

LOUISIANA POPULIST.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR.

There is No Free Country, Unless the People Rule.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

VOL. I.

NATCHITOCHE, LOUISIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1895.

NO. 47.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

IF THE THEORY IS INCORRECT
LET US SELL

Our Public Roads, Streets and Alleys to
Some Syndicate, Let Them Fix Terms
on Which We Can Use Them, and
See How It Is.

If public ownership is not good, let us sell our public roads, streets and alleys to some syndicate and have it fix the terms on which we can use them, as they do the railroads. Let us sell the rivers to another syndicate. Let us sell the school houses, state and national buildings to another syndicate and have it put on its tariff. Public ownership is right or not right. If public ownership will give the people as good or better service than private ownership and for less money (labor) then it is better. The question is simply one of business. The private ownership has proven an abortion. Under it in all nations is poverty and oppression. Those who own the land and machinery squeeze the many who do not own it the land and machinery. They want more, more, more. They cut wages, discharge willing workers, bribe city, state and national officers, squander their profits and force the workers to live lives of misery. You never heard of the owners of the public roads, streets, alleys, public buildings or postal system bribing lawmakers, or drawing dividends or watering stock. Had the railroads been public property you would never have heard of the rich and favored riding on passes; you would never have heard of railroad lobbies in your city; state or national assemblies. It does not make any difference whether you or the majority have not looked at it in this way; it makes no difference whether you deny it; the fact remains there just the same. You may shut your eyes and say it is not true, that something else is the matter and that things will right themselves, but all the same the same statement is eternally true that private ownership of monopolies is doing up the masses of all nations, and they are writhing and squirming under the conditions imposed by the present system and will to the end of time; or until they by some means make all the oppressive monopolies public property. You may curse and hang the men who tell you these truths, and swear such are the cause of all your troubles; you may work yourself into a frenzy and believe your are sane, but all the time you will be suffering the effects of your illogical, unnatural ownership, and men of wealth will multiply but men of poverty, will multiply a thousand fold faster. You may hug the selfish delusion that you will be one of the wealthy, or being one will remain so, but the whirligig of monopoly will grind you finer and finer and drop you into the abyss of poverty, your children will be wage-slaves and hierlings who will work, live and have their being just so long as some man can use them to his pleasure and profit—and no longer. You get nothing but disappointment and worry under this system.—*Coming Nation.*

grams the same way. The meting out of punishment to criminals, the guarding of life and property, the protection of health, care of the sick, are all entrusted to public institutions, and with, on the whole, satisfactory results; but talk of entrusting the railroads to the same kind of management and you are set down at once as a feather-headed reformer whom practical men should not listen to. All the graver duties of society and the management of the most serious emergencies, from investigating the causes of tuberculosis in cattle to defending the nation against an armed foe, are instinctively consigned to governmental authority, because we all know these things will be better done by that means than by any other; but when it comes to running an electric light plant, or operating a trolley line on the city's streets, or running a railroad train, these amusing creatures called American citizens, are agghast at the idea and shout you down with the cry, we want no paternal system of government here!"

For the sake of consistency, these people ought to advocate the abolition of courts of justice, of the police and militia, of the public school system, of health boards and sanitary commissions, of public hospitals, asylums, and reformatories, of the post-office system, and of the army and navy. When they do they may shake hands with the anarchist, wear long hair, make lurid speeches against all laws, and throw bombs. They will then be more dangerous, but not more amusing than they are now.—*New York Voice.*

EDITORIAL OPINIONS.

If you want to gaze upon the silver lining, just mount upon the Populist platform.—*McKinney Democrat.*

If you are in favor of the free coinage of silver get out of the Democratic party; it's a gold standard party.—*Corsicana Truth.*

One of the peculiar features of the Democratic administration is that its expenditures are greater than the receipts.—*Comanche Exponent.*

A divorce between the honest and dishonest wings of the Democratic party is now unavoidable, if they mean business.—*Indianapolis Non-conformist.*

The Southern Pacific railroad asked the government to help it in its contest with employes and now presents a bill of \$3000 for feeding the troops.—*Chicago Express.*

If the death penalty is good for bank robbers it is also good for dishonest bank officials who rob the people. This is certainly a fair proposition.—*Kansas City Journal.*

There is no more disgusting sight than the farmer or laboring man, who has barely a meal ahead, talking about "honest money." It makes a person very weary.—*Southern Mercury.*

Without doubt there will be no usury. Without usury lots of people who live by sponging on the workers would have to go to work themselves.—*Independence Star and Kansan.*

A bird that fouls its own nest is a wholly nasty bird. That is what Secretary Carlisle is doing when he says that the old silver dollar of the revolution is dishonest.—*Evansville Courier (Dem.)*

And now some few of the manufacturers are advancing the wages of their men a few cents, and the shily-look papers are beating tom-toms all over the country and telling the people "prosperity" has come again.—*Midland, (Md.) Journal.*

Occupation taxes have been increased and multiplied in a state and at a time where and when they should have been abolished altogether. Ad valorem taxes have been made heavier to keep up boards and bureaus of favorites who should have been dispensed with altogether. We have entirely too much government, yet the people are called upon to pay for more rather than less of it.—*Dallas News.*

Federal office-holders who are known to have been free silver men in the past, but who are keeping painfully quiet now, are naturally under suspicion among Democrats. They will have to, or "lose their situations." Perhaps we ought to except a few who will have the manhood to retire to private life rather than to stultify themselves.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

COMPTROLLER ECKELS, in his report of the condition of the national banks on January 23, 1895, said they owed depositors subject to check, \$1,695,489,346.08, and had only \$347,644,694.75 of cash in the banks to pay with or that they were short \$1,347,844,651.33. The people have plenty of confidence.

THERE never was a more clever dodge or catch phrase coined, than that of "sound money." While it means a single gold standard, thousand of poor men who have not had over \$1.00 at one time in five years, think the Populist want to make worthless money. Would that the scales would fall from their eyes.

There is lots of amusement in this funny old world, but the two-legged "critters" that people it are the most amusing things of all. Now, for instance, here are the people who were perfectly willing to see the schools of the country managed by the government, but who are shocked at the idea of committing to its authority the operation of street railways! They are more than satisfied to have mails distributed by public officials, but they cry "socialism" at the suggestion of distributing tele-

A SPLENDID LETTER.

SILVER MOVEMENT AN EFFORT
TO DIVIDE POPULISTS.

If the Free Coinage Democrats Desire
Success Let Them Enlist Under the
Clean, Bright Banner of the People's
Party and March to Victory.

If the Populists adhere to their organization as they should do, and as it is their duty to themselves, their political brethren and the country to do, there is but little doubt of their success in Texas and many other states in state elections, and of wielding a controlling influence in the selection of the next president and securing the popular branch of congress.

Fidelity to party declarations of principle, authoritatively and honestly made, is a virtue, and to stand by comrades in the fight that is waged in support of such declarations is no less a virtue. He is a traitor who flies to the foe for pelf, gain, place or power—a very poltroon who, under the circumstances named, evades the field and who fails to carry the banner high aloft.

There are times when it is political wisdom and patriotic to combine with an enemy to beat back and destroy a greater one, but this is not the year, the day nor the hour when Populists can afford to go to the aid of, or act with, any of the parties heretofore opposed to them. It would be the destruction of their party and political suicide to the individual.

The Populist organization, and the tenacity, the undying faith with which they hold to the truth, expediency and justice free and unlimited coinage of silver at the old ration has been the heart in which the life blood of that principle pulsed for these many years, while Democrats abandoned it and Republicans denounced it. It is their principle. They rescued it from under the feet and from the stiletto of the old parties. Why should they now, when the principle has grown into manhood—a giant in and of itself—take a second place and let those who would have seen it perish, lead to victory through, by and because of its strength? No, that would not be honest, right nor just from any standpoint.

If free silver Democrats, who are now so enthusiastic, desire the success of free unlimited coinage of silver, if they wish to be parties to the establishment of a great American policy, let them come under the Populist banner and march with us to victory. They cannot, without effort, seek to lead our hosts to battle. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand has grown until it is covering the whole heavens from the ocean on the east to that on the west. We can lead our own hosts and carry them through the storm of conflict to the mount of victory. This is no time for fraternization with one enemy or another; it would bring demoralization, confusion and defeat; the combination might succeed, but Populism would die. Don't be deceived, my friends! There is no love for you with silver Democrats; by them you are mocked, derided, criticised and ridiculed. They will, if you will permit them, make instruments of you to beat the Republicans and the single gold standard people, but what then? You are swallowed up in the vortex. Your enemy flourishes and you pass into nothingness. Don't tell me that the free silver Democrats are friends of the Populists. It is not so. The man who so believes, the man who acts under such belief, fatally deceives himself, and to the whole extent of his individuality and influence ruins his party and defeats the objects and purposes of his political friends. Be not deceived! If these silver Democrats love the free silver doctrine you teach and support, they will come to you. If they are honest men, honestly advocating the doctrine, they will come to you politically and as patriotic men; they dare not stay away. Victory marches under your leadership. Uphold the colors! Stand by your guns!

The fight warms up in Texas and all over the country. The battle will be hot. The right is with you. Be firm! This silver movement is practically, whether so intended or not, an effort to outflank you. Watch it! Yield not to it! Join it not! It has but a tin god for its leader! It will go to pieces and the honest wreckage will come to you. It will disintegrate when the party whip is cracked over its back. Don't go to them to be stamped. Keep your eyes on your own glorious banner! Where it waves, follow! It will wave in the thick of the fight if brave, devoted men carry it there. Up and be doing! Let every man be a hero! Victory is yours! Stretch forth your hand, grasp and hold it! Let every man feel and act as if our coming victory depended on his single arm, his own individual exertions. Let this be so; let such grand determination be our unexpressed shibboleth and the lowly, despised, persecuted Populist party will take speedy and full possession of this state and of the nation.

Who dare oppose our glorious hosts as they march to the music of patriotic shouts over prostrate columns of the disorganized, discouraged, demoralized foe? God grant that our every man may be ablaze with the fire of patriotism, devoted to the truth, filled with fidelity to his cause and companions, and as fixed as the stars in his unalterable determination to look for victory only in the ranks of his own party.

But I have a word to say to the silver Democrats. I am not a prophet, and yet I see, as clearly as a prophet, that which is to come to you. Be on your guard. Your destruction is decreed, and naught but sleepless vigilance and the honesty of your own convictions will or can save you, even if these can, which is much to be doubted. Of course I am talking to the common people, the laborers, the producers. The politician, the wire worker, the place hunter, the self-constituted leader can and will take care of themselves. They are they who mislead the people and ruin the country; but to the common people, it is to them I speak.

The coming political contest of 1896 will be more virulent, acrimonious and desperate than any heretofore witnessed. The gold power is determined. It's mind is made up. In it there will be no change. It has made up its mind to win the fight and control the destinies of the country, no matter at what cost of treasure, aye, and of blood. What cares it for the people? What is it to the brazen power whether the people eat or starve, are warm or cold, live or die? There are gradations in that power. It has jesuitic system, deliberate method and deeply planned policy. It bends or breaks those it assaults. The gold power owns and controls the national banks. The national banks, as a rule subordinate the merchants of the towns and cities, while the people universally are in debt to the merchants. Now watch the movement. The gold power orders the banks; the banks request the merchants, and the merchants solicit their debtors to pursue one line of action, and what is that? Yes, what is that? It is this: To permit the gold power advocates to capture the primaries and the conventions, and thus enable that power to declare its views as to the principles of the party. To this end the order, the request and the solicitation, if necessary, will go to the extent that the banker, the merchant, and the debtor, must go into the primaries, and the conventions, and work to accomplish the designated purposes. Thus it was worked in the last primaries and state conventions. The gold power let the silver men have the offices but it took for its share the declarations of principles. In the state convention there was more than 150 majority of delegates in favor of free silver, but the gold standard delegates succeeded in their aim. True the candidates who were nominated were sometimes on the platform, sometimes under it, sometimes jumping on and off, but they were gold power candidates and silver men voted for them. Just get a collar on a silver Democrat and that's all that is necessary to make him perform like a trick mule in a circus or a cinnamon bear mastered by a Dago tramp. I say this more in sorrow and grief than in blame and criticism. The Democratic party, the masses, the people of the party, not the ringmasters, wanted a free silver platform and got a gold standard one. So it will be again unless you in time detect the fraud and prevent it. The way to do so is to consort with those of your own kind. Sheep don't run with wolves, or if they do the wolves do the eating and the sheep furnish the banquet. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient, but it may be that silver Democrats like to be fooled. All right. But let me tell you one thing, the Populists are not going with you to be sacrificed on the golden altar. They have before this been made to hew wood and draw water by false gods to them. They have learned better. If you are joined to your clay idols, go and eat your dirt. You can have it all, for the Populist from principle is going to stay on his platform, fight from there and not be the dupe of any supporter of a two-faced party.

The Populists to-day hold the balance of power against the administration views on the money question, and if a combination becomes necessary to defeat the gold power, then let them act as a party and not as individuals. In union there is strength. Division is destruction.

Populists desire to save the country from revolution and offer the only solution of the present impending crisis.—*W. M. Walton in Southern Mercury.*

Just Fita.

We think no less of a man because he does not believe as we do. But he should believe something. The time has passed when you can be all things to all men.—*Greenville Banner.*

The above just fits the leaders of the two old parties, especially those of the so-called Democracy.

Spain thanks Cleveland. The president has the doubtful honor of deserving thanks from every country but his own.—*Denver News.*

A MYSTIFIED WOMAN.

The Wheels Wouldn't Go Round.

Everyone in the streets stopped. Even a child could see that there was something wrong. Every time the horse started the sparks flew from where the tire touched the stone. That is why the lady got out. A crowd gathered and gazed curiously while she examined the horse, the harness, the vehicle and the wheel that wouldn't go round. A policeman came forward and suggested that the horse was balky. A gentleman who belonged to the Society with the long

name, said that the beast was overworked, and should be unharnessed and rubbed down. Another man advised her to back a bit and take a new start. A fourth suggested that she would drive right on, sparks or no sparks, the difficulty would remedy itself; while still another insisted that unless a new tire be put on the wheel, the whole outfit would collapse. These conflicting counsels increased the confusion of the distressed lady, but they did not make the wheel go round.

Just then a carriage drove up, a gentleman got out and asked what was the matter. One of the bystanders said it was a break down, while each of eleven others gave a different explanation as to why the wheel wouldn't go round. The stranger examined the turnout, led the pony forward a step, and as the sparks began flying, remarked: "Madam, your horse, harness, cart and wheel are all right. The sparks that the tire draws from the curbstones are merely outward symptoms of the inward ailment. The real difficulty is not with the tire of the wheel, but with its axle, or its 'box.'" Just what the man did next it is not necessary to state, but in less than ten minutes the entire trouble was ended. He had removed the cause instead of temporizing with the effect. As the lady drove on rejoicing someone remarked: "How few people in the world reason down to the root of things, and at the same time carry in their heads the 'know how' that makes the wheels go round."

It is just this lack of reasoning down to the root of things that is today causing intense suffering to thousands of men and women; and for this suffering, to a great extent, man is to blame.

Refined, intelligent, educated men, who have spent eight or ten of the best years of their lives in colleges, medical schools and hospitals, cling to the false, child-like theory of doctoring the tire, as it were, instead of curing the axle, or its "hot-box." They direct their attention to where they see the sparks flying, instead of working upon the hidden spot where the real trouble lies. The consequence is, they never acquire the "know how," which enables them to regulate the wheels of life.

When the sparks of pain fairly fly from a woman's head, her back, her limbs, or the most important and sensitive organs of her body, it is as senseless to resort to "local applications," pain cures, or stimulants, as it is to grease the tire, whip the horse, or drive on regardless of consequences. Those people try to cure symptoms instead of reasoning to the root of things and removing the cause of the disorder. The result is physical patch-work and failure instead of success.

A most conspicuous exception to this rule is the man who, nearly thirty years ago, proclaimed that he would not make such mistakes, but would devote himself to reasoning to the root of disease, and to the discovery of a new principle for its treatment. Many thousand letters of gratitude from former patients in all parts of America, have told this physician that he has been successful beyond even his own expectations. This man is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has for more than a quarter of a century been the head of the most complete and successful Health Institution in America, the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and whose "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription," and "Pleasant Pellets," have converted thousands of men and women, in every State of this Union and in many foreign lands, from absolute misery to physical vigor and happiness, and whose People's Common Sense Medical Adviser has had the greatest sale of any medical work ever published—amounting to over 680,000 copies.

In his research and practice Dr. Pierce proceeded on the common sense principle that the blood could carry life or destruction to every part of the body. That the liver was the "housekeeper" of the human system. That

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Denver has a preacher named Passmore, who is said to be fervid, fluent and furious. To hear him go on one is impressed that there is but one honest preacher, and he is him. This man thinks, or says he does, that the world is pegging along toward perdition like an ox to the shambles. He accuses all the brethren in Colorado and Omaha of being in league with the world, the flesh and the devil to rob heaven of its just share of the precious spoils of earth. The conference has called him down, and he must answer to the grave charge of conduct unbecoming a minister of the gospel. He expects to be "fired" and give out the information in advance that persecution cannot close his mouth. He will continue to preach as long as there is a lung left, and the conference shall not be suffered to forget that he was once a part of it. His zeal is commendable, but his judgment is lame.

Barnato, the mine owner of South Africa, is at present scattering his millions in Paris. Twenty years ago he was very poor, and acted as clown in a circus, with two trained donkeys. He is now worth \$150,000. He was performing in Kimberley for poor houses, when, on a walk, he found a sparkling stone in the fields. It was a diamond and worth \$10,000. Barnato bought the fields around there and gradually looked up gems and sold them. Thus he went on and did likewise later with the Johannesburg gold mines. He is a fellow director with Cecil Rhodes in the companies that control the mines.

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SOMETHING WRONG.

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COUPON

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