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OBSERVATIONS.**Malcontents.**

Mr. S. T. Cochrane, chairman of the Lancaster county republican central committee, in an officially signed communication published in the State Journal of the 4th inst. in writing of the then approaching election, said: "On the legislative ticket there will be no appreciable falling off, despite the frantic efforts of the handful of malcontents who have sought by all the underhanded means at their command to induce republicans to be recalcitrant to their duty."

When D. E. Thompson, after his defeat in the republican senatorial caucus, offered to support principles advocated by fusionists and combated as wrong by republicans, he by that act of shame laid the foundation of opposition to his senatorial candidacy within the party which he offered to betray. If the legislature which assembles in January next shall be controlled by fusion forces, as now seems possible, that condition will be the direct result of the same act of the same Thompson. There can be no doubt that Mr. Cochrane is convinced that Thompson would have defeated Judge Hayward after he became the caucus nominee had he been able to do so, yet he never denounced Thompson as a "malcontent" for that attempt. In the opinion of the chairman of the committee Thompson is not to be criticised for that act of perfidy, but if republicans refuse to support his senatorial candidacy or to advocate the election of legislative candidates who will vote in support of that candidacy, they are "malcontents." The fact that republicans express their contempt for the candidacy of one who sought by betrayal to injure the party authorizes Mr. Cochrane in his official capacity as

chairman to condemn not the man who offered to desert and enter the service of the enemy but the men who denounced the tendered act of desertion. The reason of Mr. Cochrane's frantic support of Mr. Thompson's senatorial candidacy may be easily discovered. For about fifteen years Mr. Cochrane has been the incumbent of a public office and he enjoys feeding at the public crib. He is now a candidate for the district bench whenever a judge is chosen. In his opinion Mr. Thompson has the power to secure for him the nomination and the election to that office. It is well known that if Mr. Thompson has the power to name the man who is to wear the judicial ermine that man must be one who will determine all cases as he may direct. In other words, he must be the judge in fact while the one who takes the oath of office and bears the title must be his willing instrument to register his decrees and execute his will. It is possible that in Mr. Cochrane Mr. Thompson has found the man who by reason of his subserviency and suppleness of knee will become his preferred candidate for judge. If such shall be the event there may be found a handful of "malcontents" who are neither holders of nor aspirants for office who will to such an extent impress their views as to the fitness of a candidate for office as to make the preferred candidate, whoever he may be, anxious if not uneasy.

"Hanna."

William Allen White was once celebrated as the author of "The Court of Boyville." He is more widely celebrated now as the author of the sketch of the life and character of Hanna and of Bryan printed in McClure's magazine. Mr. White is known for his habit of telling the truth, of recognizing what everyone knows without words and from the assortment of English words, selecting just the ones that express the underlying inarticulate judgment of the masses. "The Court of Boyville" is perhaps Mr. White's most durable hold on posterity, but the sketches of these two men are his strongest claims on present interest. One of the last paragraphs in this essay called "Hanna" is particularly apposite: "No better evidence may be found to-day that the United States has a representative government, than is found in the dominance of Hanna in the majority political party in the nation. Hanna is a representative American. He is the American average. Thomas B. Reed, with his faculty for epigram, with his cultured conscience, and with his moral and intellectual courage, stands as far above the American average as Boss Tweed lay below it. Reed is an American ideal; Tweed a horrible example. Mr. Bryan, emotional, fanatic, raw, represents American moments when mob spirit rages; but Hanna, with his apparent faults,

which he does not deny, nor his friends try to conceal, and with his undeniable virtues—thrift, industry, practical sense, a cash register conscience, fidelity, love of truth—with his efficiency—and that covereth a multitude of sins—with his sense of humor, that anchors him to sanity, Hanna is a walking breathing, living body of the American spirit." * * * "It is McKinley, not Hanna, that controls. The masterful, self-willed, nimble-witted, impetuous, virile Hanna in the presence of the placid, colorless, imperturbable, emotionless, diplomatic, stolid McKinley, becomes superficially deferential and considerate of the Presidential dignity, almost to an unnecessary degree. It is known to all men at all familiar with McKinley's administration, that in the differences which have come up in the discussion of administrative affairs, when Hanna has been consulted at all, he has almost invariably yielded his opinion to McKinley's. The friendship—one might call it almost the infatuation of Hanna for McKinley—is almost inexplicable on any other theory save that of the affinity of opposites. History has often paralleled, but she has never fully explained her parallels.

The Treasure of the Museum.

If a boat-load of men and women were cast on a desert island and the women contributed their share of tools, provisions or work it is tolerably certain that the modern woman would have something to say about the disposition of the clothing food or tools she herself had helped bring ashore to the general fund. If there were too many back-woodsy males, who objected to her having any share in the disposition or administration of the assets which she herself helped to secure these new-women cast-aways would take their stuff and their faculty for making even a temporary shack comfortable, and move them to another part of the island. Women will never submit again to a new start under old conditions.

It is a mistake to take a man like Mr. Bixby too seriously. His acquaintance with the modern college woman is slight and his opinions are rigid and incapable of revision. He belongs to a type rapidly becoming valuable because it is so rare. The type was common enough in the days when Tom Jones was written. Such opinions as Mr. Bixby reiterates in a daily paper are solely interesting because they are evidence of the tenacity of prejudice. Every day I read, papers published in San Francisco, in Denver, in Chicago in New York, in New Orleans and in Omaha. Not one of them contains work of unquestionable archaic origin such as that displayed in the Journal. It really belongs in a museum in the department of ethnology. The only other specimens of this sort of writing is sometimes found in college papers where

the male undergraduate bleats in lame rhyme because he knows no other way to assert himself and a superiority he feels, but can not demonstrate. Reading, experience and the increasing efficiency of women to help in the work of the world prove to every one not blinded by sex-egotism that men and women are individuals, members of society and of the body politic, inheriting and developing their brains without regard to sex. That man who is continually bleating about the superiority of the sex he belongs to, is inherently weak and his consciousness of it, leads him to assert the strength of the society or sex responsible for him. No man with a creative intellect spends his time badgering the other sex or making ribald jokes or writing ribald doggerel about women. Part of the editorial pages of The Journal is an example in point. Mr. Gere's dignified, apposite condensed discussions of the literature, economics, politics and institutions of his time are worthy expressions of an original mind, and of a gentle spirit. Mr. Bixby's daily reiteration of woman's inferiority, her ignorance, her place and her unworthy ambition to think her own thoughts and vote her own choice, is disgusting to the intelligent women of Nebraska.

The Solitary Summer.

Elizabeth, of the "German Garden" has written another book, which might have been called by the same name, so like is it. The style is so limpid, so free from all affectations literary or otherwise that one reading of the book is not enough. The character of the woman who wrote these two books is fascinating and her style reveals it clearly. She lives at peace with the world, remote from it, but Christianly loving and serving everybody who enters her solitude. The anonymous author did not write her books as evangelists write, tracts, with the purpose of helping a doubting or trembling soul to the better life. Nevertheless they have a searching quality and mercilessly reveal a threadbare soul to itself. The nineteenth century was a period of organization. Shop-keepers who sold dry-goods, became members of syndicates who sold everything from groceries to buggies. Owners of mines and oil-wells in one part of the country became members of a syndicate which controlled the coal and oil in several or in many states. A theatrical manager of one opera-house or theater combined with other managers in other towns and they control the drama as it is played, north, south, east and west. Women have organized clubs and large parties are more frequently given by an organization than by an individual. The farms are deserted and the population is grouped. Solitude and the invitation to the soul are dreaded and avoided. Elizabeth, like Pascal, teaches the richness