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A NEW COLLEGE. The common schools, high schools and universities of the United States have been pronounced a failure by those great and good patriots, Coin Harvey, Colonel Bryan of Nebraska, Colonel Jones of Arkansas, Col. W. J. Blarney-Stone of Missouri, Col. John P. Altgeld of Illinois, Colonel Teller of Colorado, and Long Talk Allen of Nebraska.

According to these luminaries the schools enumerated are deficient in inculcating knowledge relative to the functions of government and the science of exchanges. American citizens are not fit for presidential-voting purposes, although they may have taken common school, high school and university courses, until they have paid something into and studied with "The World-Herald Educational Fund."

This purely philanthropic institution of learning is especially designed, however, for the education, at their own expense, of the damphool citizens of the country who wish to believe that by a mere "be-it-enacted" the congress of the United States can make sixty equal one hundred and twenty-nine, or a patriot out of a partisan.

MISSOURI STATESMANSHIP.

Ever since the stormy and vigorous career of Thos. Hart Benton, Missouri has been faithfully trying to fertilize the field of politics so as to propagate a standard strain of statesmen. At the present moment THE CONSERVATIVE cannot go over the long and eminently luminous list of

Benton's intellectual, moral and patriotic superiors who have, as members of the United States senate, made Missouri glad that the pigmy passed and the giant arrived.

But Missouri recognizes talent. Missouri has taste. Therefore Missouri when offered the soft summer-drink oratory of Champ Clark or importuned to take a draught of DeArmond's fizzle-and-pop eloquence, with great good judgment, an uneasy stomach and an educated discriminating palate demands "a Joe Rickey" gin sour.

Never since Missouri praised the "mint drops of Benton," until Rickey came, had that state conferred such affectionate regard and crowned with such childlike confidence. And as long as there is thirst and limes, or lemons and gin, so long will the Honorable Joe Rickey be remembered in Missouri and his famous beverage tickle the palates of discriminating citizens. A hundred summers hence Joe Rickey will be called and Champ Clark and DeArmond forgotten.

FALSE METHODS OF TEACHING.

If we consider the matter frankly, we shall find that the study of our literature is in a state quite as unsatisfactory as that of our language, says Mark H. Liddell in the July Atlantic. For our notions of English literature are conditioned at every turn by that mixture of opinion and prejudice which we call "taste." English criticism has continued to reflect it with varying moods of petulance and arrogance from Shakespeare's day to ours. The formal teaching of English literature, which is of comparatively recent date, has taken its cue from criticism. When the independent teacher has attempted to escape the critic's tyranny, it has been by flight into the by-paths of history and philology rather than by open revolt. At its best, therefore, our teaching of literature is imperfect, resting now on the study of biography, now on the study of history, now on the study of foreign influences, now on the study of style, now on the study of a metaphysical aesthetic turned wordward—always on some partial aspect of the subject. At its worst, it is unworthy the name of teaching, being merely a generous dole of opinions gathered from various books of critical essays, and salted with the teacher's own prejudices, or larded

with that transcendental vapping to which students have not unaptly given the name of "drool."

Our teaching is thus entirely inadequate. A clear idea of the part literature has been playing in the lives of the English-thinking people is not to be found in it. There is equally little in the way of a concrete statement of what literature is. Some of the most fundamental distinctions, such as that of the difference between poetry and prose, are left unexplained. The student who has enjoyed the benefit of such training is not much better off than he who has had to get his understanding of literature by dint and stress of journalism. Indeed, the self-made scholar in literature is really the better, for he will read more of literature itself and his thinking upon it will be more original. The system has already been much criticised on the ground that it is not teaching, but mere talk. It holds its own only because it is thought to be a means of culture, culture being here synonymous with literary emotion. But it is no more a means of real culture than running through Europe with a Baedeker is.

LIMPING TRUTH, SPRINTING LIE.

Some years ago a story was invented to the effect that Henry Ward Beecher had with deliberation declared that one dollar a day was enough for any wage-earner and sufficient to maintain any ordinary family. Mr. Beecher never said any such thing. But during his long and useful life his oft-repeated and truthful denial limped along away behind the sprinting lie. And so Mr. Beecher died without vindication as to that particular slander, but he has come to be universally acknowledged as one of the brainiest and best citizens, who ever so persuasively and successfully addressed audiences inimical to the United States in a foreign land and converted them from enemies into friends.

The lie, however, "that one dollar is enough wages for any laborer," is still doing business at the old rate and gait. The remark has been falsely attributed first to one and then to another public man. It is told again and again with malice and envy, by men who ought to know that no person, with common sense enough to have acquired reputation as a public man, could or would have been ever capable of such idiocy. But lies leap and truth crawls.