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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, JANUARY 19, 1894.

One part of the speech delivered by Senator-elect John M. Thurston before the joint convention of the legislature Wednesday is deserving of attention in these days when statesmen are prone to drop into demagoguery. Mr. Thurston had the hardihood to discuss the labor question fairly and honestly, without any trace of that cant that so often characterizes the speech of public men when they come to the labor question. Mr. Thurston, after discussing at some length strikes and arbitration, said: "I feel this nation owes a great debt to the toilers of the land—those wealth producers upon whose prosperity, intelligence and loyalty the safety and permanence of government rests. The genius of American statesmanship should be devoted to a just solution of the labor problem. Whatever can be done to ameliorate the condition of working people; to make their tenure of service more secure; to increase their fair proportion of the joint profits of labor and capital; to add to their independence and prosperity; to let sunshine and comfort into their homes, and to broaden the opportunities and possibilities of their children will be worthy the best efforts of human endeavor and the choicest blessings of a gracious God. But, my countrymen! we shall never advance the cause of the laboring classes or the common people by any tearing down process; no man will improve his condition by using the torch of the incendiary or the dagger of the assassin. Not under the red flag, but under the stars and stripes is labor's battle won. Is it not time to stop inciting the passions and prejudices of the people and set ourselves to the higher task of arousing their better impulses and nobler ambitions? Let it be the aim of that party which expects to retain the confidence of the American people to reach down under the struggling masses of those who suffer and who toil, and lift them up to a fuller participation in, and a better enjoyment of, the advantages, privileges, opportunities and dignities of American life." Few politicians would dare to make such a palpable attack on the outlawry so frequently resorted to by strikers. Mr. Thurston may and probably will incur the displeasure of the radical labor leaders in this state, men of the Debs stripe. Nate Reynolds, for instance, will not approve of this part of the senator-elect's speech. We believe Mr. Thurston is honestly in sympathy with the cause of labor, and we are glad to see that he has the courage to be independent.

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The burly populist senator from Nebraska, William Vincent Allen, has again been making a spectacle of himself. He made a flamboyant attack on the senate restaurant the other day because the proprietor, "one Page," gets some perquisites from the government. "The taking of a pin with a purpose of taking the property of another and converting it to one's own use is larceny in this country," exclaimed Senator Allen, adding: "The poor devil who is starving upon the streets, who is pinched by the winter's cold and by hunger, who takes a crust of bread, is thrown into prison in this district as a common felon and sent to the workhouse; yet the senate of the United

States can sit right here from year to year and give away to a man from \$8,000 to \$10,000 of the people's money," etc. Almost coincident with this anti Page tirade Allen was appointed on the committee to escort the remains of a member from Illinois to Chicago. According to the *Washington Post* Allen immediately asked if he could take his daughter with him. This was the first time such a request had ever been made and a conference was necessary. "Does Miss Allen go at the expense of the government?" asked the *Post* representative of Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Mehler. "Oh, yes." "And Senator Allen has not bought a ticket for her?" "Certainly not. She is the only lady brought by any member of the committee." "Every dollar taken from the contingent fund of the senate for the restaurant is public larceny of the public funds. It may be a small and trivial matter but the principle involved is not small." "Now then," asks a contemporary, "will virtuous Senator Allen please substitute *unnecessary attendance foisted on funeral junkets* for 'restaurant,' and tell a curious public what sort of larceny he has committed? The senate restaurant is a necessity, funeral junkets are a luxury. Think of the poor starving devils, Senator Allen, who would have been made happy by the money spent on that extra ticket! Methinks I hear them cry aloud, 'Stop Thief.' Allen is an unmitigated fraud.

"TRILBY" DRAMATIZED.

"Paul M. Potter is the man to dramatize 'Trilby,'" said Mr. A. M. Palmer. Mr. Du Maurier was agreeable; Mr. Du Maurier's publishers were agreeable. So the volume of "Trilby" which lies on the piano in Mr. Potter's apartment is just now the most important copy of the book in existence. The deal is between Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Potter and Mr. Palmer. Author and dramatist will share the royalties. The publishers who bought "Trilby" for a lump sum (about one-fifth of what he would have received at the rate of ten per cent royalty) will not profit directly at all by the drama.

It is not generally known that Mr. Du Maurier himself made a play out of "Trilby." It was a very bad play. That might have been expected. Thousands of bad plays have been written by great novelists long before Mr. Du Maurier entered the field of fiction. Play writing and novel writing are not even distant relatives, say the stage experts. Probably a novel by Mr. Potter would be quite as bad as Mr. Du Maurier's play.

Mr. Potter is about 40 years of age. He would look much younger but for his silvered white hair, which was acquired through wielding a blue pencil in a newspaper office for 15 years. He is smooth shaven, thick set, ruddy faced, genial, animated and forcible, probably the most popular of all playwrights among theatrical men, and a great deal such a man as Taffy would have been had Taffy been an American. A Bohemian himself, he understands the sort of life with which Mr. Du Maurier has dealt in his delightful tale.

"The opinion has been expressed, I understand," he said, "that there is nothing in 'Trilby' to dramatize. That is wrong, as any practical playwright will tell you."

Mr. Potter then sketched three or four possible synopses to prove the truth of his assertion. What the real synopsis was he refused to say, as its publication would mean that it would be pirated. It would be anyway, but Mr. Palmer and Mr. Potter trust that the thieves will at least wait until the original play has been produced.

"You have the Quartier Latin, which is always interesting," he went on. "You have a woman loved by five men. She chooses one but her mother interferes and she sacrifices her lover's sake. She passes under the influence of the villain, who leads her to her death. What more should a dramatist desire?"

It has been suggested that "Trilby" dramatized will too closely resemble "Camille" to be a success. But the play which will come from Mr. Potter's pen will dispel this illusion. Others say that novels are never successfully dramatized. "The Ironmaster," "Camille" and the "Count of Monte Cristo," three of the most successful of the century's plays, it must be remembered, were all taken from novel. Still, many great novels have been ridiculous failures when dramatized. "Robert Elsmere" fell with that sickening thud which knows no rebound. Other famous individuals of fiction have shared the same fate. Perhaps Trilby O'Ferrall will have some of the attractions before the footlights that she has on a page of book paper. She would not have had had Mr. Du Maurier's play been used. But Mr. Potter is too smart a playwright.