

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF  
ALL MONOPOLIES.

# Worcester Labor.

LABOR OWNS VIOLENCE.

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## MODERN SOCIALISM.

The Capitalistic System Is Nearing Its End.

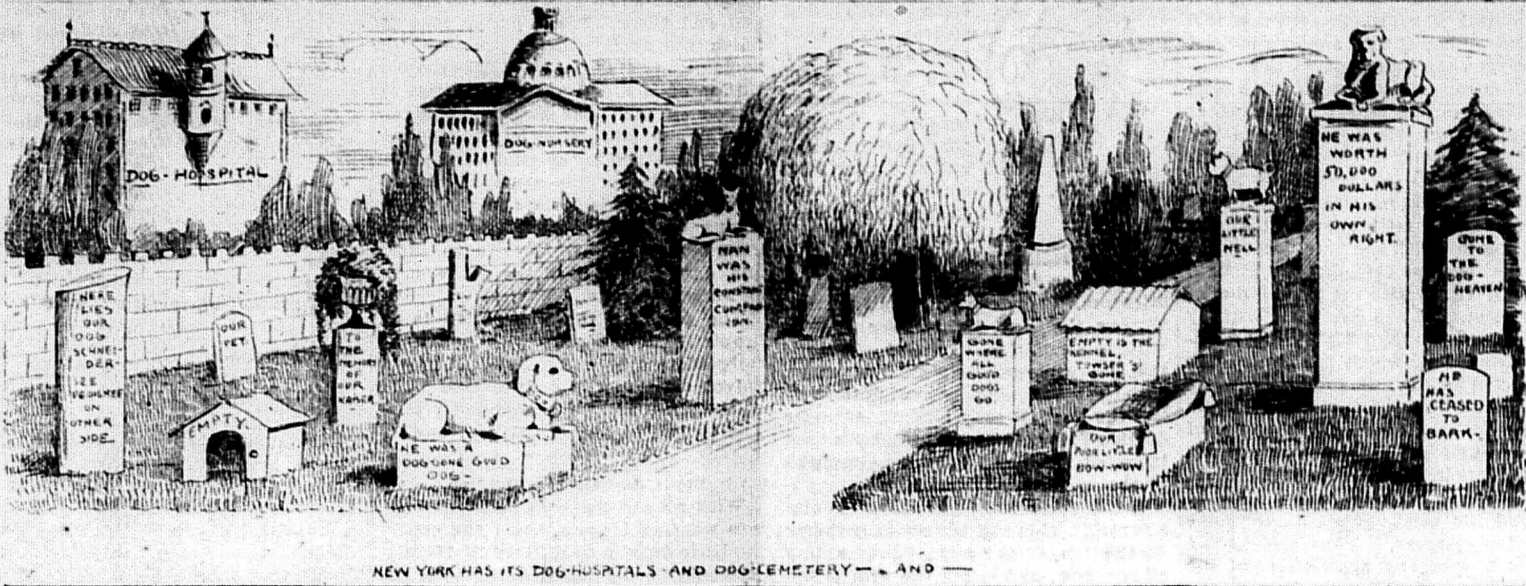
Comrade Alex Has Published in Lux the Following Excellent Historical Sketch of Marx and His Teaching.

Socialistic thought, until the advent of Marx, was in a chaotic condition. Many agreed as to the ultimate object to be accomplished, but none seemed to realize the causes at work that eventually would make the downfall of the present social system an economic necessity. Neither did they comprehend in its fullness that unpaid labor is the basis of Capitalistic prosperity. The two great discoveries of Marx are the materialistic conception of history and the law of surplus value. He proves that history is a development, which is determined by the economic life of the people—viz., the manner in which goods are produced and distributed. He says that men must first eat, drink, wear clothes, and find shelter from rain, snow and cold, and that art, religion and science come after these elementary wants are supplied. He contends that the production of wealth by slaves gave form to the classical world, serfdom to the middle ages, and that capitalistic machine production is the determining factor in the historical development of to-day. In other words, the materialistic conception of his is based upon the idea that man's acts are determined principally by his environments, and that these environments, in turn, evolve out of the system by which wealth is produced and distributed. Hence, would you have perfect citizens, you must first have perfect environments. He separates value in use from value in exchange, and this, in turn, from value in the abstract, the latter of which he claims is determined by the amount of abstract human labor embodied in any particular commodity. He shows that some articles may have a use value but no exchange value—water for example. On the contrary, he proves all articles that have an exchange value must, of necessity, have a use value, as men will not give something for that which will satisfy no want or need. He was the first to demonstrate, through his laws of surplus value, that all profit is unpaid labor, and that practically all capital is derived from the same source, as the capital originally invested by the capitalist, even if produced by himself, is ultimately, in a few years, consumed, and replaced out of the surplus value or profit forced from the laborers.

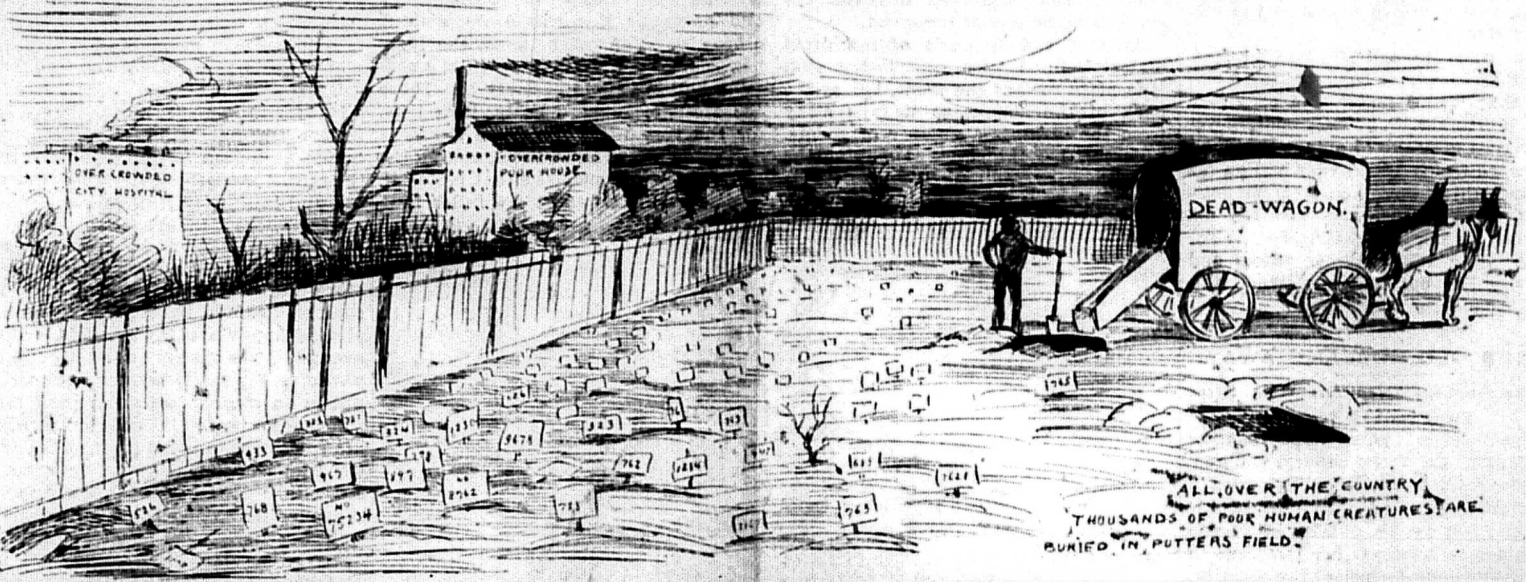
Aveling, says Marx, did for economics what Darwin did for biology. The latter demonstrated that the animal and vegetable world, as we know it to-day, is the result of an evolutionary process that has been going on for ages, through which process—in all forms of life—there has been an upward tendency, and that this upward tendency, or change from a lower to a higher type, is principally due to a change in environments, and that under these changed conditions only those who could adapt themselves to such change survived, and that—under the law of natural selection, or survival of the fittest—those who could not perished. Marx proved the same evolutionary process applies to man socially, and that his change from the barbarian to the humanitarian grew out of changed environments, and that these environments grew out of the system of production and distribution under which he has lived. Marx' teachings support the theory that each social system contains inherently the elements for its own destruction, and after a time these elements increase in a greater ratio than do the elements that tend to perpetuate the system; or, we might say, for a period these elements are constructive, but in time they become destructive, when the social system falls of its own weight, and another one evolves out of it more suited to the changed conditions. In order to make this clear, we might say that whenever a new social system is ushered in, that moment is the egg laid that contains, in embryo, the social system that is to take its place. Not only that, but, strange as it may seem, each system is the incubator of the one that, sooner or later, is predestined to displace it. The more rapidly it develops the more rapid is the process of incubation. Whenever this process is complete, the shell is ruptured by the chick within, which suddenly develops into a mammoth shanghai, takes possession of the social barnyard, and holds its own successfully against all comers until it comes his turn to give way to a chick more adapted to the existing conditions. Thus it has been, and thus it will be so long as man shall inhabit this world of ours. To all students of Marx it is perfectly clear that under the present system many elements that were once constructive have now become destructive or stagnant. Therefore, they reason, the capitalistic machine system has nearly, or quite, accomplished its mission; hence is nearing its end, and is about to be replaced by one more in harmony with the interests of mankind.

Fredericksburg LABOR has had an excellent effect upon the local movement and will be the means of inciting the comrades to push the state organization of Virginia.

At the regular monthly meeting of Section Worcester, Comrade L. D. Usher was chosen Delegate to the Massachusetts State Convention, to be held at Holyoke, May 17.



NEW YORK HAS ITS DOG-HOSPITALS AND DOG-CEMETERY—AND—



ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THOUSANDS OF POOR HUMAN CREATURES ARE BURIED IN PUTTERS FIELD.

## MAY DAY CELEBRATED

St. Louis Comrades Throw Their Customary Vigor Into Their Demonstration.

The City Where the Day Was First Voiced Is Loyal to the Cause.

The Socialist Section of St. Louis held its International Eight-Hour Demonstration at Concordia Turner Hall. Comrade Albert E. Sanderson spoke on the subject, "Why We Celebrate May 1." His arguments and appeals to the comrades were repeatedly interrupted by prolonged applause. In substance he said:

We have gathered here to-night to express our sympathy and solidarity with the proletarian masses of all countries. We have come here to protest against long hours of work; against the entire Capitalist system of society that produces misery, suffering and despair on the one side, and, on the other, a small number of people living in luxury and devouring the products of the wage-working masses. Unfortunately, it is but too true that we are still small in number in comparison with the mercenary elements of our enemies, but we are strong in principle and every one of us is an agitator. The small Socialist army to-night reaffirms its determination to proudly and fearlessly raise the glorious banner of the Socialist Labor Party. Honor to the brave and courageous pioneers of our world-wide movement!

Our movement in America is what the European movement was twenty years ago. Like the little mountain brook, the American Socialist movement moves slowly, but it moves ever onward. Here and there other brooklets are emptying their silvery streams of clear water into its bed. Larger and larger grows its volume as it flows onward. Soon the brook, the rivulet, grows into a majestic stream, whose mighty waters rush swiftly along with irresistible force.

The International Socialist movement is the rocky river bed into which the little brooks and rivulets of reform will empty, and this stream—the Socialist movement—will sweep away the wage-slave system with its cesspools of misery, luxury, demoralization and crime. Growing, rapidly growing, is the misery of the toiling masses; rapidly growing, the luxury of the idle class. Middle-class business men and old-time mechanics are wiped out of existence by the ever concentrating monopoly of the means of production. Increasing in number is the army of the unemployed, and this burning question of the unemployed is growing in seriousness and danger with the invention of every new machine, with the progress in the concentration of wealth.

It is for us to educate the masses of the people in the principles of Socialism, and I see no reason why every intelligent worker, as well as every well-meaning, sincere, business man, should not become an active soldier in our ranks. In conclusion, one word to those who "love the cause, but hate the name." I mean those who are opposed to the name "Socialist Labor Party," those who want the word "Socialist" stricken from our party's name. I, for one, say no! The very word "Socialist" is the electric light whose searching rays will prevent the sneaking corruptionist and cowardly Labor boodier

from stealing unobserved into our camp, and that will maintain the party of Labor on the solid rock of International Socialism.

The harder our struggle, the more glorious will be our victory. Therefore, comrades, "Up with the banner of the Socialist Labor Party!"

Comrade G. A. Hoeft was the next speaker. He called special attention to the necessity of a strong, solid and well-disciplined party organization. Without a well organized army, he said, we can not make a successful fight. The time had come when the sweet confessions and assurances of the would-be Socialists could no longer be accepted as bona fide. Deeds, not mere words, were needed to-day.

Both speakers were enthusiastically applauded. The tableau, "Looking Forward," was magnificent. The Swiss Singing Society was frequently encored for its excellent songs, and Comrade Loeft and his children received rounds of applause by their fine zither playing. A dance concluded the programme. Three cheers for the International Socialist Labor movement!

St. Louis, Mo.

### Are Socialists Monomaniacs?

"As a sincere friend of yours, I desire to inform you that you are in danger of becoming a monomaniac—an idiot of one idea," softly whispered a well-meaning person to me the other day. "Why do you think this?" I nervously asked. "For the reason," responded my friend, "you never talk or write of anything but Socialism." "Would you," I asked, "call a person a monomaniac who talked about nothing but Christ?" "Certainly not," emphatically retorted my friend. "Would you call one a monomaniac who talked of nothing but liberty?" "We surely would not," promptly came the reply. "But on the contrary," he continued, "we would consider him a just and liberal man." "Would you, again," I asked, "consider a man an idiot of one idea who thought of nothing but morality, and who gave his whole attention to exposing errors?" "We would certainly applaud him for his brave and noble deeds," enthusiastically responded my friend. "Well," I answered, "Socialism includes all these four reforms. From your own admissions Socialism is four times further advanced than any one of my queries that you say constitute rational and just ideas. In other words, from your own point of view Socialism is more than four times greater than any other question. If you claim a person can not become a monomaniac by giving his whole attention to any one of these four questions, then it is impossible for me, as a Socialist, ever to become a monomaniac." C. R. DAVIS.

Section San Francisco has organized the State Executive Committee. Comrades Benham, Hecht, Martin, Lynch, Leiss, Foster and Schulenberg are the members. Comrade Ed Hecht is the Secretary. Comrade E. T. Kingsley was elected State Organizer.

Section San Jose was addressed at Foresters' Hall, opposite the Auditorium, Sunday evening, May 29, by Comrade E. T. Kingsley, of San Francisco, on "The Class Struggle." Comrade Jane A. Roniston of San Francisco spoke at the same hall on Sunday, April 12, on "Under What Banner?"

Section St. Paul celebrated May Day on Sunday last, with good speakers and entertainment, but the attendance was not very large on account of the fine weather, which drew many away to other outdoor attractions.

## CIVIC FEDERATION.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd Interviewed by Comrade C. R. Davis.

How Capitalist Reformers Propose to Clean Their Augean Stables.

Rev. Dr. Boyd has just organized in St. Louis what is called a "Civic Federation,"—something on the Parkhurstian plan—to oust those who have become morally rotten through their daily contact with civic affairs and install those who have not yet become contaminated with municipal dollars.

When these have become rotten, then put in a new gang; in other words, putting in and putting out ad infinitum. These civic wrongs are not a cause at all, but an effect of the impurities of our economic blood. The doctor, it would seem, would not treat the blood, but just cut off these municipal sores, leaving them to grow into even more loathsome ulcers. The doctor has kindly invited the Socialists to participate in these "civic reforms." We, as Socialists, are not in the "business" of amputating municipal sores that originate from an incurably diseased economic blood; we are rather assisting at the birth of an industrial system having a healthy blood.

I lately met the doctor, and the following conversation took place: "Have you ever seen some of the worst horrors of our barbarism?" I ventured to ask. "Have you ever seen in St. Louis where men sleep in an ill-ventilated room on the bare floor as thick as sardines in a box?" I further inquired. "Oh, yes," replied the doctor. "A year ago I ventured through the slums." "What," I queried, "is your Civic Federation going to do with these poor devils?" "We'll close these immoral places," he replied. "Then," I said, "where are these poor wretches to sleep?" "In our municipal reform," he replied, "we'll get rid of all the professional politicians and boodlers and have public improvements and put those poor men to work." "But," I said, "what are you going to do with those who have been displaced?" "We'll then," frankly admitted the doctor, "run into a stone wall."

"Yes," I replied, "and you'll run into a thousand and one stone walls before you get through with your Civic Federation."

This brings out a strong illustration of class-consciousness or class-interest. The interests of the Capitalists and working people are so antagonistic, so at war with each other, that you can no more unite them than you can mix tar and water. To result in any benefit to the working class this "Civic Federation" should be composed entirely of wage-workers. But let us see what constitutes its personnel. First comes N. O. Nelson, its chairman. A few days since I went through Nelson's profit-sharing factory,—more properly blood-and-bone sharing factory,—at Edwardsville, Ill. Some months since, and from indisputable facts, LABOR showed this profit-sharing establishment to be one of the most damnable schemes yet invented by Capitalism, and N. O. Nelson to be one of the most insatiable "beasts of Capital." In this establishment he is grinding out the last spark of manhood in working children twelve years old. Many of them are only getting \$2 a week. LABOR in January saw the detailed horrors of this profit-sharing slave-pen.

Another Capitalist of the "Federation"

is one Vrooman, who inflated himself in a speech about the marvelous growth of St. Louis in wealth and population (mostly wage slaves). As the masses own none of this wealth, they have no more interest in its growth than the man in the moon. Still the Labor fakirs and politicians tell us that the interests of Labor and Capital are identical. So are the interests of the cat and the mouse identical after the cat has swallowed it and its carcass has become assimilated with that of the cat. No, my dear doctor, we can not accept your invitation to be swallowed by the Capitalistic cats. C. R. DAVIS.

Brighton, Ill.

### Comrade Rocker at Glen Carbon.

Friday, May 1, was a glorious day in the annals of Glen Carbon. Not a single workman of the town went to work that day. With the rising sun cannon shots were fired from the surrounding hills, announcing to the inhabitants that the Organized Labor of Glen Carbon was determined to celebrate the International Labor Day in grand style. Four hundred coal miners, 100 bricklayers and 100 school children paraded the streets and marched to the park. All the houses were covered with flags and decorations. Fifty of the children wore red caps and red sashes, while the rest carried little flags in honor of Uncle Sam. Comrade Chris Rocker of St. Louis was the principal speaker of the occasion, and his speech created general enthusiasm and called forth frequent applause. A representative of the Brick-makers also spoke. The last speaker was Mr. Weber, an old Socialist, who addressed the audience in German. Glen Carbon is a good field for the Labor press, and if properly managed we might soon publish a Glen Carbon LABORER. A. DER RENIM.

Glen Carbon, Ill.

### Labor Competing with the Wage-Earning Dollar.

Some years ago American workmen refused to work alongside of Chinamen, and they compelled Congress to pass a law forbidding the Chinamen to come here, in order that they might not come into competition with American Labor, and yet these same American workmen fairly glory in the fact that they are permitted to work alongside of and in competition with a mummy—not one of those ancient Egyptian kings, but a metal mummy, a gold, silver, copper, nickel or rag-paper mummy—the dollar. An American laboring machine gets on an average one dollar a day for what he can do, while the modern rag or metal mummy gets, on an average, 6 cents a year—"legal interest"—"wages" for its services. But as it eats not, drinks not, and even does not object to being sweated, it saves wonderfully, and it has been saving and accumulating to such an extent that to-day there is an aggregate of about 1,200 wage-earning dollars for every man, woman and child in the United States. Every one of those is earning its 6 cents wages a year in competition with human Labor, yet human Labor shouts: Hurrah for the dollar! Hurrah for the gold dollar! Hurrah for the silver dollar! Hurrah for the rag paper dollar! Hurrah for all the dollars! (Give us more dollars! is the universal cry.)

"Give us more Chinamen!" could not have been a worse folly. The more dollars the more competition. The Socialists say: Down with the wage-earning dollar! Let us have a co-operative system of work, a system wherein one man may make use of the best there is in him for the common good, and may enjoy to his heart's content all the good things produced by all for the common good. No Chinese competition for us, and no competition with a soulless piece of metal or rag. M. RUTHER.

Holyoke, Mass.

## LIGHT OF SOCIALISM.

Socialism is becoming very popular.

Every Socialist residing in town or village should try to organize a section.

Spread the gospel of Socialism on the highways and byways. Agitate and organize.

The ultimate destiny of mankind is Socialism. Then why not start for our destiny now? The sooner we start the sooner will we arrive.—White Slave.

Socialism wants no Utopia. It seeks no impossibilities. It demands simple justice for every member of society. If that means revolution, it demands revolution.—San Francisco Socialist.

The race must either progress or retrograde. We are surrounded by meanness and misery. One step below is abject slavery. Above is Socialism. Which way will you go? A. W. HARR.

To make a roaring noise for reform and to denounce Socialism at the same time is the mercurial cry of a great many blatherers nowadays. Watch these fellows and give them no rest.—F. G. B. Gordon.

Disband every Socialist organization in Britain and get rid of every prominent writer and speaker in the Socialist movement, and the march of Socialism would continue without serious impediment.—London Clarion.

We see, hear and know that people are dissatisfied and discontented with their lot in life, and yet these people absolutely refuse to listen to the teachings of Socialism, the only way out of the trouble. M. RUTHER.

Under Socialism that law, uttered to us by Christ himself, "If a man will not work neither shall he eat," would be carried into the constitution of things to a far greater extent than it is now. As things are at present, the idle live without working.—Winnipeg People's Voice.

Socialism will further the virtue of plain truthfulness by abolishing shop, office, and counting-house lies, and the lies of hypocrisy and sycophancy, and, by breeding better animals—men of a prouder spirit—it will breed men with more of the instinct of honor that forbids falsehood.—London Justice.

Only the triumph of Socialism can render accessible to the proletariat all the sources of culture; only the triumph of Socialism can make possible the necessary hours of work to such a point that the workingman can enjoy leisure enough to acquire all the knowledge that he desires.—New York People.

The Socialist Party is not a miracle. Produced by a few Socialist agitators; it is the work of long years of study, the result of the economic, political and social development of past ages; it is the party that would apply true science to the management of our social-economic affairs. G. A. HOEFT.

No one who is conversant with working-class politics can dispute that the attitude of the workmen toward Socialism has quite altered within the last twelve years and that a claim for a recognition as citizens has been put forward by them to which all classes of society have been forced to pay some attention.—William Morris in the Forum.

Under Socialism, the method of production would remove the competitive system, by placing under official administration such departments of production as can be managed collectively (socially or co-operatively), as well as the distribution among all the common produce of all, according to the amount of the productive labor of each.—Sidney Socialism.

For the present, and for a long time I fear, there is much work to be done in teaching the workers to understand the doctrines of Socialism. Their education has been neglected, and their toil so hard and incessant that their intellect is deadened, and they fail to realize the truth of the gospel of Socialism when first they hear it preached.—R. J. DERFEL.

Beware of all lukewarm, "step-by-step" reformers. Tear off the mask they wear and let the X rays of Socialism penetrate them, and you will surely find dark spots marked "exploitation of the wage workers." Too long have we been following and depending on our "dear friends." Let us depend upon ourselves and our own strength, by joining our brave comrades in the fight for Socialism. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

No man is too good to be a Socialist. Every man that accepts Socialism, however good he may be, feels that Socialism would give him opportunities to improve his moral character, which, under Capitalism, are denied him. His whole environment would be improved. The incentive to do evil would be minimized, while the incentive to improve would be multiplied by every factor of organized society. CHARLES JAMES.

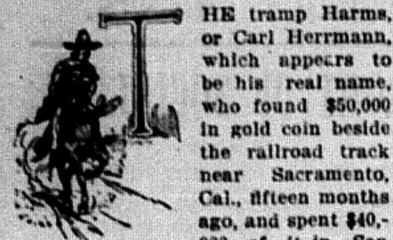
In their stupidity and brutality it is common for many to attribute the deplorable state of millions starving in the midst of plenty to the sins, drunkenness or lack of industry and energy of the workingman. As an excuse for this horrible state of society, one of these ungodly persons said that "God would help those who helped themselves." "Yes, that's so," replied a Socialist; "the Capitalist has helped himself so liberally that he has about got it all." C. R. DAVIS.



## A TRAMP'S HARDLUCK.

FOUND \$50,000 IN GOLD COIN BY THE RAILROAD TRACK.

But the Detectives in Tracing a Train Robbery Soon Located Him and Now He Is in Jail—Money Was Spent Very Rapidly.



HE tramp Harms, or Carl Herrmann, which appears to be his real name, who found \$50,000 in gold coin beside the railroad track near Sacramento, Cal., fifteen months ago, and spent \$40,000 of it in San Francisco in about

a year, has been held in \$3,000 bail to stand trial in the Superior court at Sacramento for grand larceny. Although Harms spent his money in a most lavish manner, giving large amounts to friends and settling up several men in business, none of his beneficiaries came to his assistance to rescue him, and Harms is now confined in a cell in the state prison. He took his desertion by his fair-weather friends philosophically, merely remarking that it was the way of the world.

Harms, it may be remembered, was tramping over the railroad ties toward Sacramento in November, 1894, and camped over night in a piece of woods a few miles outside of Sacramento. That night a train was robbed, and \$50,000 in gold coin was taken from the Wells-Fargo express car. The robbers buried \$50,000 of their plunder near the



JOHN HARMS.

track and the next morning Harms found it. He reburied part of it and carried the rest to Sacramento. Then he went to San Francisco and lived high. When, after fifteen months, detectives discovered him as the finder of the train robbers' plunder, all but \$9,000 of the money was gone.

Harms was brought up in court at Sacramento charged under the law which makes it a felony to appropriate money known or believed to be stolen without making any attempt to find the owner. A notable feature of his examination was the bringing from state prison of one of the bandits who robbed the train, the only one remaining alive. This was the well-known train robber, Jack Brady, who is now serving a sentence of imprisonment for life. Brady told how he and his accomplices robbed the train and then buried the treasure, and how they returned later, but found it not, and he described their feeling thereat. He told of finding a tramps' camp near the place, which went to connect Harms with the finding of the money.

But Harms admits frankly that he found the money, and when the Wells-Fargo detectives arrested him he promptly turned over all that remained of it; at least he said that the \$9,000 he turned over was all that he had left. This the detectives doubt and it is in an effort to recover more of the money that Harms is being prosecuted. They think he has stored away a goodly sum somewhere. Harms declares he turned over every cent he hadn't spent.

Harms' lawyer is confident that any jury will acquit him after taking into consideration human weakness, and the tremendous temptation which confronted Harms when he found the money. Harms denies that he knew of the train robbery, or that he had any reason to think that the money he found was other than one of the very many buried treasures alleged to be thickly sown all over the Pacific coast. His counsel says the fact that because of its many extraordinary features the case is exciting great interest. It isn't every day, even in the Golden State, that a poor man finds \$50,000.

But Woman Breaks Up a Home.

A fat woman museum freak was the co-respondent in a divorce suit heard in Pittsburg the other day. She is Miss Della Beck and has been on exhibition in local curio halls. Mrs. Rebecca S. Rogers was the plaintiff and Nathaniel Rogers the defendant. Mrs. Rogers claimed her husband brought the fat woman home. There was no chair in the house large enough to accommodate her, so she sat on the bed. The latter broke down. Mrs. Rogers viewed the wrecked furniture and ordered the fat woman from the house. Then she says her husband knocked her down. The divorce suit resulted.

Swallowed a Pin 40 Years Ago.

James Morris, a convict in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary, is seriously ill from the effects of a pin swallowed some forty years ago. The pin recently came out of his breast, but no improvement followed.

Hungary is about to celebrate its sixtieth birthday by six months of festivity.

## HELD FOR AN AWFUL CRIME.

Mrs. Whittaker Alleged to Have Poisoned Her Parents.

The latest development in the poisoning case of Jacob Snyder and his wife at Port Jervis, N. Y., is the proceedings set on foot by Wilton Bennett, counsel for Mrs. Martha Whittaker, their daughter, who is under suspicion of having administered the poison, to procure her release from police surveillance and confinement. Unless the ante-mortem statement of Mrs. Snyder shall reveal unexpected things, it is doubtful if sufficient evidence will be forthcoming at the coroner's inquest to warrant the detention of the woman. Her counsel will move for a writ of habeas corpus unless she is set at liberty. Counselor Bennett, who had an interview with his client last week said to a representative of the press:

"Mrs. Whittaker strongly asserts her innocence and feels aggrieved at the suspicion to which she is subjected. She says that she has been directly accused by her relatives with the commission of the crime; that she has been brutally treated by them, and deprived of proper nourishment, which has caused her protracted trouble. She says that while her parents were dying her relatives were wrangling over the possession of the personal property of her parents like jackals in the very presence of the dying victims. Martha states that she enjoyed the most pleasant relations with her parents. She strenuously denies having any knowledge of the whereabouts of any rat poison in the house, and says she has been the victim of slander."

Ever since Mr. and Mrs. Snyder died, the authorities have been seeking a motive that would fasten the crime on Mrs. Whittaker. The only motive yet discovered is desire to obtain the small insurance which Mr. Snyder had on his life and which would, on Mrs. Snyder's death, unless otherwise directed by her, fall to her daughter, Mrs. Whittaker. Mrs. Whittaker is young and has a child, but has not lived with her husband for some years.

## SENDS OLD HUSBAND AWAY.

Eugene Stephens Meets His Wife After Twenty-seven Years.

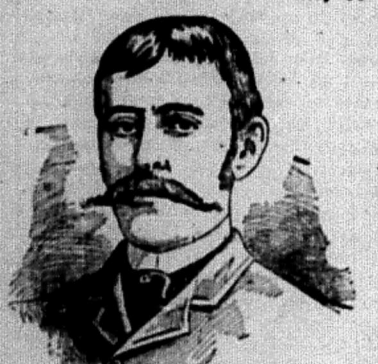
Twenty-seven years ago Eugene Stephens of Crawford county, Indiana, disappeared. A daughter was born a few months after Stephens' disappearance and last week a number of friends assembled to celebrate her marriage to a wealthy young farmer of the vicinity. Just before the ceremony took place a stranger entered and took a position near the door.

After the ceremony Mrs. Stephens invited him to stay to dinner and he ate with the other guests. As he rose from the table Mrs. Stephens handed him his cane and hat and bade him leave and never return. The stranger proved to be the husband who had deserted her just before her child was born. Whether she recognized him before inviting him to dine is not known, but it is thought recognition came while he was at the table. He pleaded to be permitted to explain, but she sent him away. A moment after he disappeared she was prostrated with the excitement and is now seriously ill.

## CHARGED WITH MURDER.

A Sample Specimen of the Explorers Who Infest Darkest Africa.

Dr. Carl Peters, the German African explorer, who will soon be put on trial for murder, has a singular history. He started out many years ago for the dark continent to make a conquest of African territory for the imperial government. In 1889 he returned to Berlin after some especially advantageous coup, in which many natives were murdered and their property stolen, and he was the hero of the hour in the German capital. A year later he returned to Africa, and in 1892 reports found their way to civilization telling stories of infamous conduct on the explorer's part. It was said that he killed the natives of the countries through which he traveled as a man might kill beasts, shooting them right and left on the smallest provocation. When they re-



DR. CARL PETERS.

fused to surrender their property he shot them. An especially atrocious incident is related in which he shot a native planter because the latter would not clear the way for the doctor to ride over his crops. The specific charge for which Peters is to be tried was lodged by Bishop Tucker, an English missionary. Peters had married the daughter of an African chief according to the rites of her people. He afterward caused her and a body servant to be hanged. His defense for this action to the bishop was that, as her husband, he had the right of life and death over the woman in case of her wrong-doing. Peters will now be tried by the public prosecutor and maybe will be punished for his crime. His German friends at first claimed that the reports of the doctor's wantonness was a result of British envy, but the German reichstag evidently does not take this view.

Boston has thirty-seven square miles of area and 500,000 population.

## IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

CURRENT READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Timely Hints About the Modes—Gowns with Big Sleeves Will Remain in Vogue—Summer Dresses for Budding Belles—The Cooking School.

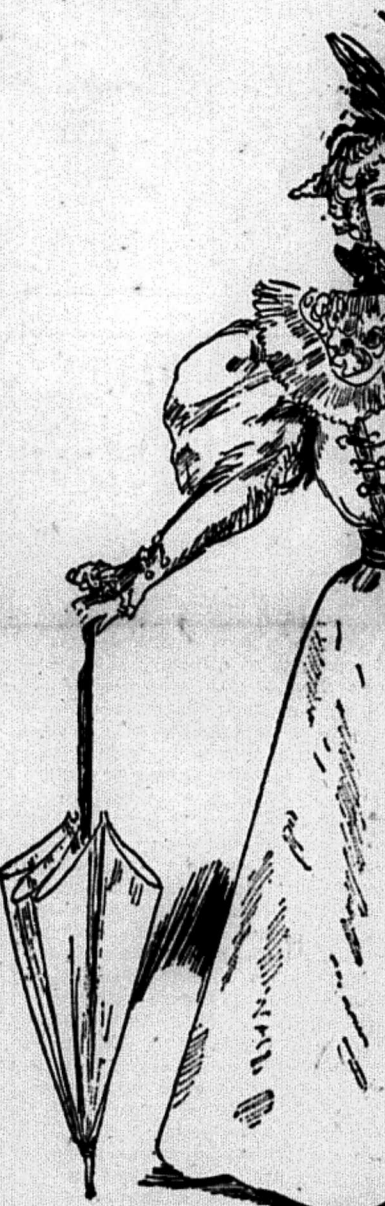


PRING GOWNS have come boldly forth with big sleeves, and once more we are at war with our English cousins. Once more we have decided that Britain shall not rule, and have combined with France to defeat her. Having settled the sleeve question to our own satisfaction, cuffs now require attention. There are so many varieties. There's the long, tight lower sleeve, with the cuff that is puffed out until the sleeve resembles a snake's head, with the mouth open, preparing to swallow the hand already buried in its depths. This cuff must surely have been invented for a girl only too conscious of the ugliness of her hands.

A cuff formed by frilled lace is also a favorite. This cuff is usually gathered at the top of the arm, under a tiny ribbon bow, and when the arm is up-held the lace falls back to reveal the bewitching beauty of the wrist.

Another cuff is made of the dress material, lined with contrasting silk. It is plain toward the front, but at the back of the sleeve, as it falls away from the arm, is a number of godets. This cuff has the effect of making the hand look exceedingly small.

Norfolk jackets are not favored with



TAMMY DRESS.

revers, but where is the girl who would not adorn hers as our maiden's is adorned? Certainly, in this age of revers, this model is a most fetching one. The yoke is of brown velvet, the cloth material dull blue. Over the shoulder a simulated double loop of velvet forms a rever over the sleeve. It is caught down with large buttons. Other features of this costume are the buckles on the sleeves and the narrow band of velvet ribbon above the stock collar.—Ex.

Budding Belles.

A gray-green organdie, besprinkled with tiny rosebuds; large puff sleeves



laid in tucked that are shirred to make stiff outstanding flounces; a yoke to match, a full skirt; such is the summer gown for a little maid of 10.

While the big folks are being robbed and made ready for the coming summer (how like a prize or bull fight note that sounds) the little ones are not for-

gotten. For the above gown is but one of the many equally attractive.

A tiny tot of 3 will wear a blue chambray with puff sleeves, and shoulder epaulets of embroidery falling in stud-like ends down front and back to give the little lady plenty of width.

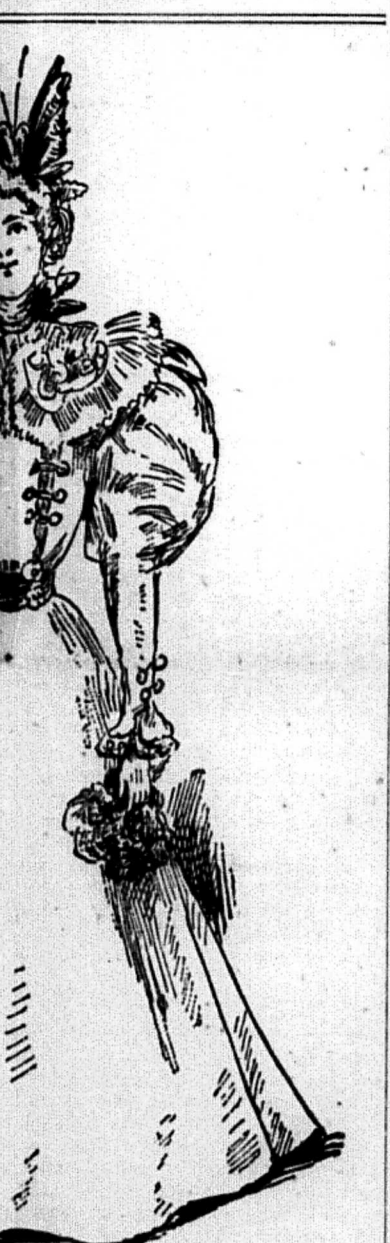
Another child will wear a green organdie figured in white, with a fall of accordion-plaited chiffon about the low neck.

Sleeves for children's summer gowns are made with a low puff from which no flounce falls at the wrist. The sleeves simply turn under just below the elbow, and end there. It's a pretty idea to finish the neck with a flounce of no flounce fall at the wrist. The sleeves chiffon or lace and put two rosettes of ribbon on each side at the shoulders. Having put the rosettes in place, fasten under each two perky ends of the ribbon to fall over the arms. Malda of three summers look cute in the white gowns which have short skirts and long blouse waists. They're so short and dumpy, just like the old woman of nursery rhyme.

The gown in the illustration is a brown linen, made up with openwork embroidery over white. A row of brown velvet outlines the embroidered band on the skirt, and the revers and vest.—The Latest, in Chicago Daily News.

Pique Jackets for Children.

With all the mothers and older sisters wearing jackets, could one expect the little ones to do different? Hardly. It would be too much demand on the jacket-ridden brains of dressmakers and parents. Nor would we wish it otherwise. For cuter than the little box coats made with every child's costume nothing could possibly be. There are Mother Hubbard coats, it is true, for the very little tots. The Dresden-silk craze has overrun them, and all the new models are made of that material. If possible, these coats are fuller than



TAMMY DRESS.

ever, with very short yokes and big puff sleeves.

But to return to jackets. For warm weather pique jackets are the prettiest. They are made to match pique gowns of every shade, pale green being the favorite color. These gowns are made with plain waists, on which full skirts are gathered. Then comes the little jacket. Loose box in the back, in the front it is double-breasted and buttoned over with large, white-pearl buttons. At the neck it opens into broad revers, lined with white embroidery. The leg-o-mutton sleeves have cuffs, also of white embroidery. Since pique will be so generally used, it is introduced in long coats as well as jackets. One tiny tot has a coat of bright scarlet cloth, down the front and back of which two box-plaits of white pique wind their way. The large, round collar is also of white pique, while a belt of it buckles together in front. The charming sleeves are of cloth with tight cuffs, outlined also by the pique.—Ex.

For the Kitchen.

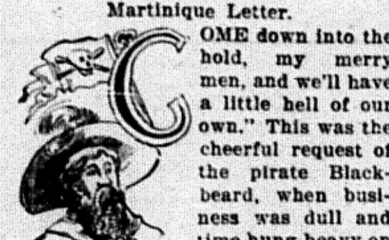
Auntie—I know of nothing better to tone up a child's system and to purify the blood than the good, old-fashioned dose of sulphur and molasses, given in the old way, for three successive mornings, then omitted for as many, and so on.

Stuffed beefsteak.—Cut a steak from the round of beef; spread it out; make a stuffing of a teaspoonful of stale bread crumbs pounded fine, a tablespoonful of butter, a slice of minced onion, a teaspoonful of salt; one-half teaspoonful of pepper, with a little grated nutmeg; spread the mixture thickly over the steak and roll in the bottom of a pan; dredge with flour; put in the steak, pour in one teaspoonful of water, and set in the oven to brown.

## ON PIRATES ISLAND.

ST. THOMAS WAS FORMERLY BLACKBEARD'S SEAT.

Present Day Reminders of His Reign of Crime—Nineteen Wives and Vast Treasure Were His—His Head the Compensation for His Deeds.



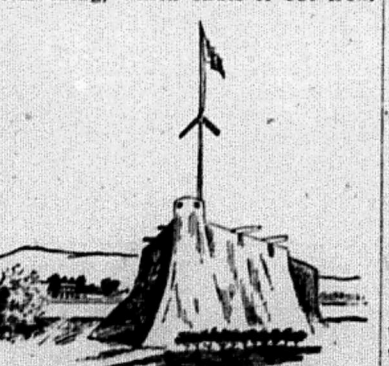
Martinique Letter. COME down into the hold, my merry men, and we'll have a little hell of our own." This was the cheerful request of the pirate Blackbeard, when business was dull and time hung heavy on his hands. As such a request was also

in the nature of a command, and further emphasized by a display of the small arsenal of pistols, arquebuses, and cutlasses which Blackbeard wore about his person, his crew always accepted his invitation with alacrity. Once in the hold, with the hatches battened down, the genial pirate lighted sundry pots of brimstone, previously prepared, and then serenely awaited developments. With lungs of leather and a constitution habituated to diabolical pastimes, Mr. Blackbeard inhaled the fumes sulphurous as though they were gales of incense from Araby, and when one of his unfortunate messmates ventured to cough he was promptly knocked on the head. And when, at last, sneezing and coughing splitting and aweaking, the crew essayed a bolt for the hatches and outer air, the festive mariner simply crossed his hands and fired indiscriminately into the crowd of writhing wretches, wounding and killing without mercy.

This was Blackbeard's idea of a good time, and perhaps anticipatory of the good times in store for them when he and his comrades should have departed for the pirates' happy hunting grounds. At all events, it was simply one of his lighter pastimes, his really serious work being put in on the hapless sailors and merchantmen who fell into his hands while his vessel was cruising the seas between the island of Jamaica and the coast of America. Another of his diversions consisted in making his many prisoners walk the plank, said plank being stuck out over the side of the vessel, with the farther end projecting into nowhere, and the howling waves beneath. The scene of this pirate's depredations was chiefly about the group of islands known as the Virgins, in the West Indies, where the numerous concealed harbors and inlets gave him opportunity for escape when hotly pursued by his many enemies. For, though it may seem very strange, this great man had enemies, who, perhaps jealous of his successes, and desirous of putting an end to them, chased him from one place to another most persistently.

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that Blackbeard, formerly known as Capt. Trench, of Bristol, England, took to the high seas for a living, and became the scourge of the Spanish, Dutch and English merchant marine. He had discovered in the island of St. Thomas, then recently taken possession of by the Danes, a retreat after his own heart. It abounded in hidden harbors, deep inlets, reef-enclosed bays, and projecting promontories that commanded wide extended views of the surrounding seas. The Danes had seized it, finding it practically unoccupied; and, not to be behind them in push and progress, he took possession of the best strategic point on the island. They had erected a little red fort (which may be seen today), supplied it with cast iron cannon (still there), garrisoned it with a handful of stolid soldiers, appointed a governor and police inspector, and then claimed it all. This claim Capt. Blackbeard was disposed to resent, and so, when the valiant Danes drove him out of their fine harbor he vowed he would bring the compatriots of the immortal Hamlet to terms.

He sneaked around to the other side of the island, the northern shore, where he knew of a harbor as good as their own, and there landed. This harbor is still there and is yet as solitary as the day old Blackbeard sailed into it with his rapacious crew. It lies directly north of the fortified harbor of Charlotte Amalia, which is also known as St. Thomas, but there is a high hill intervening, which shuts it out from



THE OLD RED FORT.

the rest of the world, and the handful of Danes in their little red fort. It is deep, harp-shaped, with high cliffs on either side, and a beautiful beach of white sand at its lower end, nearest to the town beyond the hill.

Landing there at their leisure, the pirates carried their stores and guns to the top of the hill, peeping over the crest of which they could see all the harbor of Charlotte Amalia spread out before and beneath them. This hill-crest is about 1,500 feet above either harbor, north and south, and commands, in fact, the entire island, with its outlying reefs and islets. Having taken possession of the hill-crest, Blackbeard then had the Danes at his mercy.

But this was not what he wanted—this narrow ridge, so far above the sea that his retreat might be cut off at any moment—his desires were fixed upon a certain tower, standing isolate upon one of the central hills on which the town was beginning to be built. Having accumulated at the crest all the stores and ammunition necessary, together with such cannon as he could spare from his ship, he awaited a favorable opportunity to descend and take the tower. This came that night, and, if any of us had been there, we might have seen a band of villainous cut-throats carefully wending their way down the steep hillside toward the object of their desire. They finally reached it, summoned the captain in command of his small garrison to surrender—which he did at discretion—and then quickly took possession. When, next morning, the peaceful Danes gazed northward, they saw the pirate flag, with its emblems of death, flying from the parapet of the old tower.

That they were astonished, goes without saying; that they hastened to point their antiquated cast-iron guns in the direction of the tower is a matter of course. But they never fired them off. Discretion was clearly the better part of valor in this instance, especially as it was enforced by the pirate commander's threat to blow their fort to smithereens at the least sign of offensive preparation. Down from the hill-



BLACKBEARD'S TOWER.

crest Blackbeard brought his ammunition and plunder, not forgetting, you may be sure, the nineteen women who stood to him in the nature of wives, and whose fair faces were veiled from the sight of curious spectators. And there they were incarcerated, tradition tells us, these nineteen captive brides. They were a heterogeneous collection, their very nationalities showing the broad sympathies and catholicity of taste of their husband. There were creoles from Cuba; two had been snatched from the very jaws of Havana from a galleon just sailing out of its famed harbor. Three were taken on the Spanish Main, and, judging from their dark complexion, had native Indian blood in their veins. One came from Jamaica, the daughter of an English trader, and had first seen the light in a seaport town of old England. She, with her complexion of cream and roses, was reputed the favorite of the stern, black-whiskered sailor, and consequently was hated by the others. How long they were confined there tradition does not inform us; but it is likely that the deeds of their master soon brought upon him the combined fleets of the nations which he had so long and violently outraged. Square-sterned Dutch droghers, full-waisted English ships, high-decked Spanish galleons, all were scouring the seas after this universal enemy; and it were very strange if he should not be brought to bay at last and made to answer for his misdeeds. A sea dog born and bred, he could not long stay ashore, even though holding securely a fort that dominated the island of the Danes. Leaving a portion of his harem in the tower, he climbed down to the hidden harp-shaped harbor behind the hills, and again ventured forth upon the sea. There, finally, he met his fate in the person of a valiant officer of the English navy, who, after a fierce fight, overcame him and carried him and his bloody crew to port. It is a matter of history that this valiant lieutenant sailed into a harbor of Virginia with the head of Blackbeard affixed to his bowsprit. It was the fiercest, most savage-looking head that has ever been seen since the Medusa shook her snaky locks and transformed living men to stone. For the face was covered to the eyes with bushy whiskers black as night, curling and profuse, and this enormous beard was adorned with wax-tapers and lighted matches when its owner was in action, giving him an appearance nothing less than diabolic. But the shaggy head, with its whiskers, still adorned with matches and tapers, was at last taken in triumph to shore, never more to wag in hideous jest or to determine the fate of his victims by a nod.

Nineteen lovely widows were left behind, perchance to mourn; but with whom they were left as residuary legatees, or where they were left, is not known at the present day. But the tower is there, still standing on its central hill above the quaint town of Charlotte Amalia; the little red fort is there, with its gaping old guns still pointing skyward, and the Danes are there, stiff and formal, as of yore.—New York Times.

The Equine Roarer.

The equine "roarer" is no longer a bother to English veterinary surgeons, who now perform tracheotomy on the horse so afflicted, and thereafter he breathes easily and well through a white metal tube, silver-plated. Many carriage horses may be daily seen in London and elsewhere wearing these tubes, and in the hunting field, in certain instances, horses, which without them could not have galloped a mile, have with the aid of tubes been hunted for five seasons.



## SCIENTIFIC CORNER.

### RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN VARIOUS FIELDS.

Some Clever Experiments in Popular Branches—Electric Lights for Conductors—A New Pruning Shears—The Flying Man—Frogs Are Hard to Kill.



R. Chas. C. Abbott describing in the Popular Science Monthly the effects of a drought of 113 days' duration, which prevailed in the Delaware valley in 1895, tells how frogs and mudminnows managed to survive. While the mummified remains of ordinary minnows, salamanders and aquatic insects were scattered in the parched mud of dried-up pools, the mud-minnows and frogs buried themselves where the ground was still moist, although the surface above them was crusted hard, and apparently went to sleep. When taken out and placed in water they gradually revived and seemed none the worse for their experience. On the sudden termination of the drought, at the end of October, within a single day the mud-minnows reappeared in their usual countries and the frogs were seen dozing on the banks of the half-filled brooks and leaping into the streams, "as unconcerned as if nothing had occurred."

#### Future of the Panorama.

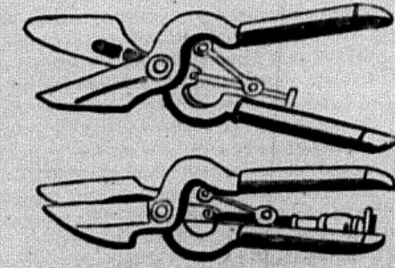
There are few better educators than the panorama. Who of us cannot remember our first impressions of various countries and changing scenes as opened to our view by the panorama. Of late, however, this form of exhibition has fallen into disuse, largely, no doubt, because it is too unwieldy, and involves too much time, money and labor, to be profitable. The new idea in panoramic or cycloramic art is exceedingly interesting, as showing the advance in methods on this line. A prepared wall, lining a cylindrical chamber, is all that is required as a permanent plant. Upon this wall pictures are thrown after the fashion of stereopticon views. The apparatus occupies a circular table attached to the upper rim of a round box-shaped receiver, in the middle of which the operator stands. The table is readily revolved, and has sets of projectors, lanterns, kinoscopes, kinematographs, and other necessary arrangements. Vanishing effects and tones of all grades, from the brightest to the most shadowy, are at hand. With this equipment it is possible to picture the march of an army, the movements of animals and vehicles, or the antics and pranks of human beings, moonlight effects, naval battles, ships in motion, and all of the various scenes of life can be accurately depicted.

#### The War on Microbes.

Two machines for fighting contagious diseases designed for the use of the United States Marine Hospital, are described in the Scientific American. These machines are mounted on wheels, and are intended to be used in exterminating epidemic diseases in cities. One consists of a steam disinfectant, provided with a chamber in which infected clothing and other articles can be thoroughly penetrated with hot steam; while the other is a sulphur fumigator, provided with all the apparatus required for disinfecting houses, the fumes being driven into the building through rubber hose connected with a reservoir on top of the machine. The idea is to send these machines post-haste to any house in which contagious or infectious disease breaks out.

#### New Pruning Shears.

This is the season for trimming trees, and pruning shears are just now much sought in hardware stores. In this connection it may be interesting to note a pair of garden shears, which are constructed on a principle quite different from ordinary shears. The latter will, no matter how sharp, never cut twigs and branches very easy. The way they shut pushes the twig away from the cutting edge, and much force is uselessly spent. The shears shown in our cut are quite different in that respect; the upper blade while closing slides toward the hand by a simple, yet very ingenious contrivance, which is fully explained in



the illustration. The sliding upper blade does not allow the twig to slip away from the grasp of the shears, but will even draw it into its cutting edge. The inventor of these garden shears is now constructing other scissors upon the same principle, and claims that cutting of several layers of cloth is performed with much less use of force and with better results than with the old-time scissors.

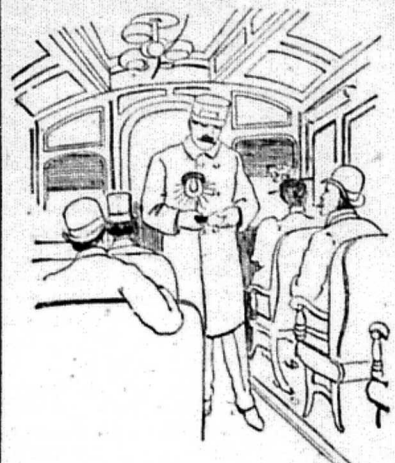
#### Oil on Troubled Waters.

It is an old established fact that oil sprayed on the surface of water will calm the waves, and often save a ship; but it will be a new idea to many that soap-suds will have the same effect. An English steamer was caught in a heavy storm on the Atlantic, and being without oil to use for this purpose, the captain conceived the idea of utilizing a quantity of soap which he found

among his stores. The soap was dissolved in water, making a compound of the consistency of gruel. This was flung over the bows of the boat, and with startling results. Almost immediately the waves were calmed and the vessel rode in safety. A similar experiment was tried on a French steamer which was struck by a squall. The officer dissolved three kilograms of soap in seventy liters of water. This solution was allowed to trickle over the bow of the boat, and it so smoothed the water that for a space of about ten meters wide the waves gave them no disturbance, not even breaking over the sides of the vessel. As an alternative to this discovery is an exceedingly valuable one. Soap can be compressed into small space and a sufficient amount might be carried to insure comparative safety to any vessel without occupying any appreciable space.

#### Electric Light for Conductors.

An effort is being made to introduce on the railroads of this country an electric light for conductors or ticket takers. The light is fastened to the coat and is supplied with a current by a battery carried in the inside pocket. The scheme is being tried by the employees at the Vauxhall station on the London & Southwestern railroad, in London, and its success or failure there



#### The Flying Man.

Otto Lillenthal, who for several years has been practicing the art of flying, or soaring, with artificial wings near Berlin, has recently made an improvement in his apparatus. Instead of a single large framework for the "wings," he now uses two smaller frames, one placed above the other, and connected by cords. This device has greatly increased the sailing power of his machine. Starting from the top of the artificial hill which he has thrown up in the midst of a bare plain, Lillenthal is able not only to glide for long distances in the air, but to sail against the wind. Formerly he had to take a preliminary run before launching himself from the hill, but now, with a moderately brisk wind, he can start without running, and if the breeze is strong enough it lifts him from the hilltop and sets him moving against its own direction without an effort on his part except to balance himself properly. He has even occasionally risen above the point from which he started. Lillenthal has had one or two serious falls, but is confident that he can accomplish much more than he has yet done in the realm of the birds.

#### Catching Cold.

A great deal of lung trouble, consumption and throat difficulties are chargeable directly to the habit of laughing and talking on going out from heated audience rooms. People sit for hours in warm rooms, then go out suddenly into the cold air. They are in high spirits and naturally inclined to chatter and laugh, often keeping this up for a long time. The sudden reducing of the temperature of the lungs by the enormous inhalation of very cold air is productive of congestion and chills innumerable. It is declared by a physician who has made a study of this subject that if people could be induced to keep their mouths shut on going out of heated rooms into a cold atmosphere there would be fewer pulmonary and throat troubles and fewer colds and coughs. People should gradually accustom their lungs to the cold, rarely speaking for the first few minutes of their out-of-door trip. To the thoughtless, this looks like a small matter, but on it may depend health, happiness and long life.

#### X-Ray Photography.

A German scientist has made wonderful progress with the X rays. The skeleton of a bird was accurately defined, and a hand showing not only bones but the circulatory system, is one of his latest productions. The veins of the hand of a dead person were injected with fluid, which made them opaque, then the photograph was taken. There have been very many experiments in this art, a needle which had given a patient serious trouble being located in one of the hands. A number of minor surgical operations have been successfully carried through by the aid of this great discovery.

#### Antarctic Explorations.

The scarcity of seals and whales has led scientists to wonder if they may not have migrated to the extreme south, and having found undisturbed quarters there, have concluded to remain in that region. At all events, a London syndicate is about starting out an expedition to the Antarctic continent. Several whaling vessels and some small steamships will make up the little fleet. An Antarctic explorer is going out with the ships on a scientific investigation. Other expeditions are talked of if this one is successfully started.

## MRS. BEN HARRISON.

### EARLY LIFE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Accomplishments Inherited From a Cultured and Gifted Mother—She Was Left a Widow After Three Months of Married Life.

#### New York Letter.

MRS. HARRISON was born at Honesdale, Pa. Her father was Russell F. Lord, who was general superintendent and chief engineer of the Delaware & Hudson Canal company, at Honesdale, Pa., which was at that time

the head center of the great corporation. There was also a John Lord, a brother of Russell Lord, who also held a position of prominence with the same company.

This John Lord had married a Miss Neal, daughter of the cashier of the Honesdale bank. Her sister was the wife of Dr. John Scott, a Presbyterian preacher who lived in Indianapolis. Dr. Scott had two bright handsome daughters, Caroline and Elizabeth. At this time Miss Caroline Scott, or Carrie, as she was called, was being wooed by a young lawyer of Indianapolis. This was along in the 40s. While the girls were visiting their aunt, Mrs. John Lord, at Honesdale, the young Indianapolis lawyer came on to Honesdale and renewed his intentions to Miss Carrie.

While in Honesdale the suitor urged his case with such persistence and fervor that a decision in his favor was handed down, a binding engagement was made, and Benjamin Harrison, all unconscious of future honors, went back to Indianapolis with a heart full of happiness that was founded on the promise that had been made to him.

At the time these handsome western girls visited the home of his brother, Russell F. Lord was a widower, with

where General Harrison was receiving his education, and it was here that the future president first met Miss Caroline Scott, who after ward became his wife.

When Dr. Scott found that the college at Springfield was proving a failure he gave it up and took private pupils, boys whom he prepared for college. And the indefatigable old man preserved and made a great success of his school, which he conducted in the dining room of the house in Seventh street.

Mrs. Harrison's mother, Mrs. Lord, was a fine woman, who stood her misfortunes bravely and reared her little family in a manner that reflected great credit upon her excellence of character and intelligence of mind. She was a rare musician and was very active in a social way, taking part in all the amateur concerts and other social entertainments. The fame of her charming rendition of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," her favorite song, still lives in the memory of her old friends. She was in all respects a superb woman, gentle and kindly in her nature, refined, cultivated and dignified, beloved in the community and actually worshipped at home. Under her loving and careful training the finest traits of character were developed in her children. Indeed many of the splendid qualities of this exceptional mother live today in her daughter, General Harrison's bride.

Mrs. Harrison's sister, Lizzie Lord, who became the wife of Lieutenant Parker, was a great belle. She was a beautiful girl, graceful and dashing, a fairlike dancer and intrepid skater and an entertaining companion in all respects. Her little sister Mamie, the present Mrs. Harrison was at this time only 12 years old. She was not so handsome as Lizzie, but was none the less popular among the juveniles. She was a perfect brunette and was always spoken of as being "the very image of her mother." She wore her hair short and kept it brushed well back from her forehead and held in place by a little, old-fashioned, flat, semicircular comb, which extended from ear to ear. Full of fire and fun and mischief and possessed of a quick wit and a trim figure, she was a great



MRS. DIMMICK HARRISON.

two stalwart sons. His age was more than twice that of Lizzie Scott, but he met her and fell in love with her and proposed for her hand. She was a dashing young woman and would have been attractive in any circle of society. Her lot at home was humble, being that of a poor, Presbyterian preacher's daughter. Mr. Lord had wealth and every luxury to offer her, and he was strenuous in his wooing, so she accepted him. The marriage did not prove to be a happy one. There was dissension and much bitterness. The match was an ill assorted one, and it was an open secret that the home of the Lords was not a harmonious one. Three children—Walter Scott, Mary and Lizzie—were born to them. At about the close of the war Mrs. Lord left her husband, and taking her two daughters with her, returned to her father's home in Indianapolis. The son, Walter, remained with his father at Honesdale, where he died some fourteen years ago. His father, Russell F. Lord, died a few years previously. His brother John, who when a young man had been such a phenomenal success, had become a total wreck through drunkenness and vicious habits. His unfortunate family went to ruin as well, the mother dying totally blind at the home of her daughter, who had married a canal boatman.

The old man himself is said to be still living among the rocks of the Delaware valley, overlooking the canal, of which he was formerly chief owner. After the return of his daughter, Mrs. Lord, with her two daughters, to his home in Indianapolis, Dr. Scott was called to Springfield, Ill., to take charge of a Presbyterian institution that is now known as Concordia college. Mrs. Lord and her children accompanied him, and all lived together in a pleasant home on Seventh street.

For some reason the Presbyterians failed to make a success of this college, and in 1874 the Lutherans took hold of it and reorganized it.

Previous to his career in Springfield Dr. Scott had been president of Ohio Female seminary, at College Hill, Ohio,

favorite with young and old. And with all her jovial proclivities she had the carriage of a queen and a certain unconscious artistic pose, which she dropped into frequently, standing with her hands at her sides and her head inclined backward, that was grace itself. At this early age her figure was quite mature and almost perfect in outline and proportion.

The two Lord girls attended a private school in Springfield conducted by Miss Corcoran at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith in South Fourth street. This Mrs. Smith was a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. She had four children, whom she wished to educate at home, and Miss Corcoran was employed to teach them. She was also given the privilege of teaching a few girls belonging to neighboring families. All of the children were members of the first families of Springfield, and the Lord girls were among them.

In the summer of 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their son Edward and Mrs. Lord took a trip to the White mountains, leaving the children in the care of Miss Corcoran. When the mothers returned they found poor Miss Corcoran grayer and more deeply wrinkled. Led on by the mischievous Mamie, the children had put in such a vacation as they and their distracted guardian never forgot.

In 1875, when Dr. Scott left Springfield, Mrs. Lord, with her two daughters, moved to Princeton, N. J., where for five years Mrs. Dimmick attended a Princeton day boarding school managed by Mrs. Moffitt, wife of one of the professors of the theological school. Later she attended the female college at Elmira, N. Y.

The first marriage of Mrs. Harrison was a love match pure and simple and took the romantic turn which is usual in cases where there is marked opposition. It was in Princeton that Mamie Lord became acquainted with Walter Erskine Dimmick, and two years later they ran away and were married, their efforts to reconcile their relatives to the union having proved unavailing.

## LAWYER HER CHOICE.

### FLORENCE PULLMAN SOON TO BE MRS. FRANK LOWDEN.

An Austrian Prince Once Sought Her Hand—An American Prince Has Now Won It—The Approaching Nuptials at Chicago.

#### Chicago Letter.

HERE HAS BEEN a sudden change in the programme for the Lowden-Pullman wedding, owing to the non-arrival of Mrs. Geo. M. Pullman (who has been south on a health trip and whose return to Chicago is being made by easy stages. It was the intention of the contracting parties, at the time formal announcement of the engagement was made in January last, to have the marriage ceremony celebrated in April, and all arrangements were made to that effect, but these have now been canceled and no new date will be named until Mrs. Pullman reaches home.

Miss Florence Pullman, the bride-to-be, is about twenty-eight years old and is the favorite child of George M. Pullman, of sleeping car fame. There are three other children, one of them being Mrs. Frank Carolan, whose beautiful home at Burlingame, near San Francisco, is one of the attractions of the Pacific coast. The others are the twin boys, Sanger and George M. Pullman, Jr. Sanger Pullman is learning the dry goods business with Marshall Field & Co., and is said to be engaged, if the gossip may be believed, to Miss McMurray, daughter of Ex-Sheriff McMurray, of New York. George M. Pullman, Jr., is at Cornell, and expects to graduate next year, shortly after which Miss Felicity Oglesby will become his wife. Mr. Pullman has been liberal with all his children, but it is upon Miss Florence, the eldest daughter, he lavishes the bulk of his affection. He is worth, at a conservative estimate, from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 on a dividend paying basis, all of which is pretty sure to be some day divided among the four children. Besides this snug little prospective fortune of \$7,000,000 each, Mr. Pullman has already given his sons and daughters a healthy start in life, each child on attaining its twenty-first year being presented with \$200,000 in good, solid bank stock, from the income of which they are expected to defray all their personal expenses. In addition to the earnings of her \$200,000 it is reported without denial that Miss Florence Pullman draws a regular salary of \$10,000 a year from the Pullman Palace Car Company for naming the many cars turned out at the big works.

All of her friends, rich and poor, and she has hundreds in all the walks of life, agree that Miss Pullman is a young woman of unusual good disposition and deeds. She is well favored in face and form and while hardly what could be called a beauty, is of a decidedly pleasing personality. She is of neither the blonde nor the brunette order, but has brown hair and blue eyes, and a charmingly easy manner which stamps her at once as being of the jolly-good-fellow sort of a girl. She is in every detail, by education and instinct, a family girl. Thoroughly well informed in household affairs and competent to manage either a cottage or a palace, Miss Pullman has all the graces and accomplishments of a society leader, although she has never cared to pose as such and takes but little part in social functions. After a careful training under the best home teachers Miss Pullman and her sister were sent abroad some years ago under the chaperonage of Mrs. John A. Logan to complete their studies, and remained away until she was a fair musician and had mastered the French, German, Spanish and Italian languages, in all of which she converses fluently. Her education finished, Miss Pullman took up her life work, the betterment of the condition of the shop girls of Chicago. Her first move in this was to call to her aid a number of rich young women with whom she organized a society which erected a handsome and perfectly appointed country hotel near the lake at Pullman, which is called Wildwood. Then Miss Pullman and her friends began a personal tour of the



FLORENCE M. PULLMAN.

big stores to search out the worn and weary working girls who were in need of rest and recreation and fresh air, but were unable to stand the expense of taking a vacation. There are thousands of such girls in Chicago, and every year from early in the spring until late in the fall the handsome Wildwood hotel is full of them. Each girl is given a free ticket out and back and kept at the hotel for two weeks free of charge. They have nice rooms, the best meals competent cooks can prepare, unrestricted use of boats and carriages, and free range of woods, lake and plains. Of all this work Miss Pull-

man takes personal supervision, and in this way the shop girls and their relatives have come to know and love her. She is their confidante and friend as well as benefactor, advising them in their troubles and helping them in many practical ways. It is from these people many of the warmest notes of congratulation on her approaching marriage have come, and the only adverse sentiment is born of the fear that wedlock may bring duties which will force a severance of the happy relations.

Miss Pullman has had numerous suitors for her hand and fortune. One of these, if Dame Rumor is correctly informed, was Arthur Brisbane, the New York journalist. Mr. Brisbane and Miss Pullman, it is said, were good friends six years ago, and there were some people supposed to be well informed who predicted an engagement. Nothing came of it, however, and in 1892 the world's fair brought to this country the Prince von Isenberg Bierstein, nephew to the emperor of Austria, and first cousin to the Crown Prince Rudolph. American heiresses fairly threw themselves at his feet, but the prince gave no signs of matrimonial intentions until he met Miss Pullman. He came to Chicago early in 1893, and was entertained by George M. Pullman. This brought him in contact with the family, and with foreign-like eager-



FRANK O. LOWDEN.

ness he laid fervent siege to the young lady's heart, and it was soon announced he had won her. Mr. Pullman, however, said "No" in an emphatic manner and the engagement was declared off. This was not because Mr. Pullman had any particular dislike for the prince as an individual, for he was in many respects a desirable party, and had education, wealth, social position and refinement, but the palace car millionaire had declared all along he would have none but American men for sons-in-law, and Emperor Joseph's nephew went home without a bride. Since then other suitors have come and gone, but none found encouragement from either Miss Pullman or her father until sturdy Frank O. Lowden, attorney-at-law from Iowa, appeared upon the scene.

Frank O. Lowden is about 35 years of age, and has thus far made his own way in the world. His father is a prosperous farmer in the Hawkeye state, and still works the acres of the homestead on which Frank was born. The boy had a common school education in the local academies, and followed this with a course at the Iowa state university, after which he read law. Ten years ago he came to Chicago and entered the office of Wirt Dexter, then one of the most famous lawyers in the west. Mr. Dexter was quick to discern young Lowden's merit and pushed him to the front in his large corporation practice, to much of which he succeeded at Dexter's death. In this way Mr. Lowden got an extensive and valuable practice among business men and secured a profitable law business. He is a man of great natural force, and his character is stamped in sturdy, leonine features. While holding memberships in a number of the best Chicago clubs, Mr. Lowden has never been active in that circle, and is wholly unknown in society, one of the best known leaders in the swell set making the remark last week that she could not recall ever having seen him at a social function of any note. Just how he met Miss Pullman is not known, but he made his first call at her home a year ago, and at once established himself in the favor of the heiress and of her parents. Their welcome of the young attorney was a hearty one, and he has been a constant and well-received suitor ever since, much to the disgust of several howling young swells with atrophied bank accounts.

When formal announcement was made by Mr. George M. Pullman of the marital engagement of his daughter, congratulations came in from all quarters. Mr. Pullman himself not being overlooked even by strangers who took the liberty of writing to congratulate him for having "turned down" distinguished foreign fortune hunters in favor of an Iowa farmer's boy, practically without money and unknown outside of club and court circles.

It was at first intended to announce the news of the engagement at a grand ball which was set for the evening of January 21 last, at the Pullman home on Prairie avenue, near 19th street. Shortly after the plans were made Mr. Sanger, a brother of Mrs. Pullman, died, and the ball was postponed indefinitely. Relatives and near friends were then called up by telephone and notified by Miss Pullman of her engagement, and to those who could not be reached in this way, simply worded little notes were sent.

The wedding will probably be solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Simon McPherson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, corner of Michigan avenue and 20th street, where the Pullman family have been regular attendants since the death of Prof. David Swig, to the financial support of whose well-known Central church the various members contributed largely.



# OUR PRESS.



## SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME

The Socialist Labor Party must never adopt secret methods, after the manner of the Society of the Jesuits.

Comrades, write for your party organs. Socialist papers should be the product, not of a few, but of many minds.

Comrades, this press is your property. Use it to propagate the principles and record the progress of the science of Socialism.

If you have an idea that might benefit the Socialist Labor Party, out with it, and let it see the light of day in the columns of your party press.

The steady onward march of Socialism in the United States has been largely due to the fact that the methods of our propaganda, and the ideas of our Socialists, have been able to change these tactics.

The Socialist candidates for State officers in Rhode Island received votes ranging from 1,234, cast for Thienert for Governor, to 1,445 for Jefferson, the candidate for Lieutenant Governor. In the city of Providence the vote ranged from 640 to 700.

Why can't society give work to the man before he has to go through the ordeal of humiliation and degradation and become a wretched outcast? Oh, that would be Socialism—no, so, for heaven's sake, let us rally round the banner of Capitalist luxury, starvation and crime!

Yes, we have hard times because the people have not yet been led to see the folly of supporting a system of production that can only exist because of the wasteful methods of a few, while the rest have perpetual hard times. When people open their eyes and get a little horse sense into their brains the hard times will disappear like night mists before the breakfast bell.

A National Executive Committee composed of one member from each organized State, would harmonize discordant elements, remove even the suspicion of clique rule, increase the interest in, and opportunity for agitation, and give the Socialist Labor Party a solid boom all along the line. When serious and lasting conditions for our National Convention they will do well to bear this in mind.

Every New England section should have a local organ and should send for Comrade F. G. R. Gordon, manager of Manchester Labor, to fill the last page with advertisements, as he has already done for Sections Manchester, Worcester and Holyoke. Wake up, comrades, and make your local organ valuable to your section, not only as a means of agitation, but also from the income you can derive from it by using a little energy.

Our cartoonist, Comrade Louis Crusius, deserves the thanks of all Socialists throughout the world for his inimitable cartoon. His seemingly inexhaustible stock of sarcasm and ridicule is dealing sledge-hammer blows to our rotten industrial and social system. Like most of the real workers in the cause of Labor, his services have been gratuitous. In this work he has been materially assisted by his good wife, Comrade Virginia Crusius.

Nearly all manufacturers of North Carolina pine have shut down their mills for an indefinite period. The mills thus suspending operations produce about 600,000,000 feet of lumber annually.—Exchange.

What a crazy system of production! But never mind, American workmen are very much interested just now about who will be President of the United States for the next four years. Never mind, then, the shutting down of mills, as long as McKinley or Cleveland gets there.

The wage-system is a slave system, it is true. But there are degrees of slavery, and Trade Unionism tends to lessen the degree till it becomes imperceptible, except as a theory.—Exchange.

Imperceptible? Does our contemporary mean to say that pure and simple Trade Unionism, with one-tenth of the workers organized and with machinery daily displacing more than are being gathered under the banner of pure and simple unionism, tends to render the evils of wage-slavery imperceptible? Don't be imposed upon, fellow workers, by the hoodlums and job-seeking officials in the labor movement. Any workman who, at this late date, claims recognition as a leader of Labor's cause, and does not tell you that the strike and the boycott must be supplemented by the ballot wielded in the interest of Labor, is working more for himself than for you.

### RANK AND FILE.

#### CALIFORNIA.

State Executive Committee Organized and Wants a State Party Organ.  
Section San Francisco, S. L. P., has elected the State Executive Committee as per resolution passed by the State Convention held in this city last February. Comrade E. T. Kingsley was elected State Organizer. Comrades G. B. Benham and Edell Hecht of American Branch, P. Ross Martin and Theodore Lynch of Liberty Branch, Emil Leiss, G. Postler and H. F. Sahlander of German Branch, constitute the State Executive Committee.

The State Executive Committee was instructed by the State Convention to issue an Official Organ for the party in this State. At the preliminary meeting held April 26, the matter of joining the Socialist Newspaper Union was discussed, but action deferred until the Secretary should correspond and receive certain particulars concerning cost and methods. EDLEL HECHT, Secretary State Executive Committee. San Francisco, Cal.

Agitation in San Jose, Cal.  
Section San Jose was organized on Feb. 9, 1896, with about twenty members. Since that date, we have met every Sunday evening, alternating propaganda and business meetings. We have held six propaganda meetings, comfortably filling one of the large halls of the city. We are compelled to procure and pay the expenses of a speaker from San Francisco each time, and that, with our expenses in the way of hall rent, gas and advertising amounts to about \$8 per meeting. We are meeting with such success as to encourage us to try a meeting every week. We average \$4.50 for each collection. We sell some little literature. We have had to address us Comrade Robert T. May and Comrade P. Ross Martin, and at the next meeting we had arranged a debate between Comrade Martin and a single taxer. The next was an address by Comrade E. T. Kingsley, who is now our State Organizer. At our last meeting we had Comrade Miss Jane A. Roulston, and Miss Marie Lenor of San Jose recited "Monkeys and Men," all of which were well received. We have made arrangements to have Miss Lenor to either recite or sing for us often, and Miss Cassie Joy has kindly consented—as often as possible—to favor us with a piano selection. Altogether we have excellent meetings, are doing a good work and are having a number of signed printed dodgers and sometimes by insertion in the morning paper. We are to have Comrade G. B. Benham of San Francisco for our speaker at our sixth meeting, April 30. ERNEST F. HIMES, San Jose, Cal. Cor. Sec.

#### CONNECTICUT.

May Day in Bridgeport.  
We held our May Day Celebration in the Workmen's Political Reform Club, and it was crowded. May Day and its history were ably explained by Comrade Zimmerman of New Haven in German, and later Comrade Mercer spoke in English. Both speakers were received with applause, and let us hope that the gospel of solidarity has swept away the prejudices and superstitions which may have dwelt in the minds of some of those present. Songs and musical selections continued until midnight and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. We closed with "And Lang Syne" and three cheers for "The Solidarity of the Workers."  
The Reform Club will hold discussion meetings every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, commencing May 5. Comrades belonging to the club should attend. Ideas and schemes may be advocated which would afford the class-conscious Socialist opportunities to "spread the light." No such opportunities should be allowed to pass.  
The American branch has decided to continue bi-weekly meetings through the summer, as the National election takes place near November. Will those who wish to see Socialism realized spend what time they can distributing papers and pamphlets? Will all those who can possibly qualify for a voter please do so? Our theories are all right, but they will vanish like a vapor before the sun if we fail to labor on. CHARLES JAMES, Bridgeport, Conn.

#### MARYLAND.

The Resolution of Section Baltimore Passed by Ten Sections.  
The following sections have seconded our resolution in the interest of harmony and a united party: Sections Indianapolis, Ind.; Greylock, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; La Balle, Ill.; Adams, Mass.; Rochester, N. Y.; Fitchburg, Mass.; New Orleans, La.; Camden, N. J.; and Jewish Section Newark, N. J. That is to say, besides Section Baltimore ten sections in seven different States have passed the resolution suggested by Section Baltimore requesting "the National Executive, New York faction, to request the National Executive, Cleveland faction, to have a committee sent to the Congress of the New York faction for the purpose of harmonizing and uniting both factions of our party." Under the Constitution of the Socialist Labor Party "any proposition in the interest of the party submitted by three sections shall be laid before the party by the National Executive Committee for a general vote." Instead of complying with the terms of the Constitution the National Executive Committee issued a circular addressed "To the Members of Section Baltimore," declaring there were no factions and refusing to act in accordance with the terms of the Constitution, in such case made and provided. Is Social Democracy a lie? Is it right for seven men, elected by Section New York, to refuse to carry out the letter and spirit of our National Constitution? To ignore the demand for a general vote, made by eleven sections in eight States?  
I presume there is no immediate redress, but their action only emphasizes the necessity of reorganizing our National Executive Committee on a broader National basis, as proposed by Section Syracuse (New York), and recently again advised by a Western comrade. They will unite the party and take the weighty responsibility of managing the affairs of our National

Organization from the shoulders of a single section, and intrust the important work to a National Executive Committee composed of the most brainy and energetic comrades of the several States. The trouble with our industrial system is that a few Capitalists control our means of existence, and the trouble with our National Party Organization is that we expect a few comrades selected from a single section to manage our National affairs, without sectional bias. Comrades, this is asking too much. Let us bury all sectionalism and all factionalism and work on new lines for a united party. ERNEST H. WENZEL, Baltimore, Md.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Worcester's Meetings on the Common.  
With progressive men at the helm the summer meetings of the Central Labor Union bid fair to be both interesting and instructive. Bring on the outdoor orators for the Common and give the people a chance to be saved. The prompt action of the C. L. U. in granting belligerent rights to Cuba should serve as a lesson to Senator Hoar and his colleagues to either do something or get off the job. \$5,000 per annum is a big price to pay men to quarrel about what don't concern us and neglect that which does. W. BARR, Worcester, Mass.

Replies to the National Executive.  
Boston, April 26, 1896.

To LABOR:  
Please publish the following in next issue of LABOR:

There appeared in the columns of the People of April 26 certain resolutions adopted by the Boston American Section charging the State Committee of Massachusetts with an attempt to break down the revolutionary and international character of our movement and being in open hostility to the National Executive Committee and our Official Organ. In regard to the first charge, it seems strange to couple such a charge, while stigmatizing a comrade engaged as a speaker as guilty of breaking down the international character of our movement, with the charge of not being a citizen.

In regard to the charge of hostility to the National Executive Committee, we deny ever having on any matter of principle or tactics assumed any hostile attitude.

While we have had a difference with the National Executive Committee as to the advisability of publishing certain matter from the State Committee to the Massachusetts sections, on purely local matters, we deny that such difference in any way places us in hostility to the National Executive Committee on any matter of principle.

Fraternally submitted by the State Central Committee of Massachusetts.

S. E. PUTNEY, Sec.

#### MINNESOTA.

Resolutions Passed at St. Paul May Day Celebration, May 3.

Resolved, That the workmen and women of St. Paul in this mass-meeting assembled, unite their efforts with the working people throughout the world for the establishment of the Eight-Hour day as the legal work day.

Resolved, That this mass-meeting sends fraternal greetings to their fellow workers on this day assembled throughout the world, and assert with them their determination to overthrow the wretchedness of Capitalism and establish by their united efforts that International Co-operative Commonwealth in which all the instruments of industry will be owned and controlled collectively by the people, and equal opportunity will be given to all to lead happy and healthy union lives.

Resolved, That it is the sentiment and belief of this meeting that the emancipation of the working class from the tyranny of Capitalism can be achieved only by the united efforts of the working class on both economic and independent political lines under the banner of International Socialism.

The above resolutions were passed unanimously.

CHARLES G. DAVIDSON, St. Paul, Minn.

#### MISSOURI.

Section St. Louis Getting in Line for the National Convention.

Section St. Louis will hold an important business meeting Sunday, May 10, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at Delabar's (formerly Nielt's) Hall, 504 Market street. Resolutions to be submitted to the National Convention will be discussed. The following will be the order of business:

1. Socialism versus Private Co-operative Enterprises.
2. Would it not benefit our movement to abolish the nationality and race lines in naming the Socialist Sections and Branches?
3. Has the National Executive of our party the right to refuse to submit to a general vote a motion made by five or more sections in as many different States? If so, what's to be done?
4. The reorganization of our National Executive in accordance with the original resolution of American Section Syracuse, N. Y.
5. Nomination of Delegates to the New York Convention of July 4.
6. The Steamboat Excursion of the Section, on Sunday, May 31.
7. Miscellaneous.

This being a very important meeting, it is expected that every St. Louis Comrade will attend. ED HETZIG, Secretary, St. Louis, Mo.

#### NEBRASKA.

The Trouble in Omaha and How It Started.

As the readers of LABOR have seen in its columns a protest sent from the Omaha Section, I therefore, Comrades, call your attention to my first communication, and then the protest. Concerning the private communications by Comrade Theo. Bernine and A. C. Swaholm I have only this to say: They didn't realize what was going on, and, seeing nothing, jumped at me. The protest was gotten up on a motion by Gen. Kelley, who is not a member of our Section, especially against what I said in regard to the White Slave. It was a protest against what? The protest didn't say that I didn't tell the truth. Oh, no; it was an understanding that I should ask the Comrades who were in favor of an Independent State Organization and the White Slave whether I should have a right to speak my sentiments or not. But

let me ask: Does any man with common sense believe that an organization in which the majority are in favor of an Independent Organization will allow me to tell the people what our intention was? I say no! The protest tells me that I must ask them whether I can tell the people the truth or not I will not obey. Whenever our Comrades get away from our Platform and Constitution, I will kick, and I don't propose to have any one tell me that I shall confine myself to telling just the opposite of what we are doing. If I had not told the truth they surely would have said so. Why they worked for an Independent State Organization may be asked, and I shall here give my own candid belief. When Kelley first came to Omaha, a call was made for a "State Convention of Labor," which I believe amounts to nothing. Kelley wanted me to write to Comrades Hoehn and De Leon, asking them to support the idea of a Labor Party, without the "Socialist" name attached to it. I refused to do so, but gave Kelley their addresses, and told him that both would jump him. I have not heard or seen much about it since, until some outside city Comrade, together, I believe, with Kelley, ran two or three of our Comrades in a fixed trap against our National Secretary, catching their minds and thought. I said nothing, but "sawed wood" for future use, and the Independent State Organization seemed to be the plan of it. I will here repudiate Comrade Le Fevre's statement that he was not elected permanent State Organizer. The White Slave made that same announcement. What does it mean? A conference will be held at 206 South Third street, Saturday May 9, at 8 p. m. for the purpose of forming a State Organization in line with the Constitution of our Party. Omaha, Neb. J. C. ANDERSON.

#### NEW YORK.

A Plea for Fair Play.  
(An Open Letter to the Editor of LABOR.)

Dear Comrades:  
Pondering over certain things is well-nigh suicidal, for they are heart-rending. Who of us has not, with a degree of pride, almost incomprehensible to the greed-blinded mind of the individualist, on every possible occasion repeated the Latin saying: "Fiat justitia, percat mundus?" Who of us has not admired these noble men and women who have, in every age and everywhere, spent their very life-blood heroically struggling against tremendous odds for freedom of speech? Who of us has not in season and out of season recited the words: "Unto thine own self be true?" Who of us has not in public prints and public speeches either heard or said that we Socialists are always for giving even our opponents a hearing, feeling, as we do, confident enough in our cause, and therefore certain enough that we can refute any statement calculated to assail our invulnerable principles?

Every one of us did. One and all we have always been for courting opposition; for remaining true to ourselves; for free discussion, for justice all around, no matter what the consequences might be. Am I now to be told that justice all 'round does not mean justice to our comrades? Is it possible that freedom of speech is a troublesome nuisance when applied to our own party affairs? Can it be true that "American conditions" are such as to preclude one's being true unto one's self? Is it imaginable that whilst ready to listen to an opponent we somehow dare not give a ready ear to a candid friend? Well, I for one refuse to believe it. It cannot be true; it must not be, if it can; it should be fought against, if it can and must.

Here is a case in point: A Board of Arbitration, appointed by the National Executive, was to decide a certain dispute between two contending parties in the Jewish branch of the Socialist movement in America. It held its sessions, listened to the enormous amount of evidence partly relevant to the issues under judgment, mainly otherwise. The board could, of course, not help that. They rather deserve the commendation of every humane person, and, in my opinion, they experienced the nearest approach to martyrdom possible in a country, where Socialism does not as yet—it will, depend upon it, bye and bye—involves anything of a more unpleasant nature. But, however, that might be, the fact still remains that the way the evidence was presented, was by no means conducive to a clear understanding of the case, considering that none of the members of the board knew much about the Jewish Socialist press beyond the fact of its existence. After a creditable and, as they honestly thought, successful struggle with that heap of facts and fiction badly intermingled, they at last arrived at a decision.

So far so good. Their decision they thought proper to publish, and there is nothing to be said against that. What is more open to question is the wisdom of prefacing the decision with a long preamble, introducing a good many debatable points. In that long introductory statement they have, well-meaningly enough, no doubt, dealt out cakes and kicks to sundry associations, conventions, sections and private sinners. That such a mode of proceeding was sure to provoke comments, and even protests, on the part of all those who believed themselves more or less harshly dealt with, either in the judges' summing up or in the sentence of the court, the Board should have foreseen, but it did not, and the document in its entirety appeared in tolerable English in the People and in rather questionable Yiddish in our Arbeiter Zeitung.

Upon I come with a few words of remorse—pace—not, mark you, against the decision itself, but against the wording of a couple of passages in it—to our National Organ. My words are not admitted. The gates are slammed against me with an editorial bang. Then the Boston Jewish Section, so stepmotherly chided in the document aforesaid, so openly condemned as my siders and abettors in the crime of speaking out where silence would be more golden, that section approaches the "Arb. Ztg.," inquiring whether any comments upon the decision of the Board would be inserted. Our paper, in its new glory as the Jewish organ of the party, politely tells them to shut up, accompanying this with the somewhat clumsy excuse that the Board is still sitting, an assertion ingeniously evolved from the announcement that the Board will have one more sitting for the

sole and clearly specified purpose of hearing from those concerned how matters have been arranged, in accordance with the terms of the decision. And so all the ways are barred. There is no appeal, no redress—all that is, of course, out of the question—but there must be no comment upon sentence or verdict either, and those of us who have served their Socialist apprenticeship in Germany sing with a melancholy smile on their lips:

Freiheit die ich meine,  
Die mein Herz erzieht,  
Komm mit deinem Scheine,  
Holdest Engelsbild—  
and we keep quiet, awaiting further developments.

In this perplexed state of affairs a paragraph in my LABOR suddenly meets my eye. There is in it a sweet sound about the necessity of more air and more light in the movement, a sound which is almost an echo of the poor, despoiled "Emeth." And I come to you. I explain my object. You clearly see the imperative necessity of giving me hearing. You are even disloyal enough to sympathize with me. But—oh, tell it not in Gath—you dare not publish a full vindication of the "Emeth." You set me limits: you tell me to speak, but to do so mildly, gently, briefly, temperately; you want me to do the whole thing within the narrow limits of 1,000 words. I give you credit for the best intentions, but, my dear Comrades, your limitations signify this: Pray, speak little and say even less.

And yet this is not a personal matter. There is, believe me, more behind it all than what may be visible to the naked eye. I tell you, the ball which the "Emeth" has set rolling can not, will not, be stopped. The spirit of discontent is stronger and much wider spread than what some of our exalted wiseacres may, in their benign simplicity, imagine. It will find an outlet, no matter who objects to it, and that before the National Convention takes place. If you have anything to learn as to the feasibility of suppressing a well-founded popular discontent, apply to Bismarck. He is happily still alive. But, seriously, will you, too, shut the door in my face? And having done so, will you, too, tell me: The entrance is closed and the party holds the key? I somehow can not get myself to believe it. Remember, I have no personal animosity against anybody. I only feel that I have a duty to perform, only a message to deliver, and I plead for justice and fair play. I am going to voice the feelings of Boston, Baltimore, Newark, of many good Socialist organizations in the State of New York, notably Syracuse. Will you have courage to let me use the LABOR for such a purpose? I hope you will, after this explanation. I this expectation I remain, yours in the cause, M. WINCHEVSKY.

New York, N. Y.

#### VIRGINIA.

Fredericksburg Labor Reviving Interest in the Movement.

The Fredericksburg comrades wish to organize the State, and we are corresponding with Richmond, Alexandria and Charlottesville with that intent. What we lack is funds. I would take the stump to-morrow if I could be assured of support for myself and family and pay my expenses on the road, but we can see no way in which to get the necessary funds, as our members are all poor, but five or six would pay 25 cents a week into a fund for that purpose. This is the only place in Virginia where there is an organized section as yet. Fredericksburg has a population of about 6,000, of which about 25 per cent are colored people. We have about given up the idea of a municipal ticket this year, as, with two exceptions, the comrades are unwilling to run for office, and with good reason, perhaps, as the writer was notified recently by the powers that control his means of livelihood that he would have to quit agitating for Socialism or "get out." I have not quit yet. I may die; then I will. We are much pleased to hear of the success that the comrades are meeting with in East St. Louis, Milwaukee, Paterson, Clinton and elsewhere. Let the good work go on. Comrade Luke White is our literary man. He was going to contribute some matter for LABOR, but is at present out of town. I am heartily in favor of the plan of organization of the National Executive Committee on the basis advocated by Comrade Hoehn and Section Syracuse. Do you think that an appeal in LABOR for funds to send an agitator on a tour through the State would meet with any response from sections and comrades generally? This idea has occurred to us. We held a business meeting on the night of April 30 at Labor Lyceum, 914 C street, and it was decided to again put our section in connection with the National Executive, which will be done in a few days. We were formerly attached to the National Party Organization, but last fall, becoming discouraged, we did not continue to pay our monthly tax, and this will explain the reason, doubtless, why Section Fredericksburg was not on the list sent by National Secretary Kuhn. This will be remedied immediately. While the number present at our Section Meeting was not large it was enthusiastic. Among other business transacted the following officers were elected: Organizer and Secretary, R. T. Maycumber; Financial Secretary, Sam De Shazier; Treasurer, James E. Chesley; Literary Agent, Luke White; Grievance Committee, Harmon B. Stephens, George Perry and Henry J. Thomas. A resolution was adopted that the Section appoint a committee to prepare for a series of lectures to be given at the Labor Lyceum in the near future; also a resolution was passed that a committee be appointed to draw up a plan looking to the extension of Socialist agitation throughout the State of Virginia. R. T. MAYCUMBER, Organizer, Fredericksburg, Va.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY H. W. B. MACKAY.

PECULIARITIES OF HUSBANDRY.—But I do not think the principles of State Socialism ought to be crudely applied to the cultivation of land. Land cultivation stands on an exceptional footing, as was well pointed out by Adam Smith (Wealth of Nations, p. —), owing to the impossibility of applying the principle of division of labor to a farm in the same way in which it is applied to a manufacture. In manufacture

each individual may apply his whole time to one small part of the work. On a farm there is comparatively little of any one kind of work, and that varies with the season, and a man's time must be divided among different tasks. It may be that when men are more highly educated than they are now, and the necessity is more realized of putting brain as well as muscle into farm work, another form of division of labor may prevail. On a very large farm one might take the wheat crop in charge, one the parsnip crop, one the milk, one the hogs, and so on; each being a student of all that can be learned respecting the peculiarities of his specialty, and devoting his time to his special study when not engaged in the active cultivation of it. Each worker would be attached, not to a particular piece of ground, but to a special product, which, in the rotation of crops, would be grown sometimes on one piece of ground and sometimes on another. Some such arrangement would seem to me the best calculated to render agriculture and horticulture most productive, and as the population increases the plan calculated to render it most productive will have to be resorted to. Bonanza farming, as Prof. Ely points out, requires an exceptionally rich and uniform soil, and can not be persisted in after the soil has become exhausted. But some such system as I have described, carried on under State direction, and safeguarded against capricious eviction, seems to reconcile the Socialist theory with the necessities of the farming industry. At all events, it is not in the direction of flat money that relief is to be sought, but rather in the direction of advances to farmers from the State, and the supply of tools, seeds and rations to those starting in the industry, the remunerative expenditure of all such advances being seen to by an efficient system of inspection, and the State receiving a rate of interest equal to that paid by it on sums borrowed, with an addition for expenses and insurance. The State would also require that land should not be left uncultivated if the public interests required its cultivation, and would provide instructors by whose aid the system just referred to might gradually be brought about.

PERSONNEL OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PARTY.—I may add that the representatives of the Labor Party would not necessarily be themselves wage-earners. It is contrary to my observation to suppose, as Prof. Ely, in his admirable work on "Socialism," seems to do, that wage-earners have been generally desirous of being represented by wage-earners because they were wage-earners. They have, on the contrary, preferred to be represented by men of the professional class, when honest ones could be found. But they have had bitter experience. They have found that such men have hitherto been anxious simply to use them as stepping stones to place; and it is to guard against this result that it is now thought better to be represented by wage-earners. The Labor Party desires to be represented by the best men; but it does not consider that the smartest men, or even the most intelligent men, but that the most single-minded men, are the best.

ULTIMATE RESULT.—The result then of the Labor Party would be the gradual establishment of something very like Socialism. In whatever external form society would be recast, it would develop the principles which lie at the root of Socialism—the equalization of wealth, and therefore the equalization of refinement—the equalization of education—the equalization of man—and therewith the enlargement of sympathy, and all that is summed up in that grand word "equity"—the highest and purest form of justice.

POSSIBLE FURTHER PROGRESS.—But when all these things have been gained they will be but the starting point of a further progress. Man is a finite being and is therefore capable of indefinite, perhaps of infinite, progression. This further progress will be an ethical one. Its beginning is in the remote future, and its end in the dim distance. Yet it is interesting to forecast it. Probably it will pass first from Socialism to Communism. If wealth be equally divided why should it not be owned by the State and distributed as by a father to his family? This could not be done at the present day, because mankind have not yet passed through the training necessary to prepare them to use such a system without abusing it. But it may be different after many generations. And, when this is the case, moral ideals will be greatly raised. Men will wonder that there was once a time when a distinction was taken between a band of robbers and cutthroats acting on their own initiative and a band of robbers and cutthroats acting on the command of the chief magistrate (for wars are sometimes just—but not often); they will wonder that the life of a criminal was regarded as more sacred than the life of a savage (for great criminals sometimes have been brought up to know no better—but not often); they will wonder that a strong nation could bully a weak one without the imputation of cowardice; that fraud and falsehood could pass without reprobation when committed by a nation; and they will be astonished that nations prefer to waste millions on armaments rather than place themselves under a central control, which might restrain them from flying at one another's throats, and yet leave each in the possession of its separate autonomy. They will be surprised, too, to notice that the rights of property, which are generally traceable to some historic wrong, were held more sacred than the right to earn a living by honest labor; that men were taught rather to refrain from fatherhood than to compel the opening up of land necessary to support an increased population (and this for no better reason than to afford a profit to land speculators), and that unemployment was attributed to density of population (which must needs surely include as many consumers as producers), rather than to unsound conditions remediable by appropriate legislation. But they will note with pleasure the beginnings of that greater interest in the welfare of human beings, which, in their own days, will have attained a fuller fruition; but they will, none the less, be puzzled to account for the crude and imperfect notions, which have pervaded the semi-civilization of the nineteenth century.

All this will be useless—unless further progress be arrested.

[To be continued.]



# World of Labor

## THE NEW AND THE OLD.

All things are onward moving,  
Let the blessed time begin!  
The old is swiftly passing,  
And the new is coming in.  
The golden bells are ringing,  
And the pageant sweeps along,  
Like an army that is marching  
To the music of the song.

Old theories are waning,  
They are weak to build upon;  
The light is on the hill-tops,  
And Truth is marching on.  
Old landmarks are but shadows,  
And they fade and flee away  
Before the mighty forces  
That are coming in to-day.

Up with the larks of morning!  
Up with the rising sun!  
Waiting not for the noon-day,  
Nor halting when begun,  
For everything is moving,  
And everything will show  
That the ages was a prophet  
In the poet-long ago.

The heavenly light is spreading  
In manner true and grand,  
With a golden flood of glory  
It is waking up the land.  
Old creeds are downward tending,  
Let them droop and fade away!  
They are worn and out of fashion,  
And will never do to-day!

For everything is moving,  
Let the jubilee begin!  
The old is swiftly passing,  
And the new is coming in.  
It is coming, O, 'tis coming,  
It is tramping down the wrong!  
Like an army decked with banners—  
Now the pageant sweeps along.

It will slay the god of Mammon,  
And uphold the god of right;  
And will charge upon the tyrant  
With the weapons of its might:  
It will sing the song of freedom,  
Scorn the monarchy of birth,  
And will sound the cause of Labor  
To the farthest bounds of earth.

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.  
San Francisco, Cal.

## INTERNATIONAL.

### PARIS, FRANCE.

**Socialists Triumph at the Polls.**  
The returns from the municipal elections held in Paris May 3 show the election of twenty Socialists, fifteen Radicals, eleven Conservatives and eight Progressive Republicans. Twenty-six re-balls will be necessary. The Socialists elected majorities in the cities of Marseilles, Norderne, Calais, Roubaix and a majority of the large towns. In the re-balls the chances favor the election of ten more Socialists.

**The Bourse du Travail Reopened.**  
April 12 was a great day for the organized workers of this city. On that day the Headquarters of the Trades Unions and Labor Organizations was reopened, after having been closed by the government for nearly three years. Two thousand delegates assembled to celebrate the occasion, and the municipal government set up the wine for the delegates in the "Strikers' Hall" in the building. At present 122 unions meet in this Labor Temple. Why should American workmen meet in cellars and garrets, and pay a princely rent to Capitalists for the use of the room? Say, fellow-workers of America, are you so very, very superior to the pauper Labor of Europe?

### LONDON, ENGLAND.

**The Old Liberal Party Meeting.**  
The Liberal Federation Conference at Huddersfield was a huge fiasco, says Keir Hardie. The party is rent in twain just now over the question of organization and free discussion, and the reply of the Federation has been that the organization is perfect, and that free discussion will not be permitted. The method in vogue at present is for the Liberal Associations to send in resolutions and for the Central Executive to frame from these such resolutions as it pleases, and after these have been framed they may not be changed in any particular, and the whole business of the conference consists in ratifying the resolutions so framed. No party can live in a bohemian atmosphere of this kind, and so the Radical element has revolted, and more will be heard of it ere long. For the present the laissez-faire Radicalism of the North of England—of which John Morley is the type—is the dominant factor in the federation. The new Radicals see that this won't do any longer, and so they are fighting for a change. If they succeed in carrying the change, as they must in the end, then the Dr. Spence Watson gang will either go over to the Tories or form a separate party of their own, in which case the new Radicals will, as in France, be driven to make terms with the I. L. P., and the Socialist party generally.

**Socialist Congratulations to the Brave Matabele.**

It is both amusing and encouraging to see the European Socialist Labor press making a lively fight against the Capitalist work of "civilizing the savages of Africa." London Justice heads its columns with the following editorial:  
"We wish to tender our hearty congratulations to the natives of Matabeleland who have so pluckily rebelled against the 'civilizing' marauders of the Chartered Company. It is time the ruffianly scoundrels who have acquired a charter to plunder and pillage and kill the natives of South Africa met with a rebuff. They thought it was fine fun when they were doing the killing. It is to be hoped they appreciate the dose they have had of their own medicine. The Matabele seem to be making a determined stand. One of the latest reports states that the shooting of the natives is good. We are delighted to hear it. Rhodes' swashbucklers are finding once more that it is not nearly so sport to be potted at by men who have learned to shoot, and who know how to

take advantage of cover, as it is to skulk behind steel shields and pour a hail of bullets into a mass of unarmed wretches who come on in a mad rush only to be mown down in heaps. We only wish there was a prospect of the Matabele giving as good an account of themselves as the Boers did at Majuba Hill and Krugersdorp and the Abyssinians did at Adowah. But this 'rebellion' of the Matabele must come as a sad surprise to the good Christian people who had allowed themselves to be persuaded that the conquest of Matabeleland had been effected in the best interests of the Matabele, in order to relieve them from the tyranny of Lobengula, and out of consideration for the 'claims of religion.' The natives evidently do not appreciate the benign rule of Cecil Rhodes and his fellow brigades of the Chartered Company. There are but two reasons for regret in this business—first, that the bravery of the Matabele is sure to be ineffectual; and, second, that they will not be able to settle accounts with the ruffians who have been brought to England to be whitewashed for the Transvaal raid. We wonder when the poor-spirited British proletariat will show the pluck the revolted Matabele have displayed."

### CARDIFF, ENGLAND.

#### Painting by Machinery.

The Builder, in the course of an article on the invention of painting by machinery, says: "At the Barry Docks some experiments were recently gone through which served to point out the uses and advantages of the new invention, especially in the saving of labor. The iron hull of a large trading vessel had been prepared for painting, and the apparatus was set to work. Nine square yards were painted in about seven minutes, and the work seemed, on inspection, efficiently performed. A successful trial was also made with non-corrosive paint, which is hardly to be used by hand on account of its quick drying properties. A visit was next made to the Barry Docks Wagon Shed, where a railway wagon, which takes a man two hours to paint with one coat, was efficiently covered in sixteen minutes by the new machine. Experiments were then made on various classes of goods and ornamental surfaces. Ordinary doors were painted with rapidity, a quite smooth surface, in which, of course, no brush marks were to be distinguished. Stenciling on wood and plaster was also shown, and also the painting of carved woodwork, such as a mantelpiece. The painting of raised and embossed surfaces, such as linoleum, showed that in many respects, besides the saving of labor, a smoother and truer coat is the result than in ordinary hand painting. We think that there is certainly a future before the new invention."

### BERLIN, GERMANY.

#### The May Day Demonstration.

The May Day demonstration in this city was a great success. Twenty-four Socialist Labor meetings were held in the various parts of the city, and most of the factories were closed on May 1.

#### Municipal Ownership.

Berlin is said to be the best governed city in the world. Its streets are the cleanest, its pavements the best; yet Berlin, by owning the gas works, electric lights, water-works, street railways, city telephones, and even the fire insurance—in fact, all the public improvements—makes a profit every year of 5,000,000 marks, or \$1,250,000, above all expenses. Although the Berlin Street Railway (Stadt-Bahn) cost about \$200,000 a mile, her citizens can ride a distance of five miles as many times each day, for 365 days, as they wish, for only \$4.50. It costs \$36 to ride the same distances on the elevated railroads in New York city, and from work each day. In the city of Glasgow, Scotland, it costs only 2 cents to ride on the municipal street railways. The street cleaning in Denver is managed by the city at an expense of \$8.75 per mile per day, while it costs Chicago, which has the contract system, \$22 per mile per day. It is estimated that if Boston owned the street car lines, fares could be reduced to 2 cents.

#### Trade Unionism in Germany.

The general commission of the trades of Germany, a central body very similar to the American Federation of Labor, has issued the following figures as to the strength in organization of the German workers on trade union lines: There are fifty-two national organizations and seven local unions affiliated with the general commission, having a membership of 245,500. The furnishing and wood-working trades, with 51,216 members, are the best organized; next come the metal and shipbuilding trades, with 38,127; building trades, 33,018; mining and quarrying, 26,068; printing and kindred trades, 24,382; liquor and luxuries, 20,654; leather trades, 20,073; clothing trades, 14,003; textile trades, 10,302; seafaring, dock labor and transport, 4,351, and food producers, 2,338.

### CHARLEROI, BELGIUM.

Like its British, Austrian, and Swiss counterparts, the Belgian Labor party chose Easter Sunday for its annual business gathering. A procession of 6,000 men awaited the arrival here of the thirty Socialist deputies and three senators and the delegates to the congress, who numbered no fewer than 630. Citizen De Brouckere, recently condemned to imprisonment for an article published in the anti-militarist review, the Conscrit, was elected as honorary president by the congress. The old resolution requiring deputies to give up a fourth of their parliamentary salary of 4,000 francs to the party funds was confirmed. A strike fund with a subscription of one penny per month was also voted. Next year's congress will take place at Ghent.

### WINTERTHUR, SWITZERLAND.

**The Swiss Labor Congress.**  
Four hundred and twenty-five delegates attended the Swiss Labor Congress here. They represented a membership of the Swiss Labor Federation numbering nearly 200,000. Reduction of railway workers' hours from twelve to ten was among the resolutions passed. A Socialist congress of 150 delegates has also been held at Klus, in the Soleure Canton.

### BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

#### Socialist Victories.

In the local election for Council the Socialists scored an overwhelming victory, their total vote being 4,297, while the Clerical party secured only 783 and the Liberals 639 votes. A late report of the municipal elections for the whole of Belgium states that the Socialists elected representatives in 61 cities, towns and communes. In 19 places they secured an absolute majority in the Councils; in 13 cities and towns the vote indicates about equal strength of Socialists, Clericals, or Conservatives, and Liberals, and in 29 places the Liberals have agreed to support the Socialist members, thereby giving the latter clear majorities.

## NATIONAL.

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

#### The Street Railway Employees.

The police are determined to prevent the street railroad men of Philadelphia from receiving \$3 a day for ten hours' work. The police are appointed by the city government, and the city government is elected by the voters of Philadelphia, and 75 out of every 100 voters are workmen. If those workmen had only 10 per cent of horse-sense they would elect men who are in favor of the demands of workmen, and these would appoint policemen who would not dare to prevent honest workmen from demanding \$3 a day for ten hours' hard labor. What is to prevent any sensible workman from seeing the point in this argument? The Labor fakirs! To hell with the fakirs! Fire them out! As to the street railroad magnates not being able to pay \$3 a day that is all a lie. They are able to buy foreign prices for their silly daughters and fast horses and women for themselves, so they are able to pay \$3 a day all right, only they don't want to do it, that's all. If they are not able to pay it, the people can run their street railways themselves if necessary.

### HOLYOKE, MASS.

#### Freaks and Hypocrites.

There are surely more freaks outside of the museums than inside of them. Here is a set of freaks who style themselves Mt. Tom Council No. 10, of the American Order of Steam Engineers, and the first plank in their newly adopted platform and declaration of principles is a lie. It reads: "Believing that ability will bring its full value in this country, this order shall at no time take part in strikes, nor interfere in any way between employer and employee."

Aside from the ignorance and lickspittle spirit apparent in this declaration of dog-like servility to the bosses, they give themselves the lie by declaring further that the object of this new freak organization is—"To assist members to obtain employment." Truly, from the sublime to the ridiculous is only one step. If ability will bring its value in this country why assist members to obtain employment? Why not let them wait until their ability brings them its value?

Here is another fraud that needs exposure. How our goddy-goody-to church-on-Sunday-and-skin-'em-on-Monday Christians will lie to save a penny and commit perjury to keep a dollar from going into the coffers of somebody else! It has been a public secret in Holyoke for many years that the Holyoke Water Power Company, which owns nearly one-half of Holyoke, succeeds in shutting the eyes of the tax collectors as to the real value of the Water Power Company's estate upon which taxes ought to be paid.

A little faction fight in this city in which the Treasurer of the Water Power Company has been involved has brought out a statement from the Chairman of the Board of Assessors that the land of the Water Power Company is worth \$1,500,000, while the company itself has made sworn statements that its land and water power is worth only \$351,505. Such figures will be splendid campaign arguments next fall, and we record them now without further comment. They will keep. M. RUTHER.

### BOSTON, MASS.

#### Sunday Schools for Labor's Children.

Miss Morris' letter in London Justice tells of practical ways of gathering our children into Sunday Schools. Thoreau says: "Let two young men travel together over the world, the one without money, earning his means as he goes, the other carrying a bill of exchange in his pocket. It is easy to see they could not long be companions." Those can not long be companions whose economic conditions are directly opposed. Hence there is a crying need for education of Labor's children beyond the general education of the day. Opposite economic conditions will create in time a special culture. Socialism recognizes that economic conditions create classes but looks forward to a time when these conditions will become equalized by operation of law, and when no natural difference will create class lines. That happy time is not yet. At present all the means of culture and systematic education which we have of whatever sort, have been devised by a propertied middle-class. There have always been propertyless people, but nothing to signify in the aggregate. Now there is a fixed propertyless class of large proportions in this new country. It is not wise for it to try to keep step, which it can't do when it would, with the propertied class. There can be no real companionship between the two classes. Labor has its own mission, and to that it must be faithful. Up to now Labor has worked for its improvement, strictly on economic lines. The wealth it creates supports our present school system, but limited time prevents the children of Labor from getting much out of it. Labor's children need different methods of schooling and culture. Sunday is Labor's day. There are 52 of them in a year. If four hours of each Sunday were spent in social groups devoted to moral and intellectual culture, it would be more time than one gets in a year's course of study in the city evening schools. This time, if not so used, is as bad as wasted. The years go by and we have nothing to show for all these hours. There is nothing laborious in thought and study. It has been made to seem that there is by the hard-and-fast

lines of prevailing methods of learning under which everybody groans, and which no one delights in. There is none of us here but can teach something, and we can all be learners together. We can do something in Sunday classes or groups to put the power of knowledge into the Labor movement. Let us begin to try. MARY GUNNING.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

#### The Ethical Congress.

This stagnant Lithuan pool of crime, prostitution and vagabondage was relieved last week by an event which will pass into history as the Ethical Congress. What a beautiful sight was within the classic precincts of Memorial Hall—the fashionable attire of the ladies, the floral decorations and the self-confident manner of the gentlemen! They gave vent to long discourses on how the young should be taught and on the ethics of the home. They made little or no mention of the fact that thousands of their fellow countrymen were being robbed of their education in their childhood by the pernicious social system that this band of complacent Philistines is so busy in upholding. How long could these fashionable parasites practice the ethics of their own teachings if their lives were passed in the dull routine of monotony of the class upon whom they live? Did it ever occur to them and their high priest, Adler, that to educate and digest their menu of ethics we must have conditions, and that if we had the conditions we would have no more use for their ethics than they?

"Get off our backs and we'll help ourselves." How they bewailed the fact that so few workmen were in the ethical movement! How they ignored the fact that part of the wealth that is returned to the animal with tail and ears, who created it, is growing beautifully smaller! Is there nothing unethical in that?

It is a deplorable, but indisputable fact, and it is as indisputable as it is deplorable, that such characters as Prof. Adler and his satellites have made their appearance upon the stage of history in all ages. And to-day, under the lofty titles of the intellectual part of the middle classes, they are the analogue, the economic descendants, of the hangers-on and the court jesters of the feudal ages.

#### Mail on the Street Cars.

At present two street car lines in this city transport the United States mail. The Postmaster General has discovered by experience that rapid transit can be utilized for the prompt and expeditious handling of local mail in a large city. That fact was clearly demonstrated about three years ago, when the first experiment was tried on the St. Louis and Suburban Railway in this city. Since then mail cars have been placed in commission in many of the leading cities. The Union Depot Railway system is now a United States mail route, and two cars are running, with more to be added later on. The two cars in question are the largest and finest in the world. The Southern Electric is the next line to have mail cars. It will be a star route, as it runs to Jefferson Barracks, and those cars will also carry the mail for half a score of post offices in St. Louis and Jefferson Counties. Without doubt other lines will follow suit in the immediate future. A President speaking of the Post Office railway said: "Carrying the mail is not a profitable business, for the simple reason that Congress has fixed the compensation we are to receive at what may be termed nominal figures. However, there are some benefits to be derived in having a few cars on which floats the United States mail flag. We can run the mail cars at a lively rate of speed, and all kinds of vehicles will clear the track in a jiffy when they see what is coming, for it will not do for drivers to interfere with the passage of the mail cars. Should any obstinate teamster or driver persist in remaining on the track or take his time in getting off he can be hauled up before a United States District Judge and promptly punished. Then, in case of a strike, interference with the movement of the car by strikers will bring out other United States regulars or Deputy Marshals. Lastly, the employees would hesitate about inaugurating a strike or would not strike at all. To put it plainly, they would be afraid to strike for trivial causes. In this manner a mail line would work a benefit to the masses as well as to the company." "Should a strike occur," continued the President, "we would ask the Judge of the United States District Court for a decision on what constitutes interference with the mail cars. When strikers or their sympathizers at the trolley wire that would actually mean the entire suspension of the movements of all the cars, including the mail cars, even if they are several miles away from the break. In other words, whenever strikers open the circuit in such a manner that the entire line is paralyzed, we contend that they are interfering with the passage of the mail cars. Should the Judge give a ruling like that, the main grip of the strikers on a company would be loosened. If tampering in any manner with the trolley wire meant severe punishment to the offenders, the most reckless strikers or their sympathizers would not dare to touch the wire, and in that manner half of the terrors of a strike would be removed. We do not expect a strike, yet there is nothing like being prepared, especially when Uncle Sam is begging us, so to speak, to help make the Post Office Department of greater convenience to the public."

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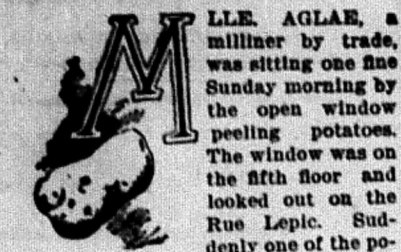
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## STORY OF A POTATO.



THE AGLAIE, a milliner by trade, was sitting one fine Sunday morning by the open window peeling potatoes. The window was on the fifth floor and looked out on the Rue Lepic. Suddenly one of the potatoes slipped

through her fingers, dropped over the edge of the window sill and disappeared into space. It fell with a bang upon a gentleman who was passing beneath, and made a deep dent in his elegant silk hat.

It took him but two seconds to reach the landing on the second floor, when a door suddenly opened and a person rushed out in a great hurry and fell heavily into his arms.

The two men eyed each other for a moment with angry and astonished looks, ready to abuse each other, when both simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Anatole!"

"Edgar!"

Anatole Baudruiche and Edgar Bricheton were two old college chums. They had not met since the day when they took their bachelor of arts degree together twelve years before. In spite of this long interval in their intercourse they found on the occasion of this sudden meeting that they had very little ready change of conversation. Edgar was the first to speak:

"Say, your hat looks very pretty," he said.

"Do not speak of it. It has just served for a target for a potato that fell from the fifth story."

"And now you are going upstairs to restore the potato to its owner? That's very nice of you."

"Not by any means! I'm going to charge the clumsy devil with his crime—try to make him pay for a new hat."

"Well, so far as that is concerned, you might as well tackle a corpse."

"And why, if you please?"

"Because old Bidoche is an old hedgehog who will kick you downstairs, even if he opens the door for you at all."

"Old Bidoche?"

"Yes, the man you are after, for it can be no other than he. All the tenants in the building are always having trouble with him. One might think that he made a point of being as disagreeable to everyone as he possibly can."

"Then do you live in this house?"

"No, but an aunt of mine does, and scarcely a day passes without her having a scrap with old Bidoche. If you will allow me I will go up with you; two heads are better than one in a matter like this."

So Edgar and Anatole went up three flights together, and stopped outside a door through which came softly the sounds of a melodious musical instrument.

"This is the room," said Edgar.

"He's practicing on his bassoon."

With these words he pulled the bell and the bassoon suddenly ceased. Then the shuffling of feet was heard along



"MONSIEUR, YOU ARE A FOOL."

the floor, the door opened and there, framed in the doorway, stood a little old man, with benevolent smiling face and a large-sized bassoon resting across one arm.

"What do the gentlemen desire?" asked the little old man.

"M. Bidoche," replied Edgar.

"Yes, the wretched Bidoche," added Anatole, shaking his ruined hat in one hand and with the other placing the potato on the top of the musician's nose.

"M. Bidoche?" replied the old man politely. "I do not know him. I never heard of him."

"What's that? What's that?" cried Edgar. "Are you trying to deceive us?"

"Not at all," answered the old man quietly. "There must be some mistake somewhere. My name is Molequin. I am the sole basson in the orchestra of the Theater des Gobelins, and I moved in this morning."

"Then," continued Anatole, "you are not the man who threw this potato on my hat?"

"I only eat green vegetables," answered Molequin. "Nevertheless, if the gentlemen will come in for a short while I will play them my part in the 'Tour de Nesles.' There are some interesting passages in it."

Anatole and Edgar did not like to refuse, and went into the old musician's room. Molequin gave them a seat and some cigarettes and then, going up to the stand, played through for their benefit the whole of the first bassoon part in the 'Tour de Nesles.'

Edgar made a brave face over it, while Anatole sat in the window with his potato in his hand, scarcely able to contain his patience.

Suddenly the musician struck a false note. It increased Anatole's impatience so much that he gave a jump, and in doing so allowed the potato to slip from his fingers. It rolled over the window sill and, with a hop, disappeared in the street below.

When M. Aglaie dropped her potato

into the street she was overcome with fear. She hurriedly shut the window so that in case there had been an accident no one would suspect her. Then she sat down and quietly waited the turn of events. What, then, was her terror when she heard steps coming up her stairs—the steps of men, of two men, heavy and loud.

"They're policemen," she thought, and at the thought her little heart began to beat more quickly, while cold perspiration broke out on her pretty white shoulders.

But just when she expected to hear the men's cruel fists knocking at the door of her little room her face suddenly resumed its calm and peaceful expression.

Still she was afraid to move for some time, fearing, with logical mind, that when the policemen found that the tenants next door were innocent they would come in and accuse her. After some moments, however, she gained enough courage to conceal the basket of potatoes, which must otherwise have appeared so much against her, and forced herself to put on an innocent expression with which to meet the police.

After waiting a little longer and hearing no noise of steps, but only the bassoon, she became completely reassured.

In order to make assurance doubly sure, she opened her cupboard, and, taking out the milk jar, opened the door quietly and crept down the stairs to get four sous' worth of milk from the dairy at the corner. In this way she hoped to make an alibi, and her case would be too strong for the slightest suspicion. Besides, she wanted some milk to boil her potatoes in, and it was her intention to put in a cauliflower as well.

So she bought her four sous' worth of milk and started on the return journey with her spirit at rest and her milk bottle carefully held in front of her. Suddenly she felt a violent blow on her fingers, and at the same moment her hands, her bare arms, her corsage, face, hair and mouth were covered with milk.

It was the potato that had slipped from Anatole's hand and had landed with remarkable precision right in the mouth of the milk jar.

"Oh, mamma," cried Aglaie in despair, "what has happened? Who has done this?" And she ran up the staircase, only to run plump into the hands of Anatole.

Anatole, as a matter of fact, when he saw the potato flying downward, remembered the police ordinance against throwing things out of the window after 10 a. m., and decided to leave Molequin as soon as it was at once polite and possible. He shook Edgar, who had fallen asleep, and, after promising Molequin to return next day and take lessons from him, and hurried helter-skelter out of the door, the bassoonist accompanying him as far as the door.

At the moment when the door opened Aglaie was coming up the stairs four steps at a time. Aglaie and Anatole found each other face to face. Aglaie with her face and hair running with milk and Anatole with his silk hat all smashed in on his head.

They stopped; they looked at each other, and they understood it all.

"Monsieur," cried Aglaie, "you are a fool."

"And you, mademoiselle, your fingers are made of blotting paper," replied Anatole.

"You are a rude man, sir."

"And you are ill bred."

"A man who cannot hold a potato in his hand should not undertake to give lessons to anybody."

"I advise you to say as little as possible, mademoiselle. When a girl cannot peel a potato without letting it drop she should take her meals at a restaurant."

"I shall take no instructions from you, monsieur."

"None the less, mademoiselle, I repeat you should take your meals at a restaurant. I know a very nice one on la Place Pigalle. I do, indeed, mademoiselle."

"Well, go there yourself, monsieur."

"Oh! So you think that I would go to a restaurant with my hat smashed in this fashion!"

"Eh bien, monsieur, if your hat is injured you have only to go to a hatter's and get it blocked."

"I shall take no instructions from you, mademoiselle."

"None the less, monsieur, I repeat you should go to a hatter. There is my brother, who is in the hatter business at Rue des Martyrs."

"Would you like very much to have me go to breakfast in a restaurant with you? En bien, mademoiselle, I shall go to your brother's with my hat only on condition that you come with me to a restaurant for breakfast."

"En bien, monsieur, I shall go with you to a restaurant only on condition that you take your hat to my brother's."

"And I," cried Molequin, who had been attracted by the discussion, but who had said nothing, "and I shall never forgive you for having interrupted my studies unless you will accept a box tonight for the Theater des Gobelins."

"We accept," cried Edgar in his turn. Molequin went back to his room, and the three young people went downstairs.

The breakfast was delicious and the afternoon passed with the rapidity of lightning. The dinner—for one must have dinner—was also very good, and the evening was spent pleasantly at the Theater des Gobelins.

After the performance Molequin joined the three others and the four went to drink beer at the nearest cafe.

In a word this story, though Parisian, ended in a marriage.

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## SIX FEET OF HAIR.

THE LONGEST TRESSSES IN THE WORLD.

Sweeps the Ground When Loose—All the Family Have Wonderful Tresses and Her Three-Year-Old Niece Has a Twenty-One Inch Braid.



RS. D. J. DAVIS, of San Francisco, Cal., has the longest hair in the world. It clusters in a great mass about her head, and though she is a tall woman, being five feet nine inches in height, her long tresses, when un-

coiled, sweep upon the ground for nearly a foot. Her hair is just six feet and eight inches in length.

Mrs. Davis comes of a family remarkable alike for their height and the length of their hair. Though Mrs. Davis is five feet nine inches in height, she is shorter by nearly an inch than either of her three sisters. But while they have the advantage in height, they cannot equal her in the matter of hair, notwithstanding that all three have curls over a yard and a half long. Not the least remarkable part of this wonderful hirsute development is that while all three of Mrs. Davis' sisters had long hair from early childhood,

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"Many of the crew were in the main cabin below, enjoying a social game of euchre, checkers or dominoes, when suddenly they heard the sound of a chain

running rapidly through the starboard bow scuppers. We rushed on deck in dismay, thinking the windlass gearing had given way. The sight witnessed will never be forgotten. Crowell had been caught in the relief chain and ground around the rapidly revolving windlass. His death was instant. His

omen came true."

An Egyptian Bride.

At the marriage in Egypt of Princess Minet Hanen, sister of the Khedive, the bride came in preceded by a woman musician all dressed in white satin. She was supported by two

bridesmaids. Her gown was of white satin, but one could scarcely see the material because of the heavy gold embroidery. Her neck and arms were simply covered with diamonds, and on her head she wore a high crown of precious stones, to which was attached her veil of silk and gold. On either side of her head were ornaments of gold and jewels, with threads of gold reaching to the ground, of such weight that the bridesmaids had to carry them. She was one of the most beautiful women ever seen, and when she was seated on the throne it was a picture. She and her surroundings were beautiful beyond description. When she retired the Khedive stood on the throne and threw newly-coined money among the ladies for luck.

Comparative Cost of Freight—by Water and Rail.

It has been proved by actual test that a single tow-boat can transport at one trip from the Ohio to New Orleans 29,000 tons of coal, loaded in barges. Estimating in this way, the boat and its tow, worked by a few men, carries as much freight to its destination as 3,000 cars and 100 locomotives, manned by 600 men, could transport.

There Was No Violence.

"Bigland has been thrown out of work, hasn't he?"

"Well, his pay has been stopped, if that is what you mean."—Detroit News.

"Blykins has his own way in his house." "Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."—Washington Star.

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## HE PROVED THE OMEN.

Miller's Superstitious Prediction of Disaster Followed by His Own Death.

"Speaking of sailors' superstitions," remarked the veteran lighthouse-keeper, Josh Reeves, of Sea Isle City, to a New York Herald man, "reminds me of an incident that happened half a century ago off the Five Fathom Bank lightship, in which a sailor's prediction, based on an omen, resulted fatally to the prophet himself."

"A bright winter morning had caused the crew of the lightship to row a short distance away in a small boat in search of codfish, which are very abundant off the capes in winter time. A few hours' fishing resulted in a goodly catch and a return was made to the lightship. The fish were cleaned and the refuse thrown overboard, but a calm sea, with not a breath of air to disturb it, caused the refuse to drift in a circle around the ship. Toward noon a large flock of geese came in sight and settled under the lightship's very bows and commenced to feed. The water fowl became very tame and swam chattering and hissing close to the ship's sides."

"John Crowell, a grizzled old member of the crew, shook his head and predicted death to some one on board within twenty-four hours. He said that whenever geese became so tame as to feed around a vessel's bow or stern, it was an unfailing omen of impending death on board. Crowell's companions laughed at his fear, but he told them to bide their time."

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running rapidly through the starboard bow scuppers. We rushed on deck in dismay, thinking the windlass gearing had given way. The sight witnessed will never be forgotten. Crowell had been caught in the relief chain and ground around the rapidly revolving windlass. His death was instant. His

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## HUMORISTS' CORNER.

SOME LAUGHABLE PICKINGS FOR OUR LEAN READERS.

The Lilies of the Valley—Return of the Prodigal Son and His Reception in Darktown—A Startling Assertion—How He Looked at It.



LILIES of the valley Were all about the room. Love-bells chiming A passionate perfume, Love-bells tolling My dainty, dainty doom.

Lightly Clara gave me A spray and lightly said—"Wait, I'll get another. For this one I have had Twirling in my fingers Until it must be dead."

"That was the one I wanted." She could not fancy why. When I could take a fresh one For one about to die; But kept her faint-flush'd profile Averted from my eye.

—J. Russell Taylor, in Truth.

Couldn't Shave a Bit.



## Paralysis Follows Bloodlessness and Nervous Prostration.

### A PATIENT WOMAN AFFLICTED FOR YEARS.

She Tells How at Last She Was Permanently Cured.

From the Press, New York City.  
For more than fifteen years, Mrs. A. Mather, who lives at No. 43 East One-hundred-and-twelfth Street, New York, was a sufferer from anemia, which, in spite of the treatment of physicians, gradually developed into nervous prostration until finally marked symptoms of paralysis set in. Mrs. Mather gladly gave the reporter her experience.

"For many years," Mrs. Mather said, "I was a constant sufferer from nervousness. It was about fifteen years ago that my condition began to grow worse. Soon I became so affected that I was prostrated and, until about two years ago, was a part of the time unable to leave my bed. I employed several physicians from time to time, my bills at the drug store for prescriptions, sometimes amounting to as much as \$50 a month, but all the doctors did for me did not seem to help me at all. My blood became greatly impoverished and after years of suffering I was threatened with paralysis.

"When I walked I could scarcely drag my feet along and at times my knees would give away so that I would almost fall down. Feeling that doctors could not help me I had little hope of recovery, until one day I read in a newspaper how a person, afflicted almost the same as I was, had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased a box and began taking the pills. The effect of this first box pleased me so much that I bought another. Before I had taken all the pills in the first box I began to experience relief and, after the first box had been used, I was practically cured. It was really surprising what a speedy and pronounced effect the medicine had upon me.

"I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house now, and when I feel any symptoms of nervousness find that they give me certain relief."

Mrs. Mather's daughter, Miss Anna, corroborated her mother's account, and told how she herself had been cured of chronic indigestion by these pills; and how, too, her cousin had been cured of anemia.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

"Take time by the forelock, my boy."  
"And be cut down by that scythe? Nit,"  
—Judge.

If Waller really takes to the lecture platform the next ex-counsel who gets into a foreign prison may expect to sweat it out.

It is suspected that the milliner who was elected mayor of Ellis, Kas., caught the feminine vote by knocking off all but about 500 per cent profit on Easter bonnets.—Kansas City Journal.



## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

**DON'T GET WET.**  
**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKERS**  
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

**"IT WILL NOT RUB OFF"**  
**ALABASTINE**  
DURABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WALL COATING.

**NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.**  
For all Sewing Machines, Send for Catalogue. The Trade Supplied. Write to Wholesale Price, BOSTON, N.Y. Co., 214 Nassau St., N.Y. Co., N.Y.

**OPUM and WHISKY** habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. H. WOOTEN, ATLANTA, GA.

## EXTINCT ANIMALS

### IF THE MAMMOTHS RETURNED TO EARTH ONCE MORE.

Dinosaurs and Dodos Would Cause Consternation Among Present Day Animals, Human as Well as Brute—A Realistic Picture.



It is a good thing, on the whole, that the extinct animals are extinct, because a dinosaur, a dodo, or a megatherium returning to earth at the present time would create more trouble than he would be worth. Nobody would know what to do with such a monster, and science tells us that he might be dangerous.

Even the pterodactyl, which was in many respects the most delicate of these products of a remote age, would not have made a decent soup. The size of these beasts was such that they could afford only a poor kind of sport. They were so big that the worst marksman could not help but hit them, and after they were killed they could not be removed.

The sportsman who shot a dinosaur would have no fine pair of antlers to take home with him for the edification of his friends, while the dodo was an ugly bird without any ornamental feathers that would have looked well in a woman's hat. This monster was an absurd creation, being able neither to fly nor to swim, and was exterminated in the seventeenth century, much to the general relief.

The dodo displayed neither activity nor intelligence, and its name is a synonym for stupidity to the present day.

Captain Van West-Zanen, of Batavia, has left it on record how a dodo captured by some of his men could not be eaten by the whole crew, so great was its size. He also tells how the dodo made such a display of stupidity as to merit the contempt of his men.

A dodo walking along a country road at the present time would scare all the horses and block up the passage.

bly walked in Central Park and swam across the Hudson river.

Remains of the herbivorous dinosaur have been found in various parts of North America. The Bad Lands of Dakota have been especially prolific in rewarding the efforts of searchers for such fossils.

Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, formerly of this city, restored the skeleton of a hadrosaurus found in this vicinity, and when the work was finished it measured twenty-six feet in length. Standing on its hinder extremities and tall, the animal stood thirteen feet three inches high.

Professor March, of Yale college, discovered the remains of one herbivorous dinosaur in the Laramie beds of Wyoming. The skeleton was thirty feet in length and stood nearly fifteen feet high.

The brain of this creature was very small in proportion to its skull, but it had enormous eyes, and scientists who have examined the skeleton have concluded that its sense of smell was very keen. The whole backbone was found complete, with the exception of a few little vertebrae from the end of the tail. There were about ninety vertebrae in the backbone of this powerful creature.

A remarkable feature of this skeleton of the extinct monster was that it included ossified tendons, by means of which the vertebrae were held together. The hind limbs were enormous and were covered with fairly broad hoofs.

The fore limbs were so small that they could be of little or no apparent use in the water or on land, but it is believed they were used to dig nests for the eggs of the monster. One of these great animals could come up to a tree and eat leaves and small limbs thirty feet above the ground. In such work the fore feet would be useful in grasping the limbs.

These animals were practically land whales, but they had the advantage over the whale of being equally at home on land or in water. The enormous tails with which their fossil remains show them to have been provided made them powerful swimmers, and it is believed they could dive and dash through the sea with great rapidity.

Perhaps the most horrible in appearance of all these prehistoric monsters was the anodontid. This creature was a huge reptile, with large scales like

when rocked to and fro, right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant.

"It yields, the roots fly up, the earth is scattered wide upon the surrounding foliage, and the tree comes down with a thundering crash, cracking and snapping the brittle boughs like glass. Then the coveted food is within reach and the megatherium reaps the reward of his more than herculean labors."

Another prehistoric brute was the dinotherium. This creature resembled an elephant except that his tusks, instead of turning upward, bent downward. The purpose of this was to enable him to tear up the ground and fight his enemies by a downward movement of his head.

The macrauchenia roamed the woods of prehistoric days and is now extinct. He resembled a gigantic horse.

Professor Marsh has shown that there likewise existed an eight-toed horse, which inhabited Cuba, and there is reason to believe that a species of tiger was alive that had tusks bending downward from its upper jaws.

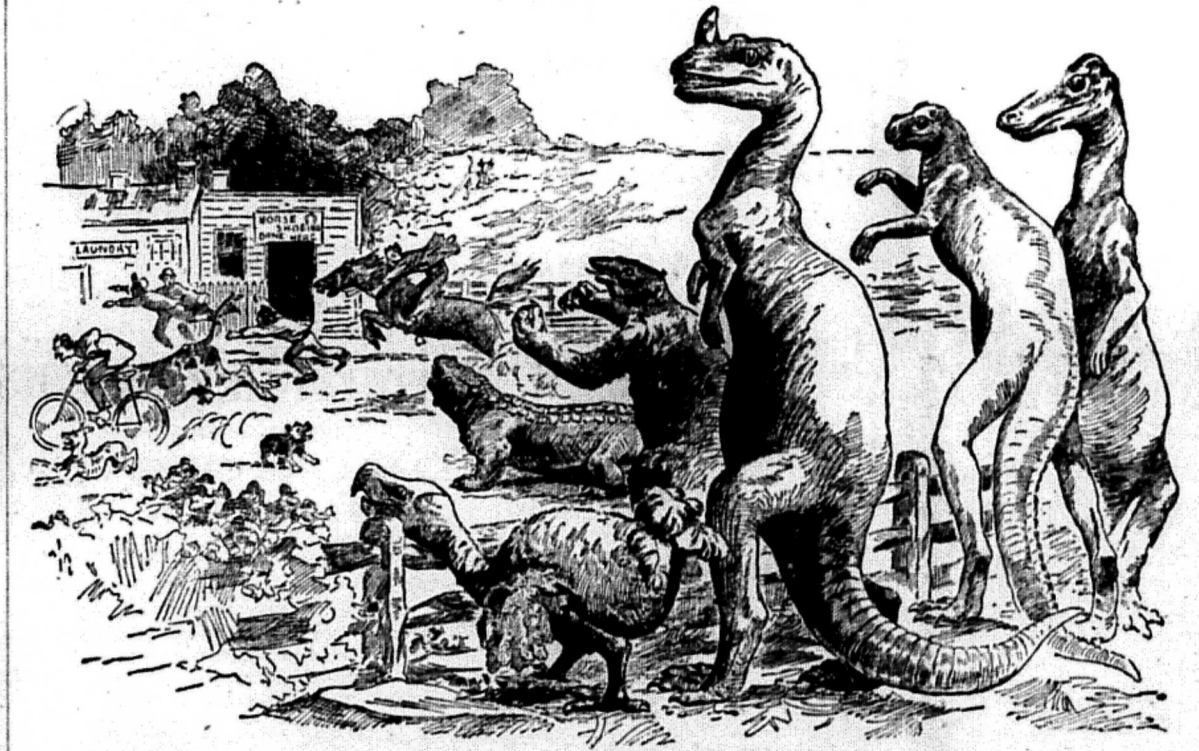
The mastodon exceeded any elephant in size. He had four enormous tusks in his head, two in the upper and two in the lower jaw, and he roamed all over the North American continent.

Remains of some of the largest mastodons have been found in this state. A giant tapir-like animal lived in the eocene period and a great bird of prey called the Herperornis regalis is made known to us by many fossil remains found in cretaceous strata in North America.

A curious thing about all these animals is that in spite of their vast size and great strength they should have become extinct. The smaller and weaker animals survived. Perhaps the giant monsters killed each other off in some great battle of prehistoric times, and this theory has more than once been advanced to account for their disappearance.

### Depew's Latest Story.

Chauncey Depew has picked up a new story which runs something like this: "In one of the mining towns of the west it was customary for the miners to have elaborate funerals. The more lowly the miner, the more ostentatious was the funeral. On the tombstones of the



IF THE PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH ANIMALS CAME TO LIFE.

Several men with clubs would be required to dispatch the creature, and the removal of its body would entail considerable labor.

The dinosaur, however, was a far different creature. The dinosaurs were an old family with several branches. One of these families of dinosaurs had small heads with a big horn. Their cousins had the huge body of the dinosaur, but a long head like that of a horse.

The horned dinosaur was equally at home on land or water. The animal was armed with a tail of immense strength, and he had a shin bone over three feet in length and nearly a foot in breadth at the upper end.

A singular thing about the bones of this animal, which have been so often found and articulated for exhibition in museums, is that they are all hollow. This afforded both lightness and strength, says the New York World.

This monster is supposed to have been a great swimmer, and on land he is believed to have proceeded somewhat after the manner of a kangaroo. Scientists examining rocks for traces of antediluvian creatures have found impressions of the tails of dinosaurs as they walked along or stopped now and then to rest.

Another extinct animal with a huge tail was the hadrosaurus. He had heavy scales down his back and was a vegetable feeder like the iguanodon. It has been held by some scientists that birds are derived from the dinosaurs, being much reduced in size during the countless generations which have intervened. This theory, however, is not correct, according to Huxley and other modern scientists who have studied the bones of these monsters, and who held that both were derived from some common ancestor.

Whales are undoubtedly descended from some former land animal, and the whale remains a warm-blooded animal to the present day. Some scientists believe that whales are the dinosaurs of the present day.

The dinosaur with the horse's head was a herbivorous animal. This creature is of peculiar interest to New Yorkers, as, in remote times, he proba-

bolts on his back, four powerful feet and a short but very strong tail.

The ant-eater of Australia is by some supposed to be a descendant of this remote ancestor, but a good, live anodontid could have whipped a dozen ant-eaters of the present day. Naturalists are so puzzled as they study the fossil remains of the anodontid that they are at a loss to know definitely whether he was a reptile or a mammal.

As the creatures were known to lay eggs, the former supposition has been most popular. When the remains of these creatures were found in the eighteenth century, they were so large that people could not bring themselves to believe that they really were bones of a monster which once had lived upon the earth. The skeleton of one of these creatures not long ago unearthed in the Karoo strata of South Africa measured nine feet in length, without the tail. When all the flesh was on, and the creature alive, he must have been nearly twice as big.

The megatherium was, perhaps, the most powerful of all these brutes. His strength was superior to that of any animal now alive today, and his size greater than that of any whale or elephant.

Yet the megatherium, as his fossil remains show, could move about with freedom and ease, and could even give chase to other animals and fight for his life if attacked. His head was comparatively small, but his bones were stupendous.

This gigantic monster is supposed to have been at home in forests of enormous trees like the huge redwoods of California. But the strongest tree could not, it is believed, have resisted his ferocious strength when fully exerted. Desiring to break down such a tree for its foliage, this giant would settle himself upon his haunches, and fold his enormous arms about its trunk.

"The massive frame of the megatherium is convulsed with the mighty effort," says an eminent paleontologist, describing such a scene, "every vibrating fibre reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants; extraordinary must be the strength and proportion of a tree if

deceased miners it was customary to place a brief inscription reciting some virtue of the departed. On one gravestone were the words: 'I never drank whisky.' Another inscription read: 'I always paid my debts.' These and other commendable characters were outlined on the various stones in the cemetery, on one of which, however, was the following philosophic and unique reading: 'James O'Brien, I dun my damndest.'"

### CURIOUS FACTS.

The Esquimaux give the doctor his fee as soon as he comes. If the patient recovers he keeps it; otherwise he returns it to the family.

The Coliseum of Rome was built to accommodate one hundred thousand spectators. It covers five and one-half acres of land, and was 120 feet high.

Florida is noted for its rivers and lakes. The St. John's river is nearly four hundred miles long. The Indian river is a salt water lagoon, 165 miles long and from one to six miles wide, and is famous for its oranges and pine-apples.

National flowers have been adopted in various countries as follows: Greece, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur de lis; Germany, corn flower; Ireland, shamrock; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek.

It costs more to send a ton of goods from London to the west of Ireland than to Japan. A ton of woolen goods can be forwarded from London to New York for \$4; to Chicago, one thousand miles inland, for \$7, and to Japan for \$10. The same goods sent from Derry to London cost \$14, and from Gweedore, seventy miles inland, \$24.

According to a prominent London physician the dangerous habit of smoking green tea cigarettes is rapidly growing and becoming more in use with the women of England, many of whom it is now claimed smoke their five o'clock tea instead of drinking it. The effect of the abuse of the cigarettes upon their nervous systems is said to be extremely bad.

The wife of the Kentucky man who hanged himself because she asked him to be to be congratulated on the case with which she got rid of a fool.—Kansas City Journal.

Trade goes to the man who talks—not to the man who holds his tongue.

### A Trinity of Evils.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

A woman in Arkansas shaves her husband and gives the proceeds to the church. And yet they say there are no martyrs in these days.

### Racyle Presidential Puzzle.

Men and women, boys and girls: readers of this paper if you neglected to send in your answer to the advertisement of the Presidential Puzzle in last week's issue of this paper, do not neglect to do so now. Do not put it off. Get your copy of last week's paper.

### Cut The Advertisement Out.

It gives all the particulars which enables you to get the best \$100 Racyle; which, with the discount allowed by working the puzzle, makes it the cheapest as well as the best. We want at once a few Racyles in your locality as advertisements—now is your opportunity. Send us your solution of puzzle, your name and address, model wanted and height of frame. Miami Cycle and Mfg. Co., Middletown, Ohio.

Gen. Weyler is such a merciful man that rather than take the chances of being whipped he will give the rebels one more opportunity to come in and be pardoned.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure, send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Life in Havana is a trifle too exciting for Consul Gen. Williams. He will come home and give his nerves a chance.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. 15c cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A torpedo gunboat constructed by Laird Brothers for the Chilean Navy was launched at Birkenhead last week. The vessel was christened the Almirante Sampson.

If the Baby is Outing Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WIGGOLD'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

With the new distillery and the big cold storage plant practically assured, Leaveworth contemplates the approach of the heated term with equanimity.

Hogeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. U. S. Clark Co., N.Y. Co., N.Y.

Our aged Senators continue to scratch their heads and to get their hands mangled in the wheels thereof.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

## SHORT AND SNAPPY.

Negroes own 120,000 farms. In Shanghai there is an organ made from bamboo.

In Arabia milk is not measured, but is sold by weight.

Funeral monuments are exported from this country to Australia.

Water rents are higher in Pittsburg than in any other city in America.

People as a rule hear better with their right than with their left ears.

Jerusalem is becoming commercial in spirit and has taken to exporting oranges.

Most of the mediaeval manuscripts have the important initials in red ink, hence the term rubrics, from rubrica, red.



## Picking up Knowledge

Is easy enough if you look for it in the right place. This is the right place to learn just what to do for that debilitating condition which Spring always brings. Do you want to be cured of that languid feeling, get back your appetite, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man?

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. It has done it for thousands. It has been doing it for 50 years. Try it.

Send for the "Curebook," 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

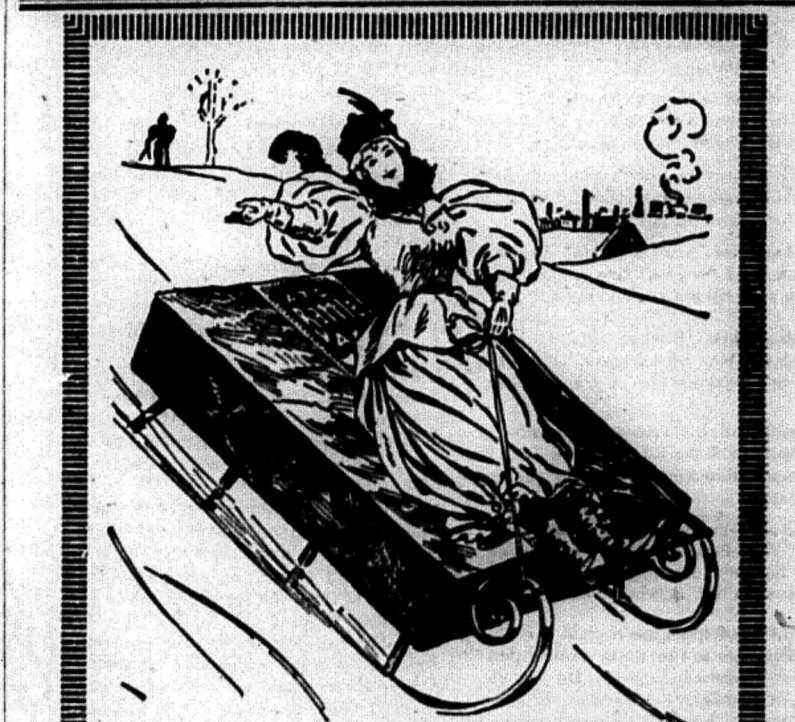
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Is a prize fighter and champion in every contest with

# RHEUMATIC PAINS

It knocks out in every round, and on its belt is written "I CURE."



"A very smooth article."

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Don't compare "Battle Ax" with low grade tobaccos—compare "Battle Ax" with the best on the market, and you will find you get for 5 cents almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

## BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potassium, or any other medicine, you will have aches and pains, mouth, sore throat, stomatitis, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair of eyebrows falling out, it is this BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a cure we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof sent sealed on application.

Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

## COOK REMEDY CO.



## Worcester Labor.

The Journal of Organized Labor.

Official Organ of the Socialist Labor Party of Worcester, Mass.

Official Organ of the Central Labor Union of Worcester, Mass.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
—BY THE—  
SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER UNION.

ALBERT E. SANDERSON, Gen. Manager,  
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## UNDER OUR FLAG.

Never be afraid of the truth.  
The receipt of a sample copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe.

Bridgeport Comrades hope to soon organize a Scandinavian section.

Section San Jose is displaying commendable activity in the local agitation.

Comrade Martha Moore Avery will deliver an address before Section Philadelphia this week.

Comrade Fred Long of Philadelphia was the orator of the May Day Demonstration of Section Wilmington, Del.

The State Convention of the S. L. P. of Pennsylvania will be held at the Labor Lyceum at Philadelphia on May 31.

There is no way in which you can help your local movement more than by securing readers for your local party organ.

New America! New America! What is it? Where is it? Just wait two weeks longer and then you will know all about it.

Comrade Chris Rocker of St. Louis delivered the May Day oration before the Miners and Brickmakers of Glen Carbon, Ill.

Section Philadelphia has decided to begin the publication of the Liberator, on June 1. The Press Committee is making the arrangements.

Omaha Section meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at Washington Hall for propaganda. Regular business meetings are held at the same place the last Sunday in each month.

Section Philadelphia has elected the following delegates to the State Convention: Comrades Rosendale, Gey, De Bruyn, Zoeglin, Casaday, L. Werner, Rheder, Parker, Engel, Kreimer, Kupplinger and Spencer.

The Chicago Populists are badly mixed up. It is high time that the Socialists who wasted so much time in the P. P. movement came out straight and joined the Socialist Labor Party. Sail under the true colors of Socialism, comrades!

Eleven Sections in eight States requested the National Executive Committee to submit the resolution suggested by Section Baltimore in the interest of a united party to a general vote. The N. E. C. addressed a circular to Section Baltimore refusing to do so.

Jerzy Mirsky, recently of Buffalo, editor of the Polish weekly, "Glos Ludu" (The People's Voice), will settle in Holyoke. This may be of interest to the movement, as he claims to be a Socialist, and will throw the "light of Socialism" among the Polish people of Holyoke.

Comrade Herbert N. Casson, Pastor of the Labor Church at Lynn, Mass., on Friday, May 1, under the auspices of the Monroe County Labor Congress and Section Rochester, S. L. P. delivered an address to an appreciative audience in the Council Chamber at Rochester, N. Y., on "America for the People."

SECTION FREDERICKSBURG, VA.  
Regular business meeting of Section Fredericksburg every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m., held at Labor Lyceum, 914 C street.

Agitation meetings every Wednesday evening at same place at 8 p. m.

If anyone don't know what Socialism means let them find out as soon as possible.

## THE TRUTH

About the Clothing We Make.

It is made upon honor for the Men and Boys of Worcester County.  
It is better than you can get elsewhere in Worcester.  
Like most other good things it is cheapest in the long run.  
To be truly economical you should buy our Clothing.

### FINE WOOLLENS.

For garments to measure. Our coats are made by men. Finer garments are not produced.

### HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

These departments are attracting great attention. The right goods at the right prices are popular.

## The Ware-Pratt Co.,

Clothiers, Tailors, Hatters and Furnishers

408-410-412 MAIN STREET,

WORCESTER.

HANOVER STREET.

### Look Over the Whole World

And we guarantee you will not find a store more anxious than we are to give you the BEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY.

## Chameleon Brillantines!

27 Inches Wide.

122 CENTS.

Your money back if you want it.

GO TO

Eureka Shoe Manufact'g Co.

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes.

Made by ourselves and home labor.

44 SOUTHBRIDGE ST.

Branch Store, 121 Main Street.

CLOTHING sold on credit at cash prices. Latest styles in Suits and Overcoats for Men and Boys. Easy weekly payments, thus giving you use of goods while paying for them. Come at once and open an account. All business strictly confidential with the

London and Liverpool Clothing House

M. MARCUS,

171 Front Street, Worcester, Mass.

Important Notice!

A copy of "Merry England," a book of 170 pages, will be given free with each yearly subscription to Worcester Labor, when paid in advance. Send to A. W. Barr, Local Manager, 1 Elm Street, Worcester, Mass.

Central Press Committee.

At a special meeting of the Central Press Committee held March 17, 1890, at 1421 Market street, St. Louis, the following action was taken:

1. In order to secure better facilities for the transaction of the business of the Socialist Newspaper Union, it is ordered that the office be removed from 311 Walnut street to 515 Elm street.

2. In order that the matter of local editors and the contributions of comrades may be duly arranged and inserted in the general and local columns of the papers of the S. N. U. the office of Managing Editor is hereby created.

3. In order to establish systematic management of local Labors and prevent loss to Sections as well as to the S. N. U., it is ordered that all papers be stopped on the expiration of the term for which subscription has been paid.

4. In order to provide for compensation of comrades engaged in the work of securing subscribers, and to encourage the prompt payment of accounts, it is ordered that hereafter to all sections making prompt payment of cost bills for the publication of their local LABOR charge shall be reduced 1-4 cent per copy, but this order shall not apply to delinquent sections unless in addition to paying promptly the current cost bills, they begin to reduce their old accounts, and it shall be allowed only so long as they continue to regularly reduce the same.

Comrade Albert E. Sanderson was elected Managing Editor. PHILIP KAUFMAN, Secretary.

In accordance with the above action, and in order that as complete reports as possible of the general and local movement may be published in the papers of the S. N. U., local managers, editors and comrades are requested to promptly forward reports of all meetings and other items of interest to the party, carefully written on one side of the sheet only. "Brevity is the soul of wit," and the space in your union's papers is limited and comrades will kindly bear this in mind when preparing matter for publication. ALBERT E. SANDERSON, Managing Editor.

In accordance with the above action, local managers are requested to send me at the earliest possible moment a full list of the names and addresses of their subscribers, also the date of the expiration of the subscription of each. Delinquent local managers will kindly notify me without delay what arrangements, if any, they intend to make in order to secure the reduction of 1-4 cent per copy.

PHILIP KAUFMAN,

Secretary.

COMRADES, remember that Gronlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth" is an excellent means of agitation.

## Pure California Wines

FOR FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

PORT CATAWBA..... \$1.00  
ANGELICA..... PER GALLON.  
SHERRY.....

JOHN A. HARTIGAN, 308 MAIN STREET, Worcester, Mass.

Workingmen, Don't Forget

## The Domestic Laundry

5 SCHOOL STREET.

SHIRTS, 10 Cents Each!

Will call for and deliver your laundry.

Telephone or send postal.

## FLINT & BARKER.

We have the largest stock of

## Furniture, Carpets, Ranges and General House Furnishing Goods

in Worcester. We occupy seven immense floors filled with the choicest goods the market affords.

We sell for cash or credit. We have been established in our present quarters thirteen (13) years.

We sell our goods cheap and give liberal credit to reliable people.

## FLINT & BARKER,

86 FRONT STREET, Opposite Soldier's Monument.

### LINCOLN SQUARE CAFE

The Largest, Most Convenient and Comfortable.

### DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.

Commutation tickets for Students, Clerks or others desiring board by the week or day. Good food, low prices and prompt service the rule.

21 Lincoln Square, Worcester, Mass.

C. M. HOWE, Proprietor.

## Buy Your HATS

—AT—

### BUTTRICK'S

395 MAIN STREET.

Hats and Men's Furnishings.

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The Right Kind at the Right Price.

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—ALSO AGENT FOR THE—

Royal Grand Range and Porter Stoves,

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Particular attention paid to Tin Roofing.



Your Glasses fitted to all the requirements of your eyes. We make NO CHARGE for the examination.

Drs. BARTON & SEDGWICK,

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MASSE,

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Artistic Cutting. Fine Woollens. Repairing. Dyeing. Cleansing.

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## C. E. GALLAGHER

& CO.,

Fine Millinery,

Imported and Domestic Goods,

31 Pleasant Street,

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Mourning Goods a Specialty.

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

WE MANUFACTURE in Worcester and Brockton, and are the only Furniture House in this city who manufacture. Does any other house own their furniture as low?



## NOW IS THE TIME To Start out in Life.

Your credit is good for all the Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and House-furnishings you may need. Our Equitable Credit System allows you to pay a little each week or each month, as you can spare it, and names you lowest prices. No house in America shares its facilities more generously. Guaranteeing what we sell; selling only what we guarantee. That is the policy that attracts patronage and creates confidence. It's our policy.

2-Room Outfit, \$75.00.

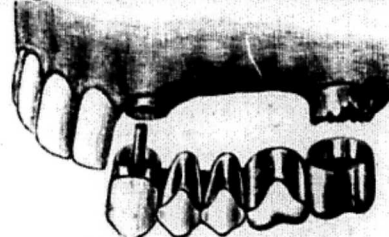
\$10.00 down, \$3.00 per week. Call for printed list.

## Guy Furniture Mfg Co.

2 ENTIRE BLOCKS—517-523 MAIN ST.—EASY TERMS

## Teeth Without Plates.

PERFECT GROWING SYSTEM. Bridge Work, Gold and Porcelain Crowns.



DR. GEO. W. DIXON,  
406 MAIN CORNER PEARL STREET

### —THE—

King's Cafe Mission,

108 Union St., Cor. Thomas,

MEALS 15 Cents

LUNCHES, 3 Cents Each Order.

Everything First-Class.

Mrs. MARY F. FISHER, Mgr.

### BEMIS & CO.,

Boots and Shoes

Correct Styles. Popular Prices.

421 and 423 Main Street.

Worcester, Mass.

### GEO. E. FAIRBANKS,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

### DRUGGIST,

10 FRONT STREET.

Drugs and Medicines of every description.

Perfumes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Sponges, Soaps, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Syringes, Water Bags and Rubber Goods of all kinds. Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Electric Belts, Soles and Batteries, Crutches, Surgical Instruments, etc.

Prescriptions and Family Medicines prepared with great care from the purest materials.

Any member, presenting this advertisement will receive 10 per cent on all purchases, except cut-rate Patent Medicines, Cigars and Tobacco.

GEO. E. FAIRBANKS,

10 FRONT STREET.

Worcester, Mass.

Umbrellas and Parasols

Made, Covered and Repaired.

George E. Kirby & Co.,

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WORCESTER, MASS.

Open Saturday Evenings. Located over Moulton's Jewelry Store.

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Worcester's Liberal

House Furnisher,

162 and 166 Main Street.

Liberal discounts for cash or easy terms if desired.

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SPRING STYLES

In JACKS, CAPES and SKIRTS

for Ladies and SUITS and OVER-

COATS for Men and Boys.

We sell you the goods on CREDIT,

on the easy weekly payment plan.

Our prices are guaranteed as low as

you can buy for cash elsewhere,

and besides you can wear the goods

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All business strictly confidential.

J. J. DANN,

With Commonwealth Clothing Co.,

173 FRONT STREET.

### Horace Kendall & Sons,

319 Main Street, Mechanic's Hall Building

—DEALERS IN—

Furniture,

Carpets,

Ranges,

Crockery, Cutlery, S. P. Ware and all

kind of Household Furnishings. Look at

our stock of Baby Carriages, Chamber Sets,

Parlor Suites, Side Boards, Cbiffoneers and

Fancy Chairs before you purchase, and we

will satisfy you that there is no store in

New England that will do better by you

than ours. Give us a call and we will try

and please you.

H. KENDALL & SONS,

393 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

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For good CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS,

Crayon Pastel or Water-color Portraits of all

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Tailors,

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Fine Repairing.

Suits Cleaned and Pressed ..... \$1.00

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Teeth filled and extracted without pain.

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