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"IF I CAN PREVENT THE MAINTENANCE OF THE GOLD STANDARD, YOU CAN RELY ON MY DOING IT."

"They say that I am begging for votes. Not at all. I never asked a man to vote for me. In fact, I have told some people to vote against me. That is more than most candidates do. I have said that if there was anybody who believed in the maintenance of the gold standard until foreign nations came to us and graciously permitted us to abandon it, I said that if anybody should believe that the gold standard was absolutely essential to the welfare of this country he ought to not vote for me at all. I do not want any man to vote for me and then object to my doing what I expect to do if you elect me, and if I can prevent the maintenance of the gold standard you can rely on my doing it the very first possible opportunity given me."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.  
Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1896.

"If there is any one who believes the Gold Standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."—Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16, 1896.

**CROWN CRUSHER—TRUST SMASHER.** After much self-announcement from Elmwood and Johnson's Corners where the mighty twins-in-law, Col. Bryan and Gen. Smyth, had been eulogizing each other and exalting the character, dignity and duties of a candidate for the presidency of the United States, the Crown-crushing and Trust-smashing Consolidated Word and Wind Co. reached Nebraska City. This spectacular advent was on September 26th.

Just prior to the incoming of the train

the great Corliss engine in the Nebraska City Starch Works shivered, the stones grinding corn groaned and the exhaust pipes in that plant and at the Cereal Mills gave spasmodic gasps intermittently with steam shudders, evincing the fear that pervades even inanimate matter when brought face to face with incarnated prophecy, immaculate devotion to principle and a boundless ignorance of economic and statute law.

The mighty throng poured out in uncounted thousands of Greenbranches, Gilchists, bucolic Crokers, irrigated varlets from prohibition-drouthed Iowa, and tin imitations of Tammany heelers from Lincoln. It represented the intellect, character and tax-paying capacity of Bryanarchy with a fidelity touchingly tender—nearly all had "touched" the finance committee for expenses of the trip.

The Hamburgers who came over expected to meet Oldham, for whom their town was named. They did not stand straight enough to be counted, and the Sidneyites were also rejoicing in liberty from the state where prohibition has a trust and forces water as a beverage, by shutting out competition with man-made drinks. They were twenty-eight in number and rode intelligent horses. No committee of residents of Nebraska City met them at the depot and therefore Gen. Smyth and Colonel Bryan were untrammelled in using that military knowledge and experience which they have acquired upon so many fields of palaver, in so many battles of blarney without annoyance or interference from the bewildered wage-earners and other useful citizens of the invaded city. Thus with electric celerity the vast surging mass of attendants from Lincoln and all the brass bands and prohibition exiles from Iowa, organized in a procession, the tail end of which rested at Kansas City, while the great twins-in-law, Bryan and Smyth were passing through the plutocratic "shadow of the starch works" at this afflicted industrial center.

At last with the roll of drums and the majestic melody of a thousand instruments of wind, the magnificent and spectacular demonstration began its earth-shaking tread toward the Court House. At its head, in only one car-

riage, rode Gen. Smyth, trust smasher extraordinary, and by his side crown-crushing, imperator-destroying, cross-of-gold-abhorring, "peerless" Bryan.

Whether this was a reincarnation or an impersonation of Gen. Falstaff and his army or of Gen. Coxe and

Doubts. Gen. Coxe and his brigade, there seemed to be considerable doubt. Some swore that Bryan represented Falstaff because, pointing to S-m-y-th, they said triumphantly, "there sits Justice Shallow by his side," while other perplexed spectators avowed that it was Coxe with Carl Brown leading an army of hoboes and tramps.

At the Court House square, however, the Falstaff theory won out, for there Justice Shallow was asked by his valorous chief: "Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?" And Shallow answered in that precise, Shakespearian verbiage, which "the peerless prophet" had used in his martial interrogation: "Here's two more than your called number; you must have but four here." A commentator remarked that "the two extra men" "provided" from the invaded precinct over the four absolutely required—as the hand-clapping and hurrah quota—were to allow for a percentage of rejections from voluntary disability by bibulosity. Falstaff asked for men "sufficient" and "fit to go."

All that was charmingly, irresistibly beautiful and now the blare of trumpets and the sobs of

Sublime. soul-soothing harmonies were stilled; and the resurrected and reterrestrialized prophets, Moses and Isaiah, the law-givers, Solon and Lycurgus, and the presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and John Tyler, all reincarnate in one person, "the peerless one" stood before the uncountable multitude, grand, majestic, sublime as the biggest Missouri river catfish in the presence of a school of small suckers. Immediately the disciplined enthusiasm brought down from Lincoln in job lots, burst forth and the prolonged shouts of automatic, phonographic, graphophonic applause made the starch works tremble and at the same time demonstrated the value of a portable acclamation factory, "a syndicate" in claqueurs and a Supreme 'trust' in making plaudits. The spontaneity, the vociferousness and the sonorousness of the trained hoodlums who accompanied Col. Bryan and Gen. Smyth far excell-