

THE WAGE QUESTION.

What Capital Is and to Whom It Really Belongs.

Mrs. Martha Moore Avery's Lecture in Arcanum Hall at Worcester, Mass.—Ringing Appeal to all Thinking Men and Women.

Every chair was taken at 8 o'clock Sunday evening, when Comrade L. D. Usher called the audience in Arcanum hall, Worcester, Mass., in order to listen to the second address in the series by Mrs. Martha Moore Avery of Boston.

Mrs. Avery said: "I think we are agreed that the reason why we have in this country a democratic government, is that more and more men, asserting their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and coming to know more of the real facts and groundwork of social life, have come to the conclusion that it is one of the rights of every man to have some say in the affairs of the country, both as they are concerned with internal affairs and as they are concerned with our relations with other nations. I think we are agreed, too, that no man can be a free man till he owns the tools with which he works.

"Our subject to-night is, 'Competition and the wage system.' To understand the wage system we must take a wide survey of what has led to present conditions, taking our departure from the time when men fought, before trade had any existence, for plunder and glory. In later stages we find that war is not carried on for conquest, but for industrial purposes. Only in later days has there been a great war carried on for what seemed to be a moral issue. But seen more closely the war of the sixties arose from an economic problem. It was an upheaval to oust a system that could not live side by side with the wage system. Europe is in commotion at present, and for what? Europe is put to its wit's end for a market. That is the trouble with us. The market is insufficient. That is, we have not purchasers sufficient for the things that we can make. The tradesman says that it is because competition is so sharp, but I would call your attention to the fact that monopoly is more of a factor now than competition.

"We will agree that there are two factors in the production of wealth. They are the natural resources and the labor that is applied to them to make them produce the various forms of products. Every man must apply his labor to the natural resources or have some man do it for him. Land and labor, then, are the two factors in the production of wealth. "Now let us examine a primitive community, and coming down from that we shall see what competition is, what the wage system is, what money is, and that it is possible, with the use of our present tools and appliances, to have a social system without either competition or the wage system. I do not mean that we shall see all that at once, but we shall come to that before the course is completed.

"We start with the primitive state to find out what competition is and what money is and what the wage system is. Let us suppose a primitive New England community of say 100 people. They are engaged in getting a living from the natural sources. All are at work: some weave, some spin, some plant, some sew and some manufacture, but every man can do all the work and make all the things that he needs for his living. Each man is a sort of a jack-at-all-trades, for there is no production by the mass. Each man makes with his individual tools, but it easily falls out that one man makes better shoes than another, and another better cloth, and so on, each one shows an aptitude for this one thing or for two or three things. Now look at this community of 100 people. One man succeeds in making better shoes and more than he needs. Now there is something he wants and the weaver weaves ten more yards of cloth than he wants for the needs of his family and he needs something that he does not possess.

The fact that he has a surplus increases his needs. The man who has the extra pairs of shoes looks around to see whether he can exchange the shoes for something that he needs, and after a long search and perhaps after going miles out of his way, he finds the man who has the extra ten yards of cloth. He wants the cloth and he gives the shoes, the thing of use, in exchange for another thing of use.

"The law of exchange is a just one. Exchange of useful things gives advantage to each. Trade gives loss to one and benefit to another.

"Much time is lost in the matter of exchange that we have described. Perhaps it took longer to change off the shoes for the cloth, than it did to make the shoes in the first place. That is not economy. But one day the shoemaker had a machine left him. I say left him, because a machine is an evolution.

"No man makes a machine from beginning to end and makes it complete. The shoemaker has a machine left him; he inherits his machine. He says to another man who makes shoes: 'Come and work with me and we can make a lot more shoes together.' The other man says: 'Yes, but how shall we divide the product? We want it to be just. You cannot use the machine at all alone. I will work for you for a few weeks for nothing and then the machine

shall be half mine, and after that we will divide the product. That is equitable.'

"You say he should sell his half. But he could not use it at all alone. Is it not the equitable thing for him to sell it to a partner?"

"The two of them work it, and they have each a half of the product. That is not the wage system. And I want to know what is the value of five pairs of shoes that each of them will have for the same time of labor that they formerly put in to make each of them one pair. The question is one of the time that is put in: How long did the one pair take? We will say one day. Let us call that equal to the work of the man who is weaving the 10 yards of cloth. If it took the man a day to weave the cloth, it would be fair, if they are average weavers, that the one pair of shoes should exchange for the 10 yards of cloth; but here are ten pairs of shoes. What are they to be exchanged for, in equity? Should they get more for the five pairs than for the one pair? It took the same time to make them.

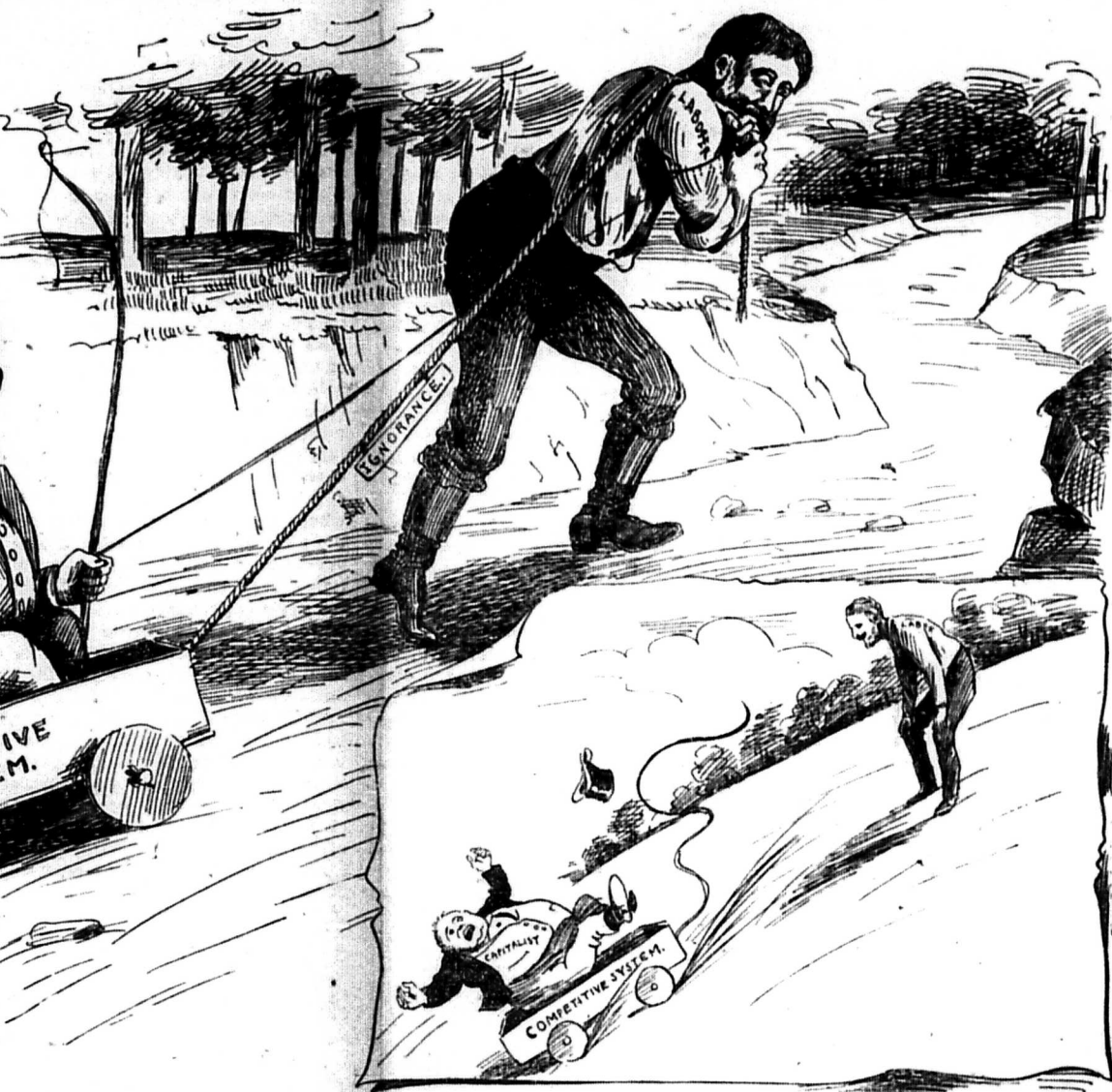
"By any law of equity the five pairs of shoes and the ten yards of cloth are worth the same.

"Now we will call that labor the unit, a day's work. We want a unit, and we say that we will put so many notes into circulation. We will make a central government and we will have the Government say that something shall be a medium of exchange. A dollar is that which the Government says shall be the medium of exchange. We might just as well take clam shells, if we know that they have the mark that we respect. But we call one unit a dollar and the pair of shoes is given in exchange for the dollar. The labor power that it took to make the shoes is worth a dollar, not the shoes. The dollar is based upon the labor power exercised for a certain time. That is the basis of the only honest dollar that we shall ever have.

"Now here are these two things, the man with his 10 yards of cloth and the man with his five pairs of shoes, and we say that there are two equal units, because it took the average man a day to produce each, and we shall call the worth of them a dollar. Now we go to the Government and we say we want to leave these five pairs of shoes here at the center and ask what it has that some other man has made that is worth a dollar—that it knows is worth a dollar. Well, somebody has left some cloth and we will buy some here at the center—we will buy a dollar's worth of work. This thing goes on, the shoe men find that over in another town another lot of men is making shoes and that by improvement they can turn out each ten pairs a day. And the first set goes to the next town to talk it over. And they say that instead of dividing on the machine they will divide on the product, and the man that owns the machine says, 'You will make me four pairs of shoes and I will give you two pairs.'

"There is the wage system. You have a part of the things you make and you leave a part in the hands of the owner. Carroll Wright says that the wage earners of this country get about one-third of what they produce. That is the wage system, a man making for another and taking away only a part of what he makes. For ten yards of cloth he gets three and one-third yards. That is the average to-day.

"Now where does competition come in?



In putting ten pairs of shoes into the market in the same time that the first man can make one pair, the second man comes into collision with the hand worker. The man who can make one pair has to go out of the business and seek new occupation. All this talk about reciprocity and so on means only a better market. For instance, we talk a great deal about Cuba and her rights, but it is all a scheme for Americans to get hold of Cuba, so that they can export to her instead of its being done by Spain. The man who can make one pair of shoes and he cannot find it and so he goes out of the business and finds some new business, and it is easy for him to find it. There is plenty of work for him, for he can produce enough for himself and more than he needs, and it was his surplus that he wants to dispose of.

"This touches immigration. There is work enough for all the foreigners that will come over. Some of us have too much, and the rest do not have any. If we could have a direct chance at the raw materials, there would be a plenty for every man to do.

"So things go on, and now comes the next town, and makes, with more men and better machines, 20 pairs of shoes in the time that it took to make the one pair and the 10, and still it goes on expanding more and more. They are all clamoring for the market and they get it by making shoes at a lower price. By and by comes the time when more are made than can be used, that is, than can be sold at a profit. The man who cannot make at a profit quits. The pace is set by the meekest. Then they say: 'Let us co-operate and there will be no one to compete with us and we can set the price. We will make it just as much as the market will stand. We do not want a price too high.' The law then becomes not competition, but all the market will bear. The only competition comes in as the making of shoes comes into competition with other articles of use.

"The result is that by and by the workers have nothing to supply their wants. All the world wants a market. The worker wants a chance to get his share of the products, and until the workers classify themselves they won't get their share. There is a class which possesses and a class that is dispossessed. The interests of the two are distinct. If you own nothing, you are a slave. Every man who sells his labor power at a less price than it is really worth, is a wage-earner and a slave, and every man who buys labor at a profit is a capitalist."

At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Avery opened the meeting for questions, and amongst those that were asked was this: "What is capital in its true sense?" Mrs. Avery replied: "Wealth is that which has been created by men to supply the needs of life. Capital is that part of what is produced, that is kept for the production of more wealth. We want all the wealth and all the capital we can have, but we do not want any more capitalists. We are on a crusade against the capitalists that pretend to own the natural resources."

The Premier of New Zealand has informed a deputation from the Typographical Association, that waited on him respecting non-union offices and sweaters' wages, that he believed in living wages and would not encourage the sweaters in any shape or form. In future only those newspapers and printing offices which complied with the trade regulations would receive Government work.

STATE SOCIALISM.

Vain Attempt to Check the Onward March of International Social Democracy.

Comrade Mary Gunning Gives Further Explanation on the Difference Between the Capitalistic State

and the True Scientific International Socialism.

In your editorial of Nov. 23 on State Socialism, the fact does not appear that it—State Socialism—is merely a sop to the masses by which their attention and progress may be turned from genuine Scientific Socialism. If there is anything the true Socialist will not tolerate, it is State Socialism, which is not Socialism at all. The term "State" in its accepted use means an elite governing class.

In State Socialism the people would be as now under the scepter of such a class, instead of governing themselves in "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," of which we have heard so much and have so little. In State Socialism the people would still be under the wage system, and "the abolishment of the wage system" is the alpha and omega of straight Socialism. The terms municipal control and collective ownership do not plainly enough express the evolutionary principle of abolishment of wages. They are in common use by those who fear to trust the average intelligence with naked truth.

The masses have earned all the wealth that ever a State had and have always been robbed under the wage system. At present, in England, they receive about one-third of their earnings as wages. The gross national earnings of England per annum are, in round numbers, \$7,000,000,000. A little more than one-third of this is paid to the workers, who are, with their families, about seven-eighths of the population. The other two-thirds is stolen from them in the name of interest, rent and profit by the other one-eighth of the population. Nine hundred out of every thousand in England die poor.

Great is England and the United States her prophet, in exploiting the working class.

So irrational and disorderly, not to say immoral, a system as the present distribution of wealth indicates is not lasting.

Science has explored animal organisms to find the causes of their destruction and the laws of their preservation. She has also explored the social organisms which we call "States," and finds the laws of their life and death. These laws are inseparable from good or bad economic conditions. The body of such laws or principles, only, constitute Socialism. Anything else masquerading under the name is a cheat and a delusion. True Socialism is a warning specter to all who live off the labor of their fellow beings. Its warning is so near to fulfillment that our statesmen (?), who are the sworn trustees of the parasite class, are put to it for an exorcism that shall delay its coming. Their only device is to inoculate the public mind with dim hints of what they term State Socialism, thinking thus to ward off real Socialism.

In this way they hope to still hold the

wheels of power and continue to deal injustice to the workers—the main stay of every State.

The novice in this matter may ask how came a governing and a working class, if it be not right. The briefest answer is that these classes are relics of an age when a few held the monopoly of knowledge. Its possessors used it not nobly, but ignominiously, to enslave those who had it not and rob them of the fruits of their labor.

Socialism brings the keys of knowledge to the masses.

The empty charge is often made that they will use them unjustly and tyrannically.

If that should happen, the heretofore governing class has only to thank itself. Its tyranny and injustice will propagate its like.

Those who dread its coming may be like the accused man who, being assured by the Judge that he should have justice, cried out: "Ah, your honor, that's just what I am afraid of."

No, the people will have no more of State Socialism than they would have of Bismarck, who invented it in the vain hope of prolonging his rule of blood and iron, and warding off real Socialism, which now possesses the German people.

Those who point to certain Socialistic works must remember that they are not Socialist, a distinction with a decided difference. They are all part and parcel of the wage system.

They are invented and managed by a ruling class whose aims are not justice, but merely to postpone the day of justice and get the most work for the least money.

Look at the public school system, where the highest paid working teacher gets about a third or fourth of the salary received by mere directors or floor walkers.

Look at the Labor Bureau, whose employees receive no pay for months, as in the taking of the recent census.

Look at the Postoffice, where picked men, after patiently submitting to hard preparatory conditions, are employed on minimum wages, dogged by detectives and goaded like automatic machines into the maximum of service. No; State Socialism, to all intents, is not above the street gamblers' hocus-pocus, "Heads I win, tails you lose."

That money can be saved by State and city "Socialistic" doings is doubtless true, but who would get it? Do we hear of lightened taxation because of it? Do the masses fare any better in their bed and board? Do not taxes keep at the regular high-water mark? The only change would be in enlarging the fat salaries of high officials by their own vote. The people do not care to have a few dollars of the wealth they have earned paid to them in pensions or for schemes to relieve the landlords.

Under Socialism the worker will have all he earns, and will need no palliatives like old age pensions and similar doles of State Socialism, and there will be no landlords or landlords to scheme for.

Boston, Mass. MARY GUNNING.

BIRMINGHAM saves \$400,000 a year by owning its electric light plant. By purchasing and rebuilding a slum district it reduced the death rate from 53 to 21 per thousand. It owns picture galleries and museums and has established public swimming baths.

NEW UNIONISM.

The New Trade Union Movement Wins New Hampshire.

Organized Labor Unfurled the Banner of International Social Democracy.

The New Hampshire State Labor Council met in State Convention in the city of Concord, Dec. 2, with a large delegation from the unions of Nashua, Manchester and Concord.

The following was introduced by Delegate Gordon of Manchester:

"The New Hampshire State Labor Council in convention assembled maintain that thorough and universal organization must necessarily precede any successful effort in the improvement of our condition.

But organization that is mere numerical strength and is not accompanied by an intelligent perception of the cause of the evils of which we complain, and is built upon ignorance of the true relations between Labor and Capital, of employer and employee, cannot endure.

Therefore, this organization, with a view of securing for our members the largest measure of success obtainable under the present competitive wage system, subscribe to the following declaration of principles:

- 1. Strikes must be resorted to only in the last extremity, and must be coupled by a clear understanding of the influences the wage system offers against its chances of success.
2. The competitive wage system being clearly responsible and the sole cause of all our misery, it should be supplanted by a system of universal co-operation; private ownership should be succeeded by collective ownership of the means of production and distribution.
3. This system can only be brought about by uniting our forces at the ballot-box in the interest of our class and for the only working-class party, the Socialist Labor Party.

The battle for Socialism was won by two majorities after a hot two hours' debate. Resolutions by Delegate Wm. Bailey, of Manchester, endorsing The People and Labor and also the efforts to establish a daily People were adopted by a unanimous vote. This action places the only State labor organization square to the front for the world wide labor movement for emancipation. We are done with side shows and false issues. We are for 'Socialism in Our Time.' F. G. R. GORDON, Secretary American Branch S. L. P. Manchester, N. H.

"DIVINE RIGHTS."

"These are the times that try men's souls," was the utterance in Revolutionary times of the spirit through the lips of an infidel. But the utterance, if self-evident in those times, is intensified a thousandfold in our own day, for "these be the days of fulfillment;" "men's hearts are falling them for fear of the things that are coming on the earth." The time will soon be upon us, of which the prophecy says: "Except God should shorten these days no flesh shall be saved."

The final strife of the ages draws on apace. On whose side will you be found when the battle opens? The side of the Lord, I trust. How am I to know which side the Lord is on.

Wonderful things are happening in the whole world to-day. Awful things are also happening everywhere. Would you desire to know and be on the Lord's side? Then keep your eyes open to the world's doings, and determine in your heart that, come what may, you will espouse the cause of the poor. For, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God." Recognize all men as of one brotherhood without regard to race, color or previous caste, and plead for the poor, not by gifts or charitable dispensations, but by the rights of humanity. Seek by your influence upon all public policies to make all men equal, and so fulfill the second commandment: "Love thy neighbors as thyself." Do this and you need never doubt that you are on the Lord's side, though Satan shall try to "deceive the very elect if it were possible."

In previous times in the world's history whenever the poor could no longer stand the acts of tyranny they withdrew into some new portion of the world and started over again. In revolutionary times, if the poor people could only throw off the yoke of tyranny and get out from under the heel of persecution, a "new world" with millions of acres and vast resources lay at their hand, uninhabited, to make them rich. But the poor of to-day? Could they succeed in forcing tyranny to "let them go," where, oh where? Would they find sustenance? Where are the broad acres and untold resources inviting them to quiet homes and horns of plenty? Alas they are not to be found, unless on another planet.

What then? Ah! this shows that the struggle to-day between Labor and Capital is vastly different than it has ever been in the world before. The whole earth is occupied by both sides, and the fight is now to the death. One or the other, with its present front, must give place. It is the whole earth, Gog and Magog, gathering to the great battle of Armageddon, and the principle at stake is: Which is the more sacred, property of life? The "divine right of kings," once so strongly entrenched, has been long since nailed to the door; the "divine right of property" shall soon follow its predecessor, and only "the divine right to life" stand out in the light of eternity. An eminent authority has said that "Every day in the year between 500 and 1,000 workmen are maimed, bruised and killed in this country and Europe."

Pueblo, Colo. Rev. A. W. HOSSON.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

SOME CURRENT NOTES FROM INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

Tricks for Home Amusement—The New British Dollar Designed for Trade with China—Done by Light—Launching a Ship.

An insane patient in the county asylum, Lancaster, England, was discovered to be ill. When asked if he felt badly he would lay his hands across his stomach and would make repeated, though ineffectual efforts to vomit. The physicians discovered a huge lump to the left of the stomach. After trying to remove the lump with a stomach pump the patient was put under ether, and a cut two inches long made in the stomach. Upon inserting the two fingers through this hole the physicians made a very startling discovery. The stomach was found to be occupied by a mass of rusty nails, many of them nearly three inches in length. Some were very sharp, bent and twisted, and as a consequence they had to be taken out with the two fingers. When about half the mass had been removed a piece of matted hair, nearly two inches in length, was withdrawn from the lower end of the oesophagus. When the stomach was finally cleared of its unusual contents the net results were as follows: One hundred and ninety-two nails, the majority being two and one-half inches in length, and many even longer; half a screw nail, a piece of brass wire, a carpet tack, several small pieces of stick, a button, and the mass of hair already mentioned. The whole weighed one pound nine and one-half ounces.

The wound in the stomach was then closed, the patient was put to bed between warm blankets and a quarter of a grain of morphia was administered hypodermically. But in spite of all the doctors could do the man died four hours after the operation, which had lasted two hours.—London Letter.

A British Dollar.
At last, says the Strand Magazine, the slang word "dollar" for a crown piece is to be justified by the coining of a genuine British dollar—and a very fine coin it is.

"At the Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, the 24 day of February, 1895. Present: The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, Lord President, Marquess of Ripon, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Kensington, Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

"Whereas, it is expedient to provide for the coinage of a British silver dollar for circulation in Our Colonies of the Straits Settlement, Hong Kong and Labuan, and elsewhere;

"Now, therefore, We, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, and by virtue of all powers vested in Us in that behalf, do hereby order as follows:

"1. A British dollar shall be coined under the direction of the Master of Our Mint, or at one of Our Mints in British India, and be of the metal, weight and fineness specified in the Schedule of this Order.

"2. Such dollar shall have for the obverse impression the figure of Britannia standing upon a rock in the sea, her right hand holding a trident and her left hand resting on a shield, with a ship in the distance and the inscription 'One Dollar' and the date of the year, the whole surrounded by a Chinese ornamental border; and for the reverse impression, surrounded by a similar border, a scroll pattern with

the Chinese labyrinth in the center, and the value of the piece, in Chinese and Malay characters respectively, arranged crosswise within the scroll."

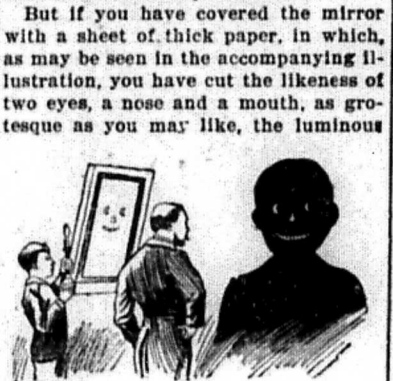
Such, with a few trivial omissions, is the wording of the Royal Order authorizing the coining of a British silver dollar. The fac-simile of it in No. 8 is larger than the original coin, which has a diameter of 1 1/2 inches and weighs 416 grains, or less than one ounce avoirdupois (437 1/2 grains). The "Chinese labyrinth in the center" is thoroughly Chinese in the sense of being radically different from anybody else's labyrinth—there's no way in to the middle, nor out of it! The hieroglyphics on the reverse side of the dollar stand for "one dollar," the Chinese characters occupying the upper and lower quarters of the scroll, while the corresponding Malay characters are to the right and left. It is well to mention this to avoid any mistakes, and, as the Chinese minister in England is responsible for the drawing of these hieroglyphics, they may be taken as accurate.

Done by Light.
If you place yourself between a light and the wall, or between a window and the wall, your shadow will appear upon the wall, but it will give only your silhouette. Now let us tell you how to insert eyes, nose and mouth in the shadow's head, and to make the eyes roll in their sockets, and the mouth, furnished with enormous teeth, open and shut, as if it intended to devour the astounded spectators of the clever trick.

To accomplish this, it is necessary to place yourself at an angle of the room near a wall that has a half-length mirror hanging on it. The person that holds the light has to make sure, by varying its distance or its height, that the reflection of the candle in the glass falls on the place on the wall that serves as a screen for the shadow of your head. According to the form of the mirror, this reflection will show as a luminous oval or a parallelogram beside the outlines of your shadow.

But if you have covered the mirror with a sheet of thick paper, in which, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration, you have cut the likeness of two eyes, a nose and a mouth, as grotesque as you may like, the luminous rays that traverse these slits will be the only ones reflected, and they will appear upon the wall as belonging to the shadow of your head.

To make the apparition more effective, superimpose upon the glass two sheets of paper, equally designed and furnished with features, one of them being fixed and the other movable. Sway the latter to and fro with your hand, and you will produce in the shadow a pair of goggling eyes and a snapping mouth, enough to startle the most impassive spectator.



Impressive as the launch of a great vessel always is, it nevertheless seems a simple matter. All there is to do is to build two toboggan slides under the ship, raise her from the supports on which she has been resting, put a lot of tallow on the slides, and when you are ready, saw loose the thick plank that holds the ship by the nose and let her glide into the water. You must have the wine to christen her and a crowd to cheer her, and some tugs to catch her and bring her back to her pier, but these are all mere details and it would seem as if any ship might almost launch herself if she had half a chance.

A launch is simply taking a ship from the side of a stream down to the bank and dropping her in the water where she belongs. This involves a task of lifting a mass of iron, in a ship like the St. Louis, of about 7,000 tons, and the work of lowering it carefully for a distance of from twenty to forty feet. All this has to be done in the space of about thirty seconds, during which the vessel moves nearly 600 feet.

At once you can see that this is an enormous task. It involves the greatest responsibility in a short time that the shipbuilder meets. There is no opportunity to correct errors. Every mechanical appliance must work to perfection and the manual details must be as nicely adjusted as the parts of a watch. You can launch a vessel as you can build one, on the rule of thumb, or the hit-or-miss plan, and you may not come to grief; but it is best to put all these things in charge of the master spirit called science, which has done so much for our physical advancement in this world, for then you know that it will be done properly.—November St. Nicholas.

Got an Invitation.
Philadelphia Miss—Who was your grandfather?
Denver Miss—James Jims, Esq., P. P. U.
Philadelphia Miss (dazed)—We should be delighted to have you visit us. Please don't neglect us if you ever come to our city. Good-by.
Denver Miss (shortly afterward)—Well, Mr. Interrogation Point, what do you want to know?
Little Brother—What do the letters P. P. U. stand for?
Denver Miss—Professional perambulating propeller of unicycles!
Little Brother—Woo! What does that mean?
Denver Miss—It means a man who pushes a wheelbarrow for a dollar a day.—New York Weekly.

A Stern Story.
"You ask—
The stern parent grew sterner.
"The hand of my daughter—"
They stood in the hall and the door was open.
"In marriage?"
The fond lover grew pale, but he nodded a yes.
"Then—"
The fond lover shot out through the doorway propelled by the foot of the stern parent and landed on the stone pavement with a sharp, healthy thud.
"Read the answer in the stars."—New York World.

Back in Noah's Time.
"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah, taking another look at the barometer.
"All but the leopards," replied Ham, "and I think we have a pair of them spotted."
Noah shook his head gloomily and muttered something about "that boy coming to a bad end."—Cincinnati Tribune.

And Not a Tooth Left.
Gates—The only time I ever use whisky is when I am getting a tooth pulled. My wife will not allow me to touch it under any other circumstances.
Barnes—Had any pulled lately?
Gates—No. Haven't any left.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE OBEA DOCTORS.

THEY ARE STRANGLING THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

They Have a Knowledge of the Uses and Ill Uses of Herbs, and Woe Befalls the Subject Who Incurs Their Enmity—Human Sacrifices.

TWO English travelers left Gonaves with the purpose of exploring the mountainous interior of the island of Hayti a few years ago. Two years later one of them reached Port du Pays a broken, emaciated wreck of his former self. From him was ascertained the fearful fate of his companion and the awful tale of his own detention and sufferings among the natives. They had witnessed the sacrifice of a child to the voodoo fetich and one of them had paid the penalty of discovery with his life, while the survivor died not long afterwards from the effects of his frightful experience. While undoubtedly the conditions which made such an episode possible are improved by the interposition of a strong government, there are still in practice customs of which the public has little conception. The race instinct for fetich worship is strong. In the midst of the mountain fastnesses, there lives a savage race of full African blood, which retains the superstitions and practices of its ancestry. Even in the sea-coast towns and among the creoles the voodoo influence remains, especially in the lower quarter, such as Pisceat and Bellaire, in Port au Prince. The priest of this religion is the obea-man, and it is almost impossible to conceive of the fiendish nature of his hold upon the people. Not only is his power used among his devotees, but it is even directed against any white who may offend him or his followers.

Herbert Stordet, a civil engineer of English birth, who had recently gone to Port au Prince, was engaged in the



VOODOO DOCTORS.

construction of a bridge at Petit Goave, a small town upon the Gulf of Gonaves. During his work he was one day provoked into chastising one of the negro workmen, and as a result he became the object of bitter hatred. Before a week had passed he was afflicted with a rapid swelling of the right leg, which soon became so serious that he was compelled to abandon his work and to return to Port au Prince. Although he consulted the best medical aid available he could obtain no assistance, and the edema became so

exercised apart from the rational faculties, its possession is far more frequent among the strongly imaginative and the less rationalistic races than among Europeans and Americans. The Hindoo priesthood and among the Japanese the Shinto are, by the exercise, enabled to affect seemingly supernatural wonders. In like manner this power predominates among the African races, and has been carried to this Western world by the slave people who swarmed into the West Indies a hundred years ago. The voodoo doctors possess it, along with their knowledge of vegetable and animal poisons, and so maintain their supremacy in Hayti and San Domingo, and to a lesser degree among the other islands, in spite of the efforts of the government and the preaching of missionaries.

Living as they do in little hamlets of about a dozen huts, a hundred or so blacks of both sexes form a complete community. Each village has its obea doctor, generally a repulsive fellow in advanced years, whose word is the law of the place. The belief in witches being strong, it often leads to their punishment at his bidding, to the extent even of death by strangling or by stoning. Such occurrences are becoming rare at present, as the hand of the government is stronger than formerly, and if the culprits can be reached, vengeance is sure to follow disclosure.

possessors of a remarkable knowledge of the toxic properties of herbs and shrubs. This knowledge, together with the other secret lore of their priesthood, is transmitted from father to son, although occasionally possessed by a woman, and in this manner the hold of the obea men upon the people is maintained as acquaintance with these matters is the possession of the priests or obea doctors only, they are enabled to perform many acts that are beyond the comprehension of their followers, and to sustain in their minds that superstitious reverence which is the basis of obea practice.

Since the obea man is feared as one possessed of supernatural power, disclosure of his hideous performances is rare. The negroes of Hayti are of Wagona and Matabele descent, and their obea practice is undoubtedly the natural continuation of the witch-doctoring of the Congo basin and Zululand.

A case which came to the writer's notice in the vicinity of Port au Prince illustrates a further source of power possessed by the leaders. The captain of a Norwegian bark which had been wrecked upon the Gonaves coast fell into the hands of the natives, who detained him in Pisceat. It is supposed that he had pried into the secrets of the obea practice, which is under the ban of the government, and that the blacks held him to prevent exposure. As these agencies are necessarily constrained to secrecy near the cities, investigation in this case was extremely difficult. However, the writer with the guidance of a friendly negro, visited the house where the unfortunate victim was at the time concealed, and found him apparently deranged. Close examination proved, on the other hand, that the seaman's condition was that of a hypnotic trance. In which he had already remained for nearly three weeks, absolutely under the control of the obea doctor. Three of these fellows were present in the hut at the time, all wrinkled and bent with extreme age, but betrayed much mental power in their keen black eyes. So completely was the captain subject to their will that no effort could induce him to make his escape.

As hypnotic power is necessarily ex-

SHOCKS TO SOCIETY.

DEPLORABLE SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND.

The Marquis de Nayves, Who is Accused of the Murder of His Stepson—The New Woman's Daring Breach of English Customs.

TWO social sensations of somewhat similar nature are just now vastly agitating French and English people respectively. The first is the trial of the Marquis de Nayves for the murder of his wife's son, in the course of which not only certain characteristic tendencies of French life are brought out in strongest relief, but the extraordinary and to the Anglo-Saxons the seemingly infamous perversion of justice in French criminal procedure is dramatically illustrated. The Marquis is himself the son of a French officer and a young glove-maker, who subsequently married. He advertised for a rich wife, and the young daughter of a distinguished lawyer was offered to him by her parents with the frank statement, however, that she had a son by her father's gardener. The Marquis found no objection, and he and his wealthy wife lived many years in apparent happiness, two children being born to them. The Marquis is now on the dock on the accusation of his wife, but she lived with him, and even wrote him affectionate letters after the date at which she swears she became convinced he was the murderer of her first born.

He on his part swears the accusation is the result of an unbounded influence over his wife gained by the Abbe Rousset, their domestic chaplain, who, he says, desires to occupy his place as the master of his household. Incidentally it appears the mother-in-law took the warmest interest in the welfare of her daughter's son, that the grandfather had settled a handsome fortune upon him, and that he was to be educated as a priest. The trial has developed many other extraordinary, but apparently not unusual features of domestic

life among rich French provincials. The reports occupy many columns daily in the newspapers and no fiction was ever more dramatic nor apparently more improbable. But the most remarkable and to us the most shocking feature of the trial, is the revelation of how the full power of French law is exerted to bring an accused man to the guillotine. It will doubtless be news to most readers that a man may be accused in France of any crime on unsworn testimony; arrested absolutely at the pleasure of a magistrate, and that from the moment of his incarceration until the magistrate finally binds him over for trial, no legal process can either get him out on bail or even permit him access to his friends, to counsel, or to evidence against him.

There is no habeas corpus, grand jury or anything similar to them in France. Asked during the trial why he had signed without reading the report of the evidence before the examining magistrate, the Marquis declared had he not done so he might have been kept in prison for years before coming up for trial or being able to secure counsel. Not only is the examining magistrate practically a prosecuting officer, but so is the judge who is trying the accused. The judge in the present case has several times stigmatized the accused as an assassin, and when the Marquis declared he had not given information to the police of the death of the boy because he did not wish them to make public his wife's dishonor, the judge replied that the mother, the Marquise, seemed to have been less careful of her own honor.

These are not extravagant examples of every effort and word of the presiding magistrate to assume the guilt of the accused. Reading the reports, one wonders if innocent men are not frequently judicially put to death in France, the antidote, however, being the tendency of French juries to acquit in face of the strongest apparent evidence of guilt. Considering that the French have shed more blood in defense of personal liberty than any other nation, it is certainly remarkable that the legal processes and tyranny, which led to the demolition of the Bastille and the revolution, are still unimpaired. Virtual lettres de cachet are now issued by republican magistrates, instead of by monarchs or monarchs' favorites.

be an open protest against legal matrimony. Americans have been informed of the various public proceedings in the affair, but probably not of the very influential aid and sympathy the young lady has received in the best press of London and the provinces and other notable quarters.

The fact is symptomatic of a recent great change in English public opinion touching matters of this sort. The outrageous public promenade in music halls are defended by half the London press. On the other hand, the established church is setting its face rigidly against the religious marriage of persons divorced.

The open protest of the church dignitaries, supported by the Duke of Newcastle, against such a marriage in a fashionable London church last summer, is to be soon repeated at the forthcoming similar notable wedding ceremony of a guardsman to the daughter of a peer. The couple have been duly warned of the intention of the members of the Social Purity League to denounce them at the very altar. The famous London doctor who signed the certificate of Miss Lanchester's insanity defends his action by quoting her admis-



EDITH LANCHESTER
sion that she knew she could have no legal claim on her lover for the support of their children, and by saying that as he would be justified in pronouncing her insane if she declared to him her intention to commit physical suicide, so he was justified in forming the same opinion on her declared intention to commit moral suicide.

ACCUSED OF MURDER.

Jerome Concell Charged with Killing His Wealthy Adopted Parents.

The police of Baltimore have announced that they have discovered most damning and convincing evidence against Jerome Concell, the 19-year-old boy who is under arrest charged with the murder of his adopted parents, Capt. Frederick Lang and his aged wife. The victims lived in the suburbs of the city, and Capt. Lang is supposed to have been worth \$100,000. The house was entered on the night of Nov. 4; the two old people were literally pounded to death with a hammer and the house rifled. Suspicion fell on young Concell and his brother, both of whom were arrested on election night. The brother will be released, but the police claim that they have found bloody clothes belonging to Jerome, and that he wore shoes which fitted perfectly the tracks left by the murderer. It is also asserted that gunny sacking was used by the murderer to muffle his footsteps, and that portions of this material were found clinging to the shoes of the accused. The boy maintains a stolid demeanor, and does



JEROME CONCELL
not seem to realize the enormity of the charge against him.

George Wagner's Creed.
You may know all the stars
Clear from Neptune to Mars;
You may have every science by heart;
Be up in each ism
And versed in each schism—
In short, think you're fearfully smart;
And though you impress
Common minds more or less,
You are not a philosopher till,
Casting learning behind,
The true secret you find
Is to look very wise and—keep still.
—Sporting Life.

How Did You Guess It?
If Arthur Irwin adopts the same tactics in the New York team the coming year that he is reported to have done in the Philadelphia team, he will come no nearer winning the championship in the former case than in the latter.—Boston Herald.

A Good Idea.
It is semiofficially announced that the British public prosecutor has resolved on stopping the sale of racing tips, and has intimated his intention of entering prosecution against all special papers publishing such information.
It is not considered good form to wear a plug hat while rushing the growler.

IN THIS AGE OF OURS.

EVEN THE DAUGHTER WILL DENY HER OWN FATHER.

He Was Once a Millionaire—Two Reverses of Fortune Revealed the Souls of Two Women—Became a Street-Car Conductor.

NE of those stories which, though true, nevertheless sound incredible enough to exercise the unraveling genius of a Sherlock Holmes, came to light when Jacob Henry Armbruster died at the Flower Hospital, in New York, the other day. Up to the time of his death Armbruster earned a living as conductor on the Belt Line cars. While this man at a rather advanced age kept his humble post in heat and cold, in storm and shine, his daughter was living in Philadelphia arrayed in purple and fine linen, lapped in luxury, with a small army of servants at her beck and call.

As may be gathered from the foregoing, Armbruster's history was a singular one. While on his car, he dropped senseless and was taken in an ambulance to the Flower Hospital, where he died without regaining consciousness. His body was conveyed to Philadelphia for burial, and it is extremely doubtful whether his aristocratic daughter or his other wealthy relatives even attended his funeral.

And yet Jacob Henry Armbruster was not a man to be ashamed of, as this well-authenticated story of his career goes to show. He was born in Philadelphia of good old American stock fifty-six years ago, and it is said that one of his paternal grandfathers was partner to Benjamin Franklin in the printing business and his father, still living at the age of eighty at 847 Franklin street, Philadelphia, was in good circumstances. He sent his son to college, where he was studying when the war of the rebellion broke out, and the young man, then a little over twenty, filled with a patriotic ardor, enlisted in a cavalry regiment, in which he served



J. H. ARMBRUSTER.

until near the close of the fratricidal contest.

He was not prone to dwell much on the earlier stages of his career, but shortly before his death, as if seized with a presentiment of his approaching end, he told the story of his life to George H. Sherman, of the Belt Line. Mr. Sherman, who was one of Armbruster's few friends, lives at 743 Ninth avenue. The sketch he furnishes has been corroborated by the dead man's aged mother, who took his body to Philadelphia.

"After the war," says Mr. Sherman, "he had a little money of his own and his father gave him a considerable sum, with which he speculated on the Stock Exchange and was so successful that after thirty days he was worth close upon a million dollars. He went at once into the foundry business and became owner of the Empire Chair Foundry, which employed about one hundred and fifty hands. He conducted a wholesale and retail hardware store at the same time. While in the zenith of success he married a Miss Potts, the daughter of wealthy Philadelphia parents. His wife bore him one child, Edith, who is now twenty-eight years old and is deep in the swim of Philadelphia society. When this daughter was fourteen years old reverses of fortune overtook Armbruster in his legitimate business, and to recover himself he began to speculate. He was unlucky this time, was ruined, and he incurred the dislike of his wife and her family. Mrs. Armbruster instituted divorce proceedings and he let her obtain judgment by default. She went back to her family and Armbruster, the more effectually to sever any connection that might still exist between himself and the aristocratic Potts family, married again after remaining single two years.

"The second marriage was not a happy one and the new Mrs. Armbruster also got a divorce. She is still living in Philadelphia with her twelve-year-old daughter by the marriage. Armbruster says that it was at his own instigation the second divorce proceedings were taken, as he was still going down hill and did not wish to drag his wife and child down with him. Her parents were fairly well-to-do. This was in 1884, and the same year his first wife died, Mr. Potts, her father, following her to the grave in a few months and leaving \$300,000 to his grandchild, Miss Armbruster. Meanwhile Armbruster drifted west and became conductor on the North Chicago Street Railroad. Thinking he would obtain better wages in New York City, he secured a letter of recommendation from his employer, which, with a let-

ter of introduction from a Philadelphia friend procured him the place on the Belt Line he sought. It must not be inferred from the foregoing that my friend—for he was a friend—was discontented with his fate. On the contrary, he was about the happiest man I was ever acquainted with. 'I am the happiest man in New York, and one of the richest,' he was accustomed to say, when he stepped on the platform to assume his daily routine duties. 'I have a good appetite, excellent digestion, I am earning enough to live on. What more would you have?' 'I do not think Armbruster ever made any advances toward a reconciliation with his daughter. He was too proud for that. He knew that she was acquainted with his condition, and if she wanted to find him it was the easiest thing in the world. He often said he would rather die than ask aid from his relatives or live upon any one's charity.'

A brother of Armbruster is a prosperous farmer living in New Jersey, and his



EDITH ARMBRUSTER.

parents, although not rich, are by no means in want of the comforts of life.

JOHN L.'S ESCAPE.

How He Narrowly Missed Becoming a Mediocre Ball Player.

Ned Crane, the famous pitcher, tells an interesting story of ex-champion John L. Sullivan. The two sports were brought up together in Boston, and it was Sullivan who assisted Crane to gain a reputation on the diamond. "Do you know that Sullivan came very near being a base ball player instead of a pugilist?" inquisitively remarked Crane. "It's a fact, but the big fellow has always been very reticent about the matter. In Rochester last Monday he told me that when he was under 20 years of age he was offered a position as third baseman of an amateur team in Boston. At that time Sullivan was a great admirer of the game and was ambitious to get a berth with one of the big teams. Fate was against him, though, and on the first day of his engagement he was shifted for a player named Burke. This made Sullivan mad, and he quit the base ball business right there and then and took up boxing. He told me that if Burke hadn't beaten him out of that job he would have become a base ball player instead of pugilist. In his early days as a fighter Sullivan was not considered a first-class man. I know of several athletes who could conquer Sully at that time, but he improved rapidly and then his boxing friends gave him a wide berth."

AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

Mr. Bagaley Seeking Divorce from the Daughter of a Countess. Waterman P. Bagaley, the son of a former wealthy Pittsburg manufac-



OLGA BAGALEY.

turer, has filed a cross bill for divorce from Mrs. Olga Bagaley, daughter of the Countess Alderi, of Milan, Italy. The bill sets forth that he and Mrs. Bagaley were married at Milan Sept. 24, 1882, after he had secured a divorce from his wife in Washington, D. C., which he afterward found to be irregular. In 1894 the couple came to America and visited his aunt, Mrs. Williams, of Washington, to whose influence over the countess he attributes in a large degree the estrangement between himself and wife. The bill also shows that Bagaley became ill from the effects of the use of morphine, and at one time was confined in the insane asylum for a short time. He charges his wife with desertion and adultery, and with being the mother of a child whose paternity he denies.

Law in England.

A London pauper picked up an apple on the workhouse grounds last summer and ate it. He was committed for larceny, and after an imprisonment of two months was released by the grand jury refusing to find an indictment against him.

The man who assiduously courts trouble will in the end be married to it.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

CURRENT READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Notes of the Modes—A Jaunty Street Suit—Badges of Matrimony—Love of Wealth a Dangerous Evil—Rose-Colored Wool.

HE Marie Antoinette effect is still felt occasionally, though there are few who find the genuine effect becoming. The prettiest of these modes is the combination of the soft scarf with the flaring hat. The severe effect of the hat is softened by the softness of the scarf. A smart jacket of russet brown camel hair has a ripple basque set all round, and is lined with white as an offset. Broad revers of velvet roll back from the full gigot sleeves, extending to the bottom of the coat in front. Around the throat is a broad scarf of creamy chiffon, tied in a huge bow under the chin and allowed to fall its full length.

The Marie Antoinette hat is composed of a flaring brim of russet brown beaver, with a low, flat crown of braided felt in russet brown and white. Directly in front is a huge bow of white crepe. A pretty scarf is in Roman stripes of the softest crepe, and has a border of brownish lace. Long scarfs



TAILOR-MADE GIRL UP TO DATE.

of dull black chiffon or crepe de chene are lovely with a black costume, or, indeed with a costume of any color.—Ex.

Jaunty Street Suit.

"A lady is told by her gloves and shoes," says the sage. "Why not by all the general details of the toilet, for a true lady will pay attention to every part of her dress as well as the gloves and shoes. She will see that her gown, though severely plain, is well brushed and in perfect repair; she will look well to the edges of the skirt, and mend carefully the tiny little breaks which



appear so soon, even with the best of care, and above all she will see that her costume is befitting the occasion, and that she is not likely to attract undue attention on the street. The more refined women invariably choose soft, quiet colors; though they may be as light as one please, they must be subdued and soft. Meltons are in great favor for the jaunty street suits so in favor this fall, and will be worn all winter with the addition of a heavy fur wrap or collarette. A swagger gown of

pearly tan melton has a flaring skirt, all smartly stiffened and lined with golden brown taffeta. The jaunty little coat is as short as possible, and has a ripple back, showing its lining of golden brown. The new style sleeves are wonderfully fetching, standing out in the stiffest possible manner right at the shoulder, then suddenly fitting the arm as closely as a glove. Pointed straps of the goods, ornamented with a lot of tiny gilt buttons, adorn the sleeves. By the way, many of the smart new sleeves in street costumes show button decorations.—Ex.

Adoration of Wealth.

A very serious and noticeably growing evil, which it behooves all right-minded parents to carefully consider and endeavor to eradicate, is the immense importance that is attached to wealth and its luxuries by the children of this generation in what is known as the "smart set." It would be amusing, if it were not sad, to see the exaggerated respect which these ignorant and necessarily indiscriminating little beings feel for money and money's worth and how they choose their friends, not because they are lovable, but because they are in a certain set—and because their parents are known for the position acquired by large possessions. Even the little ones esteem it an honor to be among the intimates of those who possess the lion's share of this world's goods. It is a curious and melancholy study to note how this taint of the "almighty dollar" runs through modern childish life.

A little girl of the period receives a bit of jewelry or silver as a gift, and the name on the box is immediately

REED IS TO RETIRE.

SAID THAT THE GREAT ACTOR WILL QUIT THE STAGE.

Story of His Career Before the Footlights—He Amused Americans as Much, If Not More, Than Any Other Comedian.



ROLAND REED is about to retire from the stage, writes a New York correspondent. If the announcement can be relied upon, the stage will lose another of its foremost characters. Roland Reed has occupied a strong

place in the affections of American theater goers for many years. His histrionic career began at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, when he was "an interesting infant," at the ripe age of six weeks. Tom Placide, the delightful, was playing the farce of "Peter White," and little Roland was carried on the stage to play the baby. He continued to be the stage baby until he grew responsible enough to take children's speaking parts. Outgrowing these, he attended a day school, and at night took charge of the stage door. His next advance was from the rear to the front of the theater. He became an usher with a salary of \$3.50 per week. His rise to call boy and to prompter followed, and finally small parts were entrusted to



ROLAND REED.

him, in which he proved himself so worthy that in the following season he was re-engaged as an acknowledged actor in a company which contained a galaxy of stars and embryo such as Mrs. John Drew, the leading comedy actress; Barton Hill; Lizzie Price, afterward wife of Fechter; Fanny Davenport, leading soubrette; Louis James, walking gentleman; Stuart Robson, first low comedian; Clara Maeder and others. It is clear from such an early environment that his schooling was of the best, and when Mr. Reed began as a star in 1882, his friends entertained no fears about the outcome or his income. His play "Cheek," first produced in Chicago, for five seasons kept him in clover, and then he added "Humbug," which was his second success. In 1885 he swerved from his own beaten track a little, under the temptation of a very high salary, to play Koko in the "Mikado," which he did with great satisfaction to the audiences in Chicago and New York. He was the original of the part in America, and in the opinion of the majority far the best. After this interlude he returned with renewed vigor to his own repertory, to which he now added "The Woman Hater." In this play Mr. Reed first established his right to a high rank among legitimate comedians, a rank which has been further elevated by his acting in "Lend Me Your Wife," "The Club Friend," "Innocent as a Lamb," "Dakota," and "The Politician." His rendition of Western senator parts recalls John T. Raymond to many minds, but Reed is no plagiarist. The resemblance is purely accidental or necessary from the nature of things, because the art of both these men is founded on a close copying of living originals. Having



AS THE WOMAN HATER.

made his studies from "the altogether," so to speak, Mr. Reed knows how to draw, and he informs lines of rare fidelity in his shading with that color and life which emanate from individual intensity. He evidently enjoys hugely the characters he impersonates, and he has thus the secret of sharing that huge enjoyment with an audience. While it would be flattering to class Reed with such a man as Joseph Jefferson, since he lacks the subtlety of intelligence and the almost magical magnetism that mark the artist of "Bob Acres," "Rip Van Winkle" and "Lend Me Five Shillings," yet it must be ad-

mitted that in certain characters where the lights and shadows are strongly set, Reed rarely fails to achieve a strong success, and from year to year the improvement in his methods makes itself manifest. He does not stand still, and while he does not seem to me to possess any touch of that profound sympathy or wide sense of life which constitutes the fundamentally necessary qualification for a great artist in any line of art work, nevertheless he has his own peculiar place on the American stage—a place which belongs to him by conquest and the divine right of brains, and which time increases rather than impairs. Not being impervious to criticism, he is always bent on improvement, and another point highly in Mr. Reed's favor that should especially commend him to the public is his disdain of the old superstition that a star shines the better for surrounding darkness, or that an actor, in order to knock off the perissomons from the tree of popular favor, should surround himself with sticks. Mr. Reed is not afraid to have striking talent in the same company with himself. He has worked hard to become a capital actor, and his reward has been rolling itself up rapidly these last few years. The announcement that he is to retire will be received with regret generally.

RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

Lawson's Brother Now Has the Tearing Fever.

According to C. E. Lawson, Al's brother, who took a team of amateurs to England a few months ago, anyone taking a good team to Great Britain in a year or two, or after they have mastered the art of curving the ball over there, would make lots of money. He said in a recent interview: "With such enthusiasm as we witnessed, and the liberal space devoted by newspapers to the game, it cannot fail to pay. Our association cleared \$5,000 on the nineteen games, notwithstanding it was rather late in the season when we arrived, and they charge only twelve cents admission to the games. The association of which C. W. Rice was secretary and treasurer did not live up to its agreement with the players. There is still a month's salary due each of them, with no prospect of getting it. I think I shall stop in Pittsburg for the winter, and in the spring take a team of my own to England."

TRICKS ON A WHEEL.

Madeline Kilpatrick, Who Does Many Surprising Things on a "Bike."

Madeline Kilpatrick, the trick bicycle rider, was born in San Francisco, Cal. In 1893 she met and married Charles G. Kilpatrick, the one-legged trick rider, and, in conjunction with him, she is at the present time performing in the leading resorts and theaters. She claims to be the first woman to introduce trick riding on the safety bicycle in the regulation costume. Her work upon the wheel is remarkable because of the ease and grace with which



MADELINE KILPATRICK, she accomplishes some of the most difficult feats. During last spring Mr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick accomplished a wheeling tour from New York to Chicago, giving en route exhibitions in several cities.

NOTHING LIKE SUCCESS.

The Truth of the Old Adage Exemplified by Tebeau.

Perhaps one of the most satisfying outcomes of the late base ball season is the effusive manner in which Captain Tebeau is greeted as the greatest manager in the base ball world by those who were willing to decry his merits at the beginning of 1895. Their names would make a pretty list. In 1892 Tebeau was as much a general manager as he is at the present time. Then it was an uphill fight to make way for him even in Cleveland, but those who made it knew the quality of the man and player. Three of the oldest managers in the League have been patterning after him for three years, and there are two or three more who would better begin if they are anxious to hang on their positions much longer.—Cleveland Leader.

BASEBALL PERSONALS.

"Jimmy" Bannon is slated to remain in Boston. In Joe Quinn's opinion Rusie is the greatest pitcher in the world. Hugh Duffy will probably accept the position of base ball coach at Harvard. George Davis will in all probability again be the Giants' field captain next season. Manager Chapman says that he has not disposed of the Toronto Club's franchise. Bob Emelle's opinion is that, based on experience, base ball has grown too fast for one umpire. Mr. J. W. Gunnels, the new owner of the Toledo franchise, is a wealthy land owner in the Swamp City. It is said that Titus and Cabanne will not do any racing this winter.

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party.

EDITORIAL.

SOCIALISM offers the true solution of the woman question. Every thinking woman should join our movement.

TO ADVOCATE true social reform and to repudiate Socialism and the Socialist movement is like trying to repudiate the fact that the sun is the source of daylight.

WANTED: Brave, courageous, honest, sincere men and women to enlist in the Grand Army of the International Socialist Republic. Can you fight for a noble cause?

The battleship "S. L. P." has been built in the ship yards of International Socialism. She is as solid as a rock. Her crew is composed of experienced men. All aboard!

Men of honor, men of courage, to the front! Embark on the battleship of the Socialist Labor Party! Don't mind the monstrous fleets of Capitalism. Their ships are rotten. Their soldiers are mercenaries.

In Socialism there is strength! Teach a sincere and honest person the doctrines of scientific Socialism and you have done more for the cause of humanity than all the political and religious would-be reformers.

"These are the times that try men's souls." We know that Socialism is based on science, on hard indisputable facts; its weapons are the voice of sound argument. But to bring the Socialist principle before the masses of the people requires an enormous expenditure of work and energy, and to do this work it requires not only clear brains, but true, loving hearts— hearts that furnish the steam of enthusiasm.

It should be remembered that no lasting benefits can be derived from "reform" dickerings with the street railway. The wages of its employees are already going down, and they will go down further and faster the moment the company's "profits" are curtailed. Transfer tickets will not make up for the deplorable loss sustained in the forcing down of the standard of living of hundreds of our citizens. No Democratic or Republican reform will not do. Only municipal ownership will suffice, and only the Socialist Labor Party stands for that.

A CHICAGO Comrade, in a private letter, says: "Undoubtedly you have read the Chicago press reports about the Debs demonstration. The demonstration was a great success, of course. Yet I cannot but regard it as one of life's lost opportunities. The breath which was spent in glorification of liberty, which everybody admits is a good thing, might have been expended in showing the people the way out of the Egyptian darkness. Of course, 'the Co-Operative Commonwealth' was vaguely hinted at, but to the majority of people the term is as vague and unmeaning as the millennium, or the Kingdom of Heaven."

SO LONG as the present corrupt, competitive system lasts, a pure and harmonious family life is almost impossible. We Socialists believe in the home, but not in the three-room, squabbling, unhealthy, poverty-cursed "homes" of our modern tenements. We believe in family life, but not in the uncongenial, compulsory, unclean "family life" of present society. As Bebel, the great German Socialist, says: "Socialism will remove the many drawbacks and disturbing elements which prevent the married life of to-day from reaching its full development." Socialism would give us love instead of lust, homes instead of deception, and congenial family life instead of a distasteful financial hitch-up.—Ex.

The election of our Socialist friend Connors as Councilman of Holyoke was a surprise to the capitalist politicians. It was no surprise to us. We are prepared to hear of a great many more of these Socialist "surprises" in the near future. We are no hero worshippers, but in this special case we cannot help stating the fact that to a great extent the laurels of this recent Socialist victory must be credited to our brave and noble comrade, Morris Ruther. If every member of the Socialist Labor Party of America would do but one-tenth of Ruther's work the results of our agitation would be a hundred times better than they actually are. Remember, each and every comrade can do his share in our great work according to his or her ability. Do your duty as a Socialist, i. e., do as much as you can. This is all we ask of you. Socialists of America, concentrate your forces. Prepare for the great battle in 1896.

D. A. 49. K. OF L.

Its Action Taken Towards the Washington General Assembly and the General Officers.

[THE NEW YORK PEOPLE'S REPORT.]

When General Master Workman James R. Sovereign, about a year ago, went to New York and Brooklyn and delivered rousing speeches to the wageworkers of those cities every reader of the New York People and the New York Volkszeitung must have been under the impression that Mr. Sovereign had suddenly become a Socialist. The editor of this paper did not take much stock in this sudden "conversion" of Mr. Sovereign. The recent General Assembly in Washington proved that our suspicion was justified.

For the information of our readers we publish the following report which appeared in last week's New York People. We give the report in full, without comment.

D. A. 49, K. of L., proved itself last Sunday evening worthy of the reputation it had earned and maintained for the last three years as a foremost champion of the cause of labor, and, consequently, as an object of terror to fakirism. It repudiated with well-merited scorn the pack of usurpers that calls themselves "General Officers," reversed the decisions of the bogus Washington G. A., and decided upon a long step forward toward placing the industrial organizations of the land upon the plane where alone there can be unity among them and progress in the economic movement.

Apart from the secession of the Canadian Knights, the storm that was rising among the members of the order in the city against the so-called general officers, caused the District Master Workman, Wm. L. Brower, to call a special meeting of the D. A. 49 for last Sunday evening at 7:30. The meeting was the fullest the D. A. has seen since 1886; a large number of visitors were present, and Mr. James R. Sovereign, who sports the usurped title of "General Master Workman," together with his two lieutenants, T. B. Maguire, "The Father," and Chas. H. French, also turned up, hoping to intimidate the D. A.

The session opened with the reports of the delegates to the G. A., all of whom stated very much in full the series of rascalities that were brought home to the general officers.

The speakers closed at 1 o'clock in the morning, and immediately Patrick Murphy moved the adoption of the following resolutions:

"Acting upon the report of its delegates to the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, held at Washington, D. C., from Nov. 12 to Nov. 22, 1895, after considering the mass of evidence within reach as to the fraudulent composition of the said General Assembly and the perfidious conduct of the schemers who now fraudulently claim to be the general officers of the order, D. A. 49 hereby resolves as follows:

"1. It is established by an overwhelming testimony of facts, that the men who a year ago were trusted with the executive powers of the Order, namely, James R. Sovereign, G. M. W.; John W. Hayes, G. S. T.; Henry B. Martin, Thomas B. Maguire, Charles A. French and James M. Kenney of the G. E. B., immediately entered into a compact whereby those somewhat autocratic powers, together with the name, influence and resources of the Order, instead of being used honestly and conscientiously for the advancement of the labor movement, were politically and commercially prostituted for the personal advantage of the above-named General Officers. For instance, the Journal of the Knights of Labor, by means of special editions, entitled The Critic, was converted into a Gorman campaign sheet of the Democratic party, while its regular edition professed Populism, and by advocating the free coinage of silver in the interest of the alliance between the Silver Kings and the bankrupt middle class, undertook to sidetrack the labor movement from its only true line—the abolition of the wage system, as distinctly prescribed by the platform of the Order. Again Hayes and Maguire engaged in the business of floating the stocks and bonds of gas corporations, the municipal privileges for which were sought to be obtained by them in the usual corrupt way known in bootlegdom as 'Addition, Division, and Silence.'

"2. It is also conclusively proved by the overwhelming testimony of facts, that in order to keep in their own defiled and defiling hands the executive powers which they had thus diverted from the noblest purpose of the order to the vilest schemes, the aforesaid conspirators packed the General Assembly with a number of their own creatures, who represented bogus constituencies, using for this object the mileage funds which had been paid by D. A. 49 and other bona fide organizations. In this way the total vote, including their own, was made to stand 23 in their favor and 21 against them. Of the 23 members in their favor, 4 (Sovereign, Hayes, Martin and French) were the executive officers—four of the conspirators—with no constituency behind any of them, 1 (Andrew D. Best) was an employe in the general office, and 9 represented absolutely nothing, not even their degraded selves, hired as they were to do the dirty work of their employers.

"3. With a deep sense of outraged manhood and of plain duty to the labor cause, we therefore repudiate the aforesaid General Assembly and the buccaners, who impudently style themselves the General Officers of the Knights of Labor.

"4. Furthermore, trusting that in the light of this and many another similar experience the wage-working class of this continent will at last perceive the contrast afforded by the growing impotency of American Labor under the lead of 'pure and simple' fakirs on the one hand, and the grand achievements of European labor under the banner of International Socialism on the other hand, we hereby call upon all K. of L. Assemblies and all progressive organizations to join with us in establishing a national body on the only natural lines of the labor move-

ment, the lines plainly marked out by the class struggle, in a word, the lines of International Socialism.

"5. A committee of three is hereby appointed to immediately carry out the present resolution."

A motion to lay the resolutions upon the table was speedily rejected, whereupon the motion to adopt was carried by more than two-thirds majority amid the greatest rejoicings on the part of the progressive majority.

By this motion, Mr. James R. Sovereign was virtually set out upon the side-walk of the labor movement together with all his fellow traitors to the working class among the General Officers. But his exit was more undignified than even his weak intellect and pappy character had warranted us to expect. After the two-hours' report of Wm. L. Brower, in which the G. A. and its managers were exposed to scorn, Mr. Sovereign demanded the floor. He began by trying to play the bully. "We want no Socialists in the order," he bellowed; "get out or I'll put you out." That was received with jeers, and then he changed his tune. He began to whimper, declared he was a Socialist himself, and played the baby act generally. But he saw that the audience before him looked stern, and, like a whipped whelp, he walked out about midnight, not daring to face inevitable defeat.

Maguire and French were more brazen; they stayed to the end, seeking by all manner of quibbles and interruptions to disturb the proceedings, and when finally the resolutions casting them out were adopted they made a dive for the charter, they were intercepted and they desisted in their purpose, wisely concluding that to land on the street on their backs after describing the graceful circles of "Catherine wheels" through the air.

Exit the double-faced and infamous combination—Sovereign-Hayes-Martin-Maguire—"The Father,"-French-Kenney-Sic Semper to the Traitors of Labor.

In connection with the above we publish the following statement of Delegate Daniel De Leon which shows that there is nothing more contemptible than secret machination in the labor movement. Daniel De Leon's statement contains a series of facts of which neither the Socialists in general nor the K. of L. membership had any information whatever.

DE LEON'S STATEMENT.

To the Members of the Order of the Knights of Labor:

In 1891 D. A. 49 had sunk about as low as an organization of workmen could. A Tammany heeler at the Capital shared the honors harmoniously with a Tom Platt Republican heeler on the floor. Whatever decency and regard for the cause of labor there was entertained by some was held down by the labor fakirs. The district dared call no mass meetings lest it exhibited its weakness and thereby lowered the market price of those who looked upon the organization merely as a thing to traffic on. This disgraceful state of things suffered a check in July of that year. A Socialist delegate from L. A. 1563 made his appearance on the floor of the district, and from that day on the corruptionists began to be crowded to the wall. The overthrow of Powderly and his cabinet of barnacles at the Philadelphia G. A. in 1893 added new impetus to the purification of D. A. 49. One after another new and progressive locals were added; what with them, and the pure elements that had always been in the district, a new era was started; the district grew in power and standing and soon took a foremost place among the central organizations of labor in this city.

In this work of solidifying, enlightening and purifying the trade and labor movement in this city, the Socialist element in D. A. 49 found itself greatly hampered by the blundering political economy and false sociology preached by the General Officers who had been elected in 1893. The Journal of the order was insane and silly, and the General Master Workman, James R. Sovereign, together with the four members of the General Executive Board, hardly ever opened his mouth in public without putting his foot into it. D. A. 49 looked charitably upon these performances; annoyed though it was at them, it imputed them to unintentional ignorance, and sought to check the evil by educating its officers.

With this end in view the eight Socialist delegates to the New Orleans G. A. last year held a conference. They were: the four delegates of D. A. 49, Wm. L. Brower, the D. M. W.; Patrick Murphy, the D. R. S.; Michael Kelly, the D. W. F., and myself; Richard J. Kerrigan of Montreal, J. J. Reifgraber of St. Louis, and the two delegates of the Brewers N. T. A., August Priesterbach and Charles Bechtold. The final decision arrived at was that, there being danger of the old Powderly gang coming in, we were bound to support the administration, but that, this danger notwithstanding, we could not assume the responsibility of re-electing the General Officers unless they pledged themselves to allow the delegation of D. A. 49 to nominate the editor of the "Journal," and in that way turn the paper from the absurdity that it was into a source of enlightenment to the workers. We asked the General Officers to hold a full session and meet us. The meeting took place in the Hotel Royal on Nov. 18, 1894. All the General Officers were present from Sovereign down. We stated our demand, conditioning our support of all the General Officers upon a pledge to place the control of the "Journal" in our hands. The General Officers asked time to consider. Brother Brower suggested at the meeting with the General Officers that the pledge, if given, be given in writing; I rejected the suggestion on the ground that if a verbal pledge was not binding, a written one would be worthless.

The following day, speaking for all the General Officers, James R. Sovereign gave us the pledge; we supported all the General Officers; and before leaving New Orleans I placed in the hands of Mr. Sovereign a written application, signed by all the eight, recommending Brother Lucien Sanial of L. A. 1563 as editor of the Journal.

Mr. Sovereign informed me the transfer would be made by the first of the following January, and I so notified Brother Sanial. In subsequent issues of The People I shall publish the documents upon this and all other matters touched upon in this report. Suffice it here to say that in January Mr. Sovereign pleaded the poverty of the Order as an excuse for not appointing Brother Sanial; that this excuse was removed by Brother Sanial's offer not to demand the \$30 a week that the editor got, and to do the work for \$7 until better times, as an act of abnegation to the Order; and that the matter ended there.

Nothing more was heard from the General Officers, but Henry B. Martin of the General Executive Board took the editorship. In the penny of the order the General Officers were getting little or no salary. Had Mr. Martin remained simply a member of the G. E. B., his wages would not have been forthcoming. By being made the editor of the Journal he received under the guise of editor the \$24 a week which he would not have otherwise got. Thus the Order, which claimed to be too poor to pay a \$7 salary, found it feasible to pay a \$24 one.

But the giving of this \$24 pension to Mr. Martin was not the sole purpose of the breach of faith on the part of the General Officers. Their breach of faith was the key to far darker crimes, to crimes against the order and the working class in general. As will appear in the sequel, that breach of faith and the placing of Mr. Martin of Minneapolis in control of the Journal was a necessary step for the population contemplated by the General Officers and for the disgraceful traffic which they meant to conduct and succeeded in conducting with the headquarters of the Order as chief office.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Evening Post, with its chameleon principles, condemns labor leaders and thinks it a pity Debs is "let loose again."

The elastic web-weavers boycotted this paper, but we would say the wisest plan would be to boycott the whole system and support your own paper. How many of the elastic web-weavers subscribe for LABOR? If they do not support it are they not boycotting it? Does LABOR ever play them false? Why then should they be false to LABOR? and echo answers "Why?"

The Post is at least consistent in its policy. Its policy is to please its masters by fooling the people. It, like all other parasites, lives on the common people, therefore it must seek their patronage, whilst at the same time its "vaporings" must never injure or attack the capitalists, its masters. Its attack on labor unions and labor leaders is natural and logical. But I question the logic of labor unionists who on the one hand condemn the paper that insults their leaders and on the other refuses to support the paper that has their interests at heart and fearlessly upholds them. Let the trades-unionists put their thinking caps on.

We wish to inform friends who would like to attend our meetings that the discussion takes place at 2:30 p. m. every second and fourth Sunday of the month at 219 1/2 East Main street. Subject for next Sunday, Dec. 8, is: "A View of Socialism from an International Standpoint."

This is worthy of record, therefore pre-empted at the last meeting of the Central Labor Union—Monday—before the Keir Hardie meeting, the inevitable question "Socialism, What Is It?" came up for discussion, and things moved lively for once in that dusty old hall. A motion was finally put that all workers be invited to attend the Keir Hardie meeting and to have it published in the papers. When it was put to vote, behold only one dissident! But—(lend your ear ye elastic web weaver), the Union, the only union paper in the city, did not publish it! What's the matter with boycotting the Union?

The action of the Central Labor Union will be gratefully remembered by all comrades, and we hope they will continue to discuss the question. As Keir Hardie said: Study Socialism and find out really what it is, so that if you want to combat it you can do so intelligently, and not like a parcel of fools prating of something they know naught of.

It is regrettable that the Reform Club lost so much on the Hardie lecture. It is to be hoped that our comrades will take to heart the lesson this teaches and remember when a lecture is announced they should do all they can to spread it about and gather the people in, or the section may be plunged again into debt.

Comrade Becker is going through this State and if possible he will be engaged for Bridgeport.

We hope to have Mr. Avery here the early part of next year.

Again I would call the attention of all comrades and friends to the fact that we hold meetings every second and fourth Sundays of the month at 219 1/2 East Main street, at which discussions precede the business. Every comrade should make it a point to bring a friend.

Denver, Colo.

Our vote was a success. We polled as follows:

Flach, for County Judge.....	158
Bauer, for County Clerk.....	136
Tarkoff, for County Treasurer.....	149
Wannecke, for Sheriff.....	142
Selmer, for County Assessor.....	137
Wahck, for Coroner.....	148
Finney, for Sup't of Schools.....	178
Ehlers, for County Attorney.....	179

This was the maiden Socialist vote in Colorado and was cast for County officers in Arapahoe County.

The New Star Acrostic.

Star of refulgent beauty!
O, fair star of light divine!
Cometh thou now in grandeur,
In dark error's night to shine:
All other stars before thee pale;
Light of future years art thou;
In joy supreme we hail thee,
Splendid gem on earth's and brow.
Messenger of love arthou!
ADA PIKE GOODWIN.

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.

The eloquent Patrick Henry said: "We can only judge the future by the past!" Now, look at the past. When Egypt went down, 2 per cent. of her population owned 97 per cent of her wealth. The people were starved to death. When Babylon went down, 2 per cent of her population owned all the wealth. The people were starved to death. When Persia went down, 1 per cent. of her population owned all the land. When Rome went down, 1,800 men owned all the known world. There are 40,000,000 people in England, Ireland and Wales, and 100,000 people own all the land in the United Kingdom. For the past twenty years, the United States have rapidly followed in the footsteps of these old nations. Here are the figures: In 1850, capitalists owned 37 1/2 per cent. of the nation's wealth; in 1890 they owned 83 per cent. The Chicago "Tribune" published a list of 200 Chicago capitalists, who had within the last fifteen years "accumulated" 506 millions of the people's wealth. In 1889, out of 1,500,000 people living in New York City, 1,100,000 dwelt in tenement houses.

Ignorance! Popular ignorance, thou art a jewel for our capitalist masters. Our masters know that the working people lose their servility, their "modesty" and their obedience to the powers that be, as their intelligence increases.

What is to be done to save our country and our people? We want our human rights. We want a social system that will guarantee to every human being the right to life and happiness—a system that guarantees to us the means whereby we live, the means that are brought forth by nature and our common toil. Whether you like or dislike it, the labor question is a fact—it must be solved. How do the capitalists propose to solve it? By building more poorhouses, almshouses, workhouses, police stations, military barracks; by applying the Gatling gun and Winchester remedy; by increasing the police and militia.

The fact is, the capitalists make no attempt to solve the question—they cannot do so, because the solution of the social question means the abolition of Capitalism. By their barbarian means the capitalists are trying to blockade the road of progress, to prevent the threatening catastrophe.

"Gatling guns are the means to cure striking mobs," called out the chief-editor of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" when, in 1894, the American Railway Union men went out on strike to help their oppressed, starving brothers and sisters in Pullman.

Here are some remedies recommended by other capitalist organs and representatives:

The Chicago "Tribune" of May 31, 1894, commenting on the general coal miners' strike, said in one of its first editorial notes:

"If the anarchistic disease will not yield to milder treatment, it can be cured by liberal doses of pills from Gatling guns."

"The simplest plan, probably, when one is not a member of the Humane Society, is to put strychnine or arsenic in the provisions furnished to tramps. This is a warning to other tramps to keep out of the neighborhood."—Chicago Times.

"These brutal creatures (striking workmen) can understand no other reasoning than that of force, and enough of it to be remembered among them for generations."—Whitelaw Reid's New York Tribune.

"Hand grenades should be thrown among these Union Sailors who are striving to obtain higher wages, as by such treatment they would be learned a valuable lesson, and other strikers could take warning from their fate."—Chicago Times.

"There is too much freedom in this country rather than too little."—Indianapolis Journal.

"If workmen had no vote, they might be more amenable to the teachings of times."—Indianapolis News.

"Universal suffrage is a standing menace to all stable and good governments; its twin sister is the commune, with its labor unions, workmen's leagues, red republicanism and universal anarchy."—Geo. A. Vest, Senator of Missouri.

"There seems to be but one remedy, and it must come—a change of ownership of the soil and a creation of class land owners on the one hand, and of tenant-farmers on the other—something similar to what has existed in the older countries of Europe."—New York Times.

"The American laborer must make up his mind, henceforth, not to be so much better off than the European laborers. Men must be contented to work for less wages. In this way the workingmen will be nearer to that station in life to which it has pleased God to call them."—New York World.

"It is very well to relieve distress wherever it exists, whether in city or country; but the best meal that can be given to a tramp is a leaden one, and it should be supplied in sufficient quantity to satisfy the most voracious appetite."—New York Herald.

"Give them the rifle diet for a few days, and see how they like that kind of bread."—Tom Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

"Is not a dollar a day enough to buy bread? Water costs nothing, and a man who cannot live on bread is not fit to live. A family may live, laugh, love and be happy that eats bread in the morning with good water, and water and good bread at noon, and water and bread at night."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Think of the brutality and barbaric spirit expressed in these few sentences! In periods of great excitement the capitalists and their tools take off the mask of religious hypocrisy and the people can see the face of the brute—Capitalism.

World of Labor

Strikes.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right; Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight; Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame; Strike right and left till you win a good name; Strike for your freedom from all that is vile; Strike off companions who often beguile; Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the ax; Strike off bad habits with burdensome tax; Strike out unaided, depend on no other; Strike without gloves and your foolishness smother; Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride; Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide; Strike a good blow while the iron is hot; Strike, keep on striking till you hit the right spot; Strike, and remember the stroke that most knocks Is the one when your ballot you slip in the box.

C. V. WILSON.

INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

International Solidarity of Labor.

The British glass-workers are doing everything they can to help their French fellow-workers, who are fighting Monsieur Resseguier at Carmaux. The Council of the International Union of Glass-workers has issued an appeal to the various sections of the British glass industry. An immediate response has been received from the Yorkshire glass-workers, who at once voted £25 for the Carmaux men. There is no doubt that the other British sections will do all they can, although from 20 to 50 per cent of the glass-workers of this country are out of work, and there have been many lockouts in the trade during the last three years, one still continuing in Dublin, commenced as far back as Jan. 12 of this year, upon the occasion of the employers trying to enforce a reduction of 20 per cent on the men's wages, after the wages had been by consent of the men and other employers agreed upon. It is said that a large number of glass houses have not worked more than half time for several years past. In spite of the heavy levies on the glass-workers who are at work for the Dublin men, in spite of the fact that many are paying from 6s to 9s to the funds of their society each week, money is being sent and will be sent to the glass-workers at Carmaux by British men, who, in many cases, are at starvation point themselves.

Forced to Be on Duty Twenty Hours a Day and Get \$3 a Month.

The way in which many London waitresses are compelled to work was shown during the week by the suit which a girl 18 years of age has brought against the proprietor of a "coffee tavern" for wrongful dismissal. She was discharged, it appears, for coming down from her room at 6 o'clock in the morning instead of 4:30, and it developed that the girl never retired until 1 a. m. For these twenty hours of labor per day the waitresses were paid the sum of 12 shillings (\$3) a month and were glad to get it, as many hundreds were ready to fill their places if vacancies occurred.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

From a Special Correspondence to the New York Observer.

Last night three well-known Berlin editors, whose papers are read by the most numerous political party in Germany, were sentenced to six, nine and twelve months' imprisonment for insulting the Emperor and his army. In a free country it is next to impossible to form any adequate notion of the state of affairs of which these extraordinary sentences are the outcome. It may be of general interest if I place the case of these newspaper editors in some detail before your readers. The emperor early in August resolved that this year's anniversary of the battle of Sedan should be celebrated with more than ordinary jubilation. Expensive illuminations were ordered; the poets were set to work to write patriotic verses; reviews of troops were arranged; patriotic banquets were subscribed to. In a word, the whole of Germany was urged to show that it had not forgotten the great deeds of the men of 1870. The social democrats are a party of peace, and profess fraternal relations with all who love peace and liberty the world over, and this glorification of the deeds of the French war, this waving of the red flag before their neighbors across the Rhine, was spoken of in the Socialist press as a glorification of the military spirit, as tending to keep alive national animosities. It was nothing but hypocrisy to pretend to love peace, and at the same time to do all in one's power to foster the feeling of hatred and revenge. Sedan was called "St. Sedan" in the socialist press, and the jubiliations were called a "rumpus." For writing in this strain of a celebration which the emperor had ordered one of the editors of a leading socialist newspaper was sentenced yesterday to six months' imprisonment.

While the Sedan festivities were in progress a great church in Berlin dedicated to the memory of the first Emperor was consecrated with much pomp and ceremony. Before the necessary funds could be obtained to finish the huge building a good deal of begging had to be done, and the hat was sent around wherever there was a chance of receiving a good subscription. The Emperor was greatly interested in the church, so was the Empress. The Empress entrusted her chamberlain, Baron Mirbach, with getting in much of the money; the Emperor wrote the song entitled "An Ode to Aegir," and devoted the large sums of money which the sale of this effort of his muse brought in to the building fund. The Socialist press was watching the proceedings, spoke of people dying of starvation and of three millions of marks being spent

SOCIAL PICTURES.

Collected in the Wealthy City of San Francisco.

Let the World Know the Dark Side of Capitalism.

Mabel Craft in San Francisco Chronicle.

During the past week I have been seeing the poor of our own San Francisco—not dressed in their shabby best, making a brave show at comfort and self-sufficiency—but the poor as they live at home when they are not expecting visitors.

We dropped in, unannounced, and the sights we saw and the smells we smelt were enough to drive all Thanksgiving thoughts out of the most grateful heart ever created.

I found their annals neither short nor simple.

To be sure, the tenement epidemic is not widespread among us. Almost all our tenements can be counted from the Green-street or Kearny-street hills. They flourish in the Latin quarter and bring in big rentals, whereas the pockets of landlords swell. On the south side of town—on Fifth street—an Italian has built a big tenement that counts its age by months and its tenants by hundreds. The pity of it is that it pays, and investments that pay are liable to multiplication. Students of sociology and scientific charity view the skillful planting of tenements where they are apt to propagate with grave alarm. While the poor live in separate houses, or even where there are two families to a house, you have some basis to build upon—some family life, some self-respect, some unity and independence. But when men and women herd in tenements and little children are spanned in the dirt, the problem is well nigh insoluble. Child labor invariably comes in to complicate matters, and scientific workers on charitable lines throw up their hands in despair.

The very poor of this city are almost equally divided between the northern part of town—the Latin quarter and the Barbary Coast—and that district on the south side which is bounded by Market, Tenth, Townsend and Main streets.

But there are differences that distinguish poverty on the north side from poverty on the south side. There is a cheerfulness about the former and a dejected and stolid air about the latter that puts the width of the world between them. The strong infusion of Latin blood in the northern district causes it. If you are Italian you may be very poor and still be happy. A very thin red shawl and a little red wine make all life a holiday.

I was shown the largest tenement in the Latin quarter—which used to be known as the House of Blazes, but is now called Marguerite place.

It is a great hive of a place reached from the sidewalk by a long flight of narrow, rickety, uncertain stairs, full of rat-holes, with corners rounded out with the accumulated dirt of years. There are stores and wineshops underneath—quaint Italian wineshops, where they sell the unspeakable "foot juice" at 5 cents a quart, and keep snugly hidden away wine of superlative quality for the few good customers.

On the second floor Marguerite place begins with a court, and around it two stories rise and in places three, with rickety verandas and steps from the court, to venture upon which is to tempt Providence, but up these stairs and down, romping and tumbling, a half-hundred of children pass countless times every day without a scratch. Some higher power seems to watch over these children of the tenements.

The court yard is planked, roughly and unevenly, and you have to watch out for overripe tomatoes and other slippery vegetables. The families who inhabit the place, of whom there are said to be forty, occupy two rooms apiece, as a general thing. One room opens on the court and thence by the long, dark stairway to the street. The other room, which connects, has a window which would allow one to look into the street had the panes ever been washed. Whenever you walk the floor sinks at least two inches. Boards rattle and fly up like sea-saws, but the inhabitants are used to it, balance carefully, but unconsciously, as they walk, and feel their way around the greasy pillars and sticky railings.

For the privilege of living in these dirty, ill-smelling little holes, with their uncertain floors, doors sarked, and windows with spacious cracks, furnishing unintentional ventilation, the tenants pay \$2 a month. Some of the very poor sublet a room which reduces the rent by half.

All the inhabitants of this tenement are Italians. They are dirty, but look well fed enough and fairly well clothed. The children's clothes are strong and whole, and they all wear stout serviceable shoes, clumsy and ill-shaped.

In the daytime, without starlight, music or dancing children, the picture is squalid. The children swarm—there are forty families here and more than 150 children, not one of whom has ever been to school. Everybody, in this Italian commonwealth, if they would eat must work.

The little boys—busted as to legs from having been left too early in life to the care of other children—are sent out to sell matches as soon as they are able to stumble along under the heavy load. You can see them coming home, little fellows of 8, at 2 o'clock in the morning, not daring to show their dirty faces in Marguerite place until they have made a fair number of sales. In time the boys graduate into scavengers.

The girls fare worse. They are at home all day with the cross mothers, helping with the younger children and helping at the home industries which clutter every room.

In one place they dry and string peppers. In the next apartment a dozen rabbits scud across the floor at your entrance, while a nest of little ones climb over each other in sleepy consternation at your approach. The girls of 12 go into the pickle or macaroni factories, or peddle small wares from door-

to door. Not a child of the 150 can read or write. They speak a queer patois—a mixture of Italian and English—while the mothers scold and rasp in Italian, until you wonder that any one could ever have called Italian the language of love.

At 14 or 15 the girls marry, at 20 they are old women, bent of back and ready to take their place among the scolding sisterhood. The race of the Italian girls is soon run. Then they discard their little fineries—the cheap gold cross and the dangling earrings, retire behind a big, dirty calico apron, cover their really pretty hair with a big bandana and write "finis" under their lives.

In some of the tenements, nationalities herd clanishly together. In others, like the notorious Rock House, on Kearny and Broadway, negroes, Chinese, Americans and all the foreigners represented in San Francisco are housed. Immoral women and worse men make the place one of the most hideous blots in the city. The Broadway block, just across the way, is scarcely better, but rooms are very cheap there, and the poor—well, the poor cannot be choosers.

The Mexicans in this district are poorer than the Italians, but not so addicted to the tenement habit. For the most part they live in small houses—houses that were once homes. They usually have but one room to a family and the men, shiftless and lazy, let the women do the bread winning. They are not particular as to methods.

Many of the women carry on tamale-making on a small scale. In a number of houses some old woman bakes tortillas for half a dozen families, and in others a coarse, fat old crone makes the most exquisite lace work with clumsy, unwieldy fingers, for the Mexican women are all clever with the needle.

On Hinckley alley I saw some of the wretchedest quarters of the very poor to be found in all the city. All nationalities had a home here. The Italians make their own claret in the cellars, and heaps of refuse, never removed, make the whole place smell like a vinegar factory. A good many people along the alley live in basements. You go down area steps, leaving the light of day behind you, into a heavy air, musty as an old well.

This Hinckley alley court, far below the level of the street, was lined three deep with rooms, where families, many of them Americans, live. Here the beer can was god. In one bare, squalid room, from which most of the furniture seemed to have wended its way to the nearest pawnbroker's, sat a Mexican woman, an American with a long, white, benevolent-looking beard, and a silk hat pushed back on his head, and two young American women, fairly well dressed. On the table in the middle of the room stood a beer can, and all the women were smoking cigarettes.

My guide, the officer, poked his head into the room and I, curiosity-led, did likewise. The Mexican woman showed light instantly. She was a good type of the independent poor and she objected to having her bibulous tendencies spied upon—especially by a woman.

In an instant she grasped the growler threateningly and I retreated, picking my way between tubs and clothes and over grass-grown planks, with a tendency to disobey the laws of gravitation.

I could hear her muttering savagely as she pounded along the court behind me. The officer had turned a sharp corner and was swallowed by the shadows of the alley. The artist was sketching serenely on an upper balcony, and the ponderous Mexican, close in my wake, knew the court far better than did I.

But I had advantages in age and weight, and I put them to good account. At last I scrambled up the green steps and confided my adventure to the officer, while my brown-skinned friend stood below and shook his bare, clenched fist, brawny as Corbett's, with the massive forearm of the blacksmith or washerwoman, and screamed epithets in Mexican.

"That's Marcella, one of the best-known women in all the region," said the guide. We didn't linger.

When we turned the corner Marcella was still seeking a fit expression for her wrath. Then we went for a little jaunt on Telegraph Hill and pined for an Irish jaunting car or an elevator. Our way took us past the pickle factory where foreign girls work at sweat-shop wages for men who stand high in the estimation of the Christian community. Up the steps of the hill we struggled, as high as that wondering alley called "Nanny Goat Gulch," where the children, born and bred on the hill, ran up and down like chamois, with bundles of wood on their heads. A misstep would have precipitated them a couple of hundred feet, for the sides of the hill are almost as steep as a house.

The unsteady houses on Telegraph Hill do not shelter a prosperous people. The back gates are kept propped open, and there are convenient outlets from every alley. It is a great place for thieves to escape and the officer showed me a half dozen "slips," while suspicious-looking women peeped at us through knot-holes in fences. Half the people on the hill are helped by various charitable societies.

On the south side of town it is a different story. There are as yet but few tenements—the big one on Fifth street, and a few that have grown naturally out of old hotels. But the few are more wretched, darker and dirtier than on the north side, and the fact that many of the tenants are Americans makes it seem worse. The Latin peoples are used to so much less that their privations set lightly on their careles shoulders. I went into one such home—a little house in a dark side street. The father was of Teutonic descent, the mother an Ohio girl, and neither of them more than 25 years of age. In the room were their four little children, the eldest nearly 6, the innocent victims of a shortsighted and imprudent marriage. The man has no trade and is frequently out of employment. When he is without work he helps with the children and the house, while his wife goes out for a day at washing or scrubbing.

If you want to have your heart wrung walk down Brannan street from Fifth to Eighth and take a peep into the houses.

Little cul-de-sacs run off, and both sides of the narrow lanes compete in misery and utter wretchedness. There is a good deal of vice and crime, for the three disgraceful, vice, crime and poverty, walk hand in hand. Necessity leads to light fingers and tough consciences, and the squalid little dens or many of these alleys furnish the occupants for San Quentin cells.

Half a dozen old women told me that their sons were off on whaling voyages and wouldn't be back for a year and a half or two. The officer at my side translated. "When they say whaling or sealing, it means San Quentin or Folsom. I took two of that woman's sons myself."

When the dirty doorways are crowded with children, you may know that the home is poverty-stricken and not grimy. The various societies remove the children from the vicious parents, so that in the poorest quarters a swarm of children is a badge of respectability. A childless home bids you beware.

The summer recently passed has been a very hard one. Work has been scarce, and, as a consequence, food has been hard to get. On Tuesday night I saw in half an hour three poor little front rooms where babies lay in coffins. The mothers and fathers were too apathetic to weep. When one is very poor the philosophy of death is easy to see.

I asked one lad of 7 years why the baby died.

"Dodo!" he said. "Well, he kept gettin' thinner and thinner and then he got a cold and just died. I'm gettin' thin, too," and he showed me a slender little forearm.

Behind and below the Palace Hotel, on Jessie street, on Anthony alley, on Acker alley, and along Hunt, Miuna and Tehama streets, there is plenty of dirt and degradation. I saw one tenement there wretched in the extreme.

It is called the St. Lawrence, and is just below the Christian Union Mission. In one of the area rooms, eight feet below the street, a man and his wife live in one small room. You can touch the dirty ceiling, the stove was cold and there were no candles, and the woman had gone to bed under the most unspeakable dirty covers. The couple have lived there three years and pay \$1.50 a month. The woman washes and bogs and the man does odd jobs. Their children are taken care of by the State. Their home is typical in many respects.

On Jessie street cottage property has been built up behind the original houses, until there are three houses stretching back into the block where there should be but one. The houses in the rear are reached by lanes four feet wide. When the tenants are evicted they pile the few sticks of furniture in these passageways. Jessie street is a Bohemian quarter—full of all nationalities, mainly industrious Slavs.

The Slavonian women are industrious and clean. On off days they apply soap suds at home.

"But, oh, this country!" a Slav woman said to me, rocking a cradle with one foot and swaying another baby in her arms. "It is no' so good as the old country. There we had a farm and there was always plenty to eat," but when the baby stirred she smiled into eyes as dark as hers and said, "Darling," as brightly as though there were no such thing as want in the world.

They took me to see the lodging-houses, places with seventy beds at 10 cents each. The beds were in tiers of three, and the keeper told me with pride that they changed the clothes once a week. The occupants are changed seven times. These are not the places where opium fiends congregate, but places where weary wayfarers, scraping two nickels together, may have a shelter for a night. Vagabonds, if you like, but still a spiteful sight to see, of men who might, perhaps, be made into something good, if any one cared.

The outlook is for a hard winter. Work is scarce. The Associated Charities and kindred institutions have their willing hands very full.

Walk for an hour down some of our small back streets. Your own eyes and ears and noses will be your own best education. It surpasses all description.

It is sometimes good to see how the other half live—or die.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Let the Voice of the People Be Heard.

Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, if they were here to-day, would not need the market to free their people. They would say to us: "If you can vote public lands and public bonds and public streets and public rights to private citizens for private profit, can you not vote the same to the public for public railroads, telegraphs, telephones, street cars, gas companies, for public profit? Are not the Americans as able to do these things as the English, Germans, French, Swiss, Russians and Italians?" Washington would say: "The corporations would have no right to complain of public competition." Do not they and their professors of political economy tell us continually that competition is the life of trade, and since self-interest is the law of life, has not the public a self-interest of its own, and a right to use it? Your votes elect judges who rule that a strike must, by its nature, be violent, and that the workmen who order a strike are, therefore, responsible for any violence that comes with it.

Why not use your votes, by way of a change, to elect judges who will go one step nearer the cause of the violence and rule that the capitalist who compels his men to strike by cutting them down below a living wage, is responsible for the violence that comes with the strike and is an accessory before the fact to whatever may happen? How would it do to elect judges who would issue injunctions against monopolists who strike, locking up their tanneries or match factories or sugar refineries or coal mines to create famine and make the people pay famine prices? You have been electing judges—it is your votes that have done it every time—to kill the sweat-shop, truck-store, child-labor laws, because these judges say, contrary to the sacred liberty of contract. There is another end to this poker. You

could, if you would elect judges who would hold that all contracts made between employers and employed, under the compulsion of starvation, were void, and that the wealth so extorted must be refunded because the contract was not free.

There can come to the bench any day you choose to elect them judges who can declare void all the sales of monopoly coal, oil, salt, lumber, iron, at monopoly prices, and can order it returned to its real owners—the people—because taken from them by a "hold-up." You have been electing judges who have defeated your attempts to control the corporation, because they hold that their charters were contracts? When you elect the right man for Attorney-General he will read to you out of his law books that the poker, too, has two ends, and if you will elect people's men judges he will go before them and have nine out of ten of these charters forfeited because the contract has been broken. Nine out of every ten gas companies, street railways and steam railroads in the United States today stand with the penalty of legal forfeiture hanging over them. They have done what they ought not to have done and left undone the things which they should have done. Some wonderful justice will be done when the people come in.

This reception of Debs is the most encouraging thing that has happened yet in the labor movement in America, and the labor movement is a world-wide uprising of the people—the greatest in history. The labor movement is another rise of the people—rising to establish liberty, fraternity and equality as the law of industry, as they have already made them the law of the republic.

CHICAGO, ILL.

What the Capitalist Press Says About Debs.

The Railway World voices the opinion of the railroad kings as follows: "Eugene V. Debs, the socialistic labor agitator, is again at large, his term of imprisonment having expired last week. It is to be hoped that his confinement has taught him wisdom. Indeed, there is evidence that it has, for in an interview he said, with great positiveness, that 'there will never be another great railroad strike in this country,' and he gives the very sensible reason for this opinion that 'the results of such a strike are too disastrous, and public sentiment is overwhelmingly against it,' and, second, that 'a railroad strike is different from any other strike, in that not only in the interests of the combatants are involved, but the interests of the general public are affected,' and 'as the interests of the whole people are vastly greater and of more importance than any one interest, there has arisen an unwritten law, since the last great strike, which has as much restraining effect as a statutory enactment.' All of which goes to show that Mr. Debs has done some careful thinking during his term of imprisonment. It is not to be presumed, because of these views, that the last has been heard of Mr. Debs. On the contrary, he has already arranged to visit all the principal cities in the country, primarily in the interest of the American Railway Union, but combining his efforts also to bring organized labor into a defensive alliance. Thus between the machinery of the labor organizations, which are intent on lionizing him, and the kindly assistance of the press, which chronicles his movements as a matter of current news, the public is likely to hear a good deal of him. All these efforts to make a hero and martyr of Mr. Debs cannot alter the fact that he was convicted and punished for heading an unlawful conspiracy to tie up railway traffic and travel, and that the construction of law under which he was punished has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. Whatever he may do or attempt to do in the future, it is not likely that he will repeat his experiment that got him into trouble in the summer of 1894.—Railway World.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Down Go the Wages of the Miners. Receiver Blaine, of the Colorado Midland, gave the necessary thirty days' notice of 93.1-3 per cent reduction of wages paid employes of that road. It is claimed that too large a proportion of the expenses is due to wages, which in some instances, where extra time is made, amounts to \$200 and even \$300 a month to each laborer. But the majority of these earn only \$60 to \$80 a month, and the sweeping reduction will hurt them. A strike is hardly probable, since the strikers would necessarily conflict with the United States Government. An appeal to Judge Caldwell will undoubtedly be made.

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm, Shelter, food, love's gentle balm? Or what is it ye buy so dear With your pains and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps; The wealth ye find, another keeps; The robes ye weave, another wears; The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap; Find robes—let no impostor reap; Weave robes—let not the idle wear; Forge arms—in your defense to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes and cells? In halls ye deck another dwells. Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye seek The steel ye tempered glance on ye!

SHELLEY.

WISDOM.

Some people preach more religion than an hour that they practice in a lifetime.

Only the most superior woman will admit that she is lacking entirely in beauty.

No virtue that is the result of fear can be taught by example.

Many a silly woman has been able to lead a wise man around by the nose.

There may be religion in art, but there is no art in religion.

A man may unlearn, but a woman never.

It may be stated as a business fact that Cupid doesn't always pay the debts he contracts.

When a man combines in himself cash and character he is practically invincible.

ETHEL TOWNSEND.



ERA Ismail Khan is a frontier station on the cutthroat side of the Indus. Its name means that Ismail Khan—may his bones rest—once pitched his tent there, but a not too careful philology forgot to add some eloquent syllable which would signify that Ismail Khan—who lies with the prophet—cleared out again as rapidly as possible. Unfortunately the maintenance of the Pax Britannica in the valley of the Indus requires the constant presence in that delectable spot of a squadron of horse and a battalion of foot belonging to those fine troops, the Punjab frontier force. In the middle of June it is often impossible to see the compound gate from the verandah at midday owing to the prevalence of a swirling dust storm, and twelve hours later it may be necessary to pour water over the bed to render it sufficiently cool to be laid upon.

Yet the officers of the Piffers—so-called by Anglo-Indians as a phonetic way of expressing the initials P. F. F.—manage to live there, and what is still more marvelous, half a dozen Regent street gowns may be seen there whenever the station foregatherers at club or gymkhana. Not long ago the C. O. at Bera Ismail Khan had as a daughter the prettiest girl that was to be set eyes upon along the whole 2,000 miles of the Indus. Ethel Townsend was known far and wide as the pride of the Piffers, and I will tell you another time how she won the title. Just now I wish to place on record what Major Dalrymple did for her. Dalrymple did not know, until Townsend married the only child of the chief of the Indus flotilla, that he would never care for any other woman. Mrs. Townsend never even guessed his secret, but it nearly broke his heart when she died in giving birth to the little one who afterward bore her name.

Ethel always called him uncle, and next to her love for her father she gave him the full warmth of her impulsive affections. But now that she had come back from a seven years' residence in France and Germany she found that there was yet another corner vacant in her heart, and this place was at once bestowed upon Capt. the Hon. Robert McGregor Cameron, whom the natives had christened the Babadursahib, and who was known to his associates as the Hon. Bob.

Hence it was that when the Guides—to which distinguished section of the Punjab frontier force all these people belonged—were ordered to join an expedition against a particularly obnoxious tribe in the Bara Khel, Ethel betook herself to Major Dalrymple and cried her pretty eyes out on the score that Bob would be sure to get himself killed.

"He won't be in any greater danger than your father or I, sweetheart," said the major, at his wits' end for words of consolation, "and you have seen us return safely too often to feel alarmed now."

"Oh, dad and you have got good sense, but Bob is such a mad thing—and he will do something ridiculous, and I shall never see him again," boohoo, boohoo—the pride of the Piffers was but a woman.

"Ethel, my dear, listen to me," and the fine-looking soldier tenderly



TROUBLED HIM A LITTLE AT FIRST.

smoothed her golden-brown tresses back from her forehead. "You know how much I value your happiness and how glad I am you are going to marry a man like Cameron. I promise you now that I will look after him as though he were my own son and bring him back safe and sound to you. Come, you have full trust in me?"

Dalrymple knew that his promise was of little avail in view of the chances of a border campaign, but it soothed the girl's heart, and her tears fell through a smile as she kissed him.

As a rule a mountain battery, two companies of the Scottish Rifles, two native regiments, and a detachment of the Guides should be more than a match for any tribesmen that ever swept down on a marauding foray into the lowlands. But that day the Ghalis fought with semaniical skill, and, just toward evening, they made a last wild rush that nearly settled matters. Indeed, the square bulged in rather unpleasantly on one side, and had it not been for the way in which Cameron and a dozen of his sowars laid about them with their sabers it would have been all up with the expedition.

As it was, everybody breather hard for the next ten minutes, and the Scotsmen were just beginning to wipe out their rifles, the barrels having been fouled with drippings from the bayonets, when Dalrymple discovered that Cameron was missing. Some one had seen him get knocked off his horse and he had evidently been carried away in the rush of the retreating enemy. A hasty search in the vicinity showed that he had, at any rate, was hot to be found, and anything like pursuit in the

growing darkness was quite out of the question.

Townsend and Dalrympe did not dare to speak their thoughts to each other, but a couple of hours later, when the wearied force was seeking rest from the turmoil of the day, a moullah placed all doubts at rest as to Cameron's fate by shrieking out of the gloom that when the next day dawned the followers of the prophet would first crucify the accused Feringh in their possession and then wipe the British troops off the face of the earth.

"Jackals," he yelled, "will turn away gorged from your corpses," but it was his figurative eastern way of putting it.

Then Dalrympe swore he would fulfill his promise to Ethel.

To obtain the permission of the brigadier for his project was out of the question, so he consulted with no one, not even Col. Townsend. With the aid of a subadar he was soon dressed a la Ghazi, and he borrowed the tulwar of a dead tribesman who was lying, among plenty of his kin, on front of the zereba. This, with a couple of revolvers concealed beneath his flowing robes, constituted the whole of his appliances, and indeed of his plan also, as he had resolved that if he could not save Cameron he would endeavor to get near him and give him the means of avoiding crucifixion.

The mountain village to which the tribesmen had retreated was distant some four miles. The road approaching the place was fairly free from obstacles, but it twisted and turned in all directions as it climbed up the side of a precipitous gorge, finally reaching a plateau about 1,000 feet above the level of the small stream that dashed along beneath. The moon was trying to struggle through a great cloud bank, but gave light enough to show the way and to distinguish objects close at hand.

Nearing the village—as no semblance of a guard was kept—he passed several scattered groups clustered round fires or huddled among bundles of fodder. Many of the men were groaning and their women bandaging their wounds. Dalrymple shuffled painfully along finding the native sandals difficult to walk in, and he came upon Cameron suddenly. The Hon. Bob was seated on the ground, with his hands apparently tied behind his back, and resting against a low mud hut, inside and in front of which were some twenty of the tribesmen—a few smoking round a fire the others asleep. Dalrymple walked straight up to him, and growled "Sug!"

That is the Persian for all that we mean when we call a man a dog—and more. The action was natural in a tribesman and evoked no comment; in Dalrymple's case it was a fine piece of art. He squatted on the ground close to the prisoner and whispered:

"Steady, Bob, I've come to help you." Cameron had nerves of steel, but the words tried them to their utmost tension. When he could trust his voice he only said:

"Thanks, old chap. It's no use. My left ankle is sprained so I can't walk a yard, even if it were any good. Get back safely and give my love to Ethel. As for you, God bless you."

At that moment a horse neighed loudly at some distance and Dalrymple in a second, had formed his plan. He whispered again: "Can you manage to stand straight up when you hear a horse coming this way?"

"Yes," said Cameron.

"Very well, be ready in five minutes." Then he rose, growled another Persian oath, expectorated again at the prisoner, and left the circle of light cast by the fire. He had little difficulty in finding the animal that had given voice. He was tied up in a rough shed and seemed to be a strong beast. Ethel said afterward that he was the best pony she ever laid eyes upon, but she was prejudiced in his favor. His saddle and headgear were hanging close at hand, and Dalrymple lost no time in getting him ready, although the queer Afghan bridle troubled him a little at first. Then he led him out and mounted him, but at the same moment a fellow sprang out from the rear of the shed and wanted to know in the name of the prophet why a cursed thief was moving off with his master's ghora. There was no time for a long discourse, so Dalrymple gave him the weightiest reason at command by hitting him such a crack with the tulwar on his shaven crown that, like Bret Harte's orator—

"He smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Then the fun commenced. He rode up to the hut at a canter, found Cameron standing, swung him crossways on the saddle in front of him, and started for home.

The excitement on that hillside during the next ten minutes was something remarkable. Jezells were fired, tom-toms beaten, gongs banged, and a few Martin bullets whistled past them as they galloped down the pathway. Cameron and Dalrymple weighed twenty-three stone between them, but the little horse would have run away with two more like them. There were no other animals handy, to all appearances, so pursuit was out of the question after the first 100 yards, and in less than half an hour Cameron was in the hands of the doctors. Dalrymple was drinking some hot whisky and water with the brigadier, and the Kabuli was being groomed by about six men, while if he had not been a wise little beast he could have burst himself with gram. Next morning the village was shelled, and when the moullah was hit with a shrapnell the tribesmen gave in and promised to be good.

All this happened six years ago. Since then I have seen a fat youngster held on to the back of a still fatter Kabuli pony, and the name of the youngster was Robert Dalrymple Cameron.—Utica Press.

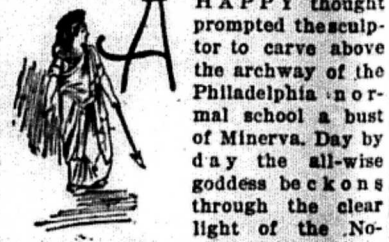
Narrow bands of gold or silver, with feathery aglettes that rise from the center, furnish pleasing ornaments for the hair, at modest prices.

THE NORMAL GIRLS.

STUDIOUS MAIDENS OF A FAMOUS HIGH SCHOOL.

Quaker Clubs for Pupils—Special Organizations of Bright Young Women for Intellectual Enjoyment and Improvement Outside of Regular Classes.

Philadelphia Correspondence.



HAPPY thought prompted the sculptor to carve above the archway of the Philadelphia normal school a bust of Minerva. Day by day the all-wise goddess beckons through the clear light of the November morning to the hundreds of girls who seek the portal; and at afternoon, when the students, arm in arm, chatting gaily in groups of twos and threes, retrace their steps, the chiseled face, bathed in warmer radiance, still smiles upon their way. Coming or going one marks the springy step, and the eyes that see the future through rose-colored spectacles. Youthful optimism is as yet undimmed. You who have never looked into the faces of these seven hundred girls as one can see them every morning at 9 o'clock in the assembly room of the Normal School, will still muse on, marveling why the ancients conceived of wisdom as a woman.

No school means more to Philadelphia than does the Normal School—the crown of an unbroken system of free education which leads from kindergarten to college and university door. Even in America—the continent of liberty, or, as Emerson defines it, "Another word for opportunity"—education for women has been accomplished only after hard struggle. It was one hundred and fifty years after Harvard College was founded before any pro-

vision was made by Massachusetts for the education of girls, and public schools were established in Boston for boys one hundred and thirty-five years before girls were admitted to "learn reading and writing for a part of the year." When Mrs. Willard, in 1821, presented to the New York legislature the first plan for the higher education of girls proposed in the United States, she very scrupulously stated that she wished to produce no "college-bred females."

The annual commencements of our Girls' High and Normal Schools are as welcome as the June roses. The American eagle spreads its wings in pardonable pride when one after another pretty girl mounts the platform to deliver a graduation thesis. Yet only fifty years ago Lucy Stone was shut out of the New England College, to which her brother was admitted, and journeyed to Oberlin, extraordinarily liberal in governmental policy for those days, when she graduated at the head of her class, she was awarded the honor of a commencement essay, provided she would agree to let a man read it! She didn't!

Fifty years ago is a long way off. The world moves! In Philadelphia today twenty-three hundred students attend the Girls' High School and in the beautiful building dedicated to Philadelphia's professional school for the training of young women in teaching 725 more names are enrolled.

Every phase of the life of a large school is interesting. It has been well said, however, that the character and influence of a school may be pretty accurately determined by the number and character of the independent organizations of the students which grow out of the work or the play of the school. If the atmosphere of the school is stimulating and the teachers inspiring the students catch the infection and supplement the work of the class room with that of special organizations. In many professional schools self-interest, apart from intellectual or social gain, demands such organization of students. Clubs, quizzes and societies are a familiar adjunct of medical and law schools. Often the pure love of learning born of contact with the school whose spirit is intellectually stimulating determines the number and character of the students' organizations, or simply affection for the place—that intangible something that makes the students love to linger about its halls and delight in pleasant memories which are apparently aroused by the rooms themselves.

Of the seven hundred and twenty-five students who daily attend the Normal School one-half, perhaps, are members of various organizations, which hold their meetings in the building

after school hours. These organizations are not the outcome of the suggestions or the direction of the faculty. They seem to have developed out of a desire for increased knowledge which the spirit of the school seeks to stimulate. While the societies are of spontaneous growth the faculty of the school are not unconcerned in their organization. Some of them depend for their existence upon the co-operation of the teachers.

Each of the Normal School Clubs has an individuality of its own, but by right of age and the number of its members the Hobby Club stands first.

For simple, unconventional enjoyment the Hobby Club is unique. Its name suggests its purpose. It aims to allow each of its members to air her hobby at least once a year. Is your hobby absurd? Do friends intimate—politely—that it is a bore? In the Hobby Club it receives respectful—serious attention. The flourishing membership allows of no end of hobbies. They canter, they trot, they pace, they gallop and run from light and frivolous volumes of Darwin and Spenser to ponderous newspaper paragraphs on the "new woman." As a rule the meekest-faced girls scorn any but the most vigorous hobbies; leaving humble confessions of weakness to their apparently strong minded sisters.

Everything about the Hobby Club is

Somewhat the same character of an organization is the class under the direction of the teachers of physical culture, which meets each Wednesday in the gymnasium. These are the special students who aspire to become leaders of divisions of their own classes, so that they may have charge of the work and instruct their classmates. They are practically being trained for officer ships; to become, in fact, first lieutenants of the teachers of physical culture, who are glad to find helpers among the students themselves. This is a voluntary work, as interesting as it is enjoyable. The students who join this class are strong and vigorous. It is a pleasant sight to witness them going through this special athletic training. Some have become expert in very difficult exercises and beside any of them the young lady of the old social novel whose smelling bottle was the most important belonging of her outfit no longer exists. She has vanished with the "salt tears" and the "crystal tears" of the poet's ideal. Athletics have no little to do with the growing self reliance in women. The work which the girls of the Normal school do will, for grace, agility and daring, astonish those who think athletics are the prerogatives of the masculine part of creation.

Students who thirst for higher springs of literary culture are many. The Shakesperian society has arisen spontaneously out of the students' own aspirations for these better things. This organization is made up of devoted Shakesperian students, who read and study the plays of the myriad-minded dramatist. The plays are cast with the good readers, each reader being assigned one part. From time to time the one who presides, who is Miss Corinne Sichel, the clever daughter of J. F. C. Sichel, assistant superintendent of schools, interrupts the reading, and an animated discussion ensues as to the interpretation of the text. Miss Jean McGrath is the leading spirit in the organization of the society, and has general managerial charge of the cast-

ing of the plays, a work which requires tact and taste. The organization is very successful, both on the literary and social side, and promises to be a great agency for culture in the school. The class meets each Monday afternoon.

The tale is told in the Hobby club how one day the tall figure of the principal of the school, appeared in the doorway. The students set him in the midst of them. Then they tried to guess his hobby. They guessed long and they guessed frankly—everything is bon camarade between principal and students. One said "English," another "Neckties." It will be no violation of the secrets of the Hobby club to divulge the right answer. Mr. Cliff freely confesses that his supreme hobby is to make the Normal school a power in the civic life of Philadelphia—and 725 girls are trying their best to help him ride it to success!—Rose Thorn.

Longevity Stories Told in Georgia.

Two remarkable cases of longevity were recalled recently by a conversation between several gentlemen in Athens, Ga. They were discussing the death of the Rev. George McCall, the veteran Baptist preacher, when it was authentically stated that Mr. McCall's great-grandfather lived to the ripe old age of 127 years. He was a bachelor at 100 and took a notion to get married. He carried out his idea and was married. Three sons were born to him, and he lived to see the oldest son old enough to vote.

This was considered remarkable, but a gentleman in the crowd whose character and standing, religiously and socially, are above reproach, told an authentic account of the life of his great-uncle, who was one of Georgia's pioneer citizens. The old gentleman lived to be 130 years old. He lived in a log cabin, in the northern end of which was cut a square hole. The old man turned the head of his bed to that hole and slept that way in the warmest and coldest weather. His wife died when he was about 90 years old, and for many years he lived as a widower. At the age of 115 he got a new set of teeth and at the age of 123 one morning he saddled his own horse, sprang into the saddle and rode thirty miles to address a widow and ask her to be his wife. He was evidently rejected, for he rode back that day and lived seven years longer.—Atlanta Constitution.

Beginning Life Over.

Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden is a call to begin life over again upon a new principle. "Watch my way of doing things," he says "follow me; take life as I take it; be meek and lowly—and you will find rest."—Henry Drummond.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

The Southeastern part of Kansas has developed considerable petroleum, and, of course, the Standard Oil folks own the land.

Always

Taking cold, is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood, and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same, service under name guaranteed. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fares and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potassium, and still have sores and pimples, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Itch of the scalp, or if you find it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof tested on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. Cut out and send this advertisement.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

Wear a clean apron while ironing or bedmaking. To clean bamboo furniture use a brush dipped in salt water. The eyes should be bathed every night in cold water just before retiring and they will do better work the following day.

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

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

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

get all You can

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of all? This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

THE REMOVOR CO. does half the world's window glass cleaning and has reduced the cost of cleaning windows to a few cents. It cleans all windows, houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can do and does furnish a better article for less money than any other. It makes Pumping and Gearing, Steel, Galvanized-iron, Copper, Brass, and Tin, Tinning, and Fixing Saws, and other work. Frames, Steel and Wood Towers, and Feed Trunks, and other work. It will name one of our articles that it will furnish you. Put up in 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM cleanses and beautifies the hair. It is made of the finest ingredients. It is the only hair balm that does not contain any of the poisonous ingredients of the cheap hair balms. It is sold in 50 cent and \$1.00 bottles.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY CORN? PRODUCE, sell your products and write to us for information. We make big money on the proceeds in the purchase of corn on margins. Inform us and book on speculation. W. E. WINKLE & CO., 211 LaSalle St., Chicago.

OPUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS SEE TO IT TO BUY TO YOU. Steady work. Write W. E. WINKLE & CO., Chicago.

A Motorman's Life.

FULL OF HARDSHIPS, EXPOSURE AND CONSTANT DANGER.

The Great Strain on a Man's Nerves Sufficient in Itself to Wreck Him in a Short Time. The Experience of a Well-Known Motorman.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer. The life of a motorman is not a bed of roses. He is subjected to many hardships especially in the winter when he is exposed to the cold and snow. Even in the summer he must bear the intense heat which beats down upon him. Considerable nerve and self-reliance is necessary in a good motorman, for the life and limbs of his passengers are at stake. One of the best known electric motormen in this city is William Frazer, who is at present running a car on the Cumminsville electric line. He is not only well known to his fellow employees but to the people who travel on his car.

Mr. Frazer is a young man about twenty-six years of age, residing with his wife and child at 144 Betts Street, Cincinnati, O. About a year ago Mr. Frazer was taken with serious stomach troubles. He bought several kinds of medicine which were recommended to him, but none of them seemed to give him even temporary benefit. An enthusiastic admirer of that famous remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People told him to try them. Frazer was almost discouraged, but took the advice. To a reporter for the Enquirer he said:

"I can most heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are all that is claimed for them, in fact they advertise themselves better than any medicine I ever saw. I was seized some time ago with a bad attack of indigestion. My stomach hurt me nearly all the time and I could not digest my food. The pain was almost unbearable and I found nothing that would give me relief. I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills I hadn't much confidence in their efficacy because I had tried so many things without success that I was almost discouraged. Before I had taken one box I was decidedly better. Two boxes cured me entirely. While I have been under the weather from other causes my indigestion has never returned. If it ever should I know just what to do. I have so much confidence in the efficacy of Pink Pills that if I ever get real sick again with any disorder I shall use some of them. It is a pleasure for me, I assure you, to testify to the excellent qualities of these Pink Pills. They not only tone the stomach but regulate the bowels and act as a mild cathartic."

Mr. Frazer's testimonial means something. He speaks from personal experience and any one who doubts that he received the benefits stated can easily verify the assertion by calling on Mr. Frazer or seeing him some time while he is on his car. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

It is rumored that Alphonse Daudet contemplates visiting this country.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal), Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists: 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Quiller-Couch, the novelist, says that Lord Dunsen is in an embarrassing position. This is realism.

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

William D. Howells' forthcoming novel will be a romance of summer-hotel life in his most exciting vein.

Coe's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Rudyard Kipling has usurped the prerogatives of successful genius. A poem that nobody can understand is his latest published expression.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Maa. WIZLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Cutting Teeth.

The pressure brought to bear on Rudyard Kipling to force him into the dramatic field has been very strong of late.

PTTS.—All First-Stoppered Free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pains After the Use of this Wonderful Cure. Treatise and 25 trial bottles free. P. O. Box 1000, New York, N. Y. Send for Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Lombroso, the famous cynic, was recently fined \$500 at Ronen for literary piracy. Plagiarism is one of the earmarks of degeneration.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

Queen Victoria is fond of driving at any time, but a moonlight night is especially tempting to the good old lady.

The reviving powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic render it indispensable in every home. Stomach troubles, colds and every form of distress yield to it.

Mark Twain says that the Arabs will take anything but a joke.

Get Hinderecons and use it. If you want to realize the full benefit without cures. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists.

The Lee magazine rifle, adopted by the United States Navy, has a calibre of only .283 inch, and is dangerous up to nearly two miles' distance.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE FINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

Yankee shoes are scaring the British cobblers. From '86 to '94 British imports of shoes rose from £1,835,606 to £2,463,205, and the exports fell off slightly.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME by careful investments in grain through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room W, Omaha Building, Chicago.

Dry weather has made the business of pearl-seeking in the Kentucky rivers unusually profitable this year. The lime in the water favors the formation of pearls.

The Modern Mother Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy, than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The new ready, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., S. F.

AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO



O," Eleanor Landsberg said, as she crushed the cluster of fresh American Beauty roses she held in her clasped hands with painful intensity, as if they were somewhat to blame. "I cannot marry you, Morris—you are not my hero."

"Heroes do not exist out of novels," answered Morris Holmes with that perfect inflection that good breeding gives to its possessor; "I cannot fight for my lady love as the mediaeval knights did, nor fly to the wars, in these degenerate days."

"Then be a soldier of peace; there are daily wars to be waged that need disciplined soldiers. Be anything but a dawdler on the silken skirts of society. You believe that because you have inherited a fortune that other men earned for you by the sweat of their brows, that you are to lie idle in the lap of luxury. Shame, Morris Holmes! When I marry I will choose my husband from among the ranks of the people; my hero must do great deeds, not dream them, all day long."

"My dear socialist," said Morris with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "if you listen to reason a moment you will see that with money you can remedy a great many evils; without it you are practically helpless."

"How many evils have you remedied, Morris? Answer me that."

"Few, as yet, I admit. But, Eleanor,

"A great many people do, sir," said the conductor. "There's old Judge Skinner and his wife; they are both going to sit up to-night."

"But my man telegraphed for a section."

"They were all taken then, sir." Morris Holmes had donned the plain dress of the ordinary business man and wore a hideous gray ulster that concealed his elegant personality, and was on his way to the mining district, where a mine was located of which he was part owner; not a gold mine, but one that brought in gold—a bituminous coal mine, known as the "Little Summit."

Morris had taken little or no notice of this branch of his wealth, the management and details being left to his agent, but when he left Eleanor Landsberg on the occasion of her second and final refusal of his offer of marriage, he suddenly determined to take a trip to the mining country and try his hand at heroism, in the way of improving the condition of the men who worked in underground chambers, a work to him, the embodiment of hardship and privation.

"I would not make a good soldier, and I certainly am not a hero," he said to himself, and then he thought of Eleanor, and fancied her soothing the troublesome, crying child in the further end of the car, and gaining the confidence of the mean-looking parents, who were poor and tired.

At the next stopping place he went out to catch a breath of fresh air, and bought a bag of cakes for the baby, an act of generosity that the tired mother appreciated with a smile.

He talked with the father and learned their story. Two children left behind with relatives because they

will give him a warmer welcome—bonds that they all are!"

The miners, dirty, black, and complaining, had gathered around the foreman, and although they hated him, they were bound to him by a common grudge.

"Tell them to come and get filled with warm lead—we'd heat it for the 'casion," said a burly miner known as "Old Geordie."

"They'd assn't come nigh their own property," said another, "they're white-livered cowards, and not worth the powder to blow 'em to thunder!"

"Go back to your master, and tell him what his lovin' workmen says," said the foreman contemptuously, "an' get a photograph of some of the hungry children and dyin' mothers, for the family album. My missus will give you hers."

"Men," said the stranger, unbuttoning his heavy ulster, and throwing it open, "have you ever heard of Morris Holmes?"

A groan and a series of yells saluted him. "Aye, an' of his father afore him. It's that he might lie soft and eat fine food, that we get lost in the choke an' damp. If he sent you, go back and tell him to come out here himself. We've a long account to settle, an' the figgers is waitin'." It was "Old Geordie" who spoke.

"I am Morris Holmes! I am here to right your wrongs, but I demand protection at your hands. I demand your confidence, and that of your wives and children. I have the right to ask this. For the present that is all I have to say."

A few cheered him, others remained sullen and discontented, good news being received with caution and suspicion.

Eleanor Landsberg had no word from Morris for six months. Then she received a paper marked in red ink, which had a paragraph that interested her. It gave a plain statement of the great improvement that had taken place in the "Little Summit" mine, and went on to describe the comfortable homes of the miners, the new machinery which had been put into the mines to take the place of child labor, the comfortable stables above ground that had been built for the mules, the improved social condition of the men's families, and ended with a glowing tribute to the "noble energy of the young and athletic mine owner, Morris Holmes."

In a few months she received a second newspaper, published like the first, in a town adjoining the mines, and giving the news of that section of the country. It also contained a marked paragraph, but the marking was irregular black lines, of jagged pencil, and on the border was drawn a rude hand, pointing to the notice, and the badly written but legible name, "Old Geordie."

Eleanor read it a few intense words the news that had been sent to her. There had been an accident in the mine. The roof of an entire chamber had fallen and buried twenty miners beneath it. The men were rescued with great difficulty, and some of them were badly injured. When all were supposed to have been saved, there was a warning cry, and the wife of "Old Geordie" struggled from the hands of friends and tried to throw herself into the mine. Morris Holmes, pale and out of breath, called for men to go down with him to rescue Geordie. No one responded. The men owed their lives to their families, and they knew the danger of a falling roof. So Morris, with one look at the blue sky above him, swung into the cage and was lowered alone amid an awe-stricken silence into the bosom of death. There was not much more to tell. When the signal was given there were willing hands to help deliver the two men from the wreckage, but only one came up alive. The other had succumbed to the fatal damp. A long panegyric followed, but it meant little to Eleanor. Her eyes rested on four oft-quoted, hackneyed lines, that closed the story; they would never leave her:

"For whether on the scaffold high, Or in the battle's van, The fittest place for man to die, Is where he dies for man."

She had found her hero, never again to lose him. He had returned on his shield.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.

Christianity is not a new system of theological reasoning, nor a new assortment of phraseology, nor a new circle of acquaintances, nor even a new line of meditation—but a new life.

The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see that they have any ability to admire.

The man who has begun to live and work by artificial stimulant never knows where he stands and can never count upon himself with any certainty. He takes into his castle a servant who becomes the most tyrannical of masters.

There are many who mourn the want of opportunity, and yet endeavor to conform to the disposition of their Master, and to carry themselves wisely and well, who will wake up by-and-by, when they stand in the presence of the all-revealing Eye, with sweet surprise and adoring gratitude, to see how much more their life meant than they themselves thought.—Free Silver Knight.

All are born alike in this—that they have to begin and find out the ways of life. The equipments and means by which men may learn these ways are better in some than in others; but all have to learn—all are obliged to gather experience for themselves; and although the experience of parents can guard children so long as they are under their authority, and although they may influence them very powerfully, it is not possible for any parent to transmit the whole of his experience to his children.



"HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF MORRIS HOLMES?"

is it my fault that my father left me this fortune? Listen, dearest. I may call you so once. Why not help me to become this almoner? At least I am not a profligate."

"Pardon me," returned the young woman, tearing the heart from a rose—a performance which made the sensitive Morris wince—"I think you are profligate with time and influence, and all other good things which you waste by lavishing them on yourself. How will you account for wasted opportunities, and talents folded in a napkin, when the day of reckoning comes?"

She was very handsome, very attractive in her strong young womanhood, and as a reformer, the fad of the hour. "What would you have me do to prove myself a hero?" asked Morris Holmes with a gently patronizing air, as if he had been speaking to a child, and which infuriated Eleanor.

"Do?" she repeated with withering scorn, "do anything to show the world that you are a man, and at least capable of managing your own affairs. Life is full of instructions, but you have never learned one of its lessons. You have not even been a profitable dreamer."

She was intense and angry, and at last he was aroused. "You have taught me one lesson, Eleanor, that I shall not forget. I hope when you find your hero he will love you as truly as I have done—as I will continue to do. If you do not forbid me. And now, good by. We part friends, do we not?"

Before she answered him Eleanor rose, and in so doing dropped the flowers she had been holding. Morris sprang to pick them up, when instantly she placed her small, imperative foot upon them, crushing them to the floor. He looked at her shocked and wounded.

"You see how hopeless it is that you should ever understand me," she said bitterly. "You have more consideration for these hot-house weeds than for the souls of those around you. You hurt and wound me by your indifference to vital questions, but you are sorry for the roses! Good by, Morris!"

"No berths left in the sleeper, sir." "But I tell you I must have a berth—I can't sit up all night," and Morris Holmes shivered at the thought of such a hardship.

were too poor to take them along, but they had the promise of work where they were going, and then they would send for them. If Morris helped them he did not let his left hand know what his right was doing, but I do know that the children followed their parents a few weeks later.

Morris prepared for a night of vigils, then fell into a sound sleep curled up in a corner of the car seat, and when he awakened it was early morning.

A more desolate place than that in which the "Little Summit" mine was located would be hard to describe. The mine that poured wealth into the coffers of its owners was conducted by ill-paid, sodden men, scrubby boys and half-blind mules. The foreman was brutalized by a long course of low wages, heavy expenses and sordid surroundings. It was a word and a blow with him, or an oath more demoralizing than blows. When a stranger appeared he was received with sullen and suspicious silence, being more than half suspected of wanting the bread out some other mouth. Morris was shocked almost out of recognition of himself by this unexpected state of things, for he felt himself passively to blame. He could not lay the odium on the shoulders of his agent, for he had never asked a single question concerning the mine, or the moral or physical welfare of the men. He had taken the revenue from it as part of his patrimony, indifferent as to methods. He had been helping to grind women and children into the dust, that he might lol in luxury. His conscience stung him with reproaches which were inadequate to make him suffer as he deserved.

"Your hand, friend," he had said to the foreman, and noted the ugly scowl, and determined air of refusal with which the man drew back.

"Taint as white as yours; and how do I know that you are my friend," was the surly reply.

"I am here to see what you need, and will help you if you will let me," answered Morris gently.

"A spy of an overseer, like enough. The sooner you get out of these quarters the better for your health. If one of the bloomin' mine owners sent you here, go back an' tell him 'taint safe to come spyin' roun'. Tell him, too, that

NEWSY TRIFLES.

The corner stone for the new dormitories at the University of Pennsylvania has just been laid.

The United Hebrew Charities Society of New York gave work to 33,000 persons during the past year.

Six hundred crates of celery were shipped from Muskegon, Mich., to Chicago the other day. The weight of it was 35,000 pounds.

PROTECTS USERS OF "ROYAL."

Baking Powder Company Wins Its Case in United States Court.

The decision of Judge Showalter in a recent case that came up before him sustains the claims of the Royal company to the exclusive use of the name "Royal" as a trademark for its baking powder. The special importance of this decision consists in the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal baking powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds. The excellence of this article has caused it to be highly esteemed and largely used almost the world over. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. The cupidity of other manufacturers is excited by this high reputation and large demand. Very few of the hundreds of baking powders on the market are safe to use. If their makers could sell them under the name of a well-known, reputable brand incalculable damage would be done to the public health by the deception. The determination of the Royal Baking Powder Company to protect the users of the Royal baking powder against imitations by a rigid prosecution of them makes such imitations of its brand extremely rare.

Dumas' last play remains unacted, as it is such a savage attack upon Parisian journalism that no manager has had the courage to produce it.

THE DOWN-HILL ROAD!

Once give a disease a start, and the road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly. Sometimes just a little irregularity, just a little drain, just a faint "bearing down" feeling indicates the existence of a disorder that surely always leads to the most serious consequences.

There are very few women in perfect health. Nearly always there is some weakness in the female organs. Neglect of these little things leads to the sufferer farther down the hill to disease. Put a stop to them.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI

will quickly stop and cure all displacements and drains and weaknesses peculiar to women. It cures by building up the whole system. Disease can't exist in a strong, healthy body. Wine of Cardui enables women to cure themselves. It enables them to keep secrets from the doctor that he must know if she goes to him for help.

One Dollar a Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. N. U. St. L.—901—50.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

St. YES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN

Jacobs Cures Rheumatism, Oil The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

"I firmly believe that Piso's Cure kept me from having quick Consumption."—Mrs. H. D. DARLING, Beaver Meadow, N. Y., June 18, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP. TASTE GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS.

Timely Warning.

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

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

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

will go farther in doing the family washing or doing the housework than a quantity of ordinary soap

Little Clairette Soap.

SAVES YOUR CLOTHES, YOUR FINGERS, YOUR TEMPER, YOUR MONEY.

Try it. Sold by all Grocers. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, - St. Louis.

Stop Naturally! You Don't Have to Swear off!

makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

THE STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, MONTREAL, CAN., NEW YORK.

CASCANETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 25c.

