

MORRIS E. RUTHER

ACCEPTS THE NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR

On the Ticket of The Socialist Labor Party of Massachusetts.

TO THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF MASSACHUSETTS, MR. SQUIRE E. PUTNEY, SECRETARY.

Dear Comrades:—Your letter informing me of my nomination for Governor by the Socialist Labor Party has been received, and in answer permit me to say that since the representatives of our party in convention assembled at Boston on May 26th, 1895, have seen fit to choose me as standard-bearer, I consider it my duty to accept.

The principles and aims of the party as laid down in the adopted platform, I fully agree with and will do all in my power to advocate and defend them to the best of my ability, hoping that I may be instrumental in increasing our vote and promulgating our doctrine to the citizens of Massachusetts.

In this noble work I solicit the earnest co-operation of every comrade in the party, that by united effort we may accomplish the greatest possible result.

The Socialist Labor Party is the party of the future, and America's second emancipation party. We will surely win; but to do so we must work with a seriousness and determination proportionate to the magnitude of the task we have to perform. The object is great, the attainment will be grand; and it requires not only persistent and untiring efforts but courage, tact, judgment, and above all—patience; for although we are fighting the greatest battle the world has ever seen, and for the noblest cause humanity has ever known, yet the masses of the people are still unaware that we are fighting their battle, and consequently treat us with apathy or suspicion rather than with friendship (their faith in political parties having become almost entirely lost), but the logic of events and the forceful truth of Socialism will eventually open their eyes to their own economic interest, and they will then enthusiastically flock to our standard.

Our progress may be slow at first but it is as certain as that the world is moving onward towards a higher civilization.

The salvation of the race imperatively demands social reconstruction on a basis of industrial co-operation. Society is to-day in a process of dissolution prerequisite to social reorganization. The people are dissatisfied with the mere mechanical drudgery of our present chaotic, competitive system, (which compels each man to grasp the throat of his brother); and they are anxiously searching for some hospitable harbor in which to anchor their life craft of hope.

Neither of the two old political parties command the respect of thinking, self-respecting men.

We have nothing to hope from parties controlled by capitalists. Their press would have us believe that wages were never better nor so many people employed, when in reality wages are being decreased and the army of unemployed is constantly increasing. When mills are shut down we are told that the wheels of industry are flying. The Capitalist as a liar is a miserable failure. Truth in all its brightness is emerging triumphantly from the depths.

Although our party is not numerically what it ought to be, yet it has stood the test of angry political storms; and when we consider the obstacles it had to overcome and the limited resources with which it had to fight, we have reason to be pleased with the progress we have made.

The Socialist Labor Party of Massachusetts entered the political arena in 1891, having for its standard-bearer that year our lately deceased comrade Harry W. Robinson, than whom no truer friend of humanity ever solicited the suffrage of the citizens of the Old Bay State. He received 1,429 votes. The following year only 871 votes were officially recorded for our valiant comrade Squire E. Putney, for Governor, which is not surprising when we remember that it was presidential year, and that an ex-Alderman of Boston has stated publicly at the State House this year: "There has not been an honest election in Boston for 15 years; I have seen the ballots and I know."

But the true Socialist spirit asserted itself in 1893, when our candidates for Governor Patrick F. O'Neill polled 2,033 votes. In 1894 David Taylor who stumped the State during the campaign, received 3,044 votes for Governor. Thus the Socialist vote grows slowly, steadily, but irresistibly. This is the common experience of Socialists in whatever part of the world they have led their forces against Capitalism.

At a municipal contest in Holyoke last year, the Socialist candidate for Alderman polled 250 votes against 37, being the combined strength of both the old parties, who thus defeated the Socialist candidate by only 77 votes.

In the cities and towns especially our vote increases most rapidly. This is significant to the thinker; it shows that where men have the opportunity to meet and

discuss social questions they invariably lead in the march of progress.

So I say to the comrades of Massachusetts: Up with the banner of Socialism, stand unflinchingly by your standard, let it proudly wave in defiance of all enemies as a sign of hope to our friends and humanity.

We will win, we must win, it is written in the stars. Socialism is our hope, our faith, our all; and whatever we can do to help the good work along we should do cheerfully.

The good seed sown broadcast will fall on fertile soil and bring forth good fruit; and those of us who may live to see the good cause marching on will have the sublime satisfaction of knowing that we have patiently contributed towards the success of "The holiest cause that pen or tongue of mortal ever lost or gained," the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Fraternally yours,

MORRIS E. RUTHER. Holyoke, Mass. September 24th, 1895.

BREWERY WORKER'S PRAYER.

But time rolls on, now in confusion The crowd dethrones its gods of old But, feeding on a new illusion, Erects a calf of solid gold. And still from immemorial time, Beyond the reach of crowds, on high, One idol stands, humane, sublime, In rays of spirit's beauty high.

My Lord and Master, Listen to the voice of your humble servant, look at your willing wage slave.

I am satisfied with my conditions. I will always be content. I pledge my word of honor never to do anything contrary to the commands of my master and Lord.

Almighty Lord! Give me the right to work 16 and 18 hours a day in your temple of Capitalism, where dollars are minted out of my bones and sinews.

Almighty Lord, listen: Give me the right to overwork myself for starvation wages.

Give me the right to go home to my family late in the evening when my children are already asleep.

Give me the right to go to work in the morning when my children are still asleep. Have mercy, my Lord, do not let my children know that they have a father that cares for them.

My Lord, give me the right to be obedient and servile to every brute whom you may appoint as foreman.

Give me the right to keep quiet when the brutal foreman applies the heels of his 10-pound boots at my back, or when he slaps me in the face—the face of a free workman.

Yes, my Lord, give me the right to be a free man—free from the Union that wants to force the Eight or Ten Hours' workday on the brewery workman.

Give me the right to insult every union man who attempts to carry the light of education into your brewery. Give me the right to report to your brutal foreman or sweatshop the name of every union man who wants to prevent me from working 16 or 18 hours a day for starvation wages.

Give me the right to work and sleep and sleep and work and be drunk while working and working while sleeping, and sleeping while drinking.

O, my Lord, thou art a good Lord. I hope you will grant me all these rights—and a few more:

Give me the right to get a job through your agent, the saloonkeeper.

Give me the right to see my wife and children degenerating in misery and want.

Give me the right to help you fight against the Brewery Workers Union.

Give me the right to insult the officers of the union.

Give me the right to be your obedient slave in every respect.

Give me the right to live like a mule, to work like a mule. Good Lord, grant me these rights, for these are my inalienable rights, and I want no union to interfere with the inalienable rights of a mule.

And in conclusion, my Lord, give me the right to rejoice and feel proud when I see you surrounded by wealth and luxury, while my family is suffering.

Blessed is the Brewery Worker that doth love his master as I do. Blessed is the Brewery Lord that enjoys the surroundings of men of my caliber. For it was my Lord's will that I lived as a mule; it was my Lord's will that I worked like a mule; it was my Lord's will that I died like a mule. Amen. Amen.—Brewers' Journal.

The Socialists of San Francisco are as active as ever in pushing the good work. Their papers, "The Coming Age" and "The Socialist," are doing excellent work in removing the barricades of popular ignorance. Comrades, we speak from experience: this is hard work, but it has to be done. Up with the banner of the Socialist press.

The Denver Socialists are well pleased with the result of their Keir Hardy mass meeting.

JAMES KEIR HARDIE

HE HOLDS A ROUSING MEETING IN THE SAN FRANCISCO METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Socialism Making Great Progress on the Pacific Coast.

Last night's mass meeting, in which Keir Hardie spoke, was such a magnificent demonstration, in spite of the fact that, owing to his delay in Salt Lake City, the date of the meeting could only be announced at the eleventh hour, that none of our English dailies could afford to ignore it. The Metropolitan Temple—the largest hall in the city—was crowded with thousands of men and women, all of whom, to judge from the frequent deafening applause, were in full sympathy with the speaker. Hundreds were turned away for want of standing room. The Gospel of Socialism is making glorious progress

follows in the increase of wealth at this end of the nineteenth century.

"Wherever you have a competitive industrial system, there you will find too much labor and too little pay on one hand, and too much pay and too little work on the other."

Mr. Hardie did not think that intemperance, free trade or protection caused the prevalence of poverty.

"Let us consider," he said, "why people work at all. We all require certain things in common—food to eat, clothes to wear and houses to live in. Requiring these things in common, it would seem a reasonable proposition that we should procure these things in common. But we do not go about it in that reasonable manner. The human being cannot live without land, air and water. If any one proposed to cut up our air supply and sell it for so much a suck, what an outcry there would be. Yet land is sold by the lot, by the acre, by the hundreds of acres. Land,

Socialism would ultimately succeed throughout this country and Europe.

"We have made great progress in Great Britain," he said, "and the cause will make great progress here. I came to America upon the invitation of the Trades Unions Convention, which I addressed at Chicago on September 2d. Mr. Smith accompanied me. He was formerly the editor of the London 'Dispatch.' We made addresses in New York, Paterson, N. J., Chicago, Denver, Ogden and Pueblo. I will be on the Pacific Coast for about a fortnight and will speak at Oakland, Los Angeles, Santa Rosa, Sacramento and Portland. I will speak to-morrow night at 16 Post street by invitation of the League of Practical Progress. We will go East by the Northern Pacific, stopping at several places on the way.

"I do not know that I shall stand for Parliament again. I have no desire for public life, and if ten or twelve of our men are elected I should not care to go. But if only four or five are elected then I shall be there to help carry on the fight."

This report of the meeting appeared in the "Examiner," a capitalist paper of this city. S. SEILER. San Francisco, Cal.

SOME THOUGHT INCUBATORS.

READ THESE NOTES AND CONSIDER THEM WELL.

The other day I overheard two Kentucky farmers talking "business." "Nigger Bill," said the farmer, "offered to work for me for \$10 a month, but I don't think I can get that much out of him."

"I get my niggers out," said the second farmer, "at 3 o'clock in the morning and keep them trotting till 9 at night. By this plan you can get \$30 a month out of him."

This "business" we Americans call our glorious institutions. Whenever the Socialists oppose this "business" of private ownership of the instruments of production they are called a dangerous class. We've had it driven through our thick skulls that it's barbarous to sell a nigger like a horse, but to use and abuse both black and white niggers like a horse is "business, you know."

The following is from Coxe's paper: "The traveling men of Massillon resented the inhuman treatment exhibited by the Dayton firm who, when notified that their salesman had been found dead in his hotel replied to send in his samples at once, but not a word for the man." Not knowing him, we would expect from this Coxe, who has made such a tremendous noise and display in his efforts for reform, to say something about the competitive system that produces such horrible results. But he turns this, like he did the Commonwealth, into an advertising fable.

He suddenly appropriates this sad object lesson to the use of this brutal system by advertising his own town. He says: "We are glad to say that the Massillon boys would not receive any such treatment from any of our many manufacturers or jobbers." Will this Coxe tell us why the manufacturers of Massillon should be any more humane than any other town or city? The truth is, they are not more humane. The private ownership of the instruments of producing wealth, forces its owners into brutal combat. If they concede one iota to their antagonists they will be driven to the wall and commercially slaughtered. We cannot blame any individual for these horrors, as they are the effect of our industrial system. If, by us being fortunate enough to have these owners humane and merciful, it would give us complete justice, then, if Russia could always happen to have a Czar embodying these virtues, it would be the most perfectly ruled nation on earth. But no one, for these reasons, would advocate a czarism. The truth of the matter is, this Coxe is one of the busted middle class, who aches to become a commercial czar himself.

When Cleveland and his pals, several months since, issued the last batch of bonds, I stood in a crowd of workmen just as the news of this villainous act arrived. These men remarked that it would at once precipitate civil war; that free-born Americans would never submit themselves and posterity being put into perpetual bondage. One of those much-abused reformers standing near remarked that "the free-born American, after he had a sound sleep would think no more about it; Cleveland might sell us all to an African slave buyer; we might at first raise a great hubbub, but a good stirring up of the tariff question, or the gold and silver question or foreign emigration, etc., would at once dissolve this hubbub." These "free-born Americans" at once fell upon this reformer with their abuses, such as "You're an Anarchist;" "You are an enemy to our free institutions," etc. As several months has elapsed since the issuance of these bonds, and as the "free-born American" has become as silent and indifferent to these outrages as a clam, and as he has permitted the politician to entirely absorb him with the money question (gold and silver swindle) do you not think the assertions of this reformer are demonstrated to be facts?

I lately met a very enthused Populist.

As is usually the case, he inferred I was another enthused Populist. When, in the course of our conversation, I touched on Socialism, he replied: "Oa, yes, Socialism is all right, but the people are not yet prepared for it." He admitted that it would be the next advanced step, but I discovered he had vague ideas of what Socialism was. He seemed to think, under Socialism, every man would have better advantages of running his own "business."

When I told him society would own all the instruments of producing wealth and individuals would then be released of what we now call "business," it seemed to "break him all up," for he owned a fine large farm with many slave tenants. I have since been told that this farmer has gone back on Populism for fear it will run into Socialism and interfere with his acquiring a dozen more farms. Populism is simply the small fleecing class. And the intelligent and cunning Populists who endorse Socialism do so with the sole object of absorbing the propertyless class who will become our converts. When the propertyless class discover that Populism is exclusively for the benefit of the small property class, they will at once leave it; and, on the other hand, when the property class discovers that Socialism will end their savage warfare for private property they, too, will desert it.

To assist the Populists out of this dilemma I have invented a device called a political medley horn. It consists of an immense horn resting on four legs, having an aperture adjacent to and beyond the mouth for insertion of the various political tunes. At the exit of the horn is a partition or wall that is a non-conductor of sound; the air for a long distance above this wall is rendered non-vibrating, so the people can't hear each other on the opposite side. On one side are the property class; on the other are the propertyless. The tunes, on leaving the horn, take the sides respectively appropriated to the property and propertyless class.

The following music, composed by the Populists, will be blown through this horn: For the property class—High Rent Folks, Low Wages Waltz, Big Profit Waltz, When I Own My Little Store Around the Corner (song), My Farm by the Sea (song) and Carry Me Back to Booming Times, Though Thousands Starve (song). For the propertyless class—Low Rent Jig, High Wages Jig, Small Profit Jig, Expectation Jig, Promenade to Misery and The Bread of Promise (song). In the use of this device a strict vigilance must be observed lest they get over the wall and compare notes. C. R. DAVIS. Brighton, Ill.

OMAHA WORKING HARD.

THE COMRADES MAKING GREAT SACRIFICES TO SECURE A SUCCESSFUL KEIR HARDIE MASS MEETING.

We appealed to the Central Labor Union to assist us in bringing Keir Hardie here, and our appeal was laid on the table. We have started a subscription and we hope to have enough money by Monday night to pay the most pressing expenses.

We have friends in the unions who are in full sympathy with our movement, but they did not happen to be in sufficient number in the C. L. U. to help us. Sometimes it is rather discouraging work trying to keep up this fight for the cause of labor, especially when labor seems to care so little for our efforts; but we know we are right and will continue to fight on true Socialist lines if it takes the rest of this century and all of the next.

The "Pop." party here is so torn and rent by internal dissensions on account of religious differences that the members present a "worn and worried look" constantly.

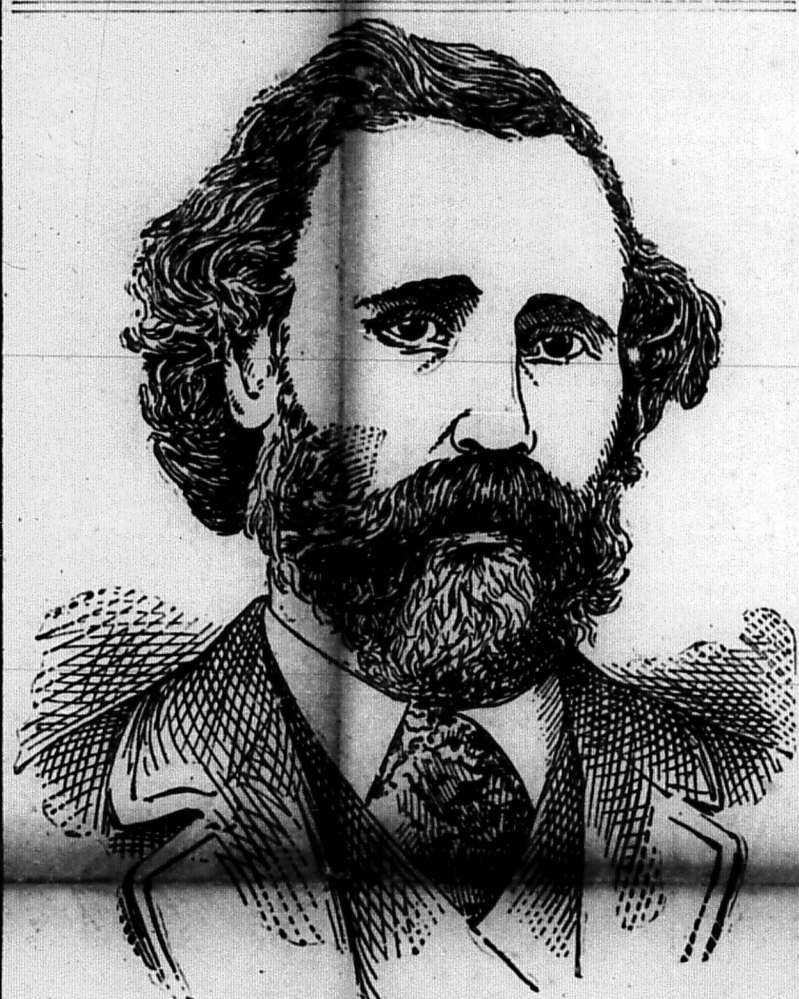
You're a Catholic, you're an A. P. A. are the expressions frequently heard among the "Pops." Roman sympathizers and dark lantern politicians are also among the endearing epithets. Such brotherly feeling and expressions of love among the half-fried Socialists is sure to bind the organization more closely together.

There is now and then a Socialist out of place. We listened to a twenty minutes' speech by Mr. Logan at the Philosophical Society that was chock full of Socialism. Friend Logan has always been, and is yet, for aught we know, a good Populist. But if he keeps on talking Socialism, as he did last Sunday, he will have to come over and join us.

One of these half-fried chaps told us the other day that he had no use for a foreigner. Yet he wants to take possession of the railroads in the name of the people. Wonder if he thinks that foreigners are not people?

An old lady told us once that she was sure that negroes were animals, and the way some of these fellows flare up when our fellow-men are mentioned causes us to think that they are afflicted with the same disease that the old lady had, namely, prejudice. If the ancestors of these Americans had not left Europe they would be Dutch or Irish, maybe. Poor little, narrow-contracted souls.

THEO. BERNINA. Omaha, Neb.



JAMES KEIR HARDIE.

on the Pacific Coast. We will take the championship if you don't look out.

James C. Garrett presided at this mass meeting and delivered a brief address after Professor Dees had properly prepared the audience by an organ solo. After a vocal solo by Miss Aspden, Mr. Smith was introduced and addressed the meeting. Hardie's fellow traveler is a ready-witted man, and he kept the audience in continual good humor while he hammered the capitalists, the monopolies and the other causes for the oppressed condition of the masses. Mr. Smith handled his old friend John Bull without gloves, and, though he was not so severe with his new acquaintance, Uncle Sam, he broadly intimated that that venerable gentleman was no better than he ought to be.

After a song by the Socialistic Manner choir, Mr. Hardie was introduced. He was received with tumultuous applause. Hardie received the great applause quietly—even modestly. He is evidently used to enthusiastic demonstrations. He was not attired in broadcloth, nor did he sport purple and fine linen. The agitator appeared for just what he is—a plain, blunt man of the people, with a mission to perform.

"I had not the good fortune to be born in America," Hardie said, "but if not born in America, I think I had the next best fortune in being born a Scotsman. There is a decided deficiency in the American system of education, as perfect though it may be. The American people have not learned to speak the Scotch language, but our interests are the same, though our accents are different."

"I am here to speak of the labor trouble. Here we are, at the end of the nineteenth century—the greatest the world has ever known. When we feel in the midst of all the luxury and science and progress that our poor are unfed, it is but natural that we should ask ourselves if there is not something wrong with the system. The wages of the worker do not increase in the same ratio as does the wealth of nations. On the contrary, wages are falling. In every country in the world to-day wages are on the down grade, the hours of labor are getting longer, and the conditions are becoming such that a man may not remain independent and keep his job. When poverty is made the means of reducing a man to the position of an attendant upon a machine, and a servile attendant at that, then I do condemn the poverty of spirit, the poverty of independence and the poverty of manhood which

being a necessity of life, should not be held by private owners, but should be held in common for the community at large. Likewise industrial capital should not be held by private capital. Land and industrial capital should be held in common for the community. People say that means Socialism; so it does.

You are told that Socialism means red riot and revolution. You are told that it means a division of the land and property of the countries among all men. That is the grisly phantom held up to you by men who are interested in frightening you by misrepresenting Socialism.

"We want Socialism to come from the intelligence of the people," he continued. "In the matter of organization, the trades union is the foundation. I was pained to find on coming to San Francisco that the trades unions here were not as strong as they should be, nor as strong as they can be. I desire to see the trades unions grow more powerful. But just as the trades unions grow, so does the oppressor. In your own State you have found that the forces of the Government are at the beck and call of the monopolist. In the old countries all the capitalistic class, from the throne down, is behind the scab when he takes the place of the member of a well organized trades union fighting in a righteous cause. I respectfully submit that a democratic government, such as this is, has no right to use its arms for the oppression of trades unions. It should rather support trades unions."

"I do not come to you as a workman," he concluded; "I do not come as a Christian; I do not come to you as a laborer. I come to you as a man, and I implore you as men. Avoid the office-seeker as you would the plague. Do not offend the sensibilities of those with whom you come in contact. Not hard names, nor hard blows, but hard facts are what win a cause. I believe that the progress of the cause will be great, and that men here, even middle-aged men, will live to see the paradise that Socialism will create upon the earth."

As he retired Mr. Hardie was again loudly applauded. There was another song by the Maennerchor, and then the meeting being adjourned, hundreds rushed upon the stage to shake hands with Hardie, who, with Mr. Smith, held an impromptu reception.

After the meeting, Mr. Hardie, during a brief interview, reiterated the statements made upon the stage, that in his opinion

The following correct **Statement of Donations to other Organizations**, given out by Brewery Workers' Union No. 6, (American Federation of Labor), will illustrate whether the organization is entitled to the support of sister organizations or not.

Year	Organization	Amount
1886	May 1—Aid for the railroad strikers of the Southwestern system	\$500 00
	" 1—Bakers' Union No. 15, strike aid	50 00
	" 30—Furniture Workers' No. 12, St. Louis, strike aid	50 00
1887	Feb'y 9—Schiller Assembly, Philadelphia, strike aid	75 00
	" 19—do. do. do. do. do.	100 00
	" 20—Local Assembly No. 8140, St. Louis, strike aid	22 65
	" 26—Schiller Assembly, Philadelphia, strike aid	100 00
	" 13—do. do. do. do. do.	100 00
	" 13—Local Assembly No. 8140, St. Louis, strike aid	47 10
	" 14—Stove Molders' Union No. 10, St. Louis, strike aid	50 00
	" 26—To a travelling brother	3 00
	" 26—Schiller Assembly, Philadelphia, strike aid	100 00
	" 18—Stove Molders' Union No. 10, St. Louis, strike aid	20 00
	" 25—San Francisco Brewery Workers' Union, strike aid	100 00
	" 15—do. do. do. do. do.	100 00
	" 15—Boston Brewery Workers' Union, strike aid	100 00
	" 28—Local Assembly No. 495, St. Louis, strike aid	10 00
	" 27—Boston Brewery Workers' Union, strike aid	100 00
	" 20—do. do. do. do. do.	100 00
	" 20—Typographical Union No. 8, St. Louis, strike aid	100 00
	" 15—Milwaukee Brewery Workers, strike aid	48 00
	" 27—do. do. do. do. do.	50 45
1888	Jan. 3—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 18—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 19—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 24—Local Assembly No. 4222, St. Louis	10 00
	" 24—Local Assembly No. 6606, St. Louis	6 25
	" 25—Milwaukee Brewery Workers, strike aid	50 50
	" 27—To 11th November Beneficial Festival	25 00
	" 1—Milwaukee Brewery Workers, strike aid	100 00
	" 1—do. do. do. do. do.	50 00
	" 7—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 15—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 16—do. do. do. do. do.	100 00
	" 20—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 28—do. do. do. do. do.	50 50
	" 7—Buffalo Brewery Workers	100 75
	" 14—To travelling brother of L. A. No. 1712, Indianapolis	4 00
	" 14—Local Assembly No. 196 (Coal miners), O'Fallon, Ill.	50 25
	" 14—District Assembly No. 234, Reading strike	50 25
	" 20—Milwaukee Brewery Workers, strike aid	100 90
	" 20—To a beneficial festival of Furniture Worker's Union No. 12	75 00
	" 4—Milwaukee Brewery Workers	50 50
	" 12—do. do. do. do. do.	50 20
	" 15—St. Louis Workingmen's Publ. Ass'n, to start daily labor paper	500 00
	" 15—To a beneficial festival for a labor paper	75 00
	" 23—Milwaukee Brewery Workers	50 50
	" 1—St. Louis Workingmen's Publ. Ass'n, shares f. daily labor paper	500 00
	" 1—National Union of Brewery Workers, strike aid	500 00
	" 9—Chicago Brewery Workers, strike aid	100 00
	" 9—Cincinnati Brewery Workers, strike aid	100 00
	" 23—National Brewery Worker's Union, strike aid	100 00
	" 30—American Federation of Labor, strike aid	25 30
	" 14—Cincinnati Brewery Workers, strike aid	100 00
	" 16—Chicago Brewery Workers, strike aid	100 00
	" 20—Coopers' Union No. 3, St. Louis, strike aid	50 00
	" 26—Cincinnati Brewery Workers, strike aid	50 00
1889	April 10—Carpenters' Unions, St. Louis, strike aid	25 00
	" 13—do. do. do. do. do.	25 00
	" 24—do. do. do. do. do.	50 00
	" 6—Brazil Coal Miners, strike aid	5 00
1890	May 28—Harness Makers, L. A. No. 777, St. Louis, strike aid	5 00
	" Independent Party	5 00
1891	July —Miners, Cedar Mine, Iowa, strike aid	5 00
	" Brewery Workers Union, Denver, Colo., strike aid	50 00
	" y Workers Union, Cleveland, O., strike aid	25 00
1892	Jan. —Typographical Union, Hamburg, Germany, strike aid	50 00
	" To striking Shoemakers, Chicago	25 00
	" Candy Maker's Union, St. Louis, strike aid	10 00
	" San Francisco Brewery Workers' Union, strike aid	109 00
	" Planing Mill Workers, St. Louis, strike aid	100 00
	" do. do. do. do. do.	50 00
	" do. do. do. do. do.	277 00
	" do. do. do. do. do.	50 00
	" do. do. do. do. do.	25 00
	" do. do. do. do. do.	12 00
1893	Feb'y —Striking Miners, Centralia, Ill.	25 00
	" St. Louis Workingmen's Publishing Association	23 00
	" Socialist Campaign Fund, St. Louis	25 00
	" Furniture Workers' Union, Cincinnati	50 00
	" Journeymen Tailor's Union, St. Louis	25 00
	" Boilermakers' Union	25 00
	" Waiters' Union, St. Louis	30 00
	" Furniture Workers' Union, Cincinnati	10 00
	" Furniture Workers' Union, St. Louis	100 00
	" Watch Case Makers Union, St. Louis	25 00
1895	April —To Debs Fund	17 50
	" Aid & Defence Association	10 00
	" Total amount paid out	\$6773 30

Statement of Aid, given by the organization to its striking and blacklisted members.

In the year 1886	\$2,708 50
In the year 1887	1,084 85
In the year 1888	230 50
In the year 1889	809 00
In the year 1890	45 00
In the year 1891	1,531 00
In the year 1892	16,551 00
In the year 1893	3,344 00
In the year 1895	3,344 00
Total amount paid out	\$26,303 85

AID GIVEN BY THE Brewery Workers Union No. 6 \$33,077,15

Besides the enormous sums quoted above, Brewery Workers' Union No. 6 has paid per-capita tax to the American Federation of Labor, the Trades & Labor Union of St. Louis, the Deutscher Arbeiter-Verband the St. Louis Workingmen's Protective Union, Brewers' National Union and K. of L. to the amount of **\$10,135**.

FELLOW-WORKMEN & BRETHREN: Consider these enormous sums which the Brewery Workers' Union No. 6 has contributed to the support of Organized Labor in general and consider that, therefore, we too deserve your support in our time of need. Do what is in your power to save our organization and especially our for the last two years locked-out and blacklisted members from threatening ruin.

With Fraternal Greetings,
FRANK TREBAU,
Secretary Brewery Workers' Union No. 6

RAM'S HORNS.
Selfishness is a hard snake to kill. The cross of Christ is the key to heaven. Everything God gives us to do needs to be done. Christians get along faster when they travel in pairs. God's fire in the heart soon melts all the lead in the feet. Whoever takes Christ for a topic will soon have him for a guest. The better we know the Bible, the plainer God can talk to us. If we talk about Christ we will never run out of something to say. It takes the man who carries God's message a long while to get tired. Many hear the voice of Christ before they know who it is that speaks.

"Any snakes in this neighborhood?" asked the northern visitor. "It's 'cordin' to what you want," replied the moonlight manipulator; "a pint might fetch 'em, but we give a guarantee with every quart."—Atlanta Constitution.
"Now professor," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice. I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to." And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician responded: "Whispering."—Washington Star.
It always puzzles an honest man to know how rogues succeed in passing worthless checks when he himself, with an honest check, has to be identified all along the line from the days of Adam down to where he slept last night.—Salt Lake Tribune.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CURRENT READING FOR OUR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Notes of the Modes—Pen and Ink Sketches of the Latest Fashions for Woman's Wear—Seasonable Hints for the Household.



SEERSUCKER that is a regular glorification of the ordinary sorts is on the market, the puffed stripes being of silk-like brilliancy and separated from each other by bands of lace - pattern open-work. Dresses made up of this are deliciously cool-looking, though, of course, they are lined all through. India silk is the best lining. Striped goods generally are in high favor and while some are seen in wide stripes, the majority are fine. The beauty of the fabric increases with fineness of the stripes, as a rule, and some of the hair-line striped goods are especially beautiful. A stylish house dress in a material of this sort is sketched here, it being of taffeta, showing fine stripes of blue and white. Its blouse waist has a baggy front, fastened invisibly at the side, and is garnished with a guipure yoke that is cut away in the center and extends down at the sides, thereby imitating a jacket. The back has no trimming, and belt and standing collar are guipure. On the cuffs, the stripes run crosswise. A skirt of such material needs no trimming, and in most cases is much better without any. Princess gowns with sleeve puffs slipped below the shoulders and worn with befrilled fichus are a late innovation. The skirts of such gowns hang full in back and flare without godets at sides and front. They are often arranged to hang open over a petticoat, or else two box plaits, one on each side, give the petticoat effect. Alpaca is the best wear in the world for bath suits. Almost all the suits of the season have been made with great sleeves. Nothing could be more foolishly absurd. It is much better to have the puffs about the knees than at the sleeves, if you expect to do any swimming or to be able to manage in the water at all well. Besides, the girl with handsome arpas and shoulders ought to be glad of the chance to show such outlines unconcealed by the drapery the usual dress demands. White alpaca is much used for lining blue serge dresses and jackets, and for finishing belt, revers, and cuffs. This material wears well, and keeps clean amazingly, in this respect being far more satisfactory than duck.

Threw Cold Tea Away.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the English temperance worker, says that he never received a knock-down till, spying a laborer walking along with the old, familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him, and pointed out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, and earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said: "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public house and spent the sixpence in beer. The liquor he had thrown away was cold tea.

Trailing Gowns.
There is a pleasant prospect of having trailing gowns and soft draperies once more for house wear. Little coats of the directory will be worn as concession to the change of style, but she who likes the short-waisted gown may wear the coat short-waisted and over a softly flowing skirt that falls almost from below the bust line in front, and that lies close and soft about the hips and back. The perky, stiff-skirted gowns never have seemed just the right thing for the hostess, and the tea table is sure to be the more picturesque if a train appear along one side of it.

Tailor-Made Gowns.
Tailor-made gowns of white mohair are to be in great favor for autumn



outing women as they were in the present and earlier months. The advantage of such a gown is that it takes wear in the city so well that it is just the thing to put on for a short run up to town. While linens, too, are holding their own, and are rather newer than mohair, but are generally made up more elaborately. A very pretty costume in this stuff is shown herewith, the front breadth of its godet skirt

being edged with a gathered puff of white mousseline de soie. The blouse waist has fitted lining and a deep yoke of white guipure, plain in back but plaited in front. The sleeves have large balloon puffs shirred several times at the armholes and then tucked five times. A plain white silk stock collar and a white ribbon belt wound twice around the waist and finishing in a big bow are added.

Roman Punch.

Boil one quart of water and one pint of sugar together twenty minutes. Add the juice of six lemons, one orange, and one gill of strong tea. Cool. Boil together for fifteen minutes one gill of sugar and one gill of water then beat it into the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Beat four minutes and cool. Freeze the first mixture for twenty minutes, then add the meringue, one-fourth cup of sherry wine and one-fourth cup of Jamaica rum. Beat this in with a spoon. Cover and set away until serving time. Boil from the time it begins to simmer; stir until sugar is dissolved, and after that do not stir at all. Allow ounce of green tea to a pint of water. Pour freshly-boiled water while boiling over the tea, and let it stand until an infusion is made, or about ten minutes. In boiling the gill of sugar and gill of water, boil slowly. Prepare for freezing as ice cream is prepared.

About Underwear.

A lightweight cambric without dressing, and which is known in England



as "long cloth," is greatly liked for underwear, as it is quite as cool as linen and does not tend to give one even the momentary chill which is the peculiarity of linen. This cloth is used for nightdresses, drawers, wash petticoats, and, if they are worn, chemises. These last are seldom seen, the knitted cotton or silk vest being better liked and cooler. The elaborate white petticoat trimmed with lace, ruffles and insertion, has become such an expensive adjunct to a wardrobe because of the expense in doing it up that most women are wearing petticoats of silk, or of the moiree that is watered and has a look of moire antique. A quite new skirt, sketched and described in The Ladies' Home Journal, is made of white moiree and is to be worn under cotton, silk or any lightweight material that will not stand a stiff lining. It is cut by the godet pattern and has as decoration three box plaits of the white haircloth, the top one having as a finish a thick silk cord. This seems a rather expensive skirt, but it will be found very useful, especially to the woman who likes pretty cotton toilets. The advice of physicians, as well as the teaching of experience, has convinced the average woman that it is wise to wear a woolen skirt the entire summer through. Flannelette, which is in reality a finanel with a large proportion of cotton in it, is shown in what might be called Dresden colors, so faint and delicate are they. They are in stripes, often simple hairlines, and sometimes lines one-quarter of an inch wide are seen. Blue and white, pink and white and brown and white are contrasts seen, while a pale blue ground will have stripes of pink and brown upon it, and a pink one white and blue. These petticoats are invariably made by hand and are trimmed with either a coarse woven or knitted lace. These skirts reach quite to the knees and do not require an outer skirt if one's skirt is lined with silk or if one wishes only to wear a skirt of haircloth. One of these petticoats illustrated by the authority already quoted has a pale pink ground, with hairlines of blue and brown upon it. The edge finish is the Roman crocheted lace, seven colors being blended, the pink being most prominent. The belt is of pink ribbon and the drawing strings are of soft pink ribbon an inch wide. Somewhat heavier flannels than this are in white, blue, pink and gray and are selected when a warmer skirt is required. Such petticoats are usually trimmed with valenciennes lace and ribbon insertion.

Dame Fashion.
The china silk or cashmere Mother Hubbard cloaks for babies in short dresses show new cape collars of chiffon run with numerous rows of narrow white ribbon.

A unique material has a loosely woven peacock blue ground, with plain blue circles stamped on it. Radiating lines in gold silk thread surround each circle.

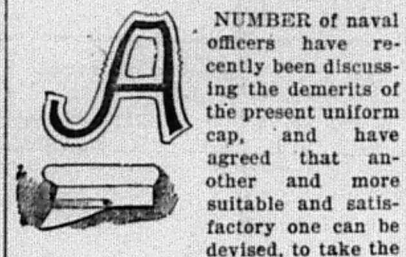
The neatest and most refined of any of the bathing suits worn this season are made of black mohair or Botany twilled wool with black stockings and sandals to match.

Some white frocks had big baby sashes of Pompadour ribbons. These were sometimes folded about the waist, tying in the back in large butterfly bows, and in other cases they were carried straight about the waist and fastened to the bodice in front with diamond buttons.

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

NOTES OF PROGRESS FROM INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

Motor Power Obtained from a Candle—Some Illustrated Lessons in Popular Experiments—The Dropping Coin—The Proposed New Naval Cap.



NUMBER of naval officers have recently been discussing the demerits of the present uniform cap, and have agreed that another and more suitable and satisfactory one can be devised, to take the place of the one now worn, which is deficient in many points which the navy men say are essential to comfort. No official action has yet been taken, but beyond the possible reluctance of the authorities to put officers to the extra expense involved, there seems to be no objection to the change, and orders for a new cap would not occasion surprise. The design herewith has been suggested as an improvement on the present headgear, and officers who have examined it say that the change would be an improvement.

An Unsuspected Cause of Suffering.

A scientist gives an account of a man who was admitted to a hospital with a severe and obstinate case of inflammation of the eyes, face and hands. Ordinary applications gave no relief, and a thorough microscopic examination of the affected part was resorted to. This proved the existence of thousands of tiny hairs, not unlike in appearance those from the caterpillar. They had entered the skin and produced this violent irritation. The plants, which the man had been working with were examined, and it was found that a variety of the primrose was the offender. The downy-looking hairs on the leaves were sufficiently rigid to prick through the skin, and each one was charged with a poison after the fashion of the fangs of a snake. The doctor extracted this poison, which he used as a subcutaneous injection in the cases of several patients. He claims excellent results from this method of treating various obstinate skin diseases. In the same connection it may be stated that experiments in the treatment of cancer have been tried with satisfactory results. An animal was inoculated with cancerous material, then, after a suitable period, the serum of the blood was collected and two cancer patients were inoculated with it. In both cases there was an almost immediate and positive improvement. Sufficient time has not elapsed fully to test this discovery, but it certainly has great possibilities, as, even though patients are only temporarily benefited, there is encouragement enough to persevere until the longed-for ultimatum is reached.

Value of Artesian Wells.

In many parts of the country artesian wells may be bored and will furnish running streams at the surface. This is due, of course, to the formation of the under strata of the earth, and if one is fortunate enough to strike a good vein the supply will be abundant. In portions of the south artesian wells have been bored to the depth of twelve hundred feet. One of these wells was finished in less than three weeks, striking a vein of water twelve hundred feet below the surface that furnishes an outpour sufficient for the town's uses. It is not an uncommon occurrence that one must drill the second time into a well to secure a permanent supply of water. It is a curious fact that after one has reached a certain depth, piping is unnecessary. A well in New York state was dug to a depth of a hundred and fifty feet, and furnished a reasonable supply of water by pumping. After the second season it gave out entirely, when the drill was put in and nearly two hundred feet more were cut through before water was reached. For the first hundred and fifty feet the pipe went down, but after that the water rose through the cut in the earth, there being consistency and firmness enough in the soil to make piping unnecessary.

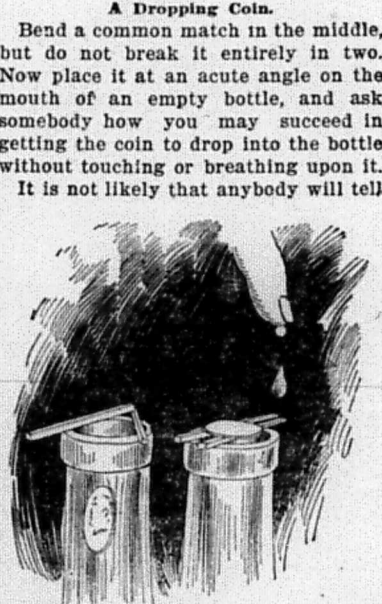
The Candle Motor.

A novel kind of motor is illustrated in the accompanying cut. It is worked neither by steam, electricity nor compressed air; it requires neither boiler, nor cylinder, nor piston, and consists solely of a simple candle. A motor like this is easily made. Stick two pins heated over a lamp through a candle at opposite middle points, vertically to the wick. These pins will be the axis of our motor, and you must set their extremities on the edges of two glasses. Now light both ends of the candle, which will burn furiously. Presently a drop of the wax or sperm falls into one of the plates set beneath to receive it. The equilibrium of the balance shaft being thus destroyed, the other end of the candle falls downward, causing the end which has lost the first drop of wax to go up. But in its downward movement the falling end loses several drops, and therefore in turn becomes lighter than the other and rises

again. In this way an oscillatory movement is begun, weak at first, but gradually growing wider and wider until the candle finally assumes almost a vertical position. To utilize this movement of the candle, fasten to the axis—by means of pins long enough to keep it from contact with the flames—a strip of pasteboard in imitation of a plank, at each extremity of which stick two little figures cut out of stiff paper. When the candle-ends are lighted, the figures will seem to be enjoying a game of see-saw, and will greatly heighten the interest of the experiment.

Heat-Proof Glass.
It is said that a new glass has been manufactured, that, while it allows the free passage of light, is a decided check to heat. In an experiment it was proven that a glass plate four-tenths of an inch thick allowed but four and six-tenths per cent of radiant heat to pass through it. Ordinary window glass lets eighty-six per cent of heat through. A very thin slab of this glass allowed less than one per cent of heat from gas to pass through it, although it permitted the transmission of twelve per cent of heat from sunlight. If this glass is an equal bar to cold, it is a discovery that will revolutionize building and many other of the arts. The glass contains iron in the form of ferrous chloride.

A Dropping Coin.
Bend a common match in the middle, but do not break it entirely in two. Now place it at an acute angle on the mouth of an empty bottle, and ask somebody how you may succeed in getting the coin to drop into the bottle without touching or breathing upon it. It is not likely that anybody will tell



you, but you may easily perform the trick. Dip your fingers in a glass of water and let a few drops fall from it on the broken part of the match. Swollen by the moisture, the wood-fibres will tend to straighten themselves, and little by little you will see the angle of the match growing larger and larger until, no longer supporting the coin, they let it drop into the bottle.

Future of the Microscope.

As the physician's assistant and guide in diagnosis, the microscope is coming rapidly to the front. It is now the custom with some advanced physicians, whenever there is a case with obscure symptoms, or where consultations are thought necessary, to draw a few drops of the patient's blood and examine it under the microscope. This almost invariably decides the condition, and is, in many diseases, an infallible guide, as the blood is the great sewerage system of humanity. It takes up and carries to the lungs whatever impurities may exist. There they are consumed or exhaled. It therefore stands to reason that the blood is the index to the state of the system. Another test adopted by all up-to-date doctors is the examination of the perspiration after a great degree of heat has been applied to the body. The sufferer is put into a steam-box, and after some moments of profuse perspiration the surface of the body is scraped with a sharp steel instrument, by means of which whatever impurities are thrown out may be taken from the pores. This, with the blood examination, is thought by some practitioners to afford all of the assistance necessary in determining the nature of the most obscure diseases. Of course, there are what may be called new diseases, and this method will enable the skilled microscopist to detect them and study their genesis and treatment.

The Torpedo Fish.

At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Prof. D'Arsonval of the College de France, read an interesting paper on a series of experiments which he made lately with the torpedo fish. A fish 30 centimeters in diameter could give out a shock of twenty volts. Prof. D'Arsonval applied some small electric lamps to the fish and they were lit by the discharge from its body. In some instances the discharge was so powerful as to carbonize the lamps. The electric current generated by the torpedo fish is sufficiently powerful to kill small fish coming in contact with it. The electric discharge can even go as high as 120 volts.

No Danger from the Breath.

It is said that there are no bacteria, specific or other, in the expired breath in the ordinary respiration of persons affected with diphtheria or consumption; therefore the warning against inhaling the breath of such persons is unnecessary. The real source of danger is in the discharges from the throat, nose and lungs. It is more important than ordinary persons realize that all these discharges should be disinfected. Under no circumstances should well people use towels or handkerchiefs or, indeed, any article of clothing worn by patients suffering from these diseases. Men of great strength have always been the subject of jeers from feeble men. Goliath didn't escape—even David had his fling at him.

MYSTERY OF A CRIME.

LD BENDER came staggering up the trail that led past our cabin.

He was the bum, the sot, the drunk, the wreck who had been twice warned to get out of Cable Bar.

His clothes were in tatters, his eyes were bleared, his nose red and pealed, while his hands shook as if with the palsy.

"Paugh!" exclaimed Nelson, as he watched the whisky wreck; "he makes me sick!"

"I wonder where he is going?" said I.

"I don't know, and I don't care a darn, so long as he don't stop here."

But Old Bender did stop. He came up to where we were sitting and smoking our evening pipes.

The sun was down; night was creeping up from the gorges.

"I'm druv out at last, pard," whined the old bum, "me, a poor old man turned out into the world! They had a rope, and they'd lynched me if I hadn't got away."

"And served ye right," growled Nelson. "They'd oughter lynched ye long ago."

"Ev'rybody's ag'in me!" quavered Old Bender. "This is my last chance. Ef you won't let me stop hyar ter-night, I'll be a dead man before another sun-up."

"Go on an' die!" snarled Nelson, who hated the bum in a most unaccountable manner.

"Hold on," said I, rising to my feet. "I am going to take Bender in for the night."

Nelson leaped up, astonishment and rage corrugating his features. Some men were passing down the trail as he cried:

"Well, darn me of that ain't nerve! Ef you take that critter in, I stay elsewhere ter-night!"

My blood was aroused. I saw the men look back, and I knew they heard our words.

"Stop where you please!" I shot back. "Bender stays here to-night."

The men went on and disappeared. Nelson seized his hat, giving me a mad look.

"You will be sorry for this," he declared. "Take in the old bum! I hope he fixes yer!"

With that he strode away after the men.

"Thankee, pard—thankee!" whimpered the sot. "You're the fust one to show any heart toward me for a long time. I won't forgit—I won't forgit! I tankee again."

"I don't want your thanks."

I cut him short. It was the first time I had quarreled with Nelson, and I did not feel very well over it.

Still I gave Old Bender something to eat and saw him well wrapped in a blanket.

Then I sat in front of the cabin once more and watched the moon rise.

As I sat there a long-drawn, far-away

"SURRENDER," COMMANDED ONE, cry of human agony seemed to come up from the dark shadows away down the trail.

It turned my blood to ice.

I listened for a repetition of the cry, and even as I listened I thought that if it came from a human throat it could never be repeated.

Then I heard Old Bender groaning and jabbering in the cabin. Two minutes later he came staggering out, fighting something invisible to me, and shrieking for me to "take 'em away."

Old Bender had the jim-jams.

All night long I watched the raving toper, sometimes struggling to keep him from destroying himself, even though I felt that it would be a good thing if he would take his own life.

With the coming of the morning his horrible visions left him.

I gave him something to eat, and told him to get as far toward Jaspur City as possible before another night-fall.

Then, with more food wrapped in a handkerchief, he left me, and I saw him turn up a trail.

I went inside and smoked, wondering when Nelson would come back.

After a time I went to my work, where the little mountain stream came down through the gorge.

All the forenoon I labored, and still my partner did not appear.

It was near noon when a mob of armed and bewhiskered men came rushing toward me.

They were from Cable Bar.

"There he is!" shouted the foremost, pointing toward me. "Don't let him get away!"

I was immediately covered by a dozen revolvers.

"Surrender!" commanded one. "Throw up your hands!"

Up they went.

Then, for the first time, I noticed that one of the men carried a rope.

They rushed upon me—seized me—dragged me toward a tree.

"What is the meaning of this?" I cried, again and again; but I received no answer till I stood beneath the tree, with the rope about my neck.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

"Are you going to lynch me without telling me what it is for?" I screamed.

"You know well enough what it is for," asserted Bigge Williams, grimly.

"We found him."

"Found whom?"

"As if you did not know! That won't work with us. Your knife was in his heart!"

"My knife? What are you talking about? I do not understand what you mean."

But there was a sick sensation at my heart, for a shadowy understanding of the truth began to dawn upon me.

"You were heard quarreling with him last night. The men who heard you are here."

Then the three men I had noticed descending the trail stepped forward.

"Nelson?" I gasped. "He is—"

"Found, though you kivered him with rubbish arter you had dragged him off the trail."

"And he is dead?"

"Well, a man can't live very long when he has a knife through his heart."

"You say it was my knife?"

"Hyar it is! Deny it if you can!"

The bloody knife was held up before me. I could not deny it; it was mine!

I thought of Old Bender. But he had gone the other way.

Still he might have sneaked back when I went into the cabin to smoke.

"You're a fool!" said Williams. "You had time enough to get a good start—Doc Nelson was killed last night."

Last night!

I thought of the awesome cry of mortal agony that had come up to my ears from the darkness down the trail.

I had heard Nelson's death shriek!

"Will you confess to the killing of your pard?"

"Never! I am innocent!"

"Say yer prayers!"

I did pray. I felt that I was on the brink of eternity. It would be useless to protest my innocence—useless to ask for mercy. I would die as bravely as possible.

"Ready!"

The noose about my neck grew taut!

In one more moment I would swing into eternity.

"Hold on thar!"

Three men came rushing toward us, swinging their hats.

Bigge Williams cursed at the delay.

"Th' real murderer has been caught an' lynched a'ready!"

How my heart leaped! The real murderer! Then I was saved!

"What's that?" demanded Williams, astonished.

"Old Bender killed Nelson!" declared one of the men. "When he heard you had come after Swift he confessed, and the boys lynched him instanter. He said he stole Swift's knife."

In less than a minute I was free. The men who had been ready to swing me into eternity such a short time before shook my hand and congratulated me.

I was dazed. Old Bender had been lynched for the murder. Then he must have sneaked back to Cable Bar.

But, if the sot killed my partner, somebody was mistaken about the time the murder took place.

And the death cry I heard come up out of the darkness the night before—what of that?

The more I thought of it the more puzzled I became. It did not seem possible that Old Bender had committed the crime.

Then why the confession?

I had taken him in—I had shown him kindness. He heard the lynchers were after me. In return for my kindness he gave up his life to save mine.

That is my explanation.

In the most fallen and degraded of human beings all that is good and noble may not be blotted out.

The mystery of Nelson's murder remains to me a mystery still.

But I saw that Old Bender was decently buried, and I raised a white stone above his grave.

It was all I could do in return for all he had done for me.

The Samoan Mascot.

In time of war it is the tapo's duty to lead on to combat the warriors of her village, and she is often in the thick of the skirmishing; but should she be wounded or killed, it is a pure accident, as the Samoans have the greatest horror of hurting a woman in any way, and would not even injure their enemy's tapo. There is a story told of how, during the war which was carried on in Upolu for a considerable time five or six years ago, two armies had met and were drawn up blazing into each other's lines, when a native woman appeared with a cow she wished to place in safety. The entire firing was immediately suspended on both sides till she and her charge had crossed the lines and were completely out of harm's way. The women could rely so thoroughly on the gallantry of their countrymen that they had no fear during the fighting, and would take food to their husbands and brothers at any time, and pass through the ranks of the warriors of the belligerent army with perfect impunity; as long as the daylight lasted, and they could be easily seen, they were quite safe.—In Stevenson's Samoa—Marie Fraser.

The Club-Woman's Husband.

The world moves. A man went recently to a London police court with a complaint that his wife locked him out when he returned from work and as he sat, tired and hungry, on the doorstep she jeered at him. "She bejongs," he said, "to a club and goes out alone to it. If there is not a hot supper waiting for her on her return, even at 2 o'clock in the morning, she throws things at me." The court could do nothing except to advise him to take the discipline of his household into his own hands, so he went disconsolately home, thinking probably of the things she would throw at him if he attempted to follow the counsel of the magistrata.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

STORY OF THE MASSACRES AT GHELLEYGOOZAN.

Moostafa, a Kurdish Brigand, Tells a Graphic Story of the Terrible Slaughter—Heartrending Scenes of Frenzied Cruelty He Saw at Sassoon.

NOT yet closed is that awful chapter of history, the atrocious crimes of Kurdish brigands and Turkish troops in the valleys of Armenia. Out from the depths of those bosky glades the cries of the wretched survivors of the massacres, now bereft of half their kinsfolk, and in the midst of a waste and desolate land, ring. The history of those horrors is slowly being pieced together, the narrative now assuming a clear and continuous form, unprejudiced and free from falsehood.

A Kurdish brigand, Moostafa, who was not only a witness of the frightful scenes of Ghelleygoozan, but who was a participant in them as well, and who murdered the helpless Armenians right and left with his own sword, recently talked at Constantinople to an English correspondent with the utmost freedom.

Hitherto the stories of the outrages have come from the sufferers themselves alone. Now that the first word from the other side is heard, it is to be seen

"My name," the Kurdish miscreant chanted rather than said, "is Moostafa. I am a Kurd of the tribe of Haideranli—a better man in the Hamidieh regiments of the Padishah. I live with the Haideranli in Alashkerd, and I wish I were well back there again. But Allah alone knows whether I can soon go home. . . . I am not a toren (a noble) only a raya (a subject). There is the same difference between the two that there is between a Kurd and any Armenian, or very nearly."

"The pits in which the Armenians were buried when killed were in a valley. There were several. The bodies were thrown into them during the night. The bodies of the dead? They were not all dead. Some were only wounded, and might perhaps have lived if they got a chance, but they did not. Some were killed outright, like that priest I told you of, only they were a very long time about it."

"But afterward they were tried, and they ran a bayonet a couple of times through a man's body and left him lying. Then he was dropped into one of the pits. Afterwards some soldiers came along and prodded the bodies on the top, just to see if they were really dead, and if anyone moved he was prodded, too, with a bayonet. But that's all. Some who were down below were not dead, but nobody touched them. They died in time."

It was without the turning of a hair that Moostafa told the horrible story of the dread pit of Ghelleygoozan. With a touch that was quite as lightsome and careless, he then began to speak of the prisoners.

"We kept them in tents, that is the female prisoners who were to be sent

to the harems. No men were taken—not until after the massacre, when Moorad and his comrades were surprised in a cave. The soldiers always stood guard, not the Kurds. The officers gave all the orders, and there was one head officer, but I don't know his name. It was kept dark. I helped to fix up his tent. He carried a tube to look through. He talked much to the officers, but we never heard him speak. They were all afraid of him. We were afraid of them, and didn't like to have to carry out their orders. What we came to Sassoon for was not to kill, but to plunder."

"I did not see any women or girls dishonored by the soldiers, but I hear it was done in camp, and I know that many women and girls were taken off to Diarbekir, across the hills, and some in the direction of Mossoul. I heard of one girl or woman who was taken to the harem of a Kurd in the Plain of Diarbekir and then ran away disguised as a Kurd. I saw a very fine girl in camp. A colonel took her to Erznican, to his harem."

An Astonishing Discovery.

An astonishing discovery in regard to the production of electricity is announced, which, if genuine, will do away with the necessity of burning coal. Dr. Borchers, of Driesburg, Germany, says that he has found that electricity is generated by the conversion of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide into carbonic acid, and as this is the same thing that takes place in burning coal, he accomplishes the same end by chemical means by what he calls the wet process. While a steam engine utilizes about 12 per cent. of the theoretical energy and a gas engine 20 per cent., Dr. Borchers claims that his new process gives no less than 38 per cent.

Try It and See.

A pair of wrought iron tongs, or a piece of hoop heated and bent until the ends form a circuit like the feet of tongs, will magnetize a knife blade laid upon them and rubbed with another piece of steel. The cause is not yet satisfactorily explained.

KEIR HARDIE AS A CRITIC.

Keir Hardy recently visited the Bowery says New York Sun. He was disappointed at finding it a pretty safe thoroughfare and not at all the Bowery it was when William M. Thackeray, the novelist, described the "Bowery Boy." Mr. Hardy was seen by a Sun reporter at the Broadway Central hotel after he had returned from Brooklyn and had been put under fire by Lucien Sanial, Daniel de Leon, and several other socialists. He had discarded the mining cap for a straw hat. The only thing that pleased him was the Brooklyn bridge, which he thought a wonderful piece of engineering. He was very unfavorably impressed with the architecture of the business part of New York. "I went along Broadway," he said, "and was surprised at the utter lack of uniformity in the buildings. You would find a ten-story building cheek by jowl with a four-story structure, and as far as the architecture is concerned, I could see no pure specimen of any kind. On the contrary, Grecian, Roman, Gothic, and Renaissance and sometimes mixed up in the one building. The result is very incongruous. I think the New York merchant princes, with the money they spent on these buildings, might have had had results pleasanter to an artistic taste. In London the buildings in the business streets are more uniform, and, in my opinion, infinitely better from an artistic point of view."

"What do you think of the condition of the streets?"

"I think the condition very bad. It was worse at any time it must have

arose from feelings and impulses common to human nature, write Alice C. Fisher in an article entitled "Hunting Customs of the Omahas" in the Century. The following well-authenticated adventure took place in the last century. Two brothers loved the same woman. She favored the younger, but by some means the elder took her to wife. They were married in the fall of the year, and winter passed by, and one day in spring the brothers went forth to hunt together. Walking near the brooks of the Clearwater, the elder stopped to look over the edge of the canyon, where, a thousand feet below, the river glistened in the morning sun. Half way down the rocky wall, upon a ledge that jutted out from the sheer face of the precipice, he saw a nest of young eagles. He called to his brother, who returned, and looked down upon the nest. "I know what I will do," he said; "I will make a rope."

So the two set to work. They stripped the bark from young willows, and plaited it into a rope strong enough to hold a man. This done, they threw one end over the precipice to see if it was long enough to reach the nest; but it fell far short. Then they worked on, lengthening the rope until it finally rested upon the ledge. They agreed that one was to let the other down to secure the eagles. The elder tied the rope about his body and the younger lowered him carefully until his feet were well on the ledge. As he walked along toward the nest he saw the rope suddenly tossed over the cliff; instinctively he steadied himself, caught the rope, and pulled it in. He was alone, with a precipice above and a precipice below, on a narrow ledge, with no living thing but himself and the half-grown eagles. By and by the old eagles returned, and, seeing the intruder, were inclined to be hostile; but the man was careful not to anger them, and when they went away again he secured part of the game they had brought to their young.

Days wore on, and the man's life was sustained by the food the old eagles brought; but his distress from thirst was great, so he cleared out the Hitts hollows in the rock to catch the rain, covering them carefully to prevent evaporation. The young eagles became accustomed to his companionship and the touch of his hand; but by and by the time came when they were ready to fly, and death looked the lonely man in the face. He resolved to make an effort to reach the ground. He had hidden his rope in a crevice in the rock to keep it from drying; he now tied it firmly about his body, fastening each end strongly to an eagle, leaving sufficient length between the birds and himself to give full play for their wings. He reasoned that if the eagles were not able to fly with his weight, they would break his fall by their endeavors to save themselves. At all events, it was death to remain upon the ledge after they had gone. When all was ready, with his bow and quiver fastened upon his back, he pushed the wondering eagles off their nest over the cliff, and they bore their strange burden down, down the canyon, and finally, weary with their enforced flight, alighted upon a tree at the bottom. The man took a feather from each of his preservers and released them; then he swung himself down through the branches to the ground, and, taking the shortest trail to his home, came upon his brother and his wife sitting together outside the tent. It took but a moment to send an arrow through the unsuspecting man who had so cruelly betrayed him; then, confronting the woman, in intensity of hope he asked, "Are you glad I have come?" She was silent, but her face told him the truth, and a second arrow pierced her heart. Her body fell over the prostrate form of the younger brother before any one in camp realized that he who had long been given up as dead had returned to avenge his grievous wrongs.

An Absent-Minded Preacher.

An odd circumstance happened once at Winchester. As Dr. Wilson was one Sunday morning going through the streets toward the cathedral he heard a woman cry, "Mackerel! All alive, all alive, O!" and on his arrival at the church he began the services as follows: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive, alive, O!" These last words the doctor proclaimed aloud, to the great surprise of the congregation. But the good doctor was so studious and absent-minded that he knew not what he had done.

Here's a Melon for You.

A Jessamine, Ky., farmer drove into the village with a watermelon that weighed ninety-eight and one-half pounds. It was bought by Dick Bowney, the village blacksmith, who cut it open with a cross-cut saw and treated the entire village. One-half of the melon was saved intact and placed upon the village pump as a trough to water stock from.

Belevins: "The comic papers are always talking about women looking under their beds to see if there is a man there. Now, do you think a woman ever found a man under the bed?" Henpeck: "Oh, yes. Married women often do."—Truth.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

TWO BROTHERS IN LOVE WITH THE SAME MAIDEN.

The Discarded Suitor Sought the Life of His Successful Rival, but Was Killed Himself—Fed by Eagles in a Cave.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE and in small companies the Indians hunted the deer, elk, and antelope; and while danger was always present, tragedies sometimes occurred in which neither wild beasts nor inimical tribes had part, but which arose from feelings and impulses common to human nature, write Alice C. Fisher in an article entitled "Hunting Customs of the Omahas" in the Century. The following well-authenticated adventure took place in the last century. Two brothers loved the same woman. She favored the younger, but by some means the elder took her to wife. They were married in the fall of the year, and winter passed by, and one day in spring the brothers went forth to hunt together. Walking near the brooks of the Clearwater, the elder stopped to look over the edge of the canyon, where, a thousand feet below, the river glistened in the morning sun. Half way down the rocky wall, upon a ledge that jutted out from the sheer face of the precipice, he saw a nest of young eagles. He called to his brother, who returned, and looked down upon the nest. "I know what I will do," he said; "I will make a rope."

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Try It and See.

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SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party!

EDITORIAL.

Socialism is coming.

The intelligent citizen is with the Socialists.

Comrades, our noble cause is making splendid progress.

Keir Hardie is all right. He is doing excellent work in this country.

Socialism will henceforth be the hammer that knocks the old wheels of the capitalist parties to pieces.

Comrades of America, be men. Let us combine all the good Socialist elements for our national campaign.

Jesus Christ never fed the poor on soup. This is intended as a pointer for the church.—Bus-Saw, Hardy, Ark.

The Socialist Labor Party should have a ticket in the field in every State of the Union at the next Presidential election.

Comrades, you may sometimes be discouraged when looking at the general ignorance of the masses. But when night is darkest dawn is nearest. On to work and victory!

We advise Tom Watson, the lawyer and would-be statesman, to talk and write less reform nonsense, and pay little more attention to the study of Socialism. By his recent attacks on Socialism he simply made a fool of himself.

Comrade Wilson Becker writes from Pennsylvania: "The country seems ripe for Socialism. All the Socialists need now is a thorough stirring up, but the drawback so far to our movement is lack of systematic organization, making it very difficult for an agitator."

English, French and German reform papers of the character of this paper have lists running into the hundreds of thousands. They are the power that is making thrones tremble. With your assistance, if you consider it worthy, this paper will wield a like influence in this monopoly-ridden country. You will need such agencies next year.—Coming Nation.

Socialism may be a dream, as Tom Watson says, but the dreams of one generation are the every-day experiences of the next. Free government and universal suffrage were dreams once. So were trial by jury and freedom of worship. The dreamer is a man whose vision is a little keener than that of his fellows. He merely sees what is coming farther off.—Ex.

"El Socialista," of Madrid, Spain, says: "The Socialist parties of nearly all countries agree as to the tactics in their political struggles. In Germany the Socialists do not only fight the monarchy, but all capitalist parties. In France our Comrades are waging a bitter war against the capitalist Republican parties. In Italy they fight with equal energy and severity against the capitalist parties, as well as against the monarchy. And the Independent Labor Party and the Social-Democratic Federation follow the same tactics."

The following is another passage of the report of the London, Ontario, Trades Union Congress:

Delegate Brent, London, freely admitted being a Socialist, and said he would declare himself before the Municipal Board or anybody in the city if it were necessary. The object of Socialism he explained to be liberty, fraternity, and equality. Delegate Hay, Ottawa, said that he would tell the truth. He was a Socialist, just as were those who sat around and denied it. They claimed to have been working in the behalf of humanity, and yet they denied that they were Socialists. Socialism advocated the cause of humanity in every degree, and because of that he was a Socialist. "I claim," said Mr. Hay, "that Jesus of Nazareth was the first and most pronounced Socialist that ever graced the face of the earth."

Socialism is alive everywhere.

SOMETHING ABOUT TOM WATSON AND HIS ATTACK ON SOCIALISM.

Tom Watson, in his People's party paper, tried to say something about Socialism, but he made a bad failure of it. I wrote an article and sent it to poor Tom for publication, but poor Tom dared not publish it. People must be kept ignorant of Socialism; in other words, of true reform.

According to his own statements, Tom Watson is, after getting into Congress, and if he gets there he will swear that this present system of robbery is all right. Tom tells about the Ruskin colony of Mr. Wayland, and points his finger of scorn and calls it a failure of Socialism. It is not a failure of Socialism, but it might be called a failure of forming a trust without the means to do so, but not Socialism. Socialism means a Co-Operative Commonwealth, not a small colony here and there in slavery. Tom says: "We believe in co-operation in business." Yes, but why didn't you tell your readers what the word "business" meant? It means that I produce something; you sell it and make profits on it; in other words, you live at the expense of others. The Socialists intend to do away with that kind of business and own and operate the means of distribution without a burden to the people.

Tom says: "What's mine I want." That's right. But if I produce something and you sell it to my neighbor at a profit, is that profit yours? We claim that you should have no right to it, but earn your own living.

In his issue of September 13th, he says: "We do not intend to go one step farther toward Socialism." Certainly not. I am thankful to you, Mr. Watson, for your statement, as your authority is good enough, because many a Pop. is running you for President in '96. I shall use that article of yours some other time. You thought, when you was at a loss for an answer to McCandless against Socialism, that it would be well to down him with the above, but Tommy, it was only another blunder.

Tommy says: "Our time is fully occupied in talking Populism, and we have no time to talk Socialism." Of course not. Socialism means education, and Tom Watson's office-itch would not be cured by education. He knows this as a fact, and as he is bound for office he must avoid Socialistic arguments, which will help me out in the future scramble with the office-seeking Pops. We must do away with the Socialists. Let us make the people believe the Socialists are Anarchists. In conclusion I shall state if Tommy would like to have the People's party platform discussed, as he asked Mr. McCandless for several points in it, I am willing to give you all the information on that subject you want, i. e., providing that you are man enough to publish it.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.
1206 S. Third street, Omaha, Neb.

I am convinced that no person seeks to enslave another for the lust of enslaving. He simply enslaves him to save himself. And since that is the distinguishing mark of the savage—ignorance of how to save himself without infringing upon the right of his fellow—capitalism can be safely set down as savagism, and its opposite, Socialism, as civilization.—Coming Nation.

The London (Ontario) Trades Union Congress was a lively affair. Socialism seemed to be uppermost everywhere. Delegate H. B. Ashplant, London, said he was a member of the International Socialist Party, and wanted it placed on an equal footing with other societies. He said that the Canadian Socialist movement was young. It was only eighteen months since it was instituted in Canada. He referred to the progress made in France and England by the party, and said that it strove for the emancipation of the workmen from the thralldom and conditions which, without Socialism, they must ever remain under.

The San Francisco "Examiner," a Capitalist paper, says: "Keir Hardie represents a school of thought that has numerous, earnest adherents all over Europe and America. Socialism can no longer be dismissed with contempt; it has numbers and intelligence in its service, and it must be heard. It has two million disciples in Germany; it has secured the majority in some German and French cities, and it is not impossible that it may obtain control of some European Governments. It is in practical politics, and its arguments are entitled to as much consideration as is given to those of protectionists and free traders."

Interspersed with a good deal of twaddle, the Syracuse, N. Y., "Post," a Capitalist paper, utters editorially this surprisingly just statement about Socialism in America:

"More and more the word Socialism and the word Anarchy are becoming separated. If Socialism wins followers here it will be the Socialism taught by the deepest, most scientific study of the human race and of its present needs. The evolution of Socialism has been remarkable during the last decade. Peaceful development is now the creed."—The People.

"Syracuse Socialist" is a nice little paper, published monthly by our comrades in Syracuse, N. Y. Our cause is growing everywhere.

Comrade, wake up from your slumbers and busy yourself about your duty; the people are ready for the Socialist movement!

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."
—Shakespeare.

The general introduction of steam power and labor saving machinery had the tendency of building up a monstrous factory system under the exclusive ownership and management of untitled aristocrats and corporations. I suppose that many of the audience do not fully understand the old system of capitalist production. For this reason it will be necessary that I shall make this the special subject of my next lecture. In conclusion permit me to state the fact that abolition of chattel-slavery was by no means followed by a general improvement of the conditions of the wealth producers. On the contrary, A NEW SYSTEM OF SLAVERY had already grown up side by side with chattel-slavery—the system of wage slavery that made the slave even more dependent on his master than the old system. While the chattel-slave was the property of his master and was cared for like any other "live stock," the wage slave was only hired for hours, days or weeks, and from the moment he could not hire himself and sell his labor power he was without bread, and starvation was his doom. You will now probably understand the poet of the Nineteenth Century when he expressed the feelings of the poor and oppressed as follows:

There stretched away, beyond the City's walls,
A wealth of nature, uncorrupt and free;
Where Music spoke in rustic brooks and falls,
An earthy Paradise; a hallowed place;
The velvet turf invited children's tread,
But not a child appeared who'd therein read
The noble lessons of its simple grace.

Oh, no! for these, the children of our time,
There lived no beauty in the realm of thought;
Their only world was that of toil and crime;
Their only pleasure such as Slumdom brought.

The Pilgrim's mission was but ill pursued,
One further look, and lo! within the State
Are forces which, with higher aims imbued,
Wage war against the cause of social hate,
The cry of men and children to be free,
Rich chords responsive; fall on quick ears now;
And we, the People, register our vow:—
The past is dead; its like shall no more be!

CHAPTER VI.

WHY THE OLD AMERICAN WEALTH-PRODUCERS WERE POOR.

"Strangs! That a nation must run through such a labyrinth of trouble, and expend such a mass of wealth to gain the wisdom which one hour's reflection might have taught."—Thomas Paine.

Citizens of New America: Indeed, it is very strange that the people paid such an exorbitant price for their freedom, while they had the power to fix the price ad libitum pro libito. It was many years before the average Old Americans could comprehend the economic revolution that had thrown the whole continent into a state of social turmoil and civil war. As a rule, the people had been misled and deceived. By whom? (1) By those who "manufactured" the public opinion, i. e., the owners and managers of the public press; (2) by the powerful representatives of Churchism; (3) by the men of science, who were, in most instances, the hirelings of Plutocracy; (4) by the professional politicians. "A bad cause will ever be supported by bad means and bad men," said Paine. This was also true of the bad cause of Capitalism.

Of the "common working people" it could rightfully be said that "when men have departed from the right way they stumble and fall." The right way for the poor was to fight for their human rights; but having failed to do this they stumbled like a generation of blind men and fell into the cesspool of poverty and misery. Sometimes they would try to fight for their natural rights, but they lacked the necessary education and experience to continue the struggle until success would have crowned their efforts. And "the worst of all policy is that of doing things by halves; penny wise and pound foolish has been the ruin of thousands," said one of our Revolutionary heroes of 1776; the poor devils were pound foolish.

The great trouble with the people of the "capitalist era" had been that they had no idea of the fundamental basis of the economic and social system by which they were surrounded, and under which they had to sacrifice their lives, nay, the lives of future generations.

Dear Fellow-Citizens: Before we proceed to show how the Co-operative Commonwealth was brought about, permit me to explain the old system of capitalist production and distribution, the origin and accumulation of CAPITAL, etc.

Will you grasp the old idea of "profit" and "money-making?" "Capital" is a term almost unknown to our generation. In Old America "Capital" was the name for all the accumulated products of labor, i. e., those parts of the products of labor which the "capitalist" used to call "profit," "rent," "interest," etc. In reality Capital was nothing but an accumulation of products stolen from the "common working classes"—stolen, of course, in a legal manner.

"Can't you make this more clearly understood, so that our young social science students will not fail to give a good illustration of this old legalized robbery in our next lesson hour?" pleasantly and politely asked one of our young women professors of social science, who had followed my remarks with special interest.

I will try my best, I replied. By the way: I have with me a copy of an old pamphlet bearing the title, "Capital and Labor," published in 1892, which contains a very short and clear chapter on the origin of capital. The pamphlet is a popular exposition of the so-called Marxian theory of values—the same theory that exploded all the Old American and Old European professor's doctrines of false national economy, and which may be considered

as the fundamental, economic corner-stone of the Co-Operative Commonwealth.

I shall now read a short part of the pamphlet, hoping that the discussion of this subject will be taken up in all our social science classes in order to show to our children the injustice and inhumanity of the social system that forced our forefathers into wage-slavery, poverty, sickness and crime. Follow me closely. I quote:

THE ORIGIN OF CAPITAL.

"Labor created all social wealth; natural wealth—raw material—is the free gift of Nature to all mankind.

"The wealth of a society of which the so-called capitalist mode of production prevails, presents itself as an immense accumulation of commodities. A commodity is an object that, by its properties, satisfies human wants of some sort or another." Iron, corn or diamonds are commodities, and as such, so far as they are material things, they are use-values. The utility of a thing makes it a use-value—and a use-value becomes a reality only by use or consumption.

"Use-values constitute the substance of all wealth. In our present capitalist form of society they are the material depositories of exchange-values. The exchange-value is the only form in which the value of commodities can be expressed.

SIGNS OF SOCIAL CHANGE.

STUDY THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF SOCIALISM AND YOU WILL HASTEN THE DAY OF LABOR'S EMANCIPATION.

Every age has had its hopes, hopes that look to something beyond the life of the age itself, hopes that try to pierce into the future, and I believe that they have been stronger not in the past days of the epoch which has given them birth, but rather in its times of corruption. In truth it may well be that these hopes are but a reflection in those that live happy and comfortable of the vain longings of those others that suffer—the working class. When all goes well the happy world forgets these people and their desire, sure as it is that their woes are not dangerous to them, the wealthy, but when the wants and grief of the poor begin to rise to a point beyond the endurance of men, fear, conscious or unconscious, falls upon the rich. Then they begin to look about them to see what there may be among the elements of their society which may be used as a relief for the misery which is long existing and is constantly growing greater among the slaves of that society and is now at last forcing itself on the attention of the masters.

Times of change, disruption, and evolution are naturally the times of hope also, and not seldom that the hopes of something better to come are the first signs that tell people that revolution is at hand. The word revolution, which a Socialist is so often forced to use, has a terrible sound in most people's ears, even when we tell them that it does not mean a change accompanied by riot and all kinds of violence and cannot mean a change made mechanically by a group of men who in any way managed to seize on the executive power for the moment. Even when we explain that we use the word revolution in its original sense and mean by it a change in the basis of society, the people are scared at the idea of such a great change and beg that you will speak of reform and not of revolution.

As we Socialists do not at all mean by our word revolution what these worthy people mean by their word reform, I can't help thinking that it would be a mistake to use it, whatever scheme we might conceal beneath its harmless envelope. And what creature on earth would be harmed by such a revolution? Nay, would not everybody be the better for it? So we will stick to our word, which means a change of the basis of society, and though it may frighten people, it will at least warn them that there is something to be frightened about, and it may encourage some people and mean to them at least not a fear, but a hope. Fear and hope—these are the names of the two great passions which rule the race of man and with which revolutionists have to deal to give hope to the many oppressed and fears to the few oppressors—that is our business.

If we do the first and give hope to the many the few must be frightened by their hope; otherwise we do not want to frighten them. It is not revenge we want for the poor proletariat, but happiness. Indeed, what revenge could be taken for the all the thousands of years of sufferings of the poor masses? The poor people who are living hard and anxiously as they do, can hardly think of any change for the better happening to them and dare not risk on title of their poor possession in taking any action toward a possible bettering of their conditions, so that while we can do little with the rich, save inspire them with fear, it is hard, indeed, to give the poor any hope. It is, then, no less than reasonable that those whom we try to involve in the great struggle for a better form of life than that which we now lead, should call on us to give them at least some idea of what that life may be like. Well, we would live in peace, happiness and friendship.

We might live utterly without national rivalries, acknowledging a community under one name to govern themselves, yet that no community in civilization should feel that it had interests opposed to any other, their economic conditions being at any rate the same, so that any citizen of one community could fall to work and live without disturbances of his life when he was in a foreign country, and would fit into his place quite naturally. Also that all civilized nations would form one great community, agreeing together as to the kind and amount of production and distribution needed, working at such and such productions where it could be best

produced, avoiding waste by all means. This not alone, but we also claim good health, and I say that a great portion of people in civilization hardly know what that means to feel mere life a pleasure.

The proletarians suffer from one disease, hunger, and at least I know this: That if a man is overworked in every way or has no work at all, lives in a poor dwelling and is deprived of all enjoyments of the natural beauty of the world, all these things touch more or less his bodily conditions. Next, we claim, is education, and you must say that almost every child is educated now, but that sort of education will not answer, though we cheerfully admit it is something of a mere class education. What we claim is liberal education, opportunity; that is, to have a share of whatever knowledge there is about in the world, according to the capacity or bent of mind—historical or scientific—and also to have a share of skill of hand which is about the world, either in the industrial occupations or in the fine arts, picture painting, sculpture, music, acting or the like.

We claim to be taught, if we can be taught more than one business, to exercise for the benefit of the community and that the places worked in factories or workshops should be pleasant, just as the fields, where our most necessary work is done, are pleasant. Believe it, there is nothing in the world to prevent this being done save the necessity of making profits on all wares; in other words, the wares are cheapened at the expense of people being forced to work in crowded, unhealthy, filthy, noisy dens; that is to say, they are cheapened at the expense of the workingman's life. These are the conditions of life which the refined man of all ages has set before him as the thing above all others to attain—a beautiful world to live in.

We must take courage, for if it is not we who can build up the new social order, the past ages have done most of that for us, but we can clear our eyes to the signs of the times, and we shall see that the attainment of a good condition of life is being made possible for the future, and that the day of the new organization of man is dawning. Hard as the work is, however, its reward is not doubtful. The mere fact that a group of men, however small, are banded together as Socialistic missionaries shows that the change is going on.

As the working classes, the real organic part of society, take in these ideas, hope will raise in them and they will claim change in society, many of which, doubtless, will not tend directly toward their emancipation, because they will be claimed without due knowledge of the one thing necessary to claim equality of condition; but which, indirectly, will help to break up our rotten sham society. While that claim for equality of conditions will be made constantly and with growing loudness till it must be listened to, and then at least it will be socialized and looking back on what has been, we shall be astonished to think of how long we submitted to live as we do live now.

MISS SHOPENHAUER.

A. F. OF L. PROGRAMME.

1. Compulsory education.
2. A legal eight-hour work day.
3. Sanitary inspection of work shop, mine and home.
4. Liability of employers for injury to health, body and life.
5. The abolition of the contract system in all public work.
6. The abolition of the sweating system.
7. Under proper economic conditions, the ownership and operation of railways and telegraphs, and the municipal ownership and operation of street railways, gas and electric light, telephone lines and similar monopolies.
8. The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of all the people, and should not be subject to speculative traffic. Occupancy and use should be the only title to possession of land. Taxes upon land should be levied upon its full value for use, exclusive of improvement, and should be sufficient to take for the community all unearned increment.
9. Direct legislation through the initiative and referendum.
10. The collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution.

UNITE AND TAKE YOUR OWN.

Workmen throughout the land, Why will you not together stand; Defy the despots; seek redress; Right your wrongs and not care less.

Why stand you by and see each day The men who work your lives away, Squander money that by toil You have earned on this free soil.

The wealth is yours; by your hands made; Filched from you by designing greed; Used to reap where naught was sown; Use it to stay you from your own And keep you in the mire.

Your fathers bled in former days The Stars and Stripes to proudly raise; Oppressors then were in the land, But boldly did they take their stand And freedom did they gain.

They never meant that but a few Amidst many millions should subdue And hold you down and take the wealth For which you sacrificed your health - And brooked the tyrant's frown.

They never meant that men should fear In this free land of peer and peer, A knave who has but money got, But love of country who has not; Say, brothers, is it so?

Say, brothers, let us, I and you, These chains of bondage now undo; It lies within our power to-day To throw them off and far away If we will but unite.

We stand their equal on free soil; The ballot box is magic oil To calm this raging sea of greed; To give to all their rightful need And make each one free.

Come, men who work, unite! unite! God is with us; it is right To ask and take from those who hold Of peace and happiness and gold, or just an rightful share.

INTERNATIONAL.

CARMAUX, FRANCE.

Capitalism Trying to Annihilate Organized Labor.

The great strike of the Glass Workers in this city is still on. It is a most desperate struggle, the capitalist corporations trying their utmost to destroy and annihilate every form of labor organization.

The Socialist daily paper in Paris, "La Petite Republique," informs us that the sum of 20,000 francs—about \$4,000—has been collected for the strikers in Carmaux.

The struggle in Carmaux is very interesting and will be an inexhaustible source of information for the future historian. It will be remembered that about three years ago there was a general strike of miners, glass workers, etc., in Carmaux.

But while Homestead's workers are today as staunch old-party voting cattle as before their struggle, the working people of Carmaux have developed their political intellect and their political organizations in a different direction.

Three years ago the workmen of Carmaux, at a general election, defeated their powerful master, M. Reilly, and elected a prominent radical Socialist, Professor Jean Jaures, as member of the Chamber of Deputies.

Of course, M. Reilly and his Capitalist colleagues decided to take revenge at the 1907 miners who had the audacity to elect a Socialist instead of their own master and slaveholder.

So they did. They elected a Socialist Mayor and a Socialist City Council, and the Socialist Mayor is a poor miner and employe of the mining corporation, of which M. Reilly is President.

Since that time there has been no peace in Carmaux. At any rate, the millionaire Reilly would not permit that Carmaux be governed by a Socialist Mayor and a Socialist City Council, and that his own employes elect a Socialist to represent them in the National Chamber of Legislation.

The fight in Carmaux is actually a fight of the working people of France against the Capitalist system.

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

Diamond Cutters Strike.

Ten thousand diamond cutters struck work here to-day upon the refusal of the employers to adopt conditions upon which the cutters' trade union insisted.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

International Solidarity of Labor.

L. Gross of Brisbane, publishes the following interesting item in the Brisbane "Worker," which shows that a victory of labor in one country means a victory of labor of all countries;

Editor "Worker": Another victory in the annals of labor. The Parliamentary election in Italy, on the 26th of May, proved a great success in favor of labor.

In spite of all oppression and the wholesale disfranchisement of the working classes, Signor Crispi, the Prime Minister, fell far short of his expectations.

Seventeen stern Socialists were elected as against five at the previous election. As the party is a comparatively young one the gain is all the more important.

De Felice, Dr. Barbato, Garibaldi, and Bosko, who are still suffering imprisonment, were elected with overwhelming majorities. The city of Milan proved the most progressive, only Socialists, otherwise Radicals, being returned.

The Italian Bismarck feels rather disappointed over the result as he has to contend with a determined opposition, and most likely his days as Prime Minister are numbered.

At present the number of Socialists in the European Parliaments is as follows: France, 49 out of 581 deputies; Germany, 48 out of 397; Belgium 23 out of 152; and Italy, 17 out of 508.

If the last named had been elected on the one man one vote principle their number would probably have been doubled. Baron von Schellendorf, Minister of War in Germany, has issued an order throughout the Empire that all young men who are enlisted as recruits to the army must be given a character.

Socialists shall be excluded from the guard of honor. Surely if they are excluded from soldier's life altogether there would be great joy in the Fatherland and the gigantic army, with one stroke, would be swept from the face of the earth.

In Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, a dock strike, took place in May; 600 men came out. The strike was well organized and lasted only three hours. The men came out on top. Low wages was the main trouble.

The labor-saving machines is the greatest revolutionizer. An official statistic from the United States reports: "The number of unemployed is steadily increasing. Cabinetmakers have been reduced 15 per cent, buttolehole makers 50, shirtmakers 35, bakers and confectioners 20, furniture makers 35, compositors 41, typefounders 50, silk ribbon weavers 40, and woodcarvers 60."

The same can be said of the European industrial States. Under the capitalistic production the surplus labor is unavoidable—one must be abolished with the other. L. GROSS.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Result of the New South Wales Elections.

The result of the Parliamentary general election in New South Wales is as follows: Government supporters, 59; Opposition, 43; Independent Free Traders, 3; Independent Protectionist, 1; and Labor, 19.

The Labor Party proper, comprise: T. Brown, selector; Condoibolin elector-ate. G. Black, journalist; Glipps Division. J. H. Cann, miner; Broken Hill. J. R. Dacey, wheelwright; Botany. T. M. Davis, seaman; Pyrmont. A. Edden, coal miner; Kahlbah. W. J. Ferguson, engine driver; Sturt. A. H. Griffith, school teacher; Waratah. W. M. Hughes, school teacher; Lang Division.

S. J. Law, draper; Balmaln South. J. S. T. McGowen, iron moulder; Redfern. H. Macdonald, journalist; Coonamble. J. B. Nicholson, coal miner; Worona. J. Thompson, miner; Newcastle West. G. W. Smalles, clergyman; Granville. R. Sleath, miner; Wilcannia. J. Thomas, miner; Alma. J. C. Watson, compositor; Young. D. Watkins, miner; Wallend.

Besides the above pledged Labor men, the following re-elected members of Parliament signed the Labor Platform in 1891, and should be expected to vote with the Labor Party on Labor questions: W. F. Schey, sailor; Darlington. Thomas Bavister, bricklayer; Ashfield. F. Cotton, journalist; Camperdown. E. M. Clark, St. Leonards. E. Lonsdale, bricklayer; Armidale. H. W. Newman, mine owner; Orange. J. L. Fegan, miner; Wickham. J. Cook, miner; Hartley. L. T. Hollis, doctor; Goulburn.

NEWCASTLE, AUSTRALIA.

Stagnation in the Local Union Movement.

Union stagnation. That is exactly the present state of matters in this district—union stagnation. There are precious few healthy labor organizations existing in our community; in fact, many one-time vigorous combinations are now defunct.

Just what the established unions are, and where they have their headquarters, is a real problem. A few years ago all manner of unions flourished; now a blight has fallen upon them one and all. The smaller societies appear to be copying the evil example of the Miners' Association, which, in spite of the herculean and wisely directed efforts of the district officers, is drifting backward.

many causes have been insidiously working to bring about the present deplorable result. However, cannot something be done to effectually prevent this manifest decay. Readers of this column will have noticed that a gallant attempt is being made by Mr. Culey and his delegate board to found a Colliery Employees' Federation. If the attempt proves successful—and we fully believe it will—then the spirit of Unionism will once again run throughout the whole of our labor bodies, and strong societies will be established. Why not call public meetings in every town, and place the best speakers on the platforms. Let stirring addresses be given, and the workers will soon rally round the movement.

NATIONAL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Have Wrought by Type-Setting Machines.

The first "plant" of Linotype machines put in operation in Philadelphia, was that of the "Record," which has been in use about two years, says "Unity and Progress." Previous to that time there were more than 600 compositors in the city employed exclusively in the newspaper branch of the printing trade.

Table with 5 columns: Name, No. of Machines, Em'd, Now For'd, Em'd. Includes Times, North American, Call, Star, Press, Record, Inquirer, Bulletin, Item, News.

By this it appears that the number of hand compositors displaced in these ten offices alone in two years is 263. But the number is much greater than this, for 40 of these machines are kept going night and day, and the number of compositors displaced will probably exceed 325.

The number of hand compositors who still find employment exclusively in newspaper work is about 200, who are distributed principally among four offices—the "Ledger," "Telegraph," "Herald" and American Press Association.

Several questions will naturally arise in the minds of those who read this article. The first will probably be, "What becomes of all these printers who have been thrown out?" Many of them seek and find employment in other channels, from which they derive incomes sufficient to keep them out of the almshouse, and probably a few of these have materially bettered themselves.

Some will want to know where the benefits, if any, arising from the introduction of this machine comes in and who are the beneficiaries. We have shown that the printers are not among this number. Of course, the works necessary to the building of the machines give employment to a number of men, and some more are required to keep them in order when in operation, but all of these put together would be but a small fraction of the number of printers displaced.

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It seems to us, therefore, that this machine at least cannot be classed as yet among "public blessings," and there is no reason for any large number of us to be thankful for its introduction. Probably if we were the owners, as well as the operators of the machine, we would be better off. At any rate, we are unable to see advantages in a machine whose introduction has the effect of throwing large numbers of industrious workmen out of employment without in some manner replacing the loss.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Hog-Killing Industry.

The hog-killing machinery in Armour & Co.'s slaughter house at Chicago has a capacity for dispatching 6,000 a day. Improved machinery is to be introduced, giving a capacity of 12,000 a day. The next thing will be a reduction in the number of workmen and a cut in wages.

Letter Carriers Helping the Cigarmakers.

The following resolution was indorsed unanimously by the delegates to the Letter Carriers' Convention, held in Philadelphia, September 2:

"Resolved, That the National Association of Letter Carriers cheerfully indorse the blue label of the cigarmakers' International Union, and request all the branches of the organization to call the attention of their members to the matter, and urge upon them the justice and necessity of buying only union-made goods."

AKRON, O.

Appeal of International Typographical Union.

The Union Printers have great pleasure in informing all friends of industrial progress and organized labor that the firm of Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, Ill., has, in deference to the wishes of its friends, decided in future to employ only members of the Typographical Union in its composing room.

In making this announcement and commending the firm of Rand, McNally & Co. to your kindly consideration, the printers feel it their duty to announce also that the Werner Printing Company, of Akron, O., has not yet seen fit to follow the Chicago firm's example, and still employs non-union printers.

The list includes men who have worked for the company for many years, industrious, sober, skillful, reliable and thoroughly competent workmen. Some of them, by dint of industry and economy, have purchased homes for themselves and are looked upon with the greatest respect, not only by their fellow craftsmen, but by the neighboring farmers.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The A. R. U. and the Soldiers' Monument.

W. H. Appleman, who was tried for the murder of Engineer Clark in the train wreck near Sacramento, in which four United States soldiers were also killed, was arrested in the Presidio Reservation by order of General Graham and was expelled from the grounds.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Independent Labor Demonstrations on July 4th.

Mr. Eugene Deucher, of Boston, writes in the "Cigarmakers' Journal": We ought to make the Fourth of July Labor Day instead of the 2d of September. The 2d of September possesses no special significance, while the Fourth of July is full of meaning.

legislative minority of our law-making and law-robbing masters. We should accept nothing from this legislative minority which we can possibly avoid accepting.

PITTSBURG, KANSAS.

How the Santa Fe Company Punishes the City of Frontenac for Failing to Elect Their Agent Mayor.

The town of Frontenac, located about four miles north of this city, is the largest and most productive coal mining camp in Kansas. The coal lands belong to the Santa Fe company, and the mines, which employ from 1,000 to 2,000 men, are operated by that company.

The company was having things its own way nicely, and the county dailies were already congratulating the future Mayor on his easily won honors.

On election day a Santa Fe band made the welkin ring and also made things pleasant for the boys, but when the ballots were counted out that night the miners' ticket had been elected from top to bottom and the corporation blowers were left.

The Independent Labor Party had 32 candidates in the field at the recent Parliamentary elections. The following is an itemized report of the Socialist vote:

COLUMBUS, O.

Circular to Ohio Miners.

The officers of the Ohio division of the United Mine Workers of America issued a circular to their men, assuring them there can be no question but that an advance will be granted in Pittsburg, and that Ohio operators, October 1, will follow suit, as per contract August 2, and urging Ohio miners to respect that contract.

The first big installment of discharges of miners and mine workers was opened on Monday, of which the following is a partial list: Jacob Dittman, Councilman; Charles Friskle, Councilman; Hugh Ferguson, Councilman; John Bettsinger, City Treasurer; Patrick Hunt, Doc McKee, J. L. Ledford, Henry Stephenson, Pete Peteroff, Jules La Fartes, Henry Hecksher, Tom Garaghty, Hugh Foggyth, Sr.; John Norris, David Forsyth, David Allister, John Miller, Peter Columbus, John Bossing, Jim Martin, Levi Statham, Samuel Arnold.

Here is political terrorism—and of the most dastardly sort. Neither work nor bread for the men who fail to cringe submissively before the Santa Fe Company. Political obedience or starvation is the mandate, and no man is to be permitted the poor privilege of digging coal from the depths of the earth unless he consents to be the political slave of the Santa Fe Company.

When a poor widow takes a handful of coal from a railroad car she is sent to the police station. When the capitalist steals mining land or for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber from Uncle Sam he will still be a gentleman and a shrewd business man.

CONVICT-MADE CIGARS.

An Appeal to Assist the Cigarmakers' Union.

The tactics adopted and pursued by many who deal in penitentiary and sweat shop goods, particularly wholesalers, are as pusillanimous as they are extensive. No man, whether he is opposed to labor organizations or not, has any desire to smoke a penitentiary-manufactured cigar.

How Uncle Sam is robbed. A telegram from Deadwood, S. D., says: "The United States Government has commenced suit in the United States Court to recover \$700,000 damages from the Homestake Mining Company, alleging that during the last 17 years the Homestake company has cut 1,061,200 trees."

When a poor widow takes a handful of coal from a railroad car she is sent to the police station. When the capitalist steals mining land or for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of timber from Uncle Sam he will still be a gentleman and a shrewd business man.

The "living wage" has become a mere farce. The "living wage" is getting smaller every day. According to the New York "Recorder" 25 cents a day is sufficient for a wage slave to live on. And as long as you live you will enjoy the "living wage."

which the leaf of tobacco is handled while going through the course of construction.

We quoted extracts some time since from the pen of prison wardens to substantiate the truthfulness of the statement that the system used in the manufacture of cigars in the penitentiary is a very filthy one, and those who use cigars should be informed of it.

The profits to the retailer are certainly much larger than if he were to deal in union cigars, because the wholesaler and retailer, by handling penitentiary cigars, make a magnificent profit, as the penitentiary cigar is retailed for the same price as that of the union-made cigar.

Though the rich take all you raise, Through the golden summer days, Then in winter give you soup without the fat; Though your children cry for bread And are famishing and dead, Yet you mustn't mind a little thing like

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AN AFRICAN SCHOLAR.

THE REV. EDWARD W. BLYDEN OF LIBERIA.

A Full-Blooded Negro Who Has Won Distinction Here and Abroad—Distinguished Men Among His Friends—Now With Us.

HE Rev. Edward Wilmot Blyden of Liberia, who is now paying a visit to America, is one of the most eminent scholars of the negro race. He is now 63 years of age, but though his life has been busy and wearing a and wearing the only evidence of his age is found in his hair, which is beginning to turn gray. His form is still erect and his movements vigorous. He has a large head, with a full forehead. His color proclaims him a full-blooded negro. He is an interesting speaker, having a deep, rich voice and an easy conversational manner.

Dr. Blyden was born in the Danish island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, on Aug. 3, 1832. His parents, who were of pure negro stock, belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, and the boy was baptized as a member of this denomination. His pastor, the Rev. John P. Knox, formerly of Newton, L. I., early picked the boy out as showing exceptional promise, and advised him to come to the United States and enter an American college. Accordingly, at the age of 18, with the assistance of his pastor, Mr. Blyden came to New York. This was in 1850, just after the passage of the fugitive slave law, and in the height of the excitement over the slavery question. The young negro made application for admission to several colleges, but all of them refused to receive him. It had been his intention to go to Africa as soon as he had obtained an education, and when he found the doors of American colleges closed against him he decided to go thither at once. In the fall of 1850 he sailed for Liberia and two years later he entered the Alexander high school at Monrovia, named after Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton. At that time the colony of Liberia had been in existence about thirty years, but the re-



DR. BLYDEN.

public was less than five years old. In the Alexander school he took a course in classics and mathematics, and in 1858 he became a teacher in the school. In 1861 he was appointed professor of languages in the newly-founded Liberia college. After five years' service he received a leave of absence, and occupied it in a trip to Egypt and Palestine. He also visited the Protestant college at Beirut as the guest of Dr. Jessup, who is now in this country. Here he took occasion to improve the knowledge of Arabic, which he had begun to acquire in Arabia.

On his return to Liberia, Dr. Blyden continued his work of teaching until 1871, when he resigned, and went on a trip through Europe. He was then appointed by the British government as diplomatic agent to make treaties with the powerful Mohammedan and pagan chiefs of the interior tribes of Africa. After three years of this work he again took charge of the Alexander high school, which had meantime been removed from Monrovia to the interior twenty-five miles up St. Paul's river. In 1877 Dr. Blyden was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and served in this capacity for three years. On his return to Monrovia he was elected president of Liberia college. He resigned in 1884, and took up independent educational work among the Mohammedans at Sierra Leone. In 1892 he was again appointed Liberian representative at the Court of St. James, which office he still holds.

Swapped Away His Wife.

The very unusual story of swapping a daughter for a wife is reported from Toledo, Wash. A farmer named Thompson lost his wife a short time ago. The child he took to a neighbor by the name of Putnam to be cared for. Of course frequent visits were made to see how the baby was getting along. Mrs. Putnam was quite a comely person, and very soon attracted the attention of the widowed farmer. Then he soon learned to love her, but worse of all his love was reciprocated. The husband discovered the situation. The lovers naturally expected a scene, but there were none. Instead of making the neighboring hills resound with jealous rage Putnam called upon Thompson, and they discussed the matter in a business-like manner. Putnam professed to be tired of his wife, and said he would as lief that some other fellow would take her away as not, but he wanted something in return. He

wanted some one around his house to minister to his wants; some one he could learn to love. Thompson had a daughter who suited him very well, and if it was just the same he was willing to trade his wife for her. That suited Thompson and the girl, too. So a bargain was struck and the exchange made. Thompson and Mrs. Putnam went to Aberdeen and the girl to Castle Rock.

WILL WED A COUNT.

Mrs. Yznaga Expects to Be Divorced by That Time.

It is now announced that the wedding of Mrs. Yznaga, the beautiful member of the "400," whose relationship to the Vanderbilts by marriage has been further complicated by divorce, to the famed Count Bela Zichy, of Hungary, will be celebrated at an early day, by which date the lady anticipates that she will no longer be the wife of her present husband. She continues to



MRS. YZNAGA.

live in South Dakota. This comparatively young woman was originally a Miss Mabel Wright, daughter of George Curtis Wright, who made a large fortune out of carpet designing. She met Mr. Yznaga, a Cuban-American, at Newport in 1890 and married him in the same year. He had already been married and divorced. It is, of course, quite possible that the divorce will be delayed, in which case the wedding will be delayed also.

HYPNOTIZED INTO SICKNESS.

Girl Who Acts Like a Paralytic at a Word from the Doctor.

The most astounding instance of hypnotism by "suggestion" comes in a report furnished to the French Society of Hypnotology and Psychology by M. Gorflichez, an expert in mesmerism, says the New York World. The story he has to tell is of a little girl of eleven in one of the French provinces who used to accompany a cousin, who was a country doctor, on his rounds, and in this way got to understand a good many medical expressions. One day she fell ill. The illness was light and she was on the high road to recovery when her cousin, the doctor, happened to say unthinkingly and smiling in her presence, "Oh, good heavens! She is paralyzed!" At once the child exhibited every symptom of paralysis, and she remained in that state at the will of the doctor. Afterward he asked her if she was not becoming consumptive, and immediately she began to suffer from the dreadful coughing and blood-spitting that consumptive patients have. She seemed so extraordinarily open to every sort of mesmeric "suggestion" that the doctor tried her with half the diseases known in the medical annals, and one by one she responded to them all. He needed only to remark that she was cured to have her perfectly well a moment later. Perhaps the strangest of the experiences she went through was when one of her schoolmates got a paper pellet in her eye. From pure sympathy the child imagined that she had the same trouble, too, and she rubbed her eye to such an extent that she felt the pain of it for nearly a year.

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

Ainsworth R. Spofford, whose portrait is herewith presented, has had charge of the literary branch of the government for twenty-five years. He is considered the greatest living authority on American literature so far as concerns its technical and legal aspects. He is now charged with irregularities in handling government funds.



A. R. SPOFFORD.

Cork Leg Cause for Divorce. A Connecticut woman has sued for a divorce from her husband because he has a cork leg, although when she learned that he had lost his leg in a duel she was so infatuated with his bravery that she separated from the man who was then her husband to marry the defendant in the present case. Most of the Connecticut folks are persons of steady habits, but there are others.

Woman's Wit.

TOLD BY A SOCIETY GIRL.

Something About Morphine, Sulphur Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J. Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovely disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account: "Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for awhile and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. Your blood is poor," said the doctor, "take sulphur and molasses, and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, I actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonials in the News inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid goodbye to my headaches while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be; well and strong, lighthearted and merry but never without the pills. See I have got some of them now," and from a nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppurations, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

When we review our lives the follies stand out boldly, the good we have done seems insignificant.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness which follows the use of Syrup of Figs is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

When men become callous of the world's opinion you may be sure that something bad is being said about them.

Kate Field in Denver.

Denver, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago as over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country, I should say, judging by the civility of the employees, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

Keep your eyes on the goal, and remember that thousands of others are trying to get there first.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94

When a man ponders on what sort of a world the next will be he is wasting valuable time in this.

There is pleasure and profit and no small satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

The survival of the fittest is a fallacy believed in not by the fittest, but by those who survive.

It is so easy to remove Corns with Hidercorns that we wonder so many will endure them. Get Hidercorns and see how nicely it takes them off.

There are people whose motto seems to be: Genius be hanged, eccentricity is everything.

The waning imports of Malaga raisins are caused by the increasing popularity of the California variety.

It is a strange thing that every one in the world has to work so hard to happiness.

A small mind is about the only little thing that does not accomplish something.

A Happy Woman.

At last I am a well and happy woman again; thanks to McElree's Wine of Cardui. I have suffered for four years from womb trouble of the most horrible kind. Twelve years ago I went to the San Antonio Hospital where they performed an operation, but it left me in a worse state than ever. I went to Dr. Kingsley and Dr. D. Y. Young, but they gave me little relief. After spending \$125.00 I was not able to leave my bed, and most of the time suffered pains to equal a thousand deaths. On the tenth of last October my friend Mrs. Stevens advised me to try McElree's Wine of Cardui. The first bottle did me good, and I got more, and to-day I am a new woman; am able to do all my cooking and house-work. I am running a boarding-house and doing all the work myself. I still use the Wine, and always keep it in the house—it saved my life. Mrs. M. J. Meyers, Appleby, Texas.

When prosperity comes we are prone to forget the lessons of adversity.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him for them.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists, but there are others.

Hall's Family Pills, &c.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF FUNNY FOLK.

The Up-to-Date Girl and Her Balloon Sleeves—Morrisey McMulligan Plays a Desperate Part and Wins—The Tramp and the Mermaid.



Y comely, fin-de-siecle love To-day is just as fair to me As when we roamed, with stars above, Along the secret-keeping sea; My arm would seek her pliant waist And linger there In honeyed bliss; And O, 'twas Paradise to taste The nectar of the twilight kiss!

We're lovers still, just as of old, But ah! a shadow's come between; She does not deem me overbold, And beats her heart for me, I wean, I try to reach her melting lips, But cannot; this my spirit grieves. The fashions all my love eclipse—I can't get near here for her sleeves! —T. C. Harbaugh in Truth.

Another Woman.

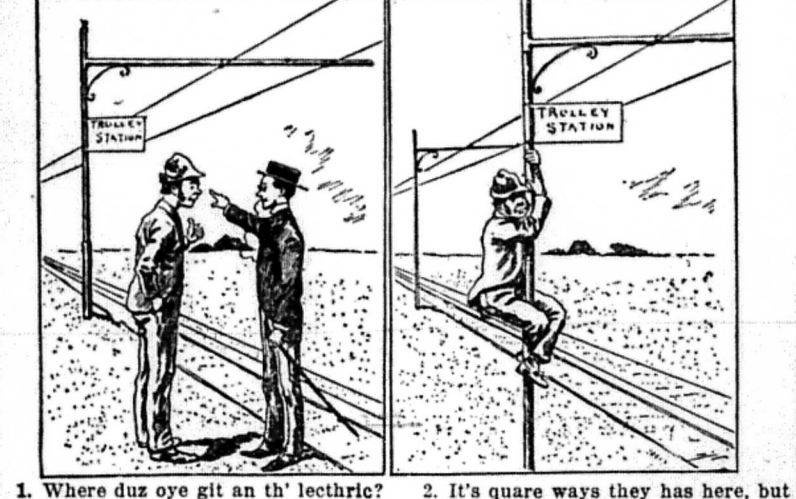
"Has my wife been in here?" he asked. "Medium-sized woman in bloomers?" suggested the clerk. "Yes." "Very determined air?" "Yes." "Well, a woman of that description was in here a little while ago. She seemed to know just what she wanted, and she bought it without bothering the clerks and went right out." "No; that wasn't Maria."



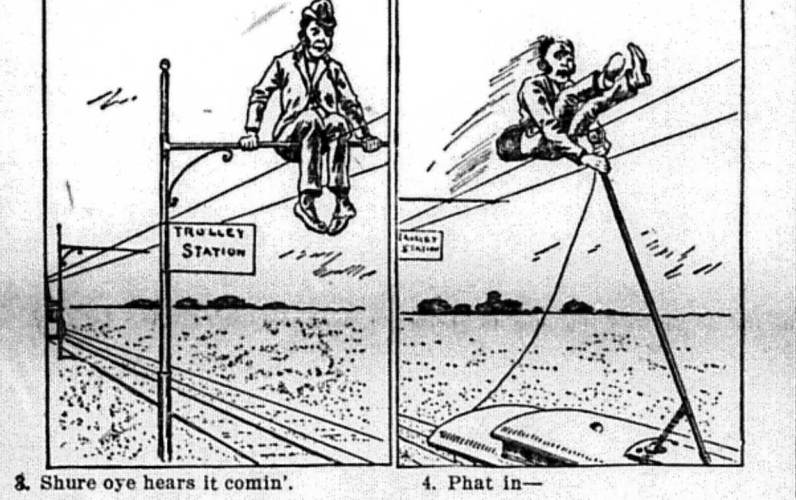
Morrisey McMulligan—Don't cry, Kitty—he ain't no good, er he wouldn't a shook a sweet an' lovely gal like you; besides he'll be hangin' around agin jist as soon as der quarter is spent w' Tillee McTighe's aunt give her fer her birthday.—Truth.

Something in It. On an upturned basket near a gypsy camp sat the oracle of fate, and many

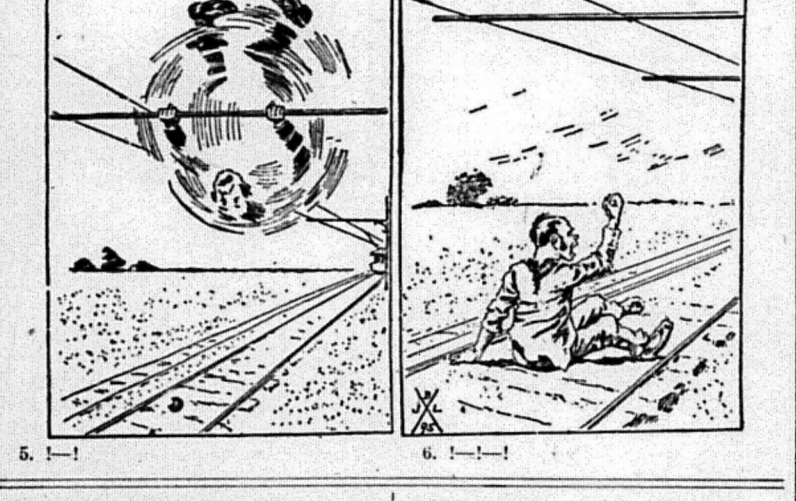
IN THE LAND OF INVENTIONS.



1. Where duz oye git an th' lectric? 2. It's quare ways they has here, but oyl'll thry it.



3. Shure oye hears it comin'. 4. Phat in—



5. —! 6. —! —!

A Pretty Mystery.

Just why it is so there's nobody knows. But its truthfulness none have denied. The young lady's shoe that is apt to disclose The faintest foot and the prettiest hose Will the oftenest come untied. —Good Roads.

The Very Idea!



Mermaid—Come with me to the coral groves and I will give thee pearls and jewels rare. Tramp—And git wet! Say, Merm, keep yer jools.—Truth.

An Insurmountable Obstacle.

Mrs. Flatley—No, I'm sure I could never ride a bicycle. Mr. Flatley—Nonsense; you could do it easy enough if you only really tried. Mrs. Flatley—Yes, but John, how could I ever tell whether my hat was on straight or not?—Brooklyn Life.

Too Rich.

"These travelers," sighed the heathen monarch, "give me a pain." "They are very rich," murmured the grand vizier. "Yes." The royal brows knit in a frown. "They are rich, and, moreover, our stomach is not what it used to be." The court did not fail to notice during reflection that his majesty helped himself to cold tourist but once.—Detroit Tribune.

Saw Nothing in It.

American—You've heard the story, I suppose, of that countryman of yours who said, "Yes, hundreds of times," when somebody asked him if he had ever known a man to marry the sister of his widow? Visiting Englishman—No; let's hear it.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Indignant Guest—This steak is not only very small but it is tough. New Waiter—Well, if it's tough you ought to be glad there is so little of it.

PERSONALS.

Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist singer, is now writing a history of the gospel hymns. Another king who finds himself hard up is the ruler of the Belgians, who is trying to dispose of some of his real estate to a cash purchaser. Prof. Scholler, a favorite with many American students at the University of Berlin, is mentioned as the probable successor of the late Heinrich von Sybal as the head of the bureau in charge of the Prussian state archives.

George Moore is one of the most modest of contemporary writers. He does not think that everything he has written is great. After finishing "Mike Fletcher," however, he wrote, "At last I have written a really great book." Success is sometimes built on mistakes.

Keep Your Weather Eye Open.

Fraud loves a shining mark. Occasionally spurious imitations spring up of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great American family remedy for chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. These imitations are usually very local bitters full of high wines. Look out for the firm signature on the genuine label and vignette of St. George and the dragon.

In the interest of peace and quiet, men used to be forbidden to make an outcry or beat their wives after 9 p. m.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, indigestion, &c.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited, The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our name, Walter Baker & Co., is printed on every package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Metal Wheels for your Wagons

Any size you want, 20 to 56 inches high, 12 to 18 inches wide—fits to fit any axle. Saves cost many times in a season to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, hogs, &c. No rusting of tires. Call for free literature. Empire Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 23, Quincy Ill.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please announce to your readers that as the owners of the "DR. P." (England) formula for "DR. P." we will send to any of your readers a large size bottle (300 doses) of this great remedy on receipt of \$1.00, will not bring the dead back to life, but positively cures Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh in omnia (sleeplessness), Nervousness, Neuritis and Neuralgia, Headaches, Heart-weakness, Footaches, Croup, Whooping Cough, Malaria, Crooping, Numbness, Bronchitis, Neuritis, clatica, Lumago, 3 to 5 drops once a day is the dose. 60c bottles \$5. We shall sell only by agents. Please make this announcement a few times in the interest of suffering humanity. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn st., Chicago. Also owners of the "DR. P." Rheumatic Cure.

DON'T GET WET. FISH BRAND FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary. If you prefer to come here we will guarantee to refund your money if you are not cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated as soon as you like. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potassium, and still have sores and pimples, it is our speciality. We guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Address: COOK REMEDY CO., 507 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. Cut out and send this advertisement.

PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION

COTTON STATES EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA.

The Cotton States' Exposition was opened at Atlanta September 13, the day was one of great pomp, and the Southern city being dressed in bunting and the flags of all nations. Hundreds of excursion trains brought thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. We give some pictures of the main buildings.

When the men of the south returned from the World's Fair they realized that much had been lost by the southern states through their almost uniform failure to be represented there. It was not altogether their fault, however, though it is perhaps true that most southerners did not realize how big the World's Fair would be or of how much importance it could be to the south from an industrial point of view. Following on the dark days of reconstruction came a period of economy which was the outgrowth of, or the reaction from, the profligacy of the days which had just preceded. The people of the southern states had seen their property squandered by the irresponsible legislatures, and when they regained control their first determination was to bind by immutable compacts their public servants so that there could never be a repetition of such experiences.

Old General "Bob" Toombs was the spirit of the constitutional convention wherein Georgia made this compact, and it is traditional that when the work of the convention had been completed he said: "We have locked the doors of the treasury and thrown the key away." So when efforts were made through the south to secure appropriations for



It is not worth while going into anything like a detailed history of the movement. When, however, the proposition to secure a government exhibit and to make the exposition international in character was sprung, most of the people of the south, outside of Atlanta, smiled and made a suggestion which sounded very much like "Atlanta gall." Even the exposition people were doubtful of success in this line, but nobody outside of the charmed circle was ever allowed to know that there was any such doubt.

It is a matter of history how they went to Washington and how they secured not only government indorsement and a handsome appropriation for a government exhibit, but a government building as well, and what has been most valuable, the hearty cooperation of the government officials. "Nobody but Atlanta could have carried that through," remarked President Cleveland, when his attention was called to the success which had met the efforts of the Atlanta crowd. And indeed that seemed to be the case. The country was in the midst of a financial depression, the average legislator could see little good to the government in having a part in an exposition right on the heels of the World's Fair and some of the narrow-minded economists

as it is today. It is the new south, the great south, and very properly the view and the southern features will be made the strong ones.

The co-operation of Mexico, Chile, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador, Argentine Republic and Brazil was early secured, and all of these make interesting and valuable exhibits.

The machinery building is a vast structure wherein will be a display especially of implements of southern construction and of machinery used in different phases of southern production and accomplishment. The Georgia Manufacturers' building is on the same line. This was erected by the Georgia Manufacturers' Association, and will show a variety of articles made in the state which will interest capitalists especially as showing the possibilities in the south.

The agricultural building will be valuable, the exhibits in the manufactures and liberal arts are of the same general nature as in the similar building at Chicago, while the

men of work in different lines of endeavor, but also a feature which will surely be most interesting—that of working displays wherein the women are actually demonstrating how this work is done. This woman's building promises much. The feature I have referred to represents the central idea of the woman's department—that is, to show two things, primarily what the women of the south are doing, and secondarily the advancement of women the world over, especially in the most practical lines—this particularly to show to the women of the south, who may need it or desire it, what fields are open to them.

When the Atlantans went to Washington after that appropriation they took with them a number of representative colored men, who went to urge their friends in congress to aid this exposition enterprise. One of the first steps taken after the organization of the Exposition company was the creation of a negro department. It has been the claim that the negro has had greater chances for practical advancement



WOMAN'S BUILDING.

transportation and electricity buildings contain complete exhibits of the character indicated by the name. The exposition company set aside a sufficient sum to erect the building and secure the exhibits, but with that their participation in this feature ended.

Every foot of space in this building has been taken and many exhibits have been declined for lack of room. The work of the farm laborer, the carpenter, the mason, the machinist and mechanic in all branches of that phase of industry will be shown here. There will be elaborate displays made by the many splendid institutions devoted to the education of the colored youth, especially those wherein the education is of manual training and technological lines. These schools are educating the colored youth to be good men and good citizens; they have the heartiest support of the men of the south, and in many instances of the state government.

Any letter concerning what is shown at the exposition would be incomplete without some reference to the amuse-

ment features. Our old friends on the Midway will be there in force. Cairo street, with its camels and donkeys, its couchee-couchee dancers and its fakirs of all sorts; a miniature Ferris wheel, which, being on a hill, will give ample opportunities of viewing the entire exposition grounds and the surrounding country, a Japanese village, a Chinese village, a Dahomey village with its inhabitants probably culled from the black belt of Alabama; the Mexican village, where the padded bulls had expected to disport themselves; the chutes, where a toboggan slide is taken down into a lake, and the thousand and one other schemes to capture the quarter of the visitor. Buffalo Bill, too; I had almost forgotten him and John Burke. Then there is the '49 Mining Camp, and next to this the barbecue. Poets have sung of it without beginning to do it justice. There is but one way to know the barbecue, and that is by personal contact with it.

This, it must be remembered, is a private enterprise—in contradistinction to the other great expositions, which have all been government enterprises; and, while it is not nearly so massive or so wonderful as the World's Fair, it is a big success, and will stand out in their names. The big government building, which crowns the summit of the hill, contains an excellent exhibit of the various departments of the government, very much the same as was seen at Chicago. The display of art in the fine arts building promises much. The building is the most artistic on the grounds.

In the center of the grounds the hub around which all else centers is the woman's building, beautiful and attractive, containing not only speci-

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MISSING LINKS.

The maximum age assigned to the pine is 700 years.

A cannon ball fired from one of the great Krupp or Armstrong guns travels at the speed of 2,887 feet per second.

According to figures and statistics prepared by the provost marshal the wars of the past thirty years have blotted out 2,500,000 lives.

Observations recently made on a criminal beheaded in France proved that the heart beats continued for six minutes after the ax fell.

The number of volleys fired over a soldier's grave depends upon the number of companies in the regiment, each company firing one volley.

Among every 1,000 inhabitants in the United States there is an average of 381 who are under 16; in France there are only 270 such to the 1,000.

At the present time some 300 workmen are engaged in overhauling Lowther castle, in preparation for the visit of the German emperor in August.

Judicious lying has sometimes done a world of good.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fit after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and trial bottle free. 75c. in cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A cannon ball fired from one of the great Krupp or Armstrong guns travels at the speed of 2887 feet per second.

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

The maximum age assigned to the pine is seven hundred years, to the red beech 245, to the oak 410 and to the ash 145 years.

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

The wisest man is he who can turn mistakes into good account.

JETSAM.

The ex-King of Servia won \$140,000 at the Paris Grand Prix.

Commission houses of Milwaukee use 300 tons of vegetables daily.

It is said a society is in existence in Missouri whose object is the assassination of dogs.

In Wyoming, the great horse raising state, the animals can be bought for \$3 per dozen.

Twenty miles of fish nets were burned by the fish warden of Wisconsin in a single week.

In England it is figured that there are at least \$1,000,000,000 of gold hoarded in India.

School children in Delaware selected, by vote, the peach blossom as the floral emblem of the state.

There are now said to be 300 concerns engaged in the manufacture of bicycles in the United States.

A crane was shot near Coldwater, Mich., which had swallowed a vase weighing nearly a pound.

The new building of the Missouri State Reform School for Girls is nearing completion at Chillicothe.

The youngest member of the British Parliament is 25 years old, and the oldest has reached the age of 93.

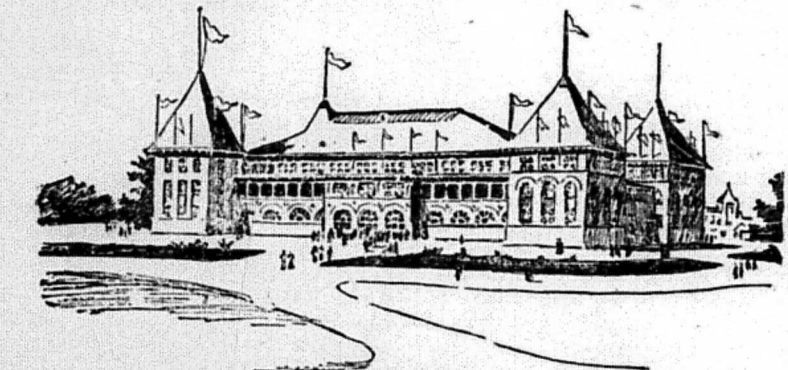
Consistency is a virtue that we all fancy we possess.

While the new soap trust may have the necessary facilities, it is doubtful if its record can be kept clean.

Coe's Cough Balsam. is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. How unreal and faraway trouble seems when we recover from it.

W. N. U. St. L.—951-40.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

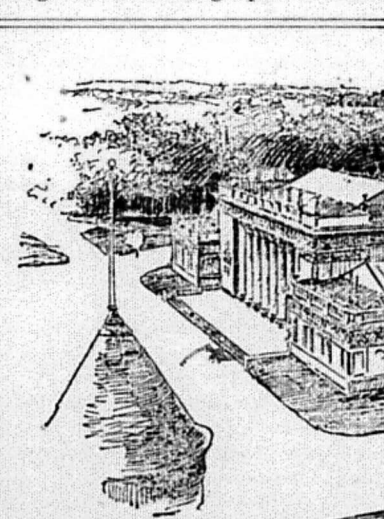


MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

state exhibits at the World's Fair it was found impossible to do so. Perhaps if the people in power had known, or rather had realized, the full measure of success which Chicago's enterprise was to attain they would have found some way to get around the constitutional inhibitions; but they did not, the south was not represented, and had the southern states been willing to let things stand without making any effort to show the world what they had, the result would have been disastrous.

As Chicago is the heart of the great west, and as Chicago energy and enterprise are the great factors in its development, so Atlanta is the heart of the great south, and the enterprises which have been inaugurated to develop the south, the spirit which has made the new south, has come from Atlanta. This exposition is an Atlanta enterprise. In addition to its purpose of offsetting whatever unfavorable results might have followed from failure to be represented at the World's Fair there were other reasons which prompted the men of Atlanta in starting this enterprise. One was, of course, to bring material benefit to that city; another, and perhaps the more inspiring one, was to counteract, if possible, the effects of panic and hard times which then hung as a pall over the entire country, the theory of the originators being that if the people of Atlanta and of Georgia all pulled together

of the south were inclined to throw cold water on the project. It won, however. The international character of the enterprise was demonstrated by our government taking a part in it and



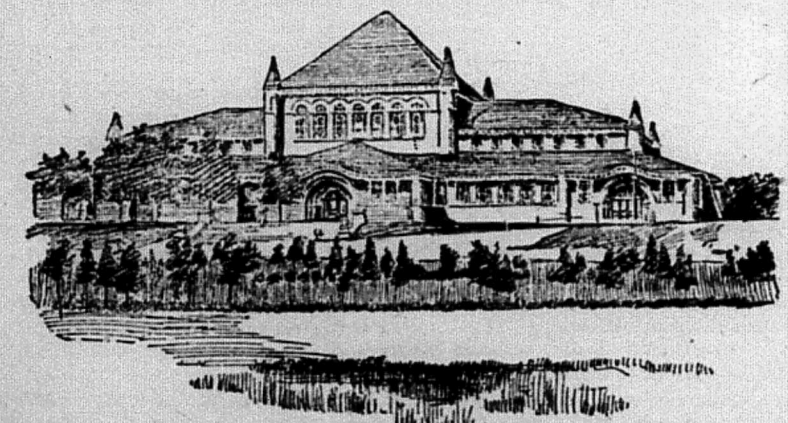
ART BUILDING.

its success as a whole was assured. Its name was chosen with an idea of securing government aid, as it was thought that the government could not be persuaded to make an exhibit unless

ment features. Our old friends on the Midway will be there in force. Cairo street, with its camels and donkeys, its couchee-couchee dancers and its fakirs of all sorts; a miniature Ferris wheel, which, being on a hill, will give ample opportunities of viewing the entire exposition grounds and the surrounding country, a Japanese village, a Chinese village, a Dahomey village with its inhabitants probably culled from the black belt of Alabama; the Mexican village, where the padded bulls had expected to disport themselves; the chutes, where a toboggan slide is taken down into a lake, and the thousand and one other schemes to capture the quarter of the visitor. Buffalo Bill, too; I had almost forgotten him and John Burke. Then there is the '49 Mining Camp, and next to this the barbecue. Poets have sung of it without beginning to do it justice. There is but one way to know the barbecue, and that is by personal contact with it.

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In the center of the grounds the hub around which all else centers is the woman's building, beautiful and attractive, containing not only speci-



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

to make this exposition a success they would forget hard times; in fact, would not have time to think of them.

When the proposition for an exposition was first made, there were a good many doubting Thomases. Wholesale merchants said that the former expositions—they were of the state-fair order—had injured rather than helped, and some of them tried to throw cold water on this one. But from the time it was started the exposition grew very rapidly, and when the men mentioned realized the breadth and scope of the enterprise they, too, became enthusiastic for it.

the international character of the exposition was kept prominent. The better word would have been pan-American, for the salient and central feature position management has kept this in of the exposition has been the drawing together of the southern states and the Central, Southern and Latin Americas, with whom this country should be bound in closest ties of commercial relationship, but are not.

The exposition will be essentially southern. It will be not a mere pen picture, not a description embellished by the silver tongue of oratory, but a practical, realistic picture of the south

A GLOOMY SUPERSTITION.
It Brought Bitter Disappointment to Two Loving Hearts.
The rain was softly falling on D street between Ninth and Tenth. So softly falling that it was hardly falling. This meteorological paradox is presented here for the first time, and the attention of the weather bureau is called to it by the writer. It might also be noted that the rain was falling in other parts of the city, but we shall pass that by. At this moment a clock in the vicinity struck 8 p. m., and ere the last stroke died away a solitary young man in conspicuous attire might have been seen emanating from a doorway not far from the street end of an alley. Over the doorway three auriferous spheroids glistened and glistened in the gloaming, aided and assisted by an arc light. The young man carried in his right hand a lady's silk umbrella with a Dresden china knob for a handle. It was a dainty affair, and must have cost \$2.99, marked down from \$3. As the young man came out of the doorway he glanced nervously toward the corner, where a fair young being was apparently waiting his coming. When she saw him emerge she hastened to him with a radiant smile lighting the lily bloom of her sweet young face, but when she observed the umbrella in his hand her countenance fell, and she would have stepped on it, had she not stopped in time. "Oh, Harold," she exclaimed, in tones of bitter disappointment, "what ever is the matter?" "No ice cream tonight," he hoarsely responded. "But my umbrella?" she said with a questioning nod towards it. "N. g." he answered. "Why, Harold," and there was a quiver in her pretty red lips, "couldn't you get anything on it?" "Nixy," he growled. "Not even enough to pay for the cream?" "Nit." "Why not, Harold? Did you try real hard?" "Of course I did, but the old duffer wouldn't leave it a minute, Kitty. He said it was a sign of bad luck to put up an umbrella in the house, and I couldn't get a single plunk on it." The girl laughed harshly and looked at him with true woman's disdain, as he stood helpless, with the umbrella dangling limp and listless in his nervous grasp. It was hardly raining softly by this time and the girl was getting wet. "Well," she snapped, with a petulant jerk at his arm, "I guess you can put up the umbrella out here, can't you?" And he did so.—Washington Star.

JUST FOR FUN.
"And you say your father was wounded in the war?" "Bad, sir." "Was he shot in the ranks?" "No, sir—in the back."
Tom—"I can't realize, old man, that you are a father." George—"Can't you? Just come round and spend the night with me."
Wife—"There comes that tramp I gave some of my biscuits to the other day." Husband—"Impossible! This must be his ghost."
Jack—"The average girl graduate can't cook!" Tom—"Don't be too sure of that. I have known one to roast a fellow horribly."

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a **SPRAIN**, when St. Jacobs Oil would cure it in the right way, right off.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. Also GALVANIZED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. Catalogue free.

De Kalb Fence Co., 121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

White Washing Done Everywhere with Clairette Soap.

All washing is not white washing, as all soap is not Clairette. That bath-brick tint when seen, in clothes, always proves that they are strangers to Clairette Soap. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made by **THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, - ST. LOUIS.**

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. Sold at all Drug Stores.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS. For all Sewing Machines. STANDARD GOODS ONLY. The Trade Supplied. Send for wholesale price list. **BLAZER MFG CO.** 815 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

LEWIS' 98% LYE POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, iron, etc.

PENNA. SALT MFG CO. Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

Keep the Baby Fat.

"CAVE SPRING, GA., May 21, 1894.
"My baby was a living skeleton. The doctors said he was dying of Marasmus, Indigestion, etc. The various foods I tried seemed to keep him alive, but did not strengthen or fatten him. At thirteen months old he weighed exactly what he did at birth—seven pounds. I began using 'SCOTT'S EMULSION,' sometimes putting a few drops in his bottle, then again feeding it with a spoon; then again by the absorption method of rubbing it in his body. The effect was marvelous. Baby began to stouten and fatten, and became a beautiful dimpled boy, a wonder to all. SCOTT'S EMULSION supplied the one thing needed."
"MRS. KENNON WILLIAMS."

Scott's Emulsion is especially useful for sickly, delicate children when their other food fails to nourish them. It supplies in a concentrated, easily digestible form, just the nourishment they need to build them up and give them health and strength. It is Cod-liver Oil made palatable and easy to assimilate, combined with the Hypophosphites, both of which are most remarkable nutrients.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

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LINCOLN 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.

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UNDER OUR FLAG.

The Buffalo Socialists are pushing the work of agitation and organization.

Our New Jersey comrades expect to poll a heavy vote at the next elections.

Providence, R. I. Socialists have opened a "Labor Church." Comrade Herbert N. Casson delivered the first lecture.

The Socialists of Montreal, Canada, are doing their utmost to induce Comrade Keir Hardie to speak in that city.

"Socialism or Revolution? Which?" was the subject of J. Waldron Badger's address at Mule Spinner's Hall, Pawtucket, R. I., last week. There was a good attendance.

A Holyoke comrade writes: Mr. Spellman of Westfield, Mass., is so enthusiastic that he is not satisfied with one copy, but has paid for three copies a year in advance. That talks.

The People's Union, in conjunction with the Jewish Section of Boston, unveiled a Karl Marx memorial portrait, Sunday, September 23, at 8 p. m., at Wells Memorial Hall, 287 Washington street.

The Denver "Road" says the Socialist Labor party ticket is likely to poll quite a heavy vote and that it is a good, clear ticket. You bet it is clear, and the clearest in the world. To use an old capitalist chestnut, "We defy competition!"

Yonkers (N. Y.) Socialists nominated the following ticket:

- For Mayor: DR. ROBERT A. TONES. For City Judge, GEO. C. CHADEAYNE. For Justice of the Peace (Long Term), FREDERICK LIGHTER. For Justice of the Peace (Short Term), THEODORE SMITH.

The delegates to the primary meeting of Kings County Section, S. L. P., for the nomination of Judges of the Supreme Court, met Friday, September 12. Comrade Kuhn presided; Comrade Grube acted as secretary. Nominated were Comrades Jacob Limmer, Jacob Frank, Leo Schmidt.

SECTIONS OF NEW YORK STATE, ATTENTION:

Sections in New York State will please note that the State Committee has got up an elegant enameled campaign button, showing our emblem in a red field with white lettering around the border.

By selling these buttons to members, friends and sympathizers, our emblem can be made most widely known, which in itself is an agitation for our party.

The committee will sell to Sections at cost price, i. e., for 50c per dozen. The button can be easily retailed for 10c.

Send your orders accompanied by cash. Please note that credit orders will NOT be attended to.

We cannot advance funds, sell at cost price and on credit. Address all orders to Financial Secretary of New York State Committee.

HENRY KUHN, 61 E. Fourth St., New York City.

Every new idea has to force its way through prejudice and ignorance.

Secure subscribers for LABOR everywhere.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

WORKING FOR THE BEER BOYCOTT.

August Priesterback, First Vice President of the State Federation of Labor, is in the city. Mr. Priesterback is urging a fight against any of the breweries in the so-called English syndicate, in the interest of union brewers. He is distributing hundreds of cards containing pledges to drink only union beer. The syndicate does not employ union labor.

Mr. Priesterback's work is the outgrowth of a fight begun almost two years ago in St. Louis against eighteen breweries, which were bought up by the so-called English syndicate. On the pledge cards now being circulated the non-union brewers are named as follows:

Anthony & Kuhn Brewing Company, Bremen Brewing Company, Brinkworth & Nolker Brewing Company, Cherokee Brewing Company, Excelsior Brewing Company, Green Tree Brewing Company, Hyde Park Brewing Company, Klausman Brewing Company, Wainwright Brewing Company, Phoenix Brewing Company, Stifel's Brewing Company, Grove Brewing Company, L. Ober's Arsenal Brewery, American Brewing Company, Home Brewing Company, National Brewing Company, Columbia Brewing Company.

Mr. Priesterback said yesterday afternoon: "All the St. Louis breweries have deserted the union cause except two, and we want all others shut out of this and other cities. All the Kansas City breweries are union concerns, but they have made a combine with all other dealers who sell beer in this city, whether foreign or not, by which a saloonkeeper cannot change his brand of beer. If he does try to, no other firm will furnish him with beer."

The saloonkeeper's association has had the matter of breaking up the brewery agreement under consideration, but does not see its way clear to do so.

Cigarmakers' Union, No. 44, St. Louis, Mo., has voted for the nomination of the following candidates for the offices of the International Union: John Mahlon Barnes, of Philadelphia, President; M. Raphael, of Brooklyn, First Vice President; Samuel Gompers, of New York, Second Vice President; T. T. Murray, Hamilton, Ohio, Third Vice President; Morris E. Ruther, Holyoke, Mass., Fourth Vice President; James Ward, Binghamton, N. Y., Fifth Vice President; Arthur Reagan, Louisville, Ky., Sixth Vice President; Chas. Specht, St. Louis, Mo., Seventh Vice President; Wm. T. Jones, Mobile, Ala., Treasurer.

The Populists of Kansas are behind time in nominating their candidates.

Section St. Louis held its regular monthly meeting and transacted considerable routine business.

Section New York will henceforth meet regularly on the first Saturday of each month at 64 E. Fourth street.

Our Comrades of Brooklyn, N. Y., are pushing the sale of "Merrie England." It is a good book. Everybody should read it. Only 10 cents a copy.

The "Socialist Picture Album" is selling like hot cakes. We mailed 125 copies during the last four days. Five copies one dollar; single copies, 25 cents. We pay the postage.

The gas company is tearing up the streets of Kansas City to a finish, and will make the people pay for this privilege in time. When will Kansas City own their own gas works? Read the Socialist platform and vote the Socialist ticket, and Kansas City soon will own their gas, water and street railroads!

Keep "Merrie England" going. It is the book that will keep the conservatives a-hummin' if you keep it going. The edition we are now selling is not abridged or altered. It is "Merrie England" as Robert Blatchford wrote it. It is the edition that you want. Price ten cents, postage paid.

Mayor Davis has appointed Mr. J. H. Harris on the new Election Board. This completes the board on the Republican side. The Mayor claims that with the three gentlemen, Arnold, Moor and Harris, we soon will be sure of honest elections in Kansas City. Certainly, why not? They all are honest—as long as they are not caught in the act.

Judge Phillips returned to the city from a stay of several months in Colorado. He said that he is now ready for heavy work of the fall terms of the court. He came back from the summer resorts where he had a jolly time, and now he will work very hard and send some of the offenders of the law to the winter resorts over the road.

We understand there is a large number of Swedish people in this city making preparations to emigrate to Mexico and start a colony. Times are getting too hard for them here, and they think that they can better their condition there. Well! The emigration is making an early start in this great United States.

We received a communication from Chicago stating that Comrade Keir Hardie will visit Kansas City about October 3. A committee made it known to the Industrial Council, and the different labor organizations of Kansas City to take action and give our Comrade a worthy welcome in this city. Preparations are made to make it a success, and to show our Kansas City Capitalists that Labor recognizes Keir Hardie regardless of all denunciations in the capitalist newspapers.

Section Kansas City, Mo., decided to distribute handbills announcing the mass meeting for Comrade Keir Hardie. The

United Brewery Workers' Union donated \$5.00 for this purpose. Comrades Roediger, Stieff and Duffy were elected as Committee on Hall. The Secretary was instructed to communicate with Comrade Thomas J. Morgan, of Chicago, about the exact date of the arrival of Keir Hardie and publish it in Kansas City LABOR. A special meeting will be held Sunday, October 6, 10 a. m., at 610 Walnut street, to make the final arrangements. Everybody invited. F. J. ROEDIGER.

VOTE "YES."

SOCIALIST VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS, ATTENTION!

At the State elections on November 5 you have to vote "Yes" or "No" on the following question: "Is it expedient to grant municipal suffrage to women?" Or, in plain English, shall the women have the right to vote in municipal elections. As the enemies of this demand are making a great effort throughout the State to defeat the question, it becomes the duty of every Socialist to urge his friends and neighbors to vote "Yes." We Socialists believe that the women have, and ought to have, the same rights and privileges that we ask for ourselves. We believe in equal rights for all men and women, and, therefore, let no one forget to make his X to "Yes."

American Section held a well-attended meeting last Sunday and transacted minor business. The next meeting will be held October 13, and election of officers will take place.

German Section is increasing its membership, and held a very successful picnic.

WORCESTER, MASS., ATTENTION!

Remember, if you want the LABOR to come to your house regularly after this issue, send in some quarters, halves or dollars, so the printers won't have to starve any longer. Of course, they don't mind a little thing like being hungry, but when you come to starve them, you are worse than the capitalist. They will throw you a cent once in a while so you can make another loaf. So don't think that the Socialist can live on heat, moisture and atmospheric preserve without having something to make some of it out of. You can't hang a Socialist on the wall and have him blossom like a plant and only give him water for diet. Of course, this don't apply to the Worcester management, for I think all of us are in luck working for a dollar a day, with prospects of loafing any day.

And now one word more. Don't forget to send in that little dollar you owe us too, so we can settle with the "Socialist Newspaper Union" and to get all the new subscribers you can, for this is a good way to make Socialists. Why not mention one or two other ways to make Socialist votes, too?

Socialists should get nationalized, get registered, then vote.

What business has a Socialist in the United States to live, if he don't intend to become a citizen? How do you expect to bring about the Co-operative Commonwealth, if not by the ballot? Do you expect to wake up to-morrow morning and find it in operation?

I am coming again with another way to make Socialist votes before election is over. There, I have just thought to tell you that we have got a lot of advertising matter for H. W. Casson's lecture, and if you don't get some before long you had better send for some.

We have also got about 5,000 leaflets entitled, "What Shall I Do to be Saved?" We want everybody to read it, and we want you, dear reader, to help us to put it into the hands of as many people as we can. If you want a job and will take your pay in the Co-operative Commonwealth, just send me your name and address and if I have the price of a stamp you shall have some, but to make sure to help the thing along, just send us a stamp—all you can spare, for instance.

If I write any more now I may not have anything next time, and perhaps you would just as soon I wouldn't. But never mind. So onward Socialist Ruthie will have more votes than Taylor. L. D. USHER.

CLINTON, MASS.

The Lancaster Gingham Company was short-sighted enough to victimize a number of their former employes who had taken a leading part in the big strike ended a few weeks ago. Among the victimized are the President, Mr. Fodgen, and the Secretary, Mr. Dooley. Mr. Fodgen has secured employment with the Hancock Insurance Company, and Mr. Dooley is going to start a shoe store. Both of these gentlemen have proven true blue, and the workmen of Clinton will, and ought to, stand by them, and thereby prove to the enemies of labor that an injury to one is the concern of all.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER IMPROVEMENT FUND.

Julius Arlitt, Lawrence, Mass. \$2.00 Benjamin T. Whitehouse, Dover, N. H. 3.00 Previously received 78.48 Total \$84.08

The Socialists of Brooklyn, N. Y., are pushing the public agitation.

St. Louis Socialists continue their open air meetings.

WHERE IS STETSON?

The San Francisco "Star" wants to know what has become of Simeon Stetson, the proportional representationist of Oakland. He left here some two months ago, telling a friend that he was going to Stockton. To a representative of this paper he refused to divulge his destination when asked, but said we would soon hear from him, and would then know where he was. We have received no tidings of him, however, from that day to this, and anyone knowing of his whereabouts would confer a favor upon the editor of the "Star" by sending his address to that office.—Oakland (Cal.) Industry.

Comrade, how about your donation to the Socialist Improvement Fund?

Comrade A. Cahan captured Old Boston Common. Three thousand people listened to the speaker. He showed how the wealth created by the workmen was annexed to Great Britain and by intermarriage of the worn-out nobility. We had a claim as American citizens to that wealth we have created.

Socialism is the only thing growing in the world to-day. During the last few years its growth has appalled its enemies and given hope to those who believe that emancipation of the masses is to be effected by this means.—Prof. H. E. Webster.

In a measure the Socialists are like other reformers. They silently load all the work on the backs of a few men, until the few begin to kick like mules and threaten to throw their burden off. Let every Socialist do his just share of the work.

We advise our Comrades of Milwaukee to leave Mr. Berger alone. Don't mind his ridiculous attacks. Experience will show that Mr. Berger will share the same fate as renegade Willig of the Cincinnati "Zeitung," who was so soundly set down upon by our Cincinnati Comrades.

Our San Francisco Comrades are pushing the good work of Socialism. By the way, did you read a copy of the 5-cent pamphlet, "Socialism Versus Single-Tax," by Job Harriman and Maguire? If not, get a copy.

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.

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

After many months of struggle we have 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.

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.

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.

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

PLATFORM OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY

Adopted at the Chicago Convention.

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

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

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

belong to the People in Common.

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

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

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

People May Be Kept In Bondage. Science and invention are diverted from their humane purpose to the enslavement of women and children.

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

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

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

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

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

- 1. Reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of production. 2. The United States shall obtain possession of the railroads, canals, telegraphs, telephones and all other means of public transportation and communication; but no employes shall be discharged for political reasons. 3. The municipalities to obtain possession of the local railroads, ferries, waterworks, gasworks, electric plants, and all industries requiring municipal franchises; but no employes shall be discharged for political reasons. 4. The public lands to be declared inalienable. Revocation of all land grants to corporations or individuals, the conditions of which have not been complied with. 5. Legal incorporation by the states of local trades unions which have no national organization. 6. The United States to have the exclusive right to issue money. 7. Congressional legislation providing for the scientific management of forests and waterways and prohibiting the waste of the natural resources of the country. 8. Inventions to be free to all; the inventors to be remunerated by the nation. 9. Progressive income tax and tax on inheritances; the smaller incomes to be exempt. 10. School education of all children under 14 years of age to be compulsory, gratuitous, and accessible to all by public assistance in meals, clothing, books etc., where necessary. 11. Repeal of all pauper, tramp, conspiracy and sumptuary laws. Unabridged right of combination.

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

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

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

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

Political Demands.

- 1. The people to have the right to propose laws and to vote upon all measures of importance, according to the referendum principle. 2. Abolition of the veto power of the Executive (national, state and municipal) wherever it exists. 3. Municipal self government. 4. Direct vote and secret ballots in all elections. Universal and equal right of suffrage without regard to color, creed or sex. Election days to be legal holidays. The principle of proportional representation to be introduced. 5. All public officers to be subject to recall by their respective constituencies. 6. Uniform civil and criminal law throughout the United States. Administration of justice to be free of charge. Abolition of capital punishment.

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.

READ "MERRIE ENGLAND."

"The phenomenal success of 'Merrie England,' the Socialist book that is selling like wildfire, is a complete refutation of the claim that people must be 'first taught to think' by cultivating the errors they hug. 'Merrie England' is not a novel, but a series of articles on economics and sociology. It treats with severity all the popular superstitions and preaches the hard facts of Socialism. This notwithstanding, and notwithstanding it is not a novel with a love story interwoven, it has already distanced all books published in the English language during the last ten years.—The People.

"Merrie England" is 10 cents a copy. Get a copy and induce your friends to read it. It is sold at all book stores. Also at Labor News Library, 64 East Fourth street, New York City.

PENNSYLVANIA, ATTENTION!

The New York "People" publishes the following: Socialist Labor Party ticket for West Moreland County; Sheriff, John Keck of West Newton, American Section.

First Director of the Poor, Charles Margerl of Irwin, German Section. Second Director of the Poor, Henry Guder of Yohogahany. Other offices to be filled later.

Readers of "The People," "Vorwärts," or any other Socialist paper are requested to send their names to J. Wilson Becker, Greensburg, West Moreland County, Pa., at once to let him know if they will help arrange meetings and support the ticket. Socialist papers please copy. Also all Socialists in Allegheny, Fayette, Blair or Washington counties are earnestly requested to communicate with me, promptly letting me know what they are able and willing to do. J. WILSON BECKER.

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.

Comrades, stand firmly and with dignity on the imperishable foundation of truth. Thus each of us will be a greater power for good in impressing others as to the value of Socialism in educating the masses to a knowledge of their rights and in speeding onward the triumphant march of true civilization.