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THE COMMON PEOPLE.

There came, many years ago, to Arbor Lodge, as a welcome guest, a young man from the state of Ohio who was seeking a location in the new territory of Nebraska. He only remained over one day and night and then pushed on to Omaha where he finally located. He was strong in good habits, accurate of judgment, far-seeing and absolutely honest. In 1860 he became the builder of the first telegraph line connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific coast. His was a strenuous life upon the plains and in the mountains, among hostile savages and envired day and night with dangers which would have appalled a man of less courage, fortitude and endurance. But he knew no fear, no indolence and pushed the great work to early completion so that New York soon talked with San Francisco over the Western Union telegraph wires. Subsequently he invested in mining supplies and vast freighting equipments for the gold diggers in Montana. Eventually he became a financial and commercial leader for the centralizing of capital at Omaha and for the upbuilding of that metropolis. Work, ceaseless work, was his alchemy for transmuting into gold his genius and energies. His success was commensurate with his integrity and ability and when he passed away he left to institutions of learning and charity, through the hands of his brother, about two millions of dollars. And the indigent are thus—through the munificence of Edward Creighton—placed in touch with the means of education at the college which bears his honored name, while the sick and afflicted find at the Creighton Hospital in Omaha comforts and care which his

labors and life have provided. His brother, John A. Creighton, with wonderful fidelity to the memory of Edward, is constantly contributing to the enlargement of these noble institutions which are the monument to one of the right kind of common people!

Oh! that Nebraska may have more and more of such characters, more and more of men whom the demagogues and place-hunters denounce as plutocrats, gold-bugs and aristocrats. Nebraska needs and welcomes such men. They are the pride, the glory and the richest fruit of this free government, under which the common people may rise to the loftiest heights of usefulness and benevolence.

In 1857 and 1858 there was a delicate, pale-faced youth filling, in Omaha, the position of teller of the Bank of Nebraska.

THE CONSERVATIVE knew him well and had the satisfaction of being upon terms of personal friendship with him. His habits were those of an ambitious and industrious youth aiming to make unto himself fame and fortune. He was truthful, capable and honest. He could be and was implicitly trusted and confidence reposed in him was never betrayed. And so he worked and toiled, day after day, saving from his scanty earnings as best he could, until the gold discoveries at Cherry Creek, in Colorado, where Denver now stands, attracted his attention and aroused his energies to become a pioneer to Pike's Peak, as the parlance of that day termed all the gold-bearing part of the Rocky Mountains. And in the spring of 1859, armed with an ox-gad with which to propel the bovine motors that he was to engineer across the plains, with a rifle, a revolver and a letter of commendation from the acting governor of Nebraska, this finely organized individuality, which had been evolved from a frugal, industrious and intellectually strong family, in central New York, left Omaha for the mines. With whip in hand, courage in heart—with will to do, and eye to see, and judgment to weigh opportunity, the youngster went westward whistling, "Jordan am a hard road to travel."

That young man never asked for legislation that should make him an opportunity. He never made orations damning all his environments and declaring that he was getting poorer and the rich getting richer, nor did he seek

to make himself a public man or to get office for the money that might be in it. On the contrary he worked. He thought. Arriving in Denver, as it is now called, he studied the possibilities. He saw into a Future which is today his Present and he planned and strove tirelessly to make it materialize. He succeeded and David H. Moffat—for that was the name of the youth—is now rated one of the wealthiest men of the country—the wealthiest in Colorado and estimated at twelve millions of dollars.

And he is the type of man, the character of citizen, whom the agrarians, the populists, the vagarists, the maliciously envious and indolent mouth-workers of Bryanarchy deride, condemn and denounce. Of the common people who live by work, not talk, by deeds, not words, who know cheese from chalk and never complain that they have no chance to achieve, to acquire, to rise higher and higher in the social scale financially, politically and in every way, are all the best types of Americanism, in every part of the republic. We want more and more of the common people to more and more emulate and imitate the big men who have climbed the heights and flouted their flags of victory defiantly over the rough and rugged asperities which they have vanquished. This is a free country. The race for fame and fortune is open to all who will think, work and be temperate.

Captain Kidd
PIRATES. and the bloody rascals who sailed

with him under the black flag were relatively—when compared to the hold-up lobby at Lincoln—very conscientious and admirably honest gentlemen. The laws relative to kidnappers should offer a bounty for the kidnapping of all the members of the lobby gang, now engaged in introducing bills inimical to the very best and most important industries and interests of Nebraska. Even the employment of Pat Crowe as state kidnapper for the purpose of catching and killing the dirty, cowardly lobby at Lincoln which prepares and introduces bills threatening capital in every form, for the purpose of extorting money from corporations and individuals whose property is menaced—would be almost a righteous thing. It is a wonder that Nebraska can allure capital in any corporate form to plant itself in Nebraska while such a lobby is tolerated and such legislation proposed.