

labor unions on penalty of compulsory starvation; and to make eight hours constitute a day's labor. Of course, there are sub-families and sub-paters. The department stores constitute exclusive families, with their own peculiar gods and forms of worship. Trusts are likewise in the same category; they are a sort of industrial feuds. The interests of the sub-families frequently clash, and therefore, some good men agitate the necessity of the supreme pater—the government—to take all the little "paters" under the ample folds of his sheltering wing and own, manage and control all our property and affairs upon the beautiful theories outlined in Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

Silver Sophistry.

The late herculean effort, and a most dangerous one, in this direction, was the scheme to compel the supreme pater to exercise his creative powers and make 371¼ grains of silver equivalent in value to 23.22 grains of gold. To the surprise of free traders the former champions of paternalism halted, and confessed that this thing we call "pater," while he had performed wonders while operating on wool, iron, etc., was but of common clay when confronted by the apparition of 16 to 1. "No government can be generous and be just."

To my mind the election of 1896 and the war with Spain furnish abundant signs of hope and encouragement. When our grand "pater" at Washington declares that we are going to have an "open door" on one side of our family estate for the barbarians to come in, there is hope. Will the barbarians stop at the "door?" After they get in will they not overrun our "home" preserves as they did in ancient Rome? And then won't they play smash with our cherished Lares and Penates and paralyze the manes of some of our political ancestors? For the barbarians have been enjoying the blessings of freedom in all things, and, therefore, are strong, aggressive and irresistible. When all these things come to pass—here is one who will not weep over the wreck of our household gods.

The average American is at heart a stranger to the doctrines of the "patria potestas." They are foreign to the instincts and blood of the Teutonic races. It is either through ignorance, cupidity, mistake or the alluring promises and machinations of the demagogue that the American people are estranged from the Teutonic doctrine of the right of private judgment. For two thousand years the Teutonic races have been on the historic stage of the world. Not one of the nations they have created has yet disappeared from the map. It seems not a rash prophecy to say that in the good time to come no other races will dispute their sway and the "patria potestas" will seem naught but a dream of primal times.

HIS LAST INQUIRY.

Arthur H. Vickars of Omaha, first sergeant in the Ne-

braska regiment on duty with "the army of benevolent assimilation" in his last letter to his parents said:

"I am not afraid, and am always ready to do my duty, but I would like some one to tell me what we are fighting for." But before a solution of the problem is reached he has given up his life. He was one of three brothers who with patriotic purpose enlisted last year to serve in the "war against Spain." And now their bereaved father writes Governor Poynter:

"I am an old soldier myself, and know that the worst in the fortune of war is always to be expected, but I would be more resigned in the loss of my son had he fallen fighting for a better cause. I have had three sons in the war with Spain, and no one was more proud than I when they marched away to battle for the liberty of a down-trodden people; but while I am proud of the gallantry of our brave boys in the recent battles in the Philippines, I cannot sympathize in a war for imperialism. I cannot see that the sacrifices the boys in the field and the fathers and mothers at home are making will result in good."

The State Journal of the 21st instant is moved to tender and pathetic reminiscence by Troubadour Thurston's fervid minstrelsy and brushing tears from its eyes, shining with sorrows for unrequited passion, sobbingly remarks: "The poetry recently written by Hon. John M. Thurston, wherein he pays a respectful tribute to the graces and virtues of a white rose, calls vividly to mind the time in our bleak, but not altogether barren, history when we were ready to make oath if she didn't reciprocate in part the tender affection of a heart devoted to her alone, there would be a funeral at our house before the end of the week."

THE RAGE FOR PUBLICITY.

(G. S. Street, in the May Pall Mall Magazine).

Yes, we are growing very public. Lack of respect for private life and private friendship is a serious part of publicity—a part which really matters. Stories and tittle-tattle about the great, or the merely known, matter far less when they do not proceed from friends and relations, but we have a sufficiency of them. The matter goes farther, indeed, for many papers are full of the very ordinary proceedings of people known to nobody but their friends, but presumably known by sight to the strange witness; you read how some young man, who is very likely a minor clerk in a bank or a subaltern in a militia regiment, has been "seen walking in Sloan street." Or you read

how some half dozen people, whose reputation is, or should be, entirely private, were "the only men I saw" at the opera. I venture to suggest two improvements on all this. One is that the names should be fictitious; they would mean quite as much as the others to the general public, and an advantage would be that weird and fascinating stories might be told about them without risk of libel actions. The other improvement is that all little societies and coteries should hire columns in newspapers to be filled exclusively with their picnics and "at homes." It might end in free publicity being granted, like education, by the state. In this way we all, from Tooting to Tennessee, would have the gratification now enjoyed by the subaltern in Sloan street, of seeing our doings, our shoppings and saunterings, and supper parties, recorded in print, and so at last the spirit of the age would find complete expression.

THE LATE LEGISLATURE.

THE CONSERVATIVE will be pleased to publish any good acts, or improved laws, or repeals of bad laws by the last legislature of Nebraska. And if any intelligent member of that deliberative body will carefully prepare and send to THE CONSERVATIVE a historical sketch of its good deeds, together with its numerous sins of omission, the same shall be published in good style. We wish to do only justice to that lamented collection of law-givers. If they abolished any sinecure offices; reduced any taxes; wisely saved any public money; amended any unjust laws or did anything besides make appropriations and elect a United States senator, the public desires to be informed.

Will some inmate of that institution arise and explain the good work it accomplished for Nebraska and how much it cost?

THE NO CASE.

A statesman who had been indicted by an unfeeling grand jury was arrested by a sheriff and thrown into jail. As this was abhorrent to his fine spiritual nature, he sent for the district attorney and asked that the case against him be dismissed.

"Upon what grounds?" asked the district attorney.

"Lack of evidence to convict," replied the accused.

"Do you happen to have the lack with you?" the official asked. "I should like to see it."

"With pleasure," said the other; "here it is."

So saying he handed the other a check, which the district attorney carefully examined, and then pronounced it the most complete absence of both proof and presumption he had ever seen. He said it would acquit the oldest man in the world.—Bierce.