

Kansas AGITATOR

Devoted to the interests of
THE MASSES.

A Fearless, Aggressive, Progressive Advocate of
All Reforms.

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SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

N. R. P. A. † K. R. P. A.

WE notice by Thursday's Topeka State Journal that there is talk of selecting ex-Governor Lewelling as superintendent of the Hutchinson reformatory by the new board of directors. He had a good deal of experience in reformatory work, having been superintendent of the Iowa reformatory for girls for several years. The Journal says: "With all the Populists ready to vote for Judge David Martin for chief justice this fall, and the Republican state administration providing a place for the head of the late Populist administration, it looks as though the political millenium is soon to come to Kansas politics. As a question of party policy, there are some good points about the proposition to appoint Lewelling. It would, in a measure, disarm the Populists, convince the people that the Republicans are above politics in managing the state institutions, and would be likely to bring many Populists back into the Republican fold." As a humorist, the editor of the State Journal stands at the head of the class. The above is one of the funniest things we have read in many a day. While there may be a half-dozen or so of Populists who would be willing to vote for Judge Martin on personal grounds or from selfish motives, the great mass of voters are tired of having judicial and other official positions filled with corporation attorneys, and they will not support Judge Martin. The idea that the appointment of Lewelling to the position above mentioned would "disarm the Populists" and "bring them back into the Republican fold" is uproariously funny. The people will not soon forget the Rogers investigation and others of the kind, which cost so many thousands of dollars, and were brought about for purely partisan purposes—simply to get Populists out and make room for Republicans. It is well understood by the Republicans, too, and that is the reason they are now hedging—they are scared nearly to death. Populists are not asking for Lewelling's appointment as superintendent of the reformatory, or to any other position, and they won't bite at any such bait. You can't fool all of the people all of the time. Don't forget that.

HENRY VINCENT, the editor of Coxe's paper, Sound Money, in a recent issue of that journal, opposes a union of forces along the line laid down by the recent conference of reformers held at Staten Island. In his article, Brother Vincent is especially severe toward the Prohibitionists, charging them with "hunting a soft place to alight," insinuating that they are insincere, etc. We always admired Vincent's fighting qualities, but have frequently had occasion to condemn his judgment. The conference at Staten Island was composed of representatives of the various reform elements, who are earnestly and honestly desirous of a union of forces, without which we cannot hope for permanent success. Such Prohibitionists as John P. St. John, M. V. B. Bennett and others we could name are not hunting for a "soft place to alight," but are working, heart and soul, for humanity. Our advice to Messrs. Vincent and Coxe is to "fire" the brewery "ads" from their paper, and be in shape to make a manly, independent fight for reform all along the line.

ONE of the grandest speeches it has ever been our good fortune to read was the speech delivered before the Nebraska Prohibition state convention by that wide-awake, broad-gauged, fearless, all-around reformer, R. S. Thompson, editor of the Springfield, Ohio, New Era. We wish we could publish it, but its length makes that impossible. It will not do to print extracts from it, either, for it is all so good that to cut it up into small bites would spoil the feast. We would advise every one of our readers to send a nickel or dime to the New Era for copies of that paper of July 19th, and read the speech and hand it around among your neighbors. It will do a world of good.

NEXT week, we shall publish an article from the pen of Mrs. Mary E. Lease, entitled, "The Situation from a Populist Standpoint," which appeared in the July number of the Commercial Travelers' Home Magazine.

A BRAVE MAN HONORED.

The Facts, a paper published at Elmira, N. Y., published a report of the recent Reform conference at Staten Island, and in that report appears the following relative to Hon. John P. St. John, of Kansas:

Saturday evening's exercise was certainly interesting. The subject was "Free Coinage of Silver," in the discussion of which Everett P. Wheeler, of New York, was pitted against Hon. John P. St. John, ex-governor of Kansas. St. John is one of the few speakers who can make Aaron's rod blossom. Even the dry and low-plane matter of dollars and cents assumed a kaleidoscopic beauty under his magic touch, and, whether through sympathy with his side of the question, or by reason of the hypnotic spell which the speaker, both personally and historically, always weaves around his audience, the people fairly went wild under his eloquence, punctuating his almost every sentence with hand-clapping and cheers. Everett P. Wheeler is an able speaker and a close student of finance, as is also the great Nestor of the Voice, E. J. Wheeler, Thaddeus B. Wakeman and others who participated, but, whatever any may have thought of the problem, everybody must have been convinced that there was silver and gold of speech from the grand old Kansan, which completely captured and ran away with the meeting.

WANTS TO FORM A COLONY.

We are in receipt of the following communication, which will doubtless interest many of our readers:

GOLDENROD, WHARTON CO., TEX., July 21.
DEAR SIR: I would ask your assistance in forming a colony. I will donate 320 as a starter, and deed 40 acres to the first man who will open a general store. Our crops are fine and corn is immense. Soil is black, sandy loam, and costs from \$3.00 per acre up.
Truly yours, E. W. KING.

THERE will be a day when history will look black and marvel at the great patience and heroic self-restraint and heroism that is exercised by the vast majority of laboring men. We talk of Thermoplae, but it is easy to die in heroic times. That's nothing. But when last summer, at the village of Pullman, hundreds of men saw their wives and children hungry day after day, and yet stood out for a principle, I say the day will come when they will be regarded as heroes. In Chicago nobody ever thought of the church, and that ought to be said to our everlasting shame. The church ought to have been on the side of the oppressed, and against the oppressor. The interest of one man in the world is the interest of all. We have come to the greatest crisis in human history.—Rev. Dr. Herron, of Iowa College.

WE are sorry to learn that J. A. Wayland has "retired" from the Coming Nation, which paper has built up a phenomenal circulation under Mr. Wayland's management. The paper will probably continue, but it will be like the old New York Tribune with Horace Greeley left out. Mr. Wayland says he has "dropped" \$20,000 in the paper and the Ruskin colony. We hope, however, that the colony will not be crippled by the change, but will continue to grow and demonstrate to the world its practicability.

COXEY'S paper (Sound Money) of last week contained one of the cutest cartoons we have seen for some time. It is the handiwork and brain work of Watson Heston, and represents Cleveland, Carlisle and Rothschild as tumblebugs. Cleveland and Carlisle have a huge ball composed of bonds, which they are rolling toward a hole (labeled "Lombard Street") dug by Rothschild, which hole Rothschild guards with jealous care. It's a "fetching" picture.

THE Harvey-Horr debate has reached its finale, and poor old Horr came out of the "scrap" as limp as a dishrag. The debate will soon appear in book form.

CAPT. WATERS, PROPHET.

With High and Low Barometers on Each Side of Us, What Next?

Joseph G. Waters, who has been studying the political weather map of Kansas, to-day makes the following forecast:

"The meteorological phase of the weather is alarming. Advices from Leavenworth indicate an extremely high bar-ometer, with relative humidity, 103 per cent. of saturation, and this with an exceedingly low barometer at Wichita, with no humidity whatever, indicates that somewhere at or between these points is the region of the coming storm center."—Topeka State Journal, July 23.



DOROTHY'S DEPARTMENT.

BY DOROTHY DOLITTLE.

MY DEAD HOPE.

I stood above the grave, dug dank and deep,
Where my dead hopes lay, in its robes of white;
And, ere I put the dust in, all night
I sat beside it, in the dark—to weep.

And oh! the night was wild, and I was lone,
The wind was mad, and full of cries and pain,
The present calling mournful to the past—
The dead past—mournful—answ'ring it again.

"Wilt thou so answer me, my hope?" I said.
"All I shall ask thee, 'tis a little thing."
Alas! the rain is splashing heavily.
The great drops strike me fiercely with a sting.

(It is the rain of memory; the drops
Are the remembrances of tender things:
The touch of hands, the clinging farewell kiss
Among the hair; canst wonder the stroke stings?)

"And oh, my fair white hope, my hope," I said,
"Why didst thou dwell within my heart so long,
And seem as thou wouldst stay with me, until
Fulfillment made of thee a golden song?"

"Through thee I saw the years roll, like a stream,
When shines the blue of heaven upon its breast,
The sunlight making argentine each wave,
Where, white, the water-lilies lay at rest.

"I saw the sacred glow of the home's hearth,
And children with glad eyes and floating hair.
I saw the sheen of gold through young, green
leaves.

I heard love's laughter in the quiet air.
"Oh, hadst thou been unworthy, my white hope!
Nay, thou wert true; a yearning of the heart
For that which it would have repaid three-fold,
And now, thou art there, dead, and I apart!

"Thou wert so young and fair," I said, "and
bright!
I think I never had a hope like thee.
Thy face so full of promise and delight,
Thy hands so rosy, stretching out to me.

"How oft I bent to kiss thy golden hair,
And feel its brightness come about my face;
And now the dust must cover it, and I
Shall look and find but darkness in its place!

"Oh, hope! And thou art dead!" I said. "Oh,
hope,
How oft I've hushed, and rocked thee to my
breast!

It is an old, old song, that song of hope,
With which I sang thee, and my heart, to rest.

"Good night! good-bye! I will keep watch no
more.
From this last night thou nevermore art worn.
Such strength is this deep grave, this dust may
give,
I'll bear, where yesterday my hope was born."

I rose and put the dust down on its face—
The fair young face, so piteous because dead!
The wan wet dawn broke weeping in the east.
"Thou art the last, the last, the last," I said.

The voices had ceased crying in the wind;
The past was buried deep; I knelt and pressed
The wet brown sod, with not a blade of green,
Close down upon my white hope's dead breast.
—EDITH JOHNSTONE.

THEY DON'T LIKE BLOOMERS.

A petition asking that the wearing of bloomers, or knickerbockers, "or any attire unbecoming the fair sex," be made unlawful, has been sent to the city authorities of San Francisco by the Young Men's Christian Association. The petitioners believe that such apparel is "a perpetual menace to the morals of the city." What a pity it is that the morals of the young men of San Francisco are at such a low ebb that a woman's bicycle costume should wreck them.

Now, friends, I beg of you to compare the average woman's bicycle suit with that of the average man's, and see which is the most calculated to endanger the morals of the people. But, then, it isn't supposed that women are so weak in morals that the sight of a man dressed in "bloomers" would forever ruin her.

I will venture to say that these same young men attend receptions, etc., where women are who have no dress to speak of on the upper portion of their bodies, and yards and yards of it dragging on the floor, and never dream of endangering their morals.

What a pity it is that God, in creating woman, didn't stop and think of the morals of some of

the young men of the present day, and create her so that the sight of her form would not ruin them completely. If these good young men will turn their attention to the saloons, gambling-dens and brothels of San Francisco, and petition them, at the ballot-box, to leave their fair city, I venture to say their morals will gain in strength so rapidly that, pretty soon, they will be able to look at a woman in knickerbockers without the least strain.

SHALL MARIA BARBERI DIE?

To the Editor of the New York World:

While so much is being said about the case of Maria Barberi, permit me to add a few words.

This poor girl was betrayed and then treacherously abandoned. When she pleaded with the author of her ruin to make her his wife, he met her piteous appeal with insult, derision and scorn. She, thus goaded to a degree of desperation beyond her control, killed him. She was arrested by a male officer, locked in prison by a male jailer, watched by a male guard, prosecuted by a male lawyer, convicted by a male jury, sentenced to death by a male judge, under a law passed by a male legislature, approved by a male governor, and all elected by male voters.

She is to be electrocuted by a male warden of the state prison, her body dissected by a male surgeon, and finally a male undertaker will, on the way to the Potter's Field,

Rattle her bones over the stones.

She's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

All the part that this poor, friendless, penniless and almost defenseless girl will play in this sad tragedy—this judicial murder—will be to pay the penalty of the law with her life. She had no voice in legislative halls or at the ballot-box in shaping the laws under which she was sentenced to die a felon's death.

And yet we call this "a government of the people, by the people, for the people." In fact, we go so far sometimes as to call it a "Christian government."

It is neither.

Had she been the educated daughter of a millionaire instead of a poor, friendless, untutored working girl, does anybody suppose she would have been sentenced to die?

What has become of our boasted chivalry? This case ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every man and arouse to action every true woman in this nation.

Let a million petitions, if need be, go to the governor at once, not for a commutation of sentence, but for an unconditional pardon for Maria Barberi.

JOHN P. ST. JOHN,
ex-Governor of Kansas.

No. 20 West Twelfth street, New York City.

How like John P. St. John!—always the champion of the weak, the poor and the oppressed. Would to God the world was full of such men.

Susan B. Anthony had an attack of heart-failure after delivering an address at Lakeside Assembly, Sandusky, O., one day last week.

Coming Nation:

Taking up subscriptions for deserving and needing working men and women in the cities or elsewhere is not the way to treat the deadly malady of poverty. Remove the infamous laws and customs that rob them. No man will be poor if he is not robbed. But keep on robbing them by landlordism, trusts, monopolies and combines and throw a few soup bones to those who whine. It will bring results. But I want to warn the rich exploiters that the results will be too powerful for their hirings to stem. Hungry Democrats and Republicans will give you a taste of the French revolution inside of two years.

The railroads charge the same for hauling cheap wheat as when it sells for \$1.25 a bushel. Farming the green farmers who vote the old tickets and believe in private monopoly railroads pays. The cheaper the wheat the better the railroad profits. Say old hayseed, see anything green in the railroad kinns?

The railways of the United States are capitalized (stocks, bonds and other indebtedness) at \$60,340 per mile. The people can print money and duplicate them at \$12,000 per mile and have no stocks, bonds or indebtedness, nor fine-haired officials on princely salaries. The reason they do not do this because all the ideas they have have been injected into their crude brains by the hiring press syringe. And the band plays Annie Laurie while the robbers continue to skin the fools.

The people do not rule and never will until they have a vote, yes or no, on each law that takes their property or controls their actions. A law too trivial to be a law. Direct legislation is the only method. To elect men to make laws who are immediately under the influence of the paid lobby of the rich is a farce and a cheat. Then your vote will be worth something. Now your vote is used to rob you.

Laboring men, stay out of politics. Don't study questions of finance. That's all for the bankers and monopolists—men who study politics do no useful labor and live in fine houses. You mud-sills are not fitted by nature for such conditions. Remain ignorant and poor. The rich will take care of the country.