

KANSAS

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AGITATOR

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RUM AND RICHES.

A CONGRESSMAN GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBES
CLOSING SCENES OF CONGRESS.

We clip the following from M. W. Wilkins' paper, the New Charter, of San Jose, Cal.:

When a man enters congress, he must choose one of two things. If he wishes to be courted and feted by Washington society; if he desires the praise of the monopoly press; if he is looking after fat places for his relatives and friends; if his heart longs for the smiles of aristocracy and the fawning of sycophants, he has only to be the willing tool of monopoly, and all these things are within his grasp. If thus he chooses, his future pathway is strewn with flowers, and for him there is the purple and fine linen of Dives.

On the other hand, if he champions the cause of the people, and stands up for the nation's toilers, and antagonizes the Shylocks who are enslaving the yeomanry of the country, he will be called a crank, an agitator and an anarchist. He will be scorned by society, maligned, abused and ridiculed by the monopoly press, and treated discourteously and snubbed by those in power, and given to understand that he has no influence with the administration.

This condition confronts every man who is chosen to represent the people, and he must become an ally of the aristocracy of wealth, and desert the people, or stand up for the rights of the people and be hated by the money power. Surrounded by lobbyists and corruptionists, with unlimited money to purchase votes, with avenue after avenue to luxury and ease continually open to the mental vision, surrounded by vice and profligacy, is it to be wondered that so many of our public men fall victims to the temptation, and forget the poor toilers who labor in the mines and forests, the vineyards and the fields, and who are looking to their leaders in such intense, tearful suspense?

With an earnest desire to reveal to the American people this most shocking state of affairs, and show them the sources of the great danger which menaces us, I wrote my book "If Christ Came to Congress." The pictures there drawn are, no doubt, vivid and startling, but this is because they are true—all taken from real life. The plutocratic press all over the country is heaping abuse and vituperation on me for drawing aside the veil, so that the voters of this country might look upon this shocking scene of corruption, shame and debauchery, and I have been threatened with ostracism by Washington society and expulsion from congress because of the revelations and exposures I have made; but, in spite of all this, I propose to wield my pen and raise my voice in behalf of the honest toilers who have elected me to congress, and to "cry aloud and spare not" until every man in the land shall be acquainted with the true situation and stirred to action.

Let me conclude with a picture of the closing scenes of the session of congress which expired

March 4th. It was the holy Sabbath day, and the church bells were ringing merrily over the city. In the capitol, champagne flowed like water. Committee rooms became temporary brothels. Women of ill repute swarmed the corridors, and sang songs in the public restaurants with inebriated congressmen. "I have seventy-five dozen glasses out," said Tom Murry, the disgusted caterer of the House restaurant. That tells the story of the committee rooms better than any words of mine could utter.

In front of the main door is a perfect cloud of gentlemen interested in legislation. Some are comparatively new. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars are to be won or lost in the next few hours.

Around at the other door are more lobbyists, and among them are some women. Backed up against the marble pillars everywhere are members buttonholed and on the defensive. Some of these women are notorious. The very fact that they are brought to bear upon any item of legislation is enough to stamp it with condemnation.

There were poker games in the committee rooms, and the sideboards were stocked with the best liquid refreshments which can be bought with the contingent fund. There were the house and senate bars, where every one, from the most respected citizen to the lowest strumpet, could obtain a drink.

An aged senator passed into a private room, with a hilarious member of the demi-monde on each arm.

A congressman was carried away by his friends, fighting-drunk. A woman, with her dainty-booted foot elevated on a committee table, and a glass of champagne elevated in her hand, was singing a merry song, while a dozen members and their friends sat around smoking and enjoying the society of the "lady."

But this is enough. I will cease. All of this beneath the jeweled dome, between the marble walls of the temple of liberty, amid the royal surroundings of art expressed in bronze and marble and the exquisite touch of the painter's brush.

M. W. HOWARD.

More "Redeeming"

A patient confined in the Topeka asylum died last week and was sent to his former home at Hays City. The friends did not think the corpse looked natural and the coroner was called in. He empanelled a jury which returned the following verdict:

"The said jurors upon their oaths do say that Gust Mauer came to his death while a patient of the insane asylum at Topeka, Kansas, by having his neck broken, and we further find that Dr. Eastman, superintendent of the asylum, misrepresented the cause of his death."

This Dr. Eastman was removed by Governor Lewelling and re-appointed by the present "business" administration. But why is the very pure State Journal so silent?—Hutchinson-Gazette.

The gold basis has been tried and found to be a failure. The promised prosperity and influx of foreign capital has not materialized. This foreign capital is a great will o' the wisp. It is always just beyond reach, for some reason easily explained by the "financiers." It might be better to have an adequate system of finance of our own so that foreign capital would not be needed. Let congress exercise its constitutional power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof," instead of allowing a foreign country to do the regulating.—Topeka State Journal.

EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN speaks at Battle Creek, Mich., August 12th, instead of the 3d, as we stated last week.

UNION REFORMERS' PLATFORM.

Following is the platform adopted at Staten Island by the conference of united reformers. It certainly is a good platform:

"As a basis of a union of reform forces.

"1. Resolved "That we Demand Direct Legislation, the Initiative and the Referendum in national, state and local matters; the Imperative Mandate and Proportional Representation.

"2. That we demand that when any branch of legitimate business becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few against the interests of the many, that industry should be taken possession of, on just terms, by the municipality, the state or the nation, and administered by the people.

"3. That we demand the election of president and vice-president and of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people, and also of all civil officers as far as practicable.

"That we demand equal suffrage without distinction of sex.

"5. That as the land is the rightful heritage of the people, we demand that no tenure should hold without use and occupancy.

"6. That we demand the prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes, and governmental control of the sale for medical, scientific and mechanical uses.

"7. That all money—paper, gold and silver—should be issued by the national government only, and made legal tender for all payments, public or private, on future contracts, and in amount adequate to the demands of business.

"That we demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1."

Treasury Looters.

Under this head, we find a sensible letter to the Farmer's Tribune, containing the following startling facts:

On January 11, 2,467,660 of paper money was redeemed in gold by the secretary of the treasury. No other government on earth would pay out gold in that way, in place of redeeming with the kind of money issued by the government in time of need when gold and silver hid in old greedy Shylock's coffers.

Redeeming intelligent money of progress! Money that had to be issued in case of war to save the nation. Shylocks managed by their lobbyists, Belmont, Morgan & Co., to have that word "except" engrafed on the back of all the money with the fiat upon paper, except sixty millions, which was the only cause of its not being as good as gold, that clause preventing it from doing all that the money with the government fiat on metal would do. The money power has been gathering all the greenbacks in and then presenting them at the government treasury for what they call redemption in coin. Carlisle, a tool of monopoly, makes the exchange and then issues bonds to get the gold back into the treasury. Takes this money which draws no interest out of circulation, where it is so badly needed, and gives the money kings interest drawing bonds in place of it, for an oppressed people to pay interest on.—Mercury, Hickory, N. C.

It has recently developed that Mr. Pallman didn't increase wages at all, as was reported, but merely increased the hours of the men, so that while they are enabled to make a little more money the rate of pay remains the same. It did seem strange that the tiger had ceased to devour flesh.

Howard Citizen: "I reads dot Governor Morrill ish going pack east on a visit soon," said one of our industrious German farmers Saturday. "Now I likes to no ven he goes mit a hotel pack dere, vere vill he register from now, py golly."

"JUST TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE."

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day, just too kinds of people, no more, I say.

Now the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood

That the good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and poor, for to count a man's wealth

You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span

Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad for the swift-flying years

Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,

Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses

Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough you will find too, I ween,

There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load

By over-taxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leener, who lets others bear

Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Money for de Breachin'."

It was election day. A minister of the gospel and a brewer met at the polls.

Brewer, Vell, minister, I subbose you votes mit dem venatics vot tinks beer vas awful boison!

Minister: Oh, no! I guess not. I vote as you do.

Brewer: Vot! I votes for peer and men who helps me in my peesness. Let me see der dicket.

Vell, now, ish not dat goot? You bray and bray all der dime against mine peesness, but ven you comes to vote, you vote shust like me and all der saloon mens. Don'd you know ven dem vimens vas round to get money, I vas shust so mat.

I geifs no money to a man vat interferes mit my peesness. But now I sees you did not mean anytings by der breachin' and der brayin'. You do it shust to blease dose vimens and fools vot say ve shall make no more peer.

Vell, shust as long as you votes right, you may breach and bray, 'cause dem vot drink mine peer don'd hear you, and he drinks shust as much as if you don'd breach. Here; I now geifs you ten dollar, and I geifs you so much ebery year shust so long as you votes mit me.

Minister: Oh, no! I could not take that. It would be selling my vote—which would not be right, you know.

Brewer: Oh, vell! I see. I not geifs you der money for der vote, but for der breachin' and der brayin', ven you means noing by it. Now, geif me your dicket, and I geif you mine, and ve go oud and put dem in der pox, and I tells der beoples you votes shust like me, and I votes shust like you; and der next dime dem vimens come round, I geifs lots of money for der breachin' and der brayin'.—Union Signal.

When the writer visited Mrs. Lease's "den" at her home in Wichita, he noticed a picture of Senator W. A. Peffer in a conspicuous place. Speaking of the Senator, Mrs. Lease said: "I consider Senator Peffer the grandest, noblest man in our national legislature. He is absolutely pure and incorruptible. By the way, he would make splendid presidential timber."