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The case of the **PLUCK VS. LUCK.** South African diamond operator who worked a great mine for a year under a lease, at a moderate profit, and saw a diamond whose worth is practically beyond calculation unearthed within an hour after his lease had expired, is quoted as evidence that it is luck, not pluck, that makes the man. Let us see how that diamond came to be lost to the man who had blasted and drilled his way through hundreds of feet of rock and almost reached it. Out of the 365 days during which he operated the mine, do you suppose that no hour was wasted in idleness? Among the twelve thousand employees do you contend that there was not one who could have worked more effectively if given timely advice and encouragement? If the contractor had searched the history of that year thoroughly, he would have been forced to the conclusion that moments of idleness, and hours of half-hearted effort were responsible for his loss.

On the other hand, the man who secured the prize had the courage to undertake what the other had abandoned. May his tribe increase.

**AN OBJECT LESSON.** A poor Chicago washer-woman has seven children whose food and clothing she provides by ceaseless toil, yet she finds time to teach them the great truths which every child should be taught and to a lady who offered her \$5,000 for one of them, she replied with pity in her voice: "I am very sorry for you, but I could not trust one of them to the care of another; I would not take \$1,000,000 for him."

Here is a lesson for those who lecture

and write upon the duties of motherhood, the art of home-making and kindred topics. Poor, obscure, isolated from all that the world is pleased to call pleasure, daily toil at the tub her never-changing vocation, each day a trifle grayer, slower in step and bent in body; yet, when she hears the childish prayers lisped at night, far richer than the bejeweled lady whose carriage halts at her humble door that its silken-clad occupant may plead tearfully for just one-seventh the joy of the woman she had once thought poor. This humble toiler's sphere is large enough to hold a wealth of love, a mine of contentment.

Governor Savage of **AS THE ROSE.** Nebraska was elected president of the Interstate Irrigation Congress, held at Sterling, Colorado. In his address he contended that irrigation was not an untried experiment but a system the value of which is well established. He cited the Garden of Eden as irrigated territory and promised that the entire Platte Valley should become another Eden in time. Perhaps the enthusiasm of the meeting and the supporting influence of his audience of pro-irrigationists caused the worthy governor to add a little extra coloring to the picture, though there is every reason to believe that irrigation will certainly make glad the desolate wastes of the barren portion of the Platte Valley, but whether or not the government is called upon to water a man's land, must be left to time and congress to decide.

The government can, however, lend material aid to the movement in a way that would not be attempted systematically by individuals or combinations acting separately or in concert: the collection of data on the practicability of utilizing certain streams, the best mode of diverting, conserving and distributing the waters, the waste by seepage, and means to combat it. With this material at hand, together with an estimate of the cost of the various systems, in this day of money seeking employment there would doubtless be found more than sufficient capital to carry out the plans.

**THE PASSING OF TILLMAN.** An irate Parisian lady recently entered the chamber of deputies with a basket filled with rotten eggs, which she

proceeded to shy around those sacred precincts, splashing the shapely forms of the well-groomed legislators, without regard to party or person. The offender was removed and the chamber went into executive session and gravely fumigated itself.

South Carolina has sent to our senate an animate package of much the same nature. From the South Carolina seats there has come nothing but missiles and bad odor. Not one idea that has proved of benefit to the country; not one speech that has appealed to humanity or comforted a distressed brother; not one word of encouragement or hope for any man or anything; but when South Carolina speaks an odor always arises and it is never a pleasant one. Would it not be well to fumigate?

The predicament in which he of the pitch-fork and temper, now finds himself is not one from which he may expect to be easily extricated. The offense is a grave one, and the previous character of the accused is by no means exemplary. His principal complaint against Senator McLaurin is based upon the supposition that nothing less than bribery could have induced a senator to favor the ratification of the Spanish treaty. Unfortunately for Mr. Tillman, there are other more or less peerless democrats who likewise supported the administration in the same way, and they find it necessary to repudiate Mr. Tillman in order to vindicate themselves—and "for Mr. Bryan's sake."

Senator James K. Jones has already made a statement deploring the rash utterances of the irrepressible South Carolinian, and the probabilities are that he will be relegated to the rear, not however, because he disgraced himself and his country, but because he dared to criticize one of his party who obeyed the will of their leader. He will be offered as a sacrifice—"for Mr. Bryan's sake."

**POOR LO!** Driven gradually from the shores of the Atlantic toward the far off Pacific, ever retreating before the advancing white man, ever being told "This is mine; you take the other," herded and trailed from plain to plain, with his few words of complaint answered by a monotonous reference to alleged crimes committed by his father's grandfather, the Indian is perhaps as deserving of the sympathy of all who love liberty, as are the Armenians, the