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THE FEAST OF UNREASON.

On the 7th day of May, there is to be, at Omaha, a great feed of the most rabid populists in the country. Among the distinguished masticators, selected for the destruction, on that occasion of viands, fruits, and whatever else can be included in a dollar-a-plate spread (not, of course, omitting soup, in which they have skillfully paddled at times), the most illustrious names are Allen, Bryan, Weaver and Sockless Jerry Simpson, Bill Dech and Poynter, who have long been distinguished as nominees and representatives of that partisan agglomeration, classified as populists. The principal object of the banquet is to devise ways and means by which more permanent, official subsistence may be secured to the principal agitators and promoters of that dynamic appetite, which impels these great men, with insistent vehemence, to urge themselves upon the people for high legislative and executive positions.

Another object may be, to give the country a political lexicon, in the interests of Bryanarchy. This possible dictionary will have a patent definition for the term "democracy." It will be written by an illustrious exemplar of polypartyism, a gentleman who can run on three different platforms, as the nominee of three different political organizations, and, at the same time, look the public in the face, and denounce, as anything but a democrat, any voter who opposes either platform, or either nomination.

After the banquet, it is hoped that a knowledge of democratic principles, may be more generally diffused among the people than ever before, for the reason

that populists believe in an irredeemable paper currency, in the ownership of railroads by the government, and in the loaning of government funds to the people at 2 per cent per annum; while democrats believe that the function of government is merely to protect life, liberty and property. Democrats likewise believe, that any given quantity of metal in bullion is worth, precisely, as much as the same quantity of the same metal in coin—no less and no more. Democrats do not believe that it is right to put an artificial price on silver of one dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce, when the bullion of that metal is less than seventy cents an ounce, any more than it is right to put a tariff for protection on hides, merely to give them higher prices in the American market, and to thus make all who wear leather pay more for their foot gear, and to help nobody but the big killers of beeves.

POSSIBLY IN PERPETUITY.

THE CONSERVATIVE is delighted to learn from the chief of Bryanarchy that he "is not planning for another presidential nomination." In a recent manifesto for circulation among his disciples, he, "the peerless," however, thus modestly and delicately alludes to the possible perpetuity of his candidature, but incidentally remarks that if he were earnestly pursuing a third nomination for the presidency he "would not be editing a paper," and diffidently admits: "If I ever become a candidate again, it will be because it seems necessary for the advancement of the principles to which I adhere."

This is really refreshing. It ought to arouse, encourage, and inspire every Bryanarchist in the country to begin immediately and zealously to labor for his re-nomination. The crowd who believes in "the advancement of the principles to which he adheres," will find it absolutely necessary to again nominate this matchless apostle of sixteen-to-one-ism.

Further along, in his most recent pronunciamento, this meek and Moses-like leader, with delicious unctiousness, assuagingly declares: "I shall, however, take an interest in politics for several years yet, if I live, and can be relied upon to support those who, as candidates, advocate democratic principles and who can

be trusted to enforce them if elected."

This declaration is in sweet accord with the record and proceedings of the young man who, some years since, left the democratic convention in the state of Nebraska to "go out and serve his God and his country under some other flag," because that convention virtually declared itself in favor of the gold standard.

The great mindedness of "the peerless one" was never more incandescently and luminously demonstrated than in the following outburst of beneficent forgiveness: "No matter what a man may have said or done against the ticket, in 1896 or 1900, that man becomes my friend the moment he accepts democratic principles."

This is one of the most luscious lumps of saccharine unselfishness that has ever been spread upon the pie counter of any political aspirant in the United States. It is peculiarly characteristic, too, coming from the man who voted for Populist J. B. Weaver in 1892, and then sought, as a democrat, to control post-masterships and other patronage under the Cleveland administration which came into power in March, 1893.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

THE CONSERVATIVE acknowledges, first and foremost, among birthday presents, a beautiful palm from his long-time friend, W. J. Hesser, wholesale grower of palms and ferns at Plattsmouth, Neb., where floriculture first made a lodgement through the intelligent efforts of this pioneer floriculturist. After an acquaintance of more than forty years, this palm, brought to the office in person, is accepted with the most grateful and sincere emotions of regard.

Other remembrances, in the form of cigars and champagne, are acknowledged without naming the donors. This caution is to preclude onslaughts upon their homes and places of business by hatchet-wielding viragoes.

The splendid gold pencil, very ornate, and of very beautiful and peculiar design, from Mr. L. M. Hamburger, president of the Chicago Athletic Club, came in good condition and will be devoted to writing, athletically, in favor of planting truths and planting trees. Several other unique remembrances are in hand, and all of them are hereby *en masse* thankfully acknowledged.