

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy's Essay on Girls—Curious Callings—A Neat Little Nut Trick—She Had Heard So—The Play Corner.

Curious Callings.

Paris, like all capitals, has its peculiar types of character unknown to the ordinary visitor who, having "done" the Boulevards and the Champs Elysees, thinks he has seen everything. That this is a mistake need hardly be said. Paris is full of human curiosities. One is the ramasseur des bouts de cigars, who may be seen at work at all hours of the day and night. He begins at two o'clock in the morning, after the closing of the fashionable cafes and brasseries and before the street sweepers arrive. At noon after luncheon he makes another tour round the drinking and smoking establishments. He now regresses himself, and with his cigarette and cigar ends. His third and last tour is made at nine o'clock round the doors of the restaurants and theatres, where he reaps his best harvest. On an average he picks up half a pound of ends per day, which, after sifting, drying, and cutting up, he sells to the rag pickers and other smokers who cannot afford to have their tobacco first hand. His earnings range from a franc to two francs a day, according to the weather. When it is wet he does not gain more than half a franc. Attentive observers must have seen him darting in and out under the cafe tables on the pavements picking up the remnants thrown away by the smokers. Legally speaking, his little commerce is prohibited, but the policemen kindly shut their eyes, and interfere with him only when he shows too much zeal and annoys the customers. He is generally a youth or an old man, too lazy or too feeble to do other work. It is estimated that 500,000 cigars and cigarettes are smoked daily in Paris, one-third of which finds its way into the little sack of the ramasseur.

Next there is the reveilleur. This is invariably an old man who has worked long, but who, like too many tollers, has reached the last days of his life without having saved a penny. He corresponds to the "knocker up" in Lancashire towns. His occupation is simplicity itself. The reveilleur rises at two in the morning, whatever be the season or weather, and proceeds to patrol the working quarters. His duty is to wake up the workmen, lest they should oversleep themselves and thereby arrive at the shops too late to be admitted without a fine. He has a book in which all the names and addresses of his clients are written down. He follows his itinerary with the punctuality of a postman, raises a cry before each house and does not move on until he sees the window open and has received an answer. For every workman thus woken up he gets a halfpenny per day; most of the workmen, however, pay him by the week or month. His best season is, of course, the winter, when the nights are long and his services most required. Taking the year round, he manages to earn a franc daily, which keeps him from starving or the workhouse.

Our next type is also a ramasseur, but of a more agreeable nature. His task consists in collecting all the broken bread he can find. It must not be thought that he gathers the crusts and crumbs for his own consumption. His principle is that nothing should be lost; and moreover, he knows that a piece of stale bread, however dry, added to another piece, helps to fill a sack which, when replenished, he can sell to the rearer of rabbits for a franc.

A Boy's Essay on Girls.

The following may be some "literary fellow's" invention; if so, it certainly hits off the average boy's notion of his girl associates: Girls is great on making believe. She will make believe a doll is a live baby. She will make believe she is orful sweet on another girl or a feller if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say: "Horrid old thing!" Girls is always fooling a feller. She can't lie, yer, so she gets the best of yer that way. If yer don't do what a girls says yer horrid. I drather be horrid than soft. If yer do what a girl tells you you will do all sorts of foolish things. Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would get tired and have to do something worse in a while. I know a fellow named Girls says feller or orful; but when a girl gets a-going it she acts orful than any feller darst. They don't care for nothing. If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home she ain't satisfied unless she gets the same feller the other girls want, whether she likes him or not. Girls is grate on having secrets—I mean telling secrets. They make secret out of nothing at all, and then tell it round to all the other girls, orful quiet, just as if it was something dreadfull. I believe a girls likes to make believe they are doing something dreadfull. Girls always gets their joggery lesson better than a feller; but if they are going anywhere they don't know their way a bit, and they are sure to get lost. If two fellers has a fight the girls all go for the feller what hits, no matter whether he is good for anything else or not. If a girl don't feel like doing anything you can't make her, no matter whether she had order or not. If she won't she won't, and she will get out of it somehow. That is all I know about girls this time.—Exchange.

The Ghost.

There was once a man who was deathly afraid of ghosts. A neighbor resolved to play ghost and haunt him until he was cured of his foolish idea. One night, Mr. Wilton (the name of the man who believed in ghosts) came home later than usual, and going up to his room was met by an object all in white with a hideous grin, whom he naturally took for a ghost, who said not a word, but followed him wherever he went. Mr. Wilton was so frightened that his teeth chattered, and he shook violently, and when the ghost gave him a tap on the back and another grin, he fell down on the floor.

Presently he got up and tried to bribe the ghost to leave him and not plague him any longer, but the ghost answered him, saying, "You believed in immortal things, so I came from my haunts to visit you until you are willing to lead a sensible life and cease believing in or fearing ghosts; then I will return to my former abode and never come back more, but if you say that you do not fear ghosts when you really do I will haunt you to the grave." The man suddenly threw himself across his bed overcome with fright, but he resolved to not fear ghosts, and every night for a whole week the ghost visited the wretched man, but as soon as the clock struck twelve, the ghost with a starting grin left the room. The second week things were no better than the first, and finally the man resolved to cure and to rid himself of the pesterous fellow. So at the next call Mr. Wilton welcomed him and talked to him as cordially as if he had been his best friend. The ghost could not stand this, so the next night when the same cordiality continued, he took off his ghost clothes and showed Mr. Wilton that he was no ghost, but his friend Mr. Treke. Mr. Wilton and Mr. Treke both had a good laugh over Mr. Wilton's foolish fears, and he was cured of too. Ever after that they always told that story as the best one they knew.

The Baby's Letter.

Dear Aunt Belle—Did you know I had lots of toes right on the end of my feet? They are little, soft, round things, and they are not on very tight, but I can't pull them off, for I've tried and tried.

And there's a new tooth come in my mouth. There isn't anybody else in this house who has had a tooth come, and I haven't got one. There are not many teeth to spare, I suppose, and you can't have but one.

Mamma found it and put her finger on; and then she told papa, and he laughed and put his finger on it. He told Uncle Jack and Uncle Jack said: "Whew!" and rubbed it with his finger, and they didn't taste good a bit. It's queer babies have to taste of fingers because they have a tooth.

And, Aunt Belle, my papa wants me to drop on the floor and break. I know he does, because he took me up in his arms the other day and I was afraid I should fall, and so I put both hands in his whiskers. Then he jumped and I held on tighter, and he halloed and took my hands out. So I know he wants me to drop on the floor and break. That is the way things do when you drop them.

The Play Corner.

Into a basin of water throw a piece of money, a ring, or any object, and propose to take it out without wetting your hands.

All that you have to do is to sprinkle the surface of the liquid with a powder that has no cohesion with the water, and consequently that the water does not wet. Lycopodium powder, which may be found in any drug store, have this property.

After having thrown a little of this powder on the water plunge your hand bravely to the bottom and take out the ring, and show it to the audience that you hand is perfectly dry. The reason of this is that the lycopodium has formed a perfect glove on your hand, thus preventing any contact with the liquid, the same as, for instance, ducks plunge their bodies into the water, and come out perfectly dry, on account of the oil which is secreted in their feathers.

A Neat Little Nut Trick.

Take an English walnut and hold it between the thumb and middle finger with the index finger resting on the point of the nut, increasing it where there is no pressure.

After that much has been accomplished comes a little jugglery. Let us tell the spectators, for example, that by rubbing the nut against the woollen surface, the coat sleeve for instance, enough electricity can be generated for the nut to adhere to the index finger and hang suspended in the air. In reality, however, as soon as the pressure has been removed from the body of the nut it closes at the top, imprisoning a bit of the skin of the index finger.

Crystal Fireworks.

I have a bottle here full of black material, which is to fall upon the flame of this candle. When I tell you that this bottle contains a quantity of steel filings, you will at once prophesy that the light will be put out.

Let us see what will happen! Why, well instead of putting the candles out, I am making it disport itself as candle never did before. Here we have fireworks, which if they do not quite rival those of the Crystal Palace, are a splendor of their own.

She Had Heard So.

What numbers of facts are still unrecorded in any book!

A teacher was hearing her class in natural history recite, and asked a bright little girl: "What is a ruminating animal?" "One that chews her cubs," was the innocent reply.—New Moon.

Going Around the World.

There are 1,100 steamers traversing the four great ocean routes. The first is that across the Atlantic, another by Suez to India, China and Australia. To go around the world that way takes 80 to 90 days, and covers 23,000 miles. The passage money is \$1,000, and the traveler who wishes to go in comfort and ease should have another \$1,000 with him. Another sea route described is that by which you start from San Francisco and sail around the American continent to New York. The journey is 16,500 miles long, it takes 100 days to cover it, and the fare is about the same as that around the world. To go around the Cape of Good Hope to Australia and back around Cape Horn is about 25,000 miles, and can be covered in 81 days. The cost is only \$750.—From London Tid-Bits.

PATERNALISM.

There Are No Statutes That Are Not Paternal or Class.

The very word defines itself. Paternal, parent-like directing and caring as would a parent. Therefore when legislation is of a paternal nature it is that species of legislation which causes the government to assume the oversight as would a father.

There is but two species of legislation, says the Toller. One is where the government grants its service and the other is where it forces obedience. It may force obedience where it grants its service, or may grant its service where it forces obedience. These two elements enter into all legislation. The government grants its service and compels obedience in its postal system. It grants its service in the life saving system along our coast. What can be more paternal than the systems named? Take our protective tariff system in it, the policy of our government is to force obedience; this species is class and yet paternal; it is class because the paternal power is not extended to all the people. It is paternal, because the government's service is extended to certain beneficiaries. At this moment we do not think of any legislation that is not paternal in its relation to the people, except the laying and collecting of revenues. Even our penal system is paternal in its nature to the public which it seeks to protect. There are no statutes but what are paternal or class in their application, and some are both. We challenge a contradiction of this assertion which has been deducted from the reasoning just given. Of the two classes, which is preferable? Paternalism, when unadulterated with class preferment, has always dealt out justice and never monopolies. Class legislation has never failed to favor combines. It is paternal for our government to issue money. It is class to make preferred receivers of this government's service, but it is not always possible to receive the benefits of the government's service without a system which in its nature would seem class. For instance, suppose the bogus protective tariff argument was true, that it was best for the whole country that a bounty be paid manufacturers, then the system would be paternal in its nature but class in its application. Class legislation is never safe unless it is to carry out a paternal policy which applies alike to all. The tariff system does not do this. The national banking plan does not do it, and they were both intended to extend a paternal hand to the whole country.

The trouble lies in the fact that class preferment was given too much prominence in the two policies cited above. If the reader has carefully caught the deductions above, he is ready for this affirmation. There has never been a law repealed since our's has been a government, because of its paternal nature. Sometimes laws of a paternal nature have been repealed because of the special privilege granted in the application—as in the case of the old United States bank.

It is entirely too late in the day to begin insisting that the monetary reform asked for by the Alliance is paternal. It has always been a paternal duty of the government to issue money. The paternal feature cannot be complained at, if so, where do you propose to have our money come from? It is paternal and our constitution provides for paternalism because it gives our government absolute control of our money.

The Alliance idea is to secure this paternal service by a method as void of class preferment as possible. We insist that one great argument in favor of our plan is against the banking system that is ours will bring so many thousands—yes millions—in close touch with the government, while the present system brings only hundreds. The difference is, that hundreds can combine for selfish purposes while millions cannot. A combine always distracts the parental effort of our legislation. We object to the present banking system on the same grounds that Andrew Jackson vetoed the rechartering bill for the old United States bank, viz: that it puts the circulating medium in the hands of a selfish combine, or in other words, the paternal feature is defeated by the class application.

President Polk's Tribute.

At the meeting of the Maryland State Alliance, President Polk gave the following beautiful tribute to the farmers: "For twenty-five years I have been in public life. I never found myself fighting in the front rank of God's noblemen until I struck the Farmers' Alliance. Let us stand by our principles until the last man falls in the fight and then volunteers will come up and take our places. Men, citizens, farmers, stand together for every principle of our organization, and a glorious triumph awaits us. They told us there would be a division in the ranks at the polls. They who proclaim divisions did not know us. There is no division. We do not know what they are, thank God, and in that spirit we will proclaim and fight for the triumph of our principles."

"How Long, O Catalina!"

Catalina was the arch conspirator of Cicero's time against the peace, prosperity and welfare of Rome; and Cicero faced him with some of his most famous orations, one beginning as above, "Quandiu, Catalina?" "How long, O Catalina, wilt thou abuse our patience?"

So may the People's party address that chief evil genius of the American people—that man who has caused more woe than any living American. Now hear him squeak out his exultation from his "bad eminence."

"I believe that we have won a great victory. In many respects it is but an indorsement or echo of the fight in 1875 upon the financial question. President Hayes and myself then made an issue for the honest dollar, and this election in our commonwealth only shows that the people of this state are true to the best elements of all life. For the second time in our political history the state of Ohio has spoken and decided that question so far as it can."

How do you like that, Old Guard of the Greenbackers? You could not have won a victory with so short a time to organize; but you should have done better. Try still in every way to block the old Apollon of the treasury from getting again into the senate. If he were at that rally around the flag next year in the presidential election. Worse and more of it: "The Western Reserve solid for John Sherman." Shame on the cowardly slaves! Fifty years ago the life center of the United States was gradually moving from the New England states to that same "Western Reserve"—then of larger dimensions. There grew up then the very flower of our people. But long ago that life center began moving west of the Mississippi—especially into Kansas. Thither went people who hated all manner of slavery. But let Ohio awake and stir herself as of old. Otherwise shall all lovers of truth and right vent upon her—the curse, the bitter curse of Meroc, who would not arise to the help of the Lord against the mighty!"—Chicago Express.

The Plow and Hammer.

The tallow candle furnished the light for our granddads. Electricity is now required to light the nights. A single gold standard of value and our present banking system is as far behind the times as the old tallow candles would be to our present electric-lighting system of to-day. The ancient goldites that suppose their money theories will meet the requirements of the changed conditions that exist to-day will wake up some fine morning and find they are back-number relics without a following.

The People Will Be Free.

It will be time enough ten years hence to determine whether the reforms demanded by the people at the present time are impracticable or not. Many of our own people who have enlisted in the cause do not seem to realize the power and strength of the enemies of the people. Many of our own people are expecting immediate results, and when victory is not at once attained they become discouraged and some of them give up. We are facing to-day the imperialism of capital—more formidable and powerful than all the monarchies of the world. No reform in the world's history was ever freighted with so many responsibilities, ever encountered so great an undertaking, the accomplishment of which would be so far reaching in results as the present demand by the producing classes of the United States, and no great reform ever made more rapid progress. All great reforms, to be lasting and permanent, should move slowly. The great American people move slowly but surely. They have always been equal to every emergency and the great common people can be trusted. The hope of the country is in the intelligence of the masses. The people are awakening to a realizing sense of their power. This is an age of newspapers and the rapid dissemination of thought, and this accounts for the rapid progress we are making in this age over other eras. Think of the great armies of men and women who are thinking and studying the great problems of self government, and then dare to say they will fail! Think of the more than fifteen hundred papers devoted to the cause, the books, the pamphlets, folders and leaflets that are being scattered by the millions and then talk about failure! Look at the great labor and industrial organizations traveling on parallel lines but gradually converging towards a general amalgamation, and then say their demands will go unheeded! Formidable as the money power may be entrenched, and difficult as the task may seem, it will nevertheless be accomplished and the people will be free. We must patiently endure to the end, allowing no obstacles whatever to obstruct our onward progress.

"Iridescent Dreams."

It was very kind in ex-Senator Ingalls to nominate presidential tickets for the two parties, but he neglected to provide the platforms.—Washington Post.

Senator Ingalls announced his platform in his celebrated interview in the New York World, April 13, 1890, wherein he declared that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream" and that "the doctrine and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign." That would seem to be plain enough for any one, even the editor of the Post to understand, especially "The wayfaring man though a fool, need not err therein."—Topsick Advocate.

Compliments For Standard Oil.

The Standard Oil trust is a charged brand that has grown so strong and rich that it now tramples on all the laws of God and man with impunity.

It hires incendiaries to burn down the refineries of its rivals. It hires thugs to ruin oil wells that are discovered by farmers. It bribes oil inspectors who pass cheap low grade oils that explode and burn up women and children. It bribes legislators who lower the oil test to the danger line. It elects members of congress and United States senators. It buys judges and prostitutes courts of law.

Not a New Thing.

The Alliance land-loan scheme is not of recent origin. It has been practiced before and is now being agitated in England. What England is doing to enable Irish tenant farmers to purchase their holdings by lending them the necessary funds from the national treasury, at a low rate of interest, on the security of the land, was done by Prussia as long ago as 1850, with excellent results. The State established numerous land banks, which advanced to the peasants the sum necessary for the purchase of the old landlord rights which were in each case commuted for a definite sum. The advance thus made constituted a first charge on the land, and was represented by debenture bonds for small amounts. The owner of the land had the right to pay to their credit, at whatever time in whatever sums he was able, installments towards their redemption, but was bound to redeem them all fully inside of fifty years. Within a generation similar reforms have been carried out in other German states, and by their

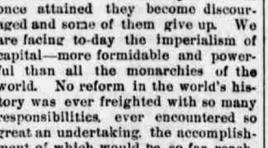
means large estates in extensive sections of the country have been transferred from reckless nobles who wrung from them the means of prodigal extravagance by oppressing the wretched tenants, to thrifty peasant proprietors who draw from their small holdings the means of virtuous comfort by the cheerful labor of their own hands. Between national loans of this kind and those sought by Senator Stanford's land-loan scheme is the radical difference that in the former case the total loan was moderate in amount and made for the purchase of land which remained as security for the advance; while in the latter the money to be lent would be almost limitless in amount and could be used for any purpose for which the borrowers might choose to employ it.

The Alliance Advocate: Every business man must acknowledge that business is at a low ebb at this time. All the smaller firms are struggling for a bare living, while the volume of business is constantly drifting to larger firms. This is simply because the volume of currency is not sufficient to transact the business of the country.

The Farmers and Laborers Light: Prior to the election of 1890 Kansas ranked fourth in the number of pensioners, but since the election it has advanced very rapidly in pensioners until now it stands at the head of the list with pensioners. It is easily to be seen that the soldiers so long as they stick to the G. O. P., will be like the colored people—ignored in their claims. So long as the soldiers are counted solid, or nearly so, for the G. O. P., so long will they fail to get their demands, let them be ever so just.

"Keep in the Middle of the Road."

It is expected that many speakers will be able to pay their way by the sale of this medal. In order to obtain one you want the medal attached to a pin to be worn as a badge, or plain, to be carried as a pocket piece.



A New Badge.

The accompanying design speaks for itself. People's Party for our country and Flag for our America. Every reformer should have one. Price, solid gold \$1.50. Silver \$1.00. Copper \$0.50. Made in U.S.A. Address all orders to ALLIANCE PUB. CO., Lincoln, Neb.

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200,000 ARE SINGING FROM THE Alliance and Labor Songster!

The demand for the little book was so very heavy that the publishers have now completed a beautiful MUSIC EDITION Revised and enlarged, in superior style, and furnished in both paper and bound covers. This is far the largest songster in the market for the price, and the carefully prepared index enables both workers and reformers to be used together. The music Edition resembles in appearance and size Gospel Hymns. These books are in use than any other Labor Songster published. The demand is simply wonderful. With largely increased facilities for publishing, all orders can be filled the same day received, whether by the dozen or thousand. Price, single copy, paper bound, 25c. Post paid, per dozen, \$2.00 and \$2.50 post paid. Word edition, 50 pages 10c. ALLIANCE PUB. CO., Lincoln, Neb.

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Says "The Money Monopoly" is for utility, the best book now in print—a cyclopaedist simply priceless.

JOHN D. C. DEWANEY of Omaha, Neb., writes to "THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE": "The Money Monopoly has made many converts here. I give the word and hope that every man who reads it has become an Independent."

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