

SOCIALISM GOVERNS THE WORLD.

# Lincoln Socialist-Labor.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

WHOLE NO. 28.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

## IN MASSACHUSETTS.

### Strike Against Parties of Capitalism on Nov. 5!

### VOTE THE SOCIALIST LABOR TICKET.

### Read the Following Appeals of Comrades Ruther and Herbert N. Casson.

### Up With the Banner of the Socialist Labor Party.

Socialists of Massachusetts, are you all at work for our noble cause? Remember the day of election, Tuesday, Nov. 5. Don't lose one moment of your valuable time. Push the agitation for the Socialist Labor party ticket!

We have received the following report from Springfield. The report in itself is a splendid appeal to the advocates of our cause:

An audience of about 350 heard the principles of the Socialist-Labor party expounded at the City Hall last night by Morris Ruther of Holyoke, candidate for Governor, and Herbert N. Casson of Lynn. The audience was very attentive and the speakers were frequently interrupted with applause.

Mr. Ruther, the first speaker, began his speech by paying a warm tribute to cranks, as those people were termed who took advanced grounds on the great social question that confronts the world. The world was indebted to cranks for much of its progress and would come to a standstill but for them. The men who invented electric cars, telephones, electric lights and all other great things were laughed at as cranks and fools.

The trouble with the people is that they do not think. Workingmen are generally dissatisfied with their lot, but do not take the trouble to find out what is the matter. Only the cranks look up things. Socialists can see the injustice and can also see something better. They do not believe in waiting until they get to some imaginary heaven to get justice, but believe in making heaven here on earth.

The reform can be brought about by legal means. Old party politicians are in politics for what there is in it. The voter sops one way and another—from the frying pan into the fire—in endeavors to secure relief, but without avail. Some day they will get tired of this and vote for their true interests.

The speaker professed to be greatly encouraged at the growth of the party in this State. Although in existence but four years, its vote had increased from 800 to 4,000. In five years more he predicted that the Socialist-Labor party would be a faction in politics.

Mr. Ruther introduced Mr. Casson, who started in by saying that while there were questions of religion, politics, etc., on which men disagreed, there were others on which all were agreed. None wish to be poor, or hungry, or unhappy. When a man says he wants to go to heaven he is a hypocrite, for he wants to stay on earth and be happy. Protective tariffs have failed to protect from want and cold. Hunger is international. The popular misconception concerning Socialism and the harsh treatment its advocates often received was compared to that accorded abolitionists. Socialism has no connection with anarchy. A man with a brain that can evolve nothing better than bloodshed has not sufficient brains to understand Socialism.

Socialism, he said, is one of the greatest movements in the world, and can not be put down by sneers. It numbers nine to ten million advocates, and is a power in Germany, France and other European countries. Its growth in Sweden has so alarmed King Oscar that he has invested \$2,000,000 in New York real estate, so that when he is told he is no longer wanted he can come and live on the American people. We may expect that in the future many immigrants will wear crowns.

As the movement cannot be put down with sneers, wise men are asking the meaning and significance. It is coming very fast and cannot be overlooked. It has the brains of the world on its side, and the Fabian Society of London, with its 600 distinguished members, was instanced.

When our forefathers came over there were no millionaires nor tramps, no mansions nor poor-houses. They adopted the idea of each man for himself instead of each man for the King and the ecclesiastics. Their constitutions were framed on that principle. But the evolution of time is beginning to show that human beings are but an atom in the great body politic and that instead of individual self-help, organized self-help is the correct idea. The Socialists recognized this and said "down with the wage system and competition." The way to reform was not to hire more police and establish more charities to dole out alms. There can be no higher life so long as man wants bread. He must be fed before he can appreciate the sermon on the mount. Socialism means justice in industry. So long as a workingman fears a boss, his cause is the cause of all.

Two-thirds of the families in this country are without homes. The unemployed poor are numbered by millions and the unem-

WORKMEN SUBSCRIBE FOR AND READ THE "LABOR" - A PAPER WHICH ADVOCATES YOUR RIGHTS.



A WORKING-MAN WAS RECENTLY DISCHARGED BY HIS EMPLOYER FOR ADVERTISING "LABOR".



## WORCESTER AROUSED.

### Comrade Mrs. Merrifield's Splendid Lecture.

### Workmen, Up with the Banner of Universal Brotherhood.

A very fair-sized audience gathered in Franklin Hall to listen to an address by Mrs. Merrifield of Boston, on Socialism. The audience was made up almost entirely of workingmen and the address was of a nature to interest them very deeply. This was the first of a series of meetings arranged by the Worcester Socialist Labor party.

Mrs. Merrifield said: "The need of every citizen of the United States understanding what Socialism means becomes apparent to every one who becomes familiar with Socialism. It is a man's duty to understand it. It means everything to us as a nation.

"The time has come when we need an industrial system that agrees with the Declaration of Independence, that says that every man has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That is all impossible to-day.

"The industrial system that our forefathers brought with them was a system that was adapted to support kings and monarchs, and it has created a privileged, wealthy, plutocratic class, and without any blue blood we have coal kings and hog kings and land kings—all the result of this system, and we are the worst slaves that walk. Worst, because we are capable of more and because we are unconscious. We imagine we are free."

### NOT A FOREIGN DOCTRINE.

The speaker then referred to the common cry that Socialism was a foreign importation, and she said that her grandfather was a revolutionary soldier, and that she dared to say that she was not a foreigner in her sympathies. She referred to the large and increasing number of Socialists in all parts of New England, especially among the educated and college-bred classes, and said:

"What we need is socialized industries in the place of our individualized ones of the present day. That is what Socialism means."

She said Socialism is the system of the wealth and the solution of the need is in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

"That Commonwealth can be brought about now as never before. We have been through the things that fit us for it, through slavery, serfdom and competition, and now the next thing is co-operation.

"The corporation has reached its limits. It can benefit us no more. It has taken away our right to vote, and we have imported a foreign system to secure to us that right. We are afraid to express ideas that are antagonistic to those of our employers. We are slaves. As Wendell Phillips said: 'Any one that holds the power over our bread and butter has the power over our lives.

"We are slaves—worse slaves than the blacks, for we are not worth anything; there are 20 men as good as we to step into our work the very day that the boss gets dissatisfied with us at all.

"If men are brothers, then plutocrats are sinful, with their money and their arms and their swords and their rifles and their hand jewels and counts with short pocket-books, and we ought to be ashamed of allowing an industrial system that allows the growth of the plutocratic class.

"We have plenty of armories and gatling guns, and yet there are 150,000 children in New York that have no schools, and 20,000 of them in the city of Boston. We have the guns and the flags to teach the children patriotism—the flags to teach them to be patriotic and the guns to shoot them if they are not. And Channing M. Depew says that the children of the working classes must be kept out of school, for they are coming to know too much for their position.

"We can sit down in indifference and say that we do not want to know, for we are all workers, and if we earn wages we shall all come to the same place at last. Our cause must be made a common one, without regard to creed or race. Being wage earners we are in the same class and, sink or swim, we must do it together. What does a capitalist care for Protestants or Catholics or black or white? And if we are to fight the capitalists we must not be more particular.

"The middle class face their doom along with us. Combination of corporations into trusts will kill that class as it has killed us, and they are beginning to see it. The only things open to a man with a small capital are run-selling and swindling. The other side of the Standard Oil trust will become universal and their blood-thirsty schemes will fasten upon us all alike.

### DOMINATION BY TRUSTS.

"The plans of these trusts are: First, threaten and buy up if they can, and, failing in that, kill out the small ones by competition, and, if that won't work, use the dynamite bomb.

"And these are things that can be proved. If you do not believe them, read Lloyd's 'Wealth and Common Wealth.' Read the history of the Standard Oil Co., and of the honorable Rockefeller, who builds colleges and then fires the professors if they dare to say things that he does not approve of.

"Jesus would be in jail now in 10 days if he were on the earth and talked as he did in the days when he was alive. The peace of America, that is disturbed and sends the disturbers to the prisons is only the peace of the plutocrats.

"Competition is based on robbery. Look in the faces of our business men and you will see an old fox or a tiger sticking out every time.

ployed rich by hundreds—one as bad an evidence of civilization as the other. Manhood is rated by the weight of the purse. Brains and worth count for nothing.

Why, the speaker asked, are goods cheap? Because human beings are cheap. The cotton that costs but a few cents a yard is cheap because it is interwoven with the blood and nerves and lives of men and women who make it. Cheap production means human woe. Socialists would not stoke competition to death. It is more than half dead already. Monopolies are doing that. Small capitalists are crushed and in 800 or 400 lines of business there is now no competition. When the business of the country is sufficiently crystallized the people will take charge of it.

Socialists do not bring socialism. They simply see it, and are trying to pave the way for it, so it will come without bloodshed. The capitalist will pass away as did the feudal lord and the slaveholder. Socialists do not believe there is any such thing as necessary poverty. If socialism is a dream, the present system is a nightmare which is proved wrong by every business failure, tramp and millionaire.

The speaker urged the workingman study, think, and vote for himself and to put men of his own class in power. The foolishness of being split on religious lines was pointed out and a campaign of education advocated as the only means of arousing the people.

### SOCIALISTS ON THE BALLOT.

### Misapprehension Regarding Their Official Status Corrected.

The following clipping from the Baltimore American explains itself:

Mr. E. B. Golden, Socialist candidate for Mayor, writes to the American as follows: "The daily papers of this city, with the exception of the American, which had the statement correct, have during the past week stated that the Socialist Labor party would be excluded from the official ballot. I called on Secretary of State Gott, at Annapolis, to-day, and he assured me there had never been any question as to the right of the Socialist Labor Party to a place on the ballot, and that Attorney-General Poe had never ruled or advised him to rule that they had not complied with the law and were to be excluded. Page 73 of the Election Laws of the State, 1892, chapter 205, section 151, says that the Supervisors of Election shall hold open the nomination papers in their office until the 20th day of October for the signatures of bona fide registered voters. And it further says, on page 74, chapter 626: As soon as practicable after the expiration of the time during which nomination papers for the nomination of independent candidates are required to be kept on file in the office of the Board of Supervisors of Election of Baltimore city, it shall be the duty of the said Board of Supervisors to certify under their hands to the Secretary of State the name and address of each person proposed in any of said nomination papers." This clearly shows if there had been any dereliction of duty it would be the Board of Supervisors and their attorneys—Messrs. Campbell and Preston—who would be at fault and not the Socialist candidates, as stated in one morning paper. Secretary of State Gott told me that he had been grossly misquoted by a morning paper, and that the question of the right of the Socialist Labor Party to a place on the official ballot had not arisen. He also gave me permission to quote him as saying that the Socialists of Baltimore need not feel the slightest uneasiness as to their State ticket. Everything is all right. R. B. GOLDEN.

Comrades Toner and Golden held one of the most enthusiastic meetings of the campaign on the City Hall plaza, last Thursday evening.

Nearly 1,000 people gathered to hear the truths of Socialism expounded and listened with the deepest interest, as the speakers proved to them the futility of throwing away their votes on either of the old party candidates.

Comrade Golden was the first speaker; he said in part: "Fellow workers, we come before you to-night to present the claims of the Socialist Labor party to recognition by the working people of this city on election day. We claim that there are but two parties before the people of this city: one is the Socialist Labor party, the hope of the disinherited toiler; the other party is composed of the various branches of the plutocratic parties under whose dominion conditions against which we are fighting were brought about.

We find in our city to-day 35,000 unemployed men and women, ragged, hungry and homeless, human derelicts on the sea of competition drifting hither and thither at the mercy of the storms of commerce alternating between the House of Correction and the slums of our city, with an occasional term in jail to vary the monotony. We find women and children doing the work, and strong men standing idle. Is not this a disgrace to us as intelligent beings? Have you ever given the matter any consideration? Have you ever thought how foolish it is to go hungry because you have produced too much beef, and corn, and wheat, and potatoes? Have you ever thought of how foolish it is to go ragged because you have produced too many suits of clothing? Or to go homeless because you have produced too many houses?

I warrant you have never given the matter a thought. Now we want you to think over it. We want you to investigate the matter. We want you to write to the men seeking political preferment on the tickets of the old parties and ask them just this one question: What Do You Propose to Do With the Unemployed? Do you not know that they will do nothing?

## MARYLAND ALL RIGHT

### The Comrades of Baltimore Working day and Night

### From Now to Election Day for the Socialist Labor Party.

### Enthusiastic Public Meetings Held.

The campaign in Baltimore is progressing favorably, the working men of the city are awaking to the fact that they have nothing to hope for from the two wings of the Plutocratic party in this State, and the agitation meetings are being better and better attended every night.

The Printers' Union complained in the Federation, that the Democratic and Republican State Central Committees are having all their printing done in scab or rat offices, and the S. L. P. is the only party having its work done in a union office, the label of the Allied Printing Trade Council being on all the work we are having done. Therefore of course the seven or eight hundred union printers in the city will cast their vote for our candidates.

Comrades Toner and Golden held one of the most enthusiastic meetings of the campaign on the City Hall plaza, last Thursday evening.

Nearly 1,000 people gathered to hear the truths of Socialism expounded and listened with the deepest interest, as the speakers proved to them the futility of throwing away their votes on either of the old party candidates.

Comrade Golden was the first speaker; he said in part: "Fellow workers, we come before you to-night to present the claims of the Socialist Labor party to recognition by the working people of this city on election day. We claim that there are but two parties before the people of this city: one is the Socialist Labor party, the hope of the disinherited toiler; the other party is composed of the various branches of the plutocratic parties under whose dominion conditions against which we are fighting were brought about.

We find in our city to-day 35,000 unemployed men and women, ragged, hungry and homeless, human derelicts on the sea of competition drifting hither and thither at the mercy of the storms of commerce alternating between the House of Correction and the slums of our city, with an occasional term in jail to vary the monotony. We find women and children doing the work, and strong men standing idle. Is not this a disgrace to us as intelligent beings? Have you ever given the matter any consideration? Have you ever thought how foolish it is to go hungry because you have produced too much beef, and corn, and wheat, and potatoes? Have you ever thought of how foolish it is to go ragged because you have produced too many suits of clothing? Or to go homeless because you have produced too many houses?

I warrant you have never given the matter a thought. Now we want you to think over it. We want you to investigate the matter. We want you to write to the men seeking political preferment on the tickets of the old parties and ask them just this one question: What Do You Propose to Do With the Unemployed? Do you not know that they will do nothing?

Do you not know that the more unemployed there is the easier it is for them (every one a labor skinner) to beat down your wages? As a trade unionist how can you cast your vote for any party which will not take up this question? How is it possible that one-third of those of your class are always without employment? Is it not clear that those men through hunger will be compelled to bid for your jobs?

Read the letters of acceptance of these old political prostitutes and compare them with the letter of our candidates and then decide.

We Socialists claim that if you give us control of the city and State we will solve the question. We will say to private capitalists: "Gentlemen, if you are unable or unwilling to give employment to these idle people we will step into the arena of production and set them to work for themselves. Perhaps you think we could not as a State or municipal government do this successfully. I will just cite you a few cases to show you that wherever a government, municipal, State or national, have entered the field of production in any form they have not only produced cheaper, but have paid nearly 100 per cent better wages to the Labor employed, have increased the number of employes and reduced the hours of Labor.

First the City of Elgin, Ill., paid to a private corporation (\$266), two hundred and sixty-six dollars per electric lamp per year; the voters of the city of Elgin thought they would try a little electric lighting themselves, and the result is they now pay (\$43) forty-three dollars per lamp per year. Aurora, Ill., paid (\$326), now under public ownership they pay (\$70).

In the city of Chicago we find the electric lighting plant owned partly by the city and partly by private corporations. Let us compare the two.

City Plant employs two shifts of men eight hours per day, wages \$2 per day; cost to the city \$95 per lamp per year.

Private ownership plant employs one shift of men sixteen hours per day at \$35 to \$50 per month, and the cost to the city is \$250.

I could name you a dozen places where the same is being done, but I will just cite you one more case in a different line which may possibly interest my friends of the printing trade.

A. E. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, says that the Government Printing Offices at Washington has saved the people of this country hundreds of thousands of dollars and at the same time has raised the wages of Labor 33 per cent.

He gives the following figures to prove his assertion: From 1853 to 1890 the average cost to the Government for printing public documents was \$1.76 per page and Labor received on an average \$2.73 per day; this was under private ownership.

From 1871 to 1873 the average cost to the Government for printing public documents was 76 cents per page and Labor service \$3.75 per day. This is public ownership. Can you see the difference? Which is best? "Public ownership, of course," shouted several voices. Well, then, that's just what we want to establish here for you tailors, you shoemakers, you printers. We want to raise your wages, shorten the hours of Labor and at the same time cheapen the cost to the consumer, which is you. Are you with us? If you are you must vote the Straight Socialist Ticket on

November 5th. Do not let the Democrats fool you with the cry of Negro demotion. That is an old bugaboo that they bring out every State election. Do not let the Republicans fool you with the old cry of corruption in the City Hall. This is the same old story.

Comrade Toner was the next speaker and for more than an hour held the undivided attention of his audience, as fact followed fact, and illustration succeeded to illustration showing the oneness of the two old parties.

The meeting was closed with cheers for socialism and a number of the auditors gathered around to inquire more closely into the question and to find out when we would hold another meeting.

### MONOPOLY.

### A Monstrous Paper Trust Opposed by the Newspaper Corporations.

The press last Saturday announced the perfection of a new industrial monopoly. It is called a Paper Trust, says a correspondent to the New York People, and is a consolidation of newspaper manufacturers operating mills located in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York, that have a combined output of 908 tons daily. This trust proposes to capitalize the above properties at \$35,000,000, or five times their actual value. In order to realize dividends on this amount the trust will increase the price of newspaper to 2 1/2 cents a pound. This will secure an additional profit of \$6,000,000 a year. As the newspapers will have to pay this amount out of their profits, they are opposing the new trust with a good deal of vigor and hard language. The increase is denounced as an extortionate tax upon knowledge that will have to be paid by the people, while the alluring statements of the trust to investors are characterized as deceptions that will involve them in pecuniary losses.

This solicitude of the press for cheap knowledge, the people and investors, would be amusing were it not hypocritical. It would be amusing, because newspapers in general approve of the present system of stock watering, jobbing and gambling; and also, because they are in combines called press associations for the same reasons that these newspaper manufacturers are in this consolidation—for reasons of profit only. It is hypocritical because the press is not concerned about those six million dollars on behalf of the people; nor does it care a penny for the welfare of investors; it is using both to protect its own interests.

These are the chief considerations with it. Let the people leave these capitalistic enterprises to fight among themselves. When they have succeeded in reducing their own numbers by extermination, and amount to a comparative few, then let the people exterminate, economically speaking, the remainder. Then let them take over to themselves the immense capital which these methods have concentrated with such good results to production, but with such bad results to distribution. Let them make this concentrated capital, which yields so much wealth to its individual owners, collective capital, in order that all the people may enjoy its benefits without paying tribute to any one but themselves. Then we will have true knowledge, true popular interests and true security from the avaricious methods of watered-stock capitalists, who will then have ceased to exist.

These are the chief considerations with it. Let the people leave these capitalistic enterprises to fight among themselves. When they have succeeded in reducing their own numbers by extermination, and amount to a comparative few, then let the people exterminate, economically speaking, the remainder. Then let them take over to themselves the immense capital which these methods have concentrated with such good results to production, but with such bad results to distribution. Let them make this concentrated capital, which yields so much wealth to its individual owners, collective capital, in order that all the people may enjoy its benefits without paying tribute to any one but themselves. Then we will have true knowledge, true popular interests and true security from the avaricious methods of watered-stock capitalists, who will then have ceased to exist.



**JAMES RANDALL, POET**

**THE AUTHOR OF "MARYLAND" AND HIS CAREER.**

His World-Famous Lyric Struck All Hearts—He is Now an Attaché of the United States Senate—His Other Lyric Productions.

THE merit in a song is a passport which no sentry will question, and long before peace had been declared, "Maryland, My Maryland," that fiery bit of rhymed eloquence, had crossed the enemy's lines, and exacted its meed of praise from the literary critics at the North. Oliver Wendell Holmes says of it: "It was the best poem produced on either side during the war." And the poet himself writes: "Soon after its appearance abundant evidence was borne to me, that, whatever the fate of the confederacy might be, my song would survive it." It crossed the ocean, and when it came out in England, Mr. Randall received an autograph letter from a member of Lord Byron's family, filled with expressions of admiration of it, and containing a request for a manuscript copy, and an invitation to the author to visit his correspondent in London. About this time Mr. John R. Thompson, for so many years connected with the Southern Literary Messenger happened to be abroad, and upon the return he said to Mr. Randall:

"I envy you above all men."  
"Why?" asked the poet.  
"Because," said Mr. Thompson, "when I was in London I met in a drawing-room one of the most beautiful and charming of women, who asked me if I would not like to hear a song of my southern country; and upon my replying in the affirmative, went to the piano and sang, 'Maryland, My Maryland!' After she had finished, she turned to me, saying:  
"When you see the friend that wrote that, tell him that you heard it sung by a Russian girl who lives at Archangel, north of Siberia, and learned to sing it there!"

Ten thousand people surrounded the Washington monument in Baltimore at the reception given to the French visitors to the Yorktown Centennial, and when the Dodworth band played "Maryland, My Maryland," and the guests, hearing that it was a distinctive air, rose and bowed low, the crowd cheer-

ing madly. Among the crowd, silent and unsuspected, stood James Ryder Randall, who, at this demonstration, felt a hand laid upon his arm, while a voice at his side said:

"Do you not, as a Marylander, feel proud of that song?"  
"I don't know," replied Randall. "I am afraid that I am rather practical, and I feel convinced, if he were to ask it, that there is not a man in this vast throng who would lend the author \$5."  
"Yes," said the stranger, "but they will give him a splendid funeral." Through his mother, Mr. Randall is descended from Rene Leblanc, the "gentle notary" in Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline." His father was a merchant of Baltimore, and in that city, on Jan. 1, 1839, the poet was born. One of his earliest teachers, Professor Clark, had formerly been a tutor of Edgar Allan Poe, and up to 1855 was still living in Baltimore at the age of 90. In 1849 young Randall entered the old Jesuit college in Georgetown. Before his graduation, however, circumstances obliged him to abandon his studies, and after a brief experience in a Baltimore book store, and a term of service as a teacher in the wilds of Florida, he drifted to New Orleans, where he filled a position as clerk in a merchant's shipping office.

Among the poet's other patriotic verses are "There's a Life in the Old Land Yet," "Stonewall Jackson" and the "Battle Cry of the South," but he regards "At Arlington," written at a later date, and founded upon a highly poetic incident, the best poem he has ever produced.

Near the close of the war, while traveling in a railroad car, Mr. Randall borrowed a newspaper from a lady sitting near him. The lady, then a stranger to him, was Miss Hammond, his future wife; the paper was the Augusta Chronicle, of which he afterwards became the editor. Other papers with which he had been editorially and otherwise connected are the Baltimore American, the Catholic Mirror and the Georgia Constitutionalist.

At present Mr. Randall holds an office under the sergeant-at-arms of the United States senate, and is the correspondent of a number of papers, his letters from the capital being widely copied. His home is in Augusta, Ga., and there, in the intervals unclaimed by official duties, his life is passed with his

children and grandchildren about him. To his gifts as a poet and journalist he adds the charm of brilliant conversational powers, and those who have seen him of late describe him as possessed of all the old-time enthusiasm of speech and manner, and in appearance a young man, without a touch of silver in his hair. During the last season Mr. Randall has had a number of flattering offers for a lecture tour through the country, but the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," is singularly indifferent to the emoluments of this world, and can say what few poets are able to claim, that he has never written a line of verse for money.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.  
The Prohibitionists May Nominate Him for President Next Year.  
The above is a portrait of Joseph Cook of Boston, probably the most aggressive orthodox preacher of the present day. His name has lately been mentioned in connection with the nomination of the presidency on the prohibition ticket next year. Joseph Cook has no equal on the lecture platform or

in the field of religious literature. Mr. Cook was born in Ticonderoga, N. Y., January 26, 1838. He was educated at Yale and Harvard, and after studying four years at Andover he was granted a license, but declined all invitations to any settlement as pastor. He preached in Andover for two years and in Lynn, Mass., for one year, and in 1871 went to Europe, where he devoted himself to study and travel until near the close of 1873. Upon his return he became a lecturer on the relations of religion, science and current reform. His "Boston Monday lectures," in Tremont Temple, attracted general attention. In 1880 he made a lecturing tour around the world. Mr. Cook's published works include "Biology," "Transcendentalism," "Orthodoxy," "Conscience," "Heredit," "Marriage," "Labor," "Socialism," "Occident," and "Orient." His greatest popularity arises from the fact that he attempts to show that science is in harmony with religion and the bible.

**CAPTURED THE CONVENTION.**

Miss Power Makes Her Father Secretary of State by Uttering Effort.  
Miss Katherine Markham Power, of Jackson, Miss., successfully conducted the canvass of her father for secretary of state during his recent serious illness, and helped to win the hardest fought battle in the Democratic party in the state. She is now editor and proprietor of Kate Power's Review, the only paper on the gulf coast owned by a woman, edited by a woman and published for women. This paper has had a phenomenally successful career, having attained the fourth place in circulation among the state weeklies and having kept up an exalted literary standard. Miss Power was for days helpless, her father's death being probable at any hour; but when, on Wednesday before the county election on Tuesday, the beloved sufferer passed the crisis, this girl with a lion's courage in a tender woman's heart, kissed the brow of her father, and with that kiss



JOSEPH COOK.

his money apart. Not long ago a "personal" letter was sent to the baron. Fortunately for the banker, the document was opened by his private secretary, who was maimed for life by the explosion that followed. Still more recently an attempt was made to blow up the Rothschild bank in the Rue La Fayette, and if this millionaire target for dynamite bombs is not ill at ease and

looms and churns for the pastoral household while her husband preached, Tesla's electrical work started when, as a boy, in the Polytechnic school at Graz, he first saw a direct-current Gramme machine and was told that a commutator was a vital and necessary feature in all such apparatus. He drifted westward and made his way to Paris; he then made his way across the Atlantic to work in one of the Edison shops. He soon won the admiration of the great inventor. He worked as ardently as did Edison himself, but worked on new lines, lines so divergent from those of the master that separation was wise. Tesla had become a genius of the electrical world by himself, supported by Edison. The pupil has made marvelous discoveries and is known throughout the civilized world because of what he has accomplished in his field. His latest discovery, that of taking pictures by wire, has astonished even Edison.



KATHERINE MARKHAM POWER.

After traveling in a day 100 miles by rail and road combined, visiting every one of the 125 delegates to the county convention at their homes, and returning late at night to the bedside of her father, she would spend several hours planning the next day's correspondence to be executed by her sisters. Indeed, in less than five days she had visited every precinct in the county except four, and this failure was due to an unfavorable change in her father's condition, requiring her presence near him. And though it all she never let her father suspect that there was any fight in the county, putting her absence down to important business of her own, lest it increase his illness. And, during all that time, Kate Power's Review has never failed to show its sparkling face in its accustomed place at the right time.

**HE IS POOR INDEED.**

**RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD IS YET A BEGGAR.**

Baron Rothschild Would Willingly Part With Wealth Could He Be Assured of Protection From Anarchists And Anti-Semites.

THE life of an American millionaire is not a happy one, but it is heaven compared with that of the European article. The great majority of Americans point with pride to their millionaires as examples of the possibilities that are open to all in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." The great masses of Europeans look with envy on millionaires. The man of great wealth over there is believed to be a curse to the country he lives in and his death, by any means, is looked upon as a blessing. Nobody knows the temper of the masses of Europeans better than does Baron Alphonse de Rothschild of Paris, who has millions where other people have pennies. Like one of his English relatives, he is compelled to say: "Happy! I happy? How can a man be happy when just as he is going to dine there is placed in his hand a letter saying, 'If you don't send me \$500, I will blow your brains out?'" Within a few months two attempts have been made by anarchists or anti-Semites to blow Baron Rothschild and

his palatial residence was the headquarters of the German army during the siege of Paris. He has been abused with bitter virulence for years by the anti-Semites of France and has received bushels of threatening letters from anarchists. "The war against capital," he said not long ago in an interview, "is stupid and dangerous. Anti-Semitism is stupid and odious, but the same spirit underlies both." He is a lover of art, and the walls of his palatial home are covered with the works of such masters as Titian, Rubens, Velasquez and Murillo. He lives like a king, his charities are legion, and he manages his millions with consummate skill. He would doubtless part with a great many of them could he be assured that in future the knife of the assassin and the bomb of the anarchist would no longer menace his life.

**NICKOLA TESLA.**

A Gifted Foreigner of Whom All Americans Is Becoming Proud.



NICKOLA TESLA.

How Fortunes Are Made.  
Eleven years ago George Newnes was a young brass-finisher in a factory at Manchester, England. He possessed some literary ability and remarkable business tact. He conceived the idea of a small penny paper for the masses, to be called Tid Bits. He borrowed a hundred pounds from a friend and issued the first number of Tid Bits, a weekly paper. Its success in Manchester was so apparent from the first that Newnes removed to London. There Tid Bits became popular and prosperous in a few months. From a poor brass finisher Newnes soon became the proprietor of an immense publishing house. Two years ago he started the Strand Magazine, which, like Tid Bits, was an instantaneous success. In eleven years George Newnes has made a remarkable record. Today he is a millionaire and a member of parliament.



BARON ROTHSCHILD.

The New Woman.  
"I don't hold agin this here new woman business so much as some," said Mr. Jason. "It's jist her nateral bent fer information takin' a new tack. If she wasn't tryin' to find out all about government an' microbes she would be tryin' to find out all about the neighbors, an' you know the trouble that leads to."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE city of Buffalo, New York, is happy in being the home of many women of liberal culture and refinement; prominent among them is Mrs. Brainerd Fuller, a writer of grace and force and a public speaker of particular charm. She is a native of Middletown, Conn., her parents being Norman L. Brainerd and Leora Campbell Brainerd. Mrs. Fuller was educated at Miss Payne's Young Ladies' Seminary, Middletown, Conn., and has traveled in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Canada, and to some extent in the United States. Mrs. Fuller read an able paper at the "Woman's Congress" at the Columbian Exposition on "Women as Political Economists." Her idea of the New Woman published in *Womankind* will undoubtedly prove of interest. It is as follows:

Just who the New Woman of the day is, upon whose much heralded advent many good and sober-minded people have taken fright, remains so far a mystery. Where in real life there exists an individual, who acknowledges herself to be the original of the type dubbed the "New Woman," we have not as yet been told. Then, whence comes this strange and skittish creature continuously held before our startled gaze, and whose presence represented in unwonted and most unseemly places is, indeed, enough to stampe a nation back into the customs of past civilizations. Were Betsy Prig to drink her tea in modern times, she would probably make another keen discovery, and exclaim, as she once did, in regard to the existence of Mrs. Gamp's supposititious patient, Mrs. Harris; "I don't believe there's no such person," as this kind of a new woman. And Betsy would not be so very far from correct, in holding such opinion. That times are changing, and women advancing into broader fields of education and usefulness, none in his senses can doubt. It is equally cer-

tain that the bug-a-boo new woman, we are worrying ourselves about, lest she imperils the perpetuity of present social order, has scarcely more qualities to insure her continued existence than a phantom or a poorly executed picture. In fact, she is a sort of composite, produced by the various impressions of the peculiarities of living extremists, which have been developed by the fear of pessimists, the anxiety of conservatives, the wit of lampooners, and by the caricaturists holding high carnival over all. The real new woman of America, which the nineteenth century will give to grace the decades of its successors will be one, who, to the gentle feminine attributes of her colonial ancestors will add the strength of self-reliance and the force of systematic, intellectual training. Her more liberal education obtained from her college curriculum, together with a freer mingling in the affairs of the world will tend to improve society, rather than to undermine it. Education, a wide experience in life, and an extended knowledge of human nature, has never yet retarded the wheels of progress, or deracinated society, and there seems to be no very good reason to believe that different results will prevail, because women possess these advantages. As for the "New Woman" bundling up her recently acquired knowledge, as she would pack a band box, and flying off with it into an indefinite place, we call "out of her sphere," why she never will, to any alarming extent. Immutability nature has mapped out to woman her sphere. The golden chains of love and maternal devotion bind her willingly to it. She could not leave it if she would, and she would not if she could. So after the extravagancies and exaggerations that are now following naturally enough in the wake of the movement which is advancing woman into a higher position in the social system, shall have settled down, as extremes attendant on reforms have done before, the real new woman will appear, as true to herself and her vocations, as any of her predecessors. If the spirit of her times extend her duties, in some instances into public life, there she will conduct herself with dignity and ability. She will preside at the fireside, a fair and stately figure, none the less loveable because adorned with more of the graces of Minerva, as well as those of Venus; none the less companionable because of her better understanding of the things that interest men.



MRS. BRAINERD FULLER.

An Evil Report.  
The mother bowed her head and her frame shook with sobs.  
"Tell me," she faltered, "tell me, kind sir, if my poor lost boy was good to the last?"  
A shade flitted across the bronze face of the seaman.  
"I don't know for sure," he answered as considerably as possible, "but I heard indirectly of the natives saying they had eaten better."  
All was still but the sound of weeping.—Detroit Tribune.

**"IS NO SUCH PERSON."**

**THE NEW WOMAN EXISTS ON PAPER ONLY.**

Mrs. Fuller Comes to the Rescue of Her Suffering Sex—The Newspapers She Says, Are Drawing a False Picture.

THE city of Buffalo, New York, is happy in being the home of many women of liberal culture and refinement; prominent among them is Mrs. Brainerd Fuller, a writer of grace and force and a public speaker of particular charm. She is a native of Middletown, Conn., her parents being Norman L. Brainerd and Leora Campbell Brainerd. Mrs. Fuller was educated at Miss Payne's Young Ladies' Seminary, Middletown, Conn., and has traveled in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Canada, and to some extent in the United States. Mrs. Fuller read an able paper at the "Woman's Congress" at the Columbian Exposition on "Women as Political Economists." Her idea of the New Woman published in *Womankind* will undoubtedly prove of interest. It is as follows:

Just who the New Woman of the day is, upon whose much heralded advent many good and sober-minded people have taken fright, remains so far a mystery. Where in real life there exists an individual, who acknowledges herself to be the original of the type dubbed the "New Woman," we have not as yet been told. Then, whence comes this strange and skittish creature continuously held before our startled gaze, and whose presence represented in unwonted and most unseemly places is, indeed, enough to stampe a nation back into the customs of past civilizations. Were Betsy Prig to drink her tea in modern times, she would probably make another keen discovery, and exclaim, as she once did, in regard to the existence of Mrs. Gamp's supposititious patient, Mrs. Harris; "I don't believe there's no such person," as this kind of a new woman. And Betsy would not be so very far from correct, in holding such opinion. That times are changing, and women advancing into broader fields of education and usefulness, none in his senses can doubt. It is equally cer-

tain that the bug-a-boo new woman, we are worrying ourselves about, lest she imperils the perpetuity of present social order, has scarcely more qualities to insure her continued existence than a phantom or a poorly executed picture. In fact, she is a sort of composite, produced by the various impressions of the peculiarities of living extremists, which have been developed by the fear of pessimists, the anxiety of conservatives, the wit of lampooners, and by the caricaturists holding high carnival over all. The real new woman of America, which the nineteenth century will give to grace the decades of its successors will be one, who, to the gentle feminine attributes of her colonial ancestors will add the strength of self-reliance and the force of systematic, intellectual training. Her more liberal education obtained from her college curriculum, together with a freer mingling in the affairs of the world will tend to improve society, rather than to undermine it. Education, a wide experience in life, and an extended knowledge of human nature, has never yet retarded the wheels of progress, or deracinated society, and there seems to be no very good reason to believe that different results will prevail, because women possess these advantages. As for the "New Woman" bundling up her recently acquired knowledge, as she would pack a band box, and flying off with it into an indefinite place, we call "out of her sphere," why she never will, to any alarming extent. Immutability nature has mapped out to woman her sphere. The golden chains of love and maternal devotion bind her willingly to it. She could not leave it if she would, and she would not if she could. So after the extravagancies and exaggerations that are now following naturally enough in the wake of the movement which is advancing woman into a higher position in the social system, shall have settled down, as extremes attendant on reforms have done before, the real new woman will appear, as true to herself and her vocations, as any of her predecessors. If the spirit of her times extend her duties, in some instances into public life, there she will conduct herself with dignity and ability. She will preside at the fireside, a fair and stately figure, none the less loveable because adorned with more of the graces of Minerva, as well as those of Venus; none the less companionable because of her better understanding of the things that interest men.



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

is the daughter of Hon. John H. Addams, for many years state senator from northern Illinois. She was graduated from Rockford college in 1881, and has since been a trustee of that institution.

**TO CABLE THE PACIFIC.**

Everything Seems Favorable for the Carrying Out of the Project.

Probably John W. Mackay will always be known as a bonanza miner, and yet to-day he has, no doubt, a greater fortune in telegraph properties than in anything else. He is certainly the largest individual owner in the world to-day of telegraph lines, and C. R. Hosmer is the man he depends upon to manage them for him. Mr. Hosmer believes the time is near when the English government will combine with her colonies in laying a cable across the Pacific ocean. The colonies have already granted subsidies or have bound themselves to do so, and the entrance into power of Lord Salisbury, with his Conservative majority of 150 and odd votes, is viewed in Canada as propitious for the Pacific cable enterprise. "The Western Union," he went on to say, "started to build years ago toward Alaska with the intention of laying a cable across Behring sea and reaching European Siberia. At the same time they were constructing a line in Siberia. This was when it was believed



JOHN W. MACKAY

the laying of the Atlantic cable would not be a success. When the latter proved a success the other was abandoned, and now has practically disappeared, although \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 were spent upon it."

The Canadian Post.  
"The Kahn" is the signature appended by an erratic Canadian journalist to poems and sketches that have given him a wide reputation throughout the Dominion. He is a poet of the people as distinguished from the poets of the magazines, and before taking to journalism he was for many years engaged in farming. Many of his verses have the directness and simplicity that characterize the work of Riley, and at his best "The Khan" writes true poetry. Like every poet engaged in journalistic work, however, he writes too much, and the badness of his worst productions is something lamentable; but at his best he has a command of humor, pathos, and homely sentiment that entitles him to the high esteem in which his work is held by many.

**Unspooled By Honors.**

An American lady traveling in Holland writes that Melchers, the Detroit artist who won the Paris exposition prize in 1889 and has since enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent, is quite unspooled by the honors heaped upon him. Though he has dined with the German emperor, he still wears a peasant blouse and wooden shoes on the plea that he is too poor for anything better. When he went to dine with the wife of the burgomaster of a Holland town he appeared in this costume and soaked to the skin by a hard rain. He apologized, not for the clothes, but for the fact that they were wet, and maintained that it was the only suit he had. His hostess thereupon provided him with a dry suit of her husband's.

**Jane Addams of Chicago.**

Miss Jane Addams, whose portrait is here given, superintendent of street cleaning in Chicago, is one of the most remarkable women of the decade. She



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

is the daughter of Hon. John H. Addams, for many years state senator from northern Illinois. She was graduated from Rockford college in 1881, and has since been a trustee of that institution.



**ON POPULAR SCIENCE.**

**CURRENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.**

**An Electric Propeller the Latest Novelty—A Model Mountain Residence—An Experiment in Geometry—How Precious Stones Are Made.**

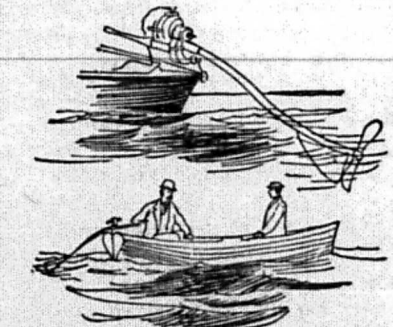
**A** HOUSE has been constructed on a new principle, which the builder claims comprehends very great durability and strength and also the highest extreme of comfort, while attractiveness has not been sacrificed. As a starting point, a frame was built of steel tubing. This was so arranged as to permit a continuous flow of water. Around this frame he built a cottage in one of the approved styles of architecture and used the place as a residence. The dwelling is situated on a mountain slope, and water from above the snow-line is piped through the steel arteries. This keeps the air in the building at a low temperature in summer, while in the winter the water is turned into a hot-air chamber as soon as it enters the house and heated to the required degree. Thus the house is kept extremely cool in summer and is as warm in winter as may be desired. The temperature is perfectly regulatable, and great advantages are claimed for the system, in that it practically annihilates the discomforts incident to extreme heat and cold. It is also claimed that the structure is of such a solid character that earthquakes or similar disturbances will have no appreciable effect on it. It is not stated whether the continuous tubing may attract lightning, but probably there is no more danger of this than there would be in the gas and water piped residences.

**The Migration of Brains.**

A medical authority asserts that a post-mortem examination of the fingers of a blind man discloses, at the tips, a deposit identical with the gray matter of the brain. It has for years been a noted fact that blind people become marvelously apt in detecting things with their fingers, and this statement gives rise to the query just what is brain matter, and how does it act? This authority seems inclined to the belief that nature compensates for the loss of sight by transferring to the finger-tips some of the perceptive matter of the brain, and this accounts for the super-sensitiveness of the touch of people with defective vision. Blind persons who perform no manual labor have very delicate hands and finger-tips, and there may be some truth in the theory of a brain migration. It is quite as plausible, however, to believe that there are in the finger-tips latent cells that develop when the necessity for them presents itself. Indeed, this seems much more likely than that there is any actual transference of brain matter from one part of the body to another.

**An Electric Propeller**

Among the multitude of inventions that are offered to the public day after day there are some that commend themselves to the judgment at first sight, and fill off-hand a long-felt want. The electric boat propeller, as shown in the accompanying views, is surely one such invention as mentioned above. It has the accumulated advantages of being cheap, portable, compact and thoroughly safe to the user. Briefly described, it consists of a movable tube, hinged at the stern of the boat, much as an oar is used in sculling. The tube contains a flexible shaft, formed of three coils of phosphor bronze. This tube extends down and out into the water, where it



carries a propeller, and at the inboard end an electric motor is attached, which is itself driven by batteries. The rudder and the propeller are thus in one, and the steering properties of a boat so fitted would be very swift and powerful. The tube, with its enclosed flexible shaft, is partly filled with oil, and these parts are thus automatically and constantly lubricated. The rate of speed is from three to five miles per hour. The combined propeller, motor and rudder weighs only thirty-five pounds for a ten to eighteen foot boat. The batteries weight from 100 pounds to 275 pounds, but being in four parts, are easily handled. This very ingenious and effective invention will be gladly welcomed by the sea and river sportsman. Its handiness and noiselessness make it admirably adapted to duck shooting, and it will commend itself at once to the special needs of the fisherman. All sportsmen, at one time or another, when they have been following the windings of some narrow stream, or threading their way through the mazes of a rush grown marsh, have wished for a means of propulsion of smaller compass than a pair of sculls, or even a canoe paddle. The electric propeller, working snugly in the wake of the boat, is admirably adapted for such work, or for any circumstances

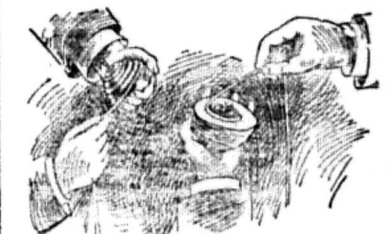
where a boat has to be handled in a crowded waterway. The motor, propeller and batteries can be purchased for \$150, and the running expenses amount to only 5 cents an hour.

**Gutta-Percha by a New Method.**

It has heretofore been the practice of collectors of gutta-percha to cut down the trees to get at the gum. It has been discovered that plucking the leaves and extracting the gum from them is not only more profitable as to immediate results, but does away with the danger of exterminating the plant. The gum obtained from the leaves is purer, easier to manage and more abundant than that gathered by cutting the tree. It has been found that two pluckings of the leaves yield as much gum as a tree of twenty-five years' growth. Some concern has been expressed as to the possible failure of the supply, on account of the destruction of these forests, but this new discovery will not only make the crop easier to gather, but will increase the supply, bring down the price and permit of a much wider range of uses than heretofore.

**A Clever Experiment.**

Let us show you how to demonstrate any famous theorem of plane geometry—the surface of a sphere is equal to four times the surface of a great circle. A great circle, you know, is the section made in a sphere by a plane passing through its centre, and the radius of the great circle is therefore equal to the radius of the sphere. Saw a croquet-ball, or any other wooden sphere, through the centre. Now take one of the hemispheres thus obtained and drive a tack into the pole of the great circle; that is to say, at the point



of the ball that is most elevated when you place the flat part on a table. Fasten to the tack the end of a cord and wind the latter around the surface of the ball, just as you wind a cord or a spinning-top, so that it exactly covers all the curved surface of the half-ball. Then cut the cord at the point where you stopped winding. Now take the other half of the ball, and having driven a tack into the centre of its flat part, which is a great circle of the sphere, roll a cord, of the same thickness as that used on the other half-ball, around the tack, pressing it closely on the flat surface of the circle. Stop when the circle is entirely covered and cut the cord. Unroll both cords, now, and you will find that the first is exactly twice as long as the second. This proves that the surface of a hemisphere is equal to twice the surface of a great circle; and, consequently, that the surface of an entire sphere is equal to four times that of a great circle.

**Manufacture of Precious Stones.**

Since science has demonstrated that artificial rubies can be manufactured, there is little doubt that before long diamonds and other gems will also be turned out from the laboratory. It can scarcely be said that made rubies are not genuine, as they differ in no respect of material or appearance from the stones manufactured by nature, but it is declared possible to distinguish them by means of a microscope. It is a curious caprice that will discard an article as spurious merely because it is turned out in the laboratory of man instead of nature, especially when there is no difference between the two products.

**The Theory of Sharpening Knives.**

Very few people realize that a very sharp knife, under a microscope, is nothing more nor less than a saw, having teeth and points. For this reason a drawcut on wood is much easier than when the knife moves with the grain. Drawing the knife back and forth, therefore, has practically the effect of a saw, although the teeth are so fine they cannot be seen by the naked eye. For this reason the back and forth movement with the knife severs the fibers much more readily and on some woods more smoothly.

**Popular Science.**

At the lowest depth from which specimens of the bottom have been brought up, 116 different species of infusoria were found.

Almost every ship has lightning rods, simply intended to conduct lightning into the water rather than down the masts into the hull.

If the Atlantic Ocean could have a layer of water six thousand feet deep removed from its surface it would only reduce the width of that great body of water one-half.

Telephones are to be admitted into Italian nunneries by a recent decision of the congregation of bishops, but a strict censorship will be exercised over the wires.

Experiments have shown that mild currents of electricity may have a beneficial effect on the growth of plants, but, of course, a heavy charge will kill a plant just as lightning will kill a tree.

Travelers from the East Indies often bring with them necklaces made of seeds about the size of peas, and which are scarlet with a black spot on one side. The plant producing them is known to botanists as Abrus precatorius. It is grown as commonly around Indian dwellings as an ornamental twining vine as the morning glory is with us.

**WOMAN AND HOME.**

**CURRENT NOTES OF INTEREST TO WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.**

**Some Late Fall Fashions—Frock Coats of the Louis XVI. Cut Will Be Worn—New Woman Does Not Exist—Advice for a Girl—The Household.**



**ROCK** coats of Louis XVI. cut will be worn in velvet, in rich combination with wool skirt and Brocade waistcoat, making very handsome street gowns that will render an overgarment unnecessary until very cold weather. Many of the new coats are very gorgeous affairs, exceedingly rich of material, and displaying no little artistic ingenuity in their designing. Jacket bodices are fewer and ordinarily more modest in their materials, but some of them are not far behind the other style of bodice in the novelty and tastefulness of their designs. One of these is the artist's contribution here, and was found in blue and black striped suiting, combined with plain blue cloth. The skirt had on each side a panel of the plain stuff finished with machine stitching and ornamented

and laces. You simply cannot dress a bit "manny" and be in the mode of this fall, for all of the newest things are French to the backbone, and you know that, even if every French woman were a "new woman," which few of them are, their dress would show little lingering traits of their old love for finery. One of the most fly-away little coats of the season is of black velvet, made



very round and smooth in the body, and very flaring and full in the skirt. It is double-breasted and fastened with immense pearl buttons. There are no sleeves, merely full capes let in at the shoulder and allowed to flare out over

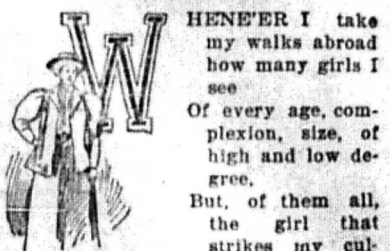
desired; the accommodating show woman next brings out a love of a coat, and one's resolutions, a la cape, are thrown utterly to the winds, for can there be anything more completely stunning than these short skirted, impertinent little affairs called coats? Such a droop and fluffiness as the big sleeves show, which, after all, are the biggest part of them. One of these swagger little garments is shown in a very shaggy beaver, having long shaggy hairs all over it, and so wonderfully furry and costly looking. The color is a deep hunter's green, such a refreshingly clear tint. It has a short, loose body, flaring as much as possible at the back of the skirt, and fastened across the front by two huge metal buttons. The rolling collar is faced with hunter's green velvet, and the deep cuffs finishing the huge gigot sleeves are of the same rich material. With this is worn a hat having a perfectly straight brim of braided green felt, faced with velvet, and the top massed with choux of green and black tulle, and two sharp quills, one of rose and one of yellow. There is nothing which quite equals the delight of the first appearance in such a jaunty suit of fall toggery, when one is perfectly conscious of their being very much up to date and extremely swagger.

**The New Woman.**  
Elizabeth has read a great deal about the New Woman and her doings, and would very much like to know what she is and where she is to be found.

**OUR WIT AND HUMOR.**

**LATEST PRODUCTIONS OF THE BEST HUMORISTS.**

**"Pink Shirt Waist," A Satirical Poem—"Makes 'Em Learn, Sometimes"—A His of Style in the Fourth Ward—Pertinent Paragraphs.**



**W**HENEVER I take my walks abroad how many girls I see Of every age, complexion, size, of high and low degree. But, of them all, the girl that strikes my cultivated taste Is the dainty summer maiden in a pink shirt waist. Perhaps she lives on Murray Hill—that cuts no ice with me— Maybe she works at Macy's, or hails from Avenue B; The thing that strikes my fancy, however in life she's placed, Is that this summer maiden wears a pink shirt waist.

Her skirts may be of silk or serge or cheapest calico— Of course she wears a sailor hat, the two together go— Condition and position are effectually effaced By the fact that she's enveloped in a pink shirt waist.

She throngs to Narragansett, she flocks at Coney Isle; She penetrates the mountains, in New York she is the style; She fills the streets with brightness and the country's widely graced By the dainty summer maiden in a pink shirt waist.

Now I don't know who invented this costume neat and chaste, But he ought to be rewarded for displaying such good taste; And I move that he be given, if he only can be traced, For a bride a dainty maiden in a pink shirt waist.

**He Puzzled Her.**

A grimy little street urchin called at the back door of a Second street residence the other day and asked for the "lady of the house." As she was near at hand, she appeared and asked the little fellow what he wanted. "Hev yer got any chewin' tobacco?" he asked. "Chewing tobacco?" the dame repeated in unbounded astonishment and amusement. "What on earth would I be doing with chewing tobacco? I don't look as if I chewed tobacco, do I?" The little chap seemed disconcerted, looked down, twisted a button round on his ragged shirtwaist, dug his little black toes into the cracks in the pavement and said: "No, I know yer didn't chaw, an' I thot of yer had some, mebbe yer gim it ter me." He was assured that there was no chewing tobacco on the premises and withdrew with a dissatisfied expression.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Makes 'Em Learn, Sometimes.**



First Youth—Lager beer makes a man fat, the doctors say. Second Youth—Sometimes. But it makes that chap lean—against the corner for support.

**The Infant Terrible.**

"Kitty, you must let papa's watch alone."  
"I won't hurt it, papa. I just want to—"  
"Put it down, I tell you!"  
"I ain't hurtin' it. I only want to see what makes it—"  
"If you don't let that watch alone I shall certainly have to punish you."  
"I ain't—"  
"Will you put it down?"  
"All I want to do with it is to—"  
"Kitty, do you hear what I say?"  
"Yes, and you'd hear what I say if you didn't talk so much."

**Died in an Up-to-Date Manner.**

"Oh, he was so kind and good and true."  
Sorrowing friends tried to console her.  
"But he is gone, gone—Boo, hoo!"  
Again the tears flowed afresh.  
"How did it happen?" inquired a late arrival.  
"Carbolic acid and rose water," moaned the widow.  
A shudder ran through the assemblage of weeping microbes, while the widow gave herself up to another spasm of intense grief.



**SMART INDOOR AND OUTDOOR ATTIRE.**

with small silk buttons. The fitted jacket bodice had a short, full basque, and was cut out in a novel manner in front to admit the insertion of a blue silk vest, trimmed with several rows of Valenciennes lace. In the waist the jacket had an imitated girdle ornamented with buttons, and like buttons appeared on the sleeves and upper part of the bodice. Of course, the buttons at the sides of the skirt panels indicated pockets, and these are not merely imitations, but are really true pockets. Though of about man's size, they are put so low that there is no danger of the wearer's carrying her hands in them, man-fashion, so there's still a chance for further advance toward "new woman" notions. In the matter of coats that are intended for protection against severe cold, it is rumored that women are going to button themselves into great Russian cut overcoats of cloth, lined throughout with costly fur, and finished with fur collar and cuffs. If this is so, what's to be done with all the lovely fur capes invested in last season? Yet from this reflection women should not despair, but comfort themselves with the pleasing certainty that lots of women won't button themselves into such great coats, but will wear pretty capes of American cut.

**Nothing Mannish About Them.**

It must be an exceedingly trying, not to say flat, stale and unprofitable time of the year for the "new woman"—this season, when there is nothing talked of but the newest modes of gown and bonnet, things in which they, of course, have no interest, or, at least, should have none, for such frivolity is only for the weaker sisters, who do not aspire to ruling all sorts of conditions of men

the sleeves of the gown. These capes are richly lined, as is the entire jacket, with a soft, dove-colored satin, and finished about the edge with a deep band of gray-tinted lace. It is worn with a simple but striking gown of dove-gray mohair, perfectly plain unless one notices the softness and richness of the lining of satin. A petticoat of dove-gray taffeta, trimmed about the foot with deep frills of gray lace add the finishing touch.

**Shaggy Cloth and Balloon Sleeves.**

When one is deciding as to what form of fall wrap, or, at least, trying to de-



side, a visit to the shops, instead of being helpful, only intensifies one's bewilderment. A cape is shown, which, for fetchiness, cannot be competed with. It seems as if this were the very thing

Also, what her future is to be, and if the many paragraphs now going the rounds of the press are based upon fact. Also, if it is true that women are growing less domestic and less fond of home and its cares, duties and responsibilities. Answer: It is entirely against Nature's laws and the established order of things that women will ever be willing to give up the endearments and relations of home. The New Woman is not made of any different material from that of the old. Indeed, the New Woman, as she is pictured and talked of, is a will-o'-the-wisp, and no one has thus far been able to catch her. Women of all ages, classes and conditions are very fond of their homes, their families and their special responsibilities and ties. There is no reason for the apprehension that the race will die out on account of the assumption that the New Woman is not willing to assume the cares of maternity. The world is going along just the same, and there will still be children and nurseries and happy mothers.

**Pickled Cauliflower.**

Separate the flowers, pick off the leaves, and put into cold water, then into slightly-salted boiling water. Cook until tender, but do not allow to break. Remove from the kettle, throw the water away, and put in the kettle a sufficient quantity of vinegar to cover the cauliflower. Heat it to boiling, put in one tablespoonful of sugar, skim if necessary, and add six pepper corns and a few whole allspice for each pint of vinegar; then put in the cauliflower, let them come to a boil, put in cans and cover while hot.

Still to ourselves in every place con-signed. Our own felicity we make or find.—Goldsmith



Open Letter to Frederick T. Greenhalge.

Republican Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge: DEAR SIR—As you are seeking the suffrages of the voters of this Commonwealth for the office of Governor, I beg leave to address a few words to you.

It is very well known to a large portion of the working class that the Republican party is hostile to the interests of the working people; that its leaders are the retained attorneys of the rich; that they do not believe in democracy, and are banded together to defend the possessions of the rich, who, with their political economists, authors, editors and political heelers and dependents, think that what is for their benefit is right, and should always be, according to Rob Roy:

"For why?—Because the good old rule Sufficient them; the simple plan, That they should take, who have the power, And they should keep, who can."

An examination of the platform adopted by the convention that placed you in nomination fails to reveal any evidence that the men who drew it (as such matters are not considered or discussed in Republican conventions, it would be wrong to say that it was the judgment of the convention) had any idea of the problem that now faces itself upon the working people for solution: How they may reap the benefits of the vast improvement in machinery which is every year throwing more and more of them out of work, and, in fact, bringing about the pauperization of the working classes.

Nor is it surprising that the men who managed and constituted that convention, made no sound that would indicate that it was their purpose or desire to adjust the present industrial inequality, and relieve the suffering and distress of our people—a distress which has become chronic.



T. C. BROPHY.

How many of the men who have their hands on the throttle, had seats in that convention? How many of the skilled mechanics of the State were delegates? Were the factory operatives of Lowell, Lawrence and Fall River and other industrial centers represented in that convention by any of their craft?

It is safe to say that there were not out of the 1,800 delegates, a dozen who could be termed wage-workers, and I doubt if there was one; that convention, like all Republican conclaves, was composed of our well-fed and well-groomed fellow citizens and their retainers, who live on rent, interest and profit.

Much is said of late about the public schools, and very little about an institution that is waging a fierce battle with the schools for public patronage and support—the Almshouse. To learn the extent to which our people are being pauperized, one has but to consult the last report of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity. By the report of the Board for 1893-4, the number of paupers who receive full support has grown from 4,229 in 1874, to 9,217 in 1894, and in the same years the number of those receiving partial support has grown from 20,886 to 29,131. Here in Massachusetts, in an age when the appliances for producing the things needed to sustain life are so great that it is estimated that with the use of effective machinery and with an intelligent division of labor an adult person working ten hours a day for five years, can produce enough to provide himself with what is actually necessary for a life-time of seventy years; a population larger than that of the City of Lawrence are forced to live on alms.

The following table shows the amounts expended by each town in Barnstable County for the care of paupers and for schools for the year 1893-4 as shown in the report of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity. Barnstable County, you will note, is not overrun by the "pauper labor of Europe," but is composed almost exclusively of a native population, in some towns there being scarcely a single foreign inhabitant:

Table with columns: Towns, Care of Paupers, For Schools. Lists towns like Barnstable, Bourne, Brewster, etc., with corresponding amounts.

"This town is composed wholly of Mashpee Indians; but two white men in the town."

The following are the sums expended for paupers by counties for the year 1893-4:

Table with columns: Counties, Amount Expended for Care of Paupers. Lists counties like Barnstable, Berkshire, Bristol, etc., with corresponding amounts.

Table with columns: Towns, Amount. Lists towns like Franklin, Haverhill, Hampshire, etc., with corresponding amounts.

What a tale of woe and misery these statistics reveal.

What a vast army not included among those receiving alms, shivered through the past two winters for the want of proper clothing, and have gone hungry from day to day and month to month. What thousands of hungry babies all over the land have cried themselves to sleep every night.

The ease with which the people oscillate from the Republican to the Democratic party, and from the Democratic to the Republican party again, is good evidence that they are wedded to neither, and distrust both; those parties, like the Whig and Democratic parties of forty years ago, are in the toils of the selfish economic masters of the country.

It had been a hard lesson for the working classes to learn this, but they are slowly but surely opening their eyes to the fact; they are also becoming conscious that they are being robbed of the fruits of their labor by an idle Capitalist class, and the cry now is:

"We want the drones to be driven away from our golden hoard;

We want to share in the harvest; we want to sit at the board.

We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man.

The fruits of his toil, God-promised, when the curse of toil began."

Were there no way out of the slough that the Capitalists and politicians have got us into except by the aid of the Republican and Democratic parties, universal suicide would undoubtedly be adopted as the best remedy for the malady that affects our society.

The Socialist Labor Party, the American wing of a movement that extends around the globe, enters the arena to establish those principles of Liberty and Democracy enunciated by the founders of this Commonwealth. It enters the political arena on its fifth year, with a mechanic as its candidate for Governor, Morris E. Rutherford of Holyoke.

The working classes are beginning to understand that all parties not organized on the lines of the modern labor movement, are instruments that are played upon by the capitalist class, and that emancipation can only come through a workingmen's party that stands for the re-organization of the present industrial system, which, when running at its best, is inadequate to supply the workers with the necessities to sustain life at a point, but which breaks down utterly and starves the people, because the capitalist is unable to keep the machine going.

The following from the platform adopted at the State Convention held in Boston, May 26, 1895, will give you an idea of the principles of this young giant of Social Democracy which is destined to rearrange the industrial affairs of the country, bring order out of chaos and establish peace where there is now war.

The industrial system which has been developed during the past one hundred years is, we believe, approaching with rapid strides its culminating point. The Socialist Labor Party long ago indicted it for its many crimes and it is now set to the bar to be tried, and will be condemned when the working classes realize the condition of servitude it imposes on them. It will fall and be condemned: (1) Because it cheats labor out of nine-tenths of the wealth produced by it. (2) It maintains a vast army of unemployed. (3) It forces children of tender years into the industrial treadmill. (4) It forces the old, who for long years have performed faithful service for society, into the poor-house. (5) It separates families to a greater extent than the slave system ever did. (6) It maintains an idle and useless class who perform none of the world's work—the rich parasites who eat bread by the sweat of other people's labor. (7) It develops a caste—beasts of prey who wax fat by preying upon the community—who are always in hot pursuit of the things produced by other people, and whose scent and ferocity is not excelled even by the tiger of the jungle; money lords who are in perpetual conspiracy against the recognized rights of the people; men who corrupt the representatives of the people on the bench and in the legislative halls. (8) It falls utterly to supply the people with the opportunity to labor, and with those things that ought to be within the reach of all.

With such an industrial system there can be no truce or compromise; the issue is joined between freedom and slavery—between Socialism and Capitalism.

We labor for the socialization of industry, the inauguration of the co-operative Commonwealth—the establishment of peace on earth.

Well may we say, with the poet James Jeffrey Roache: "Ye have shorn and bound the Samson and robbed him of learning's light; But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews have all their might. Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride and caste; The giant is blind and thinking, and his locks are growing fast."

The present society might be likened to a long line of men after a job that can only be given to one, or at most to a very few of the number in line—the rest must take themselves off. Nor is it any consolation to those who did not get the job that any of them had an equal chance with any of the rest.

So under present conditions the prizes go to the few. The others must shift the best they may, and for many of them there is no vacant chair at the board and they must take to the road.

If nature was niggardly and did not provide enough to give every one the necessities of life, we might in a calm and dignified way, starve to death; but as substance overleaps population, and there is enough and more than enough for all, Socialism proposes, in a peaceful and constitutional way to change the present vicious system of production, which not only robs the workers of what they do produce, but

undermines the production of things needed and necessary.

In a speech the other night, you referred to your veto of the telephone bill. Your veto of the first telephone bill that reached you was a cuttle-fish trick to muddy the waters; in your message of June 26, giving your reasons for vetoing the bill, you say that "this large amount, \$30,000,000 of increased capital, is not at present needed," and within ten days you signed the same bill, which was amended so that the stock should be sold at public auction, but with the \$30,000,000 increase still in it.

In the same speech you said: "The veto that was passed upon the amended charter, was sustained by a Republican Legislature." It was sustained because it takes a two-thirds vote in the House to override the veto of the Governor, and that the friends of the bill did not have, and the veto was sustained by those who voted for the bill in the House, probably because they were aware that a bill increasing the capital of the Bell Telephone Co. to the same amount as in the bill you vetoed would be rushed through both houses and signed by you—and it was.

It is very well known that the passage of that bill was secured by the most powerful lobby ever organized in the State, and by the most bare-faced bribery. A disinterested and honest man in the executive chair would have vetoed the bill signed by you at sight, on the same ground, if for no other, that the late Governor Ames vetoed the bill for the division of Beverly—gross corruption and bribery; while your veto was the cuttle-fish act, your explanation cannot be termed anything else but an attempt to "flim-flam" the public. Your statement that you "received a good deal of obloquy" for your veto is laughable, and must be one of your fine jokes. The only obloquy you received was for signing a bill in July, which you said in June "ought not to pass."

The invasion of the State House by that rich and greedy corporation with its retinue of professional and unprofessional heelers, and so accomplished in all the arts of the briber that it marks an era in the history of Massachusetts legislation, received no rebuke from you; indeed, its power to clutch and bear away that royal gift was only accomplished by the aid of the Chief Executive Magistrate, while the appearance at the State House the year before of a few thousand unemployed men, with a petition asking the Commonwealth to come to their rescue and save them from starvation, threw you into paroxysms of rage, and you went about for weeks afterwards telling what a narrow escape "me and the Commonwealth had."

You recommended, and your friends in the Legislature introduced, a most vicious jury bill, to enable the ruling classes to pack juries against the people; but it was wrecked in the House by the efforts of legislative counsel of the Socialist Labor Party, who acted for the people during the session without pay.

Since you were elected Governor, you have had much to say in your inaugurals and elsewhere about the militia, war, etc. Last summer you turned all the armed forces of the State into Boston, presumably to give the capitalist class courage. The armories that have been going up all over the State during your administration, show that, when beaten by the ballot, the class you and the Democratic candidate represent, intend, like the thug, to resort to murder. It would be well for you and your class to take to heart some of the pregnant lessons of history, and to remember, when you propose to resort to the sword, that a line of kings armed with the sword were cut off by Cromwell's axe.

Your advocacy of the biennial election scheme for the past ten years (except when you were before the people for their suffrages) ought to cost you a good many votes. The biennial scheme was started by the Republican Party, and acquiesced in by the Democratic leaders in 1879, but neither you nor your party have ever dared to discuss the question on its merits before the people, but are relying instead on ways that are dark and devious to get it through the Legislature. Since the defeat of a similar proposition in Rhode Island a few weeks ago, an organ of the Republican Party, and formerly the leading advocate of the biennial amendment, sees that the consideration of this question for the past fifteen years by the people has caused them to set their faces against it, and now realizes that "the jig is up," hands down its biennial flag, and declares that "The people would never adopt such an amendment." Although last winter your party passed a biennial resolve, which will come before the incoming Legislature, neither you nor your party has said a word about this important proposed change in the fundamental law.

Nor does the Democratic candidate, who is making a great effort to bring State questions to the front, touch this issue. Neither the Democratic Party nor its candidate for Governor, ever has joined issue with the Republican Party on this most important question touching the right of the ballot and affecting the liberties of the people, which again shows, that even as an opposition party, it is a delusion and a snare. I challenge you to state your reasons, if you now have any, why the biennial amendment should pass.

You seem to me to stand, in this campaign, for the Republican, "Gold Brick" swindle and Mr. Williams for the Democratic "Green Goods" fraud, both working the public, and the people are bound to be taken in, no matter to which one they give their confidence.

The modern labor movement as represented by the Socialistic Labor Party, adopts the methods of peace; now that the demo is armed with the franchise it searches to conquer the public powers by the ballot—it chooses the diplomatic rather than the intractable. T. C. BROPHY.

Somerville, Mass., Oct. 26, 1895.

Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund. Eighth Ward Club, St. Louis, Mo. \$ 5 00 Fred White, St. Louis, Mo. 1 00 Previously received 97 08 Total 103 08

The date is at least fixed. Wednesday, Nov. 20, Kate Hardie will be in Bridgeport: so let all hands get to work and paint the city red.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS.

[Written Especially for the Socialist Newspaper Union.]

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

Fellow citizens! These few lines are a striking illustration of our present social conditions. Ninety per cent of our working people are without bread the very moment the boss closes the shop doors for a single week.

Where are the heroes of the American people that will liberate us from these horrible conditions? I have still confidence in the people that broke the power of King George III. I am still convinced that Old America that gave us our Patrick Henry, our Adams, our Jefferson, our Washington—that this same Old America will give us men and women who will break down the barriers of modern tyranny based on wage slavery which is nothing less, if viewed in the proper light, than legalized robbery.

Remember, ye poor and disfranchised citizens: There was a time, at the beginning of the great Revolution, when 95 per cent of the American people erroneously believed that the time was not ripe to break the power of feudalism and British Aristocracy, that American independence was an impossibility. So general was this pessimistic opinion and belief that King George's Parliament proudly declared that it had the right and the "power of binding the Colonies in all cases whatever." And when the British General Grant rose in the House of Commons and declared that "with five regiments of infantry he would undertake to traverse the whole country, and drive the inhabitants from one end of it to the other," there were still the great majority of Old America's people who believed that such things could easily be done. But the great men of those days said: "No! America shall be free!"

And this emphatic "No!" was engraved with the point of a needle on the tender rind of the young tree of human freedom—and in less than no time the young tree had grown strong and powerful, and the wound caused by the engraving of the word "No!" healed, but the mark enlarged with the tree, and the American people read it in full-grown letters—letters that could even be read from across the Atlantic by George III. and his class.

So it is to-day. Don't be discouraged, my fellow-workers. When night is darkest, dawn is nearest. Let us engrave with the point of a needle—with our weak voice—the words "Co-operative Commonwealth" on the tender rind of the public mind and soon you will read the engraving on the tree of freedom in full-grown characters. I have been denounced by the public press. "Dr. Fearless has become a Socialist agitator; he propagates foreign ideas!" These and similar notes they have published in their columns. As to the accusation of being a Socialist agitator permit me to state: I am ashamed to acknowledge that I have neglected the study of Socialism up to date. I had been so busily engaged in preparing the way to the eternal paradise that I forgot all about the earthly conditions of my fellow-men. I assure you, however, that henceforth I shall study day and night in order to grasp the full magnitude and justice of the grandest of all social religions—Socialism.

"Foreign ideas!" This is the cry of all traitors and oppressors. When our forefathers rebelled against British tyranny it was a "foreign idea." When Wendell Phillips raised his voice against chattel-slavery on the Boston Common he was denounced as an agent of "foreign interests." But the same class of plutocrats is trying to make us believe that it is all "American" when we have four millions of idle men, whose children are crying for work and bread, and when half the entire population of our wealthy land are enduring all the hardships of a process of slow starvation.

Down with these hypocrites! I say. It is a foreign idea to talk about "foreign ideas," because there is no such thing as "foreign" in new ideas. The invention of steam power is of English origin; the invention of the telegraph is the work of an American; gunpowder was invented and typesetting by Germans, etc. These are "foreign ideas," but where would our civilization be without these foreign ideas? It requires the co-operation of all the great men of all the nations; it requires the work of all the working people of the world to make human life worth living, to advance on the road to progress, true civilization and human freedom.

Why, ye narrow-minded Philistines, who disgrace our American institutions, why don't you come out more logically and announce to the world that the discovery of America was a "foreign idea," or that Christopher Columbus was a "foreigner," and that it should not be tolerated to think that any one but an "American" should have discovered America!!!

Those hypocrites have never read the history of our American Republic. Thomas Paine, although an Englishman by birth, but the best American at heart that ever lived, says in his "Letter to Abbe Raynal":

"The true idea of a great nation is that which extends and promotes the principles of universal society; whose mind rises above the atmosphere of local thoughts, and considers mankind of whatever nation or profession they may be, as the work of one Creator." And in his "Rights of Man" Paine says: "To understand the nature and quantity proper for man, it is necessary to attend to his character. As Nature created him for social life she fitted him for the station she intended. In all cases she made his natural wants greater than his individual powers. No one man is capable, without the aid of society, of supplying his own wants; and those wants acting upon every individual, impel the whole of them into society, as naturally as gravitation acts to a center."

Let the voice of the American people be heard! Don't permit an aristocracy to rule by means of public prejudice and ignorance, and laws made in former centuries. Don't permit them any longer to make our land a hell to live in. Read the history of our country. Who has made America? Who has created the immense wealth? The plutocrats under whose rules you are suffering to-day? Not much. America's wealth is the product of many hard-working generations. It is the product of the American people—of the laboring people. It is the product of society.

"Of Society?" you ask. Yes, of society. Strange! Our American people co-operate in producing immense wealth, not for their own use and benefit, but for a comparatively small class of human drones. A hundred years after Paine told our forefathers that "no man is capable, without the aid of society, of supplying his own wants," our capitalist society still proclaims the motto:

"Everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!"



# The Voice of the People Must be Heard!

## World of Labor

### THOUGHTS.

(WRITTEN FOR SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.)  
Still must we listen to these stupid cries,  
These foolish stories and these brazen lies,  
So often sung at us by fool and knave—  
Yes, often by these men we hope to save!  
Think't thou, poor slave of capitalistic rule,  
Poor hood-winked pupil of the party school,  
That those who sacrifice their time and health  
In preaching to all men a commonwealth,  
Are heartless wretches who deceive and rob  
And "pander to the passions of the mob?"  
Are hypocrites who prate of fraud and wrong  
And gross injustice done the toiling throng,  
For one foul purpose—that of gaining pelf,  
With one base object—that of minding self?  
If this is how you feel towards "we few,  
While happy few, we band of brothers," who,  
While striving to improve the workman's state  
Get little for our pains but bitter hate—  
If these are your opinions, they might fit  
Your saints and angels who in Congress sit,  
Save that they never prate of wrong or fraud,  
But say your present evils are the will of God.  
If these are your opinions—as a man,  
Your duty is to prove them if you can;  
Prove by personal knowledge, actual sight,  
Whether they are wrong, or whether right.  
'Twere well for you to join, e'en but in name,  
That Socialist party whom you wrongly blame,  
Mix freely with them, join them in debate,  
And see what you can find 'mongst them to hate,  
See if you'll find men whom dishonor taints,  
Men who, though devils, try to pose as saints.  
No! There you'll find men, earnest, thoughtful,  
And just, grave,  
Whose chief desire is to free the slave—  
The slave of Capitalistic greed and rule,  
The sweeter's victim and the party tool.  
And finding thus, perhaps you'll see aright,  
And join with heart and soul the righteous fight;

Perhaps you'll look around with other eyes  
Upon the growing life beneath the skies;  
Perhaps you'll cease that old cry of Cain,  
And strive with us to free the earth from pain.  
Then hand in hand we thus will strive and toil,  
Until grim death unwinds this mortal coil;  
And though we leave the fight but partly won,  
We'll feel quite satisfied by duty done,  
And e'er upon the turf our heads we lay,  
We'll wave aloft our flag and gladly say:  
'Twere better far to fight, and fighting, fall,  
Than never to have lifted arms at all.  
J. H. FAIRFIELD.

Who's chief desire is to free the slave—  
The slave of Capitalistic greed and rule,  
The sweeter's victim and the party tool.  
And finding thus, perhaps you'll see aright,  
And join with heart and soul the righteous fight;

From the above, the "Vorwaerts" infers

## INTERNATIONAL.

### GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

**The General Ship Builders' Strike.**  
Business is at a standstill in the Scotch steel and kindred trades, owing to the uncertainty whether if the ship-building strike spreads the Clyde Steel Works will have to reduce production.

### BERLIN, GERMANY.

**The Social Struggle in the German Empire.**

The Socialists claim that the elections which took place this week in Saxony for members of the Saxon Diet, though not making any alterations in the composition of the chamber, are really in the nature of a Socialist victory, as showing a largely increased Socialist vote at the polls. Under the constitution of Saxony one-third of the members of the Diet retire each year. Out of 27 seats just contested, the Conservatives won 15, the National Liberals 8, the Socialists 5 and the Moderate Radicals 2. The National Liberals gained two seats and the Freisinnige Volkspartei lost the only two seats they possessed. The Anti-Semites contested twelve seats, and were defeated in every district.

The Socialist central organ, "Vorwaerts," says that the Conservatives and National Liberals, although they were "bitter enemies" years ago, remembered their common capitalist interests, and coalesced against the Socialists, but declares that every influence is futile against the compact organization and sense of duty of the German proletariat. The Socialists of Berlin are showing unusual activity in the municipal election canvass, and are likely to gain several seats in the municipal chamber. It is represented that Herr Singer is to be prosecuted upon the charge of having made an insulting speech against the police.

The government wages a bitter war against the Socialist Labor press. There is hardly a Socialist paper in the empire that has not been confiscated during the last few weeks. But the fight goes merrily on. As soon as one editor is arrested another one takes his place. Some papers have been confiscated ten and twelve times within the last five weeks. Reichstag member Wm. Liebknecht is to be tried for alleged lese majesty, because he said at the Breslau congress that the Socialists were standing too high in the moral scale, and consequently could not be reached by the attacks and calumniation of a man like Emperor William. Furthermore, he said that in case of need they would not be afraid to accept the challenge of the emperor, in spite of all the millions of his bayonets, although the Socialists were wise enough and would not allow themselves to be made the targets of the government's cannon. The struggle against capitalism would be pushed on legions, and since the emperor seemed to favor illegal methods in fighting the Socialists, he should be prepared to take the consequences.

In last Friday's issue the "Vorwaerts" reminded its readers of the fact that King Frederick IV., one of the present emperor's ancestors, died as an insane man. The "Vorwaerts" also indicated that Frederick IV. exhibited similar extreme ideas and acted in a similarly strange manner as the present emperor.

From the above, the "Vorwaerts" infers

that almost anything might be expected from a half-mad ruler, and that the Socialists should not be surprised if the emperor tries to abolish the universal suffrage and act like Louis Napoleon, i. e., take his refuge to a coup d'etat.

Mr. Horn, a Socialist member of Parliament for the Dresden district, has been sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for lese majesty.

## NATIONAL.

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

**Gold Beaters on Strike.**  
The strike of the Gold Beaters' Protective Association became general throughout the country to-day. There are about 800 members in the organization, and at the headquarters of the local union it is said at least 700 men are out. They ask for an increase from \$7 to \$13 per week.

### LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

**Coal Miners on Strike.**  
Walk-out of coal miners of this city took place, and the prospects are for a prolonged strike. The 600 miners of the Leavenworth shaft were given notice that a cut from 80c to 70c a ton, mine run, would be made unless the Home Riverside mines, which have been paying 70c a ton all summer, came up 10c. All the men at the Leavenworth shaft quit work and marched this morning to the other mines to get the employees to strike. About half of the Home Riverside men refused to go down, and this evening those who worked to-day joined in a meeting, and have agreed to ask for a 10c raise. Owners of the Home Riverside mines say they will not pay an advance. Leavenworth has had strikes annually for the last three years, but this is the first time during the busy coal season.

### TO ORGANIZED LABOR.

Headquarters National Tobacco Workers' Union of America.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1895.

**FELLOW-WORKERS, GREETING!**—In July, 1895, the National Tobacco Workers' Union of America, an organization organized for the purpose of improving the conditions of the people employed in the tobacco industry throughout the country, adopted a Union label. The label is issued in two sizes, the large size for boxes and pails and the smaller size for small packages. Union men and those friendly disposed to the cause of Organized Labor can lend incalculable assistance in permanently establishing this label in the market. The Union Label tobacco costs no more than any other made in non-union shops, by giving preference to the brands bearing the Union Label you are assisting honest labor working under fair conditions where a living wage is paid. In view of the fact that the union-made article will cost you no more than the non-union, and in four cases out of five you get a better article and more for your money, we feel confident we are not asking more of you as Union people, than you in justice to yourself can give.

With your hearty and moral assistance in the way we have asked it, we will be enabled as a young organization to successfully cope with the great odds we are now compelled to struggle against, and build up our organization upon a basis of permanency, steadily adding to its membership and gradually advancing the wages of its members.

We respectfully ask the indorsement by your Union of our Union Label and ask that preference be given to tobacco bearing the blue label.

Thanking you for the many favors received in the past, which we assure you, we fully appreciate and hope to be able to return when the opportunity presents itself, and again soliciting your sincere and honest assistance in this our great struggle for rights of Labor.

Fraternally yours,  
HENRY FISCHER, E. LOUIS EVANS,  
President. Secy-Treas.

### JOHN SWINTON'S PROPHECY.

The Change Is Unavoidable and We Must Prepare for the Consequences.  
'I stood some years ago near an avalanche in the Alp, which could not be stopped by an injunction. (Laughter.) I fled from a blizzard in Dakota which could not be thwarted by any court, not even in Woods'. I felt the rumble of an earthquake in Sicily which could not be quelled by an editorial in all the Chicago papers. (Laughter.) I saw the floods of the Niagara which mock the army—aye, even the militia. (Laughter.) Against the sweep of the comet what could Cleveland do, though he were a Pope who sent a bull after it? Let us disapprove of all these forces of nature, but what is your lack? It makes no difference whether or not you favor an earthquake. Let the court enjoy it. Let the squabbles of the press squabble against it. Let the popediers snivel at it as they did to-day at Mr. Keir Hardie. Let the uniformed terrorists of the soldier satraps hold up their little guns against it.

It is coming. Crack goes the earthquake, while the Hebrew slaves march out of Egypt and Pharaoh strikes in the Red Sea. Crack it goes again and the agrarians of Rome seize their short swords. Crack! And old Noll is stop in England. Crack! And the serfs of Germany and Hungary carry havoc before them. Crack! Once more and the forces of the French Revolution give death to monarchs. Louis' head falls into the basket. (Applause.) Crack! Again George Washington confronts George III. Crack! Again, and old Abe rides the earthquake till chattel slavery falls, falls buttressed by Supreme Court, and church and editor and capital and Congress and poor old Buchanan and the old dotard of the Supreme Court. Crack! Again, Garibaldi is in his red shirt. Crack! Goes the earthquake now and then, again and again, the wide world over. We have heard it twice in our own country within a little more than a century, and God help us hear it again. The sovereignty of wretches must be overthrown.'

JOHN SWINTON.

## LIGHT BY NIGHT.

### Municipal Ownership Favored by City Committee.

### THE NATION'S CITIES SCORED

Boston Paying Altogether Too Much Money for Illumination—Appeal to Legislature Asked.

The special committee on municipal lighting submitted their report to the Boston Common Council last week and it was assigned to the next meeting. The report is the result of a trip through various cities in this country. It is full of details, but its import will be understood from the following extracts and summarizing:  
His Honor, the Mayor, early in his administration recognized that the city's finances demanded his close attention, and on Feb. 7 sent a communication to the Common Council asking it to indorse an order for the appointment of a commission to examine the finances of the city. The order was passed and a commission was appointed who reported the result of their investigations to the City Council. The superintendent of lamps was of the opinion that the expenditure for electric lighting was abnormally large, and that a great saving could be made here without impairing the electric lighting of the city of Boston.

The first fact which is clearly apparent at the very outset in investigating the subject of electric lighting is that the prices charged in various cities in this country are absolutely independent of the industrial conditions attendant upon production. Some of the greatest ranges of price are found in cities where the absolute cost of production appears to be nearly the same. Then, too, the change in price from year to year seems to be entirely independent of industrial conditions. As an illustration, the city of Boston was paying in 1890 \$237 per year each for its arc lights. In 1895 it is paying about \$127 per arc for the same service. That there has been any change in the cost of production which would warrant such a reduction in price your committee believe to be impossible.

The city of Boston is saving now \$110 per arc, or about \$75,000 per year over what it would have had to pay had the price remained the same as in 1890. But in 1890, when Boston was paying \$237, it is found that the city of Cambridge was paying \$180 per arc; Brookline, \$182; Springfield, Mass., \$215; New York, \$127, and St. Louis, \$75. All these cities were purchasing light from private corporations. That there should be a difference in the conditions of production that would warrant such a difference in price seems to your committee too absurd to be discussed. It is stated by Prof. Parsons in the articles above referred to that in the year 1890 the corporation which furnished St. Louis with its electric light earned and paid 10 per cent dividends.

The city of Boston has in five years had a reduction in price from \$337 to \$127 per arc, but in Springfield, Mass., the reduction has been from \$318 to \$88. It appears to your committee, therefore, that the city of Boston has in the past paid three times as much for electric light as other cities where the cost of production can vary but very little, and that, while it does not have to pay such an exorbitant price as in 1890, still it pays \$32 per arc more than St. Louis and \$39 more than Springfield, Mass.

So far it would appear that the burden is on those who are selling electric light to the city of Boston to explain why so much has been paid in the past and for what reason it cannot be sold in Boston at present as cheaply as in such cities as St. Louis and Springfield.

The second fact which your committee find is that since 1880 about 300 cities in the United States have begun to manufacture electric light for themselves with, as far as your committee can discover, uniformly satisfactory results.

Your committee has given sufficient time to the question of the cost of an electric light plant, fortified with the experience of other cities, to be able to state that an overhead line of construction, with 35 or 40-foot cedar poles, shined and painted, with triple braid No. 6, weatherproof line wire, including everything requisite for such service as the city of Boston would require, can be constructed for less than \$300 per mile. In fact your committee are prepared to venture the statement that it can be constructed for \$250 per mile.

Your committee found in Philadelphia that the city had, instead of giving free a right to build conduits, constructed conduits of its own. The excellent result of this plan has been that these conduits are earning 8 per cent net on the cost of their construction in addition to furnishing the city free service for its own wires.

Your committee believes that a singular system would be an economy in Boston. In addition to this every electric company in Philadelphia has to pay an installation fee and an annual fee to the city for every pole and every mile of wire or conduit in the public streets. Here, again, your committee believes it would be well to get some return from the use of the streets, instead of giving them up free.

The plant in Detroit of the finest possible make cost \$300 per arc. This includes the cost of expensive real estate, both in land and building. The actual cost of construction will not exceed \$168 per arc for an overhead system of 3,000 arcs in Boston, and your committee are positive that they are not in error in making this statement. The additional cost of real estate will of course depend upon the location, but your committee believe that such locations can be secured as to bring total cost of plant, including land and buildings, not over \$250 per arc.

Assuming that an estimate of \$650 per arc is correct, the cost to the city of a 3,000-arc

plant (600 lights in excess of present needs) would be \$750,000. The interest on the investment, a fair charge for depreciation and well-paid labor would, in the opinion of your committee, make the total cost not over \$75 per arc, and there would be a net saving to the city of at least \$125,000 per year.

The manufacture by cities of electricity for municipal purposes has demonstrated the fact that the generating of electricity for lighting purposes is an open commercial question, entirely devoid of mechanical difficulties, and proves that the fancy prices charged by the electric light companies, not only in this, but in all other cities, are unwarrantable, and it certainly must be a surprise to the City Council and the citizens of Boston that a commercial company receiving such valuable franchises from this city for a merely nominal consideration, should take such an advantage of the tax-payers as to charge 100 per cent more for electric light than it costs to manufacture.

While it is evident that the consummation of a municipal light plant, however desirable, is very remote under the provisions of said act, it occurs to your committee that in order to make any progress the act should be accepted and modifications asked for at the next session of the Legislature, and your committee therefore recommend the passage of the accompanying resolves and order:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the City Council of Boston, and in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 370 of the Acts of 1891, and Chapter 434 of the Acts of 1893, it is expedient to exercise the authority conferred by Section 1 of said Chapter 370 of the Acts of 1891, entitled "An Act to Enable Cities and Towns to Manufacture and Distribute Gas and Electricity."

Resolved, That in the opinion of the City Council, the city of Boston should not pay more than \$75 per arc per year for its electric lighting, pending the establishment of a municipal electric light plant.

Resolved, That in the opinion of the City Council of the city of Boston the establishment of a municipal electric light plant will result in a great saving to the taxpayers; therefore be it

## PRESIDENT M'BRIDE.

### Speech of the A. F. of L. President at Lawrence, Mass.

Central Labor Union All Right as far as It Goes.

The rally which the Central Labor Union of Lawrence, Mass., has had in prospect for weeks took place last week, and a more complete success could not have been anticipated. John McBride, President of the American Federation of Labor, was the orator of the occasion.  
President Cullinane of the Central Labor Union introduced Mr. McBride as one of the most prominent workers in the cause of labor. He reviewed the principal events in Mr. McBride's life, his political battles, his efforts in behalf of the Miners' Union and other prominent movements with which he was identified.

Mr. McBride was greeted by a storm of applause as he arose to speak, and seemed to have the good will of every member of the audience. In his opening remarks Mr. McBride said that, while he had laid no claim to the title of eloquent, he felt sure that when the meeting dissolved the friends of labor in Lawrence would be more numerous if his statement of facts was attentively heard.

It has been said that this is a government of the people. With a population of 65,000,000, more than 23,000,000 of whom are laborers, no one will doubt that this is a nation of laborers and that laborers are entitled to consideration. Labor is the basis of our welfare, and on the prosperity of labor depends the prosperity of the Government itself.

Labor demands not charity but justice; not another's position but his own. Under existing social and economic conditions she gets neither justice nor her proper position. If there was a just and equitable distribution of the products of labor there would be no need of unions or organization. To-day the total wealth of this country is estimated at \$61,000,000,000; of this enormous amount 17 per cent is owned by labor, while the remaining 83 per cent is owned by capital. In forty years labor has lost 45 per cent of its own product, or, expressed in approximate figures, \$27,000,000,000, which is nearly one-half the entire wealth of the country.

But there is a greater loss than this to labor. The loss of the dollars and cents may be enormous, but the deprivation of personal liberty is much more terrible. We are hampered by unjust laws, and to-day labor stands at the mercy of unscrupulous employers.

We were taught in childhood to look upon America as the only land in which a government by the people existed. The heroism of our forefathers was held up to us as a thing to be revered. They succeeded, it is true, in throwing off the oppressors' yoke, but in their establishment of a government they fell far short of one which would do justice to all people.

England is looked upon as the home of the landed aristocracy, millionaires and titles. Forty years ago millionaires in this country were very few, but in that space of time unequitable distribution of products has produced one American millionaire out of 4,300 families, while in England the ratio is one millionaire to 10,000 families. In other words we have manufactured in forty years more millionaires than exist in the whole of Europe, and in the same time we have manufactured more poverty and crime than could have been imagined possible. With all this increase of wealth the laboring

people should have gained a corresponding increase in comfort and prosperity. But instead of bringing this about added power has been given to the few and that of the many greatly decreased. The statistics of crime and poverty occasioned by the inequality are not creditable to a free government.

I wage no war on individuals; I have no hostility to a man because he is a millionaire; but I am desirous of changing the present form of government so as to prevent making millionaires at the expense of those who produce wealth. It is systems, not men, that we oppose. You do not want charity. If justice were done you would not see one man sent to Congress for stealing a railroad while another was sent to prison for stealing bread.

Statistics prove that American labor is more skilled and higher paid than that of Europe. Politicians tell you that American laborers are the happiest, most prosperous and the best paid in the world. So they are as regards dollars and cents, but a truth half told is the worst kind of a lie. As a matter of fact capital is much more richly in America than anywhere else, and labor receives a correspondingly small share. Machinery has troubled the product of labor in the last forty years, but you have not received your proportion of this increase. These improvements have been used not to elevate labor, but to oppress it. Franchises protecting capital have tied labor hand and foot, and this unjust discrimination has made America much less prosperous than she might be. Labor unions arose when capital became tyrannical, and to-day labor is not as prosperous as it was forty years ago.

Attribute this condition of affairs to the criminal negligence of the wage workers themselves, not to capital. If we, the people, should resolve to change our form of government to one of greater simplicity the millionaires' power would vanish. How can we do this? By electing to office good men in sympathy with our cause.

Mr. McBride then touched briefly upon the great railroad strike in Chicago and the manner in which Eugene V. Debs and his confederates were treated. He said that in this case the right of free speech, guaranteed by the Constitution, had been grossly violated.

Mr. McBride advocated governmental control of railroads on the ground that not only would travel be less expensive, but products also, as heavy freight bills would be saved. He also favored government ownership of the telegraph.

Improvement will come, but only through organized labor. You have it in your power to contribute to that end. The present system cannot continue much longer with making you practically servile. We do not want a bloody revolution, but one by the ballot. Stand by your organizations, attend to your duty to your craft and finally do your duty at the ballot box.

President Cullinane then introduced Maj. McGuire of the Actors' Protective Union, who spoke entertainingly on the organization and work of that body.  
President Cullinane announced prior to the meeting's close that as soon as Eugene V. Debs was liberated from custody he would speak in Lawrence. This statement was greeted with cheers, and the rally, which was one of the most successful ever held here, then closed.

## LAW AND JUSTICE.

### Those in Control of the Industries Control the Government.

Every man who reflected at all on the function of the Railroad Commission must have long since known that so long as the railroad could use the members of the Commission as a buffer between it and the people, the uselessness of such a commission—so far as the people are concerned—would not become apparent, and would therefore be an ally rather than an enemy of railroad intrigue. This time, however, the members of the Commission exacted a greater reduction in the schedule of freights and fares than the company saw fit to submit to; and realizing that owing to public sentiment no Commission could any longer be the open tool of the company unless it ignored railroad interests in a thousand other directions, the company now comes to the front and takes the settlement of freight and fare rates into the courts, where it always has been, commission or no commission; which proves that the famous Railroad Commission of California was simply the creation of the Southern Pacific from the very start.

The company knew right along that the Commission was a man of straw, but so long as that straw man could be made useful as a shield, the railroad raised no legal objection. Now that the Commission refuses to be a bogey-man any longer, the mask of the company falls, its hand is seen, and it shows fight. In our Government the final refuge of oppression and monopoly is in the courts, and those functionaries have decided that neither Congress nor the States, by Legislation or Commission, can provide for or put in operation any schedule or rate of tolls to bind a railway, which cannot be restrained by injunction, and declared void either by a State or the United States Court, if upon hearing such a court deems it unreasonable. This has been decided right here in this city, in the case of the Water Works vs. San Francisco, where it was held that even when the Constitution empowered a board to fix rates absolutely, it could be restrained by the courts if it thought other rates proper.

It has also in several instances been decided by the United States Supreme Court. The fixing of fare and freight rates is therefore not a matter determined by law, but by the discretion of the Court, guided by the evidence of the company's books as to its income and necessary disbursements, but who is to watch the books? You see now that the whole thing is a farce, and that the Socialist position is logical and correct—these in control of the industries control the Government, not those in political positions controlling the industries. The railroads will come out on top; see if they don't.—The Coming Age.

## NEW YORK STATE.

### Comrades, Be on Deck Nov. 5

Don't Fail to Visit Your Friends on Morning of Election.

Vote the Socialist Labor Ticket!

Comrades, Fellow Workers of New York State:

Tuesday, Nov. 5, is the day of election. Again the wage-workers of this State are called upon to cast their votes for the old rotten parties of Capitalism. Again the workers of this State are called upon to vote for the representatives and tools of the very same class of plutocrats that are responsible for the misery of millions of true American workingmen's families.

It was the same plutocracy that sent twelve thousand militia men and policemen to Brooklyn to suppress the just strike of 6,000 trolley-men. It was the same plutocracy that sent the militia to Buffalo to kill and break up the Switchmen's strike. It was the same plutocracy that put down the Tonawanda strikers by force of arms.

Workers of New York, what are you going to do about it? Will you again kiss the hand that smites you? Will you again vote for the old Boodie parties?

Remember that you belong to the class of wealth producers, to the class of the oppressed, to the class of the suffering. Your class interests are diametrically opposed to the class interests of your capitalist masters.

It is your class that produces the wealth of the nation; it is the Capitalist class that confiscates it, nay, that steals this wealth produced by the working class.

Remember, there is but one party in the field that openly and courageously represents the right of the working class—the Socialist Labor party. By working class we do not only mean the men who earn their living by hand labor. No. The men and women who have to sell their brains in order to make a living are welcome in our ranks.

History tells us that the class interests are the motive power of all great economic and social reforms and revolutions. The moment you see your way clear, the moment you see where your interest lies, you will join our ranks and fall in line, on election day, with the Socialist Labor Party.

Comrades, hand this copy of Labor to your fellow-workers. Induce them to read it carefully. Next Tuesday morning go from house to house and accompany your friends to the poll.

On November 5: Up with the banner of the Socialist Labor Party! Vote the Socialist Labor Ticket!

## OHIO WAGE-WORKERS.

Vote the Socialist Labor Ticket on November 5th, Because It Is Your Only Salvation.

Workingmen of Ohio, whom are you going to support on election day, Nov. 5th, 1895? Are you again going to be fooled by the same old cry of the old and corrupt capitalist parties—the Republican and Democratic? The tariff question, the same old bone that they have been fighting over for over a hundred years? And they are so near to settling it than when they started. And in the mean time, the rich are getting richer, and working class is getting poorer. For it makes no difference whether we live under a free trade or a protective tariff we will be fleeced by the Capitalists as much in one as in the other. We find that there are as many men out of employment and as much suffering in Free Trade England as we find in the Coal regions of Ohio and Pennsylvania in high protective America.

Where shall we look for a remedy out of the miserable condition that the working-class is in to-day, through the class legislation of the old capitalist parties in favor of the capitalists class during the last thirty years. Shall we go with the Populists Party, which has for one of its main issues the free coinage of silver? No, it is not that party that wage workers must turn to for it has been the experience of all countries whenever they increased the per capita of money that the prices of all commodities would rise in the same proportion as the per capita. If it would be doubled, then a suit of clothes that now cost \$15 would then cost \$30, a barrel of flour that now cost \$4 would then cost \$8, a pair of shoes that now cost \$3.50 would cost \$7, etc. While the wages of the working-class, as experience has proven, does and will not rise in the same proportion as the rise in cost of products. The Capitalists will not raise the wages voluntarily. So the working-class will have to strike. And you know, that on account of the ever increasing reserve army of unemployed, through the introduction of new improved machinery, strikes are being a failure, so the wage-workers see well that they can expect no relief from the Populists, and they must sooner or later find out that the Socialist Labor Party is the only one that will bring them relief. For Labor builds the factories and mills; Labor builds the machines in them; Labor runs the machines; Labor sells the products and Labor buys the produced. Then in the name of common sense, if Labor creates all wealth, why does it not own it? And if you want to bring a condition about, where it will own all it produces, you must vote for the Socialist Labor Party.

Cleveland, O. L. WEINGARTY.

The Socialist Labor Party of the United States will be a powerful factor in the next Presidential campaign. If our comrades throughout the country act wisely and carefully the Socialist Labor Party will soon see the Populist Party, with its million votes, take a back seat. The Populist Party is a conglomerate of factions representing so many interests diametrically opposed to each other that permanent success is impossible and disruption of the party unavoidable. Don't blame the Socialists for all this, but blame the Populist leaders who are too short-sighted to see these plain economic truths.



# WAVE OF THE RANGE.



It is a child, father! I can see the garments flutter in the wind.

"Nonsense, my son; it is some bundle hung out from the old hut. The distance is too great to see with such distinctness, even with this long range glass. But even granting it were a child, we would feel little interest in its fate, for that old structure with its mud walls and thatched roof is occupied by one of the meanest Mexicans it was ever my fortune to run across. You see I was past the place last year."

Father and son had paused on the summit of one of the lesser mountain ranges that makes the Argenta region look as if it was set up on edges. On the higher ridge that marked the western horizon the sinking sun for the moment hung like a silvery ball, soon to drop out of sight until another day should be ushered in from the peaks far to the east.

Mr. Mayburn had come from New England several years before, hoping to better his health and his fortunes on a sheep ranch, but ill-fortune had seemed to follow him, though for the first season he had prospered. Encouraged thus, he had sent for his wife and children to join him. Within a month after they had arrived the depredations of a band of cattle thieves had left him without stock, without home, and his wife and little girl missing. A few days later a party of cattle men discovered their dead bodies some miles to the north in the track of the merciless marauders. Nearly heart-broken, the disappointed rancher started with his only earthly tie left, his boy Harry, on a wandering trip wherever his fancy led him. He was at this time on a horseback ride to lower California, intending to settle down there if he found the country all as expected.

"It is high time for us to be looking for a camping-place for the night," he said, handing the glass back to Harry. "I found it hard to turn his gaze from the distant view. 'I think we shall find plenty of grass for our horses, and water half a mile below here. It will be a well-sheltered spot for us to stop.' Harry had again raised the glass to his eyes, and was looking more intently than ever across the broken landscape to the distant range where the lingering rays of the setting sun shone clear-est. The half-ruined wall of a primitive-looking dwelling stood out with remarkable boldness against the clear September sky, like a lone sentinel in the bald ridge of barren soil and rock. Lower down the range was skirted by a heavy growth, and off to the right a river glimmered on the scene like a broad band of molten silver. But the



"SHE LIVES!" HE CRIED. object in the long, wide stretch of country held his attention.

From the western end of the hut was something suspended about half way up its height. It might be, as his father had said, merely a worthless bundle of no interest, but he could not drive the belief from his mind that it was possessed of life. He fancied that he saw it move, and once, as he gazed through the glass, he was almost certain that a white imploring face had been brought close to his own. This haunting vision was constantly before him as he and his father went into camp on the bank of a beautiful stream, and the tired horses clipped with keen relish the long, sweet grass carpeting the valley.

Finding he could not swerve his father from his unbelief, he tried to forget all about it, and an hour later both of them had lain down under their blankets for a night's sleep.

It must have been near midnight when Harry awoke with a start in the midst of a dream that caused him to spring to his feet with a low cry of terror. He thought he had been to the old hut, to find there a little girl suffering untold agony from being hung by a rope from the miserable abode, while a dozen fiends in human shape danced about her.

His father was fast asleep, while the wren, having eaten their fill of the wren, stood quietly nodding a short distance away. The very silence of the lonely scene made his dream stand out more real and terrifying. Unable to sleep, he walked down to the side of his horse, and almost before he knew it he was putting the saddle on its back.

"It won't take long to ride over there," he thought, "and I will be back before father wakes. If I keep a sharp lookout no harm can arise from my trip. It would be so satisfying to know the truth."

Being careful to fix the direction in his mind, Harry rode silently on his lonely journey, which had been dreamed was going to prove so long, he would never have ventured to undertake.

The day was breaking as at last he ascended the range where he felt confident he should find the Mexican's hut. He was not disappointed, for at the edge of the forest he was gladdened by the sight of the homely building. From his position he could not see the object which had caused him to undertake what he was ready now to believe was a foolhardy journey. No doubt it had been some illusion of the gaze, and he was tempted to start back to find his father without climbing to the top of the ridge, which was steeper than he had thought from the distance.

No! He would know the whole truth after coming so far, and, resolved to move with extreme caution, he left his horse under cover of the growth and approached the place on foot.

There was no moon, but in the clear starlight he could see no signs of life about the solitary hut, which looked as if it had been deserted for years. One spark of hope still burned in his heart. He had not got in a position yet to see the west end of the hut, and it was there he fancied he had seen the helpless child.

With high-beating heart he advanced, obliged to pass around huge boulders that ever and anon disputed his way. What a barren place for a home, though a fertile valley lay no more than half a mile distant on the other side.

As Harry came around on the upper side of a pile of rocks, he abruptly found himself in plain sight of the hut, and a wild cry left his lips as he saw the object he had come so far to see!

It did not need a second look for him to discover that it was a human being—a little girl not over four years of age, hanging there in mid-air like a lifeless thing! A rope was fastened around her slight waist, the other end secured at the top of the roof.

"She is dead!" he exclaimed, but he had scarcely uttered the exclamation when a low, piteous wail was borne to his ears on the still night air.

"She lives!" he cried, and regardless of the danger he might be running into, he dashed swiftly up the ascent, not to stop until he was under and within reach of the swaying figure.

Another moan of distress came from the helpless little one, as with one stroke of his knife he severed the rope suspending her in the air. The next moment she lay perfectly motionless upon the ground, with him bending over her.

"Poor thing, she is nearly dead from fright and hunger. I wonder who—Oh, father, it is Alice—our Alice!"

About that time the large blue eyes slowly opened, to look straight into those of her brother, who had thus strangely found her whom he and his father had supposed dead.

"I wish father—"

Harry stopped in the midst of his speech, for upon looking up at the sounds of the hoofbeats of a horse he saw his father riding toward the place.

"I missed you, and trusting you had come here I followed at once. So you were right—my God! it is Alice!"

It is hardly necessary to depict the joy of the reunited ones, and when the first transport of their rejoicing had passed, father and son learned that Alice and her mother had not been killed as reported, but had been carried off toward the Spanish range by their captors. Upon coming to this lonely hut of the Mexican, he had shot the owner of the building and suspended their young captive in the position in which she had been found.

This could not have been accomplished very long before Harry had seen her through the glass, for she declared that it was most night at the time. Her mother, with two or three others, were still with the party, captives.

"They would be likely to camp in the valley below here," said Mr. Mayburn, whose excitement hardly knew bounds. "We must push on and rescue them. I am going to turn Alice over to your care, Harry."

Though she had suffered untold agony in that trying position so many hours, Alice was only too glad to get away from the place, and in less than five minutes they were moving as silently as possible down the range.

Mr. Mayburn proved correct in his predictions, and before sunrise they had not only overtaken the desperadoes, but surprised and routed them. Mrs. Mayburn and two captives were rescued unharmed, and a more thankful party it would be difficult to find. Knowing the dangers that still environed them, they pushed on as rapidly as possible to the nearest town, which they safely reached. Eventually Mr. Mayburn and his family reached Los Angeles where they live now.

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

It is queer, but a lively bolt often results in a dead-lock.

Envy is an acknowledgment of the good fortune of others.

The wool-grower and the editor know the value of good clipping.

The plant of happiness cannot thrive without the aid of cheerfulness.

If he were fed regularly the shark would not be half as ravenous as he is.

A Lost Cause—The clubman's excuse to his wife for coming home at 1 a. m. "What's a temperance saloon, papa?" "It's one with a back door only."

Cows are now milked by machinery. Milk is adulterated by hand, as usual.

The politician who wrote an open letter wishes now that he had kept it closed.

It is clever of us to bury an old animosity, but it isn't the thing to put a tombstone over it.

A Boston authoress has published a book which she calls, "My First Loaf." We'll bet it's heavy.

That was a very conscientious humorist who broke off an engagement because his girl had chestnut hair.

It doesn't always follow that a journal makes a thundering report because it is printed on a lightning press.

Those whom we have compelled to concede our natural advantages are the ones who are best acquainted with our feelings.

When a married man buttons his suspenders on eightpenny nails it is sure evidence that he has been disappointed in love.

If there is anything which will make a young man queer, whether evolution is not a failure it is to see a pretty girl kiss a pug dog.—Texas Siftings.

Insuring Consumptives.

Cincinnati, Oct. 21.—Special.—Reports say that a leading life insurance company is accepting risks to the amount of \$300,000 on lives of consumptives taking the Amick Chemical Treatment for lung disease. The Amick Chemical Co. of Cincinnati is actually paying the premiums on this insurance and presenting policies to their patients. This company claims to have the most complete statistics on consumption in the world, and that these risks are good, providing the patients take a course of the Amick treatment.

HEAD-GEAR OF THE NATIONS.

Grass hats are common in China and the South Sea Islands.

Straw hats are believed to have been first invented in Manilla.

The conical cap worn at the time of Alexander the Great is still to be seen in Persia.

In the fifteenth century plumed hats with wide brims became fashionable all over Europe.

Taking off the hat or cap as a sign of reverence or respect was mentioned in the time of Caesar.

A Turkish turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

The Spanish broad-brimmed hat has not changed either in style or material for over 300 years.

A cap of the style known as the "liberty cap" was worn from the earliest times among both Greeks and Romans.

Some specimens of medieval helmets, at least eleven pounds in weight, are preserved in the European museums.

The cap of a Chinese mandarin sports a button at the top, which by its color and material indicates the rank of the wearer.

For four hundred years after the tenth century the use of hoods on both cloaks and gowns was universal throughout Europe.

A genuine Panama hat is so flexible that it may be compressed into small compass and, being released, will resume its former shape.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Sir William Turner has compiled a table which shows that a whale of fifty tons weight exerts 145-horse power in swimming twelve miles an hour.

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

Of modern American pipes the most interesting are the calumet or pipe of peace, the tomahawk or war pipe and the elaborately-carved stone pipe of the North Pacific.

Since the establishment of the large parks in Rochester only six trees in them have been struck by lightning. They were a hickory, black walnut, maple, elm and two oaks.

Briar-root pipes are cut out of the wood of the tree heath which grows in southern France and Italy, and the pipes are manufactured at Nuremberg and at St. Cloud in the east of France.

Toads and frogs have sometimes been taught to stay in a house to catch flies and insects. They will take a corner of the kitchen for their own and come out at regular times for their meals.

In China otters are taught to catch fish for their owners, being led to the water for the purpose attached to a long cord. In Bengal also an Indian species is trained to assist in fishing by driving the fish into nets.

Probably the largest number of men ever employed in the building of a single ship are now at work upon the British battle ship Magnificent in the Chatham dock yard. There are 2,000 mechanics on the pay-roll.

"Any snakes in this neighborhood?" asked the northern visitor. "It's 'ordin' to what you want," replied the moonlight manipulator; "a pint might fetch 'em, but we give a guarantee with every quart."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Now professor," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice. I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to." And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician responded: "Whispering."—Washington

NEWSY TRIFLES.

Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra, spoke seven languages.

A solitaire diamond ring worn by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt cost \$45,000.

Joel Good, of Congress, Ohio, violently turned over in bed and broke two ribs.

People in Madison County, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes, are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

Martin Ballweber, arrested the other day in Pittsburg, said he had been a tramp forty-four years. He is seventy-eight years old.

Captain J. J. Merritt, while fishing recently off Greenpoint, L. I., was pulled overboard by two sea bass which he had hooked.

James Payn and Andrew Lang have both taken to giving lists of books that they have "stuck in" and couldn't get through without an effort. Among them are "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "Marcella," "Robert Elsmere," "Dombey and Son," and "The Light that Failed."

Esfore Jesus taught his disciples to pray, he taught them how to give.—Ram's Horn.

MAIDS OF ATHENS.

ENTER SOCIETY EARLY AND MARRY YOUNG.

At Nine and Ten They Make Their First Appearance in Society—At Sixteen Marriage Is Almost Inevitable—Some Pretty Pictures.

(Special Correspondence.)

DOUBT if there is any city in the world where little girls, real little ones, I mean, think so much of getting married as they do in Athens.

One day a girl friend of mine, who was studying at the Hill Memorial school, was called out of the classroom by her father, who told her to get her things and come home with him at once.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"Nothing," he said, "only you are going to be married two weeks from today."

That was the first she knew about it, and she was only 16 years old. A year later she was divorced from her husband who was thus thrust upon her.

When they are only 9 or 10 years old, the little Greek girls of the best families make their debut in society by dancing before King George and Queen Olga at the children's court ball, which takes place every year at the royal palace.

A Little Maiden of Athens.

ace, towards the end of November. This ball is a red letter event in their lives, for then, for the first time, they are allowed to dance with older boys, and even with the fine officers who come there, with swords and rattling spurs and bright uniforms, and do not scorn to lead these little ladies out on the floor for a waltz or polka.

A very pretty picture they make at this court ball, these proud little maidens all dressed in white, with their long, black curls tied with ribbon. After their first appearance they go to this ball every year, until they become grown up young ladies, or have found husbands for themselves, as some of them do before they are grown up.

Very strict is the watch kept over these maids of Athens by their mammas and chaperons and governesses, who rarely allow them out of their sight. And yet in a quiet way they manage to carry on flirtations with their boy admirers, just as girls do everywhere. In the hot afternoons after lessons are over, they sit on the cool balconies in front of their houses, at least they are the coolest places to be found, and many are the demure or tender glances they cast, taking their dark eyes off their embroidery, upon the fine lads in military uniform, who never fail to stroll the promenade at that hour.

And again, when walking with their governesses in the exposition grounds they are often followed at a discreet distance by ardent young swains, who take advantage sometimes of a governess' good nature or preoccupation to slip a note into the fair one's hand, or a few words into her ear.

As may be imagined, this severe restraint exercised over Greek girls leads often to unfortunate results, not only in the way of divorces, like the case I just mentioned, but in willful acts and elopements. I remember an incident of

posing for "FAITH."

bright-eyed and radiant with happiness, come forth, dressed for the first time in the gown which is at once their pride and their fortune, with their shapely arms flashing with bangles, while on the bodices hang all their worldly wealth in the form of gold and silver coins. This is probably the last time they will be seen on this occasion without the little silver helmet worn by all married women, for in the dancing that succeeds there is very little doubt that some comely Greek peasant will find in each of these young girls the bride of his heart, and when she dances to the music of the feast of Megara the following year she will take her place among the matrons.

Nature's Beverage in Kentucky.

The weary teetotaler, riding along a dusty, white-hot turnpike in Kentucky, came to a farmhouse with a well-sweep in the front yard and a man sitting in the shade by the gate.

"Good day," saluted the traveler.

"Can I be accommodated with a drink here? I am very thirsty."

"Certainly," was the hospitable response. "What would you like to have?"

"Nature's beverage, of course," replied the traveler, somewhat shocked.

"All right," said the native, taking a bottle of corn juice from his pocket and handing it over. "There's about a pint in there and plenty more in the house. Help yourself."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Theory of a Broken Devil.

The story goes that when the devil was cast out of heaven he fell to earth and broke into several pieces. His head rolled into Spain, his heart into Italy, his stomach into Germany and his feet into France. This is why, says the legend, the Spaniards are so haughty, the Italians so amorous, the Germans so gluttonous and the French so fond of running after women.—Chips.

ATHENS GIRL POSING FOR 'HOPE.'

this sort that happened in a Greek family where there were two daughters, the one a great beauty, the other quite plain. A young English diplomat fell in love with the handsome sister, and knowing that her marriage had already been arranged for with someone else, he hit upon an unusual plan for winning her. He procured a

large box, fitted it with cushions and holes for ventilation, placed a quantity of food inside, and then concealed it near the girl's home, having previously given orders to a commissary to carry it to the address indicated. The plain sister was in the secret and was to assist in the escape. At the last moment, however, the courage of the beautiful one failed, and no argument could induce her to go.

Here was a crisis, indeed, and, not wishing the expectant lover to be disappointed and having a fancy for him herself, the other sister lay down in the box which was forthwith nailed up and shipped to its destination, where it arrived twenty-four hours later, with the girl safe and sound.

I always admired the young diplomat's conduct when he opened the box and discovered the exchange of sisters that had been made. If he felt any disappointment, he concealed it, assuring the girl that the pluck and devotion she had shown were more precious to him than her sister's beauty. So he married her, and I believe they were happy ever after.

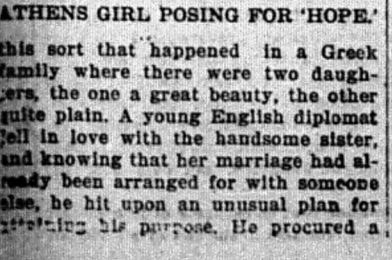
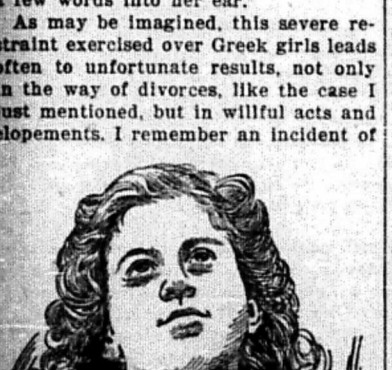
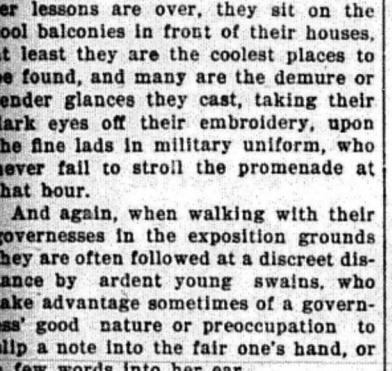
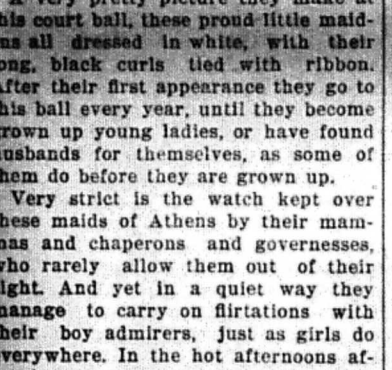
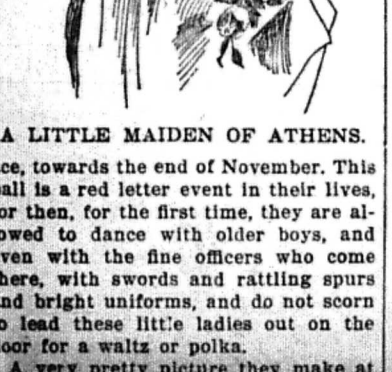
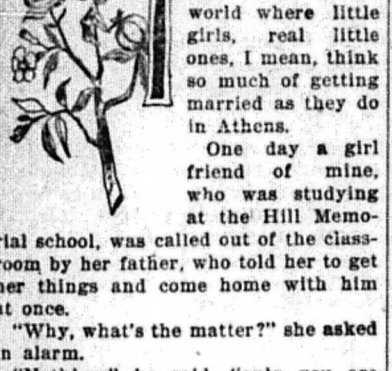
Peasant girls are skillful with their needles, learning from their mothers, and people come from far and near to purchase of their handiwork. For ten years the children work at their marriage garments, so it is little wonder that they achieve a splendid result. The Mohair-like materials of which the gown is made is of creamy white, sometimes woven by the peasants themselves, but more frequently being purchased. Although the original stuff is often cheap and of heavy texture, yet from the matchless embroidery worked upon it, it gains value.

At the bottom of the skirt are about fifty or sixty rows of little squares worked in red, blue, gold and silver thread, and presenting the appearance of a mosaic floor. The waist is cut in rather the style of an Eton jacket, and is so profusely covered with beautiful designs in embroidery that the original material is quite concealed. Sometimes this jacket is of red velvet, covered with gold lace, the material used indicating the means of the wearer.

The amount of work put on one of these bridal costumes by the peasant girls is almost endless, and when there are several daughters in one family it becomes a serious drain upon the time and resources of the household, serving to keep the girls' fingers busy during their evenings and spare hours for many a year.

By their 16th year the wedding dress is usually completed, and as Easter week approaches all other work is put aside and the girls prepare for the great feast, to which they have been so long looking forward. At this time every village in Greece presents the appearance of a great picnic ground. All the shops are closed, and on every corner are seen boys and disabled men selling sweetmeats. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon crowds begin to gather families coming from miles around, from all the neighboring towns, and often from Athens itself.

Then a little later, the young girls



A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, its griping dryness, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

More than 1,000 people in Paris earn a living by fortune telling, and their total earnings are estimated at \$2,000,000.

Your Happiness

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind.

Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

Hood's Pills

cure all liver ills, biliousness, nervousness, headaches, etc.

100 PER CENT PROFIT.

AGENTS.

Best thing ever offered agents. Household remedy. Sells at night. Cures biliousness. 30 doses \$1.00. Full protection and liberal terms to agents. Only one agent to a town. This offer will not appear again. Write for samples; by mail, "5 DROPS" is the name and dose. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Catarrh. WRITE TODAY.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

Also owners of the "\$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure."

URIC ACID is Poison.

The Kidneys are supposed to filter the uric acid out of the blood. When they are sick they forget it.

Uric acid is the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney Troubles and other dangerous diseases. The only way to cure these diseases is to cure the Kidneys.

DR. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills

cure the Kidneys and help them to filter the uric acid out of the blood.

All druggists, or mail-order prepaid for 50c. per box.

Write for pamphlet. HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 10 to 15 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if you fail to cure. Send our unconditional guarantee. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$100,000 cash reward for our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address: CHOK REMEDY CO., 307 Mason St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Get out and send this advertisement.

"JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT."

Farm and Wagon SCALES.

United States Standard. All Sizes and All Kinds. Not made by a trust or controlled by a combination. For Free Book and Price List, address: JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

WANTED

Canvasers to sell Pine Trees at Fair Prices. Cash pay WEEKLY. We furnish working capital, experience, etc. You cannot fail if you sell for the great NO. 1 ALLY RK NURSERY. 71st year. 1,000 acres Nursery, 500 acres Orchard. Write quick, giving age, references, etc. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Clears the scalp, cures itching, promotes a luxuriant growth of hair, cures dandruff, restores hair to its youthful beauty. Cures scalp disease, a hair falling, itching, and \$1.00 at druggists.

DO YOU SPECULATE?

Then send for our book, "How to Speculate Successfully on Limited Margins in Grain and Stock Markets." MAIL FILE, Chestnut St., Bingham & Co., Real Estate Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—Any lady willing to make some money quickly and needlessly steadily? Copy must be made up for me in writing, postpaid, to Mrs. A. M. Dan, M. D., 213 Columbus Ave., Boston.

FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Has Cured Syphilis, Gonorrhea, etc. Use in the U.S. Sold by druggists.



**THE DRUG CLERK'S STORY**

He Talks of Headaches and Nervousness and Gives Cures for Both.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.  
It was the drug clerk's turn to tell a story of one of his experiences, and the reporter, expecting something good, as usual, settled himself comfortably in a chair prepared to give his undivided attention to the speaker.

The latter was Henry Maier, who resides with his parents on Aqueduct Street, Newark, N. J., and who, hands out medicine over the counter of Dr. Andrew F. Burkhardt's drug store at 271 Orange Street, this city.

"Perhaps I can do nothing better," he began, "than to tell you the secret of my good health. It is a story that I have told to many, recently, and it resulted in good in each case. It may be worth your while to listen to it. To begin with, I was not always a strong and robust, as I am now. Long hours of work and hard study had left me in a wretched condition. Frightful lingering headaches found me a ready victim, and at times I was so nervous that the dropping of a pin would cause me to give a violent start, and then I would be seized with a fit of trembling that was, to put it mildly, exceedingly bothersome. Well, I began to doctor myself. Now I flatter myself that I know something of medicine; but with all my knowledge, I could find nothing that would cure those terrible headaches or put an end to my extreme nervousness. Then I bought a bottle of my hand would shake as though I had the chills, and if it was a powder that I was handling I stood a good chance of sprinkling it all over these black trousers. Things went from bad to worse, and I soon realized that a man of my physical condition had better not attempt to mix any medicine.

"I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Dr. Burkhardt, one day, "and as you know the doctor's advice is always worth following I got the Pink Pills and began to take them. Would you believe it? Before I had taken the contents of one box my headache began to give me a day off occasionally, and soon it left me entirely. How about my nervousness? Well, the pills put an end to that with almost startling abruptness. You see I know enough about the business to appreciate the importance of following the prescribing physician's directions, and by paying strict attention to those given by Dr. Williams with each box of his Pink Pills, I was soon another fellow. Look at me now! A picture of health, eh? Well, that is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for a man, or a woman either. See, I can hold a glass of water out now without spilling a drop, but I couldn't do that two months ago and—

"What is it ma'am?" he asked as a neatly dressed woman came up to the counter. "A box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." "Yes, ma'am, fifty cents please. Thank you." "These Pink Pills are great things," said Mr. Maier as he turned to the reporter again, and the latter, after all he had heard, thought so too.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

Never slice apples for making pies, quarter and core, and if an apple is large cut each quarter in two pieces.

Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar over the top of two-crust pies before baking, and see how delicious it makes them.

**A Remarkable Offer.**

The Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION have just made a remarkable offer to the readers of this paper. New subscribers who will send at once their name and address and \$1.75, will receive free a handsome four-page calendar, 7x10 in., lithographed in nine colors, retail price 50 cents. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION free every week to Jan. 1, 1896, the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 52 weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1897. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 190 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Gen. Jacob S. Coxey's newspaper published at Massillon, Ohio, has appeared as a daily.

**A Book for Women.**

To assist modest, afflicted women in the successful treatment of diseases peculiar to their sex, a book has been prepared under the direction of Rev. R. L. McElree, assisted by eminent physicians and specialists, entitled, Home Treatment of Female Diseases. The book is written in simple language, easily understood, and contains:

1st.—A description of the female organism.

2d.—Instructions for detecting the approach of the menstrual age, and for treatment during the monthly period, and to insure its regular return.

3d.—A minute description of diseases affecting the genital, urinary and menstrual organs of women, giving their cause, symptoms and treatment.

A paper edition of this great book has been prepared, copies of which can be secured for six cents in postage. Write Rev. R. L. McElree, St. Elmo, Tenn.

"I have only seen twenty summers." "Is that so? Why don't you consult an oculist?"

The Roman catacombs are 500 miles in extent, and from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

**A Child Enjoys**

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

An unknown New York man has sent two contributions of \$10 each to the Treasury for credit of the conscience fund.

**How's This!**

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

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

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

Hall's Family Pills, 5c.

Englishmen hold \$90,000,000 stock in American breweries. When they bought the stock they were told that the brewing business was a bonanza. In this country, but all they have ever got for their money is a lot of nicely printed stock certificates.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use this old and well-tried remedy, King's Pawnee's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

**THE LITTLE SCHOOL.**



HE school house over which Miss Mattie Smith had reigned for quite a number of years was situated on a hill just beyond the diminutive village of Wales. It was upon the outskirts of a wood and said to be in a snaky place. Miss Mattie, however, had never seen any snakes and didn't believe there were any. She had no objections whatever to the situation, but the house itself was old. Whenever Miss Mattie met a school trustee she would tell him right decidedly that she must have a new school house, one with a cellar for the coal and room for her desk away from the draught.

But in the spring time the draught from the door was very welcome, and Miss Mattie was grateful for all the air she could get as she sat at her desk, hearing the spelling lesson.

"Here, here," drawled Miss Mattie's pet, Nan Foster. Then Nan came to a pause and fiddled nervously with the pockets of her apron.

"Well," queried the teacher. "I know what it means," declared the little girl; "I know so well that I didn't have to look in the dictionary, but I can't say it to save my life."

"It means a boy," volunteered a very small girl, glancing dreamily out of the school room window.

"Oh, yes, of course, I know it means a boy," said Nan, hastily, "a boy who—oh, dear, I can't say it."

Miss Mattie put a sudden end to the

pants" they were, without doubt, "high water."

"Snits must be terrible poor," whispered Jessie Brown, "to have pants give to him."

"He'll pore," returned Ben Windsor, "hith motha ith our wathwoman."

It was upon the following day at noon that the little Dutch boy defiantly approached Miss Mattie's desk.

"What is it?" asked Miss Mattie, keeping on with her writing.

For a silent minute Snits pulled awkwardly at the voluminous trousers, then he blurted out, "My mother can't help it about Ben Windsor's pants. She wish she could."

"Your mother is a very good woman. I am sure," returned Miss Mattie carelessly. "You mustn't mind what the school children say."

Snits' face flushed to the very roots of his white hair. "Oh, I don't mind," he said, with his eyes upon the platform, "taint that," and still he lingered.

Now, perhaps, it came to Miss Mattie Smith that this little white-haired Dutch boy considered it her duty to stop the school children's chattering about Ben Windsor's discarded apparel. If so, it was very foolish of him. He hadn't lived long in the village of Wales or he would know better than to expect such a thing of her. Why, she hadn't even attempted to hush that audible whisper directed towards her own high heeled slippers. A faint red came into her cheeks, too, and she inquired a trifle sharply, "Is there anything else you have to say, Johnny Smeltzer?"

The little Dutch boy's head was bowed very low, as he murmured: "Can I run for the prize if I wear Ben Windsor's pants?"



"IT SKEERED HER."

difficulty by furnishing the dictionary meaning, whereupon the pupil at the foot of the class murmured grumblingly that that was just what he would have said if he had been given his turn.

After the spelling class had retired the arithmetic class came and established itself in a very long row before Miss Mattie. Down at the end of the arithmetic class was a little Dutch boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair. He was a very new scholar, and he didn't look as if he would remain foot all the time.

The blue eyes were fastened earnestly upon Miss Mattie's face as she put the question: "If an apple is divided into two parts, what are the parts called, Johnny Smeltzer?"

"Halves," answered the little Dutch boy.

"If the halves are divided into two parts what are the parts then called?" "Quarters," answered the little Dutch boy.

"And if the quarters are divided into two parts what are the parts called?" inquired Miss Mattie, determined to discover what prodigious amount of arithmetic this small boy knew.

"Snits," answered the little Dutch boy without a moment's hesitation.

All morning the school children had been calling Johnny Smeltzer "Tow Head," but when the next recess arrived he was christened "Snits."

It was astonishing, considering the limited dimensions of the village of Wales, that its youthful population should have been of such a critical turn of mind. The children at the little old schoolhouse on the hill laughed openly at tongue tied Ben Windsor, notwithstanding that his father was a school trustee and a person of much importance. They made derogatory remarks in regard to Sarah Wyand's new bonnet and Danny Rider's big shoes and Tommy Gill's poor little hat that his mother had cut out of a piece of blue velvet. They even smiled at Miss Mattie's bronze slippers, and declared in audible whispers that they "must pinch awful." But when Johnny Smeltzer appeared one morning in Ben Windsor's trousers, the uproar was tremendous. The silence bell sounded, but the whole room continued in convulsive giggles, for Ben Windsor's trousers lagged about the little Dutch boy's legs in a manner never intended by any civilized tailor, and for "short pants" they were extraordinarily long and for "long

Miss Mattie burst into a ringing laugh; she couldn't help it, it was so exquisitely funny. But even as she laughed, she felt her conscience prick her, for poor little Snits, fumbling and pulling at the baggy trousers, laughed. Yes, he minded very, very much, wearing that other boy's trousers.

"I know one thing," remarked the teacher's pet, throwing her proud little head in the air, "if I was Snits I wouldn't come to school if I had to wear people's old pants. His mother ought to go to the store and buy him a pair with her wash money."

"I won't play with him while he wears Ben Windsor's pants," said Charley Stills, virtuously.

"Neither will I," cried George Watts. "Neither will I," echoed Sammy Linger.

The appearance of Ben Windsor's little sister, hand in hand with a smiling nurse maid, put an end to the uncharitable conversation. Fanny Windsor had cried to come up to the school house, and as she hadn't been very well lately, she was not allowed to cry in vain. Ben was ordered to take good care of his little sister, and the nurse departed, leaving her charge in the midst of an admiring group. Fanny Windsor was fat and dimpled, and did not show any signs of her recent illness except in a certain impertinence of manner that was extremely amusing.

All the early part of that afternoon in the school room the visitor behaved perfectly. She was only three years old, but she repeated her letters with her eyes off the primer, and she counted up to twenty with creditable rapidity. It was during the fifteen minutes' recess that she grew determined and venture some. She insisted upon seeing with one of the large boys, she slapped three of the girls, and in the end was seen marching off alone, crying vehemently that she dared anybody to come with her. When the bell rang Fanny Windsor had disappeared.

If there had been a cellar to the little old school house there would have been a probability, at least, that the trustee's small daughter had wandered into it, or fallen into it, for very likely the cellar would have had no steps.

Miss Mattie and all the pupils, even the three girls who had been slapped, were in a great flutter looking for the missing child. Ben said that she

couldn't have gone home, because she was afraid to cross the stream.

It was a faint, far away sounding cry that told them, cellar or no cellar, Fanny Windsor was under the school house. She had crept through a small opening, which, by all means, should have led into the cellar. It was such a very small opening that only a very small boy, who no longer lived in the village, had ever investigated the region from which sounded the forlorn cry. The small boy had seen wonderful things under the school house, lighted very well, he declared, by sunshine shooting through the chinks. He had seen four snakes and a nest of spiders as big as butterflies, and a whole lot of bats. Ben Windsor's little sister must have been seeing the wonders, too, for she began to scream loudly.

"Can't anybody get her out?" cried Miss Mattie, wringing her hands.

Ben put his scared face to the opening and called, "Fanny, Fanny!"

The screams under the house grew louder.

"We'll have to tear up the school house floor to get her," exclaimed Willie Day, excitedly.

"She'll be smothered by that time," said Sammy Linger.

"Fanny come along this way," pleaded Ben. "Here'th brotha."

"I reckon she's caught," said George Watts.

"Mebbe a snake's got her," suggested a little girl.

Then Ben screamed, "I thee a wat!" Many and many a time the school children had laughed at Ben for calling a rat a "wat," but none of them laughed now.

In all that anxious crowd only one mortal realized that something must be done. The little Dutch boy picked up a stick and the next instant Ben Windsor's trousers went wriggling through the opening.

"Oh, dear," cried Miss Mattie, wringing her hands harder than ever, and Miss Mattie's pet hid her face and wept aloud. There was a terrible scuffle under the old school house. It seemed to last a long time; then there was a strange quiet. Ben Windsor, pale and trembling, had drawn back from the opening.

"Mebbe they's both dead," said Sammy Linger, huskily.

At a safe distance from the opening a boy was stooping, with his hands upon his knees. "Some'n's a-coming," he announced in a fearful whisper.

The something that first showed up at the opening was a round, dimpled tear-stained face, and Ben Windsor caught his little sister in his arms and kissed her wildly. Following after Fanny came Snits. Watching Snits drawing himself through the hole, one understood how very small the hole was. The little Dutch boy's fair face was whiter than usual, almost as white as his hair, and his blue eyes looked quite dark as he got upon his feet and stood bashfully, whirling by the tail that third something, which, had it appeared first, would have caused a scateration in the crowd. "It skeered her, but it hadn't hurt her yet," he announced, soberly. The third something was a dead rat. Then Miss Mattie's pet, who had unveiled her eyes, cast an eloquent glance into the teacher's face. "Snits is a hero, ain't he, Miss Mattie," she asked?

Miss Mattie nodded her head.

"And I reckon he's paid for them pants a hundred times over!" cried Willie Day, enthusiastically, and again Miss Mattie nodded her head.

Later on it was declared that Snits built the new school house, for if Ben Windsor's father hadn't seen the dead rat with his own eyes, he might never have roared out threateningly: "The old rat hole shan't stand another summer; we'll get a new school house, or we'll have none!"—Louise R. Baker, in the New York Observer.

**Costs of Fire.**

"Take my seat," she said. A flush of genuine gratitude suffused the pink and white complexion of the man who was clinging to the strap.

"Thank you," he answered cordially. The age-old woman betook herself to the front platform, where she affected to smoke her cigarette insouciantly, but her thoughts were nevertheless with the past, when conditions were different, and her heart was full of the bitterness of remorse.—Detroit Tribune.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

Wear a clean apron while ironing or bed-making.

To clean bamboo furniture use a brush dipped in salt water.

The eyes should be bathed every night in cold water just before retiring, and they will do better work the following day.

When very tired lie on the back, allowing every muscle to relax, letting the hands go any way they will, and keep the eyes closed.

Oil stains may be removed from wall paper by applying for four hours pipe clay, powdered and mixed with water to the thickness of cream.

If you have to sew all day, change your seat occasionally, and so obtain rest. Bathing the face and hands will also stimulate and refresh.

For stains in matting from grease, wet the spot with alcohol, then rub on white castile soap. Let this dry in a cake and then wash off with warm salt water.

Where it is desirable to see the tongue of a very small child the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to protrude its tongue.

Sore or inflamed eyes are relieved by bathing in tepid or warm water in which a little salt has been dissolved. An individual towel should be used in all such cases—never one which is used in common by members of the family.

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

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?" "I should certainly set my face against it, sir."

FITS.—A Fit stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first use, no dizziness, no nausea, no headache, no loss of strength. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Why not keep horses, Todd?" "My wife is afraid of horses." "For what reason?" "We made a runaway match."

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!

"Why have you thrown George over?" "Oh, I hate him! The other evening he asked me if he might give me a kiss, and because I said 'no' he didn't."

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

By the way, Chicago's idea of soap as a pure food is at least novel.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Mrs. Gates of Milwaukee owns a Bible that was brought over in the Mayflower in 1620.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work. Suffering, tired, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and restful.

Gov. Matthew of Indiana is preparing to deliver a public speech in favor of recognizing the billiarder's rights of Cuba.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more corns. Budecorms removes them, and very comfortably. 10c. at druggists.

Here is a piece of advice that most men need: Let down your suspender.—Acheson Globe.

**NEWSY MORSELS.**

The deepest artesian well is at Budepest. Depth, 8,140 feet. The highest chimney in the world is at Glasgow. Height, 474 feet.

The largest library is in Paris, the National, containing 2,200,000 volumes. The deepest coal mine in Europe is at Lambert, Belgium. Depth, 3,490 feet.

The largest landed estate is that of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, 100,000,000 acres.

The highest monument in the world is Washington's at Washington. Height, 555 feet.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, protects the Membranes from Cold, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. ELLY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

W. N. U. St. L.—055-44.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

The nervous system is weakened by the

**Neuralgia Torture.**

Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

**SAINT JACOBS OIL**

**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.

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

**The Cat Came Back**

Because there was no place like the home where they used

**Clairette Soap**

This Great Soap makes home, home indeed. Keeps everything clean. Keeps the housewife and everybody happy. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made only by

**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis.**

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

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

**germ-life**

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on. Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

**Scott's Emulsion**, with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had, and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one. The gain is often slow.

50 cents and \$1.00 **SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,** New York.



Subscription - In Advance. One Year, to United States or Canada \$1.00

Advertising. The right is reserved to reject advertising arrangements made by agents, if in our opinion they are not suitable or proper.



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



UNDER OUR FLAG

RATIFICATION RALLY.

"Liberty and Union Now and Forever."

The ratification rally of the Socialist Labor Party at Faneuil Hall last Saturday was a memorable affair, a grand success, a glorious soul-inspiring meeting such as I have never witnessed before in my life.

An audience in the neighborhood of 1,000, among whom were many ladies, had assembled to hear Boston's champion speakers. The meeting was presided over by our stirring comrade, Squire C. Putney.

Indeed, an unlucky enterprise to get the Socialists to fight organization! Mr. Martin must have overlaid his stomach with the capitalist food furnished by the steward of the Populist party and had a bad dream.

Comrades, why don't you attend the discussion meetings? Our day has come! If we do what is right, we can do a great deal in a way of educating organized labor.

It is remarkable how often the pure and simple labor leaders tell the old stories as brand new ideas in the labor movement.

HARTFORD AWAKENING

An Abundance of Interesting Notes and Comments.

From the Pen of Our Friend "Courageux"—Push the Good Work.

The readers of Hartford LABOR, if they are patient, will be treated to an extensive educational tour into sociology this coming winter. The Y. M. C. A. has decided to place into the hands of mental trainers the following subjects, each of which is good enough for a Socialist to do his best with.

The Sociological society of Hartford, it appears, too, makes an effort to find out whether there really are Socialists in town. One of the teachers undertook to find some, and he did. What a great amount of guessing could be saved if one would undertake to find out all about socialism!

Think of it! A labor leader who steers for the Republican or Democratic party to give away his snap. This is nothing along-side of the next point. Mr. Martin is no union printer, nor will he become a member, and uses words unfit for publication against the Union.

Mr. Martin needs not swear at pure and simple Trades Unionists, calling them political scabs, because they know no better; but profess to know what economic freedom means and to be led by Col. Colby in battle for it, looks like political scabism, indeed.

Comrades, why don't you attend the discussion meetings? Our day has come! If we do what is right, we can do a great deal in a way of educating organized labor.

The Street Railway Protective Association was organized by the President and other officers of the railroad, for their faithful servants, and to the end that the bona fide branch of the A. R. U. would be broken, has at the request of the road officials disorganized. Such changes in the tactics of capitalist concerns point to other facts, namely, that the regular labor organization, though blacklisted, gains members.

It is remarkable how often the pure and simple labor leaders tell the old stories as brand new ideas in the labor movement. General Secretary of the Eakers' Union Henry Weissman, was here two weeks ago and told the bakers that they are the worst paid and hardest worked, and least respected work people in the country. He

went farther, he promised them that in the near future he would prove statistically that their condition was worse. This all bakers know. But what the bakers did not know and a great many of them cannot believe is, as Weissman told them could be done, that they need but to the capitalist legislatures, which stand ready with open arms to give them sanitary baker-shops, less hours, and what not.

Mr. Martin's challenge is as yet an unaccepted challenge. President McBride of the American Federation of Labor was here by invitation of the Central Labor Union. So Oct. 20 was an epoch in the history of the labor movement of Hartford.

Among many billions, he undertook to show Capitalists eat up everything; in fact, he even gave out that the Athenian and Roman republics fell because the wealth was concentrated by three per cent of the people, and rebellion ravaged till Monarchies were established; while in these United States the wealth of the people has already been successfully concentrated into one and a half per cent of the people.

The Capitalist Press does some tall talking about the millennium of the Hungarian State. Well may they glorify it! For it took just 1,000 years to push that state through feudal, small Capitalist, and large Capitalist systems, to have so large a number of people at all times ready to swamp the Labor market of some other country for bread.

By all means let everybody know that you can furnish Socialist literature; that that literature explains your best reasons for being a Socialist; that no intelligent person has as yet dared ridicule our reading matter because it teaches better.

Maryland Is All Right.

[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.] ANNAPOLIS, Md., Oct. 20.—Secretary of State Gott Saturday received from the Board of Supervisors of Election of Baltimore city a certificate of the filing in their office of nomination papers by the Socialist Labor party, nominating candidates for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

As the Socialist Labor party seems to have complied with the law in this respect, the Secretary of State will include the names of their candidates in his statement, which will be sent out Monday. Speaking of the claims of the Socialist party to recognition, Secretary Gott said: "By a revision of the law I found in section 131 that nominating papers by independents could be filed with the Board of Supervisors of Election of Baltimore city and should be kept open by them until Oct. 20, and after that of course the new section 131 A comes in and provides that as soon as practicable after the filing of these papers with the board they shall certify, etc.

IF WE HAD A SOCIALIST MAYOR.

The poor man would have a defender; The law would be equal and fair; The lawyers' fat bills would grow slender, If we had a Socialist Mayor.

Taxation would rest on the wealthy, And Fraud would be timid and rare; The houses of the poor would be healthy, If we had a Socialist Mayor.

The parsons would quickly discover That votes are far better than prayer; The bankers would not be in clover, If we had a Socialist Mayor.

Our strikers would not be arrested; Our street cars would charge three-cent fare; The slave-driving boss would get bested, If we had a Socialist Mayor.

Socialism has been revived in Kansas City. The power which impelled the revival arrived here from the Northwest on two first-class tickets, in a Pullman sleeper, and found luxurious apartments at the Midland. It was the "workingman's savior," the "commoner," the "friend of the oppressed," the "citizen," the "Scott who dared to antagonize English royalty and stand by the people and their rights." It was none other than the celebrated Keir Hardie of Ayrshire, Scotland—Kansas City Times.

PLATFORM OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

Adopted at the Chicago Convention.

THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY of the United States, in convention assembled, reassert 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. It is denied the means of self employment, and, by compulsory idleness in wage-slavery, is even deprived of the necessities of life. Human power and natural forces are thus wasted, that the plutocrats may rule.

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

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

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

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

Co-operative Commonwealth

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

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

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

Social Demands.

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 employe 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 employe shall be discharged for political reasons.

4. The public lands to be declared inalienable. Revocation of all land grants to corporations or individuals, the conditions of which have not been complied with.

5. Legal incorporation by the states of local trades unions which have no national organization.

6. The United States to have the exclusive right to issue money.

7. Congressional legislation providing for the scientific management of forests and waterways and prohibiting the waste of the natural resources of the country.

8. Inventions to be free to all; the inventors to be remunerated by the nation.

9. Progressive income tax and tax on inheritances; the smaller incomes to be exempt.

10. School education of all children under 14 years of age to be compulsory, gratuitous, and accessible to all by public assistance in meals, clothing, books, etc., where necessary.

11. Repeal of all pauper, tramp, conspiracy and sumptuary laws. Unbridled right of combination.

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

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

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

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

Political Demands.

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

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

3. Municipal self government.

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

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

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

HOLYOKE, STRIKE HARD!

Vote in Time and Get Your Friends to the Poll.

Socialism is coming.

Hurrah for Nov. 5.

Hurrah for the S. L. P.

Hurrah for the State Committee.

Vote early and make no mistakes.

We shall telegraph result to our party press.

The Socialist Labor Party will be on top some day.

Too bad that old Adam Ramage can't take in the fun.

Comrades, send us every scrap of news about the election.

Keir Hardie will speak in Holyoke on Friday Nov. 15.

Comrades, don't forget to vote. Yes (!) on the woman question.

Socialist Labor Party of Holyoke will put up candidates for the city elections in December.

The Cigarmakers' Union of Boston at its regular meeting endorsed the whole ticket of the S. L. P.

Mott Maquire, the Socialist Alderman of Paterson, N. J., has been invited by Section Holyoke to assist in the local campaign.

Nominations for the local campaign will probably be made on Nov. 12 at the Springfield Turn Hall. Every member should be present.

Comrade Theinest of Providence, a pioneer Socialist of Holyoke, paid us a visit last week. He is running for Mayor of Providence on the S. L. P. ticket.

IRONWOOD, MICH.

Strike for Higher Wages.

The timbermen and trammers at the Norris mine went on a strike for higher wages and the mines are closed, with the exception of No. 7 shaft. Only about 250 men are directly involved, but the miners are unable to work without them.

In Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, etc., this is the last week of the campaign. On Nov. 6 we open our national campaign.

Let every Socialist and reader of LABOR secure new subscribers for his Socialist paper. This will be the most effective work for our cause. Before you can get people to work for our movement you must get them to read and think.

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.

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

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

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

Send all contributions to PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 211 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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

Send all contributions to PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 211 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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

Send all contributions to PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 211 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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

Send all contributions to PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 211 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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

Send all contributions to PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 211 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

HORNETS THAT GUARD NESTS.

Queer Neighborhood Friendships Between the Fiery Insects.

On the broad, brown salt meadows that skirt the Housatonic river just above its mouth is a vast colony of marsh wrens. In the acres of tangled tules and cat-tails they have built nests innumerable, prettily woven affairs of reed and cat-tail leaves. The nests, which are as large as one's head, are so compactly constructed and so thoroughly thatched as to be entirely weather-tight. As a rule, the thrifty little chattering wrens prefer not to occupy a last year's nest, so there are every season hundreds of empty ones. They are not allowed to remain vacant long, however, for there are too many creatures seeking just such snug shelters.

One species of field or meadow mice, take possession of a great many of them, and the old mice can be seen at all times of the day nimbly running up and down the reeds, coming to and going from their cosy homes. Like most squatters, they are not the most desirable settlers, and, sad to say, frequently repay their open-hearted landlords by eating all the pink eggs in the near-by wrens' nests. If caught in the act, a dozen of the excited birds will organize a vigilance committee, trail the thief to his home and drive him and his family from the nest, tearing it to pieces to prevent any return.

Big spiders, too, love to nest in the abandoned basket-like abodes, and live for many seasons in them.

The most desirable tenants of all are the big black and white hornets. By far the greater number of the old nests are inhabited by these fiery fellows, and, odd to relate, they are best of friends with the landlords. As if by agreement with the wrens, they keep a perpetual guard over the new nests, as well as those where they live. Let a dog, an unconscious rill or snipe shooter, a bird's-egging boy, or any creature whatever approach the nests within a few yards, and, suddenly, without warning, a cohort of winged warriors will fall on the intruder, and flight is the only safe course. To fight would mean death, for the hornets would soon be reinforced by other nest-fuls until they would cover the victim and sting him to death.

The wrens seem fully conscious of the value of such sentinels, for they take care to build their new nests always very near the old. The birds are themselves very defenseless, and, their nests being easily located on account of size and the noise made by the wrens, they have been in some localities entirely wiped out by egg-collectors. The boys have learned to give this colony a wide berth, however, and the Housatonic marsh-wrens are fast increasing in numbers, and, unless the hornets shift their quarters, are likely to sing happily there in the reeds and raise many a brood of young in years to come.

Americans in Scotland.

At Melrose, says Walter Besant in the Queen, I fell in with the last scattered remnant of the rear guard of the great American invasion. It consisted of about a dozen staying in my hotel and I dare say twenty or thirty more staying in the other hotels of that little show place. A fortnight before 600 Americans visited Melrose in three days. They ate up everything.

"Mostly," said the waiter, tearfully, "they drink water. If it is not water it is coffee, and then they want more hot milk and after that more coffee. They go to bed at 9 and at 6 they are up again and out for a walk."

From Melrose they visit Dryburgh abbey, Abbotsford, and the abbey church of Melrose, all that is left of the monastery. Then they go off on their journey again. At Abbotsford I was kept waiting for half an hour while a party of American boys bought up all the photographs, cups and saucers memorial boxes and albums that were for sale, comparing and considering and asking questions just like girls in a ribbon shop. The father of one apologized very handsomely for the delay.

Well, it is not every day that the boys find themselves at Abbotsford; it was delightful to see their enthusiasm. The rooms shown, with their contents, would make even an oyster enthusiast. There is, however, one thing wanted. It is easily remedied. There should be hung up in the entrance hall a card with this notice:

"Gentlemen are invited to remove their hats in Sir Walter Scott's study and library. Other people must."

Philosophy of the Face Veil.

In spite of the protestations of oculists, women continue to regard veils as an essential part of their toilet; first, because they are becoming, and second, because they keep their hat in order. The plain tulle and nets, which come in all colors, single and double widths, are always pleasant to wear and less trying on the eyes than the coarser meshes. Happily, the intention to revive the veil of Brussels net wrought in sprigged designs, has been a failure. It is becoming to nobody, and is essentially inartistic. Women with dark hair and eyes and a brilliant color look well in veils with the dots larger and nearer together. If the skin is clear white veils are very becoming, though apt to give an impression of a made-up complexion. The woman with fair hair and blue eyes and without color generally looks best in a large meshed black veil, with the dots—if dots are worn—far apart. A navy blue veil makes the skin look clear and fair, and a gray veil should never be worn by the pale or sallow woman.

A Prize Winner.

If my cook could ride a cycle She would make a record nest, For, to judge her by her dinners, She's a scorcher hard to beat.