

STATE ALLIANCE ACTION

Resolutions Adopted by the F. A. and I. U. at Kearney, Dec. 19-20.

We deplore the condition which surrounds our citizens, especially our brothers in agriculture who have sowed and tilled the soil without recompense, since our last annual meeting. And we would respectfully call the attention of our coming legislature to the condition of the farmers of Nebraska, and urge the passage of such legislation to provide seed, and feed for the teams of the unfortunate farmers of our state, to enable them to remain in their homes and raise a crop the coming year.

We heartily sympathize with all organized laborers in their efforts to better their condition, and pledge them our support and co-operation in their struggle against the encroachments of organized capital. We extend to President Debs a cordial Godspeed, and pledge him our undivided support in his heroic fight with plutocracy, a subsidized press and a corrupt judiciary.

WHEREAS, The principles on which all labor organizations are based are identical; and,

WHEREAS, The aims of these organizations can be achieved only by united political action; and,

WHEREAS, We believe that our demands are based on sound economic and legal principles; therefore,

Resolved, That we invite steps which shall anticipate a union of all labor organizations for political action.

We respectfully recommend to our lawmakers the passage of some law to provide for the extermination of the Russian thistle.

We endorse the resolution passed by the Irrigation Association, now in session in this city, relating to the passage of a law providing for the forming of irrigation districts.

WHEREAS, Various methods of irrigation are being advocated to produce sufficient water supply for the agriculturists of the state, we ask the coming legislature to thoroughly investigate the system of artificial rainfall for a solution of the irrigation problem.

WHEREAS, The saloon in politics is one of the greatest evils of the day, therefore, to banish its baleful influence from our political system, we recommend to the members of the Alliance a thorough discussion of the system called the state control of the liquor traffic at cost, thereby eliminating entirely the element of profit.

Resolved, That we endorse the position of Hon. John L. Webster expressed in his letter to Hon. Geo. H. Hastings, published in the Omaha Bee under date of the 14th inst., relative to the status of the Maximum Rate bill, as decided in the United States federal court, and that we hereby ask the legislature, when it shall convene, to make adequate appropriation to prosecute an appeal to the supreme court of the United States.

Recognizing the fact that in the development of modern industry, some businesses are, by their very nature, natural monopolies, and therefore not subject to the regulating principle of competition, and that these businesses under private ownership and control give the owners the opportunity to exercise the power of taxing the public exorbitant and unjust prices for the services rendered; therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize the principle that the ownership and control of all businesses which are natural monopolies should be in the hands of the state or municipality, and conducted solely in the interests of the public.

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

We denounce the false pretense to keep unimpaired the credit of the nation, by the issue of United States bonds, under the plea of maintaining the gold reserve. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury know full well that the issue of bonds at this time is simply a subterfuge to blind the people to the intention of the class in power to create a great permanent national interest-bearing debt in which the wealthy may invest and be relieved from all risk of business ventures.

We denounce in unmeasured terms the action of our national executive, who, in his late message to Congress, recommended the passage of a banking law; which, if passed, would place the issuing of all paper money in the hands of a syndicate of bankers, thereby placing all commerce and industry in the hands of a few individuals who have about as much sympathy for the toiling millions, who produce all the wealth of the nation, as a pack of hungry wolves have for the unfortunate sheep which has strayed from the fold. And we request our members in Congress to use all honorable means to defeat the passage of said law, and that in its stead they shall favor the passage of an act to establish a system of government banks which shall lend money, not to the bankers, but to the people, upon good security at cost, and that all money be issued by the government direct to the people through the aforesaid system, thereby paying the operating expenses of the government.

We believe that such a system of banking would not only afford the depositors a safe place of deposit; but would deal a death blow to the octopus called interest, which we believe has caused more suffering than has pestilence and famine combined, by its power to absorb the earnings of labor, by drawing from the channels of trade and concentrating in the vaults of the bankers the money of the country, thereby creating strikes, lockouts, riots and panics.

We hereby extend a vote of thanks to the Mayor and citizens of the city of Kearney for the courtesies extended to the members of this body.

W. F. Wright, State Lecturer.

BETHANY, Neb., Dec. 25, 1894. EDITOR WEALTH MAKERS:

Please notice in your paper this week that at the state meeting of the Alliance I was elected as state lecturer and delegate to the meeting of the Supreme Council of the N. F. I. U. to be held at Raleigh, North Carolina. As the state lecturer of the Alliance I desire correspondence with localities for the purpose of reorganizing the work in the state. I will make arrangements for active work as fast as desired. Co-operative work in connection with the check system of exchange will be explained where there is reasonable prospect of putting the same in operation. The check system, if properly pushed, will reorganize nearly every Alliance in the state.

Address me box 15, Bethany, Neb. W. F. WRIGHT, State organizer and lecturer.

Subscribe for THE WEALTH MAKERS.

Organization the Watchword.

[Address of W. F. Dale, President of the Nebraska F. A. and I. U., delivered at Kearney, Dec. 19, 1894.]

To the Sisters and Brothers of the Alliance of this, our great State of Nebraska, greeting:

Once more we are permitted to meet as members of the Alliance in annual session. For this we should return thanks unto Him who looks down in mercy upon all men.

It may be hard for some of us to understand just why it would not have been best for us as a people to have raised a full crop the past season, yet when we remember that "overproduction has been the curse not only of this nation, but of all nations," for the past few years, we should be thankful that at least that curse cannot be said to rest upon Nebraska during the year 1894.

But friends, many have been and many are still the trials of the farmers, not only of Nebraska but of other states, and let me say, not alone today does he who tills the soil have little to encourage and buoy him up in times like the present; but all labor, with but few exceptions, is oppressed and but little light from a brighter day comes to his home to brighten and cheer his pathway.

Let us as tillers of the soil ask ourselves the question, why is this? Is it because we are lazy and shiftless and will not labor to help ourselves and mankind in general? No, this cannot be, for those who are not with us say that they have tilled the soil from year to year, and produced too much, and this is why we cannot today eat of the fat of the land; this being true, if we would not work more than half of the time and thereby produce not to exceed one-half as much as we have for the past ten years, then we would have plenty.

Another class tell us that all the trouble comes from the fact that the farmer, when he produces a good crop, becomes a spendthrift and buys buggies, wagons and machinery, and in fact, everything he needs, and many things which he is not in need of, and then he is ruined. If he who tills should not enjoy who should? But if this be true and the farmer should stop this system and in the future should buy only one-half as much, just in that proportion must the workmen in our towns and cities stop their labor at the factory, in the shop and other places, and turn their attention to some other line of labor, only to find that all avenues of labor are closed, on account of lack of consumption.

Do you still ask why we, as the great producing class, are so much in need today? Let me answer, briefly, a lack of co-operation. Why do we need to co-operate? First, in "union there is strength." Second, because those who in the past have obtained the benefit of our labor have been united. For example, less than three months ago the National Bankers' association met in Baltimore, Md., and there formulated a plan for what they were pleased to term a great currency reform. And a very few weeks after said meeting we find the president of the

United States, in his message to congress, recommending this same great scheme, and today congress is making haste to enact said express wish into law. Why is this haste? Simply because those who are today interested in controlling the supply of money to their own advantage, have united and though few in numbers, have used their influence for their own selfish ends.

Farmers in the past, not only in this state but also in other states, have satisfied themselves by meeting and resolving upon various subjects of interest to themselves, but when the proper time came to make their influence felt, they were in the grasp of the enemy. Not many days ago a laboring man in a small town of this state was complaining of the high freight rates; and yet for ten years or more that man had watched the work of the railroads in this state politically, but on Nov. 6th he cast ballot and influence in accordance with the wish and dictation of every railroad tool in our state.

What we need most today, among the farmers of this nation, is an organization so complete and so far-reaching that its influence shall be felt, not only in every school district of our land, but in every home where he who labors to bring light and happiness to that home in accordance with the command of our Maker: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Organization is the watchword today, the world over; but for it to prove a lasting success there must be a hearty co-operation and brotherhood, so that the weakest one in said organization shall be lifted to an equality with all others in said brotherhood.

The work in the past year in our Alliance may not have been all that we think it might have been, but the question for each of us to solve is: have we fully performed our duty, not only as officers of the State Alliance, but wherever we have been situated? and whether a member of the order or not, if a believer in the eternal brotherhood of man and that good Book which says: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," we have a duty to perform in this respect.

Brothers and sisters, let me bid you, look over the nation today and behold how our neighbors are oppressed and how thousands from year to year are losing their homes, through the greed and avarice of our fellowmen. Thousands more, now as winter comes on, are unable to provide the necessities of life, yet they are of that class who produce the wealth of our nation; while others, who produce nothing, live in ease and enjoy the same.

Let us push on this great cause, which will speak, not only for temporal happiness, but will lift up some poor creature until they can see the light from that Eternal City whose "builder and maker is God."

Friends, do not let us be discouraged from the fact that organized labor during the past year has not seemed to achieve a victory; for oftentimes the greatest victory follows seeming defeat. Corporate power of late has reached out for the strong arm of the law more than before, and in this way very many have come to think for themselves. The Labor Commission that visited Chicago and Pullman not long since was compelled by the evidence produced to decide against corporate greed and in favor of Mr. Debs and the other labor leaders. It may be hard for us to think of being classed with Anarchists and despised by those who obtain a living out of what we produce.

Nevertheless if we remember how John Brown and Lovejoy were murdered, and Wendell Phillips, Garrison and many others were persecuted when they spoke and worked for the black slave, can we expect better treatment today from those who love the almighty dollar more than they love humanity? Men in the church fought to keep the black man in chains and serfdom to his master in the south. Remembering this, do not be surprised today if some good deacon or even some minister, by his voice and vote, opposes the uplifting of humanity and stands with the dollar. If true to his Master whom he professes to serve, sooner or later the scales will fall from his eyes and he will join our ranks and proclaim, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

In this state we may have thought it hard to have Judge Brewer pronounce his late decision against the maximum rate bill passed by the last legislature. We may require several decisions along that line and even more damnable, and many more of the friends of labor, like Mr. Debs, to be thrown into jail, before the people will rise as one man and hurl all forms of corporate greed from power; but if, so let us press on, that we may be worthy to hold aloft the banner of industrial emancipation until those who toil in the sunny south, or in the frigid north, or in the busy east, or upon the western slope of this great nation, shall come into one fold and by the hand of some oncoming Abraham Lincoln in the near future we shall be led out from under the gold bonds of the present into the bonds of love, where there shall not be a money-making or moneyed aristocracy, but where all shall unite in the Brotherhood of Man.

Nick Bolter Outwitted.

Two boys were on the porch of a typical Pennsylvania farmhouse, evidently preparing for a hunting trip.

Teddy Kirkwood was sixteen, and a frank, honest, impulsive lad, as one could read in his blue eyes. Nick Bolter was older by two years, and his otherwise pleasing face was marred by a grasping look.

A covered buggy drawn by a lean white horse rattled up to the gate and stopped, and a large man in gray homespun jumped out.

The stopping of the vehicle brought Teddy's father out of the house and down to the gate.

"Mornin', Kirkwood," growled the visitor. "Seen anything o' that bound boy of mine—Joe Hackett?"

Mr. Kirkwood shook his head. "Did you lose him?" he asked.

"He run away last night," replied the angry farmer, "an' stole purty near everything he could lay his hands on."

"Any valuables, eh?"

"Waal, no," admitted the farmer, "it was all in the eating line. He cleaned out the pantry. What riles me is the on-gratefulness of it. I treated that boy like my own son, fed an' clothed him, and looked after his moral bringin' up. An' that's the way he rewards me. But I'll fix him when I get him back. He's legally bound over to me till he comes of age, and I ain't goin' to let him slip. You boys goin' huntin'?" and the farmer turned sharply to Teddy.

"We're going to try our luck for squirrels," the lad replied.

"Then keep a lookout for the young rascal. If you catch him and bring him to my place I'll give you \$5—a \$2.50 gold piece for each of you."

With a smack at his pocket that made coins therein jingle, Mr. Jefferson Skinner leaped into the buggy and drove swiftly away.

"I saw Joe Hackett the last time I was up the valley," said Teddy. "He was cutting corn, and he had only one suspender. I wonder if he really is on the mountain? I'd like to earn the reward. Two dollars and a half will buy lots of things I want."

The boys crossed the road and plodded through the sloping belt of pine trees, discussing as they went along the chances of finding the fugitive.

When they reached the heavier timber on the upper part of the mountain they found other things to think about. The sharp barking of squirrels was heard, all around them, and they advanced with noiseless tread, stopping now and then to watch and listen.

At noon they were several miles from home, and on the flat top of the mountain. After eating a part of their lunch they stretched themselves lazily on the dead leaves, and lay there for several hours, looking up into the blue sky.

Finally Teddy rose to his feet and shouldered his gun. "Come along, Nick," he said, "I want to bag half a dozen more."

"Plenty of time," Nick replied with a yawn, "I'm tired. Wait a bit." "Lazy bones," laughed Teddy. "Well, I'm off."

He started briskly along the ridge in a northerly direction, and before he had gone a quarter of a mile he heard the distant barking of a squirrel amid the thick timber.

So noiseless was the young hunter's approach that not a sound came to the hearing of a lad who was sitting in a sunny glade amid the dense thicket, with his back against a stone and his hands deep in his pockets.

As Teddy broke softly and suddenly through the thicket into the glade, the lad sprang to his feet with a gasp of terror and stood there trembling and startled.

Then Teddy let his gun slide to the ground, darted swiftly forward, and seized the fugitive by the coat collar.

"No you don't, Joe Hackett," he cried triumphantly. "No gettin' away from me. I'm in luck."

The lad made a brief and hopeless struggle and then he submitted quietly, dropping limply down on the grass when Teddy loosed his hold. He screwed a tear out of each eye and drew a long breath.

"I'm yours," he said in a bitter tone, up at his captor. "Taint no use to kick. Are you going to take me back to Jeff Skinner?"

"Of course," replied Teddy. "What else? You're a criminal according to law, and there's a reward out, you know."

"I ain't a criminal," the lad asserted with mournful doggedness. "I ain't done nothin' but"

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"You ran away," answered Teddy in a tone of virtuous indignation, "and you stole everything from the pantry." "No, I didn't. I only took an apple pie and two pieces of dry bread. And I wouldn't have taken them, only I was half starved." "Here, take this," Teddy handed out what was left of his lunch, and the lad began to eat in a ravenous fashion.

"Why did you run off, Joe?" he asked. The lad detected a note of kindness and sympathy in the question. "I'll tell you," he replied. "Say, you've got a good home, ain't you?" "As good a home as a fellow need want," Teddy answered warmly. "So had I. Joe went on, 'and only a year ago. You've heard about it, I reckon. We lived on Jackson's farm as tenants—father and mother and me. Then a tree fell on father an' killed him and in June mother died. Then the county bound me over to Jefferson Skinner."

"That was in July, and since then there ain't been a day but what I wished I was dead. Most dogs are treated better. I had to wear old clothes that Jeff Skinner cast off. I had nothin' to eat but broken scraps from the table, and not enough of them half the time. I was up at 4 o'clock, and worked till 7, and never had a kind word—only cursin' and scoldin', and as for lickin', and Joe pulled up his sleeves, and showed a mass of bruises on each arm from the wrist to the elbow.

There was silence for a moment. "What has been ain't nothin' to what it will be when he gets hold of me again," muttered the captive. "I reckon he'll purty near skin me. You wouldn't want to go back if you was me." "I guess I wouldn't," exclaimed Teddy. "Do you mind Bill Martin, what runs on the road as engineer? He used to live this side of Rockville." "Yes, I remember," said Teddy. "He was an awfully nice man."

"You bet he was," assented Joe. "Well, I seen him a month ago, an' he told me when I got tired standin' Jeff Skinner, he'd take me away on his freight train out to the farm in Ohio, where his parents live. So that's why I ran off; but now"—Joe's voice broke a little. He rubbed a tear from each grimy cheek, and looked sadly at his ragged shoes. Teddy thought of the promised gold piece within his grasp, hesitated ruefully, and then made up his mind with boyish promptness.

"I ain't mean enough to take you back to Jeff Skinner, law or no-law," he said. "Here's 20 cents Joe, all the money I've got. If I was you, I'd hide in the next valley till tomorrow evening—its thicker and wilder there. Hurry up, now, or Nick Bolter will be comin' along, and I won't promise. Run for it." Yes, the bushes rustled close by. A sharp whistle trilled on the air. "But I can't," half cried Joe, "not fast anyway. I sprained my ankle on a stone." "Now you've done it," whispered Teddy, looking over his shoulder. "Here comes Nick." Then, as a sudden idea struck him, he added excitedly: "Drop behind that rock, Joe, quick! When you hear me yell the third time cut down into the back valley as fast as you can. Understand?"

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