


—THE—
WEALTH MAKERS.
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THE ALLIANCE-INDEPENDENT.
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"If any man must fall for me to rise,
Then seek I not to climb. Another's pain
I choose not for my good. A golden chain,
A robe of honor, is too good a prize
To tempt my hand to do a wrong
Unto a fellow man. This life hath woe
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic foe;
And who that hath a heart would dare prolong
Or add a sorrow to a stricken soul?
That seeks a healing balm to make it whole?
My bosom owns the brotherhood of man."


N. I. P. A.

Publishers Announcement.

The subscription price of THE WEALTH MAKERS is \$1.00 per year, in advance. AGENTS in soliciting subscriptions should be very careful that all names are correctly spelled and proper postage given. Blank checks for return subscriptions, return envelopes, etc., can be had on application to this office. ALWAYS sign your name. No matter how often you write us do not neglect this important matter. Every week we receive letters with incomplete addresses or without signatures and it is sometimes difficult to locate them.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. Subscribers wishing to change their postage address must always give their former as well as their present address when change will be promptly made.

"A MAN'S MAN FOR ALL THAT."

"THE sweat of death stands out on the face of liberty," says The Road.

THE unemployed poor have no rights and liberties which the rulers are now bound to respect.

"If the workmen had no vote they might be made more amenable to hard times," says the Indianapolis (Dem) News.

It makes all the difference in the world whether men steal a ride or steal a railroad. To be respected, when you are stealing steal a fortune, a monopoly throne.

THE right of free speech has been denied, and peaceful American citizens who simply wished to speak for the unemployed have been arrested under the shadow of the national Capitol and dragged to jail.

LET us hold our state convention July 4th, and bring in from all the counties 20,000 people on four-horse wagon caravans to declare the independence of the common people from monopoly kings and their decrees.

THE Populist speakers are drawing immense audiences, greater than ever before. The population of Greensburg, Ind., gathered en masse to hear Mrs. Lease a few days ago, and the size of her audience greatly irritated and alarmed the old party leaders.

AN honest poor man shall have a show in this country. He shall be free. He shall be independent. He shall have a sure place to work and live; and no man nor combination of men shall demand tribute from him as the price of liberty. Hear us, oppressors, usurers, politicians.

WE received too late for insertion this week a set of resolutions of remarkable grasp and power, on the Commonwealth movement and the rights of American citizens, resolutions sent in by the J. B. Weaver Alliance, No. 2381, an Alliance numbering 100 men in Hitchcock county.

COXEY is in the cooler at Washington instead of in the national capitol.—St. Joe (Rep) Herald.

What is his crime? A peaceable attempt to exercise the right of free speech in behalf of the poor. The poor and their friends have no rights which the authorities or the monopolists are bound to respect. But, hark ye, gentlemen, "the cooler" will increase the heat.

NINETEEN news reporters of the old party dailies followed Coxey and his army on the road to Washington, and all but three of them were a drinking, blaspheming, carousing lot. Coxey's men drank no liquor, violated no law, and were peaceably seeking work; but the newspaper gang of drunkards and hired liars reported them to be hoboes, vagrants, tramps and criminals, and plausibly prated about Brown's blasphemy.

SENATOR ALLEN on Monday introduced a resolution for the appointment of a committee of five senators to investigate and report to the senate all facts connected with the arrest and imprisonment of Messrs. Coxey, Brown and Jones on the 1st day of May, when they were entering the capitol grounds. We are with you, Senator. Fight hot and hard for the rights and liberties of American citizens. The industrial millions are at your back, and the battle is

THE IMAGE OF GOLD.

Entomologists please take notice. Because the editor of the Congressionalist approves of President Cleveland's veto of the Bland bill, the editor of THE WEALTH MAKERS, the leading Populist paper of Nebraska, calls him a "blood-sucking goldbug." We judge the species is getting quite common in regions outside the shadow of the Rocky Mountains.—The Kingdom.

If goldbugs are on the increase and are to be found, with wings on, firmly attached to the editorial staff of The Kingdom, we pray that another Kingdom may come, the Kingdom of Israel's God, who loves justice and condemns and abominates usury. We have no peace to make with moral teachers who practice usury and defend the private monopoly of legal tender and of land which makes it possible. We refuse to soften our terms, for the taking of (Bible) usury is the taking of labor, of life, of life blood. We have conservative estimates, figures which cannot be disputed, which show that the blood money (call it by a name that will not shock the fastidious sweat and blood extortioners, if you like) taken by the money and land monopolists from American workers amounts annually to at least three thousand million (\$3,000,000,000) dollars. And this extortion, spreading anxiety, temptation, suffering and need through all the ranks of wealth producers, bears with most fearful weight upon the moneyless and landless millions at bottom.

They bear up the weight of the world with its woe,
The weight of the top pressing down.

All this usury oppression, as we intimated, is made possible by monopolizing the land, land forces and medium or mediums of exchange—by legally creating a landlord and money-lord or capitalist class on the one side, and over against them a landless and moneyless class, who must accept the terms of their masters or starve. Gold is demanded and declared by the usurers to be the only fit material for money and to base credit on, because they have obtained a hold upon it all and the people cannot get it or money based on it with out borrowing it upon usury or yielding a share of their product for the privilege of being allowed to work and exchange their increase. It is also preferred by creditors, by selfish, intelligent salaried officials, from the President down, and by the beneficiaries of church and college endowment funds, because its usury and purchasing power is greatest, and because the gold dollar is steadily appreciating in purchasing power, having doubled in twenty years. The labor burden of the unchanged obligation in terms of dollars, the wealth value of the debt to the creditor, and the value of fixed salaries increase in the ratio that prices fall.

The goldbug is a man who teaches that the people can have no money except gold, or stamped currency always exchangeable for gold, the gold which the bankers hoard or have strings to; that commercial credit, with the work and welfare of millions and millions who depend on it, must be subject to the avarice, the whims, the fears, the regularly recurring lack of confidence of the money loaner; that the government must keep its mints closed against silver, and provide no more paper as a medium of exchange to keep the people at work; that gold being "the only safe money," there is no financial remedy for the great usury accumulation, in the banks and an exactly corresponding oversupply of goods in the markets, which the producers (because of these accumulations taken from them) cannot purchase, and must in consequence stop work and reduce the market stock with their small savings or be led by charity, or starve while the rich unload the markets and reduce wages.

The goldbug to be consistent must be either misinformed and narrow-visioned or a supremely selfish atheist. Our raw-found friend of The Kingdom, we must believe, is blinded by the thick, far-spreading dust of Wall street. He has yet to discover that the gold monopoly is by far the worst monopoly, because it is the breeder and feeder of all the rest; and that usury, taking is the great sin against God and man, the sin which builds the whole structure of society upon injustice and gives to usury robbers, landlords and capitalists an increasing power of oppression. The usurers, including landlords and capitalists, have dared to trample on God's law ("In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"), have themselves assumed the Creator's throne, have barred men out from His natural presence, from blessed communication with Him through the free use of the land and land forces, which He gave equally to all, and by demanding tribute for a place to live, tribute in the name of God and law they have made the whole idea of God and nature devilish to the masses beneath them.

Usury taking separates man from God and puts a robber in His place. It makes selfishness profitable to the cunning and the enthroned, and necessary in the rest in order that they may live. It makes the rewards of labor so unjust and uncertain that life for the great majority is a long anxiety and a perpetual, well-sigh resistless temptation to be small and mean and unfeeling, to be hard and cold and grasping.

Oh, justice-loving friends of "The Kingdom" and all Christians will you not see and consider that the usurer has assumed the throne of the Most High,

that usury is condemned by the immutable God, by the unchanging law of His kingdom? and will you not teach that men must unite at the polls to give to this country a Christian banking system, a system of government savings, deposit and exchange banks to serve the people at cost in order that we may prevent wealth concentration and the spread of poverty, that gathering of wealth which is without labor, and compulsory labor which has no reward. The money ideas of Wall and Lombard and Threadneedle streets cut square across the way of "the kingdom," the way of equity, the way of peace.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLISHNESS.

J. S. Coxey and his Commonwealth army have been written about, read about and talked about in almost every place where two or more men have met in this vast country in the last few weeks. Every paper has had his name in it and a record of his and his followers' movements. He has been or has suggested the subject of tens of thousands of editorials and thousands of sermons. He has sent electric shocks and earthquake tremors to the world's money center, and his jarring of the golden throne has filled the Shylock rulers with amazement and alarm. He has provided at least a million new jokes for those who cry, "On with the dance," and he has awakened serious thought and questionings in the mind of every patriotic citizen.

"Lied about?" Yes. "Ridiculed?" Yes. "A fool?" Hold on, right there. Can a fool shake thrones and make the whole civilized world discuss his ideas? And is there nothing in the ideas which he has made the world consider and debate? If so, all men are fools, not he alone. It matters not what measure of intellectuality Mr. Coxey may possess, he has grasped a great truth, he has struck a great error. Ridicule him all you choose he has done, and has begun a great work, a work of emancipation.

What has he done? He has had the wisdom to be an original fool, the greatest fool in sacrificing for Christ's or the poor's sake. He has first spent money, not wisely (?) in hopelessly inadequate charity, but to advertise his fool plan, and has consciously, intelligently, willingly drawn forth a million shafts of ridicule, contumely and slanderous abuse against his person. He has done what no one else was morally great and wise and courageous enough to do to stir the world, and has said: the poor shall no longer be tortured and slaughtered alone in foul cellars and stifling garrets, and be kicked off the earth as individuals without place or friends. He has said that they shall not be thrown out of work and be forced to beg or perish. He has shown them that the way for them to die, if die they must, is to die together, demanding their natural rights, their rights as American citizens under the Constitution,—and that so honorably dying they will cease to die in vain.

He has led a regiment of men who have been despoiled of their native land and natural liberty to the national law-making body to peacefully demand their rights, as citizens, to a place to work, that they may have life and liberty. And their petition is for work provided without having to make impossible or usurious terms with capitalists, without having to again glut the markets by heaping up profits, by being despoiled of the money which must be paid for the goods, as is now regularly done for and by the usurers. Work without growing bonds, without bondage, is the Coxey and also the Populist idea. God speed it.

GIVE US LIBERTY OR DEATH

The story in brief of the Commonwealth doings from May 1st, is a story of world wide interest. The seemingly unsettled questions of the right of free speech, the right to life and liberty,—the question whether this is now a rich man's or a poor man's government,—have been crowded upon the attention of every American citizen by Mr. Coxey's unsuccessful effort to speak on the broad steps of the people's capitol, in the peoples grounds, for the natural and constitutional rights of the millions of Americans who are dependent because unemployed.

On May 1st, the Commonwealth Industrialists who have peacefully, lawfully journeyed to Washington to petition Congress to provide them work that they might by their labor for the public make themselves no longer a burden to the public, took up their line of march under the stars and stripes down Pennsylvania Avenue. They had no guns, but instead walking sticks were in the hands of every man, and on each of these flattered a white flag on which were the words, "Peace on Earth, God Will to Men; but Death to Interest on Bonds."

Marshal Brown before starting his band had said, "Whether or not we will be permitted to speak, I cannot say, but you must be careful to preserve the peace. . . . This demonstration will be more powerful than force, than guns, or bombs."

Nine mounted police led the way to open the crowds. Marshal Brown in his buckskin suit, mounted on his gray Percheron stallion and waving a small flag, followed at the head of the Commonwealth. Just behind him upon a creamy white horse came Nanie Coxey, a beautiful girl of 17, with golden hair

unbound, a rimless blue cap upon her head and in white riding habit, which streamed out behind as her proud steed pranced to the music of the band. She personified the Goddess of Peace, and all along the march to the capitol she was greeted by the sympathetic crowds which lined the streets with spontaneous enthusiastic cheers.

After these came the marshals on fine horses, the bugler, the band, the standard bearer with a big American flag, and before "the 400," who are not in but under "society," the 400 who were representatives and part of the 4,000 unemployed,—leading these, came their bravest sympathetic friend, Mr. Coxey, and his wife and baby, Legal Tender. They rode in a light buggy, decorated with flags and drawn by a span of black horses.

A commissary wagon followed, drawn by Percherons, "the curse of national banks" being allegorically pictured upon the canvas wagon covers. Then came the Coxey division of homeless unemployed.

In front of the Philadelphia contingent which brought up the rear rode a fine looking girl of 18, artistically draped in the stars and stripes, a gilt star flashing from her blue turban and a wealth of dark hair streaming down her back.

As they entered the business portion of the city, companies of Washington workmen joined the procession, the first of the accessions being 125 bricklayers. Handsome carriages also lined the road before the city was reached, and Congressman Sibley, the Greenback Populist millionaire who cares more for the people's liberties than for riches, was in one of them.

Reaching the hill near the east front of the capitol where they expected to turn down, the peaceful poor and their friends were met by a solid front of policemen stretching from curb to curb, making ingress toward the capitol building impossible, and the police at the head essayed to lead the Commonwealth on past and away from their destination. But the army stopped, Coxey kissed his wife, and joined by Marshals Brown and Jones made his way back on foot through the crowds to the capitol. The mounted police saw the movement and rushed their horses through the crowds, jumped the stone parapets and did their utmost to reach and stop the dauntless three before the steps of the rich men's temple should be profaned. Brown was made conspicuous by his suit, and with clubs raised down on his head was arrested, and Jones also, while simply exercising their constitutional rights. Mr. Coxey succeeded in reaching the tenth step of the broad front of the supposed temple of justice; but officers quickly surrounded him, refused to let him speak, clubbed back the crowd and would not allow him to read or accept his protest. Forming solidly about him he was pushed off the steps, the mounted police charged the surging crowd, and he was pushed by the shoulders off of the capitol grounds and back to his carriage.

The army in the mean time had not broken ranks. The beautiful Goddess of Peace sat calm and when the commander returned to them they took up their march back to camp. On their way back the crowds cheered continuously all the way, calling loud for Coxey to speak, and multitudes of the poor of the city followed them.

Brown and Jones, bruised with batons, were incarcerated in the jail of the city of Washington.—the city of Washington. For no offence save walking on the ground, the public ground. Coxey was later arrested in the court room for the same crime and for attempting to speak under the shadow of the capitol, for the poor.

What have we come to, and whither are we drifting?

"I care not what others may say, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." Give to all and to the humblest American citizen independence, or my life is his to pray, and if praying will not affect his oppressors, to fight, for his emancipation.

The Kelly Industrialists have been utterly refused transportation by the Iowa railroads. (They have no rights either as human beings or as cattle.) And they are now, after building a fleet of boats, just well started by water, their plan being to travel via the Des Moines, Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Pennsylvania and then march from Pittsburg on foot to Washington. The other armies are gathering and making progress in New England, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma, Montana, Oregon, Washington and California.

THEY DISTURB THE CLEVELANDS

The New York Tribune says:

One of the results of the miserable Coxey movement, and the feeling of insecurity which this tramp migration has given to all suburban residents, is that Mrs. Cleveland and her children will probably pass the whole summer at Gray Gables, their seaside home in Buzzard's Bay, Mass., instead of passing the early summer months, as they originally intended, at their pleasant country home at Woodley, on the outskirts of Washington, where Coxey at first proposed to encamp his huddlers.

Hark ye, princes and potentates, monopolists, "boat-croppers" and rulers over all, this exasperating presence of the poor in the vicinity of the man who has most wronged them must not be tolerated. Batter them, scatter them,

shatter them with your galling discharges, "give them cold lead for a diet," if they will not divide and begone. What! must one family at the top be disturbed and inconvenienced by the representatives of 4,000,000 families who have no home, no place, no employment? Drive the useless, law-abiding, starving American citizens off the face of the earth. Nobody wants them. Nobody will have them around. What! must Grover, the great Obese, the over-fed servant of Wall Street, be frightened by the presence of the hungry, and be driven off to the Buzzards, all on account of the ta—commonwealers?

Curse them all, what do they mean pointing their bony fingers at me, Grover? Didn't I, at the suggestion of the bankers, call Congress together last year and avert impending calamity by closing the mints against silver? Don't I aid the bankers and boards of trade and the solid business men—the country—know what the country needs? The calamity of too much money we averted. The confidence we restored is here. The prosperity we wanted we are enjoying. Dare to disturb us and we will charge you with anarchy, and shoot you down like dogs.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Editor WEALTH MAKERS:

I seldom feel impelled, by any sense of duty, to write for the public print, but there are times when, to my mind, silence would be next to crime. When we elect men to office we expect them to do their duty, but we are more often disappointed than gratified in the expectation; but when our expectations are fully met it seems to me we should at least recognize the fact with a "well done good and faithful servant". But this is especially due when the act performed and the services rendered were surrounded by circumstances calculated to deter most men from the performance of their duty. I refer to the remarks of Senator Allen, upon the floor of the senate, when the Coxey resolution was under consideration. I had read comments, and articles, upon them, in various papers, and even gibes and jeers at their author, from various sources, but my confidence in Senator Allen was not the least shaken; and the full text of his remarks, as published in your last issue, fully, and further, justified that confidence. Knowing as I do, and as all your readers do, the trying circumstances under which those remarks were made I want to say for myself, and I believe I voice the sentiment of labor throughout the world, all honor to W. V. Allen for his bold utterances, and his manly courage. Well can he afford to pocket the insult of Senator Hawley, and the jeers of united plutocracy, when he feels that he has not only proven himself a defender of constitutional rights of American citizens, but that he has voiced the sentiments of a very large majority of his own constituents, and, as I believe, of Senator Hawley's as well. While I am no alarmist, and may, for my utterances, earn a place in the category of cranks, I yet earnestly believe that in all the history of this country no more fearful foreboding nor doubtful outlook were ever face to face with the American people than at this moment. I need not, and do not, stop to consider the personality of General Coxey, and his so-called army of the "Commonwealth," further than to learn that they are "American citizens," and that their mission was peace, and their object the exercise of a constitutional right. They carried on their person no deadly weapons, and in their right hands no strange device, but armed alone with a petition embodying certain demands for the benefit as they believed of labor, and carrying in their hands the stars and stripes, they enter our capitol city and approach our capitol grounds. I do not know, nor do I stop to inquire, the nature of these demands, for it makes no difference. The right of petition is unlimited, and is as much, and as sacred, a right to every American citizen, as is the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The right of petition in this country has never before been denied or questioned. It is fundamental, underlying the whole superstructure of all free governments, and when it is denied or stricken down, well may we ask, what next? Property is no more sacred, liberty is no more sacred, and without protection to these in a country like this, life is indeed not worth living. The common, toiling people of this land have been and are suffering much, but are they to suffer and then lose all? It begins to look like it. There is no privilege we enjoy so right we exercise that may not be as justly denied us as that of petition. A shingle from the roof, a brick from the wall, or a shutter from the entrance of a building may be removed without particularly endangering the stability of the edifice, but a single stone wrenched from the foundation and walls liable to crumble to ruins. Take men, Coxey, Carl Brown and their followers, may not, in the estimation of congress, and the president and his cabinet, be considered worthy of their consideration, but they are part and parcel of our common country, and although coming from the ranks of labor they are entitled under our form of government to all the privileges and benefits, as if they had come from the abodes of wealth, or from behind the bank counters, or from

boards of trade; and who can deny that the presidential or congressional eye have ever been over these and that their ears been ever open to their prayers? Why then if this is, and is to remain, a government of, by and for the people, is this distinction between the people now for this first time in so plain and palpable a manner made, and who is able and willing to justify the act? The common people not only established this country in the beginning as an asylum for the oppressed of all lands, but the hand of labor has built it up, and made it the wonder and admiration of the civilized world; and in every crisis through which it has passed the strong right arm of labor has fought its battles and upheld its flag and brought it safely through every ordeal, "without a single stripe erased or polluted or a single star obscured." Labor, starting from our eastern shore, has pushed across the continent, felling forests, building cities, subduing savages, constructing railroads and making the fields and deserts bloom and blossom as the rose. Capital itself fights no battles, builds no homes, plows no fields, works in no factories, mines no ore, improves no harbors, constructs no railways, but like a bird of prey has ever perched itself above labor, ready to descend and fatten upon its fruits.

But while it has been and done all this, never before has it dared to deny to labor the pitiful and yet sacred boon of petitioning for redress of its grievances and the lightening of its burdens. Nor did this gross insult to labor take place in some remote corner of the country under the impulse of the moment and at the hands of irresponsible parties. It was predetermined, deliberate, and not only in the capitol city but in the very shadow of the capitol building and in sight both of the president and congress; and I can view it in no other light than that every insult then offered and every blow struck was not only not merely an insult to the men there peaceably assembled, but was an insult and a blow at labor throughout the whole country; "for inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of one of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." I therefore conclude as I began, all honor to the name of W. V. Allen who had the courage and manhood and patriotism to stand up in the United States Senate and demand that the voice of labor be heard on an equal footing with capital.

J. V. WOLFE.

FOR WALKING ON THE GROUND.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The defense had its inning in the police court trial, where the leaders of the Commonwealth, Coxey, Brown and Jones, are on trial for their May day demonstration at the capitol.

Young Attorney Hyman, who defends Brown and Jones, made the opening statement for the defense. There was no denial or defense for what the Commonwealth had done, he began. The defense would consist in the lawfulness of their actions. He could remember but one similar occurrence in history, and thereupon he produced a bible and began to read a scriptural passage.

"I must object to that," interposed the district attorney. "The gentleman must confine himself to a statement of facts."

"Does the attorney deny that this is a fact?" demanded the young attorney holding his bible aloft dramatically.

He was permitted to proceed and read the passage of the Old Testament, reciting that the Lord had commanded Moses to take off his shoes because he trod on holy ground.

Instead of the police the defense would call citizens who had witnessed the occurrence, Mr. Hyman said. The defense would be based largely on the brutality of the police in clubbing citizens. It was to be shown that Coxey had not walked on the grass and that Brown had been driven through the shrubbery by the police.

The first witness for the defense was Mr. Frank Harper, a young newspaper man from Alexandria, Va. According to his story the police had driven the citizens on the grass before the procession arrived in order to clear the pathways. He saw General Coxey arrive. The general wore nothing designed to attract notice to his organization, but walked so quietly to the steps that he was not recognized until the people who knew him pointed him out. Thirteen policemen stood on the steps and surrounded the general when he arrived. The witness was certain that Coxey had not walked on the grass.

On cross examination he said there were 50,000 or 60,000 waiting, all cheering and whooping for Coxey.

"Disorderly, were they not?" inquired the district attorney.

"Oh, no. They had a right to cheer; they were American citizens."

The police came near running in a little girl in front of him, Harper said. He had been ordered off the asphalt streets by them two or three times, but returned every time.

"Then you disobeyed the police?" said the district attorney.

"The police are not the law. They are the agents of the people to carry out the law," was the reply. One of the persons in the crowd on the grass was Senator Allen, according to the witness. Other witnesses testified to the same facts.

COXEY TAKES THE STAND.

General Coxey himself, in his gray spring suit with creased trousers, walked into the witness stand. He gave his residence as Massillon, O.

"What is your business?" was asked.

"I have a stone quarry, manufacture and for steel wires and run a stock farm. I am now engaged in lobbying for the unemployed people."

"What is the object of your visit to Washington?"

"To petition congress to pass two laws to give work to the unemployed on public improvements."

The men who came with him did so, Mr. Coxey said, on the principle that they might as well be with him as anywhere. They were out of work, their families were destitute at home.

"Did you obey the laws of the state?"

"Not one chicken feather can be traced to our camp. We knew that the success of the movement depended upon