

# ALLIANCE-INDEPENDENT.

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"If any man must fall for me to rise,  
Then seek I not to climb. Another's pain  
I choose not for my good. A golden chain,  
A robe of honor, is too good a prize  
To tempt my heavy hand to do a wrong  
Unto a fellow man. This life hath won  
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic foe;  
And who that hath a heart would dare prolong  
Or add a sorrow to a stricken soul?  
That seeks a healing balm to make it whole?  
My bosom owns the brotherhood of man."

N. I. P. A.



**Publishers' Announcement.**  
The subscription price of the ALLIANCE-INDEPENDENT is \$1.00 per year, invariably in advance. Paper will be promptly discontinued at expiration of time paid for unless we receive orders to continue.  
AGENTS in soliciting subscriptions should be very careful that all names are correctly spelled and proper postage given. Blank forms for yearly subscriptions, return envelopes, etc., can be had on application to this office.  
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## PEOPLE'S PARTY STATE TICKET.

For Supreme Judge,  
**S. A. HOLCOMB, of Custer.**  
For Regents State University,  
Long term—**E. L. BEATH of Sheridan;**  
**A. A. MONROE of Douglas.**  
Short term—**C. L. BRAINARD of Chase.**

## TWO VOICES.

**THE PARTIES REPRESENTED.**  
**FIRST VOICE, Speaks, frankly, for the contented conservatives, Republicans and Democrats.**

**SECOND VOICE, Speaks for the progressive tillers and toilers, the Populists.**

(FIRST VOICE)  
What has been must always remain,  
The masses must stay on their knees;  
For "the natural rulers" will reign,  
And live in luxurious ease.  
They're anarchists only, or fools,  
Who talk of "the people's decrees";  
For tiller and toiler are tools  
The cunning can use as they please.  
Or leave them to hunger and freeze.

(SECOND VOICE)  
This beautiful creed of content  
Has always been preached from the top;  
But the workers' enlightened dissent  
Has spread to the classes that prop.  
The middle class, quiet as long  
A world pressing down cannot stop.  
And the slow, from beneath, with the strong,  
Who bear up the tyrant and top,  
Have started to give them the drop.

(FIRST VOICE)  
But whom can you make over new?  
The law of supply and demand  
Has established monopoly, too—  
Finance you cannot understand.  
The struggle was open for all,  
With property safe in the hand;  
And part have been pressed to the wall  
By means of a creditor hand,  
Which common men cannot withstand.

(SECOND VOICE)  
You sneer when the workers arise,  
To gain the control of the state,  
You stop up your ears at their cries,  
And the substance you long to share—  
But friend, you're a century late.  
Twas workers who fought to be free,  
And said that a man was a man  
The aristocrat over the sea  
They whipped—and they whipped them again.

(FIRST VOICE)  
"These plowshares they left in the field"  
To conquer the king and his clan  
And thus you the millions of gold,  
With shrewd "business" to plan,  
Can shake the seas of such rain.  
The voice of the people shall rise,  
Our fathers before us decreed  
And they gave us the halberd and shield,  
Equality's weapon light and good.  
With these as our light and defense,  
Not such men, but such, shall lead.  
We're equal in tribal state—  
If not in militia and creed—  
And liberty's traitors we've freed.

—GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.

## THE NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

The Populist or people's party has been called into existence to deal with new conditions and pressing political questions, with obstacles in the way of liberty which our fathers did not have to meet. It was not possible to crowd multitudes together and write their earnings from them one hundred years ago. "The (new) world was all before them." Without capital they could plunge into the primeval forests, or push out on the fertile plains, and live in noble comfortable independence. As late as twenty years ago men were still singing, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." But the excited crowd which so lately lined the borders of the Cherokee strip, waiting for the signal which allowed the desperate rush to begin, was not singing that song.

No freedom, room to live, is not so easy to secure as it was. The average man, standing alone, can not defend himself, can not retain what liberty is left him. He has not, because of changed conditions, the power to make free contracts.

The foes of freedom have advanced greatly in cunning and legal invention, in new and obscure methods of transferring the land and liberties of the people to themselves. Our fathers loved liberty and fought for it long and well. They declared, in the immortal words of Jefferson, that "All men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And in the sense that rights can never cease to be rights, they are inalienable; but practically the right to life or liberty, is not in possession of the landless, the moneyless, the unemployed. More than half our people own no land and must pay tribute to land monopolists. More than half of the people are dependent on capitalists for employment, and the capitalists invariably submit terms which are unequal, terms of net profit to themselves, and of corresponding loss to the producers employed. Then, besides this, there are certain great corporations and trusts which have secured power through class legislation to tax us all at pleasure, to make monopoly prices for commercial services and living necessities.

In these ways under a system of outgrown laws and class legislation, our people are fast becoming a nation of despots and slaves. And statesmanship broader and more enlightened than the past has required or known, is now imperatively demanded to rescue and perpetuate universal liberty. The ship of state is drifting steadily toward the foaming breakers, and new hands, wise and patriotic, must grasp the helm.

The two old parties long since came to be, simply, political business machines, machines run for private profit. Success by any means and methods, is the real waterword of both. Professional politicians are in full control, are animated by love of gain and power, and are making merchandise of our sacred, blood-bought liberties. The democratic party is now the pet party of the money power, and its machine is run by the office seekers, for the plutocracy. The professional crew, of the republican party, has also made it a party of the corporations, by the politicians, and for plutocratic despotism. Proof of these charges is seen right here at home in the action of the old party state conventions last week. Congressman Bryan, brilliant, brave and true, the pride of Nebraska and the west, had offended Wall Street by his many fight for the money of the constitution. And so, at plutocratic dictation, the Nebraska machine-run democracy shamelessly split in his face, trampled on him, and kicked him out of the party. Judge Maxwell of the supreme bench, the universally honored and incorruptible friend of the people, offended the railroads and the impeached boodler gang of state officials. And of course he, also, was ordered back to private life and sent there by the state republican machine.

Plutocracy, or the people, which? The hour of battle has again struck. A conflict with the mightiest of earth's despots confronts us, and leaders with great minds and hearts are needed.

"Men whom the list of office will not buy;  
Men whom the spoils of office can not fill;  
Men who will dare to face a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without  
working."  
Talk man, sun-crowd, who live above the fog  
In public station and in private thinking."

And in each crisis in the cause of liberty great, brave patriotic statesmen do arise, mighty moral men, spiritual sons of the ancient divine legislator. Not all the power of lies, of names and shams, of selfish organizations and assumed patriotism—not the brief advantage of pass-supplied and patronage-packed conventions with deeds endorsed by the daily press—not all the combined forces of sardonic and ambition, can stop them. Slender slides from them. The shafts of ridicule they care not for, but move forward through all abuse and discouragement till all the world wenders at their power. They are the Charles Sumners whose eyes flash God-like fire, and whose lips send forth the thunder—  
**LET MY PEOPLE GO.**

## WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

"Why not make the state a model employer?" is asked by Sir John Corbett. This book contains a working remedy for our social evils. The nation has

capital and undivided. There are plenty of "captains of industry" and competent managers if can engage; production in any and every line of productive labor can be reduced to an economic science; and the government would not demand profits or a dividend from the producers. The entire product would belong to the people who produced it. Each separate product can be easily stamped with the labor units, the labor value, entering into it, and exchanging equal congenial labor for other equal but different products; all wants could be supplied without strife, without temptation to indulge in market meanness. And there would be left no fear of want, no burden of care, no need which would remain unsatisfied.

In this time of suffering, when between two and three millions are and have long been out of work when the families of the unemployed, numbering not less than ten million people, are struggling with slow starvation, and are facing with fast vanishing savings the rigors of coming winter, and inevitable sheriff evictions, it is plainly the pressing duty of the state to furnish work to the unemployed, to come to the assistance of the famine-stricken, not with degrading charity, but by providing places, and capital at cost, for all to work.

## THE ASTOR PRINCE.

About a year ago a useless, helpless baby was born in New York, born of a royal line, born to rule over Americans, born prince of a kingdom regularly growing in the reach of its absolute power and the number of its wealth-producing slaves. The kingdom of this heir apparent was worth, measured by its tribute-enforcing power, not less than \$150,000,000. And the prince inherited a life and death power over tens of thousands of hard-working families. Sixty thousand men, working for \$1.50 a day and forced to keep their families on two thirds of it, must turn over to this baby, or allow his agents to take from them, all above the slave's portion, to supply this American prince his \$2,000,000 stream of annual revenue. And out of this revenue could be saved, after buying baby clothes, rattles, etc., a mere \$9,000,000, to buy up more land and subjects each year out of the domain of liberty. This Astor kingdom, under present law, without fighting on the part of the prince, without thought or exertion to extend it, will have grown to three times its present size by the time he reaches his majority. Ten hundred thousand babies, bred and born virtually to serve him, are doomed to enter his conscript army of tribute-providing wealth-producers inside of twenty-one years. And so kingdom is reaching out to meet him, till all liberty shall be destroyed.

We have written a pleasing lullaby to be sung in the Astor palace, and will print it here for our readers:

He's the latest in the line of the Astors,  
Just a baby, knowing nothing,  
Just a baby, doing nothing;  
But he's one of the plutocratic masters,  
With a revenue, and retinue of slaves.  
There are sixty thousand families who toil  
for  
This one baby, knowing nothing,  
This one baby, doing nothing;  
And a million other babies are the spoil for  
His fast growing, kingly retinue of slaves.  
They are coming to the market that engages  
Work for princelings (it's for nothing);  
Work for duellings (doing nothing);  
They'll be fettered by "the iron law of wages";  
And earn tribute for monopolists and knaves.  
O what folly is the talk of "independence,"  
—When a baby, knowing nothing,  
When a baby, doing nothing,  
Wields a scepter of American descendants,  
Who must labor for and beg to be his slaves!

## EX-SENATOR INGALLS SEES IT.

The brilliant Kansan who some time since startled his constituents by declaring that "the golden rule and the decalogue have no place in politics," has found out the necessity of having just legislation and honest legislators. He knows now a good many things worth knowing, as his speech at the G. A. R. reunion at Hutchinson, Kan., Aug. 18, indicates. We quote:

"One year ago we were in the midst of unexampled prosperity, money was plenty, the factories were crowded with work, there never had been a time when a dollar would buy so much of the necessities of life; indeed, there was not a cloud upon the horizon. In the space of twelve short months we have passed from that condition into industrial paralysis, stagnation and death. Money from having been so abundant has become as difficult to procure as intoxicating drinks in a prohibition state, the factories are idle, the country is filled with the unemployed, and the country is in a condition like that of flowing the lack of a devastating cyclone. We are told that the cause is over-production; that the reason why there is so much lumber is that there is too much food; that there are too many shoes. Then we are told that it is a lack of confidence. I see as much money to-day as last year at this time; as many improved farms, as many cattle, as many men able and willing to work. Is it want of confidence, then, in the integrity of man or the beneficence of God. Not that it is the conspiracy on the part of the shysters of Wall street and brigands of finance who have no other politics, no other religion, except the spoliation of the laboring class and the confiscation of the property of mankind."

Neither time nor space permitted us to dissect the republican platform this week. It is even worse than the democratic platform, seven of its planks being rotten in every fiber. Its vanities, absurdities and palpable hypocrisies will be pointed out next week.

## THE CLEVELAND WALL STREET PLATFORM.

We reprint below four of the planks adopted by the Nebraska democracy (so-called) in its recent convention, together with explanations and comments which seem necessary. The sincerity of our words will be seen to be uncalculated for if our readers remember the testimony of scores of prominent, discredited democrats such men as the editor of the Cretes Democrat, himself a delegate on the floor of the convention. Mr. Bowley in the last issue of his paper declared that "Outside of a few of the larger counties, ninety-five per cent of the delegates voting against silver in the democratic convention were federal officials, or applicants for some federal appointment." A state committee letter sent out prior to the convention to the hungry hordes of post-office applicants throughout the state read, as follows:

"You were some time ago endorsed by the state central committee for the post office at ——. Circumstances may arise which may cause a revision of that action. You are earnestly urged to be at the coming democratic state convention, October 4th, as a delegate. Be sure and have your delegation composed only of democrats whom you know can be relied upon."

Here are their planks:

We, the representatives of the democratic party in Nebraska, in state convention assembled, send hearty greeting to our president, Grover Cleveland, and renew the expression of our confidence and pride in his patriotism, courage and wisdom.

We heartily endorse the administration of President Cleveland. We reaffirm the truths so forcibly set forth by the president in his message to the special session of congress. We favor his recommendation to congress therein made for the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act, and we call upon the United States senators to speedily pass the pending bill for the prompt and unconditional repeal of that vicious law.

"The king can do no wrong." God save the king. Let the people go to perdition. It's the post offices we are after, and by damming Bryan and free silver we're bound to get 'em. Not a smell of the spoils till after we have ridden in on our asses, endorsed the Wall Street ruler's goldbug policy, and trampled the hold face off of that young man eloquent." He's too smart, and to democratic and populist, for any use.

"We must rivet tighter the shackles on Nebraska debtors—(Cleveland will provide for us)—and trust the Rip Van Winkle worshippers of old democracy to bow in blindness at the party shrine, so Wall Street intimates."

"Well that's all right, most worshipful masters. We live on the Jericho road. Our political grip is still on the people, only be quiet about dividing with us. Because we happen to know that they are all—even life long democrats—coming out of their dazed condition. The blasted populists have knocked our democratic masks off, and this is our last chance to get service and get paid for it. Now let the band play while the devil gets in his work."

We denounce the seditious and inflammatory language used by public speakers of recent days and their efforts to stir up strife and dissension, and create jealousy and distrust in the different parts of our common country as un-American and unpatriotic and fraught with danger to our institutions.

The democracy of Nebraska declares that it recognizes in commercial and financial affairs no north, no south, no east, no west; that the inter independence of the states as one people ordains the closest identity of interests without regard to section or locality, and that all teachings to the contrary by whomsoever disseminated are false and pernicious.

O, you cringing, crawling reptiles, You blood-sucking scoundrels! Grovel, will you, at the feet of Shylock and spread your slanderous slime over the lovers of liberty, the true patriots, the nation's hope! You, you call men unpatriotic and seditious, you who would double the burdens of debtors and make hopeless slaves of American citizens! The American and European money kings are sacred, in your eyes. And you can help them "rob widows' houses" and drive to degradation and suicide our sons and daughters. Had the accident of birth placed you across the sea, you would now be rent and eviction agents for non-resident English dukes and debauchees. You would know no Ireland, no Scotland, no England—nothing but the Queen and her world-despising, people-defying, most ignominious lords. Had you lived in America in 1770 and onward, you would have written abject letters to the king, you would have informed "his highness" that you stood among the faithful, and that all royal favors would be gratefully received. You, democrats! You are royalists to the last man. You believe in the divine right of a shirking class to command perpetual supporting revenue from the overworked producing class. You are most ardent supporters of an international plutocracy. You belong to a gang whom with "eternal vigilance" we must watch, and expose and keep under lest our liberties be stolen from us and legally destroyed.

## AN ACCURATE DEFINITION

The Centralia (Mo.) Courier tells one of its readers what a goldbug is, and the definition it gives is so Websterianly accurate and exhaustive that we give it to our readers for the benefit of any who may not be so clear in their minds. A reader wants to know what a gold bug is. A gold bug is the gourmand of

the animal kingdom. It has an insatiable maw. It has as many arms of greed and avarice as the devil fish has tentacles. It has no eyes to see the rule, misery and devastation it causes. It has no ear to catch the wail that comes up from the army of unemployed all over the country for bread. It has no heart; there may be a knot of ganglion that sends the cold blood creeping, oozing through its system; it can have no warm, beating heart. It knows no charity, feels no love, and recognizes no brotherhood, man or fatherhood of God. Its creed is give, give, give. Its chief attribute is supreme selfishness. It would dwarf the world and make slaves of the children of men. It would send the long, bony fingers of want knocking upon the door of every cottage home. It would shut out sunshine, murder hope, strangle prosperity, blast projects, and deaden aspirations. In short, the gold bug is the personal devil of Holy Writ that hath up and down the earth seeking whom it may devour.

The Courier might have added that the regular intelligent goldbugs have, like another tribe of insects, servants, hired supporters who furnish them votes and assistance by parroting their cry for honest money. For convenience sake master and bid servants are classed together.

## SOME NON-CONVENTIONAL REMARKS.

The Morton cry at the democratic convention was that no man, meaning Bryan, can become greater than his party. According to the same rule no state convention ought to be allowed to become greater than the national convention of the same party. But read the Chicago platform and the state platform on the silver question and see what chunks of harmony.

Tobe Castor's convention by the grace of the B. & M. was a success viewed from the White House or from the Agricultural department at Washington.

Last week was a red letter week for the railroads in Nebraska. They succeeded in turning down Judge Maxwell in the republican convention and nominating Harrison for supreme judge, but Rosewater says the people will repudiate their work at the polls, and they certainly ought to know.

The democratic state convention last Wednesday was a corker. It will pass into history as the pie-olter convention. It was composed mainly of applicants for post offices and other positions in the gift of the president. It emphasized what had before been understood that no free silver man need apply. It sat down upon W. J. Bryan, the only man who could ever be elected to congress, from Nebraska, upon a democratic ticket, in great shape. In fact it was the most merciless and cold blooded political murder that was ever witnessed. It remains to be seen whether Bryan's friends will kiss the hands that struck, what was intended as a fatal blow. We prophesy there will be more kicking than kissing.

## OUR STATE CONVENTIONS.

The writer has been privileged to attend through the entire sessions of three state conventions in the state of Nebraska this year; and if conventions are an index of what the political harvest will be, the people's party, standing upon its well defined platform, must and will succeed in November, if the voter exercises his right and does his duty as he feels and knows he should.

At this late date it is unnecessary to go over the details of the first of these conventions; but it may not be out of place to remind our readers of the unbridled enthusiasm, perfect harmony and plain and decisive platform of the people's party. It dodged no important live issue of the day; but came out boldly and defined the position of the party as favoring and demanding government ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, to be operated in the interest and for the benefit of the whole people; the free coinage of both gold and silver at a ratio of 16 to 1; a service pension to our worthy soldiers, such pensions to be on an equality regardless of rank, and an additional amount based upon the degree of disability; a pure ballot, freed from the pernicious influence of unprincipled politicians and religious prejudice; the abolition of the present system of contract convict labor; the investment of the state school funds for the benefit of the people instead of the individual; and upon this clear cut platform of principles the people's independent party of the state of Nebraska sends forth its ticket of clear, honorable and worthy nominees headed by Judge Holcomb, asking the suffrages of all fair minded voters.

In sharp contrast to the above named convention, was that of the democrats held in Lincoln on the 4th, inst. At this convention Hon. W. J. Bryan was present and it was understood before the convention that there was a strong Cleveland-Morton administration—pop dispenser opposition to the young, talented statesman, Bryan and his stand for the common people upon the all important money question, were to

be "turned down" and a gold standard set up. The Bryan forces headed by their brilliant captain made a gallant fight for pure democracy, but were defeated in the unequal contest. The state central committee had quietly communicated with postmasters, prospective postmasters and other appointed government officials and those hoping for appointments, directing that so far as possible, administration democrats only were to be sent to the convention. One notable instance of their "success through defeat" along this line, was that of A. B. Charde of Bart county, a Cleveland-Morton goldbug, who was unable to get into the Bart county delegation—that county being of the Bryan stripe of democracy—succeeded in getting into the Knox county delegation, where he voted the county solid against Bryan and the much needed money of the constitution.

At one time during the evening when the uproar was so intense that one could scarcely hear himself the tall straight figure of Well, Harrington of Bart was seen to rise and tower above the heads of all. After trying in vain to secure silence, he stretched forth his hand and with clenched fist and determined gestures he said:

"Mr. chairman and gentlemen of this convention, Jesus Christ was crucified by his enemies; but his cause was just and he is in the right, and he arose again. I tell you gentlemen, though Mr. Bryan be crushed to earth tonight he will surely rise again, if you gentlemen will do your duty next November and help us roll away the stone."

Several hundred delegates went home with the determination that their gallant leader should not fall by their votes.

Scarcely had the democratic convention finished its business, and the major part of its delegates gone home, when the gravel sounded for order in the republican convention.

For pure one-sided harmony, this convention was the crown to anything of the kind it had ever been our pleasure to witness. It was evident from the start that the Maxwell delegates were "not in it." The other fellows had it all their own way. They named a chairman; they seated their chairman; they named their committees; they refused to adjourn though a vote was carried in favor of doing so; they enforced gag-rule to the disgust of honest-minded men; they forced vote after vote until the field was enabled to unite their forces against that grand old man Judge Maxwell, who dared to be honest although holding office at the hands of republicans, and he was ignominiously "turned down."

Several delegations quietly went home before the convention was out. Expressions of dissatisfaction were numerous. Scores of delegates declared their intention of supporting Judge Holcomb, the people's party nominee.

One prominent republican, high up in the counsel of his party, but who was and is an uncompromising Maxwell man, said to the writer: "There has been too much free railroad transportation to the World's fair issued, with Tom Banton as public dispenser, for Judge Maxwell to stand any show."

CHAS. T. GRIFFIN.

## WHILE THE LAMP HOLDS OUT TO BURN.

We never did believe in total depravity, for even the editor of the Bee has his lucid intervals and can tell the truth when circumstances seem to favor it, as the following gems will show. They are from the daily Bee the day after the republican state convention.

Railroad republicans has triumphed at the convention, but its dastardly work will be repudiated at the polls.

By turning down Maxwell the republican state convention has turned 10,000 republicans out of the fold and driven them into the populist camp.

Instructions and pledges do not seem to mean anything in this state. They are no sooner made than broken. That is precisely why populism is making such headway.

The Call seems to be yet in the gall of bitterness, as it were, and with its diseased eyes reads vainly into our few personal words. It's bile also boils over on this paper. We were depending largely on the support of our esteemed republican contemporary, but since its courtesies and criticisms are in support of another populist paper we shall endeavor to get on alone.

The "harmony" in the republican convention was so well concocted and so well moving that it made men's heads swim to keep up with it. Before a voice from the Maxwell minority could say "Where are we at," they were being shuffled off the stage. From certain rising to close it was a railroad-run state-thieves, gaudied lightning faces.

We endorse Gen. Weaver's declaration, that the people's party is "Christianity in motion." There are some of course actively in it whose motives are essentially selfish, just as there are some in the churches who simply want to get to heaven. But as long as they vote for the kingdom of righteousness they are on the right side.

The "standstoppers" in Kansas are getting politically tired.