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As a menace to the national peace and well-being, "Coxeyism" seems to have melted away. Even the newspapers, always on the alert for news, pay the movement the scant courtesy of but an oxessional notice. Congress does not refer to it. As Byron says, "It came like truth and disappeared like dreams." Once more is vindicated the value of the peaceful and rational method of dealing with such forms of popular excitement or dissatisfaction. Very many serious and thoughtful people were greatly disturbed and agitated over the massing of this idle and dangerous element of society at the national capital. They thought they should be stopped on the way and dispersed by arms. They saw in the movement the seeds of a social revolution. All kinds of perils were prognosticated. It was supposed that their presence would either intimidate or exasperate congress into some form of injudicious action. All these anxieties were proven to be useless. When the "Coxeyites" reached Washington they saw how helpless they were to affect legislation or to create profound sympathy for their method of righting social inequalities. The very fact, deplored by many, that these tramps were a voting part of the body politic gave them a half unconscious but real sense of political and social responsibility. As John Fiske truly says, if the poor and ignorant of this country could complain not only of social disadvantages but of the absence of political rights, they would be a much more dangerous instrument for the demagogue to play upon. If any one will travel along the Brandywine river he will see large powder factories, which are somewhat curiously built. They are constructed with three sides of stone and one side of the lightest timber. When an explosion occurs the timber side is blown out, but the stone sides are preserved. The right of free speech, free press and free ballot make the timber side of our political structure. They offer but little resistence to the explosions of popular agitation. Russia is built of stone throughout. When the explosion comes all the walls will shatter.

Ir begins to look as if the United States court were likely to place upon a rational basis the whole question of strikes. The common law has rightly made it very difficult to establish the existence of a sonspiracy, because the consequences of this crime are so widely spread and may be so terrible in their operation. The method by means of which a man may be vitally associated with a capital crime, although he may be a thousand miles away from the actual offense, should be very jealously guarded from the potent possibilities of abuse. But when a regularly organized body of men, acting under the unquestioned order of a recognized leader, engage in unlawful acts, it ought not to be difficult to convict them of conspiracy. Disguise it as we may, a strike means war. Unless the parties engaged in it may, as a last resort, compel men by violence to refrain from taking the places of striking men, the strike has and can have no

value to the strikers. There has never been a strike in which this was not the recognized ethics of those engaged in it. And this meant, and must mean, the direct or indirect loss of property to the employers of labor. The way the matter works now is this. A body of men wish to strike on a railway; they quit work, drive off those who would take their places, stop trains, side track freight cars and maybe pull down bridges. But, even if they commit no overt acts of violence except drive away non-union men, they are inflicting a serious pecuniray loss upon the road. When the strike is ended there seems to be no way by which the injured roads can secure financial damage for the wrongs they have suffered. Surely, this ought not to be so. All of the various labor unions have an organic existence, and generally, we may suppose, a reasonably well filled treasury. Upon that treasury the injured railway company should have some legal method of coming. If an individual takes out a legal injunction restraining another man from engaging in some act which involves pecuniary profit, he is obliged to give a bond that he can make the first man good, in case the injunction does not hold. But, in an ordinary strike a thousand men can practically take out an injunction restraining a railway from continuing work, and then when this illegally imposed injunction is lifted, nobody is responsible for the terrible damage inflicted. It is an irrational and harmful spirit of public sympathy for the workingman to look on this state of of things with complacency. The working man will be the ultimate sufferer if it continues. Any form of injustice in any community finally reaches the weakest member of the community. Because we may not personally like George Pullman or Jay Gould we have no moral right to encourage a system in which such men appear to be the chief sufferers. The wisdom and sense of justice of this land will have to combine to right this great wrong. No railway should engage a man as an employe unless he is willing to sign a contract in which both parties are bound to a specific length of service. The public has some rights in the matter as against both parties to such a contract. And either party should be legally obliged to give, say ten days' notice of intention not to renew the contract. The people are getting heartily sick of a system in which the property of innocent people may, without an hour's notice, be ruthlessly sacrificed simply because some incompetent man may have been discharged from his task a thousand miles from where a strike is actually inaugurated. A thorough overhauling of the whole question of the relation between railroads and their employes seems to be sadly

WHAT HE WOULD THINK.

The good, kind old gentleman looked down benignantly on the small urchin blacking his shoes. "Now, my boy," he said, after he had finished blacking his shoes, "what would you think if I gave you a nice, new \$1 bill?"

The boy, down on all fours, cocked his head up at his prospective benefactor.

"I guess I'd think you wanted 95 cents change," he replied, and and the subsequent proceedings proved his guess to be correct.

THE PRICE OF IT.

A happy-go-lucky bachelor was taking his ease most delightfully an the veranda of the hotel, when the lady with five marriageable daughters came and sat down behind him.

"You seem to be very well satisfied with life, Mr. Frisky," she said.

"I am always that, my dear madam," he responded.

"And a bachelor?" she said questioningly.

"That is no argument against it, is it?" he asked.

"I think it must be. But tell me why you have never married.

"I couldn't tell you, I think, if I tried."

"It seems to me that so handsome and cheerful and thrifty a man as you are, Mr. Frisky, would have been captured long ago. How have you managed to retain your freedom?"

"Eternal vigilance, my dear madam, is the price of liberty, you know," he replied, bowing himself away as three of the aforesaid daughters joined their mamma.