

There is steam power which moves great ships across trackless waters and vast trains across continents. When either the ship or the locomotive explodes and kills people, damn steam power!

There is water power which turns wheels and spindles, grinds grain into flour and irrigates vast stretches of arid lands. When floods destroy crops, waves wreck fleets and the merciless waters drown people, damn the water power!

There is electric power which propels cars, runs dynamos and lights up square miles of space with its incandescent and sun-like glow. But when, by accident, electricity strikes and kills animal and human organisms, damn electric power!

But does steam power or water or electric power purposely and with intent perpetrate wrongs? Can there be found a motive in either power for doing either good or evil?

The money power however is the everlasting bogey by which the good populists and

The Money Power. the sixteen-to-one friends of silver and the plain people are made hysterical and tremulous all of the time.

This money power is a very old power. It began business in Nebraska in 1854. It first plowed and planted these plains. Then the money power built innumerable steamboats which came snail-paced puffing and blowing along the channels of the tawny Missouri and bringing pioneers and all the rudimentary necessities, implements, utensils, lumber, glass, salt and cereals, required for founding a new commonwealth.

Then a steamboat, by the rates of freight charged, could earn its cost in a single summer.

But the money power soon loaded steamboats with steelrails for roads in Nebraska. And the money power flung out into the plains its vast network of car-paths as easily as the spider spins its gossamer threads and floats them into space. Lands which were valueless and desolate, solitudes which were unpeopled and voiceless, sprang into value and beauty, became human homes and filled with the melodies of contented industry. The money power, taking steam power and water power and electricity into its kindly and compensatory service, has with a swift magic converted Nebraska from wilderness and wigwam into fields, orchards, gardens and homes.

The money power is the monarch under whose banners all the power agents of the earth enlist for the advancement and elevation of the human race. Even those who revile and denounce the money power are in-

tent upon getting money. They would rifle the pockets of industry with the larcenous fingers of idleness while denouncing the stuff they would steal.

These fanatics however are not analytical. They never dissect the alleged money power bogey. They never tell where, how and when it has arranged to kill off labor, squelch industry and convert prosperity into famine. They never have shown why the money power could be advantaged by breaking down all the industrial and producing classes of the citizens of the United States who work upon farms, in factories, counting-houses and banks.

But they tell bugaboo stories of schemes concocted somehow, somewhere, by somebody, for locking up all the money in the country so as to make panic, ruin and distress for the money power to fatten upon.

But these portrait-painters never give us a picture of the engineers of the money power plotting ruin. They never tell us why men who loan out money at interest desire to destroy the credit of those who borrow. They never show how the moneyed man can profit himself by crushing out the man or the class that owes him.

They forget that money is the sole thing, in all this busy world, for which men toil and scramble that can never do its owner any good until it leaves him. The money power as depicted by the disordered imagination of the communist would be the very impersonation of powerlessness. If all the money in all the world should be given the receiver of the political assets of Jones, Allen & Teller, at Chicago, upon the condition that Coin Harvey should never let go of a cent of it, the propaganda of the money fallacies would be bankrupt in the midst of billions.

Money must leave its possessor before it can confer upon him the slightest benefit. Money must be exchanged for some desired thing before any satisfaction comes from money. No power exists in money except that evolved from its constant activity and use. That power is capital. Capital is money used in business for the purpose of bringing in more money. Capital is money in its procreative form. Let us have more power of money in Nebraska.

But whenever money bribes a legislator, a juryman, a sheriff, or a court, damn the money power, just as when we have a flood of rain you should denounce water power.

Never credit to the power of money the construction of churches, schools, railroads, mills, factories, and the development of the material welfare of the globe. Find only those instances where money has been used for corrupting mankind, and then

damn the money power. Never show by analysis, where, when, how or why men owning money have conspired together to oppress and destroy all those classes who might borrow money.

Always prove that the owners of money are like the old fellow who kept tavern and wished everybody else might die, perish from the earth so that he could have all the custom, without competition. Populists are particularly and prayerfully requested to give the plain people more and plainer pictures of the money power bogey.

THE LOST CAUSE.

Among The Conservative's collection of antiques, there is nothing of a more peculiar interest than a fragmentary file of The Wyoming Telescope for the years 1857 and 1859. Those were the days when prosperity was in the air, in a special sense; men knew that a metropolis, of which their imaginations made a second London at the least, must soon begin to materialize somewhere on the Missouri river, and as sudden and easy wealth was the prize offered to the owner of the fortunate town-site, the eagerness with which they sought to attract the shy fugitive to this or that embryo settlement can easily be understood. Of course only one could be supremely successful; of the others it was a fortunate community that survived Omaha's victory with even a trace of the breath of life; the greater number have perished utterly from off the face of the map. Wyoming is one of these, for the station on the Missouri Pacific road which now bears that name is several miles distant from the river-landing where once stood a hopeful aspirant for the premiership of the West, and was probably christened only out of respect to the memories of the vicinity.

The Wyoming of 1857 was, however, as promising an infant as any the territory boasted.

Old Wyoming. It was not until the year following that its nearest neighbor, Nebraska City, scored the one point that it gained in the great race by securing the location of the Military Depot, whence army supplies, brought thus far by steamboat, were forwarded across the plains by the government contractors; the thing that infused vitality into Nebraska City's veins for a brief ten years, when the opening of the Union Pacific railroad snuffed out her little light in the twinkling of an eye. Wyoming, N.T., in 1857, was a lively place; the issue of The Telescope for June 11th contains a half-a-column of "Arrivals at