

Dakota Farmers Leader.

A Faithful LEADER in the Cause of Economy and Reform, the Defender of Truth and Justice, the Foe of Fraud and Corruption.

VOL. 3. NUMBER 32.

CANTON, SOUTH DAKOTA, FRIDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1893.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

Holiday Letter.

Canton, Dec. 2nd.

The largest lines of Fancy Dry Goods ever shown in this city for Holiday Trade.

These are not old shelf worn goods. They are new.

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The Leader.

Washington Correspondence.

Plain Facts for the People to Read.

We have been in the capital of the great American Republic for thirty days, with an active reportorial nose. We have searched its great area, its public buildings, its poor quarters and its palatial sections—for the design of the founders of the Republic. It was not discovered—the chaste beauty of its marble pilings and splendid architraves were speechless. It is lost.

It's lost amid overgrowth of flunkeyism. Man's image is liveried into apery, and delights itself. Washington is a wonderful mausoleum, the whitened sepulchre of an eternal winter, covering the dead spirit of Colonial Simplicity.

Washington as a city is a vast and beautiful overgrown village, like the Cushman palaces of Persia, builded by patient slaves who expect to "level up the race" with a party voodoo worship. They sustain a breed of aristocrats with the money that ought to send the children of twenty millions of our population to school—levelling up the sewer-scrapers ragamuffin to be the peer of a goose-down darling; patient slaves, who in mine and forge and field warm the dunghills of the dead patriotism of '76, and mistake the livid resurrection of ghastly Poverty and feverish Greed—for the Cross of a new Christ—for Humanity glorified! This is Washington. It is beautiful.

Like St. Augustine, the dream-city of Florida, it is beautiful. One was glassed, and marbled, and orientalized by the serfs of the Standard Oil infamy—the other by the hip-hurrahs of partizan worship.

The very air in midwinter is hot and luminous with parched and parboiled Pride—with neither age nor heroic deeds to sanctify the painted check. The palace of the president is not good enough for him now! And thus—gulfed to unknown depths—the mighty chasm between the snob aristocracy, and the toil taxed to support it grows apace. The imperial nincompoops flaunt their purple and fine linen—and the ragged Caesars of future crime can scarcely write their names.

Think of this: A lady whose two daughters righteously enough have to work for a living for all told us this story: "The ladies of the cabinet cannot of course return the calls, to all who leave cards at the receptions. A wife of one of the secretaries did not understand this, and drove around to return all calls. And what do you think? At one place she drove up in her phaeton and—horrors!—just think of it! She found the 'lady' a woman out in front of the house washing the windows! What a place for a Secretary's wife to call; the Reception should not be so open!

This was no time to be silent, and we replied:

"Madame think of the greater disgrace of that secretary's wife receiving her grandeur from taxes drawn from the window washers!"

"Oh but—but—"

"But what? Was this republic constructed for the slobberation of snobs—or the elevation of window-washers to the Queenship of honest women?"

"But in refinement—"

Madame, if in one hundred years a republic does not educate the toiler's offspring to the level of the purple spawn, when will it? That woman ate honest bread—and the society darling did not. Cultivated? Alas, the republic cultivates the silk-gartered children of the palace. The windows of God should be opened in the suburbs of Hell.

Washington is everything that the capital of Humanity's Empire should not be, nothing that it should be. When the masses realize the mighty changes of the last thirty years they will find the fibrous roots of this great National Cancer stretched abroad—to the periphery—from prideful Washington.

Congressman McLaurin (6th dist. S. Car. re-elected) says he was sent as a democrat, but that he is an alliance man, and when the democrats don't stand on the Ocala demands they will miss him!

Reformers in congress are not crushed with a grin today. We sat beside a laboring man in the gallery this week and made a remark to that effect. He replied, "That's right. Glory hallelujah!" It was Tom Watson's little foot that smashed the more-bond-issuing bill. The old Florida claims bill came up—and it was John Davis, of Kansas who broke its neck!

What is congress? Why, a body of grave thoughtful, sedate, studious, dignified, anxious, attentive, watchful, serious men—within whose souls the fire of human love burns upon that altar builded to Humanity but a century since! Patriots!

Did you ever see "recess" in a county school, when it rained, and the girls' am-

let the boys run a circus on the inside—and hear the gentle mistress thump the desk with a chalk-eraser, and cry out in mimic thunder tones—"Now you big boys must make less noise!" Did ye? Were you ever there? Good—you've been to congress all right enough! There's one thing lacking in the circus—a few cases of the swell-head—like little Cabot Lodge, born in Boston, and who, but for the Massachusetts part to his coat-tails, would be clerk to a milk-wagon.

Whatever may be said for the senate, (which is more orderly, less attentive, no bagging to their trousers) the house is a pandemonium. A western "Yahoo" sat by us in the gallery when the cleft-plate at the clerk's desk was rattling off a bill. Only one man seemed to know what was going on. He presented the bill. A few probably paid no attention because they could understand nothing anyway. We asked the plover-boy what he thought of the house?

"It's a D-n't-give-a-d—n behind a span of colts," says he. "Perhaps they'll bust the chariot—and, perhaps, they won't."

We have heard important discussions on grave questions, establishing serious precedents, with not over 75 members in seats, not a solitary one paying attention, and two hundred strolling the floor, in the open space in the Speaker's front, in cloak rooms, or about the building. The session begins at 12 m., thereby compelling every congressman to be absent from his seat for lunch. There is a big boodle in that!

You see those elegant lunch rooms and bars have what the card-player calls a "sinech" on trade. And thus the vital interests of the mightiest Republic and Conservator of Fraud the world over knew must "scratch gravel" to find worms for a biscuit seller!

The session is a continuous farce. It has no end. Rare is that event which calls members down to business. It is not so in the counting room of these men. A bookkeeper or manager with five hours office work who was so indifferent would not answer for these men. And the galleries are as noisy as the floor in some sections. Where the plain common citizens sit it is usually quiet. But where the women are, especially the "members' Families," it is hubbub most of the time.

We hope the peoples party members will take the lead in sobering down this—that-should-be the most consequential body of men on earth. This is the serious fact: that not one-half of our members know what is going on one-half the time. This very day we saw thousands of the people's money voted away, one bill by five votes and another by two. The latter was a Massachusetts bill, and not even her own delegation know what was going on. Ad-jourments are frequent. We may be cynical, and prone to faultfinding, though our employes rarely leave us. But if those members were in our employ we'd discharge them at once.

This account is not flattering to the American Citizens. The writer is not dazed by marble splendors of a capitol; nor by the feverish flashes of genius which at times illumine those chambers. It is not a time for memories of fitful splendors of the past. The positive present is upon us, and to those halls Humanity looks, with heavy heart, for the destiny that awaits.

Mrs. Richard James who died last Thursday, was buried on Saturday last in the Canton cemetery. Mrs. James was at first taken with nervous prostration from which she never recovered. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kerly who live west of town.

Rev. Wilbur and Henry Williams of Haram were in town Thursday.

A. Repp held a big auction sale over in Iowa, Wednesday.

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