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It should be no occasion for surprise, and perhaps none for alarm, that much intemperate clamor for censorship of the press and of speech, by law, followed the assassination of President McKinley. It would doubtless be unwise, and might be very disastrous to attempt to incorporate the European system of espionage into our American system. It is well to remember that the utmost freedom in the discussion or criticism of political policies or personages distinguishes the governments of English-speaking people from other principal governments of the world, and especially of continental Europe. Doubtless the only practicable, if not the only needful, restraint on the press in this country is the restraint of an enlightened and righteous public opinion; and of that there is sore need, both in matters private and political. Last week, in a little town of Pennsylvania, an ordinary tragedy was enacted by some people of the ordinary criminal class. The event was only of passing public or sociological importance, and it deserves no public notice beyond a brief statement of facts as they developed. But for several days the Associated Press dished up, and the newspapers ostentatiously spread before the public all the revolting details with side dishes and condiments and other embellishments known to the skilled journalistic caterer to the morbid public appetite for sensation. This selfish commercial policy of the press both abuses and

further vitiates the public taste. It is not unlikely that in this phase of license, or licentiousness, the press passes beyond that middle ground which might best serve its pecuniary purpose. Censorship of this policy of license by the better moral and esthetic taste cannot be too vigorous or severe.

MINNESOTA PRODUCES A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF BUTTER, EACH YEAR; ALSO SOME CONGRESSMEN, NOTABLY TAWNEY AND MCCLEARY, WHO HAVE TAKEN IT UPON THEMSELVES TO PROTECT THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS OF ALL AMERICA AGAINST THE ASSAULTS OF OLEOMARGARINE—ONE OF THE PUREST OF MANUFACTURED FOOD PRODUCTS—THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF A NATIONAL "PURE FOOD" LAW, PATTERNED AFTER THE ACT NOW IN FORCE IN MINNESOTA.

While these Quixotic champions of an oleoized people are charging windmills, right and left, and delivering mighty blows to the imaginary enemies to digestion, comes in his humility, one state dairy commissioner, for the state of Minnesota, who appears at the head of the lists and bids the good knights cease their tilting long enough to hear his report, which is to the effect that of 162 samples of butter examined, a mere 24 were up to the standard, while the remaining 138 were, in a greater or lesser degree, malignant and harmful.

From all of which arises a slight question as to whether or not Minnesota is competent to prescribe a menu for the remainder of the United States.

NOT SO PRESUMPTUOUS.

The astute, though somewhat suspicious, editor of the Bee remarks: "J. Sterling Morton has gone to Mexico. Can it be that the sage of Arbor Lodge also has a covetous eye on the position of minister to Mexico?"

Perhaps so; still, it seems improbable that Mr. Morton should seek the appointment to this exalted station, without first making every effort to secure the valued indorsement of Senator Rosewater, and the acquiescence of that gentleman's colleague, Senator Thompson.

After the burial of Nero, the monuments erected by himself to perpetuate his memory were destroyed by order of the senate; his portraits were mutilated wherever found, and to speak his name in kindness meant death.

The fickle court, which had formerly fawned at his feet, now celebrated his demise with intemperate feasting, while the rabble vented its feelings in coarse jests and ribald songs, in which the name of Nero was associated with the vile creeping things of the earth.

While the high and the lowly thus vied with each other to see which should show the greater contempt for the departed ruler, some unknown friend sought his tomb at night, and strewed that polluted spot with violets.

Here was a heart and mind strong to resist the mad frenzy of the populace; and to that friend Nero was still the great emperor, and in him that faithful follower could not see the bloody-minded imbecile, though edict, song and jest proclaimed him such.

This man had a friend.

The pathetic event is vividly recalled by reading the effusion of an anonymous fusionist, who, as it were from out the darkness, nominates one Meserve for governor of Nebraska.

This man has a friend.

DISCOURAGING.

Mayor Low is now being rather roughly handled by Dr. Parkhurst, who alleges open violation of the Sunday closing law, with the mayor's knowledge, and, presumably, with his approval. The mayor seems inclined to believe it worse to be half good, than thoroughly bad.

From Tammany, Dr. Parkhurst's clientele neither asked nor expected reform; but no sooner does Mr. Low grasp the reins than he discovers that another hand holds the whip. The Parkhurst following asks, not an improvement, but absolute perfection; not a steady, gradual progress upward, but one bound to the skies.

Mr. Low, in his present predicament, stormed at alike by minister and joint keeper, suggests an improvement in the old adage by amending it to read: "Blessed are they of whom nothing is expected."