

Saturday Morning Courier.

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BUSINESS FIELD

Corroborative of the opinion reflected in THE COURIER last week to the effect that next year will see a marked increase in the number of new settlers on Nebraska farms, is the following expression by Land Commissioner McAllister, of the Union Pacific: "There has been little done in the land business this year, but from indications we are hopeful of a good trade in the spring. There appears to be a turn in the tide. Many inquiries are being received from the middle and eastern states, as well as from European points, one today from Chile, indicating that our spring sale of land will show considerable activity. Our agents inform me that from recent rains and appearances of the sprouting grain, indications were never more favorable for an excellent crop."

Railway officials agree that the number of new settlers on Nebraska farms in 1893 is less than 50,000.

The stock of specie in the banks of New York, which on August 12 last had fallen to \$53,624,800, stood last Saturday at \$93,564,400, and that of legal tender notes, which on August 12 was \$22,880,700, rose last Saturday to \$104,368,800. The total amount of lawful money held by the banks has, therefore, increased during the interval mentioned from \$76,505,500 to \$197,933,200. The surplus reserve of lawful money, also, above 25 per cent of deposits, required by law, is now \$70,090,900, against a deficit of \$16,545,375 in August, while the aggregate of loans has fallen from \$411,795,700 to \$409,490,100. Besides this, the national bank circulation outstanding is now \$208,960,835, against \$188,685,725 last August, and the amount of treasury notes issued under the Sherman act \$152,750,000, against about \$149,000,000 August 1.

Many people attribute the prevailing superabundance of currency to a dullness in trade. Transactions involving the actual payment of cash being restricted in amount, less currency, they say, is needed for actual use, and the surplus, therefore, congests at monetary centres like New York, as the blood congests in the central organs of the human body when its circulation is impeded. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. Certainly, as much business is done now as was done last summer, so that the demand for currency, everything else being equal, ought to be as great now as it was then. The difference is caused by the different condition of men's minds. Then, thousands of people were gathering up and hoarding currency in anticipation of general bankruptcy. Now that the craze is over and general confidence restored, these hoards have come out of their hiding places and have found their way into the banks.

In recognizing the fall in the price of wheat and other commodities, the fact should not be overlooked that the cost of producing a bushel of wheat or corn has been falling with the introduction of modern mechanical appliances. It has been estimated that forty years ago it took ten men to cut, rake, bind and shock ten acres of wheat in a day; that a few years later, with the introduction of the reaper, eight men could do the work; that a decade later the self-raking reaper reduced the number to six, and that ten years ago the introduction to farm use of the table reaper, upon which two men rode, reduced the number to four; next came the wire and twine binder, which reduced the number to two. Here is an economic evolution that amounts to a revolution, so that the displacement of labor leaves the tax and interest on the value of the farm land proportionately the chief expense of farming operations.

The bulls on Burlington will have to "guess again." Bobby Burns was right when he remarked:

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leaves us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Next year Burlington will have to pay dividends on \$82,000,000 instead of on \$76,000,000 capitalization as now; but the increase in net earnings in order to provide five per cent for the additional capital would amount to but \$300,000—a mere bagatelle.—Town Topics.

Three months ago a millionaire in this city offered 10 per cent interest for money with collateral in the shape of par stock at 75 cents on the dollar, but could not induce the party addressed to advance the money. During the past

week the same man was offered money at 6 per cent on the same stock, stock to be taken at 100 cents on the dollar as collateral. Unfortunately for both parties, the conditions had changed and the borrower could not use the money to advantage, even at 6 per cent, although he says he could have made 200 per cent if he had been permitted to borrow the money at 10 per cent a few months ago. This same gentleman, whose bread never falls butter side down, is known to have made \$18,000 or \$20,000 in side deals during the panic.—W. H. Robertson, Omaha manager of Dun's mercantile agency.

There will be an important change in the local force of the Burlington January 1. A. C. Ziemer, who for so many years has been the city passenger agent of the company, and who by his enterprise and push has done much toward popularizing the "Burlington Route," will assume charge of the depot ticket office, relieving Mr. Bonnell, who will take Mr. Ziemer's place in the uptown office. Mr. Bonnell is well and favorably known to the Lincoln public and is sure of success in his new position.

The business of the Globe Clothing company, which upon the failure of M. A. Newmark, was assumed by the firm of Michael, Stern & Co., was this week purchased by M. and I. Friedlich, who will operate under the name of Friedlich Bros. Mr. M. Friedlich, who was manager for Michael, Stern & Co., will continue in the same capacity in the new concern. I. Friedlich is also interested in clothing stores in Milwaukee, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Delaware, O.

William M. Clark has severed his connection with the Clark & Leonard Investment company, leaving the business of that concern solely in the hands of J. W. McDonald. This company, organized in 1886, has done an immense business and has been singularly successful. About two years ago W. M. Leonard withdrew from the company, and Mr. Clark's retirement at this time leaves Mr. McDonald in full control of a very extensive and well conducted business.

A. C. Ziemer has disposed of his interest in the Sulpho-Saline Bath company to Drs. M. H. & J. O. Everett.

A. P. S. Stuart sold on Tuesday three lots on north Eleventh street, between P. and Q. streets, a block and lot opposite the postoffice on O street, two lots near Fourteenth and O streets, a lot and block near Fourteenth and O streets, a lot at Seventh and R streets, two lots at nineteenth and O streets, two on O between Twentieth and Twenty-first, one lot in Hoagland's subdivision, and three in Baldwin's subdivision. The consideration named was \$100,000.

State warrants are in good demand at par.

This week's sales in the retail stores indicate that notwithstanding some gloomy predictions there will be a considerable holiday trade. The dry goods stores have done a fair trade, and so have many dealers in other lines; but there is much complaint that prices have been cut so materially that there is no adequate margin of profit left on the business done. This is not very far from the truth. But with business slowly reviving in nearly every line, the outlook continues to improve, and while it is probable that some firms will find it difficult to arrange their affairs in such shape as to enable them to close up the year's business and start out on the new year on a satisfactory basis, most concerns will manage to pull through all right. There may be one or two small firms that will be embarrassed; but no serious suspensions are looked for. The feeling among business men is much better and there is less uneasiness now than for several months. Merchants and others have generally got their affairs in the best possible shape, and with reduced expenses are waiting for the good times that are coming. The banks are not letting out money to any noticeable extent; but money is nevertheless not as tight as it was, and, it is confidently expected that most of the eastern companies will begin making loans again on the first of the year. A very little money is coming west now.

All coal nicely screened at the White-breast.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, 143 South Eleventh street.

Fine new line of business suitings from \$25 to \$40 in Scotch and homespuns Jeckell Bros., 119 north Thirteenth street, near Lansing theatre.

M. L. Trester, Penna. hard coal, 1241 O street.

RANDOM NOTES

The brightest men that live, not even excepting Mr. Jones, the impetuous managing editor of the Journal or his immature dramatic critic, are capable of sustaining some mental improvement, and THE COURIER was not at all uncomplimentary when it said that the latter gentleman might improve with age. But people are very sensitive, and it seems that Mr. Jones, feeling that an outrage had been committed against the dignity of the Journal, was unable to restrain his youthful impetuosity sufficiently to enable him to proceed with that care and deliberation which should characterize a journalist, and was led by his ardor into making a spectacle of himself.

Now, THE COURIER has the most supreme admiration for the incomparable talents of Mr. Jones, and we respect him because when he spent the memorable three days in New York studying metropolitan journalism, he learned more than C. A. Dana and the other plugs there who have been at it all their lives, and we are very sorry to find ourselves under the necessity of calling the cherub-faced young man down, and telling him that one of the first rules in well-regulated newspaper offices is to always make it a point to know at least something about the facts before you attempt to write an article.

The young and enthusiastic Mr. Jones says that the editor of THE COURIER is responsible for Thomas W. Keene's non-appearance in Lincoln this season. He says that Ed Church says that the writer on the occasion of Keene's last appearance in this city accused the tragedian of ranting and horse-play and of acting like a hog, and that Mr. Keene refused to play in a town where such idiots set as critics. By the side of such sublime erudition as is evidenced by Mr. Jones and the Journal critic, the object of these gentlemen's indignation unhesitatingly admits that he is an idiot. Unfortunately we can't all be Joneses and Journal critics. Some few must be Smiths and idiots; but if Mr. Jones had taken the trouble to look over the files of the Evening News in which the criticisms written by him who is now editor of THE COURIER appeared, he would have seen that the words that he put into the mouth of Mr. Church are at very conspicuous variance from the facts. We did not say that Mr. Keene ranted or that he acted like a hog. In fact our "criticisms" read a good deal like the Journal's descriptions of its wonderful world's fair portfolios. They are, in fact, much too fulsome in their flattery. "But here they are:

"Fiction has played sad havoc with the character King Richard III. Gloucester fares infinitely worse in the hands of Shakespeare and those from whom he derived his immediate inspiration, than he does in the hands of the writers of English history. * * * But the Richard which Shakespeare gives us is far more interesting than any other Richard we know. He is a character in many respects thoroughly unique. He is unlike any other character, and the man who attempts to fill the part of the uncanny, crafty man who would be a king, must needs be a clever actor or fail miserably. Thomas W. Keene does not fail. The presentation of this great play at the Lansing theatre last night gave Lincoln people another opportunity to see the second greatest living American tragedian in his greatest part, supported by a company containing some really competent people, and aided by stage accessories of generous magnificence. Keene is no ordinary actor. As Richard III he rises to the possibilities of the part, and gives us a creation that must stand as a masterpiece of Shakespearean interpretation. When he plays in this character Keene as a tragedian has no superior, in this country at least. The varying moods and changing demeanor of the misshapen and blood-thirsty duke and king are sustained without a flaw. In every situation, in every passage, Richard is consistent, and true to the traditions of the character. In the scene with Anne where Gloucester wins her in her heart's extremest hate, with curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes," he displays a remarkably keen conception of the qualities of the cunning old villain, and his interpretation is perfection itself. Well considered, forceful, yet sufficiently restrained not to be even suggestive of over-wrought exaggeration, Keene rounds out his Richard with an affectiveness that makes Gloucester a

real Gloucester. * * * The audience was large and, as usual, sparing in its expressions of approval."

"The performance of 'Louis XI' as given by Thomas W. Keene at the Lansing last evening was probably more highly appreciated than the tragedian's great production of 'Richard III.' In Louis Mr. Keene has unlimited scope for his great ability, and while there is a degree of similarity between the two characters, the actor succeeds admirably in making two distinct characterizations. As repulsive as Louis' character is Mr. Keene elicits and holds the deepest interest of the audience throughout, chiefly by the sharp contrasts which he gives between Louis' meanness as a man, and his intense faith in his power as king of France. Mr. Keene appeared at his best in the death scene. His groveling at the feet of the holy father is also one of his artistic triumphs, while his scene with Barbel is masterly to a degree. Mr. Keene's company, if the truth must be told, is disappointing."

Just what kept Mr. Keene away we are unable to say. Maybe he read the Journal when here and was attacked by that tired feeling, which made him leery of the town.

"The depositors of the Capital National bank will receive in the neighborhood of 30 per cent of their claims. This is in line with what the News has several times stated as the best information to be gotten at this end of the line"—The News. If we remember correctly it was the News that so positively insisted that Capital National bank depositors would receive 100 cents on the dollar. As a matter of fact few people ever had any idea that the bank would pay over 30 or 40 per cent. Mr. Brock and others who purchased claims against the defunct bank for from 60 to 80 per cent were advised by men who were on the inside, and who knew they were lying when they said that depositors would be paid in full.

Mosher is a model prisoner and has already become a favorite with the prison officials"—press dispatch. It is remarkable with what ease a prisoner with several hundred thousand dollars can become a "favorite with prison officials."

Mayor Weir has not yet asked suggestions from "clergymen, professional men and others" as to whether burglars should be punished, and whether they should be fined and herded together, or allowed to overrun the city and ply their vocation at will.

The retail grocers are conspiring together with a view to making everybody pay cash for groceries. With coal dealers and grocers demanding cash, and your own creditors standing you off until the first of the month, or sixty or ninety days, there isn't very much fun in living just now.

The evil that men do lives after them—thought suggested by the Irvine divorce suit.

After reading the interview with President Yost of the Nebraska Telephone company in the daily papers, it will readily be seen what a mean, measly thing it was to object to the price asked by the telephone company, and we assure that the people who have kicked will now see their error and pay their money with liberality and humility. So convincing is Mr. Yost that we would not be at all surprised to learn that Mr. Harley and Mr. Atkinson et al. had started a movement to make up a purse for the benefit of the company that has been so shamefully misused.

The death of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Ford this week, that of Mrs. Ford occurring Sunday and Mr. Ford Wednesday, being buried together Thursday, was a very unusual coincidence. Both had arrived at an advanced age, and, having passed their lives together passed over the border into the unknown land together.

Eight years ago THE COURIER came into existence. In entering upon its ninth volume THE COURIER has very little to say for itself, except that it is thankful it is alive, and is hopeful that it may continue to live, notwithstanding the prevailing financial sickness, that afflicts newspapers with particular force. The change recently made in this paper, viz. the enlargement of its scope, seems to have met with some favor, and we will try in the future to still further enhance its interest for the general reader.

(Continued on Third Page.)

POLITICAL TALK

THE COURIER was privileged to witness a private exhibition of the Nebraska political horoscope (republican) for 1894 the other day, and it is with particular pleasure that we hasten to give our readers the benefit of our observation.

At first things appeared as through a glass, darkly; but presently everything was comparatively clear. THE COURIER saw Governor Crouse silently preparing to leave the executive office, with scarcely a sigh of regret on his part, and with no despairing wail of outcry on the part of republicans or the people. The governor, still wrapped in his everlasting mantle of reserve, and wearing a bouquet of touch-me-nots, was busily engaged in attending to the mysterious workings of the wheels in the gubernatorial cranium, and the wheels as they turned, rang with the tune, "Ho! for the United States senate; forward to battle for Manderson's senatorial snap!"

Plodding along circuitous roads whose sign boards conveyed the hope that they might ultimately end in the governor's office, whence Crouse was getting ready to take his departure, *sans* tears, were seen W. J. Broatch, T. J. Majors, John Peters and A. E. Cady. Broatch, with the debonair air of a man used to the world and its successes and defeats, was blithely skipping along attended by the John L. Websters and the Clarkes and the anti-Rosewater crowd generally. Tom Majors, faithful to tradition and mindful of past benefits, bore aloft a gorgeous blue shirt. In his way were many obstructions; but the cries of the Majors' cohorts filled the air, and the blue shirt floated merrily in the gentle breeze. In the distance there was a figure, resembling E. Rosewater, holding out his hand to the lieutenant governor; but whether we really saw this last, or whether we merely observed the reflection of a desire that fitted in Mr. Majors' mind, we do not remember.

Peters, the man with the red whiskers and gritty eye, had his hat well down over his forehead, and was making lively tracks. John was not dreaming while he slept; he was thinking while he walked, and he thought in the manner following, to wit: "What is the use of a fellow's giving all of his time to the party and the central committee, and helping to run the campaign and elect Harrison judge, if there isn't something in it? And of all the togas that are laid away in the clothes press of hope, is there any more becoming to my style of beauty, or more in keeping with my auburn dignity than the flowing robe of the governor?" Peters kept his eye on Brad Slaughter, chairman of the state central committee, and chuckled to himself that he had some good friends in places where they could do him some good.

Then there was Cady. He was taking things very easy, evidently animated by a desire not to arrive on the scene of action until the first one or two engagements had taken place, when there might be an opening for a new man. There were some others headed in the same direction as Majors, Broatch, Peters and Cady, but they were too far away to be recognizable.

In another part of the picture we saw George H. Hastings and the office of attorney general gradually separating themselves after a long and loving embrace. The attorney general was leaving behind him a good record; but he was taking his deep bass moustache, and thick, black voice along with him. Standing by ready and a wee bit anxious to be folded in the official embrace being given up by Hastings, were W. S. Summers, of this city, J. L. McPhely, of Minden, and W. S. Hamilton, also of this city.

Not far off Eugene Moore was getting ready to accept a renomination. Joe Bartley was seen engaged in the same pleasant occupation.

Over in the secretary of state's office Johnny Allen was seen stuffing his grip full of agricultural reports and other mementos, preparatory to saying adieu to the familiar scenes. Standing by watching him were Charley Caldwell, John C. Fremont McKesson, George Woods and Colonel E. R. Sizer, each of whom was ready to relieve the retiring secretary.

Goudy and Humphrey were also packing up.

And out in the congressional districts

Mercer, Meiklejohn and Hainer were getting ready to gracefully accept a renomination. And here the vision flickered out.

Governor Crouse's private secretary, W. E. Andrews, will probably be given a second nomination for congress in his district, and the chances are that he will be elected. Rev. J. G. Tate and Fred Olmstead will try for the nomination.

Church Howe in the recent campaign addressed himself almost solely to the old soldiers, and he placed himself directly in line for the position of department commander of the G. A. R. Howe has studied the matter very carefully, and there is very little doubt but that he has decided to become a candidate for the congressional nomination, in which event his recent earnest campaign in the First would stand him well in hand. A year ago Howe did not want the nomination, as he did not think that himself or any other republican could be elected; but he is confident now that he could be elected, and he wants the nomination.

There's a man down in Nebraska City who would like the nomination; but who considers it beneath his dignity to work for it. He would like to receive the nomination on a gold salver with diamond pendants—would John C. Watson.

Mr. Bryan decided some time ago that he did not want a renomination, having come to the conclusion that a re-election would be impossible. Somebody advances the theory, however, that he will be persuaded to try it again by the administration democrats, who are itching for a chance to have some more fun with the congressman. But Bryan will hardly be foolish enough to be caught by any such trap as this. At least three men in this city are hoping to secure the republican delegation from Lancaster county.

At the recent republican jollification in this city there was some talk of H. D. Eastbrook, of Omaha, becoming a candidate for the office of superintendent of public instruction; but the people who imagine that the bright young man from Omaha would consent to bury himself in this place, are not very well informed.

Those who are in a position to know assert that if J. D. Calhoun doesn't get the post-office he will receive some other federal appointment equally as good.

The World-Herald and other papers persist in giving currency to the rumor that Brad Slaughter is to replace Mr. Campbell as state librarian and clerk of the supreme court. As THE COURIER stated two weeks ago there is nothing in this foolish rumor. It doubtless had its origin in the fact that Mr. Campbell and Judge Maxwell came from the same town and are friends, and that the latter will retire from office the first of the year.

The Palmer Regime.
In Chicago Mr. Potter Palmer has, for a great many years, been widely known. It is true enough that he has not yet contributed a million dollars, conditionally, to the great Art Museum fund, which is now the pivotal point of conversation among the first families of the Windy City; but he has for a number of years kept one of the biggest, if not quite the most select, tavern in town; he has also, to quote the words of one of the advocates of the Palmer boulevard, "built up" to a great extent the thoroughfare now under discussion, and, further than this, he is the proprietor—I use the term most common among hotel men—of the gorgeous Palmer castle on the Lake Shore drive, or rather "the Palmer Boulevard," as it is now to be called, which is, beyond all denial, the chief ornament of the splendid road along the lake that has been the pride and delight of aristocratic Northsiders ever since its construction. In view of all these things, it seems to me a trifle sad that some of Mr. Potter Palmer's immediate neighbors and fellow-householders along the "Drive" or the "Boulevard," as the case may be, among them General Joseph T. Torrence, Professor David Swing, Mr. S. E. Gross, Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, ex-Senator J. V. Farwell, Colonel John Mason Loomis, and others almost equally as distinguished, should have seen fit to characterize the proposed new nomenclature of the street as "a high-handed piece of snobbery," "the most damnable piece of proceeding I ever heard of," "a sickening exhibition of todayism," and much more to the same effect.—Town Topics.

Pictures for the holidays at Crancer's, 212 South 11th.

WHITEBREAST COAL AND LIME COMPANY.