The Conservative.

VOL. III.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB., THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1901.

NC. 30

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

OFFICES: OVERLAND THEATRE BLOCK.

J. STERLING MORTON, EDITOR.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE DISCUSSION OF POLITICAL, ECONOMIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL QUESTIONS.

CIRCULATION THIS WEEK 10,000 COPIES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One dollar and a half per year, in advance, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada. Remittances made payable to The Morton Printing Company.

Address, THE CONSERVATIVE, Nebraska City, Neb.

Advertising Rates made known upon application.

Entered at the postoffice at Nebraska City Neb., as Second Class matter, July 29th, 1898.

THE COMMON

A hundred years ago John Jacob Astor of New York

was a very common German emigrant. But he had uncommon judgment, energy, temperance, industry and frugality. Exercising all these potentialities with judicious efficiency, he became a man of property. He left, at his death, great wealth to his descendants. Vast public benefits have accrued to the common people of New York because of his uncommon judgment and his accumusagacity. The Astor free library is only one of the monuments to his character, acquisitiveness and name. Yet demagogues in 1901 denounce his posterity-which in every war has furnished patriotic and gallant defenders of the United States—as plutocrats and unworthy the respect of plain people.

Philip D. Armour fifty years ago was a day laborer and yet when he died in the beginning of Philip D. Armour. this year he left a gigantic fortune, notwithstanding he had endowed colleges and established institutions of charity and religion which had taken away from his fortune several millions of dollars. He was of the common people, raised in frugal industry, inured to hardship and ennobled by physical and intellectual labor. His benefactions to the race will live and thrill with energy, nerve with ambition the sons of the people for generations to come, while the oratory which denounces men for acquiring and controlling capital will be remembered only as phenomenal eruptions of selfseeking demagogy.

Less than fifty years since a brawny

lad of Scotland came to America and to

Andrew Carnegie. work among the common people with uncommon power and perception of opportunities. His libraries donated all over the country tell how a wonderful Divinity uses the manual and mental forces of one man so as to make blessings and benefactions for millions of minds seeking learning and the luxury of literary indulgence. But Carnegie is denounced by the demagogue who wails about the common people and poses as their self-appointed protector.

The common people in America have a right to aspire to climb to competence

and capital. It is Climb. the pride and glory of the United States that no citizen remains common except by his own volition. The day laborer of today may be the capitalist and employer of tomorrow. The day laborer of yesterday is the rich man and banker of today. The man, whether he be a populist candidate for the presidency or only an editor, who divides his fellow citizens into classes and transfixes them-stereotypes them—as plutocrats, middle class and common, is not possessed of common sense enough to appreciate the opportunities and possibilities of citizenship in the republic founded by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and their compatriots.

Many advocates MALTREATMENT of populism de-OF THE POOR. nounce tions of all sorts because they permit the element of wholesale and retail to enter into their business. That is to say, they condemn as unjust the transportation companies if the latter allow one man to ship a thousand cars of wheat at a less rate per ton than they allow another man to ship half a car of wheat the same distance. They denounce banks and bankers for charging proportionately a greater premium on New York exchange for one hundred dollars than they do for one hundred thousand dollars.

Demagogically they denounce and reprobate these inequalities. And yet the loftiest and most illustrious of this sort of populist has recently started a periodical for which he charges one dollar a year in advance; but if the subscriber takes it for only three months, he must pay thirty-five cents, or at the rate of \$1.40 per year. This discrimination against the poor, who can not spare a

dollar, shows a difference of 40 cents a year against them, in a very small transaction; and the tramp who has the 16 to 1 habit can not satiate it with a single copy at less than five cents, which would be at the rate of \$2.60 a year. This means that the poor common people, whose wealth is measured in pennies and not in dollars, are, because of their comparative poverty, forced to pay nearly three times as much as the plutocrat who can spare a dollar all at one time. Populism preaches one thing, practices another.

wisdom.

"The common people form the industrious, intelligent and patriotic element of our population. They produce the nation's wealth in time of peace and fight the nation's battles in time of war."

The foregoing could have been uttered by only one peerless populist. An anxious and curious reader desires to know under which head the peerless aforesaid ranks himself among the common people? Does he get in under the division of the "industrious?" Is he admitted as one of those who produce the nation's wealth in time of peace and fight its battles in time of war? If so, does he include the mouth-worker as a wealth-producer for the nation, or the soldier for-photographic-purposes-only as the one who fights its battles in time of war?

DRAKE. An instructor of the plain people refers to the popular poem, "The American Flag," and tells how Francis Drake would revise it if he were to rewrite it. Francis Drake was an English sailor who died in the West Indies in 1569.

John Rodman Drake, an early American poet, who wrote for the New York Evening Post, wrote the poem in question. If the common people cannot get a better instructor errors will be commoner than truths in their lessons.

COMMON. Common platitudes served hot in populistic orations, become commoner when fed out cold in plain type on cheap paper. And the commonest appetite cannot relish warmed over and rehashed inanities served frozen. Cold flabbergast is not as edible as that, sizzling hot, from a silver tongue, which is propelled by a peerless pair of lungs, and garnished with a musical voice.