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THE TRUTH.

Oratory is not always the truth and eloquence deals frequently in fiction. Thus in his labor day platitudes the peerless Bryan remarks: "Each decade in our history shows greater production of wealth, and the men who produce it have less to show for it."

In Otoe county and in all South Eastern Nebraska the last "decade shows greater production of wealth and the men who produce it" have farms which will sell, on the average, for fifty per cent. more than they would have sold in 1891. And the majority of the farms in Eastern and South Eastern Nebraska are held this day by the same families which owned them ten years ago. Those families are relatively rich. Many of them were represented at the gathering of "the old settlers" at Morton Park, Nebraska City, on September 2nd, 1901, when Hon. H. P. Bennet and other pioneers addressed them upon their prosperity and contentment. There were one hundred and ninety-three buggies, surreys, spring wagons and carriages of their own among the "old settlers" of Otoe county who that day attended the picnic of the pioneers.

The vehicles and gearing, together with the teams hauling them that day, cost more money than all Otoe county property, real and personal, was assessed for during the first decade of civil government on these prairies. The old settlers in attendance at Morton Park represented and owned, without incumbrance, on Sept. 2nd, 1901, ten times more of real and personal value than they possessed in the decade beginning with 1873.

Wages are rising. Interest rates are

declining. Transportation, for freight and passengers, is lower in the United States, and traveling facilities better, than anywhere else on the great globe. Under these conditions it is not true that "the poor are getting poorer." Neither is it true that the rich are all getting richer—nor true that all are getting rich. But the great mass of humanity in the United States lives better now than ever before and with less daily hard work.

There are men who never knew good times and who never will know good times because they are only talkers, not workers; grumblers, not grubbers. To them Col. Bryan may very appropriately address his lachrymose monologues. He is a master workman among phrasemolders and a paragon among the skilled mouth-workers of this decade. But his own income from voice-culture gives the lie to the statement about the "poor getting poorer" while in a measure it verifies his statement that "the men who produce wealth" have it gobbled up from them by men (gabbers) who do not produce wealth.

Only a few days ago the editor of THE CONSERVATIVE

received a very cheerful note from Mr. John F. Buck, of Buck's Grove, Cass county, Nebraska. It was for the purpose of renewing his subscription to THE CONSERVATIVE, and for the further gratification of telling him that in good health he was on that day of his writing precisely eighty-six years of age.

Since then, while driving to the old settlers' convocation and picnic at Union, his team became unmanageable, ran away, threw Mr. Buck from the vehicle, and his death ensued within a few minutes.

John F. Buck was a typical pioneer of the most rigidly religious and puritanic type. He was strong in his convictions, honest in his actions, and in every way a most reputable and valuable citizen.

Because the Argo Community Starch Manufactory was sold to the National Starch

Company Colonel Bryan with a Salvation Army composed of J. Ham Lewis, ex. M. C., from Washington, Blarney Smythe, Odor Oldham, and their emotional evangelists of the Church of Dis-

content invaded Nebraska City and exhorted and prophesied of certain calamity. All sorts of dire disasters were to follow the terrible amalgamation of these two great concerns.

But now the telegrams announce the purchase of the "National Watchman and Silver Plume" by the peerless Bryan for the purpose of consolidating the same with his Commoner organ at Lincoln.

Here is "a trust." Here is "a community of interest," a tremendous monopoly of wind and cheek, brass and blab, all owned by one mental and moral Rockefeller! Is there no protection for the poor in spirit, the weak in lungs, the timid in tongue, the unaggressive citizenship of this great republic? The combination of rhetoric, oratory, fiction, vagaries, flappedoodleism, effrontery and gall thus telegraphed to the country is enough to paralyze the infant industries of prophecy, declamation and candidature among the pin-feathered statesmen of Nebraska and the Nation.

ABSENT.

Affairs social and commercial called the editor of THE CONSERVATIVE to Chicago and he will be absent for some days.

ARE WE TO BLAME?

The attempt made by a Polish anarchist on the life of the chief executive of our nation has exasperated the best feelings of every citizen's heart most keenly; but while this just indignation that a contemptible alien should lay his hands on our most sacred public trust thus is fresh in our hearts, let us ask ourselves whether we are altogether blameless in the matter. Do we not, by too great freedom of speech toward our public men, encourage others to believe that we hold too lightly by them? Not only during the acrimonious heat of campaigns, but in the peaceful interval between, our newspaper writers and our public speakers use such language of our best and greatest men as to indicate to an outsider that they are things of little worth; what wonder then that this idea should grow, in the narrow, cramped brain of a serf-born foreigner, into a belief that his murderous impulses were in accord with ours? Let us thank God that this man has failed; and hereafter bridle our own tongues.