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SILVER STEALAGE. The proposition to coin silver in unlimited quantities at a ratio with gold of 16 to 1 is a proposition to plunder the American people, by law.

Silver is worth about sixty cents an ounce in the bullion markets of the world. But Bryan and other learned doctors of finance, with great solemnity, assert that the government can make it worth a dollar and twenty-nine cents by a mere enactment.

Is it any wiser or more honest for a government to rob than for an individual? If government, by law, puts an artificial price either upon goods under a protective tariff or silver under protected coinage, is it not a robber of consumers or users? In the divine commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus' constitutions, Justinian's pandects, the code Napoleon, and all codes, catechisms, divinities, moralities whatsoever that man has devised (and enforced with altar-fire and gallows' ropes) for his social guidance.

TWO MEN.

Robert W. Furnas came from his native Ohio in 1856 to untried and unknown Nebraska. He came filled with the grand ambition to become a benefactor to his county, to the whole commonwealth. With a natural inclination for research in botany and horticulture he took up their study with intense ardor and unflinching persistency.

Every day, week and month for more than forty years Robert W. Furnas delved, thought, planned and labored

for the floral and horticultural development of Nebraska. His neighbors, his friends, the whole citizenship of Nebraska became enthused for orchards and flowers, for home embellishments. The influence of Robert W. Furnas is everywhere in Nebraska. It smiles benignantly from orchards ablaze with glowing fruit, from groves, and with compassionate tenderness beautifies our cemeteries and adorns the graves of our loved and lost. Never while the sun shines and the earth revolves will the beneficence which Robert W. Furnas has bestowed by teachings, example and influence in the fields of arboriculture, orcharding and floriculture, cease to caress and bless the people of this state. He has made his influence for practical good, for utility and for beauty, everlasting, deathless.

William J. Bryan is another eminent Nebraskan. Instead of trees and flowers he has planted and cultivated words. The parallel between the works of Governor Furnas on the one hand and the words of Colonel Bryan on the other is like a parallel between a wall of adamant utility and a pleasant summer wind. The trees of Furnas live and bless posterity with shade, shelter and fruit. The words of Bryan, like winds over the ocean, arouse discontent, make industrial wrecks and, subsiding, are lost and forgotten in the flat expanse. Like stars, the works of Furnas will endure—a constant blessing. Like summer insects and soft drinks the words of Bryan perish with the year and are forgotten.

SICK.

Is the sixteen-to-one stalwartism in a decline? What is the matter? Why are the organs of Bryanarchy so silent about the Heaven-born, God-given ratio?

They should be stronger and more positive than ever concerning their theories of coinage. Their leader has proved that even candidature for office is good "for the money that is in it;" because breath has been, by him, transmuted into dollars! Husking corn at three cents a bushel is not so profitable an industry as husking the vocabulary of the English tongue from pigmy thought-nubbins at a hundred dollars an hour!

When mere words are thus coined into cash by Colonel Bryan, why should his followers weaken on the free coinage of silver in unlimited quantities at the ratio of 16 to 1? Who is sick of silver?

FALLS CITY.

In 1896 Colonel Bryan wept at Falls City because of the low prices of exchangeable things. But in 1899 the same lachrymose lecturer sheds more tears at that town because prices are high. At Falls City Colonel Bryan always weeps.

All his followers should whoop it up for free trade and lower prices one day, and yell for free coinage and higher prices the next. Then they will prove true to Bryan as other wind-vanes to other winds.

BRYAN'S TRUTH.

Some months ago THE CONSERVATIVE, criticising the Bryan methods of denouncing anything and everything which, in the form of incorporated or other capital was striving to get money, suggested that the wholesale derision of money, "the money power" and people who worked for money, ill-became a man who first sought public place with the avowal: "I assure you it is the money that is in the office and not the honor that attract me."

Then the friends of Mr. Bryan declared and proclaimed that Bryan had never uttered such a thought. With unanimity the gunless colonels, clientless lawyers, and other integrals of the composite discontent, for which Colonel Bryan makes war upon the prosperity of the country, pronounced THE CONSERVATIVE all kinds of an unattractive liar.

To their denials THE CONSERVATIVE paid no attention, although it published a few samples of their maledictions, for future use. But at last the great law-giver himself, the man with more words and fewer thoughts than any living talker, the lawyer with no clients, the statesman with no imprint on the statutes, the financier who never made a dollar, except—as other promoters make money—by gab, the soldier who enlisted to resign, whose battles are of words, only, personally and sweepingly denied the charge and laid the lie to THE CONSERVATIVE. The issue was thus made up. Bryan's facsimiled letter settled the issue. Bryan's truth is in that letter: "I assure you it is the money in the office that attract me."

Bank clearings for last week showed a gain of 31 per cent over the same week in 1898, of 42 per cent over 1897, of 87 per cent over 1896, and of 106 per cent over 1893.