

SENTIMENT OR SELFISHNESS.

WHICH ARE THE DYNAMICS OF REFORM? IS IT NOT THE CLASS INTEREST THAT CONSTITUTES THE MOTIVE POWER IN ALL SOCIAL MOVEMENTS?

WHEN SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM WILL BECOME A POWERFUL FACTOR IN THE AMERICAN REFORM MOVEMENT.

Reform Movements Based on Sentiment Cannot Succeed.

Laurence Gronlund contends that sentiment rules the world, and that without a proper sentiment reform is impossible. Others maintain that selfishness is the sin of the world, from which one infers, if all were unselfish this world would be an Eden.

We believe man, in most instances, is what his environments make him, and until they are so changed as to make the welfare of each the concern of all and vice versa, it is unreasonable to censure him for looking out for the main chance.

By selfishness we mean self-interest, and by sentiment, thoughts prompted by the emotions or feelings.

are prejudicial to their individual interests. Perhaps it would not be unreasonable to claim that at least three million adult people in the United States have read "Looking Backwards," nor that one in five who read it were favorably impressed with its teachings.

Five years ago we were convinced that this book would arouse a sentiment which would revolutionize the United States in ten years, while now we have to confess that many who were then known as enthusiastic Nationalists have since thrown sentiment to the dogs and resolved that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that they could not afford to sacrifice their own immediate individual interests for the sake of humanity, even if they themselves were to be ultimately benefited.

For nearly 1,900 years the church has been trying to arouse a sentiment that would induce such individuals to consider himself his brother's keeper, and yet, strange as it may seem, it would require a very powerful magnifying glass to detect wherein the average follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene differs in his business dealings, with his fellow men, from those who make no pretensions to piety.

Has the church, or even a majority of its members, shown a disposition to sacrifice their individual interest and espouse the cause of the Prohibition party? The vote of that organization shows they have not. In fact, there is no particular tendency among church people, nor among those outside the church, to adopt such a course; hence, in view of these facts, we are led to believe: The motive power prompting the masses to action in all reforms is selfishness—philanthropists and humanitarians being the exception to this rule.

In all ages there have been Christs who were willing to be crucified for humanity, and today as a result of the evolution of the race from cannibalism to the Nineteenth Century civilization, there are more Christs than ever before, who are willing

to suffer for the public good; but these rare cases are the exception, not the rule. These are the few grand souls who have risen above their environments, and it would be nonsense to attempt to measure the world by their standard—a standard of which humanity as a whole has little if any conception.

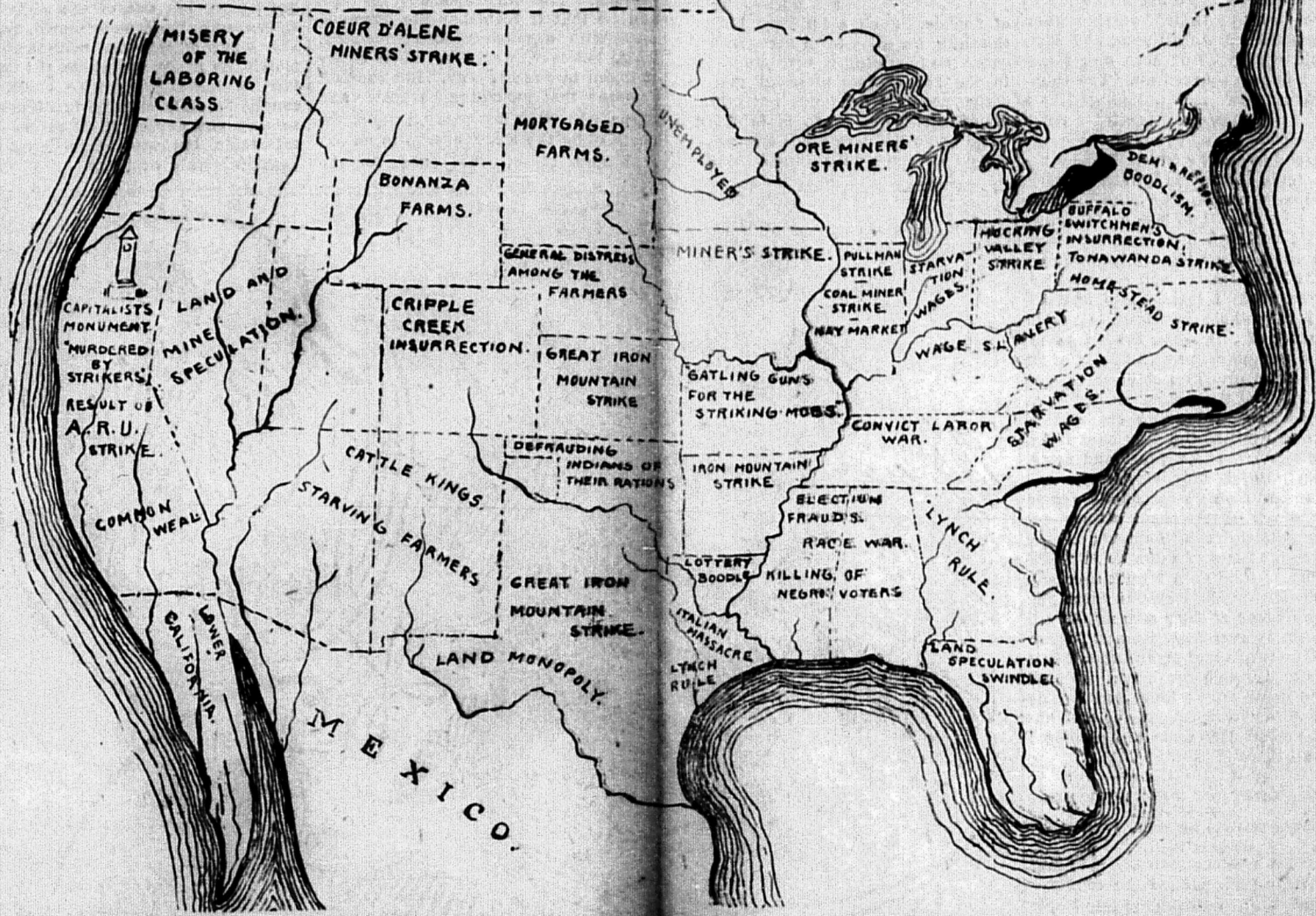
In order to impress upon the reader's mind the truthfulness of our position, we will cite a few instances from history to prove that selfishness, not sentiment, has been the motive power behind the reforms of the world. First: The contest between King John and the Barons, that gave to the English people the Magna Charta. Second: The civil war between Cromwell and Charles I. Third: The struggle of the Fourth Estate in 1789 against Louis XVI. and the French nobility. Fourth: It was self-interest that prompted our forefathers to throw off the yoke of George III. and fifth: It was the same motive that prompted the Czar when he liberated the serfs.

The present Populist middle-class movement is based upon selfishness, as is the free silver craze among the small business men. Each of the latter sees, or thinks he sees, in the reform he advocates, the emancipation of the class he represents, or at least relief from present financial difficulties, and last, but not least, the power behind Socialism and the one which will ultimately create the class consciousness necessary to solidify the proletariat is selfishness. Until this class consciousness is aroused throughout this country, scientific Socialism will make but little progress in the United States.

As a rule John Smith will not espouse the cause of Socialism because it is right nor because it will benefit Sam Jones, his neighbor. Neither will Jones enlist under the banner of Socialism, because it will insure his friend, Tom Johnson, steady employment and his family against periodic destitution; nor in turn will Johnson be induced to march under the red flag, because the Co-operative Commonwealth will give security to Smith, Jones and all his fellow workmen, friends and associates; but on the contrary, each will join the ranks of International Socialism as soon as the class consciousness is aroused to that extent that he sees clearly the proletarians interests in the present struggle is one and the same the world over and that in order to emancipate himself, all his class must be emancipated.

For some time we have been convinced the sooner Socialists recognize the facts that the line of social evolution always coincides with the ultimate emancipation of the race; that all reforms in history have meant the expropriation of one class and the emancipation of another, and that the ushering in of the Co-operative Commonwealth will be no exception to the latter rule; the sooner will they be able to arouse the necessary class consciousness and convince the exploited masses of the truthfulness of their position. Even church reforms are no exception to the rule that selfishness rules the world. Aside from Luther, Calvin, Wycliff and a few other leaders, who had risen above their environments, the masses who espoused the cause of the reformation were actuated by selfishness.

UNCLE SAM'S REAL CONDITION.



From the time of the Nazarene down to the present, the prospect of a reward and the escape of punishment in the great beyond, or, in other words, a heavenly gain or a hell to shun, have been the great inducements held out to the masses to accept the unreasoned dogma of Christ, and even to-day the church that keeps the ideas of reward and punishment most prominently before the people is the one most successful in gaining converts.

The slaves in these particular regions were not liberated because of public sentiment; nor because it was right; but for the reason the industrial system, in these localities had reached that stage when it was no longer profitable to employ slave labor. The slaves of the Southern States would have been voluntarily freed by their masters in a very few years for the same reason, as conditions had already reached that point in 1860 when it was no longer profitable, in many instances, to raise negroes for the sole purpose of exploiting their labor.

Were the question of free or slave labor submitted to the whole people of the South to-day we have no doubt but what free labor would carry by an overwhelming majority, and more especially if the voting was confined to the exploiting class, for the reason a free man to-day can be hired to do the work of the average slave for about the interest on the money the slave would cost, and at the same time the planter is under no obligation to feed, clothe and shelter the former when he has no work for him to do.

We may deplore the fact that so few people in the world are actuated by sentiment, and we may sincerely wish it otherwise, but we are fully convinced the facts in history will not substantiate the theory, and however unpleasant the idea, we think most people will agree with the writer that selfishness is the motive power that moves the world and that prompts the masses to action in all reform movements.

Mankind is much the same the world over, under the same conditions; hence we should never lose sight of the fact that the ranks of true reform do not necessarily contain all that is good in humanity, nor the ranks of those opposed all that is evil. The history of the world goes to prove that under all pre-existing social systems, as well as the present, the average man is a tyrant; in fact, that the day laborer, working in the ditch, becomes a bully, in many instances, when promoted to authority over his fellow-workmen. Up to the present, social conditions have been such, it was almost imperative for the individuals comprising the human family to adopt the tactics of the tiger and hyena, and to-day the man who attempts to conduct his business on a philanthropic basis, will soon find the autioneer's red flag flaunting before his door.

superintendent who attempts to treat his employes as brothers and fellow-men will soon be driven to the wall by his less scrupulous competitor. Under the present social system it is always the most unscrupulous that rises the standard in all business.

Each must, in order to survive, be governed in his business relations by the law that governs commercial transactions under the competitive system, viz: Get all you can, give as little as you can, so long as you escape the penitentiary. In order to hasten the social revolution that will prevent mankind preying upon each other, less dependence must be placed in sentiment, and more upon selfishness. Those who desire to establish a social system where, naturally and logically, the interest of one becomes the concern of all, and the interest of all the concern of each, or, in other words, the Socialists' Commonwealth, should do all in their power to arouse a class consciousness in that class that is to be emancipated, viz: The wage-earners.

And this can be done most effectually by appealing to their self-interest, not by trying to make angels of them under a system that naturally breeds devils. By doing this they will soon convince the ones who live by selling their labor power, either mentally or physically, to those who live by interest, rent or profit, that the interest of the one class is antagonistic to the other, and that there is no hope of their emancipation or the class they represent, until the other class is deprived of its parasitic privileges. When this is accomplished, the road to Socialism is freed from its barriers, and those who enter at the broad gate of enlightened selfishness never look back, but on the contrary, can be relied on whenever and wherever the fight is the thickest.

MILWAUKEE LOCAL NOTES.

The Socialist Section held a well attended and very lively quarterly meeting, in which an immense amount of business was transacted. The Section will establish its own printing office and will issue a weekly leaflet to be distributed gratis after the 1st of November.

An invitation from the Trades Council to participate in the ovation for Governor Altgeld, who will probably be in Milwaukee during the festival, was rejected on the ground that, while we honor his deeds and sympathy for the working class, but to bring him an ovation, then we would have to bring one to every Socialist that is sacrificing his time, leisure and comfort, and even his family hours, for the noble cause.

An agitation meeting will be held on October 18th in Kaplan's Hall, 1255 Fond du Lac avenue, where Comrade Minkley will speak in German and Comrade Gundersman in English.

SWEEPING BLIZZARD.

ARE YOU A TRUE AND PATRIOTIC AMERICAN? IF SO, WILL YOU CAREFULLY READ THIS PAMPHLET?

THE WORLD'S POWER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY!

Why It Is Your Duty to Work For and Vote the Socialist Labor Ticket.

By special request of a number of Socialist comrades in the Eastern States, we re-publish the following lecture delivered by Comrade Martha Moore Avery during the campaign of 1894 in Faneuil Hall, Boston:

Comrades and Friends: The Socialist Labor Party claims your votes because it affords you the only opportunity to emancipate yourselves from the conditions that you find yourselves in. We do not ask, we do not stand for amelioration, but for complete emancipation that shall allow every man, woman and child throughout the length and breadth of this country full and free opportunity to cultivate, and educate, and express themselves, in every faculty that the Creator has bestowed upon them.

There are five, as you well know, political parties seeking your franchise. Upon what ground do they come to you? The Democratic party says: "We will reduce the tariff; we will tinker with the tariff." And do you think it will be to your benefit? The Republican Party, it says: "We will increase the tariff." The Republican party has been protecting you for 30 years, and they have put you deeper and deeper in the gutter. They have the audacity to ask you again for your suffrages. Henry Cabot Lodge very well said the other day that there was no real issue before the American people save this, equality of opportunity is the economic real. In other words, the standard under which the Socialist Labor Party unites, and far good and, far aye until they accomplish it.

We have other parties. The Prohibition party. What does it say? It says: "We will prohibit the sale of liquor." But does it make so much difference whether a man is drunk or sober if he has no home? They talk of protecting the home. You have none! Only 7 per cent of the entire population of that Commonwealth own their own homes free of mortgage, and a great mass of American workingmen own nothing whatsoever that can be called a home, and they do not know what a home is, only in rare instances. You have combined because you mean to get a home, and in the near future, and I apprehend that you cannot make a home any too good for you.

There is another party seeking your suffrages. What has it to offer? It offers you an increased amount of currency. It doesn't offer you an honest dollar; it can't offer you an honest dollar. No, nobody can offer you an honest dollar until they declare that that dollar shall be based upon labor exercised in a given time by an average man. (Applause.)

I am glad it strikes home. Then it has

nothing to offer you, nothing whatsoever. And I say—and believe that I mean to stand to it on whatever economic platform that they may choose to bring forth—that the Socialist Labor party is organized upon the only platform whereby you can gain that which you are demanding, and that is the right to live as American citizens should live. And how should an American citizen live? Why, an American citizen should live like a king, and every one of you can live so if you will but say to yourselves to-day, every one of you, "We will introduce social ownership of the means of production and distribution and of the natural resources."

Now, the Socialist Labor party stands squarely to that issue, and it stands with that triangle that has been formed in New York City, the Central Labor Federation and the Knights of Labor and the Socialist Labor party, forming this triangle, and it says to the old forces: "Make way!" "Give room!" "We throw down the gauntlet to you, and we say, 'Pick it up who dares!'" "You have nothing to offer, and you shall make way, because divine economy, or universal economy, or political economy, declares that the time is ripe for the new civilization." (Applause.)

Now, why? The time is ripe for the new civilization for this reason, and for many others, that between the years 1870 and 1890 our new values show a decline, and between the years 1890 and 1895 a positive decline is noted. What does it mean? Why, it simply means that the industries have ripened; that upon the wage system is built the competitive system, and upon that, which is a system of profits, is built that of monopoly, and upon that monopoly is built a trustification throughout the entire world of all the industries that are now under what you must term social production. Now the difference between social production and individual production makes just this difference, that the industries can go on under private ownership but a very short time longer.

You cannot work in any of these industries more than six months, or eight months at the best, for the reason that your productive capacity is so great that you supply the entire world with all these products in that time. (That is only an

collective of these great mines and factories and shops and the carrying trade you will be crowded more and more below that point where you cannot sustain human life. You are already below the point of subsistence, and the Manchester School of Political Economy says the natural resources and capital and laborers could not hold it at the same time, is as perilous as it is to talk of a high tariff or a low tariff or no tariff, it is the face of your tremendous increase of productive capacity in the last sixty years. (Applause.)

Now, here is an issue plain before you. Our own values are decreasing under private ownership, or, I will say, not private ownership, but private control of social monopolies. No man owns a social industry; it was built up by the great mass of American workingmen, and the great mass of American workingmen buy back the product—they are, the market.

Let us examine this wage system that I say is the basis of the profit system, the basis of the competitive system, and the basis of the monopolistic system. It is just like this: Here is a man with a modern saw; can he use it alone? No, he must use it with some one in order to get the benefit. Just there is the difference between the co-operative system and the wage system. If they work together with this saw they can produce more boards than each could alone under the old method. Now shall each get half of the product, or shall they work on the wage system? There is the whole story in a nutshell.

If they work on the co-operative system, each will get the full benefit of his labor, and if they work on the wage system, one man will get the benefit of the other man's labor. Now multiply that; add machine after machine; add the power of science and chemistry, and you build up, on that strange proposition there—yes, build up the entire wage system. And here it is that the Socialist Labor Party stands like a beacon light to show you that it must go. It has the element of destruction saying that it shall go and, it shall go forever and forever (great applause), and that in its place shall be reared the Co-operative Commonwealth.

I want to look at another point in connection with the wage system, and if you can catch the drift you can tell the reason why the Socialist Labor Party alone can lay claim to your votes. Why, we want to find out how we can exchange the products of our labor after the machinery is applied to them just as we did in the early days when each man produced individually his own necessities of life. Here is a man, and he has let us say, raised a bushel of grain more than he needs for his own consumption; another has a hat more than he needs, and another a pair of boots more than he needs. How long did it take this man to raise this grain?

Let us say, for the sake of simplicity, [Continued on fourth page.]



## ITALY IS FAR AHEAD.

### HOUSEKEEPING THERE IS REDUCED TO A SCIENCE.

Palatable Dishes That Would Even Enrage Americans from Their Old Fashioned Cooking—Italian Cooks are Conscientious.

**W**e have no pretensions to common sense in Italy. Even that most important member of the household, one of the chief contributors to domestic happiness and concord, the cook, is obliged to render allegiance to the law of the land, which is picturesqueness and discomfort—romance vs. common sense. But, as the results are eminently satisfactory and palatable, what more could be desired?

Isolotta, our cook, has lived with us many years, and possesses those traits which are so rare among hired servants, namely, gratitude and affection toward her padroni. She is attached to every member of our family, but her heart warms with especial devotion toward her "Signora." She is even anxious to go with us to America, and is ready to give up father, mother and lover that she may follow us, a step to which we, of course, would never consent. She is gentle, sweet-voiced and graceful. Her soft black hair waves over her forehead, and her large brown eyes look out from under their long lashes with an expression of trust and fidelity. Many are the good things which Isolotta sends to our table from this quaint old kitchen, with its brick floor, its huge flaring chimney, all begrimed with soot and smoke, and its dashing copper saucepans hanging on the wall in military order.

Our kitchen is the type of all well-to-do kitchens in Italy. From the front hall we enter a long, narrow room; at the further end there is one window opening into the side street, and we can look over into the vacant suite of rooms in the palace across the way, with its uncurtained windows and dusty panes. The floor of our kitchen is paved with red bricks, originally, I have every reason to believe, laid evenly. But it has already seen many decades of good service, and during our occupation the surface of the floor has presented an undulating appearance, as though a tidal wave had swept over it at some previous period of its existence. You have, in consequence, a slightly unpleasant feeling of uncertainty as you stumble of a sudden into a depression or rise on the crest of a billow.

The object of greatest interest in the room, and the only one which is strikingly different from the cooking apparatus, is a stove which occupies the entire length of the room. It is built out from the wall, and is, in fact, neither more nor less than a solid block of masonry, about twelve feet long, four feet high and three feet deep. We might call it a counter built of bricks and mortar, and covered with a heavy stone slab. Above this hangs the flaring chimney cap, projecting its black, gaping mouth over the entire length of the counter.

At regular intervals in the stone slab there are three openings about a foot square and a foot and a half deep, with a grate at the bottom of each, and on the face of the counter are three corresponding openings, which connect with the upright ones below the grate, and thus serve for a draught. A charcoal fire is made in each grate and is coaxed into life with a primitive fan of cock's feathers. The tea kettle, soup pot, double boiler, sauce pans, frying pans and fish kettle all jostle one another around the edge of these two apertures, each elbowing its neighbor with the most amiable and unflinching temper, after the manner of a true Italian crowd, trying to see which can get the nearest to the fire without seriously interfering with the respective boiling, simmering or frying privileges of the others. They all seem playful and merry, notwithstanding their medium of heat, and always perform their duty in a most commendable manner. The third aperture is reserved for state occasions, two being considered amply sufficient for ordinary family use, or even for small dinners.

An oven in a private house is unknown. The bread is bought at the baker's, and the cake and pastry at the confectioner's. Our joints are roasted on a spit in front of red-hot coals, which are piled on the top of the stone slab against the wall and directly under the chimney. The meats are kept thoroughly basted with the drippings from the pan, which stands underneath the spit, and are constantly turned, so that every part is browned and crisped in the most appetizing manner. For baking vegetables and puddings we have a contrivance known as a "forno di campana," which, being interpreted, signifies a country oven. No one, indeed, would be so bold as to charge it with being anything else than a most contrived country oven. We might call it a large inverted tin stove without the holes. The dish to be baked is placed over one of the aforesaid square apertures, which has a fire somewhere in the bottom of it; the inverted stove is set over it, and covered with red-hot coals. Should any one be tempted to call this an unprogressive method, I will merely say that the pudding, when completed, is all that could be desired, and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, I suppose one may claim, without being accused of presumption, that the proof of the cooking is in the pudding. The only drawback to this method is that one cannot have more than one baked dish for dinner.

## THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

How a Thunder Storm Made a Job Come Relatively Easy.

"Speaking of cinches," says the retired burglar in the New York Sun, "the easiest, softest, smoothest snap I ever struck was in a house in a small town in Rhode Island. There was a thunder storm coming up as I went along toward the house, and just as I got there it began to sprinkle. By the time I'd got inside it was coming down pretty hard, and I was glad to be under shelter, for I hadn't had any supper either, and when I got into the dining room I thought I'd get something to eat. The sideboard was locked and the key carried upstairs, but a little jimmy opened the door as easy as a knife would open a pie. I set out a little snack on the table and sat down and ate it comfortably, with the rain pouring down outside. If there's anything I like it's to hear a storm a-ragin' outside when you've settled down all snug and comfortable within. But here was something I hadn't counted on. The thunder was roaring and plunging like a dozen earthquakes bustin' down through the sky, and it kept the house in a tremble all the time. I knew nobody could sleep in that thunder. They'd be sure to be all awake, but here I was, and I hated to lose a night, and after I'd waited a little and the storm didn't show any signs of lettin' up I thought I'd go ahead and see anyhow. The first room I looked into upstairs settled the whole business. Over in one corner of this room, beyond a bed, I saw a woman standing in front of an open closet door. Two children hopped out of bed, and the mother pushed them into the closet and then crowded in herself and pulled the door shut tight. It was all very simple; husband away, no help; two children sleeping in another room, woke up by thunder, came into their mother's room all scared; mother puts children in closet and gets in herself, as lots of folks do in thunder storms. And then I walk over and turn the key in the lock and there you are; no danger of their coming out till the storm is over anyway, and just as well to be sure about it, and then I just quietly go through the house. It isn't big and doesn't take long, and I come back before the storm is over and unlock the closet door again and skip, and that's all there is to it."

## GREW FAINT BY THE WAYSIDE.

Car Horses Browse by Rails While Passengers Wait.

I heard a Western man say the other day that in "his part of the country" the smallest towns have electric lights and some idea of the fitness of things, while within forty miles of New York mine host will often light one to bed with a candle. It reminded me of something I saw in New Rochelle last week, something that would have been likely to cause a small riot in New York. A surface car, drawn by two wonderfully lean horses, was creeping out toward the Sound. It finally came to a dead stop.

The driver calmly alighted, unhitched one of the sorry nags and allowed him to browse for a few minutes by the wayside. In time a boy brought another horse and we proceeded. The hungry horse was not long for this life, and there was much comment, sympathetic and angry.

A Swedish sailor, bound for some yacht at anchor in the Sound, "sized up" the occurrence in a sentence:

"If that horse he was in New York he would there be arrested." He meant that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have carted the brute away, and he was right. But New Rochelle, even along Pelham avenue, is long suffering, and slow to anger.

## The Verdict.

A coroner in Nevada recently rendered a verdict more sensible than one-half the verdicts usually rendered. It appears that an Irishman, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the burning piece, but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off, was blown into a million pieces. The following was the verdict, delivered with great gravity by the official: "Can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't 'visitation of God,' because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in—died for want of common sense."

**Abuse Don't Go in Arkansas.**  
A stranger was run out of Conway, Ark., the other morning with rotten eggs because he abused the south and southern women. He said he was a citizen of Muskegon, Mich., but did not tell his name. He was 40 years old. The eggs were of the rankest kind, and the stranger was literally submerged with them.

## INDUSTRIAL.

A 750,000 bushel elevator is being erected at New Orleans to cover thirty-two acres. Locomotives using compressed air will be used.

Locomotives are now turned out which weigh 95 tons. The electrical shops and factories all over the United States are overrun with orders.

The 25,000 coal miners of Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee have formed a union. One-third of the coal mined in Ohio is mined by machinery.

Labor organizations are not extending in point of membership fast just now, but there is a determination among wage workers to have the full value of their labor.

The granite belt in North Carolina is fifteen to twenty miles wide and inexhaustible; quarries are being opened and orders for street and curbing purposes are rushing in.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### CURRENT READING FOR THE DAMES AND THE DAMSELS.

Woven Horse Hair for Fall and Winter Hats—Settings of Odd Weave—A Late French Creation—Hints for the Household.

**W**OVEN HORSE hair remains a rage for hats and will figure largely in the millinery notions for early fall. Black horse hair chapeaus are trimmed elegantly with rhinestone buckles and a single perky updo of flowers. Such a hat will be quite the thing for early town use. In many cases the trimming is very simple, but in the hat of this material that the artist presents here the trimming is abundant. First there is in front a large Louis XV. bow made of rose pink ribbon overlaid with black guipure

entirely upon personal ideas and prejudices. A great many families do not approve of it, and under no circumstances would they appear in somber garments heavily trimmed with crape.

It is said, in defense of this custom, that it saves comment and question; but this, as a rule, amounts to very little as a reason. One's friends are likely to know of illness and death, and it is thought somewhat ostentatious to advertise by deep mourning the fact that one has met with the loss of a near relative. In such occurrences strangers are not supposed to have any interest, therefore the evident superfluity of mourning so far as the public are concerned. It certainly can make very little difference in one's grief what the attire may be, and it is an unquestioned fact that too much time and money are spent on the preparation of mourning dresses for such occasions. The only apology for this can be that it furnishes the bereaved ones with a much needed diversion. This, however, would be much better if taken in another way. But the fact remains that mourning dresses and crape are worn by many people, especially by the English, who to an extent seem to set the pace for the west-

way, treats them well or finds any pleasure in their society is in love with them. It is just as well not to imagine that love exists until there is some very positive evidence of it. If young girls would take this view of the case they would save themselves and everybody else a great deal of trouble.

### New Shoulder Cape.

A pretty variation on the round shoulder cape is one that has ends crossing in front like a Marie Antoinette fichu. To the woman who has a pretty waist and handsomely curved figure, this fashion is less ungenerous than the round cape, which, no matter how stylish in itself, hides the figure entirely.

### A Late French Creation.

For the matter of hats the varieties are legion; but one of the oddest yet shown is an immense brimmed, shirred hat, made of soft tan brillantane, to match the frock; the whole, the traveling rig for a prospective bride. It sounds horribly clumsy, brilliantane is so wiry and applies itself so poorly to soft folds, but when turned out in a beautiful state of finish by a clever

## SPAIN'S LITTLE KING.

### HE CAN'T ROMP AND PLAY LIKE OTHER BOYS.

The 9-Year-Old Monarch and His Daily Life—Sorry Because He Can't Wear Old Clothes—Washed Many Times Daily.

**I**F there is anything a healthy, active boy hates it is being watched all the time. "A fellow can't do nothin' when nurse is always 'round," more than one energetic little American has sputtered after being dragged out of the water because the vigilant nurse thinks he will splash his pants. And poor little Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, undoubtedly feels much like other growing boys on this matter.

Young Alfonso is over 9 now, but he is watched and guarded as carefully as he was when he became king, a mere baby in a cradle. Alfonso doesn't like being watched either. He thinks he is old enough to go in swimming this summer without having a nurse along to see that he doesn't get into deep water. Poor boy, nobody has taught him how to swim, so that he has to paddle around the shore and wonder why he can't jump around and have fun as the other boys do.

Most every boy thinks he would just like to be a king for a while and order everybody to do things for him, but they would soon get tired of the situation. Just think, no fun at all, such as American boys have, for him. He can't, in the first place, have any playmates, for no boys in Spain are supposed to be good enough to associate with him, and what fun can a fellow have with no boys to play with. He has, to be sure, two sisters, but they are older, and what boy of 9 cares to play with dolls with a couple of girls? He has one advantage, however, with his older sisters, that many boys would like to have. They can't "boss" him. "All he has to say to them is, 'Remember that I am king,' and they have to bow down and beg his forgiveness. That in itself is some compensation for being a king.

The worst part of his life is that he has to be dressed up all the time. It would never do, you know, for anybody, even for his mother, to see him—the king—in soiled clothes, or with dirty face and hands. So he has to be washed a score of times every day, and has to put on a clean suit of clothes at least three or four times a day. When he exercises he goes to a room with one of his teachers, who shows him how to swing dumbbells or Indian clubs and how to draw himself up on a horizontal bar. He never plays any outdoor games after dark, though, of course, he would like to at times. A king's life is too precious to risk taking cold by being out in the damp night air. He goes to the theater, though, as often as he wants to, and that is something that many an American boy would like to do.

He is a soldier, and that's how he gets most of his fun, for he has a small army of boys in Madrid, where he lives in winter, and he frequently marches at the head of this army and sometimes drills it. He knows a good deal about marching, for he has been instructed by the best teachers in the world. He never tires of learning new points about army life, for he has been taught to know that some day he must direct the armies of his kingdom. He is the generalissimo of the Spanish army and the grand master of all the military orders of the kingdom. His names are Alphonse Leon Maria Francisco Pascal. He does not know his last, or family name. Kings don't have any—a theory.

### Undeserved Shame.

"Augh waugh!" It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwow ohwb wowbgwow flwaugh!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh took a whetstone out of the table drawer and ground his teeth.

"To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a union depot train crier."

### Equal to the Occasion.

Mrs. Bland always has something pleasant to say to everybody. She puts all her friends in better humor with themselves. She met the ugliest man in town the other day. He is really a curiosity he is so ugly, and when she saw him he was worse than ever, for he had a boil on his nose. She couldn't say he was looking well. She couldn't say he had a sweet voice, for he notoriously hasn't. It looked for a moment as if she were bowled out, but she wasn't. She rallied gallantly. With her sweetest smile she grasped the man's hand. "Oh, Mr. S—," said she, "how do you do? You—you always do wear such immaculate linen."

### She Knows Her Business.

An ingenious bride, so the story goes, has evolved a happy scheme for keeping her husband true to the protestations of his wooing. The engagement was a long one, love letters exchanged legion. With these letters she has prepared her bouquet. No man could, in the face of such evidence of eternal devotion, object to the price of a new bonnet, or to be stingy in the matter of pin money. She has him where the hair is short.



WHAT FASHION DECLARES TO BE CORRECT.

whose fancy edges extend beyond the ribbon. This bow has double loops on each side that droop over black ribbon arranged in puffs on the brim. In front a few Malmaison roses with buds and foliage show.

**Settings of Odd Weave.**  
In replacing silks in large degree, as suitings will in fashionable fall dressing, the latter weaves will include novel goods, which are doubtless designed to make women pleased with the change from more showy stuffs. One of these novelty suitings is employed in the costume sketched herewith and is a handsome green, figured



with pink rosebuds. The bodice is cut with fitted black and front, fastens at the side, and is trimmed with a draped bertha of black lace. This bertha is draped with green ribbons, and two ribbon straps extend from the center of the front to the side seams. The skirt is untrimmed, and a black felt hat is worn that is trimmed with green velvet ribbons and small sprays of foliage.

**Mourning Attire.**  
Whether or not one shall wear mourning is a question that depends

world. There is very little change in mourning materials. For years the Priestley silk-warp Henrietta cloth has been the standard fabric for first mourning dresses. It is, however, curious that while this was originally a material for mourning, its use has become so general that any woman of any age may wear it, even though she habitually indulges in the brightest colors or wears colors with it. There is nothing so durable, handsome and economical in the long run.

### The Tender Sentiment.

A. B. C. asks the following questions: "Is it right for a young man to show affection for a young woman unless he means it? What should she do if he shows decided evidences of affection for her, then, upon leaving the place where she lives, writes to her and other young ladies in precisely the same way?" Answer: In a case of this kind there are several things to be considered. In the first place, it is rather hard to draw the line between genuine good-will and what young women call affection or love. A young man may find great pleasure in a young woman's society, may really enjoy her company, comradeship and conversation, and may plainly show that he does so, without giving any actual evidence of what people call love. There is a great difference in persons about matters of this sort. Some are more demonstrative than others, some may go through an entire season of courtship and finally marry without half as much appearance of affection as is exhibited by others who have no serious intentions whatever. It is scarcely worth while to waste one's time on a young man who talks and writes to two or three young women in precisely the same way, if he professes to love them. A man who will do this is beneath contempt, and A. B. C. will do very well to waste no time on him. But before she takes any decided steps, it might be well for her to sit down and carefully study the case and see if she has made any mistake in the matter. There are a great many young girls who fancy that every man who looks at them in an interested

French milliner, its beauty is unquestionable and is an adorable adjunct to a natty traveling costume. The illustration shows the hat in question. It flares broadly at the sides and has a soft little puff all about the edge. The crown is finished in the same manner. Directly in front rests an immense chou, with two massive loops sticking out at both sides, giving a wonderfully broad effect to the affair. The hat pins are two rhinestone balls, the only bit of adornment about the chapeau. The bodice of the frock also caught my eye, from its decided oddity. It fitted the form snugly to the waist, and was cut with the broad back pieces so in vogue; from the waist it flared out in smart



box plaits, showing a lining of vivid scarlet silk. A broad folded belt of tan satin encircled the waist and fastened with two tiny gold clasps in front.

### Mint Sherbet.

Put one pound of sugar and one quart of water on to boil. Boil five minutes. Pound the leaves from a good-sized bunch of mint; add them to the boiling sirup, and when cool, strain. Add juice of two lemons, and sufficient green coloring to make a delicate green. Freeze.

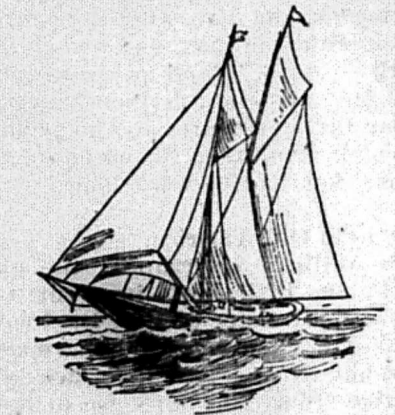


# MODELS OF YACHTS.

VALUABLE COLLECTION IN THE NEW YORK CLUB.

Old and Historical Designs—Earliest Periods in the History of the Sport Graphically Illustrated—Foreign In-Science.

IN THE SECOND floor of the New York Yacht Club's house and but a few steps from the staircase to the right is the model-room. This room is 52 feet long, east and west; 22 feet wide, north and south, and about 25 feet high. It is abundantly lighted by windows at the east end and from two large, square skylights on its flat roof. The models hang tier above tier on the walls. Over the models, varnished, polished and painted, is a double row of gaudy flags, private signals of the yachtowners. Flags, innumerable and gaudy, are hung about the walls. On the right and in the middle of the room against the wall is an upright piano, and at the west end is a gallery handsomely decorated with flags. Two large and full-rigged models in glass cases occupy prominent places in the



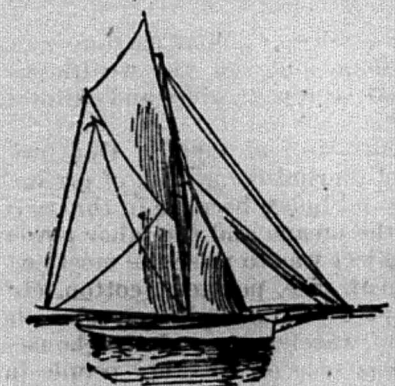
THE SAPHO.

room. One of these models is a facsimile of the schooner Sappho, and it was made at the Model dockyard, London, England, from actual measurements of the vessel. It was given to the club by ex-Vice Commodore William P. Douglass. The other full-rigged model was made from the Mohawk and was given to the club by her owner, the late Vice Commodore William T. Garner.

Nowhere in the world are there so many models exemplifying clipper naval architecture and the continuity of which, in illustrating the evolution of the sailing yacht since 1840, is so perfect. Generations of yachtsmen yet unborn will reap the benefit of this collection, to study which is as fascinating as it is pleasing and instructive. One can look upon the old-time clipper, the model of which is of Swedish origin. A straight sheer, great amount of dead rise, full bow raking above water and clean below at the forefoot, with a run beginning forward of midships and ending at the sternpost as thin as a knife. These were the principal features of the best sailing clippers a century ago. The Baltimore clippers and the United States frigates of 1812 were somewhat modeled after these vessels. Our boats were a little sharper forward, especially under water, and the midship section was placed further forward.

On the left hand, close to the entrance, these ancient specimens of yacht medallions are hung in a group. Down further a step and the visitor comes to the yachts of the '50s, or the productions of George Steers and his contemporaries. The changes to be seen from the old vessels are, generally speaking, first, a greater proportion of length, more sheer and the bow higher above the water line. Down the long room one comes abreast of the vessels of the '60s and '70s. These craft are longer, proportionately, and larger by far than the Steers models. When the Sappho, Dauntless, Dreadnaught, Fleetwing, Resolute, etc., were built, the yacht-owners were not close as at the present time. Take away the Sappho and the remaining fleet of those days are nothing in point of yacht naval science or clipper design, but a lot of crude attempts at designing.

The models of the sloops Richmond,



THE PURITAN.

Haswell and Coming are very prominent departures from the then prevailing type. These craft made an impression in their day—these flat, clean craft, known to some as "punkin-seeds." The old Wanderer has a crude, Long Island look in the flary and hollow bow, flat midship section and short counter. Next comes Rebecca, a sloop that in her contests with the Julia and Una made some reputation in the exciting races of the '50s.

The Rebecca, compared to the Julia, is shoal and flat, with a much more hollow bow and a long forefoot, the

one of which begins nearly amidships and blends into a "skate" stem. The Rebecca was designed by W. H. Tooker, a brother-in-law of George Steers, and built by Thomas Micks, at the foot of East Eighteenth street, for J. J. Van Pelt.

The owner increased her spars and changed her ballasting, etc., making a racer of her. She never could beat the Julia. The sloop Julia was built in 1854 and in 1863 sold to E. T. Jeffreys, of Boston, Mass., who docked her for Louis Winde to take her lines off and make the calculations necessary to alter her rig to a schooner. She was also changed then from a centerboard craft to a keel vessel. In 1864 she came back to New York, and in 1866 she was sold to Providence, R. I., and altered back into a centerboard.

In 1871 she was sold to Boston again and remained there until 1881, when she came to New York and the experiment was made of putting her, or rather attempting to put her, back into her old rig and form, says the Herald. In 1884 she was rebuilt entirely and altered in model and dimensions, and she is now cruising in southern waters as the schooner Nirvana. The Julia won every race she ever sailed as a sloop but one, her maiden race, in which she was beaten by the sloop Maria.

The cup defenders are in a bunch and a handsome lot they are. The Harvey cutters Ilean and Bedouin look much alike. The Thistle is a work of art. There are 235 models in this collection. Among them is a model and plan of the old yacht America. Some mention should be made of the model of the lost steamyacht Alva; also of the steam-yacht Electra.

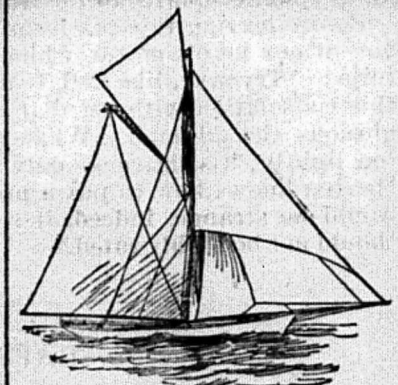
When the Maria assumed shape, the owner and skipper of the Eliza Ann guessed the new sloop's ability, and after some bantering J. C. Stevens bet him \$500 that the Maria would beat the Eliza Ann the first time that she hoisted her sails. The Maria was rigged very taut and with a long topmast; in fact, she had a tremendous sail spread. They were to sail down from the dock at Hoboken and around the southwest spit and back.

The Maria, when she first filled away, caught a puff and down she went, hatches under. Dousing her mainsail, however, she was righted again and was towed back to the wharf.

The Maria was very stoutly built and planked at one time with four-inch oak. Her frames were stiffened with flat iron, bent hot and one inch thick, that extended above the turn of the bilge. She was lengthened about 1850, the model shows, and afterward she won many cups. She was in her old original sloop form when the Croquette, of Boston, beat her in 1846, in a north-easter outside of Sandy Hook, and besides the Maria carried away her center-board at the time.

In her best days as a racer the Maria was 110 feet long on deck and drew about five feet three inches of water. She had an enormous sail spread, her mast being 92 feet, with a main boom of 95 feet. She had outside lead ballast, and her forward center-board was very large and weighed so heavily that it took several men to raise it.

The after board was smaller, and but seldom used. Her main boom was built



THE VOLUNTEER.

of staves of white pine, their edges doweled and keyed. It was about three feet in diameter, and inside was supported by an iron spiral from end to end. Outside it was trussed laterally with iron round from the clew band to the quarters, and a horizontal spreader or stiffener being at the sheet band. It was stiff, light and strong.

Her reputation for speed was world wide. When altered to a schooner she was lengthened again, and when E. A. Stevens died she was sold and run in various trades. Rumor credits her with sailing nineteen knots in smooth weather.

In the trial race of the yacht America with the Maria and the schooner Cornelia, John C. Stevens said in the columns of the Courier and Enquirer, and in reply to an unfair report of a previous race of these three yachts:

"Maria in sailing seventeen minutes with the wind abeam brought the America two points abaft her beam."

George L. Schuyler was the umpire between the America and the Maria. On the first trial the America's spars were too light. The Maria was not intended to encounter a gale at sea, with a boom 95 feet long and 7 feet 6 inches in circumference.

Coming to the models of 1855 to 1895 one sees great changes. The Thistle led off in the compromise lead ballasted centerboard sloop. The Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Vigilant, Jubilee, Geneva, Galatea, Thistle, Valkyrie II, Colonia, Wasp, Gloriana, Beatrice, Queen Mab, Amorita, Emerald, Constellation, Priscilla, Atlantic, Grayling, Schem, Quickstep, Lasca Ariel, Pilgrim and hundreds of other models hang upon the walls, and each is an object lesson in itself.

The models of the Countess of Dufferin and Atlanta, the Canadian craft which sailed for the cup, have never been received by the club. I think they were never asked for

# WOES OF THE "LILY."

MRS. LANGTRY AND HER LATEST CASE IN COURT.

The Noted Beauty Has About Decided to Become the Legal Wife of a Member of the English Parliament—Her Escapades.



MRS. LANGTRY.

MILIE Charlotte Langtry has begun suit against her husband, Edward Langtry, for absolute divorce. Mrs. Langtry is now a citizen of California, and hence brings her suit here. The actress' petition for separation was drawn in England by a solicitor, who sent it to Howe & Hummell, of New York, together with \$700. The petition charges Mr. Langtry with desertion and neglect. Mrs. Langtry asks for the custody of her child, Jeanne, who is now 14 years old.

There is a romantic little episode connected with the divorce which will be sensational in its developments. Another legal document is preparing in England in which a peer of high degree is concerned, and the two divorces, though nothing official discovers the pretty story, are closely related by that "silver line so fine, so fine." Who the



MRS. LANGTRY.

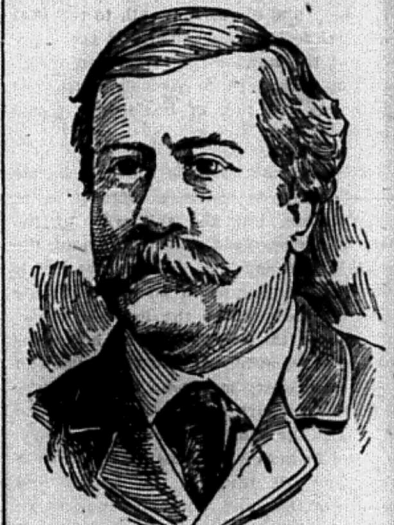
noble gentleman is who is expected to unite his fortune with that of the Jersey Lily after their divorces are obtained, Madam Grundy refuses to say.

Mrs. Langtry, whose maiden name was Le Breton, was born in 1853, and for twenty years she has been the most famous beauty in the world. She made her debut as an actress in 1881, and has had fair success. Her first appearance in America was in November, 1882.

Mr. Langtry is now about 54 years old. He is about 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs some 200 pounds. He is what is sometimes known as a "burly Englishman," and moves with the grace and confidence of an athlete. When he married the modest daughter of a clergyman on the island of Jersey he was an army captain. While they lived on the island they were happy, but when he took her to London and the Prince of Wales discovered her, he lost caste in his wife's eyes and never after figured in her life to any appreciable extent.

Mr. Langtry lives at Holyhead, and has been a pensioner on the bounty of his wife for many years. He is rather a dissipated man and does nothing for a living, but demands that Mrs. Langtry support him. He has never seen his little daughter, Jeanne, who is now 14 years old, since she was a baby, and never comes near the Lily's many handsome homes about England and elsewhere. Mr. Langtry is a commendably steady and violent drinker, and occasionally a reliable rumor flies over the Irish sea that Mr. Langtry is dead of a fit or something stronger, but it is invariably denied by next mail.

In 1888 and 1889 Mrs. Langtry and Freddy Gebhard were on intimate terms and it was thought they were secretly married. In 1889 Mrs. Langtry went to housekeeping in a villa at Long Branch, and Mr. Gebhard's trunks went with the Lily's belongings to their pretty summer house, where they



EDWARD LANGTRY.

remained several months. In 1890 Mrs. Langtry and Gebhard quarreled and separated. Mrs. Langtry went to England and there formed a friendship for the late "Squire" Abingdon Baird, the well-known sporting man who died of pneumonia from a cold taken at the Sullivan-Corbett fight at New Orleans. She is said to have lived with Baird for some time. He gave her a great amount of money, but is said to have treated her badly. When she offended him he beat her. She got considerable property from his estate, however, and has lived in comparative luxury ever since his death.

Mrs. Langtry first acquired promi-

nence through her relations with the Prince of Wales. He made her beauty famous and got her into the society composed of his set. When she became too familiar with his royal highness he cut her dead and she went on the stage. The cause of the final breaking of their friendship is said to have occurred at a dinner party at which too much champagne had been taken. In an inspiration of fun the Lily slipped a piece of ice down the back of the neck of the first man in England. Royalty and champagne would not brook the outrage, and the prince took advantage of the incident to rid himself of a companionship that had probably become irksome.

## SIX MEN CREMATED.

They Went to Sleep in a Barn and Were Burned.

A weird disaster, in which six men were cremated, occurred near Norristown, Pa., the other night. While sleeping in a barn at Earnest Station, the structure was burned and all were lost. What adds to the gruesomeness of the catastrophe is the fact that there is strong evidence that one of the victims had been murdered. It seems probable that one of the tramps had in the darkness murdered a fellow-knight of the road. Driven desperate by his crime, the murderer, it is believed, arose in the dead of the night, while his living companions slept, set the barn on fire and escaped. With the torch he thus hoped to obliterate all traces of his crime and to destroy the lives of every witness to it. The barn had long been a rendezvous for tramps, as many as fifty being sheltered there at one time. That evening six of the touring fraternity were seen to enter the barn. At midnight William Mandeville, residing near by, saw flames issuing from the structure and gave the alarm, but owing to lack of water they could do nothing but stand idly by and see the beggars' roost consumed. Next day the charred body of a man was found in the ruins, with his arms and legs burned off. The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Hallman, after being viewed by Coroner Kurtz. Upon the body lay a razor blade and a small amount of money. When the fire had subsided sufficiently to make a closer examination, ashes of what are supposed to be the remains of five other men were discovered in different parts of the ruins. Not enough of the victims is left for identification, and who they are will never be known.

## LOWERS THE DIVORCE RECORD.

Wichita Judge Does the Work in Nine Minutes and Ten Seconds.

Wichita now holds the record for quick divorce proceedings. Last week Judge Reed granted a divorce within forty-four minutes after the application had been filed. Judge Jennings of Oklahoma claimed to have beaten this record by nineteen minutes, and a Chicago paper quoted fifteen minutes



THE PLAINTIFF.

as the record for that city. Mrs. Julia A. Leonard appeared before Judge Reed and asked for release from her husband, to whom she had been united in 1886. Judge Reed, holding his watch in his hand, instructed the attorneys to proceed, which they did in the briefest manner possible. In just nine minutes and ten seconds Mrs. Leonard received her decree, with the stamp and red seal attached. Thus, Kansas claims the first place once more. Judge Reed closed his watch with a snap, a smile on his face, and resumed the whisky trial that had been broken into.

## A Murderer's Eyes Shot Out.

Bill Carter, colored, of Vincennes, Ind., several days ago, shot and killed his wife because she had refused to live with him. Carter hid in an alley on Hart street, and shot her as she passed, five shots entering her body, killing her almost instantly. Carter then ran to his room on Seventh street, loaded his gun and revolver, climbed to the roof and swore that he would kill any man that approached. Deputy Sheriff Bryant went to arrest him. Carter was seen lying upon the roof, and as he poked his head over to look down, Bryant shot him in the head and face with a shotgun. Both of Carter's eyes were shot out and he surrendered.

## Household Repartee.

The lady was making some remark about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on, when her husband remarked:

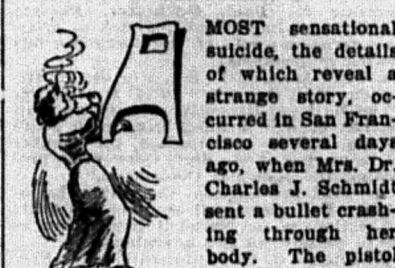
"The finest garment a woman can wear is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Tid-Bits.

# PREFERRED TO DIE.

PATHETIC SUICIDES OF MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

The Mother Wanted to Take Her Boy Along, but Weakened as She Raised the Pistol to His Head—A Strange Story from San Francisco.



MRS. CAROLINE SCHMIDT.

MOST sensational suicide, the details of which reveal a strange story, occurred in San Francisco several days ago, when Mrs. Dr. Charles J. Schmidt sent a bullet crashing through her body. The pistol with which she killed herself was the same one used by her pretty daughter Louisa, who took her own life about a year ago. Mrs. Schmidt, on the very day that she shot herself, was to have been arraigned in court for the murder of Louisa Hauser, who died July 13 last, after making a dying statement wherein she accused Mrs. Schmidt of performing the operation from which death resulted. Mrs. Schmidt's letters and demeanor for several weeks, however, showed that she was worried less about the trial than over domestic troubles and the ill treatment of her husband. The woman burned her husband's diplomas and destroyed some other mementos about 7:30 o'clock on the morning she ended her life, after which she went to her bed room, with her little boy of five, whom she intended to kill, and in about 15 minutes, after kissing him good-by and trying to nerve herself to the pitch of shooting him, mother love stayed her hand from the child, and she put a bul-



MRS. CAROLINE SCHMIDT.

let through her own heart in the little fellow's presence.

Mrs. Schmidt left a letter to her husband, which tells the story of a broken heart and shows why she fled from the trials of life rather than face further misfortune. The letter is as follows:

"Dear Husband: Your wish is answered now. These eyes, which were in your way, are closed now, but your eyes will be opened when with the sun your star will set. God knows how you have treated my poor children and me. The bullet which you shot at us can be found yet as witness in the kitchen, No. 1211 1/2 Mission street. Oh, God, how many nights had we to go on the street; how many nights had we to close ourselves up, and wept when you were going to butcher us with your butcher knife. How many times you wanted to put me in an insane asylum if other people had not kept you from doing it. Better this death than to be placed in an insane asylum with clear senses. Now you have your liberty. Do you think you will enjoy that better than to live in an honorable way with your family? I thank God that my angel Louisa, whom you drove to death a year ago, does not need to experience all this. By day and by night we will appear before your eyes and cry, 'Triple murderer!' Your conscience will be awakened and will haunt you, as you have driven, by meanest methods, a true, honorable, diligent wife to death. I once worried you, but I pardon you, and will ask God to pardon you for all we have suffered. But remember one thing:



DR. SCHMIDT.

We are the third family you have driven to ruin. Remember that woman you have brought away from her home in Vienna and have left in misery in America. Remember your wife and child in Texas, whose maledictions will follow you. I knew nothing about those unhappy people until I was long married to you.

"My last wish is, leave everything the way I have arranged, and put us in one grave. Take a plain, cheap coffin; no flowers, and never come to visit our graves. You hated us in our life and shall not claim to have an affection for us in death. Louisa, my angel, shall be buried with us. Please pardon me

that I have taken along the baby, but I think it will be better off than if it were to live an orphan, like the boy in Texas, without father. I swear before God Almighty, who will judge me in a short time, that you have abused your wife, who was as good and true to you as a child. Good-by. Don't forget your unhappy wife. God pardon me for what I have done in despair, to which you have driven me, for you were my husband and your will may be done."

Louisa, the pretty 16-years-old daughter of Mrs. Schmidt, who shot herself a year ago, did it because of alleged cruelty on part of Schmidt, her stepfather. About a week before committing suicide, Louisa said she was



LOUISA SCHMIDT.

thinking how cruel Schmidt was, and made up her mind to shoot him if she lived until his return from Europe, where he was then visiting. The girl believed he had ruined her family, and said: "I want to be out of the house or dead before he gets home." When word came that Schmidt was coming home, Louisa became very despondent, and the following Sunday night ended her life by shooting herself through the heart, first writing a letter to her mother. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the girl committed suicide "because of extreme fear of her stepfather."

Mrs. Schmidt was formerly Mrs. Caroline Dietrich, of Dallas, Tex., where she practiced midwifery. It was there that she met Schmidt, then a soldier. Shortly thereafter she was separated from her husband, after which she removed to San Francisco, and was soon married to Schmidt, who was then studying medicine at the Hahnemann college. They never lived happily.

## Who Killed Mabel Doyle.

The body of Mabel Doyle, aged 17, of Dorchester, Mass., was found on the flats of the Neponset river the other morning, with her head sticking in the mud. The indications pointed strongly to foul play. She was last seen about



MABEL DOYLE.

4 o'clock the day before, when she was walking along the banks of the river.

## Weary of Waiting for a Fortune.

R. T. Allen, the Omaha, Neb., musician, who attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself in a New York Central train on the way to the city from the east one day last month, was entirely successful in killing himself last week. He was a patient at the Fitch hospital in Buffalo, where he had been taken to have his bullet wound dressed, and got hold of a bottle of carbolic acid and swallowed such a large dose that he died within an hour. When discovered he was unconscious and efforts to resuscitate him were unavailing. Allen was a man of family, whose daughter is studying music in the New York conservatory and whose son is employed in the composing room of a New York paper. He would have inherited large estates in Belfast, Ireland, upon the death of his father, but grew weary of waiting for the inheritance and weary of life.

## Are Married Over a Coffin.

One of the most peculiar circumstances that ever attended a funeral service was seen at the burial of John A. Chittenden, at Ashley, Mich., last week. On his death he had requested that his sister Louise and her betrothed, Charles A. Holmden, be married over his coffin. The wedding originally was to have taken place Sept. 25, but the date was changed to comply with the wish of the dying man. While he lay in his coffin his sister and her sweetheart joined hands over it, while the Rev. John Elase performed the marriage ceremony. Then the minister delivered the funeral oration and the newly married couple occupied the first carriage behind the hearse. Both services were deeply impressive.

Uncle Ned—"Been fishing, Johnny?" Johnny—"Yes, sir." Uncle Ned—"Catch anything?" Johnny—"No; but you bet I will when I get home."—Romebury Gazette.





Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party!

EDITORIAL

In Socialism we trust. The social question is here; you cannot shelve it. Every Socialist must show by his action that he is a gentleman. Is every Socialist at work for our noble cause? If not, why not? Comrade: Are you distributing Socialist books, pamphlets and papers? If not, why not? Comrades, give your children a good Socialist agitation. It will be their best inheritance. From now to election day you must work day and night for the Socialist ticket, wherever there is a Socialist ticket in the field. The Socialist Picture Album and Merrie England should be sold everywhere. Three Albums and four Merrie Englands for one dollar. Capitalism or Socialism? This is the question to be solved. You must face the question, solve it, or you will go down to the abyss of misery and death. Socialist State tickets in Massachusetts New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio and Iowa. Up with the banner of Socialism on election day. Now, looking back on Buffalo, in a recent lecture in Association Hall, will he oppose the Socialist spirit among certain workmen that had manifested lately. Why, this apathy to Socialism of the reverend gentleman is natural. He is one of the set that neither sow nor spin, but have the wage-workers gather for the parasites of society the fruits of labor, the products of the social family. Keir Hardie will soon reach New York State again, and then Rev. Cox will see more successful Socialist demonstrations than ever before. Socialism is coming whether you like it or not. Socialist Comrades: Our movement is the grandest of all ages; our cause is the noble cause of all humanity. As advocates and representatives of Socialism, we must act as Socialists. We must call the spade a spade, but by no means should we encourage the kind of language used in the article, "Vanderbillonism in Pure and Simple," which appeared in last week's "People," our national official organ. If this is New Trades Unionism, then the editor of this paper don't want any of it. What effect must this language produce on the average reader? Speak the truth, the plain truth, in plain words—and your voice will be heard. The working men of Buffalo must be a happy set of people. The Buffalo "Evening Express" said some weeks ago when commenting on the Labor Day parade. On September 3 said paper wrote: "With indications of prosperity in their ranks the workmen have reason to feel good over yesterday's demonstration." Of course, they feel good! Thousands of Buffalo's wage slaves are out of work and within the next two months they will feel better still. We shall see on election day whether these "good feeling" sovereigns have sense enough to vote their own Socialist Labor ticket. It is high time that our starving friends change their tactics. Pardoning won't solve the labor problem. A comrade of Brewery's Union, No. 6, St. Louis, sends us a letter in which he complains of the language used by the New York "People" against Ernest Kurzenkade, the Brewery's National Secretary, claiming that Kurzenkade, although not a member of our party now, had repeatedly appealed to the Brewery Workers to work for and vote the Socialist Labor party ticket. As we do not feel inclined to meddle with the local troubles of New York Central Labor Federation, the K. of L. Assembly and the National Brewery Workers' Union we informed the comrade that we could not publish the letter in full (which would fill several columns), but would mention the matter in our editorial column.

SUBMITTED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY BY THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.

To the Members of the Socialist Labor Party:

Comrades: American Section Syracuse, after having secured the endorsement of Sections St. Paul, Rochester, Passaic County and Indianapolis, desire to bring to referendum vote of the party the following propositions: 1. That Article III, Sec. 1 of our constitution shall hereafter read as follows: "The National Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each State having a State organization, the member to be elected at the State Convention preceding the National Convention." 2. That the National Convention be instructed to amend all sections and parts of sections of the National Constitution so as to conform to this amendment." In support of these propositions the Syracuse Section makes this argument: "Believing that false ideas of economy and utility in the composition and selection of the National Executive Committee have dwarfed the growth of a movement which in its nature is universal, has impaired its usefulness and embroiled it in personal quarrels and local contests, the foregoing sections of the S. L. P. propose these amendments to the National Constitution." In accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, under Section 1 of Miscellaneous Regulations, amendments may be proposed to the propositions submitted, by any Section, within three (3) weeks after date of this issue, and after the expiration of that time, the original proposition will be re-submitted, together with the amendment made. By order of the National Executive Committee. HENRY KUHN, Secretary.

The amendments to this resolution, if any, will be sent to the Sections by the National Executive. In my humble opinion, the propositions of Section Syracuse are of great importance to our movement and should be carefully considered by every Socialist. The adoption of the proposition would be a step in the right direction.

In submitting this matter to a general vote the National Executive Committee argues as follows:

"In submitting these propositions we cannot but wonder that the composition and selection of the National Executive Committee should have dwarfed the growth of our movement, should have embroiled it in personal (7) quarrels, etc., and thus warrant what is tantamount to its abolition. We also regret that the Syracuse Section has failed to point out how this new arrangement is going to work; whether the National Executive Committee thus constituted is to hold sessions with any degree of regularity, and for that purpose draw its members together from all over the country, or whether the business of the National organization is to be conducted by the National Secretary alone, making him, as it were, the boss of the whole concern. "The idea is patterned after the manner the old parties are constituted, where representation of States is insisted upon, because all want to have a voice in the division of the spoils. "Spoils, however, do not come in question in our movement, for we are not after spoils, but very much after the spoils of Capitalism, and from this point of view it appears to us that every cent spent by our party for junketing trips of committees, instead of propaganda, is a cent utterly wasted."

In answer to the arguments of the National Executive Committee I may say this: It cannot be denied that a change has to be made in the organization of our National Executive. It is a matter of fact that a National Committee, elected by the same Section for a number of years, cannot be thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the party throughout the country. The last argument of the N. E. is a very poor one. The same old song of false economy! Suppose a National Committee constituted after the proposition of Section Syracuse, wants to have a meeting. The members from the various States have to go to a certain city from various directions. Now these trips—and we don't need so very many of them—will actually be agitation trips in the various parts of the country, and not "junketing trips of committees," as the N. E. pleases to call them.

May I ask how many good comrades and what enormous amounts of money were sacrificed by the S. L. P. in consequence of the party split in 1889? Talk about "junketing trips." In 1889 the Socialists of America had money enough to send "junketing committees" to Chicago to hold two different conventions. For the last six years the Socialists of America had money enough to uphold two factions and to fight one another. For the last six years the Socialists had money enough to publish official organs for the different factions. For the last six years the Socialists of America have done so much expensive, useless and ridiculous work (especially the German-American comrades) and have wasted so much money that with the same means a "junketing" National Executive could have met twice a month and we should still be better off to-day.

Don't close your eyes when you ought to deal with hard facts. We enter a national campaign. Suppose New York headquarters be re-selected as national headquarters? Do you think for a moment that this would bring about the much-needed enthusiasm among the Socialists throughout the country? And suppose St. Louis would be selected as headquarters? Why, it would be the same old story of local jealousy, and you couldn't get over it. Let us act like wise men. The National Executive is mistaken if they believe the old parties are thus organized to "have a voice in the division of the spoils." They are thus organized to control the politics of the country, and to control the politics of a country means to control the means of production for a certain class or classes.

And the Socialists? Have they entered the political arena for fun? No; we want to get control of the politics of the country; we want the control of the political power, because this is the means whereby we can secure control of the means of production and bring about the Co-operative Commonwealth. "Junketing" or no "junketing" let us adopt the proposition of Section Syracuse. This resolution will be the best means to give us a strong and united Socialist Labor Party. H. A. HOEHN, St. Louis, Mo., October 15, 1896.

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one week; an average man applying his ability both of brain and hand—and, by the way, those two factors, the intelligence of the human being, directed to bringing into existence some of those necessities that make civilization possible, and applying this power to the natural resources—and behold creation takes place. Now this is an average man, of average ability, and this product is worth one dollar, one pound, a ruble—no matter what we call it—a unit. Now right here, in this industry, we will say, a great labor saving machine has been introduced; one of those great giant machines that you see on the Western prairies—that electric plow that plows fifteen feet wide, and sows and covers as it goes or that great giant machine that cuts the tops of that golden grain in the Autumn, that is nodding and bending and kissing and caressing in the sunlight; it thrashes them, it secures them and weighs them and bags them, and throws them on the tender ready for the market in thirty minutes. Doesn't that make a difference in the cost of the grain, if human labor alone is the cost, as it is.

The natural resources cost nothing. Can any man bring into existence one single roll of wool? No, nothing but human energy costs, and that is what you men must understand before you will understand these economic questions that it is your labor expended that brings into existence all the wealth of the world. (Great applause.)

You have been giving it over to these men that you know—because you must know—are your political and your economic masters. Now, I say, doesn't it make a difference between the cost of grain whether or not you use these modern appliances to bring it into existence, or whether you still use the old hand methods? That is the reason that grain is 40 cents a bushel, and it never will go higher, but must go lower and lower, as more and more machinery is introduced into grain raising.

Now here I want to find out what a dollar is—what an honest dollar is—and I want you to find out, too, at the same time, that this wage system takes from you more and more, as it progresses, of that part of your labor power, because you do not get the product of your labor, but only a wage, and your master gets the product of your labor. Just as soon as the sulky plow is introduced it makes a difference in the price of grain, because grain is more readily brought into existence than it was under the old hand machine.

Now let us say that this man with his sulky plow, can raise ten bushels of grain in a week; what is its relative purchasing power compared with a bushel that it took one week to raise? Why, a bushel is worth one-tenth of forty, and that is the basis of the dollar. And that is why you can never induce this American people to bring into prominence that middle class party that is seeking to hold back these great industries from trustifying. That is the reason. When the laboring man understands that an honest dollar must be based upon the labor power in its exercise—the average labor power—that is the reason why they will never be fooled by the dollar that the Populists are bringing forth.

They say we must have a greater circulating medium. I ask, how much difference does it make to the American workingman how much currency there is in the country, when your wages are being reduced and reduced and steadily reduced? Do you suppose it made any difference to those 10,000 men and women that I spoke to in Fall River the other day, whether there was \$1 per capita or \$50? They couldn't work at all, and why not? Because they didn't pay a profit into the pockets of the manufacturer; because it is cheaper to let them strike than to employ them.

When they are employed they roll up in a week enough product to supply the whole market, and if you know of good times in one place you may be sure there is a strike on in another, because, I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that no industry throughout the length and breadth of this country can be run the full twelve months of the year ten hours a day.

Now, I want to ask you workmen what is the reason you haven't reduced your hours long ago to correspond with your increased productive power and the labor-saving machinery which has been displacing you more and more? (Applause.) And I want to say to you trades union men, that you are beginning now to do just what you organized for: to be Socialist Labor party advocates. (Loud applause.) I say one of the reasons you are organized for is to give your platforms to the advocates of Socialism.

You have said that you mustn't go into politics, and so you have been fooling yourselves, but this grand meeting is a cheering evidence that that old superstition is about to be exploded. And, besides, the news comes to us to-night that the Holyoke Central Labor Union, the club there, has endorsed our candidate for Governor. (Loud applause.) And then down in Connecticut, in Bridgeport, the Central Labor Union men have got out a platform, and had it not been for the title, "The Progressive Labor Party," I should have thought it our own platform.

They said: "We didn't know it was Socialism." I said: "Whoever wrote that platform understood full well that all the

hope there is in the American workmen standing squarely by the tenth plank, which declares, as you know, for the social ownership of the means of production and distribution. (Applause.) Now, in the few minutes that each speaker has to-night, you cannot expect them to more than glance at this great movement of ours. It has a philosophy, and it has a literature of its philosophy, and it has a literature of history, and it has a literature of science, and no man has successfully controverted any part of the work of that great scientist that shall go down the ages side by side with the great Darwin, our own Karl Marx. (Loud applause.)

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I believe it is a much greater disgrace to be rich, to rob the workmen and women of the larger part of their earnings, and the time has come when every honorable man and woman knows it is a disgrace, and says, with the Apostle James: "Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl, for the miseries that shall come upon you. Behold the hire of the laborer who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: And the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth—ye have condemned and killed the just." (Great applause.)

It will be much more effective if you enter your cry in the form of a piece of white paper that shall flutter into that ballot box on this November, and thereby you may say to the American people: "We are ready now to take charge of our own business," and thereby you may say to the people throughout the length and breadth of the world: "We, the American people of this great Republic, are here to fulfill the promises of the Revolution." (Loud applause.)

We are here to make good, in a larger and deeper and higher sense, that war of the sixties that said: "No man or woman or child shall be a slave," and once for all we put the Stars and Stripes up on the Capitol, and it shall say: "Freedom, fraternity and liberty shall reign throughout the land." (Applause.) And right alongside of the Stars and Stripes shall sail out that emblem that tells of the federation of the world, and a parliament that shall represent a federation of all the nations of all the world. We will have the French flag, and the Italian flag, and the flags of the South American republics, and the flags of all nations. Among them we will place the green flag, the emblem of the nation that, through all the centuries, has never perished from the Irish heart (great applause), and above them all, to tell that fraternal feeling has come, and the solidarity of the human race has been recognized as a fact, there serenely shall float the lovely red flag of Socialism. (Loud applause.)

That says now, at this time, no nation stands armed to the teeth against every other nation, but the solidarity of the race is a recognized fact throughout the length and breadth of civilization; and it says that if you harm so much as the hair of the head of the least of these, any one of these citizens, you harm the whole body politic. And to that high end I call upon every man who has any loyal blood in his heart, and every woman who cares for the emancipation of the race, to stand from now on, because the issue is here, and all through the length and breadth of this land, such meetings as we can gather at this day's notice, tell us that this movement is tremendously growing; and I feel the shock of it, and by and by, and in the near future, the votes of those that are here shall swell to tens of thousands, and we shall sweep this country from Maine to California.

And as the blizzard sweeps over the Western prairie chasing the stubble before it, so will the spirit, and enthusiasm of the high moral purpose, shake the hearts and the consciences of those men and women in that glorious time when the Co-operative Commonwealth shall have been established, and no poverty and no crime shall stalk rampant through the land. That is the hope that stands as a beacon light. It says: "Up! up! up! and do the duty that you are called upon to do by all the civilizations of the past. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

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.

"Then the good little boys and girls could not play with papa and mama at their garden, where the nice little trees and flowers grew, and where the nice little birds sing and the little gold-fishes play in the silvery little brooks in the beautiful orchards with their blooming trees!" ejaculated a healthy, lovely, bright-looking boy of about ten summers, who was sitting by his parents, near the center of the hall. The little boy's timely remarks were followed by general applause of the audience, and an old lady, over 90 years of age, who was sitting near the platform, broke out in tears when the little fellow had taken his seat, seemingly enjoying the applause that was caused by his utterances. Happy little fellow, I said to the boy, I guess not. There was very little time left for play work. Many, many thousands of children of those days hardly ever saw a flower garden, an orchard with blooming trees, or a brook where little fishes played as happily as the little children of our days. We read in old books that the children lived in hovels, and dirty alley holes like rats in old sewers. They got sick with smallpox, and fever, and cholera, and other plagues of those days. Their parents were too poor to call a physician and buy medicine; neither did they have the means to take the poor little creatures to the public parks, where fresh air was to be had. And then the parents had no time during the busy seasons; they had to work long hours for a "living."

Oh, it must have been horrible in Old America. "Horrible! Horrible! Poor Willie!" interrupted the old lady, who was deeply affected by the little boy's innocent remarks. The old lady was the youngest sister of Rev. Dr. Fearless (whose first name was William), to whom reference was made in a previous chapter. She was but twelve years old when her brother's last remains were carried from the Poorhouse to Potter's field.

In conclusion, I continued, permit me to inform you that I do not feel competent to give you a true illustration of the social conditions of the Nineteenth Century; neither shall I attempt to give you a true picture of the desperate struggle between "Capital and Labor," for there are some features in the relations between "Capital and Labor" that are incomprehensible to me. It causes me serious reflection to think that mankind could have existed under such a system of brutality and barbarism called "modern civilization," as described by our historians.

I have the pleasure of informing you that our public library is in possession of an interesting document, viz.: "A Series of Lectures by Dr. Wm. Fearless," the unfortunate agitator of Old America. The document was kindly donated by his beloved sister, who is with us here to-night. (When the name of the old lady was mentioned the audience rose to their feet in honor to the Fearless family.) These lectures were delivered by Mr. Fearless during the time of his so-called "Socialist agitation," and may be considered as an excellent picture of the "Capitalist Society" and the slavery of the working people of those days.

In our next meeting I shall begin with the reading of Mr. Fearless' lectures as he delivered them in the labor meetings and on the public squares to thousands of people.

Before leaving this platform to-night I cannot help informing you of our hero's motto, which is the foundation of all his lectures: "Tryanny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods, and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

CHAPTER VII. LET THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE BE HEARD.

"Every age and generation must be as free to act for itself, in all cases, as the ages and generations which preceded it. The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave, is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies. Man has no property in man; neither has any generation a property in the generations which preceded it."

Wage Workers, Citizens of an oppressed Republic! The same revolutionist and friend of our George Washington, Thomas Paine, from whose writings the above lines are quoted, once said: "The guilt of a government is the crime of a whole people." Since I have not come here to flatter you, but to tell you the truth, I beg leave to state that the poverty of the people is not only the guilt of a government, but the crime of the people themselves.

For many years you have been asleep. Your masters were singing the lullaby of false freedom, and you, the wealth-producers, the makers of America, have seen your wives and children starving in the midst of plenty.

Yes, people starve with plenty around them. Our forefathers suffered from the causes of a primitive system of production. They lived in huts, hovels and holes, because in the early colony period they did not have the means and the labor power to build fine houses. Their first object was to raise the most necessary means of life, such as wheat, rice, potatoes, cotton, etc. If unfavorable weather caused a poor crop our pioneer colonists had to go hungry. They had no warehouses and storehouses to fall back upon. The same was true of all other people in all countries where primitive agriculture was the main occupation.

BALTIMORE IS ALL RIGHT NOW.

The candidates of the S. L. P. of this city had 60 signatures to their nomination papers at City Hall at the close of last week, which entitles the Party to a space on the official State ballot. (The Seventh Ward has also nominated a candidate for First Branch, City Council. The work is going on finely and a great number of votes are expected by the comrades on their first election in this State and city. Yours for the cause, R. WUERFEL.

I remember years ago, as a child of 7, when I first went to work in the coal pits, I used to amuse myself in bringing down into the mines fresh flowers and planting them; but the flowers did not grow. Only a slender, sickly-looking object remained. Deprived of the sunshine, deprived of pure air, the flower lost all its life and all its color. And yet we expect children to develop into beautiful flowers. We expect men and women to grow up and live beautiful lives, under surroundings and conditions that kill the plants.—Keir Hardie.



THE SCHOOL OF POVERTY.

Written for the Socialist Newspaper Union.

Within the school of Poverty, Full many hearts are taught; Deep in meaning are the lessons, And oft with menace fraught.

Time in plenty, there is given To learn each lesson well, And every rule and principle Doth for the future tell.

'Tis a school of woe, and haunted With sighs and groans and tears; The shades of death have darkened it For many dreadful years.

There, heart-broken men and women Have fallen by the way, Worn out in the ceaseless struggle To keep the wolf at bay.

There, too, tender babes and children Die in the frantic clasp; Of those, powerless, to keep them Safe from the monster's grasp.

There glorious minds have wrestled In agonies untold, Immortal fires within them dimmed And all for lack of gold!

But the world, in its blind worship, Heeds not the fearful loss, And in the glitter of its gold, Sees all else but as dross.

And shall we in this bondage stay, Oft goaded to the task, While free, in life's bright sunshine, The rich in luxury bask?

Nay! planted in the souls of men Are feelings all too deep, To be trampled thus in silence, Beneath the mighty sweep.

Of the iron hand of Capital, Who, in his haughty pride, Heeds not the groans of his victims That rise on every side.

Then awake! arise to action! Shake of this deadly sloth, That binds you in its trammels, And conquering go forth!

Go bear against this haughty king, The weapons of the heart, Hope, faith, and the truth and justice That grants to each his part.

Let not this century go down Cursed with such misery, But place the new star on its brow Of true Equality!

ADA PIKE GOODWIN, Los Angeles, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL.

BRESLAU, GERMANY.

Proceedings of the Annual Congress of the Social-Democratic Party. The annual congress of the German Social Democratic Party was held last week, in this city. There were about 250 delegates present, representing nearly two million voters. What this means can be properly estimated when we know that in Germany no man can vote until his 25th year of age. Women are, like in all capitalist countries, excluded from the privilege of universal suffrage.

The congress was opened Monday morning. Paul Singer of Berlin and M. Seylitz of Fuerth, were elected presiding officers. Before the opening of the congress, especially on Sunday, the railway station and the streets were crowded from an early hour in the morning and the greatest interest was manifested in making the congress one of the most successful that the Socialists have ever held. The arrivals seemed to be far more numerous than usual. Enthusiastic greetings were exchanged between the delegates and their friends at the offices of the party. The leaders were given a most hearty welcome. At 11 o'clock a great meeting to welcome the delegates was held in Concordia Hall. Owing to the enormous concourse of people the police closed the hall against newcomers an hour before the meeting began, much to the disappointment of many persons who were very anxious to gain admission. Numbers of those who were not able to enter the hall stood about the streets in the close vicinity until after the meeting was concluded.

Among those who spoke in the hall was August Bebel. He was received with tumultuous cheers. His address occupied only sixteen minutes in its delivery. He depicted the distressed condition of the German artisans and suggested measures for their betterment. Emperor William, he said, had once promised a deputation of workmen to aid their handicrafts as far as possible in regaining the "Golden Boden" of yore. Bebel here referred to the proverb current in Germany many centuries: "Handwerk steht auf goldenem Boden"—meaning that handicraft has a golden foundation—signifying its independence and honor. To bring about such a condition was impossible for any Emperor-King. It could only be achieved by society in its entirety. The Socialists, he added, did not seek to reintroduce medieval conditions in the handicrafts, but to continue on the road of progress, to organize and combine, and to joyfully and energetically fight to a triumphant conclusion. Bebel denounced the policy of protection, which he declared was only bolstered by Capitalism.

Upon the conclusion of his speech Herr Bebel was greeted with cheers that lasted for many minutes, after which the meeting quickly dispersed. Herr Volmer's illness prevents his attending the congress. There was a strong force of police in the streets, but nobody anticipated that there would be any trouble. All of the leaders of the Social Democratic party were present at the opening of the Socialist Congress. Herr Singer and Seylitz-Fuerth were elected presiding officers and were welcomed in a song by a selected choir as they took their seats. The hall was decorated with red and blue drapery, the red predominating. Most of the forenoon was occupied by the delivery of speeches welcoming the foreign delegates and in the reading of the party report.

On the second day the Chairman announced that Dr. Ellenbogen, of Vienna, the Austrian delegate to the Socialist Convention, had been arrested and expelled from Germany on the ground that he was an "obnoxious foreigner." William Liebknecht, the old Pioneer leader of the party, delivered the inaugural address of the Congress. He referred to the remarks recently made by Emperor William of Germany, saying that attempts had lately been made to vilify the Social Democracy; but, the speaker added, that party could not defy defeat, no matter how many bayonets were at the disposal of those who wished for a trial of strength. Herr Liebknecht said that if people wanted a fight, the Social Democrats were their men.

Continuing, Mr. Liebknecht said: "The highest authority in the land throws down the gauntlet and insults us. Let us take up the challenge, no matter who it may be that casts this mud at us. He is incapable of touching us, for we are above his insults. The German Empire might collapse, but Socialism would triumph. A violation of personal suffrage will be equivalent to the death warrant of the Imperial Government." Liebknecht's speech was enthusiastically applauded. In the hired hall in which the Congress met was a life-size portrait of the late Emperor Frederick. The Socialists wished to veil it during the sessions of their Congress, but they were prevented from doing so by the police, whereupon the Chairman remarked that if the deliberations did not disturb Emperor Frederick, his portrait would not disturb the Socialists.

complex details of the relations between the peasant farmer and the capitalist. The most striking figure in the congress was a tall lady Socialist of 40 years of age, wearing a black silk skirt, a fiery red silk blouse and a hatters' hat. This lady was in attendance daily, and watched the debates with the eagerness of a zealous partisan. She has a curious and interesting history. She was born Duchess of Wurtemberg and christened Pauline Mathilde, and is a sister of Duke William of Wurtemberg, another successor to the throne. In 1839 a member of the royal family of Wurtemberg was taken seriously ill at Carlsruhe, and Prof. Biermer of Berlin was summoned to attend the patient.

Prof. Biermer transferred the case to his assistant, Dr. O. William. The young and handsome Duchess Pauline fell violently in love with Dr. O. William during his attendance upon the sick one, and insisted upon marrying him. A prolonged family opposition ensued, which ended in her relatives giving their consent, finding they could not overcome the determination of the Duchess to become the doctor's wife. Pauline thereupon resigned all her dynastic rights and titles, and by royal decree, assumed the name of Von Kirchbach, under which name she married Dr. William.

The clergyman, while performing the marriage ceremony was indiscreet enough to venture a remark upon the difference of the social positions of the bride and groom, whereupon the bride interrupted him and declared that she did not share the views expressed by the reverend gentleman. On the contrary, she said, she looked up to her husband, whose social standing was equal to her own. Dr. William settled in Breslau, where he practices his profession. His wife is noted for her benevolence and spends the greater part of the income from her handsome fortune in relieving the sick and poor.

The Government is still pushing on the desperate fight against the Socialist Labor movement. Almost daily Socialist papers are confiscated, editors arrested, and meetings prohibited. To get rid of the universal suffrage seems to be the ideal of Emperor William, but how to realize this ideal will remain an open question. Liebknecht's remarks in his opening address had been well considered before they were expressed, and the party that polled nearly 2,000,000 votes at the last elections will not submit to the will of a monarchic-capitalist Government. The fight is on. How and where it will end the near future may tell.

The following cablegram may be of great interest to our readers: PARIS, October 11.—In the course of an interview upon European affairs with Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, he said: "The thing which directly troubles Germany and which concerns all Europe is that Prince Bismarck has set up a parliament in which he has established universal suffrage. By this action he has permitted the entrance of Socialists into parliament, and they are now justly the source of anxiety to Emperor William. It is difficult to see how they will ward off the subject. I understand this to be Emperor William's chief anxiety, and it shows his sagacity."

MONTREAL, CANADA. The Working People Have Money for Capitalist Papers and Steamy Beer, But Not for Their Own Labor Press. The Montreal "Saturday Times," a good reform paper, publishes an article headed, "About Ourselves," which should be carefully read by the working people. We republish the article in full, because it furnishes another proof that the wage-workers would rather spend \$5 for the capitalist sheets, and \$10 for bad beer and whiskey than a single quarter for their own labor press. Here is the article:

"It must have become apparent to the majority of our readers that, as a business speculation, the 'Saturday Times' is not a paying concern. As a matter of fact, from its first appearance until now, it has been run at a loss to the publishers, who had almost come to the conclusion that it was useless to struggle any longer against fate, and as a considerable sum had already been swallowed up in the venture, the prudent course would be, to avoid further loss, to cease publication altogether. Its advertising patronage—the life-blood of a newspaper—has never been commensurate to its circulation, reaching as it does a very large number of the best class of brain and hand workers in this city and throughout the Dominion.

"On the publishers placing the situation before an informal meeting of their friends the consensus of opinion appeared to be that the subscription and selling price were fixed at too low a rate and that the yearly subscription should at once be raised to one dollar and the selling price to 3 cents per copy. In the course of its career the publishers of the 'Saturday Times' have received from all districts of Canada numerous letters approving of the stand taken by the paper on social and economic questions and they were therefore loath to discontinue it, and were ready to listen to any suggestions that had for their object the future issue of the paper on a paying basis. "Relying on the promises of its friends to redouble their efforts on behalf of the paper, the publishers have consented to try the experiment, and accordingly they beg to announce that, commencing next week (October 5) the selling price at the stores will be 3 cents per copy; subscribers paying in advance will have the paper sent free of charge for one dollar. The publishers believe that in keeping the pa-

per afloat (at a loss to themselves) in the interest of the industrial classes, they have done their share, and they would therefore impress upon organized labor and all those in sympathy with the movement for emancipation from wage slavery and a just social system, free access to land—the basis of all life, and the destruction of monopoly of every kind, that the time has come to rally to its support.

"The matter rests entirely with the people, in whose interest it was first established. If they want the paper, let them say so promptly. If the response is such as to warrant its being continued, we have no doubt arrangements will be made to do so.

The "Saturday Times" has done good work for our cause among the working people of Canada.

FERROL, SPAIN. General Labor Troubles Caused by the Arrest of a Labor Editor. In this city the son of the Captain General of the province (Coruna) assaulted the editor of a Socialist newspaper and afterwards arrested him. A mob of 400 workmen made a violent protest against the editor's arrest and marched through the streets to the palace, several of the large windows of which they smashed with stones. The military finally dispersed the mob, whereupon the workmen in the dock yards declared that they would go on strike. Ferrol is one of the principal naval arsenals of Spain, and a large number of men are employed there as dockmen and in other capacities.

NATIONAL.

BOSTON, MASS.

Appeal of the Shoe Workers to All Trades Unions. To the Officers and Members of Trade Unions—Greeting:

It having been brought to the notice of the general organization that confusion exists in certain places, as to what is really the trade mark of the United Boot and Shoe Workers, it has been thought advisable to issue this circular, and by a statement of the conditions as they exist, prevent any misunderstanding or complications that may arise for lack of correct information, and to this end beg leave to submit the facts, and to ask your careful consideration of and action thereon, as it is a matter of great importance to our craft. The facts are these:

April 10, 1885, delegates from Unions embracing National Trade Assembly 216, Knights of Labor, Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union, Lasters' Protective Union of America, and several independent organizations representing the practically unanimous opinion of their organizations, that the time had come when the true interests of the boot and shoe workers required their amalgamation one National Organization and under one head, met in convention in Boston. As the result of this meeting, and after a free and full discussion by the largest, most representative and enthusiastic gathering of boot and shoe workers ever held in this country, and having with them to guide, direct and counsel, all of those with a national reputation as leaders and workers, the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union was organized to meet the existing conditions and needs of the craft.

The practically unanimous sentiment of the convention being that a National Trade Mark, or Label, could and should be made one of the most potent factors in securing and maintaining right conditions of employment and wage, one of the first duties of the new organization was to adopt such trade mark or label. In doing this it was found that to advance the interests of the craft as a whole, it was a necessity to adopt an entirely new design, as to take for this organization that of any other union or combination of boot and shoe workers, although now amalgamated with, and made a part of the organization, would be to assume some, if not all, of the factional contests that had been engendered by all existing boot and shoe workers trade marks or labels.

For this and other good reasons, all of the old designs were dropped, and a new one substituted, a fac-simile of which appears in the center of the General Organization's seal attached to this circular. Cards bearing a cut of the trade-mark, and with instructions for the guidance of brothers and friends in becoming familiar with the National Trade Mark of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, are also enclosed with this circular.

The attempts in the past to introduce and make a success of more than one trade-mark for the craft demonstrated this, if nothing more, that the old saying "a house divided against itself cannot stand" is an unchangeable law, and that the attempts of the boot and shoe workers to set it aside have only resulted in weakening, dividing, disrupting and making factional differences and complications that have nullified all possible good results that might have been attained by one National trade-mark for the craft, sustained by our National Organization.

Co-workers: This condition has been accomplished by the organization of the National Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. May we not ask that you will, to help us make a success of the label of the United Craft, which means also that of labor as a whole, demand, and so far as possible, purchase only boots and shoes having the stamp of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union impressed upon them, and thus benefit United Labor. With a request to send all inquiries in relation to the trade-mark to me, and

the assurance that this organization will repay in kind any and all favors shown, I am,

Fraternally yours, ALVIN C. HOWES, General Treasurer of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union and Manager of the Union Stamp.

PEORIA, ILL.

The Pomeroy Gang at the State Federation Convention. At the convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor the Committee on Convict Labor presented a report, which was adopted. It embodied the recommendations submitted yesterday and also denounced the Illinois Legislature for passing no law on the subject. A resolution was adopted demanding the repeal of the garnishment law. A resolution was reported demanding a law that will prevent the employment of boys under 16 years of age and girls under 14 years of age in any shop, mill or factory. The matter was referred to the Factory Inspectors. Resolutions were adopted providing for furnishing labor news to labor papers and those not antagonistic to labor organizations. The committee reported adversely on the following resolution:

"That this convention is in entire sympathy with the action of E. V. Debs in his work of the strike of the A. R. U. against Pullman and the Railroad Managers' Association, but we issue our protest against any expression by him declaring that trades unions are inadequate."

This elicited a stormy debate lasting two hours, and finally the following was adopted as a substitute:

"Whereas, Eugene V. Debs has stated that the railway brotherhoods had been repudiated by organized labor.

"Resolved, That the Illinois Federation of Labor deny such assertion and extend to the railway brotherhoods our approval and assurance of continued esteem."

A resolution was adopted unanimously endorsing Governor Altgeld and his administration. The constitutional date of the annual convention was changed from October to the second Monday in November. Additional resolutions were adopted asking Governor Altgeld to pardon the imprisoned Peoria County miners sentenced to Joliet for participating in the riots of last year, and also to petition President Cleveland to pardon E. W. Clark, now the sole survivor of the Jefferson Borden mutiny. The officers for the ensuing year were installed as follows: Charles J. Rieffer, president; J. R. T. Salsbery, vice president; Walter S. Bush, secretary and treasurer.

The next convention will be held in East St. Louis in November of next year.

CHICAGO, ILL.

"We Get Our Money From Those on the Other Side and Can't Afford to Offend Them."

Professor Bemis, late associate professor of political economy in the Chicago University, made a statement as to why he left that institution. He quotes the following from a letter of President Harper:

"I am persuaded that in the long run you can do in another institution, because of the circumstances here, a better and more satisfactory work to yourself than you can do here. I am personally very much attached to you. You are, however, man of the world enough to know that, unless one is in the best environment, he cannot work to the best advantage. You are so well known and your ability so widely recognized, that there will surely be no difficulty in securing for you a good position, and one in which you will be, above all things else, independent."

Other quotations from other letters from the president are given, setting forth the moderateness of Prof. Bemis' views, his success in his work, and pleasant relations with nearly all his colleagues. However, for publicly stating, just after the great railroad strike of 1894, that "the railroads in the past had broken the law equally with their employees," though "no justification was attempted for the men in the strike," he resigned.

In another letter quoted, President Harper says:

"Your speech at the First Presbyterian Church has caused me a great deal of annoyance. It is hardly safe for me to venture into any of the Chicago clubs. I am pounced upon from all sides. I propose that during the remainder of your connection with the university, you exercise great care in public utterances about questions that are agitating the minds of the people."

When Prof. Bemis urged that the university should be in close touch with labor, municipal and monopoly problems, the president replied: "Yes, it is valuable work, and you are a good man to do it, but this may not be this is not—the institution where such work can be done."

Referring to Dr. Bemis, the president told another gentleman: "It is all very well to sympathize with the workmen, but we get our money from those on the other side and we can't afford to offend them."

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cigarmakers' Union 44 Appealing for the Oppressed Cubans.

At the last meeting of St. Louis Trades and Labor Union, the following communication of Cigarmakers' Union No. 44 was read: The Cigarmakers' Union No. 44, of St. Louis, in regular meeting assembled, request the T. and L. U. of St. Louis and vicinity, to pass "Resolution" concerning the just and untiring struggle of the oppressed Cubans for their independence, which, no doubt, the American workingmen hold dear and sacred knowing full well the struggle the Colonies had in 1776,

to liberate themselves from the yoke of Tyranny—and during their struggle also looked for friends' assistance and recognition abroad, and sent its agents. Among them was the Honorable Benj. Franklin, and through his efforts, "France" afterward recognized the independence of the Colonists. Why not our Government recognize Cuba and aid them in their struggle for Independence, and no commercial interest should gain advantage or supersede such important questions as this, should be set aside. Therefore, we call on the T. and L. U. to urge upon the A. F. of L., to request affiliated "Bodies" to hold mass meetings to that effect, and bring about the desired pressure on our government, if possible.

FORT WAYNE, IND. Indiana Federation of Labor Elects Officers.

The Indiana Federation of Trades and Labor Unions adjourned since the election of the following officers: President, Edgar A. Perkins, Indianapolis; secretary-treasurer, J. J. May, Logansport; organizers, Philip Moelker of Evansville, D. F. Kennedy of Indianapolis and Edward Miller of Fort Wayne. Vice-presidents were elected from each of the 13 Congressional districts. A resolution was adopted favoring the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. Governor Altgeld was endorsed. The convention declared in favor of Government ownership of railroads and condemned the imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs. Muncie was selected as the next place of meeting.

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO. An Appeal to Union Men Everywhere.

The Trades Assembly of Cripple Creek has sent out the following circular to the secretaries of labor organizations:

Dear Sir and Brother: Will you kindly inform me regarding the non-union factories and establishments doing a wholesale business in your vicinity, such as the manufacture of furniture, clothing, shoes, hats, etc., in fact, anything concerning scab goods.

The labor organizations of this district have taken a most decided stand against the wholesale importation of scab goods into the district, and ask this information so that they can act intelligently upon any question which may arise concerning the sale of said goods. By promptly furnishing such information you will aid organized labor all over the country.

Fraternally yours, H. M. ANDREW.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Nature's Products Dumped into the Sea While the People Are Starving.

So much fruit has been raised in California this season that the local markets have been glutted, and in San Francisco tons of melons, pears and plums have been thrown into the sea.

That is to say, there has been an "over-production" of fruit, which sick people in hospitals, and the poor in tenements, cellars and basements, would have been glad to get. Nature, bountiful in her resources and generous in the bestowal of her gifts, outruns the consuming power of the people, and her products rot on the ground or are dumped into the sea because monopoly of the means of transportation bars the people from helping themselves by supplying the want in one section from the glut in another. What a travesty on intelligence! Headless and planless, it ought to go. Help it to the tomb!

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Miners Strike for Higher Wages.

A strike for higher wages has occurred at the three coal mines at Petersburg. As Barclay the miners' demands have been granted. All shafts in this district except Starned, Sangamon, Rutter & Gray's, Woodside and Springfield Co-operative, are paying 40c. At the Rutter & Gray's the demand was refused. The State officers of the Miners' union received word that the Consolidated Coal Company, owning fifty-three mines in Southern Illinois, have agreed to pay last year's wages.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Union Men Discharged.

The following appeared in the "Yarn and Cloth": Seeing in "Yarn and Cloth" last week the story of the discharge of the Cotton-Mule Spinners from the Arlington mills for staying out at the semi-centennial celebration. It is plain to all that that was but an excuse, and that the Arlington corporation was determined to discharge these men for being active union men, and their subsequent refusal of work at the Pacific mills, when they told they had worked in the Arlington, shows that they are determined that these men shall be victims to their hatred of unionism and shall not have work in Lawrence, and that they are bound to break up the homes of these spinners and drive them out of the city. Now, I would ask you if the union men of Lawrence should allow these spinners to be sacrificed. I for one say no. The corporation selected a time and opportunity that placed the case outside the rules and regulations of the union, so that official action can hardly be taken. But as individuals we can ally to the support of these men and not allow this corporation to wreak vengeance on these active union workers. I have talked with a large number of union men, who have agreed to form a committee to devise ways and means to assist these spinners until other employment can be secured, and we would invite all union men and those that sympathize with this object to meet in Spinners' Hall, 29 Appleton street, next Sunday at 3 p. m., to organize this committee in a proper way. Signed by four members of Organized Labor.







## TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.  
Mrs. Anna Burns, of 286 Pine Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a pleasant conversationalist. On the ground floor of her residence she conducts a well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store, she in response to a question told him a very interesting story.

"I think about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and could work night and day if necessary. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my head, in my limbs and temples. Almost distracted with this seemingly never ending pain, I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pain in my hips became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet and occasionally I was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks, for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still no matter where I was. On one occasion I was seized this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car came thundering along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me but the dread of it all lasted as long as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks whether I could not be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the 'Evening News' one day, an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful, health restoring pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel relieved; the pains in my hips gradually disappeared and for the first time in many days I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills and the more I took, the better I felt. I finished one box and got another, and now, having taken only a few of the second fifty-cent box, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there is a dozen vehicles nearby. It is a great relief. I assure you, that nothing but humanity in the never-failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from experience."

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. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes 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' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## PERSONALS.

Sir Arthur Sullivan realized \$50,000 by his song, "The Lost Chord."  
Professor Huxley's widow has received a civil list pension of \$1,000.  
One half the week Sir Isaac Holden is a vegetarian. The other half he is carnivorous.  
When in the best of health Lord Rosebery seldom sleeps more than five hours out of the twenty-four.  
Dr. Buggraens, professor of medicine in the University of Ghent, is 90, but feels pretty well. He drinks and smokes.  
To Our Lady Readers.  
Nine-tenths of the women of the world are afflicted with some of the complaints familiarly known as "Female Diseases" or "Womb Troubles." There is scarcely a family but has an idolized daughter, a cherished sister, or a dearly loved mother who suffers agonies that are endured in silence to protect her modesty. Proper treatment is postponed from month to month in dread of a physician's humiliating examination or a surgeon's knife. Most of these dangerous diseases can be successfully treated at home, but there is wide spread ignorance among even the most intelligent classes of women regarding their natural functions and organs of generation, owing to so little information having been published in regard to this subject and a modesty that shrinks from investigating such a disagreeable matter. The Wine of Cardui treatment of female diseases cures thousands of cases of this kind of troubles every year. It can be used successfully in the privacy of the home, and is cheap and effective. Ask your druggist for McCreary's Wine of Cardui.  
The determination of Sara Berahardt to stick to skirts reminds us that there is also an age limit for bloomers.  
In a Maine town there is a teacher who sits all day alone and draws her pay. Her pupils keep away because they don't like her.  
Kate Field in Denver.  
Denver, Sept. 11.—My journey from Chicago was 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 the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.  
"I wonder why some kisses are so much sweeter than others?" "Different quality of bacteria, I guess. It affects butter that way."  
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.  
No man was ever so much in love that he was unable to sleep on Sunday morning.—Texas Sittings.  
State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 5th day of December, A. D. 1894.  
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.  
"We have to part, Horace. Pa has put his foot down and—" "That settles it," said Horace, as he beat an inglorious retreat.

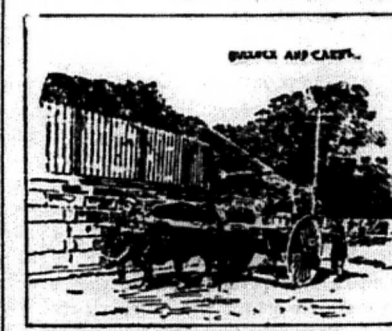
## IN FAR OFF JAPAN.

JOHN A. COCKRILL WRITES OF THE COUNTRY.

The Foreign Cemetery in Yokohama—Pathetic Story of the Sinking of the United States Steamer Onaida by a Treacherous English Captain.

Yokohama Correspondence.

HE foreign cemetery in Yokohama is well worth visiting and studying. It is a picturesque spot, covering the north side of what is known as the "Bluff." It is terraced and beautifully kept, the foliage being peculiarly attractive. Although the cemetery has been in existence nearly forty years, it does not contain one neglected grave, such is the excellence of the care-taking. A cosmopolitan spot is this quaint and mournful graveyard. Within the enclosure one finds the graves of men of all the nations that ever had touch with Japan. The humble sailor sleeps beside the foreign minister, the Catholic beside the dissenter, the early Dutchman beside the Spaniard whose ancestors plowed the main when his were searching for the gold of the Orient. We find here every form of mortuary tablet and memorial architecture, each following national characteristics as near as possible. On one imposing stone we find



the story of a man who died in London, an Englishman, who directed at his death that his body be cremated and the ashes sent to the Japan he loved so well. And here they are. Epitaphs may here be read in Russian, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, German, English and nearly all the known languages. In one section sleep the officers and men who have died in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship company. In an obscure corner one is reminded by the gravestones of our naval vessels who have from time to time visited this station—the Tennessee, the Irregulars, the Piscataqua, the Hartford, etc. One poor fellow from the steamship Ocean sleeps beneath a slab upon which some inspired poet, doubtless of the marine variety, has inscribed the following rhythmic drivel:

"A pain of sickness gave the fatal blow. The stroke was certain, but the effect was slow. With wasting pain Death found me sore oppressed, Pitted my sighs and kindly gave me rest."

The graves of men predominate here, for the founding of this God's acre was in the day when few women of the western world came hither. But the care of graves, the floral tributes, the bits of offerings all tell today of living woman's tenderness and undying love. The most conspicuous object in this sadly beautiful cemetery, with its deep sense of loneliness which springs from the contemplation of the graves of those who die in distant lands, unnoticed, unloved mayhap, is the grand monument erected in memory of the officers and crew of the United States steamship Onaida, who met cruel fate in these waters twenty-five years ago. The massive block is hemmed with a chain swung from anchors at the four corners of the plot and within the enclosure are commemorative stones above the remains of three officers whose bodies were recovered. Many Japanese admirers of the United States take a mournful interest in the spot, and more than once memorial services have been held by them in honor of the poor wanderers of the sea who were engulfed with the ill-fated Onaida.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world-kin" is realized here. On one side of the pyramidal shaft, in bold, black letters, is this inscription:

In Memory of the Officers and Men Who Went Down with the U. S. S. Onaida, When That Vessel Was Sunk While Homeward Bound By the Steamship BOMBAY, In Yeddo Bay, Japan, January 24th, 1870.

That is it; coldly frank and candid, but history. And history, too, which should not be forgotten so long as human indifference and cruelty upon the seas remain to be detested and execrated. This is the story: The man-of-war Onaida had been on the Asiatic station something more than her allotted time. Lying in Yokohama harbor, she received her welcome recall. All was glee and happiness among the good fellows who had been yearning for home and its delights. The home-bound pennant was run up, hasty visits were paid to friends on sister ships, bumpers were drunk, jolly songs were sung and in the gathering twilight the anchors were hoisted, and the Onaida went bounding down the bay to music of band and voice. Never did vessel carry happier hearts nor more hope-buoyed crew. The night thickened, and there was a breath of gale in the puffing wind. A few miles down Yeddo Bay the English steamship Bom-

bay, carrying mails and bound in, swept wildly down upon the Onaida, wounded her to death and rolled on to heaven. The heavy wooden war ship, as if struck by a bolt of lightning, careened, filled and plunged to the bottom, carrying with her nearly the entire crew. Commander Edward P. Williams and Lieutenant Commander Alonso W. Muldaur went down with brother officers, firemen, sailors and the twenty-five lads and midshipmen who had helped a moment before to fill the ship with song. Scarce a boat's crew was saved. A passenger on the Bombay, who saw the whole quarter ripped from the Onaida, in the fierce collision, leaped from her deck into the lighted wardroom of the war ship and saw her officers, with tasting glasses in their hands, as death reached for them. The piteous voices of some of these poor floating fellows were ringing on the night air when the captain of the Bombay, who never halted to see the harm he had done, was steaming into Yokohama harbor, and subsequently declared over a glass of whisky in a barroom: "I run down a Yankee awfully ago, and it served him damned bloody well right." The heartless brute! There was talk of misplaced lights on the Onaida, mistaken signals and too much conviviality, and the brutal captain of the Bombay, with a few inches of water in his ship's forward compartment, indulged in the usual talk about his fears concerning the safety of his own vessel—the customary excuse of the sea coward—and his neglect to inquire after the condition of his victim was palliated by a board of inquiry. But his name was execrated throughout the civilized world—no place more than in England, where inhumanity upon the seas is ever decried and chivalry forever exalted—and today he is in oblivion. But the craven's name should be graven upon the shaft in the Yokohama cemetery, to the end that future generations may learn to hate his kind. As for the Bombay, she lies, I am told



ed to the Brighton Park police, but officers detailed on the case failed to find any trace of the thieves. The police are convinced that in order to apprehend the thieves it will be necessary to place a guard at each Catholic church in the city, and this will doubtless be done within a few days.

SHE IS NOT A POLITICIAN.

Whatever Else the New Woman May Be She Is Certainly Not That.

From the Buffalo Express: My only excuse for telling a political story between campaigns is that I heard this particular anecdote just the other day. Last fall a new woman set out to proselytize. She was a very young new woman, well satisfied with her own political disability, but strongly determined to make converts for the party to which she fancied she belonged. She was particularly interested in a certain candidate running on the Democratic ticket. Her first call was on her own godfather, a Democratic warhorse, a man who has worked and held office for the Democratic party for many years.

"Godfather," began the new woman, "I want to get some votes for a friend of mine. He is a perfectly lovely man and I want you to promise to vote for him."

"Maude," replied the old man, who naturally thought that the girl was asking him to make an exception in favor of a Republican, from his lifelong habit of voting the straight Democratic ticket, "you know I would do almost anything for you, but I can't go back on my party."

Maude pleaded and pleaded, until finally her godfather relented so far as to ask who the favored candidate might be.

"Why, Judge Blank, of course," answered Maude in some surprise, though his name had not been mentioned up to that time.

The old man's face was a study for a while. Then he chuckled softly to himself and said: "Girly, have I to be asked at my time of life to support a nominee of my own party? Don't you know that Judge Blank is a Democrat and I am a Democrat?"

But Maude had burst into tears. "I think you are a mean, horrid old man not to have told me that when I began to talk? How was I to know to what nasty old party you belonged. I think politics are just awful!"

And the promising political career of one new woman ended right there.

Hearse for a Peddler's Cart.

The yankee has always had the reputation for being an ingenious fellow. He has been credited with doing a great many things he never did, and he has done a good many things he has never been credited with. But it recently devolved upon a real Vermont yankee to buy a second-hand hearse and turn it into a peddler's cart. He fixed it over a little, boarded up the sides and "daubed" a little red paint in several places to take off the funeral air. He also took off the plumes and built a canopy over the driver's seat.

A Henpecked Hero.

"A hero of a hundred battles!" She cried, admiring him through her tears.

"Indeed, I am," he murmured sadly, "For I've been married twenty years."

"Well, we have a feminine attorney among us now," said one Pittsburg lawyer to another. "Yes," was the reply. "What relation is she to us—sister-in-law?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

For this reason he is highly acceptable and desirable. Foreign bred animals require great attention, feeding and grooming. I am satisfied, from my experience, that the native breed of horses cannot be satisfactorily inbred with foreign horses—at least, it would require many patient years to produce anything like satisfactory results."

JOHN A. COCKRILL.

ROBBERED OF ALTAR PLATE.

Valuable Chalices and Ciboriums Are Stolen from Catholic Churches.

(Chicago Correspondence.)

The work of robbing Catholic churches in the city still continues. Thursday night two edifices were plundered of chalices and ciboriums, and the thieves left no clew behind. At St. Bridget's church, Archer avenue and Church place, the thieves broke open the closet in the altar where the sacred plate containing the sacrament was kept. A chalice and ciborium were taken, the sacrament being thrown on the floor. Rev. Daniel M. J. Dowling, the parish priest, had taken every precaution to guard against the thieves, who had been plundering so many churches, but it was without avail. The value of the property taken from St. Bridget's church is \$500. The same gang probably visited St. Joseph's French church, 2033 Joseph street, Brighton Park, and there removed a chalice and two ciboriums, the total value of the plate being \$750. Rev. Father La Sage, the parish priest, was much chagrined at the loss, as he had taken extra care to guard the church property. Both robberies were reported

to the Brighton Park police, but officers detailed on the case failed to find any trace of the thieves. The police are convinced that in order to apprehend the thieves it will be necessary to place a guard at each Catholic church in the city, and this will doubtless be done within a few days.

Calvin Wilcox of Jewett City, Conn., is said to be the largest landholder in eastern Connecticut. His holdings aggregate 2,500 acres.

Lord Sholto Douglass, who recently married Loretta Mooney, concert hall singer, has decided to locate in Los Angeles, Cal., where he will engage in business.

Father John Bannon, formerly known as the fighting chaplain of Gular's Missouri confederate battery, is now priest of St. Francis Xavier's church, Dublin, Ireland.

In private life Mr. Asquith is said to be impartially disagreeable to everyone he meets, while Mr. Chamberlain's manners are charming and he is the most pleasant of hosts.

General Armstrong, when talking about the business profits connected with missionary work, said: "The first sign of grace in a penitent savage is a request for a shirt."

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilo's Cure.—RALPH ERIK, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1894.

England seems to be ready to put her mark on old hins.

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

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ITEMS ON THE WING.

A young lady of Spietz, Switzerland, who drank a glass of beer after eating cherries died a few minutes later.

Statistics show that in Germany's population of 50,000,000 the females outnumber the males by nearly a million.

J. F. Frank of Memphis recently exhibited several ears of corn that weighed over two and one-half pounds apiece.

Notice.

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

Conductor—Did I get your fare? Passenger—I guess so; I didn't see you ring it up for the company.

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.

Acres of tobacco in Hartford County, Ct., has decreased considerably in the last few years.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wixlow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Nantucket, the slow old island, still has a town crier, which his name is Billy Clark.

"I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

A Chicago belle announces that she is going to skate in bloomers this winter. She naturally expects to cut some ice.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that Hindercock takes out the corns, and a very pleasing relief it is. 15c at druggists.

A day industrial school is to be opened in London for the benefit of children of vicious or idle habits.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Sixteen orphans from New York have been placed in good homes in Nodaway County, Mo.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

YOU Put Your Foot In It

when you buy inferior soap instead of the genuine

CLAIRETTE SOAP.

The favorite of every woman who ever used it either in the laundry or for all around the house cleaning. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

borrowing from health.

If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists: 50c. and \$1.

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Don't TOWER'S GET WET. FISH BRAND FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

W. N. U. St. L.—953-42.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

Knock THE SPOTS OUT. Use ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, and the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

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

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UNDER OUR FLAG.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Local Campaign Lies-Special Edition for Holyoke "Labor."

We have it from good authority of the most unreliable source, that Mayor Chase is going to join the S. L. P.

Editor P. J. Kennedy of the "Democrat" expects to lecture upon the merits of the A. F. A. before the sewer rats and Curran knives of Ward Three.

Senator Whitecomb don't like us any more and ain't going to play on our beacon hill. But won't be sorry when he sees Sheehan sliding down our State house steps?

Uncle Dwight of the "Transcript" feels awful sorry that his political gods are getting tired standing out in the rain defending his end of the label ordinance.

When the rats are leaving the ship, it is always a sign that something is going to happen. The reformers have brought the city to the verge of bankruptcy and now they are taking to the woods to get away from the storm that is coming.

Superintendent of Streets Greany is setting up a new calendar for his department, and he is busy now figuring out how 22 days' work can be squeezed into six regular days. Up to date he has succeeded in squeezing 2 1/2 days in, but is at a loss where to place the other quarter of a day.

A Springfield paper stated that the Pops. of Northampton had a grand rally and that there were over 500 people present, while in fact there were only about 300. Of the Socialist rally this paper stated that the attendance was very small, when in fact there were over 300 people present.

The Northampton "Gazette" gave a very good report of the Socialist rally at the City Hall.

The Holyoke "Democrat" says we (the Socialists) are not in it this time. We know it, but there are others.

WELL PLEASSED WITH "LABOR."

Comrade H. F. Fries, an old pioneer Socialist of Pottstown, Pa., writes:

Dear Sir and Co-Worker: Please find enclosed a P. M. O. for 25 cents in payment for three months subscription to the St. Louis LABOR-with which I am well pleased. I am sorry I cannot at present subscribe for a longer period, but my means are limited, my health very poor, and I am taking a number of reform and other papers. Although not a member of the "S. L. P." yet I have been taking the N. Y. "People" for 5 or 8 years. Have read a great deal of Socialist literature and am very fond of it.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER IMPROVEMENT FUND.

J. H. Hetherick, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00. (Signed) Ward Club, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00. Previously received, \$1.00. Total, \$3.00.

Comrades, you must do your utmost to get young people interested in our Socialist Labor movement.

Attend your ward club meetings, even if you are not a member.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

COMRADES, ALL TO WORK NOW!

We have received word from Thomas J. Morgan that as soon as Keir Hardie starts from the West he will send us date of his visit to Bridgeport, and then we can go ahead. So, boys, push it along, for it's a good thing.

Will the Reform Club singers please hurry up, and prepare to make their debut when Hardie comes?

Whilst passing a certain factory the other day, just after the hands had gone back to work after eating the limited dinner, I was attracted by a little boy about 4 years old crying as though his heart would break. I asked him the cause of his weeping. After repeated efforts he controlled his faltering voice sufficiently to inform me that "he wanted his mamma, and she'd gone in there," pointing with a bursting sob to the factory door. And I looked around, and men passed me, yes, women, too, with a smile, giving no thought or consideration of what the scene before them meant.

And how long, my brothers, shall this go on? Not content with brutalizing man, this fiendish system tears from the mother's breast the suckling child, and leaves to the mercy of chance the training of the child on which our future must so much depend. Forcing the man first to kill himself by overwork-toll murder-then when he is gone the mother must abandon those duties which even savages hold sacred in order to become the means of adding wealth to the idle and useless class that look so calmly on these tragedies, as if to say: "It is none of our business; if this woman does not want to leave her child, we don't want her; she is a plenty more."

You men who claim you love, look on this and go seek oblivion if you dare to still uphold this vile cannibalistic order of society. Ask yourselves, ye fathers, what is to prevent this same scene occurring with my child weeping and my wife slaving?

And do you call yourselves Christians? I say "Woe unto you, who scandalize one of these, my little ones; it were better that you had a millstone tied around your neck, and you were flung into the sea." JOHNNY BAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Interview With the British Labor Leader, Keir Hardie.

Just previous to their departure from San Francisco, our reporter visited Keir Hardie and Frank Smith, to get if possible, a general statement of the condition of labor interests and Socialism, in the old country. The two gentlemen were found up to their necks in work answering letters, and telegrams and pecking for their journey. Mr. Hardie, though pressed for time, assented and dictated as follows:

"Since coming to America, we have been deluged with letters and applications for personal interviews from people 'who want to know.' It is impossible to reply separately. So perhaps I may in the columns of the 'Socialist,' and through that, in other reform papers, convey something of the information desired by inquirers. There is at present a slight revival of trade in the old country. But even now large numbers of men are unable to find employment. There, as here, machinery is becoming more, and more perfect, and each improvement displaces its quota of workers. As a result, people are imbibing Socialism, who, but a few years ago, would not even condescend to examine into the meaning of the word. This is evidenced in several ways. First, there is the phenomenal growth of the Independent Labor Party.

"This organization was formed in 1883. Previous to that, a number of different organizations had existed, all of them agreeing on two points, viz., that Socialism is the only permanent remedy for the social and industrial ills of society, and that Socialism may be secured by the return to Parliament, and to all elective bodies, of Independent Socialist members. A conference of delegates from these kindred societies was held at Bradford, at which the Independent Labor Party was formed. The object of the party, as stated in its constitution, is 'an industrial commonwealth founded upon the socialization of land and capital.' That the times were ripe for such a movement was evident from the way in which it 'caught on.' Branches were organized and clubs formed all over England, and a large part of Scotland and Wales, whilst Ireland, North and South, also has its branches.

"The number of members who pay their contributions is over 70,000. From the outset the Independent Labor party has been a fighting organization. At every 'bye' election, caused by the death or resignation of a member of Parliament, the I. L. P. put its candidate in the field in opposition to both old parties. At the first election our candidate secured 1,300 votes. At every election the members grew. At East Bristol this year our man came within 120 votes of winning the seat. Over 1,000,000 pamphlets written by members of the I. L. P. were sold last year, and two newspapers, the 'Clarion' and 'Labor Leader,' are kept going in advocacy of the party platform. We have representatives in all the municipal bodies, and from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st an active, vigorous campaign is in unceasing operation. In the trade union movement, the development towards Socialism is very marked.

"For three years in succession the Trades

Union Congress, representing all the organized workers of the old country, carried a resolution in favor of Socialism, and of independent labor representation. This year, owing to an unconstitutional trick on the part of the opponents of the movement, the congress made little advance, but two years hence, or at the most, three years, the Socialist members of the Trades Unions will be in such an overwhelming majority that the entire Trade Union movement of Great Britain will range itself militantly on the side of Socialism. The older leaders of the unions are mostly opposed to the movement, but the rank and file are with us, and the leaders will yield or give place to others. So much for the old country.

"Mr. Smith and myself have traveled over a considerable portion of the United States, and before leaving this country, we may give at some length our ideas as to what we have been able to learn. At present we may say that pretty much the same political and industrial conditions seem to obtain here as across the Atlantic. If that be so, it is natural to expect the movement here to assume about the same shape, ultimately, as it has in Great Britain.

"We have had applications to lecture, that, if all were accepted, would keep us busy for more than a twelve month. Of course, we could not accept all. In making arrangements for meetings, our own preference is that the Trades Union and Socialist societies co-operate. The day must come when these two will be working together, and every opportunity should be seized for breaking down the barriers which keep them separate. In some cases we have found among Trades Unionists a feeling of opposition to the Socialist movement, not because they disagree with Socialism, but because of a feeling that leading Socialists are opposed to Trades Unionism.

"I trust it is not true, as I have heard, that many Socialists are not Trade Unionists. I cannot conceive how a Socialist can take an attitude hostile to the Trades Unions. The two should go hand in hand. Socialism is but a development of the ideas which underlie and inspire genuine Trades Unionism. Believing as I do that there are troublous times ahead in the labor movement in every country, I am anxious that the elements which are identical in purpose be brought together.

"Our permanent address in America is: Care of Thos. I. Kidd, 146 Madison street, Chicago, Ill."

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Interesting Notes From the Local Movement.

The Slasher Tenders Union of Fall River is the latest union of that city to discover that it is necessary to employ a member constantly to look after their interests, and has selected Henry Cunliff, a well-known slasher tender as a permanent secretary under salary.

It is evident that both Secretary Hart of New Bedford and Secretary Whitehead of Fall River knew why they desired their respective unions to withdraw from the National Union. They desired to control it, but the intelligent representatives of other textile centers sized them up.

The semi-centennial ball was truly great affair. Great in its democracy, and here was the rub. The butterflies of fashion turned up their noses and several refused to dance in sets because respectable mill girls were present in those sets. The factory girls of Lawrence added grace and beauty to the ball.

Nell Waters of Fitchburg, general vice president of the National Union of Textile Workers, visited several textile centers in behalf of the textile workers the past week. Mr. Waters is filling that position for the first time and has already shown marked ability as an executive officer.

It is to be regretted, for the cause of labor, that a man holding the position as secretary of the largest weavers' union in New Bedford, at a salary; who has been so loud in denouncing manufacturers, should now be the engaged "boomer" for S. B. Ashley, treasurer and agent of the Barnaby Gingham Mills, in Fall River, who was a candidate for the councilor nomination. Mr. Ashley is an active member of the Republican State Committee, and has done all he can to defeat labor measures, and this Secretary Hart knows. And how this man, while under pay of the union, can travel from one place to another in Bristol county booming him, passes understanding; except to those who remember the beer campaign of Simpkins, and know that Bristol county politics stand on a par for corruptness with actions of the New York police.

Mr. Hart was lately vice president of the National Union of Textile Workers, but the New Bedford Union was induced to withdraw because such politicians as Hart and Whitehead could not control it, so as to be able to deliver its influence to parties who might engage them. With Hart as a heeler, and Secretary Whitehead of the Fall River Weavers as a delegate from Ward One for the same mill treasurer, labor men might well stand aghast and cry out "shame."

WELL PLEASSED WITH MRS. MERRYFIELD'S LECTURES.

Pittsfield, Mass., October 11, 1895.-Dear Comrade: Please send us 5 copies of LABOR each week for four weeks. We want to use them for campaign purposes, we have opened headquarters; Mrs. Merryfield spoke here the 8th of this month; to say the least she is an excellent speaker. In every respect Everybody satisfied with her lecture, local press would or did not report one word. HERMAN KOEPEL.

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 necessaries of life. Human power and natural forces are thus wasted, that the plutocrats may rule.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- 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 employee 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 employee 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 summary 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 constituents.

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

ADAMS PUSHING ALONG.

What the Comrades Expect on Election Day.

The average voter here is not taking very much interest in this year's campaign, i. e., as far as Democrats and Republicans are concerned.

The indifference of the voters was shown in the caucuses which were very poorly attended. It is said that there were not enough present at either caucus to furnish the number of delegates required.

It seems that the voters of Adams have learned a thing or two. Mrs. Merrifield spoke at the Opera House last night (October 9th), but the attendance was not large. At previous meetings of this kind the hall has always been packed and no doubt that would have been the case this time had the fact of Mrs. Merrifield's coming been judiciously advertised. It is true a few handbills were distributed, but three or four large posters conspicuously displayed would have done more than a hundred small bills. However we are pushing forward and expect to poll a good vote next month.

Our friend, "Wandering Willie," comes forward with the following statement in the "Sunday Morning Call" of October 6: "The Socialists here in town claim that they will cast an unusually large vote this fall. I should not be surprised if this was the case. The times are just right to make converts to Socialism, and some of the Socialist voters in town are quite bright, well-informed men. The Socialist vote may possibly be large enough to make or unmake a candidate for Representative or some other office where the vote is close."

Yours for Socialism, Adams, Mass. CHAS. STOEBER, JR.

BRAVO, OMAHA!

ENTHUSIASTIC KEIR HARDIE MASS MEETING.

Omaha had a splendid Keir Hardie meeting. We were fearful, doubtful, trembling, but we succeeded in getting together the most intelligent and best-looking crowd of workmen that we have seen in Omaha for a long time, and they believed every word that Keir Hardie said to them. Hereafter when anyone tells that the workmen are fools and don't know enough to vote right, we shall simply say wood and prove them mistaken when we get the Socialists thoroughly organized. Had we had a little more courage and a little more money we might have had a larger meeting, but we are satisfied; we have done our level best and we are not going to kick ourselves. The meeting was better than we expected and we are correspondingly happy.

THEODORE BERNINE.

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 error; 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.

Socialism must inevitably supersede Capitalism.

If Socialism is a good thing then let us have it as soon as possible and we can have it if we vote for it.

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.

THIS IS YOUR PAPER.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF OUR LOCAL PARTY ORGAN.

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

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.

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

After many months of struggle we succeeded in putting the Socialist 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 NEWS-PAPER IMPROVEMENT FUND." Remember, whatever you do for this paper, i. e., the Socialist Newspaper Union, is done for your own paper. Send all contributions to

PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 311 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo. Yours in the noble cause of Labor and Socialism, CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE, SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

ATTENTION.

A Word With Our Readers and Friends.

Comrade and Friends: The Socialist press is our strongest weapon. You know this as well as we do.

But perhaps you also know that a Socialist paper cannot be published on wind. It takes money to pay the bills. Our weekly expenses have to be paid, and if we failed to pay our bills we should simply be compelled to give up business.

It is no more than right and just that you pay your subscription. Don't wait for the local manager to call for the money, but go there and pay the little amount you owe. We do all in our power to make this paper a success in every respect. Now it is for you to do your share of the work. Thousands of Socialists are proud of this paper. We are now entering our national campaign, and it is our intention to make the Socialist Newspaper Union one of the most formidable weapons in the next national political struggle of the Socialist Labor party against the parties of capitalism. By the aid of the Socialist Newspaper Union we shall be able to put up a strict Socialist ticket in every State of the Union, and when, in November, 1896, the Socialist votes will be counted throughout the country the party of socialism may announce the glorious news that hundreds of thousands of votes have been cast for Socialism.

Don't wait; pay up your subscription right now. Enable your local manager to settle his bills with the S. N. U. and we assure you that we shall attend to the rest of the agitation work.

Fraternally, CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Workmen, this is your paper; if you are a Socialist you should support it; if you are not a Socialist read it and learn what Socialism means.

Comrades! This is your press, and our columns are always open for a brief, intelligent discussion of the social problems of the day.