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The late Carl **A STARCH CENTER.** Morton conceived the idea of establishing a manufactory of starch at Nebraska City. He investigated the whole question with zeal and thoroughness and finally, by sound reasoning, persuaded his father and his brothers to enter into a corporation with others and build the Argo Starch Factory at Nebraska City. In the beginning this manufactory had a capacity of two hundred and fifty bushels of corn each day, and when it shut down for repairs and betterments last month, it was consuming twenty eight hundred bushels of corn every twenty-four hours—converting it into starch.

The best Indian maize or corn country on the globe, is within a circle of one hundred and fifty miles, of which

A Corn Country. Nebraska City is the center. It is the hub of a corn-growing wheel, the spokes of which are one hundred and fifty miles long. Within this area there has not been a complete corn crop failure, all round, in forty-seven years. Some crops have been out short. But no corn crop in all that time has been a failure out and out.

This has been a hot, rainless July in many portions of the north-west. But corn is not so

Present Drought. badly damaged in Fremont county, —Iowa; Atchison county, Missouri, and in Cass, Otoe and Nemaha counties in Nebraska, as to threaten "a shut down" in the starch and cereal mills of this town. On the contrary, there is enough corn safely maturing in

the Missouri river bottom lands in sight of the Argo factory and the Nebraska City Cereal mills, to supply both those concerns with grain until the crop of 1902 is matured, unless some further catastrophe, not now in sight or probable, occurs.

Conditions in the counties named are not such as to discourage those who

have agricultural experience and knowledge. They are such, however, as to demonstrate the wisdom and sagacity, the far-seeing business ability of Carl Morton, the useful, native-born citizen of Otoe county, whose youthful ambition and effort was to make Nebraska City a great starch-manufacturing center—unsurpassed in the whole world. This devastating drought thus far proves that no point in the country is better located for sure corn crops year in and year out.

HOME. It is a blessed thing to build, to have, and to hold steadily to a Home. There is a certain Anglo-Saxonism of meaning in this term. It is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word which means "to tie up with, and make fast to the soil." In the languages of all the Indian tribes which preceded us on the plains of Nebraska one can find no synonym for Home. There is, in all the vocabulary of barbarism the whole globe over, not a single word or phrase which carries such a wealth of tenderness, affectionate solicitude and reverent regard, as this one beautiful word Home, conveys to the heart of a refined man or woman.

The preachers of all modern schools of theology inculcate a belief in a future life—an immortality beyond

Theologians. the grave. They all talk of a Heavenly Home,—of mansions in the skies. They never speak of the celestial Flats of the New Jerusalem. No clergyman depicts a heavenly boarding-house nor a grand hotel as an eternal possibility. But as the gentle and constant felicities of human homes on this kindly and fruitful globe charm the faculties to the keenest and most exquisite enjoyment, the great-minded and kind-hearted dream of Paradise, of heaven and call us all to think of and prepare for an everlasting Home.

There will be in the New Jerusalem neither restaurants, hotels nor boarding-houses, only Homes, Homes, forever and forever.

The intelligent **MEN AND HOGS.** farmer in Nebraska is a careful observer of the requirements of the law of heredity, when he is breeding hogs, out of which to make profitably selling pigs and porkers in the packing-house markets of the country. Then the aforesaid yeoman declares, with emphasis, that "like begets like," and that he will not couple inferior animals, nor permit parenthood to any of either sex which show any signs of weakness or deformities. But this same farmer may denounce you as an aristocrat and a bond-bloated, trust-sustained enemy of "the plain people" if you suggest to him that his son or daughter ought not to marry into such and such a family because, for several generations, it has been tainted with drunkenness on the male and tuberculosis on the female side of the kinship. And with vehemence you will be told that "one man is as good as another," that Jefferson so declared in the declaration of independence, and that he agrees with Jefferson, that all men "are born free and equal." In breeding men and women the law of heredity is disregarded and defied, and so measly weaklings are constantly born into the human family, while hogs are constantly improved by careful obedience to the laws of transmission. When will men be bred as wisely as swine are bred?

In "Our Dumb **GEO. T. ANGEL.** Animals" the good-hearted altruism of Geo. T. Angel constantly shines forth. Every man, woman and child in the United States should subscribe for this valuable talker in favor of those living creatures that can not talk for themselves. Cruelty should be eliminated from human instincts and a trend towards considerate kindness for all breathing creatures take its place. Mr. Angel is a public benefactor. Long may he live! God bless him!

It is about time **STANDARD OIL.** for the Smytheminstrels with Oldham and Bryan as "end men" and J. Ham Lewis as "Bones," to make another tour on "trusts." The Standard Oil, Starch and Cereal companies ought to be serenaded as soon as the autumn campaign for fusion, illusion, delusion and confusion begins. All corporate capital must soon listen to the band who make music for the plain people. It is about time to tune up.