

**SAMPSON.** The young Lieutenant who conned his little boat to its destruction, disregarding personal danger, sending his men below, holding the deck alone until blown one hundred feet from his boat by the not unexpected explosion of one of the mines his little vessel had been sacrificed in order to locate, has grown into the admiral whose personal bravery has never been questioned by those who have read the history of the great rebellion. In that day of iron men, none on land or sea, performed a more hazardous feat than did Lieutenant, afterwards Admiral, Sampson, now mustered out of the service by the hand of Providence.

His closing days were embittered by the unnecessary and unfortunate controversy between himself and a brother officer, a controversy which arose through no fault of theirs, but was begotten, borne and fostered by opposing cliques, within and without the navy department, seconded by an industrious and meddlesome press which could find no better way in which to employ its talents than by constructing a mountain of hatred from a molehill of misunderstanding between two gallant and noble officers.

The Kansas City Star speaks for thousands of unbiased men when it says: "There were things in the life of Admiral Sampson to cause him personal disquietude and sorrow, but there was nothing in it to cause his country any disappointment."

**SPUMESCENT FEMININITY.** Miss Laura Gregg picks up The Conservative for having championed the cause of the southern darkies who are compelled to pay a tax for the support of a library at Atlanta, Georgia, but are forbidden to use the books their dollars have purchased, and sadly neglected the interests of women the country over who are annually compelled to pay taxes and not allowed to vote. With an impulsiveness truly feminine, and a frothiness hardly warranted by the circumstances, Miss Gregg totally ignores the fact that our only contention is that it will take a long while to educate the black if he is to be denied access to the means of improving his mind, and draws a deadly parallel between the southern black man and the women of the entire country. By all of which she succeeds in proving that there is at least one woman who lacks the discernment necessary to enable her to discuss a sociological subject without getting somewhat mixed. When it has been shown that the white women are not allowed to educate

themselves, and are then cursed because they are uneducated, and furthermore that The Conservative upholds such work, a reason for Miss Gregg's extraordinary outburst will become apparent.

**GREAT GUNS!** A Norwegian inventor has aroused a great deal of merriment among editors by announcing the invention of a cannon capable of throwing a two-ton projectile a distance of ninety miles. One after another the penny-a-liners are remarking that a man who can see ninety miles need never want for employment in the world's navies.

All this mirth is entirely uncalled for; and should the cannon prove to be all that it is claimed, it will revolutionize naval warfare and ship construction.

True, shooting ninety miles will hardly be attempted, but a man need not be a scientist to know that a projectile, the initial velocity of which is sufficient to send it hurtling over ninety miles of sea, would be capable of demolishing the most effective armor plate that could be placed upon a vessel, without sinking her by its own weight.

The discovery, if such a discovery has been made—which is something more than doubtful—will effectually settle the mighty contest between gun-molder and armorer, a contest that has been waged since the day of the first crude iron-clad and the old-fashioned, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore gun.

Today naval battles are settled by the superiority of men, ship and armament. The new gun, if there is really such a gun, will eliminate the heavy armor plate, and seafighting will become entirely a question of marksmanship, the first shot sent fairly home bringing the contest to an abrupt close, no matter whether it is directed against a heavily protected battleship, or a naked cruiser.

**NEW DAILY.** Hon. D. E. Thompson brings good cheer to his friends and confusion to his enemies by announcing that he will soon launch a state daily at Lincoln. If the enterprise is to be capitalized with all his energy and industry, together with enough filthy lucre to insure the efficiency of the mechanical department, competitors may prepare for the struggle of their lives.

In Nebraska, at least, it has become quite the thing for public men to maintain personal organs through which to speak to their constituents. Besides being a more direct method than that practiced by leading men of other sections, who quietly absorb

the stock of a publication and employ it to their ends, without appearing as an owner of or even a stockholder in it, the Nebraska plan to openly conduct a newspaper through the columns of which you may speak your thoughts, guarantees the high morale of the press—also guarantees that the editors need never be without something to write about.

**EXACTLY** A young artist displayed what he considered his master-piece to his friend, a critic, asking for his impartial judgment. Other features having been disposed of, a verdict was rendered to the effect that the hair was not all that hair usually is. "In fact," said the relentless iconoclast, "the only way you know it is hair is because it is where hair ought to be."

One feels much this way when forced to address some of our statesmen as "Honorable." The only way you can tell they are honorable is because they are where honorable men ought to be.

**JOCULAR JACKSONIANS.** The formerly secedate Jacksonian Club, of Omaha, has developed into

the joker of the pack. The club allowed several of its members to discuss the merits of 16-2-1, in open session, and not a soul in the room laughed. As controllers of risibles the Jacksonians take the palm. Compared with one of their sessions, a Quaker meeting is boisterous and disorderly.

**AGITATOR.** No sooner does he land in Cuba than the adjacent ocean bed sinks half a mile, and the majestic volcanoes which have for a half-century silently watched the peons peacefully tilling their cane, disgorge a molten mass of seething liquid destruction in a vain attempt to imitate the American style of oratory.

**NOT YET.** Up to date there has been no report that Mr. White-moore, of Hamilton, and his "Spartan Band" have subscribed anything to the capital stock of Mr. Thompson's new paper. The "Spartan Band" seems quite content to remain in the background and glory in the great things it has prevented other men from achieving.

**SMALL DIFFERENCE.** It is but a short stride from the pedestal of a demigod to a seat among the demagogues. A few strokes of the pen change the name; a few strokes of policy change the person.