

News comes to  
**JOHN H. ADAMS.** The Conservative of the death of Hon. John H. Adams, of Cochran, Pa. He passed away on August 26, 1901. The local papers credit him with doing a great work, in behalf of good government and sound economics. All places of business were closed, out of respect to his memory.

In 1858 Mr. Adams was the private secretary of Acting Governor Morton of the Territory of Nebraska, and from personal knowledge it is safe to say that no more faithful and honorable man ever held a similar position, either in this state or elsewhere. After more than forty years, it is a great pleasure to remember Mr. Adams, his industry, his integrity and his fidelity, with emotions of the profoundest gratitude.

He was our first private secretary and never has there been a more discreet and deliberate gentleman in that position during the half century which has elapsed since he separated himself from that service and from Nebraska to return to his native Pennsylvania to live and die.

The Conservative  
**SUCCESS.** is indebted to some thoughtful friend for a copy of the Lincoln Daily Post of October 9th, which contains tart and terse criticisms of certain views which it alleges are promulgated from time to time in these columns. There are some things in the aforesaid criticism which are good and some that are new. But those that are good are not new, and those which are new are not good.

The Conservative has never held that the mere getting of wealth is success. It has not, however, denounced the honest accumulation of property by industry, economy and good judgment as a crime, and all the possessors of capital as criminals. It has not endeavored to make those who from lack of tact, industry and frugality have become the discontents of the country, hate, envy and denounce all those who have been more frugal and industrious and more successfully acquisitive.

The Conservative has held and now believes that the most precious possessions of a human life are in old age, the solacing memories of altruistic efforts and well-directed generosity. The man who at three score and ten can count many benefactions to individuals, whom he has helped to rightly start on life's journey; and who can point truthfully to acts for the public weal, the common welfare which have originated in his brains and proved an unmixed blessing to his race, is in contented happiness a more than multi-millionaire. Thus Peter Cooper was a success over and above all the Astors who have ever

lived; Horace Greeley bigger and better than any and all the Vanderbilts; and Carnegie superior to all the non-public benefactors who have owned their millions during the last hundred years.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, was a success and died poor. Henry Ward Beecher, Professor Swing of Chicago, Philip Brooke, Minot J. Savage, and scores of other teachers and preachers who have lived and died in relative poverty have been, in the estimation of The Conservative, among the loftiest examples of lustrous success in all the centuries of man's historic career.

The Conservative repeats that "self-forgetfulness is the first duty of the patriotic public man when he discusses a question involving the institutions and permanent welfare of the Republic." The man who for a cause, in behalf of a system of economics, can for a life time withstand the blandishments of power and the promptings of his own ambitions and remain firm, steadfast and militant, at great financial sacrifice to himself and to his aspirations as a publicist, is certainly able with calm and serene disdain to easily withstand the assaults and taunts of the Post, unscared by the yelps of coyotes or the snarl of even larger and better wolves.

Under the head of  
**THE HOUSE THAT** "The Farm" Mr. **GAB BUILT.** Bryan makes the following announcement in the Commoner:

"As the daily papers have seen fit to make some comments upon the house which I am building, it may not be out of place to present the facts to the readers of the Commoner. In the spring of 1893 I purchased five acres of ground about three miles southeast of Lincoln. The land is situated on the top of a beautiful knoll overlooking the Antelope valley. The view from this spot is unsurpassed; as far as the eye can reach the land is under cultivation and the colors change with the crops and the seasons.

"In 1897 twenty acres were purchased adjoining the original five, and in 1899 I began improving the place by setting out an orchard and shade trees. Since then, ten acres more have been added, so that the farm now consists of thirty-five acres. Our only son is now past twelve and believing that life on a farm will be beneficial to him as well as pleasant to the rest of us, we are now about to realize the plans made years ago.

"The first day of October was the seventeenth anniversary of our marriage and the fourteenth anniversary of my removal from Illinois to Nebraska. To celebrate this double anniversary Mrs. Bryan and I went out to the farm on that day and helped to stake off the ground for the house and took out the

first shovelful of dirt. The foundation will be put in this fall so that the house can be completed early next spring. When it is ready for occupancy a picture of it will appear in the Commoner—until it is completed the plans are subject to change."—State Journal.

Abbot Kinney, of  
**FOREST AND WATER.** Los Angeles, California, published in

1900 a volume entitled "Forest and Water," which ought to be in the hands of intelligent, home-building and home-loving citizens in each state and territory of this forest-destroying and drouth-creating republic. The volume is worth more than its weight in silver and no man or woman who loves trees and groves and forests can read it without infinite satisfaction.

It bears the imprint of the Los Angeles Post Publishing Company and can be purchased thereof, no doubt, at about one dollar and fifty cents, though The Conservative has no authority for saying so. The book is worth very much to every friend of the forest and stream. The literature of arboriculture is enriched by this noble contribution to its steadily accumulating treasures. Get it. Read it. Act upon it.

A fault-finding  
**RICH.** contemporary avers that a certain editor is rich, that he got rich some way, that the editor of the contemporary aforesaid cannot tell how. But wealth is always relative. Beside of Rockefeller the six richest men in Lincoln—a town which has germinated many millionaires whom panics have frost-bitten, or financial drouths withered—are mere paupers. The richest man is the man with the fewest wants. The sure-enough rich man is the one who is contented with his lot, his work, his achievements, has a clear conscience, enjoys the friendship of the intelligent, rejoices in the enmity of the ignorant and does not envy anybody or covet anybody's goods.

There is no more  
**BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.** soothing literature to be found, during this terrible gold-standard drouth of dollars in the United States, than can be corraled within the warm and glowing pages of that great encyclopedia of canned prophecies entitled "The First Battle," by the peerless one.

On page 595 read this delicious, self-sacrificing sentence: "My hand has been used until it is sore, but it can handle a pen to sign a free-coinage bill—if I am elected." Blessed comfort in the little word "if" which is still guarding national credit and honor!