

The Valentine Democrat

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VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

If there is one real failure possible in life, it is the failure to be true to the best one knows.

A New York physician says he "can give directions for living a hundred years." Well, anyone can do that.

The reason a woman is in no hurry to die is that she wishes to sweep into heaven after everybody else is seated.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

A Paris dispatch says: "M. Sauverin was scratched in a duel fought early this morning." Heavens! The women have begun it now.

That the Prince of Wales is 56 years old of course lessens his possible period as king. However, he's supposed to have had a royal time as it is.

A Boston asylum advertises for "gratuitous contributions of perused literature for eleemosynary distribution." The Bostonese have such a charming way of putting things!

New York has sent sixty women in bloomers "to civilize the Klondike regions." If they reach their destination at all it is pretty safe to wager that they will be civilized by the miners.

New England farmers have organized co-operative hog-killing clubs. Until a national organization is established, however, the person who sprawls over two seats in a crowded railroad car need feel no uneasiness.

A New Jersey training school for nurses has refused a diploma to a young woman who writes poetry. This is rather rough on the young woman, but just think how unpleasant she would make things for an invalid.

Miss Augusta Main, of New Berlin, Conn., charged with an assault with intent to kill, declared in court that there were two things in the world she hated, and they were men and dogs. "I never see either," she said, "but what I ache to kill them." How unwomanly in her not to love dogs.

Mrs. McKinley, mother of the President, has been informed that she is one of the heirs to the rich estate of a relative who has just died in Scotland. With the Presidency of the United States and a fortune in Scotland things are breaking nicely for William McKinley and his venerable mother.

Science and sanitation not only ought to drive yellow fever out of the United States, but it ought to drive out all other filth diseases. We talk about the dirt of the Digger Indians, and yet we are dying by the thousands all the time from dirt. The unpardonable sin of civilization is its daily death rate from dirt.

The British lion is now maintaining two wars against uncivilized tribes. Both are being waged by the tribes in an attempt to maintain or regain independence, of which Great Britain has robbed or is seeking to rob them. The sun never sets upon the British empire, and it never runs its daily course but it sees blood spilled by British bayonets.

Germany's foolish hostility to England, as voiced through her monarch, naturally gives offense to Austrian and Italian statesmen, and to that extent weakens the tie between the three nations. Thus far the net result of the Kaiser's freaks in his efforts to isolate England has been the creation of a distrust toward himself among his friends which may, if his pranks are persisted in, isolate Germany.

The scheme of autonomy proposed for Cuba by the new Liberal ministry goes farther than previous projects of the kind. If it were carried out, Cuba would have its own legislature, chosen directly by the people; and this legislature would have control over taxation, the tariff, public instruction and all matters of internal administration. There would be a ministry, appointed by the Governor General, from this legislature, and responsible to it. The Governor General, appointed by Spain, would have a veto upon legislation.

The "unspeakable Turk," it appears, has "taken his medicine" in the case of the Asia Minor officials whose dismissal was demanded by the Austrian Government for outrages perpetrated against Austrian subjects. The result shows that the Sultan knows how to come down gracefully when circumstances over which he has no control require—and in this instance he seems to have had no control over the Austrian Government. The latter is entitled to great credit for solving a problem which has puzzled European cabinets and diplomatists alike in the past. Why cannot "the powers" use the hint contained in this little incident to advantage when their requests are insolently disregarded by the Sultan in future? Action on this line a year or two ago might have saved Great Britain, France, and Russia from the charge of virtual complicity in the Armenian massacres.

It has been predicted that Africa would be the theater of the great struggle between European powers in the next century, as America was in the last two centuries. Bishop Hartell, of the Methodist Episcopal church, after a close observation of the situation, in-

dorses the opinion. There are already signs of the coming trouble. Germany is watching British progress in Africa with a jealous eye and only wants a pretext to interfere in order to stop that progress. The French are continually encroaching on the sphere of British influence, and though the French Government disowns the acts of overzealous French officers, still the Government holds whatever they acquire. Africa is a rich prize, and English, Germans and French, to say nothing of Italians, will all seek to gain as large a slice of the continent as possible. It requires no prophetic powers to predict that England will outstrip all her rivals in the race. She has a firm foothold now both in Egypt and South Africa and every year is acquiring additional territory. England is the great colonizer of the age, and her great naval power will give her an immense advantage in the coming struggle.

The Chilians, the "yankees of South America," are moving in the matter of railways, and the Chilean government is considering an offer from a German syndicate of \$35,000,000 at 4 1/2 per cent. to be expended in building lines. The offer is a stroke of enterprise not merely as an investment, but because of the foothold it will give Germany in South American industries. In a mountainous country like Chili \$35,000,000 will not build many miles of road, especially since the first effort will probably be to scale the Andes and establish communication with the Atlantic States, but it will build so much that more must be had in order to make the first available. In the end, it is most probable the sum will amount to \$100,000,000, or more, besides which many other millions will have to be invested in equipment, and Germany will be in a favorable position to furnish all that is required. If properly conducted the movement will be profitable to both Germany and Chili, and though the United States may regret to see such an alliance between a South American State and a foreign nation the United States will have nothing to say in contravention of it. The Monroe doctrine does not cover such a case.

According to the annual report of the commissioner of the general land office at Washington, the United States government still owns nearly 600,000,000 acres of land, in addition to the 369,000,000 acres embraced in Alaska. This land is in twenty-five States and Territories. Montana stands at the head of the list with 71,500,000 acres. There are still 1,000,000 acres of public land in Kansas, 500,000 acres in Missouri and 10,500,000 acres in Nebraska. The greater part of the government's possessions consists of arid lands and mountainous districts, which are unfit for agricultural uses. Though without much value at the present time, many million acres of this great public domain is destined at some future time to support a large population, by means of cultivation with the aid of irrigation, and the present growing sentiment in favor of experiments in government operation of industries will probably result, before many years, in the construction of vast irrigation systems in the arid regions, by the United States government. There is an excellent opportunity there to test some of the popular Socialistic theories without a disturbance of the existing industrial and social conditions, and without any chance of serious loss to the government. There are many people in the United States who are inclined to approve a good many features of the single tax idea, for example, but who are too conservative to advocate an application of the theory to lands already controlled by individuals. Such persons would welcome some experiments with the theory in the regions now owned by the government, which can be made arable by irrigation, and it is not at all unlikely that a well considered plan for developing these lands and putting them into use, with the government as a great landed proprietor and the people as lessees, or renters, may be adopted by Congress before many years. In times these lands will be a source of great wealth to someone, and as they are now owned by the government and there is a strong sentiment in favor of launching the nation into an experiment of that sort, there seems to be no good reason why the government should not undertake, by irrigation, to put large bodies of arid lands in condition to yield the treasury a substantial revenue, and at the same time make a test of the effects of such an enterprise on the social conditions, the industry and the enterprise of people who are anxious to take part in such an experiment.

John Bull Sizes Himself Up. England to-day, says a London newspaper, is what Carthage was in times of old. We are ruled by a hungry, greedy aristocracy, which, in its turn, is ruled by loan mongers and by company mongers. Honor and honesty under this regime are derided as old-fashioned superstitions. The minister who can steal any territory whose inhabitants are too weak to resist us is acclaimed as a hero. The company promoter who can build a palace by appropriating the savings of his fellow countrymen is worshipped as a divinity. When we mow down Africans with Maxims we glory in this proof of our bravery. When, at the bidding of kings and emperors, we shell Europeans struggling to free themselves from the suzerainty of some wretch who claims their allegiance, we glory in our shame. And while we swagger and boast of our might, we are in such abject fear of being attacked that we heap up armaments on armaments, because, no matter what we spend, we still would spend more to make us secure.

A long pedigree doesn't prevent a horse from being the last of his race.

THE PADRONE SYSTEM

FLOURISHES IN CHICAGO'S ITALIAN SECTION.

Miserable Children Held in Bitter Bondage and Mutilated So as to Create the Sympathy of the Public—Fiendish Cruelty and Greed.

White Slaves.
The horrible padrone system flourishes in the Italian section of Chicago and innocent childhood is held in a thrall far worse than the slavery that existed in the South before the war. Recently a newspaper man, with several police officers, made a tour of the



"AFRAID TO GO HOME."

Italian quarters and the result is a story of bitter bondage, of fiendish cruelty and of most rapacious greed.

The first stop, says the reporter, was made at a tumble-down two-story house on Ewing street, near Desplaines. No lights could be seen from the outside, but the noisy gabble of voices told of a lively commotion among the inmates. Here, on the upper floor, in one squalid room, lives a



THE PADRONE EVIL IN CHICAGO.
[Helpless children held in bondage, forced to beg and steal and punished by their Italian masters if they do not bring in the money required of them.]

man with fifteen children ranging in age from 5 to 16 years. None of these belong to him by parental ties; they have been bought or leased from Italian mothers and fathers, or stolen outright. As the party groped its way up the dark stairs there was the sound of a hard slap, and a man's voice uttered some harsh reproof in Italian. A faint gleam of light came from under the door of the room, but the door itself was barred—they always are in that part of the town, where unexpected visits by the police are not welcome. Officer Birmingham laid his hand on the knob lightly and the lamp was at once extinguished. It took long rappings and repeated assurances in mongrel Italian to convince the man that no harm was intended, or, in other words, that he was not to be arrested, and finally he consented to open the door part way while inquiry was made after a supposititious neighbor. The timely striking of a match revealed a room bare of furniture with the exception of a rickety cook stove, a rough pine table, a couple of chairs, and some pallets of straw on the floor. On these latter children were sleeping just as they had come in from the street. Walls, ceiling and floor were filthy with dirt, and the stench was stifling.

It is only at night that the Italian quarter can be seen at its worst. There are the same dirt and bad smells in the daytime, but the men and children are then mostly absent—the former at work and the latter on the down-town streets begging, stealing, and in other ways trying to scrape together the amount of money which the padrone has named as the stint. In most cases this is 50 cents for each child. Those who bring this sum back with them at night get some kind of food and shelter and escape punishment; those who fail are starved and beaten.

Ewing street, from Canal to Desplaines, is full of padrones' dens, and most of them are counterparts of that first described. One room, dark, filthy and devoid of the commonest kind of sanitary conveniences, will house half a dozen people. The man who rents two rooms is looked upon as a sort of Vanderbilt or a crazy profligate. Tony Masch is the swell of Ewing street because he has a suite of two rooms in the Garibaldi Building, a great rambling structure with many devious and confusing passages, through which no stranger could possibly make his way unaided. Masch is one of the law-abiding Italians who

frowns upon the padrone system, but thinks it merely a matter of good health to keep his mouth shut. This matter of sullen retention of knowledge is one of the hardest things the police have to cope with. Murders and affrays are common among the Italians, but it is exceedingly difficult to make an arrest or secure a conviction because even the victims refuse to give information. The stiletto is ever ready for the informer.

On Forquer street, not far from Jefferson, lives a padrone who is waxing fat off the pickings of twelve little children in various stages of productive-ness. Some travel about with wheezy concertinas, others peddle newspapers, others sell chewing gum, and others get money in questionable ways. But they all bring grist to his financial mill every night or they go supperless to bed and feel the weight of a stick as well.

From this den the party made its way through a dark alley, cluttered with refuse, to the rear of a black, forbidding-looking building on Desplaines street. A sudden yanking open of the door by the combined efforts of the four officers revealed a crowd of desperate men huddled in a small room. On the faces of all was plainly written the fear of arrest, and the assurance that nobody was wanted seemed to give relief to all of them. This building is the one from which Capt. Wheeler's officers in December last took a padrone named Moselelli and his wife, Lucy, on the charge of having deliberately burned out the eyes of three children for begging purposes. When the children were first found they refused to say a word against the padrone, and it was not until they were given to the care of a reputable Italian woman and tenderly treated that the terrible story was coaxed out of them. Capt. Wheeler, who made a personal investigation of the case, was satisfied that Moselelli would be sent to the penitentiary, but at the trial the same old difficulty of securing testimony was



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encountered, and the man escaped with a year in the bridewell. As subsequent events proved, the case was not an unusual one among the padrones. Other instances were found in which children had been deliberately mutilated in various ways so as to excite the sympathy of charitable people and make sure the giving of alms, but in no case has it been possible to get the evidence necessary for a conviction.

Back from Moselelli's old den the party traced its way through a maze of blind alleys and ill-smelling garbage boxes to Mather street, where the officers arrived at a house just in time to prevent a man from beating a boy with a club. Even then the youngster was sullen in his misery and refused to give the policemen any information, and the old rascal of a padrone actually laughed at the officers in contempt. Outside this place the party lingered some time in the hope that a renewal of the attack would give them excuse for making an arrest, but the padrone was too sly to be thus captured. Late as was the hour, many of the little



THE STILETTO FOR THE INFORMER.

while slaves were just returning home to report to their masters and hand over the financial results of their day's work. Through streets and alleys they came silently like rats, those who had money pushing along carelessly, while the unfortunate who had failed in their task hung back, dreading to encounter the fierce padrone and yet afraid to remain away longer than the appointed time. It was a mournful sort of procession, this return of the child chattels, and even the stolid policemen, inured to countless repetitions of the scene, could not forbear from commenting upon it.

In this manner the party tramped

about the padrone quarter for nearly three hours, looking into all sorts of miserable holes, few of them fit to shelter a self-respecting dog, and yet all inhabited by human beings. Cellars and garrets alike were crowded with men, women and children of varying ages, from the wee mite of a boy just large enough to scrape a few notes out of a wheezy violin, to girls just merging into womanhood. In every place some one man was in supreme control, and none disputed his authority as "boss." If there was any talking done with the officers it was the "boss" who acted as spokesman, and the others maintained an inquisitive silence, alert to what was going on, but never speaking a word.

Suddenly emerging from a dark alley into Halsted street the glare of the gaslights blinded for a moment even the veteran officers, and they nearly stumbled over a poor wretch of a girl sitting on the curbstone and shivering with cold. Unlike the other unfortunate, she was rebellious in her determination, and willing to talk, a willingness which was increased by the gift of a quarter and the promise of police protection.

"Fraid to go home," said the girl in broken English. "Got no money and padrone beat me. Must have 50 cents. No money, no supper, no bed, get licking to-night. Then to-morrow no breakfast—must bring in dollar to-morrow to make up for to-day."

Postage Stamps.
The design of the stamp is engraved on steel, and, in printing, plates are used on which 200 stamps have been engraved. Two men are kept busy at work covering these with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper containing 200 printed stamps have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum made for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried—this time on little racks fanned by steam power—for about an hour, they are very carefully put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing 100 stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more and then packed and labeled and stowed away, to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. Not less than 50,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheets of stamps, to guard against pilfering by the employees.—Ashton Recorder.

Shaker Relic Discovered.

In the old shaker settlement at Sonoma, N. Y., a peculiar relic has been discovered. It consists of a stone about 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 feet and four inches thick which is covered with inscriptions, though most of them are so badly defaced that they cannot be deciphered. But the words "The Lord's Stone," and the date, "1847," are sufficient to identify the stone as connected with the worship of the Shakers. It was found by workmen in excavating for a building that is to stand directly on the site of the Shaker meeting-house. The stone is supposed to be a sort of "kissing stone." It has been turned over to the Historical Society of Mount Morris and will be preserved in a glass case. No doubt some process can be devised by which its inscriptions can be deciphered more fully. The characteristic reticence of the Shakers has made information in regard to them difficult to obtain, and anything of the nature of a historical relic will be highly prized.

Tapestry of an Empress.

A Paris correspondent writes: The Gobelins are engaged on a tapestry for the Empress Alexandra which they expect to finish by May 1, 1900. It represents the original painting of Marie Antoinette and her children that hangs at the Elysee. The painter was Mme. Vigee Lebrun. The young empress was greatly struck by its beauty, and thought it deeply interesting. M. Faure made a note of this, and asked the fine arts minister to consult with the director of the Gobelins as to the best means to secure a good copy. Three of the best artist weavers were set to work last February. They work alternately, so as to be busy only two days in the week, and thus keep their eyes fresh. They are now at the figures. The dyeing and sorting of the wools was a tedious and troublesome work.

Cementing Leather to Iron.

To cement leather to iron, cut the leather roughly to shape, allowing about one inch per foot in the width of the pulley. Then soak the leather in water until it is wet through. Now stretch it well in the direction of the circumference of the pulley and cut it to exact shape and length. It should next be sewn up butt to butt with a shoemaker's awl and thread, and the leather, having been stretched in the direction of the circumference only, will, as it gets dry, have a tendency to resume its former shape, thereby shortening in circumference and "clip" to the pulley. A shallow groove might be made for the stitches to sink in.

The Rise of Cities.

Europe has four times as many cities as it had in 1831, and the United States fourteen times as many.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

English Gold Bimetallists.

English gold advocating newspapers are not any more honest than those of the United States. They congratulate the people on the fact that a "death blow has been struck to the bimetallic craze" in the face of facts which prove the contrary. The election of a bimetalist to Parliament from Lancashire has already been noted here, but a brief resume of the platform on which he was elected will throw some light on the situation.

The man who was chosen answered in the affirmative the following questions:

1. Are you in favor of a return to the monetary system under which the trade of the world was practically conducted until the year 1873, the ratio between gold and silver money to be fixed by international agreement?

2. Are you, if not prepared to support the adoption of the bimetallic standard for the United Kingdom, prepared to recommend, as our contribution to an international agreement with France and the United States, (a) the opening of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver; (b) the holding of one-fifth of the reserve of the Bank of England in silver, as is allowed by the bank charter; (c) the abolition of the half sovereign; (d) the increase of the amount for which silver is legal tender in the United Kingdom?

3. Are you prepared to insist on the government keeping their pledges to do all in their power to secure a stable monetary par of exchange?

4. If elected, will you vote in favor of the United Kingdom joining in an international conference for the purpose of restoring the joint use of gold and silver as full legal tender money?

The efforts of the subsidized English press to show that a "death blow has been struck to bimetallicism" are quite as ludicrous, in view of the facts presented, as like efforts on the part of the gold advocating press in the United States.

"Too Much Money."

The gold clique has discovered what is the matter with the currency system of the United States. There is "too much money in circulation."

The wage earners in the coal pits who average \$7.50 a month will at once see the wisdom of this announcement, and will join heart and soul in giving their support to a plan for reducing this pernicious plethora. There can be no doubt in the minds of these men that there is altogether too much money floating around loose.

Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright is an optimist on the question of wages, and yet, when his statistics are sifted down to correct figures, it appears that the average annual wage per man in the United States is \$247. Those who earn this magnificent sum and support a large family will at once joyfully accept the theory that money is altogether too plentiful.

The Secretary of the Treasury is deeply impressed by the "menace to the public credit occasioned by the continued use of a large volume of demand liabilities," and he proposes to strengthen the credit of the nation "by an important reduction in the objectionable form of liabilities."

By all means let there be a contraction of the currency. As the National Bimetallist truly remarks: "We knew all the time something was wrong, but we never dreamed that the great monetary stringency of present years was caused by a superabundance of money."

Silver in 1900.

The decision of the English cabinet not to comply with any of the requests of the bimetallic commission makes the United States the battleground for silver.

Academic discussion of the money question has its value, but no reform can result until political action is taken. The issue is now made for the campaign of 1900, and the contest is to be a struggle between gold and silver. The hypocrisy of the Republican party in its pretended advocacy of international bimetallicism has at last been fully exposed. No longer can the friends of free silver be diverted from their object by false promises and futile hopes.

The Secretary of the Treasury even goes so far as to suggest selling the silver bullion now in the treasury vaults. The price of bullion has been hammered down by the gold men, aided by the superintendent of the mint, and millions of the people's money are to be sacrificed, if the gold clique is allowed to have its way.

Fortunately, the Senate is so constituted that such an outrage upon the people cannot be perpetrated, but herculean efforts will be made by the Republicans to change the complexion of the upper house so as to forge the fetters of gold on the hands of industry. The great political battle will be continued next year, and the final struggle will come in 1900. Silver men should be on the alert. The army of gold is determined, desperate and dangerous.

J. L. Hebrahn, the German archaeologist, has just completed an exploration tour through the State of Chiapas, Mexico, where he reports having found another ancient buried city in the depths of a tropical forest, about sixty miles west of the Guatemalan border. He brought away with him a number of relics of the place, and says that he will go to the United States, and thence to Germany, where he will organize an expedition for further researches in Chiapas.