VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

In this column we will publish communications of a worthy and suitable character, received from subscribers to this paper. No communication should contain more than 500 words. Manuscript will not be returned.

[We have received several letters containing very similar argument. We publish the following from Mr. Hand, which is the most complete argument we have received and contains all of the points raised in the other articles. It has another advantage which some other articles contributed do not possess; it calls no names, is not abusive in its tone. We will repeat again—no articles contaiining slanderous reference to any person, will be given a place in these columns.—The Publishers.]

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—

I do not desire a controversy with brother Bryant, and my only purpose in replying to his remarks in THE INDEPENDENT of Dec. 30, is to clearly get before your readers a few thoughts I have on the subject of a union of all reform forces, in order to win a great victory in 1900. I asked friend Bryant why the several reform parties should not drop present names and organizations and unite to form a single party with a new name upon a platform, embracing all essential reforms. He says the answer is easy and then in substance, tells us it cannot be done. He says that because of differences of opinion on important questions, no union can be effected.

Bro. Bryant, this is not an answer to my query at all. My question is, why should not a union be formed, instead of attempting to win under a confederation or fusion. You say, impossible, it cannot be.

Now my friend, if a union ought to be formed, if by union we could win, while we seem certain to lose without, are you going to declare it impossible? Do you tell us the reformers are so unwise or so visionary or so prejudiced that they are incapable of doing what is for the best? Furthermore, are you not simply guessing that a union cannot be effected? How do you know it cannot be until it is tried? Once let resolutions relating to union, be introduced and considered in county and state conventions all over the land and, then from the results we could better determine whether the reformers are ready to organize a new party or not. Such a move ought to come from the people.

But you seem to think fusion or confederation entirely easy and practicable. I might, with good grounds, say to you, "impossible, it cannot be." Do you believe for a moment that the Southern populists will give their support to a democratic candidate for President in 1900? What course do you think the populists of Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Idaho will take in 1900 in regard to supporting any democratic candidate? Please consider the fact that just now we have two national organizations assuming to stand for the populist party. Do you not realize that the Southern organization stands like a rock against fusion in 1900? "A condition and not a theory confronts us."

The prime question is, what ought to be done? I do not say that a union of all under one banner, in one party is possible. I do not know whether it is or not, nor can I know until it is tried. But we have tried fusion, that is, very one-sided fusion, and we were defeated. Shall we again split on the same rock, or shall we make the attempt to effect a union, by starting the movement this year in the county and state conventions of the populists, free silver republicans and free silver democrats? Doubtless, if such a movement should win, the old democratic party would be again split. If Mr. Bryan should join the movement, he would have to leave behind him the old moss-back democratic head of his party so strongly intrenched in the East. Tammany, Gorman, Brice, as well as some of the Southern conservative democrats, would have to be left joined to their idols, the gold standard, the national banks, the trusts and combines. They could not be expected to follow Mr. Bryan if he should make a break for union and success. Their hope and expectation are to hold the old party together and control it and Mr. Bryan too, and they had their way largely in 1896, after the explosion at Chicago. Unless another and greater split occurs in the old democratic party, whereby the old dead body of the Eastern democracy is sloughed off, it is inevitable that thre will be no fusion in 1900. If the new democracy will really come out and be separate and stand for the reform principles because it loves them, instead of declaring for one or two of our principles just for expediencie's sake—borrowing a plank or two to fight a battle on—then there will be some hope of fusion, but not without.

The real reformers have no faith in the old democracy. It still stands for all that true reformers are fighting against.

I would stand for the best method of uniting the reformers so as to lose none of the anti-gold standard, anti-trust, anti-combine, anti-monopolistic voters. But any union or fusion that will still leave us in the hands or under the heel of the enemies of the people and of the nation, ought to be carefully avoided.

The coming revolution is bound to be a sweeping one. The old parties will not only be over-turned, but swept away. The democratic party as well as the republican, is doomed to destruction. Far greater governmental changes than ever the populists advocated, will be made. Co-operation through the government, will destroy all combines, trusts and monopolies organized for private gain.

No old political party can be entrusted with the mighty work of the great revolution at hand. The populist party is the fore runner of the great new party of the people that are to rise up and deliver the nation from industrial bondage.

Kearney, Neb. W. L. HAND.

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Some Points on Money.

Editor SLEDGE-HAMMER:

Please give plain and concise answers to the following questions:

1. Does the Constitution say of what material money shall be made?

2. In paying balances, does gold or silver money pass by tale or count, or by its weight and fineness?

3. Is English gold money legal tender money in the United States, or is American gold money legal tender in England? If not, why not?

4. Is there any such money as money of the world? If so, who makes it and by what authority, and is it legal tender in all countries?

A SILVER REPUBLICAN.

ANSWERS:

1. The Constitution of the United States does not specify the character of the material on which money may be stamped. It declares that congress shall have power "To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coins." The verb "to coin," means to stamp, to make, to fabricate, and not necessarily to press metal into shape. When paper is stamped with the proper wording it is *money* to the same extent gold is; that is, neither substance is money, but the edict of government so stamped is money in either case.

2. In paying balances to foreign countries, metals, whether gold, silver, copper or iron, are sold by weight and fineness. The stamp of the government counts for nothing in that case, except as a guaranty that a definite weight of metal of a definite fineness entered into each piece of metal when it left the mint.

3. English gold money is legal tender only inside the jurisdiction of England, except in countries that regulate the value of such foreign coins and by law make them legal tender. The same holds good in regard to American coin in foreign countries. The reason for this is that money is simply an edict of government, and such edict is binding only where the government is able to enforce its edict.

4. From the above it will be seen that there can be no "money of the world" until all the earth is under one government. As money is the utterance of a government it is evident that such utterance of command need not be regarded beyond the jurisdiction of such government.

In answer to No. 2 we might add that this country does not need a metal to pay balances with. For the past 20 years we have exported commodities in excess of imports, an average of about $100,000,000. That means that the balance has been in our favor to that extent. If a man owes you an annuity, so that he must pay you $1,000 a year, you need not worry about finding some metal to pay him with. The talk of the necessity for a metal to pay foreign balances with, when the balance of trade is so strongly in our favor borders closely on the ridiculous.—Sledge Hammer.

Passed—Present—Future.

EDITOR NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT:

I seem to have drawn the fire of the whole battery—Sheldon and Stewart get the stray shots. If we fail, "go and tell Sparta we all lie here."

Carlyle says "history is philosophy, speaking by example," and it is true here as it is everywhere. Two years ago the cry everywhere was for union of all free silver forces, and we shall elect a President. The fever ran so high (and senseless as high), that moderate men, deliberate men were greeted on convention floors, with howls and groans. Ask Porter if I got my share of it at Grand Island. Well, we united; now for the result of this "philosophy—speaking by example."

(1.) A defeated candidate and party. That "philosophy" drew a blank.

(2.) The Populist party has, up to date, been a divided party from the word go. Senator Butler, at this moment, is hercules trying to unite and save us. Here in Nebraska we have had the smoothest sailing of any spot in the union, and Nebraska is only a smothered volcano.

THE PRESENT.

Two factions are in sight; one says stand to your guns—every man to his post—work the whole battery boys for all there is in it, win or die. The other faction says don't shoot with that railroad gun—nor that land gun, nor that legal-tender gun, nor the referendum gun, nor any of these other small guns, just work that free silver gun—we can clear the field with that gun. Yield to this and the ticket for 1900 is now in the field and has been for more than a year. The populists will have no ticket. There will be no populist platform. It will be the other platform. In the north, populists fuse with democrats. What republicans are and have been in the north, democrats are and have been in the South; both of them will continue to be what they have been; populists can hope for nothing from either of them. Twice in the last three terms, the democrats have been just what the republicans will be and have been when McKinley's time is all in. Two frauds—even chances for sixteen years, and the country going to destruction pell mell. And men claiming to be populist, want every gun but one in the populist battery silenced.

THE FUTURE.

And you promise us victory in 1900 with the populists split in twain, and the two old parties with nothing but failure in sight for sixteen years—with a failure to elect in 1896, when we were all united, staring us in the face. Out of this condition and these facts, victory is to come marching on to the White House. Well, perhaps so, but if it was a military campaign, you would be annihilated in six months or even less time. Well, what then must be done? Stand to your guns, every one of you. Work every gun for all it is worth. Fill earth, sea and sky with missels of death to plutocracy. General Wayne fighting Indians, or General Taylor's orders to Captain Bragg, on the field of Monterey, are good models. Do it that way.

The other fellows must have our votes if they ever get in. There is no hope for them without us. Then name the terms and like a macedonian phalanx move on the enemy. As soon as we convince all the world that the only hope of getting our votes is to come to our platform they will come. They have to come if we stand our ground. We can dictate the terms, and duty to God and country demand of us that we do it. This want of self respect, of manly dignity, and hunting around to find some one to take us is despisable. "Suicide" eh? No brother Higgins I am struggling to keep you and others from commiting murder. Fuse and surrender who may. Follow the greenback party to the grave yard if you will, but here is one that stays with the whole platform—not part of it only—no sir, no never!!

Plutocracy will go right on and grow fat under free coinage if we leave railroad, land, legal tender, referendum, coin redemption and all the others out. Surrender means death. Nay rather "Give me liberty or give me death" a manly death please. J. M. SNYDER.

Klondike.

Are you going to The Klondike? Do you know how to get there? Write S. K. Hooper, C. P. & T. A., D. & R. G. R. R., Denver, Colo., for a delightfully illustrated pamphlet devoted to this subject.

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

How the Cities of the Awful Mutiny Look To-Day.

Of the three cities in which the greatest scenes of the mutiny were enacted Lucknow is today by far the most beautiful. Where the cruelest deeds in the bitter tragedy of Cawnpore were done a fair garden was laid out, and into this no native is permitted to come, says the London Telegraph. A cross of white marble upon a black pedestal stands to mark the site of Nana Sahib's Bibighar, or women's quarters, in which, at his brutal orders, the English women and children were done to death. Over the well there stands now Baron Marochetti's lovely figure of the Angel of the Resurrection, with the text "These are they which come out of great tribulation," while the inscription, written by the late Lord Elgin, runs: "Sacred to the memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who, near this spot, were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below." But, outside, Cawnpore is the Manchester of India, doing a huge trade in cotton, saddlery and boots. At Delhi the most striking and impressive memorial is the battered Cashmere gate and bastions, preserved with infinite care exactly as it was after Lieuts. Home and Salkeld, three sergeants and a bugler boy, blew that narrow breach in it, at the cost of every life but one, through which Campbell's column entered the city. Lucknow, however, is a very garden of gardens. It has its delightful parks, and round every European bungalow are wide pleasaunces, in which gorgeous crotons, wonderful climbing plants, hibiscus stephanotis and the delicate mauve bourganvillias make splendid color. Before the beautifully kept grounds of the residency there stands the handsome obelisk erected by Lord Northbrook, while viceroy, to those native officers and sepoys who remained faithful, with inscriptions in Hindoo and Hindustani. Within are other memorials, but the first object of every visitor's pilgrimage are the residency itself and the cemetery. The shot-riddled crumbling walls of the former tell their own eloquent story, and it is with subdued and thoughtful feelings that one mounts the tower whence such eager watch was kept. A very small tablet marks the room in which Lawrence died. In the graveyard are the resting places of those men, women and little children, who died or were killed, and were laid there at night by loving hands, so persistent was the firing in the daytime. The gardener in charge brings a lovely little bouquet of roses and lavender blue plumbago, in case the visitor desires to take away a souvenir of a spot so mournful, so tragic. But surely one would rather cast it in respect upon the marble slab recording in his own words that "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul."

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THE HOTEL WOMAN.

She Leads a Lonely, Aimless, Wretched Existence.

A writer who knows more about the ways of women apparently than Balzac and de Maupassant combined has been giving them some advice on the subject of home life, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. He is nothing if not sympathetic, and grows quite pathetic over the misguided female who prefers to live in a hotel where "no duties call her" and where there is nothing "to exercise her ingenuity or develop her womanly talents," to keeping house in "some corner in this big world which they can call their own, their very own." This is heartrending, but nothing compared to the state of mind of the hotel wife when her husband leaves her in the morning. According to this same writer "she turns back into the room and wonders what she can do during the day, how she will employ herself, where she will go. There is nothing in her room to appeal to her to stay there. No home duties confront her. There is nothing in her life; two-thirds of herself lies dormant." In fact, so desperate is her loneliness that she is actually "glad when the time comes for her husband to come home; glad to feel that she has some one to whom she can talk." What a remarkable young woman! But the young husband is as badly off almost as his wife. To him material considerations appeal. He grieves because "the furniture around them is not their own; nothing around him is his; everything is by lease, his for a time for so much money; and after he is through paying for it he leaves it behind"—which is at least comforting news for the hotel proprietor. When the writer speaks of "the germ of evolution which springs from the hearthstone" we take it as a direct aspersion upon the hotel radiator, but when he declares that "people who stop and stagnate are never happy," we would like to ask what about the persons who stagnate and go on. There are more epigrams, but the following should be framed and flaunted by flat owners and suburban cottage builders the world over: "The humblest cottage is a million times better than the most luxurious hotel ever planned by the hands of man!" Think of that, little Mrs. Lonesomehurst, and never again envy your millionaire friend who lives at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Why We Do Not Live a Hundred Years.

Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with rage," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use—the latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and the temper; the strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives have generally their prescribed term of years. Thus the horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, the lion about twenty, the hog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is always the most irritable, and there is reason to believe though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

Discovery of Steam as a Motive Power

In 1543 a mechanic who had for many years puzzled and experimented on the subject, brought to the attention of Emperor Charles Fifth, of Austria, an invention by means of which ships could be propelled by steam. The monarch was greatly impressed and would no doubt have become the patron of this great invention, but one of his prime ministers, evidently jealous of the attention the inventor was receiving, so worked upon the mind of the emperor that his interest in the invention was quite destroyed. In 1641 a man was put into a mad house because he persistently followed some of the great men of his country about, declaring that he had discovered a new motive power that would revolutionize the machinery of the age. Many countries and people have claimed to be the discoverers of steam as a motive power, but these accounts, which are well authenticated, seem to settle the question finally.

Coyotes on the War Path.

Western Kansas is overrun this year with coyotes. It was thought that they had been almost exterminated by the warfare made by the settlers of the new country, but reports from that section indicate that they are multiplying instead of diminishing. They have killed thousands of sheep, and even go into the farmers' hen-houses and kill their chickens. Dogs are no protection against their invasions, for one coyote, if cornered, will whip three ordinary dogs.

Worn for the Philatelists.

The various countries of the world now use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

DEBUTANTE WITH MILLIONS.

Miss Annie Leary to Chaperon Hetty Green's Daughter, Sylvia.

Mrs. Hetty Green, America's richest woman, has made all arrangements for the introduction of her daughter Sylvia into New York's 400 this season. Miss Annie Leary of 90 Fifth avenue will act as chaperon to the young woman. Miss Leary is wealthy, and although she has had many suitors has never married. She has been the introducer into society of wealthy girls and women. There is one requisite, and that is that they shall have been convent-bred and Roman Catholics. One of the first debuntantes under Miss Leary's protection was Miss Crimmins, the eldest daughter of John D. Crimmins, who afterward married Mr. Jennings of Brooklyn. Mrs. Henry Plant, the wife of the millionaire hotel and express man, is another of Miss Leary's proteges. It is a pleasure to her, as she is wealthy and does not care for any emolument. In summer she lives in an odd quarter of Newport, down a little street in the old part of the town. Here she gives teas, and the entire plutocracy of the place, including Mrs. Astor and the Vanderbilts, are her guests. Last summer she had stopping with her Mrs. Yznaga, the mother of the duchess of Manchester. Miss Leary is genial and kind-hearted, intelligent and hospitable. She resembles Mrs. William Astor in appearance. Her hair is dark, she is rather slight and she dresses in half-mourning. Her Tuesday afternoons are delightful, as one meets at her house not only the fashionable people, but upper Bohemia as well. Miss Leary's father was the hatter of the first part of this century, and the grandfathers of the present generation used to buy their hats from him when he kept his shop under the old Astor house. He was a great friend of the original John Jacob Astor, who sold him furs to make the grandfathers hats of that day. The Astors and the Learys always visited, and the frfiendship is a very warm one today, and Mrs. William Astor and Miss Leary are devoted to each other.

Bolt in Maryland, Also.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 6.—What promises to prove a serious split among the Republicans in the Maryland legislature developed last night when an attempt was made to caucus for officers of the general assembly, which convenes to-day. Twelve of the eighteen members from Baltimore city refused to take part in the caucus, and after waiting for an hour behind the appointed time, the other Republicans met without them. The bolt is a protest against Wellington, who is urging Judge McComas for United States senator to succeed Gorman.

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Nebraska and Wyoming Homeseekers' Excursions.

Jan. 18, Feb. 1 and 15, March 1 and 15, April 5 and 19, the Elkhorn-Northwestern line, will sell tickets to points on its lines in Nebraska, and in Wyoming west of and including Orin Junction, at one fare plus $2 for the round trip. No fare to be less than $9.00. City office, 117 So. 10th st., depot, cor. 8 and S sts., Lincoln.

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