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OBSERVATIONS.**Anarchy.**

President McKinley is dead, killed by an anarchist. In any case his life and services to the nation would be tenderly and approbatively considered. When a president is assassinated the English language is apparently unequal to the strain of expressing a people's grief for him and horror and hatred of the assassin. Yet in what has been said north and south about the murder of the president it is apparent that we have come to a turning of the ways. When President Lincoln was shot the country had not begun to recover from the fever, the insanity of a civil war. Men hated to the death. There was no temperance, little patience, and small statesmanship. North and south hated each other with an apparently irreconcilable hatred. Booth thought he was avenging a devastated and plundered section. Garfield's assassin was excited by the bitter controversy between the President and Mr. Conkling. President McKinley was assassinated at a time when north and south, east and west are singularly and demonstratively harmonious. The war is over and has left no bitterness in this country. England and Germany are appalled by our commercial supremacy, and, according to the correspondents, contemplate retaliatory measures. Fresh from naval, manufacturing and agricultural triumphs, the country was never less inclined for the murder of the man who represents the country and has done so much to insure its prosperity.

There was no motive for the murder of President McKinley except anarchy. The man was sane. He had an elaborate plan and is now taking what comfort he can in the notoriety he has attained and the

gratitude with which his name will be mentioned in anarchist meetings. Considering the peculiar reasoning of anarchists, considering the fact that they go on committing murders whose only effort is to make the laws of which they complain more stringent, Czolgosz' execution will have no deterrent effect upon assassination. Although anarchists are cowards, they are more afraid of other anarchists than of the law; and when one draws a lot which designates him as an assassin, he is afraid not to kill. To execute Czolgosz is the same as killing a rattlesnake. It is no lesson to other rattlesnakes; they have just as much venom left; they will as readily use it. When one assassin and anarchist is executed there is just one less anarchist, and that is all. There are several thousand left in this country, unterrified, and stimulated by Czolgosz' success to kill his successor. The seventy million people in this country whose president McKinley had become have been defeated by the act of one man. His life is forfeit to the law. It is all we can take from him, but his execution in no wise repairs the assault he has made on the republic.

Meanwhile there is no doubt of the temper of the people. There is little doubt that their representatives will enact a law in the first congress that assembles curtailing the liberty of free speech at anarchist meetings and of the publication and distribution of anarchist newspapers and propaganda of all kinds. As a people we have no right to elect a man to an office in which he is a particularly conspicuous mark for anarchists and guard him from attacks carelessly and imperfectly. In thirty-six years three presidents have been killed. Lincoln's and Garfield's death seem not to have convinced a democracy-mad people that there was need for extra precautions around the life of the man whose death would affect seventy million people and throw out of adjustment millions of dollars worth of stocks. But McKinley's death has demonstrated that the anarchists are watching to kill the president. Garfield's death showed that the president was at the mercy of cranks.

The lesson is that the American president should be guarded as carefully as his high station and its exposure demand, and that anarchists should be exterminated like rattlesnakes.

The farmer does not wait till the snake bites when he finds one in his field. He kills him because he knows the species and that rattlesnakes are all alike. Their bite is deadly poison, and if one of them considers his feelings sufficiently outraged he will bite. A man ignorant of what a snake disapproves is likely to offend one of them unwittingly and pay for it with his life. The American farmers have almost exterminated the rattlesnakes

in this country by killing one as soon as his unmistakable rattle announces his presence. The anarchist is opposed to society and announces it. Society's only protection is to declare a war of extermination; for, unlike the rattlesnake, -anarchists strike without warning. Czolgosz carried his loaded pistol wrapped in a handkerchief, shook hands with the President with his left hand and then shot him twice before the sleepy detectives suspected him. It should be made a life offense to attack the President. A soldier who strikes his superior officer in time of war incurs the death penalty and usually receives it. Now an attack on the life of the President convulses the country. If he is wounded the national and international business which he was elected to attend to is interrupted and waits while the victim of hate and treason languishes on a sick bed. We make such a fetish of freedom that the election to the presidency of the United States is almost a warrant of death. It is better for all of us to give up the right of approaching the president with a bandaged hand or with our hands in our pockets than that the president should be endangered.

There are other perquisites that the assassination may deprive us of. For instance we have nearly killed several other presidents by insisting on our right in shoals of a thousand or more to shake their poor hands. Then we insist upon our right to go into the White House and look at the president and his family. Grover Cleveland denied the right and sequestered his family from the uninvited public. But his haughtiness lost him votes.

It is likely that the Buffalo hand-shaking is the last one of the kind that an American president will ever be called upon to suffer. There are other lessons that the great, innocent, democratic American public is now learning in bitterness of spirit, and if the representatives of the people learn them, too, President Roosevelt's wife can lie down at night in greater surety that her husband will live out his term.

Extra Judicial.

The people of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, with the New England unwillingness to be convinced, have ostracized the Fosburgs, father, son and mother, although even the silly chief of police accused only the brother of murdering his sister. Massachusetts people are honest and some are very clever. They make a point of learning everything accumulated in the knowledge-books, and besides they read the newspapers more than their ignorance of and their indifference to other parts of the country indicate. But when a family from some unconsecrated state moves into Massachusetts, a generation or two is required to introduce the members

of it to the unsuspecting consideration of the community. And at least three generations must elapse before the disgrace entailed by the founders of the family in being born and residing elsewhere for a while is removed. No matter how well-to-do or gentle the members of the family are, there is no record of any who have completely recovered from the disability of possessing ancestors who from the dawn of American history ignored the advantages of Massachusetts as a native state and gave birth to children in some other state or country.

There is great difference of opinion about the justice of the laws of heredity, but the citizens of New England believe that there must still be something the matter with the man whose great grandfather cared so little for his direct descendants as to allow them to be born in any state west of the utmost limits of culture.

The unfortunate Fosburgs are suffering from this tradition and habit. Instead of pitying them for the causeless suspicion and surveillance to which all the surviving members of the family have been subjected, Pittsfield considers that the Fosburgs have made their chief of police a great deal of trouble for people who do not belong to Pittsfield. The citizens resent "new families" or growth from the outside. Usually this peculiarity of Massachusetts people whose ancestors have lived in the same house for an acceptable period affects strangers uncomfortably but not fatally. In the case of the Fosburgs the Massachusetts disapproval of strangers is in the way of making a further residence in Pittsfield unbearable.

Most modern towns are glad to welcome wealthy new-comers who increase the property of the town and share the tax payers' burden. But it appears that in Pittsfield the citizens prefer residents whose ancestors are well known and whose skeletons appear at every sewing circle occasion. It is said that every unavailing argument of the Fosburgs' innocence is finally answered by the Pittsfieldian inquiry: "Who are the Fosburgs anyway?" There is no answer, and the Pittsfieldian considers the silence a confession of guilt. Even when the otherwise intelligent citizens of this distinguished state move onto less historically sacred territory, they are unable to take the humble attitude assigned to strangers soliciting the good will and hospitality of earlier comers. Their first words on the way from the station are generally words of instruction and warning. Of course where the country is new enough, tenderfeet, even when they are from Boston itself, have learned to keep still; but where convention is crystallized, the genuine Bostonian's desire to show strong against a background of savagery is irrepressible, and thus his popularity cannot be