

THE PEOPLE'S PILOT.
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LUTHER L. PONSLE, President.
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DAVID W. SHIELDS, Secretary.
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LESLIE CLARK, Local Editor and Manager.

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RENSSELAER, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1893.

A question still asked is why nine dollars per day should be paid for three commissioners when one member does all the business. Six dollars per day might be saved the tax payers.

Republicans ought not to crow over this panic coming during a Democratic administration; for it is only the culmination of Republican folly. A Republican egg hatched by the Democratic hen.

Carlisle says there is no demand for silver dollars and therefore orders the mint to cease coining them. The lying old scamp, they are in demand everywhere that the honest are engaged in business.

A section of Medill's "acknowledged prosperity" struck Ex-Secretary Foster, and though "Calico Charley" is known to be a strong man, he was knocked out in the first round. Nothing seems to strike harder than "acknowledged prosperity."

If we could have had three or four hundred millions of state bank, wildcat, non-legal tender money in circulation, based on about twenty millions of coin, to have added to the mischiefs of the present panic, we imagine that even our Democratic friends would have been cured of their mania for this state bank, non-legal tender stuff.

What does this noted intimacy between Voorhees and Cleveland mean? Does it mean that Wall street ideas have given place to granger notions? Hardly. Does it mean that the Indiana slyster has captured the Buffalo accident? Not much. It most likely means that Greenback Voorhees has gone over to goldbug Cleveland. Watch and see if we are not right.

The people are now realizing something of Cullom's "glories of the national banking system." Cullom's constant boast is that he looks like Lincoln. He may, but if he does, the likeness ends abruptly there. Cullom, make your own record so glorious that for popular favor you will not need to depend on your similarity to some great man; that is nauseating in the extreme.

South Carolina last winter made a new liquor law, by which the sale of all liquors is done by officials appointed by the state, and the profits from the sale goes into the state funds. The new law which goes into effect July 12th, provides that dispensaries must be closed at 6 p. m. the year round. Applicants for the purchase of liquor who cannot write must make a cross mark, and no application of the person can be filled oftener than once a day. A state constable or detective will be detailed to run down all persons suspected of infringing on the law. The prices of the various brands of liquor will be kept posted in each county dispensary and an officer who deviates from the prices will be dismissed. Gov. Tillman says the cheapest whiskey will be retailed at \$3 a gallon, 75 cents a quart, 40 cents a pint and 20 cents a half-pint, and only the purest liquor will be sold. Under the law dispensaries are not to be established unless a majority of the freehold voters petition for it. The

governor says the state will make \$1 profit on every gallon of liquor sold and estimates that the state will clear \$500,000 the first year.

A year ago no promise of tariff reform was too extravagant to be made by our Democratic friends. They even hinted strongly in favor of absolute free trade. Since coming in possession of the government they have modified their views wonderfully. They now realize that revenue sufficient to meet the enormous expenses of government must be raised. They further realize that while gold is being constantly taken out of the country, a lowering of the tariff and heavy importations will greatly aggravate the situation. Waterson and clan still favor very heavy reductions and talk of absolute free trade at no distant day, but the great body of the leaders seem content to let matters drift as they are. These differences will lead to a bitter fight in the party on the tariff question, while on the money questions the differences are much greater. The president and his Wall street backers have resolved for the gold standard alone, while Bland, Hatch, the west and the south will fight to the disruption of the party for bimetalism. Each side on these questions is marshaling its forces and the struggle promises to be prolonged and bitter. The poor and unfortunate Democrats are divided on everything but the offices. On that one subject there is the greatest harmony.

Sherman Again.

On June 19th there will be gathered in Chicago representatives of all the banking institutions of the world, the skimmers and robbers of mankind. In harmony with the eternal fitness of things, John Sherman, the arch enemy of his country's welfare, will address this horde of concentrated greed. Though gain is their creed and robbery their profession, we believe John Sherman able to instruct them all. Who but he could in thirty years time have become five times a millionaire on an income that did not meet his expenses. Who except John Sherman could tote off forty two millions of government funds, use them four years, and not pay one nickel for their use? Who but John Sherman is shrewd enough to use government employees to build his barns and never be called to account for their labor? John is a scoundrel and will be at his best addressing such an assemblage of villains. John is growing old, and though the satisfaction is of a savage character, his outraged countrymen ought to be allowed to indulge it. According to Divine arrangement, the years are few in which to add to his deviltry, he must soon in accordance with natural law, "turn in," and when he does, good men everywhere ought to rejoice. He has enjoyed the blessings of American liberty, but has always served British interests, and they are not unkindful of the service, for a ten thousand dollar picture of the old rascal is hung up in a room of the Bank of England. No man living or dead has injured American interests as much as has this man, John Sherman.

The Indianapolis Sentinel gives four columns of its valuable space to "Indiana Beauties," taken from an article written by Mrs. Ida A. Harper in Demorest's Magazine. The writer of this article gives pen pictures of nineteen beautiful, wealthy society women of this state. From these pictures one might be led to think that the women we daily meet, our wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts are very, common "affairs." These "Beauties" have all been reared in luxury, have grown up like pot flowers in a bay window. They have never known a single real want or care. Their days

have been spent in the brightest sunshine and the softest breezes. While the common women of the state with ungloved hands have been toiling to keep the world moving, toiling to help multiply the comforts and conveniences of life, these "Beauties" have been treading banquet halls, walking through shady bowers, attending toilet, lazily reclining upon easy couch and chair—nothing needful, nothing useful have they ever done. In this four column article on these "Beauties," never a word of real work, never a word of good act or deed but it is all about smiles, complexion, dress, grace, social refinement and mental charms. Never a thorn have these nineteen "Beauties" plucked from the path the weary and needy tread, never a pain nor sorrow have they tried to lessen; their life's training and life's work have been to entertain with elegance." Let the writer of these pen pictures turn from the costly mansions of the McDonalds, the Hustons, the Studebakers and the DePauws; let her come out here where there is not a retinue of servants to wait upon her every step; let her listen to the rattle of milk pans in the good housewife's dairy; let her sloop the squealing pig in the muddy sty; let her pick mustard greens around the turkey pen; let her hoe cabbage, set hens, feed ducks and then see what kind of pen pictures of "Indiana Beauties" she can draw. "Pretty is as pretty does." Dear "Society Beauties," where do you get your feathers, who feeds you?

Our Plea.

Now brother Democrat, you are also an American citizen, have the same interests, duties and responsibilities that your brother Republican has, fifteen billions of foreign indebtedness, nine millions of mortgages, fourteen thousand of bankrupted firms annually, a depressed and almost ruined agriculture, strikes, lockouts, riots and bloodshed by workingmen in an almost hopeless struggle for their rights, men unemployed, children starving, corporations insolent and thriving as never before; all these things confront you and demand your immediate attention and the application of your corrective measures. You have paced up and down the land for years, asking for power, and bewailing all these evils. You are different from your Republican brother in this, he has denied their existence, you have admitted their existence, and been a calamity howler of the first water. Now what measures do you propose, what remedies would you apply? Say Mr. Democrat, it is not our purpose to place you at a greater disadvantage than your own weak and silly course has. You would correct all this by reforming the tariff, that is all, nothing more. Be honest, Mr. Democrat, and make confession, for you know it is so. Your president differs from Harrison in nothing save tariff reduction. He is a single gold standard man, an enemy to silver, believes in National banks, swore he would carry out civil service reform, yet violates the law constantly. Except tariff reduction Harrison and Cleveland are as like as two peas. Now Democrat, are you shallow enough to believe that you can reduce freights, raise prices and equalize taxation by tariff reduction. All the evils in our monetary system, all the extortion in our transportation and transmission of intelligence service, all the evils of land monopoly, all the wroth of our taxation system, that makes twenty per cent of our wealth pay eighty per cent of our taxes, are to be remedied by tariff reduction. Of all the infernal nonsense and baldheaded humbuggery that was ever palmed off on any people, this tariff reduction panacea

that is to cure all the ills that afflict the body politic, takes the cake. Democratic leaders knew better, but it was the one question that they could juggle with and mean nothing. They had to discuss something before the people, and if they did not discuss tariff, it would have to be land, money transportation or some other live issue and that they did not want, nor would not have, so that old fleshless bone, the tariff gag, was made to do service once more. The absurdity of meeting the wants of the age by merely reducing the tariff need only to be stated to be manifest to every discerning man. Our Democratic friends have a powerful organization; they carried the last national election triumphantly, they have full possession of the legislative and executive departments of the government. Confronting them are the gravest of questions growing out of an advancing civilization, that must be settled and settled right, the transportation question, the money, land and taxation questions, and they won't down, will come to the front in some form or another constantly, and this powerful organization, the great Democratic party has but one measure, tariff reduction. Oh shame that any set of men will so trifle with their country's welfare. Tariff reduction to meet every evil. They reminded us of the quack doctor in the early days of Iroquois county, it matters not as to the affliction of his patients, the remedy was the same whether it was flux or fever, consumption or cancer, dyspepsia or rheumatism, each was pronounced "an obstinate case," and one prescription was given for all. He would assume an owl air of wisdom, shake his head dubiously and say, "a very obstinate case indeed, give the patient all the salts he can stand." So with our Democratic friends, and their tariff cure-all. It matters not as to the national ill, it can be knocked higher than a kite with tariff reform, "it is an obstinate case, give it all the tariff reduction it can stand." Our Republican friends would relieve us by administering the medicine that produced the disease, while our Democratic friends would dose us with the same medicine, accompanied by a huge dose of tariff reduction.

(To be continued.)

No Credit to Journalism.

EDITOR PILOT—The Dwiggin's fiasco, and the yelping of certain journalistic curs, recall to my mind the fact that when Dwiggin was mounted on his high horse, only two papers found fault with his methods: The Chicago Herald and The Toiler of Fowler. The Herald backed down but the Toiler stood to its guns. We recall the further fact that certain journals that worship success regardless of the means used, were indignant at the Toiler's course, but now that the syndicate seems "busted" these same cowardly and sneaking whelps pounce upon Dwiggin, foolishly believing that to kick a dead lion makes a brave man out of the kicker. Were Dwiggin or any one else to steal the state blind, not a word of condemnation would come from them as long as they were noticed. The PILOT, published as it is, at the old home of Dwiggin, has pursued a manly and commendable course. When his affairs are settled and his acts clearly understood then will be ample time for criticism. But this pouncing upon a man because he is down is as mean as it is cowardly. Such a course brings no credit to journalism.

SPECTATOR.

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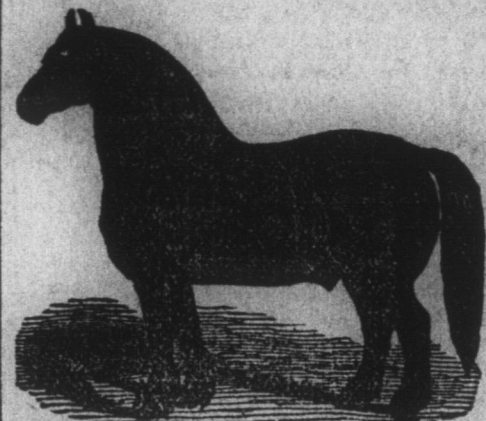
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