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PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN.

The wag statesman from Mississippi was defeated for the United States senatorship. Then he was turned down for renomination to congress. And after these two misfortunes "Private John Allen" was invited to respond to a toast at a banquet and the toast was "A Statesman Out of a Job."

With much solemnity Mr. Allen in peculiar drawl said in substance:

"This toast to you seems funny. But to me it is a solemn fact cruelly embalmed and thrown at my head; it is a disaster canned and hove at me for the edification of those who delight in reviling the misled and the unhappy.

"Why am I out of a job? During the campaign of 1896 I followed our 'peerless leader,' the equal of Webster and Clay, Calhoun and Cass consolidated in an intellectual trust. At one hundred and thirty-four separate places I made a speech of which the following is a correct report. I will edify you with some of my prophecies. Among them I said:

"If McKinley is elected and the gold standard is maintained dire disaster, grim catastrophe and gaunt famine will career howling through the land. Wheat will sell at forty, corn at ten, oats at fifteen cents a bushel and cotton at four cents a pound. Everything my friends, 'the plain people'—if I may quote the lofty language of our inspired and peerless leader—produce will sell for nothing or be given away and boot paid to those who will condescend to take it; and all the things the poor man—a friend always to our peerless leader—has to buy will be raised to an altitude greater than Pike's Peak. Fellow citizens, the gold standard is a conspiracy to rob the toiling millions. It presents us a future

filled with blood crushed out of labor by the plutocratic chariots of diabolical greed and devastating gold.'

"Now that speech was made in good faith. I was meekly following our peerless leader.

An Imitator.

My prophecies were his prophecies and I humbly emulated his wondrous power as a delineator of calamities to come. But gentlemen we little knew the power of Mark Hanna. He got under the markets. He lifted up corn, wheat, oats, cotton, beef, pork, wool and potatoes. But he did not lift politicians, like our peerless leader and myself, who had made forecasts of the immeasurable wreck and ruin which would inevitably follow the gold standard like a shadow. No! no! 'our peerless leader' and I were let down to a price level lower than he ever predicted for corn. The demand for 'statesmen out of a job' has been oversupplied and in sack cloth and ashes we gaze with streaming eyes upon furnaces aflame, shops humming with the orchestra of saw, hammer, anvil and plane and our ears are everywhere assailed under the malign power of gold, Hanna and McKinley, with the monotony of the sounds of contented industry and the hymns of comfort from happy homes.

"Thus that eminent and popular brand of hysterical and emotional statesmanship, so pulsatingly and vociferously typified by 'our peerless leader' and myself, is quite generally out of a job. The gold standard and prosperity in the United States are to populism, to sixteen-to-one and other vagaries as Paris green to the codling moth, cats to rats, robins to worms and the fine-tooth comb in the hair of the head of a vermin-afflicted urchin. But again we march after 'our peerless leader' who still inspires us by precept and by lofty and holy example to hunt a job."

BOSSSES.

The Bryanarchists vehemently declare that the action of the republican national convention was determined in advance by the bosses. The republicans may reply that in their convention there were a number of bosses. Platt, Quay and Hanna contended for supremacy. The competition was quite spirited. But in the Kansas City convention there was but one boss. Bryan was supreme. His word was law. From his front porch at Lincoln, Nebraska, he directed the machinery of the national convention of his party. Since both political parties have bosses the voter must ally himself with the party in which the boss element is the least dangerous. The

Bryanarchists denounce monopolies. Could there be a monopoly more dangerous and damnable than a political monopoly—a monopoly of political power? THE CONSERVATIVE believes that of two boss-controlled parties, the party in which there is competition among the bosses is safer than the party in which one boss has a complete monopoly. Down with monopoly! Long live competition!

SYMPATHY.

The Kansas City convocation of male hysteriarchs filled its eyes with tears whenever a spellbinder depicted Filipino brownies bowed down by taxation and non-representation or portrayed the plain people trampled under the golden heel of plutocracy. But when Tillman described the democratic disfranchisement of the negroes in South Carolina and gloated over the subjugation of the colored voter in most of the southern states the sympathy valves were again wide open and howling with ecstasy.

C. O. D.

The struggle between McKinleyism on one side and Bryanarchy on the other to get cash with which to educate the ballot slingers of the United States so that, in November next, they may select the least of the two evils presented for their votes, is fierce and frenzied. The crowd which can command the most cash will control the C. O. D. vote of the republic, and the C. O. D. vote determines who shall be president, if one may believe the orators upon respective band-wagons.

AN EASY BOSS.

An exchange says: "Just as temporary chairman Thomas was waxing eloquent in denouncing organized wealth, he was interrupted by the appearance of Boodler Clark, of Montana, with his magnificent brass band, and many delegates and spectators, seeing an 'easy thing,' united in giving him a spontaneous and enthusiastic welcome."

CORPORATIONS.

If the Bryanarchists are really sincere in demanding that corporations doing business outside of the state granting the charter, be required to obtain a federal license, they should see to it that boss Bryan, a close corporation, is properly commissioned to do business outside of this state.