

**HYBRIDS.** Among eminent American horticulturists Professor Budd, of Ames college, Iowa, is considered the most learned and the most successful. He has accomplished floral miracles in the hybridization of roses and no man can put a limit to the betterments in color and fragrance, vigor and fecundity which have thus been added to the vast and popular family of the rose.

How efficiently hybridization can be carried on as to mentalities and individualities in the human race no physiologist or psychologist has presumed to prophesy.

But in politics the United States can exhibit gigantic results from hybridization.

The political pollen of the Chicago platform mixed with the St. Louis populist pollen which was shaken out and distributed by Wm. V. Allen in 1896, matured a very vigorous lot of votes that autumn. And the cross of the free-silver republicans, onto the conglomerate aforenamed, completes a composite Bryanarchy of marvelous capabilities.

But nowhere in the world, THE CONSERVATIVE feels assured, has the hickory been successfully hybridized with the basswood so as to grow a beautiful and useful tree. Neither has the oak been budded satisfactorily upon the cottonwood. These attempts to hybridize the slow-growing solid woods with the mushroom-like growing soft woods have always been failures and the hybridization of the Osage orange tree upon the toadstool is admittedly impossible. But political hybridization, by which the sound-money democracy of Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton is presumed to be compelled to mix with, and assimilate, the money fallacies of Bryanarchy is as much an impossibility as the successful grafting of hickory upon mullein stocks. There are some things in the way of horticultural miscegenation so revolting and unnatural that no art or skill can consummate them. And that is equally true of some proposed amalgamations of a political character. For while it is true that, in oratory and profundity of thought, Thurston and Bryan are as much alike, as gorgeous and as fragrant as two American Beauty roses, they are not alike as political hybrids, nor can they ever assimilate each other further on the silver question though both often have declared for the free coinage of that metal at sixteen-to-one. It is the luxury of Nebraskans to gaze upon and admire these types of hybridization, so opulent in verbiage, so meagre in beneficial results, and so rotund and resonant of voice. No other state has such wealth of words, with such frugality of thought stored away in only two heads—a single brace of brains.

Already the senator has been fertilized with the pollen of poetry. No

proud constituent can recall his delightful verses to the rose and fail to remember how deliciously flavored they were with Don Juanic eroticism and Byronic fervor.

How long before Col. William Jennings Bryan will bloom in the delightful gardens of poesy and thence fling bouquets of surpassing loveliness to his admirers, no man can say. But with his parallel political hybrid already a success as minstrel and troubadour, it is sincerely hoped that the Colonel will not long remain a mere prose writer, a plank-maker for platforms and an everyday aspirant for the presidency. Why not have the populist platform for 1900 all poetry? Why will not vagaries as to finance, federal courts, trusts and plutocrats sound better and take better in verse than in prose?

This is an age of hybrids, political, financial, poetical and oratorical, and Nebraska is the principal propagator of all these kind of anomalies.

**SILVER RISING.** On Saturday, June 10, 1899, bar silver in London closed unchanged at 27 15-16 per ounce. New York price for commercial bars unchanged at 60 $\frac{7}{8}$ @ 61 $\frac{5}{8}$  cents per ounce; government assay bars unchanged at 61 $\frac{1}{8}$ @ 62. Mexican dollars unchanged at 48 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents.

This price is a rise of more than four cents an ounce for silver since all the silver smelters and refiners became members of one corporation in March last. This corporation is called a trust. But, while it is not a trust, it supports Bryanarchy in general, and the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16-to-1 in particular, just as do Altgeld, Bryan, Jones, Bill Dech and all the other leaders in the money fallacies.

The silver refiners and smelters all endorse Bryanarchy and they rejoice in the hope, expressed by William Jennings Bryan, at Cleveland, Ohio, August 31, 1896, when that experienced statesman and exalted economist fervidly remarked, "we expect with the opening of our mints to free silver that every ounce of silver will be worth \$1.29!" This concord of interests between the silver trust and the chivalrous Bryan who with knightly verbosity fights all other trusts is very "touching."

**HISTORY.** Comment has been made on inaccurate statements of historical fact published by and with the authority of the Nebraska State Historical Society. Inasmuch as these publications are for all time, and will inevitably furnish material for the research of many a generation of future students, it would seem a pity but they should be made as accurate as possible. Two inconveniences appear, however, in the way of an endeavor for strict accuracy; one that persons having knowledge of historical

events may be timid about relating them, lest they should fall into error, or should defer making their statement until they can correct up on details, and so the story be eventually lost altogether; the other, that such narratives might be edited to pieces, and put forth so changed as to have lost their identity.

It is certainly desirable that as many of the surviving pioneers as possible should record their recollections, such as they are, for the information of posterity, without troubling as to whether they have erred in some particulars. And it is equally desirable that these memoirs should be preserved in the language of the narrators; the uncouth, picturesque vocabulary of the freighter and the stilted, bombastic phraseology of the old country editor are alike preferable in such matters to the learning of some university youngster and the "style of the office" of some chance publishing house. Even errors in grammar and spelling, we would say, should be embalmed, since such tokens of the state of the popular mind amount to historical documents of the utmost value to the future student.

What would seem quite practicable would be to allot a considerable portion of the society's reports to corrections, criticism and discussion.

#### PEDANTRY AMONG PIONEERS.

In November, 1854, in company with Hon. Thomas B. Cuming, then secretary and acting governor of the territory of Nebraska, THE CONSERVATIVE attended a public meeting at Nebraska City for the first time.

The audience numbered less than one hundred. Governor Cuming addressed it in plain, vigorous and terse English. His earnestness in delivery was masterful; and very fetching when aimed at a gathering of sturdy frontiersmen who were known as up-and-up men and always contemptuous towards those of too many words.

After Governor Cuming came a speaker named Gibbs. He was of the schools and not yet rinsed clean of sophomorphism. His elocution was studied and artificial. But to add to his non-harmonious relations with his hearers Mr. Gibbs exclaimed:

"Yes, my fellow countrymen in the language of Horace I say;" and then repeated, at length, one of that poet's odes in the original Latin. While this pedantic recitation was going on a full-bearded brother said to another bewhiskered frontiersman, both being garbed in buckskin:

"I say, Pete, what tribe's language is he talking?"

"Well, I'm d—d if I can tell, Bill, fust I thought it was Pawnee and now I reckon it is Sioux!"

Never quote Latin to a promiscuous audience West or East.