

A populist exchange, commenting on the recent Tillman-McLaurin episode, says: "Every time a reformer tells the truth in congress he is expelled or reprimanded." This is the sad sweet truth; it is also sadly, sweetly true that there has been but one reformer reprimanded and none expelled.

General Funston says that American newspaper men know a deal more about the articles of golf than they do about the articles of war. Such treatment at the hands of the man who rounded up Aguinaldo ought to discourage publicists from airing their acquaintance with the rules of warfare for some days to come. As a counter blow, we may perhaps be pardoned for remarking that General Funston probably knows more about the rules of warfare than he does about the art of speech-making. His recent remarks detailing the president's sentiments on certain topics would probably be given to the public by Mr. Roosevelt, if he thought it necessary to take the public into his confidence.

'Tis done! Congress has at last made it impossible for the war in the Philippines to continue. Congress, our Congress, the Greater American Congress, has agreed to continue the present commission in power. Congress, the all-powerful Congress has decided to take the census of the islands. That is all. After long months of worry over the situation; after summoning officers and civilians from the far off isles to testify; after having expended enormous sums in transporting legislators to the scene of strife at government expense for the round trip; after having figured and thought and prayed for a solution of the Philippine problems, our Congress settles upon a census and lets it go at that. How simple! Just to think that the khaki clothed soldiers may now loll upon the Luneta, or lounge in the Alhambra, at Manila, while the census enumerator directs his well-drilled corps of assistants as they thread the jungles, and talk the rebellion to death. The theory must be, that after one meeting with the census taker's gang, the rebellion will kick itself to death, just to avoid another encounter. Congress has done all of this; all of this for the Philippines.

Pension Commissioner H. Clay Evans will lay down the cares of his office. No G. A. R. flags have been ordered at half mast on account of his retirement. Right or wrong, Mr. Evans is certainly one of

the men whom all other men admire whether they agree with them or not,—a "stayer." Davy Crockett's "be sure you're right, then go ahead" seems to have been his guide, and whether he was right or not, he has certainly gone sullenly, stubbornly ahead, paying no heed to the thousands of resolutions passed by branches of the G. A. R. denouncing his administration of the pension department, and seemingly unconscious of the fact that ninety per cent of the northern editors were paying their weekly respects to him in no complimentary language. That his retirement was at the suggestion of the president can scarcely be questioned.

APPLY THE SPUR.

If Edison had in the middle of the fifteenth century given to the world a phonograph, and records from that phonograph would now recite the arguments pro and con upon the issues then before the people, the sensations of the listener would be similar to those of one who hears a "McKinley republican" contending for a prohibitive tariff, and backing his contention with the arguments which the great exponent of protection brought to bear in the days when industries were infants, not giants. If there ever was any virtue in protection—which The Conservative by no means concedes,—changed conditions necessitate a change of policy. To continue to refer to the most gigantic industries as "struggling manufacturies," "infants," "embryos," etc., is no less preposterous than to gravely discuss witchcraft, the ducking-stool, tilting laws, codes of honor, court etiquette or the many other questions of merit which have had their day, but are now of interest only from a historical standpoint. Do drive the republican party ahead a few centuries and if you must quote McKinley, quote the mature McKinley, who, after four years of absolute domination of the affairs of this great country, delivered at Buffalo the warning words which dispel all illusions with regard to the protective system. Quote the man of experience; the man who no longer feels the need of doing the popular thing, of singing the popular airs; the man who had asked for and received all that man may expect of his countrymen, and could have had no reason to mislead his followers. Quote the graduate, not the new pupil; quote the master-mechanic of economics, not the apprentice; quote the ripened, learned, experienced veteran of state-craft, not the raw recruit. Do this and there will be less said of "infant industries," "struggling manufacturies" and more mention made of the "spirit of fairness and friendly trade relations which will prevent reprisals." Please apply the spur and endeavor to overtake the procession.

The April Century **THE OVERLAND TRAIL.** contains an interesting account of an early journey

across the plains, performed (and written up) by Noah Brooks; who, some 25 years ago, published in a juvenile magazine much the same narrative in the form of a boys' story.

Nebraska City seldom has any quarrel with the great mouthlies, but an old grievance is revived by this article. The writer speaks of the route he traveled as if it were the only one there was, whereas he seems to have gone out by a most unusual road. He started from Omaha and went out the north side of the Platte the whole way. Comparatively few people crossed by the Omaha route in the early days, most emigrants preferring the southern routes leading from Kansas City, Leavenworth and Nebraska City; and of those who did, almost none followed the trail north of the Platte, insomuch that many old plainsmen claim that there was no road there. It was the custom to cross over to the south side, either at Shinn's Ferry, half way between Schuyler and Columbus, or at Fort Kearney. Mr. Brooks does not mention the latter place at all, though he speaks of Grand Island City and Columbus.

There are a few other points in the article at which the reader may wonder a little. The only term that the author feels called on to explain in a footnote is "prairie dog," which he tells us signifies "a species of marmot." He says some of the buffalo chips they burned had lain on the prairie for countless ages; it is hard to see how they knew, as that interesting coinage was not usually dated. He says men from Arkansas were called Pukes and those from Missouri Pikes. That is not the usual understanding. Another statement that seems questionable is that they saw a spring in the South Pass that divided its waters, sending branches to both the Sweetwater and Green rivers. There is such a spring in Two-ocean Pass, south of Yellowstone Lake, discovered by Captain Jones in 1873; but none of the contemporary travelers or explorers speak of such an affair in the South Pass region.

In the old days **SEE?** when people held slaves, and prized

the privilege of whipping them, there was no greater way in which you might express your contempt for a man than by scourging his menials. In this connection we remark that the democrats of Arkansas have scourged Senator James K. Jones, till the welts show at this distance.