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Hume says, and  
**A CERTAIN SIGN.** McLeod quotes him in his "Elements of Economics."

"Nothing is esteemed a more certain sign of the flourishing condition of any nation than the lowness of interest."

But money, however plenty, has no other effect, if unfluctuating in purchasing power, than to raise the price of labor. Silver is more common than gold and therefore you get a bigger weight of it when you sell for silver your wheat, corn, pork or beef. But can you borrow silver at a less rate of interest than you pay for gold? If all the gold in the United States were exchanged in a single day for silver, at the sacred ratio of 16 to 1, would interest be lower the next day? Would the credit of a man without good name, without character for honesty, without property, be better at bank than it now is?

If gold becomes as common as silver, and silver as common as copper, will interest rates necessarily be lowered, and all the howling, rag-tag-and-bob-tail of Bryanarchy be able to have their notes discounted at the banks?

There is an old-fashioned way of clarifying muddy water with alum. When the Missouri River packets were doing all the carrying trade for passengers and freights between St. Louis and Nebraska points, the drinking water was pure Missouri River *aqua*, settled and clarified with alum.

The accounts of State Treasurer Steuffer need clarification. But whether alum or something more stringent is

required for the process Dr. Rosewater has not yet, seemingly, determined.

A big frog, sitting by a limpid stream the bottom of which is visible to the naked eye, can make the water very muddy the moment he jumps into it; and so all the Burt county, Otoe county and other bond purchases were quite queer and inexplicable until Steuffer jumped into the discussion of them and now they are more inexplicable than ever and queerer and muddier and nastier. Let Steuffer have an expert in truth-telling inform the people of Nebraska about his school money investments.

**CHRISTMAS TREES.**

Yesterday's papers contained several facts in regard to the Christmas tree trade. The Omaha Bee said that the second shipment, consisting of two car loads, had been received there; that there were 2200 to 2500 trees to a car, that they sell for \$2.50 to \$5 a dozen, and that they come from Two Rivers, Wis., and Minnesota. The Lincoln State Journal says that several car loads have already reached Lincoln and that they are a better grade of trees than usual.

This means that perhaps 5000 young pines have been cut down for the use of these two cities alone; butchered to make a Christian holiday! And this in the face of the fact that pine is getting scarce and that Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are falling out of sight as lumbering states. It may be said that a Nebraskan can have only a sentimental interest in this matter; but we wonder that there are not hundreds of men in each of the states named, clamoring for a restriction of this trade for purely business reasons. We should think the Michigan legislature would be fully as prompt in regulating the size of the trees that may be cut, as are those of Maine or Massachusetts in forbidding the taking of young lobsters; and for precisely parallel reasons.

The way it is done in Michigan however, appears from the following news item, which hails from Charlevoix, up towards Mackinaw:

The Christmas tree industry is now at its height in upper Michigan and great loads of the firs are going forward to the large cities, where they are regarded as the ideal tree whereon to

display the lights and gifts of holiday time. Upper Michigan now supplies Chicago, Milwaukee and numerous other cities farther west and south with the trees, which formerly were considered of little or no value by the woodsmen. The trade has grown rapidly in recent years and it is estimated that the people of this section now realize in the neighborhood of \$50,000 each holiday season from the sale of the trees.

**NEBRASKA POETRY.**

We take pleasure in bringing to the notice of the literary public the work of a new poet, whose genius has been discovered by the Louisville (Nebraska) Courier. Louisville is a small town, but good things have been known to come out of Nazareth. We think the production that we quote herewith is a remarkable composition. We have read it over and over, and every time we are more thoroughly convinced that it is beyond anything we have seen before. We admit that there may be some flaws picked in the mechanical details of meter and rhythm, but anyone with a soul for art can rise above such trifles. The patriotic fervor that inspires the poem is grand. The writer's facts may be the least in the world mixed, but he moves through his five stanzas with a magnificent epic sweep, and lands his hero just where he belongs. Milton could do no more. We are sorry not to be able to give the poet's name, and trust his genius will not be allowed to perish under any Cass county bushel.

**HOME-BREWED POETRY.**

Once I had a sweetheart, noble, brave and true,  
He like other brave boys went  
A member of Dewey crew  
And to the Philippines was sent.  
And while on the battle field  
Where shot and shells were screaming  
And from the enemy's bullets they could not  
be shield,  
While from the bodies of some brave boys  
their blood was streaming.  
Dewey, Dewey, in front was standing  
With all his boys around him,  
Listening for their commanding  
While the Filipinos had surround them.  
Wounded as he was lying,  
Thinking never more his sweetheart's hand  
can feel,  
While slowly he was dying,  
For the bullet his life did steal.  
Just as his death drew nigh,  
In heaven we shall meet on the golden shore,  
Was the simple words he did cry,  
There's life forever and death no more.

—Louisville Courier.