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MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE NEW ALBANY CHICAGO ST. LOUIS

ALWAYS GIVES ITS PATRONS

the full worth of their money by

giving them

the best of service

Chicago

Lafayette

Indianapolis

Cincinnati

Louisville

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

ELEGANT PARLOR CARS

ALL TRAINS RUN THROUGH SOLID

tickets sold and baggage

checked to destination.

Get Maps and Time Tables if you want

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stations have them or address

Frank J. Reed, G. P. A.

MONON ROUTE.

Rensselaer Time-Table

SOUTH-BOUND. NORTH-BOUND.

No. 31 4:48 A.M. No. 4 4:48 A.M.

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31 11:18 P.M. 4 7:21 P.M.

31 11:38 P.M. 4 7:41 P.M.

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THE FARMER.

As He Was and as He Is.

HOW HE IS ROBBED.

Stupendous Decline in Farm Products.

A PERNICIOUS FINANCIAL POLICY.

Evils of Contraction—The Concentration of Wealth—Rise and Fall of Gold—The Effect of the Free Coinage of Silver. What Gold Monometallism Stands For. An Honest Payment of Debts—The Help Offered by the Ballot.

By JOHN H. BEADLE.

The accompanying illustrations are from New York newspapers of recent date. They are published to show the popular idea of the personality of the American farmer in the gold stronghold of the country.

I will invite your attention to two pictures. Twenty-five years ago the American farmer was a king. Poets sang about him. Orators praised him. Edward Everett held up an ear of golden corn before his audience and enlorged the grower in such eloquent words that storms of applause shook the hall. We loved to read and quote the old stirring lines telling how "the old farmer stood" at Lexington and Concord, and it was universally agreed that they were the salvation of the land. They were the hardy yeomanry, the free and independent workers, and even such foreign visitors as De Tocqueville went off their way to describe the happy condition of the landowning farmer in this country.

Washington gloried in being a farmer. Our greatest statesmen passed their vacations on their own farms, among their horses and cattle. They delighted in rural pleasures, they worked and personally directed their employees, and from a season of this kind of life and close contact with the people they came back to Washington wonderfully refreshed by having lived close to the heart of nature, more American and more democratic and more in love with their own land. The N. Y. World. Names were coupled in the popular lore with the names of their estates. It was Washington of Mount Vernon, Jefferson of Monticello, Clay of Ashland, Webster of Marshfield and Jackson of The Hermitage.

Where is that farmer now? He is the gibed and sneered of every clown who can get on the city stage in spotted breeches. He is the butt of vile jokes in the city saloons. He shares with the mule and the mother-in-law, the plantation dandy, the rusty stovepipe and the tramp as the stock material for cheap paragrahphers. He is brought on the stage of every low theater as the stock victim of the "Hayseed" and "Wayback" and "Jay" are his regular titles, even among cultivated people, and in the slums "farmer" is one of the vile epithets which provoke a fight. He figures in the illustrated comics as a half savage. Look at the pictures of the typical farmer in the New York papers and see something

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whisker, but looks like a wisp of weather beaten hay.

This is the farmer of today as the people of the cities are taught to consider him.

And why this change? It is because he has been systematically robbed for 80



Puck.

years and has submitted to the robbery and voted for more of it. He is despised because he has consented to his own degradation.

His very virtues have been made the means of his degradation. The farmers, and especially the men who till their own acres, are our great conservative class. They dread revolution. They love their country with an impassioned ardor born of close contact with the soil—an ardor of patriotism which some writers have thought impossible in men reared in cities. Naturally, therefore, the northern farmers stood by their government in the great civil war. The Republican party was in power and acquired an immense prestige by the successful issue of the conflict. Naturally, therefore, the great majority of farmers credited all good things to that party. They could not believe that the party of Lincoln and Sumner and other friends of humanity would do aught of injustice.

The Robbery.

The war tariff was prolonged in time of peace despite solemn promises to the contrary. Empires of land and hundreds of millions of money were given to great corporations. Credit Mobilier, the Indian ring, the whiskey ring, the star route ring and scores of others followed in rapid succession, but though the farmers murmured and though the farmers did not revolt. They overlooked the fact that parties are composed of men and therefore subject to change. They were slow to believe that the grand old party could contain schemers.

On top of all the rest comes a financial system which has added 80 per cent to the value of money and depreciated the price of the farmer's products in like proportion, and at the least signs of a revolt on his part he is denounced as a traitor. It is assumed as a matter of course that Wall street should strive for a rise in stocks, that manufacturers should lobby for a higher tariff, that the Pacific Railway companies should evade payment of their debt. All other men can vote and lobby to raise the price of what they own and be good Christians, but at the same time the farmer is to vote for restoring silver to get a little better

crops, the country rings with frantic cries of rage and denunciation. The farmer has submitted too long. He has lost the respect of those who have robbed him, and it is much to be feared that in great part he has lost his own self respect. His poverty has become reproach.

The Affliction of Abundance.

"But there has been so great an increase in production. Now, why should the farmer complain that prices go down as the size of the crop goes up? And how can you prove that elevating the condition of the farmer will elevate that of other laborers?"

It is impossible to raise the agricultural class of any country without raising all the other classes who depend on labor for a living. It is not absolutely impossible to press down the agricultural laborer and yet leave the city laborer unaffected, but it is very unlikely. The farmer, however, does not complain that he gets less per pound or per bushel when the crop is big than when it is small. What he does complain of, and what he has a right to complain of,

business men are going to make a business out of politics, and are going to use their ballots to increase their incomes, I beg you to consider whether the great tilling masses of this nation have not a right to make a business out of politics once and protect their homes and families from disaster (Applause.)—W. J. Bryan at Ti-

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as that prices have fallen so fast that he gets very much less money for a very big crop than he formerly got for a small one. Thus the bonanzas of Providence are turned into curses and he is coming to look upon abundance as