

"THEY REFUSED WORK."

These are the significant headlines that appeared in the great dailies of the country on Sunday morning, May 6. There has been a concerted and persistent effort of the hosts of plutocracy ever since the Coxe movement began to manufacture sentiment against it. The men enlisted in the several industrial armies have been pictured as a gang of thugs and bums and worthless vagabonds too lazy to work and not too honest to steal; and notwithstanding the uniform testimony of people along the lines of travel, and of visitors to the camps, as to their respectable character everything that a hireling press could do to convey a different impression has been most faithfully done. This Sunday morning dispatch with its significant headline is intended to deceive the people, and is published for no other purpose. Let us examine it candidly now and see if the truth of this statement is not apparent upon the face of the story itself. Here it is in the form of a Washington dispatch:

An enterprising real estate man here has offered to set the Coxeites to work. He has a tract of land about three and a half miles distant from the city which he desires to have cleared of underbrush and made ready for subdivision. It is a pretty spot and much healthier than the sewer-mouth camp now occupied by the Coxeites. The owner, Dr. G. P. Gehring, offered to let the army camp on that tract and to pay them \$500 if they would clear the ground. The proposition struck Coxe favorably, but Browne was unwilling to move the camp so far from the city and the offer was rejected.

This is the dispatch. Now, let the reader think of it a moment without prejudice. There are said to be 300 men in Coxe's army. Five hundred dollars divided among them would give each the munificent fortune of \$1.66 $\frac{2}{3}$ . It is not stated how large the patch is that is desired to be cleared. We are left to guess at that. Let us suppose that it is a small patch and could be cleared by these 300 men in two days. This would give them 83 $\frac{1}{3}$  cents a day. And what were they to do next? They did not tramp all the way to Washington to get one or two day's work at such munificent wages. They are there on another errand altogether. They are there, not in their own interest merely, but as representatives of the millions of unemployed throughout the country to protest against the favoritism and class legislation that have made a few men rich and the vast majority of men poor. They are there to ask of their servants a change of the program and the enactment of legislation that will not only give them work, but the millions of other men also who are idle, not for a day or two merely, but perpetually. They are there to demand a change of conditions and the establishment of justice in the land, and this petty offer which is heralded to the ends of the earth in order to prejudice people against them is designed to defeat the object of their journey in another way. The land which this "enterprising real estate man" has experienced such a sudden longing to have cleared is about three and a half

miles from Washington, and the proposition is open to the suspicion that there is a stronger desire to clear Washington of the Coxe army than to clear this piece of ground of underbrush. In this desire there is no doubt that the "enterprising real estate man" has the sympathy of the plutocratic press. If there is a piece of cussedness that this combined outfit fails to avail itself of to create sentiment against these men it will be because it is forgotten.

No one who has an adequate conception of the character of the Cleveland-Sherman combination expects that the Coxe movement will result in any legislation not in the interest of gamblers, corporations and pirates in whose plunder the outfit in control of government affairs expects to share, but it is opening the eyes of more people throughout the nation than anything else that has occurred for some time. In this way it will do good.

VIVID RECOLLECTIONS.

How Theories Were Scorched by Hot Winds and Lightning.

Without any attempt whatever at a pun it may be truthfully said that the hot wind is a dry subject, and for any person who has experienced several sieges of this blistering breeze that pays its annual visit to western Kansas and various other parts of the West, there is but very little temptation to write the subject up. Not but what the impressions are vivid enough, for they are branded into a person's memory as with a red hot iron and in a way that precludes the possibility of ever forgetting, but the recollections are not pleasant to dwell on.

I have a vivid and disagreeable recollection of the last of several hot winds that I experienced in western Kansas. On that particular occasion I abandoned some theories, and became a respecter of some facts that were opposed to them, and I have been a little sceptical that way ever since. It was about the first of August and the wind had been blowing steadily from the south for three days and getting hotter each day. There had been no rain for several weeks and all vegetation, especially corn and grass, was fast drying up. Everything showed the effect of the dry weather and hot wind. Even the people seemed to be wilted, the wrinkles in their faces corresponded with the rolled leaves of the corn, and their drooping heads with the tassels. It is impossible to be exposed to a scorching wind such as blew on that day and look pleasant. Either consciously or unconsciously the face will wear a frown. The only way to escape the wilting effect of the wind is to get in the shade where the wind can't strike you and think about something pleasant. Instead of worrying about how you are going to get through the winter, imagine yourself at the sea shore with the cool sea breeze blowing on you, or instead of trying to figure out how you are going to raise money to pay your interest, just think of taking a sail on your pleasure yacht. It won't cost anything to think about those luxuries, and it won't help anything to worry about the wind.

On this afternoon it seemed that all energy and animation had been sapped out of everything about the place. The wind was the only thing in motion. The chickens stood with drooping wings under the shed, first on one foot and

then on the other. The reason for standing on one foot at a time was to give the foot that was held up a chance to cool off after being on the hot ground and to give the foot on the ground a chance to cool off after being in the hot air. The cattle stood motionless on the prairie. It was even too hot for the flies to bother them. Occasionally an old cow would switch her tail in an absent-minded kind of a way, but it was energy wasted on the desert air. The flies had flown to the shade. The cattle would have done likewise but there was no shade for them to fly to. Not a bird could be seen or heard, the hot wind had parched their throats too dry to twitter.

Two of my nearest neighbors had come to my dugout a little after noon, one to borrow my corn knife and the other to return my corn knife and to borrow my "prospect auger." This "prospect auger" is a tool that may be found in every neighborhood in western Kansas. It is a common wood auger with a shank twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used for prospecting for water in the bottom of ravines and draws. The prospect of a corn crop for that year was very slim, and growing less every minute that the hot wind continued to blow. There was still the shadow of a hope for part of a crop if we could get rain at once, and as we lay on the buffalo grass in the shade of a header box we discussed the theories that always come up on such occasions, the crop prospect, the climate and the future outlook. We re-affirmed our belief in the theory that was so generally believed in at that time, which was, that as the country became more settled up and more ground was cultivated, and groves planted out, there would be more rainfall. We roughly estimated the amount of new ground broken up in our vicinity that year and concluded from that that the next year ought to show considerable change of climate, and that at that rate of change, in ten years we would have a climate similar to the tropical rain belt. There had been no change of climate, except for the worst, in the ten years that we had been there. Neither had we any definite record of any country where the climate had changed, but that didn't discourage us any. We took hope from the fact that Kansas wasn't governed by precedent in anything. A theory, when it once became well established, held its own against many dry, hard facts, with the hopeful Western settler. The rainfall hasn't increased any, but it should and would, there was no doubt about that in our minds. The theory must hold good.

Having settled the topic of climate to our satisfaction, we turned our attention to figuring on the profits of wheat raising. In railroad circulars under the heading of "How to Secure a Home in the Golden Belt," we had often seen the whole process of wheat raising, expense and profit, figured out in dollars and cents. The estimate was something like this:

Cost of land, 160 acres, at \$8 per acre	\$1,280.00
Cost of breaking, at \$1.50 per acre	240.00
Cost of preparing the ground for seed	240.00
Cost of seed and seeding	280.00
Cost of harvesting	200.00
Cost of threshing	180.85
Cost of marketing	175.00
Total cost	\$2,595.85

Crop yield 30 bushels per acre, 3,000 bushels, at \$1 per bushel.....\$3,000.00

Thus paying for the land with the first crop and leaving a clear profit of \$605.15. We discussed the matter thoroughly, and as we talked, the man who had come to borrow the "prospect auger" figured it all out with a nail on the leg of his boot. We found that the railroad company had put the cost of raising plenty high enough and had counted in all the items. Everything

was all correct. True, the highest yield that we had heard of in our neighborhood that year was twelve bushels per acre, but then when we got more rain, twenty bushels would be a sure thing. Then, again, the very highest price was 50 cents per bushel; but the wheat couldn't stay at that price. It was bound to bring \$1 per bushel before long. "Yes," we reasoned, "wheat is bound to bring \$1 a bushel by this time next year. The presidential election coming on this fall makes things a little unsettled. As soon as that is over and things quiet down, prices will go up again." That was about as far as we ever went into politics. Once in a while we discussed the tariff, but that was too plain a proposition. We were protected, and that was all we wanted to know. We then fell to discussing the crop prospect for that year. We agreed that if this hot wind only would let up and we would get some rain, we might get enough to feed our teams through the winter, and to fatten a couple of hogs for meat. The hot wind had been known to bring rain; maybe it would do it this time.

Just then we noticed that the wind had moderated, and there were some clouds gathering in the southwest. In a short time the sun was hid from view, and dark, heavy clouds were rolling over us. As soon as the wind lulled and the sun was hidden, a great change took place in all living things. The chickens came out from under the shed and commenced to pick and scratch around vigorously, as though trying to make up for lost time. The cattle that had stood motionless on the prairie all afternoon, while the wind and sun tanned the hides on their backs, now commenced to graze on the parched grass, and at the same time their tails resumed their accustomed switch, for the flies, feeling the invigorating effect of the change in the atmosphere, had renewed their attack. The meadow larks came out from the sheltered nooks where they had taken refuge from the heat and commenced to hop about and sing. There is no bird that stays in western Kansas that so delights in rain, or the prospect of rain, as the meadow lark. It seems to be in full sympathy with the people.

The lightning soon commenced to flash, followed by terrific peals of thunder, and a few scattered drops of rain began to fall. We made no attempt to get under shelter, but stood up with our hats off and shirt collars unbuttoned, willing and anxious to be rained on. We could almost count the drops as they fell, but they were big, they were cool, they were refreshing. A drop of rain is never so wet, so cool, or so refreshing as it is after three days of steady hot wind. The drops were few and scattering, but they spattered out as they fell as though trying to do as much good as possible. Two hours before, \$500 would have bought any one of us out, but now \$1,000 wouldn't touch us. A great, big drop fell on the boot where the man had been figuring out the cost of wheat-raising, and, as though the clouds were putting the great seal of approval on the computation, it fell on the very spot where the result showed a profit of \$605.15 on the first crop. But that drop seemed to be the last that fell; the clouds passed on to the northeast, and as we watched them hover for a few moments over the Blue Hills, some ten miles away, it looked as though they were getting a light shower over there, while the sun was blazing down where we stood. In that brief time while we stood watching the clouds disappear over the Blue Hills the value of our claims went down again to \$500.

The wind sprang up again with re-