

BROAD-AXE

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOL IV

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The Currency Bill.

The provisions of the currency bill now pending before congress, and which will pass and become a law is thus truthfully summarized by the Lincoln County Kentucky Democrat, which we publish, and ask for it a careful perusal:

The Lower House of Congress, last Monday, after a week's debate, a vote of 190 to 150 passed the financial bill prepared by a committee during the recess. It proposes: 1, to establish the single gold standard; 2, to make every bond payable in gold; 3, to redeem all green backs in gold and keep them locked up in the vaults of the treasury; 4, to redeem all treasury notes in gold; 5, to make all debts now existing or that shall hereafter be contracted payable in gold; 6, to make a new division of the treasury and put into it \$750,000,000 of our present circulation, so as to keep it out of the circulation among the people; 7, to make silver coin redeemable in gold; 8, to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to keep \$50,000,000 additional in the general fund; 9, to authorize the Secretary of Treasury to issue 20 years gold bonds at his discretion, principal and interest payable in gold, and enable him to shut up in the treasury \$810,000,000; 10, to direct the Secretary of the Treasury to retire treasury notes when he coins any small silver pieces; 11, to destroy all silver certificates above \$5, so that silver can be used only in small transactions; 12, to permit National Banks to organize in towns of 2,000 and less with only \$25,000, which will obliterate all private banks; 13, to authorize all national banks to issue their bills to the full value of their bonds, instead of 90 percent as now; 14, to reduce taxes from 1 percent to 1-10 percent on bank circulation. It requires the entire national debt to be paid in gold that was contracted to be in green backs, silver or gold, and redeems and retires from circulation \$500,000,000 of treasury notes and green backs and gives the entire paper money issue into the hands of the national banks, so the expansion and contraction of the paper currency is put entirely into their hands and the success or failure of every business in Lincoln county is put at their mercy. As a harbinger of the general effect of the bill when it becomes a law, as it probably will, there was a panic on the New York stock exchange and money ruled at 125 percent, while two of the supposed strongest firms failed on the very day this bill of abominations passed the House. It puts the business of the country at the mercy of the money power.

What is the money power? It is a combination of overgrown bankers and bond and stock owners of Europe and the United States, who are the subjects of no government on earth but by means

of overgrown wealth rule the nation and dictate the policy of partridge. This bill is undoubtedly the child of this money power. If we were a partisan, desiring nothing but the return of the Democratic party to power at any cost to the country, then we could wish the Republicans no greater course than to father this bill and make it into law, and though it may give them ten millions of campaign fund, it will certainly send them to grass as that the tariff abomination of 1828 retired the Whigs to private life.

If Congress would consult the interests of the wealth producers of the United States, it would direct the unlimited coinage of silver, the creation of a sub-treasury in every city of the United States above 100,000 population and direct them to loan to any one at 6 percent as much legal tender greenback as they might be able to secure with undoubted security, only whenever the banks refuse to loan at this rate; add retire all national bank circulation and pay all U.S. bonds as they become due, burn them and issue no more that are not taxable. This would establish the leaning value of money and take from the money power the ability to create a panic at will and grind values to powder whenever they choose.

Boys Stay With The Farm.

The merchant endeavors to conduct his business in such a manner that his son will become a partner and continue the firm name even after his demise, because of the value that attaches to a long established business enterprise. Until such spirit permeates the business occupation of farming it will not be accorded the confidence and respect which it ought to merit.

How many young boys who have been reared on the farm where every advantage is given them to follow in the footsteps of the successful father, become enthused with the idea of going to the city and getting a position that seems to them more dignified than being a farmer.

Don't be foolish; "things are not what they seem"—not one out of twenty makes a success.

Take the advice of one who has been through the mill, though we are not wholly to blame.

We remember when a boy living on the farm with plenty and to spare, prospects were bright, there were cattle, horses, swine, farm machinery of every description, good houses and barns; but father became of the opinion that he could do better, that farming was not his calling. The fall sale was held; old Prince was sold—the old horse we used to ride to the postoffice, and Billy and the old milch cow, Cherry, and all the rest of the horses and cattle, and as they were driven and taken away by their various new owners, the tears trickled down our young cheeks

There was never a pet being snatched from us. How we long for the old farm home today, and the return of things as they used to be. But alas, to the city we went, to make an easy living and wear good clothes all the time, with a salary that seemed as though hundreds could be saved up by the end of the year.

Months past and years found us where we began—a salary at the end of the month, and a struggle to "make tongue buckle meet," at the end of the next.

Boys stay with the farm.—From the Western Farm and Stock Journal, Chillicothe, Mo.

The Hen as a Helpmate.

The poultry business is getting to be a great and grand business. Many men, women and even children as well as some of our grandest and most noted people of the United States are interested in the poultry business. This is a fair index of what the poultry industry now amounts to, and what it will be in the future. It is not only a great pleasure to breed fine poultry, but it is such a great help to the many poor and the farmers in general. This class of people are by far the most numerous, and their greatest blessing of help is the good "little hen," for in many cases she has kept the wolf of want from the door of the poor. Her daily product is gathered day after day, until the basket is filled, then it is sent to the store and exchanged for the hard necessities of life. The good hen is accountable for so much good she has done in many ways for the poor, and in many cases she helped raise the mortgage off the poor farmers shoulders, and paid his taxes, and his doctor bills, etc. Did she get credit for all this good? I fear not in all cases. For in many cases after she has paid your taxes, she is left to roost in the tree the year around at the mercy of whatever might happen her. If she comes off with her comb and feet frozen to an unmerciful extent, it is only a chicken, no matter how much good she has done for you or the poor. Even though she is compelled to sleep out of doors in some tree, exposed to the cold disagreeable weather or winter, she will do all she can for you, and is happy and domestic all day long just the same. As the cold winter is now again upon us, let us all be resolved to discard this old fashioned way and practice, and take better care of our poor domestic fowls. Give them good, warm quarters and shelter them from the cold and stormy blizzards, and give them proper feed and care, and see what they will do for us in return. We would ask all readers and breeders who are in earnest and want to do well with poultry to heed this advice, and whatever you do give the poor hen credit for what she has done for you for she deserves it. Many

times we are asked what variety of poultry is the best. This is a hard question to answer, as there are so many good varieties, and what would suit you best would not suit someone else at all, so it all depends on what variety you fancy, and if it is eggs or meat you want, or both. If for all meat, you don't want the Leghorns or Hamburgs; if for eggs, you don't want the Brahmans. If for both eggs and meat, I would not advise either of the above, but the Plymouth Rock, the Wyandotte or the Indian Game would do better. However, my answer is, always get the variety you fancy the most; but whatever variety that may be, let it be a thoroughbred of some good standard kind. Every farmer and every one who raises poultry could just as well have a nice fine flock of up-to-date thoroughbred poultry as to have a flock of old-time wournot mongrels.

DR. F. STRAUBAUGH.

COYOTE SCALPS GALORE.

Coyotes are being slaughtered at a rapid rate in Baker county and scarcely a day passes that one or more scalps is not brought in to the county court. Deputy Clerk Chord now has a box full waiting for the meeting of the county court, when a bounty of \$2 will be paid for each scalp. One was brought in yesterday and brings the total number of scalps, since the meeting of the court November last, up to 150. The court will meet in about two weeks, when the bills of the scalp hunters will be liquidated. —Baker City Republican.

Running a Newspaper.

"It takes money to run a newspaper," says an exchange. What an exaggeration! The statement has been disproved a thousand times. It doesn't take money to run a newspaper. It can run without money. It is not a business venture. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber. A newspaper is a child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on, when any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up. It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gall to run a newspaper. It takes a scintillating imagination, a white shirt and a railroad pass to keep a newspaper running. But money—who ever originated the idea? Kind words are the medium of exchange that do the business—kind words and complimentary tickets. When you see an editor with money watch him. He will be paying his bills and disgracing his profession. Never give money to an editor—make him trade it out. He likes to swap. Send your job work out of town and let outsiders infer that you are doing business in a jim-crow town. When your friends die flood the editor with beautiful thoughts in resolutions of respect and cards of thanks. They make such spicy reading and you feel

proud of your little local paper. Stand the editor off as long as possible and if he has the temerity to dun you, stop your paper. But don't give him money. He will get the paper out somehow. Don't worry about him; he'll go on. The Lord loves a cheerful giver—and he'll take care of the editor.—Needles Eye.

Sensible W. J. Bryan.

While newspapers and politicians are busy from one end of the country to the other in lambasting Bryan, he is minding his own business which for the last several months has consisted in hunting in Missouri and Texas.

The readers of the Broad-Axe will remember the account it gave of Bryan's hunt in Taney county, Missouri last fall in which he killed a deer and a turkey.

Now comes the following account of Bryan's success as a sportsman:

"Austin, Texas, Dec 28.—Hon William J Bryan was the central figure in a big panther hunt in the mountains near this city. Something like 500 sportsmen headed by Mr Bryan and ex-Governor Hogg left the city yesterday for the scene of the proposed hunt. They returned in the evening with a live panther in their possession, having captured the animal during the day." Bryan! Bryan! That's what you should have done. Let free silver and trusts and combines alone. Turn your eagle eyes from toward Washington. Remain around the hunters camp fire, and eat your venison and turkey; and skin your panther and sleep on its hide nights,—and—what will do this time.—Ed

A Kansas printer recently tried his hand at farming, but couldn't make things work and is now back at the case. He had a wrong front team—a mule and a horse—and this would not justify. He said the farmer fired him after he had "piled" three or four "columns" of potatoes. He showed his limited experience by asking farmer's wife if she wanted the hens to set leaded or solid.

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS., Dec 22.—Dwight L Moody, the great evangelist, is dead. Several weeks ago while holding meetings in the West he broke down, and became seriously ill of heart trouble. He was gradually moved home and failed steadily until the end came peacefully.

BETHANY, Mo., which has a population of 2,000, was threatened with a saloon under the "block law." The local WCTU circulated a petition for a local option election which was presented to the county court. The election took place on December 9 and local option won by 652 majority. —Union Signal.

The New York World gives the total losses of the British to date at 7,000, and the total English army as called out at 172,500.