

guilty, a practical working civil service law, and you will have a fairly good city administration or the administration can be changed within thirty days. Let the people elect their mayor and their city council only and hold both to the strictest accountability.

Simplicity Desired.

An imperative need of the modern American city is the direct primary law which will effectually prevent delegate trading, either for nominations or appointments, and will force each party to nominate the man whom the body of the party believe to be best fitted for the position to be filled.

We need much to have our system of city government simplified. There can be no excuse for a city government and a county government covering the same territory and doubling much of the expense.

That form of government is always best which is simplest. The complexity of many of the present local systems is one of the worst, and, in operation, most perplexing difficulties with which we are met. When we find in one city and over parts of the same people a city government, a county government, a town government, a park government, a sanitary district government, and so along the line until, as in some of our great cities, there result as many as three hundred different governing and taxing bodies, the wonder is, that the officials themselves, in their brief term of office, can become conversant with their own duties and powers. To the investigating tax-payer, the tangle is simply appalling.

Municipal Ownership.

Without discussing municipal ownership in its various phases, municipal socialism or communism, or many other kindred municipal problems, it is enough to say that whatever their merits, they do not belong to this branch of the subject, as this discussion is limited to those changes, simple in form, ready of application and along the lines of our present organization.

It is not expected that the ideas here set forth would, if applied, cure all our social ills or make men good or add greatly to the happiness of mankind, but they are changes in our city government, desired and needed, capable of speedy and easy application, requiring no elaborate machinery of constitutional amendment. They have all, in one form or another, stood the test of actual experience, and, it is believed that their application will, at least, serve to clear the way and make ready for those other and greater reforms which the mind and conscience of the American people will surely evolve in the years to come.

EDWIN A. MUNGER.

Chicago, May 28, 1901.

The New Republic and Patriot, organ of Nebraska Prohibitionists, endeavors to explain why the Slocum Law is not enforced by people who believe in the doctrines it teaches. But the explanation fails to explain. Not one prohibitionist in Nebraska has ever bought a particle of wine, beer or liquor for analyzation. The law declares, whenever a reputable chemist testifies that a dealer has sold an adulterated sample of any malt, vinous or spirituous liquor that the dealer aforesaid shall be deprived of his license and be forever after ineligible for a re-license in Nebraska! Has anybody tried to enforce the law? If this cannot be enforced, what will you do with prohibition itself when you get it? What does Maine do? Runs three wide-open saloons within a stone's throw of the State Capitol at Augusta.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

If anything more than the declaration of "the peerless" were needed to prove non-candidature, the following from the New York Evening Post, of May 20th, would be abundantly conclusive:

"I want some papers for Mr. Bryan," an old man told R. J. Burke, of the City Record, today. As Mr. Burke has charge of sales of the Record, he offered anything in stock, from a bound volume of the paper down to a copy of today's issue. As he was apparently on the point of taking a volume containing the issues for the last three months, the stranger was asked to tell what Mr. Bryan was expected to do with the papers. "Oh, he wants the names of some New York democrats, so he can send them sample copies of the Commoner." With this as a guide, a set of Records containing the democratic enrollment in all five boroughs, was made up—eighty-two copies, with lists comprising about 130,000 democrats."

The friendship of Mr. Croker, who was riding down Broadway with his aspiring, chummy and political confederate, about the time that the populist candidate for the presidency in 1900, said, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet;" should have supplied the lists spontaneously and gratuitously. In all collections of the purest gems of patriotic oratory, that scintillating brilliant should be conserved. Thus, forever, should be illuminated the discreet eloquence of a very wise and very large statesman.

THE FREMONT MYTH.

It is really singular how many unfounded and inaccurate stories have been, and are still being, told, to which the name of the late General J. C. Fremont is attached. THE CONSERVATIVE has, on a number of occasions, commented on cases of this peculiar phenomenon: but they continue to come to notice, and the more one browses among literature of this class, the more of them

does he observe. It is not easy to understand why this should be the case with this particular explorer, more than with any one of a dozen others that might be named: unless General Fremont was especially endeared to the people during his active career, or unless perhaps the persecutions to which he was subjected by the regularly ordained army officers of his time (he not being a West Pointer) had resulted in a precisely contrary effect to that which the gentlemen in question had designed. It is an unfortunate state of things, that one should feel constrained to regard with suspicion every new anecdote of a man whose actual services were really so monumental.

For some fresh instances; The late Colonel Henry Inman, on page 333 of "The Old Santa Fe Trail," says of the well-known pioneer, Jim Baker, that "next to Kit Carson, Baker was General Fremont's most valued scout." This is no misprint, for it occurs in a detailed (but mostly borrowed) account of the man; but I think it is safe to say that Baker never was with Fremont. The latter's guides were Carson, Maxwell, Fitzpatrick, Walker, Owens and Williams: Baker's name is not mentioned in any account of his various expeditions that has come to my notice.

Colonel Inman's books are, if the truth be told, not as reliable in a great many places as some books that are not nearly so handsome to look at.

Another: Mrs. Elvira Gaston Platt, in her reminiscences in volume III of the Nebraska Historical Society's papers, speaks as follows: "One of the most notable events of that autumn (1843) was the privilege our little community had of entertaining Fremont on his return from his mountain trip; though little did we know what germs of greatness, that would bring him great renown, lay hidden behind the rough garb, the uncut hair and the untrimmed beard of our stranger guest." Now this is simply impossible, for the reason that at the time mentioned Fremont was making his way down the Snake and Columbia rivers, on his way westward on his second expedition. It is hard to explain, because the author is eminently reliable; she must have entertained Fremont, at the Pawnee village on the Loup Fork, some time, but when? It could not have been on his homeward way in 1842, for she did not come to Nebraska until 1843; it could not have been in 1844, for, besides that her chronology is continuous and orderly, Fremont did not come down the Platte that time, but came home by the Arkansas route. One is sometimes tempted to attribute to the great explorer an astral body and a multiple presence.

Again: In a paper by C. W. Bishop, in Volume IV of the same publications, it is said that the stage station known as Oak Grove, in Nuckolls county, was named by Fremont. This is a gratui-