

**HOME AGAIN.** There are wicked independent voters in the state of Missouri who, reviling a governor of that great commonwealth, nick-named him "Gumshoe Bill," but at the font he was baptised William J. Stone. Until recently the state of Missouri was big enough to employ the Hon. Gumshoe Bill all of the time. But the electrical speed with which self conceit evolved in the self-assertive personality of this animated mad-stone, drove him to take charge of the politics of New York and a few other states. He became a journeyman statesman and temporarily set up a political shop in New York City with Croker and Slippery Richardson and Col. Joe Rickey as partners. The firm advertised extensively. It dealt in forecasts and prophecies generally, but was very long on political futures.

So supremely egotistical did the gumshoe member of the concern become that he at last really believed himself—impossible and incredible as that may seem. And in this unfortunate state of irrational credulity, Mr. Gumshoe Stone actually bet money on his own forecasts in quantities so large, it is said, that he endangered his food and raiment. He lost all of his bets and bare-footed—without even gumshoes—he is home again in old Missouri. Henceforth the democrats who bet on his judgment, his ante-election declarations, will call him Tomb-Stone. He marks the graves of their pocketbooks and bank deposits. Tomb-Stone bills are generally expensive where the stone is richly carved and the bettors in New York carved this one very finely:

Alas, for Gumshoe Bill,  
And his cash in the New York till.

**CROKER ON THE CLERGY.** In a recent letter to Mayor Van Wyck of New York City, Bishop Potter, descanting upon Crokerism in government and Crokerism amidst the amenities of civilization, remarks:

"The thing that is of consequence, sir, is that when a minister of religion and a resident in a particular neighborhood, whose calling and character, experience and truthfulness are all alike widely and abundantly recognized, goes to the headquarters of the police in his district to appeal to them for the protection of the young, the innocent, and the defenceless against the leprous harpies who are hired as runners and touters for the lowest and most infamous dens of vice, he is met not only with contempt and derision, but with the coarsest insult and obloquy."

"I affirm that such a virtual safe-guarding of vice in the city of New York is a burning shame to any decent and civilized community, and an intolerable outrage upon those whom it especially and preëminently concerns."

"In the name of these little ones, these weak and defenceless ones, Christian and Hebrew alike, of many races and tongues, but of homes in which God is feared and his law revered and virtue and decency honored and exemplified, I call upon you, sir, to save these people who are in a very real way committed to your charge from a living hell, defiling, deadly, damning, to which the criminal supineness of the constituted authorities, set for the defence of decency and good order, threatens to doom them.

"Such a state of things cries to God for vengeance, and calls no less loudly to you and me for redress."

And "the safe-guarding of vice" to which the good bishop so authoritatively and irresistibly calls public attention, has been and continues to be, under the inspiration and direction of Richard Croker, gambler, blackleg, horse-racer,—once indicted for murder,—who, only a few days ago, as a would-be president-maker, rode up and down Broadway side by side with the candidate of the populist party who sought the chief magistracy of this great republic.

This vice-propagator, this expert and industrious crime-culturist, this will-power of Tammany hall and its methods of quickly producing all the sins and sorrows possible to human nature—this bestial wretch aspired to become the maker and manager of a president of the United States. And he found in the ambitious, gifted and unscrupulous head of the populist party, a gentleman distinguished by a reputation for immaculateness of personal character, a man who was willing to fraternize with him, to condone his crimes, to forget his term in the Tombs on a charge of murder, his acquittance through Tammany chicane and courts, and to publicly ride and dine with him in New York. And Croker and his candidate for the presidency pretended to incarnate the good, the patriotic, the desirable in the public service. They represented the virtuous poor, the sober, the industrious, and the frugal, while they reprobated the rich and the wicked. And the smirking candidate, with unctuous and priestly manner, sweetly proclaimed: "Great is Tammany and Croker is its prophet."

**HOME BEAUTIFIED.** In the November number of Home and Flowers, published at Springfield, Ohio, is published the following letter, addressed to an officer of the National Improvement League which held its convention for 1900 in that city:

ARBOR LODGE, Nov. 1st, 1900.

DEAR SIR:

Very sincerely I regret that it is impossible for me to be present at the great gathering in behalf of home and village improvement and adornment at Springfield. For many years I have contended that the home, being the unit

of the state (and the state simply a composite of the home), should merit and receive the most enlightened and conscientious efforts of every good citizen in behalf of its elevation and embellishment. Therefore I am very heartily in accord with the principles and policies which will be advanced and ably advocated at the gathering of home-builders to which you have so kindly and considerately invited me.

There is a splendid democracy in the vegetable world, which flowers and trees demonstrate in their luxuriant growth beside the cabin and the cottage of the poor man as well as in the grounds surrounding the mansions of the rich. "Flowers and Fruits," says Emerson, "are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of man." Goethe declares: "Flowers, the beautiful hieroglyphics of nature, by which she indicates how much she loves us." And Henry Ward Beecher said: "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

Whenever the homes of the people in rural or in urban life are very generally embellished with flowers and beautified with trees, there will be a better and more refined social condition than now exists throughout the republic. Every human home expresses in some degree, if permanently occupied by the same family or race, the characteristics of its founder and the dominant tastes and motives of its occupants. Homes, like faces, have expression. This expression tells that they are the abode of thrift, temperance, sobriety and happiness, or that they are merely the abiding places of intemperance, indolence and grossness. Each and every effort by the good men and women of this country to exalt, purify and beautify human homes is the best patriotic effort possible for the perpetuation of the republic.

J. STERLING MORTON.

**CONGRATULATIONS.** THE CONSERVATIVE is the recipient of congratulations as to the recent election from nearly every northern state. As a Nebraska periodical it is credited with pioneering the plain way to defeat an unholy political alliance, which had for its ulterior purpose the debasement of the standard of value in the United States, the personal promotion of ambitious and callow publicists and the dishonor of the national credit. THE CONSERVATIVE, now half through its third year, will continue to advocate an honest currency, strict construction of the constitution, faithful administration of the laws and the utmost commercial freedom within the limits of the public good. It thanks its friends for their patronage and wishes to continue and expand the same by the conscientious and fearless advocacy of all that is best for the day and generation in which we live, and desirable as a legacy for those who succeed us as tenants of this earth.