

A Talk With Business Men.

All through our towns, villages and cities we find but few of the business men identified with the reform party. The question arises, why is this? Is it because they are wiser men than other men and see no need of any change as advocated by the reform party? They must be impressed with the fact that business is not what it used to be. Very few business houses are more than merely eking out a living, and find that to do even that every expense has to be cut down. They find it difficult to get money enough to meet their bills, and everything seems to be at a stand still. They stand at the door or windows and watch with an eager eye lest some one else get a nickle which they think ought to come to them; and should they lose the coveted price, they are led to charge their competition with the crime of taking advantage of trade. This breeds envy and hatred between business men and makes it very unpleasant for all concerned. It destroys that sociability and good feeling that should exist among neighbors. It begets a spirit of resentment and often leads to misrepresentation, and begets a contention among customers. These things ought not to exist, and rarely do exist when times are good and trade is brisk.

Now if business men would take time to think and inquire into the causes that lead to these depressions in business, I am led to believe that instead of blaming their competitors they will unite in rectifying the causes that produce the effects.

The business world has felt the tightening grasp of money and the lowering of prices for many years. While the prices of corporation goods has not materially changed because combinations have been able to keep them up, everything else has had a downward tendency. The farming and producing classes have been gradually getting harder up for means to buy and pay with. Credit has been diminishing and persons who have borne a good reputation are finding it more difficult to get credit. This has been gradually growing upon us ever since the contraction of the circulating medium commenced in the latter part of the '60's, and especially since 1873, when half of our basic money was destroyed. The event of 1873 brought on a panic such as the United States never had seen before, and good times or bad have fluctuated ever since, just in proportion as silver has entered into our monetary system.

In 1878 when silver was partially restored, times began to ease up, and with the notorious Sherman act was making a larger use of silver, prices of all produce advanced, times grew better and everybody felt happy. Even the Republican campaign back of 1892 admitted that silver advanced 25 per cent. in three weeks after the passage of the bill, and all farm produce raised in the same proportion, and it is noted that times were fair until the cry went up from Wall street that the Sherman act must be repealed. In order to create a public sentiment against the act the money power made a scarcity of money by contracting the national bank circulation and calling in their loans until the business world became scared and the howl went up from every business center for Cleveland to call congress together and repeal the silver act. This was done and the good times failed to appear as promised, and now since they accomplished their object in making but one kind of money of final redemption, and thus enhancing the value of their unit of credit or dollar to the injury of our business, whether it be merchant, manufacturer, farmer or laborer, to and behold we hear the cry from the same source, "It is the tariff."

How long, oh, how long will the business world be blinded by this sham battle of the tariff? But you have never seen a panic when money was circulating freely among the people, but when the corporations contracting the money volume desired to enhance the value of their dollars by depressing property. They would begin to contract the volume of circulation, money would become scarce and dear, farm products go down, labor would depreciate, goods would accumulate, no demand for the output of the mills, mills had to stop or wages come down and strikes occurred. Then the howl of the money sharks would go up, "Over-production!" until the money kings raked in all the benefits of the years of plenty. Then you would see them begin to loosen up the money stringency, times would begin to get better, and in a few weeks or months everything became active—but everything at a lower level than before—especially labor. Labor has constantly been going lower and lower. Every depression sinks wages a notch or two below what it was before. This being observed by the money lords we hear them say: "The laboring class must be content with the position God Almighty has designated them to occupy."

Who was it gave the money kings the divine right to lord it over God's humble poor? Have they not gained this position by intrigue, by taking advantage of their fellows either by combinations or buying legislation whereby they have been enabled to steal and rob by law?

Life is too short for any man to earn and lay by a million dollars in wealth. If he reaches such a point it is evident that it was not obtained by honest toil. But to return to the subject of this

article. If business men would give more time to investigating cause and effect, they would be able to help remedy the evils that exist and unite with those that are trying to inaugurate a system of finance that would forever destroy the possibility of panics, and do away with seasons of depression.

I am asked, "How do you aim to do this?" I answer: By adopting a system of finance that would work to our own interest as a nation without regard to any other. But am I met with the statement that we must have a money system that meets the world's requirements. If we are out of harmony we can not obtain their money to build up the interest of America. I ask, why do we need the money of the old country? Have we not got the material, the resources and the power to make our own money? Why should we constantly be clamoring for English money and thus place ourselves under tribute, paying all our surplus in interest or usury as we are now doing. But we are told that England won't take anything but gold as money. Why is it that she will take no other kind of money? Simply because we have had a set of men in office that have said to her, we will give you what you ask. But how came we owing England? At the close of the war our whole indebtedness to the old country was only about 50 millions, and until traitors in congress began a system of contraction of the currency of the country by burning up the money that saved our nation, that was costing no interest to our people and issued interest bearing bonds instead, did England get hold of our securities. The Rothschilds, we are informed, telegraphed immediately for 400 millions of the bonds at one clip. Bear in mind that these bonds were made payable in the lawful money of the United States. In 1869 Congress at the behest of the holders of these bonds passed an act pledging this country to pay them in coin, in the face of the fact that they had bought them in coin at about 50 cents on the dollar. Not satisfied with this, in 1873 our lawmaking body demonetized silver, thus making our obligations payable in gold, twice doubling up the indebtedness on the shoulders of the producing classes, where the burdens always fall. And while the value of the dollar has thus been twice doubled, the price of the products of the farm and other labor has diminished in like proportion.

Is it any wonder that the business men are crying hard times, and money is scarce, when the entire burden has to be borne out of the toll of the laboring man, the farmer and producer?

I want to impress the business man with the fact that he does not pay a dollar of this burden. It all has to come out of the earnings of his customers. He does not create a particle of his wealth. He simply takes up his margin on his goods and makes his customers support him and pay for all risks, and whatever he adds to his wealth. I do not want to be understood as casting a reflection upon any legitimate business, for the business man is just as honorably employed as any other. What I do want to impress is that your welfare is identical with that of your customers, and if they are hard up you are hard up, if they are doing well you are doing well, and if they have plenty of money so have you.

The only man or set of men that are interested in making money scarce is the coupon clipper and the loaner that lives on usury. This is the class that is sapping the life blood of the nation. I want to say further that I am not speaking disrespectfully of legitimate banking or bankers, for banking is as indispensable as any other business in the commercial world. What we oppose in this line is giving into the hands of private corporations the power to issue their notes or promises to pay and calling it money, charging the government interest and charging the people interest on their promises to pay, thus burning the life taper of the country at both ends, and at the same time giving them the power to make money scarce or plenty, just to suit their notion as to whether the country needs much or little.

Now if we as business men desire times that are prosperous and trade good without such seasons of fluctuation, whereby credit becomes impaired and business becomes stagnant, we must unite in the effort to reform our financial system, adopting a system of America for Americans, and demand that the government take back to itself the sole power to issue the money of the country and regulate the value thereof. Quit antagonizing the interests of your customers, and join with them in their laudable purpose of bettering their condition; share with them the burdens of life, and all will be well.

J. H. DARNER.

What Kind of a Dimekrat am I? I used to be a Jackson Dimekrat; I ain't now. I'm a—well that is it; what kind am I? I'm a free-silver-single-gold-standard-opposed-3-banks-four-banks-interest-bearing-intrinsic dimekrat. I'm a wild cat (bank) dimekrat. I'm a tariff-reform-revenue-incidental-2-protect-shun-sufficient-2-crease-leftist-big-enuf-2-stik-a-fu-boss-in-dimekrat. I'm a Lilliputian-heaven Homolud dimekrat. I'm a populist-gradual-in-kum-tax dimekrat. I'm all that, & will be more as sure as

Grover has time 2 put a fu more fixins on 2 dimekrasy.

Hain't I a dazy dimekrat? Do you reckon old Tommy Jefferson wuld no me if he shud happen to look over the wals an' see me?

I git so mixt up sumtimz that I don't no mif. I git lik the old nigger wuz when the mule kicked him.

"Am dis me, or am it not me? Or haz de debbil got me?"

I'm a Jackson 2 the victors-blong-the spiles dimekrat. On that hi & noble ground all dimekrasy can stand.

My dimekrat friends sa 2 me, "Zip, the platform sez silver." Uv korse hit duz; but that old bull nek uv a rams-kakle fool, Grover, sez gold.

This platform bizalz remindz me uv the dispute btween Judy Grims & her old man about the divizion line twixt Ohio & Virginy. The old man sed the Ohio riv'r wuz, Judy sed she nod better for she had horn her unkle Zokely as that, "Ohio run 7 milez in 2 Virginy."

Did hit ever strik you the Perfesser Wilson's Virginy tarif bill run more'n 7 milez in 2 "the Little Tin Gods" dominyun?

Well, I'm goin' 2 tri dimekrasy agin' Hit wud be a disgrace 2 kwit the job in this mullixt up fix. I'll jist go in agin and hoop myself horse—holier free silver. I'll blik the feller's sow that got in 2 hiz korn feeld thro a holler log. He fixt the log so that both ends wuz in the pastur feeld, & watch; uv kum the sow & in 2 the log she went and out she kum in 2 the pastur; she loked surprized (I don't) & at hit she went agin & she kept hit up until she had gone thro that log 12 times. That is my motto, "in 2 hit agin boys."

OLD ZIP COON, Dimekrat. —In Progressive Farmer.

The Veteran Judge Wilson Speaks to Old Soldiers.

OGALALLA, Neb., Feb. 26, 1894.

EDITOR WEALTH MAKERS:

There are a number of things that I would like to speak about in this letter bearing on the political questions of the day, but I do not desire to encroach on your valuable space, knowing that you have a host of contributors whose thoughts and pens are more ready than my own. What I say in this a title will be said to the ex-unio soldiers. I feel that I have a right to talk to my old comrades, and say to them just what I believe to be true. In the first place I believe it to be true that for many years past, the old political parties have been, "cat hauling" us around—as it were—and using us for the purpose of establishing a state of things in this government exactly the opposite to that for which you and I suffered so much to perpetuate through the dark days from 1861 to '65.

The principles for which we fought were, "Equal rights for all and special privileges to none." Have the gentlemen of the old parties—who have so often solicited our votes and whom we have so often elected to the halls of congress by our votes—carried out those principles by the enactment of such laws as were demanded to that end? I do not think they have, but to the contrary they have enacted legislation for the purpose of building up a moneyed aristocracy, such as the plutocrat conspirators of Europe and America demanded. The Republican party who for a quarter of a century has been in power, should be held responsible for the past legislation up to the time the Democratic party came into power. The change from a Republican to a Democratic administration has not improved the condition, as recent events in the extra session and the present session of congress have evidenced. The evidence shows that both of the old parties are entirely under the control of the Shylocks of Lombard street London and Wall street New York. Recent acts in the halls of congress have shown us that the Republican party's great Napoleon of finance, John Sherman, stands hand in hand with Grover Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle on the financial question, and they are opposed to every proposition to relieve the great financial distress, that does not carry with it the issue of bonds, and the solely in the interest of the financial sharks of both continents and the further perpetuation of the system of national banks. A proposition has but recently been introduced in congress by Mr. Byrum of Indiana, to issue \$50,000,000 in government bonds for the purpose of paying pensions. This is simply another scheme to scare the old soldiers who are drawing pensions, and make them vote the old party ticket. They expect to use this as campaign thunder in the next congressional canvas. The word is already being passed around that the old soldiers must stick together and of course the way for us to "stick together with them, is to vote the old party ticket straight and ask no questions. Now comrades my letter is already getting too long, and yet I have hardly begun to express my thoughts on this subject, there are many things that need a airing along this line, but I must quit for this time, else the patience of our editor might be exhausted; but let me first say that we, as old soldiers have a duty to perform. Let us not shrink from it, while we may feel loath to leave our old party, we must do it, if we ever expect to perpetuate the principles for which we fought, and leave the blessing to our children and future generations.

J. W. WILSON.

From Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."

[The editor of the Arena has a paper in the February number entitled, "They Have Fallen into the Wine Press: Some Facts Illustrating the Onward March of Uninvited Poverty." And he prints in his article quite a long extract from Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," a recently published, powerful book. We print it below for our readers with Mr. Flower's parenthetical interpretations of the vision. It is the most effective piece of word painting, of truth in allegory, that we know of.—EDITOR WEALTH MAKER.]

And we came where hell opened into a plain, and a great house stood there. Marble pillars upheld the roof, and white marble steps led up to it. The wind of heaven blew through it. Only at the back hung a thick curtain. Fair men and women there feasted at long tables. They danced, and I saw the robes of women flutter in the air and heard the laugh of strong men. [The world of the careless rich.] What they feasted with was wine; they drew it from large jars which stood somewhat in the background; and I saw the wine sparkle as they drew it. [Wine as here used represents acquired wealth which is expended in gratifying the passions, appetites, and selfish desires of those who revel in the fruit of the wine press. The figures employed in this allegory are as striking as they are apt, and in the range of this kind of literature I know of nothing finer than the imagery here used.]

And I said to God, "I should like to go up and drink." And God said, "Wait." [The first impulse of the awakened soul is to enjoy that which, though transient as a dream, allures as does the flame the moth.] And I saw men coming into the banquet house; they came in from the back and lifted the corner of the curtain at the sides and crept in quickly; and they let the curtain fall behind them; and they bore great jars they could hardly carry. And the men and women crowded round them, and the newcomers opened their jars and gave them of the wine to drink [Those who have, through special privileges, class laws, and speculation acquired vast fortunes, find the world of the dilettante ready to welcome them if they are lavish with their unearned wealth, and are careful to drop the curtain behind them.] And when others had well drunken they set the jars among the old ones beside the wall, and took their places at the table. And I saw that some of the jars were very old and mildewed and dusty, but others had still drops of new must on them.

And I said to God, "What is that?" For amid the sound of the singing, and over the dancing of the feet, and over the laughing across the wine cups, I heard a cry. [That cry is growing louder and louder every hour.]

And God said, "Stand a way off." And He took me where I saw both sides of the curtain. Behind the house was a wine-press where the wine was made. I saw the grapes crushed and I heard them cry. I said, "Do not they on the other side hear it?" God said, "The curtain is thick; they are feasting." And I said, "But the men who came in last. They saw?" God said, "They let the curtain fall behind them—and they forget!" I said, "How came they by these jars of wine?" God said, "In the treading of the press these are they who come to the top; they have climbed out over the edge, and filled their jars from below, and have gone into the house."

And I said, "If they had fallen as they climbed?" God said, "They had been wise." I stood a way off watching in the sunshine, and I shivered. God lay in the sunshine watching too.

Then there rose one among the feasters who said, "My brethren let us pray!" And all the men and women rose; and strong men bowed their heads, and mothers folded their little children's hands together, and turned their faces upwards, to the roof. And he who first had risen stood at the table head, and stretched out both his hands, and his beard was long and white, and his sleeves and his beard had been dipped in wine; and because the sleeves were wide and full they had much wine, and it dropped down upon the floor. And he cried, "My brothers and my sisters, let us pray" [This is a thrilling picture of the wealthy conventional city preacher who avoids demanding justice for the poor and refuses to unveil evils, because he loves ease and gold more than the Master he pretends to follow—the Master who made the poor. His special charge. It is difficult to conceive of anything more pitiable than the action of some of our conventional clergymen whose minds are too much bent on the millions represented in their pews to be willing to acquaint themselves with social conditions, or to cry aloud against injustice when they are cognizant of it.]

And all the men and women answered, "Let us pray." He cried, "For this fair banquet-house, we thank Thee, Lord." And all the men and women said, "We thank Thee, Lord."

"Thine is this house, dear Lord." "Thine is this house." "Thine is this house." "Thine is this house."

"Oh, hither jaws with wine, dear Lord."

"Our jaws with wine."

"Give us peace and plenty in our time dear Lord."

"Peace and plenty in our time." I said to God, "Whom is it they are talking to?" God said, "Do I know whom they speak of?" And I saw they were looking up at the roof; but out in the sunshine God lay. [The eyes of millions are so riveted on the ceiling of the temple that they are oblivious of the fact that Jesus is ragged, sheltered and starving at their doors; even though He told them that when the final judgment came those who had not recognized Him in the starving, crushed, and suffering of earth would not be recognized by Him.]

The men and women sat down, and the feast went on. And mothers poured out the wine and fed their little children with it, and men held up the cup to women's lips and cried, "Beloved, drink!" and women filled their lovers' flagons and held them up; and yet the feast went on.

And after a while I looked and I saw the curtain that hung behind the house moving. I said to God, "Is it a wind?"

And God said, "A wind." And it seemed to me, that against the curtain I saw pressed the forms of men and women. And after a while the feasters saw it move, and they whispered, one after another. Then some rose and gathered the most worn-out cups, and into them they put what was left at the bottom of other vessels. Mothers whispered to their children, "Do not drink all, save a little drop when you have drunk." And when they had collected all the dregs, they slipped the cups out under the bottom of the curtain without lifting it. After a while the curtain left off moving. [Conventional charity, in which the rich throw a few crumbs of their acquired wealth, to the sufferers when the mutterings of want become too formidable to be ignored or crushed, under the pretense of maintaining law and order.]

I said to God, "How is it so quiet?" He said, "They have gone away to drink it."

I said, "They drink it—their own?" God said, "It comes from this side of the curtain, and they are very thirsty." [The tragic truth of this thought is as suggestive as it is appalling.]

Then the feast went on, and after a while I saw a small, white hand slipped in between the curtain's edge, along the floor; and it motioned towards the wine jars. And I said to God, "Why is that hand so bloodless?"

And God said, "It is a wine-pressed hand." And men saw it and started to their feet; and women cried, and ran to the great wine jars, and threw their arms around them and cried, "Ours, our own, our beloved," and twined their long hair about them.

I said to God, "Why are they frightened of that one small hand?"

God answered, "Because it is so white." And men ran in a great company towards the curtain and struggled there. I heard them strike upon the floor. And when they moved away the curtain hung smooth and still; and their was a small stain upon the floor.

I said to God, "Way do they not wash it out?"

God said, "They cannot." [When one, two or three white hands reach under the curtain, and index fingers shake menacingly at the revellers, conventionalism crushes the offenders in the name of order. But the stain of an unjust deed cannot be effaced.]

And they took small stones and put them down along the edge of the curtain to keep it down. Then the men and women sat down again at the tables. [When the demand for justice becomes urgent, laws are passed which act as stones to hold down the curtain for a time.]

And I said to God, "Will these stones keep it down?"

God said, "What think you?"

I said, "If the wind blew?"

God said, "If the wind blew?"

And the feast went on. And suddenly I cried to God: "If one should rise among them, even of themselves, and start up from the table and should cast away his cup and cry, 'My brothers and my sisters, stay! What is it that we drink?'—and with his sword should cut in two the curtain, and holding wide the fragments cry, 'Brethren, sisters, see! it is not wine, not wine! not wine! My brothers, oh, my sisters!'—and he should overturn the—"

God said, "Be still—see there!"

I looked. Before the banquet house, among the grass, I saw a row of mounds; flowers covered them, and glid-d marble stood at their heads. I asked God what they were.

He answered, "They are the graves of those who rose up at the feast and cried."

And I asked God how they came there.

He said, "The men of the banquet rose and cast them down backwards."

I said, "Who buried them?"

God said, "The men who cast them down." [The conventionalism of today builds marble monuments to the victims of the conventionalism of yesterday. Garrison who for calling out to his fellow revellers was anathematized by press and pulpit, and who was dragged through the streets of Boston by a well-dressed mob who reflected conservative public sentiment of that time, is

now honored by the children of this same conventionalism by being represented in a huge bronze monument erected upon the most wealthy and fashionable boulevard of Boston.]

I said, "How came it that they threw them down, and then set marble over them?"

God said, "Because the bones cried, they covered them."

And among the grass and weeds I saw an unburied body lying; and I asked God why it was.

God said, "Because it was thrown down only yesterday. In a little while, when the flesh will have fallen from its bones, they will bury it also, and plant flowers over it."

And still the feast went on.

"About Shipping Grain."

EDITOR WEALTH MAKERS: Your "typo" got my figures a little wrong in my last article on this subject, and thus gave me away a little. Where I wrote \$100, he printed it \$10,000, and where I wrote 2,000 he printed it 20,000, and where I wrote 30,000 bushels of wheat he printed it 300,000. This evidently arose from miscounting my ciphers and placing the commas wrongly.

Prices of grain still continue very low, though there is, at this writing, a firmer tone to the market, especially for corn. Yet we hardly expect many to market much yet, at the price, if they are fixed so as to hold it. Yet spring is approaching and many must get their grain, especially their corn off, so as to commence plowing for more.

I will only have room to speak of one point in this, and I will make that the most important one just at this time, to-wit: The condition in which grain is marketed. Grain should always be marketed or shipped in the very best condition it is possible to put it in. It is all loss and no gain to be careless about this matter, when shipping. Because at the city it has to be inspected, and it will be marked down to the proper grade, without doubt, and a drop of one grade frequently means a reduction in price of enough to pay more than double for all the time it would take to put it in better shape. There is need of especial pains in this direction with corn, shelled off the ground out of doors, at this time of the year. It is so apt to be wet or dry, or mixed, when meant to be white or yellow, or else to have rotten ears in it from rapid husking. I have found by sad experience and heavy loss, that it does not pay at all, in any way, to crib corn out of doors on the ground for winter and spring shelling. The loss on grade and price by so doing will often in a single year be enough to buy lumber for cribs that will last ten years.

In Nebraska we usually raise as good quality of corn as grows in the world, yet frequently from neglect and exposure, we send it to market in such condition that it grades poor No. 4 corn, instead of good No. 2, and this means a net loss of full two cents a bushel, usually; enough to buy the lumber for good cribs large enough to hold it. Here is a point eminently worth the attention of the very best of farmers. G. W. SHARP. Chicago, Ill., March 5, 1894.

Cedar County Organized to Circulate Populist Literature.

HARTINGTON, Neb., Feb. 6, '94.

EDITOR WEALTH MAKERS:

Cedar county seems somewhat isolated from the balance of the counties of the state, at least in "Populist" sense. Cedar is not a Populist stronghold, but it has some very strong Populists within its borders, and they are not so few in number as they might be, either.

The county committee met last Saturday in response to a call from the chairman, to discuss plans for the present campaign—and while the number was not large, the spirit was both large and determined.

The plan of "distributing literature" was adopted and a good sum subscribed with that to start the ball to rolling. E. Bordwell tendered his resignation as chairman, and B. G. Campbell of Holden was chosen. The Populists of Cedar county are neither dead nor sound asleep, and that party is liable to be heard from yet. POPULIST.

Buffalo County Alliance Men Refuse to Be Fused.

SHELTON, Neb., March 6, 1894.

At a meeting of our Alliance March 6th, held for the purpose of organizing in the Aid Degree, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We see a writer in the World-Herald is advocating a fusion of the Independents with the Democratic party and a division of the offices, and

Whereas, Such a scheme of fusion for the sake of the offices is disgusting to the men of principle who belong to the Independent party, and would result in its death and burial; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we do not believe it possible that an Independent state convention can be gotten together that will have one vote for fusion; yet, if fusion is voted by the regular state convention, we pledge ourselves to send delegates to an independent state convention that will put a straight Independent ticket in the field. And we further pledge ourselves to see if necessary, that a straight ticket is in the field in this county.

(Signed) HERMAN SCHNEPPERS, Pres.

S. A. REDDY, Secy.

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