

# THE COURIER

VOL. 9. No. 30.

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The pandering newspaper press and the more or less sensational reviews, and the hypocrisy of politics, have, together, called into existence an army of humbugs, men who have made the advocacy of "reforms," of one kind and another, at so much per article or lecture, a profession; and the lyceums and churches and colleges and Chautauqua assemblies have very foolishly held out encouragement to these chattering frauds—for most of them are frauds.

There was one of these enthusiastic cranks at the Crete Chautauqua assembly, Bayard Holmes by name, from Chicago, we believe. Mr. Holmes apparently took much delight in marking a sensation. Possessed of the wildest imagination and an unbridled tongue, and not at all particular as to the accuracy of his statements, he said some astonishing things. He never spoke of persons who labor for someone else except as "slaves" and all rich men he denominated "robbers," without distinction. He made the cheerful and elegant remark to a Lincoln lady that he would like to "cut the livers out of rich men."

The lecturer filled his talks with extravagant and senseless statements such as this, and on numerous occasions disgusted many of his hearers.

There was nothing in his demeanor or acts to indicate that he would not become a rich man or a "robber" if he could. Indeed, it is said that he is a very good hand at driving a bargain, and is in a fair way to become rich. He said in one of his talks that a man is entitled to a portion of that which he produces, and that only. Mr. Holmes doesn't produce anything that we are aware of except a crop of socialistic ideas that in many instances run into anarchy, and according to his doctrine, his only remuneration should be some of the disorder and trouble that so frequently come from this kind of wild-eyed philosophy.

The man who makes a show of calling all those who labor "slaves" is really not entitled to any serious consideration. There is no compulsory labor in this country. A man doesn't even have to work for

another at a certain price. If he isn't satisfied with his wages he can come out west and get some free land and become his own master. If workingmen were denied the right of suffrage and shorn of the privileges of citizenship and education, and relentlessly oppressed by a privileged aristocracy, then they might be called slaves; but so long as they have every right to vote that any other class has, and are admitted into the citizenship enjoyed by the rich man, and assured of the protection of the government under all circumstances, they can hardly be called slaves. The laboring men have it in the power to elect state legislatures, the national congress, and the president of the United States, and enact such laws as they see fit. Are men who can do this slaves?

If there is a condition of slavery, which we deny, there are many employers who wear the shackles, men who are charged with enormous responsibilities, who must work all day and plan during the night to meet the demands of their business. But the employer, like the employe, isn't forced into his position by a supreme and irresistible power, and he need not remain a "slave."

To talk this sort of socialistic flapdoodle is an easy way to acquire notoriety and a certain amount of money, and we suspect that Professor Holmes finds his calling profitable. But these men do more harm than good in the world and they should not be encouraged. Men who express a wish to cut people's lives out are not the kind of men Chautauqua assemblies should place on their platforms.

"Too much, I think, can hardly be said in praise of the generosity and tender-heartedness of the good people of Chicago, who have, as I am informed, decided to hold a gigantic mass meeting next week for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Marquis Giorgio di Pullmano; because of the deadly wrong and suffering that great and good philanthropist is being called upon to endure at the hands of his tyrannical workmen and their sympathizers. The principality of Pullman, and, indeed, the whole region contiguous to the Calumet marshes has been draped in mourning ever since the iniquitous striking and boycotting began; flags hang at half mast, and even the porters and chamber maids at the Hotel Florence have consented to accept half wages and rations pending a settlement of the trouble. so deep and sincere is the feeling for the abused, suffering and soon-to-be-impoverished Marquis. The little ditches and trenches that do drainage duty throughout the principality have run pure and unadulterated tears, so great is the popular grief over the plight of the Marquis and the dread that the present troubles may result in checking that nobleman's constant, unremitting and wholly gratuitous efforts toward the amelioration of his faithful and grateful fellow creatures," says the Saunterer in *Town Topics*.

Rip Van Winkle, after his long sleep, did not wake up with a rush. The sleep stuck in his eyes for some little time, and he went

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