

WILLMAR TRIBUNE.

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—BY—
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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH, 1895.

A Case From Real Life and Some Reflections.

The old adage that one half of the people don't know how the other half, is still with all our advancement in civilization, true. People in easy circumstances for any number of years, and whose occupations do not bring them in immediate contact with the more unfortunate of society can with difficulty conceive of the struggles of the latter for existence. The physician enters into the inner sanctums of the homes he visits, and sees more realities of life than any other individual. If he is a human man and a philosopher he is apt to form opinions that look radical and far-fetched to ordinary business men who simply meet humanity over the counter.

We ask our critics to bear this in mind when they feel like blaming us for our seeming radical views on some topics. Our avocation has brought us face to face with forms of human suffering, not simply physical ills either, that has left an indelible impress on our mental make up, and forms the basis of much that we feel and express.

Let us relate a typical case from real life. The man we will call John Jones. It is a very stinging cold day in March and the doctor is out to see Mr. Jones, who is sick. He has been sick for about a week. Mr. Jones has fever and is spitting blood, coughs, and has great difficulty in getting his breath. The doctor sees at once what ails Mr. Jones, and after giving him from his satchel what appropriate medicine he may have brought along, he turns to Mrs. Jones and asks: "Why did you not call a doctor before?" Mrs. Jones answers with a big drop of clear fluid stealing out beneath her eye lashes, that they did not think it was serious, only a cold that would pass off as usual; that they did not have any money to pay the doctor and didn't know when they would have, hated to call him but in a case of absolute necessity. The doctor asks again: "Was Mr. Jones exposed shortly before he was taken sick?" "Yes," says Mrs. Jones, "he came from town that cold day against the wind, almost froze, as he was not sufficiently clad for cold weather. The fact is that he has been so anxious to pay his debts that he has neglected to buy himself the necessary clothing."

In two days more poor Mr. Jones, or rather his spirit has gone to that realm beyond, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." In a few days more, his earthly remains is consigned to his long home, six feet long, six feet perpendicular and two feet wide in mother earth.

Mrs. Jones and her seven orphans, the largest a boy of 14—stand husbandless and fatherless to begin and to face the struggles for existence alone! Kind reader you say this is a sad case. So it is. And it is actual, real, and occurring every week and month of cold weather in this latitude. You have seen such cases yourself among your neighbors. It is a case of blood, is it not? Many times the poor survivors sweat blood from every pore in more ways than one, leave out of the question the agonies of the dying.

But perhaps you say: "What of it? Who can help it? Has it not always been so in the world?" Well kind reader, may be it couldn't be helped, and maybe if you and I had done our duty as true christians and true citizens,

the Jones family would not have been in these sad circumstances. Let us see for a moment. John Jones had lived here for about fifteen years. When he got married he had a few hundred dollars which he paid down on the place when he bought it. He has been a hard working man, sober and saving the best he knew how, but being considerable in debt all the time he has had a hard pull to get along. Being an ordinary every day farmer he has probably bought machinery and horses perhaps, that a better financier would not have done. But on the whole he has managed things as well as the average farmer. He has raised as fair crops as his neighbors.

We ask now wasn't Mr. Jones well enough off to keep himself properly clothed for a cold day's ride to town? "Times have been hard of late," you say. "Wheat has been low, and the interest and grocery bills for the growing family has been growing on him." Just so. Those fortunate ones of society who has been above want for years, and who do not visit the poor in their homes, do not of course understand how this is. But a majority of my farmer readers understand it.

Now why is wheat low, below cost of production? Why are freight charges high, way above cost of transportation?

Why should it be possible for a sober industrious farmer in this land of abundant riches to go to an untimely grave, and leave widow and orphans to battle with a cold world because of want of necessary clothing?

Hasn't this nation accumulated wealth beyond any precedent in history; and haven't we our boasted millionaires in any city of any size that roll in wealth and that buy foreign princes for their daughters, and giving swell dinners, like young Wanamaker lately, costing \$1500.00 per plate, and how is it that poor John Jones perishes from want of clothing in the struggle for independence?

We are not crying out against wealth. Nor asking the rich to divide with the poor, nor anything of the kind. But when we see on the one hand sober, industrious and honest families going down by dozens and dozens all round us for want of the common necessities of life, and on the other hand profligate and luxurious millionaires spending unheard of wealth in vicious living, we cannot but conclude that something is out of gear somewhere with the system of political economy and civilization.

Nor do we ask any sympathy for the lazy tramp. We believe literally and emphatically that the man who will not work should starve and freeze or be compelled to work by force.

But we do assert that in a country like this, abounding with the means of the sustenance of life, every honest, industrious and reasonably careful man ought to get the necessities of life for himself and family. Every such man earns that, and is entitled to it; if he does not get it somebody else gets it away from him in some way or another.

We hold that John Jones during the last 15 years has produced enough to have made him independent, and to have been able to provide himself with clothing and proper medical attendance in time, to have prevented his death from pneumonia, had he kept that was honestly his.

When anything is carried off without the knowledge or consent of the owner, the affair is usually investigated on two lines of inquiry, to wit:

1st. The discovery of the article in question.

2nd. The mode or process of the carrying off.

And, first, if our contention is true that John Jones and millions like him have lost wealth somebody must have it. In looking about we soon discover any number of men who have become enormously wealthy during the last 15 years. The question then arises, have any of these parties got some of this away from John Jones? If so, how?

This leads to the second inquiry as to the mode of the carrying off of this wealth. And this to the question what business are those enormously wealthy people

engaged in? When thinking about wealthy people we naturally remember, Gould, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Armour, Cudahy, Partridge, Rockefeller, McCormick, and nearer at home, Washburn, Pillsbury, Sawyer, etc., etc. Now how has this class of men acquired their enormous wealth during the last quarter of a century? "In business and strictly legitimate under our laws," you say. Very well. Has John Jones done business with these men? "Yes," you say, with all of them? To one set he has sold his produce, his wheat, meat and whatever else he has raised. Another set has transported his produce to the consumer of his product. From another set he has bought his machinery, clothing, furniture, etc. These men have become millionaires by trading with the John Jones' of the country haven't they? "Yes."

These men have driven a pretty good bargain with the Jones, legitimately under our laws of course, haven't they? And the result is that they spend their earnings in riotous living and the Jones are suffering and dying for want of necessities of life? "Yes."

They have got their wealth from the Jones then, haven't they? Something like that an expert horse jockey makes money trading horses with green farmers? "Yes."

Now kind reader, do you think that that is altogether as it ought to be?

Do you think that our laws ought to be such as to allow these keen sharp business men to do up the Jones' in this way? Your conscience answers now, "No!"

You know, you and I make the laws indirectly at the ballot box. You remember that old King David tried to dodge the charge of killing Uriah by ordering his lieutenant to put him where the enemies would certainly slay him, but the prophet of God, nevertheless, told him: "thou art the man."

That same voice of the God, in whom there is no shadow of turning, thunders at us, the voters of this country. "You are the men that killed John Jones!" "You made laws under which he was robbed of the necessities of life, and you are his murderers!"

Why are we bothering ourselves writing articles for the Willmar Tribune? We are trying in our humble way to plead the cause of poor John Jones and his orphan family before your consciences. Men have spent their lives in pleading the cause of the poor drunkard. You have listened to burning words of the temperance orator and enthused for the salvation of the inebriate. The drunkard needs your best effort to save him. But let us tell you that where king alcohol has hundreds, hard times, that you and I have made at the ballot box, has slain its thousands of the best and the noblest of sober industrious fellow human beings. Will not you, who mean to do right, look around you at some of the poor John Jones', that are being sacrificed to this worship of a little lump of yellow dirt, and take pity on them and do your duty before God at the ballot box so that some protection shall be given to the struggling farmer that is making such a heroic fight for the chance to live like an American citizen ought to live?

C. J.
The Minneapolis Tribune tells some "facts" at last:
Nov. 4, 1895.
The great business boom and revival of prosperity so heralded and belauded by some of our political contemporaries seems to have fallen into the mire and yellow leaf. Because there was marked increase in the demand for goods during the spring and summer months, following a couple of years of economy and self denial on the part of the people, the apologists of the tariff legislation of the last congress assumed that the tide had turned and that legislation was bringing the nation prosperity. But it now appears that the real cause of revived activity was the exhaustion of stocks from curtailment of operations, and hence was temporary in its character. The immediate wants supplied, demand has fallen off. The revival was not built upon the solid basis of protection to American industry, and hence was temporary and evanescent in character. The commercial agencies in their review of the week says: "It is a time of waiting." "Trade has halted decidedly at the close of October." "Commerce is not up to what was expected 60 days ago." "The demand is almost entirely for staple goods, but with a decided falling off in volume."

The Tribune has no disposition to play the role of calamity howler, but as a faithful recorder of conditions and events we cannot afford to ignore facts.

We are very glad to know that

the great organ "cannot afford to ignore facts," even at the risk of playing calamity howler. It quotes the commercial reports: "It is a time of waiting." "Trade has halted decidedly at the close of October." "Commerce is not up to what was expected 60 days ago." "The demand is almost entirely for staple goods, but with a decided falling off in volume." How strange that trade should halt at this time of the year, when trade is always increasing in volume, when the crop is just garnered, and when the cold season is coming on? "The revival was not built upon the solid basis of protection to American industry, and hence, was temporary and evanescent in character." How so? Wasn't the revival built upon the great Republican landslide last fall? Haven't we been told that a thousand times by the Tribune and all Republican papers? Aha! you are at last forced to admit that your dose of confidence didn't revive business! No, alas! business revival has fallen into the mire and yellow leaf, notwithstanding your great Republican victory! And why is the demand for goods falling off? Why doesn't the farmer buy clothing in the winter? The Tribune seems to think that it is because we have a Democratic President! What loyal republicans these farmers are to go naked and freeze to show their dislike to Grover? Because Wilson and Gorman dared to take off 5 per cent of a 45 per cent tariff on the imported goods they buy? Because they dared to offer them cheaper goods! Our farmers are no cheap Johnnies, are they? They know what they want! They will rather go naked and freeze, than buy cheap goods, if they have to buy it under a democratic administration! They will brave the wintry blasts of 1895-96, and wait and suffer in patience still another winter or two, 'til a high tariff republican congress and President get around to pass a high-tariff bill so as to give a bonus to the home manufacturer, and pay higher prices for their clothing! Hence the demand for goods is falling off!

Of course it never occurred to the Tribune editor that the falling off in demand for goods might be due to the fact that the farmers have no money to buy goods for. But how could the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper be expected to imagine such a thing? He is of course the boon companion of farmer J. J. Hill, W. D. Washburn, C. A. Pillsbury and such like, and he has probably found that they have always plenty of cash to buy things with. A profound study of the above class of farmers is evidently the basis of his philosophy of the farming class. And evidently also the basis of his political and tariff philosophy. When one considers this fact, the ideas of the great Minneapolis Tribune is not so far off after all, as they would at first sight appear to an ordinary mortal out in a country village.

The most discouraging feature of his philosophy is that "the business boom has fallen into the mire and yellow leaf," and that Minneapolis Tribune has turned "calamity howler." However, the situation is relieved somewhat, by contemplating the self sacrificing spirit of the republican farmer by refusing to clothe themselves under a democratic administration! C. J.

The result of last Tuesday's election emphasizes but one thing, to wit: That the sound money goldite, or Cleveland Democrats voted with the Republicans. That is the whole story, of these Republican landslides. The money power has selected the Republican party to be its tool and it whips into line its adherents in the Democratic party, and those that they can control.

The organization of the Democratic party, North at least, is simply kept up to prevent Democrats from joining the Populists. We have no doubt at all that the money power will work the same racket in 1896, and we fear successfully.

The salvation of the country now lies with the rank and file of the Democratic party. The great mass of dems believe honest

ly in the money of constitution. It is only the silk-stocking muggump Cleveland Democrats that contrary to all Democratic platitudes, are advocating the gold standard. If the ordinary honest Democrat could see that he is simply hood winked by his muggump leaders, he would either try to rescue his party from the goldites—a task probably impossible while the President holds the patronage whip—in which case the Populist might endorse the ticket in many states, or abandon his old party entirely and join the Peoples Party.

A man like Gov. Algeid would then logically be the nominee for the Presidency. He would command the confidence of both Democrats and Populists. There is no hope for the common people from the Republican party.

C. J.
We take pleasure in recommending the Home Comfort Steel Range. We have tested ours thoroughly and have found it all the salesman claimed for it. As a cooker we never saw its equal and it gives out plenty of heat. Neighbors, buy one—the best is always the cheapest.
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