

JULIAN BYRD - - - - - MONEY

MONEY-MAKING DISEASE.

"The majority of writers on this subject, at the present time," says one of the writers, "base their remarks upon the acknowledged fact that the ruling power in this country now was not the love of liberty or freedom or for one another or patriotism or God, but—the dollar."

More can be bought with money in the United States, perhaps, than anywhere else. It matters not what past affiliations or conduct have been, plebeian or patrician, ex-convict and trust promoter or church bishop, if they have money they simply have that they covet, whether just or unjust.

Political power, office, social position—now have their price, without regard for shades of character and worthiness.

The man, or writer, who mentions the principles of old-time Americanism and of this one republic as the land were all men are free, is jeered at and thrust aside. "Neither the constitution, nor the old prejudices in favor of liberty, nor silly sentimentalities, nor even the dead hand of Washington," we are told, "shall be allowed to interfere in the gigantic interest of the country."

So the government has actually gone into business; or rather, accepted an agency, and is at work seeking trade for Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller and their like. The common people are but blow flies that endeavor to spoil the game.

Under this ruling even the meaning of words have changed. The successful man, now, is simply the rich man. The national progress, of which we boast, does not mean advance in science, in art, or learning, or in the nobility and unselfishness of individual and national life, but simply commercial progress. The popular policy of imperialism—stripped of its high sounding phrases—means nothing more nor less than the seizing of foreign territory and subjugation of its people, with whom we have no quarrel, in order to fill the pockets of those who employ the government as their agent to do this.

The government has, in effect, been robbed of millions of dollars by the finely conceived lie land scheme—the exchanging of barren, valueless land for the best timber lands of the country. And as usual, it is the already rich who have profited.

A Southern California man gave a Portland Oregonian reporter some interesting points on irrigation the other day. He said he kept twenty head of milk cows the year around on alfalfa grown on forty acres. Six crops a year are cut from the land, the irrigation being supplied by a gasoline engine pumping from a seven inch artesian well which does not flow to the surface. The water is taken over the field in pipes which are disjointed to allow the water to flow on the ground. The old way of open ditches wasted a great amount of water in evaporation and seepage.

The Daily News (London) remarks:—"If Canada is to be the granary of the empire," the enterprising American farmer means to share in the profit. The extent to which emigration from the United States to the northwest part of Canada has developed within the last lustrum is one of the most remarkable facts in the recent history of the Dominion. It is almost suggestive of a gold rush. Lord Burghclere stated in the House of Lords yesterday that last year the number of settlers from the States was 50,000; this year it was calculated at 200,000."

The consolation that the husband of a jealous has is that he must be such a dear, sweet old thing.

Customer.—"Waiter! I have been waiting an hour for that steak."

Waiter.—"Yes, I know, but the cook has lost the combination to the safe and had to send for an expert."—Chicago Ex.

On a day early in June of this year a man named Hawkins committed a crime at Marysville, Mo., and then tried to run away from it. Hawkins was a real estate dealer, and left the town because

he had forged paper to the amount of \$2,000. When he left Marysville, Hawkins was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with hair slightly tinged with gray. At the end of two weeks he came back a white-haired, broken-bodied old man. In the interval the man had wandered from place to place pursued by the hourly fear that he would be tracked by bloodhounds. The fear deepened into an overmastering terror. He hid himself in the woods. Finally the fear became unbearable. He returned to Marysville and gave himself up. Twenty years, he said, had been added to his life in less than twenty days. A he welcomed the penitentiary as a blessed relief. It is the old story. In seeking to dodge a financial trouble he took upon his shoulders a greater one. The new trouble was so heavy that a prison seemed a heaven of rest after the hell into which he had plunged.

When will men learn that justice is never cheated? That every crime has its penalty, soon or late? When will men learn they are not smarter than fate? There are other bloodhounds than those of flesh and blood that pursue the man who breaks the law. The bloodhounds of conscience will ever bay deep-mouthed to the soul that sinneth.

Away back in the sunny South, in the Appalachian mountain range the men on the inside with government officials are working the "reserve" business so common out here. Worthless lands have been taken there with the sole view of getting lien land scrip therefor when it shall have been declared a reserve. Then locations will be made on the valuable forest lands of the west with the scrip so obtained.

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