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OBSERVATIONS

Mr. Bryan's trip from Lincoln to Chicago, or all the way to New York, for that matter, was all that our noisily inclined townsman could have desired. If he expected the people to flock to the railway stations to greet him; if he expected the blare and din of the brass band; if he expected anxious mothers to bring forth their babies on his arrival, as they do when there is a circus in town; if he expected noise and tumult, attention and applause, he was not disappointed.

Presidential candidates are sufficiently rare to be objects of curiosity and consideration. The people, regardless of politics, like to see the man who has been named by a great party for the high office of president. The people of Iowa and Illinois, particularly, have not seen a great many presidential nominees. And never have they seen a candidate for president who was as easy—we will not say anxious—to be seen as our townsman, who has sought to be a monopolist in the matter of nominations. Mr. Bryan met the people more than half way. He has never been a

candidate for president before, and he doubtless realizes that he will never be a candidate again. Therefore he is disposed to make the most of his opportunity, and we do not blame him. The great "Judge" Cooley of Omaha, some years ago appeared as "Hamlet." He only appeared once, but we will leave it to any one who was present if that one appearance was not the most original, picturesque, striking performance he ever saw. Mr. Bryan, with his presidential nomination, is a good deal like Judge Cooley with his "Hamlet." The opportunity to play a star role, with audiences assured, does not come often, and we are sure that the person who would begrudge Mr. Bryan any of the notoriety or fun he is getting out of his nomination is very ill-natured. The motto of the famed Clover club suggests itself—"While we live, we live in clover; when we die, we die all over." While Mr. Bryan is running he is running all over; when he is done he will be done all over.

Up to his arrival in New York, Mr. Bryan's talks—they can hardly be called speeches—were characterized by the same qualities that marked his utterances on the memorable trip from Salem to Lincoln. Will anyone who has read these remarks contend that this enthusiastic young man, who has glibly referred to the president of the United States as a mere "hired man," and who at station after station iterated and reiterated dreary platitudes and voiced cheap sentiment, and made repeated demagogic appeals, evidenced any statesmanship? As we read these commonplace utterances are we convinced that the speaker is a man big enough and broad enough and experienced enough to be the president of this nation, the chief ruler of 70,000,000 of people, in a time when those in authority are called upon to deal with the most momentous problems that ever faced the human race? Has this gallorous young man, who is so fond of inviting a comparison between himself and Abraham Lincoln, succeeded in establishing a claim to equality with Lincoln? We cannot see that there is any more resemblance between Lincoln and Bryan than there is between a granite hitching post and a sulphur-crested cockatoo.

Abraham Lincoln, from the very earliest point in his career, was closely identified with the true interests of the real common people. He proved that he was not a demagogue by doing something besides talk. His services to mankind are his monument, not his pretty speeches. Lincoln was constantly exerting himself in behalf of the oppressed. He was permanently active in his services to those who had need of aid. He may have talked, but he performed, and he performed better than he talked. A study of Lincoln's early career teaches us that he was ever

a ready and effective champion of the wronged.

A study of Mr. Bryan's career, from the time he won his first prize at an oratorical contest down to the incident of the Chicago convention, where he won his last prize at an oratorical contest, will show that this glib young man has never done anything but appear in oratorical contests. He is thirty-six years of age, and for more than sixteen years he has been wholly engaged in accumulating a stock of oratorical crowns. And he has been successful in this. While the people whose sufferings have been his theme have been bearing their crosses, he has been piling up his crowns, and there is no record of a single instance where this talking man has given to the people anything save talk. A study of Mr. Bryan's career forces us to the opinion that his interest in the sufferings of the people begins and ends in the use he makes of their sufferings to stir the emotions of impressionable people in his life-work of winning prizes in oratory.

There are those who will think we are too severe; that we are not doing Mr. Bryan justice. To those we will say—just consider Mr. Bryan's record a moment, and see if any different conclusion can be reached. Mr. Bryan, only a little more than six years ago, was a candidate for the appointment as secretary of the state board of transportation in this state. At that time, while he was talking glibly enough of the hardships of the people, he was a member of a firm in the employ of a great railway corporation, and in his attempt to secure this appointment he did not hesitate to ask for the assistance and influence of the officers of another great railway company, the principal railway corporation in this state. At that time, and for a year or so previous, Mr. Bryan did not hesitate to accept favors from the railway companies, those great "enemies of the people." Mr. Bryan, not long after, went into congress, where he made two speeches, one on the tariff and one on silver, and secured an appropriation for a passenger elevator in the government building in this city.

All this time Mr. Bryan was singing the same old song of his great love for the people. Did he ever identify himself with any movement to lessen the hardships of the people? Did he ever, in or out of congress, try to prevent the railway companies from making discriminations in rates? Did he ever seek to shorten the hours of labor? Was he the author of any bill or the leader of, or even a worker, in any movement to secure a greater degree of comfort or independence for the workingman? Did he ever seek to promote arbitration? Did he ever make any effort to regulate and restrict the power of great monopolies like the Standard

Oil company, that oppresses labor and works a hardship on the whole people? Did he ever make any attempt to lessen the power or evil of the great corporations and monopolies? Did he, in short, ever contribute anything but idle talk to the cause of the common people—of labor? Will any one contend that his acts, in any way, correspond with his expressions?

We cannot see how any laboring man can regard Mr. Bryan as his friend. He not only has not done anything for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, but he is at the present moment engaged in a movement which, if successful, would cut in two the wages of labor. We can see how Mr. Bryan might be popular in certain sections of the south, where the ruling classes refuse the negro the right of franchise; but we cannot see how the people, generally, can approve of or vote for this candidate who voted against the measure in congress designed to protect the negro, the "common people" of the south, in the rights which the Constitution guarantees; who, by standing on the Chicago platform, declares that this government shall not be permitted to put down rebellion and anarchy; who advocates a policy that would reduce, by one-half, the wages of every workingman—and we are all workingmen.

THE EDITOR.

Willis—Longlocks, the poet, has twins.

Wallace—Too bad! Some babies never have any luck.

"Of course you have a girl to do the heavy work?"

"Yes; but she never gets here soon enough in the morning to carry John upstairs."

IN DANGER OF DEATH.

"I never thought I would die with my boots on."

The young woman had a look of utter anguish in her face as she said these words.

She cast her eyes to the ground as she continued her melancholy reflections—

"But these are fully two sizes too small for me, and if I don't get them off soon they will surely kill me."

"I wonder why she screamed when I kissed her."

"Force of habit, I suppose."

He—Your father objects to your going to the theatre, does he not?

The Minister's Daughter—Yes but he's not at home this week.

Kate—You say now that I am an angel.

Charlie—I do! You are!

Kate—Then take care that I don't use my wings after we are married.