

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

During his first term of office Governor Holcomb made appointments quite freely, without exacting promises for any of the customary return services. During his second term experience has taught him that his future interests will be best served by a clear understanding with appointees. The complications which will arise from a third term candidacy are numerous; and concern Governor Holcomb so intimately, that his usually rather clouded vision has comprehended with sufficient clearness to make him anxious to attach more closely to himself the chief men of his own tribe. Jay Burrows was very anxious for a commission in the Third Nebraska. He went to Omaha and passed a creditable physical examination, then he was repeatedly advised to "see the governor." He did not see him, neither did he get the commission. The development of political sagacity in the governor of Nebraska, although still interrupted by a crude belief in destiny, is proceeding quite rapidly under the influence of the impending difficulties of a third term and the number of candidates who want the chance to steer the state.

Ex-Treasurer Bartley arrived on a midnight train last Wednesday and was taken by the sheriff out to the penitentiary, five miles south of Lincoln. Without a word, except a cheerful reply to a greeting from a newspaper reporter, Mr. Bartley stepped into a hack which waited to take him to the beginning of his twenty years sentence. The composure and dignity of Mr. Bartley's bearing are admirable. Considering Auditor Moore's melodramatic conduct, and his final escape from a punishment which he certainly deserved as much as Mr. Bartley, the latter's quiet acceptance of his sentence, and the non-appearance of Mrs. Bartley in court, emphasize a certain manliness and brave submission to the inevitable, which is characteristic of the man. He did no more than other state treasurers have done, but the dishonest system during his incumbency of the treasurer's office reached a climax (all systems reach a culmination which prove their worth or viciousness), he was unable to evade or prolong as his predecessors had done, and he is now suffering vicariously, as well as for his own sins. He neither invented nor inaugurated the system which was his undoing. The sentence he received, considering all these things, and those who have gone scot free for more deliberate and original plundering, is excessive and unjust. Even-handed justice will not condemn a man to twenty years' incarceration in a penitentiary because the people of the state are exasperated at a succession of state officers who have plundered or who are suspected of having plundered the state for a number of years. Such a concession to clamor, even the clamorers will admit in those rare flashes of judicial reflection, which even clamorers have, is unworthy a judge.

As between the French and Spanish, the latter have twice demonstrated their bravery, while the former have now twice signalized their cowardice. In the fire which occurred in the charity bazaar at Paris, where the men and women were of gentle birth and breeding, when the cry of fire was raised the noblemen struck their mothers, sisters and fiancées in the face with their fists and trampled on their bodies to reach the exit, and only a few women succeeded in eluding the

fists and feet belonging to what they call men in France, and had time enough left to escape from the burning building. The steamer Burgogne went down off the Grand Banks on July 4, with 725 souls on board. Only 200 passengers were saved, and of these one was a woman. The boats and rafts were taken possession of by the French crew, who beat back the passengers with oars and clubs. In these two accidents the cowardice of the French, gentle and simple, is illustrated. In the annals of American river, lake and ocean maritime service there are scores of instances in which the captain and crew have helped first the women and children into the boats of a burning vessel, then the rest of the passengers, and taken what was left themselves, or gone down with their ship. But these French officers had not force of character enough to shoot some of the crew who were beating of the helpless passengers, and compel the rest to stand by while the boats were launched and the weak saved first.

When a nation is cowardly, atheistic and unchaste it is burned up, not as Sodom and Gomorrah were, but ethnologically the degenerate people deteriorate till their virtue is an echo from the time of a founder like Charlemagne. Statistics of the population of France show no annual increase in numbers. Births and deaths are in the same ratio. Such symptoms, according to the materia medica of history, accompany the death of a race. The strength of France has been sapped by long wars, which have taken first the strongest and healthiest young men, and later the older and feebler, thus impoverishing the next generation, which in turn is called upon to furnish its best to the army. The wars of England and Germany have not had so perceptible an effect upon the population because the vices hereinbefore referred to have not drained the freshness, hope and strength of those nations. The English, the pure Saxon race, has a staying capacity, a recuperative verity, and a productiveness that will in time either rehabilitate or push off the earth, the thinner blooded Romance peoples who have fallen into evil ways.

French society, French men, French literature, the French drama, is decadent. No healthy mind can examine French institutions without a warning from the nostrils of the presence of decay. Zola has written of the French people as they are and they will not let him into the academy because he has told on them. There will come a time, unless some outside influence destroys Frenchness (how we do hate it) in France, when the death rate and the birth rate will no longer balance. Then the blue-eyed Saxon will go in and possess the land, and the sooner that day comes the better for the whole race. The pond with a green scum may be interesting to a botanist, but we need the ground. Besides it hatches poisonous insects and allows malarious wraiths to escape from it. It should be drained.

The endorsement of Mr. Burkett for congress by the Lancaster county convention was and is still a surprise to Lincoln people who did not and do not yet fully understand just who, and just what Mr. Burkett is and just how it happened that he, all of a sudden, sprung into prominence and into nomination for congress by the Lancaster county convention.

If republicans will stop a moment and think, they will remember, how, in the spring there was an effort to lift Lincoln politics to a higher plain and which succeeded to the satisfac-



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tion of all good citizens who love honest government and decency in politics. When the result of the city election was known, the gang who have manipulated and plundered this city for years, under the leadership of those who have grown rich in coal and gas set about to get even with the so-called silk stocking reformers and the late Lancaster county convention was the result. It was a convention organized, planned and controlled by those who will debauch the next legislature if they can, and who are interested in foisting upon the public not only through the republican party, but through the so called reform party as well, political tools who will do in the legislature, in the city council, in the state government and in the national congress at Washington what they are told to do.

Republicans throughout the district may as well understand now, that the attempt to put Burkett into congress is a part of the game by the same manipulators who are putting Burns into the legislature and if consummated is sure in the end to bring disgrace and disaster to the party.

The people of Lincoln who know this young man Burkett laugh at the idea of his being a congressman. Up to the meeting of the Lancaster county convention his candidacy was considered a joke. The COURIER warns the republicans of the district to investigate the Burkett deal before they endorse it.

Interpreting a Proverb.

"Do you believe that whistling indicates that a man has an empty head?" asked the affable devotee to "Sweet Marie." "It indicates that he will have one if I can reach his head with a club," replied the person who can't be industrious without being irritable.

Private Access.

What a blessing no man can hinder our private access to God. Every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice and the earth he treads on the altar.—Jeremy Taylor.

The contemporary estimate of an artist's worth is always of problematical value, and in the case of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones the proverbial disagreement of critics was intensified by the fervor of the quarrel over the Rossetti school, well remembered in artistic circles. The emphatic popular



SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

favor accorded Burne-Jones's work, however, both in this country and in England, cannot be doubted, and his recent death, at the age of sixty-five, excited general regret among his many American admirers. An excellent portrait of the late academician is published in Harper's Weekly for July 2, together with a comprehensive account of his life and work.

One Fashion Explained.

Little Dot—Mamma says when she was a girl little girls wore white stockin's wot didn't make their feet all black like these do.

Little Dick—Then wot did they begin wearin' black stockin's for?

Little Dot (after some thought)—I guess it's because it's easier to wash feet than to wash stockin's.

Get Healthy Jurons.

Jimson—I wouldn't hang a man on any "expert" testimony of doctors. Would you?

Jamson—Not if I were in good health.

Humph! What's that to do with it? I haven't much faith in doctors—when I'm well.