such a successful season in New York, will be heard at the Funke sometime during the winter.

"Clay Clement will come to the Funke, probably for two nights, in 'The Old Dominion' and 'The Bell.'"

Mr. Zehrunge says his list is much larger than ever before. A full publication will be made later.

Mr. Zehrunge saw Cecil Spooner who is an old Lincoln favorite. She has obtained high favor with the greatest vaudeville magnates in the country. She has danced with great success in Kiehl's houses in Boston and New York, and has all of her time for next season booked in the east. Miss Spooner may come west in the summer and if she does, she will appear at the Funke. Mr. Zehrunge also visited the Holdens at Rochester, Ind., where they have a beautiful summer home.

CHEAP RIDE—CHEAP VACATION.

By availing yourself of the very low rate of \$9.90 to St. Paul, Minn., and return, made by the North-Western line August 30 and 31 on account of the G. A. R. encampment, you can spend your vacation at one of the numerous resorts near St. Paul, fishing or hunting, at a very moderate cost and under the most agreeable vacation conditions. Get information and make sleeping car reservations in advance at city office, 117 So. 10th St., Lincoln, Neb.

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