

COMING VICTORY.

WHEN THE VANQUISHED HAVE MAINTAINED THEIR HONOR NOTHING IS LOST

That May Not Be Regained in Future Battles for the Right—Such Is History and History Forever Repeats Itself.

The future of William Jennings Bryan, from whatever point observations are taken, is hopeful beyond compare. Every essential of success is present and appears not dimly, but luminously.

AS A LEADER. The enemies and opponents of William Jennings Bryan are invited to turn on their search lights and X rays. In this regard his friends ask for no quarter. Indeed, from the hour that he strode to the front at Chicago to the 3d of November, he became the target for every shaft of ridicule and malevolence that an arrogant money power could invent, not one of which reached its mark. They lay at his feet as thick as forest leaves after an autumnal storm, but the man they were intended to harm, without scar or wound, stood forth among the 70,000,000 of American people a leader of matchless qualities of character and capabilities, such as free men delight to honor.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Those who would discuss the situation honestly and intelligently, must begin with the avowal, that when William Jennings Bryan was nominated at Chicago he had no party behind him and no state that he could claim, from ocean to ocean, or from lake to gulf. The Democratic party was split in twain and was chaotic. It stated an issue and nominated a candidate. The issue was sharply defined and the candidate gave evidence that he could and would defend it, broaden it and keep it in the foreground of the campaign. And this he did, with such masterful ability as to arouse as it was never before aroused, the money power of the world. Never before in the world was such a spectacle presented for man's contemplation. Hyperbole may exhaust its resources, and then the half is not told. It was the money power against the people and this money power had its agents in all of the commercial and financial centers of Europe and against it was arrayed William Jennings Bryan, the champion of the "common," the "plain people" of the United States, and this championship of the plain people of the United States brought into the campaign the consideration of conditions. Vast wealth on the one side and wide spread and increasing poverty on the other side, determined, it was held and never disproved, upon the demonetization of silver and the enthronement of the gold standard iniquity.

Early in the campaign the great and growing Populist party nominated William Jennings Bryan for President, and then the Free Silver party performed the same patriotic duty, but these mighty additions to the Bryan army, alarming as they were to the gold standard, demonstrated conclusively that the last and only hope of defeating Bryan lay in the corrupt use of money, and that this must be supplied in fabulous amounts and it was supplied and it won the election of McKinley.

But the battle cry continues. Why? Because the campaign demonstrates beyond cavil that, paradoxical as it may appear, Bryan won a victory.

Let us see. As stated, he began the campaign without a party, and without a state certain to give him its electoral vote and without money. How did it end? We answer, with a party organized, fully equipped, ready for another battle and with more than one half of the republic represented by states flying the Bryan banner. Tabulated, the eye at once supplies the mind with resources of hope for future success. The goldbugs, with their boundless corruption funds, did not capture the Republic nor the half of it.

BRYAN STATES.

States	Area in sq miles
Alabama	52,520
Arkansas	53,850
Colorado	108,925
Florida	58,080
Georgia	59,475
Idaho	84,800
Kansas	82,080
Louisiana	48,720
Mississippi	46,510
Missouri	69,415
Montana	149,080
Nebraska	78,850
Nevada	110,700
Georgia	59,475
North Carolina	50,570
South Carolina	52,000
Tennessee	42,050
Texas	265,780
Utah	84,960
Virginia	42,450
Washington	69,180
Wyoming	97,800
South Dakota	78,850
Total for Bryan	1,745,790
Total for McKinley	961,978

Bryan's square miles in excess of McKinley's square miles 784,812

BRYAN'S AREA VICTORY.

It is not contended that in an election square miles count against votes, nevertheless, the eye, as it surveys the map of the republic must impress the mind with the tremendous significance of Bryan's area victory over McKinley, giving Bryan a majority of 784,812 square miles. This surplus of square miles would make, in round numbers 12 New Englands, or stated exactly, 11 New Englands, with a remainder of 54,440

square miles. Mr. Bryan's surplus of 784,812 square miles more than was secured by McKinley, would make, if divided up into states the size of the New England states, 24 Maines, 177 Connecticuts, 84 New Hampshires, 613 Rhode Islands, 94 Massachusetts and 82 Vermonts, with a remainder sufficient for 8 more Rhode Islands. The surplus area of Bryan's victory, 784,812 square miles, would make 19 Ohios, the state in which McKinley lives, and 100 New Jerseys, where Hobart runs his corporations.

This surplus area secured by Bryan over McKinley is larger by 277,861 square miles than that of Germany, France, Great Britain, Ireland, Belgium and Holland combined. It was a magnificent territorial victory secured for free coinage, and no one can contemplate it for a moment without being impressed by its significance. Twenty-two empire states in line, having an area of 1,715,760 square miles of territory are now in the campaign for 1900 and even now victory is in sight.

WIRE AND WIRE NAILS

One of the Most Infamous Trusts in the Country.

A suit was brought recently in the United States District Court of Indiana, Judge Baker presiding to cut short the career of one of the most piratical trusts in the country, known as the "American Wire Nail Manufacturers Association."

THE WAY IT OPERATES.

This is told by the plaintiff, Louis C. Bramkamp, a wire nail manufacturer who found himself unable to obtain wire making machines under the operations of the trust, and was represented by W. M. Bateman and J. G. Harper, two able attorneys of Cincinnati. The defendant was represented by Ferdinand Winter of this city. The reading of the complaint took up the first hour of the hearing. In the complaint it is set forth that Bramkamp entered into a contract with the Woolley foundry and machine works of Anderson, Ind., for forty wire-making machines. It is alleged that the trust, learning of the contract, at once, by means of money and threats caused the Woolley company to repudiate its contract; that after this took place the plaintiff tried to obtain the machines from various other manufacturers, but the trust had its eye out and the restrictions which it had imposed were such that he was unable to obtain the machines. As a result of these actions of the trust he sets forth that his business was ruined.

ORGANIZED IN BOSTON.

The history of the organization of the trust was laid bare before Judge Baker and every statement admitted as true including the avowal, that under "the operation of the trust the price of nails in this country has advanced over 300 per cent. above the price at which it formerly stood and which netted a fair selling profit, and that the trust has made in the period of a few months about \$7,000,000, as well as made contracts with makers of wire nail machines throughout the country to the effect that no one not belonging to the trust shall be supplied with machines at any price." The Judge decided that "the wire nail trust is an unlawful combination and conspiracy to raise the prices of goods and to interfere with the manufacture of wire nail machinery, and is in direct violation of an act of Congress, of good morals and of the public weal."

Here had been organized a trust, a conspiracy to rob everybody in the United States that uses a nail for its benefit, and succeeds in a short time of carrying nails from 80 cents a keg to \$2.50 a keg, pocketing by the operation the enormous sum of \$7,000,000.

William Jennings Bryan, and those who supported him denounced trusts, but the trusts without exception supported McKinley and paid in their money. Those who voted for McKinley voted for piratical priced nails and got what they voted for.

Farmers need nails—Iron is the metal of civilization, and the nail is the avart courier of that civilization. The wire and nail trust, among the closing months of Cleveland's administration advanced the price of nails more than 300 per cent, and the oleaginous dime museum freak did not squeal. He knew where his money comes from.

ROCKEFELLER ON TOP.

The London Clarion prints the following items concerning a Turkish brigand and John D. Rockefeller, the American pirate, as follows:

On the body of a notorious brigand recently killed in Turkey was found \$4,000 and a notebook which showed he had murdered 192 men.

But there are better trades than that. John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Trust, owns 400,000 of the 1,000,000 shares in the corporation, and their market value is said to be \$20,000,000. His income from this source alone is \$285 for every hour of the day, and his annual income from all sources is estimated at from \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000.

COSTLY BURIALS.

THE WAY IT WORKS AMONG THE POOR IN LONDON.

And What is Done in the Matter in England is Equally True in the United States.

Our attention is called to a "woman's letter," written by Julia Dawson, in the London Clarion. Julia Dawson writes like a woman. She is sympathetic, but understands her subject, and presents facts in a way that ought to result in reform, wherever her letter is read, and nowhere is it of more importance than in the United States. It is a matter of surprise that in this burial business, poverty and paganism, fashion and folly, go hand in hand, to an extent that the lady writer in the Clarion points out; that when the burial expenses and the fashionable mourning outfit is provided there is not a penny left to buy bread. The following is the letter:

Last week I got a letter from the heart broken parents of a little girl who had that morning been taken away from their home to the scarlet fever hospital. This morning, news reaches me that she who was the one bright ray of sunshine in their little gloomy home will never come back to cheer their hearts again. Both parents are plunged in the deepest grief, and I am truly sorry for them.

The mother is delicate, and the blow threatens to crush her completely. The father always looked to "his little jewel" for solace when his cup of sorrow was brimming over. But now she has gone; and though they rend the very heavens with their cries, she can never come back to them in the flesh.

Owing to lack of work, sickness, and other causes these bereaved parents have long known what it is not to have enough of anything—food, fire, or clothing. Now, in addition to the terrible funeral expenses, they write to tell me that they have to get black clothes, and have not any money wherewith to buy them, new or second-hand. If I can send any help, they will be grateful.

I don't want to seem unfeeling. But I would like to ask these and other friends placed in similar sad circumstances, why they of their own accord take another trouble on to their shoulders when they already have one which is almost greater than they can bear?

Why worry about black dresses? Do they help us to bear our grief the better? If not, what purpose do they serve? William Morris had a gaily-painted wagon to bear him triumphantly to his last resting place. Why should we think we have not done our duty by our loved ones unless we provide for them a clumsy, lumbering hearse, ornamented (?) with hideous black nodding plumes, and wear for a certain length of time "mourning" clothes?

A little while ago a widow told me that her husband's funeral and her own "black" had taken every penny she had in the world—£15 in all. Her dress and bonnet were made in the latest fashion, as far as she could afford. But there she stood, clad in her costly crape, and in her purse she had not sixpence to provide herself with the next meal. I asked her, of course, why she had been so extravagant at a time when she had the greatest need to save every penny. But she seemed hurt, and asked me if I would not have her show her dear husband every respect, since this was the last thing she could do for him. She told me how many came to the funeral, how many drew down their blinds, and said she had no idea that they were so much "respected" in the neighborhood until the sad occasion of her husband's funeral!

I contrasted her case with that of a friend of my own, from whom death snatched away her heart's love. The funeral took place in the orthodox fashion. Cards were sent out, and everything was done strictly in order. The cards, however, were poor in quality, and contained not one line of sentiment. This occasioned remarks from her friends that if they had been in her place, they would have provided better cards. Such a good husband as he was, too! And how tenderly she seemed to be attached to him! I went to see this friend, and together we went to the churchyard to the sacred spot where all that she loved lay. She was dressed in black, plainly and quietly, but had not the orthodox "widows' weeds." When we saw that newly made grave, she became prostrate with agonizing grief. I had to tear her away, and get her home as quickly as possible. It was plain to me that she needed no special shape of bonnet, and no elaborate form of card, to help to express her sorrow.

In the quietness of the darkened room, when her feelings were a little more composed, she opened her heart to me. I knew, then, the reason why the quality of the mourning cards had not pleased her friends and her husband's relations. Truly she was stricken, smitten of God and afflicted, and in no humor to interview fashionable milliners, dressmakers, and printers of funeral cards.

She said friends were kind enough to do what had been done. Had the things been left to her, the catalogue of "omissions" would have been greatly lengthened. I understood all.

When shall we, especially those of us who are in the "Forward" movement, be brave enough and honest enough, yes, and honorable enough, to lift ourselves above these petty conventionalities? Is it not the height of foolishness and folly to conform to a code of etiquette which demands so many inches of crape for a husband, so many for a parent, and so many for a child, as suitable expressions of our sorrow?

To say nothing of the uselessness and foolishness of such a custom, it is wicked and wasteful, when we gratify our love of dress at the expense of those who are depending upon us for the necessities of life.

HUNGER AND HUMAN NATURE.

Max Nordau explains that "the increasing disinheritation of the masses by their deprivation of land and by the increasing accumulations of prop-

erty in the hands of the few, will make the economic wrongs more and more intolerable. The moment that the millions acquire in addition to their hunger a knowledge of the remote causes to which it is due, they will remove and overthrow all obstacles that stand between them and the right of satisfying their appetite. Hunger is one of the few elementary forces which neither threats nor persuasion can permanently control. Hence it is the power which will probably raze the present structure of society level with the ground, in spite of its foundations of superstition and selfishness—a task beyond the power of philosophy alone."

WHAT JUSTICE TO LABOR DEMANDS.

It is all very well to say that labor and capital are friends, that the interests of the laborer are identical with the interests of his employer, that working people should respect the rights of the employing class and should submit themselves to the powers that be. But the reciprocal relations of life demand that the duties should not all be on one side and the pleasures and profits on the other. If labor has duties it also has rights, and those rights are just as sacred and the liberty to exercise them just as necessary as the so called rights of capital. Justice to labor demands, therefore, that all rights guaranteed to the worker by the constitution of his country—in other words, his legal rights—shall be respected as long as he contributes to the support of the law-making and law-enforcing power. Strict justice demands more than this; the right to life and liberty is inalienable, and as long as this cannot be maintained without the means of its preservation, equity requires that the means, whatever they are found to be, should be at the disposal of the parties needing them.

Among the requirements which justice to labor demands are opportunity and liberty. Opportunity to labor, to have the means whereby life and comfort can be maintained. This is at present denied the laborer. Without considering the vast number of tramps and vagabonds in this country—made so by lack of opportunity—there are at least four million workers who are constantly on the ragged edge of actual want. They work three, perhaps four days a week; the average amount of wages they receive does not exceed six dollars a week; they are chronically hard up. They are denied access to the means of life; they do not get sufficient opportunity.

We boast that we are free. Yet it is very evident that there are a good many "strings" on our freedom. It is true we have liberty of movement and action—if we have money to travel comfortably. But when we are out of work, out of money and away from home we find our freedom curtailed. Nearly every state has its laws against vagabondage, and it is so easy to run in the poor wayfarer under the pretext that he is a public nuisance and a menace to the community—especially when there is an unusual demand for human material to fill the rank of the chain gang.

The ballot-box is paraded as the bulwark of our liberty. Too often it is made the instrument of our slavery. Economic dependence of one man upon another—or in other words, the dependence of one man upon another for his daily bread—under such conditions as the one depended upon may dictate, utterly precludes the political independence of the other man. This is a truth which cannot be gainsaid; its verification is found in the numerous cases of intimidation which occurred during the recent political campaign. We vote as we like—when we are permitted to do so by our economic masters; otherwise we vote as they like.

Economic freedom is the great need of the producing class. With this achieved all else would be possible, without it we are indeed slaves. Economic freedom would give us all abundant opportunity, would enable us to cast a free ballot, would insure us good wages.

And justice to labor demands that the laborer should have good wages. Not half a dollar more on a day's pay; not a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, but all that labor produces. Adam Smith laid it down as a fundamental truth of political economy that the wages of labor is its entire product, and this truth has been reiterated by all the progressive writers on political and social economy since Smith's time. Of course the workers can never have all they produce as long as they permit a robber class to exist, which, through one process and another fleeces them out of eight-tenths of their earnings.

The United States census of 1890 shows that of the actual wealth then in existence in this country—\$61,000,000,000—the workers received but 17 per cent, while the non-producing class had managed to filch from labor the remaining 83 per cent. This statement tells its own story, and explains how it is that working people are so destitute.—Industrial Advocate.

The goldbug general wants Bryan to keep quiet, but eternal agitation is the price of liberty.

GENERAL MILES.

HE TELLS THE SECRETARY OF WAR, IN HIS REPORT,

That the Army, During the Past Year, Has Had Nothing to Do, But Still Wants It Increased.

General Miles felicitates the country that the army, under his command, "has been called upon only to a limited extent to act either against Indians" or against bodies of men engaged "in violating the law." That is to say, it has not been called upon to kill many savages or workingmen, such christian duties being about all that the army is required to perform at a cost to the people of about \$30,000,000 annually.

HE WANTS AN ARMY OF 70,000 MEN.

General Miles thinks there should be one soldier for ever 1,000 of population, and as the population is estimated at 70,000,000, this would give us a standing army of about 70,000 men to say nothing of officers. As he confesses that an army of 25,000 men has practically nothing to do except to occasionally kill an Indian or a workingman, he does not suggest what an army of 70,000 could do, except to parade and assure plutocrats that the army will be found ready to sustain them in their piratical policy.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

"An unwise argument," says Miles, "has been made against the construction of modern appliances of war, on the theory that it is a danger and a menace to the laboring classes. In some instances marked protests have been made against such a national policy. The arguments seem scarcely worthy of consideration; yet it is deemed proper to call attention to the fact that these national safeguards are in no sense a menace to any class of our citizens, not even the humblest individual; but on the other hand they are a protection to the life, property and welfare of all classes from the highest to the lowest. They protect not only the commercial ports, with their accumulations of public buildings and private dwellings, commerce and shipyards, but the factory, the foundry, the workshop, and also the savings banks and the cottages. In fact, the destruction of our great commercial and manufacturing cities would be a national disaster far more serious and appalling to the great masses of the laboring population than it would be to any other class of our people."

THE LABORING CLASSES.

In the foregoing, the charge that the "laboring classes" oppose the "construction of modern appliances of war" are too mendacious for consideration. But in reading between the lines, the hostility of Miles to the laboring classes is disclosed, and his entire argument, however adroitly obscured, means that savages and workingmen demand more men, and more of the "modern appliances" of war, to keep them on their "reservations." It is an argument in favor of shotgun civilization—the same that distinguishes the civilization of Europe—and there is every reason for believing that Miles' recommendation will prevail. Plutocracy demands it and their will is law.

PORTUGAL'S HELL.

Silence, Masks, Shrouds and Coffins for Eight Years.

Portugal is a Christian (?) land with as much religion (?) to the square acre, as any country in Europe. It has cathedrals and priests and the machinery of worship on hand, and makes its reports to heaven daily, showing the progress of Christ's kingdom under the reign of King Carlos.

"One need not," says a writer, "waste any ink and rhetoric on the cruelty of the Sultan of Turkey. In the way of diabolical torture Abdul Hamid Khan has nothing in his entire territory that compares with a prison maintained by a so called civilized country of Europe."

"ENTOMBED IN A GRIM CASTLE,

on the outskirts of Lisbon, hoping for death to release them, are the most miserable men on earth. They are the inmates of a prison of perpetual silence; their prison garb is a shroud; their coffins face them in their cells; they know that everything is being done to deprive them of reason, and they wait, from day to day, wondering if their release will come by death or insanity. The unfortunate have been sentenced to penal servitude in the Portuguese criminal colonies of Africa. But before they are allowed to go they are forced to serve eight years in the Lisbon fortress. It is doubtful if one of these prisoners has ever lived through the allotted eight years. Two, or at most three, is the limit. At the end of that time they go mad and disappear. The deportation at the end of eight years is therefore a joke—a grim little pleasantry on the part of the judge. The construction of the fortress, which is built in the form of a wheel; the unbroken silence of the prison life; the stealthy tread of the at-

tendants, who creep about in felt slippers, all work together to deprive the unfortunate of his reason.

"THE PRISON.

"The ingenuity of man in the torture of his fellow-creature has reached its limit in the construction of this building. The corridors, piled tier on tier, five stories high, extend out from the center like the spokes of a wheel. Within the cells, like sentry-boxes, stands a coffin for each prisoner. There is always an average of 500 prisoners in the fortress. Once a day, at a certain hour, the cell doors are unlocked and the half thousand hopeless wretches, in different degrees of madness, march out. They are clad in shrouds, once white, but now begrimed with prison dirt. Their faces are concealed by masks, for it is a part of the hideous punishment that they may not look upon the faces of their fellow-prisoners. Once they are outside their cells an attendant closes the door with a resounding click. This daily clicking of the locks is the only sound that intrudes upon their lives of unbroken silence. They may not exchange one glance of sympathy at their daily meeting. All that the convict sees is a throng of shrouded creatures, like himself, horribly grotesque, noiselessly making their way over the prison stones. The click of door after door is the only sound. The tread of their naked feet along the corridors gives back no sound as they make their way to the "exercise triangles," which are a unique feature of this prison. They take the place of a prison yard, as a convict here never draws a breath of pure air. Clad in shrouds and masks, the lonely men are marched out under the escort of guards to the "triangle," six or seven prisoners at a time, and left to pace up and down them for one hour. This march must continue uninterrupted till the hour is up, no halts being permitted. Should two of these miserable ones draw near each other they would be warned apart by the sharp crack of a bullet, perilously near the ears.

The Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the Ameer of Afghanistan and all the other Oriental potentates who beguile their leisure hours in devising tortures for political offenders, cannot boast of reducing their enemies to such pitiable human wrecks as King Carlos of Portugal does. How most of them look the world will never know, but the few who have, by special favor, been allowed to take off their masks before travelers were ghastly wrecks of men, pallid and shrunken, hollow eyed and twisted of mouth.

About a year ago King Carlos visited the principal countries of Europe with a view to bringing a few modern ideas into his little dilapidated 368 by 100 kingdom. The prison of silence has been holding its average of 500 unfortunate ever since. So much of the imperial and royal kissing that punctuated Dom Carlo's visit to his brother sovereigns failed in its ennobling effects.

"It is probable that Portugal is ranked with the civilized countries of the world, despite the fact that she still retains a mediaeval prison, has a crown worth \$8,000,000 and no highways.

"Queen Amelie prides herself on being a high priestess of new womanhood. She studied medicine to make professions the thing among the ladies of the court circles at Lisbon. She took X rays photographs of the ladies-in-waiting to show them the errors of tight lacing. And she took King Carlos' corpulence in hand and undertook to establish his waist line, a thing that all the King's doctors and all the King's tailors had failed to do.

"Yet the grim, gray fortress on the outskirts of the capital has never appeared to her passion for reform."

ABOLISH POVERTY.

The idle rich are not deliberate or even conscious plunderers of the working poor. Neither are they especially responsible for the social maladjustments upon which they thrive at the expense of the working poor. For these conditions we are all responsible. The blame rests upon no one but those who, seeing the wrong, are silent about it or endeavor to give to it the semblance of right.

Poverty created and maintained by human law in the midst of plenty, besides being a denial of justice, is an obstacle to progress. When men are forced either by the lash or by hunger to keep the wheels of industry in motion, knowing or at least feeling that the earnings of their labor are somehow appropriated to the luxurious lives of fellow men who do no useful labor, the best that is in them will not come out. They are like garden plants in a dark cellar. To abolish poverty such as that is not to stop the wheels of progress. It is to start us upon a career of progress compared with which our wildest realms would be tame. Nor would the impoverished alone be benefited. Even the richest would be better off. No man can live upon the labor of others without being the worst for it. This is as true of millionaire monopolists as of ragged beggars.—Cleveland Recorder.

Remember those who think govern those who toll.

PAPERS.

Thoughts From the Workshop.

J. R. ARMSTRONG.

The battle of the ballots has again been fought and for four years more political reform will have to take a back seat. It was almost a dead certainty months ago that the Hanna sack, coupled with a scoundrelly, subsidized press, would win against any other combination that possibly could be made. The reflection is not very inspiring to the men who have exhausted every honorable means within their power to rescue this land from the crushing curse of gold.

Wanted the highways and byways less thickly thronged by the evicted, homeless and disfranchised millions, who at present cast a despairing glance at the late election returns, because in them they see a prolongation of their misery and suffering. Ah, but no matter how much human flesh may quiver under the lash of hunger or how many valuable potentialities go to ruin, mammon cares not so much as the wink of an eye. Streams of humanity constantly flowing to the ocean of despair and destruction only elicit from the God of this world one short utterance: "The survival of the fittest!" The fittest to survive are the Mark Hannas, Huntingtons, Pullmans and their lackeys—McKinley et al. No matter how serene a brow and how gifted with inspired messages to mankind, unless it can be perverted to the upbuilding of oppression, it cannot survive in this brutal age! No, the brazen-faced money-bags hate any thing that pulses with humanity and want it hurried immediately to eternal silence! Power builded upon broken hearts, groans and murdered innocents, is not in the mood to repent, even at the "eleventh hour." The battle of the ballots forsooth was a gigantic sham only enacted to gratify a deluded people! Who was the universal choice of the people, any way? In the face of all the unspeakable facts was it not William Jennings Bryan. But gold is an omnipotent thing, and the people were conquered.

Italy, with a grass-eating proletariat and Chinese wall of protection, ought to have been lesson enough to the "American sovereign" to convince him that the single gold standard is a sceptre that only points mankind to the grave. Turkey, the unclean vulture that thrives upon the entrails of Armenia, singularly depicts the horrors of that vicious system that has again fastened itself for five long years upon the United States! But the American sovereign was simply bucconed out of his sovereignty by "coercion," "intimidation" and wholesale lying! Never in the nature of things could he have deliberately acquiesced in voting for the perpetuation of his dishonor and distress. "But it is done," says the "philosopher," "and we must grin and bear it."

We must abide by the results, swallow our indignation and again plunge into the swing of competitive strife and endeavor by compressing six days of life into one, to at least keep ourselves from committing the fearful crime of "invisible means of support!" We must forget from this time on that such a thing as politics ever existed and pretend that we once decorated our manly breasts with a yellow ribbon. What is the use of a mud sill squirming? It will only exhaust the strength that remains in his already exploited body. The virtue of patience must come to the rescue and soothe the "belabored wight" until kind nature sets his captive spirit free! Then, begone complaint, begone! "Let meek-eyed reverence" steal within our hearts. Let the Pullmans continue to revel and lol in the arms of nectared ease and the Carnegies build blow-hole armor plate palaces. The people want these gentlemen because they have just rendered that verdict! Bonded indebtedness and foreclosure, too, are sweet morsels that the dear people cannot afford to lose. Government by injunction and the "un-constitutional" are entirely too novel yet to send into the garret of disuse and oblivion! The sheriff's hammer and the polished Gatling gun are also indispensable adjuncts of this golden era. "Federal interference" and "keep-off-the-grass" politics are entirely too young and buxom to be rejected yet. *Monopoly*, the child of the G. O. P., wants more caressing and Uncle Sam has just bent over to do it. Let us hope he'll not do it grudgingly.

But while I pen these desultory lines Mark Hanna is swelling his already distended paunch with champagne and turkey and the bankers of New York are drinking his toasts ten fathoms deep. The press of Wall street and Lombard street is busy exhausting the English language in finding suitable material out of which to manufacture the glorification of the man, who, like Philip of Macedon, conquered by gold. Banquets, banquets, banquets, bedazzling in splendor is the sequel of the nation's defeat and the continuation of disaster! Arched and alabaster necks protruding through "low-necked" dresses, scintillating with costly gems, will now be displayed for several months because forsooth the "crown of thorns and the cross of gold" have taken the place of the Goddess of Liberty.

How was it done—this re-rieveting of industrial chains? Largely by quartering thousands of floaters in large centers of population just before election. These sapless and manless creatures, each armed with a perforated ribbon of stiff paper, then, at the appointed time, marched to the polls and stamped through the perforations as instructed—clever trick, was it not? Another dodge, and a most fatal one, was the horribly mutilated and disfigured ballots. Mutilated and disfigured by misleading and ambiguous denominations of parties so that the unfeigned sovereign would flutter into the wrong place. And he did, most woefully and disgustingly, but the Hanna sack is to blame for it all! Gold is a conscienceless thing when human fingers are wrapt about it.

Then one must not forget "falsified returns," "repeaters," "ballot stuffing," "Bishop Ireland's letter" and the fearful thunderings from the Newman pulpit! These hustling diabolisms, like Sampson's locks, raised hell every where but the right place. Then the sly and dictatorial nod of the boss sent many a craven-hearted cur to the polls with nothing but McKinley within his heart. The threats from the "banking corporations" alone was enough to swamp the noblest cause

and really is it not the greatest miracle of this century that the grandest candidate of two decades for the presidential chair should even be permitted to receive as much recognition as he did from the suffrages of a ravaged and distracted people.

But the cause of liberty will not die because Hanna has accomplished so much towards its suppression. No, my brother toilers, it will live long after the ashes of petty and paltry tyrants have been reabsorbed by freakish nature to again be remolded into something else. Centralization of wealth or power has a limit which it cannot possibly go beyond; then decentralization sets in. The history of the human race, from time immemorial, emphasizes that fact. An "increase in the army," "more restrictions in regard to personal comfort," "enlargement of executive functions," "judicial agrandizement," etc., etc., etc., may shield robber barons of the trust and combine for a brief period longer, but the system that breeds such flagrancy and rottenness, like a boil when fully ripe, bursts of its own accord.

How to Economize.

BY R. L. CARDO, JR.

We are not writing for banks, syndicates, corporations, monopolies, money changers and all others whose name is legion, who constitute what is known as the "money power." They have their peculiar ideas of economy, which, in the light of the past and of the present cannot be popular with the masses of our people. The term "economy," and its equivalents would seem to have been coined for the benefit, in a special sense, for those whom Mr. Bryan calls the "plain people," and taking this view of the subject, it may be well to quote Mr. Webster, "Economy—The management of domestic affairs; the regulation and government of household matters, especially as they concern expense and disbursement." But economy does not mean niggardliness, stinginess and meanness, but it does mean prudence in saving and frugality in expenditure, constituting everywhere the basis of healthy accumulation and growth in prosperity.

The RAILWAY TIMES goes into the hands and homes of wage workers. Our text is "How to economize," as Webster says, "To manage with economy, to use with prudence, to expend with frugality."

We are not now to consider the rapacity of employers, the necessity for wise legislation, the remonetization of silver, the iniquity of the gold standard or the robberies perpetrated by high protective tariffs, all bearing more or less forcefully upon the subject in hand, and which in "campaigns of education" demand attention. But had wage workers everything they could desire in the way of legislation the question, How to economize, would still forge to the front and demand attention, nor will it ever down while certain fixed and unchangeable laws governing income and expenditure continue to be violated.

There is a law of individual liberty of which we boast, a liberty which, while it does no wrong to others, must not be infringed. It is a birthright liberty and in the field of economy will decide for itself. And it is just here that numerous difficulties in the pathway of progress confront the wage worker, each one of which becomes a mere matter of choice, a matter of will, of decision, requiring judgment, conviction and courage.

There are two converging focal centers of thought for wage men—first, the man, second the home. First the man, necessarily, because he must provide for the home. True, a man should consider the condition of other men and other homes, but he can be of little service to other men and other homes if he neglects his own welfare and that of his own home. If in these things he has achieved success, he is in a position by precept and example, to be of service to others, but if he has failed he becomes a mere theorizer and is forever at a discount.

To have enough of this world's goods to make life comfortable and pleasant, with something laid by for a rainy day, and for old age, is a laudable ambition, and how to economize in a way to secure such release from the inevitables of life, must always appear an interesting problem for the solution of which the writer will give his views in future issues.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FEAST OF BLOOD.

(From the "Coming Nation.")

Oh, this hell of Competition,
Mingling with our Christian plan,
Making human hearts so brutal,
Killing love 'twixt man and man!
'Tis a dirty, shabby business,
And disgusting to the mind,
Hogging, grasping, making money
Of the miseries of mankind.

Women weeping, children crying,
Crying for a crust of bread!
Still we're robbing dead and dying,
And our hands with blood are red.
Oh, this brutal Competition!
Nothing worse in hell you'll find,
Hogging, grasping, making money
Of the miseries of mankind.

Priest and preacher, saint and sinner,
Live by usury and fraud;
Still we're praying and pretending
To be doing work for God;
And the lowering church steeples
Look so stately and refined,
Throwing shadows on the robbers
Who are feasting on mankind.

God Almighty, how Thy justice
Has been trampled in the dust!
Men combining for oppression,
In monopoly and trust!
And this brutal Competition
Burns with greed in human mind,
Hogging, grasping, making money
Of the miseries of mankind.

When will Christ's love be established?
When will men live for all others?
Coming from one common Father?
Why, then, are we not all brothers?
When will God crush Competition?
And this grim hell cease to grind,
Hogging, grasping, making money
Of the miseries of mankind!

"A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL."

At the battle of Bunker Hill the British troops purchased the dearest victory they gained in the eight years that King George sought to subdue his American colonies. That victory taught the British caution, and that they were dealing with an invincible foe.

AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

We Are on the Eve of a Great Economic Revolution.

I have just received a lengthy letter from an old coworker who discusses the political situation as he sees it, and in addition to his ideas of the probable results of the election tells me frankly, as an old friend, what he believes the future has in store, especially for the workers. The writer of this letter has been for twenty-five years a firm and untiring champion of the cause of labor—a student as well as an active leader. He is also a painstaking statistician. The exercise of these qualities have, in my judgment, equipped him with the power to diagnose the economic condition of the people and to prophesy with reasonable certainty as to what the working classes may hope for in the future.

While the letter was not written for publication, I feel impelled to print a portion of it, trusting that my motives in so doing may not be misconstrued. I believe the workmen of the country should know how the veteran workers and thinkers in the labor movement feel, and by withholding the name of my correspondent I protect him from a notoriety, which he has not courted. I quote:

"We are living in a distinctly formative period, and nothing, in my judgment, can stop the impending crisis:

"Independent of the merits or demerits of the silver question, this is certainly one of the greatest campaigns you and I ever witnessed in the United States, and I am now fully convinced that we are standing on the eve of world-wide changes in our economic and industrial life. No matter whether Bryan is elected or not, we are approaching the rapid with a momentum that is startling. If Bryan is elected and the remonetization of silver is accomplished, we will perhaps find that it has not brought us all of the amelioration desired. But the spirit of the age, and particularly that of the silver movement, is not to go backward, to again adopt and wear the old clothes which we have discarded as the panacea. I imagine that the word will be 'Forward,' and that new experiments will be tried. In other words, we will have the beginning of a political policy that, in some form or another, will mark a crusade against corporate and privileged wealth such as the world never saw. On the other hand, if McKinley is elected, I am sure that protection and maintenance of the gold standard will not bring this country prosperity, and, if they persist in continuing conditions just as they are, four years hence we will have the flood.

"The spirit of the age, particularly in the South and West, is not the spirit of slavish subjection, but it is the lofty and determined desire to reach out for a higher and better social life. It cannot be lulled to sleep.

"You and I have been sowing the seeds of a holy discontent for many years. We have told the workers that this earth and the fullness thereof is theirs. The signs of the times indicate that we have not sown in vain. Everywhere there is a quickening hope and thought for a better time. The line which divides the parasite from the producer is becoming more and more distinct, and as I observe the present disintegration, confusion and political acrimony my soul leaps with joy, because, no matter how dark and troublesome the times may be through which we are destined to pass, it is the precursor of a new birth, which, amid the darkness and storms, will herald in the new and better day.

"Whether you and I shall see it matters not. Our joy and thanksgiving should be in the consciousness of knowing that it is coming. It is because of this that I so ardently support the silver movement. I know there are some in our ranks who cavil about the silver question and say that it does not go far enough. They do not seem to realize that it is the movement and not the question which is cutting such a deep furrow. They forget that when the founders of the American republic, more than a hundred years ago, began their colonial war against Great Britain they originally had no idea that the contest would lead to a severance from the mother country. They simply declared that taxation without representation was a tyranny and refused to submit any longer until this injustice was remedied. But, the contest begun, the logic of political events swept onward and ultimately dictated the Declaration of Independence, which severed the tie that bound the colonies to Great Britain and carved out of the Western world the republic in which we live.

"Again, when the Republican party in 1860 nominated Abraham Lincoln and declared that the institution of slavery should not go beyond a certain geographical line, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and their collaborators did not take very kindly to a declaration which simply attempted to fence up and limit the iniquities of an institution that should have been boldly assailed as a matter of principle and its overthrow asked for unqualifiedly.

"But we know that the action of the Republican party at that time brought about the same political disintegration that is manifested today. It acted as a line of battle that separated the con-

testants. And when the Civil War was precipitated, no thought on the part of the large mass of our people was entertained that that the outcome of the war would be the overthrow of chattel slavery. Indeed, had such a proposition been broached by the officials of our government during the first year or so of the rebellion, thousands of Union soldiers would have abandoned the field declined to risk their lives for the 'freeing of niggers.' But as the conflict continued the exigencies of the situation—yes, the logic of events—overpowered prejudice, and the emancipation of the negro was dictated as a military necessity. Is history to repeat itself?

"Who can tell but that today in this great country we are again standing on the eve of a political epoch the far-reaching importance of which will transcend all of the political events of the past, and that the movement for the remonetization of silver, apparently so conservative and innocent, is but the precursor of a revolution in our economic and social life the magnitude of which is scarcely dreamed of by the most optimistic student of social problems?"

I have refrained during this campaign from writing for the labor press anything that could be construed as "political," and, as the people have been little interested in any other subject, that means that I have not written much during the past three months. I fully appreciate the fact that the evident partiality shown in the letter of my friend for one side in the present political controversy will expose me to the charge of insinuating "politics" into the labor press, but I ask all those who support the cause of the wageworker to wipe the dust of prejudice out of their eyes and look at the matter here presented as it bears upon the laborer without reference to any party or all parties. There is undoubtedly a crisis in our affairs. The future of not only of the labor movement, but of the laborer himself, is in the balance, and the man who hesitates now to express his honest convictions, regardless of the side upon which he stands, is not and never will be of much use in the struggle for the emancipation of the wage slave. Let us be open with each other, giving to all a fair hearing, and then making a decision—without dangerous delay—present a united front in the conflict which is on between the producers and their deploilers.

In this spirit, trying to serve this purpose to some slight degree, I ask a careful consideration of my friend's letter.

JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN.

AS TO HANDWRITING.

Conan Doyle, who might be expected to show subtlety in his penmanship, writes a hand as plain as a pikestaff. William Black's must be a treasure to his printers.

Charles Dickens is the only writer of whom Mr. Payn knows who ever fell into a flourish, and that was only when he signed his name. There is something separate in all the styles, but Mr. Payn claims he does not read any indications of character from them.

A poet once ungallantly described the writing of women as "such a hand as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring east," but women's writing is hardly less distinctive than men's. Miss Martineau's handwriting is singularly bold and clear, and that of Miss Mitford is small and delicate.

The writing masters of a generation ago had a very florid style, which they tried to impress upon their pupils. In Queen Elizabeth's time the writing of Master Peter Bale is mentioned with the gravity due an historical character. Bale challenged all the world to compete with his skill and offered a gold pen valued at \$100 as a reward. It was to be given to him who wrote "fastest, straightest and best and most kind of ways." These professors piqued themselves on any kind of fancy writing.

WERE I BUT HIS WIFE.

Were I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear,
I'd chant him my low love verses, stealing beside him,
So faint and so tender his heart would but hear.
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and highland,
And there at his feet would I lay them all down.
I'd sing him the song of our poor stricken island
Till his heart was on fire with love like my own.
There's a rose by his dwelling. I'd tend the lone treasure,
That he might have flowers when the summer would come.
There's a harp in his hall. I would wake its sweet measure,
For he must have music to brighten his home.
Were I but his own wife to guide and to guard him,
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear,
For every kind glance my whole live would award him.
In sickness I'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.
My heart is a fount welling upward forever.
When I think of my true love by night or by day,
That heart keeps its faith like a fast flowing river,
Which gushes forever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to repose in.
Were I but his own wife to win and to woo,
Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning star, darling, for you.
—Mary Downing to Minneapolis Journal.

There are a number of German states but only one of them sold soldiers to King George to defeat Washington. The advocates of English domination in American affairs, found that all the Germans in the United States were not Hessians.

BUSINESS.

Mr. Percival Houghton was standing near the door in the Paulton's drawing room.

Houghton was not a very popular member of his set on account of a perilous faculty he had of avoiding all social functions. He was to be found at the Paulton's to-day—well, if the matter were probed to the bottom, principally because he was an old friend of the family and Jack Paulton had reminded him he must not send a refusal at the peril of a serious breach in their friendship.

Some one plucked his sleeve. It was his hostess.

"You remind me very much," said Mrs. Paulton, "of a statue I once saw of Achilles, I think it was. Why this heroic abstractedness?"

Houghton had not yet spoken of his embarrassment when she put an end to it prettily, sparing him the additional confusion of an explanation.

"Come, let us descend to things more substantial than dead heroes, if not less poetical. I have a pleasant surprise in store for you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Let me fetch you to an old friend just returned from over the sea—Miss Alice Coates."

She conducted him to the damsel in question and left them together.

"I'm heartily glad to see you again, Miss Coates," said Houghton, a trifle awkwardly.

"You may call me Alice, as you did before I went abroad," said the girl with whom Mrs. Paulton had left him, and then mischievously, "though I am quite grown up now, you see."

"Dear me, yes; quite grown up. Do you remember our chats, when we used to poke fun at the courtly old dames at your mother's 'at home'?" I have never found congenial company since you went abroad, and I have gone out of society entirely—become a kind of commercial anchorite."

"How fortunate you are. But then you never really cared for society, did you?"

"No, indeed, nor did you. Are your ideas unchanged, Alice?"

"Well, in a way, I still think, as you used to say, the world would be better off if it did not trifle with precious time. Yet—and I know you will pardon me—I am surprised to find you single. Is it possible there has been no one charming enough to break through the pessimistic ice of your nature?"

"No one, indeed. But though I will not be so vain as to say it is entirely, yet I will be bold enough to say to my old confidant, it has been largely due to the fact that I have not had the time to devote to lovmaking. And, you know, it takes a great deal of gadding about before a man may even evidence his affections slightly."

"That's very true."

"Now, don't you think yourself that the conventional wooing is a very lamentable sacrifice of time?"

"If the woman in me decides, no; but if I persevere along strictly common sense lines, perhaps yes."

"How charming you are! Jove! You have not changed a jot, Alice, since your hair has been turned up and you have donned the harness of social slavery. But to continue our subject, I honestly think this business of love and marriage might be expedited, for instance, in the commercial way. A man comes into my office with a proposition that is almost as important to me as a marriage for it affects my life's affairs very radically. He wants an answer that same day—immediately, if possible. True, I take, say, half an hour or an hour to turn the matter over in my mind and view it in every light. As a rule, in that length of time I have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Now, if I could find a woman to whom I might say: 'Here, let us expedite matters. Let us get this preliminary business of lovmaking over immediately and come to the point without further ado'—Of course it should be some one with whom one is rather well acquainted, as, for instance, you and I."

"Mr. Houghton!"

"There, there; you see heresy will crop out even in an old adherent. Let me continue. I take out my watch this way and say: 'It is just 10 o'clock now, Alice, I love you very dearly. Will you marry me to-morrow?'"

"How charmingly ridiculous!"

"That's right. So it is, perhaps, ridiculous, and I shall have to turn in again on my poor, old, lonely soul—no one understands."

"But, my dear friend, am I to believe our peculiar theories carry you seriously so far as that?"

"I am profoundly in earnest. My affairs of business are so absorbing that I candidly can give no time to lovmaking."

"Then you deserve never to get a wife, if you cannot sacrifice your business for her. Why, lovmaking is the best part of a woman's life."

"Ah, well! I had expected to find in you, if not a firm believer in my theories, at least a strong sympathizer. That settles it. You are the last straw. I shall never marry."

Alice, of course, might have turned the conversation into other channels, but somehow she did not feel that she wanted to do so.

"Well, supposing, Mr. Houghton," she began, after a pause, "I should say

in the rustic fashion: 'I love you also very dearly. I am willing?'"

Though she tried to say this with admirable simplicity her face flushed in spite of her.

Houghton noticed the blush, and straightway became himself excited, yet without betraying it.

"Good," said he. "I should say: 'And now, if you will excuse me, I shall speak with your father. He is here, I understand?'"

Then, taking out his watch, "It is now 15 minutes to 10. Where's your father?"

"I think he is"—and never, until her dying day, will she understand how these words escaped her with such perfect inconsequence—"I think he is in the library with Mr. Paulton."

Houghton arose, and, putting the watch back into his pocket, made as to go away.

Miss Coates caught his sleeve. She was trembling, and the smiles had died out of her face. She said: "Oh, Percy!—I mean Mr. Houghton—don't be so foolish. He will think you are insane."

He drew the sleeve away gently. "Be careful, Alice," said he. "We are attracting attention. Don't make a scene."

The next moment he was gone, and in a daze of excitement and confusion Alice hurried to the conservatory and dashed in among the palms.

When Houghton walked into the library, he found Alice's father and Jack Paulton smoking and chatting listlessly.

"Major Coates, I have just proposed to your daughter, and she has accepted me. Are you willing we should be married tomorrow?"

The cigar fell from the lips of the major, and he looked in blank amazement, first upon his interrogator and then upon Paulton, with a slight questioning aspect in the last glance. Paulton burst out laughing, and the major turned again to Houghton helplessly and said:

"Percy, my boy, have you lost your senses?"

"True," the other answered, drawing a chair up to the table, "this requires some explanation. Doesn't it?"

Then he told them of the conversation between himself and Alice as well as explaining incidentally many of his views of life which bore directly and some even which had no bearing at all upon the subject at present of vital interest.

"But Alice?" said the major. "I cannot believe she is a party to such wild plans."

"Oh, yes, I know she will be agreeable," answered Houghton. "She has said so."

"Yet I am sure she will have changed her mind by this time. She has had time to think it over collectedly. I'll go and ask her."

"No," put in Paulton, rising. "Let me do that for you."

"I'll give you just three minutes, Jack," said Houghton.—London Sun.

ALARMED.

A somebody, or a nobody, writes to the New York Evening Post, one of the most vicious goldbug papers in the country, over the name of J. R. Duryea, and says: "In the Herald of today, Nov. 4th, is this statement: 'The election figures in this city are a disappointment, and a fitting rebuke to the managers for having neglected the defection among the workmen.' Bryan received 134,000 votes in New York." * * * * *

"For weeks before the election the writer made it his business to interview mechanics, street railroad employees, waiters, horsemen, and members of the unnumbered class known as day laborers. Many of those spoken to and reasoned with are his personal friends. Nearly every one was an open supporter of Bryan. This confident statement answered all his arguments—"Bryan's election will down the rich." * * * * *

"Our bankers and merchants subscribe their tens of thousands to carry on successfully a political campaign of education and fireworks, and then when the election is over are careless. Are they fools and blind?"

The workmen of New York would down the rich, because the rich are their implacable enemies. The rich own the sweat shops, and since God "repented that he had made man," nothing on earth so nearly approximates hell as a sweat shop. The rich own the tenement houses in which there is enough filth, disease, squalor and vermin to make angels wish a comet would pulverize this mundane sphere, and yet, the rich, as cruel as a tiger, evict old and young the sick and infirm from these abodes of indescribable misery to let them perish of cold, nakedness and hunger. Certainly the workmen of New York hate the rich and pray for deliverance.

ARMOUR'S STRIKE.

The New Road remarks that "A strike is on at Armour's. May Armour win. He deserves to win."

He paid for the right to use the regular army in helping him cut wages. Now let government by injunction win. God bless the supreme court! God bless hell! God bless Armour!

They voted as they were their buttons, now on with the dance!

We have reached the season of long evenings—suggestive of books and study.

TROUBLE ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

The Union Pacific Company has been breaking faith with its employees, and the conditions fixed between the company and the representatives of the various brotherhoods, notably the telegraphers, in the hearing before Judge Caldwell, have been violated repeatedly by the company.

The following dispatch discloses some interesting phases of the controversy:

OMAHA, Nov. 26.—Assistant Grand Chief Dolph of the Order of Railway Telegraphers has filed his answer to the reply of General Solicitor Kelly of the Union Pacific to his (Dolph's) petition in the matter of reducing the wages of telegraphers, the discharge of Gilliland as agent at Papillion and the condition of the hospital fund. Mr. Dolph severely criticises the receivers in the matter of the hospital trust fund and also in the reduction of wages. Mr. Dolph says that the receivers closed several stations and at others took out the telegraph instruments and also reduced the wages to a minimum of \$25 per month. He says this is a mere pittance, and while the receivers reduced the wages they did not reduce the price of living.

The receivers claim that by taking out the instruments they reduced the work, but the petition denies this, and says that it increased the work, for without an instrument if a train was late the agent was compelled to remain at the office until it came, for he had no way of knowing how late it was or at what time it would arrive at his station.

The stations cited where the reductions were made, together with the wages called for in the telegraphers' schedule, are: Rogers, \$62; Benton, \$67; Alda, \$62; Boone, \$45; Rockville, \$45. The reduction is alleged to be in direct violation of the order of the court.

In the Gilliland matter he emphatically denies that Gilliland was guilty of action unbecoming a gentleman toward Miss Knapp of Papillion or toward anyone else or that he was guilty of any dishonest act of any character whatever, either in the matter of rebate checks handed to him by A. W. Clark or by anyone else for redemption, or in any other transaction. The petition emphatically denies that Gilliland was ever guilty of extortion or of making false or fraudulent returns to the accounting department of the officials or that he obtained transportation fraudulently, and it further denies that he ever absented himself from the office without permission.

A paragraph denies that F. B. Dresback, agent at Bitter Creek, Wyo., was ever guilty of neglect and then the Gilliland matter is again taken up. The petition says that with the exception of the Knapp and Clark charges the others have been trumped up since the dismissal of Gilliland and should be stricken out, for in his discharge no other charges were preferred.

In conclusion he asks for the continuance of the wage schedule as agreed upon and as confirmed by the court, and also the reinstatement of Gilliland and Dresback.

The petition asking for an accounting of the hospital fund is brought by Mr. Dolph in the names of J. H. Weybright, L. M. Tudor, L. Rosenbaum, E. L. Drebell and N. A. Smith, being the joint protective board of the Order of Railway Telegraphers. The petition cites that the hospital fund is made up of contributions each month from every employe of the Union Pacific system of 40 cents, and that it was in force previous to the road passing into the hands of receivers and that the receivers have continued it.

The petition says that the employes are in ignorance of the condition of the fund and that no statements have ever been made of its condition, nor have the employes any way of ascertaining just what condition the fund is in, nor have they any idea of how much has been collected and disbursed. The petition asks that the employes be allowed and permitted representation in the matter of the administration of the fund, and that it has been denied them, and they also ask to be allowed to say something in the matter of selecting the physicians and surgeons, and add: "It is all right at some places, but in many instances abuses of the severest character have crept into the administration of the trust, to the great loss of the beneficiaries."

It is further alleged that many times an employe injured at a remote point is compelled to secure his own physician at a great expense because of his inability to secure a company physician, and yet he has not been allowed for this and has all the time had to pay his quota of the dues for the maintenance of the fund.

In another paragraph the petition says "that in several instances physicians have been employed and retained in service in the hospital and medical department who have been unfit on account of vicious habits and incompetency to render medical assistance, but who are permitted by the management of said trust to continue to occupy important positions in the administration of the said hospital fund and are compensated out of said fund with large salaries."

The petition asks for an accounting of the fund and a detailed statement of the collections and the disbursements since the fund was started.

It is given out by Assistant Grand Chief Dolph that the telegraphers will come prepared when the hearing of their case comes up. It is alleged that when tramps and passengers have been injured on the road they have been treated and paid for out of the hospital fund, when the fund is for the exclusive use of the employes of the road, and it is further alleged that a section foreman's son was hurt and he got the medical treatment of the company's physicians; the hospital fund bore the expense. There are a number of such instances, it is alleged, that Mr. Dolph will present to the court when it sits on the case.

The Dresback case, which is dismissed in Mr. Dolph's petition with a paragraph, refers to the agent at Bitter Creek, Wyo., whom the receivers charge with neglect of the office while he was studying law, and that at one time he said "that these corporations expect too much of a man," and other speeches of like nature. He is now practicing law in Wyoming.

The wage schedule does not promise so much news as does the hospital fund investigation and Mr. Dolph promises that when this is aired in court there

will be some surprises sprung that will be startling.

The officials of the Union Pacific say that they are prepared to substantiate all their charges against the accused and to prove that the hospital fund is all right.

The complaints of the telegraphers are no doubt well founded and if they recall a hearing before Judge Caldwell they will undoubtedly be able to make a strong case against the company and put a stop to the reduction of wages and persecution of their members.

THE INDIAN AND THE SQUAW MAN.

Poor To, from the date of the settlement of Massachusetts and Virginia, nearly three centuries ago, has had a hard time of it, but now, what there is left of him, lives in clover, and the squaw man, that is, a white man with a squaw wife, is among the happiest of mortals, for though the squaw man does not draw rations, his squaw and his children do, while the squaw man engages in cattle raising on Indian lands and gets rich, the government taking care of his family.

To become a squaw man, a white man has only to marry a young squaw. To do this he usually selects the daughter of some chief, hands over to the father a number of ponies, and takes his wife to his own tepee. That's all, and, this done, the squaw man takes possession of all the land he wants and goes into the cattle business. The squaw men manage to have a numerous progeny, often ten or a dozen, the benefits of which are seen when rations are drawn from the government. On these occasions the wife and all the children, down to the youngest pappoose, draw an average of 1 1/2 pounds of beef on the block per day. Every month there is an issue of 1 pound of flour a day to the squaw and her children, or the equivalent of one pound of flour in beans, sugar, coffee and salt, and in addition the family draws clothing, blankets, etc. Such is the happy condition of the squaw man.

There are now 35 tribes of Indians for whose maintenance Congress makes special appropriations amounting to \$675,000 annually. The government is trying to persuade the Indians to abandon their tribal system and take up homesteads, and when this is done, Lo receives two cows, a pair of oxen or mares, a plow, a wagon, a harrow, a hoe and a pitchfork, besides white men are employed to give the Indians instruction in farming, and white women, called field matrons, teach the squaws how to cook and keep house.

There are now 180,000 Indians who are supported by the government, of whom 50,000 wear the clothes of civilization and 130,000 are still "blanket Indians." It is said of these Indians, 32,000 read English and 21,000 have abandoned the tepee and occupy dwelling houses.

To maintain these pauperized Indians, half civilized and savage, costs each year about \$1,335,000 for food alone, while \$795,000 is expended for clothing, dry goods, agricultural implements, wagons, etc. We have been robbing the Indians and driving them westward until we can do that no longer, and now we are taxing the people to make some amends for centuries of robbery and cruelty. We stole their lands or bought them for a mere song, then gave them away by millions of acres, and have been cursed by land pirates and land monopolies and the grandest land domain on earth has been squandered when it should have been preserved for homes for the people.

WHAT THE WORKINGMAN MUST DO

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

As a plutocratic argument the foregoing fills the bill, and if God, as well as gold, was in the late election, and working together—pulling in the same harness, it is evident that it has "pleased God to call workingmen to be content" with such wages as their masters may choose to bestow upon them. There is an old Latin proverb, *vox populi vox Dei*—the voice of the people is the voice of God. It is held, a current hallucination, that the ballot box speaks for the people and the pulpit for God, and just how many "campaigns of education" it will require to everlastingly squelch the vulgar, God only knows. Certain it is, that precious little headway in that direction has been made in the United States during the past century.

The Industrial Advocate says: "Now that good times have really set in—and the Republican newspapers say they have—how would it do for the working people, especially the workingmen who helped to elect McKinley, to boost the movement a little by demanding higher wages? They surely have a right to share in the general prosperity. Besides, higher wages means greater consumption; this means larger production, and this would result in greater profits to the manufacturer, merchant, etc. Really, fellow workers, the argument is irresistible; employers cannot get around it, if you put the matter strong enough."

When a man sees an error he has a right to cripple it.

BREVITIES.

The campaign of education is on.

Save your money and buy books.

Be saving of your time, time is money.

A man who helps others helps himself.

Success is the result of Try. Try again.

First, know you are right then go ahead.

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

What is wanted is A B C work in economics.

The "porch dances" at Canton have been discontinued.

Common sense is not spectacular, but it has staying qualities.

Will power is better than horse power to overcome misfortune.

The time has come for workingmen to order things to be done.

Life is made up of minutes and hours. Why throw them away?

Don't be afraid, agitation moves the world—stagnation is death.

If a man can master the nickels he will have no trouble with his dollars.

A man may prudently ask himself, What am I doing for myself?

"Trust no future, however pleasant, Let the dead Past bury its dead."

It is the same old battle cry as in 1776, "Down with British Tories and Hessians."

God helps those who help themselves. He never helped a lazy man nor a coward.

Goldbugs have awakened an American spirit that will not down at any one's bidding.

Rev. Sam Small says, "When the pews are full of voters the pulpits ought to be full of politics."

The 5-1 supreme court, the New York Tribune says, is "doing business at the old stand." The three balls are still displayed.

The Japanese have an idea that there is a better country than Japan and 8,000 of them annually take the hari kari route to find it.

The Boston Herald, after the election, was so dazed as to inquire, "What is politics? What is anything?" The second inquiry included beans.

In Wisconsin the farmers receive 8 and 9 cents a bushel for their potatoes; and the potatoes, blinking its eyes, tells the farmers, "That's what you voted for."

The oldest love letter in the world was recently found in Egypt, written on a brick. It was written by a prehistoric progenitor of Rameeses and is supposed to be 60,000 years old.

Enlistments in the army and navy are becoming popular. The army limit of 25,000 men is now about complete and of the navy, only 400 are wanting to make up the 12,000 required by the law.

California has a woman who is making money by dreaming where there are gold deposits and her husband, no less fortunate, has a divining rod which dips at the exact place the dream locates the stuff.

Sherman said he'd tax the shirts off the backs of Americans to pay British bondholders, principal and interest, in gold. We have had an election, have counted the ballots and away go the shirts.

The Governor of Massachusetts has what is called an "executive council," the members of which are advisers of the Governor. One of these advisers this year is a full blooded negro, born a slave in Virginia.

The New York state prison at Elmira, has introduced a stomach discipline and the table de hote will be run in future on roast beef, mince pie and chicken fixings, reminding the inmates of their innocent days when mother did the cooking.

A train on the Rock Island and Chicago road, in charge of Al Lund, made the entire distance, 181 miles, not calculating stops, in 3 hours and 41 minutes, or 221 minutes, equal to 1.22 miles a minute for the entire distance. It beats all records.

Li Hung Chang conferred the decoration of the double dragon upon Lord Salisbury. He also desired to confer upon Grover Cleveland the decoration of the double pig, but when he saw Grover in all his pomp and circumstance of grease, he said, "He no need it."

A goldbug paper remarks that "the agricultural element upon which the free silverites depended for their heaviest support did not respond to popocratic expectations." Yes and no, in some states the "agricultural element" didn't respond and in some states they did respond.

Who made the earth? God.

For whom did He make it? The people.

Have the people got it? Well, under Bryan's leadership, they secured more than 1,500,000 square miles of it in the United States.

Herr Most is a pronounced anarchist. He voted for McKinley and plutocratic methods of government. Herr Most is not a fool. He would have widespread ruin. Under Republican policy he sees a time, not far distant, when his ideas will prevail. Otherwise Herr Most

would have voted for Bryan, the people's friend.

Said a disciple of Darwin to a pupil: "One should be proud of noble ancestors, and endeavor to imitate them, but if he has them not he should so live that his children may have them."

Since I do not know, replied the pupil, whether my ancestors were tadpoles or apes, I am not particularly interested in investigating the subject.

Tom Watson plays the fiddle, and says "No other instrument has its quality of strenuous insistence knocking at the door till it is opened. There are chords in an old fiddle which seem laden with tears and others which ring out in glad acclaim. And you feel that somehow the thing sorrows when you sorrow and is glad when you rejoice."

Henry George calls ours a "sham republic." But it is not that, though it tolerates many things which make it worse than a "sham." As for instance, a trust is organized piracy; government by injunction is an infamy, and ordering out government troops to murder workingmen because they resist oppression, is tyranny that is simply evagery.

A wage worker receiving \$5 a day and deducting \$1 a day for expenses, would have to work 833 years to accumulate \$1,000,000, and yet there are men in the United States who have secured from \$1,000,000 to \$150,000,000 of wealth. How did they get it? They stole it and escaped the penitentiary, and in the late election these thieves and their methods were indorsed. But that does not settle it.

Some one says that every criminal costs the government \$1,600 annually. In some cases criminals are a source of revenue to the government. The economic idea is to make crime pay, hence prisons are great industrial institutions. Prison made goods are on all the markets. Being cheap they take the bread from the mouths of honest labor. Hence convicts are sleek and fat, while honest labor starves.

A cable dispatch, dated London, Nov 4, to the New York Tribune says: McKinley's election has been followed by scenes of the wildest excitement on the London Stock Exchange. So great was the pressure by brokers who had received private cable advices of the completeness of the Republican victory that the Exchange was opened ahead of time, and American stocks went up with a rush, carrying everything with them, even consols.

Certainly, England won and has a right to rejoice.

"Edward Atkinson," says *Appeal to Reason*, "tells the truth, the principal capital used in the manufacturing business in Massachusetts is the money of the laboring people who deposit their surplus earnings in savings banks, which in turn loan it to enterprising Yankees who start factories with it and employ other laborers. And yet, Mr. Atkinson is the hired liar of these same capitalists who claim 50 per cent. of the profits as their share for furnishing the capital. But Atkinson was writing against government postal savings banks when he discovered the foregoing marvelous facts, and that makes things, different, you see."

A reverend divine, living in Boston, has literally knocked Edward Atkinson, the baked bean and long-necked clam economist, into the middle of the next century. Rev. Grant is a vegetarian, indulges in neither meat, pies, cake, tea, coffee, sugar, salt or spices. He just eats graham bread, vegetables, cheese and milk, and has got the cost down to 87 cents a week, or 4.1 cents per meal. He is fat and strong and healthy. Unlike Atkinson he has not invented a soap box oven to fool the people, but it must be said that all the hard work the Rev. Grant performs is writing two short sermons a week and if he is a fully developed Yankee he can steal at least one at them.

The New York World, referring to the Standard Rope and Twine Company, of New Jersey, says the last mortgage of \$3,000,000 placed on record, makes a total of \$10,000,000 to this one trust, secured within a period of seven days. This trust grasps the rope and twine production of the country, dictates prices to suit its greed and goes on its way rejoicing. "What do financiers, engaged in such hazardous business as that of inflating capital and creating fictitious values, in open disregard of the law, expect to come of it," inquires the *World*. "Do they expect it can go on forever?"

Such piracy as that of the rope and twine trust was one issue in the late campaign and the New York *World* gave its influence to establish and perpetuate the curse.

Bryan to McKinley: "Senator Jones has just informed me that the returns indicate your election, and I hasten to extend my congratulations. We have submitted the issues to the American people and their will is law."—William J. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan is to be commended for the generous impulse that prompted him to send that dispatch to Major McKinley, but he made a mistake when he wrote, "We have submitted the issues to the American people," conveying the idea that the American people had decided the issue by voting their sentiments unswayed and un intimidated, when, in fact, but for the coercion schemes of the

money power, it is doubtful if McKinley could have secured a majority in any states outside of New England.

Says the New York World on the coal trust:

"The coal trust robs labor in three ways: First.—It robs the miners and handlers of coal. One of its chief purposes is to decrease the output. That means less work and less wages for miner and coal handler.

Second.—It robs the employer of labor or by greatly increasing the cost of coal. This compels him to cut down expenses, and the only way he can do it is by cutting down the wages of his employes."

Third.—It robs every laboring man, as it does every consumer of coal, by making him pay at least \$1.50 a ton more than the fair and honest price of coal which competition would fix.

It robs everybody once, because everybody must buy coal. But it robs the employe of a manufacturer twice."

And yet the New York World did what was in its power to perpetuate the coal trust by advocating the election of McKinley.

WE WANT TO SEE THE STUFF.

The way the *Louisiana Enterprise* looks at the "blue mark" is told as follows:

"An exchange came to us last week with a blue mark around an editorial booming a candidate for office.

"A printed slip was pasted to the paper kindly requesting us, if we said anything about the candidate's candidacy, to send said candidate a marked copy of the paper.

"We didn't do it.

"We ain't going to do it.

"We ain't saying a word.

"We ain't going to say a word.

"Unless

"The cash is in sight.

"And we can see the smiling Goddess of Liberty on one side of the dollar of our dad's and count the tail feathers in the great American eagle on the other side.

"In times past we have given away columns and reams of paper and great gobs of ink in a political campaign.

"And what did we get in return?"

"Nothing but the privilege of wading in the mud behind the band wagon and getting shot in the necktie with a Roman candle.

"But times have changed and our feelings have changed.

"Everything has changed except our pockets.

"There is no change there.

"We are a democrat, but we ain't no pack mule to carry no candidates into office and get the cold shoulder.

"And perhaps cold mutton after the election.

"Our enthusiasm is gone.

"It has leaked through the holes in our elbows and escaped through the apertures in our pants.

"Glory is a good thing, but cold cash is better.

"Campaign thunder will no longer reverberate through these columns except at so much per thunder.

"Our campaign rooster has to be fed, and wherewith shall we feed him?"

"He's lost his tail feathers from the last campaign and needs some extract of gold and silver right now.

"Our tow line is sagging in the middle and unraveled at the ends.

"The candidate is out for the office.

"We are out for the stuff."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIMES.

Save your money and subscribe for the RAILWAY TIMES.

The RAILWAY TIMES champions the cause of the American Railway Union.

Increase the membership of the American Railway Union and the subscription list of the RAILWAY TIMES.

The American Railway Union is getting on top and subscribers to the RAILWAY TIMES will help it to hold the fort.

The campaign of education is on and the RAILWAY TIMES is in the campaign.

Just think of it.

The RAILWAY TIMES, 1 year for \$1.00.

The RAILWAY TIMES, 6 months for 50c.

The RAILWAY TIMES, 3 months for 25c.

Now is the time to subscribe.

MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

However the battle is ended, Though proudly the victor comes With fluttering flags and prancing nags And echoing roll of drums, Still truth proclaims this motto—In letters of living light—No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

Tho' the heel of the strong oppressor May grind the weak in the dust, And the voices of fame with one acclaim May call him great and just, Let those who applaud take warning And keep this motto in sight—No question is ever settled Until it is settled right.

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

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

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



THE MAN IN A JUMPER

can now wear a collar as spotless as that of the man in a dress coat. However dirty his work, the workman can have a clean collar every day—without cost—if he wears the



TRADE MARK. INTERLINED. It can be cleaned in a twinkling by the wearer, with a wet cloth or sponge. It combines satisfaction, economy and comfort. No frayed edges to chafe the neck. The "Celluloid" collars and cuffs are the genuine interlined goods with a "Celluloid" surface and bear the above mark. They are water-proof. All others are imitations, and cannot possibly give you satisfaction. Ask for the genuine "Celluloid" goods and accept no imitations. If your furnisher does not keep them send to us direct. Collars, 25c. each. Cuffs, 40c. pair—postpaid.

THE CELLULOID COMPANY, New York.

SAPOLIO is the best cleanser for these goods.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & THURAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family Pills are the best.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Aluminum Frameworks, Feet, Non-rattling Joints and other valuable improvements. Catalogues free. JAS. I. LYONS, 95 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

You are off the Track and need a Replacer....

You have worked hard all day and, perhaps, all night—Sunday, too, may be, and you need a tonic—the "BEST" TONIC—

There is nothing so safe and so nerve repairing as

Pabst MALT Extract

THE "BEST" TONIC

Sure Cure at home; book free. DR. W. S. RICE, Box R, Smithville, N. Y.

POINTS ABOUT METALS.

Mullhail says that "in 20 years ending 1889 the railways have absorbed 43,500,000 tons of steel, or almost half the total product."

In 1543 the manufacture of iron in England became a permanent item of industry through the efforts of Ralph Page and Peter Baude.

The first export of iron from this country was a shipment of bar iron to England in 1717; the first shipment of pig iron was made in 1728.

Iron is the only metal which appears in more than one color. It is found of every shade, from almost white as silver to as black as charcoal.

The tensile strength of Austrian gun iron is 30,000 to 38,000 pounds per square inch; of Russian, 27,000 pounds and of Swedish about 34,000 pounds.

The Bessemer method of manufacturing iron and steel was patented by Henry Bessemer October 17 and December