

THE PITIFUL CRY OF THE POOR.

"A Long, Low, Distant Murmur of Dread Sound."

THE BLIGHT ON OUR FAIR LAND

Plutocracy and Pauperism the Products of a Quarter of a Century.

Conditions Not Apprehended by Our Forefathers—The Nation Fell a Prey to the Intrigues of Friends Who Plotted While the People Reclined Upon a New Found Peace—A Friendly Warning to the Reckless and Hardened Barons.

Oh, Ye Liars, Casuists and Hypocrites: (John Clark Ridpath in September Arena.) The air is burdened with the half smothered cry of the poor. Their lines have gone out to the end of the earth.

A long, low, distant murmur of dread sound. In an old oriental classic something is said to the effect that the poor we have always with us. This day is that saying fulfilled in the presence of us all.

We say mankind because the disease of poverty is universal. The world is smitten with it as with an epidemic. The eastern races are nearly all in a state bordering on pauperism. Ever and anon they pass the line and perish by thousands and millions.

It was the destruction of natural conditions that sent our woe upon us. It was the malevolent genius of man at work among the then silent forces of our forward movement that in the seventies and eighties brought about the conditions which we are now obliged to face.

Not satisfied with its store, the ogre wealth then began to organize and to concentrate its forces. It contrived one scheme after another by which to possess itself of more—more—Producing nothing itself, it devised methods by which to absorb the producing energies of the whole people.

Well known is the nature of the various enterprises which have been hatched in the last quarter of a century in the heavy but fertile brain of consolidated wealth. To say that when wealth accumulates men decay is only to repeat an aphorism good since the days of Goldsmith and now unhappily verified in the United States.

Poverty in the United States has come not suddenly, but by stages. At the close of the first quarter of the century it had scarcely appeared at all. When the venerable Lafayette was in Boston in 1825, he made a speech from the balcony of an old house, still standing at the corner of Park and Beacon streets.

assembly of free men in 1825 and an assembly of inchoate paupers in 1897. Down to the middle of this century the condition of equality, of common happiness, of free industrial pursuits, of fairly equal distribution of wealth, with plethora for none and poverty for none, still prevailed in our country.

their own inert weight, they moan and sigh. That is their only sign, and I say it is the most pitiful wail of human history. Whoever has the heart of humanity in him will hear as he goes about from city to country seat, from office to village, from field to distant station, the half smothered cry of the poor.

Whenever the dolorous condition of poverty begins to be pointed out by the friends of humanity, the enemies of humanity pick up the complaint and say three things in answer. First, they say that it is a lie; second, that it is always so, and, third, that the good God loves his poor children and will take care of them.

When confronted with the poverty of the masses, our aristocracy, our gilded clan, declares, in the first place, that we have no poor in the United States. In the second place it declares that the poor have always been and always will be, and, in the third place, it declares that the good God, whose servants we are, whose churches we build and whose priests and preachers we feed, will take care of his poor children.

At the next castle the baron says: "Why do you try to alter the laws of nature and Providence? The good book has said, 'The poor you have always with you.' There was never a time in the world's history when there were not poor people, and there will never be a time when they are not. Poverty is a natural condition. It cannot be avoided.

The baron of the third castle says that God is good, meaning that we who love him so much and obey him so well are all doing our best to alleviate the griefs and hardships of the poor. Especially are we who have and control the wealth of the world using it in such a manner as to mitigate as far as possible the hard conditions of poverty.

Of one thing, however, we are sure, and that is that we have good hearts and consciences, and we are doing as much as we can to make better the sad condition of mankind.

Oh, ye money lords of the United States! Oh, thou parvenu, pig headed aristocracy! Oh, ye men of unbounded wealth and leisure, ye men who reap where ye have not sown and gather where ye have not strewn, ye men who have arrogated to yourselves the right of establishing a despotism over American society, ye men who have banded together to destroy the great republic and to rebuild on its ruins the abandoned, owl haunted towers of the past, ye men who are the foes of human liberty, who do not believe in the democracy of man, who trample down truth and crush the aspirations and hopes of 70,000,000 people under your gilded Juggernaut, ye men whom nothing will satisfy but to gather up the total earnings of your countrymen and consume them in the attempted gratification of your insatiable greed and luxury.

be abolished. You think and teach that instead of alleviating the condition of the poor that condition ought to be destroyed. You think and teach the great absurdity that there ought to be no poor, that men should go forth free and have families and feed them and educate them and bring them up to free citizenship in a great republic of equal rights for all.

When we meet you, say the millionaires, on this ground. We believe in none of the things which you advocate. We will accept none of them. We intend that the masses shall remain the masses. We intend that they shall not rise to freedom and spontaneity. We intend to keep them as they are—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water.

We have our arsenals ready. We have taken our millionaire sons and organized them into regiments and have instructed the capitalistic press to indoctrinate them into the true principles of solid government. We have packed our arsenals full of arms and munitions of war. Not one bayonet, not one bullet, not one belt, not one grain of powder in them all is intended or ever will be intended for a foreign foe.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Such is the selfish plea of the American plutocracy. Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Hard is it, oh, my countrymen, to battle against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth! Hard is it to face the condition which has already supervened in the United States. Such is the alluring splendor of wealth and such is the rough exterior of free democracy that many are seduced by the former and many are in dread of the latter.

Advertisement for GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES. Features include: 'Don't Buy Counterfeits—When you can buy the GENUINE at the Same Price'. 'The World's Best'. 'A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE FOR ALL KINDS OF FUEL AT PRICES FROM \$10.00 TO \$75.00'. 'MICHIGAN STOVES AND RANGES'. 'GENERAL HARDWARE—HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS ETC.'. 'RUDGE & MORRIS CO., LINCOLN, NEB.'.

organized powers of society and who use them as the dumb pawns of the gambler's board, who think you can buy the world and convert it one half into a slave market and the other half into a park, ye men who own all the railways and all the bonds and all the sugar and all the petroleum and most of the cotton and all the whisky—heaven save us!—of the United States, ye men whose intolerable pride overtops that of the feudal lords and whose unmitigated selfishness devours the lives of others as the Roman gluttons devoured humming birds and snails, ye men who fear neither the proclamation of truth nor the appeal of innocence in torment, ye millionaires and multimillionaires and billionaires about to be, whose spoliation of the human race goes on unchecked and whose arrogance already grins defiance out of the ironbound windows of your arsenals, stop—stop now!

A VAIN SEARCH Several Years and Thousands of Dollars Expended. An Expert Accountant and Book-keeper of Detroit Troubled with Hereditary Scrofula in its Worst Form—spends a Small Fortune Seeking to Find a Cure—All Failed, but a Curious Experience Effects a Permanent Cure. From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

experience much better than I." A visit was made at the above concern where Mr. Wallace was seen. "I am," said Mr. Wallace, "yet a young man, still I have suffered untold agonies and tortures. I was born with that awful hereditary disease known as scrofula, and what I suffered cannot be well described. "It was first noticed in my early boyhood days and as I grew older it manifested itself, more strongly. The first physicians that treated me said it was a constitutional blood disorder and by constant treatment and diet it could be cured. The blood purifiers and spring remedies I used only made the eruptions more aggressive and painful. In 1888 I was a fearful looking sight and was in fact repulsive. On my limbs were large ulcers which were very painful, and from which there was a continual discharge. In three years I spent over \$3000 in medicine and medical services and grew worse instead of better. I tried the medicinal baths, and in 1893 went to medicine Lake, Washington, but was not benefited. I then tried some proprietary medicine, but did not receive any benefit. "One day in the fall of 1895 while reading the paper I noticed an article about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but did not give it much attention. That afternoon while moving some books I broke an ulcer on my leg and nearly fainted, the pain made me sick and I had to stop work. While sitting in the chair I again noticed the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills article in the newspaper which was lying on the floor. I read it carefully and immediately decided to give the pills a trial, as the account which I read had been of a case similar to mine. I sent the office boy over to Frank Houpp's drug store for a box and took some that afternoon. I continued their use and before I had used one box I noticed an improvement. I grew better rapidly and all my friends noticed the improvement and after taking eight boxes there was not a sore on my person. "I am covered with scars from the ulcers but since that time I have not seen a single indication of the old trouble. I continue the use of the pills long after I was cured as I wanted to get my system rid of that awful disease. For over a year I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and today I am satisfied that I am perfectly cured. When I bruise or cut my hands of late the sore heals up without festering, and this is a sure sign that my blood is free from all scrofulous taint. "If I had only bought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at the start I would be thousands of dollars ahead and had five years of health and happiness instead of torture. Today I feel like a perfect man and my doctors say I am entirely rid of my old trouble. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to my friends that are afflicted, and I know many that keep them always in the house as they have been of great help to my wife. I am pleased to give my experience if it will be of any use in convincing others what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will do for cases like mine. (Signed) JAMES H. WALLACE, Detroit, Mich., May 7, 1897. Before me a Notary Public in and for Wayne County, Michigan, personally appeared James H. Wallace, who being duly sworn deposed and said that he had read the foregoing statement and that the same was true. ROBERT E. HELL, Jr., Notary Public, Wayne County, Mich.