

SOCIALISM GOVERNS THE WORLD.

# Lincoln Socialist-Labor.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

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## NOKOMIS'S RED FLAG.

### Exciting Scenes in a Little Illinois Town.

#### How the Farmers Were Called to an Open-Air Meeting.

A Rousing Socialist Speech Delivered by Mr. E. Sandford.

Saturday morning, Dec. 21, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, there floated to the breeze on Sandford's hill, just outside of the suburbs of the town, a large red flag, over which also floated the United States flag.

This red flag was at once taken by 900 out of 1,000 to be the emblem of fire and dynamite, wind and gall, causing great excitement and consternation for a radius of many miles, as a flag on a 75-foot pole, no such an elevation could be seen a great distance, and the elements were in all their glory to assist in the view.

In more than one direction was heard a distressing wail, the cry of Anarchy! Anarchy! until the sound seemed to fairly hang in the air searching for revenge on the one who would dare float an emblem opposed, as they considered, to our republican form of government (in name only); or opposed to the employes' glorious privilege of contract with their employer (which in most cases means to accept the latter's terms and price or starve.)

Farmers rushed in town to know what it meant, but no one who was only a reader of the subsidized plutocratic papers, which includes about 95 per cent of the newspapers of the United States, could give any different explanation than it meant the wolverine anarchist groping in the dark with bomb in one hand and unlighted torch in the other "seeking to burn the laborer's cottage and the rich man's palace, to overturn American institutions and bring on a bloody revolution, and that the followers of the red flag to be enemies of labor in general." Nor did the farmers who make all that feeds all, and that, too, for the right to pay taxes, do jury service and to receive legal notice when the mortgage is closed on their farm, that they may move off in time to not inconvenience the money lender. I believe, too, they were given 30 per cent protection on wheat, being as it was them. Nor did the farmers get much better information from the bright light of the Populist party. Such was the prevailing opinion until Ed Sandford came down in town, when he was surrounded and a better explanation demanded or his scalp. Ed seeing the opportunity for Socialism, lost no time in pouring oil on the troubled waters. As if by magic a laugh of the eye took the place of a frowny flash, and an angry, sullen, surly countenance gave way to one of sunshine.

Wage-workers were reminded that property was drifting into the possession of the capitalist at the rate of 37 per cent in 1850, to 83 or 84 per cent in 1890. That the last census report showed the working class that owned no real estate was 52 per cent of the population and owned only 4-1/2 of the property, and that the middle-class was 30 per cent and consisted of farmers, small business men, small manufacturers, etc., etc., and owned 24 per cent. That the capitalist class was 8-3/5 per cent and owned 71 per cent of all the property in the United States.

They were told of the constant and rapid increase of their numbers from the middle class, and of the great and constant addition to the great army of the unemployed, caused by the rapid invention of labor-displacing machinery, which also allowed women and children to take the place of men, and, too, where one would do the work with it that it took a number of men of brawn to do a few years ago.

That labor-displacing machinery mowed down the proud aristocratic artisan and common laborer alike; and that the effect of foreign pauper labor was insignificant when compared to the effects of machinery.

Laborer, being the creator of all values, enables the employer to get more out of it than he pays, hence the increase of the number of hours per day's work.

Wageworkers were reminded that labor was only a commodity on the market, same as grain, meat, vegetables, etc., the difference being that the law made it treason to uphold the price of labor in the market, as other commodities are upheld. There is no doubt about this, since the decision by the supreme court on the Debs' case. It was also explained to the wage workers why the employers could not pay more wages. The employes, having to bid against each other for a chance to earn a living, would enable one producer to undersell others, unless all paid same wages, which the unemployed was compelled to force down to what would only enable them to barely live and reproduce.

Also, it was explained why it was right to form trusts under our vicious war of competition and so-called overproduction. That destitute people were not proof to producers against overproduction, unless they could get a reasonable price for their product. "That people without money have no legal right to food."

As to the farmers, they were reminded of the great decrease in the money values of farming property during the last few years. That 118 days work now, including the common three-horse plow and the usual

way of threshing, with a yield of ten bushels per acre, would supply the average family with bread for seventy-five years. To substitute the steam plow and thrasher as is done in some states, would still cheapen production. That cotton and many other crops were being raised with proportionate cheapness. That two-thirds of North Dakota at ten bushels per acre would furnish bread for the United States. That the general introduction of agricultural machinery throughout the globe would surely have a telling effect on the price of land and its products.

The business men were reminded of the increase of their failures, with ever returning depression; that the cause of these depressions was because the income of the people was forced below the market price of their products; it being glutted markets instead of deranged finance that brought on most of our so-called panics. They were told that they were most loud in upholding a system causing such, and that they denounced as Socialistic dreamers the only party who offered a common-sense solution of that, that otherwise will surely lead to a red revolution.

Mr. Editor, it is astonishing how little the average voter knows about what is necessary to properly adjust the above conditions, and what is far worse, how little they care. To most of those who give the present social evils any thought at all their opinions, with rare exceptions, can be summed up in: "Sufficient unto the day are the troubles thereof." They claim Socialism amounts to nothing more than a compromise between labor and capital.

"Socialism is a science treating on the evolution of society, especially of the different developments of property, forms of government and the relations between man and man resulting therefrom."

Socialism proves by history that the virtues of society and government are always in accordance with their principles of business and economics.

The form of Government was always an index to or expression of the kind of property that the people got their living from. It finds that changes in the forms of property always brings concomitant changes in society and Government. A good example can be found in the history of the Southern States before and after the war. A more striking example could be proven by public utilities, the use of which directly affects the interest of all the people.

Socialism teaches that, of all things that are paramount and indispensable, one is the right to a livelihood. Without this there can be no freedom. Absolute freedom can hardly ever be expected, yet the effort should ever be in that direction.

Absolute freedom, as the editor of the Non-Conformist says, "can as yet only be imagined, probably the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." A SUBSCRIBER.

Nokomis, Ill., Jan. 3, 1896.

## THAT "PROFIT SHARING"

### The Unfolding of a Sealed Chapter in Our Industrial Barbarism.

#### A Capitalist Scheme Shown Up in It's True Light.

A Good Lesson to the Wage-Workers.

The working people have not had time to study the horrible state of society we are under. But our masters, the capitalists, have abundance of time; and more than this, they are freed from the terrible specter of future want, and kept in fine tone through nourishing food and delightful environments. But in spite of all their advantages, the present disorder is getting more disorderly. If we depend upon the capitalists to bring order out of this chaos, we will certainly end in Dante's Inferno.

They are divided into three divisions:

(1) The desperate capitalists, or those who would use the most hell-conceived weapons of violence. For instance, when Peter Conlin was lately examined for the Chief of Police in the City of New York he answered that when the working people went out on a strike he would "use only grape and canister." "That's right," responded Commissioner Andrews. "It might cost a thousand lives," he continued, "but we shall shoot to hit." (2) Then there are the enervated capitalists who don't think a "damn" and don't give a "damn." They devote their time to revelry, or to clipping coupons from their bonds. (3) The third division are the cunning capitalists. They are continually impressing the toiler that they work for him, live for him, and, if need be, would die for him. They bribe the preacher to keep his mind riveted on the glories up in the skies. They are bursting with philanthropy. They are always concocting some scheme to "elevate the working man."

This third division is the most difficult of all the capitalists to deal with. Through their chicanery and duplicity they get such a firm grip on the workingman that it is no easy task to oppose them. But "murder will out." When all their schemes fail to pacify the despoiled masses they will flop over to the first division of capitalists, and

## SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY

### The National Convention--When and Where Shall It Be Held?

#### A GENERAL VOTE CALLED FOR.

To the Sections of The Socialist Labor Party:

In accordance with the decision of the Chicago National Convention, held in 1893, the National Executive Committee no longer proposes a few cities and dates, from which the Sections then choose by general vote in the place and time of holding the National Convention; but such propositions are now to be made by the Sections themselves. The Sections are therefore and hereby called upon:



First--To make nominations of cities where the National Convention is to be held and send such nominations to the undersigned no later than Feb. 1 1896.

Second--To propose dates on which such Convention is to be held, the same to be sent to the undersigned likewise no later than Feb. 1, 1896.

The nomination of the cities and proposition of dates thus made, will then be submitted to a general vote as speedily as possible, so as to permit the holding of the Convention at an early date if the factions should so desire.

In making propositions of dates it should, however, be born in mind that, according to our Constitution, "the Convention shall not be convened before the expiration of not less than eight weeks after publication of the official call." This means that there must be at least eight (8) weeks time between the publication of the result of the general vote on the proposition made, and the day when the Convention is opened.

Presuming that the nominations and propositions made can be sent to the vote thereon closed March 21, it would mean that (the result being published a week later, on March 28) the Convention could not be convened before May 23.

In connection with the foregoing, the Sections are hereby called upon to vote on the question of sending a delegate to the

#### INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONGRESS,

to be held at London, England, in August, 1896, and to make nominations for such delegate.

Both the result of this vote and the nominations made, must be sent to the undersigned no later than Feb. 1, 1896.

In the event of the adoption of this vote, an assessment of 10 cents per member will have to be levied to defray the expenses of sending such delegate.

Organizers will please bring this matter before the next meeting of their respective Sections and see to it that the vote is taken and reported at headquarters in due time.

The vote should be reported by giving in figures--and in figures only--the vote cast for and against.

By order of the National Executive Committee,  
HENRY KUHN, Secretary.

New York, Jan. 1, 1896. 64 East Fourth street, New York, N. Y.

then they will become the loudest in calling for "grape and canister." N. O. Nelson, the subject of this article belongs to the third division. To forestall any discontent that might arise from his robbery of the wage class, he took a trip to Europe, and there discovered a scheme known as "profit sharing." Now mark you, it is quite proper for a capitalist to use a foreign idea to assist him in his robbery of the masses, but let the working class entertain anything foreign and the whole capitalistic press will cry it down as "anarchy, un-American, and dangerous to our free institutions."

He at once set to work and grafted this profit sharing into his business. It is hardly necessary to explain profit sharing at this juncture. Besides, N. O. Nelson has written a book on it as refined and analytic as Blackstone; so refined, indeed, that he couldn't be understood. In fact he didn't want to be understood. But the following overt deeds of Nelson will make profit sharing very plain.

Lately one morning I read of a strike in Nelson's profit-sharing establishment at Edwardsville, Ill. At once I visited the town to learn the whole facts in the case. I found several of the locked-out employes whose stories coincided. They seemed to have a deep consciousness of their wrong, but still they appeared that they would long submit to afflictions rather than have turmoil. They were an exceptional lot of sober, peaceable honest and industrious men. In fact, Nelson flatters himself that he employs none but the best men.

his employes he made them pay 100 cents on the dollar. In his writing, Nelson says, "the difficulties in the way of profit-sharing are indifference and lazy dependence" of the workingman. After grinding 100 cents out of the blood, bone and sinew of the toiler, you have certainly proved his "indifference," Mr. Nelson, when you so easily induced him to pay 100 cents for 60 cents for your stock that may be worth only 1 cent to-morrow.

I asked one "employe what they principally manufactured at the Nelson establishment, and he answered, "Panors, tramps and criminals." In talking further with this man I learned he was something of a reformer, and saw things as they really exist in our present society. These are the most conspicuous products that all our factories, under private ownership, have been turning out.

Knowing that to be "fired" from a job was a more torturing punishment than a cat-o-nine-tails on a slaves' back in antebellum times, he grew bolder and determined to goad his wage-slaves farther. He had about concluded that a poor man today would almost submit to anything rather than lose his "job." So one day he called his men together and told them he had another magnanimous (?) plan to reveal to them. The working man who faithfully votes one of the old party tickets and "busts" his lungs on the 4th of July, is pretty slow to get a new idea into his head. But still they failed to receive this revelation with the outburst of joy they did six years ago when Nelson first announced his profit-sharing scheme. They met with sullen brow, determined lips, and hopeless eyes. He suddenly announced that after a long and penitent meditation, he had concluded to sell them one of his largest factories.

I think I hear the honest readers exclaim: "Hopeless eyes, did you say? Surely their eyes must have danced with joy. Millions of their fellow-toilers starving around them and they to own their own factory and be their own boss; instead of giving up half of their products to their masters, they will now receive all they produce. In the first time in the history of the world the producers of wealth will be emancipated. Oh this is too good to be true. And again this is Socialism and I fear the other capitalists will crash it in its bud. How my heart palpitates with joy and how my pulse beats with contentment. Will they always own this factory? No; I forgot; will all the toilers of the earth own their factories?"

Now, dear reader, do not be too hasty in your enthusiasm. First listen how this factory was run. He intended they should run it under what he calls "business co-operation of self-employment." In an elaborated strain he dilated to them that "business co-operation of self-employment" was a sort of Darwinian evolution, a vast ascension from profit-sharing, as vast as man's ascent from the ape. If you fail to comprehend this kind of business, read his latest edition on "profit-sharing." If then it is still a mystery, consult Mr. Nelson, and with an esthetic logic and a voluminous vocabulary, he will demonstrate to you that it is "business co-operation of self-employment world without end, amen."

By the way, this is not the only manner that he has so dexterously marshalled the word "self." He is the instigator of the "self-culture clubs for working men." All honest and bold labor literature are not permitted in the reading rooms of their clubs. There are several of them in St. Louis. They are a thousand times more dangerous than grape and canister; for they (the clubs) may so distort the minds of the working men that they will use these very grape and canister against their fellow-toilers.

As expressed in plain English, the plan proposed to sell the factory to the workmen was as follows: He asked \$100,000 for the factory, to be paid in installments by retaining 25 per cent of their wages each week, and to pay 6 per cent interest on this \$100,000. Besides this, the workmen, while making the partial payments, were to pay all the expenses of the school started by Nelson; to pay for the care of the sick; supply street lights; keep the streets in repair and all other necessary improvements pertaining to Nelson's village that the workmen hadn't one iota's right or title to. One of the workmen had the courage to ask Nelson what would become of the 25 per cent of their wages that he retained in case they quit or he discharged them; would it be returned to them? "No," answered Nelson; "it would not be returned." When they refused to accept his proposition, he discharged them.

This factory did not include the whole plant. It was only the copper department and the engine rooms. Reliable experts told me that the engine was worn out. I had it on good authority that the copper factory had been losing money the last year.

To the unsophisticated who have been reading in the capitalist press of the benign character of the capitalist the foregoing will seem like fiction. But they are all substantiated facts. Before leaving Edwardsville I presented these facts to one of the most talented and reliable lawyers of the town, and he said the whole population would swear to them in any court of justice. I gathered many more facts, but lack of space prevents their publication.

Before the Unitarian Club of St. Louis, of which Mr. Nelson is President, he delivered an address entitled, "Am I My Brother's Keeper." Its object was to

show the beatitudes of profit-sharing. In this address he says that it is "justice" for the producers of wealth to have all the profits, but this would be "attempting too much at once," page 30, in his "Profit-Sharing." Capital consists of nothing else but the accumulations of profits. If it is justice that the toilers should own this capital in the future (and Nelson says it is), it is demanding no more justice for them to have it now; and with equal justice we can demand all the accumulations of the past to be returned to labor. In other words, what constitutes justice in the far-off future, is equal justice in the present and past. From your own premises, Mr. Nelson, we draw the deduction that you have no right to your capital and we demand its immediate and unconditional return to those who have produced it. As the producers are probably dead, and you having no right, there is no other alternative but its vesting in society.

Thanks, Mr. Nelson, for the lesson you have taught us and for the key to our emancipation. With all your remorseless greed and brutal cunning, some good has still cropped out.

"Thus we may gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself."

By some unseen power, the capitalists are unconsciously and by various means, working their own destruction and consequent construction of the new civilization.

Don't be daunted, fellow slaves; for when the wrongs of our oppressors rebound to our good, then victory will surely be ours. The future is radiant with "Socialism in our time." C. R. DAVIS, Brighton, Ill.

## FREE SOUP IN THE SOUP

### A Sermon to the Shoe Workers of Lynn

#### And Other Wage Workers Who Have to "Starve" on Charity Soup.

Now Is the Time to Do Your Duty.

So near modern Athens. Yet we hear the cry of the first line of the title of this subject. What does it mean in an old trade organized city of souls should say soles, although souls inhabit this burg? Again the question is asked why does this condition of affairs prevail at headquarters of the Shoe Lasters' Union of Lynn, in the home of old trade unionism? It means and signifies is dispensed to those who have not the wherewithal. And not a word said of the condition of this craft in the local or Boston newspapers.

Now, sober, honest union men; directly after the election such a condition of affairs remains after electing to office men who do the bidding of those that control the commercial, which is the political interest of the powers that be! How can you lengthen the crisis, knowing that in your midst there are men that have sacrificed time, money, business opportunities and social position and all that makes life worth living to those that have tasted of the high ideals of social life. They have many a time addressed you, appealed to you, and even begged of you and your manhood to act on the advice and knowledge of their experience. But you have turned a deaf ear to those who have suffered under the wage-system and knew its evils. You have listened to those who are not of your class, but represent the interests of others, who, under the present commercial system, are opposed to your interests. What are your interests?

Is it not to get a larger share of the benefits of the advance of civilization, or more of that which we produce? Why this desire to get a larger share of the products? Because we are stimulated by our environment, surrounded by the best created by our efforts. We also are developed by our association with men of all classes, conditions, etc.

Look back, ask yourself the question: Who has been leading us to such a disgraceful condition? Union men accepting the accrued charity in so-called good times or revival of prosperity! Is it not the labor leader who is paid by the union to be its adviser, teacher and guardian, who, Judas-like, sells their influence for thirty pieces of silver? In what way do they or can they sell us? Have they not many times used their influence to betray the honest man with advanced Socialist ideas? Have they not appeared on the platform of the two robber capitalist class Democrats and Republicans for price and thrown dust in your eyes?

Yes, if you are honest, it is true you will say "And pity it is, 'tis true." Now mark the case is placed before you. What shall be done? Is a member of a trade union donated? by such men as just described. What can be done? Find out why men are ready to accept all evils of the present social wrongs, as non-employment, starvation, blacklisting, tramping, prison and even the gallows. There must be something in such who pass through this ordeal. "History repeats itself," men who have been deceived have become the leaders of their ideals. Look at Christ, Columbus, Luther, John Brown, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, these have all passed through this, and the radical or Socialist has passed partly through, but will yet suffer until you do your duty, which is to study yourself, then the so-called social system of present wage-slavery. Read your labor press which is going day and night all over the world; the literature of the "Socialist Labor Party," which is in all progressive public libraries, also "The People's" and "Labour," official organs of new trade unionism. Read "Looking Backward," "Co-operative Commonwealth" and "Merry England." N. S. LYNN, MASS.

# BASEBALL LETTER.

## MIDWINTER GOSSIP OF THE NATIONAL GAME.

**Cincinnati's New Third Baseman—President Freedman and the Ownership of New York Club—Ban Johnson's Opinion of Drafting Measure.**

**F**REDERICK ROAT, who will next season play third base for the Cincinnati club, of the National league and American association, when the team goes South for their preliminary practice, played third base, as well as short stop, for the Indianapolis team of the Western league during the past season. He was born Feb. 10, 1868, at Oregon, Ill., and it was at his native place that he learned to play ball. He pursued various occupations during his early life, but his leisure hours were spent on the ball field, he having a fondness for the game and its associations. His professional career did not begin until 1889, when he accepted an engagement with the Rockford, Ill., team. His good work that year led to his engagement for the season of 1890 with the Pittsburg club of the National league, he taking part in fifty-seven championship games with that club, filling several positions on the team, chiefly that of third base. In 1891 he was connected with the Rockford club

of the Illinois and Iowa league and the Lincoln team of the Western association, taking part with the former in forty-one championship contests, filling the position of third baseman in all of them, and occupying the same position in forty-one of the forty-two championship games with the Lincoln. In 1892 he was engaged by the Milwaukee club of the Western league, taking part that season in twenty championship games, and he ranked fifth in the official batting averages of that league. In 1893 he went South and joined the New Orleans team of the Southern league, ranking high in the official batting averages of that league. In 1894 he was signed by the Indianapolis club of the Western league, taking part that year in fifty-four championship games, in forty-eight of which he filled the short stop's position. His work was of such a satisfactory nature that he was re-engaged for the season of 1895, and his excellent work all around greatly aided his club in winning this year's pennant of the Western league. He is a good batsman, fine fielder and clever base runner.



**FREDERICK ROAT.**  
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President Freedman was recently shown the item to the effect that James A. Bailey, of Barnum & Bailey, the showmen, is the real owner of the New York club's stock. He smiled as though it was a joke, then he grew thoughtful and finally said: "Mr. Bailey does not own one-hundredth of one dollar's worth of the New York club stock. He never did own any stock and never will until I am ready to retire from baseball. There have been many stories about the ownership of the club, but I will say right here that if anybody thinks that Andrew Freedman does not own the controlling interest, he can come to my office and lose a big bet. I bought over 1,200 shares of stock for myself, and I have no notion of selling it at any price. I own the stock, and what I say goes as regards to the club's policy. It makes no dif-

ference to me how many stories are started, I shall still continue as owner, and so far as I can now see, shall for many years to come. Those who claim that I am representing somebody else do not know what they are talking about."

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**PRESIDENT FREEDMAN.**  
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lieve that it was a blow at all minor leagues and especially the players. "Next season we will play faster ball in the Western league than ever before," said he, "for the reason that comparatively few of our players have been drafted into the major league—but nine, I think. Last year twenty-one players were drafted and the result was that we were considerably crippled. Clubs buy players at \$500, who would not pay \$1,000. Minor league managers do not care for the difference in the money they will receive. They only think of how their teams will be weakened, which hurts the patronage. The major league magnates speak of fostering the minor league teams, but they do nothing of the kind. Does it look to them when they cheapen the players and thereby weaken the teams in order that they themselves may benefit by it?"

President Brush of the Cincinnati club has forwarded to President Young of the National league and the American association copies of the affidavits of himself, Treasurer Lloyd and Captain Ewing, of the same club, concerning the alleged turn-down by President Freedman of the New Yorks on the Latham-Doyle deal. When President Freedman was spoken to about the action of President Brush, he said: "When it comes to affidavits I guess I can get just as many, and perhaps more, than Mr. Brush to prove that I did not give him an option on Doyle. Mr. Brush reminds me of an ostrich, which covers up its head and thinks it cannot be seen. He thinks in making a howl about Doyle that he will thus obscure the fact that it was his own fault that he got left. I will say again, as I did before, that I did not give him an option on Doyle."

### AN UNPAID KING.

**A. B. McDonnell, a Young Cyclist Whose Specialty is Road Racing.**  
The unpaced century king just at present is A. B. McDonnell, a young cyclist whose specialty is road riding. Not long ago he covered 100 miles over the Buffalo-Erie course in 4 hours, 40 minutes and 9 seconds, beating all existing American records. He is a member of the Lakeview wheelmen of Rochester. His work during the present season has been nothing short of phenomenal, records having been lowered at every trial he has made. He had lowered the record for the distance and went for the Buffalo-Rochester record. He succeeded in adding this to his list of fastest times, and on Oct. 19 tried for the twenty-five mile road record and went the quarter century in 51 minutes, 55 seconds, unpaced, which extraordinary performance can better be appreciated when it is considered that the previous best time was 1 hour, 2 minutes and 20 seconds, assisted by pacemakers. While McDonnell was making the twenty-five miles both his Buffalo-Rochester and 100 miles runs were surpassed by other men. He immediately prepared to regain his laurels and won back his title as 100-mile champion. He was aided by a stiff wind at his

example of effective evolution in the matter of play building. As a rule, the last act of three and four-act pieces is put on apparently for the sole purpose of unravelling little tangles and getting together the dramatic odds and ends that the author had forgotten about in the preceding acts. Miss Ryley has acted on different principles with her play. The first two acts are positively bad, the third act is an improvement over the first two, and the fourth act saves the whole from being a failure. It is full of life and dash and dramatic importance from beginning to end, and when the curtain goes down those in the audience are perfectly willing to change the adverse opinions they had formed earlier in the evening.



**A. B. M'DONNELL.**  
back, but this advantage was largely offset by the wretched condition of the roads.

### THE WHEEL.

Bicycle races in armories, halls and buildings where there are no banked tracks are being discouraged in New York.

John S. Johnson will sail for Europe next month and test his speed against the professional racing men of the old world.

Marshall Wells, the clever Canadian champion, was married recently to Miss Brown, a sister to the well-known Percy Brown.

George Fling and Charles Brobson, of Germantown, will ride a tandem next season, and will try to lower some of the five mile road records.

Herman Hey, president of the Vernon Cyclists, of Germantown, proposes joining the Class B ranks for next year. He is an expert rider and popular among wheelmen.

It is probable that the famous Waltham, Mass., bicycle race track will be converted into a trotting course and Boston will next season be minus a cycling racing path.

Professional bicycle racing has been given a thorough test in this country for the past three years, and the first case of crooked racing is turned up in the Racing Board's pet Class B.

The damage done by the crowds who congregated to see the Chicago Decoration Day road race, in Lincoln Park, has been so great that the Park Commissioners have decided to prohibit the race in future.

The St. Louis Fair association stewards have decided to reinstate Frank Leigh, the jockey, who was suspended last summer for pulling Rey del Mar.

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# THE NEW YORK STAGE.

## CURRENT GOSSIP ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

**Hansel and Gretel Too Good to Succeed—'Christopher Jr.' Still on the Boards—Three Favorites of Gotham Playgoers.**

**H**ANSEL AND GRETEL has been more profusely praised from an artistic standpoint than almost any other production that has been seen in New York this season; and yet, on the whole, it has not been nearly as successful as many other pieces that have much less merit and have received far more commendation. "Hansel and Gretel" is a dramatic and musical gem—dainty, bright, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the original story of fancy, but it is too good for the public. It seems a disagreeable way to look at the matter, but there is no other conclusion that can be arrived at sensibly. Humperdinck's fairy opera will always be remembered by those who have seen it as one of the loveliest bits of stage creation that could be imagined. There the thing ends. It has not been a flat failure, for, thank Heaven, a small part of the public love the theater for art's sake, but this portion figures so inconspicuously in the whole that it has no appreciable effect on the box office receipts.

John Drew last year played "Christopher, Jr." on the road. If it had not been for the failure of "That Imprudent Young Couple" New Yorkers might not have seen Miss Ryley's play this year. "Christopher, Jr." is a good

### LULU GLASER.

example of effective evolution in the matter of play building. As a rule, the last act of three and four-act pieces is put on apparently for the sole purpose of unravelling little tangles and getting together the dramatic odds and ends that the author had forgotten about in the preceding acts. Miss Ryley has acted on different principles with her play. The first two acts are positively bad, the third act is an improvement over the first two, and the fourth act saves the whole from being a failure. It is full of life and dash and dramatic importance from beginning to end, and when the curtain goes down those in the audience are perfectly willing to change the adverse opinions they had formed earlier in the evening.

Miss Elizabeth Wickes is a Maryland girl who went on the stage notwithstanding the strong influences her family brought to bear upon her to give up her dramatic ambitions. Miss Wickes comes from one of the first families of Maryland and is distantly related to the Carrolls of Carrollton. She is a handsome woman, with the true Southern beauty, and in amateur societies during the past few years has achieved great local fame. Miss Wickes has joined Digby Bell's company, and is now a full-fledged professional with a few weeks of on-the-road experience to her credit.

Sybil Sanderson has returned to the stage to play the title role of Massenet's new opera, "Thais." Miss Sanderson will be remembered as the young woman who came to America after an immense amount of press work had been



done for her by Abbey, Schoffel & Grau's agents, and who distinguished herself chiefly because of the persistence and energy with which she posed for photographers. It is probable that Miss Sanderson has sat for more photographs during the past two years than any other woman on the stage.

Modjeska declares that this is her last season on the stage. There is no particular reason for not believing her,

as Modjeska has always kept faith with the public. She is one of the few actresses whose art would be missed from American theatricals. While she has not always been wise in the selection of plays, she certainly has always been sincere in her work, and there are few of us who cannot remember something pleasant in connection with her impersonations. Modjeska's Camille and one or two other characters have proven her an actress of artistic refinement and one thoroughly equipped in stage art. In "Measure for Measure," in which she lately played at the Garrick theater in New York, she displayed much of her old-time finesse, but in other pieces she showed plainly that



the public could remember her more kindly if she would retire before her powers had been still more heavily taxed by the unsparring hand of time.

Lulu Glaser and Christine McDonald have made separate hits in Francis Wilson's company and have done so without the slightest suggestion of professional jealousy. Miss McDonald is a comparative newcomer to the stage, this being only her second season. "His Excellency" and its English girls, while they have not aroused the excitement that was occasioned by the coming of the Gaiety girls last year, have made an impression on New Yorkers. George Edwardes has sent us plenty of pretty girls with his company, including dainty Ellaline Terris, Nancy McIntosh and Mabel Love. The men, with one or two or three exceptions, and one of these exceptions is Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terris's husband, are about up to the average of English burlesque comedians, and that means that Americans are not very likely to go into paroxysms of delight over them.

The nightgown dancers in "The Gay Parisians" for a time were the reigning sensation in New York. The dance itself was not a particularly wicked affair, but the mere sight of four comely young women arrayed in robes de nuit seemed sufficient to turn the feet of New York theater-goers in the direction of Hoyt's theater.

### A LITTLE PERFORMER.

"Baby" Ransley Has Made Several Good Hits in Her Short Stage Career.



**MABEL RANSLEY.**  
girl who has become well known during the past year, is an interesting little girl. She lives with her parents in Philadelphia.

She is a clever singer and a winsome dancer. Her impersonation of Topsy has delighted all who have seen it, her wing dancing being done with an abandon and vim that few much older performers achieve. She has recently been doing a sketch called "Old Uncle John," in company with Master Robert Euhler, a boy who is nearly as clever as she is.

### NOTES OF THE STAGE.

John R. Rogers received a dispatch from his attorneys in London, recently, saying that his judgment for divorce from Minnie Palmer had been confirmed.

Edward Franklin is playing Jaxon, in "Land of the Midnight Sun," owing to the illness of Milton Taylor.

Geo. H. Hubb has signed as stage-manager for Newton Beers.

Harry T. Leonard and Lillian C. Clef have been engaged by Chas. E. Taylor to play the comedy and soubrette roles in his production of "A Pretzel."

It is announced that Eleonora Duse will sail for this country Jan. 29.

The 13-year-old horse Artillery, by Musket, dam Ouida, by Yattendon, a half brother to Carbine, who was purchased last summer by the Duke of Portland, will shortly be shipped to San Francisco and sold there at auction.

# NAILED HORSESHOE.

## AN IMPORTANT INVENTION WILL PROVE A BOON.

**What Not Fall OR in Accident—Has Been Put to Numerous Trials and Is a Success—Notes of Science and Industry.**

**I**N ONE RESPECT the human race has made very little improvement during the past few thousand years. This is in the matter of horseshoes. Our present method of shoeing horses has not changed materially for centuries, and has always been rude and irrational. One of the chief objections to the system is that the hoof is made to fit the shoe instead of the shoe to fit the hoof.

This involves a lot of cutting and scraping, and is the chief cause of lameness and stumbling. The use of nails is also a serious objection, as, no matter how careful the blacksmith may be, here are cases when a tender spot will be penetrated. It is quite obvious that nature never intended nails to be driven into a horse's hoof.

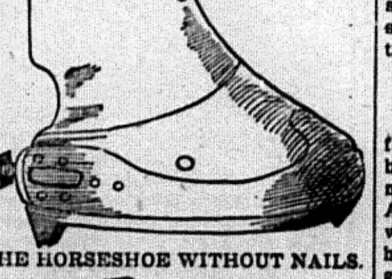
Thousands of schemes are put forward every year for improving the present horseshoe, but none of them has as yet proved successful. Many of them seem plausible enough on paper, but are absolutely worthless when put to the test. The inventors fail to properly appreciate the tremendous striking force in the horse's foot.

The accompanying illustrations show a novel horseshoe that has been subjected to careful and thorough trial on half a dozen horses. In every instance it has worked to perfection.

Like a great many works of genius, the one in question is extremely simple. It consists of a band of metal about an inch high, which fits around the lower edge of the hoof. At the base of this band there is a sort of projecting shelf, or flange, which is made to fit into a groove which runs around the inside of the shoe. The latter is made of steel, of the usual shape and style. The only differences between it and the ordinary shoe is the presence of the groove and the absence of nail holes.

When the band is fitted to the hoof (which is done very readily), the shoe in turn is attached by slipping the flange into the groove. If now remains to cinch the arrangement by two screws in the rear. These may be turned to any degree of tightness desired, and a moderate degree is sufficient to prevent the shoe from coming off. The whole arrangement may be put on or taken off in a moment.

As the shoe is not nailed to the hoof, there is a perfect freedom for expansion and contraction. This is a very essential point, as all horsemen know. The growth of the hoof is not prevented, and if there is any growth, instead of splitting the hoof, it serves only to tighten the shoe. All the strain on the band as it is tightened comes over the toe and around the lower edge of the hoof at the point where it is the hardest.



### THE HORSESHOE WITHOUT NAILS.

The ease with which the shoe may be put on and taken off permits its fortunate wearer to enjoy a luxury that has been denied him up to the present time, for now the horse may remove his shoes before retiring for the night. We all know what a relief it is to take off our footgear, especially in damp weather. There is no reason why the horse should not feel equally relieved when deprived of his heavy iron clogs.

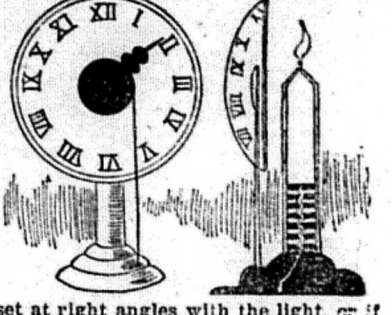
Another point of advantage, on which the inventor properly lays much stress, is the fact that the shoe is grasped firmly to the hoof at every point. Under the nailing system the last nails toward the rear are driven about half way between the heel and toe. This leaves one-half of the shoe on either side unfastened. There is thus a considerable leverage, and it is for this reason that so many shoes come off. If this shoe is caught, say in a track, at the rear end, it is almost sure to come off. This difficulty is obviated in this shoe. In fact, some persons have objected to this shoe on the ground that it will never pull off in an accident, thus rendering the hoof itself liable to injury.

The fastening in the rear is made by means of a spring clinch, which may be of any strength desired. It has one end fast to the foot of the rear upright extension of the calf, and the other end has a metallic bearing, attached to the hoof an inch or more further back than where the last nail is usually driven. The point of the screws, as they are turned in, press upon the center of this spring, and thus, while the screw presses the clinch firmly down to hold the shoe and hoof tightly together, the spring reacts upon the screw with equal pressure. This spring eases this solid, dead blow that is ordinarily given by the hoof when the shoe is fastened by means of nails.

# A Cheap Night Lamp.

## Construction by any one with a little ingenuity, can be made as represented in the following cuts, all the material necessary being a tin tube, into the base of which is fitted three or four inches of spiral spring, a candle, a piece of string, and a dial with the figures from one to twelve marked on, as in a clock.

The candle is inserted in the tube over and resting on the spring; the wick is lighted through an aperture left for the purpose on the top of the tube; the string is attached to the lower end of the candle, and passes from thence through a hole in the base and up a hand on the dial. As fast as the candle burns out the spiral spring operates to raise it, which, in turn, acts upon the hand on the dial; hence, it is obvious that after, by experiment, determining how far a candle will burn in a given time, you have an "illuminated" clock accurate enough for ordinary purposes. The dial can be set at right angles with the light, or if glass, directly in front of it.



### A Discovery of Importance to All People.

It is announced that a German scientist has patented a process by which a tissue is made that will take the place of the natural skin and be absorbed as the injury heals. He takes the muscular portion of the intestines of animals. Both the inner and outer layers of membrane are removed. The middle portion is then permitted to remain for a suitable time in a solution of pepsin, when the fibers are found to be semi-digested. The substance is then treated with gallic acid and tannin. Large surfaces from which the skin has been removed by disease or accident may be healed in a short time by means of this tissue. It is prepared and laid upon the raw surface, which has previously been sterilized, and is very lightly bandaged in place. The union of the tissue and the surface takes place in a little while, and the tissue forms a coating that answers the purpose of the skin to a degree better than any known substance, and is likely, when still further perfected, entirely to remove the necessity for skin grafting.

### Water-Repellent Walls.

To be able to make walls that will entirely resist moisture is of great importance in localities where the earth is damp and sodden. Experiments have been made with brick and sandstone, saturated with oils of various kinds. It is proven that raw and boiled linseed oil are the best substances with which to treat such wall materials. If bricks are heated as hot as they can be handled with bare hands, then dropped into oil and allowed to remain there until cold, then placed where they will drain and laid in a wall with good Portland cement mortar, they are practically impervious to water. Of course, a great deal of expense attends this work, but there are places where nothing else seems to answer as well. For ordinary cellars and walls, where such extreme nicety of handling is not required, a thick coating of Portland cement mortar laid on very smoothly and washed over with several very thin coats of almost all Portland, will secure the utmost dryness and cleanliness. The qualities of Portland cement are not fully appreciated by the average householder.

### A New Headache Cure.

A medical authority says that a never-failing cure for a nervous headache is to walk backward. He states that ten minutes is as long as is required to secure relief in ordinary cases. If the nerves are seriously disturbed, a little more time may be necessary. It is not imperative that one walk in a straight line, but that the feet are placed one behind the other slowly and deliberately. First put the foot back, place the ball on the floor, then settle back upon the heel. Besides the beneficial effects in curing headache, it is asserted that this gives great grace and suppleness to the figure and improves the appearance amazingly.

### One Way to Keep Warm.

Not all of us know that deep and forced respirations will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thinly one may be clad. A physician declares this to be a fact worth remembering. He was himself half frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations stimulate the blood current by a direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly-generated heat.

### Need of Some New Women.

No propaganda of theories will ever make life without man possible to woman any more than life is possible to man without woman. Any kind of woman in whose scheme marriage is despised is pathological and what she needs is not the ballot but the doctor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### Good Company.

Druggist—Your cane is good company when you're walking alone, I suppose.  
Jazley—Yes, and when I'm walking with you, too.—Roxbury Gazette.

# QUEEN OF GAMBLERS.



It is a long time ago that Lonna Paquita ruled at Paso del Norte, Mexico, over the cowboys, cut-laws and greasers. It will be a much longer time until her successor appears. Gambling as a fine and all consuming art with women is not so marked as in the old days, when laws were fewer and crimes were commoner. Women play at games of chance, perhaps, just as devotedly as of yore, but the days have passed when it was not an extraordinary happening for a woman, fair and gentle, to outplay cowboys, outlaws and gamblers, and not only win all their money, but also drain the bank. Lonna Paquita often did this.

And who among the old timers of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona does not remember Lonna Paquita? She of the black hair and laughing eyes, whose cheeks were bright as morning, whose smile muddled the brain and confused the fingers of the deftest dealer. Close your eyes again and see the slim, petite figure at the gaming table, and hear once more the soft voice naming the card which seemingly could not resist the charms of the player. Listen as of old to the sorrow and sympathy lavished on the losers as the queen of gamblers gathered up her winnings when there was nothing left with the others to lose. True that Paquita has been dead these twenty years, but the oldest gambler will stop his play to tell you of her, and his hard, cold face will relax and his voice will soften as he tells of the woman he acknowledged as his mistress in his art.

Lonna Paquita, or as she was known, the Paquita, was born in Chihuahua about 1850. No one knew who or what her parents were. When a child about

"I play a king in the door," she said in Spanish.

The spectators gasped. Such risk was folly. There was still half a deck against her. Even Garretson smiled. He dealt. The king stood in the door. The Paquita had won. Garretson's bank had been broken, and broken by a child. The Paquita turned to Qualetor, "I am tired," she said.

The gambler gathered up her winnings, handed them to Garretson, asking him to put them in the safe for the night. Then he and the Paquita went out. The fact that a child had beaten the Garretson bank spread along the entire border. Qualetor and the Paquita traveled from town to town, playing in all of them, and usually winning. They quarreled eventually, however, and in 1870 the Paquita, then a beautiful girl of 20, came back to Paso del Norte alone. She again appeared at Garretson's. Her old-time luck seemed to have deserted her, for she lost heavily, and a week later went away.

She was next heard of in New Mexico. She had allied herself with a gang of the worst characters in the southwest, and in a short time became their leader. Under her the outlaws traversed New Mexico, stealing and plundering. When the climate got too hot for them they slipped across the line into Texas. The Paquita forsook this life after a year of exciting adventure and turned up in El Paso with Sam Brinsley the handsomest and most depraved gambler of his time. Brinsley crossed the Rio Grande river and opened up Garretson's place, the latter having been killed by young Mungay, his dear son. Brinsley prospered. The Paquita lent the attraction of her presence to his place, sometimes as dealer, but usually as a player.

She played any game. Her popularity was apparent from the outset. The game she played, whatever it might be, was always the popular game of the house. The table at which she played was always crowded. The players, in

caught his up-thrown arm, inflicting a long wound. As the blood gushed forth Paquita turned and fled. Brinsley pursued her unsuccessfully. He returned eventually to his gambling house. When asked about the Paquita he was wont to say:

"I took her for a rose but she proved a thorn."

He never forgave her, however, and vowed vengeance on her. His opportunity came in 1876. The Paquita, after leaving him, had returned to the New Mexican country and gathered up the remnants of the old gang of thieves. Their plundering became so bold that it was determined to hunt them down. Brinsley led the party that captured the Paquita. She had heard that he was pursuing her, and it is said that she permitted her pursuers to overtake her. She greeted Brinsley with her old time cheeriness. She talked over the old days as if there had been no change. Finally she proposed a game of cards to decide whether she should go free or should die. Brinsley agreed, the game was played, and the Paquita lost.

Almost before the last card fell she drew a knife and stabbed herself through the heart. Brinsley committed suicide three weeks later.

**A Plague of Coyotes.**

A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herds, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost a single animal, while previously his loss averaged at least one steer a day. Coyotes are becoming more of a pest every season in many parts of Washington and Oregon, despite all the efforts of the cattlemen and farmers to exterminate them. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in waging war on the beasts, but with little results. Poison availed for a time but now the coyotes refuse to touch the poisoned carcasses of steers steven about for their consumption. The only way of killing them is by shooting them, and this is feeble and wholly inadequate means. Occasionally the residents combine and have a grand round-up hunt, driving the coyotes toward the center of the circle, and slaughtering them there, and that is the only means of appreciably thinning them out occasionally. In some regions the packs of gray wolves are as numerous and troublesome as the coyotes. The coyotes are particularly adept chicken thieves, and, indeed, are a general pest around the farmyards.

**A Remarkable Tree.**

There is a wayward white oak tree near Laporte, Ind., that may puzzle naturalists with the vagaries of its growth. The tree is nine feet in circumference at the base, and there are no branches of any size below fifteen feet from the ground. There the great bole divides into a number of limbs. Two, leaving the trunk about twenty inches apart, grow west, their lines diverging for some six feet, and then each bending toward the other. Twelve feet from the body of the tree they unite again, making a perfect oval, and out of this grows two smaller branches. As if not satisfied with that expressed disregard for the laws of nature, this old tree has performed another feat. Six feet from its base grows another white oak, less than half its size, and no sooner does the smaller tree arrive at the charmed circles of those branching limbs than one of them grows right into it, and is absorbed. The second tree is very much larger twenty feet from the ground than at its base.

**Labor of Love.**

That is a beautiful little story which is told in a recent number of an English paper.

A man walking along a country road saw a little girl carrying a boy much younger than herself, but who appeared far too big and heavy for her strength. He began talking to her and suggested that the baby was heavy.

"Why," said she in astonishment, "he's not heavy; he's my brother."

# FOR THE TRAPPERS.

## HOW THE COYOTE MAY BE BROUGHT TO BAY.

A Favorite Sport for Sportsmen Who Live Near the Prairies—The Animal is Very Cowardly and is Consequently Hard to Land.



ONLY half the sportsmen of the extreme west know anything about Mr. Coyote. Twin brother to the gray wolf, uncle to brer fox and brother to the commonest cur that slinks in the dark corners of back alleys, little coyote is a queer, sly, disreputable fellow indeed.

In look he is sometimes handsome, sometimes awful—a regular bad dream of a thing. It is when he is fat and well-covered with fur that he appears well, for his sharp intelligent face, with its standing ears, is not unlike that of the fox, while the tail is a splendid brush, long and thick. His color, when he is healthy, is grayish, shading into a lighter gray on his breast and stomach. But, oh, when he is thin and dirty and almost hairless! What a thing he is! It is his life in the sagebrush and on the plains and deserts that reduces him to this pitiable condition. Always a coward, he is easily driven away from his food by any other



## POOR, DESPICABLE MR. COYOTE.

animal that is at all aggressive, and so he starves frequently, and his contact with the alkali of the deserts is too much for his hair. It gets discouraged and falls out as if he had been moth-eaten. The long, grayish brown covering of his bushy tail is strewn along his path until only a barren, bony thing is left for him to wag, while along his back and sides great bare patches show his cold, shivering hide, under which the bones are all too painfully apparent.

Mr. Coyote lives on what he can catch or steal or finds dead. Rabbits, squirrels and gophers are his game. Sheep, young calves, chickens, turkeys and ducks are what he finds it easiest to take from the farmer, and most any carrion allures him from afar to fill his empty inside. He pokes around alone, if there be plenty of hunting, and two or three get together when "times are a little rough." When desperate, the coyotes band together, and then starvation makes them nearest to courageous that they ever become. And they are never long in one locality, be they alone or in couples or packs, without letting the neighbors find it out. They howl—a dismal, woful, forlorn sound it is. When two are together, they make the most and worst racket. So afraid do they manage the "duet" of yelps, barks and howls that almost any one would say the two were twenty, and all mighty singers at that.

When war has been waged against them by many farmers, for any length of time, the coyotes become very "scarce" and exceedingly sharp about walking into or upon any trap. But when boldness and daring are in them, as a result of too much liberality, they may be taken in steel traps quite readily. There are various "baits" that will attract them, but a dead animal or a sheep's lungs from the slaughter-house is as good as can be found. Of course, in the case of the dead animal, it is usually dragged out into the sagebrush, far from any house, and then



## HOW THEY TRAP MR. COYOTE.

the traps, which should be three or four in number, are set where they will be stepped upon if Mr. Coyote approaches to take a bite.

In the other case the best plan is as follows: Tying a rope to the bait, the trapper carries it, with two traps, out into the brush until he is some distance from any house. He then throws it down and drags it with the rope for a considerable distance, until he finds a favorable spot, which should be between two bushes. The sheep's lungs are thrown in between them, and a trap is

set on either side, just about where a foot would tread if an animal poked his nose in to eat or to smell. The traps are buried carefully and are lightly covered over, while all traces of "man" are removed.

All steel traps are provided with chains, which should be wired to heavy iron weights, so that the animal that gets a foot in can drag the whole thing. He never goes far, and there is lost chance for him to jerk his foot out than there would be if the trap were fastened to anything solid and stationary. The weight is buried when the trap is set. These are the tactics used in war against Mr. Coyote. Sometimes in favor of the cunning wretch ought to be said, but up to date no one who knows the wary, no-account creature has found a single redeeming trait in his makeup.

## ELMER HEAD.

### THIS IS CALLED NEW.

#### A Trick Worked Years Ago by Jake Lynch.

A new and probably the funniest wrinkle in baseball yet heard of presented itself at the Minneapolis-Milwaukee game, played in the latter city recently, says the Chicago Tribune. The wrinkle or trick, the latter undoubtedly being the better term, consisted of a small convex looking glass, just large enough to fill the palm of a man's hand, and operated as a flash light. The eye-blinding device was held by a friend of the home team, so it is said, sitting on the bleachers. Whenever a Minneapolis man came up to bat, and just as the Milwaukee twirler was in the act of tossing in the ball, the man on the bleachers would throw the dazzling flash which would momentarily blind the batsman and before he could recover from its effect the ball would be in the hands of the catcher and a strike scored against him. The trick worked to a charm for seven innings, when a man in the grand stand caught a flash of the looking-glass and the object it was directed at, and called the umpire's and some of the players' attention to it. The umpire, however, paid no attention to the man, but the players did, and hustled the trickster off the grounds. The visiting team lit on the Milwaukeean's curves after the man with the glass was ejected, batted out five runs in the last inning and won the game.—Washington Star.

### CARRIES A CANE.

#### Daisy Ballard, the English Actress, Introducing a New Custom.

Miss Daisy Ballard, one of the members of "His Excellency" company who came to this country with that organization, has undertaken the task of making popular the custom of cane-carrying by women. The accompanying photograph shows Miss Ballard just as she has been appearing every pleasant day on Broadway during the past month. Miss Ballard says she is quite sure that when women know how jolly



MISS DAISY BALLARD.

with a cane is to carry they will surely take it up. There is no denying the fact that up to date Miss Ballard has not left her impress upon American fashions. Cane-carrying is too ultra for even the average new woman, and Miss Ballard's attempted foisting of it upon those on this side of the Atlantic has fallen flat. In other lines the new woman is making rapid progress, and from month to month go chronicle all her advances and by-paths would require, not pages, but books. In truth, the new woman is taking up a good share of the world's attention at present, and bids fair to continue to do so.

### DIAMOND GLINTS.

Arle Latham may 'caption' the St. Louis Browns next season.

James McLaughlin, one of the victims of the Cleveland viaduct accident, was a well known minor league player.

Charles N. Smith, an ex-professional pitcher, was hanged at Decatur, Ill., the other day for the double murder of his little daughter and sister-in-law.

Catcher O'Connor, of the Cleveland, has been dubbed "Jack of Diamonds," on account of the number of handsome brilliants that he owns.

It is announced that Captain Ewing of the Cincinnati has offered the Louisville club Vaughn, Hoy, Foreman and Phillips, and a bonus of \$3,000 for outfielder Clarke. Ewing considers Clarke the greatest outfielder in the country.

Henry Lynch, who was undoubtedly the best player on the Springfield team, champions of the Eastern League during the past season, seems to have been overlooked by the clubs of the major league when drafting players.

A Louisville dispatch announces that Yo Tambien has been sent from Churchill Downs to Milton Young's McDanthens stud, where she will go into retirement and probably be bred to Hanover.

# BIG GAME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Great Herds of Caribou Still Found in the Unsettled Portions.

Quebec letter in New York Sun: No such enormous herds of reindeer are anywhere to be found except in the barren lands of Canada as those that roam the interior of Newfoundland. The new railroad has made their haunts much more accessible, as it runs through the best portion of the caribou country. A number of American sportsmen have lately passed through Canada on their way home from the sport of deer stalking in the old island colony, and they declare that with the completion of the road to Port-au-Basque next year there will be an ever-increasing stream of sportsmen into the island, both from Canada and the United States. Several of this year's American visitors have purchased large tracts of land in the interior for game preserves and whereon to erect summer residences, among them being D. Parker of Brooklyn and a number of his friends. They have selected the country just north of the Humber river, and expect that in a few years the American contingent will form no inconsiderable part of the summer population. Such multitudes of the caribou are now slaughtered by the settlers, who send the meat for sale to St. John's, that there is reason to fear that this noble animal, like the bison, may become exterminated. The islanders are alive to the danger, and the government will probably soon do as it is urged, and enact proper protective measures, under which no possible increase in the number of sportsmen will cause any marked diminution in the supply. There are immense regions in the interior to which the deer now resort, where the soil is barren and can never be reclaimed and the trees are covered with hanging moss, the natural food of the reindeer. With proper protective laws, this could be readily converted into the finest deer park in the world, though some action will be necessary for the extermination of the wolves, which at present prey to a great extent upon the deer. When the deer go south, hundreds of these splendid animals can be met with in herds, though the law limits each sportsman to eight in the course of the season. Dr. Parker took back with him in New York the skeletons and skins, including heads and antlers, of four splendid specimens of caribou, comprising a family group, which, after passing through the hands of a taxidermist, will be presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

**A Little French Lesson.**

For those who have no knowledge whatever of French, the fashion magazines and the menu cards of restaurants bristle with difficulties. When the strange words are ventured upon it is with fear and trembling—which the result often justifies. The following is a short list of some of the most used and worst pronounced:

Choux (shoo)—A small rosette.

Chic (sheek) is untranslatable, but perhaps "stylish" comes nearest to its fashion book meaning. In its own home the word is slang and considered vulgar. French ladies do not say "chic" any more than we say "nobby"—which word is really its equivalent.

Peignoir (payn war)—A wrapper as fine as it can be made.

Saute-de-lit (so-de-lee) being our bath robe.

Cerise (sir-ease)—Cherry, hence the name of the color.

Bandeaux (bahn-doh)—Braids of hair.

Soutache (sootash)—Braids for trimming.

Ris de veau (ree-de-vo)—Sweetbreads.

Bouillon (boo-yon)—Clear soup.

Menu (mur-new)—A bill of fare.

Roux (roo)—A mixture of butter and flour, which, after being baked, is used to thicken sauces.

Saute (so-tay)—Lightly fried in butter.

Hors d'oeuvre (hear d'ourver)—Light dishes as appetizers served after the soup.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Brilliant Success.**

First Actor (on the Rialto)—Why, how do do, Buskin? Where have you been?

Second Actor—On a Western tour.

First Actor—Was it a success?

Second Actor—Glorious! Immense! Brilliant success! Why, sir, we came back by rail.

**PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.**

To know God is to be like Him. You cannot give the Devil his due without destroying his reign, pomp and power.

To be a man after God's own heart, as was David, is to be after becoming that heart yourself.

I have hated my soul unto death, and it died within me—died itself red with the blood of its own martyrdom to the faith of life—died that it might have life abundantly, as the promise is to those who die for His sake.

There is a very poor show for the righteous, in this world. But they do not care much for the circus any way; 'gainst they get through the menagerie of wild beasts, they are pretty well used up.

John Burns said: "In England, we are beginning to realize that beer and brains do not go together." Is not this a great mistake? The trouble is that there is altogether too much mixing of beer and brains.

Are we returning to primitive days? Once, a mist went up and watered all the earth. Now-a-days heavy dews are falling all over the land, and the usurer and tax gatherer are mysteriously reaping a rich harvest.—John E. Sargent.

Nothing will ruin the country if the people themselves undertake its safety; and nothing can save it if they leave that safety in any hands but their own.—Daniel Webster.



STRUCK VICIOUSLY AT BRINSLEY.

12 years old a gambler named Qualetor found her homeless and friendless in the city in which she was born. She was then remarkably pretty. Qualetor taught her all his tricks with cards. He spent hours in instructing her in the intricacies of Mexican monte. She learned rapidly, soon equalling Qualetor in skill and dexterity.

None of the old-timers have forgotten her first appearance at Paso del Norte. She was 16 years old and small for her age. She came with Qualetor, who said he was her uncle. When Qualetor was there to gamble, he practically lived at Lark Garretson's. Garretson ran the biggest gambling house on the border. His game was practically without limit. The Paquita appeared, clinging close to her alleged uncle. The bank expected Qualetor, who was a heavy player, and had made proper preparations for his play. As Qualetor played the Paquita stood beside him, silent and observant. Luck was against the Mexican, and he lost heavily. Finally when his pile of gold had diminished to a few coins, he turned to Paquita, and, showing the money before her, said gruffly: "Here, child, win with them."

The dealer and players smiled sympathetically, thinking Qualetor had quit bucking his luck for the night, and desired to let the child amuse herself a moment before he went away. The Paquita seated herself, leaning both elbows on the table, with her hands supporting her chin. The play went on. The child won. As she played the dealer eyed her in wonder. It was not strange that a child understood how to gamble, but never before had a child played with such skill and judgment. The bank lost rapidly. The Paquita won bet after bet. The heaps of gold grew on the table in front of her. Decks were changed, but without avail. The bank continued to lose. A new dealer was tried, but with no better success than the first. The Paquita's luck was amazing. The other players dropped out one by one. The dealer and the child-faced each other. The bank lost. Then Garretson himself took the cards. He was famed as the shrewdest gambler on the border. But he could not beat the child. Finally he said:

"Here is what is left in the bank. It matches your winnings. Win or lose, the next draw loses it?"

The Paquita nodded. A king lay on the board.

games where it was possible, duplicated her bets, placing their money on her favorite cards. In such cases the Paquita usually lost, the house, otherwise Brinsley, winning heavily. In poker and kindred games, where each player looked out safely for himself and cards, the house got a percentage. The Paquita seldom lost then. She was a wonder with the cards. Her small, white hands could manipulate them with a rapidity and skill that defied the watchfulness of the keenest-eyed gamblers. Many attributed her success to her good luck. But the old hands knew better. They knew that mere luck could not continually break them at their own games and enrich one particular player. They realized that the Paquita was better at the game than they.

Yet the Paquita was never caught cheating. And unless she was caught there could be no complaint. When a player got sullen and ugly over his losses no one noticed it sooner than the Paquita. She was the first to lose to him, to smile with him, to joke with him; in short to restore him to a good humor, only to win back what she had given to him with as much more as he possessed. If a player squirmed or whined in a game with her, the Paquita invariably dropped her cards, pushed the money at stake across the table to the player, and quit the game. A player she had once treated in this way she would never play with again. And to be ostracized by the Paquita meant similar treatment from all her brother gamblers. It was best to swallow your feelings and lose, if lose you must, with a smiling face and cheery air.

There are numerous shootings growing out of troubles over the Paquita. Man after man sought her favor. All appeared to find it, with none possessing more than any other. She treated them all alike, save, perhaps, Brinsley. She quarreled finally with him. It came about thus: The Paquita was playing whisky poker with a rich cattleman who knew little of the game, and played it principally for the opportunity it afforded to chat with the Paquita. Brinsley became impatient over Paquita's seeming slowness in breaking her opponent.

One word led to another. The Paquita quit the game to argue with Brinsley. At length her temper broke loose. Grasping a knife she struck viciously at Brinsley. The blade

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party.

EDITORIAL.

SOCIALISM is not a dream. The capitalist class are aware of this fact. Socialism will awaken the sleeping, suffering wage slaves.

The New Hampshire Labor Council has endorsed the Socialist Labor Party and its press. "Wait a little longer."—Syracuse Socialist.

WHEN ability is enlisted on the wrong side it can do incalculable harm; when it arrays itself on the side of justice it is irresistible.

SUBJECT for debate: Resolved: That wage-slavery is worse than chattel slavery. Affirmative, anywhere and any time, by the editor of the Kananan.—Pittsburg Kananan.

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 benefit?

THE truth is, there is nothing the matter with the word "Socialism." "Abolition" was once an odious word. It is not now. There was never any trouble with the word. The trouble was in the institution to be abolished. So with Socialism.—S. F. Socialist.

THE New York Journal recently obtained an interview from Gen. Nelson A. Miles on the subject of increasing the standing army. Gen. Miles maintained that there were insuperable reasons for increasing the army to three times its present strength and efficiency. Undoubtedly, the main reason for increasing the army is the growing discontent of the masses.

DR. LUIGER, who has been elected Mayor of Vienna for the second time, and against the express wish of the royal family, is a thorough Socialist, according to an informant of the Cleveland Citizen, who was well acquainted with Dr. Luiger.—Commonwealth.

HONORABLE Dr. Luiger is one of those mild middle-class creatures who can neither die nor live under the present system, one of the blind who mistake the Jew for the capitalist. Luiger is a desperate Anti-Semite.

ORGANIZER! Read the following clause of the Socialist Party platform:

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

Resolved, that we call upon the people to organize with a view to the substitution of the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of plausible production industrial war and social disorder; Commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

THESE common-sights of the common streets, John, are very terrible to me. To a man of nervous temperament, at once thoughtful and imaginative, these sights must be terrible. The prostitute under the lamp, the baby beggar in the gutter, the drunken seaman in his livery of shame, the weary worker stifling in the filthy slums, the wage slave toiling at his task, the sweeper's victims, "sawing at one, with a double thread, a crowd as well as a choir," these are dreadful, ghastly, shameful facts which long since seared themselves upon my heart.—Morris England.

IT is remarkable with what wonderful exactness the locky of God Mammon can detect their conscience to the sinful practices of their tribe. Here is a man who has succeeded in scraping together a big handful of money during his life-time, and who is a most objectionable and vulgar habit in any other man is held up in this case as an execrable habit rather than a sin. The Holy Bible Transcript says of Levi Peckham, the deceased President of the Holyoke Street Railroad Company.

"He was a man who was much given to promiscuity. He swore about everything. It was a habit with him, not a sin and he had for years used intoxicants. These last habits were due to his training."

It is a great pity that the editor of this paper did not live in Dr. Martin Luther's time. He might have secured a job peddling abolition bills on commission.

TRUTHS FOR SOCIALISTS.

The report of the general (?) vote on Section Syracuse proposition is important. It should have been accompanied by a thorough analysis, as was the vote on elections in The People of Nov. 17.

Few readers of The People will or can take the time to make it for themselves. The vote does not seem to have been very 'general,' since there are now more than 250 Sections in the S. L. P., but only 54 voted. Twelve Sections voted almost solidly in the affirmative. Many of the younger Sections show a balance for the affirmative. No doubt it was the best possible thing to have such a vote taken, even limited as it was.

We must keep far from the conditions in the old parties. In them the managers constitute the party, the rank and file having been reduced to zero.

The affirmative vote is nearly 41 per cent of the total, which proves that there was a wide demand for the change asked by Section Syracuse.

By this vote any undue centralization of the National Executive received a wound which, though not as 'wide as a church door or as deep as a well,' should be enough to check any tendency that way.

It also indicates a very considerable element in our party that may be trusted to stand for such radical changes of management as will be in keeping with the growth of the party.

From week to week we get the dust of the Kurzenknebe matters. The rancor of The People's editor in this case is such that in his heat he imagines the old-time whipping-post has come again, and that he himself has the pleasure of lashing Mr. Kurzenknebe to it and performing vigorously upon him the task of the ancient whipping-master. This mental picture disgraces the editorial columns of The People of Dec. 15. It is a graphic picture, truly of the past savagery of the whipping post and of the vestiges of that savagery which can still linger in a human (?) breast.

In The People of Dec. 23, its imaginative editor tells us, with much apparent relish, that Comrade Boehm has let loose the dogs of capitalist law on a comrade. The end of this painful matter is not yet. The General Executive of the New York C. L. F. is to make still another investigation of this much vexed matter. Let us hope very earnestly that the truth will speedily come uppermost.

Socialism in Boston does not recover from the black eye it received in the recent State election. It was not dealt by the Capitalist governing power, as was the black eye given our German Comrades across the water. Would it had been. It would be some evidence that Socialism in Boston is of a sort to be feared by the ruling powers. In spite of the rise within a year of the Socialist Peoples Union, with a present membership of 700, and the endorsement of our platform before election by the Cigarmakers Union, numbering 1,500, and the publication during the past year of a Jewish Socialist Weekly—all these in Boston—we fell behind last year by 227 votes—nearly 27 per cent of last year's vote in this city. We had nothing to boast of before—as most about 520 votes. Some are able to get comfort from the fact that our State vote showed an increase of 100.

It remains to be seen whether this disaster will be allowed to pass without a strict investigation into its causes. Some of us feel, in these days of traditional peace and good will, like those whose dearest cause has been betrayed.

Truly, Socialism is not a peace-bringer, but a sword bringer. Any peace for a true Socialist, save a dishonorable one, is a long way off.

M. GUNNING. Boston, Mass.

The Pious Pirate. 'Twas in the Middle Ages, A year or two gone by; There lived a pious pirate, Of whom historians lie. (To tell the truth, I think forsooth, Historians mostly lie!)

He was a prominent young man - In middle-class society; Some say his prominence was due, To works of unctuous piety. (We see all men Looked up to when They're bubbling o'er with piety.)

Eight hours a day, six days a week They worked in easy stages; (I speak now of the pirate's crew;) He paid them union wages. (All men are thought A proper sort, Who pay Trade Union wages.)

Tho' all the week he roamed the seas, He came back home by Sunday; Then, after preaching godly ways, He started fresh on Monday, (To preach and pray Men have a way, Who pirate on a Monday!)

Such was a pirate's great success, He always made a capturo; Then he would preach to those he robbed— They listened, too, in rapture! (Great praise men shower On those in power, And list to them in rapture!)

He robbed the rich, he robbed the poor, He murdered left and right of him; Yet when he died, the people cried, And thronged to get a sight of him! (The people mob To see a snob In a hoarse, to get a sight of him!)

Historians term him ever since A pillar of society; And call his business commerce, trade, And magnify his piety. (This is the cause Why all our laws Encourage theft—plus piety.)

The moral I would have you draw, Is—Kick your pious brother If what he gives in charity, Be stolen from another. (A man of wealth Acquires by stealth, The earnings of another.)

"THE POWITT."

SOCIALISM.

What It Is and What It Is Not, Clearly Defined

By Herbert N. Casson in Manchester, N. H.

Large and Enthusiastic Audience Greeted His Well Chosen Remarks.

Rev. Herbert N. Casson, Speaker of the Labor Church of Lynn, Mass., addressed a labor rally in the Manchester (N. H.) City Hall last Friday evening. Fred G. E. Gordon, Secretary of the Central Labor Union of this city, presided with his usual dignity and grace, and several labor leaders who are well and favorably known in the community occupied chairs upon the platform. The audience contained quite a sprinkling of ladies, who are evidently taking a deep interest in the labor problem.

The speaker was a gentleman whose appearance and make-up indicated that he is a profound thinker, a conscientious worker in an honest cause, and above the ordinary in intelligence and mentality. He was familiar with his subject and had an extremely happy way of putting things and making telling points. He was a rapid talker and said in substance as follows:

We were not all born to think alike. But we are willing to acknowledge that we have not anything like a heaven on earth, especially during a panic such as the country has of late been passing through. We all have a great many interests in common. Happiness is a good thing, but misery is not to be desired. The fewer the hours of labor the better, if wages are not proportionately reduced. We cannot study the vital questions of the hour too closely. It is our duty to ourselves, to our families and to posterity to do all that lies within our power to change the present system under which we work and live and better our condition as speedily as possible.

When we are robbed in one pocket, why should we deliberately hold out the other pocket? While the present system of competition continues, there will be undeserved poverty and unearned wealth. America is the workman's paradise lost. There was a period, not many years ago either, when there were no trusts and combinations to gobble up the poor man's dollars as fast as he earns them. At that time there were no starving men and women and no millionaires in New Hampshire. No very poor and very rich. Uncle Sam was able and willing to give every man a farm and every body employment at remunerative wages.

All that has changed now. Under our present so-called modern civilization, it is difficult and almost impossible to be anything else but a hireling or wage servant for aggregated wealth. We are handicapped by poverty and obliged to compete against vast combinations of capital. The famous Declaration of Independence is only a matter of history. It has become a hollow mockery and is laughed to scorn among those who regard laboring people as merely the means to an end.

When our forefathers landed in this country they left behind them all the multitudinous evils of the old world and established a colony of free and independent men and women. Matters have gone on from bad to worse till now we find ourselves bowing down and fawning at the feet of sugar trusts, railroad trusts, whisky trusts, the gold trust and thrift-devouring trusts without number.

Look carefully over every civilized country of the known world, and we find that the army of the unemployed is fully as large here in this country as elsewhere, not excepting the much prated pauper labor curse of Europe. My friends, let us put our heads and votes and might together in one solid phalanx and solve this great and momentous problem.

A citizenship that lets you starve ought to be looked into, especially by men who are ready and willing to work and earn an independent living. The negro was made free and black slavery was abolished. That was the first secession. We are now approaching a second secession, this time as before between labor and capital, labor and poverty. A great chasm exists in society. Miss Vanderbilt, who bought a duke, the same as she would a rod wagon or a new gown, toils not, neither does she spin. She gained all her countless millions from gigantic railroad monopolies.

What a striking comparison there is between the indolent rich and the average factory employe who earns from 75 to 80 cents a day and has not a cent of spare money every Saturday night, no matter how prudent or saving he or she may be. This is not a dream, a mere idle vision, but a sober reality of every day life. This is not the ranting and raving of a red-handed anarchist, but one of many solid, incontrovertible facts that we can see with our own eyes all around us from day to day every week of our lives.

Such a condition of affairs needs to be looked into and the remedy applied. There is overproduction in every article of American commerce, and all created by the brains and hands of working men and women. Money only counts, gold is king and may the devil take the hindmost. Cheap production dominates everything. Store girls work for \$3 a week, stand on their feet all day and must smile whether they feel like it or not. Low prices are a curse to mankind. Everything is cheap because flesh and blood are cheap.

Factories are unwholesome and ill ventilated, built like an insane asylum, wherein the girls breathe bad air, and on their checks is the stamp of consumption. It is the same drudgery for small wages day after day, with their noses on the grindstone every minute of the time. Wages are low because human nature is cheap. Men and women should be of more importance than machinery, but quite the reverse is true. Inventions and improvements have been

monopolized till there are 500 trusts in America, and the day of free competition is a thing of the past. Trusts are a new element in this country which have killed all honest, legitimate competition and the weak must give way to the strong and go to the wall. Everybody is struggling for an existence. Every man is trying to gain an undue advantage over somebody else.

We have reached a period where it is tyrants on one hand and slaves on the other. Machines instead of lifting people up crush them down. The railroads own the legislatures and the people are robbed right and left.

Socialism is not a fad, plan or scheme to get something for nothing. The society of 1895 differs much from the society of 1865 or 1825. We are rapidly coming to something different. No state of society lasts very long, as the annals of history prove. There is and never was a standstill. We have got to adopt something better than anything we have now or that has gone before.

We must accept the natural workings of natural law. A change must come soon and as peacefully as possible. There is concentration everywhere. The small storekeeper is being gradually swallowed up by the combination stores with unlimited capital behind them. All this must be unified and socialized or we are forever lost.

Socialism has been going on for a long time past. The Post-office, streets, highways, public parks, schools, fire departments, bridges, etc., all come under the head of Socialism. They rank in the category of public ownership and public control. Fully 97 per cent of men who go into business under the competitive system do not succeed, but fail and go into obscurity. There are no failures and no strikes in the Government Post-office system, but short hours, good wages and prosperity for the employed. No profits are paid to private individuals under the public ownership plan.

Socialism is no fanciful dream. It is not un-American. There is no anarchy in it; the reverse is true. All business should be owned and operated upon that basis. The day of private ownership has about run its course. It is time for a great Governmental ownership system, with justice, fair play and equal rights to all mankind. Private enterprise must make room for public ownership.

If Socialism is a dream, so was a chair to the savage who thought a log was good enough to sit on. So was the steam engine, the locomotive, the telephone or the electric light a dream at first till it had been demonstrated to be a good thing. Every fact is a dream brought into closer proximity. The world grows by faith in its visions. Why not apply the Socialistic principle to the mills of your city? Make a success of it and remove the poverty, filth, misery and squalor from your city.

Socialists advocate peaceable methods instead of force. Anarchy means no government. Socialism means business brought to plan, system, method and justice.

In the beginning of slavery agitation, no abolitionist could tell just how the change would be brought about. Neither can we explain the precise modus operandi of the introduction of Socialism to all our entire industrial system.

There is a class of men who are not useful to society, and are as needless as the fifth wheel of a coach. They do no work, but get all the gold paint, etc. Non-working owners of gigantic manufacturing plants are useless to the world. The black slave owners were an utterly useless class of drones in society, and they had to be got out of the road in the onward march of progress from 1860 to 1865.

Immigration is not the cause of all our woes. The country is not over-crowded with people. In the great West there are thousands of families living twenty miles away from the Post-office. This country is large enough to support several times as many inhabitants under a socialistic system.

As it is now, you are a slave to present conditions, and you hold your job on sufferance. If you don't continue to be a tool of monopoly your employment is cut off and out into the cold you are pushed, with nobody but your wife and little ones to shed a silent tear over your sad plight. There is no nationality in it. Socialists know no such word. How the voters are whipped into the traces election day. The subsidized press shouts 'Sick 'em!' and you all proceed to do as you are told and 'sick 'em,' no matter what the result to your own personal welfare and interests.

Some plug-hat nabob says Socialism is a bad thing; some slick robber who had his hand on your pocket-book while he was saying it. Patriotism has gone mad. Sham patriotism is now in vogue. There should be a higher patriotism than all this, a loyalty to one's country. There is no question so vitally important to the American people to-day as Socialism. If you want rabbit soup, you must first get your rabbit. You cannot build up a civilization from private greed and corporate power.

Socialism is the coming thing, the watchword of progress. It is the tidal wave upon which prosperity to the laboring classes will return. The corporation millionaires are in the saddle and determined to defeat it at all hazards, but the people are in earnest and will come off victorious in the end.

How MANY of the Philadelphia street car men voted the Socialist ticket at the last election? Hardly one of them. Then they were "law-abiding, intelligent citizens;" now their Republican and Democratic bosses call them "rowdies," "mob," "rotters," etc., and give them the rifle and club diet. When will these anti-Socialist wage-slaves learn how to protect their own human rights?

The Socialists are the best organized parties in all countries. Wherever and whenever the rights of the people are to be protected you find the Socialists in the field ready for action, ready to give battle to the enemies of humanity.

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.

Socialism aims at the realization of the words spoken by our dear friend Abraham Lincoln: "Men must not be masters and servants, for all men are born to freedom!"

The term "class struggle" is often misunderstood. Many of those who use it often attach to it a mistaken meaning. Mr. Kautsky gives a very excellent exposition of the Class Struggle: "The class strife between the two classes of the proletarians and capitalists is not one that can be introduced into or at will left out of the social movement. It is the natural result of the conflicting interests that exist between those two classes, a conflict that is as old as the capitalist form of production itself, that is born of and can only cease with it. The class strife is not the product of Socialism; just the reverse; it has furnished the foundation to both Socialism and the labor movement. Socialism does not preach this strife; it only attests the fact that such exists, points to the law thereof, and elucidates its significance. It is not an invention of Socialism; wherever the contrast exists between class interests, that strife will be found.

"None better than the socialists know that the source of the exploitation, of the sufferings of the proletarians, is to be traced to the whole social system and not to be charged to individuals. Yet no battle can be fought against a system without at the same time locking horns with the individuals who represent and defend it. Abstract battles for or against ideas and institutions may be waged only in the heads of thinkers; such, however, are impossible in practice. Feudalism could not be broken and the feudal lord left untouched. Slavery could not be removed without overthrowing the slave-holders.

"None more than socialists strive to supplant the low, personal form of the class struggle with the higher one of principle; but so long as the contrast of classes continues they neither could, should, nor would lay it aside. When to-day a person of education declares he sympathizes with the proletariat, but would have nothing to do with Socialism because 'it raises the standard of class conflicts,' he only shows that either he has no understanding of what the term implies, or that his sympathies are in fact on the side of the exploiters. In the latter alternative his argument is a flimsy pretext; in neither case does the social movement lose ought if such elements stay away. On the other hand, the social movement receives with open arms all those who are honest in their sympathies with the proletariat. The view that only the 'horny handed sons of toil' are entitled to participate in the class struggle of the proletariat never met with general acceptance, and has not to-day any representative among Socialists. They reject neither men of culture nor even men of property.

"It is an error to believe that but for Socialism there would be no class struggle between proletarians and capitalists; the truth is that without that class struggle there would be no Socialism. What Socialism has done is to give to this struggle, which formerly was sporadic, a permanent object; to unite into one compact body, conscious of its aim, the various discontented detachments of labor; and it is only by reason of its participation in the life issues between the two classes that Socialism has developed from a sect, or debating body, into a world-wide movement."

The wage working class, the Proletariat, has a great mission to fulfill. As a class the wage workers of the civilized world must organize and demand the abolition of wage slavery. Establish a social system of universal co-operation that makes the class struggle impossible, because Society will then be based on the principle: An injury to one is the concern of all; the welfare of society is the welfare of each and every member of Society.

In conclusion I cannot help referring once more to the ridiculous assertion so eagerly propagated by our masters, to-wit: That Socialism was un-American. I ask each and every man and woman in this audience to tell me whether our noble Wendell Phillips was not one of the most patriotic American citizens that ever lived? And I am going to tell you that Wendell Phillips was one of the best Socialists that ever stood on a speaker's platform in this country. Remember what Phillips said in April, 1872, in an address delivered before the International Grand Lodge of Saint Crispin:

"Remember that when the Anti-Slavery sentiment, nearly thirty years ago, endeavored to rally a political party, it took them seven or nine years before they had an organization that could be considered national in any real sense. . . . Give me fifty thousand men in earnest, who can agree on all vital questions, who will plant their shoulders together, and swear by all that is true and just that for three long years they will put their great idea before the country, and those fifty thousand men will govern the nation. . . ."

So it is with Socialism and the Socialist movement. Some penny-wise and pound-foolish people may ridicule the fact that the Socialist Labor Party, in about eight States of this country, polled but 33,000 votes. Here is what a Chicago capitalist paper had to say about the latest Socialist vote:

"The Socialist Presidential candidates will have polled from 30,000 to 33,000 votes. This may be but a small fraction compared with the 13,000,000 votes cast this year; nevertheless, in the presidential year of 1840, the celebrated abolitionist Birney received only 7,369 votes in the country; and barely 15 years later the powerful Republican party sprang into existence out of that small beginning."

The capitalist press must admit that socialism has come to stay. The New York "Mail and Express," a bitter enemy of Organized Labor, says:

"Socialism is unquestionably growing in our midst. . . . While our men of public affairs and of vast business interests are neglecting their political obligations and turning the matters of National and State control over to the professional politicians, the Socialists are appealing to the unfortunate and discontented classes among our native and naturalized citizens, and, by gathering them into organizations, are threatening a rude shock to the stupid conservatism which walks blindfolded over the thin crust that conceals without confining the Vesuvian forces which lurk beneath. We cannot simply ignore them out of existence. Doubt, denounce, demur as we please, these conditions confront us on every hand. It will be the highest wisdom to adopt a course of conciliation rather than unreasoning antagonism toward these social movements."

# World of Labor

INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Question of the Unemployed.

The London Trades Council is to approach the Government with proposals for dealing with the unemployed. This is well. The Metropolitan Radical Federation convened a conference last week to consider the same question, but nothing came of it. Boards of guardians, vestries, town councils, and other similar bodies are again being appealed to find work for the unemployed, and are again confessing their helplessness, and the Tory Government, imitating their Liberal predecessors, will not meet until Feb. 11, for the dispatch of public business. Meanwhile the unemployed are simmering in their degrading poverty, hopeless because hopeless and spiritless. If only they had manhood enough left to strike a blow of some kind for themselves then something would be done for them. It does seem to us that if those who really care for these people and put their claims above any "ism," and who had the courage of their convictions sufficiently to make them oblivious of consequences, were to get together, some plan could be devised whereby this reproach to our manhood could be removed from our midst. We don't wish to be thought to be criticising harshly the well-meant efforts referred to at the opening of this note, but petitions and resolutions calling upon someone else to do something would avail much. If some men, or one man, would begin to do something, then there would be hope.

In the Christmas edition of the London Labor Leader, Keir Hardie writes:

"To the unemployed I send greetings of sympathy and promise of service. 'Why stand ye idle in the market-place?' said the master of the vineyard to the unemployed? 'Because no man hath hired us,' they replied, whereupon he hired them. Members of Parliament, town and county councilors are the modern representatives of the masters of the vineyard. You, the unemployed, still stand wearily idle in the market-place because no man hath hired you, and the modern masters of the vineyard, most of them church-going Christians, aforesaid, seeing you there, pass you by in contempt. But not forever will it be so. The market-places are becoming overcrowded, and you are beginning to overflow into the streets, and the lanes, and the roadways. Peace on earth is not meant for you. 'Why say ye peace, peace,' when there is no peace? and there must be no peace until Christ's principles are practiced, and industry is based on the Christ-like principle of from each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs. I notice that one of your number in Scotland, grown weary of the endless tramp for work, at last took to smashing plate-glass windows in a decent, orderly sort of way, for which he was arrested and sent to prison. I commend his example to your imitation. When 50,000 of you are being arrested weekly for breaking shop windows, something will have to be done. Let those comfortable, snug, well fed Christians who say this is wrong tell me what they would do if they were out of work, and ragged and hungry and homeless outcasts and wanderers on the earth? If my manhood were not all gone I know what I would do."

PARIS, FRANCE.

Notes From the French Labor and Reform World.

On the 12th Marcel Sembat, Socialist, moved a resolution of 100,000  $\epsilon$  in the budget of Foreign Affairs with the object of securing the suppression of the French Embassy to the Pope. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Radical Government, he secured 157 votes for his proposal against 33.

The Petite Republique has published the letter of the London Carmaux Committee enclosing the balance of the British fund. This letter contains the expression of a hope that the French and British Democracies may be brought into closer contact.

In closing its Carmaux Fund, which reached a total of more than  $\epsilon$ 4,200, the Petite Republique makes an appeal for subscriptions to the Verrerie Ouvriere. It offers to receive orders for the twenty centime tembla tickets, and at the same time representation according to the value of the tickets can be obtained through any of the adherent associations named by the purchaser.

On the 7th December the authorization of the reopening of the Paris Labor Exchange was settled at a cabinet meeting.

In view of the municipal elections the Socialists of the Gironde on the 15th commenced the publication of three new journals, the Reveil Social at Bordeaux, Reveil des Bogles at Bogles and Reveil Libournaise at Libourne.

Very disappointing to the French Reactionaries is the systematic and orderly advance of the Socialists.

Instead of a wild attack upon everything in general and nothing in particular, such as the Bourgeois loves to paint as the Socialist mode of warfare, the labor leaders are cautiously digging their trenches and scientifically covering them from many points upon the capitalist stronghold.

At Boudoux they have for four years successfully administered a busy town in the teeth of the most unscrupulous opposition from headquarters.

At Carmaux they are planning and constructing an industrial co-operation upon altruistic lines, for which they have raised capital, to the astonishment of other company promoters, by undertaking to pay no dividend.

In the chamber they steadily bear down their foes by sheer force of reason, and mock their enemies' futile efforts to break through the meshes of their pitiless logic.

The French budget includes an annual subsidy of about four millions sterling to the private railway lines to enable them to keep up their dividends to a minimum of 5

per cent. The poor are taxed to render successful the private enterprises of the rich. No wonder the proletariat begin to see that the game is being played with loaded dice against them.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

International Solidarity of Labor.

The Glasgow Trades Council, by a practically unanimous vote, adopted a resolution at its last meeting protesting against the motion passed at the recent Trades-Union Congress which asked the Government to legislate against the incoming to this country of destitute aliens. We congratulate the Glasgow men on their decision. For workmen to tolerate with complacency a foreign royal family and protest against foreign fellow-workmen is not consistent. If the destitute alien, when he comes, will organize and not cut wages, he should be welcome. The real alien pauper is the wealthy, idle rich, whatever their nationality.

## THE LABOR PROBLEM.

L. D. Biddle's Lecture Before Los Angeles Ministerial Union.

Working for the Abolition of the Capitalist System.

By your request we appear before your honorable body to present the workingman side of the labor and trade union question.

In the first place let me read the preamble to the constitution of the Los Angeles County Council of Labor, as follows:

The objects of the Los Angeles County Council of Labor shall be to promote the interests of the working people and more especially that of organized labor.

Realizing the necessity of the thorough organization of all working people, this body proposes:

First—A federation of all trade and labor organizations in Los Angeles county.

Second—The establishment of unions of wage workers in every trade and legitimate occupation, without exception, where none now exist.

Third—The moral and financial support to any union affiliated with this Council in any unreasonable demand made by employers, and to ever extend a helping hand to all toilers and put forward every effort to ameliorate their condition.

The question might be asked: Why promote the interests of the working people and more especially that of organized labor.

My answer would be because the workingmen belong to a class which from time immemorial has been treated as a different species of the human family.

And the same feeling has existed to a greater or lesser extent even in the ranks of organized labor known as the aristocracy of labor. Time was when labor had nothing else to do but submit or lose an ear.

By organization we have preserved our ears. But the prison doors are still open to us, thereby proving that organized labor does not make all the mistakes in the labor question. No doubt organized labor has made many mistakes. He who has not made a mistake has not made anything.

By organization we are better able to discover our mistakes, whereby we shall be better to promote the interests of the working class and more especially that of organized labor.

By organization the workingmen have educated themselves in parliamentary practices and the art of rhetoric. By its Councils of Labor they have heard the sorrows and trials of each other until a bond of sympathy has been created between them that must result in the good for all mankind. And while labor organizations are still contending for a larger share of the profits of their trade, either in wages or time, the greater question of political economy is being brought to the front and the strike and boycott are being used as a last resource, pending the time when sufficient knowledge shall have been attained by workingmen to change the present destructive competitive system to that of a co-operative one, in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization, when the workingmen shall no longer clash, but present a harmonious whole with peace on earth and good will to man.

Los Angeles, Cal. L. D. BIDDLE.

OMAHA LABOR HEADQUARTERS.

An Important Move in the Right Direction.

Omaha has not had such a shaking up for some time as it is getting at present. The cause of the commotion is the fitting up of the new Labor Temple at Sixteenth and Farnam streets. This magnificent home of Labor is almost completed and on New Year's Eve the home was thrown open to the public.

The principal features are a large hall with a seating capacity of 500 chairs, a small hall of fifty chairs, a printing office, a barber shop, a free employment office, two reading rooms, two waiting parlors for ladies and a fully equipped cigar stand, the whole occupying two floors.

Mr. Waller, of the A. B. U. has been the principal worker in bringing this about. The Central Labor Union have thrown all their energies into the work vying with each other to see who could do the most. This is the most important move made in labor circles for years and will be the means of bringing labor together.

New boys, get together and do something to show that you appreciate all that has been done for you. Dr. p that old rag. You've chewed it long enough.

THIRD BERNSTE.

Omaha, Neb.

Those faithful watchers who are sounding these alarms are ridiculed as calamity howlers.

When strong, shrewd, grasping, covetous men devote themselves to creating calamities for fortune are the people who are awakened by faithful calamity howlers.

Noah was a calamity howler, and the bones of the men who laughed at him have helped to make the phosphate beds out of which fertilizers are now dug for the market.—Henry D. Lloyd.

## REVOLUTION IN MINING.

How the Inventor Thomas A. Edison Revolutionizes the Mining Industry.

A Description of the Wonderful and Interesting Process.

New Jersey can boast of one of the most unique and complete iron mining and manufacturing plants in the world. It is located in the mountainous region about Lake Hopaconing in Sussex County. The proprietor is Thos. A. Edison, the world-famous inventor and electrician, and the machinery used in taking the iron-bearing rock from mother earth and separating it is of his invention. To take the ore from the earth and extract the metal there is used an intricate system of electric appliances, all inventions of Edison.

The mine is but an experiment, but it is a large producer. It was about seven years ago that Edison wandered over the Pennsylvania line into the Lake Hopaconing section of Sussex County. There he found a deserted iron mine, which had been worked for years previously, but which had been abandoned by its owners, who found that by the prevailing system of vein working and with the old stone crusher they could not take out over 100 tons of concentrated ore a day, and then only at an expense which exceeded the market price of the ore. Edison had already begun work on his new mining machinery and for the purpose of making an experiment he immediately secured a lease of 8,000 acres of rich mineral land, including the abandoned mine. Then the work of erecting the plant was begun.

Without a map or a plan, but simply from Edison's own ideas, personally communicated to his builders, forty-one buildings, covering an area of forty-five acres, were erected. In these the new electric machinery was housed and the first mining was begun about five years ago, after \$3,000,000 had been expended in equipping the plant. Since that time numerous changes and improvements have been made and the mine is now able to turn out 10,000 tons of the very best quality of concentrated iron ore, the kind used in the manufacture of steel, in a single day, as against 100 tons a day under old methods. Furthermore the ore can be taken out and prepared for market at the nominal cost of 60 cents a ton. It sells for \$7.50 a ton.

The plan of taking out the ore is briefly as follows: First by means of eighty huge steam drills, driven by electric power, the rock is blasted out in pieces that weigh from eight to ten tons each. These mammoth iron-bearing quartz boulders are hoisted from the pit by means of an electric crane, which has a span of 400 feet, and are loaded on platform cars, which carry them to the crusher plant. This is the heaviest and most powerful piece of machinery ever built. The shaft is twenty-two inches in diameter, while the crusher measures twelve feet across and, driven by electric dynamo, makes 300 revolutions a minute. From beneath this massive machine the crushed and broken rock is dumped into an electric elevator, which hoists it sixty-five feet to a hopper, down which it slides into the jaws of two sets of ponderous electric rollers.

From this hopper the rock comes out in pieces the size of hens' eggs. These pieces fall upon an electric driven belt conveyor and are whisked away to another elevator, in which they are again carried up sixty-five feet to an electric dryer that has a temperature of 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Through this they pass and are deposited in a huge cone-shaped stockhouse. Thence they fall through the small end of the cone into 900 buckets, which are attached to an electric conveyor, and these carry the egg-size pieces of rock to three sets of high pressure rollers.

Beneath the rollers the rock is granulated, ground as fine as sand, and thence, after passing through a series of screens, the granulated rock is transported to the most wonderful part of the entire plant. This is the magnet-room. There are in place 1,200 magnets, each twelve feet long, wound with ten miles of wire and stored with 750 volts of electricity.

In the magnet-room the conveyor branches off in two directions, and as the junction is reached the slag sand, unaffected by the electricity, keeps on a straight course, and is eventually dumped into the yard of the plant. But the minute particles of iron the sand contains can't resist, as it were, the force of the powerful electric current, and are deflected into a separate channel. Down this they dash to the "mixer."

In the "mixer" a chemical compound, of which only Edison and his chemists know the exact nature, is added, causing the iron particles to cling together and form a heavy, sticky mass. This mass flows to the "bricker room," where forty machines, each capable of turning out sixty bricks a minute, press it into solid blocks of concentrated iron ore weighing sixteen ounces each. These pass into another electric dryer, and from there, firm as the solid rocks from which they were taken, are loaded upon platform cars ready for shipment.

Probably the most remarkable feature of the entire plant is that during all the stages and progress the iron-bearing rock passes through, traveling a distance of three and a half miles, it is never touched by human hands. Everything is accomplished by means of an intricate, delicate but ponderous system of automatic electric machinery, every bit of which is the product of Thomas Edison's brain. It is on account of the going away with the necessity of an army of workingmen that it is possible to take out the ore as such a price, says a capitalist paper.

It is understood that Mr. Edison has about perfected all his plans, or rather corrected all imperfections in them, and will shortly prepare for the placing of his inventions in other mines. They are of absolutely no use in mining for any of the precious metals, both gold and silver be-

ing non-conductors and not subject to the electric current, but they promise to work a revolution in methods of iron mining and manufacturing.

This machine, if generally introduced, will force many thousands of miners out of work. What are you going to do with these poor wage-workers? Let them starve and dispatch them to the "Kingdom of Heaven?" Or will the people have sense enough to take possession of and operate and manage the mines for the interests of all the people? Let the people, by their government or administration, take possession of the mines, make them public property, run them at cost, eliminate the entire profit system in the production and distribution of the means of life, and then, but not until then, will all the people enjoy the benefits of Mr. Edison's marvelous invention.—(Reported by F. W. Wilson, Newark, N. J.)

## SOMETHING WRONG.

William E. Burns' Lecture at Milwaukee.

American Patriots Must Take a Decided Stand.

William E. Burns, of the American Railway Union, spoke at the Sherman Street M. E. Church (Rev. Harkweather) Milwaukee, before a numerous audience. In substance the speaker said:

"It was Jefferson who said that if our system of government shall fall and liberty die it will be the result of judicial treason. [Applause.] Jefferson was one of the people and his ideas were supreme and shaped the policy of this government from its inception.

Not until the iron age were the defects of the system realized. Then, with the introduction of machinery, the formation of big monopolies and combines, arose the problems which to-day are knocking at the door of humanity for solution, problems which must be solved.

Lincoln was a great man at all times, who measured up to the full stature of manhood. Great in his whole life, great in the moment when that pen stroke freed millions of human beings from the yoke of slavery. But it was at Gettysburg that he rose to the pinnacle of his greatness, when he uttered that famous prophecy in which he declared that as a result of the war he saw a greater danger threatening the country from the concentration of wealth and the gaining of power by the wealthy classes. Lincoln was a prophet. Lincoln described with prophetic vision the conditions of to-day, and the evils which come from the centralization of wealth and the growth of vast corporations.

Suddenly dropping his voice, the speaker asked: "Isn't there something wrong? When, with all the abundance which this great country produces, with fruit rotting upon the ground, men are starving for something to eat, isn't there something wrong?"

There is something wrong when these conditions can exist, and it is the wrong produced by the centralization of wealth. It is the danger which Lincoln predicted, and the conditions are such that this centralization of wealth is constantly going on, and the millionaire of to-day is multi-millionaire of to-morrow, while the small business men and farmers are becoming bankrupt and the laboring men are becoming tramps and peepers.

From figures given by Carol D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, we learn that a laborer produces on an average \$10 a day and he perhaps gets \$1 as his share of this, and Edward Atkinson and his kind expect that from that dollar the laboring man should save. But what becomes of the dollar?

When the laboring man gets up in the morning to start the fire, he throws a little kerosene on the fuel, and on that kerosene he pays tribute to the Standard Oil monopoly. And so on, everything he uses he pays tribute to some trust, monopoly or combine, including the meat he eats for breakfast and the sugar he puts in his coffee. That explains where the dollar goes. The system is such that the money is constantly concentrated in the hands of the few and the many are pauperized.

Take another branch of business. One man controls all the railroads of the United States, Pierpont Morgan of Drexel, Morgan & Co., New York, the accredited agent of the Rothschilds in America, is the man. Recently he told the presidents of nineteen railroads that they must raise the charge of their roads. The Central Traffic Association was formed and rates were raised, carrying out the demands of the foreign capitalists who take \$250,000 from the country each year as interest on debts.

American patriots must take a decided stand if they desire a peaceful issue of the present trouble. They must come into politics. They must not let the ghosts of dead issues haunt them. There are live questions which must be solved. Democrats and Republicans alike are haunted by those ghosts of dead issues. Then why don't the workingman do as Lincoln did when he freed the slaves, get a new party and with it free the white slaves of the wage-system. In regard to women, although you won't agree to this, I believe we must give women equal rights in order to have a nation of men. All hail the new woman. I believe the salvation of the country depends on her coming into our work.

I have faith in the American people. Right is going to triumph over wrong. Labor is marshaling its hosts, and the business men and farmers are coming to its aid. But we must agree and work together. Better times will come when all men will have a right to work and live.

The total railway capital of the world is \$30,000,000,000, of which Great Britain owns one-sixth. The total mileage of the world is 400,000, and of this the British Empire has 70,000, employing 400,000 men and carrying annually 900,000,000 passengers. Who created all this wealth? Who owns it?

## WAGE-SLAVERY.

Are the Chinese Responsible for It?

The Deceitful Howling of Demagogues.

Mr. Editor:—I have read the many good articles in the Labor Day edition of the RAILWAY TIMES, which I appreciate and commend. I also find very good articles in the issue of October 1st.

I object to the caption "Labor Day" because I regard it misleading. The article referred to starts out as follows:

"At San Francisco, the Golden Gate, through which the heathen Chinese have come to impoverish and degrade white men, and introduce the era of wage-slavery."

If the statement be true that the Chinese have come through the Golden Gate of San Francisco, to introduce wage-slavery in the United States, it would mean that something like an 100,000 Chinese, who have located in San Francisco, have been able to introduce wage-slavery in a country of about 70,000,000 inhabitants against their will.

What would you think of a people who would allow one Chinaman to introduce a system of wage-slavery and degrade 700 men who permit themselves to be thus degraded?

In my view of the proposition, it is not the one who is to blame, but the 700 who permit the introduction of wage-slavery.

But if the Chinese are to be held responsible for our system of wage-slavery, who is responsible for the wage-slavery existing all over the world.

Wage-slavery is the rule in France, England, Germany and all other countries of the world, where Chinese labor has not been the cause.

I think this is sufficient to refute the assumption that the Chinese have introduced wage-slavery in this country.

Another assertion that the Chinese have impoverished and degraded white men is a very weak excuse on the part of the white men for conditions against which they protest—while the fact is that laboring people are in the majority in all countries, and they have no one to blame but themselves for wage-slavery.

They should demand and proclaim their rights, for they do not need to beg for them. Certainly not in a country like the United States where workingmen have the ballot.

If therefore the laboring people are robbed of the product of their labor by a small minority, it is not to their credit and they alone are responsible for whatever degradation their supineness has brought upon them.

A great many laboring men are always busy in cursing and even oppressing those already too much oppressed Chinese, and all other foreigners, and claim that emigrants are the cause of their misery, but which, when investigation is had, is found to be misleading, as the Chinese and all others coming to this country, produce more than they consume—and therefore a great majority of them are themselves wage-slaves and receive less than one quarter of the product of their labor—the balance going to the American capitalist—and the claim cannot be set up that we are overpopulated, as only one-fifth of the arable soil is now cultivated, which means that the country could, if all the land available was under cultivation, easily support a population of 350,000,000.

If a great many working people and mostly those who try to expound labor problems, would only throw away their narrow-minded nonsense and cease trying to blame the victims of oppression who have been degraded by ruling tyrants all over the world, they would find, notwithstanding the capitalistic system everywhere exists, that the human race, to a certain extent, is to blame for its own degradation.

ED. ARNALSTEIN.

Los Angeles, Cal.

## STORY OF A FLAG.

Amusing Excitement in Nokomis, Ill.

"Let Her Wave, Boys."

The following is an editorial of a Nokomis, Ill., daily paper: Last Friday afternoon Ed. Sanford invited a number of his friends to his home in East Nokomis to help in the work of erecting a flag pole which measured 80 feet in length. The help arrived the work began. It required the united efforts of 15 men more than two hours before the work was completed. Not a prayer was offered, not even the song, "We rally 'round the flag boys," nothing but cider, cigars and all the apples the men could eat. It was amusing to see Ed's eyes glisten when he gazed on his massive pole swinging high above the tree tops. The men filled with a strange mixture of cider, cigars and apples left for their home satisfied that they had spent an enjoyable afternoon.

Next morning as some of our citizens arose to welcome the rising sun they discovered on "Quality Hill," at a height of 80 feet above tree tops, two flags of different colors waving their folds in the fresh morning breeze. One of the flags was red, as red as human blood, and a cry at once arose among the people. Anarchy! Anarchy! was on every lip, and thus the sound vibrated through the stillness of Marshall's barn, from which the colors could be seen very clearly. One man was sent to look up the law on such an outrage, and after a diligent search returned, saying: "Let 'er wave, boys."

Ed Sanford, the perpetrator of all this evil, soon after made his appearance on the street. It is not known what he carried, a cannon or only a gun, but he was surrounded by people till he could scarcely find room to make his gestures as he poured forth an eloquent Socialism speech. He says the flag does not denote anarchy, but Socialism. How many men were made to look at this in the light Ed. would have them is hard telling, but we do know the flag still waves.

## REV. HARR'S "SOCIALISM."

Socialism Before the Forum of Public Opinion in Worcester.

Socialism Is Not Anarchy.

From Worcester Telegram:

In these days of free education and free libraries, it is truly pitiful to see a man in Dr. Horr's position so ignorant of a subject he attempts to speak upon.

In the first place to intimate that Socialism means "dividing up" is outside the pale of intelligent argument, as no sane man believes that. The Socialists say that there is at present too much "dividing up" and that is what they are kicking about. Statistics show that the average wealth produced by each man is about \$10 per day, and the average wages about \$1.25. How is that for "dividing up?"

Dr. Horr says that in this country, at least, the workman is a man and not a slave. Has the reverend gentleman heard how the miners of Spring Valley, Ill., offered themselves as slaves if the employers would guarantee to feed and clothe their wives and families; or how the employes of the Illinois Steel Co. had to submit to being tagged with brass checks, like so many cattle? Or has he seen the report of the committee on sweating in New York which says that a woman was seen by the committee on a recent tour who toiled twelve hours a day for \$1.05 a week and a man who by hard labor earned \$2 during the same period? If this is the condition of the adult, what is the condition of the children whose misery has not been materially changed by the committee's effort? So much for slavery.

Dr. Horr says that the world was never so rich as now, and I reply that never were there so many paupers as now, either in Great Britain or America. In fact there are more paupers in New York to-day than there were in the whole country in 1850. We all know that America is the wealthiest country on earth, but who owns the wealth? The working people who produce everything own absolutely nothing except the labor power which they are compelled to sell in order to live. The capitalists own everything, raw materials and the means of production, such as factories, workshops, machines, mines and forests, in fact, the capitalists own the earth.

In 1850 the capitalists owned 87 1/2 per cent of the nation's wealth; in 1890 they owned 83 per cent. About four years ago the Chicago Tribune published a list of 300 Chicago capitalists who had accumulated \$500,000,000 of the people's wealth in fifteen years. In 1889 out of 1,500,000 people in New York City 1,100,000 dwell in tenement houses. How comforting to a woman making shirts at 35 cents per dozen to know that the world was never so rich as to-day.

Dr. Horr does not seem to know the difference between Socialism and communism. Allow me to explain to him. The motto of the Socialist is "Everybody according to his deeds;" that of the Communist is "Everybody according to his needs." Communism must, therefore, be guilty of the charge first, that it means to abolish the institution of property, and that it must result in crushing out all individuality. Socialism will do neither of these things, but the very reverse. Instead of taking property away from everybody, it will enable everybody to acquire property. It will truly sanction the institution of individual property by placing property on an unimpeachable basis, that of being the result of individual exertions. Therefore, it will afford every man the strongest stimulus for individuality to unfold itself. Property will belong to its possessor by the strongest of all titles, to be enjoyed as he thinks proper, but not to be used as an instrument for grinding down his fellowmen, as it is at present.

I will pass over Dr. Horr's sneers about foreign Socialists, by simply reminding the reverend gentleman that Jesus Christ, whose religion he proposes to expound, was not born in Boston.

We Socialists are proud of being called agitators, because we know it has been the agitators from Christ down who have been the salt of the earth. It is only such as they who save society from dry rot and putrefaction. The church takes to-day the same side as it did when Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips lashed out at it—the side of the rich against the poor. We well remember how the church condemned the agitators of the anti-slavery movement, till slavery was abolished, and they were ready to fawn on them and try to obtain all the credit.

Dr. Horr tries to confuse Socialism with anarchy. I will answer him in the words of Prof. Richard T. Ely, who says, "Where Socialism is strong, anarchy is weak," and Wendell Phillips, who says, "The wage-system enslaves the workingman, makes the rich richer, and turns the wretched into an aristocracy of capital." Who also remember the words of the Yankee philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he said, "I honor the generous ideas of the Socialists, the magnificence of their theories and the enthusiasm with which they have been pursued." Also James Russell Lowell, who must have had such as Dr. Horr in mind, when he wrote these lines:

"There are slaves who dare not speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
There are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three."

CHARLES EDWARDS.

"In London, in the depth of winter, 50,000 children go to a hool every morning without having tasted food. Children who have committed no sin, who are made in the image of God—so the parous tell us—who are compelled to go through the mockery of having their minds fed when they haven't sufficient to feed their bodies. One in three of the working class in London die paupers."

Now, do you suppose that the conditions are much better in New York, Chicago or San Francisco? Glorious capitalist civilization! Blessed ignorance of the masses!

### THREW LIFE AWAY.



FIRST met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. To reach the hot springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay tree, and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canyons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon Deacon Hardycke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a lively team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection, he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team.

He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and just beyond the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canyon, where the traveler is hidden from view in either direction.

In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers.

But the deacon happened to come along and as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head.

Deacon Hardycke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed, he would have fought—as he afterward assured me.

But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him.

"Come," said the highwayman in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whizzed by in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He

"YOU'VE CALLED ME, SURE." stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand, and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road.

The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canyon and rolled headlong among the chapparal.

The remarks of the passengers on the stage, which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured.

"Guess it was all a fake." "I didn't hear any shots." "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered compliments that came to the deacon's ears.

"I had only had a gun," he said to me, "that fellow would never have got out of there alive. It's the disgrace of that hotel. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home those times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. We will soon see that there is no pursuit, and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

Boomopolis at that time was only a suburb among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no

pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passerby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the Magnolia Club rooms.

I was enjoying the character of amateur detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or, rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment.

It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game.

There is something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense, excited faces of the players the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon when I heard a quiet but distinct voice at the end of the room say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the loungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door. The gamblers rose as one man.

"Now, then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another—another—and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcomed hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously.

The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over a form that was stretched upon the floor.

The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eyes softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's—all—right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came—into—the game—on—a bluff, but—you've—called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon.

"Bend down here," said the man. The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him. "I'll do it," said the deacon.

The next day in the afternoon the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at Hot Springs enjoying a sun bath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Now, there was that young fellow yesterday," said he. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him \$100 to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Amicably Still.

A quaker driving a single horse chaise up a narrow lane happened to meet a young man who was also in a single horse chaise. There was no room enough for them to pass each other unless one of them would back his carriage, which both refused.

"I'll not make way for you," said the young fellow, with an oath.

"I think I'm older than thou art," said the quaker, "and therefore have a right to expect thee to make way for me."

"I won't," resumed the first. He then pulled out a newspaper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise.

The quaker, observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, lighted his pipe and puffed away very comfortably. "Friend," said he, "when thou hast read that paper I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it to me." The young man gave up the contest.—Troy Times.

### "BETTER THAN NONE."

THAT IS WHAT SOME WILL SAY OF SULLIVAN'S DINNER.

Graphic Picture of Poverty in a New York Tenement—A Family of Eight Have Half a Loaf of Bread for Their Christmas Dinner.



Is there any reader who did not have enough to eat on Christmas day? Is there any reader of this page who did not have a Christmas dinner? Is there any reader of this article who can really understand what it means to be so poor that half a loaf of bread must do for your Christmas dinner—yes, half a loaf of bread, divided among father, mother and six little ones?

Christmas afternoon a New York World reporter and a photographer started down into New York's east side tenement district to find just such a picture of suffering and want as this. In 50,000 frescoes, happy children and men and women were clustered, 50,000 tables were spread with bright silver, glistening glasses, luscious turkey, rich, red cranberries and flaky pumpkin and mince pies. In 100,000 other households,

almost entirely through. The mattresses were of the coarsest straw.

A small, cheap pine table stood over by the window, a cook stove by the mantel. There were four wooden chairs, and one old-fashioned rocker covered in horsehair. That was all. What scant clothing the family possessed, save what they were actually wearing, was hung up on nails in a little recess. A few plates, cups and saucers were scattered in a lonely way on the row of shelves along by the mantel.

Upon one of the wooden chairs Sullivan sat, his face buried in his hands. On another chair, close by the stove, was his wife, holding a puny, pallid four-months-old babe to her breast. By the shelves stood the oldest child, Mame, a girl fourteen years of age, endeavoring in her poor little way to "tidy up" and "make things nice for mother."

"Mother" needed to be helped—no one more. For it is not one of the least of John Sullivan's troubles, terrible and hard as they are, that he has a crippled wife.

Between Mame, the little housemaid, and the baby of four months, Willie, there are four little Sullivans. Nine came, in all, to this household, the most of them in the days of Sullivan's comparative prosperity, but three have died. The six living are Mame, who bids fair to be the prettiest girl on Cherry Hill within a few years, with her piquant mouth, her prettily tinted skin and her beautiful black hair; Lizzie, aged ten; Johnnie, six and a half;

while there was less plenty, Christmas cheer reigned over all.

But on the slope of Cherry Hill, at No. 20 Cherry street, in a tiny room on that dark and noisy byway known as Murphy's alley, the Sullivans, father, mother and six youngsters, sat desolate, despondent, with barely the half of a loaf between them and starvation.

It was an instance merely; not an exceptional case. The reporter could have found a thousand more equally wretched families.

No fancy picture this. Merely an actual story in simple and unexaggerated detail of what actually is. The photographs here reproduced were taken with difficulty in this little room, so tiny that the photographer found it almost impossible to focus the camera, indeed even to set it up. Alone, almost, with the need of hardly a line of letter press, these photographs tell vividly the story of the hapless Sullivans.

You have seen at night time, out in the open country, the headlight of a locomotive far away, but growing brighter and brighter as it swept on towards you. So, for the past two years, John Sullivan has had to stand passively by and watch starvation creeping closer and closer to his little family. When the World reporter stood before him Christmas afternoon, the man's head was bent, and he sat crouched in a low chair, a figure of despair itself.

Christmas, 1895, was to this strong man a mockery. Able-bodied, willing, even keen, to work, a man clean limbed, who looked as if he would be a prize to any one wanting a pair of good hands and a clear head, he had yet not a cent in his pockets, and but little more than half a loaf on the bare shelves that did duty as a cupboard.

Up to two years ago he was a prosperous workman, sure of \$60 a month, and sometimes making a trifle over that. Neither drink nor incompetence has brought this man down to where he is today, but simply the implacable juggernaut of "Hard Luck."

This was the picture presented in the one room of John Sullivan, stationery engine fireman by trade, now longshoreman by necessity, and out of work a good part of the time. The room itself was about 17 feet square. It was on the ground floor of the begrimed tenement in the alley, just one step up from the broken, ill-kept pavement. The door did not even open upon a hallway, but on the alley itself. One small window lighted the low-ceilinged room from the court-yard, another opening on a dismal air-shaft.

In this ill-ventilated, narrow room eight people had to eat, live and sleep. Hardly the barest necessities of life were between these four walls. At the back stood, end to end, two tumble-down beds and a ramshead crib. They had no sheets or pillowcases, and the bedspreads were ragged and worn

Tommy, nearly five; Joey, one and a half, and the baby, whom they call Willie.

Troubles, of course, never come singly. It is not alone poverty that this man Sullivan has to fight. Besides his maimed wife, and his baby, that looks almost as if a breath of air would blow it away, the next to the youngest child, Joey, is a pitiable sight. Joey was born with what are called in the talk of the great east side "rabbit feet." That is, his delicate little limbs have been twisted from birth so that they cross each other almost and are shriveled and do not grow. The toes turn in instead of out, and the sight he presents is a very sad one.

"If it was at Bergen Point," said Sullivan, as he looked with sad eyes towards his wife, "that she hurted herself. You know the houses out there have high stoops, and she slipped on the ice on our one day in the winter, ten years ago, and had a bad fall."

"I'd a little money saved up then," went on the strong-limbed man in the blue jumper, "but we had to spend it all. She was in bed nigh three years. I got a doctor out from New York, and he thought at first that he could pull her through. But he couldn't manage it."

What will be the fate of Sullivan, his wife and children? "I don't want charity," he said manfully, stretching out his good right arm and looking at his wife with the baby at her breast and at his six children. "I want work, and I want to meet the man who will give it to me. That's all."

Expensive Smoking.

There are several wealthy men in London who are reputed to spend over \$2,500 per year on cigars. This is considered very large over there, but several American millionaires are said to exceed this. One of them is reported as spending \$10,000 annually on cigars. An English nobleman who married an American woman, who brought a bag of money with her, has astonished London with his extravagance in cigars. He pays about \$500 monthly for them, and always trades with one dealer, who posts a sign to that effect in order to attract customers. Several prominent Englishmen, among whom is said to be Labourer, buy cigarettes imported from Turkey, at a cost of 10 cents each. One of them smokes and gives away 100 in a day, which is probably the record for expensive cigarette smoking.

The Newest Comet.

It will require fine telescopes to catch a glimpse of the newly discovered comet. It is now about 84,000,000 miles from the sun. The distance will decrease and reach a minimum of about 20,000,000 on Dec. 18. It will undoubtedly be visible with telescopic assistance within a few weeks.

### WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US

Some Interesting Tales from the Foreign Magazines.

One must read the English magazines to find out what queer things we do in this country, says the New York Press. Americans have, it is admitted, a deep interest in potatoes. In many parts of the country potatoes are considered of equal importance with hominy. But that the potato flower was born to greatness had never dawned upon us until we read that: "The millionaires of the United States are getting weary of displaying their wealth in gorgeous hot house flowers, palms, orchids, lilies and other botanical rarities. Instead of some hundreds of pounds being spent on the floral decorations at some big dinner or reception, sweet and pastoral—or, more correctly, agricultural—simplicity is now the fashion. The modest potato flower reigns supreme. There a ways have been fashions in flowers; but we do not remember that the fickle goddess has ever yet sought her favorite in the kitchen-garden. Was it chosen as a delicate compliment to the Irish nation? Did the Americans suddenly feel conscience-stricken that due honor had never been paid to the harmless, necessary vegetable? So now, with cultured Boston leading the way, the potato flower adorns the proud beauty in the ball room and blossoms in the buttonhole of the dandy." Americans themselves believe such foolish stories in regard to the "wild and

### HUMOROUS.

There is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill—Truth.

Learned in History—Teacher: "When did the thirty years' war commence?" Pupil: "I don't know, sir; but if you will tell me when it left off I can reckon up."—Fleegende Blaetter.

"Where do you live, Johnny?" asked the nice young woman in the wife's mission. "Dunno." "You don't know?" "Naw!" wasn't home de last time de folks moved."—Detroit News.

"How vain you are, Effie! Looking at yourself in the glass!" "Vain, Aunt Emma? Me vain! Why, I don't think myself half as good looking as I really am!"—Du Maurier in Punch.

Very Rich Indeed

In the elements that supply the human system with bone, muscle and brain substance is a circulation fertilized with the supreme tonic, Scott's Emulsion Bitters, which beguiles thorough assimilation and digestion, and gives a healthful impulse to every function of the body. Dyspeptic and weakly persons give strong testimony in its behalf. So do those troubled with biliousness, malaria, rheumatism, constipation and inactivity of the kidneys.

The Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York have been heard from, but how about the Fife family?

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COFFEE?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! \$5 packages Earliest vegetable seeds! 35.00 post paid.

If you will cut this out and send with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. w.n.

Steve Ross, an ex-slave, who died in Massillon, O., lately, was reputed to be 108 years old.

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. 1895. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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

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

Calais, Me., is a hustling sort of a place, and so it gets its mail by stage coach instead of by Canadian Pacific trains, thus saving several hours.

FOR IRRITATION OF THE THROAT caused by Cold or use of the voice "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are exceedingly beneficial.

The old idea was that when Christmas comes on Wednesday the winter will be hard.

Notices.

I want every man and woman in the United States who are interested in the opium and whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address, B. M. Woollay, Atlanta, Ga., box 577, and one will be sent you free.

A Norway, Me., man is in jail to assert the sacred principle that he would not pay \$2.50 taxes.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Maz. WISLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Whatever may be the cause of bald heads, they certainly reflect much brilliance upon popular theatrical performances.



DINNER FOR SIX LITTLE CHILDREN ON HALF A LOAF OF BREAD.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

**IMPERIAL GRANUM**

Is Pure and unsweetened and can be retained by the weakest stomach. A safe, easily digested FOOD for DYSPEPTICS!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!

John Carlo & Sons, New York.

Why don't you buy corn? PRODUCE, sell your surplus and rise to us for information how to make big money on the proceeds in the purchase of corn on margin. Information and book on special terms from C. F. VAN WINKLE & CO., 221 LaSalle St., Chicago.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

Clears the scalp, restores the hair, promotes a luxuriant growth. Grows hair on bald spots, cures itching humors, cures scalp diseases, cures falling hair, cures dandruff, cures itching scalp.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY CORN?

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No more pain. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

LATEST PROVERBS.

Justice never weeps. Preach to yourself only. Criticism is an effective form of vice. Every home is a school of some kind. True love often uses shocking grammar. Unstudied art—the modern advertising poster. An imaginary blessing is only part of a blessing. The black sheep is often the smartest of the flock. There is hope for anybody who is willing to learn. All things come to him who knows when not to wait. To many men do their dreaming in their waking hours. Cupid promises more than his victims are able to perform. If you can't do your best refrain from doing your worst. A young unmarried woman is rarely addicted to sarcasm. If the world doesn't laugh with you it will probably laugh at you.

I am a mid-wife and have been giving McElree's Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught tea to my lady patients, both during pregnancy and after birth as a tonic, and have found the treatment will do more than is claimed for it. Two years ago I was so troubled with female weakness myself, that I could not work at all. I heard McElree's Wine of Cardui recommended, and got six bottles of it, and a mammoth package of Theford's Black-Draught. I began the treatment as directed, and in two weeks I had improved so much I could do my work, and have never been troubled with it since.

Mrs. MARY F. McCLARIN, Rockmart, Ga., writes: "I have always been a great sufferer during child birth. I used McElree's Wine of Cardui before confinement the last time, and the pains were much less and shorter than ever before, and my baby is larger and much healthier than any of the others."

An honest hand-clasp can often do more good than can money.

HIGH PRICES FOR POTATOES. The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They recently paid \$300 for a yellow rind watermelon, \$1,000 for 30 bu. new oats, \$200 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc. Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty, Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Salzer's Earliest are fit to eat in 23 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal.

If you will send 14 cents in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant Incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue sent free on request. W.N.

There are few things good or bad, that cannot be carried to excess.

A Note dea. The Omaha Weekly World-Herald has struck another novel idea for increasing its circulation by offering large prizes to those new subscribers who construct the shortest sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet.

This is sort of reverse of last year's prize contest, when the object was to construct the largest number of words out of certain letters.

It will be interesting to note how short a sentence can be made and still contain all the twenty-six letters in the alphabet. The trouble, of course, will be to get in such letters as x, y, z and q.

Ex-Congressman Bryan, who edits the paper and preaches free silver coinage, must have a good inventive genius to devise these novel schemes.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

SOME GOOD JOKELETS FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

The Condition That Confronted Yankee Doodle—Pat's Ups and Downs—They Never Speak—Against the Law—Some Sharp Points.



YANKEE Doodle went to town Upon his little pony; He tried to get an office, but 'Twas got by Mick Maloney.

By Blymer, Einstein, Isaacs, Abrahams, Schaub, Moos and Oppenheimer.

Yankee thought with pick and spade To earn his daily sago. Alas! that job was filled by Giovanni Pietro Dago.

By shoveling ore upon the dump He sought to keep his house. He discovered that that work was done By Wycleh Szostakowsky.

"Humph! Some heires I must wed, Aged and uncomely." That doubtful prize was carried off By Bertie Cum-Nothing Choimondeley.

Yankee Doodle rode back home, Cast down, to be a farmer; But all the farms were owned by Ludwig Steiner and Von Yarmer.

All the Same. "Have you any founces?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick dispatch restaurants in Park Row.

The fluffy-haired waitress glanced down at her plain black skirts, blushed laboriously, and said: "What was that you wanted?" "Founces." "How'll you have 'em—baked, boiled, shirred or bias?" the girl responded, facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartee. "I want them fried with bacon," Tony responded, with some severity. "Will you take my order?" "Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry." Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb-painted menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment, and then said meekly: "I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—New York Journal.

Musie in the Family. "Henry," said old Mr. Bowersock, solemnly, "have you read this piece in the paper?" "I have not, father," answered Henry, truthfully. For he was an amateur musician. "Oh, you never saw anybody who was more so." "It is a piece," pursued old Mr. Bowersock, gloomily, "about a New Hampshire man who played the violin." "And what—what happened to him, father?" faltered Henry. He knew instinctively that it must be something. "The other day while playing on his fiddle," said Mr. Bowersock, sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, "he suddenly struck a loud discord and fell over-dead." "Yes—es, father," stammered Henry, taking his aching heart in his hand and passing out under the silent stars with it.—New York Recorder.

Willing to Try. Old Gent—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Prospective Suitor—Yes, sir. Old Gent—Do you think that you can keep her in the same shape that I have? Suitor—Well, from what I have seen of it in her bathing suit, opera gown and bicycling bloomers, I admit it's worth my while making the effort.—New York World.



Pat's Ups and Downs. Mike—"Well, Pat, how is th' world treating you?" Pat—"Well, Ol have my ups and downs."

Words of Experience. "Have you written any of your speeches yet?" asked the old member of Congress of the new one. "Why, no," was the reply. "I don't know yet what topic I may find it desirable to speak upon." "What topic? Why, man, you don't need any topic. What you want to do is to have something ready to fling into the breach when your party calls on you in an emergency to come forward and kill time."—Washington Star.

Hi, Servo. Tramp—Kind lady, do I look in vain? I'm hungry as a bear. Lady—Why, sakes alive! You here again? I gave you food, I'd swear. Tramp—Swear not at all, for I agree with every word you speak, but that was breakfast, don't you see? It's dinner now I seek.—New York World.

A Midway Diplomat.

"Great exposition," said the Shabby Man to the gentleman with the gold eyeglasses. "Yes." "Be a prime factor in the development of the South." "Yes." "Attract foreign capital." "Yes." "Great assistance in the work of immigration." "Yes." "My friend," said the Shabby Man, "there only seems to be one word in your vocabulary, but it is a word I like extremely. And now I am going to put it to the test; I have not eaten a mouthful in three days. Could you lend me a quarter?" "Yes." And the Shabby Man pocketed the silver and was lost in the crowd.—Atlanta Constitution.

Realistic Illustration.

She, the sweet girl graduate, was sitting by the seashore, unconscious of all this living world, totally absorbed in a thrilling love story. It was an elegantly bound and profusely illustrated volume. He, the rising young artist, stole softly up behind her, wholly unobserved. "O, how aggravating!" she exclaimed; "the heroine just kissed by the hero, and no illustration!"—A slight struggle followed, and now the unadorned fifty-cent love series are quite good enough for her.—Truth.

They Never Speak.



Bell—"Today is my birthday. I've seen but eighteen winters." Nell—"You ought to consult an oculist."

A Commotion. There was considerable commotion in the carpenter shop. Voices were being raised angrily. "You're a screw!" "You're a bore!" "Ain't he plane!" "Think I'll reduce myself to your level!" "Well, act on the square then!" "Oh, go and read adze!" At that moment the hammer hit the nail on the head, which so amused the foot rule that it doubled up.—New York Recorder.

It's Against the Law.

Mr. Fort Greene—Where are you off to now? Mr. Cheatem—I'm going down to business. "Why, this is Sunday." "I know it." "And you're a broker?" "Yes, sir." "Well, don't you know there is a law against shaving people on Sunday?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Dishonest Politicians.

"Is it really true," said the boy, "that politicians are sometimes not strictly honest?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, sadly; "I am sorry to say that it is. I have known politicians who got votes years ago and have not paid for them yet."—Washington Star.

Absent-Minded.

A story is told of a veteran professor in a western college who rivals Sir Isaac Newton in absent-mindedness, that he walked under a sprinkler on his lawn without noticing it until he got indoors, when he found that his hat and coat were wet, and looked out in surprise to see whether it were raining.

A Marked Man.

"There goes a man who has a great pull," said the drummer. "Ah!" answered the visitor to town with heightened interest; "one of your local politicians, probably?" "No," the drummer replied, with a drummer's rigid adherence to truth, "he's a barber."—New York Recorder.

Providing for the Future.

Mrs. De Brush—What a peculiar portiere! What is it made of? Attendant—That is made of fine Japanese rice strung on strings. Only \$1. Mr. De Brush—Better buy that, Louise; when the exchequer gets low we can make soup of the portiere.—Mercury.

Food for Thought.

He pressed a mad kiss upon her lips. "How can you?" she exclaimed. "Ah, love is blind," he answered. And, when, four hours later, he took his departure, she was still thinking.—Detroit Tribune.

His Station.

Employer—Now, young man, if you want this situation, you must tell me something about yourself. What is your station in life? Clerk—I generally get off at Twenty-third street, sir.—New York Recorder.

Slobbs—Jenkins told me Miss Bea-

constrast was an old flame of yours. Slobbs—An old flame? Impossible! "Why impossible?" "She's from Boston."—Philadelphia Record.

WOMAN.

Mrs. Charlotte's Embden, a sister of the poet Helme, is still living, at the age of 95.

Ellen Terry is passionately fond of children, and delights in telling them fairy stories.

Friends of Mrs. Agassiz have founded a \$5,000 scholarship at Radcliffe college, to be called the Elizabeth Carey Agassiz scholarship.

Mme. Marchesi has taken charge of the education of a granddaughter of Jenny Lind, whose voice she pronounces the most promising she has ever heard.

Dr. Mabel Spencer of Kansas City, Kan., has been appointed official physician of Riley county. She is the first woman in the state to receive such an honor.

Mrs. Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army has just completed a trip across the continent in an engine cab. It is the first time on record that a woman has made such a journey.

There are three women clergymen in Berfast, Me.—Miss Kingsbury, pastor of the Universalist church; Miss King of the Church of the Advent and Miss McIntyre of the Church of God.

Patti is having a truly triumphal progress through the British provinces. At every Scotch and north English town at which she has appeared her audiences have broken all records for size and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Langtry's greatest hobby appears to be the collection of silver trifies, from the tiny silver furniture of a doll's house up to the exquisite model, which stands on a beautifully inlaid table in a window recess, of a large ship in full sail.

HALF-FARE EXCURSION

To Virginia and the Carolinas. Jan. 14 and 23 the Big Four route, in connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio railway, will sell round trip tickets from the northwest to points in Virginia and North and South Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. For particulars and free pamphlet descriptive of Virginia send address U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

An Ohio court has, it is said, decided that a wife is legally responsible for her husband's support when he can't support himself.

Irrigation in Dakota.

is causing that much maligned section of the Western country to blossom like the rose. Quoting from a published article on the subject, it is stated that "Men who are accustomed to farming in non-irrigated districts are slow to believe the reports of enormous yields of all kinds of farm products in those sections of the country where irrigation is practiced." An irrigated 40 acre farm produces better results than a 640 acre farm cultivated in the ordinary way. In a few weeks we hope to be able to publish various items from different individuals giving their personal experience in irrigation farming.

In the meantime send for a free copy of an illustrated pamphlet in reference to Irrigation in Dakota, published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y Co., Address, George H. Hoafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Too frequently becoming viciously bald may be one cause of becoming capillaryly bald.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '04.

Every dollar spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested, it relieves pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and better health.

The happiest mortal on earth has been found in Carleton. She was found praising God the other day because they had no farm to lose these hard times.—Hebron, Neb., Republican.

"Kasson's Magic Corn Salve."

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

In Atchison, where people rake in their kin with a fine-tooth comb, holiday show ping is called the "Christmas trot."—Kansas City Star.

Business Chance—A Good Income.

We pay you to sell fruit trees. STARK NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo.; Rockport, Ill.

The Armenian question is in a fair way of being ended. Nearly all the Armenians have been hanged to death.

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.

We are about life as women are about a novel—we want to read the last chapter first.

Low Rate Harvest Excursions.

January 14th and 20th, the Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets to Arkansas and Texas and to Lake Charles, La., at one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. For particulars, apply at City Ticket Office or Union Station, St. Louis.

A man in Oconto, Wis., has invented an ice bicycle, which might be called an icycle for short.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Four or five hundred wild swans swim about on the Thames, just above London. Grover and his gun have never been just there.

W. N. U. St. L.—905-2.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

Nothing so suddenly and completely doubles the muscles as LUMBAGO, LAME BACK, or STIFF NECK, and nothing so promptly and surely as ST. JACOBS OIL.

JOLLY OLD FOLKS.

Aunt Dinah Cox, who recently died in Piqua, Ohio, aged 105, was born a slave.

Dan Andrews of West Rockport, Mo., wuts and totes out hop-poles, just for fun, at 96.

Polly Brannum of Knoxville is probably the oldest person in Tennessee. Her age is estimated at 104.

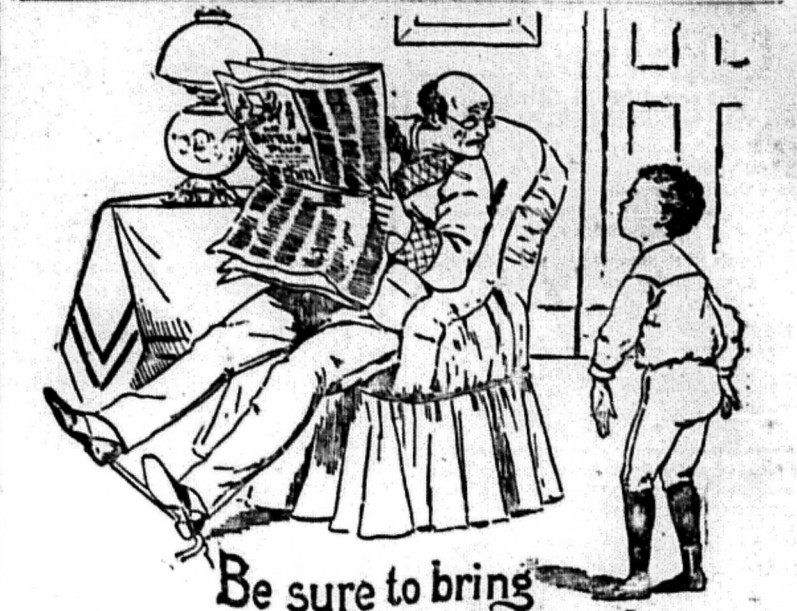
The meaning of the word propriety is altered by circumstances.

Life is too short and we have too much to accomplish to spend much time harboring malice.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first trial. Write for free copy. Treat the most stubborn cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The best thing Cleveland can do is to get out an injunction against Salisbury.—Minneapolis Journal.

Good reasons why you should see Widdowson. It takes out the cause, and then you have peace and comfort, surely a good exchange. See at Widdowson. Folly, like everything else in the world, has its lesson.



Be sure to bring BattleAx PLUG and no other, for it is the largest piece of Good tobacco ever sold for 10 CENTS

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP. TA TES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, 25 CT.

Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious. The Breakfast Cocoa. MADE BY WALTER BAKER & Co. LIMITED. DORCHESTER, MASS. COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP. NO CHEMICALS. ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR WALTER BAKER & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE ON EVERY CAN. AVOID IMITATIONS.

Do You Wash? Of Course - BUT Do you Wash QUICKLY? Do you Wash EASILY? Do you Wash THOROUGHLY? Do you Wash CHEAPLY? You may IF you will use CLAIRETTE SOAP. The best, purest and most economical soap made. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis.

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

**LINCOLN SOCIALIST LABOR.**

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

**PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.**  
BY THE  
SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

**PHILIP KAUFMAN,** Secretary.  
311 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**H. S. ALEY,** Local Manager.

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

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



Entered at the Postoffice at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter in January, 1904.



**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

**Lectures of the Socialist Labor Party, Branch 1.**

- Section Minneapolis, S. L. P., Branch 1, will give a series of lectures at Washington avenue, South, at 7 p. m., on the following Sundays:
- Jan. 13—"The Aims of the Socialist Labor Party," Dr. A. Hirschfeld.
- Jan. 20—"Social Life," Thomas H. Lucas.
- Feb. 9—"Woman and the Social Problem," Mrs. Marie Bliss.
- Feb. 23—"Socialism a Science, Not a Dream," A. H. Lee.
- March 6—"Socialism and Progress," E. Peterson.
- March 20—"Paris Commune," T. Lucas, Dr. Hirschfeld, C. F. Goetke.
- March 27—"The Coming Revolution," Vesley Frecha.
- April 13—"Trades Unionism and Socialism," W. B. Hammond.
- April 20—"Socialism and Social Reform," Dr. A. Hirschfeld.
- Music at each meeting. Discussion open to everybody. Admission free.

**THE SWEATING SYSTEM.**

**Cleveland Has Its Share of This Social Danger.**

I will write about the Sweating System as it exists in this city, which is at the present time, the Mecca where the Sweaters who were driven out of New York, Brooklyn, Boston and other Eastern cities, by the labor organizations, assisted by the enforcement of State laws, are trying to. Here in the sweat-shops the outer coats about \$6 per week; 35 cents is paid for making one dozen pair jumpers, and it takes the very best worker on early morning till late at night to make one dozen pair; 60 cents for a dozen knee pants; 60 cents to \$1 per dozen ordinary pants. An employe can make about six pair per day. Twenty-one to thirty-seven cents are paid for five pairs costing in the stores from \$4 to \$7 a pair. Twelve and one-half cents for making a vest. One millionaires firm pays 30 cents for making a certain kind of overcoat, and from 80 cents to \$1 for overcoats costing \$20 and over. The girls when they start work for a sweater have to work about six months for nothing and after that for a long time they receive from \$1.25 to \$3 per week. The largest part of the sweat-shops are nothing but disease-breeding institutions. Here is an example. I saw a room about 14x30; there were seven girls and children at work on their machines, a cooking stove, a table and bed, and in a corner the material for the clothing was, it looked as if it were used to sleep on. Almost all of them are the same; being used for workshop, and living rooms. There are in this city employed in the various branches of the clothing trade, about 12,000 or 13,000 employes. They are at present unorganized and that accounts for the miserable condition that they are in to-day. They in the year gone by were organized under the K. of L., but they did not heed the cry of a certain statesman, who said: "In time of peace prepare for war." So the garment workers after the K. of L. had won several battles and bettered their condition, they in place of uniting themselves in line for the next battle, disbanded and the capitalists have taken advantage of that fact and the result is the present condition of these poor wage slaves. The present agitation to abolish the sweating system is being carried on by the Socialist delegates who are a minority in District Assembly #7, K. of L., and they will not give up the fight until the sweating system is abolished, and until we have been again in an organization where we can bring them to the front to fight on the line of international socialism for the Co-operative Commonwealth. I remain,

L. WENIGART.

St. Paul Scandinavian Section remains true to the principles of our party and refuses to fuse with the middle-class forces who intend to fuse with the boodlesustaining Democrats.

**DEPARTMENT STORES.**

**Vain Attempt to Get Them Out of the Way.**

**The Inevitable Downfall of the Small Producer.**

"The department stores must go," is the war cry of the "Twin City Guardian," a paper published in the interest of the middle-class merchants' fraternity, and edited by J. E. Steiner of St. Paul, who is also the head man of the "Anti-Department Store Association of St. Paul-Minneapolis."

Why this cry against department stores? Because they draw the people from the small dealers who cannot meet the requirements of our time. This rush to the department store causes the downfall of the old time small scale merchants and they, in despair, as their only rescue, say to the people: "Come into our stores and get more for your money, at the same time making it possible for us to exist at your expense."

This appeal to the people will have no effect as long as the department store can supply the people for less cost than the small trader who should bear in mind that nothing but large-scale production and distribution will do in our time. It is vain to kick against the inevitable. Syndicates and trusts have come to stay and whatsoever is in its way must succumb.

The only way to successfully deal with the department stores is to patronize them so long as they give us the greatest value for our money, and when they, thanks to our glorious competition, have driven the small merchants to the wall, and as sovereigns upon the mercantile field become enough hoggish, it will be the business of the community at large to withdraw their patronage by establishing the co-operative community store, where the goods will be had for cost price and the management be controlled and salaried by the community.

Capitalism digs its own grave, and the sooner we get rid of the cursed, plundering, unchristian system the better.

What does it matter to us who, in a legal and polished way, robs us of so much, when buying our necessities? If a few department stores can supply the community does it not prove that the rest are superfluous?

If they are, why line our streets with them? Are they meeting a worse fate than the small shops when the gigantic factories made war against them and compelled its inmates to look for a job tending some machine within their domains?

Can't the small dealer read the sign on the wall: Swallow your competitor if you can, or be swallowed by him, i. e.: if you can't successfully run your own store ask for a chance in the department store, and if you are not needed there—as a good man will be surprised to learn—well, try some other useful occupation.

Farming as a means of subsistence will do to fall back on, when every other channel is a dried up. Better directly get our support from mother earth than get it second hand for service that may not be wanted. Socialism is the remedy for all our social evils, anything short of it will prove a lamentable failure.

CHAS. G. DAVIDSON,  
St. Paul, Minn.

**LAWRENCE LOCAL NEWS.**

The actions and efforts of the members of the American Section have greatly revived the Social Labor Party in general in this city and efforts are being made to complete a system of education of Socialism, from the steadily increase of members and new application on hand show that good work is being done here.

The American Section at its last meeting voted to accept the report of a committee on lectures, whereby the German and Jewish Sections are to act in co-operation in conducting the same.

An invitation to attend a lecture to be given by Mr. James Carey of Haverhill, Mass., on "Patriotism" was received and referred to the Committee on Education.

Comrade Waitt read a communication from Commissioner of Labor of the United States, Carroll D. Wright, relating to the Monthly Bulletin to be hereafter issued at the expense of the Government of this country, the copies at hand give such valuable information that he was instructed to procure as many as possible and have them mailed to the members of the Sections of this city. Comrade Gens announced a visit to the Jewish Section and spoke of the same in highest terms. This section conducts its meeting on terms of great encouragement to the Jewish people and its membership will surely grow to a section of no small account in the near future.

German Section S. L. P. held a meeting in Matthews Hall, Chairman, Paul Eichner. Committee on Education report that all arrangements for the work laid out for the same was complete, the report was accepted, and it was voted that the committee be continued for the year. Members of the committee are Richard Saxe, John Zincke, Julius Arlitt.

Committee on Central Building made its report and stated that work was proceeding favorably at present on the building, and from all appearance it would be a creditable showing of co-operation to all persons interested, and would be a good example set for other societies to follow. The consideration of a free bed in the General Hospital at Lawrence was discussed, from the remarks gleaned from members present it was intended that all the German societies co-operate in this case, and without doubt a successful termination of it will be the instituting of a free bed for any or all Germans at the General Hospital in the future. Delegate to confer was appointed, Frank Leifset.

Election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Organizer, John Doory; Secretary, Christian Koehler; Treasurer, August Martin; Financial Secretary, Ulrich Zink; Librarian, Richard Petzold.

The question of advancing the LABOR was

then taken up for discussion. Although there was no opposition to the LABOR, it was just the occasion to open the mind of some members that the time was approaching when we would need more assistance, and subscribers would be always received and welcome by the agents. The receipt of a sample copy of the "Lawrence Labor" is an invitation to subscribe.

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The German Weavers' Union have, since the withdrawal for the National Textile Union, made application for a charter of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, and from all Organized Labor are coming inquiries of the Organization; and from the aspect of the situation here in Lawrence there will be several more Unions the cause of Socialism. Don't despair, fellow-workers; the banner of victory has been raised. Rally around it! Organize!

Comrade Waitt spoke of needed new subscribers to the LABOR and insisted that every member present should after the meeting go amongst his friends and help advance the list of subscribers as much as possible, and stated that henceforth he would expect to receive new subscribers steadily. He also spoke of advertising matter and solicited advertising from the merchants.

So it appears that Alderman Goldsmith promised Councilman Desmond he would be in attendance at the meeting of both branches of the City Government, to be held Friday evening, but failed to put in an appearance, hence the farce goes on, and the chances are that Councilman Desmond will not be admitted to the water ring as easily as he was to the whiskey ring.

C. S. WAITE.

**MANCHESTER LOCAL ITEMS.**

The Hibernian Rifles of this city have tendered their services to the Governor for the "war" between John Bull and Uncle Sam. Their patriotism is inspired by their just hatred of the English Government, which is run on exactly the same system that our Government is, the capitalist system. Irishmen, who are ever ready to fight for a "free" Ireland, never stop to think that an Irish capitalist is just as bad as any other. The way to free Ireland is to vote for freedom for America, and that can only be done by voting the Socialist Labor Party ticket.

Every week records the failure of one or more business firms in this city. Our municipal water works don't fail. Our public school system don't fail. We never see the sheriff's paper on the door of the street and fire departments or on the post office building. There are no failures, no strikes, no labor wars, no cut downs in our collective ownership business.

It seems that men have "rights" to one kind of happiness, while others have not. Coming home from a labor meeting quite late recently I saw a poor workman staggering up street apparently awful happy. He made rather more noise than the police thought necessary. Result, he was pulled in and fined \$7.00 the next morning. A few evenings later one of our Capitalist class was on the same street and he, too, was awful happy. In hilarious voice he accosted and insulted about everyone he met. Was he arrested and fined \$7.00? Not much. He was taken home in a hack. All are free and equal in this free country, you know!

The Daily Graphic, whose editor is in sympathy with the laboring class, recently gave the great Amoskeag corporation a great call down for refusing to restore one-fifth of the several cut-downs which have taken place in the past three years. A natural result followed. The corporation bulldozers made the effort to boycott the Graphic by inducing the merchants not to advertise in its columns. The Daily Graphic is the only daily paper in this State not controlled by the corporations.

**Worcester Items.**

At C. L. U. Hall Tuesday evening the corrupting influences and dishonest methods of privately owned railroads were exposed and compared with public services.

The sentiment of the meeting was unanimously against war.

There will be a debate at W. J. Hoar's, 29 Piedmont street, Sunday evening Jan. 12. All are invited. Please come. Subject: What is Capital?

The Worcester American Section held its regular business meeting Sunday, Jan. 4, and elected the following officers: Organizer, A. W. Barr; Recording Secretary, James McDonald; Financial Secretary, W. J. Hoar; Treasurer, Geo. Hare; Literature Agent, L. D. Usher.

Agitation Committee—W. J. Hoar, J. McDonald, A. Kessel, A. W. Barr.

The Section has started the New Year with several new members of the right sort and proposes to carry the war into the enemy's camp.

**Los Angeles, Attention!**

The Socialist Labor Party will hold public meetings every Sunday night at the Royal Bakery Hall, 118 1-2 South Spring street. "Socialism is a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed." Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan discussions. Free to all. Business meetings held every Tuesday night at the Socialist Co-operative Store, 641-643 North Main street. Welcome all!

**Milwaukee Local News.**

The Carl Marx Club held a meeting on Sunday, Jan. 5, at the Labor Lyceum, 191 Reed street, and transacted considerable business.

The Carl Marx Club was organized last month. It is a branch of the Social Labor Party. The monthly dues are 30 cents. Fellow workmen and citizens fall in line. Next spring election we need good soldiers to vote the radicals out of the new City Hall.

In our new meeting hall, the Labor Lyceum, you will find labor papers from all over the country, both English and German.

Dr. F. C. Sharp of the State University of Wisconsin lectured before the Milwaukee Ethical Society on "The Ethics of Private Property." He discussed socialism from the ethical standpoint and asserted that so far as ethics were concerned, Socialism was of great benefit to humanity.

**READ "MERRIE ENGLAND."**

"The phenomenal success of 'Merrie England,' the Socialist book that is selling like wildfire, is a complete refutation of the claim that people must be 'first taught to think' by cultivating the errors they hug. 'Merrie England' is not a novel, but a series of articles on economics and sociology. It treats with severity all the popular superstitions and preaches the hard facts of Socialism. This notwithstanding, and notwithstanding it is not a novel with a love story interwoven, it has already distanced all books published in the English language during the last ten years."—The People.

"Merrie England" is 19 cents a copy. Get a copy and induce your friends to read it. It is sold at all book stores. Also at Labor News Library, 64 East Fourth street, New York City.

In addition to our last week's editorial on President Cleveland's arrogant war message, we publish the following cablegrams which explain themselves:

**PROLETARIANS, UNITE!**

(CABLEGRAM.)  
LONDON, Dec. 24, 1906.

HENRY KUHN, Secretary Socialist Labor Party, New York:  
English Socialists send to the workers of America emphatic protest against spread of militarism and schemes of financiers, and assurances of their hearty desire for international peace. LEE, Sec. Social Democratic Federation.

(CABLEGRAM.)

H. M. Lee, Secretary Social Democratic Federation, London, England:  
American Socialists join British comrades in indignant condemnation of capitalist machinations to foment war; and assure British workers of their unshakable international solidarity. Resolutions calling for simultaneous protest meetings en route. KURN.

The city of Chicago is full of starving paupers and tramps, according to capitalist newspaper reports. Now, don't talk about paupers and tramps. They are free American citizens! Pauper is a word unknown in our free Republic. We are living in the land where milk and honey flow! Why didn't the politicians tell you so at the last election! Shut up with your calamity howling! Just look at your glorious Stars and Stripes, and if you are still hungry and grumbling and discontent, you darned fools then just look at our fine armories and barracks and at our wonderful gatling guns. Yes, free American citizens you are, and if starvation stares you in the face, we advise you to cheer the Stars and Stripes, to silently starve under the glorious banner of the Stars and Stripes. But never murmur, never grumble, never kick, never show a desire for better conditions, never talk about paupers and tramps. Starve and be kicked to death as a "law-abiding" citizen. How does this sermon strike you, ye suffering sovereigns?

We sincerely hope that the coming national convention of the Socialist Labor Party will be a success in every respect. Socialists of America, remember that this will be the most important convention ever held by our party. Act wisely and intelligently. Send your best men and women to the convention, people who are well acquainted with the economic and political history of this country, who can read and understand the signs of the times and lead the Socialist Labor Party to victory and success.

**TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR CAUSE.**

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

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

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

Send all contributions to

PHIL KAUFMAN,  
Secretary Socialist Newspaper Union, 311 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

Yours in the noble cause of Labor and Socialism,

**CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE.**

**SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.**

**A Strange Voyage.**

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

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

Push the work, Comrades. It sheds light, more light wherever it is sent.

PHIL KAUFMAN, Sec'y S. N. U.  
311 Walnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

**READ:**

**"THE PEOPLE."**

National official organ of the Socialist Labor Party. Address "The People," 124 Williams street, New York, N. Y. Price of one subscription.....\$1.00  
For six months..... .50  
For three months..... .25

**PLATFORM**

**SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.**

Adopted at the Chicago Convention.

**THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY** of the United States, in convention assembled, reasserts the inalienable right of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

With the founders of the American Republic, we hold that the purpose of government is to secure every citizen in the enjoyment of this right; but in the light of our social conditions we hold, furthermore, that no such right can be exercised under a system of economic inequality, essentially destructive of life, of liberty, and of happiness.

With the founders of this Republic, we hold that the true theory of politics is that the machinery of government must be owned and controlled by the whole people; but in the light of our industrial development we hold, furthermore, that the true theory of economics is that the machinery of production must likewise

Belong to the People in Common.

To the obvious fact that our despotic system of economics is the direct opposite of our democratic system of politics, can plainly be traced the existence of a privileged class, the corruption of government by that class, the alienation of public property, public franchises and public functions to that class, and the abject dependence of the mightiest of nations on that class.

Again, through the perversion of democracy to the ends of plutocracy, Labor is Robbed

of the wealth which it alone produces is denied the means of self employment, and, by compulsory idleness in wage-slavery, is even deprived of the necessities of life. Human power and natural forces are thus wasted, that the plutocrats may rule.

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

**People May Be Kept in Bondage.**

Science and invention are diverted from their humane purpose to the enslavement of women and children.

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

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

**Co-operative Commonwealth**

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

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

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

**Social Demands.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

11. Repeal of all pauper, tramp, conspiracy and subversive laws. Unabridged right of combination.

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

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

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

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

**Political Demands.**

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

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

3. Municipal self government.

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

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

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

**SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.**

**Comrades, Give a Good Lift Right Now.**

Co-operate and Good Results Will Follow.

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

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

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

This was the sum advanced by a few St. Louis comrades to the Socialist Newspaper Union. In this way these comrades saved the Socialist Newspaper Union \$900 in the ensuing year, as we secured a rebate and cheaper rates for printing and presswork.

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

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

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

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

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

Look at this in the proper light. We, the members of the Central Press Committee, are simply your servants. We are sacrificing our time and money for the cause.

Our editors and co-workers have never asked for a single cent for their work; they never will, because they are cheerful volunteers in the Socialist army.

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

Comrades, give a good lift right now. Don't wait. Don't postpone the matter.

Do your duty. Be assured we will do ours. Co-operate! Co-operate! Remember that twenty nickels make one dollar. Yours for the noble cause of Socialism, DR. LOUIS CRAMUS, E. LOCHMAN, PETER SCHWITZ, G. A. HOENR, J. SCHIEDLER, CHAS. NEILSON, FRED. GIESLER, CHAS. KLOTZ.

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

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