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SYMPTOMS.

Our intermittent friend, Colonel Bowlby, of the Crete Democrat, defines "symptoms of republicanism." He avers that any one who has "frequently, of late years, openly supported the republican party and its ticket," has decided symptoms of republicanism. By a parity of reasoning, then, Colonel Bowlby would assert that any one who, of late years, has supported the populist party and its ticket has symptoms of populism and that any one who has of late years supported the silver republican party and its ticket has symptoms of argentiferous republicanism, complicated with indications of protectionism of a virulent type. The admixture with these isms of the irredeemable currency theories of the populists, for all of which political medley Colonel Bowlby has, in late years, labored, constitute alarming symptoms of a malignant appetite for the loaves and fishes of office. This motor for propelling the politics of Colonel Bowlby whistles in this sentence, referring to a man who for forty years never feared to accept the nominations of the minority of the voters in Nebraska, and, at his own expense, to make campaigns for certain economic and administrative principles, knowing that their representative could not be elected in this state.

"Yet, he, (Morton) regardless of the cold potato diet, the republicans have dished up to him, time and again, joined hands with Crounse to kill off Van Wyck."

The colonel's chronology is mixed. The scramble for the United States senatorship, to which he so pathetically alludes, came in the winter of 1892 and

1893, after the democratic candidate for governor of 1892 had made the canvass in which Crounse and Van Wyck figured so successfully. But there was no big or little "hope" of a United States senatorship warming the ambition of "the sucker," as the colonel felicitously styles the democratic gubernatorial candidate of 1892. He had been an apprentice first, and then a journeyman, in the art of making political campaigns, where, over the door of candidature, had been written in flaming italics: "Let all who enter here leave Hope behind;" and take a check for it, returnable after the election. He never asked any man to help nominate him, and after nomination he never asked any man to vote for him. He always was an impersonal candidate, merely the representative of a set of political principles, which can not be held honestly, nor honestly supported, either by real populists or by real silver republicans. Against protective tariffs and all class legislation, of whatsoever variety, that man has remained steadfast and defiant. He has opposed the making of artificial prices by law, whether those prices were to affect iron or silver. He opposed making railroad steel sell at one hundred and twenty-eight dollars a ton, by statute, just as he opposed forcing silver to one hundred and twenty-nine cents an ounce by the same process.

But Colonel Bowlby sees in public life, only diet. He laments the "cold potato"

Diet. and yearns for the terrapin stew, the large, cold bottle

and the small, hot bird of the rich man's table, the republican restaurant for political pot hunters. But offices for the "money that is in them instead of the honors" were not the ambition of democracy as taught by the ancients.

Colonel Bowlby evolves words and assertions, only upon the corporations, all of which he

Trusts. terms trusts. He assumes to expose

the "one object of trusts," and then to denounce them all vigorously and without mercy. But any trust or combination, too highly capitalized will fail, just as the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would fail to enhance silver bullion to \$1.29 an ounce. That something can be made out of nothing, is a self-evident absurdity. That any "something" can be expanded, attenuated, and aerated indefinitely without diminishing its

value, is as evident as the fact that the moon cannot compete, in lighting the world at midday, with the sun, which has a trust for lighting the globe at that hour.

No corporation or combination for manufacture can succeed except it be capitalized honestly. No combination can succeed which attempts extortion. No combination can succeed which is not honestly and economically managed by skilled and intelligent men.

If Colonel Bowlby will visit Nebraska City and examine the Starch Works and the Cereal Mills, he

Locally. will find them expanding, running

full head and proving a great benefit. He will find that each of these plants grew to adult influence in competition with all the world and all the world's combinations in such industries. He will find that starch sells now for one half the price it brought ten years ago, and that cereal goods rise and fall generally, with the fluctuations in corn prices. He will find no advances in the outputs of Nebraska City industrial establishments because of "trusts."

There is recorded a fool who had a goose which laid golden eggs. He killed the bird to see how

Not Fools. the eggs were sprouted. The

owners of the manufactories at Nebraska City are not fools. They will not, by extortion, bad management, or from malice, kill patronage which will pay profits. No man, woman, or child has been wronged by the combinations at Nebraska City. The owners and managers of these institutions propose to merit, to get, and to hold a constantly-growing patronage, and to themselves keep pace with it in steady and sturdy growth. This they will accomplish by making their commodities pure, straight and good goods, by honest dealing and by not being undersold. The world of cereals is wide. There is no monopoly possible in the manufacture of its products. Competition is free. The markets are open to all. Anybody and everybody is at liberty to come into Nebraska City and establish similar plants. The more corn and other grains consumed, the bigger our trade, our town, and the prosperity of all of its inhabitants. But the moment that extortion picks pockets in any one of our industries, that moment the arrest of growth and thrift is accomplished.