



BROAD-AXE



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

VOL. IV

EUGENE, LANE COUNTY, ORE. WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1899.

NO. 52.

Philosophy and Physics of Money.

(CONTINUED.)

THE LAW OF EXCHANGES.

The vital fact to man is that exchanges may take place. His existence in organized society depends upon this. Selling and buying means life. To exchange his products is man's natural right. Man is barred in his ability to enjoy life in proportion to the extent to which this right is interfered with. The slave who is bought and sold is denied by law the right to sell and buy. Based in this right lies the principle which we call the law of exchanges and which may be stated thus: Every man has a right to exchange his products one at a time.

To suppose that this law is not true implies that man must sell by twos or by threes, or according to some proscribed rule. Were exchanges direct, that is a matter of barter, the principle would be self evident. Because if men were forced to accumulate a fixed amount before they were allowed to exchange, this would prove a hardship, which would be increased by the greater difficulty in finding a customer for that amount.

The requirement would act as a restraint upon trade.

Now, while the use of money has changed the forms of business, it has not changed the nature of things, nor destroyed the principles of direct exchange.

If from any cause our business is done in violation of the law of exchanges, evil must result.

Now it can be shown that a scarcity of money pieces does operate as a proscribed rule in doing business.

LARGE MONEY PIECES.

Let us assume that the volume of money is large and that the pieces are all ten dollar, and one hundred dollar, pieces. With a large volume of money pieces would be high. These pieces, however, would not enable us to do business. Products valued at less than ten dollars could not move separately. They must be accumulated in ten-dollar lots. Things valued at a cent must be sold in lots of one thousand; those valued at one dollar must be sold in lots of ten. This is unavoidable, because the money pieces only represent ten or hundred dollar values. It is contrary to reason or experience to suppose that all men at all times could produce these accumulations. If we imagine that men can do business under such a strain, it must be under the following conditions: With such money, men must buy in ten-dollar lots. Several men may combine lesser values to produce the required amount in order to sell. They must now jointly find one man who has the ten-dollar piece, and who wants that particular accumulation.

Suppose they do. Now the ten-dollar piece can be held only by one man. His forced partners must depend on him. He holds the money.

A scarcity of money pieces does not only lump the products, but it also binds the producers. The money is in too few hands. With such money society must be composed of lords and tenants.

This illustration discloses the force and the tendency of a scarcity of money pieces. It brings out the relation that exists between the money pieces and exchanges. It shows the effect of a violation of the law of exchanges.

EQUILIBRIUM BETWEEN MONEY AND EXCHANGES.

As exchanges are effected through the use of money it is evident that every exchange requires the presence of a certain amount of money. If the money pieces are competent to represent any and all values, and are in sufficient number to enable every exchangeable thing to exchange against a like value, then the law of exchanges is satisfied and there exists an equilibrium between the number of money pieces and the number of exchanges.

That such an equilibrium should

exist is not an assumption, though we may not be able to state the number of exchanges. We do know that some pieces are indispensable and that there is a limit below which their number cannot fall, or no limit exists; in which case we may reduce the number to zero. Such a conclusion would be absurd.

Our Boys At Malaban.

A. H. Hart has received a copy of the Freedom, of Manila, of March 26, one day less than a month in reaching here, in which the following strong praise is given the Oregon regiment:

In the battle of Malaban on Saturday, March 25th, the Second Oregon Regiment U. S. V. took an active and leading part, and displayed courage, valor and endurance of the highest order. For years to come the work of this regiment last Saturday will be pointed out as an example of what can be achieved by volunteers. No veterans of Wellington or Napoleon or Grant could have done better. No one can possibly conceive the heroic bravery of the Second Oregon on this occasion unless he has walked over the battle field, over the insurgent trenches, one after another, through the thickets and jungle, over open stretches where for 500 yards the boys faced a steady rain of bullets; and up to the final insurgent lines which consisted really of a fort with stone loop holes. This is not exaggeration. It is not half the truth. The whole truth concerning the work of this regiment will not be written. No one saw it all, and descriptions of those rushes through fields where the air was fairly charged with pulsing lead would hardly be believed. Why was the regiment not annihilated? God only knows. There is an old saying that it takes a ton of lead to kill a soldier. The natives are phenomenally poor marksmen. This fact and a favoring providence saved the Oregonians, as it did other regiments—from destruction.

The insurgents with repeating Mausers threw torrents of leaden hail at our lines at random—some bullets must find a victim.

Col. Summers should be proud of his regiment; the Eighth Army Corps should be proud of this record; and the good people of the great state of Oregon—can words express how they feel? People of Oregon, your sons have this day proved that their blood is like that shed at Thermopylae and Bunker's Hill, the blood of heroes.

Co. I in charge of Lieut. Phillips, is the lucky company of the regiment. This company fought its way to the north to a river, a distance of nearly two miles.

It had its share of the work of the day and the only casualty was the wound received by Corp. Gantenbein.

The colonel complimented the boys upon their superabundance of good luck.

Young Hughes Seen.

Corvallis, May 2.—County Clerk Watters has received a letter which possibly throws light on the recent disappearance of Frank L. Hughes from his home in Lobster precinct. The letter was written by William M. Case, Champeoc, Or., and is as follows:

"A boy about 14 years old applied to me this morning for work. He said his name was Hughes. His two front teeth are rather wider than usual, and are prominent. He said he lived near Albany."

The letter has been sent by Clerk Watters to the father of the missing boy.

If a servant in Germany falls sick, her mistress is not allowed to discharge her, but must pay forty-seven cents a day for her hospital expenses until she is perfectly well. The wages of girls vary from \$2.40 to \$7.20 a month with board.

SHOT IN THE LEG.

He had Laid Down to Shoot When hit by a Bullet.

Manila, P. I. March 28, 1899.—Dear Mother: Today I am writing from the division hospital ward No. 2 with a wound in the leg. The Third battalion was relieved from the waterworks and joined the rest of the regiment in the city on the night of March 23, and camped on the beach in sight of the battleship Oregon, when on the 24th we took up our march to Malaban, camping near Callrean until after dark we went and relieved the Twentieth Kansas from their trenches where for a month they had slept, eat and done guard duty. Every time a man's head got above the trenches the insurgents would take a shot. In some places they had thrown up intrenchments within 200 yards of us. They kept shooting at us all night, and sometimes it would seem like they were shooting nails, and barbed wire. We knew in the morning that we were going to advance and every one was eager for the fray. As soon as it began to get daylight we began pumping cannister and shrapnel into their trenches, when after about an hour of heavy shooting, we got orders to advance, and the Oregon regiment leaped out of their trenches and went after the black devils.

The line was a mile long and it was a pretty tight to see the charge. The natives had built trenches about 800 yards behind each other clear into Malaban, and they were such that American troops would never have retreated from. We charged their trenches one by one and never stopped until we had driven them out. The air was alive with bullets, and as they were stronger in front of our lines than any place else it is a wonder that half of the regiment were not killed. We crossed sloughs wading under our arms. The negroes made a desperate stand in their fourth trench, and we were laying in an open field shooting at them 700 yards.

We had them come over a mile and it was the first time I had laid down to shoot when I got wounded. The bullet went in about three inches above the right knee and came out about six inches below it, fracturing the knee-cap and making a very painful wound.

In the meantime Chandler, Crawford, Roberts and Mount had been wounded. I lay on the firing line about fifteen minutes when I was carried about 200 hundred yards to the rear under a tree. But before I left the line the Third came up and relieved our boys and the poor fellows had hardly laid down when one on my right was killed, and one near my left wounded. I was finally carried on a stretcher to Calocan where I received treatment from a surgeon. At last I was put on a train and taken to Malaba where we were loaded on a launch and taken to the hospital, reaching there about five hours after I was wounded. I am now receiving good treatment, there being several lady nurses here. Up till today my leg has pained me a good deal but I am resting very well today. (I will send you a paper and you can see what it says about our charge.)

I never thought of getting shot until after I was hit. There was another fight yesterday and 69 wounded and 12 dead were brought in last night.

It will probably be three months before I get out of here and then I think I am good for a discharge. Roberts was shot through the body, Chandler in the face, Crawford on the head and Mount in the arm. All getting along nicely. Our regiment lost 9 killed, 47 wounded.

I received three letters the night before the fight and will answer them when I get better.

J. E. SNODGRASS.

Clippings.

The month ends with the usual republican announcements of wages raised here and there. The factories are not identified. They never are. These stories have an ancient and fishlike smell. We were promised prosperity when the republicans adopted the gold plank at St. Louis, when McKinley was nominated, when he was elected, when he was inaugurated, when Congress met and when it adjourned. It is not here yet. It will not be here. It is harder for the poor man to make both ends meet than it was two years ago. It will be harder two years hence than now. Money is dearer. Labor is cheaper. Steadily the worker gets less for his work. That condition is inevitable under the gold standard. It exists in Europe. It exists here. There is, in one of the buildings of Chicago, an organization known as the Republicans Workmen's League. It is led by Zina R. Carter for mayor. The workingman can take my word for it that if he will stick to the republican party, it will reduce him to the condition of the European laborer inside of twenty years to a dead moral certainty. I can see no more reason why a workingman should be a republican than why a trust thief should be a democrat.—Watchman.

It is a remarkable thing that the men who are now declaring that destiny is solely responsible for whatever happens to the United States were yesterday dancing about and shouting that the future of this country depended wholly upon the protective tariff.

The republican managers and the trusts have concluded that it will be necessary to insert a strong anti-trust plank in the republican platform for 1900. Look out for it.

Satan's title to the kingdoms of earth that he proffered to the Savior of mankind if he would bow down and worship him was about as good as Spain's title to the Philippines, for which McKinley paid twenty millions of dollars.

If we give our consent to the creation of a standing army for the purpose of exploiting weaker nations, can we complain if organized wealth turn that army upon ourselves and deprive us of our liberties when the opportune time arrives?

Every trust in the United States will vote the republican ticket in 1900, yet in that year we will hear the republican stump orators screeching themselves hoarse in denunciation of trusts in order to induce the people to vote the same ticket that the trusts are supporting. The trusts cannot be beaten in that way. The only way that the trusts can be beaten is to elect the candidates that the trusts are opposing.

Disgusted with Klondike.

There is one man back from Alaska filled with a deep disgust for everything north of the 49th parallel, and he makes no bones about it. His name is J. J. Parker, of Upper Albina, who left Portland last December for the Atlin country, but got no further than Skagway, where he was stricken with pneumonia, and came near dying, but not before he had become embittered against the Canadian authorities on account of their persecution and proscription of Americans who are trying to prospect anywhere near the line. Americans, he says, have fewer rights on British soil than a Chinaman has in the United States, and he takes no stock in the proposed Anglo-American alliance in foreign affairs, while such contempt is exhibited for the rights of Americans in the Atlin country. He predicts serious trouble along Porcupine creek, where Canadian officials are collecting all sorts of poll taxes and duties from Americans, even on soil clearly under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

On his return home, Mr. Parker had for a fellow-passenger on the steamer City of Seattle, ex-Gold Commissioner Fawcett, of Dawson, who told him 80 percent of the residents of the Klondike were suffering from scurvy; that the death rate was 10 to 12 per day, and that not one claim in 500 was paying anything. Mr. Parker is a well-known mining man, and he avers that he can find better mines almost within sight of Portland in his own American country, where the government begrudges no man, citizen or alien, the fruits of his honest toil. He will stay in God's country in the future, and advises every one else to do the same.

Correction.

We hear it stated that the editor of this paper is censured as the author of a communication that appeared in the Broad-Axe of April 19, under heading: "Circulating a Petition," over signature of "A Citizen."

Now it is sufficient to say that we never write anything for our paper under cover of a fictitious name or correspondent but always as matter that may appear as editorial. And further we do not in any way hold ourselves responsible for what our correspondents may write, wishing to give each one the widest range to discuss freely all subjects of public concern and holding them responsible to themselves for their own utterances.

In the case mentioned we state that we are not the author of the communication referred to, that the author was a lady and would not give a snap of her finger to have her name concealed, and that so far as personal allusions are concerned she wrote the communication when but few persons had signed the petition and therefore no one who signed it, subsequently has any right to apply to him or herself what was said.

And further it may mitigate the offense if offense there were to state that at the time the said communication was penned by the lady, that her husband and two uncles had signed the petition and she knew it. And the lady authorizes the editor to say she has no retraction or apology to make whatever, disclaiming any intention of reflecting personally on any one individual.

And we now say that on looking over that communication we find nothing to condemn, but much to commend.

News Notes.

The wife of George D. Milton, of Walla Walla, being found in an irrigating ditch with flatirons tied around her neck. Sickness and despondency were the cause.

Mary Ellen Lease, the once great populist orator, is now an expansionist and believes in swindling everything that is loose at both ends. She declares that Bryan is a selfish demagogue and that she would not make another speech for him to save his life; but then Mary Ellen was always a little extravagant in her use of the English language.

Bertie Burkhardt, son of Frank Burkhardt, stole 25 feet of garden hose from Fred Dawson at Albany a few days ago and sold it to a merchant. He confessed to slashing the Shirley company's wardrobe a night or two ago and one morning stole Lyle Pughaw's bicycle and was about to sell it when caught. The police undertook to arrest him but he took leg bail and decamped. He is pretty badly wanted and will be dealt with when caught.

The Oregon volunteers now in the Philippines are not whining to come home, but are anxiously pushing to the front, ready to do battle for their country. They are not the snivelling cowards that some Oregon people would make believe. They went to the Philippines to fight for their country and they have so far done nobly and they are willing to remain there as long as this country has an enemy in the Islands, if need be. The Oregon boys are all right but they are not scrambling to get out of the service until they can be spared or their places filled by regulars.

WANT THEM TO QUIT.

Strange Advice to be Offered Soldiers in Face of a Foe.

More than 10 days ago it was announced that General Otis would begin the embarkation of the volunteers at Manila for home about the 6th of May, and that they would all probably be at home by the end of July. This appeared to be official, and most people considered that to be the end of the matter, and stopped the discussion of the subject, and sat down to await the homecoming. But since that date there has been an argument or suggestion made every day in the papers of some reason why the boys should be retained in the Philippines. And Governor Geer has triumphantly announced that no more applications for their return have been made to him. Is this to prepare the public mind for some great disappointment in store? Is some new subterfuge to be found for violating the contract with the boys? A man writes, in your paper today, that he has a boy in the regular army, and would have us understand that his boy is as good as the volunteers, and as dear to his parents. This probably is all true; but his boy has a contract to perform with the government; our boys have not. The government should respect its contract, just as it requires private individuals to respect theirs. No one is asking that man's boy be discharged against his will before his time is out, and it is not fair that he should ask that our boys be retained their will after their time is out. I find there are two classes of patriots in this country—one is of the Artemus Ward kind, willing to sacrifice all their wife's relations and their neighbors' boys for the good of the cause, while the other class appear willing to sacrifice even their own sons upon the altar of partisan politics. They are afraid the administration will be "sordid"; most people, however, think the administration ought to be secured a little, without regard to politics.

I imagine if some of these people who are so anxious about the honor of the regiment had their boys in the Philippines they would not be so afraid of seditious mothers' meetings in the Armory. There is nothing to prevent enlistment now; there is a recruiting office at Third and Stark streets, and the boys in the Philippines can re-enlist for six months and get a bounty of \$500 for so doing. Let people appeal to their own sons, instead of undertaking to say what should be done with other peoples' boys. The boys in the war have well earned the option to come home or stay. If they refuse to re-enlist and claim the bounty, will any one contend that the government should retain them by force, without re-enlistment and without bounty? The strongest argument I have heard against expansion is the fact that not more than 7 percent of the volunteers can be tempted by the enormous bounty offered to remain in the service. The "white man's burden" is evidently not popular with the boys who have been there and known something about it. No one has applied recently to the governor I suppose for the reason that people thought the matter was all settled, or it might be for the reason that he is said to be quite artful in dodging delegations who go to meet him for that purpose.

H. B. NICHOLAS.

Alger's Speech.

Secretary Alger began his speech with a reference to the struggles of the Pilgrim forefathers to secure "equal rights and religious freedom to all," and alluded to the nerve deeds of the patriots, ancestors of the men of the society which furnished tonight's entertainment, but he soon turned the attention of his auditors to the more recent war with Spain. The secretary spoke at some length of the trials of his department in equipping the great army so hurriedly, and expressed his gratification that ultimately "battles were fought and victories won without the loss of a gun or a color." Continuing he said: "Supposing they had a little beef spoiled, what of it? If they had had no beef at all they would have had more than General Joe Wheeler and I had in the other war."

Light and Water Rates.

The Eugene Guard reports that the Lane county court, having under consideration the matter of lighting the new court house and supplying water from the Eugene Electric Light company, and the Eugene Water company, entered into a contract with each of said companies as follows: "The Eugene Electric Light company is to furnish the county light for the court house by meter service for the term of five years, for which the county is to pay said Electric Light company at the rate of three fifths of a cent per hour for each 16 candle power light. The said Eugene Water company is to furnish water for said building for the term of five years, by meter service, for which the county is to pay said water company at the rate of 20 cents per one thousand gallons."

Rev. E. A. Harris Again.

Chief of Police C. O. Lee has received a letter from Rev. E. H. Appleyard, of Esinechin, E. C., stating that Rev. E. A. Harris, the sloping Albany minister, has drifted up the coast to that place and was living there with Miss Lear, whom he represented as his wife. Rev. Mr. Appleyard's letter was written to ascertain if they were married. Harris is book-keeper for a mercantile house, and claims that he is divorced from his wife in the East, which is not true. Chief Lee will write to Rev. Mr. Appleyard the facts.

A Stockton Tragedy.

A peculiar tragedy came to light at Stockton, Cal., Monday when the bodies of Mrs. William Hickman and Mrs. H. A. Hassall, clasped in loving embrace, were found in a room of a lodging-house, a bullet having ended the life of each. Mrs. Hassall had been morbidly infatuated with Mrs. Hickman for some months, and last night Mrs. Hassall told Mrs. Hickman that she was going to start for London Tuesday, and begged Mrs. Hickman to spend the night with her. Mrs. Hickman consented, and her relatives becoming alarmed at her non-appearance, visited the lodging-house and discovered the bodies. Mrs. Hassall had killed Mrs. Hickman and then herself.

Mrs. Hassall came from London, England, and called herself a duchess, claiming that her husband is a duke. She became so madly infatuated with Mrs. Hickman that her husband left her, but the couple were about to be reconciled. Mr. Hassall is the chief ranger of the Order of Foresters in Stockton, and is supposed to be well-to-do, but he has been working in a restaurant there for some time. Medical men are of the opinion that Mrs. Hassall was insane.