

CORRESPONDENCE WITH DEBS.

Comrade W. L. Rosenberg Addresses an Instructive and Interesting Letter to the Imprisoned Leader of the Great Pullman Strike.

The Fundamental Basis of a True and Sound Labor Party Is the Demand for the Abolition of the Capitalist Wage System.

Eugene V. Debs' Answer to Comrade Rosenberg's Communication.

Comrade W. L. Rosenberg, editor of the German Socialist daily paper, Cincinnati "Tageblatt," addressed the following letter to Eugene V. Debs, the imprisoned leader of the American Railway Union, Cincinnati, Aug. 17th, 1895.

Eugene V. Debs, Woodstock, Ill.: Dear Sir—"As a representative of progressive labor and highly interested in the course you have taken during and since the great Chicago strike, I have followed with a feeling of satisfaction the communications you recently sent to the Secretaries of the various Populist conventions in response to their expressions of sympathy for you as well as for the various other documents of yours published by the Associated Press. I have reproduced many of your utterances in the German papers, and I expect to have the pleasure to also do so in future, not because of intending to flatter you personally, but in order to show that with the great Chicago strike, the leading spirit of which you have been, a new era is forced upon the minds of the workmen of America.

"There is no hope of prosperous times for American labor any more. Production has gained a standard of equalization of wages over the whole civilized world, and the unfortunate idea of a multitude of workmen to ever still become Vanderbilts or Jay Goulds is necessarily dying out. Trusts and combines have become...

"The great Chicago strike has taught the laboring world this lesson and the pure and simple Trades Unionism must either be supplanted by a higher form of organization or must die out, leaving industrial labor at the mercy of its natural enemy—capitalism and monopoly. These are your own ideas, if I am not mistaken. Now, the great question arises, What's to be done in the future? and as you seem to be just as well interested in this question as any earnest-minded labor leader, permit me to ask you how you have laid out your plans?"

"There ought to be a full understanding between all true friends of labor about this question, and I don't hesitate to give you my own ideas at the risk of intruding upon you. Perhaps you agree with some of them, or perhaps you have to reject them. In either case I should be favored by an answer you would kindly give me in the first line, though sympathizing to some extent with the Populists, I do not think that they form the right nucleus of a strict labor movement. In the struggle between labor and capital it is but the industrial laboring class that we can rely upon for starting a sound labor party. The farmers remain always farmers, having their special capitalistic propensities, and in this respect they will always be opposed to any movement that would benefit the wage-workers as a class, their own farm hands as such included. For this reason they have so eagerly adopted the free silver coinage, unaware of the fact that free silver will benefit the silver interests only. The silver question ought never to be made a political issue on the pretext of benefiting the wage-workers, as it is nothing but a financial measure to be regulated by government, and, therefore, should be entirely omitted in any party's programme. It is not the greater or larger amount of money circulating upon which depends the welfare of labor, but it is the capitalistic system of fleecing labor expressed in the wage-system that causes all these social evils surrounding us.

"A reform movement that does not thoroughly assail this objectionable system, but tries only to better conditions for the time being must necessarily founder, and all reform movements have foundered up to date. In the second place the sympathizing with all Trades Unions, considering them just as necessary, as my first to defend myself against the highway robbers of capitalism. I nevertheless hold that they can never fulfill for the entirety of the nation what they pretend to attain; neither a radical increase of wages over the whole line nor the emancipation of the wage workers from the yoke of capital. It is an unavoidable tendency of modern

production and universal competition by introducing so-called labor-saving machines to cheapen the wages and to equalize the same over the whole industrial world, throwing out of work men, and replacing them by women and children.

"Capitalism, therefore, knows of no patriotism or humanity, as its working never ceases before it has not made men entirely slaves. Experience of the last ten years has taught American labor that its wages will come down on the European plane, and that surplus labor, thrown on the very brink of starvation, is but too ready

'success' can be accomplished. A political movement of the above ends has to be carefully prepared and worked up, and must, at all events, be controlled but by an overwhelming majority of wage-workers. The less success is promised and preached, the surer the success. From this standpoint it would be but a failure if you would run as candidate for the Presidency and do it not as a Labor ticket, according to press rumors. In your place, I should advise all hasty friends of yours to abstain from any such course before a definite platform, backed by political labor organizations, is drafted and adopted by the majority of such political organizations.

"Now, my dear Mr. Debs! I should like you to consider all these points and to weigh them carefully.

"There are thousands and thousands of organized laborers and many more thousands of unorganized laborers who are but waiting for some one to lead them on the right path.

"In 1855, the German workmen of Berlin first organized by the immortal Lassalle, cast but 68 votes. To-day the German workmen have the most powerful political party in the German Empire, and the day seems nigh when they will reap the harvest of their noble work.

"We Americans learn from other nations and once have recognized our ends will make gigantic strides in the right direction.

"I hope to hear of you soon. Trusting the above will receive your favorable consideration. I remain, Fraternally yours "W. L. ROSENBERG."

"All your good and generous words are cordially reciprocated."

The arguments of Comrade Rosenberg are unquestionably correct. A reform movement that does not aim at the abolition of the wage-slaving system is bound to disappear as quickly as it sprang into existence. It must be borne in mind that in all historical reform movements and in all social revolutions it has been, it still is, and always will be the material class interests that dictate the course and shape the platforms of all parties. The monopolist, the great manufacturer, the middle class business man, the banana farmer, the middle class bankrupt farmer, the industrial wage worker—each and every one of these classes has its special class interests. For this reason it is ridiculous to attempt an unification and harmonizing of these various interests on a basis of sentimentality, because it is impossible. These classes are the natural products of the wage system, which gives them the privilege of living off the products of others. The only class that is interested in the abolition of wage-slavery is the wage working class—their interests demand that wage-slavery be abolished.

Every farmer who hires wage workers lives, to a certain extent, off the products of others. He employs labor—why? To make profit out of it—i. e., he pays his laborer \$5 for a certain amount of work of which is worth \$10 thereby making a profit of \$5. Suppose the laborer says to his Populist boss farmer: "I want the full product of my toil;" you may be sure that

DENVER SOCIALIST CONVENTION.

THE FIRST SOCIALIST NOMINATION CONVENTION HELD IN THE STATE OF COLORADO—THE PLATFORM UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED

A Full Socialist Ticket Nominated.

Some time ago the Socialists of Denver, Colo., issued the following call: TO THE SOCIALISTS OF ARAPAHOE COUNTY.

Realizing the evils resulting from our present forms of legislation, caused by a wrong system of Industrial Competition, the aim of which is private gain and greed; even at the expense of debasing humanity and debauching their judiciary. We therefore mistrust the political and economic methods embraced in our present industrial competitive wage system, the outgrowth of which is that the honest toilers are brought to the verge of starvation amidst the plenty they have created, while idlers roll in luxury and find in the misery of the masses an advantage, which makes them submit to degradation and humiliation.

And we fully believe that our present representative form of legislation, as well as the entire industrial competitive wage system have outlived their usefulness for the advancement of humanity. We therefore call the enrolled Socialists of Arapahoe County to hold a convention on Fri-

and it was necessary to elect a Sergeant-at-Arms. Comrade Swanland was elected. Comrades Freeberg and Parkins were elected tellers. Nominations for Sheriff were called for, and Comrade Henry Warnecke was made the unanimous choice. Comrade Warnecke's nomination was very popular, and the hall rang with cheers which lasted for several minutes. Nominations for County Judge were called for, and Charles Flach was nominated. No other nominations being made, he was declared the nominee for Judge. Comrade Farkoff was then nominated by acclamation for the office of Treasurer. Nominations for Assessor being called for, Comrades Doyle and Selmer were nominated. Comrade Doyle withdrew in favor of Comrade Selmer, who was nominated. Comrade Geo. Bauer was the only nominee for County Clerk, and he was placed without dissent. Two County Commissioners were to be nominated, but owing to a misunderstanding as to what districts they were to be elected from, the Campaign Committee was instructed to fill the vacancies. Comrade Doyle was nominated by acclamation for Surveyor. The only real fight in the convention was over the office of Coroner. Comrades Dye, Schafer and Wernet were the nominees, and after considerable talk by partisans, Comrade Wernet was nominated, receiving 13 votes, Dye 5, and Schafer 1. There were three nominations made for County Superintendent of Instruction—Comrades Parkins, Marhoff and Finney. Comrade Parkins was nominated, receiving 18 votes, Comrades Marhoff 2, and Marhoff 1. The ticket now being filled, with the exception of Justices of the Peace, it being decided not to fill these offices. The Campaign Committee was then elected, the successful candidates being Dye, K. Bauer, Marhoff, Johnson, Johndahl, Wernet, Farkoff, Parkins and Finney. Comrade Dye was elected Chairman, and Finney, Secretary, and Johndahl Treasurer. Speeches were called for, and all the candidates made short and stirring remarks, pledging themselves to strive for the grand and glorious truths of Socialism. Three cheers and a tiger were given for the S. L. P., and the convention adjourned sine die. C. E. FINNEY, Secy.

TO THE WORKERS OF ARAPAHOE COUNTY, COLORADO.

Fellow-Citizens: We are face to face with the county election, when those of you who have the legal right to exercise your suffrages through the ballot at the next county election will again be called upon to determine who shall voice the rights and interests of your class in county affairs.

During the next few weeks you will listen to the same cant and humbug as you have at former elections. The political jugglers will again perform for your edification the same confidence tricks. Again you will be visited by gaily dressed women, driven in carriages, drawn by well-groomed horses, attended by gaudy flunkies, flaunting their wealth before your eyes and forming a striking contrast to your position.

Now, let us look at the actual issues at stake. We Socialists of America disdain to conceal our principles. We proclaim the CLASS STRUGGLE—LABOR AGAINST CAPITALISTS. We hold that the condition of the worker cannot, to any appreciable extent, be permanently improved, except by a complete overthrow of the PRESENT CAPITALISTIC COMPETITIVE WAGE SYSTEM OF SOCIETY, and the SUBSTITUTION OF THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH in its stead.

The time for social tinkering has gone past. Government statistics show that the number of unemployed is slowly but surely increasing, and everything points to the fact that the condition of our class, in comparison to the output of wealth, is getting worse and worse.

Therefore, we, the Socialists of Arapahoe County, in convention assembled, proclaim that no reform or reforms not aiming toward the substitution of Co-Operative Industrial Organization in place of the present CAPITALISTIC COMPETITIVE WAGE SYSTEM IS WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF ANY honest-thinking workmen and women, and therefore, demand as a county issue only—

First—That all laws be enacted through the initiative and referendum principle. Second—That all public officers be subject to re-call by their respective constituencies, when found wanting in honesty or capacity. Third—That it shall be the duty of our county government to so organize, industrially, the unemployed of Arapahoe County so as to afford them an honest subsistence, to be derived from the entire product of their own labor. Fourth—That it shall be the aim of our county administration to so better the condition of its organized unemployed through co-operative industry that it shall become impossible for a laboring man to be anxious to become the willing slave to private wage employers. Fifth—That school education for all children be gratuitous and accessible, through public assistance, in meals, clothing, books, etc., where necessary, without discrimination. Resolved that we deprecate the actions of our judiciary in exercising the right of injunction and passing on same without trial by jury. And, be it further resolved, that we appeal to our fellow-workmen to help us throw off forever the yoke of servitude by electing the candidates of the Socialist Labor Party, in all branches of Government, as soon as possible.

How the Law deals with a man that steals a loaf and with a man that steals a million from the poor.



to replace Organized Labor, and that the obedient servants of Capitalism, our courts, army, militia, etc., eagerly wait for the moment to prove their loyalty and adherence to their employer—Capitalism. It is a fact that machines are being invented, and intended to uplift the burden from the toiling masses, and that these very labor-saving machines are being used to lower the standard of life of millions of wage-slaves, producing an enormous surplus of labor, a frightful host of unemployed, without shortening the hours of labor comparatively in order to give employment to this surplus, then it becomes evident that the SHORTENING OF HOURS OF LABOR BY LEGISLATIVE MEASURES HAS TO BE ENFORCED. But how?

"By strikes? By boycotts? By petitions? By labor demonstrations? By revolution? By going, together with the old political parties? I say no! The laboring class has to be politically organized in order to attain its ends: The abolition of this wage system and the establishment of a system of national production. I do not know whether you have already seen the necessity of such a step, but I wish you would. There is no other way to evade the inevitable. American Labor has to be prepared for such a step, and whoever undertakes this step unflinchingly, uncompromising, stanch, straightforward, severing Labor from all connections with the old parties, will deserve the full credit of our laboring nation.

"There was always up to date a great drawback to all progressive movements: the lamentable idea of what is commonly called success. A movement that undertakes to abolish deep-rooted evils, and to attain a social revolution can only succeed at the first attack. It has to go step by step, gradually. The mind of the people has first to be revolutionized before

In answer to this letter Comrade Rosenberg received the following letter:

"Woodstock, Ill., Aug. 31, 1895.—W. L. Rosenberg, Esq., Editor Cincinnati Tageblatt, 1346 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.—My Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of some days ago and also your note of inquiry of the 28th inst. Pardon my seeming remissness. I have been so overwhelmed by correspondence and so besieged by visitors that I have hundreds of unanswered letters before me. I have carefully read all you say and beg to assure you that, in the main, I fully concur in your views. You are perfectly right in what you say about my name in connection with the Presidency. I am not only free from political aspiration, but do not want any political office whatever. I am doing what little I can to emancipate my countrymen from degrading conditions. I realize that this can only be done by total abolishment of the wage system and the introduction of that infinitely more rational, just and humane system which contemplates the co-operation of all for the good of all. I also agree with you that a definite platform of principles must be formulated and that this must be supported by a thoroughly organized sentiment on the part of those who are working to bring about the changes so greatly needed in our social and industrial conditions.

"The first thing in order is to unify all classes and schools of reformers, formulate a platform on which all can meet. Then pledge the support of all to the platform and the men chosen as its representatives, and in this way we shall be able to win at the polls and usher in the better day. I wish my friends to omit all mention of my name in connection with the Presidential or other nomination and to devote all their time and energies to unifying and solidifying the reform sentiment. Thanking you for your kindness and candor, I am, your very truly, "EUGENE V. DEBS."

This will cause a collision between Brother Boss farmer and Brother Farm-laborer. This is natural—it is the law of self-preservation. What is true of the relations between individuals is also true of the relations between the various classes of individuals.

Mr. Debs admits that the abolishment of the wage system is a necessity; he wants to unify all classes and schools of reformers, but how is this to be done? The only and sole means to bring about the unification of all schools of reformers is to each the gospel of Socialism pure and simple. We Socialists do not object to the business man and boss farmers joining our ranks; but we let them clearly know our position. We will never promise the business man who joins our ranks that Socialism means "better business" and more "profits," as our Populist friends do. We tell them point blank that under our present system every business man is forced to be a social parasite; he is forced to live on profit; and since all profits are the result of other people's labor, he must live at the expense of the working people. Let the middle class know their true conditions. Don't throw a veil over their eyes. Explain to them the development of our social organism. Inform them that here are but two ways out of the present social labyrinth: the one way leading to bankruptcy and ruin; the other leading to Socialism and prosperity. What must be the platform of a true labor party? Socialism pure and simple!

The idea of brotherhood has come to stay, and will not back down at the bidding of politicians, monopolists or theologians. The years behind us are but a pitting together of human materials in a livine effort of perfected humanity. Democracy must be applied to reorganizing the machinery of the world.—Prof. Heron.

day, August 30, at 7:30 p. m., at Trades and Labor Assembly Hall for the purpose of placing in the field a ticket for the coming County Election, the nominees of which shall be guided by the principles of the Socialist Labor Party of America. Principles which show us that the greatest powers and happiness yet to be born to the civilized world is to be derived from direct legislation and the establishment of Industrial Co-operation, instead of our greedy, selfish and brutal competitive wage system.

BY COMMITTEE ON CALL WILLIAM DYE, Chairman. A. WERNET, Secretary.

In pursuance of the above call, the Socialists of Arapahoe County met in convention and transacted the following business:

The meeting was called to order at the stated time by Chairman Dye of the Committee on Call. The call was then read. Comrade Dye then called for nominations for temporary chairman, Comrade Selmer was the unanimous choice. Comrade Selmer, upon taking the chair, said that he felt it a great honor for being temporary chairman of the first convention of the Socialist Labor Party in Denver. Comrade Swanland was elected temporary secretary. The Credentials Committee was then elected, which composed the Recording and Financial Secretaries, Comrades Dye and Finney. A recess was then taken to allow the committee time to examine credentials. The committee, after being out a short time, reported that 36 delegates were allowed seats in the convention. The report was adopted. Comrade Selmer was then made permanent Chairman and Comrade Finney, Secretary. The Platform Committee, which was elected at a previous meeting of the Section, then read the platform. It was adopted amid much enthusiasm. At this time the delegates became very much excited,

SEEKERS FOR GOLD.

A QUEER COLONY DISCOVERED IN MISSOURI.

Delving in the Earth for the Precious Metal—Fanatical in Their Views—Receiving a Newspaper Correspondent—Don't Like Strangers.

(Special Correspondence.)

THAT SECTION OF Jackson county, Missouri, designated as "Sni hills" is the home of a peculiar people. They are of unusual and erratic belief in things temporal and things spiritual, and it is a fact that "Sni hills" is the synonym of all that is both unusual, sensational and fanatical. Why this should be is to some a mystery.

In years gone by, so tradition says, the hills of Sni were the home of the desperate moonshiner. There, hidden from the sight of man within the narrow confines of the forest and dense undergrowth along the banks of Sni creek, they were safe from all intruders. Now the moonshiner is gone and the crazed gold seeker has taken his place. These gold seekers are fanatical and peculiar in their lives and actions. The writer made a visit to their den, if such it may be called, and found them to be almost savage, and un-



A SENTINEL.

doubtedly crazed by their desire to locate the precious metal.

The little band who are thus wasting life and energy in their search for unlimited wealth were less than a dozen years ago well-to-do farmers, who owned farms in the valleys beyond the "hills," where corn and wheat grow as it can only grow in Jackson county. Now they dig and dig, and by day and sometimes by night search for that pure, precious metal, the desire for which drives man mad when once the fever is on him.

At times these men have claimed that gold had been found. Primitive smelters have been erected and there would be great excitement, but quietude would soon follow. Still they continue to dig and starve. These men have organized into a self-protection society called "The Holliness Band." The object of this organization is three-fold, self protection, secrecy and to hold the land from probable purchasers. Almost starved and scantily clothed, they labor on, their watchword being, "Gold! Gold! Gold!!!"

The nearest town to Sni hills is Oak Grove. But a mile from the hills is Sni mills, with a store and postoffice and an old-fashioned water mill that has furnished flour and meal since the early '20s. The citizens of Oak Grove became excited over the reports of gold in the hills three years ago, and, if wiser counsel had not prevailed, the capitalists of that town would have bought all the available land near the hills.

When the writer, accompanied by a guide from Oak Grove, visited the hills, fully three hours were spent in finding the location of the "Holliness Gold-Seekers." A path leading down to the creek was found, and we started on foot, single file, to search for those who were still digging for wealth after years of disappointment. The dense forest and thick undergrowth served to make midday as dark as dusk, and suddenly



BRAUN.

as we turned in the path a ringing challenge came to us:

"What for you hunting, stranger?" were the words uttered in a peculiar piercing tone from some unknown personage.

Stricken dumb, we looked in all directions, but failed to locate a living soul. Suddenly we heard the click of a musket trigger and we saw advancing toward us from behind a huge bowler a dwarfed dwarf carrying in an atti-

tude of war an old army musket. We lost no time in explaining our mission and trying to make peace. He was the sentinel of the Holliness society, and objected to our going any further. After some parley, in which a plug of tobacco cut an important part, he concluded that we were not dangerous and allowed us to pass him after we swore by the sun and stars that we did not want to buy any of that lonely, dark, rocky hillside.

Continuing down the steep hillside we suddenly came to a tumble-down shanty. Apparently there was no living soul in the vicinity, but when we started to enter another of that watchful Holliness society made his appearance with another cocked musket. To him again we made protestations of friendship, but he would not allow us to pass. Blowing a shrill whistle, he invited us to sit down on a fallen log, and we complied with alacrity. In a few moments we heard movements in the underbrush and four men came in sight.

They were of the most peculiar and striking appearance. Clothed in old worn garments, almost in rags, they seemed to belong to some unknown race. It could easily be seen that the brain was turned. We were not surprised at their fanatical action. They inquired our business, and when informed that the writer wanted to tell the world of their wonderful find of gold it seemed as if the very devil had been turned loose. They swore and raved. One who is known as D. W. Lundy cried:

"We don't want any newspaper men here. We don't want to sell our land. We want to be alone."
Things looked squally for a few moments, but after a consultation they decided to treat us differently. We were told that if we would consent to being blindfolded we would be taken to the "diggings" and shown the precious gold ore. Our eyes were blinded and for several minutes we were led by our captors through a dense undergrowth. At length we came to a halt and the bandages were removed. We were on the banks of the creek. Gathered about us were a number of scantily clothed and apparently half-starved men. Along the banks of the creek were deep holes, some as deep as forty feet. A log cabin stood on the edge of the woods. In this they lived and slept. There were nine men besides the sentry who had challenged us at the hut.

From the holes they were digging what seemed to be a soft soapstone. This they claimed was gold ore, and they also claimed to have samples of gold which was the result of smelting this soapstone. We were taken down the creek some distance to the smelter, where a man more intelligent than the others was engaged in producing the pure, precious gold. His name was W. L. Braun, and he claimed to be a practical miner. He said he was from California and had cast his lot among this people. Braun had a small box filled



LUNDY.

with little chunks of brassy looking metal, which he claimed to be the result of smelting the soapstone. Under a shelter close by was at least two tons of the ore awaiting to be operated on by Braun. Charcoal was used for fuel and a portion of the Holliness society spent their time burning this charcoal to be used in the smelter, while others worked at day labor on farms in the vicinity to earn money to purchase crucibles. Braun was being fed and clothed by these poor, half-starved wretches and was undoubtedly in some manner working them. It was found on investigation that one of the "society" was working for a farmer and giving his wages to pay Braun.

The noon hour was now far past and the "Holliness" people invited the writer to join them in their noon-day meal. We retired to the creek's bank, where under a rude shelter we were seated and after an invocation for the divine blessing ears of corn, roasted, were passed around. Water from the creek was at hand to aid in the mastication. Roasted corn! Men living for years in one of the richest counties in Missouri and subsisting on the food fed to cattle! The visitors were hungry, but a few grains of that uninviting food drove away their appetites. The crazed gold hunters ate greedily, as if delighted. Braun afterwards said that roast corn had been their only food for two years. The sight was one not to be forgotten.

The midday meal over, it was decided to make a special run for the benefit of the visitors. A chunk of so-called ore weighing eight pounds was placed in a crucible and then in the furnace. There it remained for three hours, with Messrs. Lundy and Braun keeping watch. It was then taken out and a piece of brassy looking metal weighing three ounces was removed. Then they had a time of rejoicing. "More gold" was the cry and off the demented unfortunates went to their trenches to dig more ore.

The man who lives on the rock never has to lose any sleep in bad weather.

JAPAN'S REVENGE.

STEALS AMERICAN PATENTS FOR HOME USE.

This at First Looks Dishonest—They, However, Complain That We Do Not Recognize Them as a Civilized Nation.

(Tokyo Correspondence.)

A VISIT TO THE exposition at Kyoto or an examination of its catalogue is sufficient to convince any one that efforts to build up an export trade in general merchandise from the United States to this country would be wasted. It represents an epitome of the progress of the people for the last twenty-five years, and demonstrates the facility and accuracy of the Japanese in imitating the arts and industries of other nations. It contains in its department of manufactures a sample of almost everything that enters into the wants of civilized men, and most of the articles are exact reproductions of inventions that are still protected by patents in Europe and the United States.

One of the weak spots in the national morals of Japan is the refusal of the government to make patent and trademark treaties, for there is no protection whatever against piracy in Japan. Still, when you approach him with this, the Japanese gives you a knock-down argument in defense of his country. As Mr. Matzudara, the chief examiner in the Japanese patent office, who was a commissioner to the World's Fair, remarked the other day: "The United States and the European powers have refused to recognize Japan as a civilized



OFFICE PRIME MINISTER, TOKYO.

nation. They have refused to submit their subjects to the protection of our courts, and have forbidden us to make our own tariff. They insist that their subjects in Japan shall be tried before their own consuls, under the laws of their own country, because our laws are not good enough for them, and they will not allow us to impose a duty of more than 5 per cent upon imported merchandise. Then they blame us for not being willing to make a treaty to protect their patents. Under the new treaties that take effect in 1899 Japan will become a member of the international patent and trademark union, and will give the inventions of foreigners the same protection that its own receive. If that is not satisfactory our government would be willing to have them go into effect tomorrow instead of four years hence."

While Mr. Matzudara presents the selfishness of other nations in a forcible and truthful manner, it does not justify the wholesale robbery that Japanese manufacturers have committed upon American and European inventors. Two wrongs do not make a right in this or any other case, and it is not a fair example of ordinary Japanese equity. Every novelty and invention for which they have any use will be reproduced here within three months after it appears in the United States or London, and will be sold for about one-half what it costs there. Every Japanese who goes abroad is always on the lookout for some useful and profitable process or article which his people at home may use. The Japanese merchants at New York, Chicago and other cities in the United States as well as in Europe are continually sending samples of popular designs and useful utensils to their friends at home, even toys and games and puzzles. The famous thirteen puzzle was sold by peddlers on the streets of Tokyo within three months after it appeared in the United States, having been sent



GIRLS OF JAPAN.

over by a Japanese merchant in New York. They have an advantage here in not being compelled to pay royalty as well as in the low price of their labor, so when they acquire the inventions of foreigners they can reproduce and sell the goods much cheaper than they cost at home. The Japanese are splendid chemists, also, and they are able to analyze patent medicines,

chemicals and patents of that sort and manufacture them to suit the demands of their own market.

They have no respect for trademarks, but imitate them on their own goods, even to the name of the manufacturers. It is bad enough to have them steal our patents, but when they put on labels like the genuine to deceive the public it is carrying a wicked practice a little too far and is adding insult to injury.

For example, you will find perfecting presses in nearly all the printing offices of Japan bearing the name of R. H. Hoe & Company, New York—the inscription being cast in raised letters upon the iron. Every one of these machines was manufactured in Japan without the permission or the knowledge of the Hoe company. Some years ago the American Trading company imported half a dozen Hoe presses for a dealer in printing materials in Tokyo and delivered them to the buyer at a cost of \$250 each. A few months later Mr. Morse, president of the American Trading company, called on the local dealer to pay his respects and found thirty or forty similar presses in his warehouse, all bearing the name of R. H. Hoe & Co., New York.

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Morse, "you are importing presses on your own account?"

"No," was the reply, "we are making them ourselves."

"But you have no right to put that name on any machine you make," exclaimed Mr. Morse, with indignation.

"They cast them at the foundry in that way," was the answer; "but I do not see who is going to prevent us. There is no foreign patent law in Japan."

"But there is a moral law which every honest business man should recognize and obey, and while no one can prevent you from robbing the Hoe company, you ought to be satisfied with stealing their machine only and not their reputation."

The Japanese machines were sold at \$175 at a large profit, or \$75 less than they cost in the United States.

Organs that sell for \$40 in the United States are manufactured in Osaka and sold for \$17 to people who suppose they are imported from the United States. Singer sewing machines and other machines patented under the laws of the United States are reproduced here exactly, except that the table is made very low to suit the habit the



THE ANCIENT JAPANESE COSTUME.

Japanese have of sitting on the floor. They make their own telephone and electric light apparatus on American patents without asking leave or paying royalty. The telephone they have here is an improvement on that we are accustomed to, in that it has two receivers, which are placed at both ears instead of one. You can also obtain the best English and American bicycles made in Japan for about half what the genuine articles cost.

I went into a hardware store the other day to buy a padlock and was shown a variety which looked very familiar. The shopkeeper brought out a box which he said contained genuine American locks, but it was difficult to distinguish them from the Japanese imitations. We finally selected one of Japanese manufacture which bore the words in English stamped in the brass: "Automatic lock. Patent applied for," while the key bore the name of "Miller Lock Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A."

WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

From Bull Run to Ohio. George Hoyt of Cleveland, O., relates a good story on himself. He was in the first battle of Bull Run, and when the union forces had been put to rout he heard the command to rally on the reserve. He says the only reserve he ever heard of was the Western Reserve, and that he started for that locality as fast as he could go.

Paul Verlaine, after considerable opposition, has been admitted to the French society of Dramatic Authors.

THE CREEK MYSTERY.

WHO STRANGLERED HAPLESS CLARA SHANKS?

Vigilance Committee in Parke and Fountain Counties, Indiana, Trying to Locate the Guilty Party—Story of the Crime.

(Bloomington (Ind.) correspondence.)

THE MURDER OF Clara Shanks, which has been exciting Parke and Fountain counties for several weeks, is still shrouded in as great mystery as on the morning her lifeless body was taken from Wolf creek falls. Three of the shrewdest criminal attorneys of the two counties, two detectives of more than local reputation, all assisted by a vigilance committee comprising a dozen of the best farmers of the neighborhood, have worked day and night on the case trying to find sufficient evidence for a conviction of the guilty parties, but the plot seems to be a fit subject for the pen of a novelist.

Clara Shanks was the beautiful 18-year-old daughter of Frederick Shanks. She was the third child of six, and was in many ways the star of that rural home. The Shanks place is one mile north of Grange Corner, and just over the county line in Fountain county. Just across the road, in Parke county, is the home of Daniel Keller. During the



CLARA SHANKS.

recent drought the Shanks family has been carrying water from the Keller place, and it usually fell to Clara Shanks to do this. These frequent trips to the Kellers led to a suspicion on the part of Mrs. Keller that a flirtation had sprung up between Clara and her husband. Her jealous nature became excited, and her opinion was soon magnified to such an extent that she believed there had been improper relations between her husband and Clara. The latter's two youngest brothers had an idea that their sister liked Dan Keller, and whenever they would see him out in his barnyard they would taunt their sister with such remarks as "Clara, there goes your feller."

Daniel Shanks, the oldest brother, heard of Mrs. Keller's allegations, and on the evening of July 5 he went over to their place to investigate. Mrs. Keller told him of her suspicions and that Clara must not be allowed to come for water. Other members of the family could come, but she must not come into their yard. Next morning about 11 o'clock Mrs. Keller, her sister, Miss Emma Cox, and her husband, Daniel, went out to the rail fence at the road separating the two houses to make up the difficulty. They called for Clara to come to the door, but her brother Dan would not let her go. Mrs. Shanks responded, and there in the open doorway the charges were told the mother, who declared that she did not believe them. To this Mrs. Keller turned to her husband with this: "Will you let them deny what I say?"

This scene ended, the Shanks family went back into the house. At 12 o'clock the family sat down to dinner, and there for the first time the father, Frederick, was told of the allegations made by Mrs. Keller. Mrs. Shanks turning to her daughter said, "Clara, what about this?"

The daughter denied all the charges,



DANIEL KELLER.

and then a profound silence settled over that dinner table. Clara could not eat and in a few minutes got up and left the table, that being the last time the family saw her alive. She left the house, but no one thought to notice her.

By 12 o'clock the mother became uneasy and sent the children out to look for the girl. Daniel Keller was in his barnyard at the time, and seeing the children searching the premises he shouted to them:

"If you are looking for Clara, I saw her going down the lane more than an hour ago."

The Shanks family hunted the Wolf creek thicket for their daughter that afternoon, but notwithstanding that Mrs. Shanks testified before the coroner's jury that she always thought Clara was in Wolf creek falls, they never looked for her there, and at 5 o'clock gave up the search. No neighbors had been called in, and at an early hour the family retired as usual. Next morning at 5 o'clock Mrs. Shanks called her son Daniel and told him that she had dreamed all night of seeing Clara strangling in the pool at the foot of Wolf creek falls. Young Shanks ran to the pool, which is a half-mile away, took off his clothing and waded in. He found the body in five feet of water, and without making any effort to get it out, he put on his clothing and came back to the house. Taking his Winchester shotgun he walked directly over to the Kellers' front gate and called Daniel Keller to the door.

"Clara is Drowned in Wolf Creek Falls and you caused it," exclaimed the enraged man. He threw up his gun and fired twice at Keller, who was standing in the door, but owing to his nervousness the shot was too low, burying itself in the door sill. Keller sprung back and his wife came back begging young Shanks to desist. A neighbor, James Rice, appeared and took Shanks home. The community was aroused, and the lifeless body was taken from the pool to the Shanks home. Coroner Young of Fountain county, assisted by Dr. A. L. Spinnings of Wallace, made a hasty examination, and returned a verdict of suicide by drowning. The same day Daniel Keller went to Rockville and swore out a warrant against Dan Shanks for an unprovoked assault. Deputy Sheriff McLaughlin proceeded to the scene to arrest Shanks, but upon his arrival found the home surrounded by a mob of 300 excited men, who informed the sheriff that if he arrested Shanks they would hang Keller. The sheriff took in the situation and returned his warrant unserved.

Clara Shanks was buried in the old Zackmire cemetery the next day, but the public was not satisfied. The suspicion was so strong against Keller that there was danger of mob violence, so the family left their own residence and have since lived with their brother George, across the Mill Creek valley. A vigilance committee was organized and began holding secret meetings at an old schoolhouse just east of Grange Corner. It became the universal verdict of the settlement that Clara Shanks was murdered and afterward thrown into the pool, which is some 40 by 20 feet, with five and six feet of water the year round.

Ten days after the burial a post-mortem examination was ordered, seven competent physicians chosen from both Fountain and Parke counties doing the work. They found several heavy bruises about the head, a congested state of the brain, with an entire dislocation of the



DANIEL SHANKS.

head at the base of the skull. The larynx and lungs were free and there were no signs of strangling. A careful examination disclosed the fact that the dead girl had no cause for secret shame, which had been the basis for all suicidal theories. The unanimous verdict of the seven physicians was: "We find that Clara Shanks met her death by violence; sources unknown."

The weight of the evidence brought out by Attorney McCabe and the Kellers was to fix the murder of Clara in her own family. They all stated that they believed the girl had been murdered, but by whom they did not know. It was held that the Shanks family located the body entirely too easy not to know something of how it came there. The dream of Mrs. Shanks was thought to be too realistic to come from a sleeping brain. Also the Kellers testified to having seen young Shanks cross the field to the Wolf Creek thicket twice during the afternoon, once on a run, and at night all retired as though nothing had happened.

Here this strange mystery rests. Attorney Thomas says there is evidence which cannot be given out yet, but will come out soon. The Shanks, the Kellers, the citizens all talk freely and all cry for justice, and all firmly believe light will be soon thrown on the dark plot. No more fitting place in all Parke or Fountain counties could have been found for such a deed than this weird place called Wolf Creek Falls. The entire valley is a book of romance and mystery. Named by the red man Wolf creek, it has come down loaded with traditions. More Indian relics have been found here than any place in the country; Indian kettles can be seen at every turn in the rocky gorge, while an old Indian grave is to be found on the high cliff overlooking the falls. Last Sunday 500 persons visited the scene of the tragedy, and one week before 700 persons drove down the hollow to see the pool where the body of Clara Shanks was found. The interest grows as the case is being unraveled.

WANTS MUCH MONEY.

THE WOMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE GOULD'S WIDOW.

Startling Claim on the Gould Wealth Filled by Mrs. John Angell of Rouse's Point, New York—A Runaway Match—Romance of "the Wizard's" Youth.

RS. JOHN ANGELL of Rouse's Point, New York state, comes to the front and makes a claim on the vast fortune left by the late Jay Gould. She claims to have been married to Gould when he was only 17 years old, and declares that evidence to prove her allegation is now in the hands of reputable lawyers in New York. Not only would the establishment of the claim illegitimate those who have for so many years been recognized as the heirs of Jay Gould, but it would upset the entire estate and throw into inextricable tangle the vast millions of the late millionaire. More than this, if Mrs. Angell establishes her claim, every title, deed and conveyance made by Jay Gould is vitiated, according to the law of the state. It is well known that the late millionaire's real name was Jason Gould, and it is hinted that Mrs. Angell's strange story discloses the reason why his name was changed to Jay. Perhaps more interesting even than this is the claim of a daughter of his first wife. This young woman, Helen Foster by name, is living in a western state and is a party to the claim against the Gould estate. She is represented by a separate law firm, one of whose members has recently been east in her interest. The well-known law firm of Amasa J. Parker and Amasa J. Parker, Jr., of Albany has been retained by Mrs. Angell, and Lawyer Stearn of Rouse's Point is her local attorney. Other specialists on testamentary law have been retained and taken into consultation. If the case comes to trial there will be arrayed a most extraordinary number of distinguished jurists in behalf of the plaintiffs. A feature of the extraordinary claim which tends very much to discredit it—and one without a parallel in previous cases of a similar nature—is the complete mystery which has been maintained for so many years by the plaintiff in regard to the identity of her former husband. The astonishing claim that she is the first, hence the only wife of Jay Gould was, it is believed, absolutely new to the members of the Gould family up to a very few months ago.

Mrs. Angell says she was married to Gould by Rev. Dr. Clayton at Champlain, N. Y., when she was but 15 years old, he being then only two years



MRS. ANGELL.

her senior. The story as printed goes on to say that Mrs. Angell, dreading to "raise a fuss," had not told the facts to anybody in the neighborhood of Rouse's Point, where she had lived nearly all her life, and was hoping that the secret would descend with her to the grave, when unexpectedly a strange woman came in upon her and said she had ferreted out her history and persuaded her to seek the establishment of her rights. This strange woman was Mrs. Cody, who is at present stopping at the Massachusetts house in Rouse's Point and who has been largely instrumental in procuring the evidence which has been thus far collected. Mrs. Cody has also been in communication with the daughter in the west, from whom it is believed she received the first knowledge of the astonishing facts which are now endeavored to be established.

There are, by the way, many persons in and about the neighborhood of Rouse's Point who remember the young Jay Gould, or Jason Gould, as he was then called, who, fresh from the academy at Roxbury, was making railroad surveys and constructing maps in that region in the early '50s, and not a few recall the mystery of "Mary Brown" and her little daughter following upon his departure.

Mrs. Angell lives about a mile outside the town of Rouse's Point in a little farm house, and her husband, John Angell, cultivates a farm in the neighborhood. Mrs. Angell is a large and rather portly woman, with yellowish-white hair and a light complexion. She has a large face with very dark eyes set close together and a small retroussé nose. Mrs. Angell admitted that after the departure of Jay Gould from Rouse's Point she made no effort to communicate with him and followed his career with but languid interest.

It was in 1852, one year previous, and when the young financier was but 16 years of age, that he retired from the tinware business and started out on his career as a surveyor. In the course of this work he personally visited nearly every section of the state of New York, and he conceived a comprehensive scheme of making a contract to survey the entire state, endeavoring to secure

the co-operation of the legislature in prosecuting the work. The latter efforts failed, and Jay Gould prosecuted his surveys on an independent basis. In this undertaking young Gould was assisted by young surveyors, and at the age of 17, when he turned up in the Champlain country, he was an employer of skilled labor on an extensive scale. Rouse's Point in 1853, when Mr. Gould was 17 years of age, was a small village and the young engineer did not fail to attract attention. He mixed freely with the inhabitants, picking up information and extending his knowledge of topography and of human nature, and he was an indefatigable traveler, riding and driving in all directions. It is believed that he met Mary Brown, a young girl barely 15 years, one of a numerous family. Their alleged marriage was performed not at Rouse's Point, but at Champlain, a little village four miles distant, and the circumstances attending it strongly corroborate her statement that it was secret, and was intended to be kept secret. A certificate was issued.

Just at present the fate of this certificate is a mystery. Mrs. Angell says it was destroyed, and this is corroborated by her husband, although he did not witness the alleged act of destruction. Jay Gould, some months after



MRS. HELEN FOSTER.

the alleged wedding, left Rouse's Point. It does not appear that the young couple lived together for any considerable length of time, and about the time of the wedding she separated from her own family, and was employed as a domestic in another household. It was a surprise to the elder Brown when Mary, one of the youngest of the family, came home with a little daughter. The loss of the marriage certificate, however, under the present circumstances is not material, as the clergyman who filled it out is living, and will testify to the facts on the stand, as also the subscribing witness, his servant, who was called in and was present at the ceremony.

John Angell has resided about Rouse's Point all his life, and is now over 70 years of age, although hale and hearty, and much above the average in intelligence and ability. He is a shrewd, observing man, and just at present he seems to take even more interest in the prosecution of his wife's claim than she does herself. He is stoop-shouldered, after the manner of many elderly farmers, has long grayish-dark whiskers and a shrewd, energetic way of making remarks about men and things. Even at the present day, after many consultations with her lawyers and others interested in the case, it is probably a fact that old John Angell, as he is called, has a much more accurate knowledge of the position which Jay Gould occupied in the world than has his wife, and he has followed every step in the case with the deepest interest.

The daughter, whose father is now stated to have been Jay Gould, was born and brought up about Rouse's Point. Mrs. Angell said that she was a pretty little girl, and she had kept her always with her.

MR. GILL WANTS A DIVORCE.

Sister of Mrs. Vanderbilt Sued by Her Husband.

Notice of a divorce suit entered by her husband was served by a deputy sheriff upon Mrs. W. F. Gill at Westfield, Mass., the other day. She is a sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The charge is gross and confirmed habits of intoxication by chloral. William Fearing Gill, known as an actor, author and publisher, and Miss Edith Olive



MRS. W. F. GILL.

Gwynne were married on Nov. 12, 1888, by Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainford. They had been previously married, according to an announcement made by Mr. Gill, by a marriage contract June 30, 1883, in the presence of two servant girls. This first marriage was afterward publicly denied, and Miss Gwynne announced that they were simply engaged.

A private burying ground can be seen in Frankford, Pa., near the Arrott street railroad station. It is also used as a potato patch, and onion beds mark the dividing lines between the graves.

WOMAN AND HOME.

UP TO DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Mirror of Fashion—Some of the Latest Styles for the Season—Some Useful Hints for the Household—Current Notes of the Modes.



ASHION is not often kind to the poverty stricken ones in her domain, but this season she has made a decided move in our favor by smiling upon the old-fashioned alpaca gowns. For this material means much to us. It has that soft, shimmering effect sought after these days and is very serviceable, also, since it does not crush or wear rough. In fact, it is an ideal material for one who must look well to the wherewith she will be clothed. If you wish a charming gown get one of white alpaca, with perfectly plain skirt and tight-fitting waist. Have it made with a plain stock collar. Have made also a jacket as shown in illustration, of blue serge. The jacket is shorter than those worn last year and is gored below the waist line. It has peculiar square revers—the upper ones of white alpaca—which are slashed and edged with braid. The hat worn with this costume is of rough blue straw. Into the trimmings is introduced that combination of blue and green which is so fashionable. If, however, you wish to wear the gown on a dressy indoor occasion you may cross the bodice with a Marie Antoinette fichu of some delicately colored chiffon or you may wear a broad sailor collar and with it a front of soft, lacey material, and so on. Given such a good founda-



AUTUMN GOWNS.

tion, it is unnecessary for me to tell the ingenious American girl what she may do with her gown.

Mohair's the Stuff.
Mohair reigns, but there are many kinds and the sort that glares with a stove-blackening brilliancy and folds in a crackly way is the mohair you must not get. The right kind has a heavy weave and a soft, silk-like luster; it takes the present organ-pipe folds as gracefully as silk does, and it outwears a silk three times, and always looks well. No matter how many other dresses one has, one of this stuff in black will not be amiss. Make the skirt full, just clearing the ground, and absolutely plain. Let the bodice fit perfectly, a single box-pleat being applied front and back, that in the back fitting closely to the form, the front one loosened a little. Have a wide belt that fastens at the side with a big cut jet button, a corresponding button being on the other side, and a collar of the same design apparently fastening at each side under a big cut jet button, and let a pair of silk-lined tabs or straps, finished with a point and a jet button, hang loosely from either side front of the belt. Corresponding tabs should hang from the



collar in the bust line. Then let the sleeves be finished at the wrists with bands fastening under jet buttons. Such a dress will serve in any place. Added dressiness can come by setting four buttons down the front box-pleat. Wear a large, black rough straw hat trimmed with a pair of knots of white mull and two upright cock's feathers, white gloves, with black stitching, and carry a white silk parasol. A really faultless rig for ordinary street wear will result. Mohair, by the way, is surprisingly cool, and sheds dust as a duck's back sheds

water. The accompanying illustration presents another model for the employment of mohair; the godels of its skirt being especially adapted to this fabric because of their unusual depth. The bloused waist has jacket pieces of embroidered batiste let in at the side-seams, and straps of the same extend across the shoulders in back and front as far as the waist line, where they meet an embroidered belt. There are a great many acceptable models for this material, and its present popularity is so great that the danger of going wrong is lessened.

Helpful in Make-Overs.
There is shown below a handsome indoor dress of pink crepon figured with



pale and dark blue. Here the godel skirt has unusual trimming, four wide bands of ribbon ending in four-looped bows upon its sides and front. This ribbon matches the dark blue of the dress goods' figure, and making the

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

POINTED PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

Original and Selected Paragraphs Dished Up Especially for Our Lean Readers—Passing Events as Viewed from Humorists' Standpoint.



NE summer night a son of Adam strayed into a garden far above the world. Where, amid the palms, a cooling fountain played, where lanterns glowed and pennons were unfurled. He thought of Eden's Garden old; and then, I grieve. The tale to tell, he looked about for Eve. A wall of wondrous music, and she came. As if from out the darkness of the night, Where blackness was before, a path of flame Disclosed her, dancing like an elfin sprite. The son of Adam viewed her flying feet, And thought, "This charming Eve I'd like to meet!"

He came again where Eve each eye was seen, With fragrant flowers to win her sweetest smiles; They met, and, 'neath the stately palms of green, He felt the power of wine and woman's wiles. A bottle serpent stole away his brain— (And doubtless took his missing watch and chain.)

At last his purse was like a punctured tire, At last the charmer from his presence flew; And when the waiters came he roused their ire, And met the fate that father Adam knew: A modern victim of the cloven hoof, He promptly drove him from the garden roof!

—Earle H. Eaton in Truth.

Bicyclic Co-operation.
Mary—Oh, John, I'm just aying to get a wheel.
As all of the ladies do
Say, John, won't you help me to get it, dear?
I've always been nice to you.
John—Dear Mary, you know I could never refuse.
To assist one I so much admire;
So, if you'll get the wheel, I will hustle around
For the air that you need in the tire.
—W. J. Lampton in Truth.

Beyond Her.
The New Woman stamped her foot and her eyes gleamed with rage. Words of wrath were evidently on her tongue, though she could not utter them. Slackening her fin-de-siecle costume in various places, she twisted and wriggled until the collar button, that had slipped down her back, fell on the floor. As she picked it up and adjusted it in its proper place, a look of defeat settled upon her countenance. She lacked the courage of her convictions. Though the occasion undoubtedly demanded profanity, she could not swear.—Ex.

A New Kind of Lozenge.
Mrs. Briggson—Harold, mother called in at your office yesterday, and seeing some cough lozenges on your desk took several. To-day she is suffering dreadfully, and she thinks you meant to poison her.
Mr. Briggson (the architect)—Cough lozenges! Great Scott! That was a box of samples of our little mosaic tilings for hotel and office floors.—Good Company.

Largely Imaginative.
"The artist who drew this picture must have a wonderful imagination," remarked Miss Highland.
"What does the picture represent?" asked Miss Dinwiddle.
"It is a picture of a summer hotel, with a young man on the piazza."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.



Light Headed.
Willie Gibbs—It's awfully strange, but when I go into the watah, I nevah can hold my head undah faw a moment.
She—It would be very surprising if you could.—Truth.

Folly.
Folly, when 'tis chronic, is a terrible disease. But it must, I am persuaded, be quite devoid of pain: For every one who has it seems perfectly at ease—So many are afflicted, and so very few complain!

Justification.
Jones—Have you heard that Smith is trying to get a separation from his wife?
Jones—No; on what grounds?
Jones—Cruelty; he says that she eats biscuits in bed.—San Francisco Call.
Wilmington, Del., is just now flooded with counterfeit silver dollars.

A Mystery Explained.
New Clerk—Why does the boss look so nervous and anxious when he looks up the safe?
Old Clerk—He is afraid somebody will see that there is nothing in it.
"Here," complained the aggrieved father, "I have spent nearly \$15,000 on that girl's education and now she goes and marries a \$2,500 a year clerk."
"Well," said the friend of the family, "isn't that all of 15 per cent on your investment? What more do you want?"
—Indianapolis Journal.
"What are you going to do with all the men when you have monopolized the business situation?" asked the citizen. "Is there anything that you will leave to us?" "Yes," replied his wife, thoughtfully. "There's one thing that we won't care to attempt. You can do the base ball playing for us."—Washington Star.

A Horse of Another Color.
"It is something," mused the poet, "to have an imagination that scorns the bondage of earth and soars untrammelled through the cerulean infinity." He paused to jot the phrase "cerulean infinity" in his note-book, hoping to make use of it at some future time.
"But—"
He gazed wistfully into the window of a cheap restaurant where the white-robed cook was industriously turning sinkers. "To have the price of a plate of ham and beans in your pockets is another thing."
He sighed meekly and once more mingled with the hurrying throng.



The Irish of It.
O'Brien—O'd loike t' git a pair av shoes for the girl.
The Clerk—French kid?
O'Brien—Not a bit av it, she's OIrish!
—Truth.

It Struck the Spot.
A youth to fortune and fame unknown sent Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas was for a moment perturbed, then he seized his pen and replied: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return post, wrote, "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail, "Send me your play, my friend."—Detroit Free Press.

Pleasant Paragraphs.
There is plenty of evidence that during the long, cold winter months not a single fly got frozen or mislaid.—Somerville Journal.
"Did she give you a decided no?"
"Oh, no; she was very delicate. She told me to see her father." "Well!"
"He's been dead ten years."—Art in Dress.

A woman can have some idea of what a pleasant voice her husband has if she can disguise the fact that it is she who is talking to him over the telephone.—Atchison Globe.
Physician—And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue. Patient—It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer.—Boston Transcript.
Wife (at beach)—Oh, somebody save Mr. Longer. My poor, dear husband can't swim. Mr. Closer (gruffly)—Swim? He's been floating himself for thirty years.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Weary William (the tramp)—Please help a poor cripple? Kind gentleman (handing him some money)—Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled? W. W. (pocketing the money)—Financially, sir.—Boston Globe.

O'Toole—I found the prisoner roaring drunk; he has a bottle in his pocket now, I think. Justice Nipper—See whether it is full or empty. O'Toole (unwrapping it)—Empty, yer honor. Justice Nipper—Thirty days for contempt of court.—Truth.
"Do you believe in reincarnation?" asked the mysticist. "N—no," was the hesitating reply; "although I must say that there are some things that point to the truth of the theory. Every time Spain kills a lot of Cubans they all seem to turn up again."—Washington Star.

A New Electric Candle.
In banquet rooms and many other places, an electric candle serves a most excellent purpose. Under the tablecloth are placed pads connected with the electrical apparatus. Candelsticks of suitable style are placed over these pads, and are connected with them by tiny points of metal passing through the tablecloth. This establishes the current, and the light immediately appears. If the candelstick is raised, of course the light at once goes out. The pads can be connected by wires and placed upon brackets or wherever it is desirable to put a candlestick.

Women's Early Inventions.
It is interesting to know, in these days when women are patenting car fenders and other important things, that the early inventions of women were all concerned with beauty-producing devices. The first patented by a woman was in 1809; it was a corset. A dimple producer was another invention of early times. A crimping pin, which could be used as a paper cutter, skirt supporter, paper file, child's pin and shawl fastener was another.
New Wrinkle for Fair Cyclers.
Some women bicyclists have a way of dividing their skirts at the moment of mounting by using a single safety pin to pin the front of the skirt at the hem to the back, between the feet. In this way all the value of the divided skirt is secured with none of its ugliness when walking.

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party!

EDITORIAL.

"All men are created equal."

 Everybody is talking Socialism.

 "And 'we hold this truth to be self-evident'!"

 All "men are endowed with certain inalienable rights."

 Poor capitalist editors knock their heads against the wall of Socialism.

 What are these rights? These are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

 How will you secure these rights? Instituted new government, founded on the principles of Socialism.

 The Chicago "Tribune" is waving the red flag to make the people afraid of Keir Hardie. But this trick won't work.

 As far as tactics are concerned Keir Hardie is sound. He does not favor the general reform fusion movement. This could be said of John Burns.

 Keir Hardie is in no sense daunted by his defeat for Parliament, and his coming here will be productive of good to the American Labor movement.

 Socialism? What is Socialism? A doctrine or theory of the collective ownership of the wealth produced by the common exertions of the social family.

 Comrade Tobin of Rochester visited St. Louis last Tuesday in the interests of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. His mission to St. Louis was quite successful.

 No civilization is truly civilized that does permit 75 per cent of the people to live in misery and want while the selected few are being corrupted and demoralized in the midst of luxury and abundance.

 A strong Socialist Section has been organized in Oakland, Cal. Organizer, J. W. Latimer; Secretary, Eugene Hough; Financial Secretary, M. Schwind; Treasurer, Theo. Radke; Literary Agent, A. Levin.

 The Chicago boodler Pomeroy and the Chicago "Tribune" agree in their tactics to misrepresent Keir Hardie, John Swinton, Morgan and the rest of the Socialists. Harmony between Capitalism and Pure and Simple Democracy, but war on the Socialists and other advocates of true social reform.

 It would be worth something to know why the editor of the "American Federationist" persists in torturing readers with a page of local twaddle from the pen of the P. J. Maas, of Chicago, a gentleman who seems to have a great horror of "the swamp of Socialistic suspicion."—Cleveland Citizen.

 The boycott weapon has been made useless by the pure and simple unionists. The St. Louis Trades and Labor Union has about 75 boycott resolutions on its minute books, but hardly one of the resolutions is being enforced. The only effective boycott left is the boycott against the old Dem. and Rep. parties. And this boycott must be enforced on election day.

 Our farmers of the West know how to get cheap labor. The report that the farmers of the West were in need of laborers has caused a large number of the unemployed to flock into the Western agricultural States, only to find that the report is a false one. The consequence is that at Fargo, N. D., as well as other Western towns, the condition of the men who want there has become desperate, and serious trouble is expected.

 "Socialism in our time." There are reformers who get so deeply interested in the so-called "Labor Exchanges," colony schemes, co-operative stores, etc., and in their misled enthusiasm they call these would-be reforms "Socialism in our time." Just for all the time, the Socialists should know that these schemes are not Socialism. It is not private co-operation, but

the co-operation of the community, of the municipality, State or Nation we want.

Socialism in our time! Take the street railway system out of the hands of private monopolists. Let the municipality own and operate the street railways under a strict civil service law; let the city furnish the railway service at cost, and you have done one step in the right direction towards Socialism.

Socialists of America! Dear comrades! Our struggle is a hard one. Many a brave comrade dies on the battlefield of Labor. We may share the same fate tomorrow. What does it matter? No great social movement without sacrifices on the part of the few. We shall be with you forever.

The Socialist Labor Party of Germany is the pride of every thinking man and woman throughout the civilized world. It is a noble struggle that is carried on by our German Comrades. A mighty Emperor, with the most formidable army and means of destruction surrounding at his command, is getting nervous and excited at the sight of two million educated workmen and citizens marching under the glorious red banner of human happiness and international peace.

Do you know how to read the capitalist press? If not, we'll tell you all about it. If the capitalist press says: "This labor leader is a gentleman," then you may be sure that this labor leader is on the wrong path. The "Chicago Tribune" says of Keir Hardie: "A prophet without honor among his own countrymen, there is no reason why he should be held in honor here. 'Poor Richard,' with his maxims about frugality and temperance, is a much safer guide for the workman to follow than this preacher of Socialistic theories, which every intelligent man knows cannot be realized." Because the "Chicago Tribune" says so, we believe that Hardie is just the kind of a labor leader we want.

Read this nonsense, copied from a recent number of the "Twentieth Century." "It is supposed that the Pope is opposed to Socialism as the word is used in the English language—that is, to Socialism which aims at economic equality and the public ownership of railways and the means of production. That is a great mistake. The Pope opposes what is called in France 'Socialism,' and in Germany 'Socialismus,' that is, a reconstruction of society which prohibits marriage and Christian worship." Will the inebriated of the "Twentieth Century" please inform us where or when the Socialists of France or Germany advocated "a reconstruction of society which prohibits marriage and Christian worship?" How a paper like the "Twentieth Century" can publish such nonsense we are at a loss to comprehend.

CHICAGO SOCIALISTS ENTHUSIASTIC.

Keir Hardie Addresses a Crowded Twelfth Street Turner Hall Meeting.

Keir Hardie addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Socialist Labor Party last night at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. He said the main criticism the newspapers of this country had made on him was that he had said nothing they could find fault with. He and his companion were not posing as statesmen and philosophers, but were only rough and tumble agitators. Their object was to stir up a divine discontent among laboring men with existing conditions.

Speaking of his cap, he said it had never occurred to him to change his dress or his opinions to please the House of Commons. He had never tried to wear a tall hat except the night he was named, and he made such a failure of it then he never tried it again. He once bought a new pair of trousers, and any one of the telegrams sent out about it cost enough to keep him in trousers for a year. Thus things were commented on to injure him, but they had the opposite effect.

He was amazed to read as he was coming to Chicago that the Mayor had forbidden anyone to march with the red flag. The English, he knew, were a poor spirited people to submit to royalty, but he had never heard in England that a man could not march under any flag he pleased. He deprecated, however, the confusion of Socialism with Anarchism, as they were not only separate, but antagonistic systems. In England men who were high in the temple of fame were free to admit they could see no outcome to the present state of the world except Socialism. But it was his opinion that there was more Socialism among the well-to-do classes in this country than in Great Britain.

129 Broome St., Newark, N. J.

September 2, 1896.

To the Editor: Dear Sir—We have received your paper regularly and thank you very much for your kindness in sending it.

Kindly publish our thanks (if possible) so that others may see it and follow our example sending their paper.

Hoping that you will continue sending your paper, we remain, yours respectfully,

UNIVERSAL WORKINGMEN'S EDUCATIONAL CLUB.

A Capitalist Press Cossack.

The editor of the "Danish Pioneer," Omaha, Neb., has been home in Denmark on a visit this summer, and since his return he has, through his paper, thrown dirt at the Socialist leaders of Denmark. Mr. Webb ought to be ashamed of himself for doing a dirty trick like that, but then there is something in it, I suppose.

Fraternally yours,

A. C. SWANHOLM.

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.

How many of the heroes who sacrificed their lives on the battlefields of Bull Run, Gettysburg, Antietam Creek, etc., had any knowledge of the fact that the murderous Civil War was not brought about by the question whether the slaves shall be free or not? Very few, indeed. The men who knew what the Civil War was carried on for were not on the battlefield. It was a Class Struggle—a struggle for certain class interests between the advocates of slave labor in the South and the advocates of "free labor" in the North.

In 1838 a slave-holder by the name of Randolph prophesied that "the time will come when master will fly their slaves, instead of slaves their masters, so valueless will be a slave's labor in comparison with his support." Here lies the whole question in a nut-shell. In the North, where the capitalist system of production was more developed than in the South, the capitalists could not afford to feed their slaves. In fact, slavery ceased to be profitable, and it was abolished. Chattel-slaves could not be profitably employed in the North, where cotton fields and plantations were a thing of the past, and where factories and workshops could be carried on successfully by the employment of "free labor." Randolph's prophecy had been fulfilled. The Northern employer of labor fled the slaves. When East Indian cotton was brought to Liverpool at four pence per pound, produced by "free labor," whose services could be had for two pence per day, the time for the abolition of slavery had come. From the moment Anti-slavery was preached in the counting-houses and recorded in the cash-books of the Northern industrial and commercial lords, the Abolitionist movement made more progress in one year than all the patriotic speeches of Phillips could advance the cause in ten years. But in the South slavery was still profitable. The slave-holders' capital invested in chattel slaves was over \$1,200,000,000, as calculated by Mr. Clay in 1839. And Mr. Clay knew what he was talking about when he asked the Abolitionists whether they could reasonably expect the South to surrender this enormous sum invested in human beings at the bidding of abstract principles. On New Year's Day, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring the slaves free in all the States and Territories yet in arms against the United States, "as fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion."

This proclamation was not constitutional, but it was necessary, because the abolition of slavery was essential to human progress and civilization.

In April, 1865, this terrible war was at last ended. Ye sons and daughters of New America: Remember that our Co-operative Commonwealth, where neither civil wars nor misery and suffering of the people are known to-day—this glorious New America is based on a foundation of human flesh and blood, on the lives of many thousands of our noble forefathers and pioneers of human freedom.

During the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, about 600,000 men lost their lives on the battlefield. Hundreds of thousands of men sacrificed their health. As strong, healthy men, they hurried to the rescue of their country; as cripples and sick men they returned. And think of the many thousands of fathers and mothers, of sons and daughters, of wives and babes that had to suffer while their supporters were spending the best part of their lives on the bloody battlefields! Think of the sorrows and broken hearts of the millions of relatives and friends of those 600,000 heroes who died on the battlefield! To say that at least one million human lives were sacrificed for the cause of Anti-Slavery during the four years' Civil War is by no means an exaggeration.

But chattel-slavery was abolished. The slave-holders of the South who fought for the independence of the "Cotton States" in order to perpetuate slavery and prevent the North from interfering with their "business," lost every cent of their \$1,200,000,000 worth of slave property. This was not exactly constitutional, but it was right and just.

Chattel-slavery was abolished. Even the negro slaves were declared "free American citizens." Free capital and "free labor" could now meet in a free market and make "free contracts." Free competition was no longer checked by burdensome chattel-slavery. The golden age of Old America! Glory, hallelujah!

CHAPTER V.

THE FATAL LULLABY; OR, THE DEAD MARCH OF OLD AMERICAN SOCIETY.

"Then let me see whether I clearly understand the situation, as regards the workingman in America. He is dependent upon the employer for his chance to earn a living, and he is never sure of this. He may be thrown out of work by his employer's disfavor or disaster, and his willingness to work goes for nothing."

 "There is nothing to keep him from want, nor the prospect of anything."—William Dean Howells.

In New America the teaching of history is considered as one of the most important subjects in the public schools. By careful study of the history of Old America our people have learned to avoid mistakes that might endanger the welfare of our Co-operative Commonwealth. The aims and objects of New American social life are to make man happy, to realize the principles of the Old American Declaration of Independence to the best of our Social ability. From the fourth day of July, 1776, to the beginning of the Anti-Slavery War in 1861, and from this time on to the gradual establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the American Independence existed on the statute books only; in reality the Declaration of Independence was simply used as a polish sponge.

Politicians, manufacturers, lawyers, clergymen and similar social parasites were the recognized polishers: It was their mission to convince the Old American people (half of whom were actually nearing the verge of starvation!) that every American was free; that all this talk about misery and suffering was merely an invention of lazy walking-delegates and Socialists, who would "divide up" other people's property.

Indeed, in Old America the men who advocated the principles of universal brotherhood, the men and women who favored a social system that would guarantee to every human being the right to the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, were denounced as "dangerous individuals" and looked upon by the "better classes" as social outcasts. In those days, even at the close of the Nineteenth Century, twenty-five per cent

of all the children received little or no education. At the age of eight, ten or twelve years they were taken out of school and forced into the factories to "earn a living"—not only for themselves, but for their parents, who had been thrown out of work because their labor was unprofitable, i. e., too expensive to the employers. In our New American society it is a rule that all the children attend school until 20 years of age. From their fifteenth year on they are required to do one hour of manual labor a day—easy labor, of course; from the seventeenth year on they usually work, besides attending school, two hours per day, either in the social "Atelier," or on the farm; from the twentieth year on they have to accept the full duties of citizenship—men and women alike. The fact is that the "school years" never cease in the life of a New American citizen. Any man or woman would regard it as a shame, if he or she would not attend school at least from eight to ten hours a week. The many thousands of people who lived the life of drones and parasites in Old America are to-day useful members of the Commonwealth; they are teaching us social science, arts, agriculture, etc., etc. We have no lawyers, no priests and pastors as they existed in Old America; we have no bosses. All are anxious to do their share of the social work, because one, two or three hours' easy manual work means recreation and health for them. Under the old system the lawyer never produced a "single cent's worth," if we may use this expression to-day; it was his "business" to lie, cheat, rob. The clergymen, tens of thousands of them, made it their special business to tell the people long stories about "Heaven," where the poor, ragged tramps, and the unfortunate prostitutes, and the mothers who died while their children were starving—yes, where all these poor creatures would spend their "hereafter" as pure angels, clad in white satin and surrounded by the glory of God in the Eternal Paradise, the land of milk and honey. Then they told the people long stories about "Hell," where all the rich and wealthy people would suffer the pains of an eternal fire. Yet, these very same clergymen, I am sorry to say, had very little use for the "future inhabitants of the eternal paradise," but preferred close relationship and intimate friendship with those that were wealthy and powerful, although they solemnly swore that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God. Of course, there were some exceptions among the clergymen of those days, but very few.

To promote the general welfare of mankind is one of the main objects of modern science. Our New American physicians, for instance, consider it their professional duty to PREVENT sickness; in Old America, however, the physician's "business" was to "CURE" sickness, and since Capitalism was a hot-bed for all kinds of disease, this "man-repairing" was a very profitable business.

OPEN LETTER TO TOM WATSON.

COMRADE BARR, OF WORCESTER, MASS., GIVES A SEVERE LECTURE TO THE GEORGIA POPULIST LEADER.

The Honorable Thomas having recently announced himself at length in an article attacking Socialism, perhaps a few observations are in order.

Mr. Watson says: "There isn't a tribe of savages in history which did not practice Socialism—and they never quit being savage until they quit Socialism."

"This is history."

This is a lie!

Absence of land titles does not imply Socialism.

Savages past and present have made the weak slaves to the strong and have bought and sold men, women and children, like Georgia Democrats and thus he justifies it.

"This is the creed of pure Democracy—what more do you want in order to make good government and a happy people"

"By this creed each man however poor has a chance at the world's wealth. 'The tools to those who can use them'—the spurs to those who can win them;" such is the manly tone of Democracy. Those who are at the bottom have a fair chance to go to the top; those who are at the top can only stay there by deserving to stay there."

Or in other words by persistently trampling down those beneath them. He evidently assumes Socialism to be open to the following objections, whereas they exist on every hand in the competitive system which he defends and with it must disappear:

"Why should the lazy man work when the industrious man must share with him?"

"And how long will the industrious work when he sees indolence living on his labor?"

"Who will take the pains to improve or embellish that which, upon the next division, might fall to the laziest lout in the tribe."

Speaking of Mr. Wayland's departure from the Ruskin colony he says:

"The bust-up has been eminently human, and as such we have mentioned it."

The bust-up is in his mind.

The removal of Mr. Wayland has about the same effect on Ruskin in particular, and Socialism in general, as Tom Watson's defeat in Georgia affects the output of postage stamps.

Here are his closing words:

"Now if choice Socialist spirits, who mutually select each other cannot live and work together in brotherly love for 12 months, how can indiscriminate millions of unregenerate curses do it?"

"The State cannot select. If Socialism is to be our creed everybody must come in. The State cannot go around like a jockey in a horse market and pick the best. The State must gather us all up—good, bad, wise, foolish, lazy, energetic—and put us all to living in brotherly love, with common ownership of land and of capital."

"The State cannot expel an objectionable member. The whole world being made socialistic there is no place to expel him to. Get to put up with him, and do the best we can with him, no matter how objectionable."

"Now, if select colonies fail to live happily on socialistic principles how can the nations of the earth mold indiscriminate millions into fitness for this ideal state?"

"We believe in co-operation in business, and we believe in nationalization of those powers and franchises which are of a public character. Democracy embraces all that."

"But we do not believe in destroying the individual title to land and capital."

"Populism teaches no such doctrine, so far as we know."

The answer to his first query is that Socialists are and have lived successfully together since he was a little boy, and how much longer I can't say now.

"The State cannot select." "Cannot expel an objectionable member." "The whole world being socialistic there is no place to expel him to."

Dear Mr. Watson, does the State select now? And being all competitive where does it expel the bad members to?

He believes in co-operation in business and so do all money sharks and monopolists (for their own benefit). Socialism extends the benefits to all and while it removes the incentive to steal, lie, cheat, murder for gain and adulterate food it supplies an incentive to work by making it impossible to live without, except when exonerated by reason of disability and exemption of childhood and old age, which conditions receive no consideration under the system which Thomas seems to worship, but must combat with the more able for that, of which there is not enough to be had because Dear Thomas you more successful ones have stolen another's share.

The final charge made against the People's party has convinced me that it is like a bass drum, empty but valuable to attract attention to the fast approaching Co-operative Commonwealth. Sincerely yours, A. W. BARR, 14 Greendale avenue, Worcester, Mass.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Financial Report of the Secretary.

The Secretary of the Central Press Committee of the Socialist Newspaper Union hereby submits the following financial report, from July 27 to August 31:

CASH RECEIVED.

Local managers \$ 176.21

Sundry accounts 1.50

Newsdealers 1.00

Total \$ 178.71

Advanced payment by local managers—

Holyoke LABOR \$ 3.17

Louisville LABOR 2.73

Total \$ 5.90

CASH EXPENDED.

Western Newspaper Union \$ 81.64

Amount due from newsdealers 30.00

Second-class mail 21.63

Sundry expenses 15.46

Postage 12.05

Western Photo-Engraving Co. 5.00

Co-operative Printing Co. 5.00

Stationery 3.80

Mailing lists 2.80

Strange Voyage (2nd-class mail)06

Total \$ 178.43

Balance cash on hand on July 27 3.10

Total cash received 178.71

Total \$ 181.51

Total cash expended 178.43

Balance cash on hand \$ 3.38

RESOURCES.

Amount due from 23 local Laborers \$1,207.34

Amount due from newsdealers 30.00

Sundry accounts 13.90

Party buttons 10.90

Office fixtures 29.20

Balance cash on hand 3.38

Total \$1,301.08

LIABILITIES.

Advanced payment by 2 local Laborers \$ 5.90

Due for paper, composition and press work 74.36

Due for cartoons 34.00

Due for party buttons 12.00

Due Co-operative Printing Co. 11.50

Advanced by St. Louis Comrades 445.00

Total \$ 582.66

Resources \$1,301.08

Liabilities 482.06

Net resources \$ 719.42

FOUR OF A KIND.

There was a dog who had some fleas that ate him up alive. Yet never dared to scratch himself or against them e'er to strive.

There was once a long-eared donkey that went stalking round the lots. Fill he got a stomach trouble that proved to be the bots.

There was once a solemn monkey lived within a Southern grove. And filled himself with fruit and nuts wherever he did rove.

There was once a host of workers who by their daily toil. Subdued a wilderness and thrived upon the soil.

-OMICRON.

INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Typesetting Machines Will Soon Change the Minds of the Compositors. The capitalist press is chuckling over the fact that the London Society of Compositors has decided, by a majority of 2,157 against 2,133 in favor of the resolution to rescind the collectivist resolution of the last Trade Union Congress.

Modern Charity! The Salvation Army has been prosecuted for overcrowding in their shelter at Blackfriars Road. It is illegal that in a shelter only fit for 401 adults, 1,028 were accommodated.

The weather for the last few days has been delightful for those who have nice cozy homes in London, or who have been able to get away to the country or to the sea.

To this London "Justice" adds: "That as all in accordance with the slimy hypocrisy of the plundering minority. They pretend to be pitiful, and sweat us and starve us and rob us the more afterwards.

CARDIFF, ENGLAND.

Notes and Comments From the British Trades Union Congress. The Trades Union Congress in Cardiff has closed its sessions. The Capitalist press is trying to make capital out of the alleged defeat of the Radical and Socialist elements by the pure and simple unionists.

It is said that thereafter both factions got along with less friction than usual. This result was obtained, however, only at the cost of a wholly colorless session, which settled nothing and interests nobody.

The following is a synopsis of the proceedings: John Burns carried an important amendment in the constitution of the congress, under which delegates must be either bona fide workmen or paid officials of the unions they represent.

The motion to rescind the resolution adopted at last year's congress favoring the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution was declared out of order by the chairman.

To suppose that this congress has strengthened the cause of old pure and simple unionism is a mistake.

It is but a question of two or three years when the radical elements will permanently take control of the movement. At the second day's session of the congress the Parliamentary Committee was instructed to urge upon Parliament the passage of a bill declaring for the principle of payment of salaries to members of the House of Commons.

Messrs. Sam Gompers and P. J. Maguire of the American Federation of Labor were given a hearty reception. President Jenkins, in welcoming the American delegates, said that, although geographically divided, the workers of America, Great Britain and Ireland were united on all the important questions pertaining to the elevation of their class.

INTERNATIONAL.

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Mr. Gompers said further that America had many difficulties to contend with, but that it would be cowardice on the part of wage workers to defer the struggle, for the longer the contest was postponed, the fiercer and more intense it would become.

Mr. Maguire, in responding to the address of welcome, said that he had crossed the ocean in the name of American labor, to convey to those present an expression of the fervent good wishes from their fellow-strugglers in America.

Mr. Wilson challenged the action of the Parliamentary committee in excluding certain delegates, and offered a motion declaring that such action was unconstitutional. Mr. Mawdsley, of the Amalgamated Association of Cotton Spinners, maintained that the reforms instituted by the committee were necessary.

The Congress unanimously adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with the workmen of Germany in their struggle for liberty, and condemning the German Emperor for his interference with the rights of the press.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

The Labor Movement in the Czar's Empire Growing. It is a well-known fact that such a movement as the trades union movement is impossible in a country like Russia. All work of agitation must be done secretly and to the outsiders this work is known as the "activity of the Nihilists."

taking of the Czar's life will not ameliorate their conditions as long as the system exists that make a Czar possible. There is a strong Socialist party in Russia that recognizes and accepts the same platform as the Socialist parties of all other countries.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

Excited Debate Over the Admission of Socialist Delegates.

For the first time in the history of the labor movement of Canada did the doctrine of Socialism creep into the proceedings of a National Trades Union Convention. After a heated debate the Dominion Trades and Labor Council, in session here, has decided by a majority of one vote to admit representatives of the Socialist Labor Party to membership.

NATIONAL.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Capitalist Bill of Fare Prescription for Free American Citizens and Sovereigns.

Ye millions of starving wage-workers, rejoice! The social problem is solved! The New York "Recorder," a plutocratic sheet, informs the American people that a wage-worker can live decently on \$1.40 a week.

"Have three meals a day—coffee, cakes, and either ham or beans, or corned beef and beans at each meal, at a cost of not more than twenty cents a meal. They give you bread and butter with the meat, and a fellow has plenty to eat in three such meals.

What do you think about this solution of the starvation question, ye American sovereigns? Please answer.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Full Ticket Nominated.

The city and county convention of the S. L. P. was held at Schenck's Hall, 237 North St. Paul street, last Monday night. Stirling addresses were made by Comrades Richards and Lieverman. Comrade Lippelt eulogized the work of the lately deceased Comrade Engels, and paid a glowing tribute to his memory.

The following city and county tickets were nominated:

County Ticket.—For County Judge, Isaac Frenner; for Special County Judge, Max Jurinck; for Surrogate, Robert B. Hayden; for District Attorney, Thomas J. Grady; for Cononer, Chris Drexler, Edward Ericson; for Senator, 4th District, Wm. Richardson; for Member of Assembly, 1st District, William Lippelt; for member of Assembly, 2d District, Jessie Freeman; for member of Assembly, 3d District, Herman Bergt; for member of Assembly, 4th District, Peter Sunnerville. City Ticket.—For Mayor John R. Frank; for Treasurer, Carl Luedeke; for Municipal Court Judge, Alvis Clement; for member of Executive Board, Carl Zerrenner, Joseph Meade.

A General Boycott to Be Inaugurated.

General Secretary Relchers last Monday told a reporter that a boycott would be made on all Rochester made clothing throughout the country. In company with General Organizer Schenfeld he visited the clothing manufacturers of the city, and informed them that, unless they promised to have nothing to do with the strike, and let the contractors fight it out alone, the sale of their goods would be stopped in every city in the country.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Section Buffalo held a grand ball at Turner Hall last Saturday night. It was for the benefit of a Polish Socialist paper which is soon to be started.

At the last meeting of the United Trades and Labor Council it was unanimously decided to instruct the Entertainment Committee to invite Comrade Keir Hardie for a lecture in Buffalo. The particulars will be made known later.

Comrade Lievermann delivered an address at Council Hall last Sunday.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

How the American Sovereigns Are Treated on the Pacific Coast. The "Coming Age" of this city reports: The Glaville Boot and Shoe Company,

Jessie street, has locked out forty of its lasters, and all last Monday night, at the instance of the company, half a dozen policemen patrolled the sidewalk in front of the factory. The trouble is said to have originated some six weeks ago between the foreman and his men, resulting in the company's closing down and advertising for more submissive wage-slaves.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Local Notes and Comments.

Our parade for Labor Day comprised but 1,500 men. There were no signs to be seen in it expressing class-consciousness. It was quite a harmless affair. In the Zoological Garden very able speeches were made by M. H. Ogden and M. Tobin of the Shoemakers' Union, but whether the workmen will believe them is very doubtful, as hardly any one of the trade union leaders knows what's to be done.

The German "Tageblatt," which took the place of the old Cincinnati "Zeitung," when the latter publication had been sold to a capitalistic concern for finances only, is growing in subscribers every day. It stands on sound principles and will be a full surren supposed progressive labor backs it.

John F. Tobin's Labor Day Address.

Mr. John F. Tobin of Rochester, N. Y., of the National Boot and Shoe Workers' Union was the principal speaker on Labor Day. He spoke on the "Labor Movement—Past, Present and Future." In the beginning he called attention to the fact that at present there was a labor movement wherever such a thing was necessary, and told of the origin of these agitations, saying that they were started in England and were not born in the minds of cranks and demagogues, as some people believed unjustly, but in the minds of people with grievances.

The labor movement, in his mind, should be coupled with the political movement, as labor has struggled from day to day against the professional politician. The labor movement must assume a different form and take to the ballot as their only protection. There are among the labor unions men believing in protection, free trade, free silver, the single gold standard and many other things, but they must come together for the common good.

Thirty years ago the difference between the employe and employer was only about \$100, and now it is at least \$50,000, and where there were three millionaires then there are three hundred now. Labor must take up the consideration of the condition of the unemployed and make provision for those that have been thrown out on account of machinery. He had heard it argued that men displaced by the advent of machinery soon became employed in other branches or in the construction of the machinery.

He called attention to the fact that last year three hundred miners in Illinois had made a proposition to go into voluntary slavery of their food, clothing and shelter were provided, and claimed that the negro forcing slavery was better off than at present. For instance, if he was taken sick he had medical treatment, but if the white slave, of to-day is sick, he is discharged, as it is easy to get men who are well. He called on everyone to use the ballot, and claimed that there were more brains among the workmen than among the legislators that have made their present condition possible.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Appeal of the Brewery Workers to the Organized Labor of America.

Fellow Workmen and Brothers: Owing to great indifference of a large number of members of Organized Labor our fight with the St. Louis scab breweries is still undecided. A great number of our members who are on the street since the lockout has been inaugurated by these most brutal of all monopolists on October 23, 1893, are suffering very badly through the blacklist system enforced against them everywhere.

LOCAL EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE BREWERY WORKERS OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

FRANK TREBAU, Secretary. Address, 701 South Third st., City.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Keir Hardie Causes Excitement in a Meeting of Ministers.

Keir Hardie, the English labor leader, sadly disturbed the usually sedate weekly meeting of the Methodist clergymen last Monday by a red-hot Socialist speech, and was greeted with such a storm of ministerial disapproval that he was compelled to abandon the floor for a time. Hardie had been invited to address the preachers, and with several local Socialists, attended the meeting. The Englishman proceeded to air his views, loudly applauded by his friends, and finally bitterly denounced the execution of the Chicago Anarchists and eulogized them as pioneers of a new religion.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

Comrade Lewis C. Fry Addresses a Monster Open Air Meeting.

The East St. Louis Central Trades and Labor Council held a successful open air meeting last Saturday night on the City Hall Square. Comrade Lewis C. Fry of St. Louis was the principal speaker. He delivered an excellent address, in which he scored the Democratic and Republican parties, and informed his audience of the aims and object of the Socialist Labor movement. His remarks were frequently interrupted by ringing applause.

We congratulate the Central Trades Council for the success of this meeting.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Harry Carlross, of Newark, N. J., spoke here Sunday afternoon on "Labor Day and Socialism," in the Workingmen's Reform Club, and we had quite an enthusiastic meeting. Several questions were asked and fully answered by Comrade Carlross. Several who attended signified that the speaker had lighted up their minds to new truths, and that they would read up the erstwhile "boggy" Socialism, as it seemed a good and noble doctrine.

CLEVELAND, O.

Strikers Coax Laborers Away.

When the Baackes wire nail works passed into the possession of the Consolidated Wire and Steel Company it was shut down for repairs, and the 400 employes determined that they would not return to work unless they were paid the prices won by the other wire mill men of Cleveland in their recent strike. The company has a wage card which applies to all of its nine mills, and the rates are lower than those demanded by the men. Today the company tried to get 40 men imported from Pennsylvania into the mill, but the strikers were alert and turned out to the number of over 200. Three times the foreman piloted the Pennsylvania men to the gates of the mill, and three times the strikers, by gathering around them and talking to them, induced them to turn back. A large squad of police was sent to the mill and the company placed a score of private detectives on guard.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fined for Discharging an Employee.

Judge Stubbs of the Police Court fined Festig & Co. \$5 and costs for discharging an employe because he was a member of a labor organization. This is the first conviction under the act passed by the Legislature last winter. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Call for the Convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor.

Charles J. Riefler, president of the State Federation of Labor, has issued a call for the thirteenth annual convention of that organization, to be held at Peoria on Tuesday, October 8, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. In part the call reads as follows: "This session of the Illinois State Federation of Labor will be one of the most important representative gatherings of labor organizations ever convened in this State, and questions of extraordinary interest to the workmen of Illinois will be presented for discussion and action. The work of the Thirtieth Annual General Assembly of this State, recently adjourned, deserves our consideration, so that steps can be taken, by agitation, to successfully pass laws favorable to labor, which failed of passage in that body. Efforts should be made to unite the forces of labor in this State so that the demands of the toiler can find intelligent expression. To this end it is most earnestly desired that every labor organization in the State be represented, and permanently attach itself to this federation, with the object to ultimately establish an organization in which all the labor forces of Illinois will be concentrated for mutual protection and influential effort. Every organization of 100 members or less is entitled to one delegate, and one additional delegate for every additional 100 members. Central bodies are entitled to seats for not more than ten representatives."

KEIR HARDIE AND DEBS.

INTERESTING CONVERSATION IN THE WOODSTOCK JAIL.

"Is Mr. Debs in?" inquired Thomas J. Morgan yesterday as he lifted his slouch hat to a woman who stood on the obverse side of a screen door which led to the Woodstock Jail.

There was a snicker outside and Mr. Morgan himself broke down at the ludicrousness of the idea.

The woman opened the door and was told that the gentlemen waiting without were James Keir Hardie, Mr. Smith, Oscar Neebe and his friend, Mr. Schneider, and that they had all come to see Mr. Debs, providing, of course, he was at home. He was at home and received his visitors with the grace of a Chesterfield.

"This is Mr. Debs, I believe," ventured Mr. Hardie, as he extended his hand to the incarcerated executive of the American Railway Union.

Mr. Debs seized the outstretched member warmly and replied: "Yes, and this is Mr. Hardie. I am glad to see you."

"I would have known you among ten thousand," said Mr. Hardie. "You look just like your picture," he added enthusiastically, "and that is why I recognized you."

Then Mr. Neebe, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Smith and Mr. Schneider, who belongs to the Socialist Labor Party, were introduced. After the usual "make yourselves at home" formality was over the party sat around Mr. Debs' table and began to visit.

All the morning and an hour or so in the afternoon were spent in the interests of the masses. Mr. Hardie told about social conditions in Scotland and England, and Mr. Debs recited some of the obstacles to Deblism in this country. Then they discussed political organizations, their scope and method. The ministry was given a turn by Mr. Debs, who denounced in scathing terms the insincerity of the profession generally, declaring "Churchianity" and not Christianity was being dispensed from the pulpit. Mr. Hardie then spoke of his prospective address before the Methodist ministers' meeting Monday noon and said he agreed with Mr. Debs that ministers paid little attention to the mental and physical development of men.

To the great surprise of Keir Hardie, he agreed with Debs fully on all matters discussed but one. That related to political parties. Keir Hardie, without wishing to be impolite or to contradict Mr. Debs in his own house, said he could not swallow the Populist party.

"It is like this," urged the Scotchman. "The Populist party, as I understand it, is trying to save the rural vote by virtue of its name. The farmers are repulsed at the word 'Socialist,' and as a rule have little sympathy with that particular class known as wage-earners. The Populists are in politics. We want to belong to a party that strikes at labor disturbances at their core, and which is a party simply, and only because party organization is the best means of redressing labor grievances; the Populist party, in its attempts at political preferment, parries the issue."

Mr. Debs did not agree to this. He said names were very important things in politics, and while he favored the advance of Socialism, he doubted the wisdom of so direct an attack upon existing conditions. Then Mr. Hardie advanced another argument. He said:

"The tendency in America will be for the Populist party to gradually merge into the Democratic party as the former becomes stronger. The result will be that the Democratic party will retain its cardinal principles, while the name 'Populist' will be retained. All the wisdom of the world, as a common denominator again, and leave the social problem unsolved, and the labor cause prejudiced by the delay."

Mr. Debs had read Mr. Hardie's Labor Day address in the papers, and complimented his sound and conservative opinion. Mr. Debs agreed with his guest that the trade of a nation depends upon the spending power of the wage-earning classes, and that the spending power of the wage-earning classes is limited by the amount of wages they receive, and that whether you have one of ten metals in circulation, so long as competition fixes wages, wages will tend to fall to the point at which subsistence is possible and not one degree higher.

The parting was affecting. Debs told Hardie he was glad to have met him, and promised to send him everything in the way of special information he had on the labor question. Mr. Hardie then said some nice things about Mr. Debs, and after promising to "write often," changed several addresses through the bars.

STORY OF BOLD BILLY.



HERE HE CAME from and how he happened to wander into Satan's Camp no one could tell.

He was a boy of about fourteen, freckle faced, wild-eyed, and so very timid that he would jump if spoken to suddenly in a loud tone of voice.

He did not dare. Somehow, for all of their general ugliness, the toughs of Satan's Camp had come to leave Old Grim unmolested.

They regarded him as a harmless old hermit who somehow managed to live, and they would have regarded it as a disgrace to pick a quarrel with him.

But they made sport of Bold Billy whenever the boy appeared in the place.

One day Hank Bloodgood came into Satan's Camp.

He straightway started in for a rack- et.

The liquor to be obtained in Satan's Camp was rank, and Bloodgood was soon fighting drunk.

He had a record, and a long one, too. More than one good man, as well as more than one ruffian, had fallen before Bloodgood's guns.

He was not destined to get out of the town without shedding blood.

The quarrel occurred in Murphy's, and Bloodgood shot Red Hutch dead.

Then he started out to run the town, and he ran it for awhile.

Satan's Camp was not a place one man could run long, however, and Bloodgood was soon obliged to get out or lose his scalp.

He got out, but on his way out of town he stopped long enough to shoot Old Grim.

Then he went on his drunken course, leaving a terrified boy weeping and wallowing over the body of the man who had been so kind to him.

An hour later Bold Billy came rushing into Satan's Camp.

In the greatest excitement he told them what had happened, and then he entreated them to pursue the murderer and bring him to justice.

They laughed at him.

"Whoop!" cried Red Hutch, as his eyes rested on the lad, who was hesitating near the door. "What's this I see? Is it a kid? Well, I'm derned if a kid hain't come in hyer!"

Then he pounced on the offending boy and dragged him forward into the middle of the room.

There the boy was quickly surrounded by the ruffianly crew, who began to make sport of him.

exhaustion. "I have brought him here tied. Now keep your part of the agreement."

He had stopped in front of Saint's Rest as he uttered these words.

Every loafer there was on his feet. "Hooray for Bold Billy!" cried one. "Derned if he ain't done it, though I dunno how he ever succeeded!"

"Wall, I kinder reckon we'll hev ter keep our part of the contract, eh pards?" said Bolly Briggs, as he came down the steps.

"That's right!" shouted the crowd in unison.

Three minutes later Hank Bloodgood, the "killer," was swinging from the limb of a tree.

Bold Billy watched the work completed, then he swayed, put out his hands, and fell in a senseless heap.

The men hastily bent over him. "Great snakes!" shouted Bolly Briggs. "He's got two bullets in their left shoulder! Hank done some shootin', but this yer boy took him all the same!"

"What's Doc. Seldon?"

The doctor was on hand, full to the chin with bad liquor, but still able to extract a bullet.

The job was done, Bold Billy's wounds were bathed and bandaged, and he was taken to a nearby hut.

And there he lay for weeks, nursed by the ruffians of Satan's Camp—nursed with all the care and tenderness possible from masculine hands.

Doc. Seldon attended the boy, and the miners and roughs fixed it so the doctor could not get a sup of liquor in the camp during the entire time.

From a street row or saloon brawl in which he had killed a man, a citizen of the place would go to his bedside of Bold Billy and play the solicitous nurse.

And they pulled the boy through.

When it was all over, with Bold Billy restored to health, they were all happy that he discovered Old Grim's secret—found the hermit's cabin was built over the mouth of a rich lead—a paying vein.

Satan's Camp was proud of him.

The rough and tough citizens stood by him through thick and thin, and when Bold Billy sold his mine and departed, all regretted his loss.

"He had sand in his craw," Bolly Briggs was wont to say—"wall he did! I saw it in his eyes when I let him hev my gun. Do I know what became o' him? Wall, I heard as how he went ter Frisco, got inter business, married, settled down, an' has some leetle Billies o' his own now."

late Mrs. George Putnam.

"The circumstances attending the death of Mrs. George Haven Putnam, wife of the senior member of the well-known publishing house, are," says the Critic, "particularly sad. Her husband and two daughters were abroad when she was taken ill. The former was about to leave for home, the latter were to remain abroad to finish their studies, having just been graduated with honor from Bryn Mawr. Mr. Putnam arrived in New York Saturday last, the day after his wife's death, the news of which he was entirely unprepared for, her illness from typhoid fever having been very short as well as very severe. Mrs. Putnam was most active in all reform and philanthropic movements, and her influence and practical interest will be sadly missed by all her associates. She was a healthy-minded woman, and until her last illness she enjoyed the best of physical health, too, if one may judge by appearance. She was a woman of sound common sense and cheerful disposition, and her gracious presence made many a dull occasion bright. Mr. Putnam has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in his severe bereavement."

College for Housewives.

There is a college for housewives at Walthamstan, England, where young women may learn all the branches of domestic work, including cooking, needlework, laundry work, and household superintendence. The name of the college is, appropriately, St. Martha's. Only ten pupils are received at a time, in order that each may serve her turn as housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, etc. As the course of instruction includes every household function, from building fires and cleaning lamps to giving dinner parties, the graduate is equally fitted for a housemaid or a housemistress.

PRINTERS' INK.

The best ad you can get is none too good.

An advertisement does not improve with age.

Advertising will not injure the finest fabric.

Ads, like bread, are easily spoiled in the making.

An ad must have some push in order to have any pull.

An ad should be the concentrated essence of sense.

It is more important to watch your "ads" than your clerk.

Untied they stand, divided they fall—business and advertising.

When business begins to slacken, let your ads begin to lengthen.

If you have anything to tell the public, do it in a telling manner.

Make your ad so pointed that it will pierce through the eye into the mind.

You must have interest in your advertising if you want to make capital out of it.

Advertising is like medicine. Very often the belief that it will cure you does half the work.

It is easier to fill space than to pay for it. Waste no words, but weight them all with meaning.

Silence is not golden in business. Talk, and talk loudly and often, if you want to make trade.

Business may be done without advertising, so will grain grow without fertilizers. But what will the harvest be?—Printer's Ink.

tical experience thus far has been mostly confined to one-sided boats, which toss furiously on seas of canvas while a loose-haired heroine balances gracefully in the bow and shrieks wildly for aid, which is the hero's cue to appear on a pier providentially interposed and lasso her into safety with a tow-rop.

Nevertheless, the carpenter had so much confidence in his ability to handle real water problems that he expended \$600 on his invention before it was finally floated in Oakland creek. Now he believes he has a great thing and says that nothing short of a good five-figure sum would buy the fruit of his brain.

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out of the throat by the next spasmodic cough. Dusting powdered sulphur in the throat is scarcely in accord with the complicated and ultra scientific practices of the medical profession, but answers all purposes and may be used with perfect safety by the most amateurish nurse. Sulphur has many uses, and is an important factor in the preservation of health.

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POPULAR SCIENCE.

EXPERIMENTS AND INVENTIONS INTERESTING TO ALL.

Some Marvelous Strides Recently Made in the Mechanical World—Chemical and Electrical Wonder Workers Revealing Hidden Treasures.



HIS IS a device for keeping the pneumatic tire of a wheel inflated to the desired degree, the device being adjustable for maintaining a hard or soft tire, as may be preferred. The large figure represents the device applied, the piston rod of the pump being seen through a cut-away portion of the tire, while the small figure is a sectional view of the pump. The piston rod is hollow and has at its lower end a foot piece normally abutting against the inner surface of the outer wall of the tire, and an air exit port communicating with the interior of the tire. There is in the piston head a port controlled by a spring-pressed valve, and in the head of the cylinder is a port formed in the plug of a dust-filter screwed into the head, the latter port being also closed by a spring-pressed valve, while within the cylinder and between its head and the piston is a spring to return the piston. The connection between the piston and cylinder and the wheel is made by a flexible sleeve, a foot flange of which is clamped between the outer surface of the rim and the inner wall of the tire, the packing and sleeve allowing the parts to yield to side strains on the piston rod. The desired degree of tire expansion is obtained by varying the projection of the piston rod into the tire by screwing the rod farther into or out of the piston or by similarly adjusting the foot piece, or by the adjustment of the encircling sleeve. In operation, each time the tire presses upon the ground and is compressed at the point opposite the foot of the piston rod the upward movement of the latter allows the air in the cylinder to pass into the tire, and on the piston being forced downward by the spring air is drawn into the cylinder, the air drawn in passing through a filtering diaphragm designed to free it from dust.

A Boat Propelled by the Waves.

A strange craft devised by a San Francisco man is now afloat in San Francisco bay and is causing the old salts no end of amazement. The remarkable feature of the thing is that it is designed to make the water on which it floats do double duty, both that of buoying it up and that of propelling it. Other means of progress it has none. There is no electricity, steam, naphtha, gas, or compressed air to furnish motive power. The water is expected to do it all. This picture, reproduced from the San Francisco Chronicle, shows what the contrivance looks like. As may be seen, it is not unlike a dredger in appearance. As it goes along the paddle wheels at the sides splash the water and various cranks and bars and shafts aloft move rhythmically. The boat is a wave motor, and is designed as a perpetual-motion boat, although the possibility of a dead calm has apparently not been taken into consideration. Two flat-bottomed scows are fastened end on by a huge hinge from the boat. When the scows rock in the waves the force of their rocking is communicated to a lever which moves a fly wheel, which in turn moves the paddle-wheels, and there you are. So long as the waves endure the boat goes, and the higher the waves rise the greater the motive power of the boat. There was one disadvantage about the thing as originally devised—it wouldn't stop. Like the famous cork leg, it went on and on, and the only way to hold it was by an anchor. So the inventor contrived a way to switch the wave motor power to vacancy and reduce the motion to a simple rocking on the waves. He proposes to make a third use of the power—namely, to furnish power for other machines when at the wharf. A trial of this will be made later, the boat having sufficiently demonstrated its capacity of wave propulsion. The inventor of the boat is Paul Breitenstein, stage carpenter in the McDonough theater at Oakland. His nau-

tical experience thus far has been mostly confined to one-sided boats, which toss furiously on seas of canvas while a loose-haired heroine balances gracefully in the bow and shrieks wildly for aid, which is the hero's cue to appear on a pier providentially interposed and lasso her into safety with a tow-rop.

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A Syndicate of Monsters.

Here are the names of the abominable trio that compose it, hated and abhorred by man and woman kind—dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation. What is the most successful way to attack and squish these united monsters? Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and they will pull up stakes and make tracks for parts unknown, leaving no trace behind. The Bitters also exterminate malaria, rheumatic and kidney trouble and nervousness.

"Did Sharp recover that silk umbrella he lost last week?" "He recovered one that he hadn't lost."

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pisco's Cure—MARY THOMPSON, 294 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Within the last two years more than 2,000 artificial fish-ponds have been constructed in Missouri.

Nebraska's Fertile Soil.

Nebraska will produce this year 225,000,000 bushels of grain, besides an abundance of potatoes, hay and other crops.

Low Harvest Excursion rates will be in effect to all points on the Burlington Route west of the Missouri river September 10 and 24.

Call on your nearest ticket agent, or address J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

About 3,000 soldiers are discharged yearly from the English army for bad conduct.

Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

No, Maude, the barbarous countries do not produce all the barbers.—Philadelphia Record.

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HE SAVES THE LOWLY

A WONDERFUL BEING DISCOVERED IN NEW MEXICO.

The Country Has Gone Wild Over His Deeds—Prefers to Wander Among the Poor Doing Good—The Rich Envy the Beggar's Power.

WONDERFUL LY like the story of the Scriptures as rehearsed in the New Testament is the tale upon every lip in the central part of New Mexico today. Wonderfully like the scenes of the Bible, in setting and in some of the characteristics, have been the scenes enacted here.

In New Mexico, where the native population may be seen daily in the wheat fields cutting grain with a sickle, where the grain is still separated from the chaff beneath the feet of horses, where the mortar and pestle are still commonly used in the home manufacture of flour and bread is baked in a clay oven resembling a dog kennel (for stoves are very uncommon in the adobes of the Mexicans outside the principal towns), there suddenly burst upon the view of these people, whence no one seems to know, a man bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of the Christ who looked upon just such scenes as these nearly nineteen hundred years ago; a man who tastes not of food; a man whose touch brings sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, motion to the halt, peace unto the suffering. Like the Christ, he was first doubted by these people, though he came among them professing to be no more than he appeared. Like the Christ, he won his followers by his kindly deeds, his cures of the afflicted, his unselfish devotion

to mankind. Like the Christ, he was persecuted by the higher class of the Mexican population, threatening him as an imposter, a sharper, a schemer, a lunatic, and his persecutors he transformed into his staunchest friends. For more than two weeks he has been followed by hundreds wherever he has gone. To-day a constant stream of people passes before him praying that he touch their hands. Blind, deaf and halt are led or carried to him; women with tiny babes bring them to him to be healed of ailments real or imaginary; old, middle-aged, young, ignorant and educated Mexicans, Americans of the highest standing in the community visit him at the lowly homes he most frequents or in the homes of the rich and prominent, in which he is a welcome guest. Great lines of carriages and wagons and saddle horses stand before every house he enters; the owners, drivers or riders have come for him to take him to the home of some one who is suffering. Each and all, high or lowly, he treats the same, and from no one will he take a cent for the services he has performed, though money is repeatedly pressed upon him. For all he has the same kindly greeting, the same kindly treatment.

Stories of his cures are beyond belief. Many of them have been investigated, and now even the most incredulous is willing to admit the man is doing many men good and no man harm—that he is honest in his endeavors to aid suffering humanity and consistent in his actions. As to whence comes his power opinions differ. Among the Mexicans few doubt it comes direct from heaven; but the Americans it is attributed to animal magnetism and the principles upon which the Christian Science doctrine is founded.

Monday afternoon, July 15, a Mexican attaché of the morning newspaper in Albuquerque rushed breathlessly into the office, his face the picture of amazement. The day previous he had been at Peralta, a small town on the Rio Grande river, about twenty miles south of that city. There, he said, he had seen a man who was the perfect picture of the prints of the Christ which adorn the walls of the ancient Cathedral of San Felipe, the towers of which have been outlined in the blue sky of this southwest land for more than three hundred years. This man had been surrounded all day long by crowds of people. He had held the

hands of a blind man and sight had been restored to him; he had touched the hands of a woman who had been paralyzed for years and she left as well as in the days of her maidenhood; he had treated many others, and all had been benefited. Since his advent into that village, in a miraculous manner, several days before, it was known he had not tasted food.

He is a man of about six feet in



FRANCIS SCHLADER.

height, and weighs probably 160 pounds. His form is that of the athlete, and, like the athlete, he has all the supple grace of the man of trained muscles. First to apply to him for the healing touch was a relative of the host, an old man who had totally lost the sight of one eye. Motioning him to a seat by his side, the "Healer" took the hands of his patient in his own. For five minutes the two sat there speechless. The lips of the "Healer" could be seen to move from time to time, and occasionally his big blue eyes were directed upward. Now and then, too, a shudder seemed to pass over him, his body swaying with emotion. The old man's sightless orb was directed toward the face of the man to whom he appealed for succor and his body swayed with the emotion of anticipation. They sat there speechless until the old man arose, and with a sigh departed to the placita.

Men, women and children took the seat he had vacated, and the former proceeding was repeated. Some left the chair declaring their pain had vanished; others said they had noticed no beneficial results. As the "Healer" held the hands of his patients he talked with the people.

"I shall be 39 years of age in a few days," he said, in answer to a question. "I was born in Alsace-Lorraine when it was a French possession, and am, therefore, a Frenchman."

The voice and accent indicated the German, and the name given by him, Francis Schlader, proved he was of German extraction.

Sunday morning Schlader appeared in Albuquerque, at the home of Mrs. Werner, in that portion of the city called Old Town.

to mankind. Like the Christ, he was persecuted by the higher class of the Mexican population, threatening him as an imposter, a sharper, a schemer, a lunatic, and his persecutors he transformed into his staunchest friends. For more than two weeks he has been followed by hundreds wherever he has gone. To-day a constant stream of people passes before him praying that he touch their hands. Blind, deaf and halt are led or carried to him; women with tiny babes bring them to him to be healed of ailments real or imaginary; old, middle-aged, young, ignorant and educated Mexicans, Americans of the highest standing in the community visit him at the lowly homes he most frequents or in the homes of the rich and prominent, in which he is a welcome guest. Great lines of carriages and wagons and saddle horses stand before every house he enters; the owners, drivers or riders have come for him to take him to the home of some one who is suffering. Each and all, high or lowly, he treats the same, and from no one will he take a cent for the services he has performed, though money is repeatedly pressed upon him. For all he has the same kindly greeting, the same kindly treatment.

COL. ROMERO'S CRIME.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT HOLDS HIM A GUILTY MAN.

The Alleged Duel, It Is Now Claimed, Was a Conspiracy to Murder the Man Who Came to Defend His Honor.

ALL MEXICO is talking about a trial that has resulted from the famous Romero-Verastegui duel, fought over a year ago. The whole republic has displayed remarkable interest in the sensational incidents accompanying the present excitement. Whether the Romero-Verastegui case goes to a jury or is tried, as is now considered probable, by a military court, public opinion demands speedy action. Rumors of unfairness in the duel in which Verastegui lost his life are afloat. The use of rifled pistols instead of



FRANCISCO ROMERO.

smoothbores, as agreed in the preliminaries, is commented upon. Some have gone so far as to say Verastegui's pistol had only a blank cartridge, but this may well be doubted because of the high character of the seconds and the firmness of General Rocha, judge of the field, in such matters. Rocha would not permit any unfairness, and he undoubtedly acted in this case with the utmost impartiality. Public sentiment demands an open trial, and that the fullest newspaper publicity be given to the proceedings. It is intimated that high official influence also demands an impartial trial.

A remarkable article appeared recently in the Home Journal, edited by Filomeno Mata, a paper in opposition to the government, and having a large circulation in northern Mexico. It is vigorous in expressing its opinions, and the editor has been frequently a defendant in libel suits. The Home Journal, reviewing the trial of Isabel Hernandez for killing Rosa Gazman in a duel with knives, denies that the duel is, as her lawyer maintained, a social necessity, and says: "A duel is a social aberration, a monstrosity, and should be suppressed. When an individual kills another in a duel he has committed homicide, and in all cases except those of self-defense he should be punished. Society is amply able to defend everyone and no one has the right to take the law into his own hands."

The Home Journal wonders how a lawyer sworn to uphold the law can undertake the defense of a duelist on the ground that dueling is a social necessity. It rejoices that in the case of the woman Hernandez the majesty of the law has been vindicated.

The Romero-Verastegui duel was fought August 8, 1894. It attracted widespread attention on account of the high character of the participants, the mysterious nature of the offense which provoked the challenge, and the fatal result to a high officer of the government. The challenger, Senor Jose Verastegui, was the chief of the federal stamp office and high in the confidence of the president of the republic, and of the minister of finance. His antagonist, Colonel Francisco Romero, had long been noted as an expert swordsman and pistol shot. The outcome of



JOSE VERASTEGUI.

the duel was no surprise to those who knew the two men, for the remarkable skill of Romero made the issue almost a certainty. At 5 o'clock of the afternoon of the day mentioned the duellists, their seconds, the surgeon, and General Sostenes Rocha, general of division in the army, met at the Spanish cemetery. Their coaches awaited them near at hand. General Rocha, who gained the sobriquet of "The Tiger" in the war against the French, had arrived previously. He was called to decide if the field chosen was a proper one, giving

no undue advantage to either of the duellists. He declared himself satisfied. A drizzling rain began to fall, the afternoon was gloomy and the scene, in the neighborhood of the tombs and monuments to the dead, was well calculated to accentuate the melancholy feelings shared by all present.

It had been agreed in the preliminaries signed before the event that smoothbore pistols were to be used, but afterward it appeared that the pistols were rifled. The men were to stand thirty paces apart, and, after exchanging shots, each was to advance one meter. The seconds had agreed with General Rocha that after two or three shots had been exchanged without result the question at issue was to be declared honorably adjusted. The duellists took the pistols, advanced to their respective stations, General Rocha gave the word to fire, and simultaneously two shots rang out. Verastegui fell into the arms of one of his seconds. Colonel Prida, who, noting him stagger, had run to his aid. In a moment he was dead. Colonel Romero, thinking his adversary only wounded, had advanced to offer reconciliation, but was ordered to go away. He took a coach with his seconds and returned to the city.

Verastegui's seconds placed the body in their coach and took it with them to a police station, where the body was deposited with the declaration that Verastegui had died in consequence of the accidental discharge of his pistol, which he had let drop. But a newspaper the next day hinted at a duel, and public talk began.

Verastegui, a large, heavy man, afforded to his skillful antagonist an ample target. Although he knew his inferiority with the pistol, Verastegui bore himself with admirable coolness. Romero, smaller and more wiry, was imperturbable.

LONELY MAN DECEIVED.

Kirby May, of St. Louis, Misses the Mails for Gain.

The arms of the law have again embraced Kirby L. May, alias Hobo, Oille May and more recently "Miss Laura Zone." He is again charged with working the "matrimonial game." "I am the liveliest, jolliest, most loving little blonde in the country," was the way he advertised himself. Last Thursday May took a stroll around the courthouse square in St. Louis. He spoke to a shabbily attired young fellow named Tom Burns and invited him to partake of some levee beer. While the bartender was loading a big schooner, May unfolded his plans to Burns. But in a peculiar way of his own. He said that he was working for Miss Laura Zone, on Chauteau avenue, and that she had given him an order for her mail, directed to the general delivery clerks. May said he knew the clerks and didn't like to get the mail owing to his shabby



KIRBY L. MAY.

appearance. Another beer and the deal was closed. Two letters were given Burns and he gave them to May. His suspicion was aroused when he saw May open them. He took on the letters out of his pocket and on Friday morning reported the matter to Postoffice Inspector Johnson. Monday May called for his mail and was arrested. One letter signed "E. E. Bird, postmaster of Odessa, Mich.," states that the writer saw Kirby's "ad" in a matrimonial paper. Mr. Bird owns up to a bald pate and gray hairs, but holds out to Miss Zone the "pure affection of a heart of gold." He is lonely without a woman's "soothing love." He would fly to her arms, "only it ain't my vacation."

White Caps Whip Col. Langham.

Col. Cobb Langham, a well-known citizen of Letcher county, Kentucky, was taken from his home the other night by White Caps, tied to a tree, and flogged with switches until he fainted. The Colonel has been an extensive trader, and had the reputation of always getting the best end of the deals he made. He made some enemies, and it is believed that these were the men who whipped him.

Drowned Trying to Rescue Her Son.

Mrs. H. Francis and her son of Englewood, Ill., were drowned at the Willow Resort on Spring Lake, Mich., the other day. The little boy was in bathing and got beyond his depth. His mother attempted to rescue him, and both were drowned. The bodies were recovered.

One Little Orphan.

William Blanchard, a Prairie City farmer, who separated from his wife about a year ago, tried to make up with her at Abingdon, Ill., last week, but she refused. He clutched her by the throat and shot her twice, killing her instantly. He then shot himself. Before he died he said he did not regret the deed. A little girl is left an orphan.

On the line of the South Jersey Railroad, from Folsom to Cape May Court-House, a distance of forty miles, the road runs through an almost continuous plantation of fragrant magnolias.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TEXAS SIFTINGS.	FLOTSAM.
Points about oysters—blue points. Most people eat to fill, but the dentist fills to eat.	Several arterias, or star stones, have been picked up in North Carolina and Georgia.
Advertisements of Faber's pencils should be set up leaded.	A raw potato will remove mud marks from black clothes. It should be cut in half and rubbed on the marks.
An after dinner speech—Walter, bring me the toothpicks.	What is left of potato pulp after the starch is extracted is used, among other things, in the manufacture of boxes.
A bashful young man, like corn, turns white when he pops.	A process has now been discovered by which decayed teeth can be stopped with aluminum. Dentists have unsuccessfully experimented with this metal for years.
Never propose to a girl with a hectic flush. She might go into a decline.	It is said that the fossilized remains of an Irish giant about 12 feet in height are lying unclaimed at a London railway station.
All pavements are more or less faulty, but some are not asphalt as others.	Owing to prolonged drouths the conditions of all crops in England, except hops, compares unfavorably with the conditions prevailing on July 1, 1894.
Dangerous encounter—a counter fitted with a spring gun for burglars.	A railway bridge, the largest cantilever bridge in the world, spans the River Forth with two spans, each of 1,700 feet. It was erected at a cost of nearly \$20,000,000.
A squall on the sea is a stress of weather, and a squall on land is a songstress.	The lowest wages paid to car men in London parishes undertaking their own street cleaning is 24 shillings, and the highest 30 shillings, the average working out at 27 shillings per week.
The engine of an express train consumes twelve gallons of water for each mile traveled.	When women wear bloomers they can hardly expect to get seats in street cars. The men will want them to stand up where they can look at them.
The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it indispensable in every home. Stomach troubles, colds and every form of distress yield to it.	
It is said in the country that every girl who makes poor butter can recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."—Aitchison Globe.	
Get Hinderecorns and use it. If you want to realize the comfort of being without corns, it takes them out perfectly. 15c at druggists.	
The burden of one man is a bag of gold, while the burden of another is an empty pocketbook.—Dallas News.	
HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.	

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, *The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser*, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, \$1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million free. As the number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this **COUPON** most complete, interesting, reliable and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing only, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1,000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

Constant Reader: You want to know how to avoid walking the floor with the baby? Why, don't get married.—Albany Argus.

The Nickel Plate road has authorized its agents to sell tickets at greatly reduced rates to Albany, N. Y., on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States in that city, Sept. 15th to 18th. For particulars address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

An aerial tramway over the Falls of Niagara is being planned. Passengers will travel in a cage-like car slung on a huge cable across the river.

FITZ—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Penny postage for London and its suburbs dates from the year 1681.

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

Church bells are tuned by chipping the edge till the proper note is obtained.

"BIG FOUR"

Route to LOUISVILLE.

29th National Encampment G. A. R.

SEPTEMBER 11th to 14th.

1 CENT... PER MILE.

Tickets on Sale September 8 to 11, good returning until October 5, 1895.

The "Big Four" has its Own Line to Louisville, from Chicago, La Fayette, Indianapolis, Peoria, Bloomington, Danville, Crawfordsville, Madison, Tipton, Harris, Greenfield, Benton Harbor, Marion and intermediate points.

From Cleveland, Columbus, Sandusky, Springfield, Dayton and intermediate points, all through trains connect in Central Union Station, Cincinnati, with through trains to Louisville, avoiding transfer across the city.

Special low rates will be made for side trips from Louisville.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF

CHICKAMAUGA NATIONAL PARK, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

Tickets will be sold September 16 to 19, good returning until October 5, 1895.

Solid Trains of the "Big Four" run daily from St. Louis, Peoria, Chicago, Indianapolis, Benton Harbor, Sandusky, Cleveland, Columbus, Springfield and Dayton to Cincinnati, connecting in Central Union Station with through trains of the Queen & Crescent Route and Louisville & Nashville Ry. for Chattanooga.

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Of Course -

(Do you Wash QUICKLY?)

BUT (Do you Wash EASILY?)

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INCOLN SOCIALIST - LABOR

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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

PHILIP KAUFMAN, Secretary, 311 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

H. S. ALEY, Local Manager.

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Entered at the Postoffice at St. Louis, Mo., second-class matter.



UNDER OUR FLAG.

The Socialists of New Jersey are pushing along the campaign of education.

The cause represented by the Socialist Labor Party is making splendid progress.

Comrade Daniel DeLeon spoke in Ansonia, Conn., in two public meetings last week.

Not a single Labor member in our Congress. American "sovereigns," just think of this.

Comrades, read this week's "World of Labor" page, especially the "International" items.

Our Brooklyn Comrades have portable platforms and folding transparencies for their open-air meetings.

American Section, Yonkers, N. Y., sent a copy of "Merrie England" to every member of the City Council.

Comrade Henry Kuhn says: "Keir Hardie is all right all around; I think his visit will aid our cause materially."

Keir Hardie spoke at a well attended meeting of the Socialist Labor Party at the Patterson, N. J., Turner Hall.

"Merrie England" and the "Socialist Album" are selling like hot cakes at the open-air meetings of the St. Louis Socialists.

The Comrades who have the welfare of the Socialist Newspaper Union at heart should not forget those \$445 that were advanced by our St. Louis Comrades.

The East St. Louis Socialists are doing good work. The meeting at the City Hall last Saturday night, with Comrade Fry of St. Louis as speaker, was a grand success.

Comrade Mrs. L. C. Fry is doing splendid agitation work in the St. Louis open-air meetings. She is selling Socialist books, pamphlets and papers at every meeting.

St. Louis Socialists held five open-air meetings during this week. "Merrie England" and "Socialist Albums" were sold at every meeting and new subscribers for this paper were received.

Milwaukee is blessed with a man who styles himself an independent populist Socialist. This man is more dangerous to our Socialist Labor Party movement than any capitalist politician. His name is Victor Berger.

Victor Berger, independent populist Socialist, who happens to be the sole manager of a German labor paper, "Wisconsin Vorwaerts," seems to be a scholar of the celebrated renegade Jac Willis, of Cincinnati, who can never again show his face in the ranks of the Socialist Labor Party.

The Milwaukee Individualist-Socialist editor, Mr. Berger, has treated Keir Hardie and the Socialist Labor Party in a more contemptible and miserable manner than that plutocratic sheet known as the Chicago "Tribune." Shame upon such would-be Socialists.

Every reader gained for LABOR is another comrade enlisted for the war against private Capitalism.

THE BALTIMORE CAMPAIGN.

CAMPAIGN CIRCULAR NO. 1 SENT OUT BY THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF BALTIMORE.

Let the Miserable Industrial System Out of Existence.

READ, THINK, ACT

Candidates. For Governor, HENRY F. ANDREWS, Farmer and Miller of Newton, Carroll County, Md.

For Comptroller, S. H. GIBSON, System, Crisfield, Somerset County, Md.

For Attorney General, B. W. MONETT, Farmer, Broome Island, Calvert County, Md.

For Mayor, R. B. GOLDEN, Baltimore, Md.

For Sheriff, WILLIAM TONER, Baltimore, Md.

Go out into the streets and use your eyes. What do you find? You find much idleness, wasting unearned wealth, a their own shame and injury and the lame and injury of others. You find hard-working people packed away in vile, unhealthy streets. You find little children emaciated, dirty and half-naked outside the luxurious clubs, shops, hotels and theaters. You find men and women overworked and underpaid. You find vice and want and disease cheek by jewel with religion and culture and wealth. You find the usurer, the gambler, the fop, the flunkie lady, and you find the starving, the lame, the vagrant, the drunkard and the idiot.

Is it nothing to you? Are you a citizen? Are you a man? And will not strike a blow for the right, nor lift a hand to save the fallen, nor make the smallest sacrifice for the safety of your brothers and your sisters? We are not trying to work upon your feelings. This is not rhetoric; it is hard fact.

Fellow Workmen and Citizens of the Socialist Labor Party: If you believe in justice—if you favor the principles, it is our duty to go to the office of the Supervisors of Elections, at the City Hall, and here sign the nomination paper of the candidates of the Socialist Labor Party, a order that the necessary number of signatures may be secured to place their names upon the official ballot, so that you and your fellow-workmen of Baltimore may have the opportunity to cast your votes in favor of the party which will secure to you the full product of your labor and against those parties which are controlled by capitalists, whose wealth was coined out of your sweat and blood, and who are using the whole power of government—national, State and municipal—to reduce the workers to a state of absolute slavery.

Remember, when you go to the office of the Supervisors of Election to sign the application blanks, you must know the precinct as well as the ward you vote in; and remember, that each candidate must be signed for separately.

If you would abolish poverty! If you would be truly free! If you would preserve the Republic from the encroachments of an arrogant plutocracy, vote the ticket of the Socialist Labor Party. Hard times are the natural result of the miserable social and industrial system under which we live. Do not whine, beg or threaten—VOTE IT OUT OF EXISTENCE!

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Interesting Items on Labor and Reform.

The Reform Club here gave a picnic last Saturday. Owing to rain it was only lucky enough to clear expenses. The club sells LABOR and the "People," also "Merrie England" and the "People" pamphlets, so let comrades and friends remember.

The drawbridge has been repaired "capitalistically." Instead of asphalt, they have leveled it up with planks. Now, is this the city or the Traction Co's work? It is like the gods of business to have things unsightly—from the floor we walk on to the "up-hill and down dale" conglomeration which they call "buildings." They build with a less idea of beauty than a child does a mud house.

A man said the other day that Mayor Clark was the sort of man to have for a Mayor. Well, some folks' tastes are "queer," as the man said when he saw the old woman kiss the cow. But there are workmen who say he is a good man for Mayor. The man I heard was a capitalist, like Mayor Clark, living by profit, i. e., unpaid labor, so I can understand him endorsing Mayor Clark—but the workingman?

Well, I'll ask them a question, a la anecdote: Once upon a time there was an oddly-shaped man who kept a school and they called him Mr. Lark. He was a kind of superintendent, and when he saw the naughty boys whom his teachers put in the lock-up doing nothing but sucking their thumbs, he stroked his chin and said: "This is not well. What! remaining here idle. Tut, tut! I think I can do better with these boys." So he went to the owner of the school and said: "Behold, these naughty boys in the lock-up do naught but suck their thumbs. Why not make them work! I will find them work. It will do them good. I hate to see them sitting for something to do. Just let me send them work and I will give you 25 cents per head per day! I don't think it will pay me, but I'll risk it. And it came to pass that he "risked" it, and the naughty boys sucked their thumbs no more, but forthwith made chairs and other articles, and it was a great success. Every 25 cents Lark paid to the owners

of the school he got 50 cents for himself as a reward for having struck the "smart idea" and for his "business ability," etc., etc.

And it came to pass that some of the good boys who worked in the industrial school also made baskets in order to buy themselves food and clothing, but when the good boys were paid they found that their wages did not amount to more than would buy them what the naughty boys got. But there gathered around them false teachers who said: "Behold our noble and clever citizen Lark; he hath, by his genius, made the naughty boys work, and added to our means whereby we can pay teachers and officers, and, of course, what little he hath got is a reward for his keen business insight and ability. Therefore, let us do him honor; let us show our appreciation of his great business enterprise and elect him chief boss of our school."

And behold, there was great shouting for Lark and the good boys forgot their troubles and their brothers in the industrial school shouted with them. Then, behold, the false teachers smiled and winked the other eye, and said unto themselves: "Verily, it is good that we have to deal with fools." If one leech sucks you on the right side and one on the left, which sucks without drawing blood?

CLINTON, MASS., AWAKENING.

COMRADE RUTHER ADDRESSES THE RANK AND FILE OF THE BRAVE CLINTON STRIKERS WHO FOUGHT LIKE HEROES AND ACTED LIKE MEN IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT.

Socialism the Only Salvation of Labor.

Clinton, Mass., Sept. 7, 1895. The big strike of the Lancaster gingham mills is ended, and the employes voted to return to work on Monday, Sept. 9. This strike has been conducted in a masterly manner for almost thirteen weeks, and not a single scab went into the mill until last Monday, when about 150 Germans went in.

This, it was felt by the leaders of the strike, had broken the back bone of the strike and a meeting was at once called for Friday afternoon, Sept. 6. The Executive Committee had invited Comrade M. Ruther of Holyoke to address the meeting on the subject of strikes and their lessons. The large and handsome Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded when the chairman, Mr. Fadgen, opened the meeting at 2:30 o'clock and introduced Comrade Ruther as the candidate for Governor of the Socialist Labor Party. Comrade Ruther spoke for about an hour in German and then in English, explaining the meaning of the strikes and the lessons to be learned therefrom. After the speaking chairman Fadgen explained the situation and advised the strikers to resume work, as there were no funds on hand whereby to continue the struggle. The 2,000 employes stood manfully for their rights for 13 long weeks without a break in their ranks, but the going in of about 150 Germans broke the fighting spirit of the rest, and it was thought best to give up the struggle and to return in a body rather than to allow the strike to fizzle out by degrees.

Although the strike is lost, yet the strikers have received a lesson, or rather a series of lessons, during the past 13 weeks, that will be worth more to them in the long run than the few cents more wages per week. The spirit of Socialism has been instilled into the minds of the strikers to such an extent that it is only a question of time when it will assert itself in unmistakable tones, and then the Lancaster company would perhaps wish they had granted the paltry increase in wages rather than to allow their willing wage slaves to become Socialists instead.

The Lancaster company owns nearly all of Clinton and consequently are dependent, in a great measure, upon the good will of the citizens on election times for favors anticipated. This will hardly be the case in the future. Great changes have taken place in the minds of Clinton's citizens and that change will make itself apparent in future elections.

"On to victory!"

SINGLE TAX VERSUS SOCIALISM.

This is a fine pamphlet. It contains the debate between Congressman J. G. McGuire and Job Harriman of San Francisco, Cal.

Copies of this debate will be mailed to any address in the United States, as follows:

Single Copy, 5 Cents.	
6 copies	25
15 copies	50
35 copies	1.00
100 copies	2.50
500 copies	11.00
1000 copies	20.00

Address AMERICAN SECTION SOCIALIST L. P., Station B, San Francisco, Cal.

Still They Come. Mr. Barr, who, for a year or more worked with our Populist friends, thought that they were a party of progress and reform, but now he has become convinced that they are not, so he desires to be a member of the Socialist Labor Party. Comrade Barr is a good worker for Socialism, and no doubt the Worcester Section will be benefited by his membership. Who's the next?

Comrade O'Neil's address "Labor Day" was interesting and convincing, but we are sorry that there was not a larger audience. But this was not our loss. Comrade O'Neil will be with us again and those who heard him "Labor Day" will again, when they get the chance, and bring others with them, too.

JAMES KEIR HARDIE.

HIS AGITATION TOUR THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Chicago, Sept. 11, 1895.

Comrades: By request I have undertaken the arrangement of meetings for Mr. J. Keir Hardie, to be held on his return from California.

We desire to make arrangements for the following cities:

- Lincoln, Neb., about October 1.
- Omaha, about October 2.
- Kansas City, Mo., about October 4.
- St. Louis, Mo., about October 6.
- Springfield, Ill., about October 8.
- St. Paul, Minn., about October 12.
- Sheboygan, about October 14.
- Indianapolis, Ind., about October 16.
- Louisville, Ky., about October 18.
- Cincinnati, O., about October 20.
- Columbus, O., about October 22.
- Cleveland, O., about October 24.
- Toledo, O., about October 26.
- Detroit, Mich., about October 27.
- Buffalo, N. Y., about October 29.
- Pittsburg, Pa., about October 31.
- Washington, D. C., about November 2.
- Baltimore, Md., about November 4.
- Philadelphia, about November 6.
- New York, about November 8.
- Boston, about November 10.
- Hartford, Conn., about November 12.
- Brooklyn, N. Y., about November 14.

These dates will necessarily be somewhat changed by circumstances, but in each case all arrangements except exact date can be made in advance.

Arrangements must include hotel expenses, railroad fare from the preceding stopping place, and such additional compensation to Mr. Hardy as will be adequate to his efforts and for your possible under the circumstances.

Wherever it is possible to do so, please arrange for the joint co-operation of all the Organized Labor in your city, so that the meeting will be a truly representative mass meeting, and the expenses thus shared, will be but a trifle for each organized body represented.

Please reply to this at your earliest convenience, and if it is in your power to give information or aid in our arrangements at any other point besides your own, we shall welcome your assistance.

Yours fraternally, THOMAS J. MORGAN, 152 La Salle st. (Room 11), Chicago, Ill.

KANSAS CITY, ATTENTION!

SPECIAL MEETING TUESDAY EVENING.

All the readers of Kansas City LABOR are cordially invited to attend an important meeting to be held to-morrow, Tuesday, September 17, at 8 o'clock p. m., at No. 610 Walnut street. The members of the English and German Sections are especially invited, as important local party matters will come up for discussion.

Kansas City LABOR will soon be printed in heavier type; in accordance with the wishes of many of our readers.

Keir Hardie will surely speak in Kansas City. Time and place of meeting will be made known later.

When will the citizens of Kansas City get clear drinking water? Our water is as muddy as our Democratic and Republican municipal politics.

The Kansas City "Star" reports that Keir Hardie left the Chicago ministers' meeting much offended. This is not true. Hardie remained and answered the ministers' attacks in an able manner and amid great applause.

"The Socialists of the Sixth Massachusetts district have nominated a candidate for Congress. His name may figure in the official returns to a slight degree, but it will never get into the Congressional Record."—Kansas City Star.

Never mind, capitalist ink-servant, the name of that Socialist candidate will get into the historical record of American politics.

Ignorance, thou art a jewel! Rev. Walters, of the Kansas City Christ's Reform Episcopal Church, claims that this country had not been built up by Labor alone. What is labor, Rev. Walter? The street laborer, the brickmaker, the architect, the teacher—they all help to build up the country by the hands or brains' labor. But the banker, the speculator and many other social parasites who live, but never produce a cent's worth, are simply robbing those that produce all social labor.

The Kansas City "Journal" says: "Keir Hardie was so coldly treated in Milwaukee that he would be fully justified in not drinking any Milwaukee beer during his stay in this country."

Will the plutocratic ink-spiller of the "Journal" please tell his readers that Hardie was enthusiastically received in the Milwaukee meeting? Remember, ye scribblers, that Socialism cannot be killed by misrepresentation. If this were the case, it would be dead long ago.

K. C. WHIP.

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.

Socialism in our time!

Section Omaha will hold a mass meeting at Washington Hall on September 16. Speakers from Lincoln and Fremont will be present and address the meeting. A State conference will be held at the same time and place.

About 500 persons attended the Labor Day picnic at Courtland Beach and listened to speakers who talked harmony between Labor and Capital. One speaker bade the laboring men to beware of Socialism, and almost in the same breath advocated the Government ownership of railroads.

Our section is slowly increasing in membership, but we have not had any recent agitation meetings.

There does not seem to be any enthusiasm in any of the political parties this year.

There is a smouldering discontent among the masses, which anyone can discover by taking the pains. Socialism bids fair to stifle the flame and bring peace instead of war.

One very good sign is that men are no longer afraid to openly avow themselves Socialists and many are doing that now without knowing anything about scientific Socialism. It's in the air, and many more are going to catch the infection and before long the wave of Socialism will sweep over this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and no power of Capitalism will be able to resist it.

THEO. BERNINE.

Comrade J. L. of New Orleans writes: "All we need here at present is a good speaker, so we could hold open-air meetings. We now can work amongst our fellow wage slaves only separately and with the aid of the pamphlets. We hope to gain more members and spread Socialism down here, where prejudice is against us more than anywhere else, but we never will give up; we will work like beavers. We give them Socialism for breakfast, dinner and supper, and hope they will be able after awhile to take a hold of that grand idea. To-day is Labor Day; not so down here; the wage slaves here are far behind and all we can do is to give them something to read to-day so they can learn."

Section New Orleans elected the following officers: Organizer, John Hamilton; corresponding and recording secretary, Jacob Lang; financial secretary, Henry Barrere; treasurer, Conrad Bopp; literary agent and local manager of New Orleans LABOR, Chas. Topman; auditors, Chas. Topman and Max Potowaky.

A LIGHTNING MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC.

In these trying times of depression we are all glad to welcome a message of general interest and benefit to the public; the messages of our Governors and public men are more eagerly read than ever before; legislation everywhere is directed towards improvement and relief; our great physicians and scientific men are directing all their thoughts and energies to the discoveries of remedies to more successfully battle against diseases of all kinds, and so we may say we have a brighter future before us, but nevertheless there are in every house and home the little enemies of the human race against whom all lawmakers and physicians are powerless; we refer to the roaches, bedbugs, rats, mice, flies, ants and all other vermin and insects; against these we have declared war and are in the fight to win; every housekeeper will receive the news with joy that we have so perfected our Heinrich's Lightning Paste that the same is now sold under guarantee by all druggists that it will absolutely rid your house of these intruders. All we ask is a fair trial, and you will thank us afterwards. Remember Heinrich's Lightning Paste is sold by all druggists, price 25 cents a box. Respectfully yours, HEINRICH DRUG SPECIALTY CO., Sole props., 300 South Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

THIS IS YOUR PAPER.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF OUR LOCAL PARTY ORGAN.

Comrades and Friends: We request you to pay up your subscription within the next two or three weeks. The interests of our Socialist Labor press in particular, and the interest of our Socialist Labor Party in general, demand that hereafter all subscriptions must be paid in advance. All comrades and friends having the success of the Socialist movement at heart will greatly benefit our cause by promptly paying their subscriptions up to date, thereby enabling the local Press Committee to settle its accounts with the Socialist Newspaper Union, and inaugurate the new plan of a strictly "cash in advance" basis for all subscriptions.

Henceforth the Socialist Labor Party will be an important factor in American politics. The Socialist Labor Party is here to stay until justice is done the toiler and he is no longer at the mercy of unscrupulous employers.

Socialism isn't such a terrible thing, old party demagogues howling denunciations to the contrary notwithstanding. It means simply co-operation of all the people, together, instead of co-operation of part of them against the other.—Int. Railroad.

We are in favor of the two party system. But don't misunderstand us. We want a Capitalist party and a Socialist party. We shall get there in time. But then the battle will be a hot one. As soon as the Socialist Labor Party polls 1,000,000 votes in this country the two old parties will consolidate.

Socialism must inevitably supersede Capitalism.

THE SOCIALIST ALBUM.

"The Socialist Album" has just been published by Section St. Louis. This book is one of the best productions of Socialist agitation literature. It is the first work of its kind ever published by and for the Socialist Labor Party of America. Every Socialist must have a copy of this valuable Album. The Socialist Album is 9x12 inches in size; it contains 50 fine illustrations on the Social question which speak louder than a hundred articles on Socialism. Besides, it contains 67 of the best Socialist Labor poems and a number of short but interesting articles on Socialism. Comrades, we know you will welcome this new illustrated Socialist work.

Price 25 cents a copy, which includes postage. Five copies will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for \$1.00. Strictly cash in advance. No orders filled on credit. Send in 25c, or \$1.00 for five copies and The Socialist Album will immediately be mailed to your address.

Address: SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION, 311 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.

HELP TO BUILD UP A FUND FOR THE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

After many months of struggle we succeeded in putting the Socialist Newspaper 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 NEWSPAPER 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.

Yours in the noble cause of Labor and Socialism,

CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE, SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

BEST OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY STUDENT OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

1. "Capital".....by Karl Marx
2. "Fabian Essays".....by Bernard Shaw Published by The Humboldt Publishing Co., 23 Lafayette Place, N. Y.
3. "Co-Operative Commonwealth," by L. Gronlund
4. "Caira".....by L. Gronlund Published by: Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.
5. "Looking Backward".....by Ed. Bellamy Published by: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.
6. "Woman of the Past, Present and Future".....by Aug. Bebel Published by: John W. Lovell Publishing Co., 14 and 16 Versey st.
7. "A Strange Voyage," by Dr. H. Francis Allen Sold by Socialist Newspaper Union, St. Louis.

1. "The People's Library," A Series of Socialist Pamphlets Published by: "The People," 124 William st., New York, N. Y.

1. "Labor and Capital".....by G. A. Hoehn 2. Socialist Labor Library No. 1. Containing three fine lectures on Socialism 3. Socialist Library No. 2. Containing a concise history of the Paris Commune, and Articles on Socialism. Published by Socialist Central Committee, 311 Walnut st., St. Louis, Mo.

1. "Wealth Against Commonweath," by Henry D. Lloyd Published by: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York, N. Y.

It is the duty of the Socialist Labor Party to take an active part in local politics. Our municipal administrations are the hotbeds of corruption and fraud. It is the local politician, the ward heeler, who rules in our City Halls and sells the people's rights to the highest bidder. As Socialist citizens we must do all in our power to wipe out slum politics and prepare the way for municipal reforms.

What is Socialism? It is the science that teaches the human family how every human being can become a useful member of society, live a life of freedom and happiness by the very root of the system that produces great millionaire robbers and murderers, little tramp thieves and criminals—all the natural products of excessive wealth on one side and extreme poverty on the other.

To all Spanish sections and Comrades: A little song-book has been issued by Comrade Samuel Johnson. The collection contains 22 songs and is sold for 15 cents retail. For further particulars address in English or Danish, Samuel Johnson, 627 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

Workmen do not forget on election day how the Democratic and Republican party press treated you during the miners' and Pullman strikes. Vote the Socialist Labor ticket!