

LIFE AND WEALTH.

Wealth the Commonweal, Poverty the Common Ill, of Society.

The Struggle for Existence Permeates Every Fiber of Society.

The idea that money is the only form of wealth, and that wealth or the real prosperity of a nation can be, or even ought to be computed by elaborate financial systems or speculative calculations, is a fallacy which has confounded the common sense of men of "light and leading," and jumbled the judgment of the man in the street.

Neither does "money make money." Suppose you plant sovereigns, crowns or shillings in the ground, they will not yield an increase, and alchemy being still an undiscovered science, money instead of increasing in bulk, has a marked tendency in quite the opposite direction.

Wealth, indeed, in the Ruskinian sense, is the commonweal, just as poverty is the common ill. Wealth is the storehouse of life, and has a family resemblance to health, in the same way, and to the same extent, that poverty is related to disease.

The wealth of a nation must, therefore, be determined by the health of that nation, and if we are to test Great Britain and Ireland by this measure, we shall find it a very poor nation indeed.

The possession of life implies the love of life, the love of life implies the preservation of life. Thus, the first law of nature necessitates the supply of a sufficiency of good food, of comfortable clothing, of habitable homes, with abundant space, pure air, fresh water, a reasonable degree of exercise, physical, mental and moral; together with the conscious acknowledgment and practice of the fundamental law of existence, i. e., the co-operation of humanity with nature in the production of wealth, the quintessentials of life.

Viewed thus, man to sustain life re-

quires (tools), and the application of his labor-force in co-operation with the forces of nature, whereof he is an integral portion.

Denied the use of land and tools—he is divorced from nature, and has no visible means of subsistence. Partially denied these, he has a struggle for existence, the struggle becoming intensified the further he is divorced from the source and means of his subsistence. The intensity of the struggle confounds him, degrades him, unmans him, divorces him from nature, engenders dehumanization, destroys not only his sense of solidarity, but finally brings his race to extinction.

The struggle for existence is, therefore, the effect of a cause, the cause is easily discerned, the cure also is equally plain. I propose, therefore, to deal with these three facts in their respective order, and first of all with the struggle for existence, as it reveals itself to us at this, the most momentous period of our lives.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE. Whenever a congested mass of human beings cluster together, there a fierce feud is raging; a war, grim, pitiless, destructive, brutal, and inhuman. Indeed, the larger the multitude—the larger the city—the fiercer, the more deadly the feud. Thus, in London we have, side by side with inordinate luxury and idleness, the grossest poverty, squalor, and squalor. Here the few gorge themselves and fritter away life, wealth and time in senseless, soulless pleasure, surfeited with a superabundance of the good things of existence; while the multitudes wring their hands in despair, curse the breath—the poisoned breath—of life, swelter in the sweat of dreary drudgery, pine for a moment of real life, reek in hovels not fit for swine, go down to death by the cruelest conceivable torture—starvation, and die in the most shocking destitution. Four-fifths of the entire population are at the mercy of the other fifth, and also at war with themselves.

The children come to many thousands unwelcome and unloved. Those whereof the poet sang—

"Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or read; For ye are living poems— And all the rest are dead."

—and of whom the canting ecclesiastic declares, "Blessed is he who hath his quiver full of them," are in thousands of cases regarded as an unmitigated curse, and only good in so far as they scramble, scrape or steal a pittance for their parents, and help to swell the profits of the plunderers. Instead of "to us a child is born" being the occasion of exultation to its parents, a source of consolation arises in the fact that they have "gone back," i. e., died in infancy. These heirs of immortality are permitted to amuse themselves as best they may in the foetid gutters of the slums that the masses call "home, sweet home," and are at the mercy of all



THE MODERN FAUST.

the hideous arrangements cleft carts, cabs, coaches, vans, lorries, etc.

Moreover, the sight of those children in their rags, with their gaunt starved bodies, and their precocious criminality, would itself be sufficient to condemn any nation, and certainly any nation which prides itself on its freedom, its righteousness, its wealth, and its unsurpassed civilization. But the difference between these and the workers generally is only one of degree. The older children of the family have to seek out the more profitable forms of employment, and—oh, the misfortune to be a girl! For her is reserved the most humiliating, the most tragic torture. She is even in the eyes of the smug, respectable, Christian man of business, a creature whose work, even

when as good as, or better than, a man's is only worth a third of his value. Obedience is the stock-in-trade; she is the bulwark of respectability. Her position in the commercial world is to supply cheap labor, and plenty of it, or to attend on her superiors, relieve them of anything troublesome, from a fretful child to a pampered bull-dog. To be regarded by the youth—and some youths last long—as the vehicle for his lust, and to be compelled to marry a slave to escape the low wages and sweating labor of the workshop, become the slave of a slave, the mother of proletaires, and be old before the prime of life. Well may the father of a family of girls consider himself unenviably situated in a society which reckons women private property, to be sold for a pint of beer, a title, an income, or the price of a libertine's lust.

Yet there is nothing more delightful to a true man than his daughter and his daughter's love. Strangely enough, men who prize their own daughters more than themselves have frequently the slightest possible esteem for the daughters of other men, and it is the commonest event known to find men of this disposition keeping their own daughters frittering their lives away in luxurious idleness, while they themselves are busily engaged as employers sweating the labor, and accelerating the physical, mental and moral ruin, of other men's daughters. Thus Jane becomes a drudge or a prostitute, while Dorothea becomes a lady, and gets gobbled by some enterprising youth because of her dowry.

Out of every two children born one dies before it reaches the age of 5. "Eighteen per cent of the children of the 'upper' class, 30 per cent of the 'tradesman' class, 53 per cent of the 'laboring' class die before they reach 5 years of age" (Prof. Playfair). "Six per cent of the children of the 'well-to-do' classes as against 30 per cent of the workers' children die in the first year of their life" (Dr. C. R. Drysdale).

"The average age at death among the nobility, gentry and professional classes in England and Wales is 55 years, but among the artisan classes of Lambeth it is only 29 years," and in many parts of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and London it scarcely reaches 20 years. Thousands die from fatal accidents, mostly preventable, every year, the privileged victims being miners, railwaymen, chemical workers and machine minders. The infirmaries are filled with the wrecks and breakages of humanity, the victims of exploitation. The fever hospitals are unable to cope with the increasing army of sufferers from the putrid city atmosphere, the filthy factories, insanitary workshops, overcrowded slums, adulterated food stuffs, and the too close imprisonment of the wage-slaves.

About a third of the entire population of the nation are on and under the poverty line, in the struggle for bread. These consist of loafers (common garden type),

semi-criminals, people in chronic "the poor," the underpaid and irregularly employed or casuals. Their earnings do not exceed a pound a week (family of five persons). Add to this the number of inmates of pauper houses, prisons, hospitals, homes, industrial schools, reformatories, etc., the paupers, who, in actual receipt of public relief on one day, number a million. A third of the population of our cities, including London, Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, Dundee, etc., live in one-roomed slums, and the condition of at least a seventh of our entire population, described by an orthodox economist, Mr. Giffen to be "a stain on our civilization."

million, and represent in the main the "bread-winners," are always on the increase, while the number who are literally living from hand to mouth cannot readily be computed. The continual introduction of mechanical aids, the spasmodic nature of employment, the continual competition of cheap labor, cheap manufactures, and labor saving machinery intensifies the struggle for existence, and threatens to first madden and finally destroy humanity altogether, and yet it is ruthlessly pursued, recklessly, pitilessly persisted in, with the professed desire to preserve human life (!) and to keep up the prosperity (!) and the wealth (!) the prestige (!) and majesty (!) of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. "The exploits on which the sun never sets." The exploiters of labor demand absolute free trade in the traffic of human flesh and blood!

But the struggle for existence is by no means confined to the proletariat. It has permeated every fibre of society. It spreads desolation, disease, destruction and wretchedness all around. It invades the palatial home of the millionaire; it steals into the cloister of the nun; it pervades the atmosphere of chapel and cathedral. The earth is darkened and cursed with it; the air is poisoned with it; and so are the beings of those who breathe it. It is poured out in the pages of our literature, in fiction, fact and fantasy. Innumerable hymns groan with the burden of it. It is heavy, sickening, saddening, deadening and consequently the weak succumb to it—the weak in body, in mind and the morally weak. The value of life is very low. Suicides are rife, the lunatic asylums gather in their terrible army of victims, fever and every form of social leprosy is increasing. The drunkenness, crime, and outrage that hang like a curse over the fair face of the earth are but the expression of the intense struggle for existence, and even the works of our artists, musicians, architects and poets reveal to the eyes of whomsoever cares to inquire the depth of the despair, the terror of want, the love of gain, the absence of faith, the hatred of humanity—the loathsome poison of pessimism engendered by the intensity, the unnatural intensity, of the struggle for existence in an age of sweat and shoddy.—Murray Kaye in London Justice.

If the poor, ignorant dupes of wage-slavery think we are not enjoying "good times" in this "prosperous America," let them take note how eagerly the rich are dumping their gold into the Government money chest. If the Government can't help the people, the rich, who live of the poor, can help the Government—when there is interest in it which the people will have to pay.

WHAT a howl we make when the "unspeakable Turk" denies the Red Cross Society the privilege of succoring oppressed Christians in America, don't we? But how few of us even so much as whimper when capitalism robs Christians in America of the means of life and the opportunity to make a living?

SOME THOUGHT INCUBATORS.

What a President of the United States Represents.

That our ancestors have entertained an idea for generations is no criterion that this idea is correct. For ages they swore up and down by all the gods that the world was flat, but still it was no more a criterion at that time that it was flat than if it had been asserted at present. Society, or, as some would call it, our institutions or civilization, as it exists to-day, has always been considered correct, and no one has dared to call it into question any more than in ages past, they would dare to question the earth was round. But in spite of all the powers that be, conditions it is now called Socialism. The only party of the present thought that has the moral courage to call into question is Socialism, whose very name is derived from the word society. Being the first to adopt this name and the first in this line of reform, we (if I can be allowed such a figure) are entitled to letters patent.

We think Socialists have clearly demonstrated time and again that capital is unpaid labor, or the products of labor appropriated by the capitalists. In spite of the laws of heaven or earth, the laws of equity and justice will reimburse labor by refunding this appropriated capital. And still many so-called reformers, by their silence, connive at this crime. One who will connive at robbery will undoubtedly engage in robbery himself.

The foregoing eulogy may appear a misrepresentation that the "hired hand" should appear more intelligent than a land owner. Every moment of the year is absorbed by the farmer in trying to get all he can for his products and abstracting all the labor possible from his "hired hand." While the hired hand when thrown into enforced idleness does more or less enforced thinking. And it is only by thinking we become intelligent. The same rule will apply to the capitalists and wage class of the cities. What a blessing in disguise enforced idleness will prove to be.

H. "My wages are already cut down so low that I am compelled to buy the cheapest clothing, and even at this to wear as little as possible. I'm sure if I wore any less I'd freeze to death. But I can possibly do without meat, tea, coffee and such like and live on corn bread."

F. "But you cannot do much work on this kind of food."

H. "That's not my business, as I am not working for myself, but for you, and it's surely not my fault."

F. "And it is not my fault."

H. "That is so; but what are we going to do about it?" In looking over a newspaper out of a group of Presidents of American republics, I remarked that the Spanish American Presidents were quite fine looking men considering they represented 3,000,000 of half naked savages. My friend, putting his finger on President Cleveland in the center of the group said, "Cleveland not only represents 4,000,000 half naked, but 4,000,000 half starved honest and intelligent sons of toll."

"H. That's so, I'll have to cut on my stomach."

F. "No; you need not eat any less."

F. (Scratching his head), "I really don't know. This country seems to be in a terrible fix. What do you think ought to be done?"

H. "The political stuff called tariff and the money question seems to be so mixed that when we hear a rousing Republican speech we go home republican. When we afterward hear a Democratic speech we swear we are democrats. I be daunted if anybody can make head or tail of these politicians. But when I went with Bob Smith's cattle to St. Louis last summer I heard some common workmen speaking on the streets and I got more sense in ten minutes from them than in ten years from all these politicians."

F. "I'll surely read it, and hope it will lead me out of the wilderness."

Starvation, suicides and insanity on every side we turn, the capitalist in his crimes applauded, the poor for stealing to appease his hunger clubbed and cast into prison. The horrors of this so-called civilization are so innumerable we have neither time or heart to catalogue them. What are the preachers doing? Does their silence give consent to this infamous state of society? Or do they think the most easy way out of it is to put off reform until after we get to heaven? C. R. DAVIS, Brighton, Ill.

OUR WASTEFUL SYSTEM.

Did you ever think of what a tremendous waste of wealth our present system of distribution is? In our city we have 125 grocery stores, each trying to compete the other into bankruptcy. But look at the waste.

The wealth-producers of this city have to pay 125 sets of rent bills, heat bills, light bills, and besides this a large sum for book-keeping, advertising, and it requires nearly four times as many hands to supply the people with groceries as it would if we had one great central store conducted on a business scale. The saving to the people in rent, insurance, taxes, surplus help, surplus teams, etc., etc., would aggregate a great sum. But better than all this saving would be the fact that under Socialism we would get absolutely pure groceries, a thing impossible at present.

Thousands of little children die annually from the adulterations of food stuffs. Thousands more have their health ruined. Competition is responsible for this giant crime. Just think of twenty different business firms having their teams on one short street in one forenoon. Why, one double team and two men could do all the work that the twenty does and not work over six hours a day. Do you ask what will the other eighteen men do? Why, they will become wealth-producers and thus lighten the toll of all. The Co-operative Commonwealth would increase our national wealth more in five years than we have done since Columbus discovered America. F. G. R. GORDON.

You wives of American workmen, slaves of capitalist industry, will patch more old clothes in the next ten years and do more scrimping at home than in all your lives before, if your intelligent and independent husbands go on voting for a system that makes the rich richer and sends the pampered darlings of the palaces to Europe while your own darlings pine away and die for lack of sufficient nourishment. Why not talk it over with John?—Ex.

WORKINGMEN who vote for parties that legislate for the rich to be made richer, vote to make themselves poorer.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Mrs. M. M. Avery Speaks at Bridgeport, Conn.,

In the Workman's Political Hall Wednesday, 23d.

If you ask a business man, in no matter what line of business, what is the trouble, he will tell you it is because he has not sufficient market for the goods he manufactures or sells. Ask the workman, and he will tell you he cannot find employment—a market for his labor. Ask the sociological student in any of our colleges, and in nearly all cases he will fail to tell you, because he obtains his knowledge from authority, not from facts of history or science. They will tell you the Legislature is corrupt from top to bottom, but none, except the Socialists, will point out to you the real cause or show you how to apply the remedy. You ask me what is the cause? Why, the wage system—that is all. Capitalism is supported by rent, interest or profit. Without the wage system they could not exist. Now we Socialists have come to an agreement as to why we are in this social and economic difficulty. Our agreement is founded on knowledge. The wage system is the reason why workmen have small wages, why they are unemployed, and why the merchant has no market.

What composes a market? Why the consumers of commodities of course, and the bulk of them are you—the working class. You are not only the sole producers of wealth, but you must by reason of your numbers be the principal consumers. Suppose one thousand men working in a factory created by one day's labor \$10,000. Well, according to statistics the workers would receive as wages \$2.35 for creating \$10. How can you expect thus to avoid a panic? How expect to purchase \$10 worth of goods with \$2.35? So you see you go on producing commodities until it is impossible for the capitalist to continue any longer employing you. Then there is a panic and you are thrown out of work. Then there is a period of stagnated industry and you consume and run into debt and your employers squander a little until the market is eased. Then you go over the same ground again and before you are out of debt which the last panic threw you into, you are face to face with another. [Applause.]

Mrs. Avery then described the progress of the working class from serfdom to wage-slavery.

Men used to think it right to make people found necessary for the people to use in common the highways, and so they were taken out of the hands of the individuals, and the people owned and used them.

All the social tools of to-day are the product of labor. There are but two factors in the creation of wealth: viz.: Land and labor. Do you say I cannot make good a statement like that? Is there any other factor? None. Out of the earth comes the material by labor, and by labor alone is it made of use—value to society. Capital! Why, what is it but the fleecings of labor by rent, interest or profit. And thus we Socialists say the capitalist has no right but to abdicate, which means that capitalism has no right to exist. So we must own these social tools in common as we own the roads and we shall then produce commodities for use not for profit. We shall then have opportunity and free access to all the modern forces of civilization.

We women demand of you men to explain what you have done with that power you possess—the ballot, and with which you could free us and yourselves and your children from the misery and degradation to which we are compelled to submit because you go like a flock of sheep after some ward heeler, and vote us into more misery and want and suffering every election. We cry shame on you, and we will not let you rest until you vote for your own class and free us and yourselves from the thrall of capitalism. As I told you before, it is easy to find out to which class you belong. Do you live by rent, interest or profit? If you do, you are a capitalist. Do you work for a wage—are you dependent on another for the opportunity to earn your daily bread? I don't care what you call it—wages, salary or what—but you are a wage worker and belong to that class. It is very important that you realize to which class you belong, for until you become class-conscious you will be a tool for the capitalist and a fool for yourself. For when the workers realize their class interests they will have done with all "fake reforms," "subtreasury schemes" and "one-plank platforms," and will demand the abolition of wage-slavery and the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Mrs. Avery then in answer to the question, "Why don't Socialists fuse with 'one-plank parties,' or strive for one thing at a time," said: "There was no one plank worth having that was not contained in the Socialist Labor Party platform—such as the Initiative and Referendum, but to put aside the main issue and join capitalistic parties—for all parties are capitalistic that do not demand the abolition of capitalism would be foolish and simply be playing into the hands of our enemies. Besides, you will never even get relief from the capitalist class except by standing firmly on the issue and fighting it out on the lines of the class struggle—oppose capitalism and it will fear and respect you, but to fuse with it is simply political suicide."

In reply to the question, "Will it not be necessary to have men like angels to bring about Socialism," Mrs. Avery said: "Does it take angels to enjoy beefsteaks, good clothes, fine houses, carriages, etc.? Well, it simply will succeed from nothing else but man's self-interest, though I would not stoop to put on so low a base the grand cause of Socialism. Why, men have hearts as well as stomachs, and we shall appeal to them through their sense of justice and truth. But, you see, Socialism is firm, no matter from what standpoint.

A GREAT ARCHITECT.

THE LATE CHARLES B. ATWOOD HAD NO RIVALS.

The Principal Buildings at the World's Fair Designed by the Famous Draughtsman—His Talents Seem to Best Advantage in the Peristyle.

THE late Charles B. Atwood was born in Charlestown, Mass., May 18, 1849. At the age of 17 he became a pupil of Ware & Van Brunt, architects of Boston, and after two years under their instruction entered the scientific school of Harvard University. After this course he returned to the office of Ware & Van Brunt, remaining with them until 1872, when he established himself in Pemberton Square, Boston. In that year he built the Merchants' Fire Insurance Building at Worcester, Mass., and the Five Cent Savings Bank at Lowell. He was invited to enter into competition for several important structures at this time and received a prize for the city hall at San Francisco, two prizes for the state capitol at Hartford, Conn.; a prize for the design of the court house in Springfield, Mass., and the first prize and commission to build the city hall at Holyoke, Mass.

In 1876 Mr. Atwood went to New York to become the architect for the firm of Herter Brothers, and during the next six years designed the residences of David Dows, William H. Vanderbilt, Elliott F. Shepard and W. D. Sloan, all in New York, besides the interior decorations of many of the great houses in all parts of the country, notably that of Mrs. Mark Hopkins at San Francisco.

Mr. Atwood established himself independently in New York in 1884, and received from Mr. Vanderbilt the commission to design two residences for his sons-in-law, H. McK. Twombly and Dr. Seward Webb. He also entered into competition for the Boston public library and gained the first prize of \$4,000 against 125 contestants. In 1886 he was appointed by Mrs. Mark Hopkins to complete her magnificent new residence at Great Barrington, Mass., where he remained continuously for two years and finished all the designs for its grand interior decorations. He then entered the competition for the new city hall in New York. He gained the first prize of \$5,000, and his design was recommended by the board of experts as the only one suitable to be accepted by the city authorities. Since that time nothing has been done toward the erection of this building except to change several times the state laws governing its erection.

In the summer of 1890 Mr. Atwood located in Chicago at the invitation of



CHARLES B. ATWOOD.

D. H. Burnham, of the World's Fair. Later he was made designer-in-chief for the exposition, and abundant labors were then heaped on his shoulders. He designed the Art Palace, the Peristyle and the Terminal Station. No work at the exposition will remain longer in the memory of the beholders than these three widely varied masterpieces of architecture.

The Art Palace alone remains, a delight to the eyes of thousands each day, and an ornament to Jackson Park as the home of the Columbian Museum. The Art Palace was the purest exemplification of the beautiful old Greek architecture among all the structures at the fair. It is of the Ionic style. The main portion of the building is 600 by 350 feet. It is intersected east and west, north and south, by a great nave and transept, 100 feet wide and 70 feet high. At their intersection rises the flattened dome so characteristic of the buildings of the Greeks. The dome is 60 feet in diameter. It is surrounded by a type of a famous figure of winged victory. In the great interior are galleries 24 feet above the floor and 40 feet wide, forming a promenade around the entire building. At either end of the main building are wings, partaking of the general style of architecture and surmounted by smaller domes.

The main building is entered by four portals, adorned with sculpture and approached by broad flights of steps. Great Corinthian columns beautify these entrances. Colonades extend along either side and add to the classical beauty. The frieze of the exterior walls and the pediments of the entrances were ornamented with sculptures of the masters of ancient art. The color of the building gave the impression of white marble. The main walls were of brick, unlike those of other buildings at the fair. They were covered with white stucco. The building is lighted through skylights.

Mr. Atwood's ideas in designing the Art Palace were carried out happily by its location, which is fronting on the lagoon, where broad sweeps of steps lead down to the water's edge, and terraces and balustrades beautify the surroundings. The north front

faces the wide open lawn. The court in front of the building was during the fair ornamented with groups of statues, replicas and specimens of ancient art.

O. E. PEDERSON.

The Man Whose Attacks on the University of Wisconsin Have Caused Talk. Oscar E. Pederson, whose broad charges against the management of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, conducted by Prof. Adams, late of Cornell, have created a furor in the educational circles of the Badger state, was born in the old Indian village of Winnebago, thirteen miles from Oshkosh, in 1867. He is one of the youngest school superintendents in the west. He controls 115 schools in one of the leading counties—Winnebago—of the state. He is serving his second term as superintendent, and is a Republican. He was married last September in the home of his childhood. His education, aside from that received in the common schools of his home, was gained by a year's study in Valparaiso, Ind., and three years in the Lawrence university, at Appleton, Wis. He has risen to his present position from the ranks of the common people and is already known



OSCAR E. PEDERSON, as one of Wisconsin's most progressive school superintendents.

SPLITTING BANK NOTES.

Clumsy Devices for Counterfeiting Five-Dollar Bills.

Many devices have been resorted to by counterfeiters to raise genuine bank notes as well as to manufacture bogus ones, but one of the most novel has come to light within the last few days at the United States subtreasurer's office in this city, says the Philadelphia Record. It is not known whether the plan was ever tried before, nor how successful it was in this case, as it is not known whether anybody was caught by it. The scheme consisted of splitting a \$5 and a \$1 note and then parting the back of the \$1 note to the front of the \$5 note and the front of the \$1 note to the back of the \$5 note. The mechanical part of the work was excellently done, but the fraud could be detected the moment the note was turned over.

An effort had been made to change the "one" to "five" on the "one" side of the new combined note, but it was done so clumsily that the fraud would have been seen at a glance, and the only hope of passing the notes as fives would have been to pass them over with the \$5 side up and trust to the man receiving it not to turn it over before putting it away. The doctored notes came to the subtreasury through one of the banks, with the request that they be allowed whatever they were worth. The government always redeems notes at the face value, and as the faces in this case were of a \$1 and a \$5 note \$6 was allowed. It is not known whether the bank was caught on the split notes or not.

A cleverly executed counterfeit \$5 national bank note was also detected at the subtreasury the other day. It was on the First National bank of Tamaqua and was burned in several places to give it an old appearance and then pasted on a piece of paper as if to hold it together. The fraud was first detected by turning over one of the corners and detecting a misspelled word on the back.

One of the Nation's Leaders.

The accompanying portrait is that of Justin S. Morrill, United States senator



JUSTIN S. MORRILL, from Vermont. He is the father of the senate, having been elected consecutively since 1867.

Ammonia Creates a Panic.

People passing along one of the main streets of Springfield, Mass., the other day were treated to a surprise of a novel sort. A druggist's messenger dropped a gallon jug of concentrated ammonia, and the powerful liquid spread all over the sidewalk and its odor spread all over the neighborhood.

Russia May Raise Tea.

The Russian government has concluded that tea can be profitably raised in the imperial dominions, and has selected a tract of crown land, 150,000 acres in extent, on which to start the enterprise.

One of Maine's curios is Machias, a town of 200 inhabitants without a debt.

ON SPEED SKATING.

THE ART AS RELATED TO MODERN PHYSIOLOGY.

Three Noted Record Breakers—Whom Speed Skating Differs from the Ordinary Amusement—Short Sketches of Johnson, Norsing and McCulloch.

Speed skating as a distinct branch of athletics is of recent date, but as an art it is one of the oldest cultivated by the vigorous nations of the temperate and frigid zones.

One of the teachings of modern physiology is that function makes structure; that if horses are raced generation after generation we get the slender, nervous race horse, while if they fly lead heavy loads we have developed the Clydesdale type. Again if a man has to use his right hand and arm only, continuously in his work, we get it large and brawny, while the rest of his muscular system may be but poorly developed. It is this specialism that gives such a law a chance of showing its workings, so that one can often pick out a man's trade by peculiarities in his physique.

Our present method of testing athletic prowess encourages the exclusive development of certain groups of muscles and the neglect of others—sometimes, as



NORSING SPEEDING.

we will see, to the permanent deformity of its too zealous votaries.

Other instances of anatomical changes brought about by special feats could be cited, such as the flat foot of the broad jumper, of the broad back and flat chest of the oarsman; but one of the best examples of this effect of function on structure is seen in "speed skating," which the international contests of the last few years have done so much to popularize.

Speed skating differs from ordinary skating in several marked particulars. The skate itself—about 15 inches long—has a flat blade, almost as thin as a knife, set into a light tube supporting two uprights, circular, but hollow. These short upright tubes fasten it to the boot by means of a plate, the whole purpose being to combine the greatest strength and lightness. The boot laces tightly, giving firm support to the ankle.

The racing posture of all the best skaters is practically the same. The back is kept straight and horizontal, the arms folded across the back except when spurring; then they are swung from side to side, keeping time to the stroke. Thighs are fixed to a right angle, while the knees are kept in half flexion, or almost straight.

In a speed skater we would look for a strong back and broad neck, due to his attitude while at work. His arms, which are kept idly folded on his back, would be small and weak, as would be his chest muscles. His abdominal muscles would get some work from the constant swaying, and he would have powerful, vigorous gluteal and extensor muscles, with sinewy hamstrings, but undersized calves.

John S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, has had a somewhat meteoric athletic career. Although he has been wheeling and skating for nine years, he has been heard of only for about three years, when his phenomenal time was at first scarcely credited. His decisive defeat of the hitherto invincible Joe Donahue in Montreal, Feb. 3, 1894, in all distances up to five miles, brought him to the top of the tree, where he has remained perched on its topmost branch until the present hour, unquestionably the best man up to five miles on ice. He holds nearly all the records in speed skating.



JOHNSON'S ATTITUDE.

Adolph Norsing has skated since childhood on the rivers and fjords of Norway. For the last five years he has met the champions of this sport both at home and throughout Europe, and has visited America twice. He is a worthy representative of the land of the Vikings, and he now holds the Canadian record for half-mile (1:24). His training methods are peculiar: two hours daily, finishing with about three miles at top speed, is his quota of work till the day of the race. His diet is principally oatmeal, eggs and meat.

He allows himself one glass of ale at dinner, but otherwise does not use alcohol and has never used tobacco. He is a typical skater.

J. K. McCulloch, of Winnipeg, is certainly the best representative that Canada has produced lately in speed skating, and he takes front rank both in this sport and in bicycling. We would hardly expect the typical development of a skater, however, in this man, who excels as a gymnast and all-around athlete as well. At 11 years of age he was winning boys' races, and his summer evenings are taken up by rowing, canoeing and lacrosse. For the last three years bicycling has been his main form of athletic exercise during the five summer months.

NEEDED IMPROVEMENT.

Better Baseball Parks in the Western League Circuit.

The Western league will be improved materially in one particular next season—it will have much better baseball parks. New parks are to be built at Detroit, St. Paul and Minneapolis, cities from which complaints of the smallness of the grounds have been freely made each season. The new magnates at Minneapolis are talking of building a park as large as Milwaukee park, and Detroit is to have two new parks, one to be used for Sunday baseball exclusively. Comiskey's St. Paul grounds are much like a cigar box. The building of new and larger parks in the cities named will have the effect of reducing the batting there. Pop-up hits in Minneapolis are often good for home runs, and the same holds good at Detroit and St. Paul. The scores of the games played at Minneapolis teemed with long hits all season, so that with new and adequate grounds the game will be more on its merits. If any of the other grounds have short fields, rules governing hits over short fences should be made. What ought to be aimed at is an unobstructed exhibition of the game in all cities, and where short fences are the rules, the pitchers ought not to be made to suffer.

GYMNASTICS IN THE HOME.

Healthful Exercises Which May Be Practiced in One's Room.

Women of fashion in New York are in a position to derive a great deal of valuable information from a series of lectures at present being given there. Miss Kathryn Staley is the lecturer, and her subject is physical culture. Attendance on the lectures has been gratifyingly large, showing clearly that the woman who desires to go in for athletics is no longer a novelty. Every woman, whether she will admit it or not, longs to be beautiful, and since she has learned that physical culture is akin to beauty she is devoted to the cause. Miss Staley says that to learn to stand properly is the prelude to all the exercises. To stand correctly women need equilibrium, not, like men, military precision. She must be careful not to throw her chest out abnormally and must learn to have her arms hang normally from the shoulders and to see that her spine is held in an erect and easy position.

Here is a useful exercise for women with weak backs. It also strengthens the muscles of the hips and inner legs. It consists of a circular movement of the leg with the toe strongly pointed. Swing each leg alternately with a circular movement. For strengthening the abdominal organs and to reduce corpulency try the following exercise: Lie prone upon the floor without any support under the head and clasp the hands above the head. This position will produce a strong tension upon every muscle



GOOD EXERCISE.

of the torso. Now, with the toes strongly pointed, lift the legs gradually until they are at right angles with the torso, using no muscular exertion except that required of the legs. To complete this exercise lie prone again, with the arms folded upon the chest and breathe until you move the torso to an upright position. This exercise makes muscle and displaces fat cells. None of these exercises should be attempted until the corset is removed. They may be practiced in any loose flowing robe as well as a gymnasium suit. In the beginning fifteen minutes should be given to the exercises in the morning and fifteen at night. To produce the desired effect they must be practiced systematically.

A New Device.

One of the newest bicycle attachments is a device intended to keep the front wheel straight without constant pressure from the hands. It consists of three rings connected by springs; two of the rings are placed on the sides of the front fork, and the third on the tubing of the frame. The front wheel can then be turned only by stretching one of the springs, which, however, are not strong enough to interfere with guiding the machine easily. It is said that this "balance" prevents wobbling and keeps the wheel steady and true, and it is obvious that it makes riding with the hands off an easy matter. The weight of the balance is two ounces. Whether it has any practical advantage is open to question.

ABOUT JOHN V. CRUM.

HE IS THE GREATEST ATHLETE OF THEM ALL.

He First Attracted Widespread Attention During the Football Season of 1892—It Is As a Sprinter, However, that His Strongest Claims Are Based.

JOHN V. CRUM is a splendid example of what persistent effort and indomitable courage will do for one determined to succeed. During his five years' course at the Iowa State university he was at all times active upon the field, and, in spite of opposition from his classmates and friends, held tenaciously to the belief that at some time he would make his mark as a sprinter, and, as later developments have shown, he judged rightly his own qualifications. In the face of the jeers of friends, and against the wishes of his family, he entered all the running contests the college programs afforded, and, although in the early part of his career he seldom ran better than third or fourth, he stuck doggedly to his task. He was born at Bedford, Iowa, Sept. 3, 1872, graduated from the Bedford High school, went through the Iowa State university, gaining the degree of Ph. B., and is now a member of the bar in Iowa. His habits are most excellent, and his physical condition has always been the best. Out of training he weighs about 180 pounds and in training 163 pounds. His speed was developed by Edward W. Moulton, the veteran professional sprinter, who still trains him. He won his first race after working two years, but did not attract more than passing notice as being fleet of foot until he began to play football, in the fall of 1892. During the following spring, while in attendance upon the same meet, he won third in the fifty yards run, second in the two hundred and twenty yards run, and second in the one hundred yards run, and in the fall of 1893 he won the one hundred yards and the two hundred and twenty yards run and the two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race.

During the following year he redoubled his efforts and made rapid advancement on the road to success. In the 'Varsity meet he won the one hundred yards and the two hundred and twenty yards runs, and also the two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race. In the state meet he captured the one hundred yards and two hundred and twenty yards runs, was second in the four hundred and forty yards hurdle race, and third in the two hundred and twenty yards hurdles. The last four races in one day were supplemented by an all-night ride to Chicago, Ill., where, on the day following, he ran five heats and won the one hundred yards and two hundred and twenty yards runs in fast time. In the fall of 1894 he attended the western championships, at St. Louis, Mo., and there won the one hundred yards and two hundred and twenty yards runs. In the fall 'Varsity meet he pulled down four medals for the fifty yards, one hundred yards and two hundred and twenty yards run and the two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race. The present year has been a busy one for him, as the following synopsis will show: He commenced the season on May 18, on the occasion of the initial field meeting of the Iowa Dual Athletic league, at Iowa City, when Crum was credited with running one hundred yards in 10 seconds, also reducing the state record for the furlong run to 22 2-5 seconds, and the state record for the hurdle race at the same distance to 28 4-5 seconds. From there he journeyed to Chicago, Ill., where on Aug. 31, he took part in the games of the Central Association of the Amateur Athletic union, and, although getting off poorly, and not being in front till after the distance had been half covered, won the furlong run by ten feet, in 21 4-5 seconds, the fastest time in which the distance had ever been run around a curved track. He was secured as one of the team to represent the New York Athletic club in the international match with the London Athletic club, and came east early in September to prepare therefor. He trained at the track of the N. Y. A. C. at Travers Island, and in trial competitions there on Sept. 7 he was defeated by the new star of the sprinting path, B. J. Wefers, in the one hundred yards run, finishing second by a couple of feet, the winner's time being 10 seconds. Crum's defeat was a surprise, but the fast time and the closeness of the finish saved him from disgrace. His next appearance was made at the championship field meeting of the Amateur Athletic union, held at Manhattan field, this city, Sept. 14, when he had again to lower his colors to Wefers in the "hundred," "Tommy" Lee finishing behind him. The time was 10 seconds.



JOHN V. CRUM.

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He also suffered defeat in the "two twenty," also won by Wefers, with C. W. Stage third, the winning time being 21 4-5 seconds. The westerner did not appear at his best, and it was understood that he was slightly suffering from a lame foot. He was again in evidence at the international meeting on Sept. 21, at the same place, when he ran behind Wefers and C. A. Bradley, of England, in the short sprint, and finished second to Wefers in the "two twenty" run, respectively, in 9 4-5 seconds and 21 3-5 seconds, the former time equalling and the latter beating the fastest previous record for said distances. His last appearance during the year was made at the fall meeting of the New York Athletic club, at Travers Island, Sept. 23, upon which occasion he won two trial heats and the final of the one hundred and twenty yards run, the final heat being run in 12 seconds, with C. W. Stage second and T. I. Lee third, thus finishing the season in a creditable manner.

A CENTURY RIDER.

Edward M. Roth of Chicago Gets the Gold Medal This Month.

Edward M. Roth of the Clarendon Wheelmen has ridden more centuries on his bicycle than any other rider in Chi-



E. N. ROTH, CENTURY BICYCLIST. This month the Century Road club will award him a gold medal for feat. Roth besides has covered more centuries in a stated period than any wheelman in the United States. During thirteen days of September he rode 2,200 miles, using the Libertyville-Waukegan course. Roth is a young rider, unheard of before last season. Next year he will compete in different events. His clubmates predict for him a succession of brilliant victories.

A MINOR CONFEDERATION.

Will Ultimately Be the Result of Big League Oppression.

From the Wilkesbarre Record: The leading article in Sporting Life of a recent date was an ably expressed opinion from Aaron Rhoades, "Pedant," of this city, why the minor leagues of the country should organize themselves into one body, exclusive of the National League, and control absolutely their own players, a threatened blacklist holding their men in check from desertion to the major organization, where the possibilities of permanent employment is about two in ten for all recruits. Surely such a departure appears to be practical and it will require only two or three samples of one-sided legislation—such as the recent reduction in the prices to be paid for men of various classes—to bring about such an innovation. Were this new organization effected and all its sides ramified by thorough harmony and determination to remain in line on the part of every member of the various minor leagues it would be successful. Then the National League would have a body to cope with which would be dominative and aggressive rather than diplomatic and servile, and terms would have to be made on the basis of equity and a fair value for a player's true worth. This proposition is surely worthy of consideration, and if it be carried out Messrs. Byrne, Brush and Von der Ahe et al. have no one to blame except themselves.

A Famous Woman Chess-Player. Mrs. Nellie Marshall Showalter, whose portrait is given herewith, is perhaps

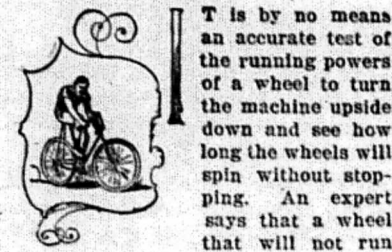


MRS. NELLIE M. SHOWALTER, the most accomplished chess-player in the world. She was born at Donerail, Fayette county, Ky., in 1872, and is directly descended from the late Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme court. She was educated in her native state, and in 1887 married Jackson W. Showalter, who taught her to play chess. She has played many brilliant games, and will undoubtedly achieve still higher distinction in this particular field. Mrs. Showalter is a southern belle, with a petite figure and a most charming manner. She is at present in Kentucky, but expects to come east in a few weeks for the purpose of taking part in the international chess match by cable which will be contested in April between the women of England and America.

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

LATEST REPORTS OF INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Some Notes About the Bicycle—A Popular Fallacy—Danger from Natural Gas—An Air-Cushion Stamp—Device for Indoor Amusement.

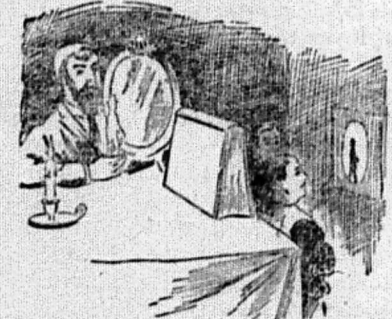


It is by no means an accurate test of the running powers of a wheel to turn the machine upside down and see how long the wheels will spin without stopping. An expert says that a wheel that will not run any great length of time under these circumstances may prove exceedingly satisfactory on the road. Of course, it is important that the adjustment be accurate, but the mere fact of so many revolutions is not specially significant. A wheel fitted with a very light racing tire will not revolve as long as one fitted with a heavy roadster. Some of the forces which oppose the revolutions of the wheel are increased by the weight of the rider in the saddle, others are not. Of two machines, the back wheel may revolve more freely in one than in the other. One may be retarded by some friction in the hub-bearings, the other may have some of the gearing coming slightly in contact with the spokes. In the latter case the weight of the rider will make very little difference, so little indeed that it will not be noticed in ordinary riding, but any friction in the bearings is obviously greatly increased by the rider's weight. This is a matter of great importance, and is, in fact, one of the principal causes of hard work, and is even more taxing than a machine of much greater weight.

A Popular Fallacy.
There is a widespread impression among medical men and the public at large that there is little or no danger attending the removal of the tonsils, and instruments for this purpose are found in the possession of almost every practitioner in the land. An eminent surgeon declares that removing the tonsils is an operation attended with a great deal of risk. One reason for this seems to be that in cutting there is danger of approaching near the large arteries, or, at all events, tapping small veins that may cause alarming hemorrhage. This physician gives an account of the removal of the tonsils from the throat of a boy, when he was obliged to hold the parts with his fingers for several hours to arrest the hemorrhage that threatened the boy's life. Having no appliances at hand for checking the hemorrhage, which was entirely unlooked-for, he came very near losing his patient. The general practitioner is warned against too free use of these instruments; indeed, it is as well to be very wary in cutting the tonsils at all, and not to operate upon them unless it is absolutely necessary, and then only remove a sufficient surface to relieve the mechanical obstruction caused, by their enlargement.

Danger from Natural Gas.
The soil in the coal regions of Indiana and some of the adjacent states is so permeated with gas that it is dangerous to start a fire out of doors, or to throw a lighted match or cigar into any depression in the earth. Recently an excavation was begun for a building, and having been undisturbed for a day or two, some workmen, as they returned to their labor, threw a lighted match into the ditch. An explosion immediately followed, and through a small fissure in the earth came a little jet of natural gas. It is thought by many experts that the supply of natural gas will last but a few years longer; indeed, considering the prodigious waste of it on its own ground, the wonder is that it has lasted so long.

For Indoor Fun.
Here is a simple and easily contrived means of having some indoor fun. The accompanying illustration almost tells



the story without a verbal explanation. Put a lighted candle on a table and on the wall opposite tack a sheet of white paper. Between the candle and the paper place a big book or a piece of cardboard, so that the paper may be dark. The effect will be better if the spectators sit between the table and the wall, or at least so that the table is in the rear, either directly so or on one side. Now, place a mirror at the edge of the table so that it will reflect the light from the candle upon the paper on the wall, and if you hold before the mirror fancy or grotesque figures of any kind, an image of them will be thrown upon the paper. If the figures be of the jumping jack order, their evolutions will prove to be quite amusing.

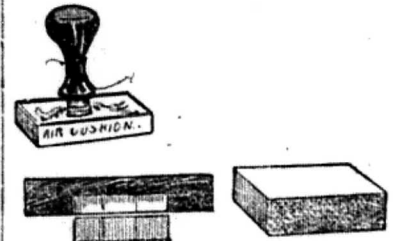
A Large Tunnel.
The largest tunnel ever built—the under-water section of the Blackwall Tunnel, under the Thames—has just been finished. It is twenty-seven feet in diameter and one mile in length, and connects Poplar on the north side of the river with Greenwich on the

south. Nearly four thousand feet of this tunnel had to be driven by compressed air. The accuracy of the survey and the dangers of the work may be imagined from the statement of the engineers that while driving the shield under the river bed there were, at one time, but five feet and two inches of earth between the top of the tunnel and the water. So great was the danger of the water bursting through that large quantities of clay were dumped into the river over the thinnest spots.

Electric Bulletin Boards.
Mr. Peiry of New York has devised and patented electric-lighted bulletin-boards, which are used with great success. The bulletins are made of ground glass, mounted in frames, in front of which are set parallel glass plates one-eighth of an inch apart. The letters are of metal, enameled black, and are fastened by means of a spring on the back, which is thrust into the one-eighth inch slot between the parallel glass plates. Electric lights behind the white glass project the letters with wonderful clearness at night, and no weather can blur them.

Air-Cushion Stamps.
The illustrations herewith represent an improvement lately introduced whereby the rubber stamp is made more valuable by being better adapted to print plainly on uneven surfaces. It consists of the interposition of an air cushion, as shown in the illustration, the cushion being just elastic enough to insure, with ordinary usage, a good impression on any surface, either uneven or yielding.

The cushions will not lose shape or



resiliency, as they are formed by minute cells which do not connect with one another, and the cushion is mounted on handsomely nicked metal plates. There are no pores to fill up with ink and dirt, or compartments to puncture.

A Speedy Locomotive.

Electric locomotive No. 2, the latest electric giant put on the Baltimore Belt railroad, added new laurels on Monday night to the noteworthy performance of locomotive No. 1. No. 2 hauled twenty-eight loaded cars, two "dead" engines and a caboose, a total weight of about 1,400 tons, through the tunnel at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour. A stop was made in the tunnel, and with all drawbars stretched the start was again made without a slip of the wheel. In doing this and accelerating the train up to the speed of twenty miles an hour a drawbar pull of 58,600 pounds was exerted. With this tremendous strain the engineers say the least jerk would have snapped a coupling pin and broken the train apart. From one of the locomotives on the rear end of the train, where a jerky motion would be felt the greatest, an entire absence of such a jar was noted. During the work an input of 4,100 amperes at a pressure of 600 volts was measured. The test is regarded as the severest yet attempted by such a locomotive.

The Hot Winds of the Rockies.
Scientists are of the opinion that hot, dry winds that blow over the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains depend upon the presence of slow-moving, low-pressure areas in that region, and thence eastward, accompanied by relatively high pressure over the Pacific ocean off the coast of Oregon. It is believed that air is heated in its sudden passage from the summit of the Rockies to the prairies below.

Latest in Photography.

A curious experiment in photography was recently made in England. A man was made to look steadily at a postage stamp on a black card for a minute; the room was then darkened, a sensitive photographic plate put in place of the card, and the man looked at it steadily for twenty minutes. The plate was developed and showed two distinct images of the stamp. Ingle Rogers, one of the three witnesses of this fact, is unable to decide whether the photograph is one of the image projected on the man's retina or whether it is a case of thought transference.

A Novel Fire Escape.

A novel form of fire escape, the invention of M. Berutti, was tried lately in Paris before members of the town council and the fire department. It consists of a hollow tube placed along the cornice of a building or the lower part of a balcony railing, inside which runs a small wheel, which can move from one end of the house front to the other. A light wire ladder or an iron cage attached to a rope passing over the block furnishes the means for descent. The apparatus can also be used for workmen, like painters, employed on the outside of houses.

A Hydraulic Life Boat.

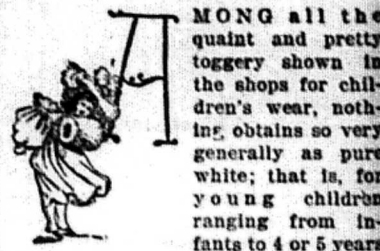
A new hydraulic propelled lifeboat has recently been constructed in England that meets all the requirements of the National Lifeboat Institution. Water is admitted by means of a large scoop, and is forced out by a strong pump of very simple design. A speed of 9 1/2 knots was made on the trial course, and the boat was stopped and reversed in fifteen seconds.

It is stated that butter contains forty times as many microbes as oleomargarine.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—The Kind of a Wife the Average Man Seeks—How to Launder Embroidery—The Household.



MONG all the quaint and pretty toggery shown in the shops for children's wear, nothing obtains so very generally as pure white; that is, for young children ranging from infants to 4 or 5 years of age. Nothing seems to suit their pretty daintiness so well as the snow-white, fur-trimmed rigs they wear so universally nowadays.

A cunning little sprite, who wears the dignified name of Dorothy, and who claims two and a half years as the portion of her time spent on earth, is a most bewitching sight in her snowy cloak, hat and furs. She looks like an invigorated snowflake. Shaggy, silky white astrakhan forms the body of her short cloak, which barely covers the chubby knees. It is double-breasted, and cut much as our umbrella skirts are, to flare all about in a succession of godets, while it fits the small shoulders smoothly. Immense mother-of-pearl buttons fasten it down the front. The sleeves are big puffs reaching to the



FOR NEW YEARS' FANCY DANCE.

wrist, the thickness of the material keeping them out in a very smart way. It has a ripple shoulder cape of white angora, decorated about the neck with a lot of tiny heads. The large muff is all softly lined with pale rose-colored velvet, to keep the tiny hands from feeling the touch of Jack Frost.

An immense Embrandt hat of pearly white satin beaver rolls jauntily off the face, edged all about the brim with narrow white tips. The low, square crown has a soft tint of white lace about it, run through a beautifully carved pearl buckle, while toward the front, so as to fall over the rolling brim, is a bunch of long, glossy white plumes. Dorothy has glossy, brown hair, which is smoothly parted and arranged in two snug little bunches of curls on each side of the forehead, and tied by narrow white satin ribbon. There are funny little leggings and fat-looking little mittens of white wool to keep her as snug as a bug in a rug.—Ex.

The Kind of Wife Wanted.

An Englishwoman who is not a very new woman, says she knows a perfect woman from a man's standpoint. "Being a woman," she said, "I know exactly what sort of a wife I would like if I were a man. It would be one who would never say, 'I told you so,' or 'You're not getting any younger, my dear,' or 'You d-d-don't love me as much as you used.' It would be one who would never stay home and sit up for me when I went to the club, but would take her own pleasure in a reasonable way. One who wouldn't want her mother, her aunts, her sisters and her cousins to stay with her, nor have a family party on Christmas day, nor expect me to go to church when I wanted to play golf, nor frown if I lit a cigar in the drawing-room, nor sniff when I bring home Zola's novels or my chum Smith to take pot luck. I would have a wife who would never get fat nor old, nor had tempered, nor jealous when I talked to pretty Mrs. Barnetson! one who never said silly things; one who always looked bright, smart, capable and better looking than any other men's wives; one who dressed on nothing a year; who never had a flirtation, and who never called in the doctor. This is all I should want."

And the women all said in concert: "Is that all?"

She Bore a Well-Known Name.
A remarkable woman in every respect was the late Mme. Pommeroy. She

assumed the entire management of her vast interests upon the death of her husband and it was her life's ambition to make the wine bearing her name wine of the real aristocracy. How well she has succeeded is apparent to all. Her discerning judgment in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. The successors and present owners of the Pommeroy establishment are M. Henri Alexandre Louis Pommeroy, Mme. Jeanne Alexandrine Louise Pommeroy Comtesse de Polignac and M. Henri Dominique Vashier, the patriotic Frenchman who distinguished himself by his unostentatious work in clarity and as a promoter of the higher industries of France. In recognition of his services he was decorated by the late President Carnot with the cross of the Legion of Honor. In keeping with the system of the late Mme. Pommeroy, the present management, confident that Pommeroy could rely upon its own merits, uses none but strictly legitimate channels in placing it before the public and caters only to the better class of customers. Pommeroy Sec commands the highest price all over the globe.

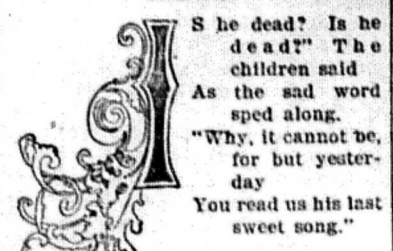
The Monk's Hood Cape.
Very comfortable are some of the huge, roomy capes, measuring several yards about the foot, and fitting smoothly over the shoulders.

Some of the cloth capes are exceedingly smart, made of medium-weight melton, and laid in broad tucks from collar to bottom, the edges of each tuck outlined with the narrowest beaver fur. A broad collar of the same fur, set out over the shoulders, and was stiffened with wire so as to flare up about the face when desired.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS IN THE NEWS.

Dog Brought His Pardon—The Burglar Was a Woman—Hog Swallows a Watch—Spooks Drive Them Out—Anecdote and Incident.



He dead? Is he dead? The children said. As the sad word sped along. "Why, it cannot be, for but yesterday you read us his last sweet song."

Then a little maid gave answer Both wise, and tender, and true, "He is not dead, but has gone away To find the 'Little Boy Blue.'"

It may be a child's sweet fancy, But 'twas like the poet dead To turn from the masses of women and men And go where the little child led.

That while he lay dreaming some beautiful dream— Some token the angels knew— His soul was wooed by the same sweet song That awakened the "Little Boy Blue."

How the first at the portals to greet him At the gate where St. Peter stands, Was the child his song had made holy, With waiting outstretched hands.

Then the children asked with trembling voice, With a feeling of kinship new— "Has he told him how faithful those little toy friends— Has he told the 'Little Boy Blue'?"

Dog Brought His Pardon.

The last day of his term of office Governor Brown of Kentucky pardoned O. G. Garden of Louisville, who was sentenced two years to serve a term of eight years for manslaughter. For some time Garden had been employed as a "trustee" at the executive mansion, doing chores and running errands. The governor's dog, a fine-looking specimen of the shepherd breed, is a family pet, and is unusually intelligent. It was part of Garden's duty to look after the animal, and they came to be fast friends. When the prison doors were opened in the morning the collie was there to greet his convict friend and accompany him to the mansion. At night he returned with his striped playmate to the grim portals. When the pardon was made out last Tuesday the paper was enclosed in a stout envelope and given to the animal, which was told to go to the penitentiary. With a wag of its tail it left the mansion and ran down the old accustomed route to the prison. A telephone message apprised the guards of his coming, and he was admitted without delay. Garden was in the yard patiently awaiting the arrival of the governor's messenger, never dreaming that the dog had been selected. Catching sight of the well-known face, the dog ran up to the convict and laid the envelope at his feet. The glad cry of happy surprise that the overjoyed prisoner gave vent to on catching up the official envelope and tearing it open was re-echoed by a succession of joyous barks from the four-footed harbinger of the good tidings. A moment later man and dog were running at full speed toward the governor's office to turn the release over to the warden. The scene was witnessed by fifty or more convicts, who quickly realized the good fortune that had come to their fellow prisoner. Removing their caps they gave three cheers for the lucky fellow.—Ex.

Has Gazed into Heaven.

Muncie (Ind.) special: Vernon C. Richmond, a 19-year-old boy, has caused considerable excitement within the last few days by going into a trance at least twice every day, and after recovering would tell of the strange sights he had seen. Rev. Coons commenced revival services at the Methodist Episcopal Church a few weeks ago, and Richmond has been a constant attendant. He was converted, and last Tuesday went into a trance and remained in that condition twenty-two hours. His body was cold and rigid, with the exception of his arms. His eyes remained open, and shone like those of a maniac. After recovering from this trance he had nothing to say, only that he was conscious of everything that was transpiring around him. He says that he has gazed into heaven, and that he saw a beautiful scene. He described heaven as one large room filled with angels, all of whom wore crowns. He says Jesus was seated in the center of the room on a throne, and also wore a crown and was surrounded by shining stars. He says that among the angels he noticed a number of his deceased relatives, among them being two of his sisters and an aunt. They clapped their hands and sang when they saw him.

Spooks Drive Them Out.

Last May the bodies of two young men who were drowned in Lake Ontario were taken to a cottage at Sodus Point, N. Y., belonging to George Emery, where an autopsy was held. To keep out the prying eyes of observers, the carpets were torn up and hung at the windows. Then the cooking utensils were used to contain various portions of the bodies as they were dissected, and the blood was spilled all over the furniture, hangings and carpets indiscriminately. Much of the furniture was ruined. But the worst was to come. Time and money cleaned up the cottage, but nothing could drive away the disembodied spirits of the unfortunate young men, as for some rea-

son they took a fancy to the Emery cottage. Several parties of young people rented it, but after remaining there a night or two they decamped. Ugly stories got afloat. Mischievous boys nailed such signs as "Spooks to let," "Ghosts for sale" and "The Morgue" to the premises. Finally Mr. Emery himself moved in, but his family did not care to remain any longer than the others. Just what happened nobody cares to tell, but there are whispers of groans, blows, the splashing of water and blood-curdling screams that are loudest on windy nights. However foolish such stories sound, they are believed by hundreds in and about Sodus Point, and the cottage is rendered worse than useless by them. Mr. Emery has asked the board of supervisors of Wayne county, N. Y., to pay \$187 for damages done by the coroner, which amount, he says, is merely nominal.

Cast His Bread on the Water.

New York special: About four years ago Henry Lewis, a confectioner, who lives with his wife and six children at 52 Floyd street, Brooklyn, found an aged woman sitting on the stoop of his house. She was poorly dressed and evidently without funds. As she showed evidences of culture, he invited her to his home. She accepted, and Mrs. Lewis refused to let her go. The aged visitor remained with them until six months ago, when Lewis found it a difficult matter to support his family. Then she told him she would not continue to be a burden on them, and insisted on going to the poorhouse at Flatbush, where she remained until a few weeks ago, when she returned. She had gone away comparatively a pauper, but returned worth \$300,000, which she has turned over to Lewis for his kindness in taking her in and caring for her when she was without a friend. The discovery that she was heir to the money was made when the surrogate of San Francisco inquired for her through the Brooklyn surrogate, and it was discovered that she was an inmate of the poorhouse.

Revival in Prison.

Warden Harley, of the Indiana state prison, tells of a remarkable religious revival in progress in the penitentiary. Since the wave of religious excitement struck the prison more than 100 of the most hardened convicts have professed conversion. A Christian Endeavor Society, with 200 members, has been organized within the prison walls. The warden says the convicts who are at the head of the society are wondering if the society will be entitled to delegates in the next national convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Various religious forms have been introduced in the prison. Those convicts whose consciences tell them they ought to be baptized are taken to the bath room, where, with solemn ceremony, they are baptized in a bath tub. The warden says there has been a great improvement in the conduct of the 900 convicts since the religious wave took hold on the prison. He is encouraging the chaplain and convicts in the movement.

Barber Shop in a Pulpit.

Rev. H. H. Ford, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at St. Louis, Mich., preached Sunday morning to the barbers of the city. His text was Ezekiel, v. 1, "A Barber's Razor." At the right of the pulpit was a barber's chair, towels, two mirrors and the paraphernalia usually seen in a well-equipped shop. Mr. Ford gave a brief history of the profession and its long existence, after which he compared the various paraphernalia to different phases in human life, combining the worldly with the spiritual. The chair he represented as self-examination; the mirror, the bible, the study of which should create a light; shears, truth, how, after a strong application of the truth, false ideas would vanish.

The Burglar Was a Woman.

Robert Powell of Rushville, Ind., was awakened Saturday night by the sound of footsteps on the tin roofing covering his porch and he saw the figure of a man evidently trying to raise a window. Mr. Powell gave chase and captured the intruder some distance away, but not until after a fierce resistance, followed by the startling discovery that his captive was a woman dressed in male clothing. The woman begged piteously for release, but she stubbornly refused to give her name, saying to Mr. Powell that she would be everlastingly ruined and that she had been driven to attempt robbery by want. Her tears and entreaties prevailed and Mr. Powell suffered her to go.

Hog Swallows a Watch.

J. F. Patterson, a farmer living west of Fort Dodge, Iowa, is minus a gold watch, a valuable family heirloom, through a strange mishap. He was out in the hog yard, when he happened to drop the timepiece. The glitter of the gold caught the watchful eyes of the porkers and they made a unanimous rush for the watch. When Mr. Patterson succeeded in driving them away the watch was gone, and it is quite evident that one of the animals swallowed it. As there were nearly fifty hogs in the inclosure it would hardly pay to kill them to secure the timepiece, and that is the only way to secure it.

Three Odd Items.

A man in Howard county, Mo., burns the cobs in his pig pen, left after the corn is eaten, and feeds the cob ashes to the pigs, nicely salted.

Mrs. W. H. Mier, of Hunter's Bottom, Ky., had three nice, new babies recently—a pair of girls and a boy. A living near there can say, however, "Hub! That's nothing. I've had it myself."

George Muller of Bristol, England, is 90. He has founded orphan's homes and things, has never asked for a cent, yet received \$7,000,000. He just prayed for it.

OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party.

EDITORIAL.

WE PROTEST AGAINST THIS SCAB-RAISING SCHEME.

The New York People of last week published the following report of the New York Central Labor Federation (or Branch 1, "S. T. A. L. A. o. t. U. A. C."):

"It was announced that the Bremer Zeitung, under date of Jan. 11th, had continued its attack against the S. T. and L. A., and it was decided to take action. After a mature debate it was decided that the GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT TO ORGANIZE THE BREWERY EMPLOYEES IN ALL BREWERIES. The above named committee was instructed to proceed at once. A Firemen's Union and a Cooper's Union will also be organized.

In other words it was decided to open a desperate war against the National Brewery Workers' Union. We take the liberty to enter an emphatic protest against this contemptible scab work of the New York Central Labor Federation. As Socialists and members of the Socialist Labor Party we protest against the action of our national official organ that endorses these miserable schemes. For a number of years the brewery workers have had a desperate struggle for their very right of existence, a fight that cost them nearly a hundred thousand dollars. And right now the New York C. L. F., composed of men who call themselves Socialists, are doing all in their power to destroy the National Brewery Workers' Union. We have no use for such scab work. Gentlemen, you disgrace our noble cause of Socialism.

A NEW BATTLE OF CAPITALISM.

St. Louis will have a magnificent armory if the efforts of a number of public-spirited citizens meet with success. The proposed structure will be erected on the northwest corner of Twelfth street and Clark avenue, and its estimated cost will be between \$100,000 and \$200,000. The proposed site is just south of the new City Hall, and consists of the vacant portion of the old Washington Park. An ordinance will be introduced into both houses of the city legislature in a few days authorizing the erection of an armory on the ground.

The movement to secure permanent quarters for the National Guard may also be instrumental in providing a suitable auditorium for the Republican National Convention. The feasibility of making alterations in the Exposition building has been questioned, and the idea of building a large temporary wigwam instead of making the alterations has been discussed. This would mean the expenditure of between \$50,000 and \$30,000. Those interested in the movement to build an armory assert that with this as a nucleus, the rest of the necessary funds ought to be secured with little effort. They further assert that if work will be begun on the structure in a short time, it will be very easy to build the drill hall complete, and to finish enough of the building by June 1 to give every facility required to the delegates and committee for holding the Republican National Convention in that building.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The old Washington Park that surrounds the new City Hall, or the "Monument of Corruption," is a public park, owned by the city of St. Louis. We emphatically protest that any public property be donated to the hirelings of Capitalism, the State Militians. We appeal to the working people of St. Louis, especially to the Central Trades and Labor Union to oppose this new scheme of the wholesale robber concern, known as the Board of Trade. Let Organized Labor inaugurate a movement against this new armory scheme. Act, before it will be too late.

LET "JUSTICE" REIGN OVER THE GRAVE OF THE DEAD.

The Providence "Justice" has expired. Its death adorns a tale and points a moral that cannot be too often insisted on, to wit, that what our generation wants is strict, "narrow," uncompromising, scientific thought and action. "Justice" was a vulgar fruit stand. The fruit vendor is "dead," as all people are whose object is to catch pennies; he has bananas, peaches, apples, all sorts of fruits to suit the taste of the purchaser; who ever does not like bananas can invest in his peaches, etc. So "Justice." It had an excellent column devoted to Socialism; the rest of the paper retailed any and every sensibleness that promised to pay, and often downright "pure and simple" false information. The very variety that keeps the fruit vendor going, kills a reform paper. The paper that today is published in the field of labor politics must, if it wishes to live, be as straight

as a pike, as unbending as a hickory club as "intolerant" as science. None other need apply."—New York People.

Our readers are acquainted with the spirit expressed in the columns of Providence Justice. We have repeatedly quoted from the paper. While it is true that the paper now and then contained a note or communication which were not of the true Socialist color, it fearlessly advocated New Trade Unionism and bravely upheld the banner of the Socialist Labor Party. We are convinced that Providence Justice has done considerable good work for Socialism in general and for our Socialist Labor Party in particular. Rhode Island polled a good Socialist vote, thanks to the effective work of Justice.

The Socialists, above all, should do justice to each other, to all their friends and enemies as well. It's mere cowardice to attack the tactics of a Socialist paper after it "has expired." If the above criticism of our national organ is true, why in the name of truth and justice, and for the good and welfare of our party, did the New York People never show the moral courage to criticize the tactics of Providence Justice? Oh, it is so cheap, so utterly contemptible, to attack the dead, defenseless opponent.

It is not true that "fruit ventering" as the People expresses itself, kills a labor paper. The contrary is the case. A true, straight Socialist labor paper has a hard road to travel, while fake papers and boodle sheets prosper and flourish. Was the San Francisco Coming Age not one of the best Socialist papers ever published? Of course it was. But down it went, as a consequence of the lack of support, the lack of Socialist co-operation. We could name at least a dozen of good Socialist papers that died the same natural death. It is the "anarchy" in the Socialist labor press organization of America that kills every true Socialist paper. And our friends of New York are well aware of the enormous sacrifices which are necessary to uphold a straight Socialist labor press. Many, many thousands of dollars have been raised by the comrades in New York and the surrounding cities and States, nay, by the Socialists of the whole country. It has been done at present, and if it were not done in the future, the "Hickory Club" might soon be transformed into a piece of Indian rubber.

Let justice reign over the grave of "Providence Justice." It makes every true Socialist's heart bleed to see a single Socialist paper "expire."

AGITATE, Educate, Organize!

Push the Sale of "Merrie England."

"LOOKING BACKWARD" should be in every workman's family.

REVOLUTIONIZE the public opinion. Distribute literature, hold public meetings, spread the gospel of Socialism wherever you can.

WHEREVER there are a number of Socialists in a town or village they should organize a section of the Socialist Labor Party. Comrades, the time for action has come.

EVERY Socialist should consider it his first duty to get young people interested in the Socialist movement. "Merrie England" is a good work to reach and convert young people.

The class war is on; it is bitterer than ever. It will and must continue thus while the capitalist system exists. The class war is at the root of all our social and labor struggles. However, capitalism is digging its own grave. The grave is wide open. Will the wage workers go down with capitalism, or will they rise in their might, raise the banner of Socialism and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The small business men and the agricultural middle class are in deplorable conditions. In most cases the wage-worker, who earns \$9 or \$10 a week is better off than the small shopkeeper who has to watch for customers from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night, and who can hardly pay his gas bill on the last of the month. Let these middle-class people know that Socialism is their only salvation.

It is astonishing how even the most radical Socialists are liable to make mistakes as soon as they speak of conditions of other countries. Comrade Hyndman, in a lecture recently delivered in Glasgow, Scotland, said:

"Eugene V. Debs, a well-known Socialist Democrat, was fully convinced, from his experience of what had recently transpired in America of the futility of strikes. The emancipation of labor was not to be reached that way."

We never knew that Mr. Debs was a well-known Socialist Democrat. Up to date Debs has been a radical Populist.

Socialists of America, to the front. Prepare for a lively national campaign. Arouse the careworn toilers of the continent. Let us organize in every State of the union. This can easily be done if we are not too narrow-minded to co-operate with all the Socialists who favor a strict Socialist labor movement on the lines laid down by the Socialist Labor Party. Comrades, remember there are thousands of enthusiastic Socialists without the red card—men and women who still uphold the Socialist Labor Party movement, but who have been forced out of the party membership through the short-sightedness and narrow-mindedness of some of our own people.

HO, PASSIVE SLAVES! Who gave you birth? Who breathed the breath of life in you? Was it your God? And was this earth Created only for the few? No man can own one single inch Of this great earth so broad and wide, And those who hold the "mortal cinch" Know well God is not satisfied.

Oh, creeds, and faiths, and hopes, and fears, How passive to the love of gold! Unheeding cries and bitter tears Of creatures into bondage sold, But from on high the living God In patience does his own time bide; He hears the voice of martyred blood, And says, ye shall be satisfied!

A VOICE FROM NEW AMERICA.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS.

[Written Especially for the Socialist Newspaper Union.]

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

—Shakspeare.

Now listen:

February 11, 1891, the explosion of December, 1888, was recalled by the unexpected arrest of the secretary of the Whisky Trust in Chicago by the United States authorities. The Cook County Grand Jury found an indictment February 17th, against the prisoner. April 20th, 1891, he was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury, charged with the crime of attempting to bribe a government gauger to blow up the distillery of the troublesome competing Shufeldt Co. The gauger whom the secretary endeavored to enlist had been loyal to Uncle Sam and lost no time to make known to his superiors the offer and the purpose of the bribe.

And right here comes the most horrible part of the corporation's planned crime. The investigation furnished the proof that, if the explosion had been carried out, 150 men at work in the distillery would have been destroyed. The evidence given Congress afterwards tended to show that part of the plan was that the bribed gauger who was to set and explode the infernal machine was not to be allowed to survive to claim his reward, and, perhaps, repent and tell. The fuse was fixed so that the explosion would be instantaneous instead of giving him time, as had been promised him, to get out of the way.

In a statement to the press, February 15th, the president of the Whisky Trust said, as the result of a conference of the trustees:

"We have unanimously agreed to stand by the secretary." In other words, the millionaire trustees had unanimously agreed to stand by the banner of dynamite—anarchism. And right in Chicago, where, in 1887, the poor so-called anarchists and labor agitators had been sentenced to death and executed on November 11th. The Whisky Trust found a willing tool, a Judge of the United States Court, who quashed the Federal indictment on the ground that it was not a crime, under any of the United States laws for an internal revenue officer to destroy a distillery of his own volition and impulse, and that it is not a crime against the United States for another person to bribe him to do such an act. Within a few months the whole affair was forgotten, and the Whisky Trust anarchists went on as before to do "legal business" as "law-abiding citizens" under Uncle Sam's protection.

Now, you see, not even the anarchists of Old America were treated alike before the law. The poor anarchists were conducted to the gallows; the millionaire anarchists were conducted to the banquet halls of the "upper 400" and glorified and heralded as "law-abiding American citizens."

Such were the law and order, the morality and religion of Capitalism at the end of the nineteenth century. Before I close I cannot help giving you another illustration of the "lawful business" done by the monstrous corporations at the expense of the Old American people. The following information is based on official reports, on official documents submitted to various legislative bodies. Mr. Lloyd says:

"It is a startling story for a citizen of the republic to read—that of the steps, the wreckage of industries, the conspiracies to annihilate competition, the games with stock, the expert lying, the crimes under the forms of law, the bold defiance of law, by which the little nest-eggs of nothing of the group which came into the field in 1862 grew to \$1,000,000 in 1870; to \$2,500,000 in 1872; to \$3,500,000 in 1875; to \$70,000,000 in 1882, and in 1887 to a capital of \$90,000,000, which the New York Legislature reported in 1888, according to the testimony of the Standard Oil Trust's president, to be worth not less than \$148,000,000, with net earnings in one period of six years, when the operations of the trust were vastly less than what they are to-day, of \$55,000,000."

This was what thoughtless people used to call "good business." And the Standard Oil Co. was but one of the many hundreds of "trusts" that fleeced the people. There were the monopolies in wheat, flour, beef, lard; the monopolies in hogs, sheep and cattle; the monopolies in railroads, street cars, telegraphs, telephones, gas, electricity; in coffee, tea, sugar, salts, in leather, shoes and clothing; in short, every product of labor and all the products of nature were monopolized by the business lords. The people had to pay enormous tributes in order to get back a small part of their own produce. Most of these monstrous monopolies sprang into existence after the Civil War. Dickens, in his work, "A Child's History of England," informs us how King James I, known as "His Sowship," created many monopolies in necessities of life. When His Sowship was hard-pressed for money, and he could not see any other way out of the dilemma, he simply granted to some powerful merchants the exclusive privilege of dealing in certain necessities of life, thereby excluding all the other merchants from the market. These monopoly merchants had to pay great sums of money to His Sowship, not out of their own pockets, however, because they shifted the burdensome tribute on the people's shoulders; and charged exorbitant prices for their goods. Against this fleecing process the stubborn English people strongly protested, and they were not slow in asking the King to abolish these monstrous monopolies, which were a great grievance to them. James I, emphatically refused to listen to the voice of the suffering people, as he did in a great many other things; he soon got himself into trouble with the Parliament that represented the people's cause, and this trouble did not reach its climax until his son, King Charles I, after a long reign of terror, had to take that memorable walk to the scaffold in Whitehall Palace, on January 30th, 1649. Indeed, it took many, many years before the patience of the brutally outraged people got exhausted; before the mouthpiece of a guilty class of oppressors was brought to justice—a most merciful, a most severe justice, I admit.

It was King Charles I. and his ruling class who confiscated the means whereby people lived; and to take the people's means of living, is to take the people's lives. It must be borne in mind that the great English revolution was not a mere fight for religious and political supremacy. For the people this revolution was a fight for freedom and bread. Every new political system represents a certain new economic and social system, and vice versa.

In Old America there were no divine Kings and Princes who could sell the monopoly privileges to private individuals. The Old American monopolies acted more independently and arbi-

trarily than their Old American colleagues. Old Uncle Sam was simply surrounded by a class of political highwaymen, the tools of a mushroom aristocracy, bound with the ropes of class legislation and forced to give up the property, the common wealth of the nation. Then these highwaymen—Republican and Democratic Representatives they pleased to call themselves—yes, then these "gentlemen" took possession of the halls of Uncle Sam's Congress and of his courts of justice and of his army and navy department, and of all the State Legislatures and the municipal administrations; then they made their own laws for their own class interests; they appointed their own judges and all the rest of the officers and officials to execute said laws—laws that were a great burden on the people; laws that declared all kinds of systematic robbery and murders as lawful as a child's play. In order to give to these laws a democratic color elections were still ordered to take place regularly; the poor wage workers were actually forced to vote for the monopolists and their mercenaries. The votes of those that could not be reached by intimidation or by the whip of hunger were bought up by political agents, known as ward politicians, at the rate of 25c, or 50c, or \$1.00 apiece, or a few glasses of beer or bad whisky, or for the promise of getting a dog-catcher's job—very often thousands of promises for a single job. In this way the monopolists of the nineteenth century controlled the political machinery—and the control of the political power meant the ownership and control of the nation's wealth.

How about the intelligent portion of the wage workers and so-called small business men? you ask. How about those who were still possessed of sufficient moral and intellectual power to resist the capitalist encroachments, the attacks on the nation's inalienable rights? Did they never show any desire to break the chains of the capitalist-anarchistic system of arbitrary individualism and to remedy the social evils by concerted action? Why, most assuredly.

I shall now endeavor to show how Old America escaped the economic and social confusion; how the masses of the people freed themselves from the general chaos of capitalist anarchy, and how the confused social reform movement at the end of the nineteenth century developed into a world-wide, orderly and well-organized movement among all the civilized nations; a social movement that will be the pride of all ages and generations.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN NIGHT IS DARKEST, DAWN IS NEAREST.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Tho' the enemy seem to have won,
Tho' his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done.
For, sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man, bowed down with labor,
O woman, young, yet old,
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Civil War is over. Hundreds of thousands of brave men from North and South sleep in bloody graves; men who gave their lives to prove the faith of their convictions. North and South, standing by these graves, grasp hands across the bloody chasm. The dead heroes are no longer considered victorious or defeated soldiers, but Americans who died for their country. The short time of two decades sufficed to heal the bloody wounds of a four-years' civil war. The people from North and South solemnly fraternize on the graves of the country's brave and heroic sons. Indeed, this is a golden leaf in the History of Old America.

But where the war for the abolition of chattel slavery ends, the war for the abolition of wage slavery begins. The emancipation of the chattel slaves increased the desperate competition on the "free labor market." The new civil war began. While the capitalist tried to buy the commodity, labor, as cheap as possible, the wage worker, in order to sustain life, had to demand as high a price for his labor-power as possible. These diametrically opposed class interests caused considerable friction and soon a lively fight was begun. Seeing that the individual wage worker was a mere straw in the wind when it came to the question of resisting the encroachments of Capitalism, the workmen united into unions—local, national and international unions—and Knights of Labor assemblies. The capitalists lost no opportunity to reduce the wages and lengthen the daily working time of their employes. Wherever human labor power did not realize the desired rate of profit for the employer new labor-saving machinery was introduced, thousands of men being forced out of work. In most cases women and children were hired to do the machine work, because they worked for considerably less wages. The conditions of the wealth-producing people grew worse from day to day and this state of affairs caused general alarm. What was to be done? The next thing was that the workmen refused to work for the wages offered them by their masters. They demanded higher wages; when too many men were out of work they demanded shorter hours of labor; and when the employers refused to grant these demands the men went on strike in a body. While there existed certain trades unions many years before the Civil War broke out, and while many efforts were made by these trades unions to better the condition of their members, it must be borne in mind that the so-called "modern labor movement," the struggle between Capitalism and Labor, did not amount to much until 1885 and 1886, when a general eight-hour movement was inaugurated; i. e., a movement for a general reduction of the hours of labor. Within four or five months the wage workers of the country from New York to San Francisco, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, millions in number, tired of the burdens of life forced upon them by a system of Capitalism that was the ideal of an idle class of aristocrats, were aroused from their dangerous slumber. They rubbed their eyes, looked around for awhile, listened to the fiery speeches of enthusiastic labor agitators, who appealed to the wage slaves to rise in their might and break the chains of slavery. Trades and Labor Unions and Knights of Labor assemblies became very numerous. Everywhere new battalions of Organized Labor were formed, and on May 1, 1886, the demand for an eight-hour day was made throughout the country. Never before had Old America seen such a social spectacle. Never before had the masses of wage workers been so thoroughly aroused as in those memorable days.

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

The Speaker of the Maryland House is playing in pretty fair luck just now, although his name is Mudd.

"Snow's" BRONCHIAL TROCHES are unequalled for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

A hole 150 feet long, 10 feet wide and invisibly deep has appeared upon the farm of E. H. Ott of Washington, Mo.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS \$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD. If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for \$3.

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more \$3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3.25, \$2.75 shoes; \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.75 for boys. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 3 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Box 11. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brookton, Mass.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was; it has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Gasol. Steel, Galvanized-steel, Compression Windmills, Filling and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Food Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish and January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. Dr. J. J. EPHENE, Lebanon, Ohio.

SILVER KING BARLEY, 110 BU. PER ACRE.

The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bus. per acre. That pays at 20c. a bushel!

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 200 bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurray for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables \$1.00.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free to you a grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. for mailing. w.n.

There are few words more misused than "elegant." It doesn't fit mutton chops, for instance.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, 1895.

When malice and a sense of duty get all tangled up, it takes a wise man to get 'em straightened out and separated.

"There is something about you," remarked Rubberneck Bill, as he gently removed the traveler's money belt. "There is something about you that I like." Indianapolis Journal.

COLORADO GOLD MINES. If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to The Gold Miner, an illustrated, monthly paper published at Denver.

"Bill Jones' Jim has got his eddication, ain't he?" "You bet! He's the best pitcher in the team, an' kin jump higher'n a hoss kin kick."—Atlanta Constitution.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. After the first trial, a box of this medicine cures, Treatise and 24 trials free for 10 cents. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"He was always a bad egg, yet society received him as long as he was rich." "Yes, he was a good oar until he was broke."—Detroit Tribune.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

"It's great fun to be a woman and have money, and be within walking distance of the bargain store."

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

Babies are not only the people who make a big noise in the world, without much result beyond the noise.

Frost, Frolic and Business. The wind over frozen ponds and lakes, over snow-fields of plains and open country, is heavily charged with frost and fine particles of frozen matter. It is the most penetrating way for chill to set in. Sudden warmth, sudden chill, and severe colds. Girls and boys skating, driving for pleasure or business, and men at work should know the difference in temperature. Yet the youngsters skate away and with mouth open laughing take in a dose of sore throat. Drivers and workmen throw aside wraps and all know the next day from soreness and stiffness what sudden chill means. Now the best thing to do when housed is to rub well at once with St. Jacobs Oil. If you do, you will not have sorethroat; or if you are stiff and sore, it will cure by warming the surface to throw out the chill.

PENSION JOHN W. HOBBS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 indicating claims, satisfactory.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores Falling or Greying Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases, itching, itching, itching.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Inventions. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

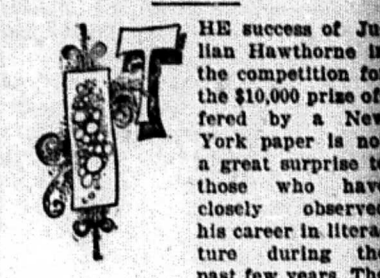
PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

W. N. U. St. L.—062—5. When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

WON A BIG PRIZE.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S LATEST STORY BROUGHT \$10,000.

He Entered a Newspaper Contest and Bagged the Highest Prize—Competition Was Open to the World—His Various Productions.



HE success of Julian Hawthorne in the competition for the \$10,000 prize offered by a New York paper is not a great surprise to those who have closely observed his career in literature during the past few years. The competition was open to the world, and there were plenty of aspirants for the tempting award, but Mr. Hawthorne is easily recognized as among the foremost novelists of the time, and that he should have achieved this marked triumph in literature will be a matter of general satisfaction. He was born in Boston in 1846, entered Harvard college in 1863, and though he failed to receive the degree with which his colleagues in the class were decorated, he excelled them all in athletics and was consoled in the hour of disappointment by his friend, John C. Heenan, the prize fighter, who assured him he would be a successful prize fighter, and urged him to adopt that occupation. He didn't follow the advice, though strongly inclined to do so, for his illustrious father had warned him to try to earn an honest living in any other way than by authorship. He tried to be a civil engineer, succeeded measurably in mastering that difficult profession and was for a period employed in the New York department of docks under General George B. McClellan. He grew weary of the work, however, and in 1872 gave it up and went to Dresden with his wife and child. During the latter part of his residence in New York he had, to use his own language, "contracted a deleterious practice of writing short stories for the magazines," which he followed up during his residence abroad by the production of a novel entitled "Bressart," which was published in England and America, and was regarded as a work of much merit. Since that numerous works have followed, among which were "Saxon Studies," "Garth," "Sebastian Strome," "Sinfire" and "Archibald Malmalson," the last two of which he rates among his best works. The prize winner in the recent contest is entitled "Between Two Fires," and strangely enough another of the competitors had chosen the same title for the work he submitted, but without the least depreciation of the others it may be said that there were no two opinions among the judges.

Rooms cost from \$7 to \$10 per week at Cripple Creek, and coffee and tea are a quarter a cup.

\$500.00 for \$1.00. Unadilla, N. Y., (Special)—One of our substantial men here, Fred J. Joyce, recently made a \$2.50 investment, and considers the results worth \$500 to him. For over fifteen years Mr. Joyce was an inveterate smoker, and the tobacco habit gained such a hold on him that it affected his nervous system and made it impossible for him to quit. Upon realizing the loss of health and money which threatened him, he made many unsuccessful attempts to break himself of the life-sapping habit, until on a chance he took No-To-Bac, the great cure which has saved over 300,000 tobacco victims. Two boxes completely cured Mr. Joyce, and he has no desire for tobacco now whatever. When he attempts to smoke it makes him as dizzy as when he first acquired the habit. He now is in the very best physical condition, and \$500 would not tempt him to use tobacco again.

All will agree that Nameless, Georgia, though nameless, has a better name than either Squawpan or Gumbo, Maine.

A Pennsylvania Farmer. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew last season over 207 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats from one measured acre! How is that for old Pennsylvania? Over 30,000 farmers are going to try and beat this in 1896 and win \$200 in gold! Then think of 116 bus. barley from one acre and 1,200 big full bushels of potatoes and 230 bushels of Golden Triumph Corn!

What's teosinte, and sand vetch and spurry and fifty other rare things? Well Salzer's catalogue will tell you. Largest growers of clovers, grasses and farm seeds in America. Freight's cheap.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including above oats, free. w.n.

Death, by its universality, has become so commonplace that we should cease to think of it.

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

What a man wears may be his own business, but it's his bad business if he's a guy.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more corns. Hindercorns removes them, and very comforting it is. 15c. at druggists.

Only Eighteen. Only eighteen fatal accidents occurred in the Alps last summer, four in the French Alps, six in the Swiss, six in the German and Austrian and two in the Italian Alps. Four of the victims were English, one the guide Emile Rey, French, two Italians and the rest Germans.

To Gain Weight.

PALE, THIN PEOPLE USUALLY ARE DISEASED.

The First Thing Necessary to Gain Flesh is Health Then Proper Food for Both Body and Nerves.

From the Journal, Kirksville, Mo.

Henry Gehrke is a thrifty and prosperous German farmer living four miles south of Bullion, in this (Adair) county, Mo. Mr. Gehrke has a valuable farm and he has been a resident of the county for years. He is very well known hereabouts and well respected wherever he is known. Last week a reporter of the Journal stopped at Mr. Gehrke's and while there became much interested in Mrs. Gehrke's account of the benefit she had not long since experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She said she wanted everybody to know what a great medicine these pills are, but as so many people are praising them now-a-days, she modestly doubted whether her testimony could add anything to what others had already said of them. Her only reason for talking for publication about Pink Pills was that the people of Adair and neighboring counties might be convinced, if any doubted, that the published testimonials concerning Pink Pills were genuine statements from the lips of persons who have been benefited by the use of them. Speaking of her own interesting experience, she said:

"A little over a year ago I was completely broken down. I had been taking medicine from a doctor but grew weaker and worse until I could scarcely go about at all. The least exertion or the mere bending of my body would cause me to have smothering spells, and the suffering was terrible. I thought it was caused by my heart. When everything else had failed to relieve me and I had given up all hopes of ever being anything but a helpless invalid, I chanced to read some testimonials in the Farm, Field and Fireside, also in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and the suffering of the people who made the statements were so nearly like the suffering I had endured that when I read that they were so greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I do not hesitate to go at once and purchase two boxes. I took them according to directions and before the first box was used I felt better. Really the first dose convinced me that it was a great remedy. Before the two boxes were used up I sent my husband after three more boxes, so I would not be without them. When I had used these three boxes I felt like a different woman and thought I was almost cured."

"Since that time I have been taking them whenever I began to feel badly. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I weighed only 113 pounds and after I had been using the medicine for about six months I weighed 122 pounds. I have had a good appetite ever since. I commenced taking Pink Pills and instead of moping along, picking such food as I could eat even with an effort, I eat most anything that comes on the table. I am not the invalid I was. I do not have to be waited upon now as if I was a helpless child, but I work all the time, doing the housework and ironing and working in the garden without that dreadful feeling which comes over a person when they are afraid they are going to have one of those spells that I used to have. Work don't hurt me any more. I honestly believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would now be in my grave. I still have what the doctor calls bilious colic but the Pink Pills have made me much better, and the spells are not so frequent and are nothing like so painful as before I began to use them. I would not be without the Pink Pills for that disease alone under any circumstances, to say nothing of the other diseases for which they are especially recommended. I take pleasure in telling my neighbors the benefits I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and know of several who have taken my advice and have been greatly benefited by them."

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

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Build a fort around your health with BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. GUARANTEED. Purchase Money refunded should Brown's Iron Bitters taken as directed fail to benefit any person suffering with Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Female Infirmities, Impure Blood, Weakness, Nervous Troubles, Chronic Headache and Neuralgia. More than 4,000,000 bottles sold—and only \$2.00 asked for and refunded. [SEAL] BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, Md.



You are discharged I have no use for any one that has not sense enough to chew Battle-AX PLUG.

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents.

White Washing Done Everywhere with Clairette Soap. All washing is not white washing, as all soap is not Clairette. That bath-brick tint when seen in clothes, always proves that they are strangers to Clairette Soap. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. Catalogue Free. De Kalb Fence Co., 121 1/2 Street, DE KALB, ILL.

SALZERS SEEDS. 25 Packages Earliest Vegetable Seeds, postpaid, \$1.00. YOU Have often seen seed come up poor and sickly, without sufficient vitality to produce a crop,—that was an object lesson that poor seeds produce poor crops,—but when you plant Salzer's Northern-Grown Seeds for garden or farm, the same changes as if by magic. Instead of poor yields you at once get roaring crops, crops that will gladden your heart and fill your purse. For Salzer's Seeds are full of life, full of vigor, full of producing qualities. \$400 in GOLD PRIZES. We pay this on Oats, Barley, and Corn. 25 bushels of Silver Mine (Nameless Beauty) Oats grown on one acre won the prize in 1895. You can beat that! It is the greatest Oat of the century. No more hard times if you sow a plenty of Salzer's Barley, Oats, Potatoes, Grasses and Clover! Have you tried Teosinte, Sacalino, Giant Spurry and Giant Quick-Growing German Clover? Catalogue tells all about these Fodder Plants. SPLENDID VEGETABLES. Large selections, many splendid sorts. Everything cheap. Oats Seed at 50c. per lb.; 10 cents. Flower Seed, 25c. 1,000 Seed Boxes, Plants and Small Fruits, hardy as Oak. Send 4c. for Market Gardener's Wholesale List. PLEASE CUT OUT THE FOLLOWING AND SEND IT With 10c. in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get from their great catalogue and 10 pages. Grasses, Oats, Barley and Grains. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE WIS.

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