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USELESS BOYCOTT.

Man is a slave to habit. Aside from his intemperate habits, he becomes attached to particular customs, and long association with localities or neighborhoods grows in him a love for these spots, and he is loath to give them up. This sentiment, worthy as it may be, is the source of some annoyance to the postoffice department, and causes some opposition to the rural delivery system. Often the establishment of a route does away with the necessity for some obscure postoffice, the regular patrons of which resent the innovation, even the convenience of sending and receiving mail at their own door-step failing to recompense them adequately for the loss of their accustomed evening trip to the postoffice store, there to wait for the mail, meanwhile exchanging neighborhood gossip and crop predictions, in an atmosphere freighted with the mingled odors of tobacco smoke and dried codfish. In some instances the carrier has been boycotted, and those who were expected to be his patrons have been known to drive a dozen miles once a week for several months, in a hopeless effort to force the abandonment of the route, and the re-establishment of the abandoned postoffice. Postmasters thrown out of employment by the innovation, also suffering from a loss of trade in the little store which they usually run in connection, throw their personal popularity into the balance and carry on a campaign of extermination against the carriers. On the site of an abandoned office called Luce, Nebraska, the inspector found forty-five mail boxes

placed side by side and yawning for the freight of mail which the community had been accustomed to receive at Luce and proposed to continue receiving at Luce, carriers or no carriers. Nevertheless, a few weeks of useless antagonism to the system, and pouting over the demise of the hamlet postoffice, usually suffices, and one by one the farmers learn that they are vastly benefitted by the change, and withdraw their opposition. Meanwhile, though the people of Luce may be convinced that they are causing the postmaster-general to regret that the system was ever introduced, he is probably blissfully unconscious that there ever was such an office, but is fully aware that there are some people in that neighborhood to whom he is delivering mail, whether they receive it all on one acre of land or on forty-five different sections.

COWARDICE.

Carrie Nation visited Nebraska City, and made the rounds of its saloons—or started to. One bartender failed to be impressed with her ideas, and engaged in an altercation with her upon the virtues of a work of art displayed behind the bar. In the resulting fracas Carrie was, in the saloon parlance, "bounced" ignominiously, and upon reaching the pure atmosphere outside averred that she had been struck twice in the face, and thrown out with more violence than the circumstances warranted.

This we are assured by several citizens with elastic consciences and convenient memories, was only one of Mrs. Nation's hallucinations, for in the first place the bartender missed her both times; in the second place he did not strike at her at all; and in the third place he was not in town when the fight occurred. As to his throwing her out violently, we are assured that he did nothing of the kind; that he being a courteous gentleman simply escorted her to the door. It is said that he even pulled back a trifle.

However that may be Mrs. Nation's nose was bumped in some manner, and she was so severely shocked that when she appeared at the bar of justice to answer for the heinous crime of having been whipped, she

forgot to call the judge any hard names, and seemed only too glad to avail herself of the twenty minutes allowed in which to leave the city.

Now this may or may not be a fair sample of the strenuous daily life of this most strenuous woman, but it is an instance in which there were thorns in her path. When on the street, or in the church, you hear a strong, well-groomed, well-built man express admiration for Mrs. Nation and her work, just pass the word to him that it does not become a man to stand in the background and hiss on a grey-headed woman to do the work he is afraid to undertake. If he be a clergyman, say to him that if he believes that men can be turned from their evil ways with a stone, or that people may be brought to Christ with a hatchet, it is his duty to adopt those weapons at once. Such work as that should only be attempted by able-bodied men, and theirs should be the right to suffer the gibes, slurs, threats, beatings and imprisonments connected with it.

ANOTHER.

The Texas anti-trust law, of which we have heard so much, has gone the way of all anti-trust laws, and joined the great majority. Like the ineffective laws of Illinois and Nebraska, the Texas law exempted stock and agricultural concerns from the provisions of the act, which section vitiates the entire law. When farmer legislators learn that the statutes of a state are not constructed for their special benefit, and that a trust is no less a trust because the stock in trade chances to be live stock or farm products, laws may be enacted which will regulate or restrain combines; but so long as one class of men choose to deny other classes the identical privileges which they are so careful to secure to themselves, nothing can be accomplished in this line.

REFORMED AGAIN.

Having made abject apologies to Thomas Jefferson, proved an alibi from the recent Louisville meeting of Allied Cranks of America and considerably refrained from making any comment upon the subject of barns, Mr. Allen is again on the road to royal favor. It begins to look as though he has been "dissolved and absorbed."