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LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1894.

The Journal is somewhat premature in its condemnation of the newly elected members of the board of education. These gentlemen have not yet taken their places on the board, and they have done nothing to justify any unfavorable criticism, or criticism of any kind in fact.

There is talk of a silver fight in the republican state league convention to be held in Lincoln next week. Brad Slaughter, chairman of the republican state central committee, Mr. Thurston and other leading republicans are said to be in favor of a considerable concession on the question of the coinage of free silver. It is possible that an attempt may be made to bring this question up, but if there is any intention of placing the republican party on record as in favor of a policy of silver monometallism or anything like it, sure disaster is in store for those who cherish this idea or purpose. Republicans are practically unanimous on this question that is proving so disastrous to democratic harmony and the positive movement in favor of free silver in this state, foreshadowed by recent events will only emphasize the republican position. The populists and cheap money democrats may set up will o' the wisps, and conspire together to obtain success by more or less clever appeals to the credulity and prejudice of a certain class of voters, but the republican party, having clearly indicated its policy with reference to silver, will remain true to itself and its trusts. Nebraska republicans, like republicans elsewhere, are in favor of honest bi-metallism, a bi-metallism that assures the maintenance of the use of both gold and silver as money, a policy of wisdom and good business sense; and notwithstanding any attempt of a contrary effect the party in this state will, we are sure, remain steadfast in its support of honest money.

A LITTLE rain makes a wonderful difference in things in this part of the country—more difference in things imaginary than in things real. A week or so ago some men who are predisposed to pessimism were convinced that Nebraska had incurred the displeasure of providence, that there would be no more rain this season, that the wheat and oats crops were totally ruined, and that corn was ruined, the state ditto. Then came the rain, and the spirits of these croakers underwent a sudden change. There were plenty of smiling people on Tuesday who a few weeks ago, were reviling everything, particularly the crop outlook. They were ready to figure it all out to you, after the rain, that there never was any serious danger, that the wheat and oats crops are of no benefit to the state anyway, that wheat especially, has cost Nebraska more in machinery than it has produced in dollars, that corn was never in as good a condition as now and that the outlook, all things considered, is as bright if not brighter than it has ever been. And all because there was a rain. As a matter of fact Nebraska is in splendid condition. It is estimated that the original planting of corn this spring was the largest

in the history of the state and the acreage has been materially increased by the plowing up of oat fields, and some wheat fields, and replanting to corn, making a total acreage, in the judgment of one authority in this city, almost twenty-five per cent. in excess of any previous planting. The corn is in fine condition in all parts of the state, and the outlook is decidedly encouraging. It is possible that the crop of 1889 may be duplicated or excelled, with a promise of higher prices for the product; so that there is reason for Nebraska to look to the future with confidence.

The facts are with Mr. F. M. Woods, of this city, in his assertion that the farmers of Nebraska are much better off than other classes of citizens. The wealth of this state will always be in the farms instead of in the store and factory. *The News* says: "Many of them (the farmers) have told us that they cannot raise wheat, corn or in fact any cereal at the prevailing prices for the reason that they are below the cost of production on the ordinary farm with the ordinary utensils." So-called farmers have told many things through the press and on the stump, and heaven knows their path is not entirely a rosy way, but it is nevertheless true that farmers who are industrious and attend to their business are, generally speaking, in a prosperous condition. The farmer who is fond of telling the public that he has a mortgage on his farm, that he has not raised half a crop in three years, and that farming is played out, is the man who has left the plow in the furrow to attend some populist barbecue or alliance pow wow, who has left his acres untilled and his stock uncared for that he might enter politics and run for office. The men who have looked after their farms and stayed out of politics have made money, even at a time when nearly everybody else has lost, and these men have no tales to tell of poverty on the farm. To any one who is at all familiar with the conditions of the settlement and development of Nebraska, to any one who appreciates the wonderful progress that has been made since the early settlers in this state bivouaced with the Indians and first broke the virgin soil of the rolling prairie, no argument is necessary to convince that farming in this state has been profitable. Unlike many western states, as for instance Iowa and Kansas, very little money has been brought here—Nebraska has developed without Boston and New York money. It has grown as the product of its farms has increased, and the material improvements and wealth that today are to be found are the output of Nebraska soil. The farmer in Nebraska can raise more abundant crops with less labor than almost anywhere else in this country and his crops bring just as good a price as can be obtained anywhere. He has prospered through the years, he has beautified his farm and helped build cities; he has put money in the bank; and now when other business men are worn and troubled he can rest easy in the confidence that his acres will bring him his annual harvest.

WHY THEY FOUGHT.

Out on Fredrick avenue live two boys whose respective fathers are men of position and influence, and the families are in the exclusive swim. But what boy ever cared for crest, or belt or spur of knight when there was an opportunity for a row?

"My pa," said the one in ringlets, "has a brush that he got from a king in Europe, and he's going to brush my hair with it next Sunday maybe, if I am a good boy, he says."

"That's nothin'," retorted the boy who had a sandpaper cut on his hair. "My pa has a stick about as long as my arm that he got from the Pope in Rome, and I get brushed down with it purty near every day when I ain't good. You ain't in it with your old hair brush."

And then they clinched and rolled in the dust.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Walker Goodeal—What we ought to have in our wanderin's, Brother Walker, through the country is a kodak to take pictures of the scenery with.

Turnpike Walker—I guess not. They ain't our kind; we press the button and the other fellers does the rest, with that sort of a machine; what we need is one that some other feller presses the button and let us do the rest part.