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THE MONROE DOCTRINE OF LABOR

AN APPEAL TO THE WAGE-WORKERS OF AMERICA.

ONWARD, COMRADES!

Comrade Sherlie Woodman's
Lecture at North St. Louis
Turner Hall.

The Mission of the Socialists and the
Mission of Organized Labor
in General.

Socialism Will Do Away With "Venezuelan Boundary Lines."

Last Sunday, Jan. 19, Comrade Sherlie Woodman of Chicago delivered the following lecture at the nomination convention of the Eighth and Eighteenth Ward Clubs, at North St. Louis Turner Hall, St. Louis, Mo. The lecture is an excellent exposition of the rights of Labor and the duties of the Socialists. Here is the lecture in full:

It is solely, I am confident, out of courtesy, and not from expectation of enlightenment on any phase of the labor question, that I have been invited to address you today. I have therefore accepted the invitation in the spirit which I believe prompted it. I do not come before you, therefore, as a teacher, an oracle, or an authority on a subject with which all of you are as thoroughly conversant as I am, and possibly more so. I feel that to assume any such attitude would be very unbecoming on my part and rightly distasteful to you. I simply stand here as one of yourselves to voice sentiments which probably all of you entertain, to give audible expression to thoughts and aspirations common to us all. But, though I am the bearer of no new message, have no new truth to deliver, no novel theory to unfold, it has occurred to me that an opportunity has been recently afforded to present old truths in a new form, to show them up in the light of current events and to formulate

A certain United States President, long since departed, wishing to immortalize his name, set forth, during the term of his presidency, certain principles, now known as the Monroe doctrine, supposed to embody the policy of this government in regard to the minor governments of this continent. The gist of this much-quoted, commonly-ignored and conveniently-resurrected doctrine is that no European power shall attempt to possess itself of any territory on this continent, to which, prior to the enunciation of this doctrine, it held no claim. That the United States asserts its absolute neutrality for all time, in regard to international European entanglements, but reserves to itself the right to interfere at all times to prevent further European encroachments upon American soil.

The much-vaunted Monroe doctrine does not, unfortunately contain a further promise to the effect that any American nation, seeking to throw off the yoke of a foreign despotism and assert its independence shall have the recognition and support of the United States Government, and not be left to contend unequally against the trained armies of European powers. If the United States is really desirous of expounding the cause of the weak and checking the tyranny of the strong, an amendatory clause to the above effect, would greatly enhance the value of the Monroe doctrine.

As a matter of fact, the Monroe doctrine has only been recently resurrected as a political pretext; in order to fan with the breath of popularity—the third term aspirations of a President, whom the people had almost unanimously decided to relegate to "innocuous desuetude."

Something had to be done and the South American difficulty was seized upon with avidity, as affording an opportunity for the exercise of that boundless patriotism which is considered the birthright of every American citizen and about the only birthright to which the average American citizen can at present lay claim. The rest of his alleged birthrights, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," themes so dear to Fourth of July orators, he has been over and over again compelled to sacrifice in attempts, more or less fruitless, to get within at least smelling distance of the mess of pottage without which the birthrights are but of little worth. For not only "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but life itself must be frequently sacrificed and consequently jeopardized in order that the means of subsistence may be secured.

To earn a living, means in most cases, working one's self to death in order to live, for incessant toil shortens human life—we must mortgage a certain percentage of our lives to capital in order to live at all. So patriotism is about after all the only birthright which is furnished us "free, gratis, for nothing." And even that becomes in some cases a pretty expensive luxury. Many thousands found it so during the late war. Many

professional politicians of our country find it advisable to enforce the claims of the "Monroe doctrine." Because a patriot, you know, is supposed to be ready to die for his country at any time. It seems a little singular, doesn't it, that a dead man is considered of so much more value to his country than a living one. To a family, now, a man is much more valuable living than dead, that is, provided his life is not very heavily insured and he is the right kind of a man. There are exceptions of course; I have known families, and so have you, no doubt, in which the greatest favor the man could do them would be to die, but with a country it is altogether different. The man who dies for his country is popularly supposed to have rendered it the greatest possible service, and it is generally too, the man whose life would be the most useful to any country, whose death is the most appreciated. Suppose all men were patriots and all determined to die for their country, the country would eventually find itself in pretty bad shape, it seems to me.

It has been reserved, however, to an American statesman, recently defining his attitude and expounding his views on the Monroe doctrine, to proclaim to the world the peculiar benefits of patriotism and to explain so fully that "he who runs may read" why it is that dead men are so much more profitable to a country, or a Government, than live ones. Live men eat, dead ones don't. "A war," he says, "provides employment for a large number of people who would rather fight than work;" he should have added, especially when no work is to be had. The hungry people ask for bread, and State Secretary Hinrichsen of Illinois would give them not stones even, but bullets. A diet of lead is so satisfying—those whose stomachs are once filled with it never demand food again.

War as an occupation for the unemployed! Have you ever thought of the anomaly? A government can feed and clothe men for the work of destruction, but not for the work of production. Oh, no! The latter would be paternalism, something so foreign to the spirit of our American institutions. As a matter of fact, it is not only the unemployed and those who are fond of fighting who are called on in time of war. No! The wealth producers of our land "are taken from their plow-shares and work-shops, and swords, muskets and repeating rifles are forced into their hands; yet this kind of paternalism is all right, and nobody dreams of calling it tyranny."

"Our country needs a war about once in every generation," says State Secretary Hinrichsen. "It serves to keep alive and intensify the American spirit." Oh! If any Socialist had given utterance to this sentiment, if the remark had even been made by Eugene V. Debs, what a wall of indignation would have gone forth from the entire capitalistic press of the country. Cleveland and Olney would have dispatched United States troops to the scene of the outburst at once. The work-

gun" if he will only use that gun in defense of the rights of Venezuela. Heaven help him if he dare entertain the idea of using it to protect those of Labor. This is to be guilty of treason. But now what about "Labor's Monroe Doctrine?" How can labor have a Monroe doctrine, any way? The formulating of a national policy implies a national existence. Have the toilers of the world national existence? Have the working classes of America a national existence? No! They are wage-slaves, and a slave of any sort or description is nationally not existent. In times of peace the working classes are "beasts of burden, hewers of wood and drawers of water;" in times of war they are simply animated targets—food for powder and shot. "But the working man in this country is a sovereign, a free and independent citizen—he votes."

Yes, so he does and he is a right good Christian, too, for he "loves his enemies" and votes them into office every time. Quite a large percentage of the American workingman's time is spent annually in committing or trying to commit political suicide. Each of the dominant parties are representatives of capitalist money upon which they spend for their very existence, and necessarily the legislation which they enact can only be of a character which capitalism approves. Now, of what kind of legislation does capitalism approve? Manifestly of the kind which operates for its interests, and its interests are always on the side of larger profits. But what does larger profits for the capitalist mean? Less wages for the laborer. There are only two parties to the transaction—labor and capital—the co-operation of these two factors produces a certain result, called profits. Now, if labor secures more of the profits, capital has less. If capital secures more, labor has less. It is therefore to the interest of capital to diminish labor's share; it is to the interest of labor to diminish capital's share. (Of course I am speaking of the natural results under our present industrial system, not of the ideal one which Socialists are seeking to introduce in which labor and capital are to meet on equal terms, and become identical.)

Thus, we see there is at present, a natural and inevitable antagonism between capital and labor, and those who try to convince the workingmen to the contrary, are either professional falsifiers, or they "darken counsel by words without knowledge." The chasm between capital and labor under the present wage system is broader, deeper and far more impassable than that which divided the rich man from Lazarus. The lion of capital and the lamb of labor can never lie down in peace together until the lion has tucked the lamb away in his capacious interior. Now then, if capital and labor are necessarily and fundamentally antagonistic, if the success of the one can only be achieved at the expense of the other, what folly to expect legislation

supported by capitalism itself? Once in a while it is true, in order to make the workingman feel that they are really his benefactors and friends, some petty legislative measure or other of a palliative character, will be enacted. But is it ever enforced? Measures such as the abolition of the truck system; the regulation of child labor, sanitary inspection of workshops, factories, etc., prohibition of the sweating system, and many others—are they ever enforced? Are they not constantly and unblushingly and systematically evaded? How can it be otherwise when the authorities whose duty it is to enforce them are themselves the tools of the money power.

So the American workingman, though a voter, is not yet a free and independent citizen after all. This citizenship in fact, is of the most farcical character, he has the right to choose his task master, to say whether the capitalist scourge shall be applied by a Republican or a Democratic hand. It is his own fault, you say. Yes, to a certain extent. If a little child places its hand on a red hot stove and is burned it is the fault of the child not the stove, or if it plays with a razor and cuts its hand it is the fault of the child, not of the razor, or if it tumbles in the water and comes near drowning, it is the fault of the child, not that of the water. But after a while the little child finds that fire burns, that razors cut and that water drowns and learns to govern him self accordingly; and there is hope that the workingman may yet learn that the ballot is a blessing or a curse according to the way it is used, and that though it may be true that it "executes the freed man's will as lightning does the will of God;" it is made to remember that lightning does a good deal of mischief sometimes and in fact often acts as if it were executing the will of the other party.

But, though the workingman in this or any other country, has no national, nor any of a political existence: (in what has been said of the American voter applies with more or less exactitude to every other country) he has a class existence, and this class existence is international. The flat has gone forth, "toilers of all lands unite," and the toilers of all lands are uniting—not all the "wars and rumors of wars," not all the machinations of professional politicians crowned or uncrowned, can stifle that spontaneous aspiration in the hearts of the masses towards the international brotherhood. There is no enmity between the French Courier and the German Arbeiter, no enmity between the English wage-slave and his brother in America: the bond of class unity as we all, we are one, co-workers in a common cause, leagued against one common foe—capitalism—working for one end, universal emancipation.

The universal, instinctive sentiment is: "We must be true to one order—nationality cuts no figure. The wage-worker is a wage-worker the world over. Everywhere, he must produce for others to consume; everywhere he must give up the major part of his labor to pay for the use of the tools with which he produces; everywhere he

ventured to designate "Labor's Monroe doctrine."

The strongest expression of this doctrine, its most emphatic enunciation, was the action of the A. R. U. during the Pullman strike. Had this doctrine then been fully formulated, as it eventually will be, the result would have been vastly different. But the doctrine is nebulous as yet, "without form and void," and the underlying purpose of this address is to forecast its future, to indicate its essential features when perfected, and the results which will naturally follow its enunciation.

Labor's Monroe doctrine, as before intimated, will be the defining, not of a national, but of a class policy; but, unlike its political namesake its attitude will not be simply negative—it will be decidedly positive and aggressive. It will not content itself with saying to capitalism, "Thus far shall ye come and no farther." Its mandate will be, "Get off of the earth." And sooner or later that mandate will be obeyed. It will not suffice that capitalism shall rest contented with the domain it has already acquired and consent to encroach no farther on the republic of labor. No, labor must dethrone and banish capitalism, strip it of its unjust possessions and be, in deed and in truth, "monarch of all it surveys." The Monroe doctrine of labor is that capitalism is a usurper and shall not be permitted to retain a foothold in the earth; that labor, which produces the wealth of the world, is entitled to and must receive the full fruits of that labor; that this earth which was designed to be the common home of the human race, which antedated its arrival here and for what we know shall still be fresh and vigorous when humanity has been swept into oblivion, shall not be bought and sold; that the land is the joint heritage of the children of men, and that no human being can show a title in equity to one foot of it; it will farther declare that the tools, the great instruments which man's ingenuity has devised to supplement man's labor, in the process of converting nature's infinite resources into commodities of utility, luxury, or beauty, shall be owned by those who know how to operate them, in order that production may be conducted upon that of monopolistic greed.

There is no room on the earth for tool-owning and tool-using class, they must be one. He who uses a tool as an instrument of production, whether that tool be of the most primitive type, fashioned out of flint or bronze, or the complex machine of today, which is the natural evolution of our complex life—it is all one—he who uses it and by its aid fashions out of raw materials an article before non-existent, must be the owner of that article, or if the product require the combined efforts of a dozen, a hundred or a thousand men, it is for them and them alone. The dozen, the hundred or the thousand to dispose of it, as they may see fit, and to them equally and of right belong the one tool or the myriad tools employed in its production.

I told you that this would be the eventual outcome of Labor's Monroe doctrine, its final ultimatum; meanwhile it is contenting itself with saying: "Capitalistic encroachments must be resisted. An injury to the most insignificant branch of industry or then engaged in it, is an injury to all."

The darkey likened the telegraph to a big dog "with its tail in Chicago and its head in New York. You tread on its tail in Chicago and it barks in New York." The figure will also typify organized labor, only the time is not so far distant when, if you tread on the animal's tail in New York, it will bark in London, Paris or Berlin, for this animal has many heads and many mouths to bark with, but only one tail, and its barks are very quickly heard around the world.

How will Labor's Monroe doctrine enforce its demands? I should suppose by the most available means it can command.

To-day it has in its power to enforce them by the judicious use of the ballot. Labor is using the ballot in Germany to such purpose that the distracted Kaiser is ready to rush into war with almost anybody in order to either kill off some of the voters or to divert their minds into other channels. In England, too, Labor is learning to vote wisely and well, also in France it must be that the working classes of this country will come to their senses ere long, and join hands with their brethren abroad in their constitutional struggle for industrial independence.

The doctrine of the divine right of kings has perished, notwithstanding Dr. Lieber William's determination to restore it, and the divine right of the capitalist is also doomed. We can dispense with our beloved benefactors who so nobly take upon themselves the vexations and cares of business in order to provide employment for the working classes. We can govern ourselves industrially as well as politically and there can be no

Yet, even in this country, and in spite of its conservative attitude and many difficulties organized labor has made a good record, it has broken down to a great extent the barriers which divided the various trades with their apparently conflicting interests and has so unified the toiling masses that they are beginning to regard an injury to one class of labor and injury to all. And this principle is the nucleus of what I have

ventured to designate "Labor's Monroe doctrine."

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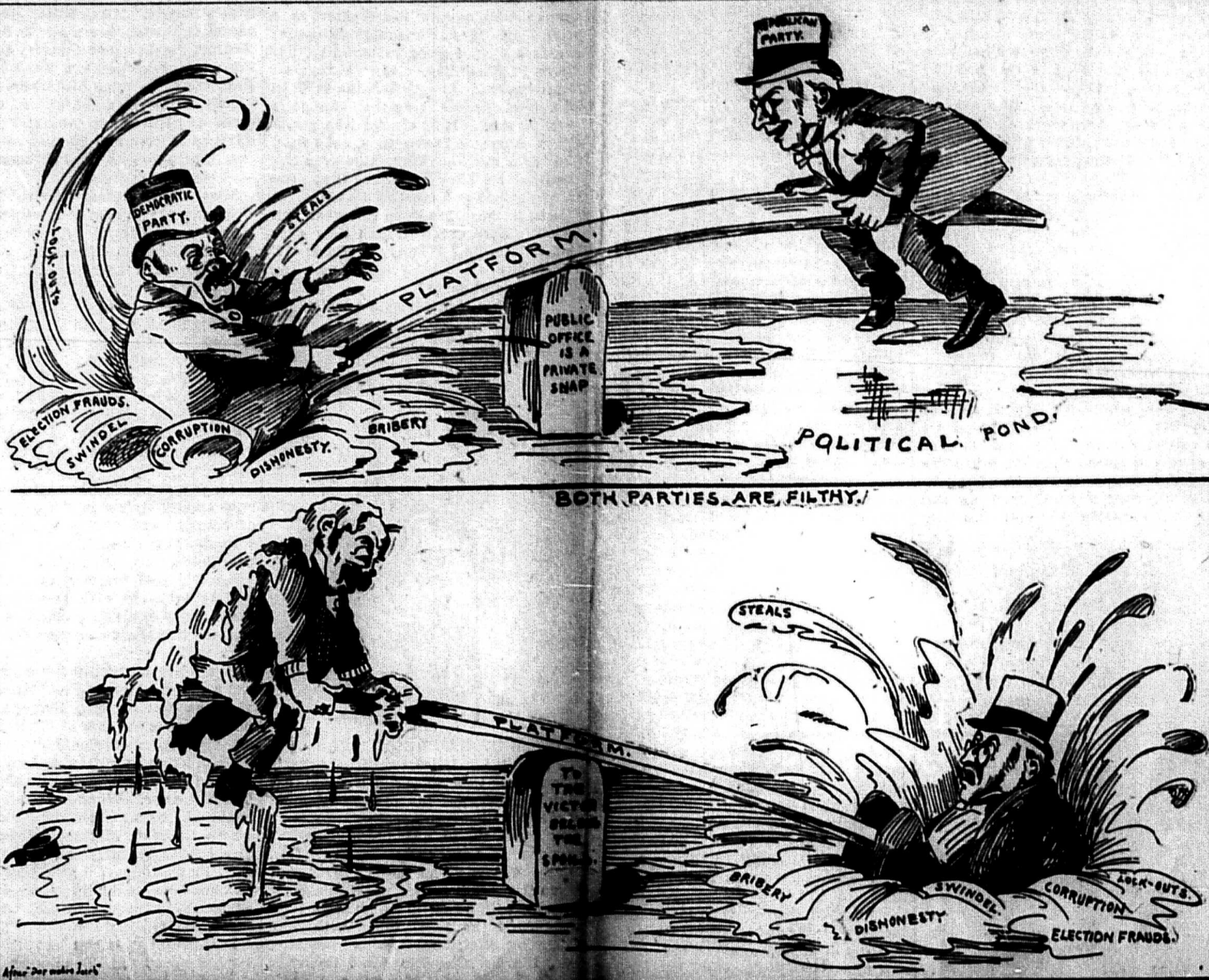
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(Continued on page 9.)



A STORY OF JIM.

By Will Lisenbee.



WE had been out prospecting among the mountains for four weeks—Jim Parsons and I—and now we were returning to Blue Rock, filled with joy at our good fortune. We had discovered a rich pocket far up among the gulches, which had yielded us a small fortune in yellow nuggets.

Ill luck had followed us so long that this bit of good fortune seemed too good to be real, and more than once I fully expected to awake to find it all a dream.

We were friends and schoolmates—Jim and I—and had come West two years before to seek our fortune among the gold-bearing gulches of the great Rocky mountains.

Our first day's journey lay across a spur of the foothills that stretched, bleak and barren, toward the blue rim of the southern horizon.

Night was already coming down over mountain and valley when we stopped in a small valley, threaded by a silvery stream, which dashed merrily over its rocky beds.

As soon as we had eaten a hasty supper, we stretched ourselves on our blankets, and, weary with our day's journey, we quickly fell asleep. The gray of early dawn was just lighting the mountain tops when I awoke, and as I turned to call my partner I was amazed to find that he was gone. I glanced quickly in the direction of where our campfire had been built, fully expecting to see him rekindling the smoldering embers, but he was not there. I got up and drew on my clothes, thinking it strange that he was nowhere to be seen. At the same time my eyes wandered instinctively to the head of our bed, where the sacks containing the precious nuggets had been

I moved forward, keeping in the shadow of the wall. I now had a view of a large chamber, rudely furnished. In one corner a fire was kindled, and near it sat two evil-looking men of about forty. They were conversing in a spirited manner, punctuating their sentences with frequent draughts from a large black bottle.

"I'll tell you what, Jake," said one of the men, "this is about the slickest piece of business we have done since we cracked the drug store at Aspen."

"So it is," replied the one called Jake. "How lucky it was that we got away with the swag without any suspicion of the cove asleep. I say, Mac, we ought to indulge in a regular jubilee when we get back to Blue Rock."

"We will do that, all right," said Mac. "Just take another look at those fellows. It does my eyes good just to give them a squint."

With this he took up two heavy bags from the cavern floor and poured out the contents. I started in amazement as I saw the bags, for I instantly recognized them as the ones belonging to Jim and me, and the same that had been taken from the head of our bed the night before. Where, then, was Jim? The thought came to me like a flash. Had he been murdered and carried away by the two robbers while he slept, while I lay all unconscious of what was going on?

"There are beauties, and no mistake," said Jake, taking up one of the largest nuggets and holding it in the light of the fire. "I'll tell you, Mac, we are in luck. You are a genius, and no mistake. That plan of yours was a daisy. How much better it was to knock one of the coves in the head while he was asleep and tumble his body down in the ravine, and get away with the swag without bothering the other, than it would have been to knock 'em both over. The cove that's left, as soon as he wakes, will miss the gold and his partner, and it won't take him long to come to the notion that the other has skipped out with the stuff. That will throw all suspicion off from us and save us the trouble of committing what

consciousness he was lying in a deep ravine, covered with blood. He managed to crawl to a stream of water close by, and, after drinking and bathing his wounds, felt much stronger. He then returned to the camp, to find me gone. Not knowing whether I was dead or alive, he set out at once for Blue Rock, with the intention of returning with a posse of men, but as he was descending the slope of the hills he saw me entering the valley, and, arriving at the spot, tracked me into the cavern where we met.

As you may well suppose, we were overjoyed at the happy ending of our adventures, and an hour later, the robbers being sufficiently recovered from the blows given them to start on the journey, we set out, taking them along, as well as the precious nuggets that had come so near costing us our lives.

On reaching Blue Rock we turned over the robbers to the proper authorities, and a few days later started to our homes in the East, feeling that we had had enough of the wild life of the prospector; yet, as we thought of the precious nuggets in our possession, we had no cause to complain.

Too Much Bustle and Worry.

In this age of prosaic active business life, it sometimes seems as though there were not room for any real romance or tender thoughtfulness to creep in. All is bustle and worry. There is continual talk of how best to obtain the nimble dollar, and the sentiment is often left in the lurch, overgrown by the moss and lichens of ambition and the desire for worldly prosperity. Of course we are sufficiently womanly and human to appreciate the dainty, luxurious surroundings that money brings, but we believe we voice all women's thoughts when we declare that we would rather have fewer handsome clothes, less impressive furniture in our homes, and five-cent trolley rides instead of brisk spins behind blooded steeds if love and sentiment were brought to bear a little more strongly upon our daily lives.

The anniversaries of births or of weddings are allowed all too frequently to pass by unheeded, the father or husband actually not knowing that the all-important date from a woman's standpoint is any different from others that mark only the rise or fall of certain stocks in which he is interested. If, but, oh! there looms up such a gulf of natural impossibility after that word of two letters—if men could only be made to understand that a bunch of flowers given in remembrance of a birthday or a wedding anniversary means more to a woman than a seal-skin coat or a diamond pendant, bestowed when business is particularly flourishing, then, perhaps, they would try right hard to acquire what seems absolutely unnatural to them and assume a virtue, though they possess it not.

To a woman there is so much in the memory of the past. She dwells upon it, lives in it, and wonders why it does not appeal so utterly and entirely to her husband or lover as it does to her. We women are really very silly about some things, but it is our nature to cherish sweet recollections and to feel touched by the thoughtfulness that plans some little festivity on the anniversary of an occasion which has marked an epoch in our lives. We do not demand much. No great gifts are envied, no marvelous entertainment desired, but a gift breathing forth the sentiment with which we are filled, no matter how humble it may be, seems sweeter to us than the royal bestowal of kings or queens. If we could but whisper this secret to the great world of married men, who, though wedded, do not understand women, we would do more toward bringing happiness into domestic life than will ever be accomplished by crusades or public movements of any sort.

What Saloons Do.

Omaha Christian Advocate: How does the whisky business pay? It gives the criminal lawyer plenty to do. It furnishes a job for extra men on the police force in our cities. It makes times thriving for the stone-mason, bricklayer and carpenter—in erecting prisons, jails and asylums. It pays a large revenue into the public treasury and thereby helps to support our magnificent school system. In short, it makes business. It removes the stagnation of things and they grow lively—like the devil.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.

"I suppose that you have forgotten you owe me \$10," said Phillips, severely. "No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so. Give me time, old man, and I will."—Harper's Bazar. "Knickerbockers?" she said; "why not? I have a perfect right." "And the left?" one asked her, hesitatingly. But she preserved a dignified silence, deeming the question in the nature of a personality.—Indianapolis Journal.

Little Clarence (who reads and profits thereby): "Pa?" Mr. Callipers: "Well, my son?" Little Clarence: "Isn't it singular pa, that it takes about ten times as much identification to cash a check as it does to get lynched?"—Puck.

"Baptiste!" "Monseur!" "You are getting careless, my boy." "Oh, monseur!" "You don't brush my clothes now." "I assure you—" "I left a half-franc piece in my waistcoat pocket yesterday, and it is there yet."—La Petit Parisien.

Sol Slingshot: "If we keep a sharp lookout we're safe on that last job." Sam Sandbag: "That's all right. De gang's pipin' the whole detective bureau." Sol Slingshot (contemptuously): "Rats on de bureau! Keep yer eye peeled for reporters."—New York Herald.

"Wonderfully active old fellow, that man Binks," said De Witz: "he told me that his legs were so limber he could kick himself in the back. I couldn't do that—and I'm half his age." "You don't need to," said Hawkins; "almost anybody would be glad to do it for you."

BEAUTY AND TALENT.

STAGE WOMEN CONSPICUOUS FOR BOTH CHARMS.

Bertha Creighton Foremost Among Them—Maxine Elliot Has Charmed London and Boston and New York—Poor Rose Norreys and Her Sad Affliction.

(Boston Letter.)



HOSE WHO HAVE seen Olga Nethersole since she arrived in America this fall, notice one thing especially, and that is, that while more beautiful than she was a year ago she is more the beauty of the theater. This

evolution takes place in every pretty woman who adopts the theater as a profession. It is as unavoidable as that her face should grow in mobility, her figure in flexibility. Is it always an improvement? Aye, there's the rub! In Miss Nethersole's case the change is very marked. It is almost like growing a domestic flower in a hot-house. She is far more striking. She even has acquired an air of youth that she lacked before in a marked degree.

Miss Nethersole's roles this year will be even more exacting than they were last. "Camille," "Denise," "Carmen!" Could any actress be more unstrung by any line of parts?

"Denise" is to America a novelty, for



BERTHA CREIGHTON.

although it has twice been tried here, it was neither time a success, a result that may easily be put down to the attempts made to fix it over.

It was Jan. 19, 1885, that "Denise" was produced at the Comedie Francaise, where it was given one hundred and seven times that season, making a great success, with a cast in which Mile. Bartet played the title role, with the charming Reichemberg as juvenile, and Worms, Coquelin aine, Coquelin cadet, Got, Blanche Pierson, and Pauline Grainger all in the cast.

Two American actresses have tried "Denise," both hampered by poor versions. There was the production at Daly's theater, New York, ten years ago, when Clara Morris played "Denise," supported by Joseph Haworth, and a later production at Palmer's, when a version by Will Stuart ("Walsingham") was called "Fair Fame," and Linda Dietz played "Denise." Still few in New York even remember either version, and, until Miss Nethersole's, none has been seen outside New York, and as the play is in Dumas' best style, intensely interesting and brilliant in conversation, it ought to be a great success.

As a matter of history, it may be noted that Miss Nethersole gave her first performance of the part Aug. 28, at Birmingham, England, and also that Signor Ventura once read the play—in French—at Chickering hall, in Boston.

Boston has had at one time this season the opportunity to admire several young, pretty actresses. In November, there were in town Amy Busby, the pretty girl who once played with Crane, and has lately been the heroine of "The Fatal Card," enjoying the long run which closed November 16, at the historic old Museum; Bertha Creighton, who first came into notice as resembling Mary Anderson, and Maxine Elliot, who was the most picturesque American actress in London last summer; for that matter no player of the year was more pictured than she was, several illustrations of her appearing in one issue of one of the weeklies.

In these days, when actresses are few,



MAXINE ELLIOT.

and the ranks of really promising ones very thin, anything as supremely pretty as Amy Busby cannot pass without hopeful notice. Indeed, one becomes indulgent as well as hopeful, for it can hardly be said that Miss Busby has yet shown any special aptitude for real acting; but she certainly has shown the ability to become, so far as the sale of her pictures are concerned, a very popular little lady. Yet there has been good reason to be hopeful about Miss Busby, for the actress who can make Constance Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer," interesting, and she did that two years ago, certainly has just claims

to the possession of an actresses' most delightful characteristic, personal charm, the quality that is the very foundation of the success of actresses like Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, and even Sarah Bernhardt.

Miss Creighton is not very generally known, and the resemblance she is said to bear to Mary Anderson is not so striking as at one time appeared to be in pictures of her. Aside from her pictures, it can hardly be said to exist at all.

Miss Creighton became conspicuous lately in the dramatization of "A Social Highwayman" that the Holland brothers produced, in which she played Ellnor Burnham, the girl whose purity proved fatal to Courtney Jeffrey's enjoyment of his darning and rather vulgar career.

But the third of November's beauties was the most dazzling of all. It does not seem as if it was as long ago as May 4, 1891, that, as Miss Fleetwood, the Kentucky heiress of "John Netherham's Double," Miss Elliot first appeared in Boston, in support of E.S. Willard, at the Tremont theater, and that same season we saw her also as Felicia Umfraville, in "The Middleman."

Miss Elliot is a Rockland (Maine) girl. She traces her descent back to a mixture of Irish and Spanish settlers, a fact that accounts for her beauty and temperament.

Miss Elliot remained with Willard two seasons; during the second she played the trying role of Sophia Jopp in "Judah," Beatrice Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise," and Lady Gilding in "The Professor's Love Story."

She was then engaged for the big production of "A Prodigal Daughter," and played Kate Malcolm in "Sister Mary," with Julia Arthur and Leonard Boyne. In September, 1894, she joined Daly's forces, making her debut as "Heart of Ruby," in the adaptation of Judith Gautier's tale of old Japan, one of the most exquisite productions ever given in this country.

Among the best work she has done with Daly is Sylvia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Hermia, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the latter part her beauty, in Boston and London, created a real excitement. She is a stately brunette with great repose of manner and lends an acceptable dignity to many a part she can hardly be said to play well.

There has not been for many a day so sad a case in the annals of things theatrical, as that of Rose Norreys, whose pretty face is the last of the list. Poor Genie Norreys—for only on the stage did the name Rose stick to her, a name derived first from a part in which she was a success. When a young woman is afflicted by a disaster like hers, from which it seems almost impossible for any one to rescue her, the very fact that the victim is still young and pretty and has been as dainty as the daintiest of her kind, serves to emphasize the case pitifully.

The bright face has lost its expression; the pretty girl has known the ter-



ROSE NORREYS.

ror of a night in the streets, shelterless; and even now is in some retreat provided by the charity of fellow-workers, in hope that the doctor's verdict of "probably incurable" may be reversed.

A French Statue to Newton.

The French seem to be ahead of every nation in the honor which they pay to great men, especially great men of science, and this honor is not confined to their own countrymen. A number of streets in Paris are called after eminent foreign savants, English and other, and monuments are even erected to illustrious foreigners. For instance, the municipal council of Paris has decided to erect a statue to Sir Isaac Newton, and in doing so it honors itself. With so many of our own famous men of science, dead or alive, waiting in vain for public recognition in this noble manner, it is hopeless to expect the lord mayor or the county council to reciprocate the compliment and honor the great investigators of France in this way.—London Globe.

Vanderbilt Is Stingy.

A lady in London sent Frederick W. Vanderbilt last Christmas a green enameled snuff box with a medallion on the lid. It was appraised in the New York custom house to be worth \$33.75 and the duty was \$8.75. Mr. Vanderbilt did not pay the duty and the box was sold last week as unclaimed customs packages for \$27.50.

Portrait of Pocahontas.

Henry S. Wellcome, the well known American merchant in London, has presented to the senate of the United States the portrait of Pocahontas, which was in the woman's building of the world's fair. It was painted in England after her conversion to Christianity and her marriage to John Rolfe.

Jefferson's Reply.

To a boarding school miss who met Joseph Jefferson at a tea table and began to talk to him about Sabbath breaking, the actor said: "If I were a fisherman I should never fish on Sunday, but being an actor, I can rest both soul and body by fishing."

LOCKED UP BY WOODPECKERS.

Fate of a Ground Owl That Had Taken Possession of Their Home.

Although the woodpecker is industrious, provident and peaceful he is not to be trifled with or tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will show, says the Portland Press:

A companion and I on an August day not long since pitched our camp at a spring on the table lands of the ridge dividing Ojal from Santa Clara valley. About the spring stands a large grove of live oaks. In one of these not far from the tent door a pair of woodpeckers had, for years, no doubt, made their dwelling place. Somewhat shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It has frequently amused us of a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robes laid on the shaded grass to observe the birds, with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do. We had camped there a week or ten days when before daylight one morning we heard a commotion about the home of our staid neighbors. Our attention was attracted by their shrill outcries and the whir of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance. It soon became apparent that a little tecolote, or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodging in the hollow occupied by the woodpeckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the invaders. They tried bluffing awhile about the only aperture to the hollow tree but to little purpose other than to cause the tecolote to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in.

At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effective and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it would be the last of that tyrannical owl, the woodpeckers brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture and, driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the bird of prey hermetically sealed up. After several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventura, the ball was still in the hole and the woodpeckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a tecolote.

A Bear's Nose.

A sportsman's life was once saved by his knowledge of one of the physical peculiarities of the bear. Gen. Hamilton, who tells the story in his "Sport in Southern India," was out on a bear-shooting expedition with a brother officer. The beaters drove the bear from his hiding-place and a shot from the officer threw him on the ground; but he got up, with a grunt, and made off.

As the bear passed an open bit of ground Gen. Hamilton again fired—but missed and the bear turned on him. When he was within a few yards the general gave him the other barrel. As this did not stop him Hamilton started to run but tripped over a rock and fell flat on his face.

The bear was upon him instantly and the sportsman, looking over his shoulder, saw into the bear's mouth as the brute made a grab at him. The animal caught him by the thigh and pinned him. Knowing the bear's nose is very sensitive, Hamilton hit him several hard blows on the nose. The bear, unable to endure the pain, let go, and before he could get hold again, Hamilton was up the hill.

His companions ran up and killed the bear by a ball through his heart. But the bear's claws had laid open Hamilton's thigh to the bone and he was in bed for a month.

SOME POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

After all, love does not appeal to a woman's heart like cut glass.—Acheson Globe.

It takes a young man many years to distinguish himself from a genius.—Adams Freeman.

It must be that bicycle bloomers are cold on the there are very few of them to be seen these bracing days.—Denver Post.

Mince meat isn't made right unless you have a headache within two hours after eating the pie.—North East (Pa.) Breeze.

The woman who is not afraid of a man would have been a hard citizen if she had happened to be a boy.—Milwaukee Journal.

That ambition costs heavily is evidenced in the fact that there is to-day but one living ex-president and vice-president.—Boston Globe.

Li Hung Chang wants more missionaries sent over to China, but they haven't finished killing those they already have yet.—Rochester Times.

The sting of a bee, according to a scientific journal, is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. Your imagination does the rest.—Philadelphia Record.

The first gun in the battle between Great Britain and the United States has been fired. A Jersey poet has tried to make a rhyme of Venezuela and influenza.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who is always cheerful under the greatest stress of adversity gets along pretty well himself, no doubt, but he is a great trial to his pessimistic neighbors.—Somerville Journal.

Why is it that "lines" always cause so much trouble? There was Mason and Dixon's and now our friend Schomburgk's, and then there's the clothes line which always makes a man mad, and "a few lines" that people send to the newspapers under the impression, heaven alone knows how they get it, that it is poetry.—Minneapolis Journal.



I LEAPED UPON HIM.

placed. A single glance showed me that these were also missing.

I stood staring about me, stupefied and bewildered. In that brief moment a dreadful suspicion took possession of me—a suspicion that I struggled hard to crush out, but which rapidly grew into a conviction—a suspicion that Jim Parsons was a thief.

It was a terrible shock to me. To lose the little fortune for which I had undergone so many hardships, and which had cost so much toil, was indeed hard, but I think I can truly say that the discovery of the baseness of one whom I had regarded as a true friend, sent a still greater pang to my soul.

In the midst of my gloomy reflections I tried to comfort myself with the faint hope that it was only a joke which Jim had played upon me, and that he would soon return; but after an hour had passed this hope died out in my breast, leaving only the conviction that my first suspicions were true.

I had no heart to eat breakfast, and after lingering about the place for a couple of hours, I set about for Blue Rock. After traveling some hours I sat down to rest in a deep glen. Near where I sat a small stream leaped over a wall of rocks and fell in a tiny cataract on the rough rocks below.

As I sat watching the play of the waters, I suddenly espied what seemed like an opening back of the sheet of water, and on a closer investigation I saw that it was a cavern leading back into the cliff. I had no sooner made the discovery than a resolution to explore it took possession of me.

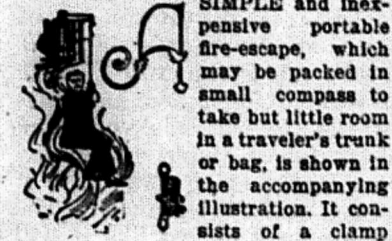
Procuring some torches from a patch of resinous bushes that grew near by, I leaped through the falling stream to the mouth of the cavern. I found myself in a cave of considerable size, and extending back, how far I could not discern.

Lighting one of the torches, I began to make my way through the winding passages, which grew wider and more spacious as I advanced. I had traveled but a short distance when I was suddenly startled by the sound of voices, and at the same instance the gleam of a light flashed in the darkness some distance ahead. Uncertain as to who the strangers could be, I quickly extinguished my own torch and crept forward to get a view of the inmates, wherever they might be.

SCIENTIFIC CIRCLES.

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

A Simple and Inexpensive Portable Fire Escape—An Optical Illusion—Another Water Bicycle—Notes of Progress in Many Lands.



SIMPLE and inexpensive portable fire-escape, which may be packed in small compass to take but little room in a traveler's trunk or bag, is shown in the accompanying illustration. It consists of a clamp adapted to slide upon a rope, as shown in the small figure, the clamping or frictional pressure upon the rope being readily controlled by the person using the device.

The two hinged parts of the clamp are provided with registering half grooves adapted for convenient use on different sizes of rope, and the clamp is held in gripping position upon the rope by a threaded locking lever on the outer end of which is a finger wheel. At the top and bottom of the clamp are rings through which the rope passes, affording a slight frictional brake, and at the bottom is also a double hook to which may be attached body and shoulder straps to support one making use of the device in escaping from a building.

When the escape is permanently fixed in houses or factories, the rope is preferably attached to a hinged arm secured at the inside of the window casing. The device may also be secured to the window casing. When several persons are in one room the frictional pressure of the clamp may be controlled by one standing in the room to let down different individuals in turn, the looped end of the rope being then secured to the straps by which the person is suspended, and the rope sliding through the clamp. As one person reaches the ground, it is ready for another to descend.

Each apparatus is tested to 1,000 pounds, and the whole device is designed to be so simple and safe in its mode of operation that there shall be no reasonable possibility of a person failing to make it work properly in an emergency. This apparatus may also be conveniently employed by painters, builders and electricians, and by all engaged in work necessitating their being suspended outside buildings.

Color Cells or Chromatophores.

The controversy, written and conversational, on the subject of the exact means by which the various colors in the animal world are produced is not in any way decreasing, even though with all their researches scientists have failed to satisfy either themselves or the public as to the precise origin and function of the cells in which are assigned color-giving properties. It is said that although the chromatophore is a cell whose essential function is one of color-giving, it seems that all color-giving cells are not necessarily chromatophores. Thus the cells of the sensory, respiratory and excretory tissues are pigmented, but their pigmentation is accidental, or, more strictly speaking, not essential. The cells that give the reddish hue to the tissue of the lips and nostrils are not chromatophores. Their primary function is not one of coloration, but that of the chromatophore is. The cause of color in the plumage of birds and in the coats of animals of various sorts has long been the subject of discussion among scientists, and even with all of our facilities for investigation we are quite far from having arrived at the true solution of this one of the entertaining mysteries of nature.

Another Water Bicycle.

The Edinburgh Scotsman says: The very latest cycle idea is the water bicycle shown in our sketch. It differs entirely from any of its predecessors in that it really has to be balanced on the water in the same way as a bicycle is on land. It consists of three hollow cylinders, with pointed, cigar-shaped ends, the two outer ones being made of some light, strong material, either papier mache or aluminum. When the rider mounts all three rest on the water side by side and keep him steady.



He works the pedals in the same way as a cyclist and thus turns a screw that propels the machine. When properly balanced he lifts by a spring the two outer cylinders and the machine glides along, balanced on the center cylinder, which is of galvanized iron or of copper plates. To stop he has only to let down the side cylinders on to the water, and to turn crossways a blade below the center cylinder, which offers sufficient resistance to pull him up. There is a steering gear, and the inventor is quite satisfied with its performances, which, we presume, has been confined to smooth water.

Gigantic Electric Light.
An electric light of 3,500,000 candle power will soon shed its warning rays from the top of Barnegat lighthouse, on the New Jersey coast. It will be the strongest light of any seacoast in the world. It was exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago, and was purchased by the government. The present light is 165 feet above the level of the sea, and can be seen, under ordinary circumstances, nineteen nautical miles. The new light will, it is expected, be seen not only a great deal further, but, by reason of its great strength, will be able to penetrate haze and fogs, and thus warn mariners that they are approaching a dangerous coast.

Silvering Mirrors.
A curious method of silvering mirrors has recently been patented by Mr. Hans Boas of Kiel, says London Engineering. It is based on the fact that when one of the heavy metals forms the cathode of a vacuum tube, containing a trace of hydrogen, this metal is volatilized by the current, and is deposited as a firmly adherent and highly polished layer on the walls of the tube. The mirror thus produced is of much greater brilliancy than is obtained by the more orthodox methods.



To see the spot touched, hold this drawing straight in front of you, gradually bringing it nearer, until the nose is close to the star at foot.

A Removable Barrel Head.
A sectional and removable barrel head has been patented by Hiram M. Dillinger, of Paradise, Pa. To open a barrel or keg having this head all that is necessary is to draw one screw which releases the central wedge section, which opens a space sufficient to allow the two sides or half-heads to be moved laterally out of the chimes and lifted out. The head can be easily removed to examine the contents of the barrel, and as easily replaced an indefinite number of times, thus removing a large item of expense in the re-use of the package.

Curious Photographic Experiment.
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. Ingles Rogers, one of the three witnesses of this feat, 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.

Human Hair's Growth.
Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. A man's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.

Rubber Shoe Soles for Soldiers.
The war department is experimenting with rubber heels for shoes. And the tests made by the troops at Fort Leavenworth indicate that the new heels lessen the jar to the body in marching, and thus add comfort to the wearer. If they are good for soldiers why not for civilians who have much walking to do?

A New Glue.
According to a German authority, a new and excellent glue is made by dissolving gelatine in a solution of chloral hydrate in water. For general purposes ordinary glue may be used instead of the more expensive gelatine. This cement is said to dry quickly, to have great adhesiveness and to remain unchanged indefinitely.

SCIENTIFIC.

The first private carriage lighted by electricity was that of the lord mayor of London twelve years ago.

One of the most interesting things to be seen at Atlanta, Ga., outside of the exhibition, is a house constructed entirely of paper, from foundation to chimney.

A large cave with many interesting geological features, was discovered by prospectors near Big Meadow, Ore., a few days ago. The men explored the cave for a distance of about four miles.

It is proposed to utilize the motive power of the Nile cataracts by establishing electric stations at the falls and transmitting the power to Cairo.

A feature of the Tennessee Centennial exposition, which will open Sept. 1, 1896, will be a steel tower 300 feet high, with a great revolving crown of incandescent lights on top.

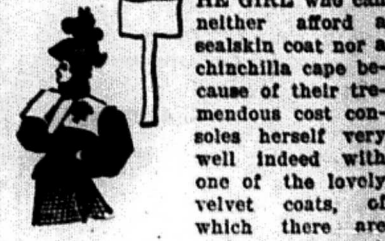
What are claimed to be the largest fire engines in the world are the two built recently in London. One is capable of throwing 1,400, the other 1,800 to 2,000 gallons of water per minute. The machines weigh three and one-half tons each, and can be readily drawn at full gallop by four horses.

It is said that 300,000 cubic feet of water plunge 150 feet downward over the Niagara escarpment every second, thus wasting 10,000,000 horse power of energy to the second.

WOMAN AND HOME.

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—Timely Recipes for the Cookery—Wearing Bloomers Is Only a Fad—Fashion Notes.



THE GIRL who can neither afford a seal skin coat nor a chinchilla cape because of their tremendous cost consoles herself very well indeed with one of the lovely velvet coats, of which there are such a variety. A very girlish jacket of black velvet is cut in the Norfolk style and falls below the waist to a depth of several inches. It fits the graceful form easily, without being at all snug, and has broad box plaits down both back and front. The front of the coat is cut away to display a smoothly fitted vest of heavy white satin, fastened under the left side with invisible hooks and eyes. A broad sailor collar of white satin, overlaid with costly point de Venise lace, finishes the shoulders prettily. A belt of stiffened velvet encircles the waist, drawing the slight fullness in gracefully to the form. The cost of a velvet coat is more than one would imagine at



first thought until one goes on a hunting expedition through the shops in search of one and finds the prices ranging from \$50 to \$75 for the cheapest.

Some very fetching cloth coats are being put up for sale in a few of the most exclusive shops, mostly of light, pale tan, in heavy melton, with trimmings of Russian sable, silver fox or beaver. They are in the reefer form and are extremely short, with cute little ripples at the back, made so stiff that flattening is impossible. There is a broad collar of the sable and a narrow facing of the same all down the front, giving it the effect of being fur lined. A coat of this sort cannot be had for less than \$40, but they are well worth the price, because they do look so very easy and so very becoming. —Chicago Chronicle.

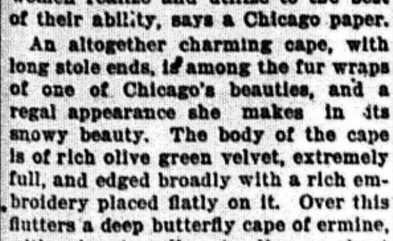
Wearing Bloomers.

A bicycle club of girls are anxious to know if bloomers are to be worn next season, and if they are approved by the best authorities. Answer—It is very evident, girls, that you are not regular readers, else you would have been rooted and grounded, as it were, in the latest ideas on bloomers. It is perfectly safe to say that the time is not far distant when women will find their cheeks getting red when they recall the spectacle they have made of themselves by going out wheeling in bloomers. They are merely a craze, and one that is without sense or reason. Thousands of women have never worn them, and for this they will probably be very thankful. As to the authorities that approve of them, that is a matter of opinion. Many very excellent women wear them, but that proves nothing. The bloomer fad is dying out, and a not very lingering death either. Wear moderately short skirts and gaiters, girls, and let bloomers severely alone. One of the best styles is a skirt just to the instep in front and almost touching the ground at the back. When you mount, see that the back seam of the skirt comes exactly over the middle of the saddle. This prevents showing the ankles at the back, and gives a much more graceful and stylish effect than a very short skirt. It is safe and comfortable and becoming, and this cannot be said of all costumes. —New York Ledger.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

REFRESHING JOKES FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

"Mary Had a Little Wheel"—Left Alone—Over the Counter—And Now They Do Not Speak—The Girl of 1925—An Important Item.



MARY had a little wheel, she used it as a breather; and everywhere that Mary went the wheel was underneath her.

She took the wheel to church one day—The priest fell off his perch. It made the congregation squirm To see a wheel at church.

But mark the consequences grave Of Mary's innovation; The priest and congregation too Now blike like thunderation!

And Now They Don't Speak.

They were seated at the table, she one of the belles of her set, though just a trifle back-numbered, as it were, but still vivacious, charming and winsome as if she were yet in her teens; he one of the gallants of the old school, a Colonel, rich and a great "catch."

"My dear Colonel," she began, as the servant poured a gurgling stream of the nectar of the gods into his fragile glass, "allow me to call the attention of a real connoisseur in wines to the Burgundy before you. I can guarantee that it is not only one of the finest vintages but also not less than forty years of age."

The august Colonel raised his glass, watched its radiant flush against the sunlight, pledged her good health with a fitting toast, smacked his lips, took a gentle whiff of the wine as a teaser to his palate, then drank it off with a dream-like expression on his face as if he wished his neck was as long as a giraffe's and he could taste three running yards of it going down at once.

"Ahem!" he said grandly, "it is indeed glorious—so mellow and rich. And forty years of age, too, eh?"

"I guarantee it, Colonel."

"Sublime! I have drunk many so-called old wines; but rarely is it my privilege to drink a Burgundy which carries with it the personal guarantee of one who has grown up with the wine, as it were, and perhaps imported it himself!"

"Sir!"

"Oh—ah, that is—ahem! Walter, fill my glass again, please!" and thus he drowned his sorrow as the tall Labrador iceberg settled down between them then and there.

Warning: Never discuss old males and old wines in the same breath.



An Important Item.
Dingle—I hear you are going to get married next month?
Wingle—Yes; I hope to.
Dingle—Well, I suppose you are pretty busy. Have you selected a place to live in yet?
Wingle—Not yet.
Dingle—Haven't got around to it, I suppose. What are you going to give your bride for a wedding present?
Wingle—I don't know.
Dingle—That so? Decided on the ushers' presents yet?
Wingle—Not yet.
Dingle—Well, well! Going to keep house or board?
Wingle—Can't tell.
Dingle—You are a strange fellow. On the eve of your wedding and nothing done. What are you waiting for, anyway?
Wingle—I am waiting, old man, to learn the size of her father's check.



of lace bordered each side, and a huge silver chain held the dainty thing about the shoulders.

Timely Recipes.
Cara Cole—Clean brass frames with a slice of lemon; rub it over the spots, and when dry apply a little Spanish whitening to brighten the brass.

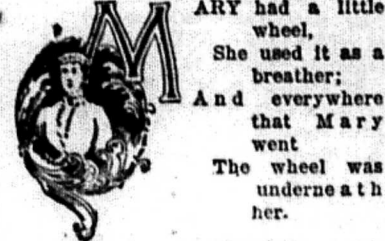
Elizabeth A.—Finger bowls are set on plates with small doilies under them; they may be white or colored, glass, and the doilies any style desired.

Drop Cakes—Beat half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar together, sift in a quart of flour with two teaspoonsful of baking powder, add six beaten eggs and a cupful of milk, stir, and drop off the spoon on buttered paper, and bake in a very hot oven. The batter should be very thick.

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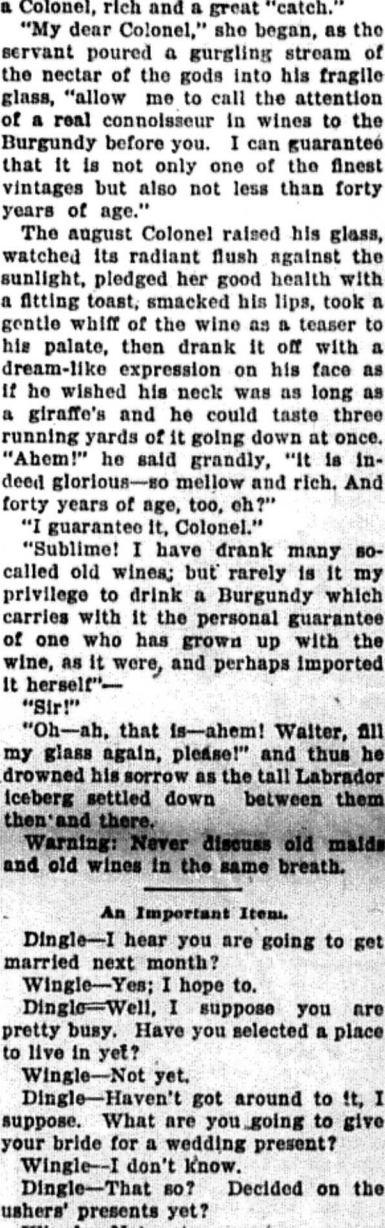
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Dingle—You are a strange fellow. On the eve of your wedding and nothing done. What are you waiting for, anyway?
Wingle—I am waiting, old man, to learn the size of her father's check.



of lace bordered each side, and a huge silver chain held the dainty thing about the shoulders.

Timely Recipes.
Cara Cole—Clean brass frames with a slice of lemon; rub it over the spots, and when dry apply a little Spanish whitening to brighten the brass.

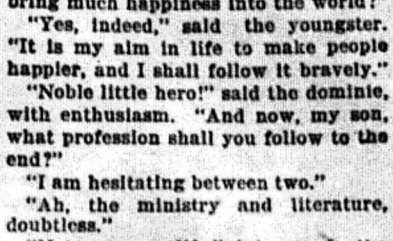
Elizabeth A.—Finger bowls are set on plates with small doilies under them; they may be white or colored, glass, and the doilies any style desired.

Drop Cakes—Beat half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar together, sift in a quart of flour with two teaspoonsful of baking powder, add six beaten eggs and a cupful of milk, stir, and drop off the spoon on buttered paper, and bake in a very hot oven. The batter should be very thick.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

REFRESHING JOKES FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

"Mary Had a Little Wheel"—Left Alone—Over the Counter—And Now They Do Not Speak—The Girl of 1925—An Important Item.



MARY had a little wheel, she used it as a breather; and everywhere that Mary went the wheel was underneath her.

She took the wheel to church one day—The priest fell off his perch. It made the congregation squirm To see a wheel at church.

But mark the consequences grave Of Mary's innovation; The priest and congregation too Now blike like thunderation!

And Now They Don't Speak.

They were seated at the table, she one of the belles of her set, though just a trifle back-numbered, as it were, but still vivacious, charming and winsome as if she were yet in her teens; he one of the gallants of the old school, a Colonel, rich and a great "catch."

"My dear Colonel," she began, as the servant poured a gurgling stream of the nectar of the gods into his fragile glass, "allow me to call the attention of a real connoisseur in wines to the Burgundy before you. I can guarantee that it is not only one of the finest vintages but also not less than forty years of age."

The august Colonel raised his glass, watched its radiant flush against the sunlight, pledged her good health with a fitting toast, smacked his lips, took a gentle whiff of the wine as a teaser to his palate, then drank it off with a dream-like expression on his face as if he wished his neck was as long as a giraffe's and he could taste three running yards of it going down at once.

"Ahem!" he said grandly, "it is indeed glorious—so mellow and rich. And forty years of age, too, eh?"

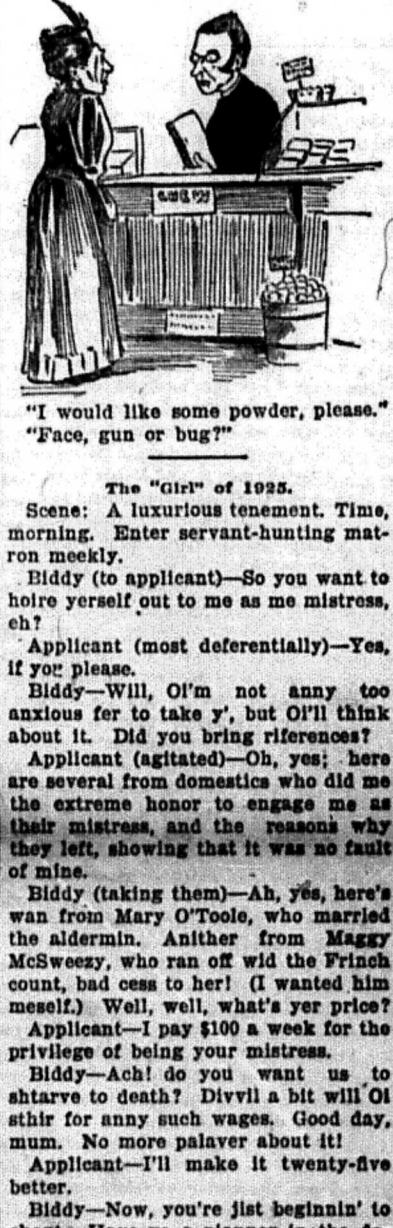
"I guarantee it, Colonel."

"Sublime! I have drunk many so-called old wines; but rarely is it my privilege to drink a Burgundy which carries with it the personal guarantee of one who has grown up with the wine, as it were, and perhaps imported it himself!"

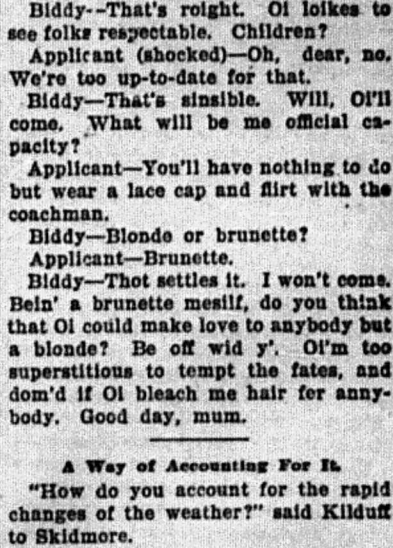
"Sir!"

"Oh—ah, that is—ahem! Walter, fill my glass again, please!" and thus he drowned his sorrow as the tall Labrador iceberg settled down between them then and there.

Warning: Never discuss old males and old wines in the same breath.



An Important Item.
Dingle—I hear you are going to get married next month?
Wingle—Yes; I hope to.
Dingle—Well, I suppose you are pretty busy. Have you selected a place to live in yet?
Wingle—Not yet.
Dingle—Haven't got around to it, I suppose. What are you going to give your bride for a wedding present?
Wingle—I don't know.
Dingle—That so? Decided on the ushers' presents yet?
Wingle—Not yet.
Dingle—Well, well! Going to keep house or board?
Wingle—Can't tell.
Dingle—You are a strange fellow. On the eve of your wedding and nothing done. What are you waiting for, anyway?
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OUR PRESS.



Up With the Standard of the Socialist Labor Party.

EDITORIAL.

"SOCIALIST TRADES AND LABOR ALLIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA."

During the last few weeks we have received a number of letters from comrades in the various parts of the country inquiring as to our position towards the "Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada," recently organized by Comrade De Leon and others in New York City.

This being in our opinion a very serious matter we did not feel inclined to discuss the matter in the columns of the S. N. U. papers, but intended to leave it to the party members, or to the national convention, to define the position of the party's organs—for the papers of the Socialist Labor Party should be, and must be, the mouthpieces of the party; and if this is not the case then the party does not control and dictate the policy and tactics of the party organs, but the latter dictate the policy and tactics of the party.

Now, what is your opinion in this matter? you ask.

We believe that this matter ought to be thoroughly discussed by all the Sections of the Socialist Labor Party, and for this reason the editor of this paper takes the liberty to open the discussion, sincerely hoping that much good for our party will result from it. That the opening of this discussion is not a pleasant job I am well aware; but there are so many unpleasant jobs to be done in the reform movement which, if left undone, would be detrimental to the cause.

In the first place, we have never had much confidence in the reform from above; we trust in the reforms from below, in the reforms that rise right out of the consciousness of the masses. I doubt very much whether the "Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada" is a reform from below. What is the history of this movement? How was it brought about? This "T. & L. A. of the U. S. and C." is the result of certain local conditions in a certain city, brought about by certain tactics of certain Socialist leaders towards certain trades-union leaders. We cannot discuss the effects without discussing the causes thereof.

For several years New York City was looked upon as the Sodom and Gomorrah of the American labor movement. There was hardly a trades union leader in the metropolis that was not engaged in the fight against the Socialist leaders, and vice versa, and the most remarkable characteristic of this fight was that most of these trade union leaders were the products of the Socialists. There was a time when Mr. Karsenknabe was looked upon as a big gun of Section New York; to-day he is, in the eyes of the New York Socialist leaders, the most infernal scoundrel in Uncle Sam's domains. There was a time when August Delaher was one of the leading lights in the New York Socialist movement; he was one of the first, if not the first, Socialist candidate for Mayor of New York. Yet, in less than no time Delaher was put into the "Bogus Gallery." Next came Henry Weissmann, from San Francisco, if we are not mistaken. Of course, it was "Comrade" Weissmann, and "Comrade Weissmann" was widely advertised, and the comrades outside of New York were looking for the new Socialist star that would soon rise on the horizon of the New York Socialist movement. However, the disappointment came in less than no time, and to-day every reader of the New York Volkszeitung and the New York People, is well acquainted with the name of H. Weissmann. Right here we may state that we have never had much use for Weissmann, not even at the time when he was celebrated as a first-class Socialist in New York.

In 1895, when our National Conventions met in Chicago, Comrade Lucien Sanial appeared at the Chicago American Section meeting at Waverly Hall and solemnly declared that Thos. J. Morgan and the rest of the Socialists were the enemies of the trades-unions. This statement was repudiated by the Chicago American Section. Morgan claimed that he always opposed the tactics of Sam Gompers et al., but had never antagonized the trades-union movement as such. And this reply was repudiated by a special committee of the American Section on the floor of the 10th of October convention. What next? In less than six months after the convention the New York Socialist leaders opened their fight against Gompers.

We conclude in very much of the same

children that put up their snow man, then arming themselves with sticks gathered around him and, Indian-like, make their attack under considerable noise and under the war-cry, "Down with the snow man!" We never considered Weissmann much more than a snow man, a wind-bag, and we have treated him accordingly. Why waste so many bottles of ink on a man who, in your own statement, is of no account? Is it not waste of energy to fire with rattling guns at insignificant fleas? We think it is.

As to Mr. Karsenknabe we do not know what he has done in New York, but in St. Louis the Socialists have no complaint to make. Although he is not a member of the party at present, he has never worked against the Socialist Party. On the contrary, he repeatedly advised the St. Louis Brewery Workmen to work for and vote the Socialist ticket. These are facts, and for this reason we most respectfully decline to endorse the language used by the editor of The People toward this man.

Next, at the Detroit Convention the American Federation of Labor refused to grant a charter to the New York Central Labor Federation, because the Socialist Section affiliated with the C. L. F. The Section was a part of a political party. Although the writer of these lines was one of those who favored the recognition of the C. L. F., it must be admitted, in due justice to the A. F. of L. that according to the constitution the C. L. F. could not be admitted into the Federation unless the Socialist Section withdrew.

A few months later the New York Comrades came to their senses and the Section withdrew its delegate from the C. L. F. Why was it not done before? No one could then have reasonably objected to the admission of the C. L. F. Federation at the Detroit convention. And the New York Socialists, in full force, could to-day be represented in the A. F. of L. and control, if not direct, its tactics.

It was too late when the mistake was corrected by the N. Y. Section. The discouraging fight between the C. L. F. and the A. F. of L. was already carried on in a desperate manner, and it has been on ever since. This ended the A. F. of L. friendship.

Then the Socialist leaders went to the Philadelphia General Assembly of the K. of L., and there and then they "killed" a dead Powderly, a man who had already been placed in his coffin by the rank and file of the knights. Next, a cowardly middle class politician of Iowa, Sovereign by name, was heralded as General Master Workman, and elected. Next, The New Orleans General Assembly came. A "secret" contract was entered into between the Socialists and the Hayes gang, according to which Comrade Sanial was to become the editor of the K. of L. Journal. Of course, all was secrecy, but the plan failed. Sovereign and Hayes got the best of the "secret."

Then came the "funeral" in Washington. Hayes, Martin and Sovereign were prepared for the Socialist attacks. N. Y. District Assembly No. 40 was defeated, and the result—much noise about corruption and the "Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada!"

There is perhaps not a stauncher new trades unionist in our party than the writer of these lines. We favor trades unionism on strictly Socialist lines, but we beg to differ with the tactics of our national official organ, The People, in regard to the S. T. & L. A. of the United States and Canada.

When you want a Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada it is your most sacred duty to permit the Socialists outside of New York to express their opinion before you proceed. How in the world can the Socialist leaders in New York organize a national trades and labor organization before they have even listened to a single Socialist voice from the Hudson River to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the North of Canada? Besides who authorized our national official organ, i. e., the editor thereof, to herald this new movement?

In our national convention of 1893 a resolution was adopted calling upon Socialists to join the unions of their respective trade unions. Undoubtedly this has been done. Now our national organ calls upon the Socialists to join the "S. T. & L. A. of the U. S. & C." This means that the Socialists cut loose from their "respective trades unions" and join the new organization.

Does the editor of The People and the other managers of the new organization believe that some of the best Socialist Sections in the country will be foolish enough to commit suicide? Here is one example: Section St. Louis is working harmoniously with the trades unions of the city. The members of St. Louis Section are naturally some of the leading members of local trades unions. The local Trades and Labor Union, the central body, is in all questions of importance controlled by Socialists. But all unions are affiliated with the A. F. of L. Would any intelligent man recommend that the St. Louis Socialists start right into a "S. T. & L. A. of the U. S. & C." movement?

Let the members of the Socialist Labor Party decide this question. Let the rank and file define our position, our policy, our tactics. We serve the party, we are the servants of the Socialist Labor Party. Whatever the rank and file of the party membership decide, will be strictly adhered to, but there is no power outside the party membership that can change our course.

G. A. ROSEN.

SOCIALIST PICTURE ALBUM.

Second Edition—Ten Copies for One Dollar Sent to Any Address in the United States or Canada.

We have just published a second edition of the Socialist Picture Album. Ten copies for one dollar. We pay the postage. The former price was twenty cents a copy. Send in your orders. The Socialist Picture Album is an excellent means of agitation.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

A VOICE FROM NEW AMERICA.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS.

[Written Especially for the Socialist Newspaper Union.]

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

—Shakespeare.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD AMERICA IN CONFUSION.

What is this, the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear?

Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near, Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear? 'Tis the people marching on.

Hark the rolling of the thunder! Lo the sun! and lo thereunder Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder, And the host comes marching on.

On we march then, we, the workers, and the rumor that ye hear Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near; For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear, And the world is marching on.

—William Morris.

The reading of Dr. Fearless' series of lectures caused general interest among the people throughout the country. As a matter of course, these lectures were published in all the public gazettes and discussed in the meetings and in the social science institutes. In the following lectures, which I delivered in the Grand Central Parlor, I endeavored to show how the solution of the "Labor Problem" was effected, and how the Co-Operative Commonwealth was brought about.

As already stated, the emancipation of the negro slaves failed to bring about the promised permanent prosperity and peace for the Old American people. The Civil War was ended, the slaves were declared "free American citizens"—but the freedom of these poor negroes was a farce and a lie. Like wild beasts, they were set free without the necessary means of life—free to work for the lowest wage determined by the iron law of free competition; free to starve the moment they were unable to find work. Equality! Yes, white and black slaves were placed on the scales of equal rights. Both were reduced to "free wage workers."

At the close of the nineteenth century the negroes were worse off than ever before. In the South millions of them received no education. Millions of them could neither read nor write. In order to show that the freedom of the negro wage-slaves, as well as that of the white laborers, was a disgraceful mockery, I need only mention the fact that in September, 1895, a constitutional convention of the State of South Carolina was still discussing the "grave question" whether in the legislative elections negroes should be eligible or not. And it took several days to decide this question. The same brutes of untitled aristocracy that had forced the negroes into slavery, the same class of "law-abiding" Christian citizens that robbed the wealth producers of the South of an education—the same people were awfully afraid that their slaves might secure the supremacy in the politics of the various States.

Naturally there was hardly a spot on the face of the earth that could pride itself of such a colossal proportion of the popular ignorance as the Southern States of the Union. The poor wage slaves were not "brought up" as men and women, but they were "drawn up" as mere beasts of burden. Shrewd, wretched politicians did their utmost to keep the wage workers, black and white alike, in the darkness of ignorance. But woe to the poor negro whose misfortune it was to overstep the line of law laid down by the corrupt politicians.

I beg you to glance over the files of the Old American newspapers. Men and women accused of certain misdemeanors and crimes were simply taken from their families by a mob of "law-abiding" citizens and lynched on short order, before the law could take its course. As a rule, these "law-abiding" murderers were the very men who were prominent in politics and in making the laws, but it seems they had little confidence in their own work.

These "law-abiding" Democrats and Republicans were making a great noise about the achievements of "modern civilization," about the morality of their Christian nation. The church of all denominations, and the public press, and the politicians were howling when a poor lonely foreign missionary was brutally treated by the "heathens" of Asia, or killed by the barbarians in darkest Africa. These hypocrites were so full of "Christian love" that on one occasion, when half a dozen members of a foreign mission in China were killed by a mob of desperate vegetarians, they actually forced the Chinese Government to arrest and murder by law nearly a hundred of the religious fanatics—vegetarians. And here is what these "civilized capitalist Christians" accomplished in their own country. The following is simply a sample of the barbarian work, the records of which filled the columns of the capitalist press nearly every week:

"ASSOCIATED PRESS TELEGRAM.—Memphis, Tenn., October 16th, 1895.—Jefferson Ellis, who was lynched in Fayette County at 1:40 o'clock this morning, was terribly tortured before death ended his suffering. Before hanging the negro the mob cut off both his ears and all his fingers, and mutilated him in a horrible and unmerciful manner. The mob with the prisoner reached the home of the victim, Miss Prater, soon after midnight. The young woman identified him as her assailant. As soon as this was done an armed squad of men took Ellis from Constable Farrow and started with him for the pike, where the public road crossed the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Here there is also a telegraph pole. A big fire had been built at the place, and around it the mob gathered. The handcuffed negro was on his knees before the fire. The leaders of the mob told Ellis to pray, but he only looked at them in a stupid manner.

Being told that he was about to die he raised his voice in a negro hymn. By the time he had finished the mob was looking ugly. The fiercer element were in complete control. Cries of 'Burn him!' were heard on all sides.

"This fearful fate would probably have been fortunate for the negro, as subsequent events proved. Amid the shouts of the mob a man jumped to the negro's side with a drawn knife in his hand. 'Cut off his ears!' they cried. 'Give me a finger!' shouted one man. 'I want a thumb!' cried another. The better element of the crowd drew off at this time and said that they were not in favor of doing anything but hanging the negro. The protests were not noticed. Being urged on by the fiercest of the crowd, the man with the knife cut off the negro's right ear and held up the bleeding trophy in full view of the crowd. The negro screamed, but his other ear was cut off a few moments later. The mob became madder at the sight of this work, and those who were mutilating the negro found ample encouragement. They next cut off his fingers, and, tearing away part of his clothing, they mutilated him in a horrible manner. The negro was covered with blood, and his head looked like it had been scalped. The mob was not even then willing to end the negro's agony. They made him stand where the crowd could see him. Finally, 35 minutes after the torture of the negro began, the rope was put around his neck. The telegraph pole was 75 feet away. The rope was a very long one. The free end was taken by a man, who quickly climbed the telegraph pole and threw it over the cross-arm. The crowd jerked the negro to the foot of the pole, and, while the mob shouted, the bleeding and mutilated form of the negro was swung to the cross-arm. The negro was lowered to the ground and his head was cut from his body with pocket knives. The noose was then put over the feet and the headless body was again swung up. When the body was strung up a placard was attached, bearing the inscription:

"Death to the man who cuts this body down before 6:30 o'clock this evening." The body remained hanging by the feet until the expiration of the limit. It was only partially lowered for the inquest this evening. The jury viewed the corpse for a few minutes; then returned a verdict that Ellis came to his death at the hands of unknown parties."

This is a fair illustration of the capitalist law and order. Yet when the Socialists were fearlessly advocating the ideas of the coming Co-Operative Commonwealth, those lynch-murder heroes and their sympathizers were among the first ones who denounced the Socialists as enemies of law and order, religion and morality. In a measure they were right, because the Socialists were the most bitter opponents of capitalist order and morality, which in reality meant nothing less than vice and crime under the cloak of religion. And, mind you, the same crowd went to church the following Sunday and praised God for the achievements of Christian civilization. The fact of the matter is that Capitalism was brutalizing mankind in every direction. The children of the poor workers were thrown on the streets or forced into factories and workshops without education, without protection, without the most necessary means of life. Capitalist society had freed itself from all responsibilities toward the future generations. The ruling capitalist class had no time to think about the welfare of the people. With them profit was the Alpha and Omega of life. To build up their bastions of wealth was their highest ideal, and their government was considered the machinery whereby this ideal was to be realized.

Before proceeding any further permit me to give you another illustration of Capitalist law and order; it is taken from a book published in 1894 by Henry Demarest Lloyd, under the title of "Wealth Against Commonwealth." In this work Mr. Lloyd presented to the American people the history of one of the most formidable corporations the world had ever seen, the Standard Oil Co. This concern owned nearly all the oil fields of the world, and consequently controlled the oil market from San Francisco to New York, and from London east to Pekin and Yokohama, and to Melbourne, in far-off Australia. The history of the Standard Oil Co. is a long chain, every link of which is wholesale robbery and most horrible crimes. In order to wipe out competition the S. O. C. availed itself of every means at its command. It is impossible to give you all the details of this history of crimes. Read Henry D. Lloyd's book at the Public Library. Suffice it to state that the chief of this corporation, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who robbed the nations of the world of hundreds of millions of dollars, still paraded as philanthropist and benefactor of mankind. Out of his \$200,000,000 of robbed wealth, he made the "munificent gift" of about \$7,000,000 to the Chicago University. Besides, he gave several millions of dollars to other institutions. And the public press of those days glorified the philanthropist Rockefeller, and the ignorant people applauded, and the Standard Oil Trust went on with its wholesale work of robbery and murder—unmolested, in a "law-abiding, legal way." About the same might be said of Andrew Carnegie of Homestead fame. While this "noble capitalist" forced his employees into submission by besieging Homestead with Pinkerton murderers and State militiamen, he wrote his book, "Triumphant Democracy," and gave several million dollars for the building of public libraries and art galleries.

Rockefeller and Carnegie were no exceptions of the rule. They were of the true types of capitalist profit hunters. Success in business was their ideal—and they were the few who succeeded in realizing this ideal. Millions of others tried and failed. The same system of society that was responsible for the existence of the paupers and tramps, was also responsible for the existence of the Rockefellers and Carnegies. What I want to impress on your mind is that it was the fault of society that one man could confiscate and exploit the natural resources of the nations of the world and make millions of his fellow men willing slaves.

In his "Wealth Against Commonwealth" Mr. Lloyd also gives an illustration of the work done by another formidable corporation, the Whisky Trust. Mr. Lloyd's statements are based on official documents on reports taken from the records of the U. S. Congress. The Whisky Trust was determined to get rid of the Shufeldt Distilling Co. in Chicago, one of its competitors that refused to join the trust. In April, 1888, the Shufeldt Distilling Co. published the fact that they had caught a spy of the trust in their works. He had given them a confession in writing. In September it was discovered that the valve of a vat in this distillery had been tampered with in such a way as to have caused an explosion had it not been found out in time. The next month its owners made known that they had been offered and refused \$1,000,000 for their works. In December the country was startled by the news that this distillery had been the scene of an awful explosion of dynamite. There were 15,000 barrels of whisky stored under the roof that was torn open, and if these had been ignited a terrible fire would have been added to the effect of the explosion. A package of dynamite which had failed to explode, though the fuse had been lighted, was found on the premises by the Chicago police.

STUDY THIS CAREFULLY

Government Ownership of the Railroads.

Across the Continent for the Sum of One Dollar.

BY F. G. R. GORDON.

One of the greatest questions of the age is the nationalization of the means of distribution. I propose in the following pages to show some of the advantages of one part of the system of distribution under government ownership. With the last quarter of a century the railway system of the United States has assumed vast proportions. In 1860, there were 173,370.07 miles of railroad in operation, with a total capitalization of \$11,443,888,802. The gross earnings of these 173,370 miles were for the year 1893, \$1,222,618,200. The net earnings were \$346,591,109. The history of construction, management and operation of the railways of this country is a history of grand larceny of the people. In the first place, the deals and huge profits from construction are most appalling. Here is the way the railroads of America are built: First, a charter is secured for the right of way, running a distance of 200 miles (to illustrate) across the State of Iowa. The road will be capitalized at \$60,000 per mile or \$12,000,000. Trusty agents and a subsidized press work up a "patriotic" sentiment in the counties, towns and cities through which the road will be built. As a result, many thousands of dollars in gratuities, valuable land sites for depots, etc., are given the company—hundreds of towns and cities are in debt to-day on this account. In the meantime the company issues construction and equipment bonds. The bonds thus issued are quite often double the real cost of building the road. For, bear in mind, the road bed is not really built, but left to the overworked section hands to perfect, with sometimes an "extra" gang, with a charge on the side of "operating expenses." The total honest valuation of our railroads to-day is not over \$4,000,000,000.

Again, there has often been a double watering of stock. To illustrate: When the Vanderbilts obtained control of the N. Y. C. & H. R. road in 1869, it was capitalized at \$48,000,000. This was at once watered up to \$60,000,000 more "water" has been added, until at present the capital is \$146,000,000.

The Erie road cost about \$50,000,000, but it pays dividends at present on over \$160,000,000. Now, here is the real point to look at: The men who first charter and have built a railroad, furnish very little capital; the result being that they make the effort to pay, not only dividends on the capital of the road, but also interest on the debt which the road owes to the bondholders.

This plan of issuing watered stock upon which dividends are paid, has been pursued by all railroads in the country. This getting something for nothing has made the millions for Vanderbilts, Gould and others.

It would give the death blow to the greatest lobby that ever existed. There would be no more strikes, no more cut downs. It would give employment to 1,500,000 hands in addition to the 750,000 now employed. It would treat all alike same as our Post Office. It would save thousands of lives every year. It would take the roads out of politics with their corrupting and debauching methods. It would transport freight at one-fourth the present charges. As the express business would also go into the hands of Uncle Sam with the railroads, it would save the people \$5,000,000 or more yearly on that. Passenger rates would be reduced to so low a rate that it is beyond calculation, the enjoyment and luxury of travel, and the immense saving that would result.

Let me illustrate one of the present systems, the struggle for trade. Some three years ago a friend contemplated a trip to the Pacific coast; and at his request I wrote to several Boston agents of the great trunk lines. As a result of the correspondence, we were flooded with several bushels of books, papers and pamphlets, advertising the advantages of the "Burlington route," the "Santa Fe route," "Union Pacific route," and several others. In about ten days the traveling agents put in an appearance. They were bright men, dressed well, understood their business, and illustrated to my friend the respective advantages of the road they worked for. Now, who pays for all this advertising, the expenses of the traveling agents and their salaries? Who pays for the \$10,000 offices that line the streets of all our great cities? Here is a direct loss of not less than \$30,000,000 every year, if we reckon the commission evil with the struggle for trade. There would be a saving of \$25,000,000 by dispensing with presidents (salaries); savings from consolidation of business, \$50,000,000; savings from legal expenses, \$15,000,000; savings from pass evil, \$50,000,000 (if the pass evil is as extensive in all States as in New Hampshire the saving would be \$100,000,000.)

Savings from abolishing hangers on—officers who only draw their salary—and traffic associations \$25,000,000, saving from political corruption fund \$30,000,000, saving from secret rebates to trusts \$100,000,000. A grand total of \$301,000,000.

The fear that the roads would be in politics under government is foolish when once investigated. Says Mr. Palmer in "Coming Conflicts": "Nine out of ten railroad employees of this country must necessarily be experts in their particular branch of the transportation business."

Every labor in this country knows full well that when the engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road struck in 1893, the road had more than it could do to fill places enough to run the passenger trains; freight was at a standstill for months.

Then, again, the employees on our railroads are the most intelligent and independent of any large body of American

workmen. The fear that under government ownership the party in power could gain some advantage is the meekest kind of booby, and no honest man who has investigated the subject will advance the argument. Government ownership of railroads has proved a huge success wherever tried. By having held enough to properly look after and care for the condition of the road and rolling stock, thousands of lives would be saved.

Many people who read about the rates on European railroads for first-class fares are not aware that first-class in Europe means the compartment cars with a state-room. Such travel in this country costs about five cents a mile. Then, again, the cheap fares in Australia and Germany are by commutation tickets.

Ex-Gov. William Larabee of Iowa says that \$35,000 is a liberal estimate for building and equipping one mile of railroad. Nearly every other authority places the sum much less.

The American contracting firm has recently taken the contract to build a railroad in Canada for a little over \$8,000 per mile. Out of this sum \$1,000 per mile must be taken as profits to the builders, leaving a trifle over \$7,000 per mile as the real cost of building a mile of good railroad.

Gen. Leece, of Lincoln, Neb., gives the following as the cost of one mile of road. The computation is based on the purchase of the Union Pacific Railway Company:

AVERAGE COST OF ONE MILE OF RAILROAD	
Ninety-five tons steel rails, 60 pounds to the yard, at \$20 per ton,.....	1,900
3,500 oak ties at 65 cents each.....	2,275
12,800 pounds angle bar joints at 1-1/2 cents.....	192
1,400 pounds bolts,.....	330
2,500 pound spikes at 2-1/2 cents.....	63
12,000 yards grading at 15 cents per yard.....	1,800
24 acres of right of way at \$50 per acre.....	1,200
1 mile of engineering at \$300.....	300
1 mile of track laying at \$300.....	300
1,280 rods of fencing at 50 cents per rod.....	640
1 mile of bridging at \$1,000.....	1,000
Cattle guards.....	100
Round-houses, machine shops, water tanks and wind-mills.....	300
Depot grounds per mile.....	100
Sidings and switch-tracks per mile.....	1,025
Grounds for terminal facilities per mile.....	1,000
Equipment, including rolling stock per mile.....	3,000
Depot buildings.....	250
Stock yards.....	40
Coal sheds and machinery for same.....	100

Total for one mile of road..... \$15,988
The Chicago, Fairchild and Eau Claire Railroad was built by local managers for less than \$4,000 per mile.

In a recent law suit the Union Pacific proved that the average cost of building the Utah Central was \$7,298.20. It has been stated that the Missouri Pacific road cost less than \$10,000 per mile. It is self-evident that a double or four track road could be built much less per mile than a single track.

It is quite evident from the above facts that a four-track road could be built from Boston to San Francisco for an average of \$15,000 per mile, but let us call it \$30,000. The distance is 3,450 miles; a four-track road will be 13,800 miles; add 1,200 for sidings, and we have a total of 15,000 miles, which at \$20,000 per mile would cost \$300,000,000. The cost of operating such a road for one year would be as follows: Wear and tear at 10 per cent on cost of road, \$30,000,000. Wages of ten men to the mile, 150,000 men, at \$4 per day for 8 hours labor, counting 325 days for a year, which would give 1-4 as many trains on Sunday as week days, \$195,000,000, cost for fuel, oil, etc., \$10,000,000. Total cost, \$235,000,000, but to be safe let us call the cost \$250,000,000 to pay for 5,000 more hands, management, etc.

The average charge for moving a ton of freight 100 miles in this country is a trifle less than one dollar. By reducing freight charges to twenty-five cents per ton per 100 miles, we find that these 15,000 miles of road would use 150,000 freight cars 100 miles per day, fifteen tons to the car, give us 2,250,000 tons transported 100 miles each day, or an income of \$562,500 per day, and \$182,812,500 per year. It is a low estimate to reckon on 150,000 passengers over this road in a year. If we charge at the rate of three cents for each 100 miles, or across the continent for one dollar, we have an income of \$150,000,000 per year from passengers. Income from passengers and freight, \$332,812,500, net profit \$82,812,500 every year. Looks big, doesn't it? But it's not all. Several millions would be saved from the free transportation of Uncle Sam's mail, and several millions of profits from express business. It will be noticed that no charge is made for interest on capital for the very evident reason that such a road when constructed will be paid for by labor checks redeemed only in service by the road or Government. Four years of profits would pay for the entire 15,000 miles. The other great object is Socialism. So it is, and it is by and through Socialism that the progress of the world has been made.

Your duty, reader, is to make converts of Government ownership of railroads and all other means of distribution. Government railroad is one step in the direction of the grandest and greatest free republic that is to be. Every honest effort should be made to spread the truth. Let the people once realize the magnificent advantages of Government railroads and the revolution will be swift and sure. Let us cross the continent for one dollar.

THE GERMAN RAILROADS.

The Government of Germany has, since 1848, obtained possession of nearly all the railroads in the country. The cost of construction of the German roads is nearly double what they cost in the United States. Some of the reasons being the changing of water courses, the solid stone bridges, the building of gas works for lighting stations, etc., and passing through fortifications.

Statistics for the year 1890 show a net profit from operating the 25,000 miles of government roads of \$119,150,167.51 or nearly \$4,800 per mile.

The average passenger rate for the year

was a trifle over one cent a mile. But by means of computation tickets the people are enabled to travel in many parts of the German empire at the rate of four miles for one cent. The income from the passengers and baggage was \$84,970,840.42. Therefore, the German Government could have hauled the 420,056,350 passengers in 1890 absolutely free and still have a net profit of \$34,183,307.08. The profit would have paid the 340,533 employees an increase of \$100 per year in wages.

The Government paid to private companies a sum more than double what it would cost in 1890 to duplicate the roads. Thus had the Government built all her railway system, saving the profit on profit construction, the profit on sale of roads, extra interest, etc., she could have reduced her freight and express rate nearly one half, carried passengers free, increased the wages of the employees over \$100 per year and made both ends meet. There are employed on the German railways, thirteen men per mile, while in the United States there are less than five. In this country one passenger out of every 181,000 carried is killed or injured, while in Germany only one in 1,510,000 is killed or injured. Our roads kill or injure one in every thirty employees, while in Germany it is only one in 138.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARY RAILROADS.

The Austro-Hungary Government own and operate nearly 11,000 miles of railroad. About eleven men per mile are employed. The roads cost \$93,618.77 per mile and are one of the very finest systems of railway construction in the world. The total income from the operation of these roads in 1888 (last report obtainable) was \$107,714,029.00. Total expenses, \$37,256,141.00—\$7,364,104.80 of the expense being paid into the sick, aid and pension fund, etc., for railway employees. Not reckoning this as real expense, the total net profit for 1888 was \$37,821,984.80, or 53.08 per cent of the total income. As the income from passengers was less than \$24,000,000, a net profit of more than \$30,000,000 could have been earned if every passenger had been transported free. The cheapest railway travel in Europe is from Budapest to Cronstadt, a distance of 438 miles, for which the fare, third class, is at the rate of three miles for one cent, and in the case of agricultural laborers traveling in parties of ten, or workmen in parties of thirty or more, the fare is one-half, or six miles for one cent. For several years the Zone system has been in operation with the result of greatly reduced fares and a great increase in the number of passengers carried and net income to the Government.

The Zone system is divided into sections or belts of distances from Budapest, the center. The first zone extends a distance of 13.73 miles; each succeeding zone up to the twelfth being seven and one-half miles longer than the zone immediately preceding it; the twelfth and thirteenth zones being 13.73 miles longer than its preceding one. All distances from the thirteenth zone are included in the single and last zone, the fourteenth. Tickets are not sold at so much per mile but so much per zone, the charges being less from Budapest for each additional zone, thus being a great help to the sparsely settled districts.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY ROBBERY.

When the full history of the Pacific Railroad shall be written the world will read the story of the most gigantic system of railroad piracy ever concocted in the mind of man. The six roads: Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, Central Branch, Sioux City & Pacific, Central Pacific and Western Pacific, embrace 3,455.05 miles. The total cost was \$69,955,347. They are capitalized stock and bonds for \$208,302,402, or \$172,347,115 of "water."

This does not show the real robbery, as the roads were paid for by the public, and the Pacific roads, therefore, cost the band of pirates barely nothing. In fact, the stock paid in being only \$1,797,350. These six roads received aid from the United States in bonds, interest, land grants, the vast sum of \$447,729,470.54. States, towns, cities and counties gave other vast sums, the city of Sacramento giving nearly \$2,000,000.

The reports of these companies show a profit or net earnings of \$778,028,357.08, equal to \$15,000,000 a year. Nearly \$30,000,000 not reckoned in the above earnings, were paid out for subsidies, pools, rebates, overcharges, etc. The Central and Union Pacific have paid to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company over \$4,000,000 to maintain high rates. Thus these roads have conspired to maintain an exorbitant rate on both freight and passenger traffic, and have in thirty years robbed the public of millions upon millions.

According to the report of ex-Gov. Patterson, "had those roads been built and managed upon honest methods they could have paid every debt in full, paid dividends on stock and land sales, and have property free from debt to such an amount that each dollar would have yielded \$6.18, and three of these roads could have reduced their charges \$140,000,000 to shippers." Read ex-Gov. Patterson's full report for a detailed account of this gigantic robbery.

The San Francisco Chronicle in an editorial article Feb. 9, 1890, says: "Instead of letting corporations build the railroads, and giving land away to induce them to do this, Victoria has kept its land and built its own railroads. Seven years ago the income from the railroads was \$9,000,000; in 1886-7 it was \$12,265,000; and last year it was \$16,500,000. In addition, Victoria owns not only the postal business, as the United States does, but all the express business and all the telegraph business, and last year the profit on these was over \$2,000,000. It will not be many years before the profits on the railroads will pay all the expenses of government."

Passenger rates are cheaper in Australia than in the United States, wages are higher, and eight hours constitute a day's labor. Many countries own and operate their iron highways, and in every case it has proved a huge success.

Jay Gould testified that his Kansas Pacific railroad cost, built and equipped, \$66,000,000 a mile. This road received from the Government in lands and cash \$54,400 a mile. It is to-day stocked and bonded for \$106,374.75 per mile, and on this "water" the people are robbed to pay interest. To be honest about it my friend,

who, do you think, honestly owns the Kansas Pacific Railroad, the Gould family or the people?

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Everyone who ever investigated the merits of our Government postal system, admits the great saving to the people, and the almost perfect system, over the once private owned, monopoly, ill-managed service.

The telegraph and telephone are like the postal system, a means for the transmission of intelligence. All great governments have long since owned and operated the telegraph system, and more than half of them also own the telephone. On the government owned lines of France, a message can be sent across the country for 10 cents, while the Western Union will charge \$1 for the same. In England it costs 12 cents for a 12-word message from Southern England to Northern Scotland.

Government telephones in Austria cost \$80 a year against \$50 to \$125 in Boston. Telegrams in that country cost 5 cents with the additional charge of two-fifths of a cent a word, a short dispatch costing 8 to 10 cents. That gigantic monopoly, the Western Union, has a watered stock capitalization of \$110,000,000 on a plant that never cost a cent over \$30,000,000, and, in order that big dividends may be paid, the people are charged five to ten times what there is any need of. This huge monopoly had a capital stock of \$353,700 in 1888. During the next eight years this capital stock netted \$17,810,146, besides nearly \$20,450,500 (?) water, having then a capital of \$40,568,300. In 1874 this watering concern paid 414 per cent in dividends, and one year since \$10,000,000 have been paid in net earnings for twelve months.

An investment of \$1,000 in Western Union stock in 1858 has paid in stock \$30,000, and in cash dividends \$100,000, or an average of about 300 per cent of dividends each year.

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party can control these giant monopolies. There is only one safe way to control a wild brute, and that is to kill it. The control of public utilities by private corporations is the main cause of corruption in politics, and the only cure is to have all the people admitted to an equal share as we now have in our Post Office. Then wholesale bribery and corruption will cease at once.

THE CRY OF HUNGER.

BY WILSON HUNT STILES.

I.

All day I have wandered along the cold street
My soul is sad, I have nothing to eat;
All day I am striving, striving to live,
But the world it is cold, it has nothing to give;
The rich and the proud in palace and hall
Heed not my prayer or hear not my call,
Heed not the cry that ascends to heaven,
The cry of the poor to above nothing is given.

The poor who go sadly along the cold street
With nothing to do and with nothing to eat.

II.

I look in the windows that wealth hath adorned,
And feel in its glare what it is to be scorned;
Hungry and friendless, to misfortune a slave,
I journey along with no hope but the grave,
I wonder amid the rich and the strong
Who dream not of pity, who seek not of wrong,
While coldly they from me in arrogance turn
To mock at my prayers, my pleading to spurn
While I all forsaken go through the cold street
With nothing to do and nothing to eat.

III.

I see the rich splendor of wealth an of power;
I see where the Lordling hath builded his tower;
I see the proud temples that reach to the sky
To darken its blue and to dazzle the eye.
I hear from their arches the outflows of praise,
I see o'er their altars the golden lamp blaze,
And I wonder if God that wealth doth adore
Hath a place in his love for the outcast and poor,
As I wonder along o'er the cold cheerless street
With nothing to do and nothing to eat.

IV.

When falleth the night's dark shadows around,
And stars in the vaults like jewels abound;
I see in his glory the rich in his halls,
Where the chandeliers' glow o'er his lux-
ury falls.
I hear the proud music, and see the mad show,
And curse their vile splendor, their glitter and glow.
I feel that if heaven were just it would give
Peace to the starving who suffer to live;
'Twould come to the outcast, e'en out in the street.
And pity him there with nothing to eat.

V.

'Tis thus I go sadly from day unto day,
Unanswered the prayers that I once used to pray,
Feeling the bitter cold blasts of despair,
Breathing a curse when I once breathed a prayer,
Heaping up hate in my desolate soul,
Bidding the deluge to thunder and roll,
Cursing the proud, the merciless clan,
That fatten and thrive on the less favored man,
Awaiting the day when justice complete,
Will give to the lowly a morsel to eat.

VI.

Grind ye, ye powers heap on us shame
And to the fuel that besets with flame,
Men flee ye, rich pirates forsaking your halls,
When the midnight of ruin shall darken their walls;
Men, ye in your anguish to the mountains shall flee
Or seek the wide heart of the storm beaten sea;
Your sails and your prayers shall then
To lessen your woe to lighten your lot;
For ye too may feel that curse so complete,
Nothing to do and nothing to eat.

WORCESTER, MASS.

The Ladies' Memorial Aid Society met the other afternoon to discuss a paper on the "System of District Nursing," prepared by Mrs. Bliss. At present it is understood that there is but one district nurse, who goes from house to house as needed each day, making about six calls a day, nursing those who cannot afford to call a nurse or physician; the fact is many she visits are too poor to have the common necessities of life, making it necessary for the nurse to carry soap and cloths, even a cloth to wash the face of the patient, which the nurse says, oftentimes where she visits, they do not have.

Mrs. Bliss drew a strong picture contrasting the condition of the sick rich and the sick poor, saying among other things that Mrs. Booth's picture of slums were not overdrawn, and that Worcester had slums as well as New York. But why should we have slums at all? Is it to give these people something to do to make them large-hearted? As long as there is plenty of land and we can make two blades of grass grow where we now make one, there need be none so poor but what could provide themselves with a nurse besides other necessities. How so? By systematic productions and distribution, which can only be accomplished by the collective ownership of all the means of life.

The Rev. H. N. Casson delivered another remarkable and characteristic sermon Sunday, Jan. 5, in the Labor Church at Lynn, Mass. The subject was "War and the Monroe Doctrine." He said among a great many other interesting things:

Let the Monroe doctrine begin at home. Let the Venezuela commission investigate the bond swindle.

Mr. Casson read the following resolutions: "Resolved, that we, the workmen of Lynn, are not interested in any agitation for war between the United States and England over the ownership of some South American State, and if President Cleveland and Lord Salisbury are, we recommend that they settle it by a personal fight to a finish.

That we are utterly opposed to war brought about by financial sharks, for no other purpose than the creation of a huge bonded debt, whereby generations yet unborn will be enslaved and robbed.

That we deplore the fact that both English and American landlords now own and control millions of acres of American soil, rent-renting the American tenant farmer, and that no effort is being made by our Government to put an end to this nefarious and baneful land traffic.

That we have no desire to kill in battle our brother laborers of any other nationality.

That we recognize the brotherhood of man the world over, and that the only cause for which we are willing to fight (if war be forced upon us), is for the establishment of that brotherhood."

The resolutions were unanimously adopted amid much enthusiastic applause.

Rev. R. H. Howard, a Methodist preacher, will read a specially prepared paper on "The Socialistic Crises of the Age and the Relation of Methodist Pastors Thereto," before a meeting of Methodist preachers of this city. No doubt he knows as much about Socialism as Dr. Horr does, so you can expect the Socialist will have another opportunity to explain socialism.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

The Holyoke Almshouse cost the city \$38,967 to maintain last year. There being 25 inmates, it appears that the cost per inmate is \$1512.44. This is by far more than the average millhand earns in a year to maintain a whole family.

Holyoke consumes daily 15,355 quarts of milk which is being served by 181 milk peddlers. The total value of the milk reaches \$400,000 per year.

The American Section cast three votes in favor of Boston for the place of our national convention, two for Rochester, one for Chicago, and one for New York. Seven votes in favor of the first week in July, six votes in favor of sending a delegate to London and one against. For delegate Matchett, four; Mrs. Avery, two; De Leon, one.

The editor of the Holyoke Transcript is everlastingly begrudging the poor street laborers \$2 a day salary, but he never mentions the \$65 paid to a pet of Street Superintendent Greany for work alleged to have been performed inside of one week, nor does he mention that the city government paid out \$4,800 to widen the Springfield road for the benefit of the street railroad corporation, nor does he see anything wrong in the action of the property owners of Northampton street who were assessed 15 cents a foot, and who demanded 30 cents a foot for damages after the electric railroad had been given the privilege to widen the street at the expense of the city for the benefit of the property owners.

A new branch of the Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Organization was organized last Sunday and temporary officers chosen. Mr. Luther, President; Ernst Goeldner, Secretary; Gustave Tauscher, Treasurer.

The Holyoke Protective Labor Union has voted to fine every delegate to the Central Labor Union \$1 if he absents himself more than twice from the meetings of that body.

The vote on place where the National Convention is to be held resulted in eight votes for Rochester, nine for Boston and one for New York.

As to time of holding convention, eight votes were cast for the first week in July.

On delegate to London, Charles H. Mitchell, of Brooklyn, received fifteen votes and Lucien Lalai, two.

The Report of the Election Committee has been audited and found to be correct in every detail. The Section meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month at the Springfield Turn Hall.

The cigarmakers of Holyoke have re-elected their old board of officers as follows:

lows: President, Frank McCabe; Vice-President, John Schwab; Financial Secretary, Peter J. Sullivan; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Mike Murphy; Treasurer, George Blackmer; Delegates to Central Labor Union: Luther, Nutley, Ahara, Connors, Sullivan. The election for National officers will be held on Saturday, Feb. 8, from 7 to 9 p. m. at the American House. The election inspectors are Cherke, Luther and—

"BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

Of late, there seems to be a disposition on the part of some to censure the management of our national organ, The People, and more especially Comrade De Leon for his editorial utterances against the false prophets in the American labor movement. Much of this criticism comes via Massachusetts, from that class of Socialists, who always seem afraid to hurt the feelings of the wolves in sheep's clothing, but at the same time not very mindful of the feelings of those who have demonstrated by their work the fitness to lead. I desire to say in this connection, I admire the fearlessness with which the editor of The People has pursued these vultures. In my opinion it is nonsense to attempt to placate and pacify the men who for years have been living by betraying their fellow wage-slaves. The only effective way to deal with them is to reveal their acts of treachery to the ones they have betrayed and this can be most efficiently done by calling them by their right names and painting them in their true colors. Through such a course, only, can the schemes of these scoundrels be made abortive. We not only admire the course of The People in this particular, but we also admire the course of the New York Comrades in general and more especially their uncompromising attitude toward all reactionary middle-class movements, and the skill displayed by them in steering the Socialist craft clear of the rocks and reefs of "one thing at a time reformers." While I presume they have made some mistakes—and who has not—their vote at the last election proves the wisdom of their course, in the main, and also demonstrates clearly that only by keeping in the straight road of class consciousness can we make legitimate progress towards the Socialist Commonwealth. All other roads diverge from the true way, and all who are fooled into these false byways will sooner or later have to retract their steps in order to reach this haven of rest. The vote in Massachusetts rather indicates that—the vacillating course of many of the comrades there, by flirting with the Populist and "get-together" reformers—was not the true one to pursue. Many honest people seem to think Socialism is something that can be made to order and could have been ushered in at any time as in any place, could the people have been convinced it was in the interest of humanity, and in doing this they lose sight of the fact that true reforms have in the past and will in the future come as the result of historical development and economic necessity.

Socialism will come to stay only when the economic conditions are ripe for its advent. It cannot be hastened by sugar-coating unpalatable truths in order to convert bourgeois and capitalist classes, nor by adopting a conciliatory policy towards the worst enemies, the labor fakirs. The only rational way to carry on the war against capitalism is to ask and give no quarter, and in order to do this effectually renegades and traitors must be shown in their true light. This cannot be done by patting them on the back or by calling them good fellows. It would be as safe to make peace with a coyote or a reptile as with these men.

It seems to me it would be well for the critics of the people to show by their work that the plans proposed by them are more effective as a means of propaganda than those of the New York comrades, before they judge it to harshly. Fraternally
Lincoln, Neb. H. S. ALBY.

AN OLD SOCIALIST VOICE.

Comrade S. S. S. Writes From San Francisco, Cal.

Our cause here is booming. We have an American, German, French, Italian and Jewish Section, with probably over 700 members, and a host of good English speakers. Our propaganda meetings in and out of doors are well attended. What pleases me most is that our numerous American comrades are among our most energetic and class-conscious workers.

There is also in town a so-called Society of American Socialists composed of well meaning Catholics and Christian Socialists and other reformers, who still believe they need the help of the intelligent middle class and can get it. Well let them try it. Experience is the best teacher. I have long ago given up trying to reform people whose immediate material interests are identified with Capitalism. The few bourgeois who possess sufficient brain, heart and moral courage to antagonize their own class-interest will come over to us unswayed.

Please remember me to all comrades in St. Louis, and wish them a happy New Year and renewed enthusiasm for our cause. The future is ours! At our propaganda meetings during the holidays it was customary to greet each other with "Merry England" instead of the usual "Merry Christmas." By the way, was it intentional or accidental on the part of Comrade Crasius to picture in the New Year's Almanac of the St. Louis Tagblatt our old friend Gidionson? S. S. S.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF MILWAUKEE.

Municipal Candidates.
For Mayor,
CHARLES FLUEGER.
For City Clerk,
OTTO GUNDERMANN.
For City Comptroller,
JACOB RUMMEL.
For Treasurer,
FRED SCHUSTER.
For Aldermen Twelfth Ward,
OSWALD SUBERT.
CHAS. MAASBERG.

USEFUL ITEMS.

Books with clasps or raised sides damage those near them on the shelves.

To Remove Iron Mould.—Apply first a solution of sulphuret potash, and afterward one of oxalic acid. The sulphuret acts on the iron.

To Polish Old Book Bindings.—Thoroughly clean the leather by rubbing with a piece of fannel; if the leather is broken fill up the holes with a little paste, beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it well over the covers with a piece of sponge; polish it by passing a hot iron over.

To Loosen Glass Stoppers.—Apply salad oil to the mouth of the decanter by means of a feather; the bottle should then be placed about one-half yard from the fire. When warm the stopper should be gently struck on all sides, and attempts should be made to move it. If it still remains fast, apply more oil. A few sharp taps on the stopper, all the way round, with a key is also very effectual.

Dress of Nurses.—Nurses in the sick room should always dress in light colored clothes, and these should be of cotton, so that they may be less liable to harbor infectious matter, and more easily cleaned.—Free Silver Knight.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1905.

Certain ingenious people in Smithland, Ky., the other day put out a fire which was raging in a house by pelting it with snowballs.

The Amazon is navigable for 2,000 miles above its mouth.

The Mombasa Victoria Nyanza Railway into the interior of Africa will be 650 miles long and will cost \$2,000,000.

"Why am I not living now?" says the spook of Capt. Kidd, thinking about those gold shipments.

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

Laureate Austin has been reading the press clippings about himself, and he is for war.

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

In the Grand Canon of the Colorado a man's voice was plainly heard, it is said, at a distance of 18 miles down the canon.

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

Circle City, Alaska, right on the Arctic Circle, has 125 dwellings, several stores and an opera house.

The little affair in South Africa was something like a real good "county seat war" in Montana.

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

The British Medical Journal says that telegraphers are unusually subject to consumption.

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the corns. These pests are easily removed with Hildebrand's. 15c at druggists.

One hundred and sixty plows recently started in a row in a plowing match in Hartford, England.

FEUDALISM IS HERE.

REMARKABLE OBSERVATIONS OF A FRENCHMAN.

We Are Serfs of the Millionaires—Our Women, Too, Are Decadents, and Our Fighting Cowboys Are Like the Mediaeval Barons.

ARE WE RAISING an aristocracy, and is it even now something more than a green shoot—in fact, quite a bud—just bursting into bloom? That is what a Frenchman named Mandat-Graucy thinks. He has been writing to the Parisian papers charging us with possessing an aristocracy already more powerful than any European nobility, and alleging that we are "tending, throughout the whole fabric of our society, more and more toward feudalism."

The almost spontaneous appearance of the millionaire class, which, says our critic, had no existence twenty years ago, he regards as assuredly one of the most interesting phenomena of the economic and social evolution that is taking place in the United States. One-quarter of the national wealth is today in the hands of 2,000 persons—less than one-thirty-thousandth of our entire population. This result is somewhat surprising, M. de Graucy says, when we realize that the American continent was colonized by people who left Europe because they wished to protest against the inequality of social conditions there, and who did their best to even up things financially and socially in their new home.

Our Puritan ancestors turned their backs on the old aristocracy, and behold a new one so rolling in wealth that to-day it is supplying the effete European nobility with heiresses. Instead of tending more and more toward strict democracy, as the wiseacres thought we were doing half a century ago, we have turned around and gone in the opposite direction.

In fact, incipient feudalism seems to spring up from the ground wherever our French critic turns. It confronts him even in the wild west, where among the ranches he finds people living under a regime that seems to him exactly that of Europe in the tenth century. The country is held by great land-owners, surrounded by cowboys armed to the teeth, who are always fighting with the inhabitants of the towns, as the mediaeval barons fought with the mediaeval communes.

Bourget also treated the great land-owners and employers as feudal seigniors, having an influence that arises from natural causes, but he says that this influence is not political. The later French critic says that the distinguished author of "Otre Mer" is mistaken, for men of this class have much greater political power than that in the hands of any European aristocracy whatever—surely much greater than the French nobility ever had.

Directing his attention next to American women he says that many of them, at least, are precisely like those that graced the courts of the Caesars. "They are true Romans of the decadence." These decadent females actually go crazy over mere physical strength; they go to hear celebrated athletes deliver private lectures on the subject of their own marvelous powers, illustrated by an exhibition of the great men's nude torsos.

Having thus proved that the men in America are mediaeval barons and serfs, and the women Roman matrons of doubtful morals, M. Graucy exhausts his resources and steps aside to make room for the next Gallic critic—whosever fate may have in store for us to add his quota to the galaxy of nations.

The Minister's Blunder.

The New Yorkers are telling one another of a good joke on Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas' church, previously rector of St. Paul's in this city. His part in the coronation of the Paget-Whitney wedding was to read the service. Either he had marked the wrong place in the prayer book or the singing disconcerted him; at any rate the wedding party was amazed to hear his rich, full voice utter the words: "I am the resurrection and the life!" "Heaven and earth!" ejaculated Bishop Potter in a whisper behind him. The rector at once awoke to the fact that he was reading the burial service, and, after one breathless second, he proceeded with the proper ritual.

As Good as the Medicine.

A physician of Pocahontas county, Virginia, tells a story of a patient who one night recently swallowed two 32-caliber cartridges in mistake for two five-grain capsules of medicine. The doctor left the capsules with the instructions that the sick man should take them during the night. The man awakened, reached for the capsules, but somehow got hold of the cartridges and did not discover his mistake until he had swallowed them. No serious harm resulted, though the patient had an anxious time for some hours.

Wars Won't Last Long.

Captain James, in an address before the Royal United Service Institution in London, declared that modern military development would inevitably shorten the period of war. Moreover, he asserted, while at the actual point of battle, the destruction would be vastly increased, the aggregate loss of men in an entire war would be really reduced by the improved means of treating the wounded.

High, Low Jack. Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a high old time in skating rinks, and skating ponds, on slides and rides, and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off; off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbago, including frost bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We cut up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacob's Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is on with the dance.

INCITANTS TO SMILE.

"It is strange that Morgan, who is absolutely rolling in wealth, should be such a miserly skinflint." "I suppose he is the 'Golden Mean' one so often hears about."

Boarding-house Keeper—I've brought you your bill for the past month. Filby—Oh, you had better keep it. I am somewhat unattractive in my habits, and I might mislay it.

THE WORLD'S EARLIEST POTATO.

That's Salzer's Earliest, fit for use in 28 days. Salzer's new late tomato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at \$1.00 a bushel—\$4000. That pays. A word to the wise, etc.

Now if you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our mammoth seed catalogue, w.n.

RAM'S HORNS.

Any kind of an unrepentant sinner is a lost one.

Bible promises were made for Bible-loving people.

Only those who love souls can learn how to win them.

A negative sinner is as sure to be lost as a positive one.

The slave is no less a slave whose chain is made of gold.

In a cold prayer meeting the back seats are the warmest.

A Very Desirable Calendar.

Calendars of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking—many without asking—but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents), includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.

ALCOHOLIC WITICISMS.

The man who hits the bottle may expect the bottle to hit him.

Some men won't drink a drop, while, on the other hand, some won't drop a drink.

The man who drinks whisky runs the risk of cultivating a sort of corn-husking voice.

With regard to the increased use of strong liquors in cool weather, the thermometer may be said to start it by first taking a drop.

shake it off

The general belief among doctors is that consumption itself is very rarely inherited. But the belief is becoming stronger that the tendency to consumption is very generally transmitted from parent to child. If there has been consumption in the family, each member should take special care to prepare the system against it. Live out doors; keep the body well nourished; and treat the first indication of failing health.

Scott's Emulsion.

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a fat-producing food and nerve-tonic. Its use is followed by improved nutrition, richer blood, stronger nerves and a more healthy action of all the organs. It strengthens the power of the body to resist disease. If you have inherited a tendency to weak lungs, shake it off.

JUST AS GOOD IS NOT SCOTT'S EMULSION.

A railroad generally begins to ask for a receiver about the time there isn't anything to receive.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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

Frank Deboe, of Crittenden County, Ky., gave his sweetheart a glass of eggnog. Now he's liable to go to jail for giving liquor to a minor.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and Shaking of the face, limbs, head, etc., cured. Send to Dr. Kline, 1512 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In Australia, where the railroads are owned by the people, third-class passenger fares are one-third of a cent per mile and first-class less than a cent. Yet the roads pay a profit.

A man in Quitman, Mo., has just received \$100 from the Government for a horse killed during the war.

COLORADO GOLD MINES.


If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strikes 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.

Ho—Will you take my arm? Miss Elderly—What's the matter with the rest of you?—Town Topics.

W. N. U. St. L.—907-4.

When answering advertisements kindly mention this paper.

"The Master Cure." ACHES AND PAINS. To MASTER is to OVERPOWER and SUBDUCE. is the master cure for

As the  is superior to the So is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS to other medicines.

GUARANTEE 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 or Neuralgia. More than 4,000,000 bottles sold—and only \$2.00 asked for and refunded. (SEAL.) BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

SALZER'S SEEDS HURRAH, FARMERS! SHOUT FOR JOY! Fine, luxuriant pastures and rich meadows, producing tremendous hay yields (4 to 6 tons per acre) are now made possible on every soil, in every climate, by sowing our Extra Grass and Clover Mixtures. You won't need to wait a lifetime for a good start of grass, for we have grasses which, if sown in April, will produce a rushing crop in July. Pamphlet on Grass Culture, etc., 2 cents postage. **WE PAY \$4000 IN GOLD PRIZES** On Oats, Barley and Corn! The best yield on Silver Mine (Kansas County) Oats in 1905 was 207 bushels the next 200 to us. You can beat that in 1906 and win \$4000! Our new tested Barley, Oats, Corn and Potatoes will revolutionize farming! We are the largest growers of farm seeds in the world. Our seeds produce—as the editor of the Rural New Yorker says—Salzer's Early Wisconsin Potatoes yielded for me 7 1/2 bushels per acre. If an early sort yields 700 bushels, what will a late do? Potatoes only \$1.50 per barrel. **EARLIEST VEGETABLES IN THE WORLD.** Splendid sorts, fine yields. Onion Seed only 25c. per lb. 35 pkts. Earliest Vegetables, \$1.00, postage 10c. Flower Seeds, 25c. Everything at hard times prices. Wholesale Market Gardeners' List, 4c. postage. Please Cut the Following Out and Send It With 15 cents in stamps and get our big catalogue and sample of the Pumpkin Yellow Watermelon seasonal. Catalogue also, 5c. postage.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

McFLEE'S Wine of Cardui (PURE VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—NOT INTOXICATING.) CURES FEMALE DISEASES! ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

Be Sure 'Tis pure Cocoa, and not made by the so-called "Dutch Process." Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure—no chemicals. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Clairette Soap Is not Behind The Times. Neither are the women who use it. Thousands of thrifty housekeepers say that Clairette Soap is an improvement on any soap they ever used. Try it and compare results. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to relieve itching. Apply to the scalp. Do not wash. Clear skin and brighten eyes. **PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION** CURE FOR THE LUNG DISEASE. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. The

The Personal Side Of George Washington Not the General nor President, but the lover, the man, the husband and neighbor. Three of such articles by General A. W. Greeley, the famous Arctic explorer, will shortly begin in the **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** OVER 700,000 COPIES SOLD Ten Cents on All News-stands. One Dollar a Year **WANTED** Agents to look after renewals and new subscribers. Profitable employment offered. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

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

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—BY THE—
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UNDER OUR FLAG.

Section St. Louis voted for Comrade Martha Moore Avery as delegate to the International Labor Congress.

Comrade M. Fraser has been nominated as candidate for Public School Board Director for the Second and Fourth Wards of St. Louis.

The Socialist nominee for School Board Director in the Eleventh and Thirteenth wards of St. Louis is Comrade Geo. Fullmer.

Comrade Martha Moore Avery was nominated by American Section of Boston as delegate to the London International Labor Congress.

The Socialist Science Club of North New York, which now comprises a membership of forty earnest and active workers, has decided to join the Socialist Labor Party in a body.

For the information of the comrades who have lately ordered copies of the pamphlet "Labor and Capital," by G. A. Hehn, we must announce that every copy of the first edition has been sold. For this reason we could not fill all orders during the last two weeks. Comrade Glaser of New York received the last 150 copies two weeks ago. However, there may be about 40 or 50 copies left in the hands of the St. Louis Ward Clubs.

"A voice from New America" will be published in book form by April 1. The book will be about 150 pages strong and it is our intention to get it out as a 10-cent edition, which, however, can only be done if we can print at least 10,000 copies as the first edition. "A voice from New America" will be an excellent campaign document for the Socialist Labor Party. Sections, Clubs and other organizations should send in their orders in time. The whole-sale price of the book may perhaps not exceed 7 cents a copy.

Section Louisville, Ky., held a meeting to consider the general vote called for by the National Executive. The comrades did not seem to take the necessary interest in the matter, as the meeting was but thinly attended. The meeting voted in favor of sending a delegate to London; De Leon received seven, T. J. Morgan, one vote. All members present voted for St. Louis as the place where our national convention should be held.

No Flies on Ludlow.
The smart little town of Ludlow, Vt., up on the Rutland division of the Central Vermont system wants electricity for its streets. The town will build a plant of its own at a cost of \$10,000.

Preparations should begin this year in every country on the globe to carry out Henry D. Lloyd's suggestions for national and international congresses of labor and social reform, to culminate in a unified and universal demonstration the first May day in the new century. Such a demonstration should be a worthy inaugural of the new liberty and pure democracy toward which we are progressing.—Coming Nation.

The business of a republic, in which every voter is said to be a "sovereign," is said to be secret between the speculative rich and a President whose law partner figures in the conspiracy. That's what it is—a conspiracy.—Ez.

Money has nothing to lose and everything to gain by insisting upon the whole of what it wants. Long possession should not justify the holding of a stolen title. If a man steals your coat you must not take it back a shred at a time.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Special Notice to the Local Managers.

Act Promptly! It's For Your Own Interest.

This note is addressed to all our subscribers who have the interest of the Socialist Labor Party at heart, as well as to all local managers of the S. N. U.

Comrades, we beg leave to inform you that several hundreds of our subscribers are in arrears with the payment of their subscription. We are compelled to establish the following business rule:

1. The local managers of the Socialist Newspaper Union are hereby requested to strike from their subscription lists all the names whose subscription is not paid up by February 1st.

2. The comrades are hereby requested to settle their accounts with the local managers in order to avoid an interruption in receiving their paper.

Comrades, let us reason together. You want your local manager to transact the business of your local paper in a business way. How can he do it, if you fail to pay your subscription? Don't expect that one man can spend all his time in hunting up the subscribers.

What difference will it make to the Socialist Newspaper Union if out of the 5,000 subscribers say about 800 non-paying subscribers are stricken from the list? Make your own account:

The S. N. U. has to pay for paper, composition, presswork etc., about a cent a copy to the printer. Take 800 papers of the non-paying subscribers: 800 cents a week! \$8 a week and four weeks a month makes \$32 a month cash expended for non-paying subscribers. And in three months—or 13 weeks—this makes \$104. And in one year this would amount to about \$450 a year!

Now, Comrades, this cannot be done. Pay up your subscription or we can no longer mail you the paper.

By order of Central Press Committee.
PHIL KAUFMAN,
Secretary, S. N. U.

MANCHESTER ITEMS.

A Section of the Socialist Labor Party has been organized in Concord, N. H.

Comrades, this paper is yours. It advocates your cause. What are you doing to extend its circulation?

If every Comrade will do his best we can give this paper a great circulation.

You can't learn to talk Chinese in four weeks, but you can learn what Socialism is in four days by reading "Merrie England." Price 10 cents.

The New Trades Unionism.
Socialists are the best friends that organized labor has. Socialists are the best workers in the ranks of the trade unions. Socialists only criticize the foolish old-time, pure and simple trade unionism, which is to-day a failure. The new trades unionism stands for the emancipation of labor.

It has always been the boast that the Cigar-makers Union was all right, that they were strong enough to fight the capitalist with the economic weapon alone. Let us see. Out of over 70,000 cigar-makers in this country less than 30,000 are organized, and among those who are organized there is much misery. Thousands are out of work. Then, again, no machine has come in to displace labor to any great extent. Suppose a machine should come in and take in place of 50,000 cigar-makers where would they be then? In the shoe industry 3,500,000 hands have been displaced and the pure and simple trade unionist, shoemaker, still continues to shout "keep politics out of the union."

It is the duty of every trade union to educate its members and its class to vote for better conditions. I have worked for years in the trade union movement and got what? Why blacklisted for it and what is the remedy of the "pure and simple"? Well, they have none whatever. If every union in this broad land would spend two dollars per month to circulate such a paper as the Manchester Labor among the (our) working class, the paper would have a circulation of two or three millions in one year. It would have a first-class daily, too. And the good it would do to the working class in a way beyond calculation. Brave comrades, on with the noble fight. We shall surely win and "Socialism in our time" will be a fact. And, let me add this, the most foolish idiotic remark that a trade unionist can make is to say that he is a Socialist and wants Socialism, but it will never do to tell it to his union brother. Away with such foolishness. It is not, nothing but rot and is only the speech of a coward.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.
Report of Mass-Meeting Held by Central Trades and Labor Union Jan. 19.

The Pinned Knight's Music Band paraded the business streets and carried banners and transparencies, which attracted a big crowd, so that there was no standing room in the hall. After playing a few good pieces Comrade Rucker of St. Louis was introduced as first speaker. He spoke on organization in general and an independent political action in particular, and was enthusiastically applauded.

After Comrade Rucker sat down Mr. Joseph Harris, of Springfield, was introduced. He also spoke of the necessity of good organizations, and wound up with the single tax. He was not so much applauded, although he is a very fine orator.

The meeting was then adjourned, after the Chairman had invited the audience to the mass meeting on Jan. 26, at the Opera House, with Debs as speaker.

ONWARD, COMRADES!

[Concluded from page 1.]

doubt but that this is the destiny of the human race. This is that "one far-off divine event" referred to by the poet. Man, the disinherited, will yet regain the birthright of which he has been so long defrauded. Political freedom and industrial servitude cannot long co-exist, in fact man cannot be free politically unless he is free economically. You have already a fine organization, go on and perfect it. Never be too tired or too indifferent to attend a political meeting, and when an election is pending work just as untiringly as if you expected to elect every candidate. The capitalists are some times too busy or too negligent to attend primaries and caucuses. For this reason you may often, if you are watchful, gain an advantage over them. At the same time, apply yourselves diligently to the work of propaganda. Disseminate your literature, be a power in your also free industrially, but, with industrial freedom, comes, complete emancipation and to this glorious work are the laboring classes of to-day called.

Socialists of St. Louis, walk worthily of your high vocation. Do not hide your light under a bushel, but apply yourselves zealously to the work of propaganda. Avail yourselves of your political privileges, and make yourselves, though numerically small, felt in this city as an active, purifying element in the corrupt schemes and practice of municipal politics. trades unions, but avoid friction as much as possible. Bear in mind that "molasses catches more flies than vinegar," and conciliate your opponent and make a friend of him if possible. Its a great mistake to think that a fight, even if attended with success, is the best policy. Its the worst. The most skillful general is he who avoids an engagement as long as possible.

It is emphatically true that "the better part of valor is discretion." A good draughts player will often give two or three men in order to gain a certain vantage ground. Socialism should be a pacific force—its policy, whenever practicable, conciliatory. We do not want our good to be evil spoken of. It is far better to make half a dozen converts to Socialism in a labor organization than to come out victor in a hundred fights. To overthrow an enemy is very well—to turn him into a friend or ally very much better.

I am glad to see the interest which is taken among our friends here in the educational question. There is room for grand work here, and in this connection I would suggest the formation of Sunday or evening classes for the instruction of our young people, boys and girls, in Socialistic principles, because this is instruction they will not get in the schools. Then, I think, it should be your aim to fit as many of your children for public school teachers as possible, and try and get our principles instilled into the minds of the rising generation. This can be very quietly, very gradually, very guardedly and yet very effectively. If we can only get control of the boys and girls of to-day, we have got the men and women of twenty years hence.

Think of this: it is a good point. If in the plastic minds of our school children can be sown the seeds of Socialism, our work is half accomplished.

Well, I have not told you a great deal about Labor's Monroe doctrine, after all, in this rather rambling discourse. The lecture might as well have been entitled "Labor's Declaration of Independence" or "Labor's Magna Charta," but after all what's in a name? I may have dropped a suggestion or two which you can utilize, and if so the labor is not in vain.

Massachusetts Items.
South Hadley, Mass., is thinking about building its own street railroad. Good for South Hadley.

Workingmen, put that in your pipe and smoke it!
Rev. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge, at the convention of Woman Suffragists, said: "There is no class fit to do the politics for the classes."

After many years of slander, perversion at Socialism, by the American press, the truth at least prevails and it crops out everywhere that Socialism is all right.

The Springfield Republican and other representative first-class American newspapers have repeatedly stated that in the pending struggle for liberty in Germany the Socialists represent the people of Germany. Harper's Magazine came also to the front giving credit where credit has been due for a long time.

Holyoke German Section elected these officers: Organizer, Moritz Kurth; Secretary, Carl Niesner; Financial Secretary, Otto Bauman; Treasurer, Carl Breyer; Librarian, Otto Neumann. Auditors—August Vogt, Albert Kieckhafer, Underschied. Press Committee—M. Ruther, Moritz Kurth, Otto Neumann.

The Secretary reports thirty members in good standing on Jan. 1, 1896.

Doings of the Massachusetts Legislature.
In the House Mr. Krebs of Boston put in a bill to prohibit employes in bakeries from working over sixty hours a week or ten hours a day. The bill provides in much detail for better sanitary conditions in bakeries and for four additional district police to enforce the law.

Section 8. "All contracts heretofore made by or on behalf of the Commonwealth, requiring the employment of manual labor, shall provide that persons employed in the contract shall not be required to work more than eight hours in each day, and that said eight hours in each day constitute a day's work." The bill was referred to the Committee on Labor.

At the recent meeting of American Section Boston a resolution was adopted, condemning with Comrade Squire E. Putney whose wife died suddenly last week.

PLATFORM

Adopted at the Chicago Convention.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

3. municipal self government.

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

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

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

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Comrades, Give a Good Lift Right Now.

Co-operate and Good Results Will Follow.

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

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

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

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

According to receipts under Socialist Newspaper Improvement Fund about \$100 of the money advanced have been returned to the comrades. This leaves a balance of about \$500.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours for the noble cause of Socialism,
DR. LOUIS CHAUSUS,
PETER SCHWITZ,
G. A. HORN,
J. SCHIEDLER,
CHAS. NELSON,
FRED. GIESLER,
CHAS. KLOTZ.

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

What is Socialism? It is the science that teaches the human family how every human being can become a useful member of society, live a life of freedom and happiness by the very root of the system that produces great millionaires robbers and murderers, little tramp thieves and criminals—all the natural products of excessive wealth on one side and extreme poverty on the other.

SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

Financial Report of the Secretary From October 26 to December 24.

CASH RECEIVED.

Local Managers.....\$309.43
Sundry accounts.....64.65
Total.....\$374.08

ADVANCE PAYMENT BY LOCAL MANAGERS.

Holyoke LABOR.....\$ 3.47
Louisville LABOR.....2.00
Milwaukee LABOR......37
Total.....\$ 5.93

CASH EXPENDED.

Western Newspaper Union.....\$189.33
Labor.....54.00
Second-class mail.....35.04
Western Photo Engraving Co.....37.06
Postage.....24.56
Advanced Money Returned.....18.00
Witt & Webster.....10.00
Express.....4.75
Sundry Expense.....4.25
St. Louis Republic.....4.11
Stationery.....3.75
Mailing list.....1.35
Commission......90
Total.....\$376.84

Balance cash on hand on October 26 \$ 4.44
Total cash received.....374.08
Total.....\$378.52

Total cash expended.....376.84

Balance cash on hand.....\$ 1.68

RECEIPTS.

Amount due from 30 local LABORS \$1,238.06
Newsdealers.....38.15
Party buttons.....8.30
Sundry accounts.....21.65
Office fixtures.....29.20
Balance cash on hand.....1.68
Total.....\$1,336.04

LIABILITIES.

Advanced payment by three local LABORS.....\$ 5.93
Due for cartoons.....44.25
Due for party buttons.....12.00
Due for paper, composition and presswork.....88.00
Advanced by St. Louis comrades.....351.00
Due for printing of Socialist Albums.....85.25
Total.....\$ 586.43

Resources.....\$1,336.04
Liabilities.....586.43

Net resources.....\$ 749.51

ATTENTION.

The Tobacco Workers National Union held its annual convention at Walhalla Hall, which was attended by about fifty-two delegates. Considerable business was transacted. The organization is in excellent condition, has done much good work for the improvement of the Tobacco Workers in general, and the prospects for a successful agitation in the various parts of the country are excellent. We appeal to all our friends to help the Tobacco Workers in their just struggle. Boycott the Battle Ax tobacco. Comrades, don't mind the Battle Ax advertisement on the inside page of this paper. We are determined to force the Western Newspaper Union that prints our insides to take the "ad" out of our paper. And if they cannot publish our paper without scab "ads" on the inside pages we shall certainly find some other publishing establishment that will gladly take charge of the printing of our organ. This kind of scab-business won't work with the Socialist Labor Party. Boycott all Battle Ax tobacco! Battle Ax is a scab product; it is an "ax" that kills Organized Labor.

ATTENTION.
A Word With Our Readers and Friends.
Comrade and Friends: The Socialist press is our strongest weapon. You know this as well as we do.
But perhaps you also know that a Socialist paper cannot be published on wind. It takes money to pay the bills. Our weekly expenses have to be paid, and if we failed to pay our bills we should simply be compelled to give up business.
It is no more than right and just that you pay your subscription. Don't wait for the local manager to call for the money, but go there and pay the little amount you owe. We do all in our power to make this paper a success in every respect. Now it is for you to do your share of the work. Thousands of Socialists are proud of this paper. We are now entering our national campaign, and it is our intention to make the Socialist Newspaper Union one of the most formidable weapons in the next national political struggle of the Socialist Labor party against the parties of capitalism. By the aid of the Socialist Newspaper Union we shall be able to put up a strict Socialist ticket in every State of the Union, and when, in November, 1896, the Socialist votes will be counted throughout the country the party of socialism may announce the glorious news that hundreds of thousands of votes have been cast for Socialism.
Don't wait; pay up your subscription right now. Enable your local manager to settle his bills with the S. N. U. and we assure you that we shall attend to the rest of the agitation work.
Fraternally,
CENTRAL PRESS COMMITTEE SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

The days have passed by forever when the propounders of Socialism were necessitated to beg the question. We have reached that stage in the development of progressive evolution that now demands at all times a positive affirmation of its unanswerable arguments.

Even if you know what Socialism means it won't hurt you to attend meetings and hear the good news again. Attend, by all means, and fill a seat; it will encourage others to do likewise.