

SOCIALISM GOVERNS THE WORLD.

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GORING WEAVING.

THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL IN THIS INDUSTRY.—THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ELASTIC GORING WEAVERS' UNION.

The Merciless Exploitation of the Wage Workers Under the Present System.

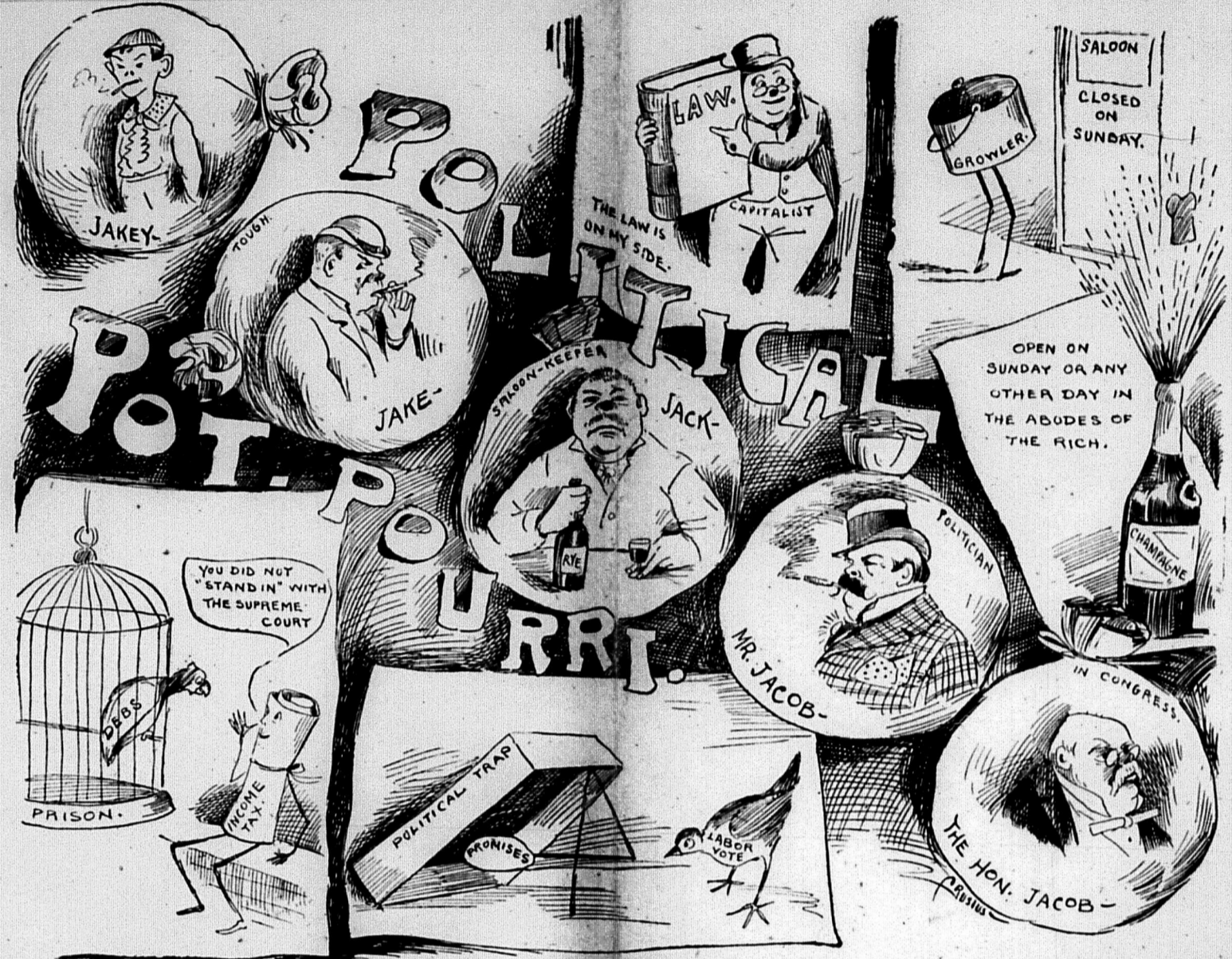
Through the courtesy of sympathizing friends the undersigned has managed to secure some valuable information upon the conditions that prevail in the elastic goring industry. The India rubber shoe or "goring weaving" is a sort of ribbon weaving; the only difference is that the breadth of these, with elastic rubber provided ribbons, is different from that found in the usual ribbon-weaving industries. It runs from 2½ to 5 inches. As far as I am informed, the "goring weaving" is spread over about ten places in the United States, to-wit: Camden, N. J., with thirty-one looms; Norwalk, Conn., with twenty-two; Bridgeport, Conn., with 101; Rockland, Mass., with thirty-three; North Abington, Mass., with six; Brockton, Mass., with ninety-four; Chelsea, Mass., with sixty-four; Easthampton, Mass., with more than 150; Hopedale, Mass., with thirty-two, and Hudson, Mass., with five looms. Altogether there are about 540 looms, which are able to satisfy all the demands of the American market. Fully 200 of these are working, while the others lie idle, and the weavers that they used to employ are either walking the streets or have succeeded in getting work at other trades.

The weavers who are at work at the 200 looms in operation work from thirty-five to forty hours, and others off and on about fifty-five hours a week, according to the class of work that is demanded. This has been the state of things for years, since the crisis broke in upon us, down to now. Formerly the average weekly wages amounted during the year to from \$11 to \$12; since the crisis these figures have sunk to from \$5 to \$6.

With the exception of Hudson and the "Draper's Paradise," Hopedale, all the weavers are organized in the "Elastic Goring Weavers' Union." This body may be counted upon the economic field among the best in the land. Its financial condition is, despite the bad times, excellent. The spirit of self-sacrifice among its members has done wonders. The victories it has won down to date deserve recognition and are a justifiable source of pride on the part of its most conservative members. During the three years' struggle with the "Glendale Elastic Fabric Company" of Easthampton each member sacrificed nearly \$100 to the support of the strikers, while the company, driven to the edge of bankruptcy, lost nearly \$300,000, and was forced to surrender.

Yet, notwithstanding, all these trophies will soon be a matter of ancient history that one will speedily be looking back upon with a sad eye. Powerful changes hover over the immediate future. So long as the capitalists are divided and waging an open and bitter competitive struggle among themselves, an economic organization of labor can look for successes; it may be able not only to uphold its material and economic condition, but even to improve upon it. But just as soon as the owners of the instruments of production in an industry unite in one solid body, jointly guard their treasures, and, when occasion offers, are even ready to move as one man against any demand made by the workers of any of them; just as soon as that happens any Labor organization, and be it the best and strongest, is at the end of its tether upon the purely economic domain. It then has but one way open to it—the political field. It then must enlighten its membership in its meetings upon their condition; it must spur them on to organize themselves in a political party of their class, independent of all other capitalistic parties, and seek, by the conquest of the public powers, to use the legislative and executive offices to the end of completely overthrowing the system that produces the miserable conditions under which the working class finds itself.

Let us cast a glance over the present industrial condition of the country. Everywhere a slight improvement is noticeable. The large bulk of the toiling masses recently condemned to idleness has consumed part of the hoarded up staples and thereby has partly got work again. Either after bitter fights for better wages, or voluntarily, crumbs, taken from the large pile stolen from them have been granted to the workers as advances in wages, to the end of somewhat stilling the wounds they were bleeding from. But this, notwithstanding, wages, and consequently the workers' powers of consumption have been visibly sinking all along. This is true even of the "Elastic Goring Weavers," who, notwithstanding they have maintained their old price list of 1885 down to date, have seen their total earnings lowered from 25 to 50 per cent. While all around there has been improvement in business, the riddle faces the elastic weavers steadily grows worse, that ever more looms are kept idle for shorter or longer periods, notwithstanding their number has



materially increased. The weavers ask naively, and ponder thereover: How can this be possible? And yet the riddle is easily solved if one but scan it closely.

The large industrial capitalist combinations, with their brilliant hoard of fleecings, representing the condensed sweat, marrow and even blood of numberless proletariat, busy as bees, turned into lumps of gold in the lap of the employers' class, must inevitably have exercised a great power of attraction upon the manufacturers of the goring branch. Honor to him to whom honor is due. The proprietors of this branch of industry are, almost without exception, people who have risen from the ranks, who know all the ins and outs and turnings, who by thrift and economy laid by a surplus, and who, aided by the proverbial local "business instinct," have pulled themselves up. Accordingly this industry was dominated only by small middle-class capital, which never could seriously have entertained the idea of undertaking war against a well-organized body of workers. Hence it was all-important to these employers to get over this difficult point. The push, the earnest longing to imitate the other successful, in trusts, combined concerns, and thereby to move faster toward, was naturally overpowering.

Thus did these employers come together secretly about one and a half years ago and found a trust to the end of putting an end to the annoying "competition among themselves and to agree upon a uniform price for the various articles that they turned out. They were fully aware that competition from abroad was excluded, whether Republicans or Democrats ruled the political roost. Accordingly they raised the price of their goods by a round thirty per cent. With a view to a close watch over the trust, these men added clear-cut provisions in their contract, and decreed heavy penalties in case any provision was violated. Thus these gentlemen resolved at their first meeting that none was to sell goods directly to the shoe manufacturers, but that all goods were to be delivered to certain specified commission houses, and that these were to furnish the shoe manufacturers with the material. They also agreed to deposit a security of \$3,000 for every twenty-five looms, as a guarantee of the fulfillment of their mutually solemn pledges. Furthermore, no additional looms were to be set up without the consent of the combine. And so forth and so on.

Competition Within the Trust.—That, however, a many-headed trust like this could not remove competition among its members and that the previous competition, externally stopped, would, nevertheless, continue in secret by means of clever intrigues and machinations, was to be foreseen. The whole spirit of the capitalist system is based upon oppression and exploitation; the breath of its nostrils lies in the economic, and accordingly also the political destruction of its fellow-human beings. Only the other day one of the Easthampton manufacturers, Mr. Solten, was pushed off the market and sold out, notwithstanding his being a party to the secret compact. His fault lay in not being gifted with what is so proudly termed "practical American business shrewd-

ness," which, according to the capitalist way of looking at things, is styled "the spirit of the age." He, it seems, could not keep step with this "spirit." The bosses made their contract at first for two years, and deposited their securities accordingly.

Yet, while they externally yield religious observance to their mutual obligations, their thoughts are undoubtedly occupied with the question how to circumvent and evade their promises, be it through bribing the drummers or the commission houses, or be it through a liberal bestowal of presents to influential middle-men. For instance, last year a shoe manufacturer of Newark, N. J., provided a festival for his leading customers that cost many thousands of dollars. One hears of delightful excursions by rail, by water and great dinners given; in short, of princely festivals, all of which are intended simply to snap away the customers of rival firms, and to secure the gigantic profits in the trade to the dispensers of the festivities. For all this, nobody, of course, but the working class must bleed, and foot all the bills. But hand in hand thereby goes steadily on the weeding out of the small business man by the big ones despite all capital alliances; competition does not actually end until the total power of exploitation in a branch of industry has been concentrated into the hands of one single beast of prey, of one single capitalist concern, with power to outswindle all others.

But, to return to the riddle above named, as stated, the Goring manufacturers raised, one and one-half years ago, the price of their goods a round 30 per cent. The shoe manufacturers, belonging to a much older branch of industry, with a giant treasury at their disposal, naturally refused to pay the increased price. They introduced new fashions into the market that reduced to a minimum the elastic gore products, thereby were promoted the want and misery of the elastic goring weavers, while that, notwithstanding, the manufacturers have, through their higher prices, been deriving from a week of two work days just as big profits as formerly by two full weeks of fifty-five hours each; hence it comes that their treasuries, despite existing miserable conditions, swell onwards, while on the other hand, the workers get deeper and deeper into debt, are more and more exhausted, and grow more and more powerless.

As a result of the introduction of new fashions into the markets by the shoe manufacturers—the Lucca and button shoes, for instance—leather took considerably the place of the Goring stuffs. This was grist to the mill of the Leather Trust. With amazing rapidity the prices of leather went up, although there was no real ground therefor, considering that cattle raising had been increasing regularly, and thereby the stock of leather was increased on the market faster than it could be consumed. And yet, let the side observation be noted, despite the superabundance of leather on the market, we find many thousands of workers, who have become, and are becoming, superfluous in the trades, rushing, as a last resource, to the abandoned New England farms, and seeking by means of

arduous labor and bitter privations, to raise more cattle, besides vegetables, on the ruined soils left by previous farmers, and thereby to eke out a miserable existence. Leather, then, became dearer; with it rose the price of shoes; and finally, though quite early enough, there rose and put in its oars the conspiracy of the five speculators who took possession of the whole trade of Brazilian raw rubber.

Thoroughly informed by their agents, located in all the principal centers of the land, they learned of the rise of prices of the Goring products, and made the simple calculation: "If their product is more valuable, without our having changed prices, it follows that our raw rubber must have acquired a higher value." They acted forthwith upon that theory, and screwed up their prices. Thus one branch of business dovetails in another. Everything has its cause and its result. Day by day, the trusts and combines become more solid; in the meantime, even if they discipline their members so thoroughly that, like the secret league of the Chinese "Highbinders," and the death penalty be provided for the violation of any article in their conspiracies, all precautions against competition will be excepted until single ownership, i. e., genuine monopoly, is born.

To continue the struggle upon the purely economic field were a waste of time for the workers. Such a centralized power as capital already disposes of has ample and unconquerable means whereby to blow to pieces any purely economic or trade organization, be it even the strongest of them; in fact, concentrated capital will tolerate such an organization only so long as it keeps quiet, and puts up with everything. Any intelligent and progressive worker may be virtually sentenced to death by being placed upon the black list, as the officials and active men in the American Railway Union have found out. These were "disciplined" after the strike on the Western railroads; they were chased from place to place; though-born Americans, they found themselves compelled to leave their country, and to seek asylum in the inhospitable regions of Mexico and Brazil, or, worse yet, to conceal themselves among the Zulus and Hottentots of South Africa, where they—these noble men—will pine away in body and mind, and close their days broken down by privation.

Such experience is in store for the best forces among the workingmen. The poor man must work hard to make the two ends meet somewhat. When at dawn he begins his task, he is paying tribute in some form to some large industrial conspiracy, deep into the night when his work ends. This tribute wrung daily from many millions of working human beings and collected in the pockets of a trust or monopoly, renders the capitalist unconquerable so long as the people keep on dreaming. A short time ago a New York capitalist paper, the "Commercial Bulletin," published an article to prove that the workingman's merchandise, i. e., his labor power, was an article of trade, exactly like potatoes, to be bought at the market price. Nor yet is this the whole truth. Concentrated capital can, by vir-

lue of its economic preponderance over the workers, determine in advance what shall be the purchasing price which it is willing to pay for the merchandise "labor power." It can do so according to its own whim. It so completely dominates every industry that it thereby dominates also the working class. Such a condition of things is inhuman, barbarous and intolerable.

Such a social system is immoral; hypocrisy becomes the basis of its existence. Such a social system of production is anarchistic; lying and deception are its moving springs, and it rests upon the wrecks of human lives, all of which were entitled to existence. Some time all this must lead to a frightful catastrophe. Either the sucked out, starving people loses, through the ever keener struggle for bread, all reasoning power and all hope, drops below the level of mankind and sinks to the condition of the reptile, or it will size up the situation, pick up courage, organize itself upon the political field as a party of the working class, as a party of the exploited and the disinherited, elect its own representatives and overthrow the whole system.

To do this work only the Socialist Labor party is fit. It does not seek a change of offices, but a reorganization of the whole system, to the end that the workman may enjoy the FULL fruit of his efforts, keep the FULL return of his labor. Then only will exploitation, the oppression of one man by another, be put an end to.

As chattel slavery was abolished by a single act of Congress, by the stroke of a pen in the name of humanity, so likewise must the all-producing people, the working class, demand in the name of the rights of men that it be put in collective possession of what is unquestionably its own and it is unquestionably in need of—to wit, the land, together with all the means of production and distribution—in short, BREAD AND FREEDOM.

A NEW ENGLAND LOOKER-ON, Worcester, Mass.

Commenting on the lost Olneyville Textile Workers' strike the Providence (R. I.) "Justice" says: "The superficial observer will say: 'That's the end!' We think not. The Socialist movement is growing." This is part of it. To the foolish "Democrats" and "Republicans" who voted for the gang that today binds their chains more firmly on their wearied limbs, we have just this to say: The capitalists who are enslaving you and who say these mills are theirs have no more right to enslave you or claim ownership to these factories than the inhabitants of the distant planets. They own them by legality, and legality is based on physical force. They are the collective property of the State of Rhode Island and the people of these United States. They are your property. You can prove this when you give the political machinery of this nation into the hands of the Socialist Labor Party by your votes. Vote yourselves out of slavery. Vote to be free! That kind of striking will strike terror to the hearts of the robbers who this day are exulting in their victory over you!"

This is proper. As long as the capitalists were unprepared and unorganized strikes were partially successful. To-day it is different. Now strike at the ballot box!

VOLUNTARY CO-OPERATION.

COMRADE LAWRENCE GRONLUND GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE CONCERNING THE FAILURE OF SO-CALLED SOCIALIST COLONIES.

You Cannot Grow Lemons and Figs in the Polar Region.

At the start it cannot be too much insisted upon that voluntary co-operation of itself will lead to social co-operation—that is, co-operation by the nation in its sphere, and by the States and municipalities in their spheres. But, nevertheless, whenever successful, it is a splendid benefit for those engaged in it, and it is quite remarkable that those who are devoting their lives to some high social ideal have hardly ever taken advantage of its benefits. But note: "whenever successful," for it has rarely been successful.

Here we must make a sharp distinction between distributive co-operation and productive co-operation. The former class has furnished dazzling instances of success in the Rochdale Pioneers and their successors in England. What is more marvelous than to read how the efforts of a handful of poor workmen have resulted in societies with a million and a half of members, with annual sales of many millions, and a wholesale store that every year sells a hundred million of dollars' worth of goods!

Ah, but it is only the outside that is bright. When in England in 1887 I became the intimate friend of an old man, Lloyd Jones. As a young man he was the disciple of Robert Owen, and he, with Thomas Hughes, was one of the principal founders of these societies. He impressed very strongly upon me, that the object of these pioneers was not at all distributive co-operation—if that had been all, they would not have moved their little finger to bring it about. No, their sole, grand ultimate aim was productive societies.

They started with distribution, simply, to get a little money from the profits made; with that money they would set up a little shop, then a larger one, then more factories, in order finally to draw the whole working class to themselves and enable them to be their own employers. Indeed, a noble, grand object, and one seemingly feasible! But with tears in his eyes Lloyd Jones had to admit, that in spite of glittering appearances, their plans had totally failed. Of productive societies there were none worth mentioning.

"To be sure," he said, "we have more than a million members, but none of them has the co-operative spirit of the founders—that has been lost. Instead of using their ample profits to productive enterprises, every one of them withdraws his dividends, as soon as due, then they go and buy stock in Oldham Joint stock companies, and, more's the pity, our members as employers are known to be the hardest taskmasters." He shortly after died, and I affirm of a broken heart—mainly at the failure of his life-long ideal.

Thus, as it seems to me, what humanitarians should care about is not stores for distribution—where the object is as in England, "simply to save so many pence in the pound"—but productive enterprises. These have nearly always been failures. But one has been a remarkable success financially. Indeed, Americans know more about these latter than any other people. It was in the forties that a wave of Fourierism went through our whole country—Socialism, according to Fourier, the Frenchman, a principal feature of which was that thousands of workers should inhabit huge palaces. Here they called themselves "Associationists."

Horace Greeley was one of the first converts; he had just started the New York "Tribune," and devoted a column of it several times a week to the cause, with this heading: "This is the column of the Associationists." The upshot was that nearly 50 palaces were built in various parts of the country, being called "the Wisconsin Phalanxtery," "the New Jersey Phalanxtery," "the New York Phalanxtery," etc., and some of these associations lasted as long as 15 years. "Brook Farm," near Boston, became the most celebrated. But all finally failed, and these important failures probably explain why Americans now are so opposed to social reform as they are. Now the noteworthy fact is that the successful exception above mentioned, is also a Fourieristic experiment, is situated at Guise, France, and was founded by Godin in 1839.

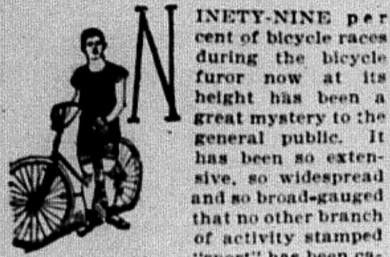
As said, financially, economically, it is a pronounced success; but, unfortunately, in other respects, it is a failure. Space will not allow me to enter into details, but my stay for three months in 1887 at this institution—which is called "Godin's Familistere"—was very instructive. Its success is due to the fact that Godin, who died a couple of years ago, was a splendid manager; its failure to the fact, that the members were not picked people. This institution teaches that a co-operative society should have at least one definite industry to rely upon for support; and, especially, that two things are requisite to success: a good manager, and the right sort of people. But the manager is ten times more important than the picked membership, and he alone can insure financial success.

LAURENCE GRONLUND.

WANT CASH PRIZES.

CLASS B WHEELMEN AFTER MUCH MONEY.

The Present System of Convertible Prizes Does Not Seem to Satisfy Them—The New York Sun Man Asks Some Pointed Questions.



NINETY-NINE per cent of bicycle races during the bicycle furor now at its height has been a great mystery to the general public. It has been so extensive, so widespread and so broad-gauged that no other branch of activity stamped "sport" has been capable of comparison with it. Amateur bicycle racing has been like a huge and interminable procession. It would not have looked queer if it only occurred occasionally, like an annual fete; but to have it going on everywhere without stopping has excited general curiosity as to where the moving force comes from, says the New York Sun. There are millionaires in the country, but scarcely enough to support in unremunerative sport and idleness all the army of young amateurs who have been scudding around the tracks all over the country, in the name of the League of American Wheelmen, with the understood restriction that they were racing as amateurs, and receiving prizes in shapes which they were forbidden to sell or transfer, and hence absolutely useless in a monetary sense. Anybody reading the reports of bicycle races would be immediately struck by the continual occurrence of the prominent names. It was Zimmerman, Johnson, Sanger and such every time and all the time. Were these sons of millionaires? Had they in their youth acquired a competence, that they could amuse themselves as amateurs like the wealthy swells who spend whole seasons shooting pigeons or hunting? Was there a fund to endow wheelmen so that they could ride all summer for nothing, and so continue in good standing in the ranks of "gentlemen" amateurs? There is such an endowment fund, of a very different nature from what it would naturally be supposed in innocent good faith. The amount of money contributed to the support of the amateur racing bicyclists must be very large, and is not given to them out of simple love



F. J. TITUS.

of seeing the sport go on, or as an eleemosynary fund, to enable lively wheelmen to retain their health by keeping in the open air. It is contributed by the bicycle manufacturers, and is paid with sufficient directness to the bicycle racing amateurs in order to keep the sport boiling and the manufacturing business lively.

Racing men, with a few exceptions of genuineness, are, in fact, professionals, whipping the professional devil around the stump by taking their pay in various methods which is plain enough deception in the face of any honest interpretation of the word amateur, but which the League of American Wheelmen wink at. They make their living out of racing bicycles. They work hard for it, and they get it.

The presence at Asbury Park recently of an aggregation of racing wheelmen who make a business of following bicycle racing from the spring until the fall, with no visible means of support outside of the revenue that they must derive, naturally arouses curiosity as to how bicycle racing is conducted in this country. The development of bicycle racing has attracted widespread attention, and the frequent reduction of records has made it one of the leading sports of the day.

The League of American Wheelmen are the sole adjudicators over bicycle racing, but this branch of cycling, which was originally taken up as a means of recreation, has, through the instrumentality of the league, become a means of livelihood for racing men.

Racing under the League of American Wheelmen is now conducted on precisely the same lines as the meetings of the National Trotting Association. Circuit meets are arranged, and the various teams with their trainers travel from city to city and town to town, taking part in all the leading races, and following no ostensible employment but racing. The League of American Wheelmen, when they adopted a classified system, supplied the means for making bicycle racing a business.

Every leading manufacturer supports a racing team of from three to six men each. These men do nothing but race, for which they are paid a regular salary. They are engaged in the spring of the year and sent South to train. They spend several months in the South, preparing for the circuit of races that opens each year on Decoration Day. After the ordeal of training they come North and then go through the system of booking engagements for the season, like theatrical troupes. Every racing team has a manager and a trainer, who travel with the team throughout the season. The racing season opens in May and terminates late in October, and during the campaign the teams travel North, East, South and West.

It is difficult to calculate how much money is expended upon these bicycle teams each year, but the manufacturers pay enormous sums. The transportation of the teams, attendants and wheels, added to hotel bills, makes a big item. The managers of the different teams all act in the capacity of enrollment-agents for the different firms. In their visits to

the different cities on the circuit they are expected to pick up any riders who display any aptitude to ride remarkably fast. In this way new recruits to the different teams are being made constantly.

Business now plays such a prominent part in racing that even the race promoters have been compelled to accede to the demands of the racing men, and in arranging their prize lists have had to substitute gold nuggets and diamonds for the old time prizes of bicycles and medals. In order that the racing man can convert his trophies into cash whenever he chooses to retire or turn professional. Each of the leading racing men wins every year prizes aggregating in value from \$5,000 to \$15,000. A. A. Zimmerman, who is one of the most noted racing men in the world, is said to have accumulated the nucleus of a small fortune while racing in the amateur ranks. Walter Sanger, John S. Johnson and Harry Tyler, who are now professionals, have also won prizes valued at thousands of dollars. In fact, the prizes offered at tournaments nowadays are all of a character that can be converted into cash very readily.



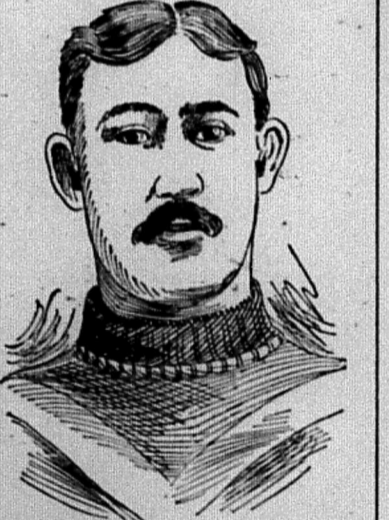
L. D. CABANNE.

overcome before he can hope to attain a position in the racing world. Such riders, who can train only in the intervals between their business occupations, and are compelled to personally supervise their own preliminary work, are at a disadvantage with men in the same class who have the care of an efficient trainer and first-class tracks for practice trials. A speedy bicycle rider to-day commands a good salary, the same as an expert accountant or a private secretary. Fast bicycle riders are as much in demand as competent men are for different mercantile positions. A bicycle rider is valued according to his speed. The crack racing men in class B command good salaries, averaging from \$2,000 to \$2,600 for the season of seven months, while the lesser flights range from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

The financial rating put upon racing wheelmen is due to the manufacturers. Racing men are considered good advertisements for bicycle manufacturers, and it is due to this fact that the best of the L. A. W. flyers have become subsidized by the trade, the germs of professionalism innoculated into the amateur ranks and the racing situation placed in a most chaotic state. The riders employed on the different teams agree when contracting to ride for the manufacturers to compete only at such meets as are designated by their employers, and not to accept any inducements from other firms.

In all departments of sport the intense rivalry that exists between clubs and corporations interested in the advancement of certain machines and athletic goods invariably results in the leading amateurs receiving remuneration for their performances. In this respect cycling is the most prominent. For the past five years the leading bicycle men who have followed racing have, in direct violation of the rules of the L. A. W., and in the face of little opposition from that body, received salaries for riding different makes of bicycles.

The condition of affairs with the



HARRY MADDOX.

racing department of the L. A. W. is such that it is extremely difficult to find a pure amateur in the racing ranks. A novice who takes up bicycle racing no sooner accomplishes something creditable upon either the track or the road than he is deluged with tempting offers from the representatives of the various bicycle manufacturers for him to ride their respective wheels. A big aggregation of class A and class B riders is in the employ of the trade.

To have a crack racing man riding a certain make of bicycles is deemed an excellent advertisement for the firm, and on this account the various firms bid for the leading class A and B riders with such persistence that some of the men derive very comfortable incomes. The L. A. W., which is at the head of the bicycle interests in this country, is indirectly responsible for the fact that sincere, hard-working amateur riders are compelled to compete in the same class with men who have no ostensible business, and race as an occupation.

BASEBALL PERSONALS.

Pitcher Abbey, late of Chicago, has been signed by Brooklyn.
Can the Chicago hit the ball? Ask any pitcher who has faced them.
Wilson is now captaining the Minneapolis team in place of Perry Werden.
Short Stop Inks, of Rockford, is making quite a reputation. He is a wonderful thrower.
Hawley, of Pittsburg, has hit twenty-one men in the games he has pitched this season.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

CURRENT GOSSIP OF FASHION CENTERS.

New Partners in Millinery—Hats for Out-Door Sports—Godet Skirt Still Rules—A New Definition of Rosette—The Household.



A NEW companionship to gain the name "set" has had and ruche in partnership. A charming affair is a brimless round toque that sets a little at one side of the head. About the edge, against the hair, great soft open roses are put close together. Back of the roses is a row of ostrich tips that curves gracefully to the top of the low crown. On the very edge of the top of the crown, a little at one side of the front, a pair of stiffened gauze loops are put, and at the back there are four or five pointed ends. A pair of the ostrich tips turn down against the hair at either side of the back. The ruche to go with this is of the ostrich tips, with a tie of gauze ribbons to hold a bunch of long-stemmed loose roses, that are so natural that they might as well be put in the ground at once to grow a beautiful crop of milliners' flowers for winter use. When not accompanied by ruches bonnets seem to turn to fancifulness, and oddities abound. One is sketched here, a bonnet that consists of a narrow straw band, trimmed with a large peasant bow of mousseline de soie and two jet wings, with a fancy bird's head and aligrette rising from the center.

Godet Skirt Still Rules.

Women generally are greatly pleased with the godet skirt, which has become so widely accepted that some of its stiff plaits are included in the new designs that are offered in the hope that they will eventually supplant it. If proof were needed that the godet skirt is highly popular, it would be plentiful from the fact that new skirt designs are but slight alterations of the godet, showing that the designers do not dare to attempt a complete change. One of



SOME LATE SUMMER STYLES.

the prettiest of the new skirts is presented in this sketch, and it is also one of the most difficult to cut. It is so like the currently accepted shape that it will meet the severest good taste, and that it is seen only in the choicest gowns will be a further recommendation to some. It is slashed in five places; one at either side of the front, one at each side, and one in the middle of the back. Fan plaits escape at each slash, the edges of the fan blending carefully into the slashed material. The entire skirt may be of one material and one color, or, if preferred, the fan plaits may be of color or material to make it harmonize with the bodice for which the skirt is planned. As a means toward a clever make-over, it is admirable. Think how successfully the older skirt, the one a little narrow, for instance, can be adjusted by these merciful slashes to the required width, and



how charmingly a second material, to be repeated in the bodice, can form the fans. For the woman who is so situated that she must strive to make her own dresses, it is a good rule to avoid cutting new cloth, if possible, but when it comes to the combination of two or three scant gowns into a single fashionable one, they take advantage of all these privileges, slitting and setting in. In the original of this illustration the materials were lady's cloth, in dark tan for the skirt, and a very light tan for the fan plaits. The latter gives the jacket bodice, and is therein embroidered with dark tan silk braid. The huge revers and turned-down collar are untrimmed, save for a cut-steel button on each revers, and the vest is of white silk with a high collar and lace drapery at the waist.

Evening Shoes.

Among the immense variety of evening shoes, jeweled embroidery plays a prominent part in the scheme of ornamentation—one pair of high-heeled, white kid slippers thickly embroidered in gold thread being covered with amethystine cabochons; another with turquoise flowerets, while a court shoe has a "butterfly" delicately traced in gold on the toe, its wings studded with ruby spangles. The butterfly design is repeated in different colorings on several pairs of low patent leather Queen Anne shoes, and most effective it is.

A New Definition of Rosette.

If there is reason for complaint now and then on the part of the folks who consider themselves authorities over the change of accepted meaning in certain words, what should the woman say who means to be up in fashion's terms? For it isn't slowly-established custom that does the mischief in the vocabulary of styles, but some freakish whim of uncertain source, which upsets all ideas of what a term should stand for. Take the word rosette, for example. Who does not know what it means? Few according to this summer's definition, for this is what constitutes a rosette: A collar-high band of satin in ivory white is covered with jetted net, edged top and bottom with jet jewels. A pair of



fully elaborate contrivance, but ordinary bows are still at a premium and are as ornamental as ever. Four of them, of Dresden ribbon, set off the rosettes of jetted crisp net is at the sides, and a pair of tabs of the gauze-covered satin hang from the collar to the bust line. Their edges touch at the collar, and they separate a little as they hang. At the lower edge is set a gathering of the jetted gauze, with jet jewel edge. Such an affair is worn with any black or white gown, and is called a "rosette" by those who ought to know, so don't think of giving it any other name. Even the innocent word "bow" is made to comprehend some wonder-

FASHION NOTES.

The plaited and rosetted collars of chiffon are still to be seen; in fact, the lavish use of this material bids fair to last all through the summer.

The fulness in gigot sleeves is disposed in gathers or plaits at the shoulders, the distended effect being attained equally well by both modes of adjustment.

Sleeves for plain dresses are always worn long, sometimes too long. Some end in the form of the mouth of a blunderbuss or of a flute, and are most unbecoming.

In a charming blouse waist the pouch falls from a pointed yoke, and the close back is relieved by a box plait. Box plaits are just now conspicuous attributes of blouses.

The full sleeve should have the lining cut of the same size to insure them to lay in artistic folds. Inexperienced dressmakers do not realize what a difference this will make to the fit and correct drape of the sleeves.

The demand for shirt waists exceeds that of any other season on record, and they are made in a greater variety of materials than ever before, the latest of which is dimity, made up with white linen collars and cuffs.

Another whim of fashion which amounts to a craze is the large collar of lawn, batiste, lace, chiffon and embroidery, which is displayed in such a diversity of styles in the shops and worn over every imaginable sort of gown in the street.

Some of the overcoats worn are very unbecoming. They are a kind of a sac paletot and are quite straight and almost reaching the knees, thus resembling a sort of floating camisole. The sleeves are very large, very long and tight at the wrist.

The new plain and figured monairs are gaining favor very rapidly. They are very silky in appearance, light in weight and do not hold the dust. The new alpaca most approved of fashion are a widely-meshed material, peculiarly glossy, but almost rough in finish.

White pique is worn for young girls' mourning, and even for a young married woman when the mourning is not deep. The white pique used for mourning should be trimmed with black. Black mousseline de soie frilled very fine should be used to trim the neck, flaps and waist, and produces a very pretty effect.



SOME LATE SUMMER STYLES.

Evening Head Dress.

As if following the lead of fans, which are now made in empire style, covered all over with spangles, looking quite as picturesque as ever a grandmother fan could, evening head-dresses follow the picturesque empire styles. On top of the head at the end of the part stands a big bow, with a regular wheel of wide-spreading ends and loops. From under this bow falls a jabot of lace down each side of the head, over the ears and to the shoulders, and lace covers the back of the hair, too. The whole effect is quaint and generally becoming.

Hat Trimmings

For hat trimmings tulips and other large petaled flowers are made of lace, flowers being cut in many cases from rich lace patterns that are wired and bent into shape. The effect is charmingly dainty on rich hats, but the lover of lace shudders at the despoliation of the lace just as many women shrink from the whole birds for trimming. Another new use of lace finds it stiffened by loops of wire, gathered into upstanding bunches and placed on hats as in aligrette fashion.

The Montrose Pearls.

By the will of the late Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, the amount realized by the gem of her casket of jewels—the wonderful necklace of over three hundred pearls—is to be devoted to the relief of the East End poor. As the necklace realized no less than 11,500 pounds, I hope the money will be wisely expended. One could do a great deal of good with 11,500 pounds, but one could also do a great deal of harm with such a sum, and create quite a small army of paupers with it.

For Impromptu Garden Party.

For the impromptu masque or garden party a Dolly Varden panier dress of brightly flowered cretonne is easily made, and completed as to picturesque by any big straw hat bent into poke bonnet shape and trimmed in a whirlwind of feathers and roses. An old-fashioned fan, mits to the elbow, and little black slippers strapped with black over the white lisle thread-in-steps are desirable accessories.

Women Not Called "Professors."

While Smith College has both men and women as members of the faculty it does not confer the well-earned dignity of the professional title upon the latter, even when they fill positions as heads of departments in every respect as responsible and onerous as those held by the other sex. There were 746 students enrolled last year with a teaching force of only 35, nearly two-thirds of whom were women, but not professors.

A Visiting Dress.

An elegant visiting dress is made of gray cloth, with a band of passementerie at the edge of the hem. The waist is of very dark blue perforated cloth, through which the color of the skirt material shows. The sleeves are of blue cloth matching the perforated fabric, the tops of them being plain and the long cuffs of the low-cut material. Passementerie collar and epaulets match the trimming on the skirt.

METER CANNOT LIE.

A NICKEL-IN-THE SLOT AFFAIR NOW IN USE.

A Coin Turns on Your Gas and the Dial Tells You When Your Money's Worth Has All Been Consumed—Gives Satisfaction Wherever Used.



GAS turned on by the nickel-in-the-slot system is an innovation from England that has been adopted by the Consolidated Gas Company, of New York City, and the "prepayment meter," so-called, may in time succeed the present method of measuring gas as consumed in small households. In London a dozen rival machines are in vogue. The most popular ones are the "penny slots." A coin of this value is dropped into a small opening and gaslight is furnished for an hour or so. This class of meter is very popular among the poorer people, many of whom use gas only on state occasions. The penny gas machines are also very popular with single gentlemen of limited means, who live in lodgings, says New York World. The prepayment meters introduced in New York are not of the penny pattern. A silver quarter is the coin required to release the illuminating fluid. The mechanism is simple, yet delicate. The size of the coin, not its weight, is what releases the machinery. For twenty-five cents 200 feet of gas is secured, which is at the regular rate of \$1.25 per 1,000. The gas need not be used continuously. A special indicator on the face of the dial, which is supposed to show how much gas goes through the meter, moves out to the 200-foot mark as soon as the coin is deposited. As the gas is used, this indicator returns to the zero point. Meters of this class are placed in the consumer's room or flat, so that the number of feet still to be burned may be seen at a glance at the dial. The machine is so arranged that two, three or four quarters may be placed in the slot, and thus 400, 600 or 1,000 feet of gas purchased. The meter will register and give credit for 200 feet of gas every time a coin of the proper dimension is placed in the receiver.

Treasurer Doane, of the gas company, believes that the prepayment meter will become as popular in the large cities of America as it is London, especially among the people with whom gaslight is a luxury. Take a family of hard working people in which there are young ladies who have company on Sunday. Candles or kerosene are all right during the week days, but gaslight on such an occasion is necessary to "give the house a tone." As 25 cents will light the parlor for several evenings it will readily be seen that meters will find their way into thousands of households which, under the prevailing system of making a deposit, and meeting a monthly bill, would never have use for them.

Many people believe that the everyday gas meter continues to register right along whether gas is being burned or not. This could not happen with the new quarter-in-the-slot meter, as the consumption is hourly under the consumer's eye.

Mr. Doane said to a World reporter that the matter of the value of the coin to be used in New York was seriously considered for several months before the quarter was adopted. The cost of collection, as the meters must be visited at stated intervals by employees of the company, is as great for nickels or dimes as for quarters, and this one fact determined the question. Should there appear in the future a demand for a smaller system of payment, there are a number of meters in the market to choose from.

Less than 300 of the slot meters are in use in the city at present, owing to the fact that no special effort has been made to push them. They have proved so satisfactory, however, both to consumer and producer that their general use by all small concerns, will be urged in the future, but not insisted upon. A quarter will illuminate an ordinary four-room and kitchen flat for one week.

Financial Statistics.

Jeremy Diddler—You called me a dead beat. You must take it back, sir, or suffer the consequences.
Col. Percy Yerger—I never take anything back.
"You don't?"
"Never, sir, do I take anything back!"
"All right! You are the man I've been looking for. Lend me a half dollar."

Wide Awake All Night.

New Burglar—Oh, say! Dere's a peach of a house to loot.
Old Cracksman—Humph! Dat's all you know about de biz.
"Huh?"
"W'y dey's twins in dat house cuttin' teet!"

Satisfactorily Explained.

Father—What was your mother talking about a while ago?
Son—I don't know.
Father—Why, you sat and heard it all!
Son—Yes, but she was talking to the baby.

Mighty Nigh Always

You can always pick out the man who tries to renovate the morals of the entire community. He never has the time to attend to the wicked leaks in his own roof.—Ex.

WOMEN EXECUTED.

NOT MANY HAVE BEEN HUNG IN NEW YORK.

ROXALANA DRUSE WAS THE LAST ONE TO BE HANGED.

Story of the Life and Death of Mrs. Druse—Her Crime Without a Parallel in the Criminal Annals of New York.

RECORDED GOFF of New York and a jury have decided that Maria Barberi must die in the electrical chair at Sing Sing because she murdered her faithless lover. If she is killed according to law, as it is now interpreted, she will be the first woman to die in the electrical chair, as well as the first female who has been lawfully executed in New York State since February 28, 1857.

Strange as it may seem, Roxalana Druse, who was hanged in the jail at Herkimer, N. Y., on the last day of February, 1887, acted much the same as Maria has done. At times Roxalana was calm and then she broke out into violent fits of weeping and ejaculations, just as Maria does. After Maria heard the verdict of the jury she became silent and seemed not to understand her position, but subsequently gave way to her feelings while confined in her cell at the Tombs and wept like a child. Maria killed her lover because he would not marry her. Roxalana killed her husband because he objected to her gay life, and, according to the records, not only schemed to kill him, but persuaded her daughter, as well as her son and nephew, to help her.

The execution of Roxalana Druse was one of the most sensational in the history of the civilized world. Thirty-three years had elapsed since a woman had been hanged in New York State, and, although no outsiders were permitted to see the execution, thousands of men, women and children gathered about the prison at Herkimer "just to hear the woman yell," as they said. They only said so in a joke, but, as it happened, the woman did yell, and the curious crowd went away satisfied. She never confessed that she murdered her husband, who was fifteen years her senior, but the evidence proved that she did. The daughter, who was sentenced to prison for life for having a hand in the murder, was pardoned a few months ago.

Years ago Roxalana Druse was known as Roxie Tefft, the prettiest girl in or about Herkimer. All the boys tried to make love to her, but she would have nothing to do with them, and everybody was surprised when she married old Farmer Druse. They went to live in Herkimer, and for years were considered to be the best mated couple in the neighborhood. A girl baby was



born to them and they named her Mary. Mary inherited her mother's disposition, and when she grew up they became great chums. The little house in which they lived became the scene of nightly revelry, which did not please old Druse a bit.

On the morning of December 18, 1884, after Roxalana, her good-looking daughter and several friends had enjoyed themselves until day was breaking, the husband became rather cross at the breakfast table. He found fault with everything. According to the evidence his wife had been waiting for just such an occasion. She ordered her son and nephew, Frank Gates, out of the house. Her daughter Mary remained with her. The boys said they heard a shot a few moments after they had left the house, and hurried back to see what it all meant. The boys found the old man sitting in a chair with his head hanging down on his breast. Beside him stood his wife with a pistol in her hand, while the daughter, a few feet away, was preparing a rope for her father's neck, in case the bullets did not prove fatal.

Mrs. Druse, it is said, handed the pistol to Gates and ordered him to shoot the old man again. "What's the use? He's dead now," remarked the nephew.

"Never mind, go ahead and shoot!" The nephew did shoot, and then the wife and mother persuaded her daughter to put a shot into the old man's body.

Still he would not die, and Roxalana, spying an axe in the corner of the room, seized it and brought the blade down on her husband's head with terrific force. As it happened, the axe glanced and only chopped off a few inches of the scalp. "Roxie, Roxie, please don't kill me!" the old man cried, feebly. But Roxie did not heed him, and brought the ax down on his head again, silencing him forever. Still she was not satisfied, and, grasping the ax handle with the strength of a giantess, brought the blade down on his neck with such force that his head was completely severed from his body. The head rolled over on the floor. The wife, daughter and nephew stood aside for a few moments, while Roxalana, seemingly crazed by the sight of her husband's blood, grabbed the head and dashed it at the body. The blood on her hands seemed to intensify her feeling to do more murder, and she smeared the crimson fluid over the face of her daughter. In the room where the murder took place the murdered man had

built a roaring fire on which the breakfast was cooked, and the fire was still burning merrily. There was nothing more to do but get rid of the body. With as much deliberation as though she was chopping the knots of a log, Roxalana picked up the bloody ax, and measuring the length of the stove with her eye, proceeded to chop her husband's body into lengths which would fit. The head was off, to be sure, but the arms and the rest of the body were still intact. A few strokes of the ax severed the arms and legs from the trunk. The legs, however, were a little too long and had to be cut in two. The limbs were stuffed into the fire, but the trunk of the body remained, and it was split up into four sections.

While this bloody work was in progress there was a knock at the door, but the neighbor who called to pay his respects received no answer and went on his way. Contrary to expectations, instead of the fire burning up the body, the body put the fire out, and after all the trouble, the charred chunks of flesh



MARY DRUSE.

had to be wrapped up in paper and carried out into an adjoining room for safe keeping. The wife informed all the witnesses of the murder that they should say her husband had gone to New York on business. This excuse was accepted for two weeks or more, and then the gossips of Herkimer began to tell stories of how "Old Bill" had been done away with at one of "Roxie's parties." It was all a joke at first, and the persons who repeated the improvised story little thought that they were telling a portion of the truth.

The remnants of the body were allowed to remain in the barley bin just outside of the house for several days. Then they were loaded in a sleigh and carried several miles into the country and deposited in a running brook half covered with ice. A month after "Old Bill" was murdered investigations as to his whereabouts caused the entire family to be arrested. All were charged with the murder. Little by little confessions were obtained, and finally the wife was condemned to die.

The lawyers for the defense did all in their power to save her, but the judges to whom they appealed refused to grant a release, and after months of prison life Roxalana was hanged. Until the time she broke down on the way to the gallows she firmly believed that her sentence would be commuted to imprisonment for life, and the night before the day of execution she tried to sleep, expecting that she would be awakened by the announcement of the commutation. It was a windy night, and the noise of the storm, with the shrieks of whistles of the passing trains awoke the woman shortly before 2 o'clock. She asked the time and then sat down at the little table in her cell where she wrote letters until long after daybreak. She wrote to all her relatives, and was still writing when Sheriff Cook came to read the death sentence. When he entered her cell the unfortunate woman threw up her hands and began to cry so loudly that the sheriff's voice, reading the death warrant, could hardly be heard. She begged that her life might be spared at one moment and then said it was no more than right to hang the next.



FRANK GATES.

The attendants had grown to like, or rather sympathize with the unfortunate woman, but they could do nothing for her. About 7 o'clock in the morning a letter and a bouquet came from the woman's daughter. Notwithstanding the details of the horrible crime, it seemed hard to execute the woman, as far as those in the prison were concerned. But to those without the prison the execution seemed not only just but a "good thing."

Roxalana had to be supported as she walked through the snow to the gallows, and when on the instrument of death she lost her entire self-control. She had to be supported while the hang-

WASHINGTON LETTER.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

Some Democrats Dread the Return of Reed—Misapprehensions—Similarity of Names Results in No End of Confusion to Illustrators.

(Washington Correspondence.)



OME of the old hold-over Democrats of the house of representatives dread the return of Speaker Reed to the chair. Mr. Reed was so unpopular with the members of the party on the floor that they would not vote to pass the usual resolutions of thanks at the end of his term. This case was not without precedent. In the Twenty-fifth congress the house refused to give a vote of thanks to Speaker Polk. The motion was made, and the first name called was that of John Quincy Adams. He voted in the negative emphatically. A great many speeches were made during the roll-call criticizing Mr. Polk's conduct as speaker. Mr. Polk was as firm a partisan as Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed's rulings have been vindicated in most cases and the Democratic party was forced to adopt the odious "Reed rules" in order to do business. But this does not endear Mr. Reed to the members of that party any the more.

John Quincy Adams, who opposed the resolution of thanks to Mr. Polk, was a good fighter himself, and a very stubborn man. He made a sturdy fight for the right of petition when some people sent him an anti-slavery document to present to the house. His contention was that every petitioner had a right to lay his views before congress. During the controversy over this point, the National Intelligencer, the principal pa-



THOMAS F. BAYARD.

per of Washington, if not the only one, misspelled Mr. Adams' name. He wrote a characteristic letter to the editor in protest. "I think that National Intelligencer has printed enough libels about me to be able to spell my name," he said.

It is not often that a public man's name is misspelled in the newspapers, though there is a general tendency to spell the name of McMillin of Tennessee "McMillan."

It happens not infrequently, though, that men of the same name are confused in illustrations. This happened a great many times in the last administration. There were two members of the cabinet named Foster—John W. Foster of Indiana, the secretary of state, and Charles W. Foster of Ohio, the secretary of the treasury. It happened a great many times when Mr. Foster of Indiana was in office that his portrait was printed over a story about Charles Foster. While John W. Foster was in



THOMAS B. REED.

Japan bringing about an understanding between the peace envoys of China and Japan, the mistake was repeated a great many times.

The two members of the Jones family in the senate have been the subjects of frequent misunderstandings. Mr. Jones of Arkansas has figured in the comic prints as Mr. Jones of Nevada, and vice versa. Mr. Mitchell of Oregon used to find himself confused with Mr. Mitchell of Pennsylvania a few years ago. Now he is mistaken for Mitchell of Wisconsin quite as frequently. Mr.

Gibson of Louisiana and Mr. Gibson of Maryland, Mr. White of Louisiana and Mr. White of California were confused when they sat together in the senate. It was easy for the illustrator who had a demand for a picture of Senator White to pick up the first picture of "Senator White" which came to hand without thinking there were two senators of that name.

One of the senators I have just named was discussing with me recently the assaults made on the treasury by office-seekers and office-holders, and he recalled an experience which he had at the last session of congress with a man from his own state. This man came to him with a request that he have a paragraph inserted in one of the appropriation bills making an appropriation for a new office in the library of congress. The librarian was willing to recommend the appointment of a laborer; the salary would be small, and there would be probably very little objection to the appropriation in either house or senate. The senator said: "Why, you could not work for so small a salary as that. You could not afford to." The applicant was quite certain that he could. So the senator agreed to recommend the appropriation and the office was created. The senator's constituent was appointed to the new place. Almost as soon as the place had been created, the new office-holder came to the senator to get an increase in salary from congress. He said that the other people who were doing like work in the library, received twice as much money as he. Besides, he could not live on so small a salary. The senator exploded promptly. "You told me that this salary would satisfy you, when I said that it would not," he said. "Now you can take what you have or you can get out of Washington as soon as you please. I will make it my particular business to see that there is no increase made for your particular office." The office-holder is still drawing the small salary. But he is not fond of the senator, who is no other than Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador to England.

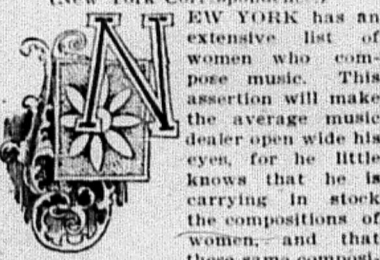
Office-holding creates a race of beggars—men and women who are bounding congress continually for an increase

THEY WRITE MUSIC.

NEW YORK WOMEN WHO PROFIT BY MELODY.

They Are, However, Forced by Prejudice to Use the Names of Men—Their Productions Would Not Sell So Well Otherwise.

(New York Correspondence.)



NEW YORK has an extensive list of women who compose music. This assertion will make the average music dealer open wide his eyes, for he little knows that he is carrying in stock the compositions of women; and that these same compositions are "first-rate sellers." Music written by a woman? No, indeed. The music dealer would refuse to buy from the publisher anything that bore the name of a woman on the title page. "The public won't buy music written by women," he says, and the publisher caters to this sentiment. So this simple announcement will be a revelation to many a retail dealer. The prospective Atlanta (Ga.) exposition, so extensively heralded, will disclose the secret, and it is confidently expected by those having the matter in charge that after the secret is out the existing prejudices will be eliminated. So great has been this prejudice that when a woman offers to her publisher a manuscript she has been invariably asked to make her name appear on the title page as though the work had been written by a man. The New Woman has grown tired of masquerading under false pretenses and proposes through the medium of a music room at the Atlanta exposition to show the world how guileless it has been in buying music.

New York is in the lead with its women composers, and will be represented by a long list of names which will be at once recognized in society. Who are these women composers? Mrs. Theodore Sutro, the wife of the Tax Commissioner and leader of the German Reform Union, is one who has achieved success in musical compositions. She is also a graduate in law, and because of her attainments was requested by the managers of the exposition to take charge of the Law and Music Committee for New York, and she has thrown herself heart and soul into the duties required to be performed.

"When I began the work," says Mrs. Sutro, "I took the quickest method, as I imagined, to find out the names of the women composers of music in New York. I went to the dealers in sheet music. 'There are no women composers; if there are I never heard of them,' was the invariable answer, but I knew there were many of them. I've found them."

And Mrs. Sutro's apartments at the Berkeley, No. 29 Fifth avenue, bear witness to the truth of her statements.



ADELAIDE NORTH.

They are filled with music written by women, but the casual observer would not know it unless told, for in almost every instance all trace of the sex of the author is carefully obliterated.

Mrs. Sutro, who was Miss Florence Edith Clinton, a member of the family descended from Governor Clinton, has ever been a patron of music and art. A devotee herself of the science of melody and harmony, she has gained a mead of praise that is often denied to the amateur. Certificates of excellence in the various departments of music have been granted her by such acknowledged authorities as Dr. William Mason, Dudley Buck, Harry Rowe Shelly, d'Ernesti and the Grand Conservatory of Music, from which she graduated with the highest honors.

The highest compliment to her skill, however, was when a fugue—one of the most difficult forms of composition—that she had written was publicly played in Steinway Hall by a full orchestra under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Ernst Eberhard. This makes a proud record for a woman, but she has also composed many songs that have met with popular acclaim.

Another woman who has given to the music-loving populace a large number of musical compositions is Mrs. Edward Lawson Purdy, wife of the noted single tax leader. Mrs. Purdy publishes her songs under the name of "M. McCracken Purdy." She is a prolific writer, and all her compositions are noted for originality and are popular.

The greater portion of her musical education was received abroad, in Stuttgart and other musical centers, and her works show strongly the impress of the French and German schools. Some of her best known songs are "The Stars," "A Serenade," "Kathleen," "Good Days," a quartet for mixed voices. She is a member of the Manuscript Society, as well as of various other organizations.

Her musical abilities were inherited, as her mother, Mrs. Melvin Copeland, is a well-known amateur harpist, and for a number of years the musicales in Mrs. Copeland's drawing rooms, both in America and Europe, were events of the society season, and invitations were seldom declined save from the utmost necessity, as there was ever a chance that the hostess might be persuaded to bring forth her favorite instrument.

Music hath power to more than charm the savage ear—it can fascinate the base members of society, and this fact is proven by the successes of Mrs. Hiram Cleaver Von Kroh in the field of composition. Mrs. Von Kroh is a mem-

ber of the Board of managers of the West Side Society.

She uses the name of "Jean Gilbert Von Kroh" on all her published musical compositions, which are many, and include the "Gypsy Caprice," "Little Queen Waltz," and the song "My Wish." Mrs. Von Kroh was a New Jersey girl, and as such holds a warm place in her heart for Princeton College, to which she has dedicated a number of her compositions. The "Little Queen" was played at the recent tableaux vivants for the benefit of the Atlanta Exposition.

She also took part in those "living pictures" which were the cause of so much discussion between Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Sutro. A talented pianist also is Mrs. Von Kroh and a charming hostess. It is only with extreme reluctance that she consents to play in her own house at her musicales, which are justly famous for the skill of the musicians present.

Mrs. Adelaide North is one of the few names that publishers and dealers have been forced to recognize among the women composers of New York. Her work is of such a high character that by sheer force of merit she has made a lasting name for herself. But at first it was hard work. The usual objection was offered—that is, the dealers stated to her their inability to sell the compositions of a woman musician, but with characteristic pluck she insisted, and, as the old Irish saying, "Patience and perseverance

Made a bishop of his rивerence," has it, she succeeded. She will be interested in the exposition and will be represented by a number of her works.

Mrs. Lillie Siegfried is one of the versatile composers of New York. Her



EMMA STEINER.

song, "Under the Mistletoe," was a pronounced hit, and the quaint Chinese music set to the jingle, "Li Hung Chang," was a popular creation. Mrs. Siegfried loves music, and a friend of hers once remarked: "I think that woman thinks in sharps and flats."

Miss Carrie Roma, whose pleasing soprano voice has been heard at many musicales, is rarely suspected of being a composer, but she is, and one of merit also, for her songs have sold well.

Everyone who knows much of modern music has heard of Miss Emma Steiner, but hardly one-twentieth part of those who know her as an able and skilled musician could tell of the many compositions made by her that are popular.

Miss Steiner has composed and performed over a dozen comic operas, has conducted orchestras, and exhibited a fine musical talent.

Mrs. Marcy-Raymond, daughter of Dr. Edgarton E. Marcy, also writes music, and, what is more, has it eagerly sought for by publishers. Mrs. Raymond understands music; she thoroughly enjoys it, and the result is seen in her compositions. Mrs. Laura Sedgwick Collins is still another member of the same band of women composers. She has done some excellent work in composition and has received much praise from the public.

The Atlanta Exposition's music room for women composers will show to all who care for music just how greatly she has contributed. There Mrs. Mary Knight Wood will have a fitting display of her many compositions, which, as a rule, are beautiful, full of melody, and of a class to touch the hearts of those who hear them. Will the people recognize some familiar airs when her music is played? Undoubtedly, but they will be surprised when they learn that they were written by a woman, and, in rushing to see her picture in the music room, will find there the photographs of many more New York women



MRS. H. C. VON KROH.

who have made music that has been enjoyed by countless thousands.

Keeping Baby Quiet.
"Great heavens," roared the policeman, springing upstairs three steps at a jump and dashing with uplifted truncheon into the photographer's studio. "What are you fighting about up here? Are you all in this row?"
Grandpa and Uncle John and Aunt Sarah and pa and ma and Cousin Bess and young Mr. Thinlegs, her young man, and the two cousins from Birmingham and Uncle Charley and grandma all looked kind of silly and were quiet, but the photographer said:
"Oh, that's all right, other, there's no row; we're just trying to keep the baby quiet while we take its picture, bless it!"
Exit policeman.
Chorus—Ram, bang, smash, jingle, whistle, crash, slam, slam, toot to toot, bang, bang, smash! Picture is taken.

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party!

EDITORIAL.

What is the matter with the Boston Daily "Globe"? The chief editor must suffer from the effects of alcoholism.

The money question will be used as a means to swindle and skin the people in 1896. Wage slaves, keep in mind that the Democratic and Republican money swindle is a substitute for the old state protective tariff and free trade humbug.

Socialists, attention! The Socialist press of this country should have a million subscribers. Let us do our utmost to increase the circulation of our papers. Every new subscriber means a new recruit in the Socialist army.

According to the "Chicago Tribune," Sam Gompers delivered an excellent address at the Pomeroy humbug Fourth of July demonstration. But Mr. Gompers spoke to empty chairs. The Dems. and Reps. did not go to the Schutzen Park to listen to common sense speeches.

Until the Americans get wise enough to organize Socialist Section, as a means of study and propaganda, there will be but little real lasting progress made. It requires just the knowledge that these give to fight Capitalism. They are the front of reform. Until Americans get rid of their prejudice for this world they will be used as tools for monopolies.—Coming Nation.

As a rule, the American is practical, like Blatchford's John Smith in "Merrie England." Give the American a chance to be practical—let us push the agitation for active work, for an active political labor party—i. e., the Socialist Labor Party. Let us prepare for the Campaign of 1896. About 500,000 Socialist votes in 1896! How would that suit you? Why, there is nothing impossible nowadays.

One objection our Democratic and Republican "citizens" have against public ownership is that public officials are corrupt. They forget, however, that it is not the public office that makes them corrupt. Who corrupts your city councillors? The street railway and other private corporations. Who corrupts your legislators? The private corporations. No, gentlemen, the corruption comes from private ownership. Abolish private street railway monopoly and nobody will try to get a street railway charter.

Of the 72,000,000 acres in Great Britain, 50,000,000 are owned by less than 15,000 persons, and of these 50,000,000 no less than 30,000,000 are owned by 1,000 persons. It is estimated that, leaving out blocks of under an acre in extent, 180,524 persons practically own the whole of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; that 10,000 persons own two-thirds of England and Wales; 300 two-thirds of Scotland, and 1,900 two-thirds of Ireland. Similar conditions exist in America.

These common sights of the common streets, John, are very terrible to me. To a man of nervous temperament, at once thoughtful and imaginative, these sights must be terrible. The prostitute under the lamps, the baby beggar in the gutter, the broken pauper in his livery of shame, the weary worker stifling in the filthy slums, the wage slave toiling at his task, the sweater's victims, "sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt," these are dreadful, ghastly, shameful facts which long since seared themselves upon my heart.—Merrie England.

We proud Americans talk so much about the low, very low, Chinese laborers. But we have never asked whether China has as many out of work, starving paupers as our wealthy America. An exchange says: It is remarkable that China, with a well-defined nationality of four thousand years, and one of the most densely populated countries in the world, has seldom had cause to complain of the misery or distress of her people. Virtually she has no paupers, no poor. Her infirm or unfortunate are generally provided for by the State, while her masses have been and are generally the happiest people on earth.

What is Socialism? Ask Webster's Dictionary about it.

Comrades, united we stand, divided we fall.

The plutocratic press says Kier Hardie was a fraud. Three cheers for Hardie!

Nine-tenths of the people would be Socialists if they only knew what Socialism means.

"The Boston 'Daily Globe' says in 1885 America manufactured 400,000 bicycles; next year the production may reach 700,000. Well, we have no objection if this number be increased to 1,000,000.

The kings and the rich want the present theories of law, and oppose Socialism and your reading it. It is to your interest to have Socialism. They know it. But you shall never know it if they can prevent it. Do you like to be duped?—Cleveland "Citizen."

But when the Boston Daily "Globe" wants to sandbag the public, then it is our duty to use the whip. The "Globe" says that the material for a bicycle costs from \$12 to \$15, and that labor gets all the rest of the value in wages, minus the profits of the manufacturer.

This is sandbagging the public. Will the "Globe" please tell us what the profits of the manufacturer are? We don't believe that the labor power necessary to make a bicycle exceeds the costs of \$5. And these \$5 are "the rest minus the profits of the manufacturer."

The price of a bicycle varies from \$75 to \$100 and more. Raw material, \$15; labor cost, \$10—we accept a high figure; total, \$25. Now, you see that the actual cost of a bicycle would be, according to our estimate, \$25. But in fact it is much less. What does this mean?

The "Coming Age" and "The Socialist" of San Francisco are the latest productions of good Socialist literature. We wish them all the success they deserve, hoping our San Francisco comrades will do all in their power to keep their excellent weapons.

The manufacturer and the dealer make a clear profit of from \$50 to \$75 on every bicycle! And then an editorial fraud of the Boston Daily "Globe" has the audacity to exclaim: "Let workmen eschew the pessimistic view. All things are working to hasten the time when there shall not be an enforced idle hand in the land."

How are the tramps spending their summer? The millionaire tramps are yachting in Europe; the proletarian tramps risk their lives in the box cars. The millionaire tramps enjoy life in the summer resorts of Paris, Berlin, London and Rome, while the proletarian tramps now and then get a chance to spend their days in the prison or the workhouse.

"Labor-saving machines are really labor-furnishing machines," says the Boston "Globe." "Invention stimulates labor instead of crowding it out, and the bicycle is a striking example of it." Under capitalism, labor-saving machines are a curse to labor. The fraudulent bicycle editor of the "Globe" knows that for every bicycle manufactured labor gets but \$5 for all the skilled workmanship, while the capitalist drones make at least \$75 clear profit.

What the Socialists would like to know: How the workers will ever be free or even have more than a crumb of what they produce as long as the land which they must use and the tools with which they must work are owned by the other fellow, and he, upheld by law and government, can exact whatever he may please from the toilers as the price of kindly allowing them to produce wealth for him. We claim that Socialism is the only remedy. If you know of any other cure, please let us know. We shall gladly accept it.

The resignation of Mr. Wayland from "The Coming Nation" at the very moment when it was claimed that "the paper has 50,000 subscribers" is another proof of the Socialist argument that the "one boss" business is injurious in the reform movement. If "The Coming Nation" goes down it will cause much disappointment and discouragement among the thousands of reformers who read it. "In union there is strength." This is also true of our Socialist press. Never depend on one man—and never use too much wind, because the bag will get empty some day.

Kier Hardie is coming! And he is coming in grand style. "How do you know it?" you ask. Well, we have read the special cable letter of last Sunday's Chicago "Tribune," and there we found the following special, warning, cable from London, England:

"WARNING AGAINST KIER HARDIE."

"Kier Hardie, who sails to-day for a lecture tour in America, deserves no attention from any labor leaders or anybody else, and will probably get what he deserves. John Burns has something in him, but Hardie is a mere empty fraud, who won notice in the Commons only by wearing dirty clothes and a coster's cap instead of a hat of Parliamentary tradition. This would have been forgiven as a part of his general scheme of securing an audience if there had been anything genuine behind his affectations, and people tolerantly waited to see if there was, but in vain. He is a blatherskite, pure and simple."

This certifies that Kier Hardie is O. K. Three cheers for Kier Hardie! Up with the banner of International Social Democracy!

A VOICE FROM NEW AMERICA.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS.

[Written Especially for the Socialist Newspaper Union.]

Motto: "Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that: You take my house, when you do take the prop That does sustain my house; you take my life, When you take the means whereby I live."

—Shakspeare.

Henry's speech shows the excitement that was caused by the Stamp Act agitation. Similar excitement prevailed at the closing scenes of the nineteenth century in nearly all civilized countries, caused by the excessive exploitation of the so-called "working class" by a class of human drones commonly called "capitalists." This excitement of the nineteenth century was as natural as the Stamp Act excitement in the eighteenth century; even more so, because a comparatively small number of men had confiscated—by law, of course—all the land, the mines, the factories, the warehouses, in short, they had monopolized all the products of the "working class"—mark the word, "Class"—one hundred years after the proclamation of the Declaration of American Independence, which says that all men are born equal! The average wealth-producer, or "wage-worker" of the nineteenth century was as poor as a church mouse. Slow starvation was his only hope.

At one time—in 1894, so history tells us—many thousands of these wage-workers got so hungry and desperate that they decided to do what had never been done before in the history of Old America: To march from San Francisco, Los Angeles and other Western cities, east to Washington, D. C., thousands of miles distant, where they demanded work and bread from the Federal government. "Did they get any bread there?" you ask. Not much. They were treated as tramps. Some were arrested, some were clubbed (by armed officials known as policemen), others got sick and died on the spot, while the rest returned to the Western parts of the country, where they continued to work for starvation wages, or starved after all their attempts to secure work and bread had failed. Undoubtedly these unemployed crusaders caused quite an excitement in all "classes" of society, and set thousands of people to thinking that there was something wrong in the Old American society, and that the Declaration of Independence was still a mere dream to the seventy million Americans.

The fact of the matter is that the system of so-called "wage slavery" had so demoralized the millions of poor and oppressed that it required many years to educate them and teach them the most sacred duty of citizenship—resistance to tyranny. The Declaration of American Independence tells us that "all experience had shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." Such was the experience during the centuries of America's struggle for freedom. It was the experience of the men of 1776!

Thanks to the agitation of our revolutionary forefathers, the clamor for the repeal of the Stamp Act had become so general that King George's government repealed the Act in 1766. But George III. and his advisors were blind, like the "capitalist industrial kings" of the nineteenth century. All kinds of means were tried to raise new revenues in America. The colonists grew stubborn, and the King attempted to assert his royal authority—the right to rob the people of Old America. In 1770 a collision took place between British troops and some inhabitants of Boston, in which three people were killed. This collision became known as the Boston massacre, and excited deep feeling in all the colonies. The King and his government, seeing the danger of the situation, yielded in part to the storm in the colonies, and took the tax off of nearly everything except tea. But it was too late. The tornado of the Revolution was rising on the social horizon, and no royal power could change its course. While the Bostonians had emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of British tea into the sea all prospects for peace and compromise were gone. The colonists organized for their self-protection. The British government punished Boston by closing its port until the revolutionary tea bill should be paid. On the night of the 18th of April, 1775, the first American blood was spilled at Lexington, where the British troops had been sent to destroy the military stores. Eighty-five Americans and several hundreds of British were killed. The aggressions of the King's troops were repelled; George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief; but the people were still undecided in opinion. Few men dared to dream of American Independence; some were for unconditional submission, some declared that resistance to the King was useless, while others demanded merely "just representation." Men who foresaw the coming conflict and advocated the unavoidable separation from England were looked upon with suspicion. It was in this serious crisis that Thomas Paine, then unknown in public life, stepped into the arena of the world's battlefield for human freedom, by publishing his great pamphlet—"Common Sense," in which he proved in a most logical and striking manner that absolute separation from England and the establishment of an independent republic was the only salvation for the colonies.

To the people of New America it seems very strange that some of the historians of the "capitalist" era of the nineteenth century did not even mention the name of this great man Paine. However, when we consider how diametrically opposed Thomas Paine's teachings were to the demoralizing profit, or dollar and cent doctrines of the capitalist regime, we can easily see the cause of the fear to mention the name of the man whose memory is sacredly honored to-day by every New American citizen.

On the fourth day of July, 1776, the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, which was the formal separation of the thirteen colonies from England. From this day on to the 19th of October, 1781, when the British army at Yorktown, under Lord Cornwallis, surrendered, Old America sacrificed the lives of thousands of her brave sons on the altar of human freedom.

The American Revolution was victorious. However, when looking over the historical works and newspaper files of the nineteenth century, we find that freedom was still a strange guest among the great majority of the social family. The other day I happened to find an old "reform" newspaper volume in our public Central Library. In glancing over its pages I struck an appeal headed, "To the Oppressed Wage Workers of America!" The appeal opened with the following patriotic words of Thomas Paine:

"Oh, ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

I paused for a moment, reflecting what this appeal really meant; at the first moment I could hardly think that a hundred years after Paine had issued his ringing appeal to the American people, these same words should be needed in the republic for which thousands of people had sacrificed their lives. Then I continued to read:

"Fellow wage slaves and citizens: To-day we assemble to celebrate the Fourth of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Horrible spectacle! Where is our independence? Four millions of our brothers are starving on the highways and by-ways of this country. Our wives are suffering the pains of loving mothers who see their beloved little children dying from lack of nourishment. The signs of the times indicate that before the sun rises on New Year's Day, 1900, our grand Old America will groan and writhe in the agony of revolution. Old America is no longer a republic; it is a plutocracy. Millions of men who call themselves free citizens whine about their poverty and gnaw their crusts of bread, while they continue to vote into office and into power—the very men that debauch in luxury, and oppress and rob the people. If we grumble or strike, we are shot down by militiamen, Federal soldiers, policemen and deputy sheriffs. O, goddess of justice and freedom! Enlighten your people—your deceived and oppressed people. Fellow-wage slaves, listen:

"Can you not see the dark clouds of the coming storm? Look at the horizon. It is but four weeks ago when the 'New York Commercial Advertiser,' of June 10, a prominent Republican newspaper, published the following item:

"A rapid fire gun weighing but 45 pounds and capable of firing 650 bullets of large calibre every minute, such as has just been tested and approved at Sandy Hook, fills a long-felt want. As an attachment to the recent decision of the United States supreme court touching railroad riots, it fits like the paper on the wall!

"Whenever we American citizens protest against the tyranny of Plutocracy, when we take the liberty to strike, these rapid-firing guns will be used against us—they will fit like the paper on the wall!

"Brothers, shall we forever silently endure these hardships? No, a thousand times no! Let us all unite and aim to bring about a system of society which guarantees to every human being his or her just share of the fruits of our social labor. Let us hasten the day when America shall enjoy the blessings of the Co-operative Commonwealth, when strikes, and riots, and rapid firing on starving people shall be unknown, when the colors of the American flag shall no longer be used as a label on tenement house goods made by our starving wives and children. Let us hasten the day when the stars and stripes shall no longer hide the false patriotism, but shall represent a free people."

The reading of this appeal made an indelible impression upon me. To me, as a citizen of New America, this was an important document. It is true I had read a great deal about the so-called capitalist free competitive system of the nineteenth century, but never before had I read an Old American Fourth of July address that was the reflex of so much mental and physical suffering, of so much misery and dissatisfaction as the one just quoted.

And this was over one hundred years after the battle of Lexington!

For nearly an hour I sat motionless. My thoughts were concentrated on this question:

"Is it possible that such horrible conditions existed in the nineteenth century, or was I dreaming? No, here is the newspaper file, the old, historical document. It is true."

Suddenly I sprang to my feet. "I must know more about these desperate struggles of the nineteenth century," I said to myself. And from this moment on I forgot all about the good people, the golden fields, the magnificent homes, the blooming trees and flowery lawns that surround every home in our happy New America. For many weeks I spent nearly all my spare time—three hours a day is the maximum working time in New America—yes, I spent nearly all my spare time in our Central Library, commonly called the "Golden Age Library," where most of the old literature of the capitalist era was stored up. Indeed, the more I studied the more I became interested in the so-called "Social Question" that preceded our New American era of freedom for all mankind. Sometimes I got so worked up in my historical studies that I felt like a child chained to the wheel of a machine in one of Old America's factories. But the next moment I became again conscious of my surroundings, and was as happy as the little fish in New America's unpolluted streams. History tells us that in Old America even the creeks and streams and rivers and lakes were poisoned so that the fish could not live in them—so little did Capitalism care for the general welfare of the people. "The public be damned!" was the capitalistic motto.

In the struggle for existence,

What crowds had missed its prize;

Learning enough to make them fools—

Too little to make them wise.

General Master Workman Sovereign is sick; he is suffering with silverspepsia. The other day he issued a circular, in which he says: "Now, we propose, through the Knights of Labor, Farmers' Alliance, People's Party and all reform organizations, that a boycott be placed on the notes of national banks, and that on and after September 1, 1895, our people be requested and urged to accept no national bank bills in any of the ordinary transactions of business." We should advise Mr. Sovereign to spend less time on the capitalist reform nonsense, and take up the study of Socialism. He is very much in need of a good lesson on the aims and objects of the labor movement.

The man who neglects his trade union for any political party is an enemy to himself and to his kind. The wage worker's first duty is to his trade union. And when we speak of trade unions we do not mean 10 cents a month institutions; we mean unions built on solid foundations for the settlement of questions relating to wages and hours, and for mutual benefits in all respects. And above all, unions built on the principle of high dues.—Ex.

And the man who believes that he has done his share of the work when he pays \$1 a month for dues; the man who is "union labelled" 364 days in the year and on the day of election walks to the ballot box and puts in his vote for the old Dem. and Rep. parties that give the trades unionists the "blue beans" and galling guns the moment they go on strike—such a man is the most contemptible scab in the labor movement, no matter how many labels he wears in his hat.

From the Christian era of the "Nineteenth Century." Out of 1,912 deaths in New York City last week, 694 were of children under 5 years of age, 245 of the latter being directly caused by the heated term,

from which the poorer classes, in the four and fifth tenements, could not escape. Over half of the deaths occurred in the crowded tenement districts. This is the result of Capitalism in our time! Capitalism is a hundred times worse than the cholera plague. Socialists of America, on with the fight! Never rest! The sooner the old disease-breeding structure of Capitalism breaks down the better for humanity.

It is disgusting to see how some of our Trade Unionists and K. of L. are hiding their own miserable condition for the sake of glory and self-praise. Some weeks ago the St. Louis Garment Workers went out on strike against the sweat-shop evil. Two weeks later it was announced that the bosses had given in and that the strikers gained a glorious victory. The reform press of the country hailed this new victory of unionism. Now, the whole thing was a lie. The sweat-shop system in St. Louis has not been changed one iota. More than ever before the Garment Workers are suffering under this damnable sweating process.

The lineal descendants of the children of Sodom and Gomorrah are taking pleasure in throwing stones at the imprisoned Oscar Wilde, says Providence "Justice." A few years ago the whole gang of editorial scavengers were wining and dining and lauding the sunflower poet. Who are these fellows? Are they any better?

The Capitalist press wants to impress on the minds of the people that the times are getting better. Ask the thousands of unemployed who swarm the cities' streets; they will tell you all about the better times.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION OF ENGLAND

Held at Birmingham.

The Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Social Democratic Federation of England was held Sunday and Monday, August 4th and 5th respectively.

The proceedings were opened on the Sunday morning by an address from the Chairman, Joseph Chatterton said that the Federation had existed for fifteen years, and had withstood the criticism of its bitterest enemies. The labors of the few men who started the Social Democratic Federation were now being richly rewarded. In days past weaker men had been beaten back and cowed by the forces arrayed against them, but the Social Democrats were made of sterner stuff, and never knew defeat. The few men who had fought steadily had beaten back prejudice, and won converts to their ranks, with the result that at the present time the whole current of public thought had been changed. The Social Democratic Federation had become a real power and force in the land, and they could look back on the last fifteen years as a proud record of their organization, and they were doubly proud of those Comrades who stood up and championed the cause of Socialism against its many enemies.

Where did they stand as Social Democrats to-day? From every point of view they were stronger, more vigorous, and better disciplined than they ever were before. The principles of the Social Democratic Federation were the same to-day as when the organization was first founded.

These Principles Had Stood the Test of Time and criticism from the keenest intellects of the day, and now stood as sound as when they were first formulated. Sometimes their opponents shut their eyes to the progress they had made, but that progress was undoubted, and had been made in spite of bigotry, prejudice, and determined opposition. When he joined the Federation a few years ago it had only six branches in Lancashire, while to-day it had no less than thirty-eight, and most of them were strong and vigorous, and, in spite of obstacles, they were able to run candidates at the late general election. In the Midland counties, a few years ago, they had only three branches, and now they had over twenty, and the same rate of progress was observable in almost every part of Great Britain. (Cheers.) They were taking a greater part in political warfare than they ever did before, and they had succeeded in London, Northampton, Burnley, Blackburn and other places in securing the return of their Comrades on various local bodies. (Cheers.) They had successfully proved that Social Democracy was essentially constructive, and that they were only advocating the destruction of the present system in order to replace it by a much better, worthier and nobler system. (Hear, hear.) The fight of the future was undoubtedly between Social Democracy and Conservatism; and if there was anything good in Liberalism, let that be swallowed up by the Social Democratic Federation, and let the Whigs, plutocrats, sweatshops and reactionists, who now governed and manipulated that party, be forced into the ranks of their natural allies—the Tory Party. (Cheers.)

The Secretary (H. W. Lee) read the annual report, which stated that during the year they had formed forty new branches, of which thirteen were in Lancashire, seven in London, five in the Midlands, five in Scotland, three in Yorkshire, and seven in other districts. The most notable case was the establishment of a branch in Truro. On the other hand, several branches had fallen through during the past year. Most of these were branches formed in outlying districts, where, through want of local initiative, or the removal of a few active comrades, the members were unable to keep them in existence. The past year had seen the S. D. F. take a far more active part in elections—local, municipal, School Board, and Parliamentary—than in any previous year of its existence, and which was even more important—had seen it score many more successes. For the various municipal, School Board, Guardians, Vestries, and District Council elections the S. D. F. had put forward 251 candidates. (Cheers.) On the Town Councils J. Exton gained a seat at Southampton, and Will Thorne retained his seat at West Ham in which district the S. D. F. polled a total of 3,666 votes. (Cheers.)

In London nineteen Comrades were returned to the Vestries. And eight to the boards of Guardians, the total votes polled being about 41,000. Comrades T. Hurley, G. H. Wilson, and J. Hodgson, D. Stanton and M. Russell were returned to the Blackburn, Reading, Northampton and West Ham School Boards, and for the London School Board the S. D. F. candidates polled 44,586 votes, being an increase of 12,000 over the number polled in 1891. The total number of votes polled by the S. D. F. parliamentary candidates in 1895 was 4,075 as compared with 659 polled in 1892; and by far the most encouraging feature of the S. D. F. candidates was the manner in which the funds for the elections had been raised. (Hear, hear.) With the exception of donations from a few comrades such as William Morris, the money had been raised by the small contributions of working-class Socialists. (Cheers.) References had been made in the annual reports of the S. D. F. to the progress of what was now termed the "collectivist" resolution at the Trades Union Congress. Up till the Congress at Norwich last year the votes recorded for the Socialist resolution at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast were undoubted evidence of the growth of Socialist ideas among trade unionists. But at

the Norwich Congress the resolution was not, as in previous years, put forward as a distinct motion, but was moved in the form of an amendment to another resolution. Consequently when it was carried by such an overwhelming majority—219 to 61—it was felt by many that the vote did not by any means carry with it the men whose representatives voted first, and it was therefore not at all improbable, taking into consideration the hard names hurled at trade unionists by the press, and the heartrending appeals to them not to play into the hands of the Socialists, that a reversal of the vote on the collectivist resolution would take place at the forthcoming Congress at Cardiff. Should such an event occur it would no more be a sign of the wane of Social Democracy in the country than was the Carrying of the Collectivist Resolution at Norwich.

Under the conditions mentioned a criterion of the true progress which the principles that they championed had made. (Hear, hear.) The return sheets sent in by the branches showed that the total income of the S. D. F. for the past year amounted, roughly speaking, to £5,200, and the report concluded by expressing satisfaction at the increasing business-like way in which the internal management of the organization was now being conducted.

The Treasurer's statement for 1894-95 was read by the Secretary, who remarked, amid the laughter of the conference, that the S. D. F. was no longer a bankrupt organization, the realizable assets exceeding the liabilities, by £6 1s. 5d. The reports were passed.

The conference then proceeded to the consideration of amendments to the rules, and at the afternoon sitting the following resolution, passed by the General Council, was carried by thirty-six votes to thirty-three, and incorporated in the rules: "That all comrades of the Social Democratic Federation, previous to being run for any office, municipal or Parliamentary, shall be required to pass an examination in Socialist economics." It was also resolved to refer the carrying out of the resolution to the Executive Committee.

In the evening the Birmingham comrades had arranged for a meeting in the Town Hall. Those who recollect the meeting when the Annual Conference was held six years ago at Birmingham were quite unprepared for the magnificent gathering which lay before them when they ascended the platform. The body of the hall was packed, and the gallery was three parts full. The tone of the meeting throughout was vigorous and enthusiastic. The chairman was G. Tooth of Birmingham. He asked those who were opposed to Socialism to disabuse their minds of the idea that it was simply a movement for dividing up all the wealth and money of the country. They were told that Socialism was a doctrine of spoliation and robbery; but Socialists really existed because they believed that the present economic system was based on plunder and exploitation; that it was iniquitous, immoral and responsible for the poverty of the people.

J. Hunter Watts said that this had been a century of progress in the industrial arts. The workers were tired, and would have become hopeless but for the message symbolized by the Red Flag. The ideal of Socialism was the brotherhood of man, and very little destructive work would be required in accomplishing it. This country had too long been the workshop of the world; they intended to make it the playground. The workers had assisted to sweep out of existence the Liberal party, and they now stood face to face with their hereditary foes. This was an enormous advance. Their comrades in Belgium had accomplished the same task. In that country the Liberal party was extinct, and very soon its epitaph would be written. In France and Germany in the near future the forces of Social Democracy and Conservatism would have a fair open field. Of the issue of the final struggle Social Democrats were perfectly confident. (Cheers.)

C. A. Gibson moved the following resolution: "That this meeting assembled in the Town Hall of Birmingham, having heard the principles of Socialism laid before them by the speakers of the Social Democratic Federation, heartily accepts them, and pledges itself individually and collectively to help on the movement Towards National and International Co-Operation."

H. M. Hyndman, in seconding the resolution, said that the work which lay before them was much harder and nobler than any that had been done yet. The work they had done in the past had been the sowing of the seed for the glorious harvest, which it was for them to reap in the future, and if not for them, for those who would follow them. (Cheers.) They were not to stand still because Salisbury and Chamberlain had kissed one another—(laughter)—and Mr. Balfour and Jesse Collins lived in brotherly love. (Hear, hear.) As a matter of fact those who were superficial absurdities of mere political trickery; they affected not at all the great movements and problems before them. (Cheers.) Their main business was to handle the enthusiasm which had been engendered. They were no longer the feeble few. (Hear, hear.) There were men and women in that hall sufficient to move the whole of Birmingham and the Midland Counties onward to the higher ideals which they were endeavoring to bring into realities. (Cheers.) They were told by the "Daily News" that if the Liberal party wished to assume power again it must cut off its relationship with Socialism. But he said if the Liberal party wanted ever to see power again it had to adopt Socialism. (Cheers.) And the reason why was because they had simply got enough votes to keep them out until they did. (Cheers.) He did not think the tremendous responsibilities resting upon those who refused to help them in their work were fully recognized. (Hear, hear.)

W. J. Barwick, in a short, vigorous address, described the object of the movement as International Socialism and a Co-operative Commonwealth. Herbert Burrows urged the meeting to distinguish between the fashionable shibboleth once used by Sir W. Harcourt and real Social Democracy. To those who were engaged in the movement, Socialism meant something totally different to what it meant to political tricksters. The resolution was carried with acclamation, and the meeting concluded with three hearty cheers for Social Democracy. The conference was resumed on Monday morning, C. Riley (Birmingham branch) occupying the chair. A vote of thanks to the Birmingham comrades for their arrangements for the Conference, and for the Town Hall meeting, was unanimously agreed to.

J. Hunter Watts reported the present position of "Justice", and after some discussion the following resolution, moved by C. A. Gibson, seconded by G. Oram, was agreed to: "This conference urges all branches of the S. D. F. to push the sale of 'Justice' before that of any other paper, and calls upon all branches to pay the moneys owing to the Twentieth Century Press, as the publication of 'Justice' is often in jeopardy owing to the want of funds."

On the Parliamentary action of the S. D. F., the Secretary read the report of joint meetings of the Executive Council and Parliamentary Committee. After considerable discussion the report was slightly amended and adopted.

J. Chatterton again occupied the chair after the adjournment.

The following resolution was carried on the motion of J. Kent and Herbert Burrows, after an address from W. Maben (Hulme) on electoral reform: "That this conference recommends all members of the S. D. F. to endeavor to get their names upon the registers of voters, and that branches be instructed to make the necessary arrangements to secure the registration of their members."

Some discussion ensued on the necessity of increasing the number of speakers and lecturers, and it was resolved to recommend members of the S. D. F. to restrict their energies to their own organization as far as possible.

J. Hunter Watts introduced the subject of the Socialist Workers' Congress in 1896 and the Socialist Conference in 1896, and concerning the former a suggestion was thrown out that arrangements should be made for a meeting at the Imperial Institute or Guildhall; and a labor demonstration at the Crystal Palace.

W. Geard moved that each branch start a fund to pay the expenses of a delegate at the International Workers' Conference. W. J. Barwick seconded, and the proposal was carried.

The Battersea branch had a notice on the agenda concerning the appointment of organizers and the best method of opening up Socialist propaganda in Ireland, and W. Geard opened the discussion, though he had no proposition to bring forward.

Herbert Burrows opposed the idea, owing to the difficulties which stood in the way.

C. F. Davis (Kentish Town) moved that the appointment of organizers be considered by the Executive Committee and put before the General Council meeting, which was carried.

J. H. Belcher spoke against attempting to carry the propaganda into Ireland at present, and then that part of the recommendation was dropped.

The Conference decided to hold the next annual Conference in Northampton by a large majority, and Herbert Burrows delivered a concluding speech.

Thanks were extended to the Birmingham Labor Church and the I. L. P. for their co-operation in the arrangements for the Conference, and the Conference concluded by singing the "Marseillaise" and giving three cheers for the Social Revolution.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fighting Like Cat and Dog. The Trades and Labor Council of this city has adopted resolutions condemning the Knights of Labor, saying "that said order is only kept alive for the purpose of waging warfare upon bona-fide labor organizations and of obstructing their progress," and declaring sympathy with and confidence in the Independent Order of Knights of Labor, as being "worthy of the recognition and support of organized labor."

BUTTE, MONT.

Warning to the Coal Miners. Notice! There being a reduction of wages by the Bunker Hill and Sullivan and Last Chance Mining companies at Gardner, Idaho, all miners and men are hereby urgently requested to remain away from the Coeur d'Alene until the difficulty is settled. We ask all union men's support in this struggle for justice by remaining away from this camp. By order of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners.

S. M. ROBERTS, President. W. H. EDDY, Secretary. Butte, Mont., August 8, 1895.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

Furniture Workers Go on Strike. Seventy-five out of 100 employees of the Royal Mantel and Furniture Company went out on a strike, marching from the factory in a body, because of the discharge of two employees, P. A. Pahl and P. Erickson. The men claim they were discharged because they belong to the union, but the company asserts that it has other good reasons for letting them go. The company has served notice that the strikers can consider themselves no longer in its employ, and will proceed to fill places with new men.

World of Labor

Written for the Socialist Newspaper Union.

I had a dream: Methought I floated in eternal space
And looked upon a plain which bore the
Of warfare. Two giant armies in fighting
Seemed to emerge from out the distant
rim.
Of the horizon at opposite points, where-
From they curled
Like huge serpents towards the center.
From the east was hurled
The fierce cry of "Silver," whilst from
the west,
In corresponding fierceness, and with
equal zest,
Was hurled the cry of "Gold." Scattered
here and there
Amongst the ranks of either army were
Men who rode on horses and who held
aloft
White banners, at which they always
pointed, and did oft
Therewithal quote some choice inscription.
So much alike
Were the flags borne by either army
that none
Save the initiate, could recognize the one
From the other. Methought they looked
Like unto printed sheets, strung or
hooked
Upon tall staffs. On looking closer I
espied
Towards the south a little army seated
side by side
On great white thrones. These drank
costly wines
And laughed and joked, anon encourag-
ing the lines
Of fighting armies to greater valor,
moreover all the while
Nudging their nearest neighbors, who in
turn would smile
And quaff their wine and pass the nudge
along.
And point with jeweled fingers to the
struggling throng.
On looking closer still I saw a host
Towards the north. These seemed to me
In most respects
Wretched creatures I had ever seen. They
were
For the most part, careworn, dirty, com-
fortless and bare.
Painfully across the plain they crawled,
with sighs and groans,
Towards where the others sat upon the
thrones
In luxurious ease. They seemed as if
quite unaware
Of the fierce fight, whose sanguinary
glare
Lit up the plain. Onward still they
crawled and onward bore
Their ragged flag—on which inscribed
was no poetic lore
But the simple legend "Unemployed"—
right 'twixt the hosts of men
In mortal combat. Those on the thrones
did see
The peril of the host, yet gave no aid or
pity; their glee
Was unabated. The ragged host are
hurled upon the ground
Like grain before the reaper. They cry
and look around
For pity, mercy, aid; but these come not;
the cruel fight goes on
And the fierce battle cries peal forth as
bitterly; anon
Some few more humane than the rest,
step forth
From out the ranks of either army, and
for the north
Do battle, or bind the wounds of some
poor clod
Of humanity. Methought that surely the
just God
Was dead. I awoke and saw the morn-
ing sunlight stream
Through my window. I cannot yet be-
lieve 'twas all a dream.
J. H. FAIRCHILD.
St. Louis, Mo.

International.

Science and Agriculture in Northern Europe.

The wonder at the independent and mainly character of the rural population ceases when we consider the large number of owners of the soil. The Swedish law recognizes no limit for the division of the land, except that no farm must exist that does not support at least three able-bodied persons. The number of farms in Sweden amounts to 258,650—under five acres, 65,000; between five and 50 acres, 165,000; between 50 and 250 acres, 26,000; over 250 acres, 2,650. The number of domestic animals are: Horses, 455,900; cattle, 2,181,400; sheep, 1,695,400; goats, 121,900; swine, 421,800.

We see, therefore, that there is a farm for every seventeen inhabitants, a head of cattle for every two, and one horse for every ten persons. Large and small tracts of cultivated land, or fruitful glens and valleys, bounded by woods or rocks, with farm houses and cottages, round which fair-haired children play, present a striking picture of contentment. Such are the characteristic features of the better parts of the peninsula; but in many districts the fight for existence is indeed a hard one. Government, happily, does much to forward the science of agriculture, and the farming schools which are established in every province are most excellent institutions. I have a Swedish friend of early days who has long been head of an institution of this class. He is the proprietor of the estate, which is about 2,500 English acres, 250 of which are under his own cultivation.

He receives from Government 4,000 kroner yearly, for which he has to keep and educate in agriculture 12 free pupils, peasants' sons in the province, nominated by the Directors of the school. Each of the free pupils remains on the farm for two years, has to give his work for nothing, and in return receives his food and instruction in the practical as well as the theoretical part of the business. There is a head averser who overlooks the work, and the principal gives lectures every evening during the winter. There is a veterinary surgeon attached to the school and workshops for repairs, etc., of agricultural implements. The pupils live together in a large house, and are kept under strict regulations. Before leaving, they are publicly examined by the Directors as to their capabilities, and after receiving their certificates have no difficulty in obtaining situations as working bailiffs on the neighboring estates. There is one of these schools in every province, and it must be clear that these lads, who are nothing but raw peasants when they first come to the school, are sent out into the country after two years' discipline very

different men than they would have been had they stayed at home.

Many young Swedes used to go over yearly to Scotland for a year or two, to learn the practical part of the business, and come back well fitted for over-seas. They have a curious idea over in Sweden that England itself does not answer so well for this purpose as Scotland. There are farming societies in every district, and there is a staff of professors who are paid by the head farming society at Stockholm, to go round the country and give instructions, where needed in the different branches of science. "Thus," says one, "if I want to drain moss, to improve my flock of sheep or cattle, or to stock my fish pond, I have only to give notice to the board at Stockholm, and down comes a professor to tell me what I should do." There are also Government establishments in different parts, where horses, cattle and sheep are stationed to improve the breed; but I have never heard that they are fond of giving extra liberal prices to the breeders—nothing, at least, like the Norwegian Government gave a neighbor of ours in Sussex for a prize young hackney stallion some two years since.

National.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Electricity as Motive Power in Agriculture.

Consul Doederlein, at Leipzig, Germany, has made a report to the State Department upon the manufacture and use of electric plows in that country. He shows that the plows are operated by electricity cheaper than by steam. If electricity should become the general motive power in agriculture it would cause another revolution in the means of agricultural production, the result of which cannot yet be foreseen.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Garment Workers Victorious.

The jacket makers, who struck about four days ago, were successful and have won their fight. Two hundred and fifteen contractors have given up the fight and signed the agreement with the strikers. There are only half a dozen contractors now to be heard from, and Secretary Max Ellen said that they would sign the agreement. The jacket makers went back to work Monday and matters assumed their normal course. The strike involved about 2,500 men and women. Matters are looking very bright also for the striking pants makers. It is announced that 198 New York contractors had signed the agreement and all in Brooklyn had signed.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Window Glass Workers Wage Troubles.

The Sub-Wage Conference Committees of the Window Glass Manufacturers' and Workers' Associations met last week and again disagreed. The workers presented their demands for an advance, which, they claimed, was only 12 per cent. The manufacturers changed their programme and offered an increase of 2 per cent. They also asked for an increase of one bracket. The committees argued the matter all afternoon, and finally agreed to disagree. A general meeting of the entire Wage Committees will be held Wednesday. As several of the big factories will start on time, the manufacturers will pay the 12 per cent.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Strike of the Theatrical Brotherhood.

A strike of all the stage employes attached to the St. Louis Theatrical Brotherhood was declared at noon Saturday at a meeting held in Havlin's Theater. The Brotherhood sent a contract around several weeks ago to various managers for their approval, but as it called for an increase in wages the managers refused to accept, hence the strike. Manager James J. Butler, of the Standard Theater, who is president of the Managers' Association, said he was willing to pay the same scale as last year, but he said there was not a play house in the city that could afford to grant the increase asked for. The scale is 20 per cent higher than that of last year. Knights of Labor members of Local Assembly No. 1,275, recently organized here, will take the places of the striking Brotherhood men. John Suarez, of that union, assured Manager Butler Saturday that he would get plenty of Knights of Labor from the East to man every theater in town. A crew of Knights of Labor has already been engaged, Mr. Butler says, for his opening of the Standard Sunday afternoon.

JOLIET, ILL.

Preparing to Welcome Geo. W. Howard.

Before another week closes George W. Howard, ex-Vice President of the A. I. U., and General Secretary of the American Industrial Union, who is now confined in the Will County Jail, will be a free man again. Mr. Howard will be the principal speaker at the Labor Day picnic, but before that he will be given a reception in Chicago by the local societies of the Industrial Union. At a meeting to arrange for this reception positive assurance was given that the most cordial relations exist between Messrs. Debs and Howard, and it was prophesied that within a year, and just as soon as he could consistently do so, the name of Eugene V. Debs would appear upon the roster of the International Union. President Debs has been accredited with the statement that the American Industrial Union was the only hope for the laboring men of the country. The principles of the union are against strikes and in favor of the submission of all differences between employer and employes to arbitration for adjustment.

MISS FRIDA JESKE

DELIVERS AN ADDRESS ON SOCIALISM.

At a Festival of the Milwaukee Academy of Social Science.

Our young Comrade, Miss Frida Jeske, delivered the following address at a recent picnic of the Milwaukee Academy of Social Science. This shows that our Milwaukee Comrades avail themselves of every opportunity to propagate the ideas of Socialism. Miss Jeske said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

From what can be seen to-day, quite a number of people took interest in the little enjoyment given by the laboring class. Amusements in general are reckoned in the present conditions as unnecessary for the workingmen. Yes, even decent clothes and the very thing of existence, which is nourishing food, is to them a luxury.

Since the human race has no other enjoyable existence, or existence at all, but what it derives from its own labor, complaints against society would be unnecessary, if every one who does his fair share of the labor would obtain a fare share of the fruits thereof.

But this is not the case; those doing the least labor obtain the most, and the idle poor, who is blamed for the miserable condition he is in, often has to undergo harder and much more labor, and what benefit does he derive from it? None. Yes, he must even suffer from hunger. I therefore state that these capitalists merely gain their riches through robbery. For example: A poor laborer, who is employed by a wealthy tailor, receives for the making of a pair of pants one dollar. For this same pair he must pay at a retail dealer's six dollars, although the material costs but \$3.00. Therefore two dollars go into the pockets of the rich man, which he received for doing nothing.

It is impossible for the laborer to pay this, consequently he must go without a new pair of pants or without food. His wages are too little to live on, and too much to starve.

Such are the conditions while he is yet employed; but what shall become of him if his earnings are altogether stopped? He will become exhausted from the useless search of work and turn into a tramp. The few pennies which were yet in his possession are now spent. The family at home must suffer, and the children, instead of going to school, wander upon the street from morning till night. What can become of such an ignorant class if this should continue for generations? We would simply return to a barbarian state. How can we be relieved? Only by leaving the old corrupt parties that fight for the interests of the capitalists, and form a new party that is wholly for the interests of the workingmen.

Here a question arises as to what these interests are? Simply that the laborer receives the full benefit of his work. Of course, a large number accept this Socialist theory, because their intelligence convinces them that it is the only state in which humanity has a chance of existence. Still they hesitate to join in its propaganda, because they don't see where you are going to begin or going to end. But both these difficulties are disposed of, that we are not going to begin. There will never be a point at which a society crosses from individualism to Socialism. The changes are constantly going on forward, and our society is well on the way to Socialism. All we can do is constantly organizing and agitating to the best of our ability for this theory.

If sometimes you should fall in the attempt, do not lose hopes, but try, try again.

Socialism will not break down as long as humanity exists. It is a well-known fact that this faith, which is built on it, is a structure founded on a rock.

Our society will rise to heights undreamed of now. All we need is courage, prudence and faith. Faith above all, which dares to believe that justice and love are not impossible, and that more than that men can dream of shall one day be realized by men.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

More Coal Miners on Strike.

Over 5,000 coal miners have been on strike for the last three months. This number is still increasing, as the following communication will show: All the miners on Loup Creek, with the exception of those at Glenjean, struck on August 15. About 5,000 are out. Those employed at Glenjean, about 200, refused to quit, and they will go in again, unless the Glenjean men quit. New River operators have notified their men that they must submit to a reduction from 40 to 39 cents for mining, if the Loup Creek strike is unsuccessful. Loup Creek operators pay higher wages than those of New River, but the coal of the former can be mined much cheaper and has been supplanting the latter in the market.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

East St. Louis Strikers Sentenced.

In the United States Court William Brazze and John Griffin, strikers at the Tudor Iron Works at East St. Louis, were each fined \$100 and costs and sentenced to sixty days in jail for contempt of court. Brazze assaulted Morgan, an employe of the company, and Griffin was implicated in an assault upon Special Deputy United States Marshal Scarritt at East St. Louis.

When uncivilized Chinese kill a European missionary, every Christian heart in the world overflows with sympathy. But when tens of thousands of men, women and children are crippled or killed every week in our Christian factories and workshops—well, that's a matter of course. A world of hypocrites!

THE NEW TURF KINGS.

GENTLEMEN NOW IN CONTROL OF AMERICAN RACING.

The "Reign of Decency" and Integrity Has Been Brought About Mainly Through the Influence of Belmont, Keene and Morris.



THE CONDITION of racing throughout the country is not as satisfactory as those who are most interested in its welfare and prosperity could wish.

There are dissensions within and without. This season, however, has been a marked revival not only in the character of the sport, but also in the quality of the attendance. This is due in part to the great prominence taken in the active management of turf affairs by the Jockey club, which succeeded the so-called board of control.

Then, again, many of the younger men of the turf, gentlemen who race solely for the love of the sport, have taken a more prominent part in turf affairs, all of which has stimulated public confidence in turf management, and made new friends for the interest of the thoroughbred. The American turf owes as much to the name of Belmont as the English does to that of Admiral Rous.

Mr. Belmont not only did more than any one else to establish both of these institutions, but he also founded the celebrated Nursery Stud, which the unbeaten Kentucky, Kingfisher, Imp. The Ill-Used, and later Imp. St. Blaise made famous in turf history.



AUGUST BELMONT.

The Belmont colors are scarlet and maroon sleeves, black cap. The Nursery Stud still flourishes in Kentucky with Imp. Rayon d'Or, Fiddlers, and The Ill-Used's two fast sons, Magnetizer and Badge, as stallions, as does also the Nursery farm at Babylon, where so many of the Nursery celebrities received their schooling over its mile track. As to brood mares, there are at the Nursery Stud in Kentucky fifty-eight in all, thirteen of which, purchased at the Nursery Stud dispersal sale, include such well-known matrons as Nellie James, Princess (dam of His Highness), Fides (which holds the record for half a mile at Morris Park), Lady Margaret, Felicia, etc.

Mr. Keene is perhaps better known to the average race-goer than any of the younger racing confederacy, probably because he is celebrated in two countries as a gentleman jockey and cross-country rider, and besides is a crack polo player, and perhaps has done more than any one man to make polo playing popular with a certain class. Mr. Keene is as practical a horseman as any of his colleagues, and thoroughly understands how to handle a horse, and besides is a natural judge of the good qualities of a race horse.

Two years ago the Keenes had a phenomenal season, Domino being the star of his age; but their good luck has not followed them since, and they are likely to have two poor years of it. The Keenes now have a stock farm in Kentucky, where they have Tournament and Callistars as stallions, and a number of highly bred stud mares in England, which Mr. Keene tells me will probably be brought over in the autumn to join those already at Castleton. Mr. Keene rarely bets, and in every sense represents the best element upon the turf.

Mr. Morris first came back to racing in this part of the country Britannia was the only horse that ran in his colors, but they were extensive buyers at the yearling sales, and have besides an immense stock farm of some 16,000 acres in Gillespie county, Texas, of which between 8,000 and 9,000 are in pasture.

Mr. Morris tells me that their ambition is to breed each year about 200 yearlings, select from among these for their own use twenty absolutely untried youngsters, and sell the balance in the paddocks of Morris Park for what they will bring. As the number of yearlings brought under the hammer will be so great there cannot fail to be just as many prizes left in the grab-bar as have been taken out of it.

Mr. Morris speaks enthusiastically of the climate of Texas for breeding thoroughbreds. The youngster can remain out all the year round, the only drawback being the annual dry spell, which parches the grass. The soil has a limestone foundation—in fact, the foundations of all the buildings on the ranch are of limestone, quarried on the place. There are now, so Mr. Morris informs me, over 150 broodmares on the place and the following stallions: St. Florian, Ca-



FOXHALL P. KEENE.

yuga, Winfred, Britannic, Plevna, and Cassius. Then, at Bowling Brook, Middleburg, Maryland, where Wyndham Walden retires every year to train and prepare the string for the following season, there are Imp. Galore, sire of Gutta Percha (one of the best fillies of last season), and also Russell, Rainbow, and old Tom Ochiltree. But, long after the Morris family have ceased to take any active part in racing, if such a thing ever happens, they will be remembered by the attractions of Morris Park, not only as a racecourse, but for its splendid opportunities for health and recreation.

It is the only race-track in the east which possesses an appropriate clubhouse for the entertainment of its members. Some idea of its vastness may be gathered when it is stated that the interest charges alone on the property amount to \$70,000 a year. In the autumn Morris Park commences a new lease of life under the auspices of the Jockey club, for a term of years.

Mr. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., is one of the younger lights of the racing firmament that have come upon the turf without any previous connection by heredity. He displays, however, great courage for the venture has not been oversuccessful from a financial standpoint. Nevertheless Mr. Ruppert keeps in the ring, buying yearlings each season, and proving himself to be made of more than ordinary stamina. He has, however, his father's experience on the turf to help him out, which is, of course, a valuable guide. Mr. Ruppert is also a great dog fancier and his St. Bernards take first place at the American Bench show. At the opening of the season it looked as though the Ruppert stables had a mortgage on the great 3-year-old stakes with



ALFRED H. MORRIS.

Gotham and Counter Tenor, but both trained off and neither has started in weeks.

PITTSBURG DOESN'T LIKE IT.

Suppression of Coaching Robbing the Game of Its Charm.

It is all right to denounce noisy coaching, but the game lost considerable of its charm when the present rules went into effect. True, Pittsburg had no player who figured much in the coaching that was alleged to be objectionable, but the game would lose a little of its present rigidity if men like Latham, Clark and Tucker were allowed to air their humor of grievances through their mouth, instead of, as now, in silence that borders on sulkingness. One good remark from Latham, the cattle-rounding roar of Clark and the awkward but inspiring protest of Tucker were worth all of the features of the staid game that now characterizes the diamond. People doubtless enjoy seeing a player break the traces and get a round fling for doing so, but as the noisy fellows were mainly responsible for stirring the crowd up to opposition or enthusiasm, the players that set the game in a roar by their antics will be missed, as no performer wants to contribute his salary as well as wit to the entertainment of the public.—Pittsburg Times.

George Banker of Pittsburg won the international bicycle race for the Prix du Angers, for professionals, at the Velodrome Buffalo in Paris, defeating Wheeler and a number of crack French riders.

Renewing Their Youth.

A STRANGE STORY FROM A NEBRASKA VILLAGE.

The Villagers Excited Over the Increased Health and Vigor of the Older Inhabitants—The Experience of Two "Vets."

(From the World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.) A World-Herald reporter was attracted by the evidence of renewed activity of some of the older inhabitants of the village of Bruce, a suburb of Omaha, Neb., and enquired the cause. Mr. Andrew Pinkenkeller, who was a member of Company B of the First Iowa Volunteers during the war, made the following explanation so far as he himself is concerned.

"In July, 1866, while my company was on the march through to Austin, Tex., I was attacked with rheumatism of the worst kind in one leg at Alexander, La. Being weak I was sunstruck and remained unconscious for several hours. Every summer since I have been unable to stand the heat of the sun, and have been compelled to give up my work. There was in my head a bearing down feeling which increased until it seemed my head would burst and it caused a ringing in my ears, and palpitation of the heart set in, so that the slightest noise would set my heart thumping. Several times it has rendered me unconscious for from seven to ten hours at a time. In addition to this the rheumatism extended up my entire side until it drew my head down on my shoulder. I lost my strength and flesh and was totally unfit for work.

"For twenty-eight years I have consulted physicians and taken their prescriptions without deriving any material benefit. My ailments increased intensely until I was assured that there was no hope for me.

"In November last I read in the World-Herald a case of a man who had been entirely cured from the ailments from which I was suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On November 28 I purchased a box. In a week I felt better than I had for six months past. The 'ringing' in my ears began to lessen in volume and finally left me. The pain from the rheumatism gradually left me, so that within one week from the time I took my first pill I was able to sit up in bed. On January 1 I was able to go out and walk around a little. On February 8 I was so thoroughly cured that I accepted a position as night watchman in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, remaining out of doors from 6 p. m. until 6 a. m. I have gained in weight from 144 pounds which I weighed in November last, to 162 pounds which I weigh now."

For nerve building and for enriching the blood Pink Pills are unexcelled. They may be had of druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six bottles for \$2.50.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The street cars of Glasgow are run by the city. The English language is spoken by 115,000,000 people. Aluminum heel tips, for ladies' boots, are coming into use. The heart of the Greenland whale is one yard in diameter. A pound of cork will sustain in the water a man weighing 154 pounds. Sixteen women in Chicago derive large incomes by inventing designs for ladies' bonnets. Belgian convicts receive three-tenths of their earnings at the close of their terms of imprisonment. After an Esquimaux is buried no member of the family visits the grave. It is considered unlucky to do so. Tobacco-twisted Nerves. Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It is not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address the Scleriting Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

RELIGIOUS.

Ex-Senator James M. Scovel of New Jersey, after thirty-five years of activity in politics, has turned evangelist. The Rev. Edward d'Aquila, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Newark, has fallen heir to a large fortune. The proposed new Protestant Episcopal diocese of Washington is to consist of the District of Columbia and four counties of Maryland. The up-to-date women of the Trinity Protestant Episcopal church in Towson, Md., are raising money with which to buy a bicycle for the rector of the church.

Notice. I want every man and woman in the United States who are interested in the opium and whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address, B. M. Wadley, Atlanta, Ga., box 377, and one will be sent you free.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child? Address the International Children's Home Society, 224 La Salle st., Chicago, Illinois, Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gregg, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on ninety days' trial. Enclose stamp.

Vermont is credited with the largest wool clip, per sheep, east of the Mississippi river, which is seven and one-half pounds, with other states much lower. The number of undiscovered crimes in England vastly exceed those of France, notwithstanding the much larger population of the latter country. There are two far-famed violet farms managed exclusively by women, who are their respective owners. One is in Meadows Farm, Conn., belonging to Mrs. Ned Leavitt.

A Maine paper will recently send a consignment of roll paper to China to be used in a newspaper office there. This is something new in the paper business in Maine. For some remarkable reason not made apparent, Portland, chief commercial city of the pine tree state, is buying clapboards in the state of Washington, 3,500 miles away.

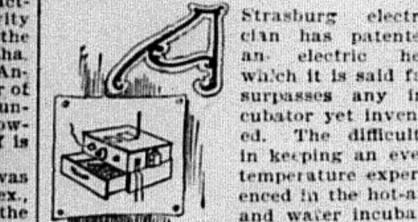
In the estimated value of farm products, according to the returns of the eleventh census, Illinois is first, with \$184,759,012; New York is second, with \$161,593,099; Iowa is third, with \$159,247,844.

The English government taxed widowers in 1895, births of children and christenings in 1783, deaths in 1783, marriages in 1895 and 1784, and the latter tax, in the shape of license duty, is still retained.

SOME INVENTIONS.

RECENT PROGRESS IN INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

An Electric Hen the Product of a Strasburg Man's Brain—For Raising Sunken Vessels—New Blast Furnace—Popular Science.



Strasburg electrician has patented an electric hen which it is said surpasses any incubator yet invented. The difficulty in keeping an even temperature experienced in the hot-air and water incubators, is entirely overcome in the machine presented in the accompanying cut. The apparatus is constructed in sizes capable of holding fifty, one hundred or two hundred eggs. It is very easy to operate the new incubator, an even temperature depending only upon an uninterrupted current of electricity. An automatic attachment keeps the temperature within one-tenth of a degree of the normal temperature of incubators. The degree of saturation of the air is kept in the same manner. Under ordinary conditions ninety chickens can be counted out of one hundred eggs incubated. The quantity of electricity required is very small, for an incubator holding fifty eggs ten to twenty watts being sufficient, depending upon the temperature of the outer air.

For raising the chickens after they are hatched an electric mother has been devised. The upper part is devoted to the freshly-hatched chicks, while the lower part is arranged so that chicks can run around on the ground and at the same time find heat and protection when they desire it.

Explosive Power of Nitro-Glycerin.

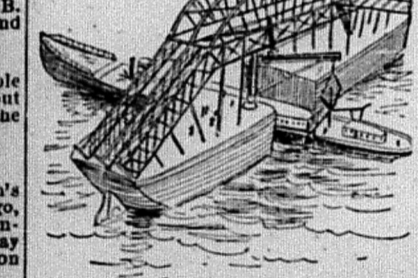
Whoever works with high-grade explosives must take his life in his hand. Some of the accidents that have occurred in the course of the manufacture and handling of such materials are as interesting as they are shocking. Recently a man driving two horses to a wagon carrying twelve hundred pounds of nitro-glycerin met with some accident and upset his load. The team, wagon and driver were simply reduced to undiscoverable atoms. A fragment of the man's clothing, found over a mile from the scene of explosion, was all that could be traced as having belonged to a human being. In the adjacent fields cattle were killed by the shock, and in towns around the country horses ran away with fright, windows were broken and buildings were shattered. Almost all of the window glass in the houses for several miles around was broken, and a hole was made in the earth fifteen feet deep, sixty feet across at the top and thirty-five at the bottom. When such explosions occur with the entirely unconfined product, it is not difficult to imagine what might happen were this dangerous compound shut in and circumscribed by rigid bounds.

Glass Bricks.

Hollow bricks of glass are being used in the construction of the walls of winter gardens and plant houses. They are so set that the hollows are filled with rarefied air, which is a non-conductor of heat. The bricks are laid in a cement that unites the entire mass firmly. It is thought to be possible to use bricks without any support and experiments are being made on roofing with this glass, which, put up in arch shape, will, it is hoped, be sufficiently strong to answer all purposes without the wood or iron frames ordinarily used in such buildings. Houses of this material are said to be heated at much less cost than those made after other methods. The light comes through the bricks, and extra windows are not necessary. The system is thought to combine great strength and economy, and if it is a success will almost revolutionize the building of plant houses.

Apparatus for Raising Sunken Vessels.

The illustration represents a two-part hull, with the parts rigidly connected with each other by an overhead framework, and carrying hoisting devices for raising a sunken vessel. The hull parts support at their adjacent ends swinging cranes which carry grappling devices adapted to be raised and lowered by a hoisting chain.



The grappling arms are held in extended or open position when lowered to raise a vessel, but on contact with the vessel the arms are unlocked and the grappling hooks approach each other and engage the hull of the vessel. The chains are drawn up by windlasses on the cranes to raise the vessel. An indicator denotes the engagement of the grappling forks with the vessel. The precise construction shown in the illustration may be varied according to the work, and the raising apparatus may be made to raise stones and sand. An apparatus is also provided for locating sunken ships, and for the direction of the raising apparatus by telephone.

The Beet-Sugar Industry.

According to official reports, the production of beet sugar is one of the ordinarily profitable branches of agriculture. The returns are double those from wheat and many other crops. An acre of beets properly cultivated will yield about eleven tons. Eight hundred and six pounds of beets will produce one hundred pounds of sugar. There is a great deal of syrup residuum, which may be worked up into products of varying value. It is said that alcohol can be made at a high profit, which will add largely to the average net results from this source. Imperfect and undesirable portions of the crop may be fed

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The Humane society of Pittsburg has decided that young girls must cease selling papers on the streets.

Australia has a population of less than 5,000,000, but economists declare it could support 100,000,000 with ease.

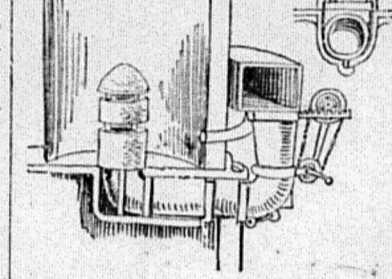
It has been calculated that the saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its weight. Large Atlantic steamers are now berthed close to the wharf at Liverpool and the troublesome tangle is dispensed with.

"Squire Abingdon" Bagd's race-course and farm, near Hull, on which he spent \$375,000, were sold recently for a little over \$50,000.

A snake-bite cure has been discovered. The old one will remain popular.

The Pueblo Indians have resisted all attempts of traders to introduce whisky and playing cards in their midst.

An institution known to large fruit growers throughout both hemispheres, is the old established Stark Nurseries, of Louisiana, Mo., and Rockport, Ill. A feature of the business is 40,000 acres planted to orchards. These orchards are distributed in 24 states; and perhaps no other 100 acres of trees ever grown has attracted so wide attention as their Stark Denver Unirrigated Orchards. Irrigation, hitherto supposed indispensable, is not given; but instead the whole orchard is cultivated once a week during the growing season. In the Dept. of Agriculture report, as long ago as 1892, U. S. Pomologist Van Deman, who visited and carefully examined the orchards, concluded a long description by saying: "This one lesson in practical horticulture is worth millions to the country."



A Blast Furnace with Center Blast.

In the furnace shown in the illustration air is forced to the center of the charge as well as supplied at the sides, making the whole interior of the furnace a melting zone, preventing gases going to waste, increasing the capacity of the furnace, and lessening the wear and tear on the lining. The improvement may be applied to any cupola. Fig. 1 shows the application of the improvement of the center blast pipe. Into the stack discharge tuyeres are connected with the wind box in the usual manner, and a center blast pipe is also connected with the wind box, its discharge being controlled by a gate provided with a rack meshing with a pinion on whose shaft is a pulley turned by a driving pulley actuated by a crank arm. The center pipe is made in sections, a trap door at the bottom of one of its elbows facilitating the removal of any slag or metal that may run into the pipe. On the top of the section of the center pipe entering the stack is a series of sockets in which are pins engaging similar sockets in the lower end of the next pipe section above, and between these sockets are spacing collars to hold the sections a suitable distance apart, the size of the tuyere opening being varied by employing longer or shorter collars. The upper pipe section is also similarly connected with a conical cap, forming a second tuyere opening beneath the cap. The pipe sections within the stack, and the cap, are provided with exterior pins or projections, to facilitate holding thereon a covering of asbestos or other incombustible material.

Aluminum has proved a great disappointment to those who were enthusiastic in bringing it before the public. Instead of the durability and strength, hardness, and general adaptability that were promised, it is almost a failure when used in its pure state for many purposes. It lacks the tensile strength and rigidity that were supposed to belong to it, and in many other ways falls far short of the standard originally set for it. As a combination metal it is, however, of great value. Among its uses is that of making horseshoes specially designed for racing purposes and lighter uses. Fine particles of extremely hard steel are mixed with the aluminum and form a wearing surface of great durability. The combination makes very pretty, light shoes, which for certain kinds of work have proved very satisfactory.

New Uses for Aluminum.

The illustration represents a two-part hull, with the parts rigidly connected with each other by an overhead framework, and carrying hoisting devices for raising a sunken vessel. The hull parts support at their adjacent ends swinging cranes which carry grappling devices adapted to be raised and lowered by a hoisting chain. The grappling arms are held in extended or open position when lowered to raise a vessel, but on contact with the vessel the arms are unlocked and the grappling hooks approach each other and engage the hull of the vessel. The chains are drawn up by windlasses on the cranes to raise the vessel. An indicator denotes the engagement of the grappling forks with the vessel. The precise construction shown in the illustration may be varied according to the work, and the raising apparatus may be made to raise stones and sand. An apparatus is also provided for locating sunken ships, and for the direction of the raising apparatus by telephone.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Only the female mosquito bites. Though it is asserted that she carries poison, the fact has never been proved; no venom glands have been discovered. Her sting consists of five extremely sharp needles, two of which are barbed. They unite to form an awl, which, having inflicted the puncture, serves as a tube for sucking the blood of the victim. It is not true that flies are enabled to walk on the ceiling by means of sucking disks. Each of the six feet is provided with a pair of little cushions and two hooks. The cushions are covered with hairs which are kept moist by a secretion, causing them to adhere to a smooth surface. The hooks help the insect to walk over rough surfaces.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

The Ruling Passion.

Holding his elegant open-faced gold watch in one hand, the high-priced society physician grasped his patient's wrist gently with the other.

"She has a severe case of low fever, but—"

He nodded his head encouragingly. "The chances are that she will recover." The sufferer stirred.

"A low fever. Well, guess—"

The memories of her struggles for social recognition came back with vivid force.

"Setting her face into an imitation of that proud resolve that marks the caste of Vere de Vere that could hardly be detected from the genuine, Mrs. Stryver-Newriche proceeded to convalesce in a manner that astonished all present.—New York World.

Smiles.

First Physician—Is this a case that demands a consultation? Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.—Exchange.

"What makes you think he cares for you?"

"Why, mamma talked to him for more than an hour last evening, and he really seemed to enjoy it!"—Punch.

Weak and Weary

Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

For cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

Metal Wheels for your Wagons

Any size you want, 20 to 36 inches high. Tires 1 to 8 inches wide—hold to fit axle. Save cost many times in a season to have wagon for a sailing grain, fodder, manure, hogs, etc. No painting of tires. Address—Cat'g F're. Address—Empire Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 23, Quincy Ill.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potassium, and still have aches and pains, Mucous patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a better cure. A absolute proof of our skill in curing cases we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof of our skill in curing cases we cannot cure. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 207 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. Cut out and send this advertisement.

LEWIS' 98% LYE

POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED) The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lyes, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always fresh. It will make the best perfume Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, wash-bowls, salts, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT M'FG CO.

Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear. In ten days at least all ailments removed. Send for free book testimonials of intravenous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send five stamps free by mail. Dr. H. H. GIBBS' WATER, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and restores the hair. Promotes its growth. Keeps it from falling out. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Original Color. Cures scalp diseases, hair falling out, and all other ailments of the scalp. Price 25 cents.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

For all Sewing Machines. STANDARD GOODS ONLY. The Trade Supplied. Send for Wholesale Prices. BELLEVILLE M'FG CO., 215 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumption

THE PROFESSOR dropped the letter, which he had just read for the sixth time. He rose with nervous energy and went to the window. He gazed in to the street and saw children—children—everywhere children, laughing, running, skipping and generally sporting themselves with the amiable idiocy of youth.

"What on earth shall I do with it?" muttered the professor, drumming on the window with his eyeglasses. "What put it into my sister's head that I would be the best person in the world to take care of her child? Why didn't her husband outlive her? Why didn't she die? The whole thing has been simply a plan to break up my—hem! I don't mean that. I suppose poor Jane would have lived if she could. But, what am I to do with a three-year-old child in my bachelor quarters. I don't know, I'm sure. If Mottsboro were a big city, perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. But in a miserable little village like this, where every one's business is known to everyone else, I shall be driven mad—I know I shall."

As he stood gazing out of the window across the short stretch of level green lawn and over the snowy pickets of the well-kept fence, he became aware of a face at a window of the next house.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the professor, half aloud, "what will she think? I never spoke to her but once, and that was at Mrs. Barby's lawn party, where I was introduced to her. Then she said it was a pretty sight, and I answered, 'Yes, it looks like rain.' I couldn't help it. She was so beautiful, and I was—so—so modest—or—bashful—or idiotic or something."

It was quite true. Ever since Professor Arthur Brewster, instructor in mathematics and astronomy at the Mottsboro High Academy, had been presented to Miss Mabel Riker he had never dared to speak to her again. She had passed him on the street often and had always greeted him with a pleasant smile and a bow, but he had never dared to do more than lift his hat awkwardly and hasten on. He would have given a month's salary to find courage to say something, and a year's for the audacity to join her in a walk. But he realized that courage was not a purchasable commodity.

She saw him at the window and smiled, whereupon he retired into the room with great celerity. Her smile always frightened him. It always made him feel as if his heart had jumped out of place. He had hardly recovered from his alarm when the aged woman who acted as housekeeper, cook and general servant in his small cottage knocked at the door and on entering said:

"There's a man here wid a child."

"Oh, Lord! It's come," said the professor, the perspiration starting out on his brow.

He went down to the sitting-room, and there he found the express messenger. The professor did not dare to take his eyes off the man lest they should fall on the queer bundled-up object on the sofa.

"Professor," said the messenger, "here's the kid, safe an' sound. Brought 'er all the way myself. She's a jim-dandy, she is. Her trunk is in the wagon. We'll I do with 't?"

"Bring it up and put it in the small room up-stairs."

While the man was out of the room the professor walked to the empty fireplace and stood gazing into it, painfully aware that his every movement was solemnly observed by two coal-black eyes. He could not have told how he knew they were black; but he was morally certain of it. The man returned with the trunk and deposited it in the small room beside a brand-new iron bedstead.

"That's all O K, professor," said the man, pocketing certain bills. "I hope you'll like the kid, for she's a jim-dandy."

A strange intonation in the man's voice caused the professor to tremble. There was a dismal silence for several minutes, and then a high-pitched treble voice said:

"Is you my Uncle Arthur?"

The professor started, turned, and found the eyes looking up at him. There was no mistake; they were as black as a crow's wing. So was the hair that hung in tangles around the olive brow. The lips were red enough, and the teeth white enough; but those eyes were dreadful.

"I am your uncle, Mary," he said, feebly.

"Mamma said you'd be dood to me. Mamma's dead."

There was a queer monotonous pathos in the speech. The professor felt a new emotion. He did not know what it was; but it made him bend down and lay his hand gently on the child's head, as he said:

"I'll be good to you, Mary."

"Den take off my fings."

This was more than the professor had bargained for, so he called the old woman. But the child refused to be touched by her.

"Do way," she said, with a most malignant expression; "do way. Wants Uncle Arthur to be dood to me. Don't want ole womans. I scyatch ole womans."

"Modher o' Moses! Would yez heark to dhot?"

The professor was fain to make an attempt to take off the "fings." He struggled bravely and got the point of a pin in his finger, which drew from him a rude expression.

"Pin tick?" gravely inquired Mary.

"It did," as gravely answered the professor.

"Well, you musn't say no naughty words," continued Mary, "or you can't go to heaven. My mamma's dere. I wish I was."

And then the little black head fell forward and a tear or two fell.

Professor Arthur Brewster looked uncomfortable at the old woman for a moment. Then he motioned her to go. She obeyed, but when she peeped through the keyhole a moment later she saw the professor tenderly take the gypsy-looking mite in his arms and hold it close to his breast, where the tears ceased to flow and the unnatural gravity resumed its sway.

"I wants to see house," said Mary.

"What house?" inquired the professor.

"Dis house," replied Mary, plainly unruffled at his densesness.

"Oh," remarked the professor humbly.

He took her by the hand and led her from room to room. She sniffed at the kitchen and viewed her own little apartment with evident doubt. But when the professor was about to return to the sitting-room, passing the door of his study, she suddenly stopped.

"Wants to do in dere," she said.

"Oh, no," replied the professor, "I can't let little girls go in there."

"Den I cry," said Mary, as if that were an awful prediction.

"No, don't do that," answered her uncle, hastily opening the door; "walk right in."

She did so, and, calmly surveying the apartment, nodded her head.

"Like dis room. I stay here."

"Oh, you can't stay here, you know."

"Of course she staid, and until supper time she worried the professor worse than Leplace's nebular hypothesis ever had. She pulled down books, mixed up papers, broke a pipe and upset a jar of tobacco. Such things had never happened before in the professor's sanctuary, but in the presence of that merciless midget with the preternaturally solemn countenance he felt powerless. At supper the child asked for all sorts of things that the professor supposed were poisonous to children, and all of which he promised to have in the house the next day, provided Mary would not carry out her one dread threat and cry.

But finally bed-time came and then Mary flatly refused to allow the old woman to undress her. The professor perspired, but he managed to get the little garments off and to find in the poorly stocked trunk a night dress. Robed in the long white gown Mary looked more than ever like a little gypsy; but when, without a word of warning, she dropped down on her knees before him and murmured in her broken language a little prayer, he thought she might not be so painful a burden after all. But the end was not yet. When he had retired some hours later to his own bed and was endeavoring to compose himself to sleep he became aware of the little figure standing beside his pillow.

"Why, Mary," he said, "whatever do you want now?"

"I lonely," she said. "Wants to sleep wiv you."

"Oh, no," he said rather shortly in his surprise, "that's quite out of the question."

He turned his back on her, hoping she would return to her room. But a moment later he heard a meek little sob, and turning again found that she had finally carried out her supreme threat and was crying. He tried to be angry, but something tugged at his heart strings, and he reached out his arms and took her to his bosom, where she purred a minute like a kitten, and dropped to sleep with the peace of a perfect trust on her queer little face.

But the next day the trouble began again. It made itself known in the morning mail, which was unusually bulky. The professor sat down in his study, while Mary gravely watched him from the olive seclusion of a patriarchal chair hitherto devoted to his exclusive use. He wiped his glasses, glanced furtively at the unreasonably silent child and opened the first letter, which read thus:

Dear Prof.—Where did you get it? Yours truly, B. Murchison.

"Hum!" muttered the professor, "impudent young rascal! Now he's graduated he feels safe. I shall ignore him. Then he opened the second letter:

My Dear Professor—What in the world will you do with it? Yours truly, Mary Aline Harrison.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed loudly, "that girl is a young minx. I shall ignore her also." With some hesitation he opened the third letter:

Dear Professor Brewster:—As you are a bachelor, and cannot be supposed to know much about the care of children, you will, I am sure, not take it amiss that I, a widow, as you know, venture to offer you a word or two of advice.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the professor, hastily glancing at Mary, who was still solemnly watching him.

He read the letter through, and was amazed by the number of suggestions about flannels, stockings, shoes, bedding, baths, food and drink, not to speak of the calm assertion that he ought to have a woman to take care of the child, and the writer's expression of regret that social customs would not permit her to visit him and give him her assistance. If the professor had been a vain man he might have suspected the writer's motives, but he only wondered at her effrontery. Letter after letter the professor opened, and every one was about Mary.

"That precious express agent took good care to spread the news," he reflected.

Then he looked at Mary, or rather at the olive chair, for Mary had disappeared.

"God gracious!" he exclaimed, "where has she gone?"

He called, but she did not answer. He went into the next room, but she was not there. He looked into the kitchen, but the old woman declared that the "blessed little div!" had not been near her. Upstairs went the professor in great haste, loudly calling for Mary. He tried to reason with himself that he ought to rejoice in her sudden disappearance and hope that she never, never would return, but his arguments could not hold their ground against that new thrill of anxiety which had got possession of his heart. He went out of the house and called loudly:

"Mary!"

"What you wants?" came the shrill answer from the other side of the fence.

There was Mary, comfortably seated in Mabel Riker's lap, while the girl affectionately patted her tangle of black curls.

"Oh—ah—yes—I beg pardon," stammered the Professor; "you see—well—she went away when I was not looking."

"I quite understand your anxiety, professor," replied Mabel, a pretty flush mounting to her cheeks; "I should be anxious if I were in your place. She's such a sweet child."

"I wonder if she's making game of me," thought the professor. Then he said: "Now, Mary, you must come home; you musn't bother Miss Riker."

"Oh, but she doesn't," exclaimed Mabel.

"Wants to stay here," said Mary.

"Let me keep her a little while," pleaded Mabel. She could have kept

the professor's entire world.

"Oh—why—of course, certainly, if you like."

"Uncle Arthur's dood to me," cooed Mary. "Let me sleep in he's bed, and I kiss 'em."

"Ha! Hum! Good morning," said the professor, retiring in the utmost confusion.

After that little Mary spent much of her time with Mabel Riker, and the professor's hours of studious retirement were not greatly abbreviated. And he was always glad when the child came trotting in at mealtime with some new story of Mabel's goodness.

"Yes, Mary," he said emphatically one day, "she's the best girl in the world."

Little Mary treasured that astounding declaration and in the afternoon remarked to Mabel:

"You're dood to me; you're best girl in de world."

"Oh, Mary!" said Mabel; that's too much; you musn't say that."

"Will say dat. You're best girl in de world; Uncle Arthur says you is."

"Oh—h—h," said Mabel, in a low tone, her eyes softening and her face coloring.

When little Mary returned to her uncle she was bustling with eagerness to repeat Mabel's reply. Suddenly, while the old woman was pouring out some milk, the child exclaimed:

"Uncle Arthur, you're handsome."

"Howly murthur!" cried the old woman, spilling the milk.

"Why—why—Mary?" ejaculated the professor.

"You is. Mabel says you is."

"Wurra, wurra!" commented the old woman, hastening out of the room.

The professor said not a word, but he ate heartily, and after supper smoked his pipe with uncommon zest.

When Mary went to visit Mabel the next day she carried with her a pretty box of bonbons for that young woman; and when she returned she bore some choice berries plucked in Mrs. Riker's garden by Mabel's own fingers. The last detail caused the professor to refrain from eating the berries. He put them away in a secret place, where they were subsequently found, a lot of hard black pellets. How long this communication of spirits might have gone on it is impossible to say, but it was interrupted in a way which brought grave anxiety to the professor's heart. One evening Mary was much paler than usual, and she complained of a pain in her head.

"You've been playing too hard," said the professor, with his newly acquired air of paternal wisdom.

So he sent her to bed early—to her own bed, in which she had finally consented to sleep. But in the silence of the night she came to his side, crying and complaining of the pain. He found her in a feverish state. The professor was a man of decision in most things. He promptly dressed himself, aroused the old woman, bade her sit by the child, and went for the doctor. That dignified person, on arriving, looked wise and said:

"I am afraid fever's in for the measles—or the scarlet fever—or else bilious fever. It is really impossible to tell at this stage."

He gave explicit directions as to treatment and promised to call again in the forenoon. When he did so he shook his head and said:

"Professor, this child needs a woman's care."

"I—I suppose you are right. But what shall I do? She will not allow my cook to come near her."

"Get a professional nurse."

"There are only two in town—and they are both young—and—well, you know—I—I—live here alone."

"Well, sir, you must manage it somehow."

The doctor went away, leaving the professor much disturbed. A few minutes later the old woman informed him that Miss Riker was at the kitchen door inquiring about Mary. The professor felt that he ought to answer such an inquiry in person.

"I am much troubled," he said, "for the doctor thinks Mary ought to have a woman's care, and she will not tolerate the cook."

"Yes, so the cook told me," answered Mabel. After a minute's hesitation she added: "I think Mary would let me take care of her."

"I am sure she would," declared the professor warmly. "That is, of course, if—it were—possible."

"I think it might be done," said Mabel softly.

"Do you? How?"

"Let her come to our house."

"But would your mother be willing?"

"Oh, yes; she suggested it; she's very fond of Mary."

"Ah, yes; it is extremely good of you—and your mother. I'll speak to the doctor about it."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Mabel. "How good—I mean—you—well—please let me know what the doctor says."

And she departed in some haste and in evident confusion. As for the professor, he would have worshipped her more than ever, had that been possible. The doctor came again, and consented to the removal. Indeed, he urged that the child be taken to the Riker house at once, for he himself was at a loss to cope with the disease without a woman's help. So Mary was very carefully wrapped in blankets and "Uncle Arthur" carried her to the little bed which had been prepared for her.

"I don't—I don't know how to express my gratitude to you, Miss Riker," he said, with feeling; "the child has become very dear to me."

"Don't speak of gratitude, professor," said Mabel, frankly extending her hand; "I love Mary."

The professor took the proffered hand and they stood gazing silently at one another till Mabel seemed suddenly to recover consciousness, drew her hand away and went about her duties as nurse with bright eyes. At night Mary became delirious. Sometimes she called for Mabel and sometimes for "Uncle Arthur." She told Mabel over and over again that she was the best girl in the world, because "Uncle Arthur" said she was; and she told the professor that he was handsome, because Mabel had so decided. And there was much confusion in two anxious minds. In the course of time, however, the disease passed its climax, and youthful nature triumphed. The burning waves of fever broke and rolled backward, leaving the pale face paler than ever with its startling contrast of black, shining eyes, and tangled raven hair. After a time little Mary was convalescent. Then the professor, bending gently over her said:

"Tomorrow my dear little girl shall go home again."

"An' tate Mabel too," she said.

"Ah—well—Mabel will come to see you."

"Won't do 'less Mabel comes too."

"Well—ah—Mabel's mamma wants her to stay here."

"Den I stay here too."

"And must Uncle Arthur go home without his dear little girl?"

"No, Uncle Arthur stay here wiv Mary and Mabel."

"Oh—ah—I'm afraid I can't do that."

Mary looked first at Mabel, and then at the professor, her piercing eyes showing all their wonder at the unreasonable obstacles in the way of her happiness.

"Mary, dear," said Mabel softly, "you must go home with your uncle, and I'll come and see you every day."

"Won't do away from you. Won't do away from Uncle Arthur. Bofe dot to stay wiv Mary—or she det sick adain an' die."

And the black eyes became moist, while the lips quivered. The professor straightened up with a sudden snap.

"It might be managed to her satisfaction," he said.

"How?" asked Mabel, softly.

"You come home with me—for good—as my wife."

They were both bending over the child now looking into her eyes. As the professor ceased speaking, Mabel's head bent lower, till her lips touched Mary's cheek. The professor's head sank till he kissed her other cheek. Then lifting their lips from the pale face they let their eyes meet.

Mabel very softly put her hand in his, bent to kiss the child again, and murmured:

"We shall go home together, dear."

W. J. Henderson, in New York Mail and Express.

Causes of Cold Waves.

J. G. Konvalinka, writing on the manner in which cold waves are produced, says:

The cold waves, blizzards and cold winds, which now and then sweep over this country, are the natural results of certain causes, which have been carefully studied and are clearly understood. These unwelcome visitors can be very efficiently stopped and barred out by suitable means, and thus the climate of this country very essentially improved. The writer of these lines ventures to offer herewith a short sketch about this subject, which he hopes may be of interest to many in this country.

Our atmosphere consists of two principal strata or regions. The upper region consists of the warm air heated in the tropics and moving towards the polar regions, while the lower part or region consists of the cold air, cooled in the polar regions and returning to the tropics. Thus, although we are located in the latitude of warm countries, we live practically in the cold air of the northern polar region, which sweeps over this country.

While the air of our atmosphere circulates regularly as mentioned, it is also subject to great disturbances by the everchanging position of the sun during the various seasons of the year. In this the polar regions play the most important part.

During the spring months, commencing with the first part of February, a great area of land in the northern polar region (or so-called Arctic region) becomes exposed to sunshine, which warms the air there and causes it to expand and to push out with considerable force. This produces the violent storms, cold waves, blizzards and cold winds, which now and then occur and generally prevail during the spring months. Thus we get the biggest invasion of the unwelcome visitors from the Arctic region.

When we compare the weather and temperature of the corresponding autumn and spring months, we find a very interesting contrast. In the month of September, when the position of the sun and the day's length are about the same as in the month of March, we can hardly venture out of doors on account of the cold winds and inclement weather.

In October we enjoy the beautiful time known as the Indian summer, while in February at the time corresponding in day's length and sun's position we are just in the midst of a bitter and merciless winter.

The reason is this: During the autumn months, while the air in the Arctic region cools and contracts, we enjoy the benefit of the prevailing southern winds and the descent of the balmy warm air of the upper region, which in its travel from south to north touches the bottom, that is, descends to the earth's surface before it fully reaches the polar region.

A much more interesting contrast is found, when we compare the climate of this country with that of Italy and other southern countries of the old world. There in Lombardy, oranges, citrons, figs, olives, rice and other semi-tropical products grow in richest abundance. But Lombardy is located 4 to 5 degrees further north than New York, which is under the same latitude as Naples and Southern Italy, where we find a land of everlasting summer, while here in New York we must endure six months of winter with its cold waves, the murderous blizzards and no green trees by the first of May.

Why should we not enjoy such a paradisaic climate here as in Italy? Italy enjoys the protection of the Alps, a range of mountains, which very efficiently bar out the sweep of the cold northern winds. In this lies the secret of Italy's paradisaic climate. Here in the United States we miss the protection of such a range of high mountains. Instead of these we have in the north and west an endless stretch of level land, treeless prairies, the northern lakes and the vast expanse of Hudson's Bay, over which the cold northern winds, the cold waves and blizzards sweep with unrestricted fury. These cold north winds are confined on the west side by the Rocky Mountains. This causes them to spread out eastward like a fan and thus sweep over the broad area of level land of the United States. This produces the cold, dry western winds, which generally prevail in this country.

No more to jeer the mother-in-law, His pen in gall he soaks, But still keeps on his evil work And writes "New Woman" jokes. —N. Y. World.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—Aplius Claudius.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WORD HISTORY.

Villa formerly meant a farm and not a house.
Daisy was formerly the eye of day or day's eye.
Girl formerly signified any young person of either sex.
Gallon was originally a pitcher or jar, no matter of what size.
Hag once meant any old person, whether male or female.
Voyage was formerly any journey, whether by sea or land it did not matter.
Polite at first meant polished, and was applied to any smooth, shining surface.
Good-bye is an abbreviation of an old English form of parting, "God be with you until we meet."
Adieu formerly signified to God. It was an abbreviation of a benediction used by friends when parting.
Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller uses the expression, "A shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man.
As a result of improvements on the Seine, that river is now navigable for steamers of 1,000 tons burden as far as Paris.

The Sworn Tormentors

Of the Spanish Inquisition never inflicted tortures more dreadful than those endured by the victim of inflammatory rheumatism. The chronic form of this obstinate malady is sufficiently painful. Arrest it at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avoid becoming a lifelong martyr. The Bitters will remove malaria and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and neuralgia, remedy debility and hastens convalescence.

The short skirt and leggings of the wheelwoman are so convenient that they have been adopted by some women at summer resorts who do not ride wheels.

Mothers who have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for years insist that it benefits more than other medicines; every form of distress and weakness yield to it.

In Paris the other day a barber shaved a man in a cage with a lion to win a wager.

Hidecorns is a simple remedy, but it takes out the corns, and while a consultation it is: Mabel's making a pleasure. 25c. at druggists.

As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry.—Johnson.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

A man's reception depends upon his coat. His dismissal, upon the wit he shows.—Beranger.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A lady commenting upon pretty feet to a friend in a street car said: "I have a Tribby foot, and have had a bust taken of it."—Detroit Free Press.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Anthony Hope's new novelette is entitled "The Wheel of Love." Truly, that must be a bicycle built for two.

FITZ—All Fitz stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fitz after the first day's use. Nervous cures, 40c. per bottle (free trial) 75c. per bottle. Send to Dr. Kline, 511 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The more the average girl practices on a piano, the worse she plays.—Atchison Globe.

"Kanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

"What is this I hear about Poppet's house being run up as a speak-easy?" "I guess it is true. They are all afraid of waking the baby."—Puck.

A Broken Back



Just as yours will be if you continue using poor soap.

CLAIRETTE SOAP.

makes wash-day as easy as any other day. Lessens the labor, makes the clothes white, and does no damage. Thousands of women say so—surely they are not all mistaken. Sold everywhere. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, - St. Louis.

WINE OF CARDUI TREATMENT OF FEMALE DISEASES



"Any afflicted woman can adopt this simple 'Home Treatment' without submitting to an humiliating examination or consulting a doctor.

COST OF TREATMENT.
Bottle McEire's Wine of Cardui, \$1.00
Pkg. Theodora's Black Draught, .25
Total Cost, - \$1.25

A 128 page book, bound in cloth, giving complete instructions for successful home treatment of female diseases will be mailed to any lady on receipt of 25 cents. Address Rev. R. L. McEIRE, St. Elmo, Tenn.

LINCOLN SOCIALIST - LABOR.

Official Organ of the Socialist Labor Party of Lincoln, Nebraska.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

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UNDER OUR FLAG.

The Socialist press is our strongest weapon.

Put this weapon into the hands of every wage worker.

Prepare for the reception of Comrade Keir Hardie!

Section New York held two successful open air meetings last week.

Hardie is expected to arrive in New York by the Campania, August 27.

If possible, Section St. Louis will arrange a demonstration on a public square with Keir Hardie as speaker.

Trades and Labor Union of St. Louis will invite Comrade Hardie to address a public mass meeting.

The Socialists of Chicago should all join to give Comrade Hardie an enthusiastic reception.

According to telegrams in Capitalist papers, Comrade Hardie will be given a grand reception by New York City Comrades.

Socialists of Baltimore! Put your shoulders to the wheel! Assist your enthusiastic young comrades in their hard fight.

Pure and Simpledism exported to Europe—Maguire and Gompers; Socialism imported—Keir Hardie. We told you so! Socialism is a foreign idea.

Outdoor meetings! The best means in the world for Socialist propaganda. So says Providence "Justice." Right you are, Comrade. Preach on the mountain! Christ did the same.

Austin Lewis delivered a lecture on Socialism and the British Parliamentary elections at the San Francisco Pythian Castle.

Saturday, September 5, 1896, the nominating and third annual convention of the Socialist Labor party of Iowa will meet in Clinton.

St. Louis Eighteenth Ward Club held a rousing open-air meeting Monday night. Comrades Fry and Hoehn spoke. Fry, for the first time, exhibited his panorama picture, "The Two Tramps."

The five open-air meetings held by Section St. Louis during last week were successful. New subscribers for LABOR were gained in every meeting.

Section New York will give a grand outing and prize bowling to-morrow, Sunday, August 25, at Mantly's Park, Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island.

The Kings County (N. Y.) Convention of the Socialist Labor party nominates on the 10th inst. the following local ticket: For Mayor, Charles F. Matchett; for County Court Judge, Peter E. Burrows; Edward MacGovern; for Coroners, Francis Geray, William Wherry; for District Attorney, Peter Flebiger; for Sergeant, Charles L. Fuhrman.

To force Socialism down a windbag's throat will not make a Socialist. Socialists cannot be made on the short-order plan; they must be the result of education.

INTERESTING DISCUSSION.

ORGANIZED LABOR AND THEIR TIES TOWARD THE LABOR PRESS.

Keir Hardie Invited to Deliver a Lecture in St. Louis.

The St. Louis Trades and Labor Union held a lively meeting last Friday night. A committee of the East St. Louis Trades and Labor Assembly was present and submitted the following proposition: The labor unions of St. Louis, East St. Louis and Belleville shall make arrangements with a capitalistic paper, if possible, with the St. Louis Chronicle, for the purpose of publishing, from week to week, a column or more labor matter, specially written by the representatives of organized labor. In return the trades unions would do all in their power to increase the circulation of said capitalistic paper.

Many delegates spoke for and against this plan. Messrs. Phil Hofer, William Shillig and others claimed that every paper had a perfect right to get the reports of the Trades and Labor Unions, as all the meetings are public; if the working people wanted to do something they should assist their own labor papers.

Delegate G. A. Hoehn declared he was astonished to see how members of organized labor could entertain such a proposition. Although the reporters of the press had free admission to every session of the Trades and Labor Union the capitalist press fails to publish our proceedings. The time had come when the working people should have their own labor press. Then he continued: "As long as you people have not sense enough to establish your own daily labor press, your work of agitation and organization will be mere child work. A labor movement that cannot have its own weapons—and our most powerful weapon is the press—can never be successful. It is a disgraceful spectacle to see our prominent would-be trades unionist rallying around the banner of a plutocratic press. Those capitalist sheets may publish a few columns of general labor matter but the moment you go out on strike they will simply tell you what the St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat' told you a year ago: 'Gatling guns are the best means to cure striking mobs.'" The East St. Louis proposition was rejected. On motion of Delegate Lynch a committee was appointed for the purpose of discussing ways and means of establishing a daily labor paper.

Delegate Hoehn of the Commonwealth Federal Labor Union called the attention of the delegates to the fact that Comrade Keir Hardie of England would be in Chicago on Labor Day, and that arrangements should be made to have Hardie come to St. Louis. On motion it was unanimously decided that the Entertainment Committee be instructed to invite Mr. Hardie and to make arrangements for a mass meeting after September 2.

INDIANAPOLIS LOCAL ITEMS.

At the last business meeting of Indianapolis Section, S. L. P., Comrade K. D. Jensen resigned as local editor of Indianapolis "Labor News." He is going to Chicago, where he will enter the university. The section honors the Comrade for work he has done for our cause and bids him farewell and success. The section elected the following officers for the next six months: C. Guenther, organizer; K. Haupt, recording secretary; H. Kuerst, financial secretary; P. Janke, treasurer. At the same meeting the section voted in favor of endorsing the proposition of the American Section, Syracuse, N. Y., to amend the National Constitution of the S. L. P. Last Sunday the section held a successful family picnic in a grove two blocks west from the end of the Haughville street car line.

BUFFALO, ATTENTION!

In our next week's edition we shall publish a very interesting report of the United Trades and Labor Council's proceedings.

Hello, ye pure and simple friends of the Council, don't fall to read Buffalo Labor news next week. You will find some interesting points in it. The article came in too late to be published in full in this week's issue, and it would be a pity to cut it to pieces.

HOLYOKE LOCAL ITEMS.

A Fine Labor Day Demonstration Expected.

The School Committee of the Turn Verein Vorwarts will give the children of the society an excursion and picnic to Mt. Tom on Labor Day. Tickets are 25 cents for parents and friends. Children free.

The various sub-committees of the Central Labor Union are busy preparing a fine celebration on Labor Day. There will be a street parade and the picnic will be at Riverside Park.

There will be no horses or mounted grand chiefs in this year's Labor Day parade. The Central decided that it stands for equality the whole year around. The Central learned a thing or two from the Socialists, you see!

The newly organized American Section of Easthampton, Mass., is gaining rapidly in membership. At last week's meeting sixteen new members were accepted. They are hustlers.

Comrades, don't waste your time criticizing the splinters in your neighbor's eyes, but take advantage of the times to add recruits to our army of Labor emancipation.

Our aim should be to double our vote this year. It can be done easily, too, but not by wrangling among ourselves.

OMAHA LOCAL NEWS.

A City Central Committee Elected.

The Socialist Section of Omaha held a picnic August 11th, but it was not as well attended as it ought to have been.

The State organization ought to be formed soon. Get to the front, boys; don't be backward. You have nothing to lose, but all to win.

Last night the Omaha Section at its meeting elected a Central Committee of five to push the work and secure candidates on petition, so we will be in good fighting trim next year.

The different unions of Omaha have given orders to their members that they can't go into politics, i. e., they shall wait and see which of the old boodler parties will pay the highest price for the fools in the union. Let them be sold once more; squeeze them, squeeze the last drop of life-blood out of them.

A free silver man by the name of Diamond from Council Bluffs has been speaking at the Jefferson Square every night this week. The writer of this went down to hear him once, and all he got out of it was the crime of '73, the crime of '83, the gold standard bad; free silver good; will free the people, etc. Mr. Diamond is either an ignoramus or a fraud, i. e., according to his speech.

A meeting was called last week for the purpose of getting the Pops together under the banner of the Industrial League. The three speakers, Paul Vandervort, T. C. Kelsey and H. Cohen, met and could choose to speak to the empty chairs or to themselves. Get into the Socialist band wagon and we will try to cure you of your office itch.

Our wise City Council let out two sewer contracts, and they have also taken the liberty to say which wage slaves shall have the right to work for the great sum of \$1.25 per day. A man by the name of Murphy got a job of putting down a mile of street paving. He is paying \$1.50 per day, i. e., he says so. But he let a man work three or four hours and kicked him out without paying him a single cent. Will the people ever learn to run their own affairs?

The A. P. A. tricksters are working like good fellows, i. e., they pretend that they are fighting the A. P. A.'s, and some would-be reformers are helping them along. Some didn't want office, but after while accept the nomination; and because the working people would not stand by them, are in the ring of the A. P. A.'s—so-called Anti-A. P. A.'s of Rosewater's faction. He thought he was a great reformer and ought to be sent to Congress. He didn't get there, but got into the police scramble; but the pie plate broke, and poor Weaver fell through, and the Populists don't know what to do about it. I would say, run away from such tricksters and join the Socialist Labor Party.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

HOLYOKE NOTES.

The three sections of Holyoke held a joint meeting last Sunday afternoon at the Springdale Turn Hall and voted to order 1,000 extra copies of Holyoke LABOR for free distribution on Labor Day, to hold a mass meeting at City Hall in October and meetings in German and French, if necessary. Also to assist the Westfield comrades in getting up a public meeting.

An invitation from the Holyoke Central Labor Union to take part in their Labor Day parade and picnic was received and accepted with thanks. The feeling, however, prevailed that the members should turn out with their respective unions rather than as a separate body.

Comrade John H. Donoghue, our Socialist Councilman from Ward 2, beat the record as champion hustler. He collected and turned over to the Campaign Committee \$26 in aid of our State campaign.

The trouble at the Dean Steam Pump Company is over, having been settled satisfactorily to both sides.

CHICAGO LOCAL ITEMS.

Lassalle Political and Educational Club.

A meeting in memory of Frederick Engels was held to-night at the Labor Lyceum under the auspices of the Lassalle Political and Educational Club, where Comrade Paul Ehman delivered a speech in English and Comrade Chas. Goldstone spoke in Jewish. The hall was packed. At the end of the meeting Comrade Paul Ehman offered the following resolution, which was unanimously accepted. The resolution read as follows: "We, the Lassalle Club of the S. L. P., in mass meeting assembled, do hereby express our regret and sorrow at the passing away of our noble comrade, Frederick Engels. But having the inestimable privilege of being tutored by him and strengthened in our struggle against present conditions in his writings, we hereby declare that while nature has claimed its own the spirit of his teachings and the realization of those ideas will be the continuation of that noble life, and will heed the call sent forth by him and his noble co-worker, Carl Marx. Workers of all countries, unite for the purpose of attaining the final realization of the new era." Fraternally yours, G. LEVINSON, Chairman.

Section Chicago will have a grand picnic, flag dedication and concert Sunday, September 1, at Fritz' Grove, Webster and Claybourne avenue.

The Socialist Labor Party forms a chain of fraternal friendship and brotherly love around the world, and we in America can join hands in sympathy with our brothers in England, in France, in Germany and elsewhere, resting assured that when the time of change comes in this country, and Capitalism gives place to Co-operation, we will have their aid and their Godspeed.

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.

HELP TO BUILD UP A FUND FOR THE SOCIALIST NEWS-PAPER UNION.

After many months of struggle we succeeded in putting the Socialist News-Paper Union on a basis that guarantees the success of this institution. We know, however, that it is not only necessary that our party own its own papers, but also the presses and machinery that print said papers. Once having accomplished this, our press will be a power in the land. We can establish locals in every city and town. Our facilities will increase and our circulation will be unlimited.

Therefore, we appeal to all our comrades and friends of our cause, and to all who recognize the great importance of a strong Socialist Labor press, to assist us in establishing a "SOCIALIST NEWS-PAPER IMPROVEMENT FUND." Remember, whatever you do for this paper, i. e., the Socialist Newspaper Union, is done for your own paper.

Send all contributions to PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 311 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Young in the noble cause of Labor and Socialism, CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE, SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

KANSAS CITY WORKING HARD.

The Working People and the Labor Press.

Kansas City LABOR is gaining ground every day, and if we keep on as we have, we can easily push the capitalistic would-be labor papers, like the Journal and Star, into the corner. The time is not far off when we shall own a daily labor press, when the working people can read the daily news out of their own papers. Every man with common sense can tell the difference between a labor paper and a capitalist sheet. So it is with the Labor party. Any man can distinguish the true Labor party from a false one or would-be Labor party by the platform. A Labor paper should be kept in every house. Make the people acquainted with the platform of the Socialist Labor party. Free speech and the ballot are a powerful weapon in the hands of the wage-slaves. It don't cost you any money to use these weapons; it is just as cheap and easy to vote FOR your platform as it is to vote AGAINST it; will you do it?

I am told ten times a day, when trying to get wage slaves to subscribe for the Kansas City LABOR, that it is a money-making scheme by the labor leaders. If I tried to get that same wage slave to subscribe for a capitalist paper, he would never use such an expression and show such ignorance. I have never yet heard such remarks from business men; they always treated me with respect, and that is the reason why I think it takes the middle class and the advanced and educated laboring people to lead the fight of Labor against Capitalism.

Kansas City, Mo. Our Comrades of Montreal, Canada, are keeping up a lively public agitation.

St. Louis Eighth Ward Club will give a picnic at Apollo Garden, Ninth street and Bremen avenue, to-morrow, Sunday, Aug. 25, for the benefit of St. Louis LABOR.

Comrade Ricker spoke at two, Comrade Hoehn at two, Comrade Fry at five, Comrade Schwieta at two, and Comrade Poelling at two open air meetings held in St. Louis during the last week.

If you want to communicate with Keir Hardy after September 1, address Henry D. Lloyd, Winnetka, Ill. Before August 30 address, care of Henry Kuhn, 64 East Fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

MERRIE ENGLAND.

A PLAIN EXPOSITION OF SOCIALISM.

What It Is and What It Is Not.

BY ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

The liveliest, clearest and most comprehensive popular exposition of the principles and purposes of Socialism ever published.

What Socialism is and what it is not are of equal interest to its supporters and opponents, and hence the book will be read with deep interest by all.

Dr. W. W. Boyd, of St. Louis, says: A clearly stated work on the present social questions. I admire the direct trend of thought expressed in it, and the plain elucidation of principles which are too often obscured by technical terms and puzzling verbiage.

It is the first time in America that a valuable book has been sold at anything like so low a price. The object is to spread the ideas broadcast, and get millions of readers; and it will be done, with the help of all interested in spreading a knowledge of Socialism, which is the only remedy for the present infamous social system.

Popular paper edition, 12mo, 172 pages, plain clear type, 10c. A good cloth edition will be ready in July at 60c a copy. Special rates for large quantities to dealers and for educational purposes.

COMMONWEALTH COMPANY, 23 Lafayette Place, New York.

This book is sold at all book stores, also at our National Headquarters, LABOR NEWS, 64 East Fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

Socialism in our time!

PLATFORM

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

Adopted at the Chicago Convention.

THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY of the United States, in convention assembled, reasserts the inalienable right of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

With the founders of the American Republic, we hold that the purpose of government is to secure every citizen in the enjoyment of this right; but in the light of our social conditions we hold, furthermore, that no such right can be exercised under a system of economic inequality, essentially destructive of life, of liberty, and of happiness.

With the founders of this Republic, we hold that the true theory of politics is that the machinery of government must be owned and controlled by the whole people; but in the light of our industrial development we hold, furthermore, that the true theory of economics is that the machinery of production must likewise

Belong to the People in Common.

To the obvious fact that our defective system of economics is the direct opposite of our democratic system of politics, can plainly be traced the existence of a privileged class, the corruption of government by that class, the alienation of public property, public franchises and public functions to that class, and the abject dependence of the mightiest of nations on that class.

Again, through the perversion of democracy to the ends of plutocracy, Labor is Robbed

of the wealth which it alone produces, is denied the means of self employment, and, by compulsory idleness in wage-slavery, is even deprived of the necessities of life. Human power and natural forces are thus wasted, that the plutocrats may rule.

Ignorance and misery, with all their concomitant evils, are perpetuated, that the

People May Be Kept in Bondage.

Science and invention are diverted from their humane purpose to the enslavement of women and children.

Against such a system the Socialist Labor Party once more enters its protest. Once more it reiterates its fundamental declaration that private property in the natural sources of production and in the instruments of labor is the obvious cause of all economic servitude and political dependence; and,

Whereas, The time is fast coming when, in the natural course of social evolution this system, through the destructive action of its failures and crises on the one hand, and the constructive tendencies of its trusts and other Capitalistic combinations on the other hand, shall have worked out its own downfall; therefore, be it Resolved, That we call upon the people to organize with a view to the substitution of the

Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war, and social disorder; a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

We call upon them to unite with us in a mighty effort to gain by all practicable means the political power.

In the meantime, and with a view to immediate improvement in the condition of labor, we present the following demands:

Social Demands.

- Reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of production.
- The United States shall obtain possession of the railroads, canals, telegraphs, telephones and all other means of public transportation and communication; but no employe shall be discharged for political reasons.
- The municipalities to obtain possession of the local railroads, ferries, waterworks, gasworks, electric plants, and all industries requiring municipal franchises; but no employe shall be discharged for political reasons.
- The public lands to be declared inalienable. Revocation of all land grants to corporations or individuals, the conditions of which have not been complied with.
- Legal incorporation by the states of local trades unions which have no national organization.
- The United States to have the exclusive right to issue money.
- Congressional legislation providing for the scientific management of forests and waterways and prohibiting the waste of the natural resources of the country.
- Inventions to be free to all; the inventors to be remunerated by the nation.
- Progressive income tax and tax on inheritances; the smaller incomes to be exempt.
- School education of all children under 14 years of age to be compulsory, gratuitous, and accessible to all by public assistance in meals, clothing, books etc., where necessary.
- Repeal of all pauper, tramp, conspiracy and sumptuary laws. Unabridged right of combination.

12. Official statistics concerning the condition of labor. Prohibition of the employment of children of school age and of the employment of female labor in occupations detrimental to health or morality. Abolition of the convict labor contract system.

13. Employment of the unemployed by the public authorities (county, city, state and nation.)

14. All wages to be paid in lawful money of the United States. Equalization of woman's wages with those of men where equal service is performed.

15. Laws for the protection of life and limb in all occupations, and an efficient employers' liability law.

Political Demands.

1. The people to have the right to propose laws and to vote upon all measures of importance, according to the referendum principle.

2. Abolition of the veto power of the Executive (national, state and municipal) wherever it exists.

3. municipal self government.

4. Direct vote and secret ballots in all elections. Universal and equal right of suffrage without regard to color, creed or sex. Election days to be legal holidays. The principle of proportional representation to be introduced.

5. All public officers to be subject to recall by their respective constituencies.

6. Uniform civil and criminal law throughout the United States. Administration of justice to be free of charge. Abolition of capital punishment.

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

How to Organize Sections of the Socialist Labor Party.

All persons dissatisfied with present political and economic conditions, and who believe that the land, water works, gas works, telephone and telegraph lines, the commercial highways on land and sea, with all their appurtenances and equipments; all the mills, mines, factories, machinery, means of production and agencies of distribution, created by the efforts of the laboring class through all the centuries of the past, ought of right to be nationalized, and operated for the benefit of collective humanity, and who are convinced that the disinherited producing class can and must transform the capitalist methods of production and distribution into a social and co-operative system, are hereby invited to identify themselves with the Socialist Labor Party, which alone goes to the root of our social and economic evils.

1. Any ten persons may organize themselves into a Section, provided they accept the platform and constitution of the S. L. P., and sever their connection, absolutely, with all other political parties.

2. OFFICERS TO ELECT:

- 1—Organizer.
- 2—Recording and corresponding secretary.
- 3—Financial secretary.
- 4—Treasurer.
- 5—Literary agent.
- 6—Chairman, each meeting.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

- 1—Reading of minutes.
- 2—New members.
- 3—Correspondence.
- 4—Financial report.
- 5—Report of organizer.
- 6—Report of committees.
- 7—Unfinished business.
- 8—New business.

4. There shall be no initiation fee charged. Amount of monthly dues is fixed by each section. A monthly remittance of 10 cents per member shall be made to the National Executive Committee.

5. A full report of the first meeting, including a list of members, with inclosure of 10 cents per capita, is necessary to obtain a charter.

6. Per capita checks are furnished by the National Executive Committee at 10 cents each; such checks are pasted in monthly column on the membership card, and charged to members at such excess rate as will cover the amount of dues fixed by the section.

7. Each section shall hold a regular business meeting at least once a month, and semi-monthly meetings for public discussion or lectures on political or economic questions.

8. Quarterly reports of the numerical strength and financial standing of members, party progress and prospects, shall be promptly sent to the National Executive Committee.

9. Any person residing in a city or town where no section of the party exists may make direct application to the National Secretary, inclosing one month's dues, and will thus be enrolled as members-at-large.

For pamphlets, leaflets, platforms and other information, address the National Secretary, Henry Kuhn, 264 East Sixty-fourth street, New York City.

A system that say to labor, "You shall take what I offer you without a word of remonstrance, without any conference as to its justice; you shall take it or you shall move your family two hundred miles before you earn a dollar," is as real a system of slavery as anything that was ever endured in the North or any of the Southern States, for the man is utterly unable to resist the circumstances.—Wendell Phillips.

Labor has nothing to lose and everything to gain by insisting upon the whole of what it wants. Long possession should not justify the holding of a stolen article. If a man steals your coat you would not take it back a shred at a time.