

THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY.

Every thoughtful and patriotic citizen of the United States thanks God that the federal judiciary is appointive and not elective. The judges of the supreme court of the circuit and the district court of the American republic are the best guards of liberty and human rights on earth. They are able, great, just, honest men in whose care the rights of the humblest will be conserved as carefully as the interests of the highest. That this is true of nearly all federal judges and has been generally true from the inception of our judicial system every intelligent citizen who loves the country and rejoices in the stability of its government affirm and believes. Respect for courts and regard for laws should be inculcated by teachers and preachers and by newspapers and all other periodicals all over the United States.

And those journals which belie the federal courts and circulate, like a contagion, disregard of federal laws and institutions ought not to be patronized by decent citizens. Among the most atrocious advocates of the diabolism of distrust of the federal courts, "The World-Herald," published at Omaha, is preëminently virulent. In its Sunday issue of December 3d, 1899, is this malignant morsel:

"John P. Reese must be a man of dull comprehension, else he would have learned a long time ago that an ordinary coal miner like himself has no rights which a federal judge is bound to respect."

Anarchy could say nothing more incitive to insurrection against the carrying out of the mandates of a federal court. The World-Herald has, however, so long championed Bryanarchy that its present shameless espousal of anarchy is only logical. But the paper which declares that a laboring man "has no rights which a federal judge is bound to respect" ought to be excluded from public reading rooms and quarantined by every household.

NEBRASKA CITY. It is hard to realize the extent of our country, multiplicity of its resources and the marvelous complexity and proportions of her industry. We hear so much about centers of trade, metropolitan industries, etc., which talk generally suggests New York, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and perhaps the most intelligent will think of Minneapolis, Kansas City, maybe Omaha and Denver, this side of the Rockies. It is a shock to the intelligence to learn that in a little side city of twelve thousand in the new state of Nebraska, there is a starch factory that converts between two and three thousand bushels of corn into starch every twenty-four hours and that it runs without interruption about eleven months a year, thus disposing of

about 715,000 bushels of corn in a year in that local factory. In the same little town ten thousand bushels of corn and oats per day are converted into various brands of breakfast foods, which makes about 2,860,000 bushels per annum. The same little town has a canning factory that has an annual output of 1,200,000 cans of corn, tomatoes, apples, etc. Incidentally the slaughter houses of this town occasionally dispose of sixteen hundred head of swine in an afternoon. Most of our readers would grope helplessly over the map in search of this center of life if we did not name it, because Nebraska City is not unique in its exhibit of industry, though perhaps few towns of its size present such an aggregation. Still it is a typical western town and suggests the overwhelming tides of life that we are called upon to direct, revise and elevate within our own borders.—Unity, November 30, 1899.

"THE KING."

THE CONSERVATIVE is conscious of a growing fear that young Mr. Kipling—who is not so young either as he was formerly—really touched high-water mark with his much-quoted and much-misunderstood "Recessional." This is not a proposition to be lightly ventured; but every god has his day, and there seems to be a suggestion in the wind of criticism, that this ten-year divinity may by now have lost something of his pristine splendor, and that the public will soon or late call for a new brazen image to be set up for its adoration. Mr. Kipling's pleasant work is apparently done and ended; the inhuman Stalky stories are hailed with many diverse adjectives, but "pleasing" has not been seen among them; and while the "Recessional" was admittedly a great production, it has had no worthy successor. The "Adam-Zad" poem was a vicious thing, and the last one, called "The King," published in the November McClure's, is not likely to create admirers for Mr. Kipling. It is a knotty, crabbed, gristly composition, directed, as its expositors explain, at Mr. Paul Kruger of South Africa, a gentleman for whom most Americans have quite a warm sympathy—even if he is "sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled," as Mr. Kipling charges.

Mr. Kipling calls poor old Uncle Paul many hard names, as no doubt a poet has a right to do; the privilege is probably expressly granted in his poetic license. But we would like to ask Rudyard in all seriousness whether he really proposes, as he grows older, to make more and more such rhymes as "peace and seas," "mood and blood," "word and Lord," "abuse (the noun) and use (the verb)," "brain and again." For if he does, it is quite useless for him to send any more manuscript to **THE CONSERVATIVE** office; we have to be pretty strict, to suit the Nebraska taste.

WANTED.

THE CONSERVATIVE wishes to secure, for historical purposes, a copy of the original map of the steam wagon road from Nebraska City to Fort Kearney, which was lithographed and published in 1863. Any person who can furnish the foregoing will confer a great favor and have the satisfaction of seeing the map reproduced by **THE CONSERVATIVE**. In connection with the history of freighting across the plains, prior to the advent of railroads, the map referred to is of great value and its reproduction almost a necessity.

HAWTHORNE VS. SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who has lived much abroad, thinks that Americans know too little of their own country, and that we should have a trans-continental roadway, as far as possible from the railroads, by means of which we could traverse the most picturesque parts of our land, on foot or a-horseback, and independently of time-tables. We could stride along noiselessly, smoothly, rejoicingly, Mr. Hawthorne considers, and reflect with delight that we were in the heart of Virginia, Kentucky or Colorado, as the case might be.

THE CONSERVATIVE has tried this method in various parts of the Union; and has always, of late years, found the anticipated pleasure marred by a certain pestilent scrap of Shakespeare, which will intrude in the most promising scenes:

"Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place."

THE MONEY POWER.

After congestive shiverings because of the danger from the power of money in the elections of Nebraska the managers of the fusion party in the state calmly show that they—with two committees only heard from—expended for the purpose of influencing votes in the recent election eleven thousand six hundred and sixty-three dollars and seventy-six cents. Among the plain people, who have been impoverished because of non-prosperity, we notice that Colonel Bryan contributed five hundred dollars; W. H. Thompson, the petty giant of Grand Island, one thousand dollars; J. C. Dahlman three hundred and forty dollars; and the editor who so valorously declaims against the money power, G. M. Hitchcock, one hundred dollars. The generosity and the supreme self-abnegation, evinced, in such distressingly hard times, by the aforementioned patriots indicate that if prosperity had pervaded Nebraska during the year, they might have donated many thousands more for the purpose of reforming the ballot and saving the state election from the baleful influences of money.