

NEED OF THE HOUR.

FIRST PAUSE AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES.

Portentous Omens of an Impending Crisis
—Oh! for a Lincoln to Lead Us Out of the Land of Bondage Into the Land of Golden Light and Hopeful Promise.

By E. H. Belden.—In Webster's immortal reply to Hayne, the opening paragraph reads as follows:

"Mr. President—When the mariner has been tossed for many days and in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance at the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate his prudence and before we float further refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we are now."

From this extract let us see if there is any comparison to the present condition of our own times, and whether there are any lines of prudence marked out that would be well for us to follow.

Like the mariner, the great army of round-shouldered bread winners, having been tossed for, yea, these many years, are slowly but surely awakening from the deep slumber of ignorance that has prevented them from knowing their rights, or realizing the depth of slavery from which their generations have gone down to early and unallowed, yet acceptable, graves. After nineteen centuries, during this the first forced pause in the storm of dog-eat-dog policy that has swept the world's surface throughout the cycles of inquiry, they are catching a glimpse of the golden light of hope that is breaking through the veil above them, and are pausing to find their latitude, and to learn, if possible, how far they have been driven from the course marked out by their God, in which all men could reap the first fruits of honest toil. Beware! The lion is awakening in its lair. His voice is penetrating the farthest recesses of the jungle. Unbrowed and effeminate aristocracy stands aghast with fear. The combined power of the world's brawn and muscle is being united to grapple with caste and cunning in one grand effort to restore the long-lost diadem, the equality and brotherhood of man.

A million rivulets of thought and action are being turned into one mighty stream, whose swelled tide is carrying away the flood-wood of prejudice and superstition that has been built up through the dark ages of federal knight-errantry and barricaded throughout succeeding centuries by the prestige of musty statutes and standing armies, that have been as leeches upon the labor of helpless humanity, enslaved thereby. The very atmosphere is surcharged with the electricity of portentous omens for the future. All men are awake to the impending crisis. Savants are searching the vocabularies of ancient and modern literature to find soothing phrases to calm the thirst for economic investigations. From the esthetic literature of the most exclusive magazines to the one-cent dailies, we find exclusive articles on the great movement, while the caricatures of the illustrated press represent the contest in its lurid forms. Strong men walk as if treading the crown of a volcano, while mothers, clasping their infants to their bosoms, look out into the dim future, wondering if the impending contest will remove the present maniacs of unequal opportunities in the race of life before her darlings are grown, or will they in their tender years have to go out on this frozen sea of corporate greed to be permanently dwarfed upon the tread wheels of unrequited toil?

In this hour of expectancy, of anxiety, of hope and fear, oh! for a Lincoln to lead us out of the land of bondage into the land of light and promise. Without such a leader to pilot the way, many weary and wornout toilers will go down as their feet sink into the cold, cold soil of the Jordan that separates us from the land of our inheritance.

As Moses raised up the brazen serpent in the wilderness that all who had been bitten by poisonous reptiles might behold and live, so millions are praying that the leader may be raised up whom all may follow that are perishing under the bite of the poison of corporate oppression.

Not with bullets, but with ballots, we trust the citadel of plutocracy's host must be destroyed. The calling of the ditcher, of the hostler and the hod carrier are called ignoble, but each forms a rung in the ladder up which all industry and progress must climb, and the ballots of these will count as much as those whose gilded chariots spatter the toller in rags.

The battle-scarred veterans of toll, awake to your opportunity and vote only for those to make your laws whose calloused hands are a living witness that they live not from the fruits of others' toll.

Buying a Title.

Say Gould's daughter is going to buy herself a French count. He comes high but she must have him. She can afford to pay \$15,000,000 for a title, although her French count is higher priced than C. P. Huntington's daughter's German prince, who only cost \$10,000,000. Poor girls, their riches are often their misfortune, for instead of marrying honest men who love them for themselves, these girls get caught by fortune hunters with titles, and the happiness that even the poorest peasants enjoy are denied the women of millions whose wealth is spent in purchasing and maintaining some titled rakes, and cruelty and misery brings years of misery to the women who sold themselves.—The Age, Chicago.

KANSAS OIL AND THE TRUST.

Conditions That Are a Curse of Capitalism and Corruption.

The only thing that prevents the "holes in the ground" about Neodesha from being veritable units of wealth for landowners and the oil is the lack of a market. This lack is occasioned almost wholly by unjust discriminations against industries by the present freight pooling arrangements. "Build a refinery then," says some one. But that wouldn't alter the discriminations on freight rates. The same fate would befall our locally refined oil that befalls the locally crude oil. For instance: The operators here shipped a few barrels of oil into Oklahoma the other day. The freight was \$3.10 per barrel. The Standard Oil company was shipping the same quality of oil from the Eastern fields through Chicago and Kansas City to the same point in Oklahoma and selling it for \$3 a barrel. Just think of it! And when you think of it cease wondering why there is no market for oil here.

Nearly 50,000 barrels of crude petroleum is above the surface of the ground here at Neodesha, and untold millions of barrels are below the surface, upon which not one dollar can be realized owing to the situation indicated above. Although Neodesha is within 165 miles of Kansas City and the nearest Eastern oil fields is over 600 miles from that point, the producer of oil at Neodesha would have to give the Kansas City consumers the oil and the barrel and pay him 6 cents in money in order to meet the prices at which the Standard Oil company sells the Eastern product in Kansas City.—Neodesha Register.

And here we are in Wichita, selling bonds and thereby mortgaging posterity, to get "honest money" to dig holes in the ground for oil, and when we get it, what good will it be to us? Just to run away and ruin the productivity of the soil as it does at Neodesha, that is all, and be a damage rather than a blessing.

We see no way of doing away with discrimination in freight rates, except in government ownership of railroads. Then we can send a barrel of oil or salt as cheaply as Vanderbilt or Rockefeller.

The postoffice is in the hands of the government and the humblest citizen can get a letter to a destination just as cheaply as the Standard Oil company. The postoffice is the most intricate and gigantic business in all America; yet the system is managed with the least possible friction and gives the people the cheapest and most reliable service in existence.

We can see no reasons why the government should not be the common-carrying business of the nation.

It is nonsense to talk about Wichita or any other interior city, ever being built by establishing remunerative industries of any kind, so long as these industries are at the mercy of railroad corporations that dictate the terms upon which we are to trade with the outside world.

The railroad corporations in this country build up or destroy cities at will, and whenever it suits their purpose, they do not hesitate to kill, maim or destroy.

The only way to prosperity in Kansas lies in government ownership of railroads.—Commoner.

Shylock vs. Saphhead.

Shylock—Say, Sappy, let me suggest to you a business proposition. Suppose you give yourself no uneasiness in the future about what you are going to eat, and whatever you produce you turn over to me. Then, whenever you want anything to fill your stomach you will know where you can get it.

Sappy—I dunno. Will I git anything for what I let you have?

Say—Oh, I expect you will have to give something for it—enough, probably, to cover the expense of cartage and wear and tear.

Sappy—What good will it do me to do that?

Say—Why, you will have the assurance that your rations are on a solid basis. I will conduct a commissary and you can go out of the business.

Sappy—What will it cost me?

Say—Not very much. I will loan you whatever you want and charge you 10 per cent and you can pay me in commodities as fast as you produce them.

Sappy—I don't see anything in it for me.

Say—You don't. Why, man, don't you believe in elasticity? Just see! Whenever you have a surplus I will call it in and whenever there is a scarcity I will put it out. I just believe it will be the making of you. It has the endorsement of all the best financiers. It is called the "Baltimore plan."

Say—Let me see. Loan to you in the first place for about nothing and borrow back for 10 per cent. That's a losing game, hain't it?

Say—Oh, no. I will have to pay taxes; besides, I will add stability to the business. I will deal with you as I deal with everybody else, and you certainly ought to be willing to allow me something for serving as a public benefactor; for carrying the burdens and responsibilities of distribution and for serving as a check against a dearth or redundancy of food supplies.

Sappy—It sounds pretty nice; I believe I will do it. (Exit Saphhead.)

Sappy—I don't like the way this thing is workin'.

Say—Why so?

Sappy—Well, it's this way. I draw out so much but I have to take back more'n I draw out. There's more going back than ever comes out.

Say—Well, what of it?

Say—Why, it's only a question of time when you'll clean me up.

Sappy—I guess not. You must economize and work harder and produce more. Even if it's as bad as you say,

you don't expect me to furnish you provisions for nothing. That's anarchy.

Say—But I want out of this. I want to handle my own stuff.

Say—Why, Sappy, I am surprised at you. I had supposed you would be contented when you had nothing to bother your head about but work. But here you are with a lot of wild and visionary notions that are absolutely impracticable. The idea of producing and issuing to yourself and controlling your own victuals is preposterous. Look at Argentine! I am a philanthropist and a public necessity. The fact that you patronize me proves that. You ought to rejoice that you know where to go when you are hungry. I should have absolute control of your "chuck" in order to keep it at a parity with all other "chuck." You are not so much interested in quantity as you are in quality. You should not desire to possess so much as to make it worthless. The value of your feed should be equal to all other feed, pie, sorghum and squash always convertible into each other. By any other system there would be danger of a slump to a basis of degraded and inferior material that would leave a bad taste in your mouth.

Say—It may be. I'll try it again. Let me have some more of that sowbelly and another sack of meal.

Say—I can't do it.

Say—You can't?

Say—No. We have retired part of our circulation. I have orders from headquarters to draw up on the packing strings till confidence is restored. That isn't all; you are eating too much meal—so much that there is danger of driving all the doughnuts and fried cakes out of circulation.

Say—Well, I don't know what to do.

Say—I can tell you. Hard work is the best cure for hard times. Just dig right into it and never look up. Don't bother your head about questions that should be left to those who have made them a study. You are not competent. You have nothing to show for the success of your theories. I have. (Exit Sappy.)

III.

Say—What's the matter, Sappy?

Say—I would like to know what hain't the matter. In the first place I am suffering for something to eat, and I have declared war on this "Baltimore plan." I want to abolish it. I believe you said it was elastic, like "inje" rubber; that it would give and stretch and then dry up—stretch when you want to stuff a man and draw up when you want to take off his feed. Now, it hain't working that way. So far, I have done all the stretching and I believe I am the only one where the drawing-up business is gettin' in its work. Their hain't any elasticism in it. Hash is too scarce. There is got to be more of it in circulation.

Say—It isn't scarce. We have got dead loads of it, and if you will just hold up a bit and not frighten capital with your appetite you will get an opportunity to profit.

Say—But I must have something now.

Say—I see that we will have to increase the United States army. There is no reasoning with you.

Say—An empty stomach has no reason and it don't know what fear is. Look out!

Press dispatch: Last night, about dark, Shylock was raided by one Saphhead, who seemed to be thirsting for carnage, and at this writing the doctors have not been able to find all the pieces.

Saphhead is known as a desperate anarchist.—Leroy Miller, in Farmer's Tribune.

Banks in Politics.

Ignatius Donnelly.—The banks are running the country and running it into the ground. You cannot pick up a newspaper but you will read of a meeting of bankers, here or there, to dictate to congress—or of President Blank of the Blank National Bank, drawing a series of resolutions, to instruct members of the house or senate. Are the bankers philanthropists? No; their business is to lend money and collect business upon it. As a class they have not a particle of connection with the people, except to suck the substance out of them. Are they looking out for the welfare of the masses? No; they are simply trying to concentrate the wealth of the masses in their own pockets. You can't blame them. That is their business. But to govern a republic so that the many will be prosperous and the greed of the few be restrained—Bah! You might just as well expect a Bengal tiger to establish an orphan asylum. He might furnish the orphans, but not the asylum. Now, we are not objecting to bankers per se. Many of them are excellent gentlemen; but when it comes to a money-lending class controlling the legislation of this great republic we protest with all the emphasis we are capable of. All our disasters are due to them coming out from behind their counters to dominate the politics of the country. Let them stick to their legitimate business of money grabbing.

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Say—Well, what of it?

Say—Why, it's only a question of time when you'll clean me up.

Say—I guess not. You must economize and work harder and produce more. Even if it's as bad as you say,

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Say—But I want out of this. I want to handle my own stuff.

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