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J. STERLING MORTON, EDITOR.

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INGRATITUDE. The ingratitude of the Republican party of Nebraska towards our old and esteemed fellow-citizen, the Hon. John Melodramatic Thurston, is so base that the eyes of steel needles in every hardware and dry goods store of the state are filled with tears. The fact that the tremendous personality of this incandescent intellect, which combines jurist, statesman, orator, poet and troubadour, should be permitted to wander in loneliness from county to county seeking votes as a candidate for delegate to the National Republican convention, wrenches the heart-strings and twists the affections into paroxysms of anguish.

The friends of silver who heard his fervid orations in favor of its free coinage at 16 to 1 should rally for Thurston.

The friends of the gold standard who remember the molten truths he poured out in behalf of that righteous cause during the campaign of 1896, must indeed be calloused and cruel if they fail to fight for Thurston.

The great and good men, like Tom Cook, Seth Mobley and innumerable chaps, full of canned patriotism and government rations, whom the poet nauseate of Nebraska has tied to the feed boxes of patronage should, for a moment, quit their holy work of evangelizing the heathen by Christian example and come home to elect him delegate-at-large to Philadelphia.

Where are the veterans of republicanism in Nebraska, like J. B. Weston, C. F. Manderson, Charlie Green and scores of other aggressive leaders, that they do not beat the long roll, wave their ban-

ners and with exultant brass bands rally around the voice, spectacles and verbosity of the sonorous senator? Are their hearts dead to the tuneful troubadour's sweet minstrelsy? Have they forgotten that as poet nauseate he lifted his mellifluous voice on high and sang as no other lyre ever did sing:

"I said to the rose 'Oh Rose! sweet Rose!
Will you lie on my heart tonight,
Will you nestle there, with your perfume rare
And your petals pure and white?'"

Or have those antiques of the ancient realms of respectability in political life been smitten with petrification of the emotions and fossilized as to sensibilities?

Or have those ribald rioters, who write parodies upon the fair fame of the poet nauseate of this tree-planting state, poisoned, unto death, their love for the vocal gymnastics of our melodramatic statesman?

Has the wicked and implicative:

"I said to my nose, 'Oh Nose! Red Nose!
Is there any relief in reach?
Is there any old dye that I can buy,
That will work as a nasal bleach?'"

saturated their souls with the idea of a rubescence caused by stimulative irrigation of John's internal diversities?

Or will they permit their loyalty to poetry, statesmanship and oratory to be enfeebled by that dogmatic effusion which declared:

"I said to my lunch 'oh Lunch! late Lunch!
Will you throb like a stone-bruised toe;
Will you double me up, like a poisoned pup,
And fill me with grief and woe?'"

Without the voice of Senator Thurston at Philadelphia the mighty and holy cohorts of McKinleyism will be only a melancholy mass of appetite for pie without soul to energize and direct it. THE CONSERVATIVE forecasts the triumphant election as delegate-at-large to the National Republican convention of John Melodramatic Thurston.

TWENTY-THREE TO SIXTY-EIGHT.

The editor of THE CONSERVATIVE thanks friends who by telegram and letter have congratulated him upon his sixty-eighth birthday, April 22, 1900. He has great satisfaction in telling them all that real comfort in life is found in constancy to a permanent location—a fixed home. At twenty-three the foundations of Arbor Lodge

were laid, and at sixty-eight they remain substantial and firm. The prairie has vanished. The trees have appeared. Stick to the home. Embellish the home. It is the one earthly thing worth living and working for. When the home is right the state is right. The unit of the republic is the American home and the republic is the composite home of citizenship. The man who makes for himself and family an attractive home and garnishes it with trees, flowers, books, music and contentment contributes vastly to the commonwealth. Schools and colleges may do much for American youth but homes do more. Masters for boys are perhaps essential to develop the manly citizens; but mothers of ability, industry and commanding force are the potential agencies which furnish leaders for the race in all its multiform vocations. Forty-five years in the same home give one authority to speak in behalf of such a safe anchorage, and to exalt the benignant influence which it exerts upon children, under the care of a strong and enlightened mother.

SIXTEEN-TO-ONE. Even Towne of Minnesota admits that 16 to 1 cannot be made an issue in the presidential campaign of 1900. Everybody with the sense and foresight of Gov. Boies of Iowa is ready to admit 16 to 1 a mistake and Bryan a mistake. And nobody who wishes or hopes to elect somebody else than McKinley is in favor of reenacting the mistakes of 1896.

THE PROVISION MARKET. The Reverend Mr. Clancey, missionary, reports that in India "girls are being sold for 30 cents apiece to Mohammedans to save them from starvation."

This seems a low price, and it is most satisfactory to reflect that there is no need of any Mohammedan's perishing of hunger so long as he has 30 cents.

But we think that many an American housekeeper will shudder at the idea of so reckless a consumption of girls. If some Indian merchant would import a cargo of this merchandise while the market remains low, he could easily dispose of them at say \$10 per dozen, thus realizing a handsome profit and notably simplifying the servant-girl problem. For they could still be used as food after they had become insufferable in the kitchen in any other capacity.