

Politics and Profit

Will be Found to Have Caused the Eastland Horror.—Ship was Allowed "Special Privileges."

Chicago is in mourning! Some 1,500 of her people were sacrificed to the capitalist God—Profit!—a ship that was known to be unsafe was loaded to more than double her capacity—and she topped over. The victims were mostly women and children of the working class who were going out on the lake for a little fresh air. It was some of our "charitable" "welfare work." The rich don't have to jam up that way. They have their private yachts, invite a few friends, and go it. Recently I read an account of Jim Hill, the railroad king of the northwest, taking out a party of friends to joy-ride on the lakes at a cost of \$150,000 for "entertainment." It may be that Jim has an interest in the ship that upset. Where does he get his money if not from the misery of the poor—his employees, many of whom make their homes in rejected box cars?

And, then, from this same misery of the world to come. He will be entitled to a golden snuff that you can hear above the thunder. He has endowed the Cathedral of Arch-Bishop Ireland at St. Paul with an annual income of \$50,000. Of course, the gift was not in cash, but in "securities." If the earning power of "securities" should fall, then that \$50,000 income would drop. Hence the archbishop and his underlings may be relied on to defend the "sacred rights of property."

Go to the bottom of any great industrial disaster—mine explosion, railroad wreck, or what not—and you will find at the bottom—profit. Dividends must be maintained at any cost. A few years ago a fearful collision of passenger engines occurred and many people killed and injured. I do not remember just where it happened, but it was somewhere near Chicago, and the daily papers were full of it—just as they are now full of the Eastland horror. They wanted the blame located and somebody punished.

The train dispatcher who failed to deliver the orders was arrested and jailed. Here was the goat. Always the hired man gets it in the neck. Everybody wanted him crucified. It was several days before his side of the story reached the public. And when it was learned that he had been on duty for three days and nights, and the company had furnished him no relief, the thing was all off.

Why did the Lusitania go into the forbidden British waters? For profit, of course—and nothing else. She was loaded with war supplies for the allies, and the profits were so alluring that our profit-mongers decided to take the chance. They lost—and now they want Uncle Sam to make Germany pay for the destroyed cargo.

When the first accounts appeared concerning the capsizing of the Eastland, they broke the news gently. They understated the dead and missing by more than half, and gave the number on the ship at about 2,000. It is known now that there were about 3,000 on board and that the total dead and missing will reach between 1,200 and 1,800. Every big corporation has its publicity agent, and his job is to keep the public misinformed.

What caused it all? Nothing but greed and rotten government inspection. We are loaded down with inspectors and commissioners and examiners and wardens of every kind. Everybody and everything must be inspected and spied on—from the farmer who wants to hunt the game his grain has fattened to the village barber and the railroads. Not, however, with a view to benefiting or protecting the public, but to give jobs to worn out and spoiled politicians that must be taken care of. And the inspectors are usually appointed on the suggestion or recommendation of the interests to be inspected.

It now appears that it was generally known among seamen that the Eastland was unsafe, and that her maximum capacity should not have exceeded 1,200 persons. Yet only last June a government inspector increased her permit from 2,070 to 2,500. Of course the captain and crew—all hired men—are under arrest.

As this is written there are six separate investigations going on in Chicago, and a noise is being made as if something would be done about it. Among the investigators are federal and local grand juries. And Capt. Pederson that officers of the steamship company ordered him to go to Federal Inspector Reid and ask that the capacity of the ship be increased to 2,500, and that he was told he would get what he asked for. "Before I went," says Capt. Pederson, "I was told that I would get what I was after." The Eastland was built for speed, and not for carrying, according to her designer, S. G.

REMEMBER THE MAINE.

When we "Remember the Maine," it should be a warning to us not to act hastily, nor to be deceived by the scare headlines in the daily papers. We should not lose our reason and allow hate and prejudice to become dominant.

There are not many well-informed people today who believe that Spain had anything to do with the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor. Spain disclaimed any responsibility, and no reason existed why Spain should have done it.

But there were reasons plenty why religious and financial interests would profit by such an act. The daily press was howling for intervention with all its might. The sugar, tobacco and other interests feared the independence of Cuba and the Philippines—which they had almost gained over Spain. These interests were just as much worked up over "God and humanity" in Cuba as similar interests are now worked up over Mexico.

What were the facts? This country and Spain had no quarrel. But the interests wanted a protectorate over Cuba and to "benevolently assimilate" the Philippine islands. To bring about this result there must be an excuse. The Maine, blown up in Havana harbor, and about 9:30 p. m., was blown up. Curiously enough, CAPT. SIGSBY AND OTHER OFFICERS WERE ASHORE HAVING A GOOD TIME. Only the common soldiers went down with the ship.

President McKinley understood the situation and had steadfastly opposed meddling. But when a hundred thousand papers appeared the next morning with scare headlines, telling of Spanish atrocities and the blowing up of our ship, the people went wild. Neither the president nor the senators in congress could turn the tide. Every morning the papers appeared with a fresh lot of lies, and always with "Remember the Maine."

War was declared—and what was the result? We sneaked into Manila harbor and bombarded a city of sleeping half-savage people who knew nothing about it. We murdered them, sunk their ships and destroyed their homes—all in the name of "Providence" and "the white man's burden."

Next we went into Cuba and killed a lot of people who had nothing to do with it at all, and got a lot of our own killed—not so much from Spanish bullets as from embalmed beef and other bad food furnished by our dollar patriots for profit. We are still paying the pensions—and will continue to do so for many years.

But we saved Cuba and the Philippines from their own people. The county court had the bond of Mr. Murray, the sugar and tobacco trusts. We paid "the church" twenty million dollars for the land it had extracted from the inhabitants. And the people of those unhappy islands are very little, if any better off today than before we benevolently assimilated them. The priests rule now as tyrannically as before.

LEARNING FROM AUTOIST.

The threshing machines have played havoc with our bridges, smashing nearly every bridge in the township. It is said none of them comply with the law in crossing over these bridges, and for this reason should be made to pay for the repairing. Some of these thrasher owners act as though they were driving a railroad locomotive and have a right to smash everything that happens to be in their path.—Campbell Citizen.

Maybe these farmers have been watching the automobile fellows and learned bad habits. Farmers are a nuisance and should not be allowed to travel along the highway. They often get in the way of, or mussy up, the roads for the autoists.

Here in Benton the auto drivers pay no attention to any law. One of these chaps forgot where he was last week and was arrested by the Cape police for speeding.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

Were it not so expensive, as well as dangerous, the way our affairs are being run by one-horse politicians would be hilariously humorous.

The first blockade of the sea was declared by England in German waters. The first American ship to go down was in these waters, but we heard so little of it that I do not remember the name of the ship—not do you.

But when Germany declared a blockade of English waters and the Lusitania went down—oh, my! We haven't got done hearing about that yet.

But strong pressure forced the Washington government to make a bluff at England. We sent a note to England as well as to Germany. And I just roared when I read these headlines in a daily paper: "Great Britain Notifies Washington it will Make Concessions just like Germany did."

But we need not look to Washington for all the jokes. We have some at home. The law requires that a grand jury be drawn by the county court once a year, and if the court fails or neglects to do this, then the circuit judge may order the sheriff to summon a grand jury.

Evidently our county court concluded that there could be another term of circuit court this year, and that the selection of a grand jury could go over until the November term.

Our county court is Republican. All of the rest is Democratic. Whether or not the Democrats were afraid of a grand jury not selected by themselves, I do not know. But I do know that we had a grand jury. That will save the county court the trouble of selecting one in November.

What this grand jury did I do not know, beyond what their report reveals. They visited the jail, and seemed to find everything lovely. If they found any overcrowding they said nothing about it.

"They also found evidence that the county court had been appropriating large sums of road money to the checking account of 'the highway engineer or his unboned assistant' until \$500 of the road fund had been misappropriated. Then the grand jury sweeps a few notes from the tax-payers' purses. 'We therefore most earnestly recommend that the court desist from these flagrant acts and the reckless handling of the people's money.'"

If that wouldn't make a horse laugh, what would? It takes nerve to talk about the reckless handling of the people's money while sitting in that \$125,000.00 court house, drinking water from a \$15,000 well, when neither expenditure was authorized by the people. The county court had the bond of Mr. Murray, the sugar and tobacco trusts.

Somebody must have "put one over" on the grand jury. In concluding its report on the reckless handling of the people's money, they insist that the county court "adhere more strictly to the law in this regard and that the county's funds be left in the county depository."

OUR "STATESMEN."

The United States has now, and usually has, the bumest lot of statesmen of any nation on earth. As a rule, they are cheap-skate lawyer-politicians to whom nothing is right and nothing is wrong—except "stick to the party."

They know no more about economics or the science of government than a hog knows about table manners. Usually, they are men who can be best spared from the community without injury to the community. Opinions they have none until they know the popular side. Until a few years ago they were told us that woman's place was in the kitchen. Now that many states have woman suffrage, they are flocking to it. Bryan has declared for it and, in his San Francisco speech, Champ Clark came out for the women. No man could now be elected president who opposed it.

The fact that Clark has declared for it indicates something more to a weather prophet. Both Bryan and Clark are presidential probabilities. From now on the breach in the Democratic camp will widen until the convention next year. Like Roosevelt was to his party, so Bryan is regarded as the Moses of the Democrats.

At the proper time Bryan will walk off with the bulk of the Democratic party and leave Clark and Wilson with nothing but the job-holders—just as was the case with Taft and Roosevelt in 1912.

Bryan's platform will be very radical—as was Roosevelt's. Every new thing he declares for is Socialistic. Within a year he may be able to steal as many planks from the Socialist platform as Roosevelt did. But there is one plank that no capitalist party can ever steal—the elimination of rent, interest and profit. That is the vital force of Socialism.

Six years ago Bryan began to take on a reputation for his piety. The prohibitionists thought they saw in him a comrade and put it up to him to declare himself on the liquor traffic. But the Slippery One evaded this: "The liquor traffic is a moral question and not a political one." According to the views of this "eminent statesman," a thing that is manufactured and sold under the supervision of the nation, state and county is not a public affair. But, then, it was six years ago when Old Boone had the bits in his teeth and going. It is different now. Bryan is for prohibition.

TYRANT PLAYS THE FOOL.

From the Chicago Journal. The Journal has been mildly amused at newspaper comment on the attempt of the University of Pennsylvania to stifle free speech among its teachers. That university discharged Dr. Scott Searling, one of the ablest economists of the age, because he taught doctrines which did not agree with the Penrose theory of economics popular among the trustees. The editors of the country have waxed wroth at this tyranny, and rightly, but they have failed to point out its absurdity.

The trustees tried to put a gag in Dr. Searling's mouth, and they gave him a megaphone instead. Political economy is generally considered a dry subject—but not when enlivened by a good fight. Thousands of students who never would have read Dr. Searling's books in the ordinary course of events will read them now to see what it is that the University of Pennsylvania is trying to suppress. They will find that the teacher who has been "fired" opposed child labor, believed in free trade, objected to the capitalization of privilege and wanted labor to get a fairer share of the world's income—and five out of seven of the ardent young readers secured for him by the public blind trustees will hold that Dr. Searling is right.

Prosecution is a compelling force—provided there is enough of it. Prosecution that fails to destroy is as great a blunder as it is a crime. The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have shown the spirit of Torquemada without his power. He made himself terrible. They have succeeded only in becoming contemptible.

Well, we are going to do something for the farmer now. We have reformed the tariff and the currency and established regional banks, yet he isn't happy. But we are going to fix it for him next trip. Of course he doesn't understand just what we intend to do for him—but he'll find out. We are going to give him the Land Bank. Now watch the landless farmer forget all his troubles and chase this shadow.

The will of Arch-Bishop Quilley was filed for probate in Chicago last week, and it revealed that while this good man was serving the Lord he incidentally put aside seventy-five thousand dollars for himself. No trouble to be "good" with such a bank account to draw on. But how does it harmonize with the condition of the poor Carpenter of Nazareth who was buried in a borrowed robe.

IN THE SOUTHEAST.

What the People are Doing in Other Counties that are Near.

The editor of the Pemsicot Argus gets what he votes for every trip, and yet he out-kicks the Kicker. He says: "We have come to the conclusion that the county need never expect to get one cent of the \$87,000 found to be due it by the auditors. It is true the cases are pending in court, but there have been so many delays in the past, that there is little likelihood of them now ever coming to a trial, let alone bringing a verdict for the return of the missing funds."

Bro Ake begins to see visions of a prohibition plank in the Democratic platform next year. He now seems to think he wouldn't stand for it—but he will. Whenever "the party" speaks, that settles it. And "the party" is composed of the job holders. There will be another nice batch of constitutional amendments to be distributed among the loyal papers next year. And with such a vision before him, no good Democrat would balk at anything he is asked to swallow.

In reporting a scrap which resulted in the arrest and fining of P. A. Addy and Jeff Coker the Charleston Enterprise says: "Mr. Addy claims that Coker had broken up his home and that his wrong-doing covers a period of several months." Since the Pious Ones claim that Socialism will break up the home, will the Enterprise please tell us what gang Mr. Coker lines up with?

Eight years ago W. H. Smallinger bought 18,000 acres of land near Ironton for \$80,000. The other day he sold the same land for more than three times the price he paid for it, or \$250,000. Now I want Bro. Ake to tell me what Mr. Smallinger did to increase the value of that land? If he did nothing, then by what natural right does he pocket the difference.

Ab McMurray, Sol Gwatney and John McGuire, three old residents of Charleston, died there last week. Mr. McMurray was born in 1826 in what was then the lower end of Scott county but is now the upper end of Mississippi county—or Charleston. He was born in Scott county and lived 70 years in Mississippi county without changing his residence.

SOCIALISM AND EQUALITY.

By John Spargo. No Socialist wants to pull down the strong to the level of the weak, the wise to the level of the less wise. Socialism does not imply pulling anybody down. It does not imply a great plain of humanity with no mountain peaks of genius or character. It is not opposed to natural inequalities, but to man-made inequalities. Its only protest is against these artificial inequalities, products of man's ignorance and greed. It does not aim to pull down the highest, but to lift up the lowest. It does not want to put a load of disadvantage upon the strong and gifted, but it wants to take off the heavy burdens of disadvantage which keep others from rising. In a word, socialism implies nothing more than giving every child born into the world equal opportunities, so that only the inequalities of nature remain.

There has been much rejoicing in Boone Terre, recently, on account of the lifting of the small pox quarantine which has been in effect since June 4. Since that time up until Monday no public gathering of any kind was permitted. Boone Terre has been hard hit industrially this year. This together with the quarantine had a disastrous effect on business.

Ironton Register.—How prodigal and careless we are of human life! Fourteen hundred souls were sent to the account at Chicago last Saturday, the result of neglect of plain duty by the officers of the excursion ship Eastland. Now, if it had happened on Sunday it might have been charged to the Lord's judgment, instead of greed and recklessness.

I enjoy many good laughs at expressions that appear in the "reform" papers. The Doniphan Prospect-News says, "It is gratifying indeed to people engaged in the uplift of their fellows," etc. I note that the term hold-up be substituted for up-lift. It means the same thing and is better understood.

Poplar Bluff Citizen.—A jail delivery at the Butler county jail, which has been declared the finest in Missouri outside of the great cities, made their way to liberty, three attempting to escape and being caught and two others going to the authorities reporting the delivery.

Cy Burns, the negro who was attacked by the women of Commerce, should file some damage suits against newspapers that call him a "boot-legger." Cy was doing just what the express companies do every day—carrying booze for others.

Poplar Bluff Citizen.—S. H. Meyers has produced some extraordinary beans at his home on Kinzer street. One of these beans of the pole variety, measures three feet in length.

The man McGee at Poplar Bluff, who was arrested on a bigamy charge, seems to have been able to establish that one of the wives who claimed him was mistaken about it. Read the unmuzzled Kicker.

WHERE THE WOMEN ARE.

Woman's place may be the home but judging from recent statistics, she seems to have deliberately ignored that fact, for there are: 239,077 stenographers, 327,635 teachers and professors, 481,159 in various trades, 770,055 engaged in agricultural pursuits, 7,355 physicians and surgeons, 7,396 clergy men, 1,987 designers, draftsmen and architects, 1,010 lawyers, 429,497 women in various professions.—Baltimore Sun.

EXAGGERATED.

"Robert," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what imagination is?" "Yes, mamam," replied the little fellow, "imagination is what makes a fellow think a bee's stinger is three feet long after he gets stung."—Seattle Star.

Studebaker
WAGONS BUGGIES HARNESS

HERE'S WHAT MR. MCINTYRE HAS TO SAY

I purchased my Studebaker in 1874 from Henry Brown of LeRoy, N. Y., and paid for it in wood, cut by myself.

The wagon drew all the stone that was placed in my house and barn. It has never been idle.

All the heavy work that is done on the farm today is done by the old wagon.

It is just as good as it was the day I bought it.

Peter R. McIntyre, Caledonia, N. Y.

As good as the day it was bought—39 years ago

Is it possible to say more in praise of a wagon? Doesn't it prove conclusively that the best material and workmanship went into it?—and doesn't it also prove that it pays to buy the best? Studebaker wagons are honestly built of the very best material. Not with the idea of building a cheap wagon but the best wagon. —and, owing to improved methods of manufacture, they are really better built today than they were thirty-nine years ago. Come in and look them over.

H. A. Osman, Chaffee.
Studebakers last a lifetime