

ALMOST A BOOM.

EX-CANDIDATE BRYAN'S OWN STATE CONTRIBUTES.

Letters from Editors in All Parts of Nebraska Attest the Gradually Improving Conditions and Growth of Business and Contentment of Farmers.

(Washington Letter.)

That genuine prosperity has struck Mr. Bryan's own state even without the free and unlimited coinage of silver is quite apparent from the following letters which have been received from time to time during the past month by the literary bureau of the Republican national committee from editors in Nebraska:

Wymore, Neb., Aug. 6, 1897.

Business is improving. The fruit and small grain crop in Nebraska was good. The state is well supplied with hogs, sheep and cattle, and the greatest corn crop in the history of the state is assured. Prices are fifty per cent better than last year at this time and are getting better every day. Railroads and factories of all kinds are hiring new men every week and prosperity is here to stay.—J. M. Burnham, Editor Wymorean.

Madison, Neb., Aug. 3, 1897.

Our section is purely agricultural but there is a general feeling that times are improving and money easier than in many months. There has been shipped from this station within the past 60 days \$75,000 worth of cattle besides a large number of hogs and a great amount of grain. Our old creamery, after lying idle for four years, has been remodeled and is making 300 pounds of butter per day and another one near here will be in operation soon. Even our most calamitous Pops are beginning to see an improvement.—Carl T. Seely, Editor Chronicle.

Ponca, Neb., July 24, 1897.

Our city is putting in an extension of waterworks equal to 80 per cent of the present works, a telephone line has just been completed to communicate with Sioux City; the Milwaukee railroad is talking of putting in a bridge at a cost of \$400,000. There is an apparent ground swell that everybody feels and money is more freely offered for investment.—B. W. Wood, Editor Gazette.

Culbertson, Neb., July 24, 1897.

Business is improving in this section of the country very much. Of course the Pops have control of Nebraska but they cannot last long where there are good crops, so that we will get rid of most of them in time. There is more money in circulation now than for four years; everybody at work here. Anyone who wants to see improvement all over the country. The Culbertson roller mills and elevators are being refitted and will start soon.—Robt. J. Cole, Editor Era.

Nelson, Neb., July 23, 1897.

Notwithstanding the continuous wail of our Popocratic friends there is a growing spirit of confidence here. The proprietor of our brick-making concern reports larger business in 1897 than in all of 1894 and 1895. A large portion of our 1896 crop is still here to be marketed and the good crop of 1897, coupled with good prices make prosperity and activity certain.—F. A. Scherzinger, Editor Gazette.

Weeping Water, Neb., July 25, 1897.

This is a farming and stock feeding community and our only other industry is that of stone quarrying. When Harrison was president as high as 300 men were employed but for three and a half years during the Cleveland administration the industry was idle. Work has now been resumed with prospects for good business this fall. There is plenty of work in the country and few able bodied men who want work are idle. Merchants say business is considerably improved.—J. K. Keithley, Editor Republican.

Wilber, Neb., July 29, 1897.

Within the past three months a large steam flouring mill which had been idle for some time, has commenced operations again. At Crete, 10 miles away, a bank has been incorporated by local capitalists with a capital of \$50,000, and all over the county much building is being done.—J. A. Wild, Editor Republican.

Neligh, Neb., July 20, 1897.

Improvement is seen in increased cash sales of merchants, general employment of labor and better collections than one year ago. Heavy shipments of produce are being made weekly. Outside of the Populist's ranks, the feeling is hopeful.—E. T. Best, Editor Leader.

Ainsworth, Neb., July 22, 1897.

Business of all kinds is improving rapidly. Merchants are purchasing more goods and selling almost double the amount sold at corresponding times in the past two years. The Excelsior Lumber and Milling company has doubled its force in the past two months. Manufacturing is not much of an industry here but the general better feeling has reached us without doubt.—J. O. Berkley, Editor Star-Journal.

Blue Springs, Neb., July 20, 1897.

Taking stock and grain and averaging them with the prices received last year and the two years prior shows that the farmers are receiving 33 1-3 per cent more for their products.—J. H. Casebeer, Editor Sentinel.

Gothenburg, Neb., July 22, 1897.

All men who desire employment are now occupied at reasonable wages. About 5,000 acres of land in a nearly raw state was broken up this spring furnishing employment for a good number of men.—W. C. Becker, Editor Independent.

Grand Island, Neb., Aug. 2, 1897.

There is a general improvement in business and employment. The U. P. railroad shops have increased their

forces. There is much improvement of property in this place and vicinity, more building than for three years past. This one city would perhaps be a small item but the same condition is reported all over the state.—Editor Independent.

Sidney, Neb., Aug. 1, 1897.

The business of the U. P. railroad at this place has increased so that the number of men employed has been nearly doubled, and the force is larger than at any time at this season for the past eight or ten years. Our business men all feel hopeful.—Chas. Callahan, Editor Telegraph.

Stuart, Neb., Aug. 2, 1897.

We have no manufactures at this place. Eastern capital, however, is being used in putting up a creamery here and no one is idle; all hands are well employed and there are calls for more than can be supplied.—J. M. Sturdevant, Editor Ledger.

McCook, Neb., Aug. 3, 1897.

This is exclusively a stock raising and farming section. Depending upon crops and having good ones this year, everybody is consequently happy prosperity is with us.—F. N. Kinnell, Editor Tribune.

Greeley, Neb., July 20, 1897.

Farmers have not seen any better circumstances for a long series of years. Sales have brought more cash and crop prospects were never better.—W. B. Morgan, Editor Leader, Ind. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

McKinley tariff, there were quite a number of Americans in Liverpool who acted as agents for American importers of Welsh tin plate, Liverpool being the chief port of export. Since we have been making our own tin plate, all of these agents have returned home with the exception of one who is expected back this month to take charge of a tin-plate factory in Pennsylvania. This will practically conclude the American trade in foreign tin plate and practically complete the acquisition of the American market by the American tin-plate industry which was established under the McKinley protective tariff of 1890.

A RELIC OF FREE TRADE.

New York Still Feels the Effects of Democratic Legislation.

Mr. Editor: Kindly pass around the following extract taken from the New York World of August 13:

A Summer of Suffering. From day to day the World has been telling of cases of starvation in this city. There is another index of it—the line in front of Fleischmann's bakery, just below Grace church, on Broadway. Every night at midnight the proprietor gives the bread left from yesterday's baking to all who ask.

Three hours earlier the hungry line begins to form. These poor wretches are willing to wait for hours to get their food five minutes earlier. Some nights the line is two blocks long.

"I never saw it so long before," said the policeman on the beat, "and this is summer, too, when the tramps are gone. The people here are all deserving."

In the bakery it was said the line had never been so long in the summer as this year.

It would be well to reproduce the World's picture of the "Hundreds of Hungry Men" who "gather nightly at Fleischmann's bakery on Broadway, to receive the remnants of the previous day's baking of bread that is given away," and also to reproduce the portrait of the young man, Frank Kanapa, who died from starvation in Bellevue hospital, after losing several positions and then seeking employment which he could not find.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the World will continue to give publicity to the unfortunate fact that Prof. Wilson's tariff law, which the World advocated, succeeded in transferring so many opportunities for work from this country to Europe, that it left our people in misery never before experienced.

If the World will continue to give the facts, until the people recover from the blight of the Wilson tariff law, fewer people will be deceived when the World begins again to curse protection and bless the un-American, blighting principles of the free trade.

EDWIN A. HARTSHORN.



(Reproduced from the New York World, August 13, 1897.)

Democratic Admission.

The crash came in 1893, when for a time the great industries of the United States came to a dead standstill. We should probably have recovered in a few months or a year but for politics.—The Journal, New York.

This is a wonderful admission for a Democratic paper to make. It is true that "the great industries of the United States came to a dead standstill" in 1893. It is also true that "we should probably have recovered within a few months or a year but for politics."

"The politics" of the Democratic party, "politics" that insisted upon compelling the great industries of the United States to come "to a dead standstill" by promoting "the great industries" of Europe. Had it not been for these Democratic "politics" there would have been no check to our prosperity of 1892, no subsequent crash, and no need for a recovery.

The New Sign.



British Tin Plate Excluded. Before the tin-plate industry was established in the United States by the

How Sheffield is "Strangled."

At one time our trade dealings with the United States formed the key-note of Sheffield commerce. That is no longer. By successive turns of the tariff screw one Sheffield trade after another has been strangled, until the condition of affairs is sharply summarized in the words, given elsewhere, of a gentleman whose firm for many years did a large and valuable business with the states. Things have now come to such a pass in that market, he informed our representative yesterday, that "it was hardly worth while calculating upon as a means of profit."

Sheffield (Eng.) Telegram. We can sympathize with Sheffield. There was a time, under the McKinley protective tariff, when trade dealings in American goods "formed the key-note" of American commerce. That "key-note" got sadly out of tune just as soon as we were threatened with the Democratic free trade policy.

There has been a sad lack of harmony here ever since, because the "key-note" of our commerce was pitched to suit the clamorous voices of our foreign friends at Sheffield and elsewhere in Europe. But turn about is fair play, especially as it should be our privilege to legislate for our own interests. Sheffield knows very well that, while her manufacturers were supplying us with Sheffield cutlery, the American market "was hardly worth calculating upon as a means of profit" to the American manufacturers of cutlery.

Their Favorable Balance.

The fifteen countries from which hints of dissatisfaction with our tariff have come have sold us in the past decade \$4,843,943,523 worth of goods and bought from us only \$3,059,220,782 worth, a balance in their favor of \$1,784,722,841. It is scarcely probable under these circumstances that they are going to take any steps which will embarrass or complicate commercial relations so advantageous to them.—Clinton (Iowa) Herald.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

LABOR STRIKES THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From the Following Text, Matt. vii 12: "Whatsoever Ye Would that Men Should Do to You, Do You Even So to Them."



HE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of centuries, it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric. The middle classes in this country, upon whom the nation has depended for holding the balance of power and for acting as mediators between the two extremes, are diminishing; and if things go on at the same ratio as they are now going, it will not be very long before there will be no middle class in this country, but all will be very rich or very poor, princes or paupers, and the country will be given up to palaces and hovels.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employes' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement, or, if you prefer M, escapes through the safety-valves of an imprisoned force which promises the explosion of society. You may pooh-pooh it; you may say that this trouble, like an angry child, will cry itself to sleep; you may belittle it by calling it Fourierism, or Socialism, or St. Simonism, or Nihilism, or Communism; but that will not hinder the fact that it is the mightiest, the darkest, the most terrific threat of this century.

All attempts at pacification have been dead failures, and monopoly is more arrogant, and the trades unions more bitter. "Give us more wages," cry the employes. "You shall have less," say the capitalists. "Compel us to do fewer hours of toil in a day." "You shall toil more hours," say the others.

"Then, under certain conditions, we will not work at all," say these. "Then you shall starve," say those, and the workmen gradually using up that which they accumulate in better times, unless there be some radical change, we shall have soon in this country four million hungry men and women. Now, four millions hungry people cannot be kept quiet. All the enactments of legislatures and all the constabularies of the cities, and all the army and navy of the United States cannot keep four million hungry people quiet. What then? Will this war between capital and labor be settled by human wisdom? Never.

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich. There is no member of a trades union on earth that would not be rich if he could be. Sometimes through a fortunate invention, or through some accident of prosperity, a man who had nothing comes to a large estate, and we see him arrogant and supercilious, and taking people by the throat just as other people took him by the throat. There is something very mean about human nature when it comes to the top. But it is no more a sin to be rich than it is a sin to be poor. There are those who have gathered a great estate through fraud, and then there are millionaires who have gathered their fortunes through foresight in regard to changes in the markets, and through brilliant business faculty, and every dollar of their estate is as honest as the dollar which the plumber gets for mending a pipe, or the mason gets for building a wall. There are those who keep in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well-off, but they gave themselves to strong drink, or they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is filled to the chin with whisky and beer!

Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses; result misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, sixpence expenses; result happiness." And there are vast multitudes of people who are kept poor because they are the victims of their own improvidence. It is no sin to be rich, and it is no sin to be poor. I protest against this outcry which I hear against those who, through economy and self-denial and assiduity, have come to large fortunes. This bombardment of commercial success will never stop this quarrel between capital and labor.

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing. They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say, "Good for him!"

They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject. To stop this awful imbroglio between capital and labor they will lift not so much as the tip end of the little finger.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder.

Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if today capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief and it points from my text roseate and jubilant and puts one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the home-spun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my superordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil and he will say to him: "Why it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Towards evening he calls all the laborers together. They stand all around, some with arms akimbo, some with folded arms, wondering what the boss is going to do now. The manufacturer says: "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me, and the bairns must be looked after, and your wife will after awhile want a new dress. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? All in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout two hundred voices.

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister or rector may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of the Christ-like injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is an apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever."

But you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking houses, store houses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store rates against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world today is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetia. All the political economists under the archvault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! ye heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—ye heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will yet bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesman. Owner of all things, and yet on a hill-lock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies: by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all man can afford to shake hands and worship. Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and antagonences which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall brighten with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

An Italian Solomon.

The Duke of Ososno, while Viceroy of Naples, delivered many quaint and clever judgments. The case is related where a young Spanish exquisite named Bertrand Solus, while lounging about in the busy part of the city, was run against by a porter carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder.

The porter had called out, "Make way, please!" several times, but without effect. He had then tried to get by without collision, but his bundle caught the young man's velvet dress and tore it. Solus was highly indignant, and had the porter arrested. The Viceroy, who had privately investigated the matter, told the porter to pretend he was dumb, and at the trial to reply by signs to any question that might be put to him.

When the case came on, and Solus had made his complaint, the Viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

"What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?" asked the Viceroy.

"Oh, your excellency," replied Solus, falling into the trap, "the man is an imposter. I assure you he is not dumb; before he ran into me I distinctly heard him cry out, 'Make way.'"

"Then," said the Viceroy sternly, "if you heard him ask you make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself, and you must give this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here."

Victoria.—Queen Victoria shines brightly as a ruler in a galaxy of poets, painters and men and women of genius in her own country and in every land.—Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

Adam.—It was not a punishment but a blessing that Adam was shut out of Eden, shut out from the tree of life, shut out from immortality of age.—Rev. C. M. Covens, Methodist, Denver, Col.