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JO McDILL'S MUSINGS.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.

A Seattle lawyer wrote and published a long dissertation on the growth of crime, and the cause. The lawyer reached the conclusion that our courts are not severe enough in punishment. A lawyer might be expected to take a superficial view. Old Judge Jeffries, of England, boasted that he had hanged or transported every man or woman brought before him accused of any sort of crime; but, in Jeffries' time, criminals were never so rampant. People seemed to court death on a criminal charge. For a time, in the past two years, the more Negroes burned, the more Negroes made themselves liable. To be put to death by a mob ought to have a deterrent effect, if there is anything in awful severity and atrocity.

Adam and Eve, the first pair of the human race, came fresh from the hands of God, and yielded to the first temptation.

There is much in environment. There are tens of thousands of people who live a long life without crime. There is no temptation to go wrong. If there was not something alluring in all wrong-doing, there would be no wrong-doing. A man can cultivate or restrain, but many people have not the will power to place themselves under reasonable restraint. Allurement breaks down will power, and one false step may mean a wrecked life. In the natural passions and appetites, moderate indulgence is nature's end. Immoderate indulgence lies in environment. When we eat too much, nature was not our guide. We had too many dishes of rich food. Our boy went to the saloon and drank because his companions went, and all wanted to "have fun." It is all right for the boys to have fun, but nature never prescribed the fun that comes of drinking. Nature has her limits in sexuality. Obscene literature and conversation—the mind full of the one thought—converted a natural passion into a ruling demon.

The man who thirsts for another man's blood is insane. Nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of civilized people do not thirst for blood, there being no disturbing outside influence.

The mob is the lurking tiger of long past ages, when man took his chances for existence as the coyote now takes his chance.

The inflammatory speech of the politician or the writing of a book unchained the tiger, and resentment of crime burns out in the community of crime. Temporarily, the mob is insane.

Hunger drove a man to the taking of a loaf of bread. That man is neither insane or a criminal.

Senator Burton fell in wanting to pay debts, and, because our standard of morals is so low, he really thought he was doing no harm.

Stealing land from Uncle Sam is an old business, and Senator Mitchell, if he stole land, was only doing what both individuals and corporations have been engaged in from time immemorial.

Bigelow appropriated the money of people who had trusted him, so that he might get rich quick, and rank with the Goulds and Vanderbilts. Money was more to him than honor, because riches are at a premium.

Rockefeller wants all the oil, for—the Devil only knows what reason. A criminal without motive or temptation.

The people who speculate on Wall street, and who are fleeced, are no better in purpose than the men who fleeced them. The same spirit actuates all. All want riches without working. All want the labor of other men's

hands, the sweat of other men's brows, the blood of other men's hearts, without return.

Society seems to have organized government with a view to making criminals. Society environs her boys with the saloon; knowing that the saloon will accomplish no good, but will lead to a vast amount of evil. We literally, in our cities, have localities that may fairly be termed schools in which people are trained for a life of crime. Municipalities are boodle schools, and legislators reap golden harvests of votes.

We punish the so-called bread thief, and let defaulters, embezzlers, land-grabbers, bribers, extortioners and boodlers escape, either without punishment or with a very light sentence.

The Bible says "the love of money is the root of all evil." The love of riches, judged by the usual standard, is not only sane, but right at the top of the excellent aspirations. But may it not be that of all the insane tendencies, the inordinate love of money is the most dangerous in that it leads to the undermining of the best that is in civilization, and hindering the perfect development of that which is best in the human race? Dark as is the outlook, we note that outside the circle of the money-grabbers, there is a mighty army of farmers, miners, factory and railroad employees, teachers, preachers and doctors who are willing to give cent for cent, thought for thought, love for love, self-denial for self-denial.

This army is the chief corner-stone of society—the eternal rock upon which civilization rests and advances. Generally, it is a very common people. No monuments mark the graves of their ancestors, and few criminals have sprung from their ranks.

The army of working people is too busy, if it cared, to "plunge" in Wall street or "corner" wheat in Chicago. It doesn't care. With it, the honest dollar is the dollar earned. Its members have no franchise-grabbing scheme that embraces a bribe and a steal, and no personal advantage, not common to all, to gain by buying legislatures. This army is busy turning out and transporting goods, mining ore, raising corn, wheat and cattle, alleviating sut-

THE BLOOD OF THE PEOPLE

BY JOHN ROYLE O'REILLEY

O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through century, creed
and race!

Still one as the great salt sea is one, though tempered by sun
and place;

The same as the ocean currents, and the same as the sheltered
seas,

Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies;

Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and
Gaul—

Mere surface shadow and sunshine, while the sounding unifies
all!

One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No matter the time or
ken,

There never was a separate heartbreak in all the races of men.

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arrogance
stalks apart;

Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of the
common heart;

Where the masses honor straightforward strength, and know
when veins and bleed,

That the bluest blood is putrid blood—that the people's blood
is red.

fering and training minds. Its environment is the home.

Clean, honest mothers and fathers glory in manly boys and womanly girls: for the boys and girls are the pride and the hope of a nation, or they are its curse and despair.

Convert a whole people into a wealth-producing, wealth-bestowing people, with no motive for gaining wealth but the common good, and no motive for bestowing wealth but human happiness, and crime would cease for want of fuel on which to feed, and the so-called criminal would be found to be a lunatic. The criminals are at the top or at the bottom. The bottom criminals are made so by the criminals at the top.

Rockefeller is not the product of heredity. Lust for wealth cultivated till it is the ruling passion of Rockefeller's mind and soul. No doubt he justifies himself. Other people were getting rich. Contractors and quartermasters were robbing the army and government. Jay Gould was watering stocks and wrecking railroads. The money-changers had cornered gold. Everybody but honest people was getting rich, and honest people were lied to. Satan never deceived himself, but there is a lie somewhere behind all wrong, from Adam to King Boodler. Satan lied to Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve might be excused. How were they to know that Satan lied? They had always lived in a garden, and chose wrong because they were ignorant. Civilized people cannot assume to be ignorant. When we choose the saloon, with its concomitants, we know, absolutely, that it will send a lot of people down to perdition. In the light of history, we know, absolutely, that a nation ruled by wealth-grabbing corporations eventually degrades and destroys the working classes. The home-builders are harassed and baffled by the home-wreckers.

Parents send boys and girls of good character out into the world to have their lives wrecked by some monster bred and fattened by society, the allurement always resting upon some devil's lie.

tentaries are the victims of other and shrewder people who are criminals at the top. Civilization has only advanced far enough to catch the criminal at the bottom, and is not wise enough as yet to treat causes instead of treating effect.

WILL NOT SLUMP.

The Twice-a-Week Capital of recent date asks the question, "Will the People Slump?"

Our answer is that the people never slump. It is the politician who slumps. Half of the political life of the politician is passed in slumping and seeking personal preferment or boodle.

The Capital assumes that the popular uprising in Kansas, and elsewhere, is a kind of wind that, after a time, will blow out, and things will drop back to where they were.

The Capital assumes that the present wave of indignation is so transient that, after a while, the people will permit the corporations to rule and rob to their hearts' content. Does the Capital take the people for mere clods, yokels and serfs? Does the Capital, or any one else, imagine that it is possible for the people to ever let up in their war on corporations until every corporation has taken its proper and legitimate place in society and government? If so, there will be some surprises. No revolution in the interest of human rights ever went back and died out. The rose that has started to bloom does so. In time, it develops.

The people can't slump. Nothing is to be gained, for the people, in a slump, but much is to be lost. The people may fight and lose, and be no worse off. They may fight and win, and be immense gainers. It is only a question of time when, under present greed of corporations, the people will lose everything but a mere existence. As well be exhausted in a battle in which honor and courage and manhood are vindicated as to lie down and be run over and have nothing—not even character.

The people will not slump. They may be deceived—may be led into endorsing compromises—may even be fools enough to let the politicians and corporations fleece them for a longer time, but some of the people will neither be deceived or go back.

Present-day sentiment was held by Populists years and years ago. The seed sown is bearing fruit. The whole nation is becoming Populistic in some things. Sooner or later, the nation will become Populistic in all things.

It is only three-quarters of a century since there were a few Abolitionists. Now, not one man in ten thousand believes in chattel slavery.

The people are not only moving, but moving rapidly. People think. Many people are educated. People read, and have ceased to worship men. A crown is not half as sacred as a cradle, and a title to nobility cuts about as much of a figure as a professorship in a dance hall. Blind leadership of men is losing its grip. People don't have to depend on the politician for their politics, nor on preachers for their religion. Reason has more rule, and statecraft and priestcraft less rule. Friendly leadership is coming. It is here. We will match brains to brains, schemes to schemes, countermeasures to mine; strike blow for blow.

As long as we have Roosevelt, Folk, La Follette, Deneen, and even our own Hoch, there will be no slumping.

The mere boodle politician will slump—sure to if there is any money in it. Newspapers may slump, and some of them probably will. Preachers may slump away from the gospel. Professors in universities and presidents of colleges may slump, but the great plain, intelligent, common people of America will not slump or show the white feather till the relations between the capitalist and the working people are so adjusted that the laborer shall be rewarded according to his deeds.

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