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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MARCH 16, 1894.

There are several distinctively Lincoln concerns and interests that Mr. Rosewater has not yet attacked. But give the little man time!

The Lincoln Commercial club appears to have been led astray. It is going wrong, but it is going along its way merrily, entertaining itself with music and the dance.

The Civic Federation in taking up the work of purifying municipal politics in this city has tackled a job that ought to furnish it steady employment for several years.

The two words, new and fresh, cannot always be used synonymously with safety, as the man who inadvertently spoke to his progressive better half of the fresh women's movement, found out.

What have the well-to-do people of Omaha and Lincoln done to relieve the distress of sufferers from crop failure in the stricken districts of Nebraska? The generosity of Nebraska people has not shone like iridescent star in the blue sky in the present instance.

If enemies of the state university would content themselves with common, ordinary, intelligent lying there would be but little complaint; but when they put forth statements that spring from blatant and hopeless ignorance it is time to rise up and object in a way that will make itself felt. The next time Mr. Rosewater sets his hounds loose on the state university he should select animals that at least make a showing of intelligence.

The legislature, an exceedingly mediocre assembly, is dragging its way along, and there is a prospect that adjournment may come with the end of the month or slightly before, a consummation devoutly to be wished for. The present legislature is of itself an almost unanswerable argument in favor of a longer interim between sessions. If it were not for the necessity of making appropriations and making frequent readjustments in the expenditure of public money the state would be better off if the legislature only met once in ten years. We've got too many laws already. The legislature is the most expensive luxury in which the state indulges.

The matrimonial ventures, accomplished and prospective, of the young women of the Gould, Leiter and Vanderbilt families, suggest the advisability of the application of a revised form of the Monroe doctrine to the domestic affairs of this country. What with the outflow of gold from the national treasury, and the steady drain of private wealth into the bottomless coffers of impecunious European

fortune hunters, this country is subjected to an enormous strain. It is important that steps be taken immediately to relieve it. This marrying of American heiresses and penniless foreigners is unrepugnant and unpatriotic. America for Americans. American girls for American young men. American money for American paupers.

The *World-Herald* has got in the habit of delivering editorial sermons at least once a week. Last Sunday there was a poetical discourse on "As Ye Sow, Ye Reap." Our contemporary said that every man reaps what he sows. Wonder if the several thousand farmers in Nebraska who are being fed and clothed by the state sowed corn stubble last spring. They say they sowed big quantities of fine golden grain—they reaped scotched and sored corn stalks that did not succeed in getting very high up in the world. The *World-Herald* is orthodox, and it is doubtless heresy to say it, but it is nevertheless true that a man sometimes reaps what somebody else sowed, and sometimes he sows good grain and gets rotten stuff at harvest, and sometimes he sows well and reaps little, and then it frequently happens that the sower of worm eaten grain reaps an A 1 crop. The sower doesn't always get his deserts. The honest reaper oftentimes finds that his scythe is constantly striking the rocks.

So Mr. Bryan is coming home to practice law and edit the Omaha *World-Herald*! The pyrotechnic ex-congressman will be warmly welcomed by his friends in Nebraska, and in Lincoln particularly. He comes back from a four years service in congress with his honor untarnished, with no taint of scandal attached to his record, with no accusations of corruption to deny. Mr. Bryan has kept himself clean in an atmosphere that befouls so many men who pretend to serve the public in the houses of congress. He has preserved his honor, wherein he has done well, and he has left behind him at Washington a record of faithful, honest, if somewhat misguided service. Mr. Bryan may have waxed a trifle demagogic in some of his slightly theatrical free silver speeches, but he impressed his brother congressman and the people of the country with his earnestness, and he leaves congress in the enjoyment of the respect of his colleagues, irrespective of politics, and of the public generally. We have found many things to criticize in Mr. Bryan's public career, and it is a pleasure at this time to accord him the credit he so fully deserves. Mr. Bryan's efforts in mixing law and newspaper editing will be watched with interest.

The political outlook in Nebraska is uncertain. Judging from the result of the last state election one would think that republican supremacy is assured for several years; but at the present time there is nothing in the situation to cause republicans to crack their heels together with joy. The legislature has done nothing to cement republican strength or increase the enthusiasm for republican principles. On the other hand by its profligacy in the expenditure of public money, particularly in the matter of the employment of help, and by its apparent indifference to the wishes and interests of the people, it has weakened the republican cause, and put obstacles in the way of future republican success. Then, notably since the appearance of that little book, "Coin's Financial School," there has been a considerable drift in the direction of free coinage and this question may cause the party some trouble. It is a fact, by the way, that this pamphlet has made a hundred times as many converts to the cause of free coinage as Mr. Bryan's eloquent and soul stirring speeches. The future of the democratic and populist parties is even more uncertain than that which faces the republicans. Political prophecy just now is a dangerous thing.

## TOO LATE.

Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night?

Jimmy—Yep.

"And does your maw say here?"

"Yep."

"And does your paw?"

"Naw. Paw don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gits to bed."