

The editor de-
CONSISTENCY. tested snobbish-
 ness; that was ap-
 parent. He believed in being simple
 and unaffected in all things; conse-
 quently his republican blood boiled
 when he read that an American had
 in a distant land swathed his well
 rounded limbs in satins, with ruffles,
 and bedecked his sword hilt with dia-
 monds. The "Weekly Blatter" car-
 ried to its two hundred subscribers an
 impassioned denunciation of all snobs
 wherever found, in an article which
 teemed with pungent references to
 the folly and absurdity of vanities
 and pretenses, and upheld the princi-
 ples of true plebeian democracy at
 home and abroad. The editor of the
 "Blatter" particularly objected to the
 proclivities of some Americans for
 what he, in his homely phraseology,
 termed "putting on style." The cow
 which supplied lacteal fluid for the
 "Blatter" family was not milked un-
 til eleven o'clock on the night before
 publication day and the Blatter pigs
 squealed vainly for their evening slop,
 for Mr. Blatter, Mrs. Blatter, Miss
 Sue Blatter, Mary Blatter, (aged 14),
 and little Johnny (aged 10), all
 worked far into the night setting,
 proving, printing and peddling the
 edition which was so heavily burdened
 with Pa Blatter's denunciations of
 "putting on style."

And upon the same page of the same
 issue of the same paper in bold type
 appeared the following:

THE WEEKLY BLATTER.
 J. Henry Blatter..... Editor in Chief
 Mrs. Gwennie Brown Blatter.....
 Managing Editor
 Susane Blatter..... City Editor
 Marie Jance Blatter..... Society Editor
 J. Henry Blatter, Jr..... Sporting Editor

When the Czar of
THE RUSSIAN Russia advanced
METHOD. the universal peace
 idea, simultane-
 ously increasing his standing army, the
 world declared him inconsistent. Events
 prove that Nicholas was acting with
 due propriety. Russia needs a standing
 army to preserve the country; and
 universal peace to preserve the standing
 army.

The old-fashioned
CANDIDATES fusionists in Nebras-
IN STOCK. ka are exceedingly
 fortunate in having
 gubernatorial candidates constantly in
 stock. Mr. J. B. Meserve, late techni-
 cally-guiltless state treasurer, would
 make an elegant reform candidate for
 the governorship and can be equalled as
 to integrity and perfect efficiency, from
 a fusion standpoint of view, only by that
 solid case of morbid and intensely can-
 cerous reformation found in the Honorable
 W. F. Porter, recent pop-dem sec-
 retary of state.

A double-headed
TELEGRAM. telegram from Lin-
 coln, dated March
 19, informs the gaping world that
 "William J. Bryan, twice presidential
 candidate, is taking up his abode today
 in a barn." Scores of congratulatory
 messages were received, but as to
 whether they were for the barn, the
 animals it contained or Mr. Bryan,
 the telegram is painfully silent. How-
 ever, if the American people seek a
 "stable" government, where can they
 better find it?

An excited Missouri
 editor gives the Mis-
HIGHER souri mule credit for
IDEALS. the recent Boer victo-
 tory, and suggests that this patriotic an-
 imal "become a part of the government
 at Washington." This encourages us
 to believe that the soft-money wing of
 the Missouri democracy is certainly es-
 tablishing a higher standard for presi-
 dential timber than has been its wont
 of late years. The soft-money press of
 Missouri has, with its kindred in other
 states, encouraged the aspirations of less
 worthy and more dangerous candidates.
 By all means allow the mule movement
 to flow on unchecked.

Editor Allen in the
APPROVAL Madison, (Neb.,)
WHICH DAMNS. Mail, brings his legal
 lore to bear upon
 the Meserve fiasco, and succeeds in
 clearing Mr. Meserve—technically.
 Without attempting to discourage Mr.
 Allen's habit of falling into law, we
 suggest that Judge Baxter has already
 entered a decision in the case, and, as a
 legal prosecution, it is a closed incident.
 If Mr. Allen really desires to do Mr.
 Meserve a friendly turn, he might de-
 scend from the bench and mount the
 editorial tripod long enough to inform a
 slightly bewildered people whether or
 not Mr. Meserve is a just man, simply
 because the court had no jurisdiction, a
 complaint was filed in the wrong county,
 funds absorbed had never been num-
 bered among the state's assets, or the
 statute of limitations bars prosecution.
 In none of these defenses is found a
 cause for Mr. Allen's denunciation of
 the prosecution as malicious; in fact,
 the very nature of the defense, and the
 very wording of Mr. Allen's editorial,
 damn Mr. Meserve in the eyes of the
 people, and place the ex-senator, ex-
 judge and present reform publicist in
 the attitude of covering the tracks of a
 looter of the public treasury. It would
 better become an apostle of reform to
 bring the perspicacity of a law-maker,
 and the erudition of a law interpreter
 to bear on the tangle, and inform Ne-
 braskans how thousands of dollars of
 state money may seep through the
 vaults into the pockets of an official
 sworn to receive no more than the in-

come allowed by law, and that man yet
 face his fellows, a pure, undefiled citi-
 zen. Bartley was tempted and fell; all
 men unite in declaring him unworthy
 of confidence; no man would think of
 mentioning his corrupt name in con-
 nection with the meanest office within
 the gift of the people. Yet a former
 senator and jurist does not hesitate to
 say that one equally guilty must be tak-
 en into the public's arms, and given the
 public's confidence, not because he has
 proved worthy of it, but because he has
 artfully left open an avenue of escape,
 and is in a position to defy the people he
 has injured. This in the name of re-
 form.

The Nebraska wing
LOVE-LORN of the democracy—
DEMOCRACY. which is now a dis-
 tinct species—sigh-
 ing for someone to love it, embraced a
 half-dozen representatives of pure, un-
 defiled populism, at Lincoln, last week,
 and endeavored to arrange a wedding,
 which, however, has been indefinitely
 postponed, as none of the delegates
 seemed to know exactly what was want-
 ed, and after shaking hands all around
 thought it best to go back home and
 think it over. How have the mighty
 fallen! In the old days, when the glow
 of red-fire and the no less brilliant
 smiles of candidates lighted the streets
 of Lincoln upon the slightest suggestion
 from the leaders; when the blare of
 bands and the cheers of the assembled
 multitudes, drowned the voices of the
 eloquent expounders of the doctrines of
 reform, fusion was something worth
 mentioning; but in these days when the
 most strenuous exertions of a well-
 drilled corps of veteran manipulators
 fail to round up enough honest patriots
 to form a central committee—but why
 allude to the painful situation? Res-
 pect for fallen majesty, nay, respect for
 the wounded feelings of the slighted
 lover, constrains us to pretend not to
 see the tears which glimmer upon the
 lashes of love-lorn Democracy, nor the
 pouts and giggles of heartless Miss In-
 constant Populism.

An English divine,
ENGLISH whose brain develop-
HUMOR. ment is not claimed
 to be abnormal, has
 been struck with the idea that gambling
 is only kept alive in England, by the ex-
 ample of the king, and that the pres-
 ence of his Royal Naughtiness at the
 course is the sole attraction of racing.
 That argument may convince in Eng-
 land, but on this side men are prone to
 enquire how it happens that in America
 where there is no king to participate,
 gambling and racing are followed even
 more enthusiastically than in Edward's
 domain. Can this be an example of
 that much talked of English humor
 that we have been seeking to locate for
 the last century?