

THE PATIENT PEOPLE

Sit on the ground floor of some hotel in a great city early in the morning and watch the passing throngs of people. Hundreds of young women, many of them with pale and care-worn faces, will be seen passing to their work, each carrying a very small package containing the noon-day meal. Thus they pass day after day, patient toilers, earning a bare existence, and the homes that they ought to adorn and make happy no longer exist.

Then watch the street cars. Those riding upon them have all paid enough to the corporation running them to more than remunerate it for giving each of them a seat and a comfortable journey. But not one in four get a seat and those who are seated are jammed and crowded upon until existence in the car is hardly endurable. The platforms are full and along the sides hang others who with much difficulty sustain themselves in their perilous positions. Not one of them utters a complaint. They bear all this swindling and extortion and never utter the slightest protest.

Then let the onlooker buy a ticket for some nearby city. He will find that as soon as the car doors are opened there is a rush. None of the ancient courtesy is shown to women and children. They are jammed into the cars altogether like hogs are driven into the slaughtering pen at the cattle yards. All get seats who can, but many women get none and they stand after having paid an extortionate price for a seat, swaying to and fro until their station is reached or until the train gets farther from the city and enough have got off to leave a seat for them. Not one of the patient creatures makes the slightest protest.

Get off at one of the stations which is a populous little city. There stands a rickety street car. Another rush is made. The conductor cries in a hoarse and mandatory tone: "Move forward," and if his orders are not obeyed, he throws his burly form into the rear door and by his weight pushes the passengers in the aisles forward until they are pressed up against the front door as tightly as they can be. Then he jams some more into the vacant space that he has made. The only protest that is made is by a youth hanging on the outside, who shouts out: "Get your goad and prod them up. Some of the cattle may get down and you will lose them." But the remainder of the patient crowd say not a word.

The farmer will toil all through the spring, summer and autumn months. He will pile up thousands of bushels of corn, fill his granaries with wheat and oats, raise hundreds of chickens, scores of hogs and cattle and the next spring he will go out and look over the place and see that they are all gone and he has nothing to show for it all, except his living and what improvements he has put on his land. But he don't complain. He goes to work and does the same thing over again, year after year, until his hair gets gray and his children grow up and leave him to spend the few mournful years alone that yet remain to him before he lies down in the country cemetery. But he does not complain. He knows that the railroads take half of all he produces and the trusts take most of the remainder. But the farmer is a patient man.

The toilers in the city go to the meat shop and find that they get but half as much meat for a dollar as they got two or three years ago. They take the thin slices that meat dealers give them and go home, but they enter no protest. They are a patient people. Even when they read in the papers that the price of hogs fell off \$1 in a day and the next day they had to pay half a cent a pound more for their bacon, they entered no protest—they made no complaint. They had read in the paper which was sent to them free that the "discontented" were a very bad lot, and they did not want to be numbered with them. So they said nothing.

None of these patient people are populists. The populists do not submit to robbery and extortion without protest. They raise a howl. They kick up a rumpus. They say things. They try to make things better.

GOD AND MORALITY PARTY

It is passing strange that society has become so degenerated that the most prominent men in the country can appear before audiences and lie worse than a horse thief, without losing standing in the church or the community in which they live. Think of the moral condition of a man who, without the least hesitancy, will lie like Secretary Shaw did in a speech that he made at Akron, O., on the 10th of this month, in which he said:

"The plan proposed by the minority party is to throw our commercial doors wide open for the free importation of the products of foreign labor. Members of that party insist that if we do this we will of necessity have unrestricted access to the markets of other countries. They urge that if we will but allow Europe to clothe us, furnish us our glass, our earthenware, our hardware, our steel rails, our structural iron, and everything else we produce, we will thus secure a most wonderful export trade."

No member of the "minority party" nor any other person ever made any such statements, and Secretary Shaw knew there was not a word of truth in the statement when he made it. Is there any wonder that politics is "a dirty pool" when members of the cabinet, as soon as they get out in a campaign, will lie at a rate that would make a back-alley crap shooter envious. Such exhibitions of mendacity by members of the cabinet, senators and others in high official positions, have a degenerating effect upon the whole population. No English politician ever so disgraces himself and his nation. It is a vice indulged in only by leaders of the great "God and morality party" of these United States.

GREAT SENATORS (?)

The dailies have kept a certain set of senators before the people by constantly asserting that they were statesmen of eminent ability and great factors in moulding the legislation of this country. Prominent among these has been Senator Allison of Iowa, who has been in the senate since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He is merely a newspaper senator. Aside from the notoriety that is given him by the constant parading of his name before the people in the columns of the newspapers, he is a mere cypher in the ruling and formative forces of the policies that have been adopted in this country. There has never been an act of his long senatorial career that in any way marks him as a legislator or statesman. Ask any man who is in the habit of speaking of him as a great senator, what Allison has ever done to entitle him to any distinction above the score of other senators whose names are never seen outside of the roll calls printed in the Congressional Record, and he will be silenced in a moment.

Why is it that some half dozen senators have their names constantly in the daily papers? It is simply because these men can always be relied upon to stand by the tariff grafters, the railroads and Wall street. Allison, in his long career, has never failed once to line up for those interests.

Last Saturday Senator Allison made a speech at Clinton, Ia., which the dailies, in the little summary that they put at the head of every article, said was "a clear and forcible exposition of the trust question." That summary is the only thing that thousands of business men read. When one comes to read the speech itself, he finds that this "clear and forcible exposition of the trust question" was a statement that the tariff had nothing whatever to do with trusts. That it in no way benefited the steel trust, the meat trust, or any other trust.

After that exhibition of statesman-

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ship he next devoted himself to extolling the gold democrats and telling what services they had rendered the country, informed his audience that gold was the great means by which "elasticity" was produced in the currency and finally declared the government now controls the volume of paper money and that it would continue to control it.

That speech was telegraphed all over the country as a great speech and printed in the Chicago and other dailies everywhere as an evidence of the statesmanship of Senator Allison.

There is no mystery about the continual praise of such senators as Allison, Aldrich and five or six others. They are the men who always stand by the national banks, the tariff grafters, the railroads and the trusts. The subsidized dailies make it a point to keep their names constantly before the people and forever repeat the statement that these are the really great men of these United States.

If an ordinary congressman had made the speech that Allison did at Clinton, it never would have been printed in the papers and would have been looked upon by the audience that heard it as a very weak effort to make some excuse for the extortions of the trusts. The consequence is that the deluded people who read only the great dailies are constantly kept voting for their own exploitation.

The moral of this history is: Do everything that you can to extend the circulation of those papers that talk sense and print the truth.

CONTROLLING BOTH PARTIES

Dr. C. F. Taylor, editor of the Medical World, makes a few remarks that are well worth repeating. After saying that he was "born a republican," he adds: "A public conscience and sense of justice and right are arising that must successfully oppose the domination of corporations, trusts and other concentrated capitalistic interests. Chattel slavery was tangible, in a certain limited section, and its defenders were brave and 'above board' fighters. The new enemy is in our midst, is cunning, and frequently hidden like a snake in the grass. The policy of this enemy has been to secretly contribute money to, and control, both of the great political parties. Then it is sure of victory. Its chief exploits have been, unfortunately, through the republican party, using the good name and glorious past of

that party to further its own selfish ends—using patriotism, "old glory," and sectional differences to serve its selfish ends. Many in both parties have served party, losing sight of principle. This party adhesion has been of great service to the new enemy that knows no party nor patriotism except personal power and aggrandizement. Many of us have become slaves to party, and all of us have become slaves to this new oppression. Let us burst the bonds of party, and open our eyes to new conditions, as civilization is constantly developing them, and insist on economic justice to the people."

A QUESTION OF INTEREST

The Socialist, of Seattle, Wash., is responsible for the following bit of "convincing" argument:

A local politician rushed into my room and shouted:

"Burgess, I want you to vote the democratic ticket!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he replied "the republicans of this town are corrupt as hell and will steal everything in sight."

"Well," said I, "it makes no difference to me if they do."

"What!" said he, in astonishment; "don't you want good government, economical government, pure government?"

"Come," I said, and I led the way to an eminence near by where we had a view of the entire city, and then I pointed out to him the evidences of wealth there before us and said: "I own not one cent of this vast wealth, few of my class own any. Now why should we care which set of thieves possesses this wealth?"

My friend was silent for several minutes and then said:

"I never thought of this before, but I shall study this phase of the subject."

Recently this man bought Marx's "Capital," and if he masters this he will know that the wage-worker as a class is not interested in taxation, pure government, economical government, nor in just government as understood by capitalists. We are only interested in abolishing the wage system.

A frank statement and well put. Now, on the other hand, why should any man who works for himself be interested in "abolishing the wage system?" It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The farmers, for example, ARE interested in taxation and these questions which are of no moment to the wage-workers, if we are to believe the Socialist. How can the farmers have anything in common with socialism?