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THE ISLAND OF NEVADA.

Sailing far into the Sea of Sage Brush one can find the island dependency of Nevada which was annexed to the American Union, for political purposes, in the year 1864. It has less population now than it had ten years ago. There are less than forty thousand men, women and children in the island of Nevada and all of them would escape if the means of escape were within their grasp.

The islanders have but one fetish. They howl for the free coinage of silver in unlimited quantities at the ratio of 16 to 1. They howl for senators and representatives in congress at the ratio of sixteen voters to each senator and representative.

The annexation of Nevada and its projection into the national council of those pagan economists, Stewart, Nye, Bartine and Jones have inoculated the politics of the country with the virus of alchemy. All the island statesmen believe in the right and declare the power of the government to make something out of nothing; all have faith in the creation of values by statute.

The senators and congressmen from the Philippines, the Sandwich Islands and the West Indies can be no worse than those from the island of Nevada.

YELLOW KID PULPITISM.

The yellow kid journals of the United States sicken the public with sentimentalism, sensationalism, jingoism and an utter disregard for the privacy of the homes of men in public life. They write up incidents which never occurred. They publish interviews which never transpired. They proclaim as truth that

which is false. They depict evil as good. They portray good as evil. They shamelessly declare that they are made to sell.

And not many years since, at the annual banquet of the commercial club of Chicago, an eminent veteran in the newspaper service of that city smilingly asserted that he made a newspaper for the purpose of selling it, and that if his paper contained vice in type alluringly displayed, or depicted fast and dissipated life agreeably, it was because the reading people of Chicago demanded that sort of stuff.

A prominent board of trade man replied to the editor and compared the mental prostitution to which he confessed with the social evil, and could make no distinction between soiled doves and soiled intellectual abilities, except to the credit of the former. The men who had fallen into the habit of writing and printing anything that would be paid for, he declared no better than women who had fallen from purity and modesty to vice and brazen effrontery.

But the Chicago Commercial club and all the other associations of trade are powerless to put down a journalism which is every day demoralizing the youth of the United States and every day undermining the respect and reverence for truth and honesty in the public mind.

All crimes are telegraphed over the country. All dirty details of scandals are wired to the newspapers. Criminality is covered with a dressing of delicate verbiage and distributed by lightning for the delectation of the depraved and the curious.

But how little is wired about the country of the good deeds of men! Every day, in the great cities, in villages, and on the farms are acts of generosity and abounding charity performed. And if these good deeds were taken with the same avidity and distributed with the same universality that touch the crimes and send tidings of them into every household, all mankind could be bettered by the reading.

But the pulpiteers who attract audiences by advertisement of strange topics to be discussed, or by a catchy nomenclature for their sermons, are not less sensational nor less vulgar, many times, than the yellow journalism which good citizens in every state deprecate and despise.

Right and not rhetoric ought to be the aim of preachers and teachers. A big

sense of doing duty with courage, of telling the truth faithfully and with self-forgetfulness is better than a big audience. It is better to try to do good than to try to be great. And there are many who may succeed in attempting the first and flatly fail when they attempt the last.

Very many of the yellow kid pulpiteers were quite frantic for war long before the general "humanity" of the PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MAN. United States had been worked up to the hysterical stage. For many Sabbaths before war was determined upon the houses of worship wherein the pugnacious preachers taught invasion and subjugation were mere adjuncts to recruiting stations. Thus the professed followers of that Grand Teacher, whose intellectual splendor has lightened up eighteen centuries, instead of preaching peace and good will have been fervidly advocating war, exalting the glory of human slaughter, the beneficence of corpse-making and the benevolence of battlefields.

And with these facts in view THE CONSERVATIVE is constrained to think that some clergymen preach for the sake of popular plaudits and not for the sake of Christ and the gentle and tender brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God which Christ endeavored to impress upon the human heart and understanding.

SUNDAY OR SABBATH?

An Atchison minister, quoted by The Globe, says "there is no such word as Sunday; that it is Sabbath."

Speaking as a follower of the Hebrews, he is right; the Jews had a name for only one day of the week, the seventh, which was their chief day, for reasons given in the second chapter of Genesis; they called it "Shabbath," or "rest."

But speaking as an American, he is far from right. Our fathers had names for all seven days before they ever heard that there were any Jews. They named them after the divinities, or divine manifestations, that were known to them, the Sun and Moon, Woden, Thor and Freya; the first day of the week being foremost in their eyes, as it is still to their descendants, they named it for the Sun, the best thing they knew of; it did not occur to them to dedicate it, or any minor day, to rest; they were a restless people, and their ideal was activity, rather than repose.