

tenness honeycomb the republican party in Nebraska, as the Bee strongly intimates, why not give names and instance occasions?

By allusions to Boss Stout, Mosher and Bartley, the Bee seems ravenous for the whole republican nomenclature of alleged robbers and alleged debauchers of political virtue. The Bee will certainly not fail to name the men and state places and times when Ager has cajoled the pure from honesty to dishonesty.

If the columns of the Bee can spare space enough, why not print the names of all men in the republican party in Nebraska whom it condemns as rascals, cormorants and vampires?

Time and again with blushing modesty and a distressing intensity of self-abnegation, the Hon. Edward Rosewater, the able, conscientious and philanthropic editor of the Daily Omaha Bee, has admitted that he, himself, and his most excellent newspaper constitute the dynamics which placed republicanism in power in Nebraska and again when wicked men had deposed it—restored to it glory and domination. This being the truth—this admission being conclusive—why did Tom Cookism ever prevail; and Sizerism flourish; and Bud Lindseyism thrive; and Stevensonism, like a green bay tree, over-shadow the former most reputable and worthy Collector of Internal Revenue Houtz?

Admitting the purity and supremacy of Rosewater and his journals, is he or is he not responsible and liable for all the goodness reflected in the recent appointees in Nebraska?

Mr. Ed L. Sayre **VALUABLE MAPS.** at the recent annual meeting of the Nebraska State Historical Society exhibited and explained a series of territorial and state maps of Nebraska. He showed when and where each change in the boundaries of Nebraska had been made. He also showed the changes which have been made from time to time in county boundaries and in county nomenclature. His work has been beautifully finished up and he has presented the State Historical Society with full copies. The Executive Committee have gratefully accepted the useful gift and unanimously thanked Mr. Sayre therefor.

The Conservative **NEXT WEEK.** will next week republish—from the State Journal—the very interesting and instructive paper recently read before the State Historical Society by Hon. J. H. Ager at Lincoln. It is sincerely to be hoped that the article may be given general publicity and thus all the faults and falsehoods which the Bee intimates that it contains be, eventually, exposed.

Ex-Governor **CIVIC VIRTUE.** Poynter—so the Fremont Tribune declares—asserts that he was offered more than thirty thousand dollars to pardon Joe Bartley, the vicarious sacrifice offered up for all the alleged republican rascals who had ever loaned out public funds since 1867.

The assertion of Gov. Poynter reminds the Conservative of a couplet by Lady Wortley Montague:

"She is in part to blame who has been tried,
He comes too near who comes to be denied."

Up to date there is no well-authenticated case of an attempt to bribe, buy or corrupt with money in any way an honest man either in public or private life!!

Corruptionists generally know whom to approach.

Secretary of War **BUY IT AGAIN.** Root advises a second purchase of the Philippine Islands. It seems that Spain, before gold-bricking the United States out of twenty millions of dollars, gave all the valuable lands of the Islands to the Monks and Monasteries. And now the Monks, according to Root, will also make over their title for seven million dollars more!!

This adds a new glory to that luminous statesmanship which insisted that the Treaty of Paris should be ratified by the United States Senate. Our friend General Victor Vifquain—we remember—published a very virile letter proving that, except for the great intellectual and political activity of the peerless Bryan, the aforesaid treaty would have failed. And now if we monkey with the Monks and pay out more money we may revel in the results of that glorious treaty which the General claimed for the personal prowess of "the peerless one."

The job-lot of **NOT ABDICATED.** Congressmen who assume to name postmasters, tax-collectors and other federal officers in the several states without consulting President Roosevelt, will in due time learn that he has not abdicated.

The President of the United States has the constitutional right to make these appointments. And in this instance the Executive will make all appointments in the interest of the merit system and in accord with civil service reform.

Roosevelt is too conscientious to surrender executive functions to legislators. Under his oath of office Roosevelt must and will act independently and honestly to promote efficiency in the public service. He has not become a mere clerk to record the orders of Congressmen and commission their henchmen. Roosevelt has not abdicated.

The high character for judicial ability, absolute honesty and perfectly pure and holy politics for which the Hon. Ben Baker has always been so distinguished, satisfies even the Omaha Daily Bee and its favorite Congressman, Dave Mercer, with his appointment to a judgeship among the "greasers" of New Mexico. Together Rosewater and Mercer gleefully and chucklingly rejoice over the elevation and migration of the saintly Baker.

There is a pretty story of an Indian maid, who earned her living by giving dancing lessons. And one fall, when she was about to open the school, tidings came that a missionary from the far off village of the whites on Massachusetts Bay was on his way to her nation, to teach them the right way to worship the Great Spirit. And she had been there so often that these tidings made her heart very heavy. She knew just what he would do—he would tell them that the last missionary had taught them all wrong; that the way they were worshiping was very displeasing to the Great Spirit, and that they must drop it all and worship in his way; and that they must not on any account dance any more for any cause whatever. And that would knock the spots out of the poor Indian Maid's dancing school, and all the chiefs would organize Sunday school classes instead, and the warriors go around looking dreadful sour trying to memorize the last set of prayers and regulations.

So the devout Indian Maid went off behind a butte, where the white man's Great Spirit couldn't see her, and prayed very hard to Tirawa that he would avert this missionary, or at least defer him until her season was over. And Tirawa recalled that she was a good girl, who toddled up to the medicine lodge unrebuked each year, and that he had never heard any of the warriors mention her name in relating the dreadful warpath secret, and he took pity on her, and sent the smallpox, and the Blackfeet, and grizzly bear and flood and landslides, and kept that missionary on the far side of the mountains until the next spring. And by that time the Indian Maid had collected her dues and closed her dancing school, and she gave thanks to Tirawa in a very especial manner, and chopped off the end joint of one finger for his benefit; and then went and joined all the missionary's classes, and learned astonishingly fast, and soon became his favorite pupil, so that he wrote up her affecting story, what he knew of it, for the Zion's Banner, back at home.