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There are bright men in America; lots of them! Some of them propose to aid the Boers by having the president sign his name to 5,000,000 checks, which will be sold at \$1.00 each, and the proceeds presented to the be-whiskered heroes of the veldt. The idea is certainly brilliant, though a perplexing obstacle is found in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, who would no doubt be only too glad to violate international etiquette by plunging into a quarrel in which his government is in no manner concerned, is unfortunately engaged in overseeing the foreign and domestic affairs of a great and populous country, and it takes a good part of his time to do it. However, if he could sign 500 checks per hour, and spare two hours each day to the work, allowing the usual 300 working days per year, he would get it finished in about sixteen years and eight months, but the last four million might have to be disposed of at a cut rate, as an ex-president's signature is not worth quite so much on the market. But out of sympathy for the Boers, and respect for the committee making the request, Mr. Roosevelt may decide to engage a substitute to occupy the presidential chair, and give his whole time and attention to the Boer cause, in which case by working full eight hours a day he can finish the "thank-you" job in a few months after his successor has been inaugurated.

N. B.—No allowance is made for a second term, as the Boers will not have a vote in this country, and the American might be unreasonable enough to feel slighted, and turn Mr. Roosevelt down.

The Conservative **TRUSTS AND DISTRUSTS.** is called upon to give its opinion of trusts. We retort by asking the enquirer for his opinion of men. Are they good or bad? Do they aid or hinder a country? Are they constitutionally honest, sincere, industrious, liberal, or are they lazy, deceitful, unscrupulous and miserly? To anticipate the answer, there is a difference in men. Some possess all the elements of good citizenship, others disgrace humanity; some contribute immensely to the upbuilding of the country, others do nothing but tear down and destroy; some deal fairly with the public, and ask no special protections or privileges, others surround their callings with legal fortifications, and from their intrenched positions grasp all that comes within reach. This will be his answer to The Conservative, and in it will be found The Conservative's answer to him.

The man who wails in anguish at the extortions and oppressions of evil trusts, at the same time failing to appreciate the good work done by other powerful combinations of capital, is foolish indeed, but perhaps no more so than his more liberal fellow who favors the blind policy of coddling and nursing the greedy giants who gorge and gorge, yet never are appeased. Neither men nor trusts can be condemned collectively, though there are imitation statesmen who have spent nearly a decade in campaigning against all trusts, without, however, speaking one sentence that would cause a fair-minded man to suspect that they knew what they were talking about, or had even a dim shadow of an idea how to set about it to remedy the evil. As well hustle all men off to the penitentiary in a body, for the crime of one or more of them; or, on the other hand, inscribe the name of every male citizen upon the roll of fame, as an appreciation of the glorious work George Dewey did at Manila, or Wainwright accomplished at Santiago. With a man or a trust, his future must be judged by his past, and his character may only be determined by analyzing his acts. "By their fruits ye shall know them!"

Mr. Skin Flint lives **ISOLATION.** in a tall house on a high hill, and the path which leads from the pike to his door is little used, and over-run by weeds. The Flint family just lives there; that is all. None of the neighbors invites a Flint out, and no one seeks to intrude upon their privacy. Since moving into the neighborhood years ago they have resisted all attempts at familiarity. They do not even "swap help" at harvest time, and their farm is not included in the itinerary of the local threshing gang. Neighbors passing along the pike glance dubiously at the narrow, shuttered windows, the weed-grown walks and the generally forbidding aspect of the farm which seemed so cozy and hospitable before it fell into the hands of its present morose, inhospitable, selfish and unreasonably suspicious occupants.

There are men who would make of America, a nation of Flints. It is a great and growing family, and when a member of another great family calls to pay his respects, members of ours sulk in dark closets, and skulk in the shrubbery outside, growling out their hatred for the visitor, and the people he represents. Even a casual visitor is received with suspicion, and finds it necessary to reiterate the statement that America is a great country and that he is enjoying the visit to the utmost, eventually taking his departure with a very bad taste in his mouth, having utterly failed to establish friendly relations between the two families, and lay the foundation of a lasting friendship. In hours of trouble proffered aid is spurned, and the motives of the would-be friends misconstrued. In a time of peace and plenty those who come to buy and sell are greeted with an exhibition of selfishness and unfairness.

How long think you before, like the Flint family, a country so conducted, so peopled, will be socially ostracised, and commercially boycotted? Must we live in a tall, gloomy house, on a high bleak hill, the shuttered windows, weed-grown walks, high fences, barred gates, and surly, boorish inhabitants discouraging friendly callers, and well-nigh forbidding those who come to trade?

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