

55 Alley M D Box 106 Lincoln Neb

SOCIALISM GOVERNS THE WORLD.

# Lincoln Socialist-Labor.

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## SOLIDARITY OF MANKIND

Before the End of This Century the Socialist Labor Party

Will Sweep Over America Like the Prairie Fire—One of Comrade Mar- the Moore Avery's Eloquent Ad- dresses.

In organized society principles crystallize themselves into platforms; platforms are maintained by men and women and projected into the actual concerns of every-day life, and as we turn the pages of history we find civilization coming up to higher and higher democratic conclusions, until to-day we find before us the great problem of the demoralization of the industrial realm, and it is to that principle that the Socialist Labor Party attaches itself.

Now what are the principles brought down to these industrial questions? What are the aspirations that lead men to sacrifice all of their so-called interests for the honor of maintaining before the world this their advanced position? We catch the inspiration of the fact of the solidarity of the race. Higher than the brotherhood of man comes this great declaration that is borne out by philosophy and is borne out by science, that the human race is a solid seething mass, and one knows of the human race, the social organism that in all its parts—in all its expression, one part with another—is a direct relation could we but trace it.

Then the fact of the solidarity of the race shows us these other great principles—the fact of the industrial organism that grows from the crudest expression up into this marvelous society of to-day, with its division and subdivision, and ramification of social interests.

Karl Marx, the great scientist, shows us very conclusively that if we would deal intelligently with society, we should deal with it "en masse." Here is, then, the proposition for us to work upon: The solidarity of the race says plainly that the interest of one man is the interest of every other man, and until we recognize that fact and apply ourselves to it we have not recognized the fact that democracy must take place not only politically, but it must take place industrially. Then, knowing that which is for the benefit, highly and holily, of one man is for the benefit of all men, this we put into our platform, and it reads after the most practical fashion.

Indeed, the principle is loftier than the idea of the divine republic put forth 2,000 years ago by Plato, as the democratization of society shall inaugurate the co-operative commonwealth that we are striving for, not only nationally, but internationally.

And the platform of our party, what does it demand of us—to recognize, economically, the class interests of the workingman as against the class interest of the capitalist; to what end? To the end that he shall receive the benefit of the science of the day, of the labor-saving machines of the day, of the division and subdivision and the differentiation of the labor power of to-day. Then this class interest, taking hold of men's minds will lead them to see what? Why, lead them to see that if a man will not play a useful part in society of his own free will, the united effort of mankind must compel him to play a useful part in society.

Therefore it behooves us to recognize our class interest and I have often marvelled that to-day the consciousness of their own power does not come to the workingmen. The power they have unexpended, turned to their own interests, would emancipate mankind.

For what is a man? We have not seen one as yet, but combine all the great efforts of all the great men of the past—make every man a great scientist, a great scholar, a great musician, a great artist, and you make a man, and a nation of such men would have upon their brows a regal glory, such as it has been our province as yet only to shadow forth.

Then, I say, recognize the economic class interest and you will go on to conquer.

You will see that we working people create all the values, because God Almighty alone gives that which you work upon. We hope that the democracy that was won for us a hundred years ago by our fathers, or won by an inheritance which we have come into from across the water, we will project this into an actual, living, burning fact; we will have the spirit made flesh here in America, and the Co-operative Commonwealth shall stand as a beacon light once more, and say to all mankind: Here is the refuge for you.

Now, I say here to-night that ten men, understanding the full programme, with the full sweep of the Almighty power for regeneration, could save Boston—could save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—save the United States of America, could save the whole world from social corruption and degeneration. And if you do not find these disinterested men among the Socialists of this country and the Socialists of the world, you cannot find them anywhere.

Whether we have them or not, time will tell, but if we have them, we may go on to a glorious conclusion.

Then this principle put right here in our platform, demanding social ownership of the social means of production and exchange, giving us a co-operative ownership of all the social factors in the creation of wealth, giving us the demonstra-

tion of our own powers, giving us the benefits of all the past and giving us the benefits of all the future—that is what we are here for.

And we throw down the gauntlet to any and every other party and we say: "Show cause why you still come to the working people for their suffrages," and as I said last night at Marlboro at the five-cornered debate, to the representatives of the two old parties that were there: "You may believe all the vicious and vile things that are said by one party against the other, because they are all true, multiplied a hundred times more, because the Republican party for thirty years had full power, unbridled to do what they would with this Government."

This principle the solidarity of the race, crystalized into our platform, into the platform of the Socialist Labor party, says to the workingmen of the country, says to every man and every woman who would maintain this republic and carry it forward to a fuller conclusion: "Here, then, is your opportunity! Here and now, you may be saved." And we charge every man with criminality in his use of his citizenship that does not look to it that he understands the problem before the world.

In a word, then, equality of opportunity, says our Socialist platform, gives full and free education; gives full and free opportunity of developing into that strength that we now scarce dream of.

Then I say, Oh, my countrymen! this is the darkest day, and you make it so glorious that you and I may feel the light of that which the old religious people called the Holy Ghost, sweep over us, because it is our opportunity and of which, it seems, we are well aware.

But next year these hundreds must grow to thousands and the year after the thousands must grow to hundreds of thousands, [applause] and in the very last year of this century, if this Socialist Labor party has vital force enough within it—has the call of God upon it enough, it will sweep the dry stubble from off the prairie.

And to this high calling, my countrymen, I call you! [Applause].

### THOUGHT INCUBATORS.

Comrade Davis' Criticism on the Present Disorder of Society.

A capitalistic parasite interrupted me in the midst of a conversation the other day by belching out: "You Socialists want to divide up all the property equally among the poor people." Probably I should ask the pardon of the readers of LABOR for producing this old and worn-out bugaboo, but in remote places of the earth it still bobs up. This is the very thing we Socialists want to stop—to stop the dividing up of the hard-earned products of the producers among the drones. If it was an equal division we wanted we would certainly be a lot of small-minded creatures. If the wealth of the United States was equally divided up it would only be \$1,010 to each person. And if this was put at interest at 6 per cent we would only realize \$60 per year. Why, this wouldn't buy a piece of land in St. Louis or New York large enough to sleep on; it wouldn't buy enough shoddy to cover our nakedness for one year. If this would be all we were after, instead of a body of bold reformers, we would be a set of simpletons. We're after the whole earth; we made the earth what it is and we're going to have it.

After Minister Bayard's voluptuous and

useless butterfly life with the caterpillar Court of St. James, we suddenly read the following dispatch: "Minister Bayard has been officially snubbed by Lord Salisbury. In his conversation with the Premier he was cut short and ordered not to proceed further. Salisbury has been warned not to violate the Monroe doctrine and he replied that he would do so if England saw fit." To disclose the true picture, this dispatch should have read as follows: "Lord Salisbury said to Minister Bayard: 'If you see me, I don't like you any more; you can't hollow down my rain barrel.'" Bayard said to Salisbury: "You can't slide down my cellar door." Salisbury said to Bayard: "I'm going to play in your backyard. All this came to pass in the diplomatic barn yard." Fellow slaves let us put our levity aside and examine the foregoing in all its seriousness, for it is really a very grave matter. This chattering of these diplomatic magpies is only a ruse. The boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana has been in dispute for 100 years. An American syndicate has bought immense tracts of land from Venezuela of sufficient extent to form a State. These lands are located on this disputed line. If England should locate the boundary line where she insists, this syndicate would likely pay for the lands twice. It now crops out that our (the capitalist) Government propose to unite with England to enforce the Monroe doctrine; in other words, they propose to adopt the English capitalist into the household of the American capitalist; or, to be still more definite, they propose to form an English-American Trust to gobble up the whole American continent. While the capitalists are parceling out the earth among themselves, their wage-slaves are striking, and boycotting, and quarreling among themselves for a little more hush-money, called wages. While the slaves are scrambling over the crumbs (wages) that fall from their master's table, the capitalists are stealthily welding their chains of bondage.

When lately showing the wrong of wages, rent, interest and profit, I was chided for living off of one of them. Because I am compelled to live off of one of these robberies, fires my enthusiasm to exterminate them all. Another well-meaning person chided me by saying: "You had better pay your debts before you preach reform." Again I replied that the very reason I couldn't pay my debts added an impetus to my course of Socialism.

St. Louis has lately been prolific in giving birth to iniquities of capitalism. First came the new City Hall. This immense structure has been a wonder to many—a wonder that people would stand the strain to pay such a vast amount to shelter a lot of wire-pulling politicians. But it appears it never cost any vast amount, but the citizens must still pay the vast bonds incurred. Experts have pronounced it to be like the razor we read about that was made to sell and not to shave. But still it is said to be a very desirable abode for capitalists, boodlers and politicians, but quite unfit for working people, as the columns are full of bow-holes and the roof and sides are liable to fall in at any time. Then came the examination of the Federal Grand Jury into the Eads Bridge Trust. In spite of the efforts to suppress these crimes by packing the jury with St. Louis capitalists, one of the officers of the Trust, in his cross-examination, was made to perjure himself. When he suddenly found himself exposed as a criminal, he fainted in the jury-room. When the search-lights are thrown out upon the capitalists, the whole gang of them will faint. If the people will put the

Socialist Labor Party in power, the search-lights will surely be thrown upon the robbers, and, while in their swoon, we will capture them and keep them where noble Debs is now being kept. C. R. DAVIS, Brighton, Ill.

### BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

I am asked to explain how do Socialists propose to get the instruments of production, distribution and exchange from the capitalists. Well I think the first object we have in view is to nationalize what Socialism is, then when they desire to have it I suppose they will elect Socialists on all legislative bodies, and by degrees bring under the control of the Government the instruments of production, distribution and exchange.

Of course this will take time, but of one thing we are sure, that is, when the people get to know what Socialism is they will ask for it and see that they get it. Now don't think I am preaching "one thing at a time," or that I am crazy and will only be satisfied by getting the "whole lot" all at once. When a man tells you that we should try for "one thing at a time," you can rest assured that he is ignorant of the economic environment of the workers and knows very little of the present system and the laws which govern it, or of human nature.

Take the railroads. Suppose Socialists made fools of themselves for the sake of an experiment and got a "one plank" platform, say, "The nationalization of the R. R.," and came before the people on that issue alone, what would be the result? First we would have to put aside the education of the workers as to their present condition and cause and fire only at the railroad magnates. Certainly we would be able to show good reason for nationalizing the railroads, but consider the waste of energy and what it would accomplish towards relieving the wage-slaves from the blood-sucker Capitalism, and then tell me if you think we are acting foolishly in refusing to waste time striving for palliative measures.

First, in agitating for such a "one plank" measure, we must disregard entirely the following facts:

- 1st. Agitation on the lines of the class struggle would have to be abandoned.
- 2d. Instead of appealing to the self-interest of the workers, we must depend on sentiment for success.
- 3d. The condition of the average factory worker is worse than the average railroad employe.
- 4th. The majority of wage slaves do little traveling.

And consider further, that if we caused a howl to be raised all over the country for the nationalization of the railroads, the capitalists, acting upon their class interests, would see that to hold sway and continue bleeding the workers it would be wise for themselves to nationalize or put under Government control the railroads and get credit for it. What, then, would we have gained? Made the lives of a few a little better and allowed the many to be fleeced without a protest. The root of the evil would be untouched—capitalism—the taking of wealth which others have produced without giving an equivalent would continue undismayed. Besides this there is another point. Look at those countries that own their railroads and give low fares. Does not the capitalist put this fact before a man whom they employ if he uses the railroads, and thus measure his wages by the cheap railroad fares, the cheap food and so on? It is the same with all other "reform" measures. Suppose we have free coinage? suppose it makes things

cheap—your food and clothing—what is there to prevent the capitalist lowering your wages or raising the price of the necessities you buy? It is all the same. So long as capitalism exists your wages will continue to be just sufficient to give you sustenance to continue producing more wealth. Do we want the whole lot all at once? No. If a Socialist can get a city to own its water, gas or street cars, he will strive to do so, but never will he lose sight of the fact that the total and complete destruction

of the present system is the only way to a humane, peaceful and happy, and established, and thus he has no sympathy with any movement that loses sight of this fact and blunders along, wasting time and energy on futile ideas and plans.

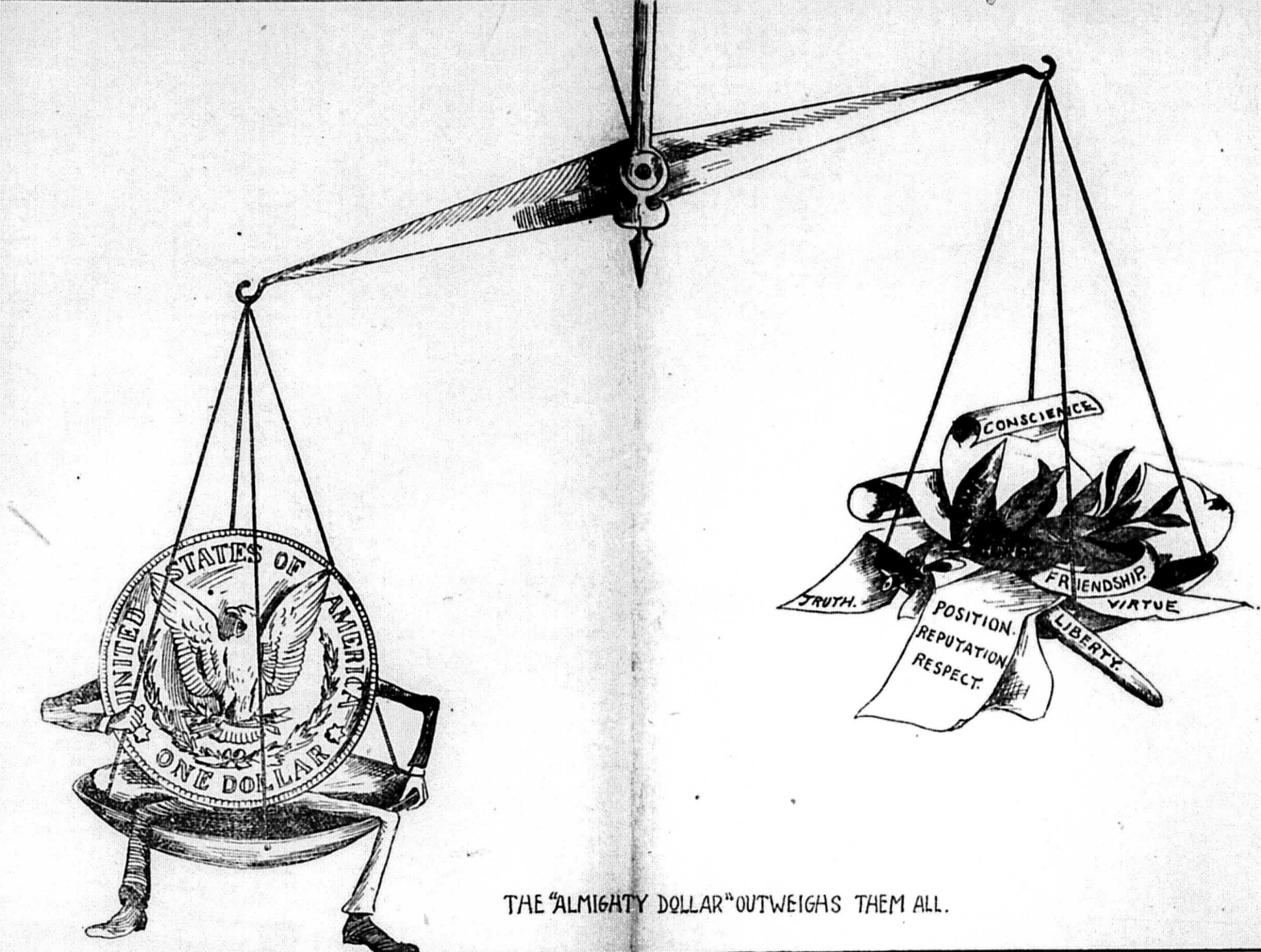
Next is the question of compensation. The capitalist class now "own" legally but not justly, the instruments we wish to nationalize. How did they get them? By (1) "legally" stealing land, and (2) "legally" stealing the products of labor; therefore, what they would ask compensation for would be wealth stolen from the workers. Whether the capitalists are compensated or not, this is clear, that to compensate them will not be just.

Suppose a highwayman meets you unarmed and placing a revolver to your head demands your "life or your money." In order to save your life you give up your money. After having done this suppose a party of friends arrive and force the highwayman to give up the stolen money, what would you think of him if he demanded compensation? Instead of being deserving of compensation you would naturally think he ought to be punished. Well, the position of the wage slave and the capitalist is just the same. He (the capitalist) holds the instruments necessary to produce the necessities of life. You must either use them on his terms, or starve. And a word of compensation for this blundering trading they call civilization? What compensation for the polluting of our rivers, the fouling of the air and the devastation wrought on the whole face of nature in this insane battle for the almighty dollar? Weigh these things up and ask yourself calmly: Is it not the wage slave who should demand compensation and not the capitalists?

But the Socialist demands nothing more than that justice shall be meted out to all men. That instead of setting our minds on the almighty dollar or the making of mere material wealth we make our first task the making of happy and healthy lives for the people. Classes must be abolished, for so long as they exist that class which is most cunning and callous will subjugate the others to serve its own purpose. Hence the class struggle. Hence the Socialist movement. Hence its inevitable success, by abolishing capitalism and establishing in all nations the Social Democracy in one universal commonwealth. JOHNNY SAM.

### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

White Women Slaves in Free America. A large number of young girls were induced to leave San Francisco to work in the raised packing houses of Fresno. They were told the fare would be free and they could earn from \$1 to \$2 a day packing raisins. Arriving at Fresno they went to work; when the first pay day came they could get no money and were told nothing would be paid them until they had earned enough to repay the fare from San Francisco. They were promised comfortable boarding and lodging, but on their arrival could get neither without paying \$4.50 in advance. They had no money to pay with, could get none after they had worked three weeks to repay the fare from San Francisco and then be in debt. They were forced to go to work. That's the way girls, white girls, are treated in enlightened America, free America; individualistic America. If it isn't slavery, what is it? Pray, pious! Howl, hypocrites!



THE "ALMIGHTY DOLLAR" OUTWEIGHS THEM ALL.

## THE RED FLAG.

Why the Emblem of International and Domestic Peace and Prosperity Is Being Hated By all the Tyrants and Traitors of the People.

The Flag of International Socialism versus the Sheriff's Red Flag of Capitalism.

What does it mean? According to the Capitalist editor of the Los Angeles Times, and the Los Angeles Evening Express, it would mean the throwing of dynamite bombs, the burning of the laborer's cottage with the rich man's palace, the opposition to true American principles, and the followers of the red flag to be the enemies of labor in general. No man but a fool or a knave would make such villainous misrepresentation of an emblem, which stands for the most noble cause ever advanced by and for the benefit of mankind.

The red flag carried by the International Socialists does not mean bloodshed, as is the case with the capitalist and plutocratic flags. Millions of innocent human beings have been killed under the flags of France, Germany, England and other European and American nations, sometimes to settle a dispute between tyrannical despots or to enforce some religious dogma and converting the disbelievers of the weaker parties by killing them, so as to prevent them from expressing their disbelief of the dogma, and at last, but not least, for commercial, international and colony robbery.

The red flag of the Socialists stands for the universal brotherhood of men; its red color means that men of all nations, of all climes and of all colors, be they white, red, black or yellow, that red blood circulates through their veins, and therefore that all men are made of the same material, and endowed with the same human rights, understood that some are more advanced toward perfection than others, but that is no reason that the most intelligent should take advantage of their more ignorant brethren, but should use their intelligence to help uplift their least advanced brothers and sisters.

That the red flag is assailed by the capitalist press in this country, as well as in all others, is not on account of the red flag itself, as a certain red flag flies daily at the

on the principle our flag represents. It is an attack on Socialism that the capitalist wants, and the subsidized and muzzled press must carry out their masters' wishes if they like it or not, or lose their jobs.

The contemptible howl made by the upholders of human slavery that Socialism is un-American, and that the Socialists are not American citizens, only shows their ignorance of Socialism, and their prejudice against the principle and its advocates.

But this flimsy, ridiculous argument does not weary the real Socialist, because he knows that the same abuse is practiced all over the world by all the tyrants, despots, oppressors, thieves, and drones, like the Emperor of Germany who rules and keeps himself in power with the force of arms and at the point of the bayonet, and who says that the Socialists of Germany, over ten million in number, natives of German citizens, and who would not wait a day to annihilate them if he could see his way clear to do so, and did not fear the consequence of his barbarous act.

So do all the tyrants of other countries say that Socialism is "foreign," that it is not of their country, and that their citizens who have the courage to proclaim themselves Socialists must be suppressed and starved into submission. It may be said that Socialism is of no one country, as it is universal, it is of all countries. Freedom of conscience has always been suppressed by tyrants and dogmatics in the darkness of past centuries and up to the present time. But the light of justice is breaking through the darkness and the true freedom of conscience and of industry is not far distant, and our industrial vampires and tyrants see that their reign is being threatened and nearing its end, and that is the reason they use every effort to misrepresent Socialism and humbug the people. But their efforts are doomed and our victory is assured with the destructive tendency of their rotten and barbarous system which they uphold.

ED. ARNAELSTEEN.

### Los Angeles, Cal.

A Trip Through Hell. Did you ever ride through Hoosac Tunnel on the Pittsburg Railroad? It takes just ten minutes on a fast train and a strange feeling comes over a person as you look through the windows and see the electric lights jumping past as if it were a procession of fiery-eyed devils. The atmosphere from the smoke in the tunnel becomes oppressive and the thought that you are in the interior of a huge mountain five miles in diameter and a mile above you is indeed a thought that rouses strange feelings. You cannot suppress the thought of the wonderful genius and capacity of the human mind. That genius and mind is now chained like a monster slave to the devil—capitalism. Allow this slave to become free and what wonderful changes could be brought about for humanity. Hell has no longer any terrors for man; with lightning speed, on iron chariots, drawn by steel horses, we roll triumphantly through hell! Why not through the hell of capitalism?

## NEAR THE 100 MARK.

JABEZ CHAPMAN NINETY-NINE YEARS OLD.

Oldest Man in Erie County, Pennsylvania, Used to Shoe Horses for J. Fenimore Cooper and Still Spits and Cords Wood.

**N**INETY-NINE years ago Oct. 9, in the town of Lancaster, New London county, Conn., was born a boy whom the women folk of the village said would not live twenty-four hours. But the wee mite of humanity fooled the people of Lancaster, and recently he celebrated the ninety-ninth anniversary of his birth. Jabez Chapman—that is his name—is the oldest man living in Erie county, and without doubt the most active man of his years in the whole state of Pennsylvania. For one of his advanced age he is in remarkably good health, and the chances are he will live to be more than 100 years old. Mr. Chapman enjoys the distinction of having shod James Fenimore Cooper's horse while America's great novelist kept off the flies.

Sitting in an old arm chair in front of a glowing grate Mr. Chapman told the story of his life. It was a simple story, devoid of thrilling adventures, but interesting nevertheless.

"I was born," said the old gentleman, "at Lancaster, Conn., Oct. 9, 1796. My mother used to tell me that the women folk of the village shook their heads gravely and said I would not live twenty-four hours. I was a very small child, and what the women folk called puny. But I have lived to bury every man, woman and child who lived at that time in Lancaster. When I was 3 years old my father moved to Cooperstown, N. Y., and I remember the trip very well. My grandfather went with us. He was a blacksmith, and so was his son, my father. When I grew old enough I learned the blacksmithing trade, and worked at it for more than fifty years. Grandfather and father put their tools aboard of a ship, and it was six months before the vessel reached Albany. The family traveled by wagon. We were a week going from Albany to Cooperstown on account of the bad roads. Mother trudged along behind the wagon, carrying a baby in her arms. Although it is ninety-six years since Washington died, I have a distinct recollection of hearing my father say: 'The country is now undone, Washington is dead.' I well remember the war of 1812. While a regiment was being organized at Cooperstown father got me an old snare drum, which I learned to beat. I used to march around town ahead of the soldiers, and taught them to keep step. Grandfather went to the war, but before the company got to Albany the captain found out that he could make guns and repair them. He was kept in Albany while the war lasted repairing firearms. When he came home he and I used to work together in the blacksmith shop making cow bells. There was so much forest around Cooperstown that the cattle used to stray away and get lost. Judge Cooper was a regular customer at my father's blacksmith shop. He used to wear knickerbockers and fancy silk stockings that came up to his knees. When the men who worked in

the shop would see the judge coming to have his horse shod, they would put barrel hoops in the fire and then hammer them on the anvils, so that the sparks would fly all over the judge's fancy stockings."

The old gentleman shook with laughter as he recalled the pranks played upon the author of "The Last of the Mohicans."

"Many a time has Judge Cooper kept the flies off his horse while I shod the animal," continued Mr. Chapman. "And he often told me that many ideas came to him while he was thus employed."

Mr. Chapman has lived with his daughter, Mrs. Phillip Northrup, for the last fifteen years. He splits all the wood and cords it up for winter. On his ninetieth birthday Mr. Chapman made a horseshoe that would do credit to any blacksmith.

### Lombroso's Criminals.

I was one day in a printing office correcting the proofs of my "Delinquent Men" with the chief reader. I came to a page which spoke of a young man in the diplomatic service who, impelled by jealousy only too well justified, had stabbed his fiancée with a knife and afterwards stabbed himself. Sentenced to a light punishment, he had disappeared. The proofreader was this man. Suddenly he threw himself at my feet, declaring that he would commit suicide if I published this story with his name. His face, before very gentle, was completely altered and almost terrifying, and I was really afraid that he would kill himself or me upon the spot. I tore up the proofs. In later editions omitted his story but had discovered the criminal through passion.—Westminster Gazette.

## DIDN'T THINK HE KNEW IT.

Quite a Venerable Story in an Entirely New Setting.

There is an old legislative theory that the men who hear it are never tired of telling. The incident that gives it its true foundation occurred in the days when Senator Thomas, ex-Sheriff Connel, Congressman John B. Robinson, of Delaware, were all young and budding members of the lower house. In the same body were two democratic members who were well known to everybody. One of them, since dead, represented a down-town ward. He was a man brimful of real Irish wit and repartee. There was hardly a speech made in the house that did not call forth from him some bright remark. The other democrat came from an uptown district. He was more of a worker and less of a hand at the game of repartee. These two democrats hated each other for some reason or other, probably because each was jealous of the other's peculiar talents. One day "Jack" Robinson was making one of his usually vigorous speeches, and in the course of his remarks he wound up a sentence with "Vox populi; vox Dei." As he uttered this familiar quotation the uptown democrat turned to his rival and exclaimed: "Say, you're so blamed smart, I bet you \$10 you don't know what 'Vox populi, vox Dei' means." "O'ile take yez," was the quick answer. After the speech the two walked out together, and the uptowner said: "Now, come, what did that quotation mean?" "Why, in union there is strength," retorted the quick-witted down-towner. "Confound it, here's your ten," said the equally ignorant uptown rival. "But, say, on the level, I didn't think you knew it."

## DUKE OF ARGYLL.

He Has Decided to Retire Permanently from Public Life.

The Duke of Argyll—next to Mr. Gladstone the most prominent man in



## DUKE OF ARGYLL.

English national affairs for the past forty years—has decided to retire permanently from public life. He is seventy-two years of age. He is best known to Americans by his two works, "The Reign of Law" and "Primeval Man." Although a famous scientist he has not found it necessary to disavow his faith in Christianity. In 1878 he visited the United States, and the same year witnessed the marriage of his son, the Marquis of Lorne, to Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria. He himself was recently married to Miss Ina McNeill, a young lady less than one-third his age.

### Royal Jewels.

At a well known auction room in London a casket of jewels formerly the property of the late duchess of Montrose was sold publicly a few days ago. The last lot but one was a pearl necklace, composed of seven rows, containing in all 362 fine graduated pearls, with a diamond tablet snap. The like of such a necklace for the size, color and faultless matching of the pearls was hardly to be found in the world. Experts in the jewelry houses have, indeed, declared that only three such necklaces exist which can be compared for splendor of surface and perfect symmetry of shape and dimensions to these seven rows. Two belong to queens and the third is the property of a very wealthy family. The very first offer made for the necklace was the round sum of \$25,000. From this point the biddings quickly ascended to \$50,000 and the superb trinket was finally awarded to the bidder who offered the sum of \$67,500.

### Match Monopoly in Switzerland.

Switzerland proposes to have a state match monopoly. The monopoly is not for profit, but is merely a pretext for the total suppression of the manufacture of phosphorous matches, an industry which means painful disease and an untimely death to the people engaged in it. The horrors of the phosphorous disease are as revolting as those of leprosy.

### Joseph H. Hoyt Rival of Depew.



Joseph H. Hoyt of Cleveland, whose portrait is printed above, was lately characterized the Chauncey M. Depew of the west. He spoke on the "Grand old Party" at one of the "Chicago Day" banquets held in that city on October 9.

## KAISER'S BROTHER.

PRINCE HENRY'S LOT IS NOT A VERY HAPPY ONE.

Loved by Everybody, but Will, the Old Emperor, Made a Will to Insure Independence for His Favorite Grandson.



HE quarrel between the German emperor and his brother that has culminated in the banishment of Prince Henry is of long standing. It has been a subject of comment among German navy officers for years.

Prince Henry in his early youth was the acknowledged favorite not only of his father, then the crown prince, but of his grandfather, the old Emperor William. Physically perfect, of commanding appearance, charming of manner and socially popular, Henry was the very opposite of his brother, the present emperor, who at a very early age began to show an imperious, proud nature. Of all his playmates William was physically the weakest, yet the most arrogant. It became necessary to separate the two brothers, so totally unlike were they. Crown Prince Frederick, with the consent of his father, sent his second boy, Henry, on a trip around the world. The young prince won the affection of those brought into personal contact with him and of the public as well. His picture was printed in every paper in the empire, together with accounts of his experiences abroad. The fact that he began his chosen career at the bottom of the ladder and was known to be an excellent comrade, who preserved his charming manner in spite of the discipline and rough work attending a seafaring life, endeared him to the people. Of his elder brother nothing more was known than that he was a close student and slowly gained successive degrees in the army. While the old Emperor William lived he occupied the attention of the monarchial party, somewhat to the detriment of the two princes, especially as the crown prince, then in the prime of his life, stood between them and the throne. Then came the death of the old emperor, and ninety days later his son Frederick followed him to the grave. From obscurity the present emperor was suddenly lifted to the height of his ambition. That this change in his fortunes developed traits of character that until then it had been his duty to control, is not denied even by his most enthusiastic eulogists. William became the center of public attention, and his brother, without envy, devoted himself to his duties. The grandfather, probably foreseeing unpleasant relations, made a will by which Prince Henry was made absolutely independent of his brother's whims, an act without precedent in the history of the house of Hohenzollern. The new emperor began a systematic course of attracting public attention to make himself popular. He wanted to be poet, singer, general, equestrian, sharpshooter, and he wished to lead, to rank first anywhere, everywhere. There was one position that appeared to be a bar to his ambition, the position which by right belonged to his brother Henry.



PRINCE HENRY.

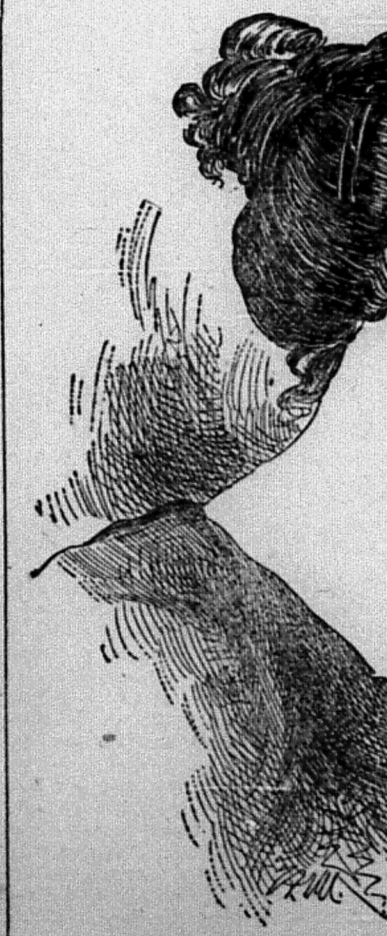
The rise in prominence of the Gully family, the grandson of the founder of which is the speaker of the British House of Commons, illustrates the possibilities of democracy even in a kingdom. The grandfather, John Gully, was a butcher, who, on losing his trade, became a prize-fighter, then a book-maker, and finally left the turf with a fortune. He was elected to Parliament in 1832, at the age of forty-nine. His son became a celebrated physician, and his grandson was a successful lawyer before he entered politics. The speaker's salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and after retirement he

has a pension for life of twenty thousand dollars.

### May Not Go to Heaven.

Li Hung Chang, worth \$500,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$180,000,000; Duke of Westminster, \$100,000,000; Colonel North, \$100,000,000, and Wah Qua, \$100,000,000, is the way a newspaper sums up the five wealthiest men in the world.

### MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.



THE MOTHER OF CONSUELO VANDERBILT.

All the enumerated arts and accomplishments he practiced on land; the ocean was still unconquered by him; here ruled his brother. If ever the father and grandfather of the quarreling princes had any ultimate purpose in view when, with their consent, Prince Henry chose the navy for his career, it certainly must have been their intention to make him commanding admiral of the German navy, a position that it is generally conceded he has not only earned, but which his superior talents entitle him to. To appoint his brother to this position would have been but an act of justice on the part of the present emperor, but in his unbending pride he wishes to retain the highest position in the navy for himself, as he is commander-in-chief of the army, and practically his own chancellor. It evidently is his intention to immortalize himself, either as a grand success or a monstrous failure. The German navy is without an admiral who is not subject to the orders of the emperor or his immediate superior.

When Prince Henry married, William sent him as a wedding present a life-size portrait of himself, to be hung up in the vestibule of the castle in Thiel, where the prince resides. William, in that picture, wears the uniform of the grand admiral of the navy. When Prince Henry saw this picture he merely shook his head. His feelings may be imagined, but he held his peace.

Finally the measure of affronts was full. At the opening of the North Sea canal the emperor appeared in the uniform of the grand admiral, thus taking to himself the honors of the moment, which by rights belonged to his brother who, as commander of the Kiel squadron, was entitled to them. What he should have done was to appear in the role of an honored guest, instead of taking the command out of his brother's hands. The consequences of this act are before the world. That the ambition of the restless William is still unsatisfied, no one doubts. What will he attempt next, and what will be his end?

### Hon. Mr. Gully.

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## END OF THE MYSTERY.

THE MURDERERS OF A BRAVE CASHIER MUST SUFFER.

Although Proved Guilty of the Crime the Murderers Were Rebuffed by the Officers of the Looted Bank—Foul Treachery.



THE governor and council of the state of Maine have unanimously refused to pardon David L. Stain and Oliver Cromwell, the murderers of Cashier Barron of the Dexter Savings Bank of the Dexter. This decision of the governor and council is the final chapter of one of the most extraordinary tragedies that ever startled New England. For ten long years the murder of this faithful bank cashier was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. His dead body had been found on the evening of Washington's birthday, 1878, in the vaults of the bank—a martyr to his trust. The murdered man had been knocked senseless by a blow on the forehead from a slungshot, had been handcuffed, a gag had been forced into his mouth and a rope had been drawn tightly about his neck to suffocate him. Thus bound and gagged, his almost lifeless body had been tossed into the bank vaults and the doors swung to upon him.

The people of Maine, and, in fact, all of New England, were startled and horrified by this murder. The best detective skill of the country was put upon the case, but without success. For two years not the slightest clue was discovered to indicate who the murderers were. Finally, chagrined at his failure to discover the identity of the murderers, a Boston detective evolved the theory that Cashier Barron had committed suicide. The books of the bank, which had been carefully examined at the time of the murder, were given over to the detective and some expert accountants, and while in their possession there suddenly appeared upon the books erasures which were not visible before.

The president and officials of the Dexter Savings bank suddenly changed their position on the whole matter and began to abuse the name of their faithful cashier. The president of the bank instituted proceedings against the estate of Mr. Barron, and in every way tried to ruin the reputation of the murdered man.

In the fall of 1888 the great murder mystery of Maine was unexpectedly



DAVID S. STAIN.

cleared up. A reporter of the New York World, after nearly two months of careful study and a patient following of new clues, finally succeeded in locating the murderers of Cashier Barron. The men were arrested by the reporter at the point of a pistol, taken to Dexter and identified and finally convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life. These men were Stain and Cromwell.

From the very moment of the arrest of these murderers the officials of the Dexter Savings bank did everything in their power to obstruct the machinery of justice and prevent the conviction of the murderers. The officers of the bank provided them with their own counsel, who were the best lawyers in Dexter, and put at their disposal an unlimited amount of money for the purpose of their defense.

Both at the police court hearing in Dexter and at their trial in the Bangor



OLIVER CROMWELL.

courts the extraordinary and unparalleled spectacle was presented of these two notorious bank burglars defended by the counsel of the very bank they had robbed and whose cashier they had murdered, and when the jury unanimously decided that the prisoners at the bar had murdered Cashier Barron the bank officials flew into a violent rage, and at their own expense carried the case on appeal to the Supreme Court. Here again the bank officials were defeated, and the murderers of

Cashier Barron began their sentence of life imprisonment.

Not content with their efforts to defeat justice at every point, the bank officials some months ago set in motion a scheme to petition the Governor for the pardon of these cut-throats. Again the lawyers for the bank and under the direction of the bank appeared before the Governor and Council of the State of Maine early in August and argued for the pardon of the murderers.

No more extraordinary plea for pardon was ever put forward than the one urged by Lawyer Crosby, the attorney for the Dexter Bank. He did not pretend that the prisoners were honest or valuable citizens, for there had already been proof of an overwhelming record of crime against them both. He did not claim that the case should be reviewed on the score of newly discovered evidence. His only claim was that the men were innocent, and upon this ground he demanded that the Governor reverse the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Maine, which had passed upon and settled forever the guilt of the prisoners. Governor Cleves, who is himself a lawyer, was at once impressed with the utter impossibility



CASHIER BARRON.

of granting a pardon on such grounds.

Still, feeling that the matter should have a thorough investigation, the Governor and Council considered the case carefully, and finally appointed Councillor Clason a committee of one to visit the scene of the tragedy at Dexter, to examine the bank thoroughly and inquire from the citizens of Dexter what was really the popular sentiment there. Mr. Clason faithfully performed this duty in behalf of the Governor and Council, and was amazed to find an overwhelming sentiment against the bank officials, and a full and settled conviction that to interfere in behalf of Stain and Cromwell would be to overthrow justice. Councillor Clason so reported, and at an executive session it was unanimously decided to refuse a pardon to the murderers.

When this decision reached Dexter it aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the life-long friends of the murdered cashier. Popular indignation at the attitude of the bank officials at one time threatened the President with tar and feathers, but as this last scheme of the officials of the Dexter Bank to blacken the reputation of their murdered cashier has failed, it is believed that no further efforts will be undertaken to set at liberty the guilty men.

Briefly, the part played by a reporter in the conviction of Stain and Cromwell was as follows: In September, 1887, a member of the World's staff learned that Charles Stain, son of David Stain, had made a partial confession to Sheriff Mitchell of Norridgewock, Me., in which he gave names of the robbers of the Dexter Bank. Sheriff Mitchell had had this confession for nine months, but had not acted on it because of lack of money. The reporter, backed by the World, went there to corroborate young Stain's startling story. In Medfield, Mass., David Stain's house was ransacked and in the neighborhood bits of evidence were gathered proving the existence of a criminal gang. Another reporter meanwhile watched the movements of David Stain, who was then a cobbler, at Franklin, Mass.

After several weeks of investigation Stain and Cromwell were arrested. The reporter leading the officials in every move.

On the trial in Maine many witnesses identified the prisoners as having been in Dexter on the day of the murder, which was Washington's Birthday, 1878. There could be no doubt about these identifications. The holiday and the peculiar aptitude of country folk for remembering strange faces, together with the horror of the crime, combined to fasten the memory of the strangers' faces upon the witnesses' minds. Charles Stain was corroborated by John Harvey and the B. C. Sanborn receipt was produced. The movements of the gang on the way to Dexter were traced from hotel registers. This and a mass of other less important testimony gave overwhelming proof of guilt. The defense stuck to the suicide theory so far as Barron was concerned, and to an alibi in the case of the prisoners. They failed in making any impression in either instance. The verdict of guilty would have been followed by a sentence of execution were it not that Maine had abolished capital punishment.

There were rumors of a confession by Cromwell, implicating Stain, but he would not confess. It was said that he was promised a pardon if he confessed, but that he was afraid to confess because he believed he would be arrested when released for a crime in Massachusetts.

Mr. J. Walter Spalding has leased a villa in Florence, Italy, where he will spend the winter with the hope of recuperating his health, his ill health having been caused from overwork.

# BASEBALL HISTORY.

IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF THE LATE HARRY WRIGHT.

The Most Successful Player and Manager that Ever Donned a Baseball Uniform—The Famous Tour of the Cincinnati Reds.

FEW men have gained the celebrity on the green diamond that the shrewd, honest and energetic late chief of umpires, Harry Wright, had. He was born in Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 10, 1835, but his parents brought him in 1836, to New York City, where he attended school until he was about fourteen years old. At that age he went to learn the jewelry manufacturing business. He played cricket whenever the opportunity offered with the St. George Cricket Club, his father having been for many years the professional thereof. The St. George Club was at that time located on the Red House grounds at Second avenue and 106th street. Afterwards the club opened fine new grounds at Hoboken, N. J., and removed there. In 1857 Harry was first engaged as a professional bowler by that cricket club, assisting his father. It was in 1857 also that he commenced to play baseball with the then famous Knickerbocker club, which also had its grounds at Hoboken, adjoining those of the cricket club. In 1858 Harry Wright represented the Knickerbocker club in the first great game between picked nines of New York and Brooklyn, playing center field for the former. He was with the Knickerbockers until the end of the season of 1863. In 1864 and 1865 he was a member of the Gotham club, playing third base in its games. In 1866 he went to Cincinnati under engagement to the Union Cricket club of that city, acting as its professional. In July, 1866, he helped to organize the after-



HARRY WRIGHT.

wards famous Cincinnati Baseball club, and was unanimously elected captain, a position which he retained as long as the Red Stockings were in existence. Early in 1867 the Cincinnati, in conjunction with the cricket club, opened new grounds. They were at that time the largest, best located, most complete in every respect, and by far the finest baseball and cricket grounds in the west. Harry Wright's last engagement as a professional cricketer was in 1867. The Cincinnati club played on the Union Grounds, as they were called, for four seasons, Harry Wright being engaged professionally in 1868, '69 and '70. The Cincinnati Reds, through Wright's able management, gained an enviable and wide spread reputation. Harry pitched for the club during the seasons of 1866 and 1867, but the next three seasons he played as center field, occasionally alternating with Asa Brainard in the pitcher's position. In 1867 the club played seventeen games, the only defeat sustained being that from the then famous Nationals of Washington, on their Western trip. The Cincinnati in 1868 played forty-three games with Eastern and Western

teams, winning thirty-six and losing seven. The season of 1869, however, was Cincinnati's record year, and this celebrated team was one of the first regularly trained professional teams ever put upon the diamond. During that season the club traveled all over the United States by rail and steamboat, over ten thousand miles, and met all the leading clubs without losing a game, this being a phenomenal performance. It was the first Eastern club to visit California. In 1870 the Cincinnati also had a successful season, although they lost six games, being defeated twice each by the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, and the Chicagos, and once each by the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the Forest City club, of Rockford. In a game played June 22, 1867, at Newport, Ky., Harry Wright made seven home runs for the Cincinnati, this being the largest number of home runs ever scored by any individual player in a game. The Cincinnati club having disbanded, Harry Wright, in 1871, was engaged to play center field for and captain the then newly organized Boston club team. Although the Boston did not become champions that year, Harry gathered a pretty strong nine together, which during the following four seasons, were the champions of the first regular professional association of this country. He was one of the Boston-Athletic combination that visited England in 1874, and a large share of the credit for the victories then scored at cricket was due to his bowling, batting and captaining. Harry played regularly in center field until the close of the season of 1874. After the National League was organized Harry's Boston team won the championship of that organization during the seasons of 1877 and 1878. He remained with the Boston club until the end of the season of 1881. He was engaged in 1882 to manage the Providence club, and it finished second in the championship race that season, and third in 1883. Harry Wright, in 1884, was engaged to manage the Philadelphia club, with which he remained until the close of the season of 1893. The position of chief of the staff of umpires was then created for him, and he retained it until his death. As a player, Harry filled in a most creditable manner the position of center field, and was sometime very effective as a pitcher, his style of disguising a change of pace being very troublesome to the best of batsmen. As a captain and manager he introduced the present system of coaching by signals, and he became a general favorite by the faithful discharge of his duties and the peculiar ability he had of securing the esteem of the men in his charge. As a cricketer Harry Wright ranked in the first class, and for many years took part in all the important matches played in this country. He was one of the team that represented the United States in the annual international cricket contest with Canada in 1858, and also took part in a similar contest in 1865, when he bowled no fewer than eleven wickets at the cost of only 52 runs, and scored double figures in both innings. He was an elder brother of George Wright, one of the greatest professional players of the day, and of Sam Wright, who was also expert at baseball and cricket. Harry Wright was one of the most widely known, best respected and most popular of the exponents and representatives of professional baseball, of which he was virtually the founder. His remarkable career of victories with the Cincinnati Reds, followed by his successful management of the Boston, Providence and Philadelphia teams, thoroughly identifies him with the annals of professional baseball.

## SPORTING NOTES.

The board of League directors has refused to grant the Pittsburg's protest of the Baltimore forfeit. Therefore Pittsburg will rank seventh. The late Harry Wright's will, admitted to probate in Philadelphia, disposes of an estate valued at \$13,000. The Temple cup, which has been on exhibition in Washington, has been forwarded to Cleveland by President N. E. Young of the League.



THE INDIANAPOLIS WESTERN LEAGUE CHAMPIONS 1893.

# WOMAN AND HOME.

UP TO DATE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some of the Latest Styles for the Ladies—The Handsomest Gowns—New Devices in Bodice Trimming—Odd Braidings.

TO connect any rational idea with a woman's dress seems ridiculous, and yet many things are discarded by her because they cast a suspicion of worry over her face, while she demands the same effect in more healthful materials. Some years ago the evolved woman decided that thick, rough materials made the most handsome gowns. But she learned, also, that these gowns were entirely too heavy for her slender figure and that their pleasing effect was counterbalanced by the lines of care which their weight added to her face. Heavy gowns were laid aside and light ones worn. Smooth materials are pretty only when perfectly fresh. With a sigh of dis-



THE NOVEMBER BRIDE.

satisfaction those were rejected and fine crinkled crepon took their place. For the crepon we shall forever have kindly thoughts, for to that material do we owe the heavy light dress goods to be worn during the coming season. At first crepons were very light, both in weight and appearance, gradually the material gained in thickness, yet added nothing to its weight and for a time we were perfectly satisfied. Just as we had decided that we must renounce crepons because they had been worn so long and turned our eyes to silk, the manufacturer scored a point. Heavy crepons gave him an inspiration, which resulted in his flooding our market with thick rough materials, so heavy and so handsome in appearance, yet so light in weight that one is hardly conscious of the burden. As to colors, little black will be worn. Everything will be of several colors, chameleon effects, checks and stripes, but the first will be decidedly the favorite.

Skirts That Are Oddly Braided. The craze for braiding will continue, and skirts of otherwise quiet and inoffensive dresses will be made elaborate monstrosities by covering and sprawling over them great scroll designs in braiding of a color to contrast with the dress material. One new and costly dress, for example, is of a dull sage green, smooth cloth braided in rows of bright butter color, the design simulating a pair of great triangles set at either side of the skirt, the bases of the triangles at the hem, and the apex high up on the hips. The sides of the triangles toward the front cut the front of the skirt into a queer panel effect, narrower at the foot where the corners of the triangles come near together than it is above. The effect is not pretty, but then it's odd, and to be odd

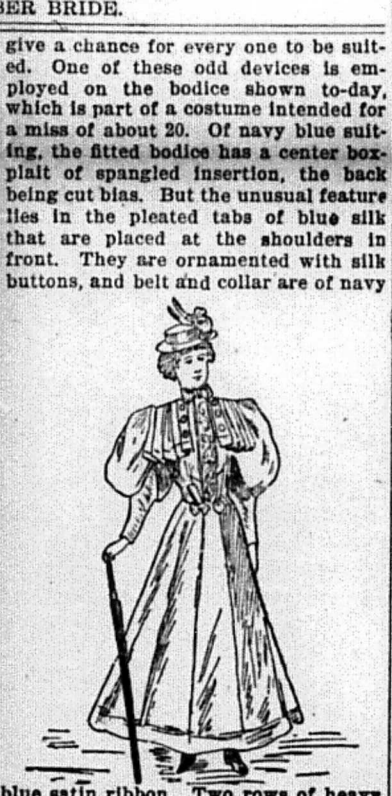


is to be in the fashion. Yet fashions, whose greatest recommendation, if not their only one, is their unusualness, are not long lived, and these women who must plan dresses to last in fashionableness for a good while will be safer in avoiding free use of braid and in employing some of the many beautiful spangled trimmings now offered. Bands of iridescent spangles and ribbon garniture are combined very prettily on this

pictured dress, which is made of dark green suiting. Its skirt has a narrow stripe of the spangles near the hem, and there are two wide bands on the front breadth. Then the blouse waist is banded up and down and across with the same trimming, ornaments being placed at the corners, and is alike in back and front. The sleeves are trimmed to match, and collar, belt, and corsages are of the ribbon. Stunning little capes are being made of heavy shawling, fringe and all. These garments reach well below the elbow and are finished with a practicable hood, the fringe making a finish all about. They are very novel and attractive, especially those in conspicuous plaid, but a rich, dark plaid should be chosen if the garment is to be depended on for constant use.

New Devices in Bodice Trimming. All sorts of tab effects are being added to the fronts of bodices, and some of them hang down as far as the knee. These either make a woman seem older, or else demurely pretending that she is older. Not all of them have this effect, and in moderation the style is becoming. But there should be no need of taking risks with such devices, because so many novel forms of ornamentation are available. Their number and variety constitute strong praise for the dressmakers' ingenuity, and

give a chance for every one to be suited. One of these odd devices is employed on the bodice shown to-day, which is part of a costume intended for a miss of about 20. Of navy blue suiting, the fitted bodice has a center box-plot of spangled insertion, the back being cut bias. But the unusual feature lies in the pleated tabs of blue silk that are placed at the shoulders in front. They are ornamented with silk buttons, and belt and collar are of navy



blue satin ribbon. Two rows of heavy stitching are the skirt's only ornamentation. Many wide collar effects are produced in linen and white muslin. A wide sailor collar at the back is finished with two long points in front that fit down to the waist line. In natural linen color openworked in white, the effect is charming. Such collars are now being worn with stuff dresses and bid fair to be accepted as a correct embellishment to winter gowns. For the throat all sorts of delicious affairs appear, and the ruffs are so high that when in hand it appears impossible that any ordinary woman can have neck enough for them. Yet when they are on they prove so well cut and so soft that one is inclined to venture that they can't be made too high. Despite the new fashions, a great many new dresses are seen with the full, loose-front bodice that came in last season. The style is becoming, and is sure to hold for at least this winter and next summer. So don't fret about the dresses that are on hand cut that way. There will be lots of wear from them yet, and no danger of looking unfashionable.

A Handsome Model. One of the handsomest models of the season is made of black poplin. The skirt is the usual flaring shape, and the bodice is close fitting. A jacket basque has large leg-o'-mutton sleeves and extremely full skirts, finished with buckram, and so full as to stand in scallops around the hips just below the waist. The shoulders and entire front of this jacket are covered by a cape-shaped arrangement of black satin, folded in jabot fashion from the neck to the belt on either side of an elaborately braided vest. This braiding is one of the features of the new suits, and is done with heavy mohair braid, about three-fourths of an inch in width, skirts having elaborate designs on the side seams from waist-line to hem.

# AUTUMN SUNSHINE.

LATEST PRODUCTION OF THE FUNNY MEN.

The Bubble That Bursts—Worse Than Cannibalism Itself—The Parson and Noah's Ark—Satirical Shots—Humorous Notes.



WITH bowl on lap, with cheeks distent, The eager child the bubble blows; From thinnest film to bulging pride The iridescent vision grows. Half free it sways, then swings adrift To float triumphant through the air; How bravely all its beauty shows! The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

Hark to the trumpet's brazen notes! What trophies does the warrior bring? The banners wave—behold the chief! In deafening peals the plaudits ring. The noiseless sands have stolen the hours; How soon the funeral torches flare! "The King is dead. Long live the King!" The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The lover pleads—his mistress smiles; Low words are breathed; a blush, a sigh, A stealthy pressure of the hand, The raising of a downcast eye. The vows are said; the symbol ring Gleams golden as the maiden's hair; Two souls are shackled till they die— The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The scholar bends in patient toil, Beneath the lonely midnight flame, Dreaming that ere his course is run Laborious hours shall purchase fame. And, when the starvelling soul is fled, Dame Fortune doles a niggard share. He leaves a bloodless, empty name— The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The infant cries in pain of life; The child rejoices with the sun; The youth sees love on every hand; The man deems life is well begun. Then, as he stands confronting fate, He feels the eyeless sockets glare, Till greybeard finds his days are done— The bubble bursts—there's nothing there.

The West Ahead. Eastern man—"The boasting of you Westerners makes me tired. When you cut up your quarter sections into town lots, and sold 'em at a high price, it was to the East that you looked for buyers, wasn't it?" Western man—"Jus' so." "Then it was Eastern capital that put money into your pockets, wasn't it?" "Of course." "Then what have you to brag of?" "We brag of our smartness in keepin' that money in our pockets instead of buyin' back the lots at half price when you Eastern capitalists wanted to sell."

Finances Very Low. Wife—"I hear that the last number of the Weekly Humor has a lot of jokes about donation parties. I think it would please the congregation if you should write the editor an indignant letter on the subject." Struggling Minister—"I can't afford the stamp, my dear. You forget that we have just been through a donation party ourselves."

The Champion Drawing Card. Fair Customer (breathlessly)—"I see you are advertising shot silks at five cents a yard." Salesman (blandly)—"Yes, madam, and they will do beautifully for musquito netting. You see they came in an express car that was held up by train robbers."

A Rare Woman. Jinks—"I never saw a house where everything ran so smoothly as at Broadgrin's." Minks—"Yes; lucky fellow, Broadgrin. He's got a wife who knows how to keep the servants amused while she does the work."



Deacon Snow—You didn't tote de troof in you' sarmon to-day, sah, when you said dat Mister Noah came fust outer de ark. Rev. Mr. Johnsing—Can you proob dat, sah? Deacon Snow—Sartan! It says in de good book dat "Noah came fourth out eb de ark." You should be keerful how you lead your flock astray, sah.

Safety in Numbers. Stranger—"Suppose there should be an accident on your elevated railroads. Would it not be terrible?" Mr. Gotham—"Well, I don't know. The passengers are generally packed in so tight that only the outside layers would get hurt."

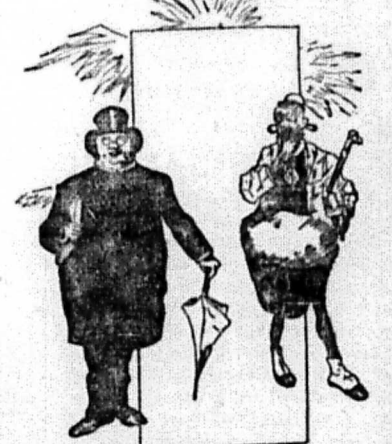
# Marketable Faculty.

Housekeeper—"Want any old newspapers?" Junk Man—"No. Newspapers an'f made o' rags any more. Made o' wood pulp." Housekeeper—"Isn't wood pulp no use?" Junk Man—"Guess not; but dump 'em on. If they happen to be made o' maple wood, maybe I can sell 'em at a maple sirup factory."

Cruel Punishment. Magistrate—"You are charged with rushing up to this young lady, and kissing her against her will, and I sentence you to— Prisoner—"The charge is true, y' honor; but she had been eating onions." Magistrate—"Then I sentence you to kiss her again."

The Liveryman's Loss. Liveryman—"Terrible accident to-day. Mrs. Heavyweight hired a horse of me to take a ride, and had hardly got started before the horse stumbled." Friend—"My! my! Did the horse fall on her?" Liveryman—"No, she fell on the horse."

## Worse Than Cannibalism Itself.



This cannibal is converted, but—oh, what a temptation.

Quickly Pacified. Husband (furiously)—"Here's my best meerschaum pipe broken! How in the name of sense, did that happen?" Wife—"I don't know, except that when I got up this morning, I found your meerschaum pipe in the front hall, and your overshoes on the parlor mantlepiece." Husband (mildly)—"Oh, well accidents will happen. I presume there has been an earthquake or something."

The Wise Serpent. He—"The Serpent knew what a woman was when he entered the Garden of Eden." She—"Yes, he knew woman, and man, too. You remember the story, I see." He—"Of course." She—"Yes. He tempted Eve through her reason; he tempted Adam through his stomach."

Attracting the Men. Husband—"I don't care to go to those lyceum lectures any more. There's never any one there but a few women." Wife—"Oh, there will be plenty of men there to-morrow, my dear. The lecturer is a Buddhist who is expected to make mince-meat of the Christian religion."

Ready to Eat at Once. Tramp—"Please, mum, I've got a wife and seventeen small children— Housekeeper—I've heard that story for years. Tramp—Then, mum, you probably have it by heart, and there's no need of me spoilin' my digestion by tryin' to tell it between mouthfuls.

Neither Hopeless. Gus—"Did you make an impression on that pretty girl you got so wild about?" George—"I'm afraid not. When I called, she summoned her chaperon, and then the two spent the evening arguing the points of a new costume, with me as umpire."

One Consolation. Jinks—"So poor Puffem was killed in that railroad accident? He was in the smoker, I believe." Binks—"Yes, that's one consolation we all have. He forgot to take any cigars with him, and if he was smoking one bought of the train boy, death must have come as a welcome relief."

Proof Positive. Mrs. Upson—Seems to me your husband is becoming very absent-minded. Mrs. Downtown—Indeed he is. Why, last night he forgot to go to the club.

Smiles. The complaining boarder—This meat is about the toughest that I ever came across. The philosophical boarder—Yes, but then there is very little of it, you know.—Boston Transcript. And, speaking of the cup, the colored gentleman was not far wrong when he said: "Good name for dat boat ob ours, Missey. She done keep all de udder boats off, so she's de fender!"—New York Recorder. "If I were only pretty," she sighed. "You can easily become so," said her best friend. "How?" "Disappear mysteriously. I never read of a girl who disappeared mysteriously who was not pretty."—Chicago Post. Angry pedestrian (picking himself up)—The next infernal scoundrel—O, I see! It was a man on horseback. Never mind, sir. It didn't hurt me. I thought it was one of those darned bicyclers.—Chicago Tribune. Waiter—Will you have spinach to-day, sir? Guest—Yes, but I don't want it so spunky as it was yesterday. Bring me some with no saad in it.—Boston Transcript.

# OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party!

## EDITORIAL.

### SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

For the last two months, since the Sedan festivities, when the working people of Germany demonstrated in favor of universal brotherhood, while the ruling plutocrats were glorifying the bloody Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, Emperor William waged a "war of extermination" against the Social Democratic party.

Dosses of Socialist papers were confiscated. Many Socialist editors and agitators were arrested, indicted for lese majeste and sentenced to many months of imprisonment.

Secret orders were given out to the local authorities, to the effect that the most severe fight be made against Socialism and Socialists. Meetings were dissolved by the police—but all of no avail. Socialism is governing the world.

Last week an election was held in Dortmund. Comrade Lutegenau, the Socialist candidate, was elected by over 3,000 majority. Mr. Lutegenau is the forty-seventh Socialist member of the Reichstag.

We are well pleased with the Socialist vote in the East. Keep the ball rolling, Comrades.

SOCIALISM has come to stay. We are still young in the fight for freedom. Up with the Socialist banner!

In the banner ward of Populism in Buffalo the Populists polled 17 votes against 108 votes cast in the same district a year ago.

The Socialists must now prepare for a lively fight in 1896. The Socialists of America must remember the motto: "United we stand, divided we fall."

NEW YORK CITY with 10,700 votes is a surprise to the Populist politicians. We may live to see the time when the metropolis will give 100,000 votes to the Socialist Labor Party.

Socialism is the topic of the day. In all parts of the civilized world the poor and oppressed, the men of intelligence and honor of all classes are advocating Socialism. The plutocrats in all parts of the globe are fighting against the "foreign ideas" of Socialism.

WANTED—Ex-policemen, Pinkertons, ex-criminals, etc., to fill the places of the striking Great Northern Railroad men and to shoot down the "striking mob." Protection guaranteed. Gatling guns are the best means to cure the striking mob. Strike, boycott, unionism, Socialism—all foreign ideas.

THE Consuelo Vanderbilt-Duke of Marlborough wedding expenses were, according to an estimate of the Chicago Tribune, \$640,730. "Of this enormous sum, all but the clergyman's fee may be said to go to Labor," says the Tribune. This is not true. Perhaps three-fifths of this sum goes to the capitalist—as profit. Of this enormous sum, every cent may be said to have been stolen from labor.

When workmen in London have no work it's a "terrible condition of affairs."

When workmen in Chicago have no work it's an evidence of "glorious good times."

The people who complain of injustice in Europe are "paupers and serfs."

The people who don't complain of injustice in America are "intelligent workmen."—O'Connell Nation.

It is disgusting to see the general stupidity of the Democratic and Republican voters in regard to woman suffrage. The Massachusetts politicians defeated the woman suffrage proposition. To the opponents of woman suffrage we recommend the reading of the following telegram:

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 5.—Although the Democratic politicians used every effort to defeat the women's independent ticket for members of the Board of Education, the women scored a signal triumph. It being their first vote, but little over half the registered voters were polled. The women were given separate booths, and women officers conducted the election separate from the regular election for State or other officers. They did not get to the polls until nearly 8 o'clock, but the Kentucky gallantry to women prevented any disorderly scenes from taking place, and, as one man stated, the women conducted their election more like a reception than a battle of the ballots. When the men would enter their booths to vote they would take off their hats, and no matter if the voter was a ward hound, he was as deferential and respectful to the ladies as if he had been a Chesterfield.

## AWAKE FROM YOUR LETHARGY.

Advice of Comrade George Hayer of Worcester.

The question that is uppermost with us is, whether there is not some plan that will give us better things than we are at present having. The Republicans and the Democrats have both had their turns at it, and they have both failed. They are about the same so far as we are concerned. The Republicans say that the protective tariff is the one thing that is needful and the Democrats say that free-trade is the cure-all for our woes. This is not the fact, for we have had both and still, at various times, there have been panics that have gone over the country. The time is within the memory of all when we have suffered one of the greatest of crises of the world's history.

It is the system under which we live that is the cause of it. So long as you keep in power the men who are backed by the monopolists, we will not get from them the legislation that we need. Many of us suffer because we are in this organization. But why should we? We are organized to benefit humanity. If the workers were to look into things they would see that so long as the two parties are in power it will be no better for us. Shorter hours have come only because they were compelled to give them to us. We have long been bamboozled by both parties. They make their promises, and then other influences take possession of them after they have had our votes.

Wherever cities have taken hold of large corporations the result has been the benefit of the poor. See how it is in Brockton, where gas is owned by the city and costs 30 or 40 cents a thousand, against \$1, and over in Lynn, where it is in the power of a corporation.

The Post-office is in better shape than the express companies. It costs to send a pound by one of the six companies 30 cents for 800 miles; in the Post-office you may send a pound 5,000 miles for 16 cents, and the Post-office employs get better pay and work less hours than the express men do. If Socialism has been successful here why not everywhere?

It is a hard task to get anything from the Democrats or the Republicans. To-day we are on the same level with them that we have always been on—that of suppliants. Let us awake from our lethargy and be no longer beggars. We are the bone and sinew of the nation, and as long as we possess the ballot we ought to use it for our advantage.

### BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

It was impossible to engage a suitable hall for the Keir Hardie lecture on the 20th, and he has been requested to furnish another date. It is believed that many of his arrangements will be changed as he proceeds on his route. The Park City Theater could be had, but it will surprise many to hear that the lowest figure for a night is \$100, and then there are other expenses which make it run beyond all reason. So if Keir Hardie comes, it is most likely he will speak at Sailor Hall, that being the most reasonable and suitable. Keep your eyes open and be ready for short notice.

Our comrades debated pro and con the question, "Is the average workman a reasoning being?" a few Sundays ago. Certainly with the mass of rubbish which fills the ordinary worker's brain he can't do much logical reasoning. "Ah yes, lad, I know," said one to me, who has passed through some bitter experiences, "I believe Socialism to be right, but what we want in this country for the next 20 years is Protection." This man with others left England because Protection killed the industry he made his living at—viz: plush manufacturing. He came to this country and found wages pretty good so long as there was a demand for the goods and a limited number of workmen, but just so soon as the market became stocked and the number of workers increased until there were more workers than jobs, he found to his sorrow that wages began to drop and, to make matters worse, he found less work. Yet all this time the big, mighty hand of Uncle Sam was supposed to be "protecting" him and giving high wages.

Then came after several reductions the cry from the bosses: "Oh, look at the Wilson bill, it will ruin us, you must accept a reduction or we shall be obliged to stop the mill." And this was twelve months before the Wilson bill became law! But, of course, the workers reasoned "it is better to work and have half a loaf than be idle and starve"—so they "accepted" another reduction. Yet against this my friend, a man who is stepping down the shady side of life, says we want more "protection." He has labored and toiled at this protected industry and now sees the workers reduced to the same level as in England—that is, they are working for wages sufficient to cloth and feed themselves and what they spend in recreation is taken from actual necessities.

This is the reason and logic one must expect from minds blinded by false issues. This is the "reason" I get from those who tell me "they won't read about Socialism." Would that in those darkened superstitious minds its bright light could fall and help them to arise and march forward to their emancipation.

Yes, we want protection. A just and righteous protection—the full fruits to each of his toil. No protection can be better than this, and we who have raised aloft the banner of Socialism demand this protection for the toilers and nothing less.

He who would offer less is a leech—a parasite on the industry of others—he who fears to demand this right is a coward unworthy the name of man. We who have pledged ourselves to this cause of the just should feel proud of the name of Socialist and remember that we can never be too worthy of it.

If you hear a man call down Socialism invite him to come to the Section meeting and show us when we are wrong. If we are not big enough tell him he will be welcome at the Keir Hardie meeting. It would be a surprise to such to find that Socialists are gentlemen even in debate and don't use personalities.

# A VOICE FROM NEW AMERICA.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS.

(Written Especially for the Socialist Newspaper Union.)

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

We are low—very low, indeed. Our forefathers taught us the self-evident truth that all men are created equal, that all men are endowed with equal rights—with certain inalienable rights. The first of these rights is the right to life. Shakespeare's Shylock was right when he said to Portia: "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." I see hundreds of unemployed wage workers before me. Every one of you knows what Shylock's words mean. A polished-barbarian society, Capitalism, has taken from you the means whereby you live. What are the means whereby a wage worker lives? The price which he receives for the labor-power of his hands or brains. What do we see to-day? Millions of wage workers cannot sell their labor-power, because machinery, put in motion by steam and electricity, has taken the place of hand work. The chance to work means the chance to live. No work, no wage, no livelihood, no enjoyment of life, no happiness; no freedom—suffering, misery, starvation.

Such are the conditions of the wealth producers of Old America. The wealth producers, the capitalists, the plutocrats, the tyranical Capitalist, offers of conciliation, etc., but the tyrant Capitalist hears not, or, hearing, heeds not, cares not, sleeping on in fancied security; but the day is not far distant when a rude awakening may take place. Men and women and children are the slaves of machines, and ere long such a war of discontent will emanate from a starving, workless proletariat, reverberating into the inmost sanctities of society's holies, that will blanch the cheeks of self-satisfied plutocracy. A spirit of unrest is engendered and felt all over the so-called civilized world. Labor is writhing in the chains of slavery—the haggard countenance betokening despair—and unless some determined effort is made to satisfy the just needs of mankind and abolish all class distinctions, nations will weep tears of bitter repentance for having neglected to solve social problems and meting out justice to all.

The industrial crisis will continue, all Capitalist press reports to the contrary notwithstanding. It will continue as long as the Capitalist robbery system continues. Socialism, i. e., a radical fundamental reconstruction of society on a co-operative basis, will do away with crises, panics, and "lack of confidence in the business world." Socialism will do away with business altogether, for business is profit making, profit making is legalized robbery—and robbery is a crime.

Read the census of the immense wealth of the so-called civilized nations of the world—everywhere sufficient products to satisfy the wants of every human being.

Over-production! This is the cry of alarm everywhere. Unemployed starving men—thousands, nay, millions of them!—parading the streets of San Francisco, Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Sidney, Melbourne!

In spite of all tariff and money legislation we see to-day, in this fertile, wealthy country, about 4,000,000 workers forced into the ranks of tramps, vagabonds and criminals.

The economic conditions have forced the masses of the people into a struggle that will soon end the tariff and money picnic of the political wire-pullers. It is the struggle for self-preservation, the battle for the human right of existence of the working class. It is a battle of which the ruling class and their mercenaries in our halls of legislation stand very much in fear. It is the fight that began with the strike and boycott on the economic battleground, but that will end with the general strike of Labor on the ballot box.

Social science demonstrates the fact that this over-production has been caused by the rapid development and adaptation of machinery in all the activities belonging to production and transportation in our Capitalist society. It is the iron scab that has become the powerful competitor to hand labor. To-day the working people are made slaves by the machine, while the Socialists propose to make the people master of the machine by nationalizing the means of production and the natural sources of wealth.

Since we know that Labor creates all social wealth (natural wealth being the free gift of nature), while it receives only a small and constantly decreasing proportion of the wealth produced, it will be easy to comprehend the causes of this so-called over-production. While the workman produces, in a given time, an article worth \$10.00, his wages will not be more than \$5.00, consequently he is unable to buy the product of his own labor.

There is an over-production of wheat while millions of "free" American citizens are starving; there is an over-production of coal while millions of poor women and children of the wealthy American Republic are freezing and suffering from the effects of cold; there is an over-production of shoes and clothes, but millions of men, women and children, not finding any opportunity to work, cannot buy them.

Most of the people do not know to what extent machinery is displacing hand labor.

In order to give an illustration of the rapid development of machinery and its adaptation in Capitalist industry and agriculture, I call your attention to the first annual report of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the Commissioner of Labor in Washington, published in 1886. In said official report we find some striking figures relative to the displacement of manual labor by machinery. Mr. Wright says:

In the manufacture of agricultural implements new machinery during the past fifteen or twenty years, in the opinion of some of the best manufacturers of such implements, displaced fully 50 per cent of the muscular labor formerly employed, i. e., out of every 100 workmen 50 were forced out of work by the iron scab. "To-day 600 men are doing the same work which under former conditions would have required 2,145 men," said the proprietor of an extensive establishment in one of the Western States.

In the manufacture of small arms, where one man, by manual labor, was formerly able to "turn" and "fit" one stock for a musket in one day of ten hours, three men now, by a division of labor and the use of power machinery, will turn and fit from 125 to 150 stocks in ten hours. By this it is seen that one man individually turns out and fits the equivalent of 42 to 50 stocks in ten hours, as against one stock in the same length of time by

manual labor, a displacement of 41 to 49 men in this one operation.

In brickmaking improved devices displaced more than 10 per cent of the labor; in manufacturing firebrick 40 per cent has been displaced; and yet in some concerns, in manufacturing certain kinds of bricks, no displacement has occurred.

The manufacture of boots and shoes offers some very wonderful facts in this connection. In one large and long-established manufactory in one of the Eastern States the proprietors testified that it would require 500 persons working by hand processes to make as many women's boots and shoes as 100 persons now make with the aid of machinery, a displacement of manual labor of 80 per cent. In another class of the same industry the number of men required to produce a given quantity of boots and shoes has been reduced one-half.

A well-known firm, engaged in manufacturing boots and shoes in the West, states that in the grade of goods manufactured by it, it would take 120 persons working by hand to produce the amount of work done in its factory by 60 employes, and the hand work would not compare in workmanship and appearance, as expressed by the concern, by 50 per cent. Goodyear's sewing machine for turned shoes, with one man, will sew 250 pairs in one day. It would require eight men working by hand to sew the same number. By the use of King's heel-shaver or trimmer one man will trim 300 pairs of shoes a day, where it formerly took three men to do the same.

One man with the McKay machine can handle 300 pairs of shoes a day, while, without the machine, he could handle but five pairs in the same time. In nailing on heels, by the use of machinery, one man and a boy can heel 300 pairs of shoes per day. It would require five men to do this by hand. A large Philadelphia firm, engaged in the manufacture of boys' and children's shoes, states, and the foreman of the establishment corroborates evidence, that the introduction of new machinery within the past thirty years has displaced about six times the amount of hand labor required.

In the construction of carriages and wagons, a foreman of fifty years' experience, testifies that the length of time it took a given number of skilled workmen, working entirely by hand, to produce a carriage of a certain style and quality, was equal to thirty-five days of one man's labor, while now one man produces substantially the same style of carriage in twelve days.

In the manufacture of carpets, some of the leading manufacturers in the country, and men of the largest experience, consider that the improvement in machinery in the past thirty years, taking weaving, spinning and all the processes together, have displaced from ten to twenty times the number of persons now necessary. In the manufacture of some kinds of hats, especially stiff hats, experienced men consider that there has been a displacement of manual labor by machinery of nine to one.

In the manufacture of flour there has been a displacement of nearly three-fourths of the manual labor necessary to produce the same product. In the manufacture of furniture from 50 to 75 per cent only of the former number of persons is now required. A saving of about 25 per cent is made in the manufacture of machines and machinery over the hand methods. In the production of metals and metallic goods, long-established firms testify that machinery has decreased annual labor 33 1-3 per cent. A first-class journeyman can make from 600 to 1,000 two-pound tin cans per day by hand process; by the use of machinery he can make from 2,000 to 2,500 per day. One boy running a planing machine in turning wood work for musical instruments and material, does the work of 25 men. In silk manufacture the displacement of manual labor by machinery is estimated at 50 per cent; in soap manufacture, 40 per cent; in the manufacture of railroad supplies, 50 per cent; in the manufacture of woolen goods, 50 per cent, etc., etc.

But this was prior to 1886! Since those days the revolution in the means of production has been more tremendous than in any previous period.

In the textile industry improvements have recently taken place that forced tens of thousands of people out of work.

In the manufacture of iron and steel new processes have been introduced whereby one man, by handling a machine, can do the work that had formerly been done by a dozen men.

And then think of the type-setting machine that has forced nearly half of all the printers out of work!

## NEW YORK ELECTIONS

Tidal Wave of Socialism in New York State.

Splendid Outlook for Our Next National Campaign—The Vote in Other States.

The rising sun on the horizon of American politics—The Socialist Labor Party!

The dense fog of confusionary reform politics that must necessarily follow the dark night of political corruption based on economic slavery, is disappearing, and poor, suffering wanderers of wage-workers begin to recognize their economic, political and social surroundings.

We hail the success of our cause achieved by the Socialist Labor Party last week. It is true in some places we did not poll the vote that was expected by the Comrades; but in others we have made a splendid show. A movement like ours is not the work of one season. Like the waves of the ocean Socialism moves the great sea of humanity from one end of the globe to the other.

Now, New York City and Brooklyn have made a good fight. In New York City the Socialist-Labor Party polled 10,657 votes, against about 8,000 in 1894. Brooklyn polled 5,300 Socialist votes. From other points in New York State we have received the following reports: Syracuse, 600; Yonkers, 297; Buffalo, 430; West Troy, 42; Green Island, 14; Onconta, 116; Bath, 138; Woodside, 45 votes.

Pennsylvania. LUZERNE, Nov. 7.—The Socialist vote in this town is estimated at 150. In Pringle Hill the vote stood: Democrats, 49; Socialists, 27; Republicans, 17; Populists, 1.

New Jersey. NEWARK, Nov. 5.—Essex County polled 1,200 votes.

PERTH-AMBOY, Nov. 5.—The S. L. P. vote runs up to 65.

ELIZABETH, Nov. 7.—Joseph B. Kain received in this town and Union County 384 votes.

PATERSON, Nov. 5.—Passaic County polled 1,300 votes for the S. L. P.

NEWARK, Nov. 7.—The Socialist vote runs up to 83 for Governor. Besides that the Socialist candidates, Daniel J. Dugan, received 846, Frank W. Wilson 855, Adolph Heerlein 843, John Schueler 835,

Ernst Leske 853, Samuel Meisel 836, Constantine Scheer 847, Valentine Decks 847, Morris Weber 1,046 and Joseph Weissbecker 861.

Chicago Polls Over 3,300 Votes. The Socialist Labor Party of Chicago received 3,369 votes at the election yesterday, which is an increase of over 1,000 since last time, when the party had a ticket in the field. Fraternally, JOHN GLAMBECK.

### A NURSERY RHYME IN 1906.

The times were bad, the workman's lot Was anything but good; He had to work from dawn to dark To earn his daily food. And capitalists with cruel hands Were moving labor down, Till you couldn't find a well-paid man In country or town.

CHORUS: The English workman cried: "By Jove!" The Frenchman cried: "Mon Dieu!" And the Yankee cried: "Gol, darn my socks, What earthly shall we do!"

Along came men with banners white And in club room, hall and press, They spoke and wrote: "All men have rights To life and happiness." They also said: "Go, organize, And close together cling, For this will rid you of distress And peace and comfort bring."

CHORUS: And the English workman cried: "By Jove!" The Frenchman cried: "Mon Dieu!" The Yankee cried: "Gol, darn my socks, That's just what we will do!"

So workmen all organized The universe around, Till in all the earth, from pole to pole, A "scab" could not be found. Now things are changed, the workman's lot, Is pleasant, bright and good; He works six hours, gets honest wage, And pure and wholesome food.

CHORUS: And the English workman cried: "By Jove!" The Frenchman cried: "Mon Dieu!" The Yankee cried: "Gol, darn my socks! Just see what we will do!" St. Louis, Mo. Jos. H. FAIRBANKS.

Go on! No need to grieve and pain; Retreat not in the blackest night, Work, struggle for the farthest dawn That shows in gloom a glimpse of light. While hand is strong and step is firm, Keep hold of hope, though faint its light, And in the name of right and truth, Uplift thy torch to utmost height.

# World of Labor

## A LABOR SONG.

Wake you! wake you! men of Labor!  
Must you slumber though you toil?  
Side by side with one another,  
Neighbor holding close by neighbor—  
What shall stay you, what shall foil?  
Tally! tally! hark the echo  
Rings across the interspace!  
Ejngs above the fields made fallow,  
Swoops above the harvests yellow,  
By the sweat from Labor's face!  
Can you hear it? Ever ringing  
O'er the level-roofed town,  
Where you build the stately mansion  
For another man's expansion,  
While your walls are crumbling down!  
Listen! listen! sons of Labor;  
Harken, harken while you toil;  
Should you dare, your rights protesting,  
Should you deem it worth the brooding,  
Naught could stay you, naught could foil!  
Wake you! wake you! men of Labor!  
Cease from foolish sleep and dreams!  
God has made us man and brother,  
Strong and weak to help each other,  
Neighbor keeping step with neighbor  
Till the golden morning gleams!

MATTHEW HUNT.

## INTERNATIONAL.

### LONDON, ENGLAND.

#### More Work for Local Councils.

The Westminster vestry has taken the initiative in the movement for enlarging the functions of the local councils, which will relieve the London County Council of a great mass of administrative detail. It has sent a circular to the other London parishes asking them to unite in a memorial to Parliament for changing the title of the vestries and transforming them into purely municipal bodies. The moderates in the County Council favor this course, but are opposed by the Progressives, who are seeking to render the centralized government more efficient, to amalgamate the city with the metropolitan area, buy up the water companies, and make Greater London a political reality instead of a geographical expression. The unification of London, which may be described as a nation rather than a city, is not likely to be brought about by the Salisbury Government. Moderate men are now moving in the opposite direction, assuming that so large a city cannot be properly governed by a central council, that there must be a redistribution of powers, and that the administration must be localized in reorganized vestries. The problem of Greater London is far more difficult to work out than the analogous one of Greater New York.

### BERLIN, GERMANY.

#### The German Socialists' Answer to the Emperor's Persecutions.

Emperor William and his Government continue to wage a bitter war against the Socialists and their press. Every day Socialist editors are arrested and their papers confiscated. There is hardly a socialist paper in the empire that escaped confiscation during the last two months. The average imprisonment of editors for lese majeste is from three to five months in each case. The Sunday, Wednesday and Thursday issues of the Socialist organ, *Vorwaerts*, were seized by the police and charges of lese majeste have been preferred against four editors of the paper. One of the incriminating articles directly attacked the Emperor for pardoning two police Sergeants who brutally treated two citizens, and another article ridiculed the divine right theory. In Dortmund the Socialists have elected Mr. Lutgenau as a member of the Reichstag. Lutgenau received over 24,000 votes, while the candidate for the Capitalist opposition polled only about 21,000 votes. Lutgenau is the forty-seventh (47) Socialist member of the National Legislature of Germany. One day after election Lutgenau was sent to prison for five months—for lese majeste!

### GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

#### Over 60,000 Shipbuilders Are Out on Strike.

The great shipping strike, which has thrown 60,000 workmen out of employment on the Clyde and in Belfast and paralyzed work on the new navy, has attracted general attention from its unreasonableness. The origin of the conflict was a dispute over the wages of a few engineers in Harland & Wolff's yard in Belfast. When times were bad two years ago their wages were cut down 2 shillings a week, with the understanding that the reduction should be made good when business improved. Times being better the engineers asked to have their wages restored to the former level.

The employers refused on the ground that while there was plenty of work, they had taken contracts at so low rates that they could not raise wages. The strike in Belfast involved a lockout, and futile efforts have been made to settle the trouble. There was no question at issue between the workmen and their employers on the Clyde. Their relations were friendly, and a future advance in rates had been arranged, but the employers there had signed an agreement to stand by the Belfast masters in all labor disputes, and in obedience to their request they declared a partial lockout on the Clyde, which brought about a general strike.

#### Work Ceased on the Clyde.

Work has ceased on the Clyde and may be suspended in other shipbuilding centers for the simple reason that a small group of Belfast engineers had a grievance and their employers have insisted on a sympathetic lock-out. The conduct of the latter is generally condemned. They have themselves adopted an expedient which all employers denounced when it was introduced by new unionists. A lock-out in sympathy is the complement of a sympathetic strike, and is an equally dangerous experiment. The business of a great industry is suspended when there is an abundance of work and when Admiralty contracts essential to the national safety are in process of execution.

#### American Railway Union.

The A. R. U. sent out the following circular:

DEAR SIR: You are cordially invited to

attend a reception to be tendered Eugene V. Debs on his release from Woodstock Jail, Friday evening, Nov. 22, at Battery D, Chicago, by the liberty-loving citizens of Chicago and vicinity, in testimony of their sympathy with Mr. Debs and his colleagues in their unjust and unlawful imprisonment, and as an expression of popular aversion to judicial despotism and devotion to civil and constitutional liberty.

J. H. SCHWENK, Chairman Com. of Arrangements, 133 Rialto Building.

J. D. MAYNES, Secretary, 405 Thirty-third St., Chicago, Ill.

The Reception Committee will leave this city for Woodstock on a special train from the Chicago & Northwestern Railway depot at 2:30 p. m., Friday, Nov. 22, for the purpose of escorting Mr. Debs to Chicago. If you desire to accompany the committee kindly inform the Chairman or Secretary. Tickets for the round trip, two dollars.

## NATIONAL.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

#### Will You Press the Buttons All Day?

The Machinists' Monthly Journal says: "Nicola Tolsa, the great electrical expert, said a short time ago: 'The labor of the future will be done principally by pressing an electric button.' Then what? Will the million of tolling and molling masses still be expected to work ten hours a day? This is a question not for the working people, but for the capitalists and business men. Suppose existing conditions, such as money stringency, the continued improvement in 'labor saving' machinery, the combinations, trusts, etc., continue to increase the number of idle workmen and prevent them from consuming things that are produced? Where is the market for the farmer's crop, the manufacturer's products, and how can business prosper? And, worst of all, what shall we do with our starving workpeople? Are not these questions worth investigating? If the trend of affairs continues in the same direction, what is going to become of the country? If the labor of the future will be done principally by pressing an electric button, will we have one man standing by the buttons pressing them all day, while a thousand look on and starve, or will we change our system to adapt fit to changed conditions? These are the questions which we must answer, if we want evolution. If we don't study and solve them it will be revolution. Which will you choose?"

### MILWAUKEE, WIS.

#### Debs' Indictment Nulled.

Judge Seaman has nulled the indictments against Eugene V. Debs, L. W. Rogers, Sylvester Kellher, Frank W. Archibald, C. S. McAuliffe, Walter L. Dunn, William Crimmins, John C. Calahan, D. A. Sullivan, Chas. Van Ellis, M. L. Joban, John Poulter, E. B. Dawes, William Horan, F. Zimmerman and Sims. The first four were officials of the A. R. U., Archibald and McAuliffe Presidents of the local lodges, and the others active members of the order, who were charged with taking men from their work during the big strike last year. The action was taken by Special Agent John G. Fish and District Attorney Wegman, on instructions from the Attorney General. When the order was entered neither the accused nor their attorneys were present. The news of the action taken by the United States officials was a great surprise when it became known. It had been expected all along that Debs would be served with an indictment as soon as he was released from Woodstock Jail. Most of the local men have been waiting about the city out of work, but unable to leave until their cases were decided.

### LEAVENWORTH, KANS.

#### Miners Win Their Strike.

The strike of coal miners that has been in progress here for two weeks was partly settled. The operators of the Leavenworth shaft entered into an agreement to give the men 80c per ton mine run, to give them a check-weighman, and to take in all the men from the other two mines who want to work. The Home and Riverside mine operators only want to pay 70 cents a ton, but as miners are scarce they will probably have to pay 80 cents, or remain idle all winter. The men at the Leavenworth shaft have agreed to pay 25 per cent of their wages to those who remain out at the other two mines. Over 600 men are affected by today's agreement, and there is much satisfaction.

### FALL RIVER, MASS.

#### Weavers Go Out on Strike.

One hundred weavers at the Narragansett mills struck this noon because the lists of their work were posted in the weavers' room. They claim that owing to the diversity of work all were not given fair shows.

### BOSTON, MASS.

#### Sympathy for the Cubans.

The following resolution was passed today at a mass meeting in the People's Temple:

"Resolved, That we, as sons of Boston and New England, unite in asking President Grover Cleveland to do for Cuba all things in his power by granting belligerent rights. It is our faith that Cuba should be free.

"Resolved, That our sympathies go forth to the patriots of the island."

### TENNESSEE CITY, TENN.

#### The Intelligent Workingmen.

The Coming Nation says: The majority of workingmen are so intelligent that they prefer to work for somebody who appropriates most of what they produce, rather than work for themselves. They are so intelligent that they prefer to furnish luxuries for the families of the rich, rather than provide them for their own families. They are so intelligent that they take their own wives to the parks in bar-gain-counter dress goods, to gaze at the wives of their bosses bedecked in imported silks and riding behind bob-tailed horses. They are so intelligent that they prefer to turn over the Government to knaves who load them with debts and enact laws for their oppression, rather than have a government of their own.

# PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

## THE PEOPLE'S HIGHWAYS.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

I came to the study of social phenomena years ago, from a college atmosphere saturated with laissez faire. I did not quite believe that private enterprise should be left entirely free to work its sweet will, but I did lean toward the theory that individual effort alone should be relied upon for progress and positive service, collective effort being confined almost wholly to the office of restraining evil forms of individual action. Careful observation has modified this view. It is clear to me now that collective effort is as valuable for positive service as for restraint. As a co-operation of all for the restraint of each, governmental activities will be needed less and less as humanity approaches perfection, but as co-operation of all for the service of each, I hope to see the functions of government continually grow.

Among the many considerations compelling me to this conclusion, none have been more potent than the facts connected with the history of monopoly in this country since the war. It is difficult to understand how anyone can study these facts carefully and impartially without coming to the decision that, in the region of monopoly at least, public service is demanded by economy, safety, justice, political purity and progress. If the people owned the railroads they could save more than half the present cost of transportation.

The cost of carrying a passenger in the United States is set down by the railroads at about 2 cents a mile. This, however, is clearly too high, even under our present clumsy and wasteful system. Many roads like the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Albany, and others sell season tickets at a little more than 1-2 cent a mile.

They would not do this if they did not know that 1-2 cent a mile more than covered the cost. The Pennsylvania, Reading, Lehigh Valley, Old Colony, Boston & Maine, Fitchburg and others sell season tickets at 7-10 of a cent a mile. I am assured that these roads never figure on less than 50 per cent profit on passenger traffic even in their commutation rates; and any one who notes the hundreds of loaded trains that leave their depots every day, and then remember that with a full train of 400 passengers the 7-10 rate would yield 350 per cent profit, and with 600 passengers 400 per cent profit—any one who ponders this will realize that the roads are not running themselves at half-cent rates, and will begin to see how they can pay dividends on their overgrown capitalization. There are of course, a good many roads that mistook their calling. They were not needed, as is quite clearly shown by the fact that one-third the railroads in the United States are in the hands of receivers.

In the United States the average cost of moving a passenger train one mile is 80 cents, or about 14 cents a car mile according to the railway report. A moderate train of ordinary coaches will carry 400 to 600 persons, so that with well-filled trains the cost is not more than 1-5 of a cent a passenger a mile. All the expenses of railway traffic are taken into account in figuring the 80 cent cost per train mile (every train mile has to bear its proportion of rebates, corruption money, and innumerable wastes). To Chicago for \$1.00. The railroads could take 600 people on one train from Philadelphia to Chicago for \$1 each, and bring them back for another \$1 each, and cover all expenses, labor, wear and tear, taxes, rebates, lobby fees and all pro rata. Two dollars for the single trip and \$4 for the round trip would give the roads 100 per cent profit, according to their own published estimates of the cost of moving trains, which are not too low, we may be sure.

Yet during the Columbian Exposition, when it was of the highest importance that every American citizen should see the City of Beauty, the railroads charge from \$17 to \$26 for the trip—700 to 1,200 per cent profit if the trains were full, as most of them were. Such a charge at such a time was a crime against civilization and progress. To San Francisco and return for \$5.00. If the Government had owned the roads, our people would have gone to the White City from the coast and back again in excursion trains for \$2 a head. And if the nation had been in possession of the roads a sufficient length of time to consolidate and systematize the railway business, the cost would have been reduced \$1 for the round trip. Think of going from New York to San Francisco and back for a five-dollar bill! Does it seem too much like Arabian Nights?

Well, take this little fact, and digest it: The German State Railway at Berlin sells yearly tickets, good for a five-mile ride in and out of the city as many times a day as you please, and on any train, for the sum of \$4.50. That means 3,650 miles for \$4.50 if you live five miles out, and go in and out once each day, if you go home to dinner or go back to the city after supper it means over 7,000 miles for \$4.50; and if you do both it means more than 10,000 miles for less than a \$5 bill; now it doesn't look much like Arabia, does it? And what an incalculable benefit it would be to this country to have cheap transportation, especially for workmen and the children in our schools! Commutation tickets at an average of ten miles for a cent, like the German yearly tickets, would enable the poor of the city to live in the fresh, wholesome atmosphere of the country, would tend to depopulate the slums, expand the city and would go very far toward solving some of the most difficult problems of municipal life.

It ought to be the aim of every statesman to facilitate in every possible way the movement of the people; the policy of the railroads is to narrow the margin on freight, but to make heavy profits on passenger traffic—a policy exactly the opposite of the true one.

How millions are won—Great as will be the benefits arising from the economies and low rates incident to national ownership, there are others even greater. Justice demands public ownership quite as emphatically as economy. Let us follow the trail of a typical railway scheme. A few men, who like to make money by rigging a press that will squeeze it out of their brothers, plan a new road. They issue stock, and talk it up until they sell four or five hundred thousand dollars' worth. Then they make oath that twenty or thirty times as much stock has been paid in as is really the case. The report of the United States Pacific Railway Commission of 1888 shows that the Central Pacific made affidavit that \$54,283,000 of the stock was paid in, when only \$780,000 had been really paid; and the Union Pacific swore that \$36,762,000 was paid in when only \$400,650 had been actually paid, etc.

They do this to make good appearance in asking for Government aid, which is the next step. A little lobbying and promiscuous presents of stock are generally sufficient with Congress, Legislature and Council. Town meetings are easily coerced into gifts by threats of running the road on another route and leaving the town out in the cold. Over two hundred millions of acres of land and hundreds of millions of money have been obtained gratis by the railroads in this way from nation, State and municipality gifts amounting in value now to over four billions of dollars, or nearly the actual value of the whole railway system, and every atom of them utterly void, and beyond the authority of Congress, Legislature or municipality, according to repeated decisions of our ablest judges and the clearest principles of the law, because they were gifts of public property to private parties.

If the original projectors still owned the roads, the people would not need to pay for them—their gifts and the overcharges they have paid would more than settle the bill, but, unfortunately, innocent third persons have largely invested in stock and bonds.

Well our projectors next form a construction company, and the railway company (which they control) makes a contract with the construction company (the projector) for the building of the road, at prices ranging from two to five times the actual cost of the work. Then they put the money they have obtained for the stock sold and from public gifts into their pockets as the construction company, and mortgage the road for all it is worth, and take the proceeds of the bonds to run the road and pay dividends on stock, the majority of which they hold but have never paid a cent for. Then form alliances with shrewd business men, give them secret rebates on beef, oil, wheat, dry goods, etc., so that they can run their competitors, monopolize the market, and make enormous profits, which they share with their railroad allies.

They do not neglect the taxes; they swear to assessors that the road is worth but \$11,000 a mile, though it is capitalized at \$35,000 or more a mile for the people to pay dividends upon. Neither do they neglect to render false accounts, steal investments, ruin opponents with expensive litigation, see-saw and manipulate stock as they do real estate, selling high, withholding dividends or otherwise depreciating stock to buy it in low, when again they will lift its value to sell at high figures.

Watering stock. Neither do they neglect the watering of stock; railway stock seems to be a species of live-stock—it requires water. Commodore Vanderbilt led off with an 84 per cent injection into the New York Central & Hudson River, and the fluid agreed with the railway constitution so well that, later, persons who had held 40 millions of stock and bonds came to hold 104 without additional expenditure; and the example was followed all over the country. One group of 28 roads shows 150 per cent added in 4 years, not including the New York Central's increase, nor the 100 per cent in East Pennsylvania, nor the 71 per cent in Fort Wayne, etc.

And when the matter is agitated and Congress investigates the roads and finds their capitalization half water and their transactions honeycombed with iniquitous discriminations against individuals, classes, and communities, and enact cast-iron prohibitions, and appoint commissioners to see them enforced, what is the result? Does regulation regulate? Not at all. A show of compliance in some respects, a new expense, a new source of litigation—and, underneath it all, the railroad purposes accomplished just the same, though in more secret ways. Order after order has been laid upon the roads by the Interstate Commerce Commission, with no result but to enable them to complain in subsequent reports that these orders have been disregarded.

What do the railroads care for the law? They can have it made to order to a large extent, and when they fail, it is a simple thing to disobey it, and generally quite safe; rarely does anyone rise to ask its enforcement, when anyone does, the managers they need have no fear of justice. Not one of them has ever suffered the penalty of the Interstate Commerce Act, although the records of our courts and commissions are full of violations of its provisions. A railway president is quoted by Strickney as saying that all the jails in the country would be full to overflowing if the penalties of the Interstate Law had been enforced upon the railway officers who have violated it.

Just one specific instance to show the average railway respect for law: In 1873 the people of Pennsylvania got tired of railroad dealings in coal mines, and put a provision in their constitution forbidding common carriers to mine, or to manufacture articles to be carried over their lines, or to buy land except for carrying purposes, and commanding the Legislature to enact appropriate laws to enforce the constitutional provisions.

The railroads continued to mine and to buy coal land, and the Legislature did nothing except to confirm and perpetuate their title to the lands they held. The railroads owned the Legislature and the courts, an defied the people. In 1858 the independent mine owners appealed to the Interstate Commission. It found the freight rates on coal to be unjustly high, and ordered them reduced to a reasonable figure; but in 1863 Congress found that the order had not been obeyed, and that the tariff on coal was still 50 cents a ton above what the court had found to be just. This is a specimen of the reverence of railroads for constitution and statutes.

Can any one absorb these facts, and the thousands of similar ones which consist of the bulk of railway history without arriving at the conclusion that justice, safety and pure government, as well as economy demand the public ownership of the railways?

## A NOBLE CAUSE.

### The Social Problem is an International One.

The social problem is an international question. It affects all nations of the civilized world. The question may crop out in different ways in different places where it is found, but it is always there. There is a common cause for it all.

"In Europe the conditions have brought about many things we have thought were entirely foreign to us here. In Germany for forty years there has been agitation. They have come to certain conclusions and they formed a political party to bring about a change of conditions. The party is the pride of the laboring people the world over. The Social-Democratic party in Germany casts 2,000,000 votes.

In France workers were discontented and they were looking for the way to solve the difficulties of their situation. They have been so strong that they have several times thought they could strike a decisive blow. But they have organized in a trades union merely and failed to make any effort toward the educational side of the work. They failed on that account.

In 1871 they held Paris for six weeks. Never, according to the testimony of Ambassador Washburne, was there a better government in Paris than in the days of the commune. There was no theft and no murder, and the Bank of Paris was at that time bursting with money. While their leader was Minister of Finance his wife took in washing, as she had done when he was a poor brass worker, to help get a living. But they were crushed out, and for ten years there was no sign of it. But now they organize and have gone in for the education of the people, and there are fifty-two representatives of the labor party in the chamber. They have overturned three ministries and have compelled one President to resign.

"You know that over there the politicians are corrupt as they are here, and there was a great Southern railroad scandal like that of the Union Pacific in this country. The Government knew that it was a bad job, and so it convicted one of the leaders in the affair and sent him to prison, in the idea that they could hush the thing up. But the Socialists knew that they had a knife to hold over the heads of the Government and so they waited till the Government tried to interfere with the strike of the coal and glass men in a town where they were in power, and then the Socialist party came out with the knife that the Southern railroad had put in their hands, and made the minority resign. That is the truth of the thing. You do not get that in the newspapers that are in the power of the capitalists.

England was the mother of trades unions. At first the attempt of the people was to organize stock companies and get their supplies cheaper. But they soon found that they needed a party as well as economy. And the labor people are flocking to that party. In America, the land of the free and the home of the brave, they would have us think that there is no need of such a thing. We are told again and again that there is no labor question in America. But what are the conditions of the worker? Any skilled worker knows that a few years ago in the good days following the war, when men were scarce, a man could by economy, get his living, have his little home and be independent. But when the republican crash of 1873 came, it swept away those small property owners and wiped out the homes of many of the workmen.

Take for instance, the matter of printing. Years ago a good compositor made \$20 or \$30 a week, and when he got too old to be a compositor in an office, he could get a job office of his own and do well. But now comes a machine on which a girl, or an unskilled person, for \$7 or \$8 a week, can do the work of four skillful compositors. A column of type in the old days would cost \$5 or \$6. Now it costs from \$1.20 to \$1.80. Take again, the old hand loom, where a good man could weave fifty yards of cloth in a week. Now comes the Northrup loom, made by a Hopedale man, on which a man can make in a week, not fifty yards, but 5,000 yards of cloth. It is so in every industry. And it grows worse for the workers from year to year.

Now, what can we do as working people? Not sit and grumble at things; not merely wish that something might be done. That is foolish. Politics in these days is a business. The men who are in it put their money into it and expect to get a fair return for the investment. We should be men and help ourselves. We know that these conditions are as I say. People are discontented; they go from party to party; they have no clear conceptions of the causes of things. We should come together and argue these questions and organize all the discontented for some aim to which they will pledge themselves. We have the right of free assembly and of free speech. The constitution says that the State is for the many, not for the few. Let us take advantage of that; let us organize and bring about a change.

It will be slow at the first, but I say it can be done. People regard us as the Merimac commander did the cheese box of the Yankees that was his destruction. It may be that the Socialist party, the product of those who have been thinking on these things, will come in as the Monitor did at a time when those who are asleep now finally awoke to the real condition of things. We cannot stand still; it is forward or backward. Some nations have gone backward. It will be so in America if there is no remedy. Our franchise will be curtailed, there will be biennial elections, and all those things, for the men who are in power dread agitation. Unless we arouse we shall be doomed.

The Socialist Labor party gets people to think. When people think, it will be all right, for they will act. As we are now united in producing, so we must be united in the distribution of the things we produce. If people were not so prejudiced against the name of Socialism they would see these things. This can be brought about only by politics. It is this or anarchy. We must go into the political work, or when we are tired of things do some crazy act and kill somebody that we think is in the way. But this is not our way. We fight our battles at the ballot box.

## HAPPENINGS IN HARTFORD.

### The Cause of Socialism is Marching On.

When Galileo hurled at the throne of brutal superstition his conclusion, drawn from scientific investigation, that "the world does move!" he gave the best evidence that he feared not the enemy, and that he would continue in his work if Power does not cut him off. Indeed, the world moves! On October 29 the committee of the Common Council appointed to inquire into the troubles arising from bad gas furnished by the Hartford Gas-Light Company, a private corporation, incorporated in 1848, reported. The law says: "Section 1. That said company is hereby authorized and empowered to manufacture, make and sell gas, to be made from rosin, coal, oil, and any other material or materials, and to furnish such quantities of gas as may be required in the City of Hartford, for lighting streets, stores and buildings, or other purposes."

Section 10, says: "This law may be altered amended or repealed, at the pleasure of the General Assembly." After stating that the law demands good gas, good and prompt service, and imposes penalties "for non-fulfillment of contract," yet the law "in its special workings" afford the corporation all aid and the people no redress, the committee has this to say: "The subject to be considered being one of such vast importance to the citizens and the city's welfare, your committee shall endeavor to treat the matter as in their judgment may prove to be for the best interest of the people. The question of poor service rendered to the people by the Hartford City Gas Light Company is not a new question. The appeals of the citizens to the company from time to time, and from all parts of the city, setting forth their grievances, as well as their appeals to the press, and to the court of common council, for relief, are well known to all.

The reasons for the defective gas service are in our judgement caused by, first, the poor quality of the gas; second, insufficient pressure; third, defective pipes. Sometimes one and often all these conditions exist. It is the conviction of your committee that no permanent good will come to the people until the city takes the matter in hand, and treats it as a local affair, a branch of public service in the same manner as our efficient water service is conducted, in which the operators are answerable directly to the people. Municipal ownership is the only remedy. Then and not till then can we reasonably expect that the city will be furnished with good healthy, economical gas for illuminating and heating purposes." Again pointing to the bad law which gives everything to the gas company, the committee cited statistical facts from cities at home and abroad to show how profitable it is for communities to own and control gas plants. But, dear reader, hold your breath for a minute. Alderman Henney complimented the committee on the completeness of the report. Alderman Child did not agree with some portions of the report, because of its Socialistic flavor. Alderman Child deserves our compliment for being outspoken. Alderman Henney, on the other hand, proposed the following resolution: "Resolved, That the committee on gas be continued with instructions to add to their number such business men as they may deem of advantage in arriving at the conclusion covered by this vote, and that they ascertain and report, as soon as may be, the probable cost of establishing and operating a gas plant for municipal service as suggested in the report of special committee."

Alderman Henney, bear in mind, complimented the committee on the "completeness" of the report, then introduced the resolution you have just done reading, and in advocating the passage of this resolution, his own brainwork, the Alderman says "that the defect in the quality of gas should be remedied 'or' action taken to establish a plant by the city." We cannot say that Alderman Henney is a stockholder of the gas he condemns, but experience tells us that Aldermen usually mean what they say. The resolution was adopted. The Hartford Times, commenting on the above expression of fear by Alderman Childs, says: "In the first place there is the cry from various quarters that the proposed action is Socialistic. It is not necessary to be alarmed on that account. The city has owned and conducted the water-works for a good many years, to the satisfaction of consumers, and the system is worth to-day more than it has cost. The rates have been moderate and the income entirely satisfactory. There has been no talk of Socialism in connection with this branch of the service, and there need be none if its making gas were added to the city's works. There is no talk of Socialism when the city builds streets and lays pavements for the use of all citizens, or when, through its street board, it makes estimates and contracts for lighting the streets. This objection is visionary."

Good for the times, but a word. That there was no talk of Socialism on the question of municipal water supply, shows that the people at that time were either in little or no need of modern Socialism or ignorant of it; in whatever case it is a step towards Socialism. The gas question should be discussed as a Socialistic scheme, it cannot be any thing else; it cannot be a Capitalist scheme or your scheme would of necessity have to be. Take from Harbison and give to some other Harbison. Yet there is argument proving that works of such character are often gotten up for Capitalistic ends. The Post-office is one on which private contract snatches large sums from the people. River and harbor improving bills all ring in the sacred private contract. But let us hope that sooner or later Hartford will own its gas plant. Comrades your business in this case is to talk Socialism; show to the people that such work owned and controlled by the people are ingredients of Socialism, that just as well as the city can manage gas it can manage cloth or beef.

The Socialist Labor vote in Methuen, Mass., numbers about an even dozen. It must be said of them that they, at least, have the courage of their convictions.—Ed.

LOVE'S UNCONSCIOUS MESSENGER.

Red clover blossoms and daisies
Swing and sway.
Amid the flowery mazes
Insects play.

At his kiss the clover smiles
(With blushes shy.)
Honey sips the bee, and milks
Away doth fly.

MRS CASEY ON LAWN TENNIS
"THE top o' the married t' ye, Mrs. Flannigan! It's glad O' am t' see ye, the day! Shure O' haven't sit eyes."

"An' how have ye been, Mrs. Flannigan? An' how's the old man an' the byes? Oh, yis, we all do be foine here, barrin' Johnny. He hov the whoopin' cahf-an' it's very bad he is. Oh, yis, Mary Ann, it's well she do be goin' in gran' sasslety now, since her paw was elicted ahdherman av the Tint' ward. Shure she wint to the mayshore a fwoile, this summer wid the Gilhoolays an' the Sullivans, an' she wint roidin' in wan o' thim yats toime she had. Arrah! but O' made to kape an eye til her all the sa-ame, fer all their gran' ways, fer 'tis corruptin' her manners they'd be; no liss! An' she do be always brought up daycint an' illigint—Johnny! Be quiet. Go an' out an' play wid the goat a fwoile; there's a good bye. Yees see, this is how it was. 'Twas all along av a sa-ame they call lahng Dennis. Mary Ann kin home wan day last spring, an' she sis t' me, sis she:

"Maw, the Gilhoolays is gittin' up a lahng Dennis cloob, an O'im to be long to it," she sis.

"A lahng Dennis cloob? O' sis. 'An fwats that? Is it some new kolnd av a shillaly O' sis. 'Faix, an ye doan't bels-ang to lahng Dennis, nor short Dennis ayther, bedad, but to honest Moike Muldoon, that ye promises to marry last St. Patrick's da-ay—an' it's makin' yer weddin' clothes O' am this minute' O' sis.

"Oh, maw! she sis, 'It's only a sa-ame! she sis. 'An they plays it an' the la-ahn, wid a nit an' balls, an' O'll have to hov a Dennis suit,' she sis.

"An' fwat 'll that be?' O' sis. "'Whoy, it's a driss to wear whin O' wint matches at all, at all! O' sis, 'What d'ye mane?' O' sis, 'Doan't ye knew ye moight sit the tintimint an' foire?' O' sis, 'Perhays we moight rint it?' O' sis, 'fer if ye're goin' to shpind ahl yer toime pla-ay'n lahng Dennis, we'd bitt'er live close boy, an' sa-ave toime comin' an' goin'!' O' sis, 'This verry crasy, Mrs. Flannigan, fer it's mad O' was.)

"So thin she explained that the tintimint wasn't a tintimint at all, but a kind av a show af ga-ame av lahng Dennis, an' she invited me to go tiahng wid her, that O' moight see what a purty game it was. "'An' pit an the bist ye has,' she sis, 'fer it's a stoylish crowd that'll be there!'"

"So O' pit an me blue silk driss an' me doolmin pin an' tuk me fwoit parol-wid the grane bows an' O' wint. "'An' shure, 'twas a foine da-ay an' there was a lot av noice lookin' pople a sittin' around gra-ate lahng fish net shntuck wid ldeways a big spaire macked aff an the grass, wid a across the middle av it. "'The girls ahl looked moighty purty an' there was a lot av judes in fwoite clothes shkipplin' around an' gittin' under fut, an' there was plenty av gigglin' an' chatterin' ye may be shure. "'Mary Ann pit a chair fer me in the front row an' wint an' bring up a foine shtrappin' yunk felly in fwoite pants an' a rid and yelly shtrapped coat, an' interjuced me to 'm. O' fer git his na-ame, but he was van av the bosses O' think. He was moighty perloite an' shmollin'."

"'Glad t' mate ye, Mrs. Casey,' he sis, 'O' hope ye'll inj'y the tintimint,' he sis. 'Yer da-arter pits up a foine ga-ame, an' it's proud av her ye'll be,' he sis. "'Faix an' it's prouder ave her O'd be,' O' sis, 'if she'd shity home wanst in a fwoile an' pit up a few cans av timmatties or the loike o' that,' O' sis. "'Oh, but lahng Dennis is so healthy,' he sis. "'An' fwat if he is?' O' sis. 'O' have n't the hauner av the gentleman's acquaintance,' sis O'; 'An' O'im not at all thrubbed about his health,' O' sis. "'Wid that he turned so rid in the face, an' began boiting his mistache so hard, that O' was sheared for fear he moight be lahng Dennis himself, or wan av the family, an' O' moight have hurted his feelin' so O' sis. "'It's no offence O' mane at ahl, at ahl in ca-se yer own na-ame moight be Dennis,' O' sis. "'Oh, doan't minton it, mum, he sis, an' he laughed so hairy that O' knew he felt bitt'er. "'Thin he bowed an' wint aff, thin O' looked around an' there was Mary Ann a pranchin' around wid a bat made out av shtring, about as big as me little coal chuyvie, an' a knockin' ba-ase balls across the fish nit, an' Annie Gilhoolay over an the other solde knockin' thim back at her. "'There was a little jude sittin' up an a high shool at wan ind of the nit, wroiting an a piece av pa-aper an' yellin' out somethin' to 'im ivery now an' thin. "'First wan of thim would hit a bahl a lick an' the felly would yell: "'Wan! "'Thin she would sind another wan floyin' an' he would yell: "'Thrubble! "'Thin she would shashy over to the other corner of the square t' get a bitt'er crack at it. Thin the other girl would ploog it back at her, an' thin they'd all wait a fwoile til some of the judes would foind some more balls. "'Thin they would go at it some more, rooin' an' jumpin' an' tearin' around till they both looked that rid in the face an' toired that O' sid to a foine stoylish lookin' lady that sat nite to me: "'If Mary Ann was to wurk as hard as that doin' a washin' it's killt she'd be intorely. "'All the toime the jude an the shool was yellin' an shcramin'. O' couldn't hear much he sid, but 'twas numbers mostly. O' tink. O' coarse O' would n't have moinded that, but after a fwoile Mary Annedd somethin' wrang O' suppose, fer he shcramed out at her quite quite v'lent loike. "'The dooce! he sis. "'That made me real mad wint the poor girl was throyin' so hard, an' O' sis. "'None o' that me foine bay! Ye'll not be vintin' anny av yer profanity an' Alderman Casey's da-arter,' O' sis. "'All the pople around me laughed, fer they was to see the sassy jude tuk down a bit. But he niver paid a bit av attention at ahl, at ahl. "'An' that wasn't the worst he sid.

"'Racket, it is!' O' sis, 'Foive dal-lers! shur, O' think wid four byes an' a baby an' a planny, an' a dog an' that schamin' parrot—the devil floy away wid him!—lit alone yer paw whin he kims home from the ward mayntins, it's racket enough we has, an' fer nothin'. It's no foive dal-lers ye'll shpind fer more racket, begorra.—Johnny Casey, if ye doan't lave aff tasin' the baby, O'll take me shlipper t' ye! D'ye moind that now! Hush! cryin' now, darlint; here, thin, here, yer sister's fortygraft albin—look at that now! Alanna, but it's a foine choild she is, Mrs. Flannigan, when ye lave her hov her own way. Will ye O' was tillin' yees, if O'd put me fut down thin, O'd have saved meself trouble an' money; but wain the old man kin home 'twas aisy wurk fer Mary Ann to tase him around, an' so it wasn't lahng befor she was rooin' to pla-ay lahng Dennis ivery day in the wake, an' sorra a bit av wurk would O' get out av her. An' so it wint, till the other day, she kims home an' she sis, 'Maw, there's to be a tintimint at the club, an' O'im goin' to pla-ay wid a match,' she sis. "'Naw, a bit av it,' sis O', 'O' niver allowed anny choil' av moine to pla-ay

ute. O' wint over an' shuk me fist at him and O' sis: "'Fwat d'ye mane, ye impidint rask-ill,' O' sis, 'to be talkin' loike that to me Mary Ann,' O' sis, 'an' she ingaged to Moike Muldoon an' him on the police force?' O' sis. 'An' it's lucky fer yees its an his hate he is this minute an' not here, or its roon in ye'll be where ye belong! "'Coom along home, Mary Ann, this minute,' O' sis, 'an' if lahng Dennis or—or short Dennis iver insults ye agin Alderman Casey'll give him a racket that'll shprout baseballs ahl over his hid, bad luck t' 'im!'—Irene Stoddard Capwell in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE
How an Important Discovery was Made in a Dream.
Elias Howe almost begared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience, he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop and by 9 a needle with an eye had been rudely modeled. After that it was easy. This is the true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.

Enoch Arden Up a Tree.
A paper in Western Nebraska contain the outline of a story that should be slung into undying verse by a poet as good as the author of "Enoch Arden." Some years ago in the town where the paper is published there lived a man who had a wife and daughter. He seemed prosperous, and his credit was good for anything he desired. One fine, starlight night, he disappeared, taking with him nearly everything that wasn't nailed down. He had made about every man in town his creditor, and when he went away the people betook themselves into outer darkness for awhile and wailed and gnashed their teeth. The wife and daughter were treated the same as the rest. They found themselves destitute. The fiend in human form who had so long officiated as husband and father had left them not a dollar. The lady and her daughter were, of course, looked coldly upon for awhile, as people believed them to be in collusion with the departed. But they were not depressed by this. They went manfully to work like little heroines in a play, the mother did sewing and the daughter did whatever she could get to do. They prospered, as they deserved to prosper. The older heroine in time established a millinery store, which captured all the trade, while the younger became principal of the schools. They had money in the bank, and could eat ice-cream whenever they wanted to. The other day a seedy tramp called at the back door of the lady's residence and asked for a drink and something to eat. The good woman looked at him intently and recognized her husband. And now the really beautiful part of this story comes in. Did the lady kill the fattest calf for the prodigal and bid him welcome and forget the past? Not to any great extent. She called the family dog, a large creature, with a penchant for human remains, and no man ever climbed a tree quicker than did the erring husband.—Nebraska State Journal.

No Tips in Japan.
In Europe a traveler is compelled to everybody connected with a train or a railway station if he wants to protect him from annoyance. He has to fee the baggagemen, the porters, the conductors, the guards and all hands, and the treatment he receives is governed by his generosity. In Japan you are expected to give a penny to the porter who carries your luggage from the jinrikisha to the baggage room, for that is his "piggin," and he receives no pay from the railroad but if you offered a fee of any amount to any one else he would be grossly insulted. The same is true of policemen. As an illustration, I carelessly left a notebook on the seat of a car in which I had traveled from Tokio to Yokohama, and did not discover my loss until the train had left the next station. I went to the station master, who immediately sent a telegram to the man in charge of the train, and I found my notebook awaiting me when I returned to the hotel at Tokio that evening. Afterward I offered to pay the station master and the telegraph operator for their trouble. They made very polite bows and assured me that they felt greatly honored by having an opportunity to do me a service, but declined to accept money.—Correspondence of the Chicago Record.

The Prince of Wales and His Pets.
Concerning the specimens of wild animals which the prince of Wales has been presenting to the Cromwell Road Museum, it may be interesting to state that his royal highness observes a very wholesome rule in these matters. Many of the domestic pets which endeared themselves by long years of association to the Prince and Princess are carefully stuffed immediately after death, and find a permanent place in a corridor or apartment of the royal residence. In this way there is not a solitary zoological specimen either at Sandringham or in Marlborough House, which does not possess some reminiscence value in the eyes of its owner. Anything whose interest is strictly scientific is sent to an appropriate public collection, and in this way the Prince of Wales has, in the course of a long career, become a very considerable donor to the great national museum.—Fall Mail Gazette.

A Human Leopard.
The Inexplicable Affliction of a Chillicothe Man. Physicians Unable to Determine Cause.
(From the Constitution, Chillicothe, Mo.)
A reporter on the Evening Constitution was making the usual routine for news one morning, and had just left the city hall when he came across W. C. Wright, a highly respected pioneer citizen of North Missouri, who had lived in Chillicothe a number of years. The reporter asked Mr. Wright if he could not relieve the monotony of the morning by furnishing a live news item, and to the astonishment of the newspaper, the fine looking gentleman replied: "'Well, yees; I can give you a sensation, if you desire it.'" The reporter grabbed his note book and asked Mr. Wright to proceed. "'It is a miracle,'" he began. The reporter became excitedly interested. "'Yes,'" continued Mr. Wright, "I have noticed a number of interviews in the Constitution with people who have experienced remarkable results from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some of your readers may think those statements are exaggerated, but when you have heard my story you will conclude that those cures are common."

"And what was the matter with you?" asked the reporter, doubting that the robust form standing in front of him had ever seen a sick day. "'I don't know,'" said Mr. Wright, "and never found anybody who did. It was in 1890, when I was just 48 years of age, that black spots began to break out on my hands, then my face and then over my body, until I became a walking human leopard. I had lost some near relatives, and my nerves were shattered. I was the most anxy, restless, irritable, sensitive person you have ever seen. I was not only miserable myself, but made everybody around me miserable. I was nearly crazy; thought I had leprosy and was losing my mind. I could not sleep to save my life. I had no appetite and no energy."

"The original cause of my ailment was over-work and over-heat, having over exerted myself by lifting in hot weather, and this was augmented by a case of malaria and the loss of my wife. The strained tendons were cured, but I had become so nervous and my blood so thin and appetite so scant, that I despaired of my life. Then was when the black spots came. "'After realizing my condition I started out to cure myself, if it should take all the property I had. I consulted the local physicians and they were unable to phase the black spots or to cure my insomnia. I went to Kansas City and consulted the noted specialists with the same result. I then kept a druglist busy ordering every patent medicine that my friends recommended. It was the same thing, and my misery grew apace, and I felt like taking 'Rough on Kats.' Finally I noticed an article, copied in the Constitution from another paper, telling of the cure of a man from nervous prostration by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I concluded to try it, and you see the result," and Mr. Wright showed his clear-skinned hands and arms and his fine complexion.

"He is large and robust in health and a living testimonial to the efficacy of Pink Pills. "'I began to improve the first week. That was a year ago. Now I have a craving appetite, can sleep nine hours without missing a wink, and do not get troubled with nervousness for nine months. That's my miracle. Is it not worth telling to the world?" The reporter acknowledged it was miraculous, and the interview ended. A few stains of a brownish tint can still be recognized on Mr. Wright's body, but otherwise he is a perfect specimen of healthy looking manhood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a pre-cipitation. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and salow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

"If there is anything I like," said he to his wife, "it is a woman who knows enough to be a good listener." Whereat the servant girl at the keyhole could not repress a smile of satisfaction. European diplomacy in the immediate future may devote itself largely to collecting pieces of old China. NEW CHATTANOOGA LABORATORY. One of the Largest in the World.—Wine of Cardui Has an Immense Sale. Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 9.—The immense new laboratory of the Chattanooga Medicine Company was commenced to-day. Nearly an acre of floor space is now used in making McEiree's Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught, but this new annex doubles the capacity of the plant. This business has become one of the largest in the country and now sends its leading product, Wine of Cardui, to every part of the world. A branch office has been established at St. Louis for the north-western trade. Consuele Vanderbilt receives only a paltry \$5,000,000 as a dowry. This looks like a big movement in English pears. A 50-cent Calendar Free. The publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION offer to send free to every new subscriber a handsome four-page calendar, 7 x 10 in., lithographed in nine bright colors. The price of this calendar is 50 cents. Those who subscribe at once, sending \$1.75, will also receive the paper free every week from the time the subscription is received to Jan. 1, 1906. Also the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and THE COMPANION a full year, 52 weeks, to Jan. 1, 1897. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 199 Columbus Ave., Boston.

"One is a breach of peace, and the other a peace of the breeches." This is the answer to a conundrum, which we haven't had time to construct.—Exchange. There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by Dr. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

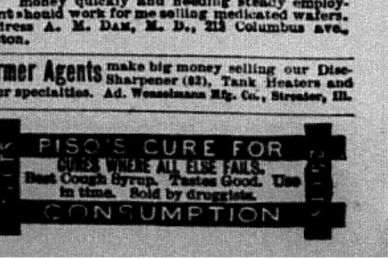
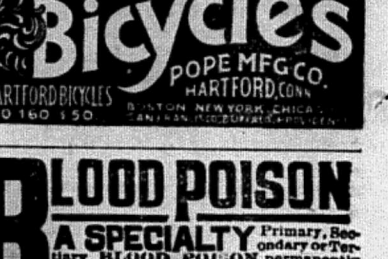
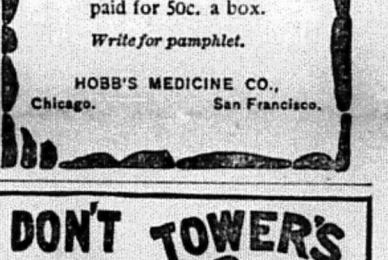
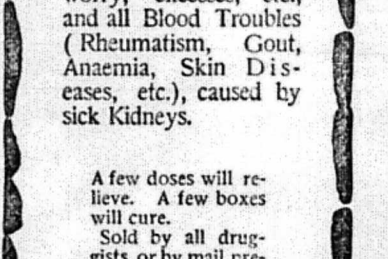
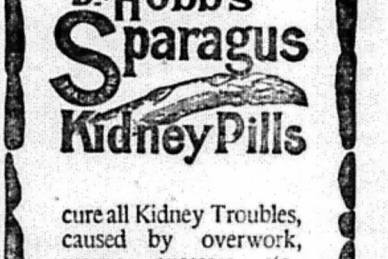
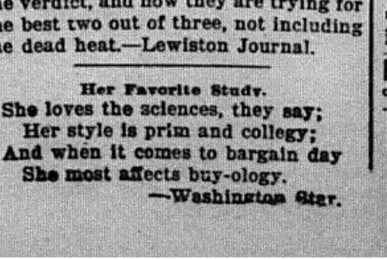
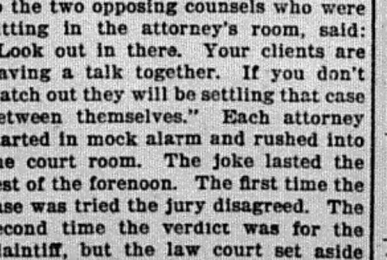
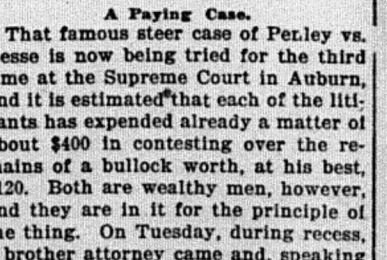
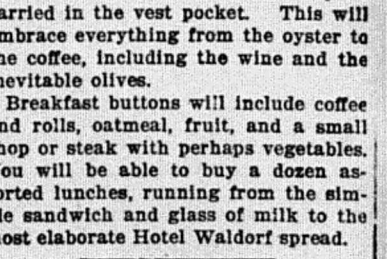
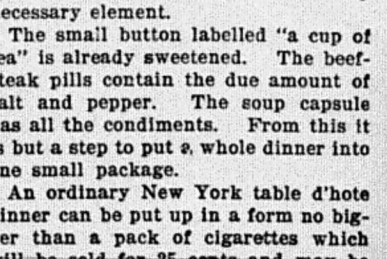
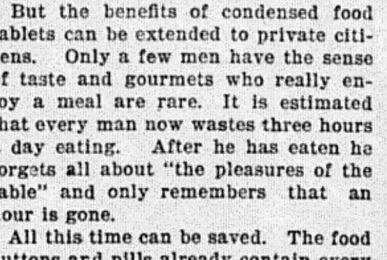
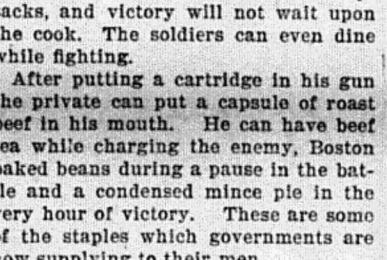
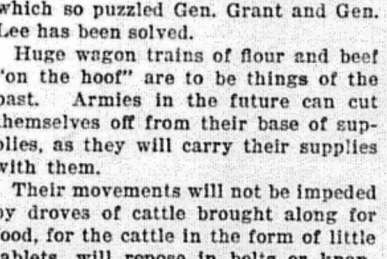
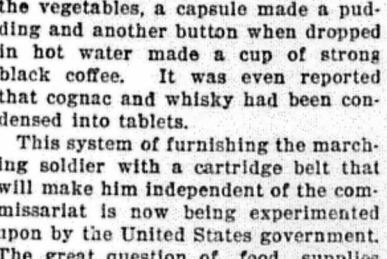
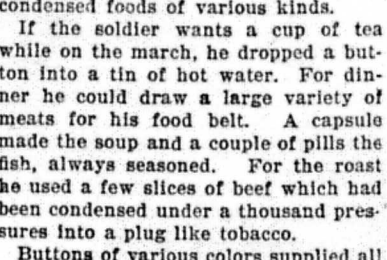
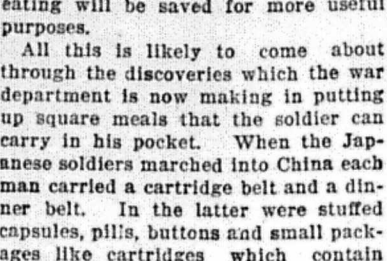
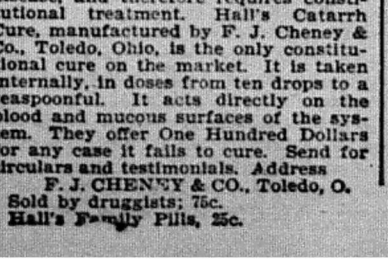
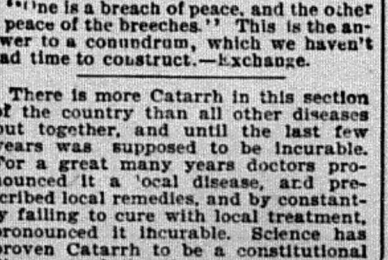
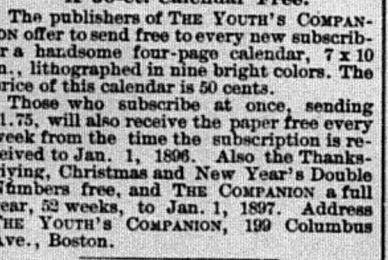
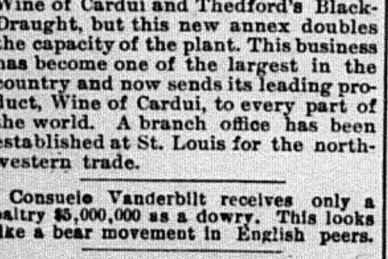
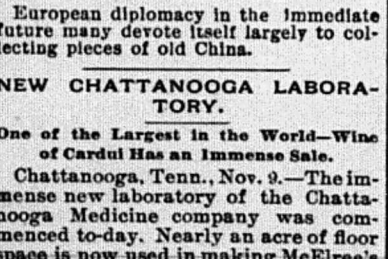
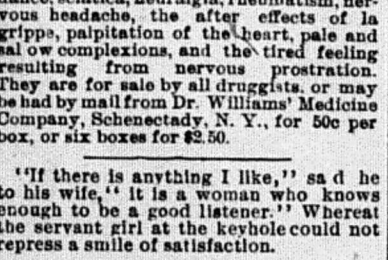
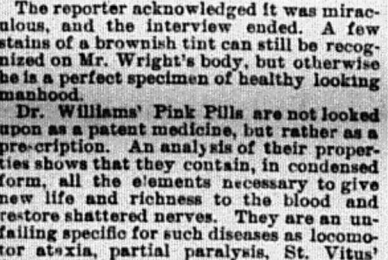
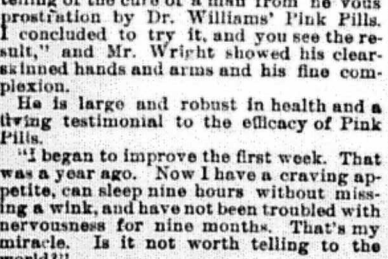
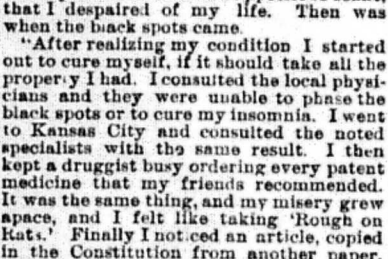
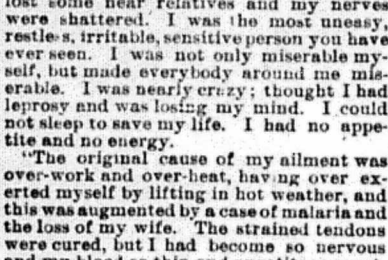
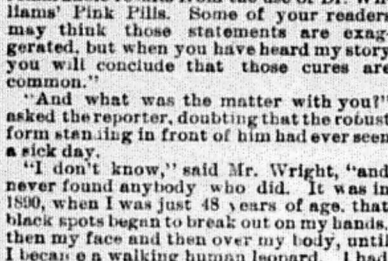
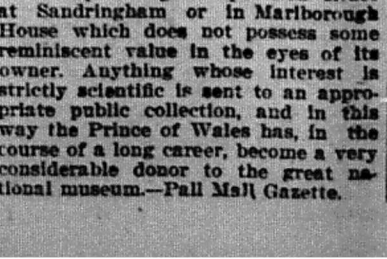
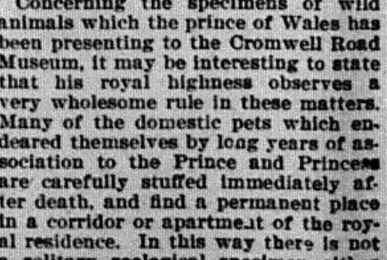
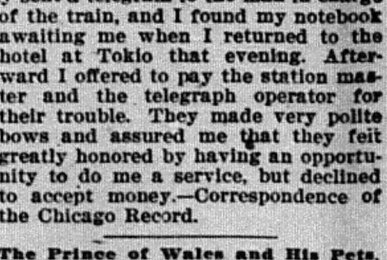
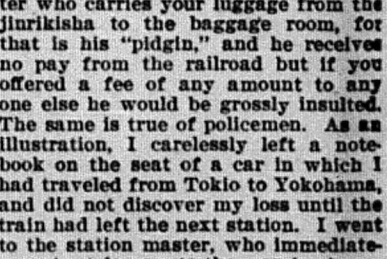
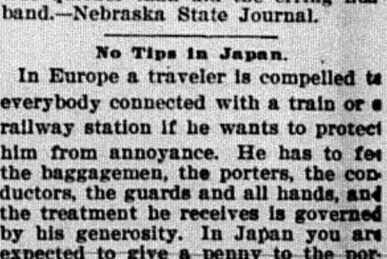
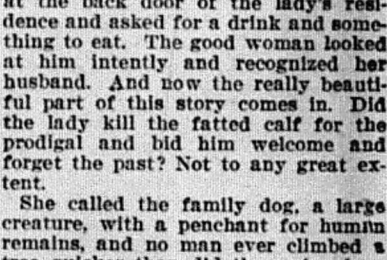
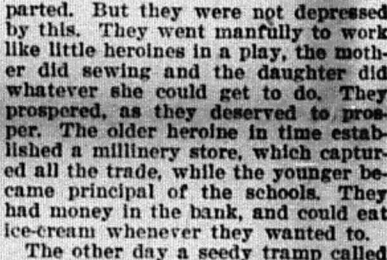
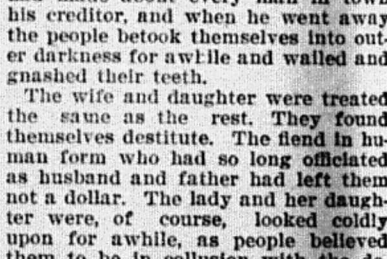
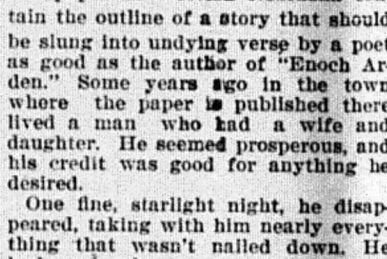
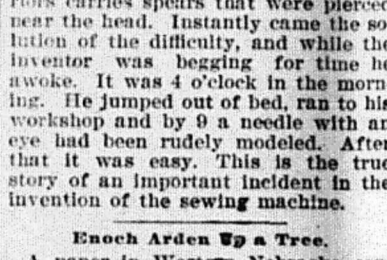
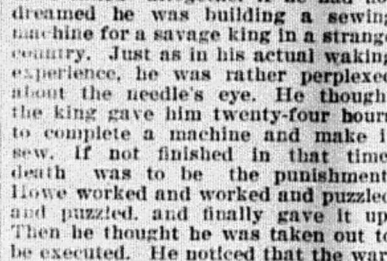
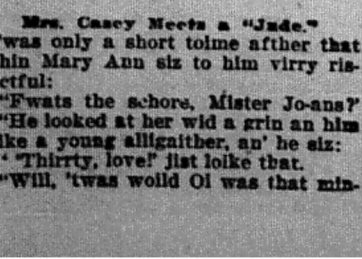
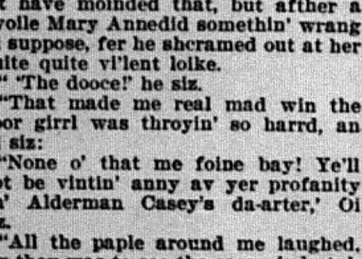
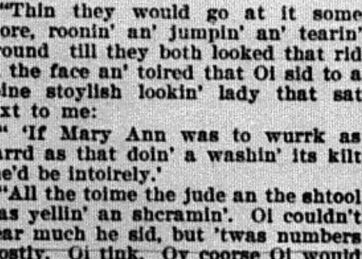
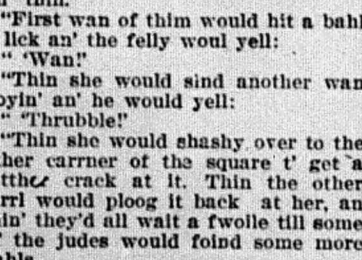
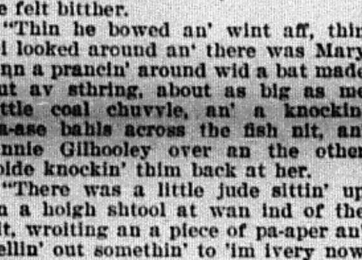
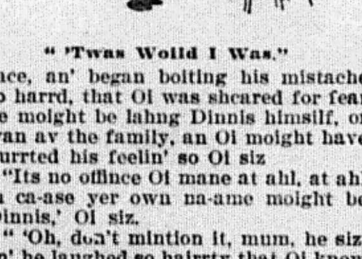
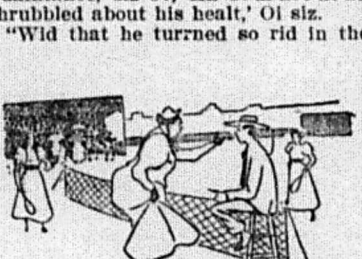
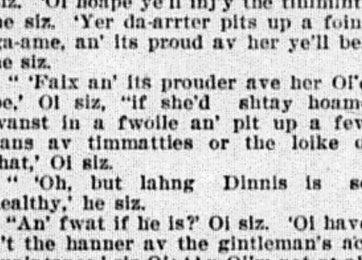
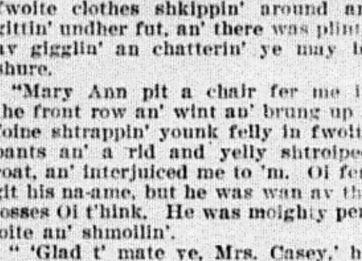
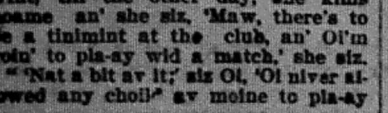
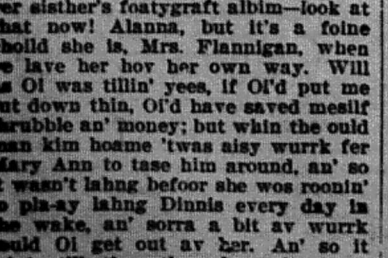
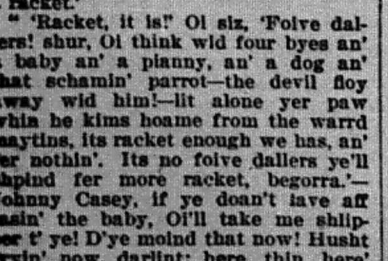
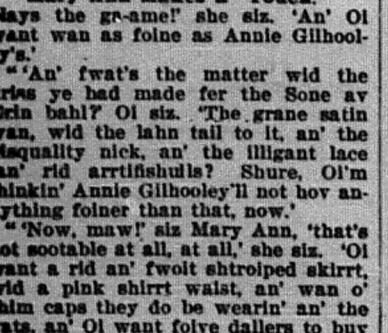
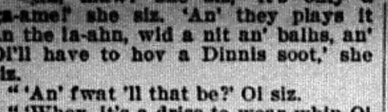
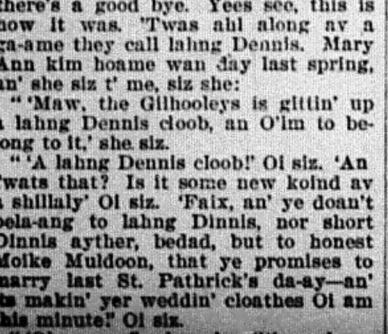
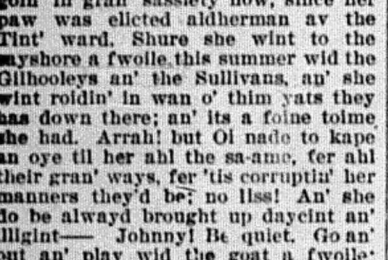
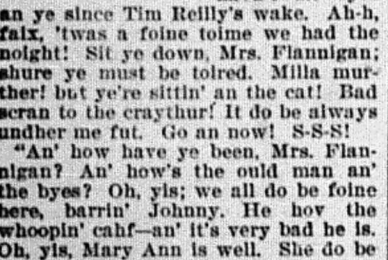
VEST-POCKET DINNERS
CAPSULES THAT CONTAIN ESSENCES OF SOLID FOODS.
A Pill Makes a Cup of Tea—Beef Comes in Tablets and Soups in Small Capsules—War Department Experiments with Condensed Foods.
OMING generations will dispense with the cook and the kitchen. Beef-steaks are to be done away with, vegetables will be a thing of the past, and a roast turkey will be put up in a small package no bigger than a box of cigarettes. Restaurants are to disappear, dinners will no longer be served, and the time now wasted in eating will be saved for more useful purposes. All this is likely to come about through the discoveries which the war department is now making in putting up square meals that the soldier can carry in his pocket. When the Japanese soldiers marched into China each man carried a cartridge belt and a dinner belt. In the latter were stuffed capsules, pills, buttons and small packages like cartridges which contain condensed foods of various kinds. If the soldier wants a cup of tea while on the march, he dropped a button into a tin of hot water. For dinner he could draw a large variety of meats for his food belt. A capsule made the soup and a couple of pills the fish, always seasoned. For the roast he used a few slices of beef which had been condensed under a thousand pressures into a plug like tobacco. Buttons of various colors supplied all the vegetables, a capsule made a pudding and another button when dropped in hot water made a cup of strong black coffee. It was even reported that cognac and whisky had been condensed into tablets. This system of furnishing the marching soldier with a cartridge belt that will make him independent of the commissariat is now being experimented upon by the United States government. The great question of food supplies which so puzzled Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee has been solved. Huge wagon trains of flour and beef "on the hoof" are to be things of the past. Armies in the future can cut themselves off from their base of supplies, as they will carry their supplies with them. Their movements will not be impeded by droves of cattle brought along for food, for the cattle in the form of little tablets, will repose in belts or knapsacks, and victory will not wait upon the cook. The soldiers can even dine while fighting. After putting a cartridge in his gun the private can put a capsule of roast beef in his mouth. He can have beef tea while charging the enemy, Boston baked beans during a pause in the battle and a condensed mince pie in the very hour of victory. These are some of the staples which governments are now supplying to their men. But the benefits of condensed food tablets can be extended to private citizens. Only a few men have the sense of taste and gourmets who really enjoy a meal are rare. It is estimated that every man now wastes three hours a day eating. After he has eaten he forgets all about "the pleasures of the table" and only remembers that an hour is gone. All this time can be saved. The food buttons and pills already contain every necessary element. The small button labelled "a cup of tea" is already sweetened. The beef-steak pills contain the due amount of salt and pepper. The soup capsule has all the condiments. From this it is but a step to put a whole dinner into one small package. An ordinary New York table d'hote dinner can be put up in a form no bigger than a pack of cigarettes which will be sold for 25 cents and may be carried in the vest pocket. This will embrace everything from the oyster to the coffee, including the wine and the inevitable olives. Breakfast buttons will include coffee and rolls, oatmeal, fruit, and a small chop or steak with perhaps vegetables. You will be able to buy a dozen assorted lunches, running from the simple sandwich and glass of milk to the most elaborate Hotel Waldorf spread. A Paying Case. That famous steer case of Perley vs. Besse is now being tried for the third time at the Supreme Court in Auburn, and it is estimated that each of the litigants has expended already a matter of about \$400 in contesting over the remains of a bullock worth, at his best, \$120. Both are wealthy men, however, and they are in it for the principle of the thing. On Tuesday, during recess, a brother attorney came and, speaking to the two opposing counsels who were sitting in the attorney's room, said: "Look out in there. Your clients are having a talk together. If you don't watch out they will be settling that case between themselves." Each attorney started in mock alarm and rushed into the court room. The joke lasted the rest of the forenoon. The first time the case was tried the jury disagreed. The second time the verdict was for the plaintiff, but the law court set aside the verdict, and now they are trying for the best two out of three, not including the dead heat.—Lewiston Journal.

When Wrinkles Seam the Brow, And the locks grow scant and silvery, infirmities of age come on apace. To retard and ameliorate these is one of the benign effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine to which the aged and infirm can resort as a safe source and invigorant. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and neuralgia, improves digestion, rectifies biliousness and overcomes malaria. A wineglass before retiring promotes slumber. Ambitious Mexican: "I have fame at last in my grasp." "How so?" "You know Mendelsohn's 'Wedding March' helped amazingly in making his fame?" "Well what of it?" "I am going to write a divorce match."—Exchange.

Scrofula from Infancy
Troubled my daughter. At times her head would be covered with scabs and running sores. We were afraid she would become blind. We had to keep her in a dark room.
We began to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon we saw that she was better in every respect. The sores have now all healed. I had a severe attack of the grip, was left in bad condition with muscular rheumatism and lumbago. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am all right and can walk around out doors without the aid of crutches." W. H. AREHART, Albion, Indiana.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

DR. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills
cure all Kidney Troubles, caused by overwork, worry, excesses, etc., and all Blood Troubles (Rheumatism, Gout, Anaemia, Skin Diseases, etc.), caused by sick Kidneys.
A few doses will relieve. A few boxes will cure. Sold by all druggists, or by mail prepaid for 50c. a box. Write for pamphlet.
HOBB'S MEDICINE CO., Chicago. San Francisco.

DON'T GET WET. FISH BRAND FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.
COLUMBIA BICYCLES
HARTFORD BICYCLES POPE MFG CO. HARTFORD, CONN.
BLOOD POISON
A SPECIALTY
PARKER'S HAIR BALM
NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.
WANTED—Any lady wishing to make some money quickly and needing steady employment should work for me selling my special. Address A. M. DAK, R. D., 213 Columbia Ave., Boston.
FARMER AGENTS make big money selling our Disc-Sharpening (23) Tank Hangers and other specialties. Ad. Westman Mfg. Co., Haverhill, Ill.
PISOS CURE FOR ALL THE ILLS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION





Subscription—In Advance. One Year, to United States or Canada \$1.00. Six Months .50. Three Months .25. One Year, to Europe 1.50.

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., a second-class matter.



UNDER OUR FLAG.

The "Socialist Picture Albums" For \$1. Sent to Any Address.

We beg leave to inform our friends that we have just published a second edition of the "Socialist Picture Album."

Soc. Newspaper Union.

Young America as a Political Factor. Any observer can see that the young element that is now growing up to manhood will play a great part in the process of political regeneration which is now slowly but surely taking place in this country.

Capitalism Preparing For War—The Army and Mobs.

It is a significant fact that so many of the new and revised army regulations should be devoted to laying down the method of handling the army against mobs.

Boston People's Union.

Meeting of the Executive Council of the People's Union, Nov. 4, at headquarters, 49 Bennett, Boston. Comrade L. Greenman was elected as Chairman.

Corresponding Secretary.

On Thursday, Nov. 14, the Sections of Holyoke will have a nomination convention for Alderman and Councilmen in Wards Three and Six.

Workman do not forget an election day for the Democratic and Republican party press treated you during the miners' and Pullman strikes.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

The Socialists the Only Party Showing an Increased Vote.

Comrades, Organize Your Forces for the National Campaign!

Election results have not been as good as we hoped for, some places having done fine, others not so well, and some places show a decrease.

Haverhill has done gloriously by increasing its vote of last year from fifty-seven to 226. Salem, Everett, Westfield, North Adams and Pittsfield have done well.

The following is the vote of the large places: Boston, 623; Holyoke, 255; Haverhill, 226; Lawrence, 204; Lynn, 177; Worcester, 108; New Bedford, 102; Clinton, 100; Springfield, 98; Adams, 97; Fitchburg, 89; Pittsfield, 87; North Adams, 68; Salem, 40; Cambridge, 38; Easthampton, 38; Westfield, 36; Everett, 33; Malden, 28; Fall River, 28; Chelsea, 25; South Hadley Falls, 21; Quincy, 18; Somerville, 19; Newburghport, 14; Turner Falls, 21; Brockton, 14; Methuen, 12; Northampton, 11; Chicopee, 23; Waltham, 9; Newton, 8; Beverly, 8; Medford, 5; Taunton, 23.

Although the vote has not been what it was expected, yet we are the only party that has increased its vote of last year. The Republicans lost 4,000 votes, the Democrats 2,000, the Populists 2,000.

M. RUTHERS.

MILWAUKEE IN POLITICS

Up With the Banner of Independent Political Action.

The Leather Trust at Work.

Up for independent political action, comrades of Milwaukee!

The labor movement of Milwaukee has been, and still is, an up and down, a buying and selling, and long continued cheating and intrigues, which should be thoroughly exterminated by a decisive step through the Socialist Party.

Then onward to battle comrades! Let us prepare and draw well our lines in order to instill a decent respect to our enemies, and win the admiration of our friends and comrades.

As what can be seen from the latest reports of the commercial bulletins, the Leather Trust, having about a hundred tanneries under its control, is closing down, making 15,000 men idle.

Where are your regular troops, your bullets and gatling guns, Mr. Cleveland, which you so forcibly used against the strikers in Chicago?

Where is the Government to care for the good and welfare of the people, as it is written down in the Declaration of Independence, to provide for the unemployed and dispossessed workmen?

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OTTO GUNDERMAN.

CALIFORNIA ATTENTION.

A State Convention to Be Called Soon.

The Coming Age reports: On last Tuesday night, the various branches of Section San Francisco, Socialist Labor Party, in session assembled, appointed a committee of five persons to draw up a manifesto calling upon all Socialists of the Pacific Coast to assemble in San Francisco at some future date, for the purpose of reviewing the field, unifying our forces, and presenting a more united front and purpose to the despoilers of the producer of the

country. The committee is instructed to draw up a strong, clear document, without evasion or equivocation, and report at the next session, which will occur on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26th.

ADAMS, MASS.

The Capitalist Temperance Movement.

Great efforts are being made here to warn the working men from drink. No man who is in any way intoxicated is now allowed to ride on the electric cars. This applies to the working people of course. When other people get so that they are unable to walk they are taken home in their carriages. I am not an advocate of drunkenness. I have no sympathies for a man who so far forgets his manhood as to make a pig of himself. But I do not want my appetite regulated by law.

Yours for Socialism, CHAS. STOECHER, JR.

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 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.

Whereas, The time is fast coming when, in the natural course of social evolution this system, through the destructive action of its failures and crises on the one hand, and the constructive tendencies of its trusts and other Capitalistic combinations on the other hand, shall have worked out its own downfall; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we call upon the people to organize with a view to the substitution of the

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

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

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

1. Reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of production.

2. The United States shall obtain possession of the railroads, canals, telegraphs, telephones and all other means of public transportation and communication; but no employee shall be discharged for political reasons.

3. The municipalities to obtain possession of the local railroads, ferries, waterworks, gasworks, electric plants, and all industries requiring municipal franchises; but no employee shall be discharged for political reasons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund.

Dr. L. Crusius, St. Louis, Mo. \$5 00 John Bennett, Los Angeles, Cal. 50 Previously received 108 00

Total \$166 58

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THE SOCIALIST ALBUM.

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

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

Baltimore Comrades, Prepare for 1896.

The Socialists of Baltimore are not very enthusiastic about the results of their local election. The vote cast was: for Governor, H. F. Andrews, 433; for Comptroller, L. H. Gibson, 374; for Attorney-General, B. W. Monnet, 403; for Mayor of Baltimore, R. B. Golden, 384; for Sheriff, W. Toner, 321. The cause for the small Socialist vote is principally the fact that the people of the State had been dissatisfied to a great extent with the misrule of the Democratic ring in power.

The working men have broken the power of the Democrats and have elected a Republican, State and city ticket from top to bottom, and they expect to have golden times now. Bless their ignorance. They did not have sense enough to give the Socialist Labor Party enough votes to let her remain an official party and spare a lot of work and expense for the pioneers of the movement in this State, for these same men that had heart and sense enough to mark a straight Socialist ticket, who, in spite of the disgusting fight between two rival robber parties, are not going to give up this noble fight for right and justice. They are going to uphold the banner of Socialism. The light of Socialism is dispelling the darkness. Had the workmen of this State not been so anxious to change the names of their rulers, we should have had more than enough votes to keep on the official ballot.

The Garment Workers' Union of Baltimore City discharged their walking delegate, Z. Berman, for making a speech at a Democratic mass meeting in favor of the capitalist ring. Bravo! Let other unions take an example. Down with every labor leader that meddles with capitalistic interests. Next year Baltimore will again join in the cheers for Socialism and the Co-operative Commonwealth.

R. WUERFEL.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Comrades, Give a Good Lift Right Now.

Co-operate and Good Results Will Follow.

COMRADES: Read this and act promptly. Do your duty as Socialists and co-workers in the great cause of humanity.

To-day the Socialist Newspaper Union is as solid as a rock. Thousands of brave comrades gather around one banner. Remember that this paper was started right in the turmoil of an industrial depression. In spite of the hard times the little Socialist cruiser forced its way through the raging, roaring waves and to-day it is anchoring safely in the harbor of success. True, a hard struggle it was, but the harder the fight, the more glorious the victory.

At the time when the storm raged most fearfully, a number of our comrades appeared on deck of the little cruiser "S. N. U." and poured oil in the "roaring sea"—but, comrades, this oil was very expensive for our friends. You will remember that it cost them \$470.

This was the sum advanced by a few St. Louis comrades to the Socialist Newspaper Union. In this way these comrades saved the Socialist Newspaper Union \$600 in the ensuing year, as we secured a rebate and cheaper rates for printing and press-work.

According to receipts under Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund about \$100 of the money advanced have been returned to the comrades. This leaves a balance of about \$300.

Comrades, we beg leave to inform you that the "oil" is very much in need of money at present. Indeed, they have given their last nickel to the S. N. U. They do not trouble us, but we know full well in what embarrassed a situation they are and for this reason we are very anxious to return the money to them.

Three hundred and sixty dollars! What is this amount for thousands of subscribers? We request every comrade and reader of this paper to make a little donation. If you cannot give \$10, or \$5, or \$1, why, give a dime, or a nickel, and within a few weeks our brave St. Louis comrades will have their money.

And how about the sections? Comrades, too long have you looked upon this paper as a "fatherless" child.

Would you consider it a crime if every section connected with the Socialist Newspaper Union would donate or advance the little amount of \$5, \$10 or \$20? Have you ever spent your money for any better purpose?

Look at this in the proper light. We, the members of the Central Press Committee, are simply your servants. We are sacrificing our time and money for the cause. Our editors and co-workers have never asked for a single cent for their work; they never will, because they are cheerful volunteers in the Socialist army.

And right here mark you that the very men who do most of the work have advanced most of the money to the S. N. U. and thereby put themselves into much trouble in their private affairs and in their families.

Comrades, give a good lift right now. Don't wait. Don't postpone the matter. Do your duty. Be assured we will do ours. Co-operate! Co-operate! Remember that twenty nickels make one dollar.

Yours for the noble cause of Socialism, DR. LOUIS CRUSIUS, E. LOCHMAN, PETER SCHWITZE, G. A. HOEHN, J. SCHEIDLER, CHAS. NELSON, FRED. GIESLER, CHAS. KLOTZ.

Central Press Committee Socialist Newspaper Union. Send all money for S. N. U. Improvement Fund to Phillip Kaufman, 311 Walnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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Baltimore Comrades, Prepare for 1896.

The Socialists of Baltimore are not very enthusiastic about the results of their local election. The vote cast was: for Governor, H. F. Andrews, 433; for Comptroller, L. H. Gibson, 374; for Attorney-General, B. W. Monnet, 403; for Mayor of Baltimore, R. B. Golden, 384; for Sheriff, W. Toner, 321. The cause for the small Socialist vote is principally the fact that the people of the State had been dissatisfied to a great extent with the misrule of the Democratic ring in power.

The working men have broken the power of the Democrats and have elected a Republican, State and city ticket from top to bottom, and they expect to have golden times now. Bless their ignorance. They did not have sense enough to give the Socialist Labor Party enough votes to let her remain an official party and spare a lot of work and expense for the pioneers of the movement in this State, for these same men that had heart and sense enough to mark a straight Socialist ticket, who, in spite of the disgusting fight between two rival robber parties, are not going to give up this noble fight for right and justice. They are going to uphold the banner of Socialism. The light of Socialism is dispelling the darkness. Had the workmen of this State not been so anxious to change the names of their rulers, we should have had more than enough votes to keep on the official ballot.

The Garment Workers' Union of Baltimore City discharged their walking delegate, Z. Berman, for making a speech at a Democratic mass meeting in favor of the capitalist ring. Bravo! Let other unions take an example. Down with every labor leader that meddles with capitalistic interests. Next year Baltimore will again join in the cheers for Socialism and the Co-operative Commonwealth.

R. WUERFEL.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Comrades, Give a Good Lift Right Now.

Co-operate and Good Results Will Follow.

COMRADES: Read this and act promptly. Do your duty as Socialists and co-workers in the great cause of humanity.

To-day the Socialist Newspaper Union is as solid as a rock. Thousands of brave comrades gather around one banner. Remember that this paper was started right in the turmoil of an industrial depression. In spite of the hard times the little Socialist cruiser forced its way through the raging, roaring waves and to-day it is anchoring safely in the harbor of success. True, a hard struggle it was, but the harder the fight, the more glorious the victory.

At the time when the storm raged most fearfully, a number of our comrades appeared on deck of the little cruiser "S. N. U." and poured oil in the "roaring sea"—but, comrades, this oil was very expensive for our friends. You will remember that it cost them \$470.

This was the sum advanced by a few St. Louis comrades to the Socialist Newspaper Union. In this way these comrades saved the Socialist Newspaper Union \$600 in the ensuing year, as we secured a rebate and cheaper rates for printing and press-work.

According to receipts under Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund about \$100 of the money advanced have been returned to the comrades. This leaves a balance of about \$300.

Comrades, we beg leave to inform you that the "oil" is very much in need of money at present. Indeed, they have given their last nickel to the S. N. U. They do not trouble us, but we know full well in what embarrassed a situation they are and for this reason we are very anxious to return the money to them.

Three hundred and sixty dollars! What is this amount for thousands of subscribers? We request every comrade and reader of this paper to make a little donation. If you cannot give \$10, or \$5, or \$1, why, give a dime, or a nickel, and within a few weeks our brave St. Louis comrades will have their money.

And how about the sections? Comrades, too long have you looked upon this paper as a "fatherless" child.

Would you consider it a crime if every section connected with the Socialist Newspaper Union would donate or advance the little amount of \$5, \$10 or \$20? Have you ever spent your money for any better purpose?

Look at this in the proper light. We, the members of the Central Press Committee, are simply your servants. We are sacrificing our time and money for the cause. Our editors and co-workers have never asked for a single cent for their work; they never will, because they are cheerful volunteers in the Socialist army.

And right here mark you that the very men who do most of the work have advanced most of the money to the S. N. U. and thereby put themselves into much trouble in their private affairs and in their families.

Comrades, give a good lift right now. Don't wait. Don't postpone the matter. Do your duty. Be assured we will do ours. Co-operate! Co-operate! Remember that twenty nickels make one dollar.

Yours for the noble cause of Socialism, DR. LOUIS CRUSIUS, E. LOCHMAN, PETER SCHWITZE, G. A. HOEHN, J. SCHEIDLER, CHAS. NELSON, FRED. GIESLER, CHAS. KLOTZ.

Central Press Committee Socialist Newspaper Union. Send all money for S. N. U. Improvement Fund to Phillip Kaufman, 311 Walnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

ATTENTION.

A Word With Our Readers and Friends.

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

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

It is no more than right and just that you pay your subscription. Don't wait for the local manager to call for the money, but go there and pay the little amount you owe. We do all in our power to make this paper a success in every respect. Now it is for you to do your share of the work. Thousands of Socialists are proud of this paper. We are now entering our national campaign, and it is our intention to make the Socialist Newspaper Union one of the most formidable weapons in the next national political struggle of the Socialist Labor party against the parties of capitalism.

By the aid of the Socialist Newspaper Union we shall be able to put up a strict Socialist ticket in every State of the Union, and when, in November, 1896, the Socialist votes will be counted throughout the country the party of socialism may announce the glorious news that hundreds of thousands of votes have been cast for Socialism.

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

Fraternally, CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.