

The Nebraska Independent

Consolidation of THE WEALTH MAKERS and LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Independent Publishing Co.

At 1120 M Street, LINCOLN, - NEBRASKA. TELEPHONE 538.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Address all communications to, and make all drafts, money orders, etc., payable to THE INDEPENDENT PUB. CO., LINCOLN, NEB.

THE INDEPENDENT returns hearty thanks to numerous correspondents who have sent words of praise, comfort and hope to the editor and manager. Not all can be printed—they would nearly fill the paper—but they nerve the arm and cheer the hearts of those who have a very great burden to bear in undertaking to publish a state populist paper with every corporation and monied interest against us.

It is the cause, not the offices for which we labor.

The goldite crew would make America a reeking Golgotha of souls buried alive.

J. STERLING MORTON has a Vest on him, and he can't pull it down, so its no use to tell him to.

CARL BROWNE of the commonweal army has secured the position of cartoonist on the Silver Knight.

The corporation sand bags are lawful but the foot pads are not. That's all the difference there is between them.

JUDGE FERREL, a brother to the U. S. minister to Turkey, has declared for the populist party and will henceforth fight in its ranks.

A good many republicans are frequently heard to remark these days: "I'm going to vote for free silver and western interests this year."

The goldites say that overproduction is the cause of the fall in price. Land has fallen in price. Has there been an overproduction of land?

The goldites are not satisfied with impoverishing this generation. They seem determined to make paupers of the next. A few more bond issues will do it.

THE INDEPENDENT is for uniting with everybody who will unite with the populist party to elect a president and congress that will save the people from serfdom.

PERSONS writing for publication in the INDEPENDENT must remember that if they write on both sides of the paper it must be copied by some one before it can be given to the printer.

The gold bugs said when we had a big crop that overproduction had ruined us. When the drouth came they said that what was the matter with us was underproduction, and they lied both times.

ALL our great railroads are owned in Europe. All the profits of them are sent over there. Suppose we take them in and keep the profits at home. Less gold would be shipped to Europe every year then.

THE struggle of attainment counts for more in the development of a political party and the principles it advocates than victory. The years of struggling we have gone through have not been for naught.

ONE of the magazine writers asks: "What is the ethical relation between corporations and the state?" That is the first intimation that ever appeared in print that ethics ever came within a thousand miles of the corporations.

ECONOMIC forces are not automatic or natural. They are human, directed and put in force by human intellects. This fatalistic theory of prices, as something beyond the control of man is wholly false, and the people will find it out some day.

FROM the way that the editors of republican country weeklies write about silver mine owners, one would be led to believe that they never heard of a gold mine owner. You poor, silly fellows! THE INDEPENDENT pities you.

It is about time for the Hon. John M. Thurston to again rise in the United States senate and say: "Mr. President, my father was killed in the civil war. For that reason, I have an inalienable right to hold office."

ASSOCIATED PRESS TRICKS.

The trouble with a lot of pop editors is that they will persist in taking for the truth much of what is sent out by the Associated press liars. For instance, this sentence, concerning the action at St. Louis, has set a lot of them half wild. "The people's party is expected to endorse the nominee of the silver party."

Now let an old newspaper man explain such writing as this sentence. "It is expected." That does not say who expects. No one is responsible. It is simply a trick of the trade. A good many of us know how to do that sort of writing. About every howl that has come from populists about "selling out" and all that kind of thing, has had its start in just such writing as the above sentence printed in the goldite papers.

If it had been stated that Taubeneck, Butler, Donnelly and Weaver "expected the people's party to endorse the nominees of the silver party," then there would have been something to howl about, and the INDEPENDENT would have raised its voice and roared until it could have been heard from Maine to California. But instead of doing that, the editor only smiled when he saw it and threw the paper on the floor.

THURSTON HE SEE BE WHY

But, sir, I would vote for it just as surely were we already standing in the awful shadow of declared war. I would vote for it were the shells of British battle ships bursting above the dome of the nation's capitol. I would vote for it and would maintain it, at all hazards and at any cost, with the last dollar—with the last man. Yes, though it might preface the coming of a mighty conflict, whose conclusion should leave me without a son, as the last great contest left me without a sire.—Extract from the speech of John M. Thurston in the United States Senate.

John Thurston he see ez how he doesn't care Ef the bullets and bombs do go "vizz" through the air.

He jest sez "Hooray! Sail right into the fray! (That's you) ez for me, waal, I reckon I'll stay."

John Thurston, he sez he's just bustin' ter know That his countrymen 'll die fightin' fer ter fee—

He—waal, he can't be one, But he sez he'll be swan Ez he once gave his dad, ef he won't give his son!

John Thurston he's all jest wrapped up in the nation.

He don't give a dam for any relation. "Let 'em fall!"—while magnific.

With figures terrific He orates,—en' draws pay from the Union Pacific.

—Received direct from the Spirit Land from James Russell Lowell through a light haired, blue eyed spirit medium of the highest grade.

A SENATORIAL PREVARICATOR.

Quite recently, in the United States senate, Senator Nelson of Minnesota, gave the silver men of the senate what golding papers are pleased to call an "object lesson."

He held up a standard silver dollar coin of the United States in one hand and in the other hand he held up to view two Mexican silver dollars.

He then proceeded to state that with the United States silver dollar he could buy two Mexican silver dollars, and striking a Henry Irving attitude, asked the reason why.

Then he answered his own question by tragically saying: "Because there is a gold dollar behind it."

THE INDEPENDENT remarked some time ago that when one got well acquainted with the goldite senators he would find them to be just common every day liars.

Now Nute Nelson knew that there was no gold dollar behind that silver dollar, and that it was standard money not redeemable in any other kind of money, and the reason, and other reason, that it is at a parity with gold is because it is an unlimited legal tender for all debts except when otherwise provided in the contract.

This assertion of Nute Nelson is the same as made by J. R. Webster in a communication to the Lincoln Independent some time ago. The offer made by that paper to pay Mr. Webster a fee of ten dollars if he would point out the statute which authorized the redemption of silver dollars in any other kind of money still holds good. Mr. Webster has not called for the money and never will. Neither has he written that he was mistaken and never will.

STATESMEN THREE.

"Statesmen Three!" is the first of a series of economic works written by A. C. Fisk, to be published monthly.

The series consists of discussions by three statesmen at Washington on the economic condition of the republic, and as the author says in the introduction, "It is the purpose of these statesmen to remain in session until they have finished their task, and relief for the toiling millions of America is obtained by proper federal legislation."

This first volume is practically a history of the financial legislation of the United States from the time "Wampum was universally used" down to the present day. It is very interesting to the average reader to learn that "as late as 1645, judgments of courts were made payable in strings of beads, which were received for taxes until 1649."

The book is written in simple, concise language, and bristles with interesting facts and figures and dates. It is rare that a book of this description is interesting to the average reader, but "Statesmen Three" is one of these exceptions. It forms a valuable compendium of the monetary legislation of this country, and a farmer or workman can turn to it at any moment for reference as to dates and figures, which are usually only to be had by digging for them in the libraries. The manual workers of this country have seldom the leisure, or where they have the leisure as in the case of the farmer during the winter months, cannot get to the libraries to make investigations.

This series will be welcomed by the working classes of the country for this reason were there no other, but as has been before said, it is exceptionally interesting.

A TOUGH JUDGE.

The city council of Nebraska City passed unanimously a resolution declaring in effect that Judge Chapman is a perjurer and falsifier. It appears that Judge Chapman made an affidavit to which the council replied by resolving: "That we denounce the statements contained in the affidavit of ex-Judge Chapman, as above set forth, as untrue and malicious, as having no foundation in fact."

THEY WENT TOGETHER.

More than a year ago the editor of THE INDEPENDENT sent out an article from Washington, which was widely printed in the reform press, telling what would be done when the senate elected a president pro tempore. Last week the august members of that body proceeded to do just what he said they would do. The democrats made a nomination and then withdrew it, so that Frye was elected *via voce*. It takes eighteen to call for the yeas and nays in the senate, and as there are only six populists they could not put these fusion boodlers on record. The g. o. p. and the d. o. p. went together solid, so as to preserve the succession in a gold bug, provided that Cleveland and Stevenson should change their residence to a warmer climate before another president was elected. The gold bugs never fail to provide for all contingencies.

THURSTON IS THERE BY FRAUD

John U. P. Thurston was for free silver all the time until he was safely landed in the United States senate. Then he was a goldbug. In regard to this the Bee says,

What John M. Thurston said three years ago about silver is of no moment. What Senator Thurston does in the United States senate as the representative of Nebraska in 1896 is of consequence. The opinion of wise men change. Those of fools never.

That is the goldite standard of morality. A man can go before the people and advocate certain principles and promise to help enact them into law and after securing an election upon such promises, violate every one of them and answer back, "The opinions of wise men change, those of fools never."

Every one knows that if Thurston had announced that he was for the gold standard and against free silver, he never could have been elected to the senate. He is there by fraud and deception. He cannot honestly hold the office for one hour. Among men of honor he is despised.

FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE.

There is going around Lincoln a young man, who every day watches on the streets for promising victims. By noon he has made the acquaintance of half a dozen farmers or workmen. He invites them to take dinner with him and they all go into a restaurant and sit at one table, if there are not too many of them, and they have a good social time. Then the young man, in an incidental way, makes a few remarks about "sound money," while they are feeling good over their dinner, and gives them a few documents written by the best trained intellects that money can hire.

It is probable that this thing is being done all over the United States. Millions are at stake for the gold bugs and bond holders in this campaign. They have millions to put into the fight and the brightest intellects to say where it shall go. It is the great battle of civilization. They evidently count on the fact that human nature is always essentially the same, and that now, as four thousand years ago, the hungry will sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

WARNER'S LETTER TO FARMERS.

Take time to read carefully the letter to farmers by Gen. A. J. Warner, printed on the first page of this issue of THE INDEPENDENT. It will take some thinking to understand it, but when you once thoroughly comprehend it, you will have mastered some of the fundamental principles of the science of political economy. The doctrine there laid down is the teaching of all standard writers on political economy from Ricardo to the present time. It is what is said by John Stuart Mill, Prof. Jevons, Prof. Fawcett, McLeod, John Knox, Adam Smith, Gen. Francis A. Walker, and every other writer whose works are considered authoritative.

The populists have to sustain them in their theory of money every standard writer from Aristotle to John P. Jones. It is sometimes said that a scientific knowledge of the theory and function of money is easy to obtain. But it is not easy. One can no more get a clear idea of it by reading carelessly a work on political economy than he could get a clear idea of the science of mathematics by taking up an algebra, a text book on geometry, or a calculus and carelessly reading it through. Therefore we say, read Gen. Warner's letter to farmers carefully.

THE JOURNAL'S CONVICTIONS.

The old State Journal had several convictions fits on last Sunday about this paper, a good deal of its editorial page being devoted to the immense circulation of THE INDEPENDENT. Its yarns about Governor Holecumb, Warden Leight, or any one else guaranteeing to put a certain number of INDEPENDENTS in circulation are simply lies, made out of whole cloth. It has a good circulation, but it got it by the combination of two papers, and it is increasing its circulation all the time, because the people like it and say that it is the best paper in the state.

GROVER ULTIMATUM.

By you huge ring which girdles Saturn 'round (A bet too small to hold my swollen wrath), By igneous Etna's incandescent heart, By all earth's seismic throes and zeyser gush, My pyrogenic soul doth ache for war.

Doth weigh like Earth on Atlas' shoulders laid, Yet will I on. Why I can bid Convulsions come, and at my patron beck Legions of plasmogen. Journals, Jingo-Jays Will echo me as straightly and as true As answers to the clock the Bronze cuckoo. Or, falling this, my royal bodyguard, Carlyle with hooks, Eckles with his pen, Morton and Fiske with that dread instrument That so puissant was in Sampson's hand, Will cut and thrust till all the startled stars Shall blink in dazzled wonder at our wars. No more—enough! Too much it almost seems, The Lion roars—our Eagle answer'g screams. GREYER CLYDEAN. —Howard Taylor in National Bimetallist.

HURRAH FOR JOHN P. JONES!

It must at least have dawned upon the very dullest silverite that the only place where his vote will count for anything toward the free coinage of silver is in the populist party. Populists in the senate and populists in the house fight. They don't play the tactics of King George's men, march up the hill and march down again, as the free silver republicans do. They march up there and then fight.

They tack a free coinage bill onto every piece of general legislation, and they tack it on with six inch, wrought iron spikes, drive them through and clinch them down on the other side. They are doing no monkey work. They mean business every time.

Senator Jones has brought the tariff bill, that passed the house under the whip of Tom Reed, out of the committee with free and unlimited coinage spiked onto it, against the vote of every free silver republican on the committee. Hurrah for the populist party and free silver!

REPUBLICAN ODORS.

The State Journal is very much troubled about the smells around the cell house in the penitentiary. Who is responsible for the smells there? The republican boodler ring that built it with no sanitary arrangements whatever. Three hundred men forced to use buckets instead of civilized sanitary conveniences, is bound to create some unpleasant odors. The State Journal was more interested in "stone plugged to size" when that infernal cell house gang were building that place than it was in the recreation of bad smells. The penitentiary is cleaner, in better condition, and is under better discipline than it has ever heretofore been. Whatever bad smells there are there, are the old stinks left by the ring of boodlers who built the cell house. They are republican smells.

Poor men are never benefited by hard hard times and falling prices, but many of the rich men are. The rich man is in a position to buy his supplies in the wholesale market. It is a well known fact that wholesale prices have fallen much more than retail. Wheat for example, has lost more than half of its value, while the poor man's loaf is nearly as dear as it ever was. The reason is that between the producer and the retail consumer stands an army of middle men, each with his hand in the grab-bag, and each bent on keeping his profits at the highest possible point.

Of all the assinine performances a United States senator ever engaged in, that one of John U. P. Thurston's, in introducing a bill to pension all the ex-slaves in the United States is the most stupid. A government with a permanent pension list larger than the cost of sustaining the German standing army, and going into debt \$200,000,000 a year, is in a nice shape to go into the negro pension business. Thurston is a great statesman, isn't he?

In the degrading social conditions in which we live, which are almost wholly plutocratic, the rewards of accumulated wealth in power, praise and luxury are so great that men of the best intellects find in the career of money making an opportunity for the exercise of the most splendid abilities. The great prizes once were found in literature, in the law, in medicine. But the only thing the world now esteems is accumulated wealth. It is degrading the race, and bringing destruction upon nations. The mission of the populist party is to stop the worship of money.

The republicans of South Dakotah nominated and elected a man for supreme judge who was under indictment for robbery. There was nothing remarkable about that, however. That was according to the eternal fitness of things. This same Judge Kellam resigned the other day. That was a remarkable act for a republican office holder. Two charges of rape against him may have had something to do with the resignation. Republican judges are a holy lot, all taken together.

A WESTERN man, who was present at Washington when that great populist document was read and adopted by the silver conference on January 22d, said: "It was read by Senator Jones and never did he appear to better advantage. He seemed inspired by the occasion, and the clear-cut, epigrammatic sentences fell from his lips with splendid effect. Every clause was applauded, and at the close of the reading the whole conference rose as one man and cheered with the wildest enthusiasm."

The goldites in the senate say they are tired of academic discussion. They, only, are practical commanders and know how to guide the ship of state. They have no use for "scholars" or "economists." Just as well might the man on the bridge of an Atlantic liner say, he was under no obligations to mathematicians, astronomers and physicists for the knowledge to steer his ship through the pathless ocean.

JAMES H. LOCKHART, chairman of the populist county committee of Door Co., Wis., whose post office is Maplewood Wis., asks THE INDEPENDENT where he can get a Populist paper published in the Bohemian language. He says there is a large settlement of Bohemians near him many of whom are constantly asking him where they can get such a paper. If any one knows of such a paper please inform this office or Mr. Lockhart.

ABOUT \$51,000 of the taxpayers' money of this state—money bought with 10 cent oats, 12 cent corn, and 85 cent wheat, will be distributed among republican weekly papers this fall by Secretary of State Piper, for printing the constitutional amendments to be submitted to the vote of the people, not one of which will be adopted. That is the way republican boodlers work the taxpayers.

RICHARD KLATKE murdered himself and whole family, consisting of six persons, last Thursday, in Chicago. This is the third act of the kind that has occurred in that city within the last few months, the others being Fritz Hallman and Jens Hansen. The cause of each tragedy was the same, viz., the impossibility of getting work. There are more murders for which John Sherman is responsible than any other man who ever lived in the world.

The following gentlemen compose the executive committee of the Bimetallic Union: A. J. Warner, R. C. Chambers, Henry G. Miller, J. E. Grant, Josh Battell, Wm. M. Stewart, Marion Butler, Thomas G. Merrill, and James M. Turner. If refusing to vote either of the old party tickets and voting the populist ticket entitles a man to be called a populist, then that committee stands five populists, two republicans, and two democrats. We fancy they will not swallow us.

MEN once thought that if they planted corn or wheat, watched it, watered it, waited for it, they had a pretty sure thing, but it was never half as sure a thing as it is now to plant gold. Dig a hole in the ground, plant a twenty dollar gold piece in it, and at the end of the year dig it up as you would potatoes, and you have something that has increased in value five per cent, without plowing, hoeing or any labor at all.

In a recent speech Gen. Warner said: "Gold is written on the walls of the inner temples of both the old parties and it can never be obliterated until the walls themselves are broken down." Whereat the Chicago Tribune got exceedingly angry and abused the general for a column or two. Nevertheless it is all too true. The populists found it out a long time ago.

The house committee on postoffices and post roads is going to try to repeal our present liberal postage laws, so as to stop the circulation of so much literature at one cent a pound. The gold bugs own the telegraph and now they want to control the postoffices. The postoffice has been our only resource for circulating populist books. That must be stopped, you see.

JUDGE COOLEY (Const. Law, p. 307), says: "An exclusive privilege only gives to a franchise additional value as property, and all property is subject to be taken and appropriated to public use on making payment therefor." Now, what is to hinder any city taking gas, electric light, water, or street franchises and making them public property?

HAINER says he is "against free silver 16 to 1 as an academical proposition." To talk for free silver in Nebraska is political, to talk or vote for it in congress is academical, and academical knowledge or discussion is useless in congress. Hainer is a genius, now isn't he?

THE INDEPENDENT will advocate the nomination of Willie Peebles for congress in the Third district. He is just the kind of a man the republicans ought to nominate to keep up the eternal fitness of things in a boodler party.

THURSTON'S bombastic "maiden speech" is getting rough handling from the literary fraternity down east. Even the great gold bug journals like the Boston Transcript, poke fun at it. It was all sham, tinsel and show. There was not one line of genuine manhood in it from beginning to end.

The goldite editors are making sarcastic remarks about Tillman's one eye. If the Cyclops of the senate had two eyes what might he not see and say? The goldite ought to thank God that he has only one eye instead of making sarcastic remarks about it.

VALENTINE got badly left in his candidacy for sergeant-at-arms of the senate. He hadn't any more sense than to go

around Washington two years ago saying that he was in favor of free silver. That's what did him up.

The sugar trust faction of the republican party who are for Meiklejohn for governor with Brad Slaughter at the head had a round up at Omaha last Monday night. Meiklejohn remarked to a reporter that "he disliked making another campaign in the Third district, with its attendant uncertainties, recognizing that the third candidate was his salvation in the last race." Meiklejohn has sense enough to know that a populist will be elected to congress from the Third district this fall and therefore he did not propose to waste his time and money in a vain effort in that district. He thinks that the sugar trust's aid will give him a better chance at the governorship. There he has no sense at all.

The old party boodlers and office grabbers in the senate have run against a snubbing post set up by the wiley populist. To change the officers of the senate they are forced to take a vote. The pop senators have nominated their own candidates and are going to stand by them. Therefore neither of the old boodlers can elect, and they think that a public record of the unity of the two parties just at this time is not a good thing to make. The populists are twisting their tails with a split stick again.

THE American eagle is a great bird. He spreads his wings from sea to sea, dips his tail in the lakes and his beak in the Gulf of Mexico, but when he wants to preserve his credit he has to sell bonds or go begging with drooping tail and dragging wings to the door of old Roths child's banking house in London. And so it seems that he is not much of a bird after all just at present. But one of these days he will stick his tailons in old Rothschild's seal, carry him off, hang him on the north pole and leave him there to freeze dry.

MAJ. GEN. GIBBON

One by one the old leaders of the Union army go to their eternal camping ground. The many old soldiers in this state who served under Gibbon, heard with deepest sorrow the news of his death during the last week. He was a brave, gallant and successful commander, fought many hard battles, was often wounded, and had the fullest confidence of all who served under him. He will be buried at Arlington.

On Fames eternal camping ground

His silent tent is spread

And Glory guards the solemn sound,

The bivouac of the dead.

Nor wreek, nor change, nor winter's blight

Nor Times remorseless doom,

Shall dim one ray of glory's light

That glids his deathless tomb.

How Many Indeed?

Senator Peffer hates liquor, card-playing and fashionable frivolity, and loves children and churches. Of how many statesmen can this be said?—Silver Knight.

It Is A No. 1.

T. H. Tibbles, the well known reform writer, is making an A. No. 1 paper of the Lincoln (Neb.) INDEPENDENT.—Chicago Broadside.

They Will Do It.

THE NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT, if we are to judge from the issue of last week, promises to be a very strong state paper. It has an able editor, but needs and should have at least ten times as many subscribers as it now has. By all means the populists of Nebraska should stand by their state paper.—Boone County Outlook.

Thurston a Gold Bug Tool.

Senator Thurston is doing just as the populists said he would do. He voted with Wall street last week against the free silver substitute to the house bond bill. Plutocracy has no more subservient tool than John M. Thurston, and the farmers and producers of the west have no greater enemy.—Boone County Outlook.

CARLISLE will not take greenbacks for bonds, but he will take any amount of them and give out gold in return. At one window he exchanges bonds for gold, and at another he exchanges gold for greenbacks. That makes old Rothschild wink his left eye and laugh.

A Gatling Gun for Pops.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Feb. 9, '96.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—I want to congratulate you, or rather the subscribers of THE INDEPENDENT, as they are the victors, in the consolidation of the Wealth Makers and the Independent, and the installation of our great reform writer, T. H. Tibbles, as editor. And expressing my appreciation of THE INDEPENDENT, I wish to say that I always appreciated the vim, pluck and energy of the retiring editor of the Wealth Makers, as he entered the battle of reform when the army was in its infancy. He has fought a good fight, until our generals and veterans are numbered by the million. We hope and wish that the labors of our retiring editor, Mr. Gibson, may be crowned with a more personal victory awarded him by his comrades. I want to say to the subscribers, or any one in whose hand a copy of THE INDEPENDENT may fall, that if you want to support a paper that will do more in putting down the rebellion of capital against labor and the common people, and corruption in Nebraska, then support THE INDEPENDENT and see that this paper, true blue, progressive, up to date, full of vim and enterprise, finds its way into every home in Nebraska, for I you THE INDEPENDENT is a Gatling gun, quick shot, and center fire, and if reported as it should be, will be the means of gaining a glorious victory this fall. J. M. WHITAKER.

Patronize those persons who advertise in this paper.