

the funeral will proceed with due celerity and solemnity. The amalgamationists in Nebraska have produced as progeny some very freckled tickets. The freckles were less last fall than ever before. Constantine J. Smythe was the only nominal democrat on the ballot and he could hardly be recognized as the regular brand, old style, sound money, free trade and economical administration.

Adam and Eve fell because they had all the wealth of Eden concentrated in the hands of the few.

Man's Fall.

Whatever else you may read or hear upon vile and wicked wealth remember Birkett, who in long-distance-telephone style said: "History will belie itself, if a people can remain free after the wealth of the country has drifted into the hands of the few, for it is then the grasping landlord lays claim to the soil and denies the husbandman the right to compel mother earth to yield him sustenance, except upon the most exacting terms; it is then giant corporations absorb and consolidate thousands of miles of railroad traversing an empire in domain and compels the producer to pay 'all the traffic will bear' before the consumer is reached; it is then capital combines in all the mining enterprises, mechanic arts and avenues of trade and commerce and utterly crushes individual enterprise, skilled labor and the small dealers; it is then the hideous money octopus assumes absolute control of the finances of the country, and by a skillful but heartless manipulation of its concentrated millions, dictates the price of all commodities, paralyzes trade and creates panics, which invariably result in depreciation of property values and untold loss to the small home owners and men of moderate means."

Congress has been propagating poverty. The legislative, judicial and executive departments of the government are incubators which hatch tramps, taxes and homelessness. Hear Birkett: "By these iniquitous processes, tolerated and encouraged by the powers that be and have been since the civil war, thousands upon thousands of our industrious population are yearly dropping into the ranks of the homeless unemployed."

It seems hardly possible that here in Nebraska there is to be no more fusion between the silver smelter democracy and the good old-fashioned populists like Levi G. Todd and Uncle Jacob Wolfe. THE CONSERVATIVE cannot conceive of a disagreement between the leaders of the silver smelters trust and the leaders of the populist office holders trust. Heretofore in Nebraska tranquillity, harmonious satisfactions and ambitions gratified to repletion, have characterized the fused and compounded, amalgamated and emulsioned populism and democracy.

No More Fusion.

It can not be that they will separate now. It is impossible by any sort of analysis to disintegrate the incarnate appetite for jobbery and offices which Poynter's party, Bryan's party, Allen's party and the party of Clem Deaver and the Omaha World-Herald and Attorney-General Smythe represent. There can be no voluntary disagreement, no disintegration on purpose, any more than there can be voluntary disagreement and forced disintegration by the chopped-up remains of twin puppies encased in the same sausage skin.

But alas, "It is fish or cut bait," said Milton Park, chairman of the executive committee. "We will not compromise with the fusionists, although we are anxious to solidify and harmonize the party. The fusionists must join us or leave the party." And this is the edict of the chairman and of the national populist committee.

The National Committeeman.

"Fixt fate, free will;" an old puzzle, often supposed to lead the mind into mere blind alleys and insoluble tangles. Yet there never was occasion for any such despair; the question is answered, as all such questions are, by merely reaching a higher level. The lower plane, that discredits the power and divinity of the soul, with great apparent cause regards the course of events, like that of Nature, the world like the worlds, as a subject of immovable law and destiny. But the higher order of minds have always risen above this view, into a far nobler and truer one. "They who have gone to the bottom in their reasoning, always have recognized our liberty innate." The Bible teaching simply ignores the dilemma, and appeals throughout to man as free and responsible. The loftier and deeper philosophy, ancient, modern or midway, invariably assigns the idea of fate to a cruder and material stage of thought, which supposes all to be governed as matter; a sphere of human freedom and divine beneficence in reality existing beyond its range.

FATE, OR FREEDOM.

It is curious to observe, in the present phase of our national affairs, how naturally and by its own gravitation a certain doctrine falls right into this fatalistic rut. Statesman, editor, or resolution monger, when his island appetite happens to be awake, in his most considerate utterance gently rolls the whole burden of our doings upon destiny. "A course of events which when once instituted has moved in irresistible sequence to the present situation," he resolves. No responsibility upon ourselves, no more freedom of action left us, no use for judgment or conscience. Destiny is so big, it can bear our deeds on its broad back and show nothing of their moral nature. Yet the time has

been when we liked to have a little hand in our own destiny. So far as we have observed, such disguising generalities have not been found on the lips of those who have sought to keep the country to the only destiny it ever justified. They have appealed to right and wrong, to enlightened interest, to soberness, accountability and sense, to the glory our fathers won; to principles and standards in which we are all agreed. They do not ask their countrymen to follow any lights of their own; but only to do justly, to love mercy, and—attend to their own very lucrative business, which may be the most available form of the remaining precept.

Some branch of this political "determinism" it must be, which could account for the endless blather of the "flag-never-haul-down," rather the tightest combination of idiot and ignoramus we can anywhere remember; as if the beautiful textile could be anything to respect except where it ought to be, or as if in all our foreign wars and dealings there had not been continual plantings of this glorious tree which were never to grow, but were duly plucked up or down, on further consideration. To be sure, our president has indulged in the sentiment, whom we do not want to "nominate" as above; but a president has to let himself down occasionally to the shouting level of his audience; not like a virtuous journal.

And just here we are encountered with one final instance of our overruling Kismet, and the strangest one, since it questions whether we are Turks or Anglo-Saxons; whether we are rational beings at all. The government surely knows, it is there where it must know, better than we; and we are not quite at liberty to condemn its proceeding. The conduct of a national affair by our executive, on the broadest stage of the world, attracting the eyes of all the world, may not be properly a subject of our criticism. We mean no sarcasm, we are trying to state this solemn proposition of duty and humility exactly as it is stated by those who advance it.

Was a trust on a candidate for the presidency formed in 1893? Did that syndicate consist of Bellamy Storer, Mark Hanna, H. H. Kohlsaat and other gentlemanly patriots potent in cash?

Did they collude, consult and agree to pay the personal liabilities of a failed protectionist in Ohio with the distinct understanding that they would each and every one do all in his power to nominate and elect the bankrupt aforesaid to the presidency?

Placard a dwelling "Smallpox here" and it will not be freer from callers than that town which supports and endorses a genuine sixteen-to-one Bryanarchistic newspaper will be from incoming capital seeking investment.