

Secretary J. Seedless Morton, high priest of the inner temple of simon pure democracy, has emerged from the recesses of official reticence, and, to use a colloquialism, thrown up the sponge. He recognizes the belligerent rights of the free silver democrats, and admits that so far as the Chicago convention is concerned, the old liners are well started down the toboggan slide. In an interview in a Chicago paper Mr. Morton concedes the silver wing of the party a majority of 100 or more, and expects them to nominate a ticket and frame a platform which will be directly contrary to the policy of the present administration.

"The silver sentiment is universal all over the west," continued the secretary, "and it is growing. So many trimmers think it is going to win that they are jumping that way. There is no hope of electing gold candidates anywhere in the west, and right there in San Francisco, where they have more than \$100,000,000 of gold coin in the vaults of their banks, where deposits are paid in gold by specific contract, and where greenbacks have never been good enough for them, the people are crying for 50-cent silver dollars. California is not a silver-producing country, it is a gold-producing country, and it is extraordinary that the people of that state should prefer silver money to gold. They are willing that a silver miner in Colorado shall get the same amount of good out of 50 cents' worth of silver that a gold miner in their own state gets for 100 cents of gold. The gold miner may work all day and the silver miner half a day and both will get the same wages if the 16 to 1 policy is carried out, and yet the Californians seem to be crazy for it. I received two anonymous letters while I was in San Francisco warning me that I must shut up or leave the country. I had given an interview to the newspapers, in which I had stated that the wheat and the fruit, the oranges and the figs, and the apricots of California were being shipped to the outside world in large quantities, and that the people who bought them demanded the best. They would accept nothing but wheat and fruit of the most superior quality, and I suggested that the people of California should insist upon having the most superior money that existed in exchange, and that was gold dollars. The next morning I got two letters telling me that they didn't want any gold bugs out in that country, and that I would have to get right out or

take the consequences."

Mr. Morton was asked for his opinion as to the probable nominee of the convention. He said: "The candidate ought to be of the 'B' brand—one of the busy bees—Bland, Boies or Bryan. Boies is a good fellow. He is a nice, pleasant, genial gentleman, but I have not known him since he was a democrat. He was one of the best republ-

proper, decent kind of a candidate, if we have got to have one of his kind."

Mr. Cleveland's secretary of agriculture did not elaborate on the presidential prospects of our own B—Bryan. Mr. Morton is not fond of giving his distinguished consideration to his jingling neighbor.

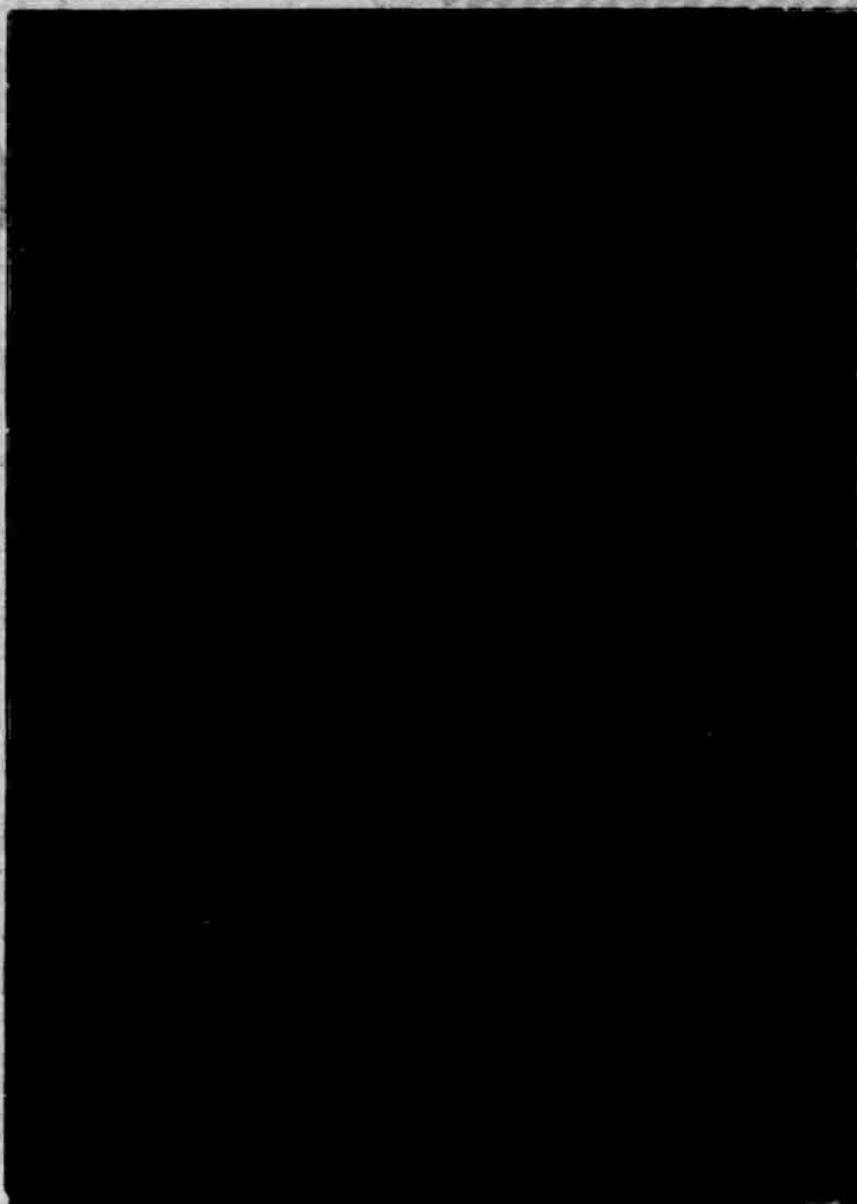
While the city council is talking of

Sockdolager Dundy has once more returned to Omaha and taken his seat on the throne. He has wrapped himself in the majestic robes of office, and dismissing all thought of the golden shores of Japan and the dainty women of China, settled himself down to the gracious task of making a judicial spectacle of himself. China and Japan are lucky nations.

Private advices from Washington contain the assurance that President Cleveland did not intend any disparagement of the Honorable Richard Suave Berlin in his veto of the river and harbor bill. Mr. Berlin has done a great work in making the Missouri river navigable, and drinkable and beautiful, and the grateful Omahans, as they glide in their canoes through the limpid waters of the Missouri, never tire of singing anthems to the glory of Dick.

The crowning of the czar was more disastrous than the cyclone at St. Louis. Because the second Nicolas insisted on bringing sixteenth century traditions down to the threshold of the twentieth century, and would crown himself with a \$400,000 crown, with mediaeval pomp, in the old home of Dolgrouki and the Boyars, four thousand people must be trampled to death. The scene at Moscow was more terrible than those awful affairs in the streets of Paris during and just prior to the French revolution. "These teeming myriads of All the Russias, in their gala attire of parti-colored vestures, are as much in the bonds of darkness as were the French peasants in the days of Jacquerie, and this imposing coronation of the czar, but seals the confirmation and perpetuation of their bondage. The Kremlin occupies the foreground of the scene, but Siberia stretches illimitably away behind." No recent event in Russia has brought out the wretchedness of the people of that country as the magnificent coronation of the czar, and the dreadful loss of life on the day of the peasants' banquet was just the sort of ghastly spectacle one might expect at such a celebration in the land of Peter the Great.

There is a marked difference between Russia and the United States. On the 4th of March next Major McKinley or some other good man will become the president of 65,000,000 people, the head of a nation and government greater than that of Russia, and the ceremony will be so simple that it will be but a

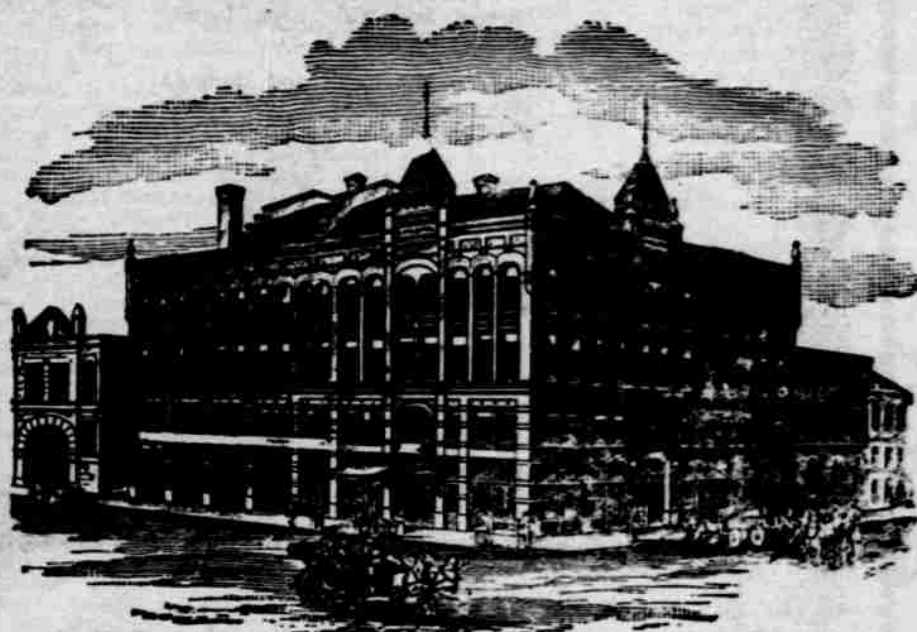


PRIMROSE and WEST, Minstrels

cans in Iowa until a short time ago, and he hasn't been in the democratic party long enough to be weaned. I think he was a convert to tariff reform, or else he split off with the anti-prohibition wing of the party. He crossed the gulf on some sort of a narrow plank, and would make a very

economy there is one fact that should not be lost sight of. The city is paying \$2,000 a month, an exorbitant price, for electric lights, out of an empty treasury.

The gratifying announcement is made that the Honorable Erraticus



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