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A BRILLIANT STONE.

The diamonds of South Africa are pale and feeble in their incandescence, when compared with the big brilliant recently dug up from among the political tombstones of Missouri. This remarkable stone, by its infinite and flashing coruscations, dazzles with blinding effulgence.

The Omaha World-Herald has just reproduced a gem from the stone age of Missouri. It illuminates the phenomenal character of the gorgeous peacock-plume style of oratory which prevailed in the distant, sixteen-to-one era of that state, in which the civic lapidary has found this one stone worthy of being cut and set.

THE CONSERVATIVE can spare space for only a single scintillation from the Hon. Gumshoe Bill, who, speaking of the peerless populist from Nebraska—nominated at Sioux Falls and Kansas City for the Presidency in 1900—sweetly says:

"He is a great man who fought for a great cause. I still honor the man; I am still devoted to the cause. When this young eagle of ours bore aloft the stainless flag of true democracy, we were proud of him; when he screamed his defiance all the mighty forces of oppression and wrong allied against him, trembled with alarm; and now, when wounded with an arrow shot by traitor hands, he falls, mine shall not be the hand to strike him nor mine the tongue to defame him. He is greater in his defeat than any who opposed him in his triumph."

That young-eagle metaphor is immense. It is so new that it seems true. How plainly we see the noble bird away

up in the sun-lit sky, sailing the clouds with that stainless banner.

He never soiled it!

Great bird! Noble bird!

Hear him scream!

Defiance is in his voice, which has been trained, among the mountain-crag schools where thunder is taught how to rumble and roar! No wonder plutocrats and all the devilish disciples of dollar-above-the-man-ism "trembled with alarm." That young-eagle "daring" and "screaming" as he soared among the azure battlements of the empyrean heights was glorious to behold. It is a profound pity, however, that, "when wounded with an arrow shot by traitor hands" he did not know how to alight.

It is a splendid art to fly upward and to fly high and to carry "a stainless flag" for a handkerchief. But it is also a great art to be able to come down gracefully and to alight well on one's own feet, and walk about afterwards without limping, without groaning and without becoming commoner than that majestic eagle, the plumage of which, glittered like a million diamonds when lighted up by the lustrous glories of the overblazing rhetoric of Missouri's Gumshoe Bill Stone.

CITIES.

Every densely populated, large city site is a menace to the American form of government by the majority. It seems impossible to establish purely administered and efficient government in New York or Philadelphia. The majority in the former city elevate Croker and all the political plundering which his putrescent name and record imply. In Philadelphia the Quayites outnumber and rule and ruin the honest and tax-paying voters. A Quayite is a man who has sworn allegiance to the creed of "addition, division, and silence" which the piratical senator from Pennsylvania long ago promulgated as the abbreviated and compacted gospel to which all his looting followers must hold faithful.

In Philadelphia the Quay political-machine men have been many years at work to build a city hall. It is now partly finished and, upon its dome, is a statue of William Penn, wearing a broad-brim Quaker hat. It has cost already more than twenty millions of dollars to evolve this unsightly distortion in architecture and many more will be expended before

it is completed. The taxpayers of Philadelphia are subjugated and levied upon by the tax-eaters of that city. The latter, tyrannically and systematically, make requisitions upon the former as appetite or avarice may suggest. The non-taxpayers are the majority. Such a majority is not a safe government. It is not a just government. It is a many-headed despotism.

The consent of the governed, when given by a virtuous and intelligent franchise is a good foundation for honest administration. But the consent of the governed, when a majority is given by the votes of vice and ignorance is a dangerous buttress upon which to build government. The numerous fallacies which have been evolved from misinterpretation and misconstruction of Mr. Jefferson's utterance as to governments depending upon the consent of the governed, are infinite in variety and number.

He did not intend that the government of a penitentiary should depend upon the consent of the convicts. He did not mean that the government of an insane asylum should rest upon the consent of the lunatics it contained. But he meant those manifest absurdities just as much as he meant that the government of a great city should depend upon the consent of the depravity and ignorance of a majority vote.

The use of the ballot in America ought to be restricted. Only the intelligent taxpayer should be permitted to vote anywhere in this republic. Wise men and thrifty, honest men should not be made to depend upon the consent of the unwise, intemperate, indolent and thriftless men of the country for a government.

What is government for? It is primarily and exclusively to protect life, liberty, and property. It is a corporation for that purpose and that purpose alone. The everlasting twaddle and maudlin oratory about the "inherent right of suffrage" is nauseating. The gorge rises, and common sense itself is sick at stomach from the constant cackle of "walking delegates" who discourse upon the innate right to vote which they declare inheres to all male humans.

Suppose some of these political evangelists should hear of an election about to take place in some gainful corporation and that they should rush at once to the place of the meeting of the stockholders, demand-

Consent.

Try the Right.