

TWO NOTED WOMEN.

THEIR STORIES HAVE BEEN READ BY MILLIONS.

Anna Katharine Green and Her Literary Productions—Harriet Prescott Spofford's Work in the Field of Fiction—The Formers' Poems.

HE MOST ASTONISHING thing about that widely-read novel, "The Leavenworth Case," is that it was written by a woman. It is now used in Yale college as a text book to show the fallacy of circumstantial evidence, and is the subject of comments by learned lawyers, to whom it appeals by its mastery of legal points. Anna Katharine Green, which is the author's maiden name, and the one by which she is known throughout the world, inherits her legal turn of mind. She is the daughter of a lawyer, and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1846. While she was yet a child the family removed to Buffalo, and there her education was conducted until she was old enough to enter Ripley Female college at Poutney, Vt. In her childhood she composed innumerable poems and stor-



ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

ies, and soon after her graduation she wrote her first novel, "The Leavenworth Case," which at once attracted the attention of the literary world, and was afterward dramatized. Her success brought eager invitations from publishers to furnish them stories, and other novels followed, including "A Strange Disappearance," "The Sword of Damocles," "Hand and Ring," "X. Y. Z.," "The Mill Mystery," "7 to 12," "Behind Closed Doors," "The Forsaken Inn," "A Matter of Millions," "Cynthia Wakeham's Money," and "The Old Stone House." Her poetical works are embraced in a volume entitled "The Defense of the Bride, and Other Poems," and "Rialto's Daughter," a drama. In November, 1884, she was married to Charles Rohlf, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

With descriptions and fancies glittering with delights and every variety of splendor, the stories of Harriet Prescott Spofford would be charming if their only merit was their artistic coloring. Mrs. Spofford began writing when very young. She was born in Calais, Me., April 3, 1835, but in her youth was taken by her parents to Newburyport, Mass., which city has ever since been her home. At the age of seventeen she was graduated at the Pinkerton academy, at Derry, N. H. While in school at Newburyport her prize essay on Hamlet attracted the attention of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who became her friend and counselor. Her father, Joseph N. Prescott, suffered a stroke of paralysis which permanently disabled him, and her mother also became a confirmed invalid, so that she felt the need of making her talents available, and began to contribute to the Boston story papers. In 1859 her sparkling story of Parisian life, entitled "In a Cellar," appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, and gave her a reputation. From that day



HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. she was a welcome contributor. In 1865 she was married to Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Boston. Among Mrs. Spofford's published works may be mentioned "Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The Amber Gods, and Other Stories," "Asarian," "New England Legends," "The Thief in the Night," "Art Decoration Applied to Furniture," "Marquise of Carabas," "Poems," "Heater Stanley at St. Mark's," "The Servant Girl Question," and "Ballads About Authors."

The New.

He was rooted to the spot. "Not false," he gasped, dazed by what he saw.

Fausing only to be sure that the woman actually alighted from the street car while facing toward the front the knight errant hastened home and donned his heaviest coat of mail.

"She is not false," he kept muttering to himself. "She exists."—Detroit Tribune.

SETTLING AN OLD GRUDGE.

Two Chickamauga Veterans Remind Each Other of the Time Long Ago.

"Right here," said the old Union soldier, digging his cane into the ground, "I stood on picket duty thirty-two years ago."

"And I stood on picket duty right over there," said the grizzled old Confederate warrior, pointing with his long finger at a spot a few furlongs away. "I wonder," exclaimed the former, "if you are the Johnny Reb that gave me a plug of tobacco when I hadn't had a chew for twenty-four hours and was half-dead for one!"

"If you're the Yank that gave me a canteen nearly full of whisky when I was dying for a drink," rejoined the southerner, "I am."

The voice of the old veteran from the north trembled slightly when he spoke again.

"I have always thought," he said, "that if I ever met that man this side of the fords of the river Jordan I'd tell him that that tobacco was the meanest, cruelest, good-for-nothingest, dog-goned stuff that I ever put into my mouth."

"Yank," replied the old boy in gray, with emotion, "I've always wanted to live long enough to meet the man that gave me that whisky and tell him it was the vilest, nastiest, cheapest, infernalst booze that ever insulted the stomach of a white man, begad, sah!"

Then the two old warriors shook hands and moved off arm in arm in the direction of a tent that had a barrel inside of it.

DALTON M. CARTHY.

The Leader of the Equal Rights Party in Dominion of Canada.

Dalton McCarthy occupies an enviable position in Canada. He is about fifty years of age and was for many years a barrister of prominence in Barrie, Ontario. He moved to Toronto, where his success was continued. He became a queen's counsel, taking a lively interest in politics, and became eventually a member of the Dominion parliament. He attached himself to the conservatives and soon acquired prominence in its councils. The time came when certain differences of opinion between him and the leaders of the party became so marked that he separated from them, though his affiliations did not extend in the direction of the liberals. He became the recognized head of what was known as the equal rights party—a sort of balance-wheel. The party has never become dominant in Canada, but has always been respected alike by conservatives and liberals. Mr. McCarthy, aside from being a jurist of admitted



DALTON M. CARTHY.

great ability, is a fluent and ready debater and a forceful man in support of any measure which he may countenance in the Dominion parliament.

Simplicity of the Princess of Wales. The Princess of Wales is always loath to adopt any exaggerated fashion. Simple bonnets, neither too high nor too broad, are those she prefers. Many buttoned gloves she invariably discards for those with but three or four buttons. At the theater she has lately appeared in something approaching demi-toilet, with long sleeves to her wrists, and a décolletage the least pronounced possible. At the opera she is, of course, much smarter, although she seldom adopts the grande toilette of dames of less high degree. As to jewels, she wears not too many diamonds, but just diamonds enough, and is rarely without her long necklace of pearls. If the princess has a weakness it is for old lace. Her collection of lace is, indeed, a beautiful one, and of great value.

A Real Drainage System.

It is said that the most perfect town in the world, as regards its drainage system, is Pullman, near Chicago, situated on the bank of Lake Calumet, and containing about 12,000 inhabitants. The whole of the sewage is pumped to a farm of 300 acres, three miles distant from the town. The sewers are ventilated by connecting all of them with a high chimney stack, which also serves for the engine fires at the pumping station. The consequence is that when one is passing an open grating in the street, he is not assailed by whiffs of malodorous sewer gas; on the contrary, the down draught caused by the high central chimney sucks the fresh outside air into the sewers, which are thus kept wholesome and innocuous.—Ex.

Management.

Husband—"My dear, it was very thoughtful of you to buy this elegant smoking-jacket for me, but I really cannot afford to wear anything so ruinously expensive."

Wife—"That's too bad; but never mind, they will take it back."

"And give you the money?"

"Oh, no, but they will exchange it for a dress pattern."

KICKS AND PUNTS.

CURRENT GOSSIP OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Measuring the Strength of the Football Teams—Harvard Said to Be in a Perfectly Demoralized Condition—Cross, Lea, and Shaw.

INTEREST in football has not been so great this season as it has been in past years, mainly because of intercollegiate squabbling, but those who participate in the sport promise a greater future for gridiron contests. Just because the ancient and natural rivals refuse to play, it is said that no one can tell which of Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania or Princeton is the strongest team. On paper at the present time "Pennsy" and Harvard are the most dangerous eleven. Yale is always backward, and especially with a lot of green men, for her system of gradual development does not purpose to have the machine working smoothly until the middle of November. Princeton was weak last year, says "Referee," and outclassed by the "big three." The "tigers" will be no stronger this autumn on present indications, and it is fortunate for the football credit of their

round team can be turned out, whose work will depend considerably on the ability of their captain. Sutor, Brokaw, Smith and Tucker ought to furnish a reliable quarter-back among them, although Williams, of Pennsylvania, knows more football than the lot of them with their talent in a joint pool. Rosengarten, Armstrong and their comrades at half occupy the same attitude toward "Brink" Thorne, of Yale, or Gelbert, of Pennsylvania, and it cannot be denied that young Mr. Brooke, of the flaming thatch, who wears a red and blue sweater, can kick and run in a way to utterly confound Bannard and Baird and Pope, the men who want to play full-back for the orange and black. Man for man, it cannot be dodged that both Yale and Pennsylvania outclass Princeton at this stage of the game, and that Yale must concede something to the Quakers.

Harvard will have a busy afternoon with these Quakers, or the crimson will not be overstrong in the line, and she will run against a good deal of a stone wall in the lads from the Schuylkill. Back of the line Harvard is well off. The worst blow is the loss of "Bob" Wrenn, the brilliant quarter, as well as the ex-tennis champion and baseball player. Wrenn has positively declined to return, and the place will lie between Beale, who played the position poorly two years ago, and Hamlin and Borden, two pocket-edition hustlers, untried yet, but full of go. The list of backs is familiar to all followers of football and is really very strong—"Charlie" Brewer Wrightington, whom Hinkey apparently did not kill quite dead, Dunlap, Hayes, Gonterman and Fairchild. Hayes and Gonterman are an erratic and unsteady pair, and, although sometimes brilliantly effective, will probably be counted out unless they steady down. Harvard has a center trio that can give pounds to Hickok, Stillman and McCrea. But 220 pounds and six feet four inches of this Harvard bulwark, Knowles Jaffray, is so overgrown and soft that it will be thrown out. Holt, the other freshman of the trio, weighs 200, but he learned football at Andover and can "tote" his beef around in spry fashion. He is likely to shuffle into Mackie's shoes. Frank Shaw is in the center, and will give a good account of himself. Norton Shaw has been on crutches through most of the playing season thus far, which misfortune he owes to summer practice, which crippled also "Bob" Emmons last year. If Guard Shaw is unable to get fit the right and left bowlers will be problems hard to solve. The tackles may turn out fairly well, but not extra, with Hollowell on one side and a likely raft to choose from for the other, including Gould and Wheeler. Cabot and Arthur Brewer are all right on the ends. The Harvard center and tackles will be below par, and of the four leaders Penn-

sylvania only has a bang-up good center that would tear up the lines of either of the others. The Yale, Harvard and Princeton centers are not in the same class with Bull, Wharton and Woodruff.

THE RING.

Charles F. Ide and John McLennon, of Syracuse, N. Y., who acted as counsel for Bob Fitzsimmons when tried for causing the death of Con Riordan, began suit last week against the boxer and his manager, Martin Jullian, for \$2,000 fees. They appeared before the supreme court and secured an attachment for Fitzsimmons' stake money, now in the hands of the stakeholder in the championship match.

Governor Clough, of Minnesota, issued a proclamation addressed to the sheriffs of that commonwealth, notifying them that a prize fight between Danny Needham and Dick Moore was widely advertised to take place, and calling on them to see that the law against such contests was rigidly enforced in their respective counties.

Jack Haley and Arthur Beattie engaged in a glove fight for \$1,000 at the New Gymnasium, Newcastle, Eng., twenty rounds being contested and the affair ending in a draw.

Joe Smith and Dick Burge are to settle their differences before the Bolingbroke club in London, Eng., Nov. 26, instead of the date originally fixed for the glove fight. B. J. Angle is to be the referee.

Justice Beekman, in the supreme court, New York city, denied the application of Bob Fitzsimmons to vacate an attachment levied on the purse of \$10,000 now in the hands of Stakeholder Phil Dwyer. The attachment was granted in the name of Joseph Tooker for the Metropolitan Job Printing Company, to which Fitz owes \$3,075 for printing done for his vaudeville company.

Carrie Clark Ward and Carl Berch were married Oct. 1, at Los Angeles, Cal.

BARRIOS AND WIFE.

PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA LOVED ANOTHER.

Her Husband Sent to Salvador by President Barrios—Now the Widow Is in the United States to Avoid Public Notoriety.

HE most interesting arrival in America of late is a pretty Spanish woman, twenty years of age, who was not, for some good reason, registered under her true name on the steamer list. The woman is Senora Campos, of Guatemala, and in the capital of that southern republic she had the reputation of being a beauty and a belle. The passengers on the Sydney were all rolling under their tongues sweet morsels of gossip about the Spanish woman with the wonderful eyes. On the arrival of the San Blas at San Francisco the stories about the sweet-faced senora and her beautiful baby were confirmed, until now there is not a single Spanish American in that city who has not heard the story, or who does not know the history of the lady from Guatemala.

Senora Campos is but twenty years old. Two years ago she was married in Guatemala, where she was born and bred, but now she is a widow. Her husband died in Salvador over a year ago. The Guatemalan planters say that he killed himself for grief because his young wife cared more for another than for him. The widow refuses to say how he met his death.

It was the old story of David and Uriah. President Barrios saw and admired the beautiful young wife. The husband was sent to Salvador on a mission, and the rest is common fame. When Mme. Barrios heard of her husband's devotion to his new love she left the capital in high dudgeon. She is a proud woman, is Mme. Barrios, beautiful and blonde, as all the world knows. She refused to condone her husband's reckless abandonment to his latest flame, and retired to the highlands to allow him to recover. But his infatuation did not abate. From a distance the president, who likes to keep up the official dignity of his household, tried to negotiate a partial peace. But though Barrios is a soldier and a conqueror where women are concerned, he found one woman whom he could not rule. Mme. Barrios was cool, calm and firm—very firm. No appeals to the conventionalities and no threats could

know the fine-looking president of the country. Then she asked suddenly if the visitor wished to see her baby. It was asleep, but she shaded the candle and allowed the newspaper representative to look at the little boy, who is as handsome and lusty and strong-limbed as the child of such good Spanish blood should be. He is a fine, handsome baby, four months old, and so extraordinary in his appearance that whenever his nurse or mother carry him through the corridors every head is turned to look at him. Senora Campos is very proud of her son and with reason. When she spoke of her widowhood she laughed and said gayly: "Oh, I shall marry again soon; perhaps an American gentleman, perhaps not. At any rate, I shall not stay in your city long. I am going to Paris," and the Paris was dwelt on as lovingly as though she had been American born.

It all depends upon whether the Guatemalan doctors are right or not. It is known at the hotel what high personage sends the money from Guatemala which pays Senora Campos' suite of rooms and servants. She herself is very unassuming, ready to chat with her inferiors at any time, and it is known that the Campos family is not wealthy, and that it was beauty of form and figure and not wealth or social position that won for the young wife the heart of the lord of the land.

But Senora Campos, though an exile in one sense, seems to be happy. Certainly her widowhood sits lightly upon her. She wore that night a flowing pink robe, and had her midnight hair down her back in a black cloud, but she laughed like a child as she ran her fingers through her hair, showed her great box of pearls that glowed and jewels that gleam, and reminded one of Marguerite in the famous jewel scene. She has lately been photographed in Andalusian costume and again in a street gown of deep rich crimson, with all her wonderful pearls—"Just to show him," she said, "that I have not lost my figure."

Whom she meant by "him" she would not say, only laughed and looked at the baby. Perhaps she means the man she hinted at marrying, for after San Francisco it is to be Paris, and then—who knows? Perhaps Mme. Barrios will take to the mountains again.

Officials Played "Craps."

The Calhoun county (Ill.) sheriff, county clerk and clerk of the Circuit court indulged in a game of "craps" a few days ago, the stakes being only one cent a corner. Somebody saw the little game and went before the grand jury, then in session, and told of the violation of the law. The result was that the grand jury has returned an indictment against the county officials, and captaes were issued for their arrest.

Senora Campos is certainly a beautiful woman. She is slender and dark and graceful, lithe as a willow and typical of the high-bred Spanish girl of twenty. She has a divine figure and beautiful, slender hands, with tapering pale, but her lips are vivid carmine, with hair, eyes and eyebrows dark as midnight. Her cheeks are dimpled and her eyes flash, and there is merriment

and vivacity and passion in every line of her face. She has none of the Spanish lassitude, but is full of youthful vigor. In short, she is the sort of woman for whom men perjure themselves and die, and in her face there is the dash of diablerie that is bewitching, befogging the senses and drawing a curtain over the niche where conscience is supposed to be enthroned.

When seen Senora Campos consented to be interviewed through an interpreter. In her pretty way, with a world of graceful gestures and hands that were never still for a moment, she deprecated that the story had been told. She regretted that she could not speak or understand English, and the first thing that she said was that she did not wish to discuss anything connected with President Barrios.

Later she affirmed that she did not know the president personally, but was acquainted with Mme. Barrios, and volunteered the information that Mme. Barrios was ill and the doctors said might not recover. On the mantel in Senora Campos' room is a very large, finely finished portrait of President Barrios. The pretty Guatemalan smiled when her attention was called to it, and she no longer denied that she



MME. BARRIOS.

knew the fine-looking president of the country.

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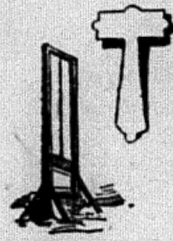
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MURDER SECRET OUT.

WHY TOM O'BRIEN KILLED A REED WADDELL.

O'Brien Driven from the Argentine Republic at the Instance of His Enemy—Then He Resolved to Take the Other's Life.



HOMAS O'BRIEN, of international fame as the "King of the Bunco Steerers," is now in La Roquette prison, Paris, awaiting execution of the sentence of death for murdering "Kid" Waddell.

The murder, which occurred in the Northern Railway station, Paris, on March 27, has never been explained by the clever Parisian detectives. No motive for the deliberate assassination was made known during the trial of O'Brien or after his conviction. His own lips remained sealed.

It has been shown that some days before the murder the two men had had an altercation at the Cafe Americaine, during which Waddell struck O'Brien with a wine bottle. It has also been shown that O'Brien murdered Waddell at the depot deliberately, drawing the revolver from his pocket and without a word firing six shots into the body of his enemy. But it does not appear that the assault at the Cafe Americaine was the cause of the tragedy.

What, then, was the motive for the killing of Waddell? This is the secret which the French courts have failed to reveal. A Frenchwoman of a certain class soothed the dying hours of "Kid" Waddell, and Annie Grey, whose establishment on Forty-sixth street, in New York, had made her notorious, has made desperate and constant efforts to communicate with O'Brien, under the claim that she is his wife. But from neither of these women have the celebrated secret police of Paris been able to secure light on the events which led up to the tragedy.

The true story of these events has been communicated to the writer by the only person conversant with the facts, save O'Brien himself. The story is as follows:

"Some years before O'Brien escaped from Utica with the assistance of the Utica politician, Dave Dishler, a couple of O'Brien's pals were involved in a bad scrape in Illinois. O'Brien wished to help them, but was hard up at the time. He applied to Waddell, with whom he had been operating for a number of years, and who, he knew, had plenty of money. Waddell refused. O'Brien sought him out, slapped his face and gave him a sound kicking.

"Although not a sneak, Waddell was a man who could wait years to right a wrong done to himself. He made no re-



MRS. BARNEY BARNATO.

assistance at the time, but they parted bitter enemies.

"When O'Brien jumped his ball in Albany and escaped to Europe only three men knew the ship he was booked to sail in. One of these was 'Kid' Waddell. Before O'Brien reached the other side men from Scotland Yard had been informed and were waiting to arrest him. Although he eluded them at first, he was finally captured and sent back to the United States.

"After O'Brien's later escape from Utica he made his way to New Orleans. From that city he telegraphed to New York for assistance. With the men to whom he telegraphed Waddell was intimate. O'Brien, however, got the money and took the steamer at New Orleans for Havre. He had scarcely set foot in Havre before he was seized by the French police. Owing to his marvelous tact, cunning and resource, he made his escape and wired again to his New York friends for help. Without waiting a reply, he pawned a pair of sleeve buttons which the French police had left him, and started for Paris.

"There, tired of being hunted, he deliberately began a study of the extradition laws. He discovered that there was but one place of refuge on earth for him—the Argentine Republic. He reached Buenos Ayres. At last he felt safe. He found a pleasant home and congenial surroundings. He made friends, and for a time kept them. But after some months he noticed a change. A friend or two passed him on the street with a nod. Then he was annoyed by official intrusion into his private affairs and became satisfied that he was watched. At last, with apparently no adequate reason, he was officially expelled from the country.

"There is one explanation for O'Brien's arrest in England and France and his banishment from the Argentine Republic—the never-resting enmity of the man whom he had assaulted years before—'Kid' Waddell. Although Waddell's connection with O'Brien's arrest in England and France is shown impliedly, it was directly exhibited in the expulsion of O'Brien from the Argentine Republic.

"Last summer a party of three Americans were 'working' in Carlsbad. They were three as clever bunco-steerers as ever went abroad. They took into their combination an Italian Count. He was suave, agreeable, accomplished, and he helped them to turn many a gentlemanly trick. One day the conversation turned on Buenos Ayres. The Count had been there, he said—indeed, he had lived there a number of years. Finally one of the party asked the Count if he had ever happened to hear of 'Tom' O'Brien.

"O'Brien!" exclaimed the Count. "I know him like a book. I drive him out of the Argentine Republic. My brother has great influence there, and I work through him."

"And why did you drive him out of the only place of refuge the man had on earth?" he was indignantly asked.

"I tell-a you! Because he insults my friend Waddell and strikes him!"

"One of the party wrote to O'Brien at once to put him on his guard. O'Brien ascertained without much trouble that Waddell was in Paris. It was no more a question of safety with O'Brien—it was a question of revenge. To Paris he went. He found Waddell at the Cafe Americaine, accused him of his perfidy and gave his proofs. Waddell, driven at last to open resistance by the unmasking of his treachery, struck O'Brien in a frenzy of rage.

"There is little doubt that O'Brien would have killed him then, had he not been restrained. In the few days that followed Waddell made no attempt to defend himself against the accusations that O'Brien had brought.

MRS. "BARNEY" BARNATO.

Wife of the World's Richest Man and Her Interesting Husband.

Much as current interest now centers in Barney Barnato, the multi-millionaire magnate of the South African

mining region, a more tender sentiment will be entertained toward his beautiful wife and their two interesting children, Primrose and Jack.

Mrs. Barnato was born in Africa, and she is both beautiful and charming. A devoted wife and mother, she nevertheless finds time for such social obligations as her position in life demands, and to those who come within her favor, she is a most lovable woman. The fabulous wealth of her husband puts within her reach every luxury that even the feminine mind can conceive, and she wears the distinction which such wealth confers with an unostentatious grace that makes her a queen among women. It is not surprising, therefore, that her husband escapes from the exciting turmoil of money-making whenever the opportunity presents itself, or that he is happiest and appears at his best when, having cast aside the cares of business, he enters upon the pleasant enjoyment of home life which he shares with his wife and children.

Selfishness is a hard snake to kill.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

FIRESIDE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes and Household Hints—Hoods and Tails of Animals—Peril in a Fur Store—Privileges of Engaged Persons.



LACE, tulle, jewels and fur all appear on one and the same garment quite as composedly as if they had always been in the habit of mingling in such a manner all their life, when, in reality, this is decidedly an innovation, and one thoroughly in favor with the fair sex. Many of the new capes show but little of their fur foundation. It is there, to be sure, but so disguised and covered up as to seem almost like a mere border, rather than a whole garment.

The furs of smooth texture are generally chosen for this mode of decoration, and the heavier furs would seem less appropriate. Persian lamb dresses wonderfully well; so does the lovely golden beaver; sealskin and otter, too, are among the adaptable furs.

A wonderfully fetching cape is converted from a plain, full-sweep Persian



THE BALL SEASON.

lamb, and is worn by a young girl in second mourning. (Persian lamb is preeminently a mourning fur.) Great points of coarse Honiton lace are laid over the shoulders, extending the length of the cape, back and front. Through the center of the front a broad box plait of dead white tulle is laid, and ornamented with a row of immense pearls. A full ruche of the same encircles the neck, while at intervals tiny knots of Parma violets are tucked in, giving a wonderfully chic look to the whole rig.

Peril in a Fur Store. One visit to the furriers and all your dreams of economy vanish. It is impossible to practice economy and dress in the mode, since to be fashionably gowned means lots of expensive furs. The tiniest little tot of two or three summers feels an especial delight in its first set of furs, almost as keen as that of its pretty mamma in her new sealskin. Thibet, in soft, creamy white, is usually the first fur worn by the dainty miss, nor does it end here, for Thibet in black is especially smart for the mammas. A very swagger jacket of sage green velvet, tight fitting and extremely Frenchy, has a sharply pointed yoke collar of spotted net, edged with Honiton in a brownish white, the delicacy of the lace work brought out vividly by the depth of tone in the velvet. A stock collar of velvet is edged with black Thibet, which flares up about the face in the most approved style. A muff of Thibet is the extent of



fur used, and still the fur is of such a fluttering quality that it seems quite sufficient.

Privileges of Engaged Persons. Amaryllis has a grievance. She is engaged to a most excellent young man,

who very much desires her society exclusive of all other members of the family to which she belongs. She lives with a maiden aunt, who disapproves of young men on general principles and this one in particular, not, Amaryllis says, because he is objectionable, but because he comes to see her and wants to take her away to a little home of her own. So she sees her adored Jack only two or three times a week, and always in the front parlor, which is brilliantly lighted and has the wide folding-doors open into the back parlor, where the aunt sits at her embroidery. Amaryllis thinks this a great hardship, and asks what she had better do about it. Answer: The situation seems a rather unfortunate one as far as the young people are concerned, but it might be very much worse. There will be long years before them when they may bill and coo as much as they please. They certainly should be thankful that they are permitted to be so much together even with open folding-doors to keep them in check. Young people often love each other much more devotedly when there are obstacles to overcome and grievances to sympathize about. Smooth highways do not always lead to wedded bliss.

Hoods and Tails of Animals.

Judging from the number of small beasts' heads seen on the winter trappings, one would imagine there had been wholesale slaughtering during the summer. In many cases, as, indeed,

NOVEMBER BREEZES.

SELECTIONS FROM CURRENT HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

Ended Is the Baseball Season—In Bad Form—A Happy Thought—Difficulties of Authorship—Original Selected Dialogues.



ENDED is the baseball season. Gone the days of muffs and furls, and for joy we have good reason—Now no more the ball crank howls; But, alas, ere we recover

From theirk of base ball strife Comes the foot ball fiend from cover To renew the fag of life.

From his summer-long seclusion, With a mop of scrambled hair, Careless of his bold intrusion, Comes the terror from his lair; He will drive us all distracted With his gabble of the game, Wherein daily are enacted Scenes which make plain death seem tame.

Oh! that some fell power would free us From this creature gaunt and grim, Yea, that e'en a screaming cyclone Would arise and gobble him; Seize him, shake him, twist and break him Of his wild and wicked ways— Whirl him off to unknown regions From the reach of mortal gaze.

She Was Mistaken. She—No, it can never be. I like you as a friend—I respect you—I admire you; but that is not love, you know, and I cannot be your wife. But do not do anything rash; try to bear up under it, for I am sure there are others more worthy of you than I am.

He—Very pleasant weather we are having.

"Y-e-s, very." "I am glad of it, too, and hope it will continue. You see, my friend Jack's little sister is coming to the city tomorrow to stay some time, and he wants me to show her the sights. She's a dear little child, with golden hair and heavenly blue eyes, and the sweetest little face imaginable. I never saw such a perfect little angel as she was the last time I saw her."

"How—how long is it since—since you saw her?" "About ten years, I think. She was just eight years old then."

"Eight and ten are—Horror! If you dare to go near that girl, I'll kill myself, so there!"

Difficulties of Authorship. Struggling Author—Eldora, can't you keep that baby quiet for about two minutes? His yells are enough to drive one wild.

Wife—No, I can't. I've got to finish the dishes, and knead the bread, and mend Tommy's clothes.

Struggling Author—Well, anyhow, you can make Johnny and sis stop their racket, and close the windows so there won't be so many smells coming in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those heartless bill collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on "How to Be Happy, Though Poor."

They Got There. John (sheepishly)—I—I s'pose you'll be gittin' married some time.

Betty (with a frightened air)—Oh, I—I guess not.

"Mebby I'll git married some time." "Mebby."

"Mebby we might both git married at the same time."

"Wouldn't it be awful, John, if the minister should make a mistake an' marry us to each other?" "I—I shouldn't mind."

"No—neither should I."



In Bad Form. Cholly—Gawge committed suicide, they say. Freddie—What deucedly bad fawm. Cholly—Ya-as, chlowafawm.

The Figures Correct. Railroad Official—I must say you put rather a high value on that trunk. What's in it?

Passenger—I don't know. My wife packed it.

Official—Hum! Perhaps your estimate is correct. If a woman did the packing, everything in the house is in it.

Willing to Oblige. Mr. Dudling—Waitah, you hov foh-gotten the—aw—fingah-bowl.

Waiter—We don't serve finger-bowls any more, sir; but when you get through rooting around among the vittles, I'll bring you a wash-basin if you want it.

Sorry He Spoke. First Laborer—Whata thata boss mean by 'hoora, hurra'?

Second Laborer—Not 'hoora,' but 'hurry.' That means he wants yeh to work faster.

First Laborer—I sorry I saka.

He Did His Best. She seated herself in the rear end of the car among the tobacco consumers, although there was plenty of room forward.

Every time the man next to her puffed his cigar she looked unhappy.

At last she turned sharply to the conductor and said:

"Smoking is very disagreeable to me."

"Is it?" he rejoined sympathetically.

"It certainly is."

After a brief silence she resumed.

"Well, aren't you going to do something or say something about it?"

"Why—er—certainly."

"I wish you wouldn't lose any time."

"If I were in your place, and smoking were disagreeable to me, why—er—"

"Well, sir?"

"Why, I wouldn't smoke."

He meant it kindly, but she got off the car and reported him to the company just the same.—Ex.

Where He Was at Fault.

"I don't see why I am so neglected," said the habitual criminal, as he looked out between the bars of his cell.

"What's the matter?" asked the defaulter, who was walking up and down the jail corridor.

"No one ever sends me any flowers and no women come around to weep and make much of me," explained the habitual criminal.

"Oh, that's easily explained," said the defaulter.

"The crime for which you were arrested was not horrible and fiendish enough to attract them."

A Happy Thought.

Stage Manager—This is awful. Not a trunk or a costume here, and it is time for the show to commence!

Proprietor—Oh, that's all right. Just start the performance with the living pictures.



Didn't Want to Be Harried. Mrs. Bingo—I've invited some people here to-night to play whist.

Bingo (vexed)—What on earth did you do that for? You know I never play.

Mrs. Bingo—I know it, my dear, but some of your friends will drop in, and so I ordered some beer for you in the back room, and you can sit in there while we are playing.

Bingo—All right. But I have one favor to ask of you.

Mrs. Bingo—What is that?

Bingo—Make it a long game.

A Flourishing Industry. Friend—"How are you getting along now?"

Sharpfello—"First-rate. Making money hand over fist."

"Indeed! You told me some time ago that your trade no longer paid living wages."

"Well, it doesn't."

"Then how do you make so much money?"

"Teaching others my trade."

The Cure for a Cold. "No, sir," said the gentleman from Kentucky, "out our way, sir, we never tell a man what to do for a bad cold."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. If a gentleman in Kentucky, sir, has a cold and doesn't know what to do for it, sir, it shows at once that he is an alien and not entitled to our neighborly offices, sir."

The Family Doctor. New Resident (at Faraway)—Who is the best physician in the place?

High local authority—Dr. Germs, by all means. He is becoming a very famous man. Why, people are sending for him from everywhere. I advise you to try him.

New resident—What is his specialty?

High local authority (with pride)—Autopsies, I believe, sir.—Judge.

A Kentucky Doubt. Mr. Seryous—What will be your son's life work when he leaves the university, colonel?

Colonel Bloogras—I am undecided whether to buy him a string of race horses and send him to England, or go over into West Virginia and start him a family feud, sah.—Truth.

Makes More Wrinkles. Mrs. Bibbs—This paper says that walking in the rain, without an umbrella, will remove wrinkles.

Mr. Bibbs—Well, it won't, not if you are walking in the rain without an umbrella because some friend has stolen your umbrella.

Very Considerate. Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come down stairs to let you in this time of night again.

New Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to, mum. One of me friends took an impression of your lock, and he's makin' a nice key for me.

Time Is Money. First Busy Man—"Light?"

Second Ditto—"Cert."

"Thanks."

"Well."

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party!

EDITORIAL.

70,987 Socialist votes in New York City.

4951 Socialist votes in Brooklyn in 1895.

Ohio received less than 1,500 votes. By united action of the Ohio Socialists the votes would have been 5,000 at least.

In union there is strength. Let the Socialists of America remember the truth of these words in 1896. We need all the Socialist forces to make a successful fight. Life is too short to be wasted in wrangling.

COMRADES, there is nothing impossible. The industrial revolution in America is tremendous. During the last three years thousands of people have taken up the study of Socialism. If we succeed in getting about 500,000 Socialist votes in 1896, with Socialist tickets in nearly every State of the Union, we shall have Socialist votes by the millions in 1900. This may look rather optimistic, but remember that the wheel of Capitalism is forcing people into Socialism at the rate of many thousands a day. Let us arouse the Socialists in every city, town and hamlet of America. Let us all unite. This will cause new enthusiasm.

SOCIALISM is impracticable, they say. So? Of course competitive industry is not impracticable, with its untold misery and suffering at the approach of every winter, says Providence Justice—with its hunger and destitution every time an industry closes down for a brief period; with three-fourths of the people sheltered, only by grace of a landlord; with thousands of our daughters and sisters forced into lives of dishonor as the price of existence; with people compelled to eat adulterated food and wear shoddy clothing, at prices about which they have nothing to say; with the people unable to ward off cold and suffering, save at a profit to few men who control the fuel of the country; and with summer, meaning death to thousands of babes, whose wage-slave parents cannot escape the fetid tenement houses of the slums. Of course a system cannot be impracticable that demands an increase in jails, poor-houses, asylums and armories.

SOCIALISM, NATURE AND SCIENCE. We hold that Socialism, instead of conflicting with this natural law, is in accord with it. We contend that the reason that society is suffering from untold evils to-day is because we have failed to grasp this truth—our surroundings change. What a tremendous change the introduction and development of machinery has effected in society, but the community has not adapted itself to these industrial changes, and the natural consequences follow—poverty in the midst of plenty, starvation and death running parallel with a plethora of wealth. Does this occur in obedience to a decree of a natural law? Nay, it happens because we run contrary to it. Who are those that are subjected to this pseudo natural law? Not the parasites of society. It is not the inefficient but the efficient that is weeded out by the unjust condition of society. Parasitism survives because it is entrenched in the citadel of privilege backed by force, fraud and usurpation. The worker endowed with energy, skill, industry and experience go to the wall, not in obedience to any unalterable law, but because the community, through its selfishness, ignorance and stupidity, fails to modify itself to the changed condition. Instead of Socialism then being unscientific it is in the highest sense a scientific conception of society, organized on the co-operation principle instead of on anarchy as individualistic society is.

Lincoln, Neb. The Lincoln Socialists refused to vote for the parties in the field; they cast about fifty ballots with the word Socialism written across the ballots. The Populists were routed and demoralized throughout the entire State, and from now it will be much easier to get them to listen to the fundamental economic truths of Socialism.

English Socialists at Boston. Last Wednesday evening the reception to our English comrades, Keir Hardie and County Councilman, Frank Smith, came off with the best prestige. The burden of their message was to vote out the competitive order and vote in the Socialist order.

The audience took this instruction with the usual good will, but there were, no doubt, plenty present who follow like sheep the lead of the old parties at election time. Whenever the time comes that all working men and women turn pale and choke with rage at capitalist wrongs, then there will again be resistance to tyrants in Boston and tea parties in Boston harbor.

While we can smile at the recital of wrongs at the hands of capitalism, nothing will be done.

Comrade Hardie gave a terse characterization of those Socialists who buy bourgeois papers. "Such a Socialist is a fool," he declared; and it might also be added: "Such a Socialist is in the sheep stage of evolution."

There were present students from Cambridge and teachers from Boston. They had some much-needed lessons in oratory, as well as in logic, from the English speakers. It is rare for them to hear speakers who have really something to say, and who say it without waste of words. M. G. Boston, Mass.

Lawrence, Mass. At a regular meeting of the American Section, S. L. P., held Nov. 14, Comrade Chas. A. Waite was duly elected as agent of the above section, to act in conjunction with Comrade Arlitt of the German Section. Any rules or regulations governing Lawrence LABOR may be communicated to said Comrade Waite at the following address: Chas. A. Waite, 216 Prospect street, Lawrence, Mass.

CHICAGO, ILL. The Itemized Socialist Vote. Here is, according to the Tribune of this city, the vote cast here for the five candidates of the Socialist Labor party: Michael V. Britains.....3,375 Charles Fritz.....3,050 John Glumbeck.....3,023 J. P. Magnska.....3,279 Fred. Kalbitz.....2,686 The comrades are elated, and will at once make preliminary arrangements for the spring campaign. We are in the field to stay, and nothing short of the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth will now disband us. B. BERLYN, Secretary Central Committee.

NEW YORK, N. Y. The Vote in New York and Brooklyn. The Socialist vote in New York City and Brooklyn will reach nearly 16,000. New York City, 10,987; Brooklyn, 4,961. According to the New York Volkszeitung Matchett received 8,778 votes in New York City in 1894 against 7,975 in 1893.

New Jersey. West Hoboken cast 217 votes this year; last year, 137. Union Hill, 153; last year, 137. Union County, for Keim, 411. Hudson County, 1,116 for the Socialists, and only 48 for the Populists.

In Detroit, Mich., the Socialists cast 338 votes. Cleveland, O., comes out this year with 523 Socialist votes, as against 462 last year. Cincinnati cast 311 votes for the Socialist ticket; Toledo, 135; Dayton, 67; Columbia County, 43, of which 23 were cast in East Liverpool, which is, next to Trenton, the chief seat of the pottery industry.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Financial Report of the Secretary. The Secretary of the Central Press Committee of the Socialist Newspaper Union hereby submit the following financial report from September 20 to October 26:

CASH RECEIVED. Local managers.....\$212 18 Sundry accounts.....5 50 Party buttons.....20 Total.....\$227 68

ADVANCES PAYMENT BY LOCAL MANAGERS. Holyoke Labor.....\$3 60 Louisville Labor.....2 56 Indianapolis Labor News.....1 06 Total.....\$7 22

CASH EXPENDED. Western Newspaper Union.....\$112 25 Labor.....24 00 Second-class mail.....38 20 Advanced money returned.....16 00 Western Photo Engraving Co.....15 00 Sundry expenses.....11 55 Postage.....9 90 Co-operative Printing Co.....5 00 Mailing list.....50 00 Stationery.....10 20 Commission.....50 Total.....\$282 90

Balance cash on hand September 28.....\$ 2 54 Cash received.....215 88 Total.....\$218 42 Cash expended.....215 99 Balance cash on hand.....\$ 2 44

RESOURCES. Amount due from 23 local laborers.....\$1,229 68 Amount due from newsdealers.....38 20 Sundry accounts.....16 35 Party buttons.....10 20 Office fixtures.....29 20 Balance cash on hand.....4 44 Total.....\$1,328 77

LIABILITIES. Advance payment by 3 local laborers.....\$ 7 24 Due for cartoons.....47 25 Due for paper, composition and press work.....31 58 Due for buttons.....12 00 Due Co-operative Printing Co.....11 50 Office fixtures.....10 20 Commission.....50 Total.....\$149 77

Resources.....\$1,328 77 Liabilities.....149 77 Net resources.....\$1,179 00

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

RUTHER INTERVIEWED.

Socialist Statesmen Are Good Public Watchdogs.

What a Holyoke Democrat Reporter Wanted to Know From the Socialist Aldermanic Candidate of Ward Three.

From Holyoke Democrat:

Moritz E. Ruther, the Socialist labor leader in Massachusetts, does not suffer from a dearth of ideas or a backwardness about expressing them. It must be acknowledged that no matter how one may differ with the man, and couch a lance with the Socialistic knight in the journey of public life, it will be found that a foe man worthy of his steel faces him. There is no shirking or equivocations, rather the reverse. A Democrat reporter had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Ruther yesterday and his ideas as to the conduct of affairs if elected to the aldermanic board will be found interesting.

"Mr. Ruther, do you expect to be elected Alderman in Ward Three this year?"

"Why, certainly!"

"What makes you think you will be elected?"

"I am led to believe that a majority of the voters of Ward Three are ready to trust me with their interests in the city government."

"In case of your election, would you pursue a different policy than the average Aldermen of other parties?"

"Certainly my line of policy must necessarily be radically different from the representatives of the other parties."

"In what way did it differ?"

"The representatives of the other parties are handicapped by selfish interests, upon which they have been elected and which predominates over all their actions. Their own interests, coupled with their party interests, are served first and the interests of the city are of secondary consideration to them. With me, the very opposite must prevail, I am pledged to serve the interests of the majority of citizens, first, last and all the time, and the moment I attempt to swerve one iota from that line of policy I am liable to be denounced and repudiated by my party."

"What then would be your chief demands upon the city government? What would you do first?"

"I should have to carefully examine every question coming before the city government and determine whether or not such suggestion be in favor or opposed to the interests of the people and then vote accordingly."

"Is there anything of a positive nature that you would offer for adoption by the government?"

"Why, of course, there are lots of suggestions that can be made in the interests of the people."

"Clean streets, the improvement of streets. Extension and improvement of our parks. Improvement and extension of sanitary conditions. Improvement of our public school system; the kindergarten system, manual training schools, training schools for teachers, popular lectures and entertainments, public sporting and amusement places. Municipal street lighting, underground system of electric wires, rapid transit. Model houses for workmen. The eight-hour system on municipal works. A public employment bureau. Public meeting place for labor unions. Employment of idle labor during times of business depressions. In fact, everything that can possibly be done to improve the conditions of the people. A prosperous people are a happy people. Happy people are the best units for a great nation."

"Have you any idea of financing it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, as far as my finances are concerned, I can't say that I am a howling success, but I have done a good deal of financing for my fellow workmen and they always seemed to think that I was a No. 1. For instance, I was financial secretary for the New Haven (Conn.) Central Labor Union for over six years. Secretary-Treasurer for the Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Society for four years. Financial Secretary for the Cigar-makers' Union six years. Secretary-Treasurer for the Workmen's Fire Insurance Association three years. For the past year and a half I have been manager of a labor paper, and when you take into consideration that the Central Labor Union of this city has twice attempted to start a local labor paper, and although they had better financial resources and literary support than myself, yet they made it a failure, while my paper is a financial success. This, in the face of the fact, that it is one of the hardest jobs in the world to keep a labor paper living, you must grant me the credit of having some financial ability."

"Are you aware that the cities' finances are not in the best condition? And that it requires good men to take hold of this delicate matter?"

"That is just the reason why they ought to have me in their councils. I have been obliged to struggle against great odds to keep myself from going under in this maelstrom of social conditions and am therefore just suited for this occasion. I am confident that I can suggest ways and means whereby the cities' finances can be improved."

"But what about your Socialist schemes? How are you going to bring them about?"

"There is no such thing as Socialistic schemes. We Socialists know that the world is moving onward towards a higher civilization, and we take advantage of every opportunity to explain to the people what the future has in store for us all. We are like the prudent husbandman—who knows that he has a fertile soil and that this fertile soil will bring forth fine crops. But it takes time and labor to cultivate this land, and to prepare it for the seed, and then it takes time and favorable weather to ripen

the crops. So it is with Socialism. The crop is the co-operative commonwealth. The soil is the people, the obstructions are prejudice and ignorance. Socialism is the seed, time is the history, the favorable weather is the capitalist concentration of wealth. Prejudice and ignorance will have to be removed before the seed of Socialism can take root. Capitalist concentration of wealth will ripen the seed of Socialism and the soil—the people will bring forth the co-operative commonwealth. So you see that the mission of the Socialists is in accord with the progress of the times and the more Socialists you can get into your legislative bodies the better it will be for all concerned, except scoundrels and shysters. Socialist statesmen are the very best of political watchdogs."

THE COMMON SENSE OF SOCIALISM

Industry Fenced About With Monopoly and Class Privilege.

Many good people who admit that the principles of Socialism are sound, who acknowledge that the goal towards which we strive is a worthy one, are unable to convince themselves that these principles would be easy of application if as a nation we would set ourselves to the task. Others there are who assert that care and strife, poverty and wretchedness, are as natural as that sparks fly upward. And they witness the misery of their fellowmen as unconcernedly as they would witness the struggles of a drowning fly. For these we have no word. Only a blow will come home to their understanding, and we must bide our time.

But if the well-meaning people to whom first we made reference would but shade their eyes from the radiance of our ideal, and by the candle-light of common-sense look at the present constitution of society, and at the practical steps towards its reconstruction suggested in our programme, they might be able, afterwards, to face the greater light without blinking. To begin with, let us see how much common-sense is embodied in the existing social system. To happiness certain things are essential. The most indispensable are: Health; material possession, otherwise called wealth; individual freedom; leisure; to have one's dwelling among happy folk.

Health! Visit the hospitals and the infirmaries and trace the source of the diseases from which the sick poor suffer; then go to the health resorts of wealthy invalids. You will find that health is sacrificed owing to our refusal to permit the workers to build healthy dwellings; by compelling them to pursue their various callings under insanitary conditions; by forcing them to work to excess or to starve in idleness; and in the other case by permitting men to pass lives of slothful indulgence. Is this common sense? Wealth! We know that wealth will not purchase happiness, but we know, too, that material possession is essential to happiness.

We must have food to stay our hunger, clothes to protect us from heat and cold, houses to shelter us, fuel to warm us, books to instruct, music to charm, objects of art to delight us. We suffer poverty only because we permit industry to be fenced about with monopoly and class-privilege. Is this common-sense? Individual freedom! This is made impossible by that social inequality which renders every man slave to the accident of birth. Born a peer, born a ploughman, peer or ploughman the individual must remain, though the peer be a simpleton, the ploughman a Solon. Each might lead a useful, happy life, the one seeking out and imparting wisdom, the other cutting firewood, which would impart warmth.

Society is robbed of the full usefulness of the one, it is burdened to support the other. Stripped of convention, of such infinite variety is mankind, the free development of individuality would render society as delightful to existence as landscapes, mountains and valleys, field and forest, to the vision. Leisure! This is denied entirely to the great mass of the workers, who must toil early and late. Nor can the idle classes be said to enjoy leisure, which is relaxation from work. They suffer from "immense" ennui which is quite another thing.

And yet all the means to happiness which we have enumerated we deny our fellows because we will cling to institutions such as the individual ownership of land and other instruments of industry, which enables the few to burden the many; by entrusting the organization of labor to the few for the benefit of the few when the many might as well organize their own labor for the benefit of all, because we will hold to a system which is as opposed to common-sense as their results, sickness, poverty, ignorance, overwork and underwork are the opposite to those which will result to the community when it applies to the common-sense maxims of Socialism.

J. HUNTER WATTS.

IN ANSWER TO OUR APPEAL.

Ten Dollars From Dover, N. H.

DOVER, N. H., Nov. 13, 1895. DEAR SIR—Please find a post-office order for \$10 inclosed. Said \$10 I send you in answer to your appeal to the comrades to help wipe out the Socialist Newspaper Union Improvement Fund debt.

Please send a receipt for the same, and oblige, yours truly, BENJAMIN T. WHITEHOUSE, 171 Central avenue, Dover, N. H.

Five Dollars From Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 13, 1895. DEAR COMRADE—Please find inclosed express order for \$5 for the Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund. I hope that the comrades will be more liberal to put LABOR on a sound basis. It seems almost impossible to do without it. Fraternalty yours, JACOB BUMMEL.

Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund. Benjamin T. Whitehouse, Dover, N. H.....\$ 10 00 Jacob Bummel, Milwaukee, Wis.....5 00 George Blumenberg, St. Louis, Mo.....1 00 Miss Gertrude Guise, Buffalo, N. Y.....1 00 Previously received.....108 58 Total.....\$125 58

A VOICE FROM NEW AMERICA.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS.

[Written Especially for the Socialist Newspaper Union.]

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

Now, pause a moment to comprehend this enormous industrial revolution! In these United States of America in 1886 the machinery was equal to 3,500,000 horse-power. If men only had been employed, it would have required 21,000,000 workmen to turn out the actual total product; the real number was 4,000,000! To do the work accomplished in 1886 in the United States by power machinery and on the railways would have required men representing a population of 172,500,000, while the actual population was about 60,000,000, or a little more than one-third.

Under such conditions it is ridiculous to hope for better times as long as the present Capitalist system exists. Every new machine should be a blessing to mankind. Every new invention should make the struggle for life easier. But no such thing today. The contrary is the case. Every new improvement in the process of the production of wealth means new misery and new suffering for the masses of the people. It makes the poor poorer, and the rich richer.

Old America, for which many generations have sacrificed their lives, for which the flower of the people of nearly every great nation of Old Europe has been laid on the altar of human freedom, is to-day owned by a handful of men.

O, could the fathers of our country rise from their graves and see their oppressed sons and daughters of the "Golden Era of Capitalism!" How long, O, how long will you permit such conditions to exist? As for me, give me liberty or give me death! After my death it shall not be said that Mr. Fearless was not a true American, but a coward. I have sacrificed my high salary as a pastor; I have sacrificed my high social position; I have decided to live among the poor and oppressed, to fight for the human rights of the disinherited, and, if need be, to die for the cause of those that have been robbed—robbed in a legalized, law-and-orderly way—of their inalienable rights to life, liberty and happiness.

Shame upon every man and woman who, seeing the millions of human beings pressed into the cesspool of poverty, will not help us to bring about better conditions—a social system that will be the realization of the principles laid down in our Declaration of Independence. I may not see the time when a "New America" will rise out of the present chaos, a New America that will be the pride of every human being; a New America that will only be a part of a new world of happy human beings, a part of the great human family that comprises all the nations on earth.

Man is man! and who is more? There is no salvation for the Capitalist system. You cannot unite fire and water. If you do, you produce steam. And since there is so much water of luxury and so much fire of poverty and discontent in our present society, we live in the constant danger of a horrible explosion. Night is darkest now. In the far-off horizon I see behind the high mountains of the social class struggle the dawn of better days. I see the aurora of a new social order, the day when people will hardly believe that the richest country on earth, with all her productive forces, rich enough to support 200,000,000 people, could not guarantee a decent living to 75 per cent of her 60,000,000 inhabitants.

I believe every true American agrees with the German poet, H. Heine, when he exclaimed:

"This social system has been long since tried and found guilty. Let justice take its course. Let this old system be shattered in which innocence suffers, selfishness prospers, and man is exploited by man. Let that whitened sepulchre in which falsehood and iniquity reside, be torn up branch and root!"

We know that the downfall will come sooner or later. Capitalism is digging its own grave. But we must prepare for the reconstruction of society on a sound basis. We must educate the great army of labor in the science of national economy, i. e., we must teach them the great lesson of social life and show them the way that leads to true human freedom and happiness. I shall henceforth make it my duty to propagate the motto: "Socialism in our time!" because the realization of this demand will be the means that will save one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth from ruin and destruction.

Some people say: "There will be no revolution in Old America!" Are you blind? The revolution is on; we are living in the midst of the greatest revolution the world has ever seen. Day after day thousands of middle class people are being forced into bankruptcy and pauperism; day after day thousands of workers must join the Industrial Reserve Army; day after day we see the desperate struggles between Capitalism and Labor.

Call it strike, call it riot, call it labor trouble; call it what you please—my name is Fearless, and I call it by the right name: I call it a social revolution. Our modern struggles are far more desperate than those of 1776, or those of 1789. Within less than three years, from 1892 to 1894, Old America has witnessed the following struggles:

The bloody battles on the Monongahela River in Homestead against the Pinkerton thugs.

The battles in the Coeur d'Alene mining districts.

The switchmen's strike in Buffalo, when 10,000 soldiers were called out to restore "law and order."

The great labor struggles in Tonawanda, N. Y.

The general miners' strike, when 250,000 starving men laid down their tools, when the militia was called out in every mining State east of the Mississippi.

The desperate struggle of the miners in Cripple Creek.

The great Pullman strike that aroused the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and ended with the historic siege of Chicago by Police, State Militia, and Federal troops.

The great Brooklyn railway strike, when less than 6,000 wage slaves were "guarded" by 12,000 police and militiamen.

And in the meantime thousands of unemployed wage slaves were tramping from the Pacific Ocean and from all parts of the West to Washington, where they demanded work or bread.

However, they received neither work nor bread, but police clubs, and when they tried to make their wants known to the Federal Government they were called down by an emphatic:

"Keep off the grass!"

This shows that the privileged few claim a monopoly on all the "grass" of our country. Yes, "we are low, we are low—we are very, very low."

World of Labor

INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Agitating for the International Labor Congress.

London Justice says: Again we have to impress upon our readers generally and the members of the S. D. F. in particular the need for at once contributing as largely as possible to the fund now being raised to defray the expenses of the International Socialist Workers and Trade Union Congress, to be held in London next summer. It is of the first importance that British Socialist organizations should be as fully represented as possible, and they can have no right to be so represented unless they contribute their full quota of the necessary funds. Contributions should be sent to H. Queich, Treasurer, Zurich Committee, 37A, Clerkenwell Green.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

What the Australian Reform Press Has to Say About Capitalism.

From Brisbane Worker: "Free labor has been having a Congress in England, where 'Britons never shall be slaves.' These champions of ever glorious freedom who claim above all things the right of every man to fight for his own hand in the eternal struggle for existence and uphold the privilege of every man to do what he likes with his own have been uniting in London to the number of 120,000 in order to send delegates to a Congress whereat they passed resolutions condemning unionists for fighting for their own hand in a manner truly consistent with the high principles of freedom and liberty they boldly uphold. The principal resolution was one condemning the unions for trying to force the Government to introduce the Employers' Liability Bill, thereby inflicting an injustice on employers of labor. Of course there is no justice done to the wives and families of poor colliers, when, through the insufficient timbering of a mine, the earth caves in and entombs the wretched men, as has been the case so frequently of late. This, my friends, is a dispensation of Providence which has so constructed the earth that it does cave in when tunnelled under to a certain extent, and if men will take their lives in their hands and fly in the face of Providence—well, they must face the consequences.

Of course, also, it is not murder to send out crazy ships not fit to sail along the river in calm weather but heavily insured, aye, insured to ten times their value and sent out with no other object than to speedily go to the bottom, together with their freight, both animate and inanimate? No, no, my good people; this is not murder, for the perils of the sea are unknown, and the Lord has in his wisdom so ordained that those who go down to the sea in ships shall be the prey of the elements and the submarine monsters. Thus saith the employer of labor and the commercial entrepreneur and when the men who are the victims of all this Providence rise up and say that such things are preventable, that the employer of labor willfully sacrifices his fellow men for the sake of 5 per cent extra dividend, and that such wholesale crime must and shall be prevented, up come 120,000 scoundrels, who were also victims of our individualist system which has crushed the manhood out of them, and cry out that this thing is a grave injustice and interference with the right of every man to do what he likes with his own.

When one considers all that our present economic system holds out to those free laborers, what starvation some of them must suffer, what joys await their wives and families in the future, one regrets that there is no reception house for lunatics who are guilty of such folly. Of course I do not doubt that the hope of immediate reward in the shape of employment instigated this tribute to freedom's shrine from slaves more abject than African niggers; it may even have originated from the employers themselves, for only recently just such a congress was held in America with similar results. Whatever be the cause, however, it is truly disheartening to the reformer who knows that the position of the world's workers will never be any better, will, in fact, grow steadily worse so long as the only incentive to produce is the profit resultant from the process, where it is every man for himself, never mind who goes to the wall or is trampled down in the struggle, where a few own all the tools by which are produced the goods for the world's consumption and where the many must either sell their labor to the machine-owner or perish outright from starvation; when one considers all this, I say, it is truly disheartening to the reformer to find that the workers—the plastic material with which he hopes to shape a better system are so apathetic that they will not lend themselves to his purpose, so demoralized that they sell themselves to their enemies for the paltry hope of immediate reward, so blind to their ultimate good that they come together as these free laborers have done, abuse their fellow workers, and lose the substance of reform while grasping the shadow of self-interest.

Here is a cutting from an American paper, with which I will conclude, showing a terrible state of affairs indeed: Working men are shooting each other down in New Orleans for the bare privilege of working. Is the opportunity to toil so precious that men should kill each other to secure it? Is there not something wrong with an economic system that men murder each other that they may have a chance to labor? And the Satanic (Republican and Democratic) press is clamorous that the police or the militia or Federal troops proceed to shoot down the men who are killing other men in order that they may have a chance to work. Is this civilization? Is it not rather Anarchy, Chaos, Hell.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

William Liebknecht Sentenced to Four Months' Imprisonment. It will be remembered that on Nov. 8, at

the opening of the Breslau Congress of the Social Democratic party the renowned Socialist leader, William Liebknecht, delivered an address of welcome. Among other things Mr. Liebknecht said that Emperor William had called the Socialists a "mob" unworthy of bearing the name of Germans. "We stand on too high moral ground," Mr. Liebknecht said, "to be reached by such imperial remarks. The Socialists of Germany are not in the least afraid to accept the declaration of war against our party from the highest authority in the land. If the Government insists on having the fight the Socialists are prepared for it." The Emperor was quite excited when he heard of the Breslau speech. Something had to be done to punish Liebknecht, who is now over 60 years of age. And here is the result: "BERLIN, Nov. 14.—The Criminal Court at Breslau has sentenced Herr Liebknecht, the Socialist leader in the Reichstag, to four months' imprisonment for lese majeste, in consequence of his speech before the recent Socialist Congress, in Breslau, in which he harshly criticized the Emperor."

The prosecutions for lese majeste, which are becoming of almost daily occurrence and which are based in some cases upon frivolous grounds, are causing grave dissatisfaction among even the Conservative classes, while they are denounced by many men recognized as broad Liberals as not only encroaching upon liberty of speech and the press, but as tending to serve rather than to combat Socialistic agitation.

The complaint among the Ultra-Conservatives is that petty prosecutions only drag the imperial dignity down into the mire and that the proper course would be to treat the attacks with the scorn they deserve.

The strong Conservative Post and the Cologne Gazette, both staunch upholders of the State, express astonishment at the proposed prosecution of Prof. Delbrück for his recent remarks in the Preussische Jahrbucher, regretting the extreme zeal of the police in "plunging into a pettyfogging campaign" against the Socialists. These utterances are so innocent of any intent to insult the authorities and are so clearly written in the interest of the State that if the judges uphold the police contention "liberty of the press" would be a mere farcical expression.

LIEBKNECHT'S SEVERE SENTENCE. The extraordinary considerations, too, which led the Judge to sentence Herr Liebknecht at Breslau to four months' imprisonment for his recent speech at the opening of the Socialist Congress there have simply dumfounded the Liberals here.

He said Liebknecht had evidently tried to frame his remarks so as not to involve the crime of lese majeste and he admitted Liebknecht had not intended to commit the offense. Yet, he continued, as there might have been many persons among the audience who would have found in the words an illustration of the Emperor, he sentenced him to four months' imprisonment.

At the coming session of the Prussian Diet the government will introduce a bill modifying the restrictions in the existing law governing associations. After the mode of the Bavarian law, women and minors will henceforth be excluded from political meetings, and the meaning of the words "political meetings" is to be enlarged and newly defined.

NATIONAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

How Capitalist Politicians Raise Money.

Senator Hays has a great plan. He says he will introduce a bill to spend \$20,000,000 on rivers and harbors, and would put a tax on sugar to raise the money! That is, he would tax the working people on their sugar to get money to employ a few of them at \$1 a day and some contractors at thousands a day each. By this means the working people would take the money directly out of their own pockets to employ themselves! If that isn't trying to tax themselves rich we'd like to know. Great heads, these statesmen, who are elected by the people they fleece.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

How the Bicycle Trust Is Robbing the Public.

It developed in a trial in Indianapolis the other day that an \$80 bicycle cost only \$16.45, including all profits on the parts until they got into the manufacturers' hands. It is evident from this that if they were manufactured by the Government in untaxed houses, no profits or interest, that they could be sold for not over \$10 and pay the labor employed on them just as much as that labor gets now. Or it could double the wages and sell them for \$20. The difference between \$10 and \$80 is what the people are skinned out of because they are afraid of a paternal Government. No wonder those who scoop in the \$70 are afraid of a paternal Government. We would rather buy a wheel of the Government than of any private dealer.

The American Federation of Labor, with headquarters in this city, has issued the call for the fifteenth annual Convention of the organization, which will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, beginning Monday, Dec. 9. The report which Secretary McGrath is preparing will show that, while the year has been a stringent one financially, the Federation has grown in numbers and influence. Nearly 150 local unions have been chartered. The following international unions have been taken into the Federation during the year: Amalgamated Lace-Curtain Operators, Pattern-makers' Union, International Association of Machinists, Amalgamated Agents' Association, Boot and Shoemakers' National Union, International Printing Pressmen's Union, Granite Cutters' Union and the Tobacco Makers' National Union. During the year twelve Central Labor Unions have been taken into the Federation.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.

The Railroad Strike Is at an End. The railroad strike is off. Last week the American Railway Union Lodge, No. 150,

embracing the territory west to Leeds and east to Michigan City from this point, met and declared the strike off "unconditionally." Resolutions were passed condemning the Great Northern Railway, and also stating that the new men would not be molested or disturbed in any manner by the members of the A. R. U. The discharged men will go to other points and seek situations. The instigators of the strike refuse to state openly why they have so completely surrendered. One of them, however, told the whole story, when, in reply to this inquiry, he stated: "Someone blundered."

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Murderous Work of Alabama Wage Slave Holders.

Western Capitalist sheets published the following special telegram which shows how "Free American Labor" is being treated in the "Free South":

TWO MINERS KILLED BY THEIR BOSS PAY THE PENALTY OF ATTEMPTED RIOT IN ALABAMA WITH THEIR LIVES.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 10.—What threatened to be a serious riot at Ishkoota mines, a few miles below this city, last night, was promptly quelled by Perry Watkins, the mines' boss, who took two and probably three lives in accomplishing the result. Louis Smith Jr., his father, Louis Smith, Sr., and Columbus Madden, leaders of a set of discontented miners, approached Watkins at the mouth of the mines as they were coming from the day's work and charged him with swindling them in the issuance of check weights. Watkins knocked young Smith down. Madden came to Smith's rescue and felled Watkins with a board, and then the three jumped on Watkins. Watkins drew his pistol while lying on the ground and shot all three. The younger Smith and Madden died immediately and the elder Smith is not expected to live. The miners were overawed by the fate of their leaders.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Stockyard Employes Win a Strike.

Local Assembly 694, woolpullers in the stockyards, has successfully won its strike in Swift & Co.'s establishment after a four months' struggle. Their wages have been increased from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. This is a signal victory, because, it will be remembered, that Swift & Co. have a standing threat to the effect that anyone joining a labor organization or participating in a strike should be forever blacklisted there. The woolpullers struck against a reduction from \$2 to \$1.75 per day, and the fact that they have successfully resisted the cut, and have in addition secured a 25 per cent increase, makes their success very gratifying, especially as this is the first strike that has been won in the stockyards since 1886. Attempts have been made at times to obtain better conditions there, but imperfect and unscientific organization always prevented success.

SPRING VALLEY, ILL.

The Scale of the Coal Miners Signed.

The scale of wages of the miners in the Spring Valley district has been signed by the operators, consequently the threatened strike has been avoided.

The following telegram has been received here:

PRINCETON, Ill., Nov. 17.—The Spring Valley rioters confined in jail here under a penitentiary verdict made an ineffectual attempt to escape to-day, and were prevented from doing so by a short-time prisoner notifying the Sheriff. A hole had been forced in the corrugated iron ceiling with the intention of getting out through the roof, a route by which four prisoners three years ago made a successful escape. Sheriff Clark called the Spring Valley men together and notified them that should any attempt to escape be made they would be in danger of being shot. The prisoners were then put in cells and extra guards will be placed on duty until the motion for a new trial is disposed of.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Why Do the Wage Slaves Vote for Their Oppressors?

"Appeal to Reason" publishes the following:

Who pays the expenses of arming and equipping the army, navy and militia? The Federal and State governments? Where does the money come from?

From direct and indirect taxes levied upon the people.

The great majority of the people are what?

Working people.

Do the working people ask to be taxed to arm and equip men to shoot them?

Yes.

Why do they want to buy guns to be used against them?

Because they don't know any better.

Don't they know they ask for these things?

No; they vote for men who vote for laws taxing them to arm men to fight for corporations and have been for years, and won't vote for anybody else.

Why do they vote for these men?

Because the politicians have trained them to vote the Democratic and Republican tickets, and those parties are under the control of the millionaires who need these soldiers.

Then the working people pay their own executioners?

Yes. If there were no working people there would be no wealth to pay these soldiers, and there would be no rich men if there were no laboring men to create riches.

Do you think the working people will ever see it?

Don't know. Never have in the world's history.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Strike of Shoe Workers.

Two hundred and fifty employes of Hardin & Todd, shoe manufacturers, of this city, went out on a strike. They claim that they were forced to work by the week instead of by the piece, as has been the custom and that seventy-nine men were laid off and refused work unless they would leave the union. The men were unjustly discharged, it is claimed, last Saturday for damaged work which did not belong to them. The employers refused to treat with the men.

HARDIE IN BOSTON.

Labor Problem Discussed by the British Labor Leader.

Boston Workmen Urged to Seek Reforms Through the Ballot—The Claim Set Up That Socialism Is Appointed Christianity—Frank Smith Also Addresses the Meeting.

Fully 1,500 of the wage-earners of Boston and vicinity—members of trades unions and the Socialist party—gathered in Faneuil Hall last night to hear Keir Hardie, a noted labor leader of England, and Frank Smith, ex-member of the London Council, speak upon the labor question from an Englishman's point of view.

Both speakers dwelt largely upon Socialism and urged the working people to seek industrial reforms through the ballot, by voting the Socialist Labor ticket.

Squire E. Putney of the Socialist Labor Party called the meeting to order, and in a brief speech introduced John F. O'Sullivan, President of the Central Labor Union, as Chairman.

Before introducing the distinguished guests of the evening, Chairman O'Sullivan referred at some length, amid much applause, to the work of Keir Hardie, and called upon the men and women present to give the English leader three times three cheers. They were given with a will. When Mr. Hardie rose to speak he was given a rousing ovation.

Mr. Hardie began by alluding to his pleasure at visiting Boston. There were three sights which, he said, he had especially desired to witness in America. One was a genuine negro revival meeting, another was the falls of Niagara, and the third was the city of Boston.

He spoke warmly of the names of Ralph Waldo Emerson and James Russell Lowell, and of the political history of Boston, paying his approving respects to the spirit which prompted the early settlers in this country to rebel against an arbitrary king.

He found himself in somewhat of a difficulty, said he, because of the slight difference in his own and his audience's pronunciation of certain words; "but," he added, "if our accents differ, I believe our interests to be the same [applause], and where there is community of interests some means of communication will not be wanting."

"My purpose to-night," he continued, "is to speak of the question which is known as the labor problem. There is much misconception as to what constitutes the labor problem, and nowhere more than in the ranks of the laborers themselves. The greatest difficulty that the leaders of the workers are confronted with is that of getting people to understand wherein the causes which produce misery have their root, and the means necessary for their removal."

The wealth of the world is growing at a pace hitherto undreamed of; political freedom is extending her hands, and education is becoming an inheritance of the common people. Yet despite these admitted facts there is a degree of suffering and misery in the world to-day that would be hard to equal in the most barbarous periods of the world's history, and people are beginning to ask why it is that our wealth does not produce happiness; that all of our prosperity does not lead to the development of a healthy, free, all-round life."

Mr. Hardie submitted that the millionaire could not be happy with the knowledge of the misery around him. In the middle classes, the shop-keeping, commercial and small employing classes, the struggle for existence was becoming fierce and wolfish. The huge trusts were driving small competitors out of business, and commercial men would bear him out in the statement that it is impossible in nine cases out of ten for a business man to be honest and remain in business. Never in the history of nations had there been such a struggle against grinding poverty as there was to-day.

"We are told," he said, "that wages are higher. Perhaps they are, but the demands made upon wages have grown more than wages have grown. [Applause.] Cheap work is the demand of the day. There is no longer any demand for honest work. The wife is being taken from her duties to the factory to compete with the husband and father because she does work more cheaply than he does, and after the wife has brought the value of her husband's labor down to her level, the child is taken from school to bring the value of labor down farther still [applause]; and back of it all you have the growing army of misery-stricken unemployed. What is the plight of these last-to-day shall most certainly, in most cases, be our plight to-morrow." [Applause.]

These things, said Mr. Hardy, are not due to any one system of Government or to any fiscal system. It had been found that protection did not protect labor, and that free trade did not make labor free. There were men who believed that trades unions as trades unions were sufficient to cope with all the ills of the industrial system; but, while the speaker was a trades union man, and believed in and advocated trades unionism, yet, said he, the trades union has its limitation.

He cited the unions on the other side with their strong organization to show that their benefits did not offset the effects of competition and the extension of machinery. Those on the other side were coming to the conclusion that, while trades unionism is the beginning of reform, it was not by any means the end of reform.

As to charity being a help to the working man, Mr. Hardie said that people were beginning to question Shakespeare's wisdom in his lines on that virtue, and he stated that his own experience had been that charity cursed the receiver by breaking down his independence, and it cursed the giver in his condescension to the recipient. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been spent in England in charity last winter,

and there were just as many poor people in the spring as before. Charity did not remedy poverty; it left the causes which produced poverty unchecked and undiminished.

And he said that in most cases—and he spoke as a temperance man—intemperance was more likely to be the outcome of poverty than poverty of intemperance.

"None of these things, it seems to me, go to the root of the trouble," resumed Mr. Hardie. "I find the cause in sight of the fact that the land, without which men cannot live nor produce food, and the capital without which production could not be carried on on a large scale, are owned by one section of the community which uses them to make profits for themselves irrespective of the comfort or even the existence of the common people."

"If we had a collective ownership of land and capital and co-operative production and distribution of the necessities of life, there could be no poverty, because there is wealth in abundance, and there is power to produce more wealth than could possibly be consumed, and all that is required is that wealth produced by labor shall be distributed among the producers, and the whole problem that seems so unsolvable becomes easy of solution at once. [Applause.]

"People say that this or that socialism is an impossibility. Those of you who do not believe in Socialists, what is your remedy for the existing state of affairs?" A voice—"Anarchy!"

"Anarchy is the opposite of Socialism," replied Mr. Hardie. "It means that the strong shall impose their will without help or hindrance upon the weak—and that is exactly what we have at the present time. [Loud applause.] We have Anarchy plus law. Socialism means the application of industry or the political principles which are so dear to the heart of the American people and supplies the only possible final solution of this labor problem."

"People are horrified at the mere mention of the word Socialism. They think it means riot and upheaval of society altogether, but your public schools are under public control, and it is also good for the State to look after the feeding, the nourishing and the clothing of the body of the child [applause], and there does not seem to be anything very alarming in that. [A voice—"No."] We call ourselves a Christian people, when 50,000 children go to school morning after morning without having tasted food. If there are tears shed in heaven, it must be at the holy hypocrisy which passes muster to-day as Christianity. [Applause.]

"I claim for Socialism that it is applied Christianity. [Applause.] I know of no better or truer definition. But while the monopolist of land and capital are the causes of the evils we complain of he does not stand alone. The law and the soldiery and the police are behind him. Who makes the law? Why, the man whom the workingman elects, and when labor questions come up this man is neither a Liberal or a Tory. He is a landlord and an employer. [Applause.] The whole of the laboring men are not either Liberals or Tories, so we have erected our Socialist platform midway between."

"I don't want anything done for the workingman. If we cannot do these things for ourselves, they never can be done, and therefore I advocate the creation of a Socialist labor party which shall teach the working party to rely upon themselves." [Applause.]

Mr. Hardie spoke of race and religious prejudices, saying that the more men fight on the latter question the less religion they have. Both of these matters were injurious to labor. He concluded by picturing the benefits and the growth of Socialism, under the banners of which he appealed to the audience to enlist to fight the battles of their children and those who were to follow.

At the close of his speech Mr. Hardie was asked a number of questions, and in replying to them he reiterated his belief in the power of Socialism to give the wage-earners industrial liberty and justice. He advised the Socialists not to form alliances with any other parties, and counseled the trade unions to keep out of politics, and urged the members of the trade unions to join the Socialist Labor Party.

Mr. Frank Smith was next introduced. He was also given an ovation. He said, in substance:

We are here to make Socialists; we are here to say to the labor people of this country that the interests of the working people in the old and new countries are identical; also that we are here as agitators.

Notwithstanding all that has been said against the agitator, the man who is opposed to him is either a fool, a coward or a rogue. The politicians are the same brood the world over.

The capitalist is cosmopolitan; he robs the workers of all countries. The present system takes from the industrious and gives to the idle. By the way of Socialism, only, can freedom come.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Skilled Labor Reduced to the Lowest Level.

A correspondent in a reform paper says: When the raisin packers need hirelings they go to San Francisco and have them shipped down like so many slaves or even cattle. I notice in the San Francisco Call that one shipment of fifty women was recently made. "The majority are school teachers, stenographers and clerks who have not been able to secure employment in their own lines." You see that skilled labor is reduced to the lowest level and that choice of labor is not a thing to be thought of. The rulers frighten the poor by telling them under Socialism that there would be no choice of occupation (a lie), but how many people under the present anarchy can choose their vocation.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Steal a Million and You Will Be a Gentleman.

A printer in Little Rock was sent to prison for four years for stealing 30 cents. He was a poor devil. The State Treasurer of South Dakota, who stole \$300,000, was sent to prison for five years. He was rich. And the poor men have the vote in this country.

WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH

How the Trusts and Corporations Practice Lawlessness.

Henry D. Lloyd's Book Is a Severe Blow at the Capitalist System of Wholesale Robbery and Crime.

Abraham Lincoln once said with deep seriousness that the power of the great monied interests of the country, of the corporations and monopolies which already in his own time were waxing so gross, was destined to become stronger and more tyrannous than the slave power, its menace to the liberties and institutions of the country more subtle and dangerous, and the struggle of the people to maintain their rights against it more difficult. Henry D. Lloyd's remarkable book, "Wealth Against Commonwealth," which has now been before the country for almost a year, is the most powerful and impressive, because the most detailed and definite statement which has been made of the character and methods and achievements of the baleful power whose advent and ascendancy Lincoln so clearly foresaw.

When Edward Everett Hale first read this book he said, "It is the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the present crisis." Widely as it has been read, and deeply as it has affected the earnest thinkers of the country, it has not been read half enough nor aroused half enough discussion. It is not a book for scholars simply; it is a book for the people. Every man and woman who has at heart the interests of the Republic should become acquainted with the startling facts here presented—none can afford not to do it—and should then act upon them seriously and resolutely, as Otis and Adams and Washington acted in their day, as Phillips and Sumner and Lincoln acted in theirs. The reference to Lincoln and to the struggle with slavery leads us to add that the issue of "Wealth Against Commonwealth," as Mr. Lloyd defines it, is an issue as distinct as that between slavery and freedom, and it is the issue of the time.

"Our rising issue is with business. Monopoly is business at the end of its journey. It has got there. The irrepressible conflict is now as distinctly with business as the issue so lately met with slavery. Slavery went first only because it was the cruder form of business."

Mr. Lloyd's book is strong because, facing all the facts, stating them at their worst, it is not a black and despairing book, like the books of so many of our present social reformers, but a hopeful, brave and confident book. He believes in the American democracy, in the people. The reason why the people permit such things as he details to go on, insidiously robbing them of their liberties and sapping the life of the State, is because they have no real or adequate knowledge of them. "If they know," he says, "they will care. To help them to know and care, to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of the good, new sympathy for the victims of power, and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made. Democracy is not a lie."

There live in the body of the commonality the unexhausted virtue and the ever-renewed strength which can rise equal to any problems of progress. He recognizes that the mania of business and the evils of capitalism have reached an acuter and extreme development in America than elsewhere, precisely because opportunities and freedom here are both so great.

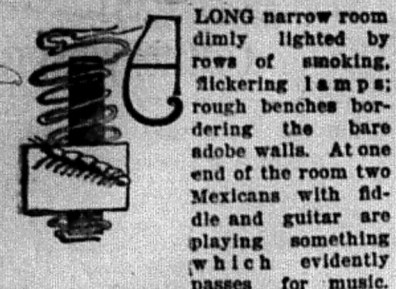
"But the hope is," he says, "that the old economic system we inherited has ripened so much more rapidly than the society and Government we have created, but the dead matter it deposits can be thrown off by our vigorous youth and health. In making themselves free of arbitrary and corrupt power in government, the Americans prepared themselves to be free in all else, and because foremost in political liberty, they have the promise of being the first to realize industrial liberty—the trunk of a tree of which political liberty is the seed, and without which political liberty shrinks back into nothingness."

This thought, that the problem set for this time is to extend to our industrial organization the same principles which we have applied so successfully, or at least with such general acceptance, to our political organization, is the thought which runs all through Mr. Lloyd's book. "Political government by the self-interest of the individual," he says, "we call anarchy. It is one of the paradoxes of public opinion that the people of America, least tolerant of the theory of anarchy in political government, lead in practicing it in industry. Politically we are civilized; industrially not yet. * * * The word of the day is that we are about to civilize industry. Making it quivering with its purpose to make men fellow citizens, brothers, lovers in industry, as it has done with them in government and family, which are also industry."

"The man who should apply in his family or his citizenship this 'survival of the fittest' theory as it is practically professed and operated in business would be a monster, and would be speedily made extinct, as we do with monsters. * * * In trade, men have not yet risen to the level of the family life of the animals. The true law of business is that all must pursue the interest of all. In the law, the highest product of civilization, this has long been a commonplace. The safety of the people is the supreme law. We are in travail to bring industry up to this."

Violating every principle of brotherhood and social obligation, the great monopolies of the country have come also to the violation of all law and to menace the very order and safety of the State. "The flames of a new economic evolution run around us, and we turn to find that competition has killed competition, that corporations have grown greater and industry smaller, and have bred individuals greater than themselves, and that the naked issue of our time is with property becoming master." The object of Mr. Lloyd's book is to show in detail how this is true—to show how the great trusts and corporations which he subjects to special analysis invade or defy the laws of the States and of the nation, and the decision of the courts, State and national. Guided by the advice of the skillfullest lawyers, they persist in open violation, or make such changes in their procedure as will nullify statute and decision without danger to them.—New England Magazine.

A GIRL OF MEXICO.



LONG narrow room dimly lighted by rows of smoking, flickering lamps; rough benches bordering the bare adobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans with fiddle and guitar are playing something which evidently passes for music.

The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd that fills benches and floor. And this is the "ball room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phoenix, N. M.

In the doorway stands a tall, fair-haired young fellow, well tanned, yet seeming light skinned among the Mexicans and cow punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression of amusement and partly of languid interest. A year ago this man would have laughed in your face had you told him that he, Harry Woodhall, leader of the cotillions and one of the distinctly eligible young fellows of London, would in a year's time be taking a passive part in the festivities of a New Mexican dance hall.

It had all come so suddenly that it had seemed like some weird nightmare from which he awoke to find himself fighting for health in the arid region of the new world. The recollection flashed across him now as he stood at the bar of the Legal Tender. First, that had cold caught at the Wellbrokes, ball, when he had taken Lady Grace to her carriage in a pouring rain without so much as a cap over his head. Then the long siege of pneumonia, and after that, like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, had come the warning of his physician: "It's Egypt or Western America old man if you don't want to shuffle off the mortal coil. You can't stay in England and live." Then

"No; but everybody is too full to notice those little things, I suppose. Come, I've enough of this. Let's move on." The truth was that Harry Woodhall had just been undergoing that last and worst wrench. He had been tearing up the root that had been feeding on hope, and the process had left him in a reckless state of mind, when nothing seemed to matter. The money, which he carried in a belt around his waist, seemed a weight that was dragging him down, down, away from everything, and the thought nearly maddened him.

McQueen had gone for his horse, leaving Woodhall alone on the steps of the "Legal Tender." A low voice at his elbow startled him.

"Is it the Senor Woodhall?" He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many-colored serape which only half concealed the well-carved and graceful lines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and as Woodhall stood there staring at her a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, born of his recent fierce struggle with the last hope.

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her. "What is it?"

"Will the senor come with me a little?"

Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the "Legal Tender" the dance and game went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that Woodhall's horse was gone, cursed him for an unscrupulous brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding-looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they had ridden two or three miles

len, half-scared way. At last Woodhall saw the whole plot.

"Gongorez," he said, in a strange, harsh voice, "this is your daughter?"

A nod.

"Did she bring me here at your command?"

"Yes, but it was easy. She had seen the senor and loved him."

"Did you know of that—stand back, you hound!" for suddenly Gongorez had seemed galvanized into activity and had started toward the bed, muttering: "Corpo di Dios, no!"

"Then," said Woodhall, in a voice that seemed to him hollow and far away, "we will watch her together."

And standing there these two, the fair one with revolver in one hand, the other clasping the girl's, the dark one crouching like a coyote at bay, yet livid with horror, watched the girl until the last spark of life was gone. A moment later a sharp report rang through the hut, and then Woodhall galloped away—alone.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast, pale and very quiet.

"Fellows," he said finally, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid I'm not suited to this sort of life. I don't think that I could ever be contented here, and—in short, I'm going to start for California this afternoon."

And he did, in spite of all they could say or do.

The last thing he said to McQueen as the train pulled out was: "You had better get another foreman, Mac, for I don't think Gongorez is coming back."

ACTORS LIKE WASHINGTON.

Are Fond of Spending Leisure in the Capital.

Every actor or actress, lyric or dramatic, will tell you that they love to come to Washington. It is invariably the pilgrimage of pleasure. There are several reasons for this. One reason is chief because a great deal of the talent that appreciates talent is naturally at the seat of the government, where for years there has been a centripetal movement of bright men and women.

Another reason is that conditions political and otherwise change so often that men and women are not permitted to move in grooves. This brings about a system of society, if it may be so called, which is more free from cliques and cabals than any other city in the United States. The president is the president of the people. The first lady in the land is no bigger than the second or third lady in the land. The few titled people hold title from the people, and if they don't behave themselves, as Andrew Jackson intended, the people get mad, and titles and perquisites vanish at the next election, including the coteries known as the cabinet set. Of course there is the diplomatic corps, but that is not American. The diplomatic corps changes also quite frequently, but the theater corps is with us always, and it is perhaps a draw as to whether the people like the "play actors" any better than the "play actors" like the people of Washington. Actors, like everybody else, and they are all mortal except when on the other side of the footlights, are apt to become lonesome if not absolutely lost in the immensity of the great cities through which they go like birds of passage during the "business" season. Nothing can be more solitary than the solitude of a great city in which no one knows anybody and in which it is difficult to get acquainted with anybody.

New Woman Is Happy in Burmah.

Burmah would be a paradise for the new woman if she could be induced to emigrate thither. The Burmese women are, according to a recent writer, the freest on earth. Men and women are equal. Both share inheritances alike, and women, like men, inherit absolutely. No trustees stand between a woman and her property, and when she marries no transfer is made. She keeps her own property, her husband has. He has no legal control over her actions at all. She does not sacrifice her family name in marriage. Property acquired with her husband is held jointly in a legal partnership. Burmese women go into business just as the men do. When marriage occurs the woman will go with her trade, the man with his.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

The majority of the virtuous in this world is negative—it is in the hands of people who, while they don't do enny hurt, don't do enny good neither.

Most of us are happy, not so much because we hav got a horse and buggy to ride in, as because the other phellow haz to go on foot.

I hav seen hipokritiz who had reached sutch perfeckshun in the bizness that they could cheat themselves, but couldn't cheat ennybody else.

If people will only spend their time in doing their duty in this world heaven and hell, and hereafter will take care of themselves.

I hav seen men who had worn out their vices and supposed ov course that they wuz living on their virtues.

I am not astounded when I hear that a man haz fallen. Adam fell, and he wuz nailed down, compared with the slippery ground that men stand on now days.

My dear friend, as strange as it may seem to yu, mankind would rather see yu fall than succeed, because they would rather pity than admire.

The best thing I know ov is a fust-rate wife; the next best thing is a second-rate one.

Married life is a game in which the woman, if she is called, is almost sure to hav a strate flush.

There is nothing so skarse as originality. Even an original phool would be a grate relief just now.

The man who never makes enny blunders is a very clever pece of machinery, that's all.

Our pashuns, if they are well managed, are the best gifts we hav received from the Creator.

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES OF RECENT ORIGIN.

A Humane Idea in the "Nipper" Line—A Vialgrette Holder for Women—The Latest Wheel-Rim Patented for Use on Bicycles.



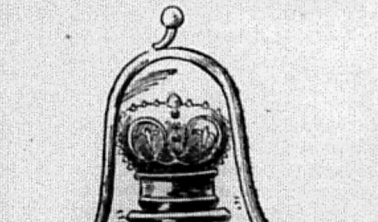
OME of the most interesting appliances for capturing and restraining criminals are those ingenious devices known as "nippers." These consist of a single handcuff, which is opened by means of pressure upon a spring button and closes around the wrist of the prisoner as soon as a second button, striking the wrist, releases the spring lock. Their merit lies in the quickness with which an arrest can be effected by their use. "Twisters" or chain nippers, are made with a chain connecting two interlocking handles, and are especially esteemed for their lightness. Of ordinary clubs and billets there is a large variety, in locust, rosewood, ironwood, cocobolo and lignum vitae. A modest ironwood billet may be had for 40 cents, while a handsome presentation baton, richly ornamented and tipped, may cost as much as \$25.

Contagious Diseases of Insects.

It is a well authenticated fact that at certain seasons of the year the common house fly becomes the prey of a parasite that speedily saps its vitality and ends its little days. An article in a scientific publication says: "A disease has been found among a lot of squash bugs brought into the laboratory for experimental uses. It has been clearly shown that this disease is due to a motile bacillus larger than B. insectorum Burhill, and of different form, preferably aerobic in habit, but capable nevertheless of growing beneath the surface of agar, where the colonies are commonly oval or fusiform. It spreads over the solid medium freely as a rather thickish film of radiate, lichenose structure and broadly lobate margin. It multiplies very freely in the blood of insects, doubtless producing there a toxic substance which kills the host, very commonly within two or three days of the first infection. This interpretation of its action is based on the promptly fatal effect produced on small insects by a watery infusion of agar cultures of this bacillus. Young chinch bugs perish in such an infusion in less than a minute, and adults in two or three minutes, while medium-sized caterpillars dipped into it for ten seconds have begun to writhe and roll in evident distress within two minutes, dying within five or six. Chinch bugs are readily infected by simple exposure to squash bugs dead with this disease and die under this infection more promptly, more rapidly and in larger proportion than if exposed to inoculation with sporotrichum."

A Vialgrette Holder.

Since women will not have pockets in their gowns, or more properly speaking, since dressmakers will not permit the existence of these useful adjuncts, there seems no other way for the shopping impedimenta of the gentle sex to be carried about than by being strapped to the belt. The ordinary chateleine bag becomes a satchel if more than change, purse, handkerchief, and memorandum goes into it, yet often more is needed. The suburban woman heitates, for example, to pass a day in town in the fatigue of a shopping round without her bottle of reviving salts, but how



A VIALGRETTE PURSE.

to carry them is a problem. A London manufacturer seems to have solved it in the accompanying illustrated salt-bottle pocket, in which the useful vialgrette may rest and swing from the belt.—Ex.

The Katydid Orchestra.

An article in a recent number of Science on the katydid orchestra is extremely interesting. The writer states that this is one instance in nature of concerted and continued efforts at harmony. The katydids keep time, and are the only members of the insect kingdom that do this on any extended scale. He says: "So soon as the sun has set and twilight is advancing the katydids in the trees begin to 'tune up.' The first notes are scattered, awkward and without rhythm; but, if no wind is blowing, thousands soon join in, and from that time until daylight breaks there is no intermission. It is marvelous that the organs can withstand this continual rubbing for eight hours. By rubbing out an insect close by and listening to it alone, I have convinced myself that the same insect keeps at it at least for hours at a time. These raspings are seldom three at a time, as the popular name would imply, but are the result of usually four

or five, sometimes six, distinct but closely joined movements." When a large number of katydids are engaged in this musical exercise there are those with louder tone, who seem to occupy the position of leaders, or first violinists. They hold the time measure often in spite of the wind, which usually stops the performance of the more timid, and soon draw out the lost notes of the others once more into regular measure or beat.

Coffee Poisoning.

According to a medical report from Paris, chronic coffeeism is a disease to which little attention is given. "It is almost always," says this doctor, "confounded with alcoholic troubles, especially with those affecting the digestive and nervous systems." Coffee dyspepsia very closely resembles alcoholic gastritis. Sometimes the distaste for food is such that patients refuse everything but bread and coffee. Nausea, vomiting and the generation of irritating gas follows, and some patients become extremely emaciated. Tremulousness of the limbs, cramps, insomnia or short periods of sleep interspersed with horrible nightmares, are among the symptoms. Palpitation of the heart is less likely to be present than one might suppose, but a diminution of the pulse is especially apparent.

Another New Tire.

The tire here illustrated has been patented by a Canadian. He claims that it may be ridden over tacks, glass and



even razors, without fear of puncture. The invention consists of a series of elliptical steel springs set at right angles to the rim and riveted to it. A steel band passes round the outer circumference of the tire thus formed, which is in turn riveted to the springs, forming a strong, resilient and "quick" tire. It may be covered with rubber to keep out dirt and water. It is said that several American firms have entered into negotiations for the use of this tire.

Broken Hearts.

We often hear of broken hearts, and usually with a smile of incredulity, as though such a thing were not possible. Medical science has discovered that a literally broken heart is by no means as uncommon as one might fancy. A physician was recently called to patient, a lady of middle age, who had experienced a severe shock. He found her dead, and as there was some discussion as to the cause of death, an autopsy was held, revealing the fact that the heart had burst at one side. Heart failure as a cause of death is about as satisfactory as to say "one dies for lack of breath," heart failure being merely a result of clearly defined conditions. Broken hearts can easily be brought about by a diet of sweetmeats, with a free use of fermented liquors. These weaken the tissues of the heart, and pave the way for a sudden dissolution. It has been supposed that fatty degeneration of the heart was an incurable disease, but this is another popular error, as such conditions are positively curable by a suitable diet and proper medical treatment.

Cutting Hair by Electricity.

An electric hair cutter is a new invention. It consists of a comb, over the teeth of which is stretched a platinum wire. A switch over the handle of the comb is so arranged that the barber can throw a current of electricity through the teeth, raising the temperature to a bright heat. The comb is then passed through the hair, which it burns off. It is said that the hair is benefited by this process, much more so than when cut by scissors, as by the latter method the hair bleeds and loses a certain amount of its vitality. It is a notable fact that the cutting in this way is much more even, and, as the heat does not get into flame, there is no danger of setting the hair on fire, as was often done when a torch or taper was used.

New Variety of Corn.

Farmers are likely to find a remunerative corn in the new Peruvian corn, samples of which have been procured and are to be tried at the experimental stations. It is believed that it may be acclimated here, and that as the grains are four or five times the size of those of the ordinary maize, its value is evident. It is entirely distinct from any species known in this country, and is called zea-amylacea. This corn contains an extraordinary amount of starch and an unusual percentage of sugar is found in one of the ten new varieties that are known to exist.

New Business for the Blind.

It is stated that in some countries massage is practiced by blind persons almost to the exclusion of all others. There are massage schools in St. Petersburg, where the teachers and pupils are blind. This furnishes a profitable and suitable occupation for a class of persons who are shut out from many remunerative employments.

Rare Opportunity.

Man Overboard—Help! Help! Stranger—Phuy don't yez swim? "I don't know how." "Be gorry, y've got an illigant chance to learn."

Scientists say that the man of the immediate future will have no wisdom teeth, and the man of the remote future no teeth of any kind at all.

Gastric Dyspepsia



And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." Mrs. MARGARET FENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. \$1.60 for \$5

Hood's Pills

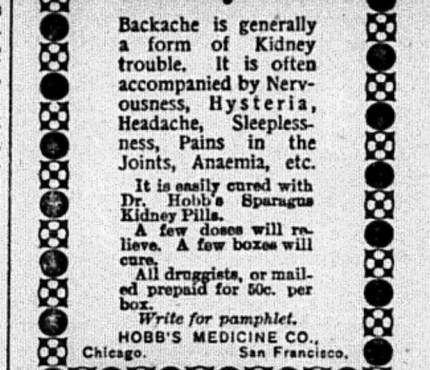
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CURE BACKACHE

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Backache is generally a form of kidney trouble. It is often accompanied by Nervousness, Hysteria, Headache, Sleeplessness, Pains in the Joints, Anæmia, etc. It is easily cured with Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills. A few doses will relieve. A few boxes will cure. All druggists, or mail order, will send you a box prepaid for 50c. per box. Write for pamphlet. HOBBS' MEDICINE CO., Chicago, San Francisco.

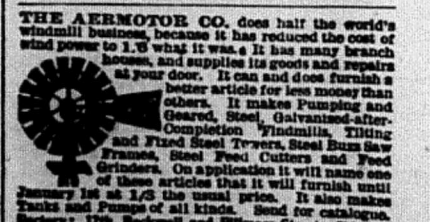


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The Best Waterproof Coat in the World! The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire outfit. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

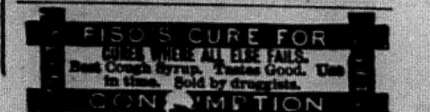
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Prevents and restores the hair. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. It will remove dandruff, itching scalp, and restore gray hair to its original color. Cures scalp diseases, itching humors, and all sorts of eruptions.



FISH BRAND CURE FOR EYE

Best Cure for Eye. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



"DID YOU KNOW OF THAT?"

had come the partings, the voyage, the few aimless weeks in Denver, and then a letter from Bob McQueen asking him to come down and help raise pigs and alfalfa in the Pecos valley. He had found a jolly, congenial lot of young Englishmen there, and after some months of ranch life he had just decided to put some money in the ranch and settle down. There is a saying that Englishmen come West on account of one of three things: "Busted health, wealth or reputation." None of this crowd, at least, was in the Pecos valley on account of the last cause, and the two former were certainly no disgrace.

This resolution to settle down had not been an easy one to make. A man may flatter himself that he has torn up every root that binds him to the old life, but when the time comes to put aside the last hope of return he will find that there is one root still drawing life from that hope, and then, perhaps, comes the hardest wrench of all. At any rate, Woodhall had that day ridden into Eddy with McQueen, and had drawn from the bank the money which was to buy his share of the ranch outfit. On their way back they had stopped at Phoenix, a collection of saloons, dance houses and Mexican huts just outside the limits of the town. Their Mexican foreman, Gongorez, had met them there with the ranch wagon, relieved their horses of the supplies and gone on ahead of them.

Although Woodhall had been in the valley seven months, he had never before seen Phoenix in full blast. This interesting condition occurred every Saturday night and lasted until Monday morning. The roulette wheel and faro layout, together with the Mexican games, were operated in the barroom, which opened directly into the dance hall. By this simple arrangement the Mexicans could lose their money in the barroom, while the cow-punchers obtained their "load" and then worked it off in the quadrille.

"Bob," said Woodhall, lazily turning to McQueen, who was watching the faro, "do they ever have any good looking girls here?"

"Sometimes a pretty Mexican girl shows up, but good looks don't last long in Phoenix," was the reply. "They say that Gongorez, our foreman, has—by Jove, old chap, did you see the dealer hold out the nine spot just then?"

southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed.

At last a soft little hand within his led him—for it was quite dark—through a passageway into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle.

"Will the senor rest?" and then after a moment's pause, "I will return soon." She was gone before he could prevent it.

Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned.

"It may be all right," he muttered, "but a little search won't hurt anything."

The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand, he dropped to his knees and peered into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump on the surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More from curiosity than any other motive, he grasped a corner of the bedclothes and jerked them back. Great heaven! There was in the very center of the bed, with its cruel claws working, lay a full-sized tarantula, one of the most poisonous creatures alive. A slight noise at the door caused him to turn. There stood the girl, her eyes big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider. Without a word Woodhall raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at it. For a moment the girl tried to speak, but could not. Then slowly and painfully she whispered: "You thought I did it?"

Woodhall bowed his head in grim assent. On the instant, before he could stop her or even realize her purpose, she had sprung to the bed, grasped the horrible thing and placed it in the bosom of her dress. As it stung her she stretched out her arms toward Woodhall, uttered a piercing cry, and fell across the bed. At the same moment he became aware of an evil face at the doorway—the face of Gongorez, the ranch foreman. In an instant Woodhall had covered him and commanded him to enter, which he did in a sul-

WON THE ST. LEGER.

SIR VISTO REPEATS LADAS' PERFORMANCE.

Fortunate Nobleman Who Had All of His Ambitions More Than Realized—Barcalaine's Son Not So Good Looking as Ladas, but He Won.

ADAS, the three-year-old winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1894, wearing the primrose colors of the Earl of Rosebery, was a very taking big colt by Hampton out of Illuminata that looked just what he was—a race horse of the highest type. This year's winner of the double event, also from the Earl's string, is Sir Visto, a son of the Irish horse Barcalaine. He is nothing like the horse Ladas was to look at, and he would never be selected as a crack performer out of a lot of horses in the paddock.

The picture reproduced is from Sporting Life and shows the colt as he appeared almost immediately after his victory in the Derby. He may have filled out somewhat since then, three-year-olds as a general thing coming on very rapidly after July.

The success achieved by the Earl of Rosebery in thus winning two such classic events two years in succession with horses of his own breeding has created quite a sensation among English racing men. Gentlemen have tried for many years to win the Derby and have had an extensive stud to draw from. Along comes the Earl with a comparatively small stud, brings the veteran Matthew Dawson out of retirement to train Ladas, and, presto, the honors are in his hands. Sir Visto comes the next year, just as naturally as though noble lords had a sort of compact with fortune to give the produce of their stud more speed than the horses of a man without a coronet. But Rosebery has been what is called a lucky man, and the tale which many persons regard as a fable is told oftentimes by his countrymen of his ambition expressed while at Oxford. It was that he should marry an heiress, become Premier of England, and win the Derby. He has more than accomplished the dearest wish of his heart, for beside wedding Miss Rothschild, he has been Prime Minister of England and won the Derby twice.

Turf honors are fickle, however, at the very best. The best strains of blood fail to nick at times, and years of patience and theorizing may not produce an animal fit to win a selling race. A worn-out old mare and a stallion not counted a success as a race horse may produce a flyer of the highest class.

The Turf.

Jockey Club officials have issued positive instructions to the forfeit clerk to collect full forfeits upon all events under control of the club. Owners who have had considerable leeway during the past will be rounded up with a sudden jerk and the winners of those inviting-looking big stakes will derive some financial benefit from their victories.

Yo Tambien's sire, Joe Hooker, is dead at Theodore Winter's famous ranch at Washoe, Nev. Joe Hooker was a chestnut horse, standing sixteen hands high, both hind legs white to hocks, blaze face and with a white patch on one side. He was foaled in 1873, on the ranch of A. Mallard, in Martin county, California, and was, consequently, twenty-three years old at the time of his death. The great racehorse sire, who was a son of Monday and Mayflower, by imp. Eclipse, made his reputation in the stud and not on the race course. Although possessed of wonderful speed as a youngster, he developed an uncontrollable temper that spoiled his usefulness as a racehorse.

CHRISTIE MACDONALD.

She is Just Now Enjoying the Plaudits of New Yorkers.

Christie MacDonald, who makes so charming a Mrs. Grigg, in Francis Wilson's production of "The Chieftain," now running at Abbey's Theater, New York City, pleads guilty to having been born on Feb. 28, 1876, and thereby having narrowly escaped suffering for life from a shortage of birthdays. She was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia. Her mother was Scotch and her father English, and, though all of the family have a natural musical bent, they are thoroughly unprofessional throughout. When she was nine

years old her family removed to Boston, Mass., where she attended the public schools, from which she finally graduated. During the summer succeeding her graduation she, with two schoolmates, curious as to what stage life really is, joined the company of Pauline Hall, which was playing a summer engagement in Boston. Miss MacDonald was shortly after made understudy to Louise Beaudet, and says that she immediately developed a conviction that the company could by no possibility get along without her, and, therefore, she persuaded her mother to allow her to come with the company to New York, although the whole family was bitterly opposed to her going upon the stage. After a metropolitan experience of four weeks she was summoned home, and gave the customary two weeks' notice. Though she intended to quit the stage, in compliance with the wishes of her family, it was her fate to meet Francis Wilson while he was rehearsing "The Lion Tamer." He, having heard her sing, offered her an engagement, which she accepted. She was made an understudy, and was re-engaged for the following season, when she played the part of Marie, in "Ermine," and was the understudy to Lulu Glaser. Her opportunity to play Miss Glaser's part of Javotte occurred on the night the company began their engagement in Philadelphia, Pa. She was thoroughly up in the part, and won credit by her performance. Last season Miss Mac-



CHRISTIE MACDONALD.

Donald played the part of Bob, the valet, in "The Devil's Deputy," and last summer created the part of Shafra, in "The Sphinx."

THE DIAMOND.

Pitcher Gumbert recently said that he had not been fined since he has been playing ball. There are not many other players who can say the same thing.

Buck Ewing offered Capt. Anson the pick of any six Cincinnati players for Lange, but the veteran declined.

President Freedman says he will buy Patsy Tebeau from Cleveland if President Robison will name a fair price.

The greatest admirer in all this land of Hugh Jennings, the champion's brilliant short stop, is his father.

Comiskey's St. Paul club is believed to have been the biggest money winner in the Western league this season.

Manager McCloskey of the Louisville is the greatest exponent of the "young blood" practice in the business. It is stated authoritatively that Doyle, German, Butler and Bannon will not be with next year's New York team.

According to Manager Twitchell the Milwaukeees have cleared \$15,000 this season to offset a loss of \$10,000 last year.

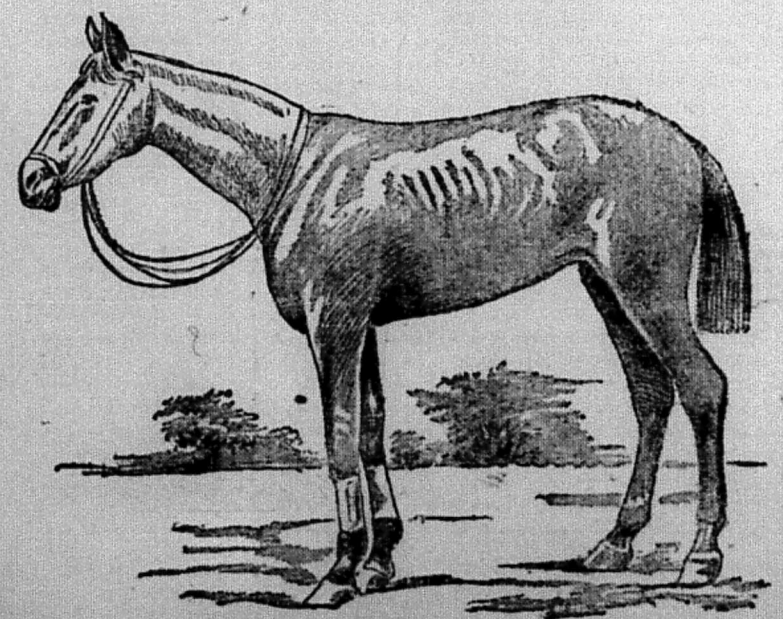
The Milwaukee club has signed Catcher Kehoe of the Southern league and Pitchers Riley and Wolf of Duquesne.

Every member of the Indianapolis team received double salary for his last month's work. Was ist los mit Herr Brush?

John M. Ward thinks his reservation by the New York club is merely spite work and he will bring the matter before the League.

The Washington club has made an offer to the New Yorks for Jack Doyle to captain the Senators next season.

Pat Perry, the veteran English pugilist, died at the Highgate Infirmary, Birmingham, recently, aged 41 years. During his career in the ring he fought Johnny Highland, Charley Norton, Alf Greenfield, Peter Breslin, Bill Goode and others, the fight with Goode being his last. He had not been in good health for a long time, and the bursting of a blood vessel three months ago made him take to his bed. The immediate cause of his death was dropsy.



SIR VISTO.

IN THE SWORD DANCE.

MRS. CAMPBELL DANCES LIKE HERODIAS' DAUGHTER.

A London Estimate of Her Performance in the Character of the New Juliet—Mr. Coghlan as Mercutio—Forbes-Robertson.



F COURSE IN criticising the general effect, the play and the acting cannot be altogether left out of account, though it would be unfair to lay too much stress on them, writes G. B. Shaw of the present London production of "Romeo and Juliet." Perhaps the most difficult character in the play as far as finesse of execution goes is Mercutio. We see Mercutio in his first scene as a wit and fantasist of the most delicate order. In his next, apparently without any shock to the Elizabethan sense of congruity, he is a detestable and intolerable cad, the exact prototype of our modern "Arty." The change gives such another glimpse into the manners of that time as you get in "Much Ado" from the astonishment which Benedick creates by taking to washing his face every day. By stage tradition, Mercutio is as much a



FORBES-ROBERTSON.

leading part as Romeo, if not more so. Therefore, when the manager chooses Romeo, he should be particularly careful to choose a good Mercutio, lest he should appear to have that part purposely underplayed. Perhaps this was why Mr. Forbes-Robertson went so far out of his way as to cast Mr. Coghlan for the part. If so he overreached himself, for he could not possibly have made a worse choice. I really cannot express myself politely on the subject of Mr. Coghlan's performance. He lounges, he mumbles, he delivers the Queen Mab speech in a raffish patter which takes, and is apparently deliberately meant to take, all beauty of tone and grace of measure out of it. It may be that Mr. Coghlan has studied the part carefully, and come to the conclusion that since the visit of the Montagues to Capulet's ball is a young blood's escapade, Mercutio should be represented as coming half drunk and lolling on the stone seat outside to repeat a tipsy rigmarole about nothing. In that case I must express my entire disagreement with Mr. Coghlan's reading. Shakespeare never leaves me in any doubt as to when he means an actor to play Sir Toby Belch and when to play Mercutio, or when he means an actor to speak measured verses and when slipshod colloquial prose.

Far better than Mr. Coghlan's Mercutio and yet quite the worst impersonation I have ever seen of a not very difficult old woman's part was Miss Dolores Drummond's Nurse. Tybalt's is such an unmercifully bad part that one can hardly demand anything from its representative except that he should brush his hair when he comes to his uncle's ball (a condition which he in-



CHARLES COGHLAN.

variably repudiates) and that he should be so consummate a swordsman as to make it safe for Romeo to fall on him with absolute abandonment, and annihilate him as Jean de Reszke used to annihilate Montariol. This is one of the great sensations of the play; unless an actor is capable of a really terrible explosion of rage, he would better let Romeo alone. Unfortunately the "frenzied fury" before which Tybalt falls lies outside the gentlemanly limits of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's stage instinct; and it may be that his skill as an actor is not equal to the task of working up the audience to the point at which they will imagine an explosion which cannot, of course, be real.

At all events the duel scene has none of the murderous excitement which is the whole dramatic point of it; it is tamed down to a mere formal pretext for the banishment of Romeo. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has evidently no sympathy with Shakespeare's love of a shindy; you see his love of law and order coming out in his stage management of the fighting scenes. Nobody is allowed to enjoy the scrimmage; Capulet and Montague are silenced; and the spectators of the duel are women—I should say ladies—who look intensely shocked to see gentlemen of position so grossly forgetting themselves. Mr. Forbes-Robertson himself fights with unconcealed repugnance; he makes you feel that to do it in that disorderly way, without seconds, without a doctor, showing temper about it, and actually calling his adversary names, jars unacceptably on him. Far otherwise have we seen him as Orlando wrestling with Charles. But there the contest was in the presence of a court, with measured ground and due formality—under Queensberry rules, so to speak.

For the rest, Mr. Forbes-Robertson is very handsome, very well dressed, very perfectly behaved. His assortment of tones, of gestures, of facial expressions, of attitudes, are limited to half a dozen apiece; but they are carefully selected and all of the best. The arrangements in the last scene are exceedingly nice; the tomb of the Capulets is beautifully kept, well lighted, and conveniently accessible by a couple of broad steps—quite like a new cathedral chapel. Indeed, when Romeo, contemplating the bier of Juliet (which reflected the utmost credit on the undertaker) said:

"I will stay with thee, And never from this palace of dim night Depart again."

I felt that the sacrifice that he was making in doing without a proper funeral was greatly softened. Romeo was a gentleman to the last. He laid out Paris after killing him as carefully as if he were folding up his best clothes. One remembers Irving, a dim figure dragging a horrible burden down through the gloom "into the rotten jaws of death," and reflects on the differences of imaginative temperament that underlie the differences of acting and stage-managing.

As to Juliet, she danced like the daughter of Herodias. "And she knew the measure of her lines to a hair's breadth. Did I not say, long ago, that Mrs. Tanqueray's piano-playing was worth all the rest of her? And yet I was taken in by Mrs. Tanqueray—also by Mrs. Ebbsmith, as we all were. Woman's great art is to lie low, and yet the imagination of the male endow her with depths. How Mrs. Patrick Campbell must have laughed at us whilst we were giving her all the credit—if credit it were—for our silly psychologizing over those Pinero parts! As Juliet she still fits herself into the hospitable manly heart without effort, simply because she is a wonderful person, not only in mere facial prettiness,



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

in which respect she is perhaps not superior to the bevy of "extra ladies" in the fashionable scenes in the new Drury Lane play, not even in her light, beautifully proportioned figure, but in the extraordinary swiftness and certainty of her physical self-command. I am convinced that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could thread a needle with her toes at the first attempt as rapidly, as smoothly, as prettily, and with as much attention to spare for doing anything else at the same time as she can play an arpeggio. This physical talent, which is seldom consciously recognized except when it is professedly specialized in some particular direction (as in the case, for instance, of Miss Letty Lind) will, when accompanied by nimbleness of mind, quick observation and lively theatrical instinct, carry an actress with a rush to the front of her profession, as it has carried Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her Juliet, nevertheless, is an immature performance at all the exceptional points, which, please remember, are not very numerous, much of Juliet's business being of a kind that no "leading lady" of ordinary ability could possibly fall in. All the conscious ideas gathered by her from the part and carried out in planned strokes of her own are commonplace. There is not a touch of tragedy, not a throb of love or fear, temper instead of passion; in short, a Juliet as unawakened as Richard III, one in whose death you don't believe, though you would not cry over it if you did believe. Nothing of it is memorable except the dance—the irresistible dance.

PLAYER FOLK.

H. M. Harrison writes that he expects to soon take the road in his comedy, "Old Time Rocks."

Mae North is said to be doing well in her first starring venture. She is now touring the south in "Only a Farmer's Daughter," under the management of Josh E. Ogden.

The Lizzie Evans Repertory company, stranded in Plainfield, N. J. It is stated that a disagreement between Miss Evans and her manager, regarding a play she wanted in her repertory, was the cause of the company going to pieces.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HISTORICAL.

The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Great Britain in September, 1716, the third of that month being called the fourteenth.

Speaking of the visit of Lafayette to this country in the winter of 1824-25, the American Monthly Magazine of Washington says: "It was during these days that George Ticknor, of Boston, presented a foreign gentleman to ex-President Adams. Politics was a tabooed subject, but just as they were to take their leave Mr. Adams asked Mr. Ticknor how the election was proceeding in the house. Mr. Ticknor replied that he understood it depended on the vote of New York. Mr. Adams arose and exclaimed: 'Then God help us! As boy and man I have known New York politics for seventy years, and her politics have always been among the devil's incomprehensibilities.'"

It's awfully unlucky when, in Dalmatia, a cat sneezes as a bride is brought into a house.

There is a chance, after all, that New England will some day regain its early reputation as a fruit-growing region.—Providence Journal.

A Hearty Welcome

To returning peace by day and tranquility at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine anodyne for pain and purifier of the blood an instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, a gripe and irregularity of the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

Fall River claims a gain of 15,000 inhabitants since 1890, in spite of the 'cotton mills in the South' movement.

The real poet is the man who never suspects the fact until some one else finds it out, and who hesitates to believe it then.

FITS—All Fits stopped freely by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and Syrup bottle free. 15c. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The real statesman is the plain chap who applies principles of common sense to problems of government.

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

Talking of enterprises, certain Belgian daily journals "got" out their Wednesday morning edition about Tuesday noon.

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

"Plot, how can a little wheel like that steer a big ship?" "It has a pull on the rudder."—New York Herald.

IT BEATS THEM ALL.

Twenty-four Hours Chicago to Atlanta. The popular Big Four Route has, in connection with the Queen & Crescent and Southern railway, established a fast schedule between Chicago and Atlanta, leaving Chicago 12 o'clock, noon, and arriving in Atlanta at 12 o'clock, noon, the next day. This is by far the best and quickest time from Chicago and the northwest to Atlanta and the south. Send for time card, rates, etc., to J. C. Tucker, G. P. A., 234 Clark Street, Chicago.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

To touch food that's been nibbled by a mouse will, as old-fashioned folks think, give one the sore throat.

For every one knows that you can have more fun pegging coal at the good boy across the street than just putting it in the furnace

Loss of opportunity is life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with

NEURALGIA 5 10 15 Years Years Years

When the opportunity lies in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL. It cures.

Tell Your Wife

that you have read that Clairette Soap is one of the greatest labor-saving inventions of the time. Tell her that it will save her strength, save her time, save her clothes. The merits of

CLAIRETTE SOAP.

appeal at once to every thoughtful woman. It's the best, purest, and most economical soap to be procured. Sold everywhere. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company, St. Louis.

"Well met, Colonel!" "I'm not a colonel, sir!" "Pardon me: I was under the impression you had been in Georgia six weeks."—Atlanta Constitution.

Members who have used Parker's Glycerin Toothbrush insist that it benefits more than other medicinal forms of distress and weakness yield to it.

If a baby never wore shoes he could pick up pencils and things with his feet after some years of practice.

Hindercoma is a simple remedy, but it takes out the corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

The late George L. Randage made a \$50,000 bequest to the city of Boston, to be used in giving excursions to the poor.

Only a few years ago, comparatively, boys' shoes were made without any distinction of "rights" and "lefts."

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 29, '94.

The bicyclists in Northern Ohio are building cinder paths from town to town in a way to shame the Empire State.

Hegenman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

The new British Dictionary of National Biography will contain biographical sketches of 108 Smiths, fifteen Smythes and eight Smythes.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Agents—Ladies or Gents, 678 N. West at home, using or selling Gray's Patent, or taking orders for it. Please send, address, name, occupation, where you live, and we will send you, free of charge, our only complete guide, including the names and addresses of the best agents, wholesale and retail, in every city, town and village, and a list of the names of the best agents, wholesale and retail, in every city, town and village, and a list of the names of the best agents, wholesale and retail, in every city, town and village.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 37 yrs in last war, 15 in following claims, city alone.

Farmer Agents make big money selling our Disc-Sharpeners (25), Tank, Heaters and other specialties. Ad. Westman 215, Co., Stratton, Ill.

W N. U. St. L.—958-47.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

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

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

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THE SOCIALIST VOTE IN OHIO.

A Bohemian Comrade Brutally Assaulted and Murdered by the Foreman of a Capitalist Concern.

Last Saturday, Nov. 2, John Radda, an energetic member of Section 'Vorwaerts,' was brutally assaulted by the foreman, H. Card, in C. E. Taft's wood working shop.

The Socialist vote in this State, as near as can be found out at present, is about 1,900 to 1,500 votes in the State, and about 70,000 to 80,000 for the Populists.

Wednesday the Press Committee meets and then we will send in the money which we collected as we have sub-divided the city into districts and then the money is turned in at the monthly meeting.

Thursday evening Nov. 23, William Murray. Subject: 'Money, Its Science and Use.'

Friday evening, Dec. 3, Maurice Winchewsky. Subject: 'Trade-Unionism in England.' (Editor Emeth.)

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

The Minnesota Socialists Carry On an Energetic Agitation-Comrade M. Hirschfeld on Morality. The Socialists of Minneapolis are forging ahead.

On Oct. 27 ult., Sylvester Kellher of the A. R. U. gave a very interesting lecture on 'Labor Agitation Capital.'

After the regular meeting a 'philosophical Anarchist' arose and attacked the Socialists, and sought to champion a 'mutual credit' money system.

On Nov. 10 inst., Comrade Ed Peterson of St. Paul delivered an able address on 'The Coming Social State.'

At the business meeting held after the lecture, the question as to how members should be admitted into the section was discussed.

So far this month seven members have joined the section, and a number are going to join at the next meeting on Nov. 24.

Word comes to us to-day that our comrades in St. Paul are going to organize an American section there next Sunday.

HARTFORD'S FOREIGN IDEAS. The People Are Talking About Public Ownership.

Even Hartford, at times, experiences some excitement caused by the undercurrents of this glorious special system.

But, lo and behold! Populism is not nature's work, so Socialism does its work. In last issue we have pointed out that there was some feeling against the municipal gas plant.

During all this there was more talk about Socialism and more advice to calm down. Nevertheless, murder will out.

The trouble is, we cannot ask the Mayor why he vetoed the resolution, because he has given some of his reasons to the Board of Aldermen.

Comrades, you don't seem to do all you can to bring about a joint debate with the Prohibition party, nor do you gain any subscribers.

You must also be present at the discussion meetings. You used to bring your friends to these meetings, what is the matter now?

ST. PAUL FORGING AHEAD. The Socialist Labor Party Will Be the Party of Emancipation from Wage Slavery.

A mass meeting was held Sunday, Nov. 10, called by the Socialists of St. Paul, where Comrade Chas. T. Kelley of San Francisco (better known as Gen. Kelley, United States Industrial Army), spoke on 'The Labor Problem.'

Comrade Kelley appealed to all wage earners to join the Socialist Labor Party. He said that the wage workers must solve the labor problem themselves without any fusion or compromise.

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

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

ST. LOUIS, MO. What the Comrades in Missouri Are Doing.

The St. Louis Socialists are good hustlers. Within four weeks they secured several thousands of new subscribers for their local papers.

Section St. Louis, S. L. P., will give a grand masquerade ball on Saturday, December 24. Every Socialist in St. Louis and East St. Louis will help make this festival a great success.

Our St. Louis comrades will do all in their power to gather 'ammunition' for the national campaign in 1896.

Comrade Roediger in Kansas City will be a great help to our cause during the next national campaign.

Being convinced that the Socialist press is our best weapon the Comrades of St. Louis will spend the next few months in agitating for our press.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd, of the Second Baptist Church, is again lecturing on Socialism. He is doing good work.

Official Vote of Towns in Onondaga County.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Total, and another column. Includes Matchett, Pellenz, Murphy, Steer, Moore, Berman, Gray.

A Strange Voyage. We have made arrangements with comrade H. Francis Allen to furnish 'A Strange Voyage' hereafter at 10 cents per copy.

This book should be in every intelligent person's possession. Its author is one of the oldest economic writers in America, and the first one to prophetically forecast the new civilization to come in with the advent of the next century.

Comrades, you don't seem to do all you can to bring about a joint debate with the Prohibition party, nor do you gain any subscribers.

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 employ ment, and, by compulsory idleness is wage-slavery, is even deprived of the necessities of life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Political Demands.

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

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

3. municipal self government.

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

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

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

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.

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 \$500.

Comrades, we beg leave to inform you that some of the comrades who furnished the 'oil' are 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 CRUICKSHANK, E. LOCHMAN, PETER SCHWITKE, G. A. HOENL, J. SCHEIDLER, CHAS. NELSON, FRED. KESLER, CHAS. KLOTZ, CHAS. GIBBS.

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

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

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

THE SOCIALIST ALBUM.

'The Socialist Album' has just been published by Section St. Louis. This book is one of the best productions of Socialist agitation literature.

Price 25 cents a copy, which includes postage. Five copies will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for \$1.00. Strictly cash in advance. No orders filled on credit.

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

HOLYOKE'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

Morris E. Ruther, J. H. Connors and S. T. Briggs Nominated.

The Socialists of Holyoke have nominated Morris E. Ruther for Alderman and John H. Connors for Councilman in Ward Three and Sam T. Briggs for Alderman in Ward Six.

Section Holyoke, S. L. P., has arranged an interesting entertainment for Sunday night, Dec. 2, at the Springdale Turn Hall.

The politicians of Holyoke are in a great flurry over the unpleasant prospect of having a Socialist Alderman and Councilman sitting in their councils at City Hall after Jan. 1.

Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Nov. 24, there will be a joint meeting of the S. L. P. at the Springdale Turn Hall.

The ward heelers are about in great numbers informing the voters of the great qualities of their respective candidates. The woods are full of good, bright fellows now. But, oh, my! after election, what a difference. The good, bright fellows have all vanished and the cold facts are staring at us again that we have been fooled once more.

The Holyoke Street Railroad corporation has been granted another slice off our public streets by our city fathers without even one cent of compensation for the privilege of fleecing the public. They have also been permitted to string their ugly electric feed wires through the main streets.

Michael T. Barry has been nominated by the Socialists of Haverhill for Mayor.

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.

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

After many months of struggle we have succeeded in putting the Socialist Newspaper Union on a basis that guarantees the success of this institution. We know, however, that it is not only necessary that our party own its own paper, but also the presses and machinery that print said papers.

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

PHIL KAUFMAN, Secretary-Socialist Newspaper Union, 211 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo. Yours in the noble cause of Labor and Socialism, CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE, SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

READ 'MERRIE ENGLAND.'

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