

"TELL ANODER."

Who is this that comes a-climbing
And a-creeping in my chair?
Bless me! 'Tis our queen, wee Martha,
With her crown of silken hair.
Here she sits, with brown eyes dancing,
On the old chair's leathern arm:
"What's your royal will, your Highness?
I'm a subject 'neath your charm."
In a truly regal manner
Waves a tiny, outstretched hand—
"Tell a tory," says Queen Martha,
In a voice of stern command.

Now my mind keeps up a-thinking
And a-searching for a tale—
"Have you heard, my sovereign lady,
How a little maid turned pale
When she went to see her grandma,
With a basket full of cake,
And a wolf made plans to eat her?
Till she cried 'For pity sake!
What a big, big mouth you've opened!
And she wore a red, red hood"—
"Dot one too," says wee Queen Martha;
"Tell anoder." "Well, now would

You like to hear of things a-shining
And a-gleaming? I will tell
Of a king whose name was Midas.
Yellow gold he loved so well
That whate'er he touched, his porridge
Or his roses, turned to gold.
Sad to say, he touched his daughter
And she grew, so I've been told,
Cold and bright. Her hair was shining
Like the gold in your small ring."
"Mine's doid too! My mamma turls it!
Tell anoder." So I bring

From my childhood's lore, a-sighing
And a-smiling o'er the past,
One about whose quaint name's rhyming
All the fascinations last.
"List! I'll tell of Mother Morey.
Now my story is begun,
Will you be surprised in hearing
That my story's nearly done?
Do you know that Mother Morey
Had a brother? Oh! You do!"
"Dot one too," says wee Queen Martha;
"Tell anoder." Hark! Don't you

Hear the sleigh bells all a-tinkling
And a-chiming, going by?
What if Santa Claus is driving
Up to reach our chimney high!
For tomorrow will be Christmas!
Where's your stocking? Get it! Quick!
First you know, with things to stuff it,
Down will come the dear Saint Nick.
He has such a sweet doll baby
In his sleigh, out in the snow."
"Dot one too," says wee Queen Martha,
"Want anoder! Dess I'll go."

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

The Conserva-
tive crossed the
COMBINED Missouri river and
CAPITAL. became a citizen of
Nebraska in 1854. The transfer over the
tawny tide was in a flat boat, which
was reached after four days hard
travel from St. Joe, Mo., in a mud
wagon of the Frost stage line. But
alas! those good old flat boat times
have vanished forever. Wicked capital-
ists combined, and built a steam-
boat that did the ferrying, until
wicked capitalists combined and
crushed out the stage lines with rail-
roads and then with the diabolism of
greater greed, spanned the Missouri
with iron and steel bridges until stage
lines, flatboats and steamboats are ob-

solete as common carriers into Ne-
braska.

The old freighting times on the
plains are erased forever. Capital
with shrieking locomotives has driven
out every bellowing ox train between
the Missouri river and the Rocky
Mountains. Railroads have a mono-
poly over the Holliday coaches and
the Majors, Russel and Waddell wag-
ons in transportation of persons and
property. Alas, the dangers of the com-
bines and the greed of capital in the
state of Nebraska!

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

To The Conservative:

More deserving, important and ur-
gent, than any mere question or meas-
ure of politics, is the reformation of
our criminal code as regards the treat-
ment of our convicts.

For centuries the world has made
steady advancement in learning, in
art, in mechanics, in agriculture, and
in everything that goes to make up
what is called our Christian Civiliza-
tion; while in the treatment of our
criminals we have clung, and are
still insistently clinging, to the bar-
baric and brutal methods of heathen-
ism. It is time we were getting out
of this groove of error and cruelty—
and somebody must take the initia-
tive.

Human rights, amongst which are
life and liberty, are not concessions
of society, but the gifts of heaven, and
are inalienable by any process what-
soever. They can neither be bought
nor sold, acquired nor forfeited.

The obligation of government to so-
ciety admittedly requires that it shall
afford protection from the violence of
the assassin and the depredations of
the plunderer, and restraint and co-
ercion, when thus directed, are justi-
fiable and commendable, but when it
goes beyond this and seeks to inflict
vengeance upon the individual, it as-
sumes the undelegated prerogative of
Jehovah, and makes itself criminal.

Age and universality have rendered
this dereliction of society most diffi-
cult of reform, the courts being
awowedly bound by precedent, and the
citizen thoughtlessly acquiescing,
through the force of custom. But
repetition can constitute no defence
and acquiescence no justification for
crime, even though committed through
the instrumentality of an organized
government.

The advocacy of more humane
methods in our treatment of the crim-
inal class seems to the casual observer
to be subversive of most of our
preconceived notions of justice. To
defend criminals and denounce crime
seems an anomalous thing, and yet the
two things are not so utterly inconsis-
tent. Crime is abhorrent to every
just judgment, but to the infinite wis-

dom nothing—or at least no man—is
altogether criminal. The best men
err—the worst do but err. The purest
and best man is not better nor purer
than the worst criminal may become,
nay than he will become, and it is but
a question of time when each shall
glorify God, and make heaven vocal
with grateful praise.

The fault of our present system is
that it proceeds from a wrong motive.
It aims at retribution when its object
should be reform. Instead of the cell
and the dungeon, we should restrain
our convicts in educational prisons,
surround them with kindly and re-
formatory influences and nurse them
back to virtue, morality and integrity.
To hang a man for murder is to per-
petrate another crime of the same
sort, and to confine him in a dungeon
is to confirm him a criminal, and bar
the way to his return to honesty and
honorable citizenship.

Of course those who differ with and
attempt reply to this proposed leni-
ency, will indignantly point to the
assassins of our presidents and trium-
phantly demand "if these men be fit
to live?" The answer to which is:
that if not fit to live they are certain-
ly not fit to die, and that they may be
as effectually barred from further
crime by confinement in a prison as
by confinement in a tomb; and with
this advantage, that it saves the com-
mission of another murder. "An eye
for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"
has been abrogated and "when smit-
ten on one cheek to turn the other"
is the command now in force, though
too little observed.

It is a large subject, and may not
be disposed of by a single plea, but if
The Conservative would open a deter-
mined crusade against the wrongs
complained against, and lend the
weight of its wide influence and its
forceful logic to this reform, it would
plant trees which would blossom in
heaven and ornament the eternal
homes of Paradise.

J. G. LUMBARD.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 9, 1901.

PROTECTION AND PATRIOTISM.

BY PROF. JOHN BASCOM.

The fullest, firmest expression of
national strength is patriotism. All
other gains include themselves in this
one magnificent product. Free insti-
tutions, if developed along their true
lines of growth, especially favor pa-
triotism; if turned aside from the pub-
lic welfare, they are peculiarly inimi-
cal to it. The sense of justice, of civic
conditions essentially the same for all
under the public weal, is the founda-
tion of love of country. Inequality of
opportunities, the grasping temper of
the strong, are most unfavorable to
that good will which should incite