

can be said in favor of our courts of the present day. No doubt their style of justice was rude and rough at times, but it served to keep the men thoughtful of one another and made it possible for them to do their work in security.

The advertisements tell a great deal about the time and the difficulties which the settlers had to overcome. There was not a great deal of money in use on the frontier, and it was often impossible for the most honest to pay their debts in cash.

The advertisers are not the merchants of Omaha, for there were none. Most of those who patronized the columns were residents of the neighboring town of Council Bluffs; but there were others whose business was conducted in far-off Salt Lake City. Distance did not signify much in those days.

As time passed, the Arrow chronicled a great change in the face of the land upon which the town was to be; everywhere was the hum and bustle of growth, the noise of axes and hammers, and the grateful sight of rude houses rising for the shelter of the constantly increasing number of settlers. Things were happening very fast, and in every line was an echo of the feverish note of hurry that pervaded the entire frontier. It is not pleasant to relate that the adventurous Arrow was born out of time; but in the twelfth and last issue, which bears date November 10, 1854, there appears this pathetic appeal:

Let those who are in arrears for subscriptions pay up like men of understanding and independence; and those who are not subscribers come up at once and get the good will of the printer.

In those brief lines the pioneer newspaper of Nebraska sung its own requiem. Omaha now has three great daily newspapers, each printing several daily editions of many thousands of copies. They are justly counted among the worthy enterprises of the vigorous Gate City of the Northwest; but it is doubtful if the mind of any one of these modern editors is fired with as strong a courage as that which upheld the doughty pioneers. The latter were not always sure of their English, as may be seen from the quotations given above; and it is doubtful whether there was a dictionary upon Nebraska soil in those days. They were at least sure of themselves, which was much better.—William R. Lighton, in New York Post.

THE CHOUTEAU PAPERS.

There is in St. Louis a collection of documents, the existence of which is known to many more students of early historical matters than have ever been privileged to gain access to them. These are the records of the Chouteaus, a family who were in the fur trade in the West many years before this territory was ceded by France to the United States. They had trading posts every-

where to and through the Rocky mountains, up and down the Arkansas, Platte and Missouri rivers, and were continually in this business, first as individuals and later as the American Fur Company, from the time of the revolution onward. They made treaties with Indian tribes, made and unmade settlements, and had in their employ at one time or another, most of the famous pioneers and frontiersmen of the West. The records of all these transactions form a mass of historical originals not surpassed in value by those of the Hudson Bay Company.

This collection is in the hands of the present head of the family, Mr. Pierre Chouteau; upon whom THE CONSERVATIVE has for some time urged the desirability of placing these priceless documents where they will be accessible to the many curious investigators who would be glad to consult them. Inasmuch as the greater part of the operations covered by them took place within what was then Nebraska, it has not seemed that feelings of modesty need bar the Nebraska Historical Society from petitioning for the greater part of them; but if each state could secure such as referred to operations within its present limits, Nebraska would still fall heir to a very respectable share.

THE CONSERVATIVE is very happy to make public the assurance which has just been received from Mr. Chouteau, that, "the Nebraska Historical Society will have in some form or another all the papers and objects of interest to it locally which I now have;" and feels that this news will likewise be a source of gratification to every member of the society.

Mr. Chouteau speaks further, in an interesting letter, of the reasons which make him jealous of the custody of his documents and reluctant to part with them. He objects with reason to exposing them to the "vicissitudes" to which individual collectors and precariously endowed societies are liable.

"I speak feelingly on this subject," he says, "as it has been my good fortune to rescue two collections from loss; the first had been stolen and sold as junk, and was baled to be sent to the paper mills, when by accident I learned that there were some old papers that might interest me in a junk shop. Among those rescued were commissions from Madison, Monroe and Adams regarding treaties to be made with the Indians, etc. * * * This outrage was made possible by the carelessness of the descendants of one of the founders of our city. * * * My second and most valuable collection was obtained from one of the descendants of Gov. DeLasus. In this collection but few of the documents relative to the evacuation of St. Louis by the Spaniards are missing."

Having these object lessons before him, Mr. Chouteau naturally wishes to see that his own papers are "beyond the

power of any society or individual to lose or sell." He therefore has conceived the plan of making the various state societies custodians of such papers as are of most immediate interest to them. "I am led to believe that this course would be the safest, as at any time the whole collection could be brought together, and if through carelessness or cupidity it was thought proper care was not being bestowed on them, they could be recalled."

In the face of this praiseworthy solicitude for objects of such public value, the Nebraska society can reflect with complacency on its fire-proof building and the liberal provisions made for it by legislatures of all political complexions.

DANGER OF DOMESTIC IMPERIALISM

William B. Hornblower says he fears "domestic imperialism, which I suppose will be conceded to be of vastly more moment to us and to our posterity than colonial imperialism." Senator Hanna believes that "there is only one imperialist in the United States. He is Dick Croker, Mr. Bryan's chief adviser."

Mr. Croker may not be the only imperialist in the United States, but he is the greatest one. He holds no office, but he designates the men who are to hold offices. He has no official authority over the taxpayers of New York, and yet through the influence which he enjoys as the head of a local organization he extorts directly or indirectly a princely revenue from the property-owners of the greatest city in the country. He was in comparatively needy circumstances when Tammany elected Van Wyck as mayor a few years ago. Since then he has been able to maintain an interest in fat contracts and to pile up rapidly in that and in other ways a fortune so large as to enable him to set up a large racing stable and take it to England, to indulge there in "the sport of kings."

Croker Never So Powerful.

Never was Croker's record so bad or so familiar to the public as now, and never before did he occupy the commanding position in the democratic party he does now. His sway has been undisputed in the city and it has recently extended over the state of New York. Now for the first time he had become a figure of national consequence and importance. The statement that Croker had made fabulously large bets on Bryan's election—whether the bets are genuine or a sham—has won for him in spite of his record, the admiration and respect of Mr. Bryan. The latter, hurriedly abandoning his dates in the West, is about to rush to New York to put himself under Mr. Croker's orders, and cooperate with him and his supporters in an attempt to carry that state.

It is well understood that if Croker does carry New York for Bryan and