

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

Stepfather of Labor and Wet Nurse of Infant Industries.

The dollar is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

It is not just now very much in evidence, neither is hope furnishing a very substantial bill of fare.

The dollar is the measuring rod of things material, and when it goes into hiding, things not only go unmeasured, but don't go at all.

The dollar is made by the government and controlled by the bankers.

It is the stepfather of labor, born of mother earth, wedded by legislation, and refuses to recognize the natural children of the mother.

Those born of the second marriage are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, while the children who created the estate, are homeless, ragged and outcasts.

An honest dollar is the noblest work of honest men—and about the scarcest.

God never made any dollars.

If he had they would have been based on his promise, and would be good as long as the people who used them were faithful, patriotic, industrious and peaceable.

God's promises are not made good by being written on gold or silver, but by honesty, and the riches of all creation behind them.

So it is in material things with a nation. When all the people of a great nation pledge themselves to redeem their promises in food, labor and clothes, the power of redemption is almost unlimited.

While the compact lasts the property, labor and produce of the whole nation is behind its promise, and if the compact be broken, the debt would be repudiated anyway.

As long as peace, harmony and industry thrives pledges of gold and silver are as sounding brass, irritating every drop of patriotic blood in the hearts of all the loyal people of the nation.

The Rights of Property.

There is a deal said about property rights. It is time that it came to be understood that property has no rights. As well talk of the rights of the stone, the tree, the river, as the rights of property. The only rights are human rights—the rights of man. The fundamental law of our government recognizes this and the declaration out of which all else of our government evolved says men are "endowed with certain inalienable rights" and enumerates among them the "Right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These are the rights of men. No property rights are thought of. The question and the only question that can arise is, what are man's rights to property? His right to property must be that right that is in perfect harmony with every other man's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Any claim to property that interferes with the life, the liberty of any other man is a false claim.

It is time the courts and the legislatures come down in their legislation and discussions to the preamble to the constitution and interpret all the rest of that document and decide upon all laws in harmony with that. Let all this cry about the rights of property cease and let the rights of men now be heard, as it was heard in those political thrones throughout the world, out of which this republic was born.

That claim, made by whomever it may, that interferes with the rights of men to life and liberty, is a claim subversive to the very basic principle of a free government. The right to life includes the right to labor to produce the food, clothing and shelter that maintains life. This includes whatever is necessary for him to labor. Life and labor are the two sides of one fact, deny the last, and the first is denied.

Up with human rights.

H. H. BROWN.

If we should attempt to express the feelings of the old soldier who fought for the Union when he thinks of the effort now being made to destroy the greenbacks, this paper would be excluded from the mails. No mild language can express the indignation that makes the blood of patriots boil when such a measure is proposed.

Don't forget that the new currency scheme under discussion gives the bankers more power to contract than to expand the currency—and that it is more profitable to the bankers to contract.

Champ Clark on Jerry Simpson.

From a recent speech in the House of Representatives: Mr. Speaker—When I came into this house I had the newspaper idea about Jerry Simpson. Finally he got up here and made a speech on the silver question. I listened to the speech, and I want to say now, because somebody has got it to state it to the American people, as Simpson and I are going out together (laughter), that during the whole of that long, able, profound, debate on the silver question there was not a man in this house on either side who delivered a speech that was pitched on a higher plane of political economy and human philosophy and stuck to it to the end better than Mr. Simpson. They said that "An open confession is good for the soul." And I want to make that statement now. From that day to this, instead of having the newspaper idea of Jerry Simpson that he is a cantankerous demagogue, I have regarded him as a philosopher, as a statesman, as one of the friends of a human freedom.

IN A PREDICAMENT.

GOLD USED TO PAY CURRENT EXPENSES.

While an Enormous Surplus of Other Money Lay in the Treasury—The Gold Reserve Myth Exploded—Bondholders on Top.

Although the administration obtained by the sale of bonds during last year \$117,330,282 for the alleged purpose of redeeming greenbacks and treasury notes, yet Mr. Carlisle is now forced to admit officially that with the exception of \$12,378,451 every dollar of that gold was used to pay the current expenses of the government. The exact amount of gold used for meeting current expenses was \$105,002,143.

The report of the treasurer further shows that on July 1, 1894, the unexpended balances of appropriations aggregated \$78,291,105, and the total amount available for expenditures on that date was \$364,616,414, making the total available appropriation on July 1, 1894, \$442,907,520. The expenditures during the six months ended December 31, 1894, amounted to \$168,952,480, leaving an unexpended balance on January 1, 1895, of \$255,955,039.

You see the bonds were issued to keep up the gold reserve.

Wonder why the proceeds were used for current expenses.

The republicans like Reed, say because of lack of revenue.

Somebody has surely lied.

With \$250,000,000 of surplus in the treasury, it is strange that the gold-worshipping administration should have allowed the sacred gold reserve to be spent for anything else except to maintain the parity of gold and silver.

Funny government, anyway, that mortgages the country to buy gold to pay current expenses when it already has a surplus that it can't appropriate fast enough to keep it from crowding the vaults.

This is an awful condition that so much money should get piled up in the way of the policy of the administration to issue \$500,000,000 of bonds.

This is a predicament.

Why don't Congress get a hustle on itself and appropriate money to buy more guns?

Clear the deck—get this base money out of the way, so that the President can store up the gold he is buying.

Money must not be allowed to accumulate when all the money lenders of the world are clamoring for a chance to lend us gold on fifty-year bonds.

They must be accommodated, or they will bust—and great will be the bust thereof.

The parity of gold and silver must be preserved if we have to buy all the gold in the world to do it.

Just as soon as we get all the gold, then the money lenders will restore silver and we can buy that at the same price.

We must save the money lenders. If we don't Grover won't get his pay from Mr. Rothschilds. Here's all this confounded money piled up here, and when the people see it, they are liable to kick us off the continent for borrowing more.

We must appropriate or perish. The gold reserve was a good scheme—but now we're in a pretty mess of bugs.

The papers have been prying into the private affairs of the government, and found that we had plenty of money all the time.

The bondholders are losing confidence and some of them are getting scared.

They have awful dreams at night of dynamite and wet elm clubs and hemp, and "death to interest bearing bonds."

The President now has a hundred policemen to guard his palace, and he gets letters every day from workmen asking where they can find a job. He actually waked up right in the middle of the night one time lately and wondered what the people were kicking about. He is prosperous—Isn't that what they elected him for?

Even the fossilized old mummy show in the Senate is startled to think that the people should want to know what the government is doing.

INTRICACIES OF BANKING.

Convert the Expert Bank Officials Into Bonded Government Employees.

In the course of an editorial on "The Government and Banking," Harper's Weekly says:

"Long experience has demonstrated that, with few exceptions, the politicians who are sent to Congress or who become members of the cabinet are not capable of mastering the intricacies of the banking business."

Something occult about the banking business, isn't there? Ordinary mortals can't comprehend this idea of getting in debt for thousands of dollars, and then drawing interest on your debts while you pay none on what you owe! This business of cornering money and compelling people to pay you a big rate for the loan on your credit or your promissory notes, is indeed a puzzle. Yes, it is a very peculiar and "intricate" business—almost as hard to understand as three-card monte or the shell game. As politicians and representatives of the people are incapable of comprehending it, the only safe course is to give the bankers the power to frame our currency laws. As they are now, the money power is able to control about everything; but there may be some points in which the bankers could improve these laws, and make it easier to rake in the fruits of others' labor.

How nice if the common people could only be made to believe such stuff—that finance is a matter utterly beyond their comprehension, and it would be safer for them to try to legislate on the tides and the law of gravitation than

to tamper with the currency. Wouldn't the fellows on the inside who understand all the "intricacies" of getting something for nothing by hocus-focusing the money supply have a picnic? If money were something the people could take or let alone; if the law didn't make it a legal tender and compel them to pay their debts in it; if it wasn't the only means by which they can conveniently and economically effect the exchanges of their products, then it might be safe to pass the subject by as too intricate for ordinary mortals. But, as it is largely by means of their manipulation of the money supply that the few are able to rob the many of the fruits of their toil, it behooves every man to study the money questions and understand all the devious and "intricate" methods by which wealth uses money to oppress and defraud labor. And about the first question to ask these masters of the "intricacies" of banking is: Why should one man's debt circulate as money and draw interest rather than another's?—Star and Kansan.

Bread and "Hell Juice."

The "sub-treasury" plan of the Farmer's Alliance has received the scorn and ridicule of every politician and cross-roads demagogue in the United States. It provided that the farmers might have the privilege of storing their grain and farm produce in a government warehouse and borrow money on the warehouse receipt; and thus hold their grain until a fair price could be obtained for it. This was "lunacy." But hold. After it is sold at less than cost of production, and the farmer sent home to freeze, and lose his home under a mortgage foreclosure, his crop gets into the hands of the whisky trust. Ninety million bushels annually are used in this way, enough to load 250,000 freight cars and making one continuous railway train over 1,580 miles long! And after this crop is turned into hell-juice to poison men with and turn the world into a pandemonium of crime and woe, the government lets the whisky trust store its said hell juice in a government warehouse, and take care of it for the trust for nine years, allowing the hell juice to go untaxed all that time until it gets good and hellish! And there isn't a little crawfish newspaper in Arkansas, or any other state, but upholds this abomination, and would no more dare to attack it than they would any other great infamy that is practiced by political scoundrels.—Fruit Farm, Rogers, Ark.

Hope and Despair.

Let a whirl of mania forestall the final outlet of the whirl of evolution, and the insurrectionary explosion may flash across the continent, from sea-board to sea-board, between the rise and set of the sun. Then the rule of the prudent wise of the multitude is lost in the reign of terror. Mania, the infernal goddess, whose hand brandishes the torch, may show by it the road to the guillotine. For the last quarter of a century we have filled up the land with the discontented myriads of the old world; they came expecting freedom, but have found new servitudes; they came, led on by hope; they sit down brooding and sullen with despair; the skies do not brighten to them, they darken and darken on. Socialism and the kindred preparatory movements, by instilling hope and patience into the oppressed masses, hold in suppression the explosive forces; but these forces are approaching terribly near the surface; the limits of the safety line are very nearly overpassed.—The New Republic.

What Fools These Laborers Be.

A few days ago 100,000 laborers paraded the streets of the City of Mexico, with banners and music, demanding to be led against Guatemala. There is a dispute between Mexico and Guatemala about a piece of swamp which probably isn't worth 10 cents per acre, and whose ownership could easily be settled by resurvey or arbitration. It has never done the laborers of either country any good, and never will. Yet these 100,000 Mexican laborers parade the streets, clamoring for war! Is it any wonder that tyrants, in so many shapes, rule the people when we see that the people themselves are such fools? The kings quarrel, and the people do the fighting—that's the history of mankind. Here we are pretending to be civilized. Almost 1,900 years of Christ and his gospel of peace have been our teachers, and yet we turn out, 100,000 strong, with banners flying, drums beating, and horns tooting—demanding to be led against bayonets and bullets to settle the boundary line of a wretched wilderness of swamp! No wonder our masters despise us.—Tom Watson.

How This Month.

Six years ago this month August Belmont stood in the sawdust of Madison Square Garden and awarded ribbons to stumpy tailed fox terriers. At that time his fame rested on the ownership of the champion brace of the gamy breed which was the height of canine vogue. As bench show judge and president of the American Kennel club he gradually acquired national reputation. To-day he designates to the United States government the terms upon which gold to be redeemed by currency notes. He negotiates with a president and a secretary of the treasury in secret upon the fate of a nation's contracts. That is the beauty of a free country. You can't tell when the man you esteem beneath your serious notice will have a big slice of the country standing in his name.—St. Louis Republic.

The constitution says: "Congress shall have power to borrow money on the credit of the United States." Now arise the question how King Grover and Lord Carlisle acquired that power.

IT IS A NEW DANGER.

LESSON FROM THE GOULD-CASTELLANE NUPTIALS.

Plutocracy Means to Establish a Monarchy on the Ruins of the Republic—Menace to Liberty and Popular Government.

A wedding occurred in New York the other day, the account of which filled the daily papers. Great scare headlines announced it, pictures of bonnets, dresses and faces illustrated it. Congress and its adjournment were forgotten; business was suspended and a nation of jays held their breath until the ceremony was over.

Who were the high contracting parties, whose wedding could thus bring everything to a standstill in a republic? A profligate foreign count and the giddy daughter of a railroad wrecker. Anna, daughter of the deceased Wall street gambler, Jay Gould, a boodle heiress with her blood-stained money, coined out of the hearts and lives of her father's victims, buys a title and pays \$15,000,000 for the privilege of being called Countess de Castellane; yea, she gives also her life, her flag, and her country, that she may gratify this ignoble ambition. Just as her father sold his soul for dollars, so she, with barter in her blood, sells herself for a title.

The most sickening phase of this un-American affair, is the truckling, servile attitude of the great dailies, in levoting columns of space to the minutest details of this nauseating event. Had there been any exhibition of patriotic feeling, the press would have remained silent; but because a bag of gold and a title of nobility were to be joined in "holy (?) wedlock," these cringing dailies applaud.

In 1893 Anna Gould went to Paris title hunting, chaperoned by Mrs. Paran Stevens. Her errand was known and a number of titled paupers made bids for her money, but without success, and the heiress returned to New York. The Count de Castellane, with an eye single to her millions, followed her home, and being a sport like her brother George, they became chums and he secured the consent which won him the prize.

The transaction was as deliberate, and as successfully carried out as any which have rendered infamous, the cruel father. There is little to be said for the worthiness of either party. The bride's only distinction is the fact that she is the daughter of the man who earned infamy by precipitating Black Friday, which caused the greatest panic this country ever knew. His life, in fact, was spent in bringing misfortune on others. Broken homes, shattered fortunes and suicides mark his entire path. If there is such a place as hell and one corner in it is hotter than another, then we know where to find Jay Gould, tortured by the wailing and gnashing of teeth of the "lamb" he fleeced and sent to perdition. His pathway on earth was watered with the tears of widows and orphans. Mechanics, merchants and farmers were alike devoured by this insatiable monster, making a dismal contrast to the \$87,000,000, his cruel grasp wrung from them. To avoid taxation and rob the state, these greedy ghouls change their residence to New Jersey, and escape the income tax by transferring Anna's share of the paternal plunder to France, through the pockets of a spendthrift count.

The other party to this nefarious trade, is a titled nonentity, devoting his time to fortune hunting, seeking his prize as a hunter does his game. The great dailies searched frantically for his redeeming virtues, but in vain and were finally forced to applaud him for what he had not done; no scandal had stained his name, he was not known as a professional gambler and had industriously applied himself for many years to the "manly sports." What an astounding array of virtues! Strip this dude of his title, and turn him loose to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and ten to one, he would turn tramp. Without this title, thousands of bright American working girls would spurn his attentions. But he is the son of his father and the title went with the transfer; and because of this, a nation stands breathless to see this adventurer capture his prize and return with his booty to France. There the pair make their permanent residence, she renouncing the land which gave her birth and fortune. Brought up a Presbyterian, she takes up the church of her husband, abandoning her own faith.

This wedding in itself amounts to nothing, but for the fact that it is an evidence of what is taking place all over the country. It shows a trend that is becoming a danger and a menace to our republican principles and our liberty. I refer to the feverish anxiety of American plutocrats to marry titled foreigners. This craze is spreading with frightful rapidity, and while it magnifies the value of monarchy, it equally depreciates and belittles the spirit of republicanism, and entails upon our producers the additional burden of supporting a titled aristocracy abroad, as well as a codfish aristocracy at home. For a smaller offense than this, our forefathers precipitated a revolution refusing to pay a tax to monarchy in England; but now we shamelessly permit a drain of dollars to flow continuously into the pockets of a pauper nobility.

The majority of these titled jackanapes are bankrupts in fortune, profligates, with all the vices and none of the virtues of the ancient nobility. The intermarriage of throne with throne and title with title has vitiated this blue blood till 'tis little thicker than water; and with neither fortune nor manhood left nothing remains to

these puny bearers of great names but their titles. Incapable of self support, these silly drones must trade them for the boodle of American heiresses.

But while their race was thus degenerating in Europe a strong new race of nature's noblemen was at work in America, turning the wilderness and the desert into gardens of gold, and building great towns and cities. Their muscle and manhood made the greatest nation on earth, and the untold wealth they produced became the wonder and the envy of all the world. Then the fearful insanity for vast fortunes brought to the front such monsters as Jay Gould. Merely capable of robbing their fellows at wholesale, graduated from colleges into society and sin, their sons and daughters, who receive the legacy of wealth with none of the spirit and dash of their ancestors. These worthless, enervated parasites having nothing to do, devote themselves to aping royalty in all its disgusting uselessness. And having reached this point the hungry buzzards of the old world scent the carrion, and marriages such as this of Anna Gould are the result.

Now the danger lies in the fact that it is this very class of Americans who possess the great bulk of the nation's wealth; with power unlimited, they shape legislation to suit their purposes and not only own congress, but the president is their willing tool as well. These empty-headed devotees of monarchy, having accomplished the ruin of their country, with fortunes great beyond computation, spend their lives in ease and luxury. With nothing else to do, they become morbidly desirous of an American monarchy. They want a coat of arms and an aristocracy, and while the chivalry of Europe were supposed to win their titles through merit, these title-hunters seek to buy theirs and would willingly build a monarchy on the ruins of the republic for the sake of connecting their names with royalty, but, until that can be done at home, they can buy titles abroad.

The masses here are but machinery to sustain this privileged class, and in return these parasites look with contempt upon the very people and conditions from which they themselves sprung, and would be glad to place over this nation a dictator, of which Cleveland is but the forerunner. To deepen this desire, Napoleonism is revived, and the martial spirit encouraged among the young.

A "blue book" of royalty is published in New York which gives the names, estates, titles, ages, etc., of all titled paupers of Europe. This book is sent to the millionaires of the land that a selection may be made by ambitious mammas with marriageable daughters. The plutocrats of the nation are steadily taking the dollars from the farmers and mechanics to be accumulated in great piles only to be transferred to a foreign land to support a half-breed and worthless nobility. Is this not worse than maintaining one at home? Who can doubt that these families having once tasted the royal draught will seek to have a monarchy in America? They are already out of touch with our institutions and have no sympathy with the misery of the many who toil for them. They may at any time force a conflict to establish themselves as the royal rulers of the people.

I hope we shall correctly measure the terrible menace which threatens us in this direction. The groveling in the dust of the great dailies during this last exchange of boodle for title, shows that they will be found sustaining the idea of monarchy, should such an attempt be made.

In this recent alliance, we see an additional reason for arousing to the grim necessities of the hour. It is becoming a struggle for actual life and liberty; and if we fail to find and apply a remedy for this evil we shall merit the curses of coming generations.

I have material enough for a dozen articles on this point and in my next will bring to light the names and addresses of some of these "noble" paupers gleaned from this "blue book" of the aristocracy.

GEORGE F. WASHBURN.
Boston, Mass., March 9.

THE DEPENDENT DAILIES.

Sometimes Called Independent, but Altogether a Tool of Money.

Let it speak for itself. The following are the words of John Swinton delivered before the New York Press association in response to a toast, "The Independent Press."

"There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is in the country towns. You know it, and I know it. There is not one of you who dare express an honest opinion. If you express it, you know beforehand that it would never appear in print. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping my honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should permit honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper like Othello, before twenty-four hours my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the streets hunting for another job. The business of the New York journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and race for his daily bread; or for what is about the same thing, his salary. You know this, and I know it; and what foolery to be toasting an 'independent press.' We are tools, and the vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks. They pull the string and we dance. Our time, our talents, our lives, our possibilities, all are the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

And these papers pretend to lead the thought of an intelligent public.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

A MOST STUPENDOUS FRAUD AND SWINDLE.

The American People Have Drank Too Deep at the Fount of Liberty to Submit to Enslavement by the Bond Schemes of Europe.

The interest bearing public debt is a burden which never ought to have been imposed upon the nation. It is the most stupendous fraud and swindle ever perpetrated upon a free people. It was conceived in fraud, and brought forth in iniquity. It was a scheme to rob 40,000,000 of people after they had emancipated 4,000,000 at the sacrifice of rivers of blood and millions of treasure.

Before the legal tender act had passed the threshold of legislation, it was met by the money sharks of Wall street. * * * We will show you how and why they opposed it. We are told that on the 11th of January, only four days after the introduction of the bill, the wolf-howl that had during the time, echoed from bank to bank, called to Washington a convention of the money power, consisting of four delegates from New York banks, three from Philadelphia and three from Boston. * * * What arguments were used, or what undue influences were brought to bear upon the law-makers of the government will probably never be known. Every greenback that went out to fight the nation's battles was accompanied by a bond shark, to gobble it up, as soon as it had performed its service. The act of 1862, authorizing the issue of the first \$150,000,000 of greenbacks, authorized \$500,000,000 of bonds to absorb them.

There was never a dry day, after the passage of the first legal tender act, but what the government was in possession of all the money it needed, of its own creation without borrowing a dollar or selling a bond.

The only object of the bond was to enable the money sharks again to get control of the money of the country, which they never could do without the bond. The government established the fact that it could meet all its obligations, purchase all its supplies and defray every expense by its own legal tender; and if so, what was the necessity of borrowing?

You answer that the bonds were necessary to absorb the excess, occasioned by the extraordinary demands of war.

I deny that there was an excess. Let only him dare assert it who had more than he had use for.

Even if there was an excess, the bonds did not diminish it. The excess has only been transferred from the pockets of laborers and wealth producers to those of usurers, importers and international dealers.

Every bond is used as money. They are used by English capitalists to buy American cotton and bread stuffs, and by American dealers to purchase imports.

Just in the proportion as the people's money has been contracted, that of the money king has been inflated.

That their inflated paper bond money may be current all over the world, they require it to draw interest, and that they may be relieved of the burden of such interest they compel labor and its producers to pay all the taxes.

The difference to the people of America between the greenbacks before they were converted into bonds and the bonds, is as follows:

The fifteen hundred million dollars of greenbacks earned their owners nothing while lying idle.

In bonds they earn their owners fully as much, while resting in their safes. The people and taxpayers got tired of this. If they are to be taxed to support the government, they claim the benefits of the government and taxation.

When bonds are given for the loan of money, and that money circulated among the people, they can afford to bear the burdens of the debt; but when such bonds are given, to absorb and destroy the people's money, thus creating new burdens, by destroying the very means necessary to bear those already existing, the sufferers will refuse to submit to the outrage.

It matters not what the result might be, the American people have drank too deep at the fount of liberty, to submit to be enslaved by bond fraud schemes of Europe.—Labor and Finance Revolution.

Give the people a vote on the destruction of greenbacks and they will not be destroyed.

Typewriters Like to Be Fettered. Typewriter girls are said to grow attached to their machines, and to regard them almost as much in the light of living creatures to be petted and managed and judiciously disciplined as the traditional railroad engineers of fiction do their locomotives, to which they invariably refer with the personal feminine pronoun. The typewriter young women declare that their machines are as sensitive and subject to caprice, and that they know who is operating them as well as a dog knows its master, that they will sulk, and perhaps flare up and refuse to work at all, under unskilled manipulation, and that they can be soothed into a complacent and obliging frame of mind again simply by the return of their usual master.