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A citizen who seems to have the good of the country at heart, as most citizens have, has devised a new method of sending small sums through the mails, with little inconvenience to sender or receiver. Bills similar to the present one, two and five dollar paper, are issued by the government, exactly upon the present plan. Upon the face of each are two dotted lines, the use of which we will explain further on. At first the money may be circulated in the ordinary way, but when it becomes necessary for a small amount to be sent through the mails, instead of spending \$2 worth of time in the purchase of a \$1 postoffice order, you have merely to open your wallet, take out a bill, insert in one of the blank spaces the name of the person to whom you wish payment to be made, sign your name in the blank line below, attach and cancel a 2-cent internal revenue stamp, and there you have a perfect mode of transmitting money, as safe as a draft, as it will only be redeemed upon the identification of the person presenting it at a bank window. The money having reached the payee, it is endorsed by him, offered and accepted at the bank, and in due course of time sent to the United States treasury, where it is destroyed and a new note issued in its stead, the government having already been reimbursed for its trouble by the money received for the revenue stamp attached by the payor. This is no "wild-cat" money scheme; it does not increase the circulation; it in no wise conflicts with the system now in vogue, but it seems to offer a safe, convenient way of transmitting money through the mails, and as the average American business man is either too busy or too

lazy to purchase the money orders now in use, it is possible that the genius who invented the scheme will in future be known as a public benefactor. Will some one kindly point out the defects?

**AT BAY!** Governor Savage, after being trailed for many weary weeks

by the crying pack of immaculate Republican editors, has turned at bay, and has already severely gashed a brace of his tormentors. The State Journal having maintained a discreet silence in its editorial columns, but allowed its exchange columns to serve as the sewer through which flowed the spewings of a bilious country press, the governor calls attention to the fact that in the list of signers to the petition praying for the pardon of Bartley, appear the talismanic names of the Journal's corps of opinion-moulders, philosophers, poets and paragraphers.

M. A. Brown, editor of the Kearney (Neb.) Hub, having been intemperate in his denunciation of the governor's course, and having with extreme discourtesy, published a personal letter written to him by the latter asking for a private conversation and an opportunity to justify the pardon, Mr. Savage in a letter to the public in general, and Mr. Brown in particular, informs the people that the chaste editor of the virtuous Hub borrowed nearly \$14,000 from a bank in which state funds had been deposited, and suggests that Mr. Brown pay the bank, that the bank may pay Bartley, and Bartley reimburse the state.

There are other Browns in Nebraska and all of them are in the pack that is yapping on the governor's trail; some of them will be sore about the ribs before the game is brought to bag.

Which man do you think the more worthy of public sympathy, he who weakly trusted those who came to woo from him the funds within his vaults, or he who with fair promises and under false pretenses of fidelity secured possession of the people's cash, and now advances the statutes of limitations in estoppel, at the same time bawling for the punishment of the state treasurer who merely opened the door and allowed them to take what they wanted, trusting them to return it in time to prevent loss to the state, and disgrace to himself and family? Such a situation leads one to doubt that there really is honor among—gentlemen.

**DIVERTED FIRE.**

Miss Roosevelt having insisted upon attending the coronation as Alice Roosevelt, of Washington, D. C., and the enthusiastic British peers having obstinately persisted in their determination to receive her as the Princess Alice, of the United States of America, the young lady with a willfulness truly Rooseveltian, has decided not to go at all, which has caused a horde of political gunners to draw their charges of heavy shot intended for the presidential family, and reload their guns with grape and canister, intended to scatter sufficiently to strike all American spectators at the royal show, including Whitelaw Reid and his already famous coronation trousers.

**ANOTHER COMPLIMENT.**

The good, old, colored divine had lost his umbrella, and from the pulpit he announced the crime and electrified his congregation by announcing that he knew the thief. "Now," said the indignant evangelist, suddenly producing a large stone from his capacious coat-tail pocket, "I's gwine swat dat man wid dis yer rock." A deacon in the front row ducked his head and raised his elbow. The unanimous verdict of the congregation was "guilty."

In The Conservative's treatment of Congressman Wheeler's late insult to the German as well as the American people, the editor asserted that there were people other than Wheeler, who needed lambasting. There was a head ducked and an elbow upraised away out at Upland—wherever that may be, if it be anywhere—the contortionist being one F. K. Willoughby—whoever he may be, if he be anybody—who writes as the duly accredited representative of what he calls the "common push" of Upland. As there is a confiction between the reliable American history which we have at hand, and the Uplandish and outlandish history furnished us by this intellectual champion of Uplanderdom's unshackled common-pushocracy, The Conservative has decided to allow its remarks to stand, content with the soothing reflection that it has smoked out this admirer of Wheeler's self-cocking jingoism, besides receiving many compliments and congratulations upon the article in question from full-fledged American citizens, who are neither Uplanders, Outlanders nor "common push" reasoners—or anti-reasoners.