

THE BRUTE ACT.

GOLD BRUTES NOW ABUSING
R. G. HORN.

Because He Was Unable to Meet Truth with Truth They Blame Him for Not Falsifying — What One Paper Says.

The following from the Boston Herald shows the crafty trickery of the hireling political liar:

"If the matter were more serious it would be a subject for annoyance and regret that in the debate going on between Hon. Roswell Horr of Michigan and W. H. Harvey of Illinois, the author of "Coin's Financial School," the sound money side of the argument should be taken by one so little fitted as the ex-congressman of Michigan for the discussion of the financial question. As a humorous stump speaker Mr. Horr has few equals, but the currency question is not a problem that can be settled by a joke or a humorous figure of speech. Mr. Harvey is a plausible writer, a skillful dealer in half truths, and so far as study of the subject is concerned, must be many times the superior of his opponent in range and variety of information. To have a man put up in public debate which is advertised all over the country who, upon trial, shows that he cannot cope with his adversary, is, with the unthinking at least, to cast discredit upon the side which he is defending."

"Oh, no! It was not a serious matter. Strange, however, that the goldbugs should have made such a hullabaloo about how they were going to break up "Coin's Financial School" and stop the "silver craze" all at one swoop.

Strange, too, that the goldbugs, having their choice of a champion, and being themselves the challengers, should have selected a "stump speaker" like Horr.

Were they only joking?

Did they think the "School" such a farce that a jackass could Bray it out of existence?

If the goldbugs are not posted on the currency question, as the Herald complains of Horr, then why do they set themselves up to educate the American people?

If their cause can't stand in debate, why don't they just admit that they have no cause?

Surely, with all the truth on their side, as they claim, they ought to have somebody with sense enough to prove it.

Surely they are not all ignorant.

If they are, they should post up. Maybe that after they learned something about the currency question they would be in favor of "free coinage, 16 to 1, without asking any other nation on earth."

Most men want proof, and it is surprising that a man should be a goldbug or anything else and not be able to tell why.

Certainly it will cast discredit upon the cause Mr. Horr advocates, with the THINKING people, to know that he was unable to cope with his adversary.

Mr. Horr was, before the debate, regarded as the ablest defender of goldocracy—and the result shows that he had a weak cause. No doubt about his eloquence and all that—but the truth was on the other side, and such being the case, no man on earth could have downed Harvey.

The Main Issue.

Never since the war has there been more discussion of the money question than during the past three months.

The free coinage champions are the most enthusiastic, active and aggressive, and representing the views of a large majority of the people, naturally their meetings are the largest, their books are most widely read, and success seems already within their grasp.

But the gold standard followers are active too. They are long-headed schemers, and working hand in hand with the leaders of the two old political parties they expect to divide the silver vote so that the minority may rule.

It seems absurd, but the handful of gold-bugs opposed to the people have as the matter now stands a better show of winning than have the silver men backed by the sentiment of the masses of the American people.

That is because sentiment won't elect silver men. It requires silver votes, all cast for the same set of candidates, to elect silver men. Democratic and Republican silver men will throw their votes away trying to reform the two gold-bug parties. The Populists are solid for silver, and will not fuse with either old party to help elect gold-bug officials. So that as it now stands the silver men are in three camps and the gold-bugs are practically a unit, having control of both old parties, and being sure of getting their own candidates elected, if they can only manage to keep the silver men from bolting their parties.

A strong effort is being made to stop the discussion of the money question, and line up the old parties on the question of tariff—which the money power considers a safe question to discuss, no matter which side wins—if it will only keep the people blinded to the main issue.

But the money question will not down. The people are aroused, and will not be satisfied until it is settled.

The gold-bugs assume all virtue, and their cry of "sound money" is only a catch phrase by which they will try to dodge the question.

There can be no doubt of the honest intentions of the silver men, and no doubt that they consider independent bimetallism the best means of securing "sound money" in sufficient quantity to transact the business of the country.

The talk of international bimetallism

is a farce, and the question must be decided for America by Americans only.

The silver men have the best of the argument and the majority of the people on their side. Now if they will only vote together the thing is settled, and the howl of the money brokers may go on forever.

No man can prophesy the outcome next year. Whatever the people decide that they want and then unite to vote for they will get. But if they vote the old party tickets straight, there is absolutely no chance for anything but a gold-bug victory.

A Primary Lesson in Finance.

A bright boy whose father is one of fortune's favorites, finds among the other presents in his stocking on Christmas morning a \$10 national bank note on the Third National Bank of Chicago, Ill. At the breakfast table the boy begins to ask questions about the bill:

"What is it good for?"

"That is money, my son. It will buy anything you want."

"But what makes it any better than any other piece of paper?"

"Because the government says it is good. You can see the signatures of the register of the treasury and the treasurer of the United States on it."

"What did they sign it for?"

"To know that the government stands good for it and will see that the promise on its face is kept."

"What promise?"

"The promise of the bank to pay ten dollars."

"Is that what it is?"

"Yes. It is a promise to pay money, and not money itself, strictly speaking."

"Then the bank sends out these promises to pay money?"

"That is exactly."

"What makes people take them?"

"Oh, everybody is glad enough to get them, because they can buy anything they want with them, and the government's guarantee makes it sure that no one will lose anything on them."

"That must be a nice thing for the bankers. If I should get some promises to pay money nicely printed with green and black and red ink would people take them for money?"

"No, indeed. Whatever put such an idea into your head? Banks couldn't do it if it wasn't for the law."

"Well, why does the law let some folks promises to pay go for money and not others?"

"Because the folks who make these promises to pay are rich and have lots of money of their own."

"Oh, then, it is on the principle that 'to him that hath shall be given.'"

"No, not that, but they use their money to buy government bonds and then put the bonds into the hands of the secretary of the treasury and he gives them the notes."

"Oh, they trade off the bonds for notes and the government gets out of paying out any more interest on the bonds it takes in."

"Not so fast, you young financier. The government only holds the bonds to make sure that the bills will be paid. It keeps on paying interest on them just the same as if the bankers held them."

"Well, I suppose that is fair. The banker gets interest on the government bonds but he has to pay interest to the people who take these notes of his for what they have to sell."

"Wrong again; you seem bound to get the cart before the horse. The people who get these notes from the banker pay him interest for the use of them."

"What! Pay him interest because they take the promises to pay?"

"That is exactly what they do. The promises to pay circulate as money and they pay interest for the use of the money."

"It seems to me that is getting the cart before the horse. When you make a note in a promise to pay money don't you have to pay interest on it to get anyone to take it and let you have anything for it?"

"Yes, but in the case of the banks it is different."

"You bet! I should say it was different. The banks draw interest on their notes and you pay interest on yours."

"You are getting it straight now."

"But isn't a bank note a debt just the same as your note? Don't it show that the bank owes so many dollars to the man who has it."

"Come right down to the point of the matter, I guess that is about the size of it."

"Then as you pay interest on what you owe, the more you owe the poorer you are, but with a bank it is different. They get interest on what they owe and the more they owe the more money they make."

"I suppose that is true, too."

"Pa, when I grow up I ain't going to sell groceries like you. I am going to be a banker."

The Greatest Failure.

We regret to criticise the usually accurate Dun's Review, but from its summary of failures for the first half of 1895 there is a great and unaccountable omission. It is only one failure, to be sure, and Dun has collected the evidence of 6,657 others. Yet the liabilities of the 6,657 were only \$88,839,944, while those of the one were \$336,000. We refer to the Cleveland administration, which by falsifying its books, endeavoring to deceive its creditors, and, in part, temporarily suspending payments, conceded in bankruptcy on July 1. The assets are a fishing-rod and a large collection of first personal pronouns."—N. Y. Press.

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STRIKING CONTRAST.

ONE LAW FOR THE RICH, ANOTHER FOR THE POOR.

A Vivid Object Lesson—A Rich Girl Goes Unpunished for a Most Shocking Cold Blooded Murder—Poor Girl Sentenced.

A few weeks ago, an ignorant, passionate Italian girl employed in one of the sweat shops of New York, cut the throat of the man, who under promise of marriage had betrayed her, and then contemptuously refused to fulfill his obligations, remarking: "Boys marry, men do not." The girl was tried, and sentenced to death, and although 40,000 petitions have been sent by men and women to the governor, urging pardon, or at least commutation of sentence, for a deed committed in the frenzy of shame and despised love, no hint or token has been given by the august executive that the law will relax its hold upon the girl's life.

On the second day of August, Miss Elizabeth M. Flagler, only daughter of Gen. Daniel W. Flagler, chief of ordnance, U. S. A., shot and instantly killed a fourteen-year-old colored boy for stealing pears on the grounds of the Flagler residence.

The boy it appears had walked out into the country, and the fashionable suburbs where the Flaglers reside. Seeing the luscious fruit hanging temptingly near the fence, he yielded to the temptation, and put two or three pears in his pocket. From the second story window Miss Flagler observed the boyish act; filled with rage at the loss of her pears she fired; the bullet entered the boy's heart, who fell to the ground and died without uttering a word. A meaner and crueler act was never committed; yet the verdict of the coroner's jury acquitted Miss Flagler of criminal intent, and was couched in the following language: "We find that the said Ernest Green came to his death by a bullet fired from a pistol held in the hands of Elizabeth Flagler, but we do not think she did it with murderous intent. We believe that the shots were fired carelessly and indifferently, but upon the evidence we cannot hold her."

We are further told that the Flaglers are very prominent in army social circles; that they have a handsome house of an Italian style, beautifully furnished, and that Miss Flagler is tall and dignified.

Gen. and Mrs. Flagler are in Washington, and Miss Flagler, when she recovers from the shock of killing the colored boy, will accompany her parents on an extended trip abroad.

Do we need anything more to convince us that the people have no rights that wealth is bound to respect; that in our class distinctions there is one law, for the poor and another for the rich. One girl, child of poverty, robbed of her only possession—her honor—maddened with shame and grief, slays her betrayer, and is sentenced to death. Another girl, proud daughter of wealth, is robbed—of her pears—by a foolish boy, and instantly kills the boy robber, but is acquitted on the ground that she "fired carelessly and indifferently."

One wretched girl in the death chamber awaits her doom; the other in a luxurious home is preparing for a trip abroad.

IMOGENE C. FALES.

Which are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day.

Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood.

The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth

You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span.

Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years

Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

Not; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,

Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses

Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find too, I wean,

There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load?

Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear?

Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Harper's Weekly.

She Was Governor Pro Tem. of Wyoming.

Miss Eleanor Alice Richards, daughter of the Governor of Wyoming, during a week's absence of her father, was acting governor of the state, empowered to exercise all the prerogatives of the office. She is her father's private secretary, and a very valuable one. The Lieutenant-Governor of that state is merely the president of the senate, and it is rather strange that no official is designated by the constitution to act as governor at such times of absence.

The Reason.

Sapphira—Truth is stranger than fiction.

Ananias—Yes, but that is because we meet truth so rarely.

MACHINERY VS. LABOR.

CO-OPERATION MUST COME IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

The Progress of the Human Race Demands That It Shall—Some Facts Gleaned from the New York Labor Report.

In his summary of the twelfth annual report of the bureau of statistics of labor of the state of New York the commissioner states "the decrease of the working force by the use of machinery" as follows:

Carpenters, 15 per cent; clothing, buttonhole workers, 50 per cent; shirt-makers, 30 per cent; suspender-makers, 33 1/3 per cent; food products, bakers and confectioners, 20 per cent; furniture workers, 35 per cent; hatmakers, 50 per cent; matmakers, 60 per cent; boiler-makers and iron shipbuilders, 43 1/3 per cent; horseshoers, 33 1/3 per cent; boot, shoe and slipper makers, 37 per cent; sailmakers, 30 per cent; seamens, 50 per cent; bookbind