

FEDERAL JUDGES.

THE SECRET OF GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION AND TRIAL WITHOUT JURY.

An Exhibition of Judicial Cussedness Harassed to Military Cussedness, Has Now Come to Pass.

That the federal judges are a corrupt body of men is generally believed, and the fact that there are a few honest men among them, in no wise invalidates the proposition.

"We have taken the trouble," says the Twentieth Century "to look into the record of the sixty-seven judges comprising the federal judiciary of the United States district courts. These men, as all know, are appointed for life, during good behavior, and draw \$5,000 a year salary.

They may retire upon a pension at the age of seventy. The following table shows that nearly every one of these judges acted as the paid attorney of a great corporation before going on the bench.

This list accounts for 53 members of the federal judiciary. It must be borne in mind that the list above does not count twice, judges who have acted for two railroads.

It will be seen that the Standard Oil Company is very well represented on the federal bench. When it is remembered, moreover, that the strike to which Governor Altgeld referred was a railroad strike, and that it was controlled by injunctions issued by a bench of railroad lawyers, the despotism exercised is appalling.

The members of the federal judiciary mentioned by Governor Altgeld as particularly despotic in government by injunction include Judge James G. Jenkins, of Wisconsin, Judge Erskine M. Ross, of California, Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of Illinois, and one or two others.

CHARLES SUMNER AS AN "ANARCHIST." Let me say that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme court of the country, in much respect, but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence.

It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour's foot over the pavement of Jerusalem bending beneath His cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the agony and entreaties of her father, ordered the fair Virginia as a slave; arrested the teachings of the great prophet to the Gentiles and sent him in triumph from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the old religion, adjured saints and fathers of the Christian church to death in all its most dreadful and which afterward in the name of a new religion, enforced the tortures of the inquisition amid the shrieks of its victims, while it condemned Galileo to declare, in solemn deprecation of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun.

A judgment tribunal which, during the last reign of her tyrant, lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the reign of terror it did not hesitate to sign the unspitting accessory to the guillotine. Aye, sir, it is a judicial tribunal in England,

surrounded by all forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry VIII., from the unjust divorce of his queen, to the beheading of Sir Thomas Moore; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield, over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley and John Rodgers; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship money against the patriotic resistance of Hampden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sydney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan fathers persistently refused to obey, and which afterward, with Jeffreys on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder, even with the blood of innocent women.

Aye, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem, which affirmed the constitutionality of the stamp act, while it admonished "jurors and the people" to obey; and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the fugitive slave law.

A DEBAUCHED JUDICIARY.

A Washington, D. C., dispatch of December 19th, makes some startling disclosures relating to the debauched condition of the Federal judiciary. We reproduce the dispatch verbatim that the readers of the RAILWAY TIMES may be advised that what it has said, regarding the rottenness of the Federal judiciary, is fully sustained by testimony before a United States Senate committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 19.—Since the hearing last Thursday before the inter-state-commerce committee of the Senate, at which District Attorney Macfarlane appeared, there has been much talk among senators and congressmen upon some of the disclosures he made. He made the statement that out of eight Federal judges in the circuit, only one was eligible to sit on the cases he had instituted against the Joint Traffic Association.

While the Senate was more or less shocked by the knowledge that some of its members had been speculating in stocks, which were influenced by pending legislation, their offenses are regarded here as very mild, as compared with Federal judges. The fact that a judge holds his office for life is thought ought to be sufficient to bar him from carrying on a speculative industry on the outside.

In the hearing of the Chicago lake front case, in which the Illinois Central railroad was interested to the extent of a million dollars, the late Justice Blatchford was compelled to excuse himself from sitting in the case because he was a holder of Illinois Central stock. If the case on hearing had affected a number of railroads, just as it so happened in the case of the Joint Traffic Association proceeding in New York, the same embarrassing situation might have been presented with respect to the United States Supreme Court, had its members all felt as free as the one justice had to make investments in railroad securities.

In the foregoing it is seen that Federal judges, reaching up to the Supreme Court, constitute a gang of corporation lawyers, with rare exceptions, who are as unfit for the positions they hold, as chestnut burrs are for eye stones.

I. R. SOVEREIGN.

The General Master Workman of the great order of Knights of Labor, who did splendid work during the last campaign to overcome the machinations of the money power, and whose courage and intellectual gifts keep him in the van of the labor movement, has written an open letter to William McKinley—president-elect of the United States, in which he reminds the major of the flambeau promises which were made by him and his lieutenants—that as soon as it was known that he had secured the presidential prize, confidence would be restored and the good times promised, would come. He says to the Major:

"You were elected, and the victory was announced with fireworks, bonfires and tin horns. The Republican press congratulated the country on the fact that legislation was not needed to bring prosperity to labor, that we already live under a single gold standard, and all the country needed, to make good times, was the assurance that the blessed system would not be disturbed by the election of Bryan. Then it was announced that you had pressed an electric button which turned on the power to the machinery of a factory, and which was the signal to the industrial world that prosperity had actually come, and there was great rejoicing. The banks said they were ready to pay gold to their creditors, and Mr. Hanna gave a banquet in New York City, where he was made the recipient of great honor, and at which he proclaimed to the world the glad tidings that prosperity had returned."

But instead of better, things have grown steadily worse, since it was known that Major McKinley was elected, and now Mr. Sovereign asks the president-elect to inform him "in what section of the great Union" men can find work. The president-elect will not answer Mr. Sovereign, because, there is not one locality in our broad domain where the promised good times have arrived.

It is one of the peculiarities of the age in which we live to adulterate—food, liquors, medicine, religion, morals and justice, and even piracy is labelled "progress" and passes current, and is extolled to the skies as a necessary factor of civilization.

PRESENT CONDITIONS AND FUTURE DUTIES.

To Members of the American Railway Union and Other Toilers:

Since the recent presidential election, I have received a large number of letters making urgent inquiries as to future efforts to emancipate wageworkers from their thralldoms, all couched in language which, properly interpreted, is the substance of the interrogatory, "What shall we do to be saved?"

As there is not time at my command to answer these numerous letters, I take this method of replying to my friends who have asked for my views upon present conditions and the outlook for the future. During the late campaign I supported Mr. William J. Bryan and the platform upon which he stood, not because I regarded the free coinage of silver as a panacea for our national ills, for I neither affirmed nor advocated such a principle, but because I believed that the triumph of Mr. Bryan and free silver would blunt the fangs of the money power; that it would extract the teeth of syndicate sharks; that it would banish from the highways of human endeavor, on the sea and on the land, many a black flag under which more piracies have been perpetrated during the last twenty-five years than the sum total of all the robberies by buccaners on the high seas since the first corsair keel cleaved a wave. The free silver issue gave us, not only a rallying cry, but afforded common ground upon which the common people could unite against the trusts, syndicates, corporations, monopolies—in a word, the money power—under whose sway the country has been well-nigh ruined, labor reduced to famine and personal liberty banished—and once united, could press forward in a solid phalanx in the crusade against social and industrial slavery, nor halt the advancing columns until the whole capitalistic system is abolished and the co-operative commonwealth has become an established fact. That in this conclusion I was correct, it is only required to point to the consternation everywhere manifested in the ranks of the shysters and robbers which enabled Mark Hanna to collect from them a fund of more than \$16,000,000 to prevent the election of Bryan and the success of his supporters. In this election, as in no other, the oppressors and plunderers of the people were united. This, in itself, caused a mighty mustering of the intelligent and progressive industrial forces of the country. It is safe to assume that eighty per cent. of the organized wageworkers supported Bryan and free silver. That the result of the election was not different, was due largely, if not wholly, to the fact that unorganized workers overwhelmingly outnumbered those who were organized and who had been educated and drilled in the tactics of the enemy and could not be cowered, intimidated or stampeded from voting their own convictions. But the election is over, and after mature deliberation I am persuaded that it may be regarded as both a defeat and a victory. This affirmation may appear paradoxical, but it is true, nevertheless. The result of the November election has convinced every intelligent wageworker that in politics, per se, there is no hope of emancipation from the degrading curse of wage-slavery. In the late election they may read their doom as vividly outlined as if written in fire across the blue dome of the skies above them. The storm cloud of the campaign disappeared, bearing upon its frowning breast no bow of promise of better things. Covering before the despotism of the money power, its injunctions, prisons and standing armies, they were driven to the polls to vote for a system of wage piracy that they might hold their jobs, while sitting on the ragged edge of starvation, fearful that at any moment their faming wages might be withheld and they and their wives and children forced into an abyss of despair or death. It is, therefore, not surprising that they should ask: "What shall we do to be saved?"

And it is just here that the defeat which more than six millions of men sought to avert, rises like "truth crushed to earth," and proclaims that what is called a defeat is like Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, made to stand by the genius of Justice, a flaming symbol of victory, because all over the broad land it served to arouse the mind forces of millions of men to hew out new departures to the goal of emancipation. The ballot, however much it has been eulogized, has been beaten to the earth by boodle wrung from unrequited toil, and as a weapon can not be relied upon to execute the will of the people while they are in industrial bondage. An industrial slave cannot be expected to cast an independent ballot. One John D. Rockefeller with his \$200,000,000; one Cornelius Vanderbilt with his \$150,000,000; one Andrew Carnegie with his \$100,000,000; one C. P. Huntington with his \$75,000,000; one J. Pierpont Morgan with his \$60,000,000; one George M. Pullman with his \$50,000,000, and one Mark Hanna with his \$40,000,000, alone or in alliance, can debauch the nation.

Nine per cent. of our population, having obtained possession of seventy-one per cent. of \$50,000,000,000 of the nation's wealth, can do poison every stream of knowledge, of truth, of justice, of love, of mercy, and make it run bank full of every vile contamination that human greed can devise and inflict upon the suffering people.

It has passed into a proverb that the school of experience is a dear one, and it is as true as the aphorism that the wageworkers of America have had an abundance of tuition in this school. They have worked and toiled down the declivities of poverty until they have reached the bottom, to find huts, rags, crusts, darkness and despair. The palaces of those who have driven them down hill are on the highlands, ablaze with light. There is music and dancing, purple robes and fine linen; there is luxury beyond compare, and the robber barons, filled to the throat with wine, have their auction blocks where their daughters are offered in the market for titles, creating scenes as offensive and shocking as were the vices of Sodom.

Is there a way out of this labyrinth, this tortuous, blinding and confusing maze? I believe there is. All that is required is a will on the part of wageworkers to find a place where they may extricate themselves from bondage and bask in the sunshine of prosperity. There are even now in the wilderness thousands of John the Baptists crying, "We will hew out a way for the oppressed toilers of the world, a highway of deliverance to new regions beyond the reach of Moloch maws and boodle beasts of prey."

These leaders of the socialistic army have thrown wide open the door of hope to the toiling masses and are inviting them to enter, and with a faith that is even now the substance of things hoped for, they can see a victory achieved for the producing masses in the late election, the full fruition of which are now budding and are soon to bloom on the "thorny stem of time."

Speaking for myself, I am a socialist. I have long since given expression to my socialistic convictions; they have grown with my growth and I am more strongly impressed with them at this hour than ever before since first I began the painful study of the progress and poverty of the race. Our competitive system is utterly cannibalistic. Human beings are set against one another, the strong devour the weak, and this heartless proceeding has to be done in self-defense. Crush and devour your neighbor, or he will you! Under this system the few cunning and unscrupulous have been enabled to monopolize the earth and the fullness thereof, and they have used their ill-gotten possessions to enslave and degrade mankind. Private greed has been the controlling force and it has been and is accounted as of vastly more importance than the public welfare. Under the regime of private capital, property has become sacred and human life has been reduced to a valueless commodity. A few men own and control the country. The producing many have been subjugated by degrees until millions work by permission and millions of others are tramping and starving to paupers' graves. And all of this amidst fabulous abundance! The theme invites to elaboration, but time and space forbid. I survey these frightful conditions, the ripened and rotting fruit of the capitalistic system, and I declare, with all the emphasis of which my words are capable, my implacable hostility to this system, and my determination to battle with all my power for its overthrow.

It is axiomatic that men have a right to work, the same inherent right to work that they have to breathe. And they have a right to all they produce, and if any part is taken from them without their express consent, it is robbery. The present system is founded, essentially, in the robbery of labor. No other word in the language properly describes the crime.

Every machine that is invented reduces labor to more desperate conditions. The whole system perverts and subverts and is fruitful of crimes beyond the power of language to catalogue.

The issue is, Socialism vs. Capitalism. I am for socialism because I am for humanity. We have been cursed with the reign of gold long enough. Money constitutes no proper basis of civilization. The time has come to regenerate society—we are on the eve of a universal change.

I am aware that socialism is a term little understood by the world at large and that it is everywhere a target for denunciation by the plutocratic press. When analyzed, it means a more perfect and equitable distribution of the products of labor; co-operation instead of competition; collective ownership of land, capital and all the means of production and distribution. It proclaims the coming of the co-operative commonwealth to take the place of wage-slavery. Under socialism there would be work and plenty for all, reasonable hours and life would be something more and better than a prolonged agony or a continuous suicide. Another panic would never curse the land. Crime would disappear and suicide would cease to shock the public conscience.

The present industrial system is not only a failure but a colossal aggregation of crime. It robs, it degrades, it starves; it is a foul blot upon the face of our civilization, indicative of poisoned blood flowing through the veins and arteries of the body social, industrial and politic; it promises only an increase of the horrors which the world deplores and which is leading nations, as well as individuals, into a decline and fall, from which, as history teaches, there is no resurrection.

I confess to no hope for the toiling masses of my countrymen except by the pathways mapped out by socialists, the advocates of the co-operative commonwealth.

I indulge in no illusions. As I contemplate conditions, productive of dismay and steadily growing worse, I am convinced that to continue in the old ruts and grooves is but to reach profounder depths of poverty and degradation, until, tagged, numbered and branded, plutocrats, the managers of trusts, syndicates and combines, will at no distant day call the roll of their white slaves, under the stars and stripes, in front of old Independence Hall, on Bunker Hill and in a thousand other places made sacred by patriotic blood shed in the cause of liberty and independence.

(Such being my convictions and conclusions after a careful survey of the field, I do not hesitate, with fealty born of hope in the ultimate triumph of the right, to enlist in the grand army of socialism, to do battle for the emancipation of those who toil from conditions and environments which shock humanity and tend inevitably to the degeneracy of the race.)

Emile H. Del...

THE TRUST INFAMY.

The Chicago Tribune, one of the most blatant of the plutocratic organs supporting Mark Hanna and McKinley during the late campaign of bullion and boodle, now, after the trusts have won a victory, comes out red-hot against trusts and declares they "must be crushed," which is equivalent to saying McKinley, Mark Hanna, their administration and the Republican party "must be crushed." The Tribune pitches into the nail trust lustily, and with equal candor lampoons Grover Cleveland whose "unenviable record," it says, "must not be imitated by the new Republican administration." This is simply shameless hypocrisy. Cleveland was not elected by boodle subscribed by trusts and the friends of trusts, and in so far as he has favored trusts and their piratical schemes, he has sought and obtained the sympathy of the Republican party. The Democratic party repudiated him, if men are taught to repudiate the devil and all his works. McKinley, as president, is the creation of trusts; they bought him and own him and he could not, if he would, do anything to crush trusts. But the Tribune says, "A war on trusts must be one of the main features of its policy. Long impunity has made the men who plan and run these industrial combinations very bold. If they are not taught a lesson speedily there will be no industry which is not in the hands of a trust, and the consumers will be bled to death."

It is quite likely that the anti-trust law is defective. Then it should be strengthened without loss of time. It should be amended so as to provide that any victim of a trust may sue to recover the money of which he has been robbed by being forced to pay an unjust price. If that were the law now, every hardware dealer and every builder who has been compelled to pay for nails three times what they are worth would have begun suit to get back the money extorted from him.

There are other amendments which should be made to the law, but what is needed most is an Executive who will see to it that his law officers all over the country are on the lookout for trusts and attack them whenever detected. That is what Cleveland has not done. He did not, even when he had a friendly congress, endeavor to have the anti-trust law made more effective.

A war to the death on trusts must be one of the main features of the Republican program henceforth. The party which cringes them will gain the undying gratitude of a deplored and trust-ridden people.

What the Tribune says now is a complete indorsement and indication of the policy of William Jennings Bryan, and the party that nominated him, and yet the Tribune, from first to last, opposed Bryan, and fought the battle of the trusts from start to finish. The Tribune is a rotten egg, not fit to be thrown at such a bolting apostate as Jno. G. Carlisle.

GREEK TO MEET GREEN.

Mr. Edward Hughes, of England, is on a visit to the United States and Canada for the purpose, as he states it, "to bring the shipping, marine and river trades in line with the International Federation of Ship, Dock and River Workers. We have already succeeded in organizing branches in the principal ports of both hemispheres. Mr. Hughes' idea is that such an organization as has been projected will never be forced to strike, as its fair demands, like those of powerful governments, will always be granted. In the event of a conflict, however, the organization would have the power to block the commerce of the world. "If such a power," said one of the organizers to-day, "were exercised along the Atlantic seaboard on outgoing cargoes alone business to the amount of \$6,500,000 daily would be checked. Of this New York would lose \$3,000,000. At the end of the week, when accounts were balanced, New York exporters and shippers by water to domestic ports would find their books \$18,000,000 short, because cargoes that should have been sent out would be lying on the docks and in storage warehouses. If all commerce between nations were tied up the restriction to business would amount to over \$150,000,000 weekly. If, in addition, the interior commerce on rivers and lakes was stopped, leaving only the railroads to transport the necessities of life, stores would be emptied in forty-eight hours."

The mission of Mr. Hughes is full of promise. The unification of labor for the emancipation of labor is to be the shibboleth of the toilers of the world. This unification must precede victory, and, unification secured, victory is assured.

In a New Hampshire museum an anvil is on exhibition on which it is said the first scythe in the United States was manufactured. Now, then, if General Miles, or the war department, could find the first gun which killed the first workman engaged in a strike to resist oppression and degradation, it would be a curiosity worth preserving, and Carnegie would probably give a million for it to preserve in his private office.

A. F. OF L.

HOLDS ITS SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI.

President Samuel Gompers Presides, and Questions of Great Importance to Labor are Discussed.

The great aggregation of labor unions of the United States, known as the American Federation of Labor, began its sixteenth annual convention in the city of Cincinnati on Monday, December 13th. There were interesting preliminary exercises, the most important of which was the address of

SAMUEL GOMPERS, the president of the federation. Mr. Gompers' address contained about 11,000 words, which afforded him ample scope to discuss a number of important questions relating to the welfare of labor and the interests of the federation.

GLOOM AND GLORY. President Gompers, whose oratorical acquirements are widely acknowledged, began his address by referring to the "cycle of time" which had brought the representatives of labor together, and then referred to the situation as follows:

The wrongs of the workers have not yet been obliterated nor their rights yet attained. The myriads of toilers of our country observe with a quickened and most acute sense the marvelous progress which should lighten them. We see our country blossoming forth like a rose, through our handiwork, yet countless thousands of our number, with but the sting of the thorn for their reward or their consolation. Encircled with the wizard-like instruments, the result of the concentrated genius of ages, to produce the necessities and luxuries of life, still the struggle of life most intense and often excruciating. Greed and inhumanity, providing they result in acquiring wealth, still regarded as human attributes of victory and respectability, masses of the young and the innocent may suffer and decay in the process, but this is of little concern, only that the end, wealth's possessions by the few, is attained.

But, continues President Gompers—By all the memories which bind us to the heroic sacrifices of past struggles of the lowly, by the recognition of the battles fought and won and the wounds received in the battles of our day, by the nobility of our purposes, the freedom for which we strive for all, success is as sure as that night follows day and the day follows night.

POLITICS. It becomes, in view of the discussions and action of the convention, difficult to understand just what ground, politically, the A. F. of L. occupies. It has abundant faith in legislation to mitigate the woes of labor, but has no faith in partisan politics and hence takes no steps to create a labor party to bring about political action to secure legislation for labor's emancipation from environments hostile to its welfare.

STRIKE AND BOYCOTT. In the deliberations of the convention there was apparently no abatement of faith in the effectiveness of strikes and boycotts for the promotion of the welfare of labor, and these weapons will continue to be wielded with increased vigor in the battles to secure justice for working men.

BRITISH DELEGATES.

One of the interesting and agreeable features of the convention was the introduction and reception of Messrs. Woods and Mallinson, delegates from England and Scotland, representing the Trades Union Congress of Great Britain. Mr. Woods, who is an ex-member of Parliament, in his address to the convention, gave a brief history of the British Trades Congress, saying that the Congress of Great Britain was established twenty-nine years ago. Its first meeting was held at Manchester in 1868 and there were present thirty-four delegates, representing 100,000 trades unionists. Trades unions at that time were regarded not only with suspicion but with hatred by the wealthy classes of the country. It is true they had been legalized so far back as 1824, but they had never been popular. They were not merely assailed in Parliament, but were openly condemned by the press, on the platform and in the pulpit with a violence seldom equaled in the history of any country. Some of the subjects considered at the first congress indicated the preliminary character of the gathering and show clearly that the delegates were but feeling their way toward a more permanent and thorough form of organization.

The congress has greatly improved its conditions in these twenty-nine years, both in the tremendous influence it wields over Parliament and, indeed, over the Government itself; in its largely increased membership and the number of delegates attending its annual conventions. In 1868 there were present thirty-four delegates representing 100,000 trades unionists, and in 1896 350 delegates, representing 1,400,000 men.

CUBA. The convention did not overlook the condition of affairs in Cuba, and passed ringing resolutions in sympathy with the insurgents who are battling against tremendous odds to secure liberty and independence.

UNSKILLED LABOR.

A movement was set on foot to organize all unskilled labor in the cities of [CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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The caption of this article suggests some reflections on what we call Time—a term which is usually taken for the measure of motion and for the duration of anything of which we have any conception.

For convenience, we divide time into centuries, years, months, days, hours and seconds; indeed, we have advanced to such a point in horolography that we divide seconds into halves and quarters, and with watch in hand note the flight of time as if it were a steed on a race course or a homing dove cleaving the air.

But, really, the great mass of mankind regard with indifference the volitation of time. They do not hear its footsteps nor the rustle of its wings. "The old clock on the stairs" does not "upbraid them with the waste of time," though

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of mirth,"

its hands point to the figures on the dial and with tick, tick, tick, says to all who hear, in tones fraught with all the solemnities of life and death, "A moment lost is gone forever."

Time is now—the present, not yesterday; not to-morrow, for there is no to-morrow. To-morrow never yet was born. It "is that lamp upon the march which a traveler never reacheth." It "is a satire on to-day." It is

"That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
 The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to live
 A useless life in waiting for to-morrow."

Only to-day is ours. We have it for acts, deeds, words. "Our cares are all to-day, our joys are all to-day," our triumphs and defeats are all to-day; our ambitions, hopes, aspirations, are all to-day. "To the gods belongs to-morrow." If one would perform a noble act, to-day is the time for its execution. If one has a brave word to say, say it now. If one would strike a blow for the welfare of mankind, deliver it to-day. "The dead past had its dreams," but the "real belongs to to-day."

If a battle for the right is to be won, it must be gained to-day. If a resolution is to be formed to lead a higher, nobler, purer life, the decree must be voiced to-day. If we are to "unmask falsehood and bring truth to light," we must begin the work to-day. Procrastination is a thief. Its successes mark the decay of manhood. It deprives its victims of spine and courage and will-power, and remands them to the rear of the advancing columns, and labels them "human mistakes."

What of it all? This, the 1st day of January, 1897, marks an epoch in the flight of time. The midnight bells tolled the death of the old year—and then, suddenly, heralded the birth of the new—and these incidents are of immense importance to all thoughtful men.

The past, by the inexorable and immutable decrees of Fate, stands fixed as the eternal hills and men may contemplate it at their leisure—silent, and yet eloquent, it has lessons of wisdom to impart to all who apply. It says to the laggard, the lazy, the inert, the dreamer, "be up and doing." To those who are waiting for something to turn up—"turn up something"—to those who bewail a lack of opportunities—"create them"—to those who complain of conditions—"to improve them." It speaks to the ignorant, and says "read, study—create a love of books—improve your mind, grow in intellectual strength until your views of ways and means and needs, have their full weight in shaping events." It says to the thrifless, "save your money"—to the young, "Youth is the time to lay the foundation, not only of fortune but of character"—and raising its voice to a stentorian tone, says, "now, the present, is the accepted time, and the only time to act."

Coming nearer home—into the charmed circle of our order—to brothers beloved of the A. R. U.—we say the days of 1897 will offer opportunities of growth, expansion, influence and power, well calculated to excite our noblest ambitions and highest aspirations.

We do not doubt that every day of 1897 will be a battle day. As an order, we are not seeking beds of roses or beds of down. As veterans in the army of labor, we know

"Tis weary watching wave on wave,
 But still the tide moves onward;
 We build, like corals, grave on grave,
 But pave a path upward.
 Though beaten back in many a fray,
 Yet never strength we borrow,
 And where our vanquish rests to-day,
 Our rear shall camp to-morrow."

By all the gods in a pile, comrades, we can if we will, and we will—make 1897 forever illustrious in the annals of labor. No year, since our order was born is burdened with a transaction which, if blazoned on the sky above us, would mantle our cheeks with a blush of shame. Our banners have never been trailed in the mire. Wounds we have received in our defense of principles, but never one in the back—always in front, and in battles to come, whatever may be their character, with face to the foe, with Spartan valor we will choose to be borne from the fray on our shields rather than accept terms of surrender involving our degradation.

In conclusion, on this natal day of 1897, we send greeting to our comrades in all the camps and on all the tented fields of our order. We wish them all, a thousand times, a happy and a prosperous New Year. And not only to the bearded men of the A. R. U., but to their mothers, wives, daughters, the children "living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven"—the RAILWAY TIMES sends its New Year's greetings, and to the hosts of labor, in the language of Charles Mackey, we say:

Men of thought be up and stirring
 Night and day;
 Sow the seed; withdraw the curtain;
 Clear the way;
 Men of action, aid and cheer them
 As ye may.
 There's a fount about to stream;
 There's a light about to beam;
 There's a warmth about to glow;
 There's a flower about to blow;
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray;
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way.
 Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say,
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day;
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray;
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid all hopes of honest men;
 Aid it pen and aid it type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way.

IS SOCIALISM UTOPIANISM?

An ever recurring interrogatory is, What is socialism? A majority of the people, seemingly, entertain the idea that socialism is a utopian hallucination, a thing of the imagination; something to be hoped for perhaps, but never to be realized; an ignis fatuus which lures its victims into other than the pathways of common sense and prudent endeavor; to expend their time and energies in the vain hope of gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles; and the realization of other hopes of which dreams are the prolific parents.

Under such circumstances it becomes eminently prudent to consult lexicographical authorities to find what socialistic means, and hence the following definitions may be of benefit to those in search of information.

Worcester's (edition 1890)—"The science of reconstructing society on an entirely new basis by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of human industry."

The Century (edition 1880)—"Any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely or in any great part the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitutes for it cooperative action, and would introduce a more perfect and equitable distribution of products of labor, and would make land and capital, as the means of production, the joint possessions of the members of the community."

Stormow's (edition 1885)—"A system which has for its object the reconstruction of society on the basis of a community of property and association, instead of competition, in every branch of human industry."

Webster's (edition 1891, unabridged)—"A theory or system of social reform which contemplates a complete reconstruction of society with a more just and equitable distribution of property and labor (in popular usage the term is often employed to indicate any lawless revolutionary social scheme)."

Manifestly, the "reconstruction of society" is a herculean task, but the same was true a half century or more ago, when a small minority of the people decided to "reconstruct society" by abolishing chattel slavery.

The real question is, Does society need reconstruction? Are there crimes, vices and wrongs which need to be extirpated? If such questions are answered affirmatively then the duty of the hour is to begin the task of reconstruction which, instead of being utopian, is pre-eminently a practical undertaking, and if, therefore, socialism proposes such reconstruction, it ought to command the respect and help of every well wisher of the country.

Society as now constructed is inimical to its own welfare. There is not a thoughtful man in the land who does not deplore present social conditions. They see the minority in possession of the wealth of the country, levying tribute upon the majority, standing guard at every gateway of opportunity, controlling production and exercising absolute sway over the welfare and destiny of the people at large. Those favored few have introduced a wage system which is to all intents and purposes a white slave system, in many regards more oppressive and degrading than was the chattel slave system because the owners of chattel slaves sought by proper clothing, food and shelter to protect the lives of their chattels, while those who control the wage slaves of the country are utterly regardless of such essentials, because, forsooth, the poorer and more degraded they are the easier the task to rob and degrade them.

Socialism, suffice it to say in this connection, proposes to find a way to better conditions. Not at a bound, but by the toilsome process of education. Not by strikes and boycotts, which under present conditions sink the struggling masses deeper in the mire of despondency, but by seeking through the emancipating power of co-operation to obtain control of natural opportunities, wealth and machinery, and lift the masses to independence and prosperity.

Two American poets have won immortality by writing of the American flag,—in recent times christened "Old Glory." Francis Scott Key wrote of the "Star Spangled Banner," now a national anthem, with the refrain

"The star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

And Joseph Rodman Drake sang of the American flag

"When freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night
 And set the stars of glory there."

Patriotic sentiments which find an echo in every true American heart. The American flag, wherever it is unfurled—on the land or on the sea, stands in the estimation of the nations of the earth, for liberty and independence. Its stripes stand for the old thirteen colonies wrested from King George, and its stars for the empire states that constitute the American republic. It was adopted by congress June 24th, 1777, and the first flag was made, it is said, "out of a soldier's white shirt, an old blue army coat, and a red flannel petticoat," and floated triumphantly at the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoyne surrendered, and where the British power in America received a check from which it never recovered.

It is seen that 120 years have elapsed since the American flag was first unfurled in a storm of war in which a battle was fought and a victory won, which stands forth as one of fifteen during the past twenty centuries that has had a lasting influence upon the world's history.

It would seem patriotic, if there is one article manufactured in the United States under conditions free from the filth and squalor of sweat-shops, the American flag is that one article. But its manufacture has been consigned, chiefly, to the city of New York, in places so unwholesome and offensive, that those who conduct the business, though hardened and heartless, are ashamed of the old rambled buildings where the women and girls are packed to an extent that the air is contaminated and health imperiled, and for wages which demonstrate they are sewing with a double stitch, a shroud as well as the

"Flag of the free hearts hope and home."

During the recent campaign those who advocated the gold-standard robber policy sought to hide their nefarious practices by proclaiming exceptional fealty to the nation's starry banner, and set apart a "flag day" to show how like wolves after sheep, they valued the freedom it symbolized, while the flags that waved on that day came from New York sweat-shops, where the flags the women manufacture excite neither sentiment nor reverence, and where, though every shop is a battle-field, the stars and stripes promise them nothing, and where the flag that symbolizes their condition is the piratical flag of trusts and the soulless bossage of sweat-shops, black as a raven's wing.

Organized labor in New York, if it can do anything along patriotic lines, should wrest the manufacture of the American Flag from sweat-shops and from the infections that lurk in every crevice and corner of the foul dens,

WE

Do not want the earth, but we do want to chronicle in every issue from now to January 1, 1898, that the American Railway Union, in membership, power and influence in the great family of labor organizations, is steadily increasing, and that the RAILWAY TIMES wants to help on the good work.

The RAILWAY TIMES advocates only common sense propositions, and one of them is, the more subscribers it has the more good it can accomplish for our order.

The RAILWAY TIMES does not chime in with Goldsmith's hermit, that
 "Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."

On the contrary, the RAILWAY TIMES wants a very long list of subscribers,—wants them right away, and wants them during the entire year of 1897.

And the RAILWAY TIMES wants every member of the American Railway Union to become a subscriber. This is the first step to be taken, and then it wants every member of the order to be a wide-awake, aggressive and determined canvasser, and secure subscriptions from his friends and neighbors, and believes, if this is done, 20,000 subscribers will be added to its list in a month.

The wise man said "there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven." Possibly, but certainly there is a "time and a season" to subscribe for the RAILWAY TIMES, which begins with January 1st, 1897.

Elsewhere the RAILWAY TIMES sends its New Year greetings to the order, but here it asks the membership to put forth their best efforts to enable it to increase its usefulness to them and to the order they love so much.

Now is the time to subscribe.

McKINLEY AND PROSPERITY.

An effort was made by the goldbug press, pulpit and stump, to impress the people, especially wage-earners, if McKinley was elected a tidal wave of prosperity would roll all over the country. The people, by a majority of a million believed that such would be the case. They didn't understand the why or the how of it, still, they believed the wave would come. They were ready to believe that the bark of dogs would be utilized to tan leather, and that brewers would be able to make beer with grasshopper hops. And here we are, McKinley is elected. The tidal wave of prosperity has not come, no weather bureau prognosticates its coming. Everything is in status quo, only a little worse. "Hundred's and thousands," says the *Twentieth Century*, "are still out of employment, children are starving, men are forced to steal that they may live. The Gould family still enjoys the fruit of successful crime, Cornelius Vanderbilt revels in the princely grandeur of his regal domicile, and John D. Rockefeller gloats over the gains of a brutal exploitation of the helpless, like the fugitive from justice that he is. If this is the prosperity McKinley has brought us, away with it." Well, this is the sort of prosperity McKinley and Hanna have brought us. It is a real plutocratic, trust, combine, corporation, gold standard article, and what makes it specially interesting is, the people voted for it. They had faith in trusts and the trusts are satisfied.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The government of trusts, by trusts and for trusts, at the head of which the hippopotamus, Grover Cleveland, has stood for the past four years, has found something new, notwithstanding the declaration of Solomon that "there is no new thing under the sun." John Sherman, the attorney of foreign and domestic boodlers, having succeeded in demonsting silver, a scheme to enrich shylocks, aided by every administration since 1873, and by none more than by Grover Cleveland, reduced the value of silver and enhanced the value of gold, and now the discovery is made that a gang of honest counterfeiters have been engaged, the Lord only knows how long, in manufacturing honest silver dollars, halves and quarters, and probably dimes which it is difficult to detect, and when found are shown to be better than the genuine coin manufactured at the government mints, have more silver in them and better silver; indeed, they are manufactured without alloy. This is a new thing under the sun.

We have the spectacle now presented of a gang of honest law-breaking rascals, at work somewhere in the dark making money that is superior to the article bearing the genuine stamp of a government dominated by trusts, plutocrats and boodlers of every description, who rob the people and steal their substance, but who now throw up their hands in holy horror because it is ascertained that another class of rascals are putting forth, for circulation, honest silver coins, and the suggestion is made that all the silver afloat will have to be recoined, as the only means of putting a stop to this honest counterfeiting of the nation's silver coins.

These honest rascals who violate the law by making "honest money," "sound money" and better money than the government manufactures, have extended their operations into foreign lands, and are counterfeiting the silver coins of European nations. So far, it has not been intimated that Mark Hanna, Andrew Carnegie or Famine Pullman are in this gang, but as the business nets about 100 per cent. profit, disclosures may be made that will startle the world. These counterfeiting rascals who are giving the people honest coins must have cash to buy bullion, and millionaire boodlers have the money, and at the enormous profits in sight they might be induced "to shove the queer."

WAR IN LEADVILLE.

The city of Leadville is built on the summit of a mountain rising 10,000 feet heavenward above the level of the sea. It is a "cloud land" city surrounded with mountains where the Creator stored vast deposits of silver and gold which has fallen into the hands of hounds of the Mark Hanna breed, who prefer scabs to self-respecting workmen. As a result, scabs, protected by the military arm of Colorado, are making things gloomy in Leadville. The *Leadville Miner*, in describing the situation, says: "With all the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war' the scab procession wended its way up Fourth street Tuesday morning and disappeared in the direction of the Bison mine. It consisted of forty-two scabs and two of their women, accompanied by 200 infantry, twenty-four cavalry, two galling guns and a full complement of officers. The march to the mines was accompanied with the usual military outrages. At No. 532 east Fourth street John Ahren lives with his sister, Mrs. Gorman. He stood in the doorway looking at the motley procession. A soldier ran up and ordered him inside. Ahren did not move. The soldier made a dash at him with his bayonet which Ahren struck aside. A man, not in uniform, ran up and drew his gun. Ahren, who is a deputy sheriff, arrested him for carrying concealed weapons. Several scabs who were on

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the sidewalks, as guards, no doubt, ran up and drew their big dirks. The soldiers gathered around and assisted in taking the deputy sheriff's prisoner away from him. Ahren, to save his life, backed into the house, keeping the crowd covered with his revolvers."

Such is the sort of prosperity that has struck Leadville. It is a genuine plutocratic article, but it is the sort the people voted for November 3d, 1896, and which Mark Hanna will see to it that it continues through his administration.

THE FEDERAL COURT.

Thomas Jefferson always experienced alarm when he contemplated the power of the federal judiciary to wreck the republic. He believed it to be a standing menace to the free institutions of the republic, and said that "over the judiciary department the constitution had deprived them (the people) of control, * * * and after twenty years' confirmation of the federated system by the voice of the nation, declared through the medium of elections, we find the judiciary on every occasion still driving us into consolidation * * * before the canker is become inveterate—before its venom has reached so much of the body politic as to get beyond control—remedy should be applied. Let the future appointment of judges be for four or six years and renewable by the president and senate."

The evils Jefferson pointed out have come, and the federal judiciary has become the most dangerous department of the government.

The United States of America is the only land beneath the stars where Progress, booted, spurred and plumed, is seen astride of Poverty, parading along all the highways and by ways of the land just to show admiring angels what Progress can do for civilization when backed by galling guns, injunctions, a debauched press and religious citadels—the pulpit.

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PAPERS.

THE MARCH OF THE HOMELESS.

Have you heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of the millions... As they tread by Dives' door? Have you gazed on their hunger-pinched battalions...

Labor and Land.

A very thoughtful and interesting article by Lizzie M. Holmes is going the rounds of the press, taken from the Railway Times, which has elicited some thoughts from me which I desire to offer to your readers.

"Organized workers simply have no chance for justice whatever," says she, which I would emphasize and add to. If they have no land nor capital, they are at the absolute mercy of those who have.

How to make the above "self evident truths" more than a mere sentiment, how to make them practical realities, is important, and I hope my suggestions may help to solve the problem.

All durable structures must be founded on the land—else they are but castles in the air and may be blown away by any adverse wind. No theory of sociology, however beautiful or symmetrical, has ever stood nor can ever stand unless based on an equal right to an equal distribution of land.

There are but three factors entering into the production of wealth, viz: Land, labor and capital. Wealth is divided about equally between the landlord as rent, the capitalist as interest, and the laborer as wages.

Since all men have an equal right to land (because of a right to life) then no man has a greater right to it than another. "Then it follows as the night the day" that no one person has a right to the rent of land.

He is as a landlord, an absolute non-productive parasite; a leech, sucking the blood from capital and labor. He is a barnacle on the ship of state retarding its progress.

Since the landlord takes as rent at least one-third of the wealth produced by labor and capital, if eliminated, labor and capital would receive all wealth for there would be none other to get it.

Labor and capital often antagonize each other like two cats whose tails are tied together and thrown across a clothes line, each blaming the other for their misfortune when their interests are mutual as against landlordism which they should unite against.

The laborer would be the greater gainer by eliminating the landlord for he could produce and control his own capital on free land.

When it is considered that no single man ever did or ever can add any value to land except that proportionate value of land in city or state, that he is to the whole population of the city or state, and the value of land is produced by the whole community, the absolute justice of the single tax is obvious.

As proof that the whole community jointly and equally produce all land values, take the population of any city and multiply it by 4, and if a booming town by 5, and the product will be a close approximation to the value in dollars of an acre of land in the heart of the town. Or, take the population of a state and multiply it by five hundred and you get as a product the aggregate value in dollars of the land in the state exclusive of improvements.

Does the poor man with a family of five get the \$2,500 value he adds to the land in his state? If he does not, who does? Did he who gets it, earn it?

It is true that capital now gets more than its share of what the landlord leaves to the two, labor and capital, as a rule, but if labor had free access to natural opportunities, it would be its own capitalist and destroy the monopoly of

capital. The monopoly of land is the prolific mother of the whole litter of the whelps of monopoly.

The laborer, under the single tax, would get more than double the wages he now gets owing to the increased demand for labor as I will show: besides he could be his own capitalist and get the extra interest that would go to legitimate capital which the landlord now gets.

The single tax would eliminate the millionaire, for labor with access to natural opportunities would get all its earnings. What makes the millionaire but the surplus of wealth the laborer produces over a bare living?

By taking the tax off of wealth, the products of labor, everything would be cheapened—more would be consumed—more labor required to produce. Wages would rise, for no one would labor for less than he could pay himself by working on free land.

By taxing wealth you make it scarce and high priced. By taxing land values you make it cheaper and more plentiful and accessible.

The fear that the single tax could be shifted onto the tenant is groundless and is negated by all political economists, notably, J. S. Mill and Ricardo.

The tax on anything else is shifted onto the consumer. By eliminating tax on improvements, more houses would be built, more labor employed and rents reduced. By taxing houses or anything else, their production is discouraged just as the production of dogs is discouraged by a tax on them.

Any improvement in municipal or state government any laws that may seem to benefit a community other than freeing the land, will accrue almost entirely to the landlord, just as all the discoveries in the sciences and inventions of labor saving machinery have raised the rent of land.

The projection of a railroad through a country or a street railroad to remote parts of a city, raises the price of land in that vicinity. All public improvements, good fire departments, good police protection, public parks, schools, libraries, streets, etc., raise the price of land alone. The houses are no more valuable. The land should pay for all improvements.

Read Henry George's work and learn all about this great moral reform with a fiscal name—The Single Tax.

Thoughts from the Workshop.

The municipal election of this burg is over, and once more the people can resume their usual calmness and return to their respective ruts and there remain until another campaign looms over the horizon. While I pen these lines a colored gentleman who prides himself on wearing a plug hat and being an editor of an African newspaper is urging his claims upon the "progressive democrats" for a great big job full of pap.

He claims that he alone has saved the day against the combines of wealth arrayed against the people, and that he must be elevated to some deputyship drawing a big salary, as a compensation in return for his services. Poor miserable lump of idiotic conceit, button-holing the very men he tried to knife!

On the first page of his McKinley paper I read the following bit in bold letters: "The Daily Tribune represents 1,300 colored voters in this city." I notice the more contemptibly little some men are, the more exacting they are in expecting recognition for services performed. On the other hand men of broad-gauge sympathies, of magnificent mentality who performed miracles of self-sacrifice and stood firmly for principle at the risk of their very lives, they ask nothing at the hands of the political victors. The little weasel-faced scabs that have performed absolutely nothing for man nor God expect the world to give them its choicest morsels. This has ever been the history of the world, but will this sort of things continue, I wonder? I have prided myself on knowing something about human nature, but during the city campaign just passed I have learned more about that curious composition than ever before.

The spoils hunter was ever on the tapis, urging and entreating and perfectly brow-beating the apparent winners on one of the city tickets, but I imagine those miserable sores on the body politic will only be cured by drastic purgatives.

This nasty scum that comes to the surface in every political campaign is getting unendurable and the sooner it is hurled to the garret of "inconspicuous destitute" the better it will be for "decent folk." Several of our successful candidates have been compelled to leave the city until "inauguration day" on account of the human vultures that want to drive their beaks into their pocket books. Dirty politics I have heard mentioned, but seldom have I seen so much of it in so little time as in the recent campaign. The ward-heeling delegates were out in full force to take advantage of the harvest afforded by candidates, cash. But the contest is settled and in a week or two everything will be as tame as usual. Leagues without number sprang up to take a hand in our municipal campaign, and they, too, I presume, will not be heard of a year hence. One peculiar phase of the political situation is the oft-quoted statement that "the Pops are dead and will never be resurrected again." That the People's party is dead seems untrue when one's eye glances over the galaxy of new congressmen and senators sent to the White House by the late election. Dead seems a pretty poor word to apply to such a

strong, energetic body of men. No, the people's party will never die as long as the people dwell on this planet! As long as there is a wrong to be righted, and an injustice to be dealt with, there will be men whose hearts will burn with determination to handle these matters. This constitutes the real core of "Populism," and no matter how much or how little the present organization grows, the principles it represents and advocates will live forever.

The disgruntled misanthropes, creatures whose ambition for office has been the leading theme, will no doubt wander into some other camp. The true and the honest men can well afford to part company with this "riffraff," and may they never return is the prayer of every true populist. These office-smelling rogues have been the curse of American politics, and will continue to be as long as the present pernicious system of robbery continues. Hunger, in many respects, is a good thing, but when it becomes chronic it has a most dehumanizing effect upon mankind; it dehumanizes largely, I think, for the universal cussedness that at present prevails.

I notice that "street walkers" are becoming more numerous of late, and I am informed that young married women are "out rustling for trade" while the husbands remain at home crooning to the babies. This is a species of prostitution that fairly curdles one's blood, and does not seem to be redeemable enough to come under the head of "total depravity." But what will people do in this vortex of a struggle for existence? Honor, chastity and affection are mere nothingness in the balance against life—to some people. Others who love the atmosphere of an uncorrupted being more than mere physical existence, die rather than stoop so low as prostitution. The list of suicides seem to be lengthening out, perhaps for that reason more than any other. To sleep with the consciousness of having perverted one's being simply to have gratified the gnawings of a hungry stomach, must, in the nature of things, be extremely humiliating, and to a partially sensitive soul must eventually drive to either madness or death! I say that this phase of human experience through which we are plunging is not very reassuring, and if some necks get stretched before this miserable century draws to a close it will not surprise many of the soberest of our reform advocates. Necks that richly deserve the gallows for the part they have played in this drama of treason and selfishness upon the human race. The wave of prosperity its "advance agent" promised would sweep over this country has not materialized yet, notwithstanding "confidence" has been partially restored. The "almighty dollar," that damned thing of all things that eludes the grasp of "honest labor," seems to be getting more elusive as the days go by. The human heart is getting more and more enraged at the narrowing circle which purchased legislation has enacted, and if the outrageous condition gets much worse than it is, hell in all its fury will not be a circumstance compared to the upheaval that will surely come!

When vested rights and special privileges come between the people and happiness, that thin partition, unless propped up by a multitude of bayonets, cannot endure long! I doubt whether even bayonets can hold this low-lived, groveling usurpation of the trust and combine and banking corporations many years longer. The people know that they have a perfect right to life, and that the life belongs to the whole human family. They also know that starvation is a crime against nature, especially when she in her unstinted goodness yields so much food for all. Human necessities should never have been subject to profit-mongering rodents. Never in the history of the race should "usury" nor "increase" have been tolerated, for in the nature of things the unmerciful self-seeking and bloated beasts always usurp these bounties, whether it be in the bank or warehouse, or in any other human capacity.

"Chronic hunger" is the disease that will eventually wreck this republic and scatter the handwork of ages to the four winds. Starving people are worse than starving wolves, if history can be believed, and if the majestic silence and inoperativeness of the powers that be do not awaken to the urgency of the situation, these "powers" will fall a prey to their own victims. Very few tears will be shed upon these notorious time-pillaging procrastinators if an outraged people should visit them with condign punishment. The world is the heritage of the people, and the "people" are the workers, and no matter what or how black the sophist may paint the picture otherwise, this statement is true—the world is the etc., etc. This "theory" and that "theory" may keep the worldless man from aggressiveness for a short time, but by the eternal he lies of the past ages one by one are being nailed to the cross, and sooner or later the three will have to restore the stolen goods by the right of the arm, and the fog of a starving stomach will be a bursting granary is opening the eyes of mankind, and before long a radical change will be enacted, whether as gentle as the descending dew of heaven or the forceful whirl of the cyclone we know not neither do many of us care.

Pay as You Go. BY W. P. BORLAND. What a world of meaning is contained in those four little monosyllables! And what a wonderful transformation would be effected in our social system if the advice they give could be lived up to! There are a great many persons who imagine that our system of credit and its corollary, debt, is the result of individual dereliction of some sort, and persons would only make up their minds to do so we could all pay as we go. Such persons either believe that business can be done without money at all, or else they need light on the subject. Our whole system of business and finance is constructed and operated as if with the express design to prevent men from paying as they go. If we follow the system we must accept its consequences. It is extremely puerile to attempt to tack an incongruous principle onto any system of social relations. It would be very admirable, indeed, if we could all pay as we go, but such a proceeding would reduce our system of social relations to chaos and be the death of many painfully evolved and much lauded institutions.

What nonsense! Why, under such a Utopian arrangement as that many of our "best" and most "respectable" citizens, those for whose exclusive benefit

in life our governments are organized and operated, would have to come down to the level of the common herd, and, horrible thought! they might be compelled to soil their lily white hands with menial and disgusting toil.

From the governments of the world with their great national debts, down to the humble driver of a coal cart who pinches the eagle on the last quarter of his week's wages until it fairly screams in agony before passing into the till of the grocer in payment for his week's provisions, who pay as they go? It is a common experience with tradesmen that those whom we think perfectly able to pay as they go are just as prone to run in debt for the necessities and luxuries of life as are the poorer members of the community; and they are generally a mighty hard class of people to collect bills from, too. There are many poor people who are compelled to pay as they go because they never have enough ahead to entitle them to a line of credit, who make up to the tradesmen in the increased prices of the goods they buy the losses he sustains in his dealing with these rich swindlers. This is a consequence of the system. These people have the operations of the credit system so ingrained in their consciousness, they are attached so strongly to the very fibers of their being, that they could not act differently if they tried. If they should pay as they go they would lose interest on the money required for cash payments—what an impossible idea! By having a general settling day every six months or a year the accumulated interest of their money falls in to meet their needs, and they are thus enabled to have somebody else pay their debts for them. See?

Suppose the government should pay as it goes. Why, there would be no syndicate of brokers then to gather in millions in the short space of a few fleeting days, by dealing in the government's credit. How could we endure to live under a government which was without credit, because it had no debt and no disposition to make one? How would it be possible to bring us to a realizing sense of our responsibilities in the government of our country if we were once deprived of those campaign shibboleths, "national honor" and "sacredness of our national obligations?" Suppose all business should be carried on on a "pay as you go" basis. What would become of our bankers, who now make a fat living by fixing up exchanges between people who don't pay as they go, and who disinterestedly relieve us of our money, they are too weak and ignorant to carry; what would become of the horde of accountants, lawyers, brokers, collectors, etc., now an appurtenance of the credit system? Ah, that pay as you go proposition is a dangerous one—it is revolutionary! It would destroy the wonderful credit system. Imagery is exhausted in praise of credit; our wonderful industrial and economic development is said to be a result of it. In Laylor's "Cyclopedia of Political Science," we find this: "If there exists an agency of unquestioned power, it surely is that of credit. Who does not admire its wonderful potency? Who does not recognize the mighty share which is due to it in the economic development of the present age?"

But credit implies its opposite: there cannot be creditors without debtors. Credit means debt. And debt means slavery—slavery of body and of mind to impossible conditions, physical and mental; slavery to an impossible burden of interest which is reducing the world to a vast Golgotha for the caucification of the masses. The system to which they are tied, like Prometheus to the rock, abettedly forbids men to pay as they go; and it is a labor worthy of a Hercules, indeed, to deliver them. The evils of the credit system fall on the weaker and more helpless members of society. These evils are well known, but it would be well for those who seek to remove them so, what is the alternative to be put in their place? Then the question arises: Have the friends of reform any Cesars and Cromwells in their ranks? Bryan is very much a man like Caesar in everything excepting military knowledge. He could organize the biggest and strongest army of any man in this country if he only had military training and experience. Hon. Thos. E. Watson is another brave and able man, though, as yet, less known than Mr. Bryan. Senator Tillman is another; Governor Altdeld is another; E. V. Debs is another; but all, as far as I know, are lacking in military knowledge, and not yet prepared to be in this rotten republic what Caesar was to the rotten republic of Rome.

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I have no statistics at hand showing how many wage-workers in the United States and Canada own their homes. Nor does it matter, there are such wage-workers in every community, and could I interview them, the universal testimony would be, that to own a home involved, at first, no little sacrifice of comforts and pleasures, together with some of the necessities of life. The well defined purpose to own a home having overcome every obstacle, and while the pathway was never smooth, nor its grade less trying upon the strength of purpose, the habit of economy and the fruits it bore were always sources of encouragement and satisfaction.

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The first public act that Jesus performed, was to go up to Jerusalem and clean out the temple. He found it a "den of thieves." History repeats itself as to temples, and when "Christ comes again," there will be more uproar in the temples.

he that organized labor might as well disband and give up the contest, unless they are able and willing to resort to other plans and measures less Utopian than those they are advised to abandon.

The Cuban patriot hero, Maximo Gomez, was as thoroughly convinced of the futility of parleying and voting, in expectation of achieving political reform, as Mr. Sovereign seems to be; but Gomez was far more consistent when he declared that "it is idle to expect concessions from a tyrant in the interest of the people, except at the point of the bayonet!"

Can organized labor in the United States see nothing going on in Cuba, looking to the bettering of the condition of producers of wealth?

Does Mr. Sovereign, et al., look upon all such warfare for the 'rights and liberties of the people,' the common people, as Utopian?

Mr. Sovereign's address shows, if it shows anything, that the election of 1896 proves that free government in the United States is a failure and that all measures and methods heretofore tried for preserving the rights and liberties of the people, are stupendous failures! What a thought? That our whole complicated system of government and civilization must, after all, be conceded to be nothing less than a miserable failure, so it is. And the question now is: Shall the people keep on in pursuit of the phantom—Utopia, as Mr. Sovereign expressly puts it—or will they look the facts squarely in the face? The point is just this: that the money-power, the combined money kings of Europe and America, is a coercive power: means coercion, is coercion, and plants itself upon its coercive ability! And Mr. Sovereign sees it. He sees the dilemma in which the people, the producing masses, and their leaders, have allowed themselves to be entrapped. He sees that there is no escape but through violent revolution, though he hesitates to say so in so many words. If Mr. Sovereign knows of any plan to overcome the coercive power of combined wealth, except a stronger counter coercion, he assuredly ought to make it known to the American people; something that is not a mere dream, or theory, or Utopia. If he comes short of doing this, then he too is destined to prove as great a failure as have all the rest. It appears that our Cromwell, our Cæsar, our Peter the Great, has not yet come, or that he is not to be looked for in the ranks of organized labor.

The trouble with organized labor is, that it is lacking in genius, in heroism, in statesmanship or generalship, in the grasp of the real situation. If it had these, it would find the ways and means of asserting its rights and compelling the money-power to respect them. If organized labor is unable to "toe the mark," to rise up to the tremulous degeneracy of the impending revolution, it may as well ignominiously surrender, and disband its forces. "They who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

In the capacity of chief officer of the Knights of Labor, Mr. Sovereign proclaimed, a year or two ago, that "The money-power must be annihilated." Of course he holds the same views now; but he has now come to see that Utopian plans must be abandoned in order to consummate that grand object. It would be highly edifying, at the present critical point in our history, if Mr. Sovereign would explicitly state what plans are Utopian and what are feasible. The money-power desire, above all things, that organized labor—in other words, the masses—shall adhere to the ballot-box plan in the future as in the past, for, as Mr. Sovereign says, the money-power has demonstrated its ability to over-reach and dominate the masses every time, by the ballot box plan. Must we not infer from this declaration that the ballot box is one of the Utopian plans to be abandoned; or, at least, sole reliance on the ballot-box as hitherto? What else is the alternative to be put in its place? Then the question arises: Have the friends of reform any Cesars and Cromwells in their ranks? Bryan is very much a man like Caesar in everything excepting military knowledge. He could organize the biggest and strongest army of any man in this country if he only had military training and experience. Hon. Thos. E. Watson is another brave and able man, though, as yet, less known than Mr. Bryan. Senator Tillman is another; Governor Altdeld is another; E. V. Debs is another; but all, as far as I know, are lacking in military knowledge, and not yet prepared to be in this rotten republic what Caesar was to the rotten republic of Rome.

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A. F. OF L.

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the country. Just how it will work is not clear, since a trades union implies that its members have a trade, and if men who have no trade can be organized in a trades union we see no reason why, if membership alone is considered, the A. F. of L. should not have a boom of large proportions.

UNION NEWSPAPERS.

Early in the proceedings of the convention reporters representing newspapers employing scabs were ruled out and not permitted to take notes of the proceedings and publish them for the benefit of their readers, but since it might be regarded as important to give the proceedings the widest possible reading, the policy of exclusion becomes a debatable question.

INFELICITIES.

During the deliberations of the convention many infelicities occurred, one of which resulted in the retirement of Mr. McCraith as secretary of the Federation, a position he has held for two years.

HEADQUARTERS.

By a vote of the convention the headquarters of the A. F. of L. was removed from Indianapolis to Washington, D. C.; a city where pomp and pride, official arrogance and plutocracy in all its most offensive exhibitions holds unquestioned sway. That such a locality, where even the national bureau of labor has learned the scrape, and bow, and strut of every other department of the government, is a good place to maintain and perpetuate the democracy of labor is, at least questionable.

OFFICERS.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:
President—Samuel Gompers.
First Vice-President—P. J. McGuire, of Philadelphia.
Second Vice-President—James Duncan, of Baltimore.
Third Vice-President—James O'Connell, of Chicago.
Fourth Vice-President—M. M. Garland, of Pittsburgh.
Secretary—Frank Morrison, of Chicago.
Delegates to the British Trades Congress—Martin Fox, of Cincinnati, and George E. McNeill, of Boston.

FESTIVITIES.

From the first day of the convention Cincinnati was opulent in providing for the delegates a round of festivities well calculated to lighten the burdens of mental depression which the woes of workmen impose, and when, amidst the glow and cheer of music and oratory, when the toast goes round and gallant men respond to the smiles of fair women, the great shop is forgotten, and the representatives of workmen, like other men representing more favored people, arrayed in their Sunday suits, dance to merry music, partake of rich viands and avert their eyes from the skeleton hand on the wall, writing, not the old Latin proverb, *Labor omnia vincit*, but rather, "Mark Hanna conquers all."

NASHVILLE.

A number of cities were candidates for the honor of entertaining the next annual convention of the A. F. of L., but when the votes were counted the prize went to Nashville, Tenn., by a mammoth majority.

POLITICS AND TRADES UNIONS.

There are those who deplore the discovery of any intimation that organized labor is drifting into politics, and one of the number is the editor of the *Coast Seaman's Journal*, who believes the "result of the recent election is a ground of hope for the future." To be cheerful, to have hope springing eternally under one's feet, are really good things—to regard defeat as a victory is another factor of joyfulness. In the late election, says the C. S. J., "the main question was between the masses and the classes, and organized labor was true to the former. And this without going 'into politics as trades unionists.'" Leaving out of the question any reference to organizations, we have men, free men, sovereign citizens whose high prerogatives are to go into politics; indeed, unless they abdicate their sovereignty as a thing of no consequence whatever, they are always in politics; but, it appears, the moment they become trades unionists they are out of politics—must keep their mouths closed about parties, must cease to be political partisans, for fear if they assert their manhood their sovereign prerogative to advocate the principles and policy of one party against those announced by another party, trades unions will suffer. Take for instance trusts, the colossal curse of the times. A political party—and it must be a political party—is organized to eradicate the curse. Now, then, a trades unionist may vote to remove the trust abomination, but not as a trades unionist. He may vote with a party proclaiming its hostility to trusts, but not as a trades unionist, because that would be taking trades unions into politics—partisan politics—as if a political measure of any description could be enacted into law without a political party to force it through a law-making body. Indeed, the contention is, if a trades union should resolve, first, that trusts are abnormal monsters of iniquity,

that their policy is piracy, that they control the government, and threaten the liberties of the people; and, second, this trades union will affiliate with the political party pledged to crush the curse, such a resolution would utterly destroy that trades union, because its patriotic action had taken it into politics. But such a disaster could not occur unless some trades unionist was in favor of trusts and regarded them as a blessing to the country—and just how much benefit such a member would be to trades unions, only the gods could determine. Labor is profoundly interested in politics, in legislation, in having infamous laws repealed and righteous laws enacted, and if these things ever come to pass it will be through the action of some political party, by politics, and labor, under whatever flag it rallies, cannot too soon feel the weight of the responsibility that rests upon its action.

WORKINGMEN FOR SOLDIERS.

The *St. Louis Evening Journal* would like to see workingmen in the majority in the State militia and in the regular army. It holds that "the militia has been mainly composed of dudes, white-gloved millionaires' sons and corporation tools, kindergarten idlers, etc., classes from whom the laboring classes could expect no sympathy or respect, and in times of trouble with corporations the militia is always over-anxious to serve the class to which it belongs, regardless of just duty or due consideration for the contentions of the work-people."

The *Journal* recognizes the fact that a military organization is a machine and must "obey orders," but suggests that while the machine may be ordered to the scene of a strike to protect property, it is not required to "aggravate the strikers to violence by intimidating them and allowing protected scabs to taunt them into desperation." And the *Journal* suggests, if the militia was "composed of the horny-handed sons of toil, organized labor would receive no such treatment, while riot and bloodshed would be less frequent. Workingmen would recognize in the militia a friend instead of meeting it with the expectation of measuring strength."

The *Journal* advocates a labor militia, and remarks that "there is nothing to prevent organized labor from forming itself or portions of itself into militia companies, so that when greedy corporations demand military protection against strikers, the strikers would repair to their armories and march in quick time to the scene of their own contentions. In that way the State would be at no greater expense and the men would draw pay for protecting the property of the persons or corporation with whom they might be struggling. The mere fact that the strikers would turn soldiers on such occasions would have a wonderful tendency to make corporations avoid calling on the State for military force where it was absolutely needed, which would in a short time convince corporations that it was cheaper to treat their employes fairly than to force them to strike and then pay them for protecting property during the trouble."

The *Journal's* proposition is immensely suggestive. It makes it the duty of the militia to protect property, but to go slow when it comes to shooting down strikers. Just now, there is manifested on the part of the general government great solicitude about the militia, called the "State Guard," which is to be better armed, for no other service under heaven than to shoot down workingmen when resisting a policy of robbery and degradation.

It would certainly be a movement in the direction of peace and justice, for labor organizations to become at least semi-military; organize themselves into military companies and become identified with the "State Guard." They would not have to "save their money to buy a gun," the shooting iron would be furnished by the State, and if ordered to fire, their aim might be so accurate as to miss the target if it was a union workman contending for his rights.

BATTLE SONG FOR THE A. R. U.

Up boys, up, sling out our flag—
We do not banter, we do not brag—
Be this our boast, as days may come:
Our duties shall be nobly done.
Our principles shall be our boast,
"Heroic Men" shall be the toast,
Chivalric men, whose battle words
Are keener than Damascus swords.
Valiant in the past we've been,
Courageous now as ever, when
We struck for rights in storm and shine
In the name of Truth divine.
Then let us sling our banners high,
With "Do and Dare," our battle cry,
And then as days and months shall come,
We'll point to victories nobly won.
—A. R. Youman.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"Mrs. Weeds," said Mr. Higging, "I asked your daughter to marry me, and she referred me to you."
"I'm sure that was very kind of Susie, but then she always was a dutiful girl. Really, Mr. Higging, I hadn't thought of marrying again at my time of life; but, since you insist, suppose we make the wedding day next Thursday week."

Mark Hanna is arranging for a Moscow demonstration on inauguration day. "Death on a pale horse" will be in the van of the procession to represent labor.

BREVITIES.

California has about 3,000 socialists.

The great Suez Canal cost \$114,000,000.

A wise man don't know it all but a fool does.

Prentiss is a form of lying worse than the real article.

An ass may be known, not only by its ears, but by its bray.

If a man wants to double his troubles let him talk about them.

A rich man without pride would be a gentleman if he were poor.

Denmark pensions all her subjects, male and female, over sixty years of age.

A man possessing a statuesque body and a deformed soul is a miserable cripple.

A man who loves the truth and speaks the truth is never bothered about theologues.

Every man can help himself a little bit, enough to attract the attention of heaven.

A man who fails to recognize merit in others has none of his own worth mentioning.

We hear much about the wings of time but never a word about its tail feathers.

The proprietors of the *Kansas City Gazette* have ratified, or rodentified, their office.

The weather is a little chilly for sheep shearing, but corporations are doing it, all the same.

The *Milwau Mechanic* is out once more, but not on bail, and may again call a spade "a spade."

The United States is merely a ranch controlled by a syndicate of which Mark Hanna is chief.

General Miles reports to the Secretary of War that "after the ball, workmen are quiet."

The udder which contains the "milk of human kindness" should never be suffered to go dry.

Now that \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ have won every thing needed, the people can follow old Vanderbilt's advice and be damned.—*Milwau Mechanic*.

Cinnamon bark is a production of Ceylon, but the cinnamon bear belongs to the United States.

The question now before the railroad magnates is, "Can our stocks and bonds hold any more water?"

There is not a city in the United States that does not have its "Death Valley" and its Gila monster.

C. P. Huntington, the notorious felon, managed to carry California for Mark Hanna by a majority of 2,798.

The San Francisco *Star*, on the day after the late election hoisted the Bryan flag for president in A. D. 1900.

In the Texas legislature there are eight Populists and five Republicans, the rest of the members are Democrats.

The horse power of Niagara, at least the American half of it, is now in operation, manufacturing electricity.

Schlatter, the "healer," has turned up again and will preach in Denver, which he says is the "New Jerusalem."

The latest reports state that the Florida coasts and Wall street are more than usually infested with sharks.

A man may catch an idea but he can not keep it from getting away from him, and it would be worthless if he could.

A minister receiving a fat salary consoles the poor of the world by telling them "they will be rich in the next world."

New Zealand is the greatest swallow land in the world. The people of that country last year paid about \$11,000,000 for drink.

If R. G. Dun & Co. are to be accepted as authority, it is only the hind quarters of prosperity that can be seen by the naked eye.

The Duke of Marlborough, spent \$100,000 of Vanderbilt's money in entertaining the Prince of Wales at Blenheim castle, recently.

"Railroad men," says the *Railway Age*, "generally voted for McKinley." And now they are waiting to have their wages advanced.

The tidal wave of prosperity is coming with such tremendous force that it is practically impossible to catalogue and classify failures.

Prosperity, the sort that the plutocrats want, has come in the shape of an advance in the price of stocks and bonds, but not in wages.

Queen Victoria's state coach is twenty-four feet long and weighs four tons, but since 1861 has not appeared on the streets of London.

Grover Cleveland's message is said to be as thin as the film of a soap bubble, requiring 50,000,000 of them to measure the thickness of an inch.

The successful man is the courageous, self-reliant man. He goes ahead when others hesitate, and is never found at the tail end of the procession.

The *Coming Nation* is of the opinion if Christ should "come" again, and visit the United States, he would be in the chain gang in less than a week.

Cuba deserves independence, and she would have had it long ago if either Grant or Cleveland had done their duty in aiding men struggling to be free.

The congress that comes in March 4, 1897, will have 204 republicans, 124 democrats, 13 fusionists and 12 populists, giving Mark Hanna a majority of 55.

Rockefeller prides himself on being a student of the Bible, and to his Sunday school class presents buttons inscribed with the motto, "Believe in the Profits."

A movement is now on foot by European capitalists to get control of the American gold mines, and under Mark Hanna's administration they will get them.

Just why it is that the churches can't get near the men, when two-thirds of their members are women is perplexing to the students of paradoxical propositions.

Ambassador Bayard recently dined with the queen of England, and Victoria, who has large possessions in the United States, probably talked politics and shop.

As a means of arriving at a righteous settlement of a controversy it were better for disputants to flip a copper than to take their case to the United States supreme court.

The *Fargo Labor Journal* remarks: "the *Journal* believes a man should have a conviction and stay by it." That's the Supreme Court's idea of a workman.

We notice a scarcity of concern for the dead workmen's welfare recently. Well, the season for that fruit is past. Sort of a quadrennial crop, anyhow.—*Los Angeles Labor World*.

Kentucky is jubilant over her good fortune in having a large crop of corn, which, in view of the fact that Henri Watterson is home, affords the Corn Crackers no little consolation.

As an evidence of returning prosperity Pullman has cut the wages of his employes. The famine king would cut their throats as readily as their wages if he could make money by the operation.

This thing of praying for a man when in trouble may be all right, but when Christ was upon earth and an ox or an ass fell into a ditch, he did not instruct the people to pull them out with prayer.

A great many people who want to live after they are dead, and fearing they will be forgotten, want tombstones erected to their memory. Moses didn't have one, and Washington didn't need one.

"Ha! ha!" said the merchant, gleefully, to his wife. "I've made \$10,000 this morning." "I'm just delighted to hear it," said the wife. "How did you make such a sum since breakfast?" "Marked up prices," was the reply.

"Dearest," said wife No. 2, "am I as dear to you as was wife No. 1?" "I should smile," replied the husband. "I only paid \$10 for her coffin, and I would pay ten times that amount for yours." "Oh, that is so nice of you my dear."

Mark Hanna is going to Washington to open one of the most gorgeous restaurants ever heard of in that city. He will dine and wine the nobility regardless of cost, and will make the entertaining end of McKinley's administration as brilliant as the tail of a peacock.

The tide of old Time has no ebb in its flow. It forever goes on—there's none to say "whoa." And kick, if you will, but you still have to go. Whither, ah! whither, the gods only know.

But what does it matter? We're forced to confess that after all queries 'tis a matter of guess. But while one part is left our old hand to press, We will never fling out a flag of distress.

The Great Northern railroad is to have a tunnel to do away with the wonderful cascade switchback. The tunnel will be about three miles long, will cost \$2,000,000, and will be sixteen feet wide and twenty-three feet high—barely sufficient to let Jim Hill through without rubbing, and with his hat on.

Mr. Francis, Cleveland's secretary of the interior, who is a goldbug, but who sees the dangers ahead which Bryan warned the people of, says, "If some legislation is not enacted to check the growing influence of wealth and circumscribe the powers of the trusts and monopolies there will be an uprising of the people before the century closes which will endanger our institutions."

Those railroad men who organized gold standard clubs and sang, Yankeeoodle is the tune Our horses delight in, are still looking for an advance in their wages.

"Are you a single man?" asked a lawyer of a stolid-looking German on the witness stand.

"Now you look out," was the indignant reply, "bud don't you try to make no choke mit me yooest because I was green. Do I look like I was a double man? Do I look like I was a Si-mee dwin? Huh! I was no fool if I am not long in dis guntry!"

William Scully, alias Lord Scully, owns 40,000 acres of land in Kansas, which he bought when land was cheap. It has increased in value ten hundred per cent., and nets him in rent twenty per cent. on the advanced value. Scully is an Irishman by birth, owning large estates in that rent-cursed country, but as our alien laws gave him some trouble he has become a citizen of the United States and lives in grand style in the city of New York. His tenants in Kansas are largely Russian emigrants and when he visits them they cower and fawn about him as if he were a czar. It is an exhibition of Russiainizing America that is becoming popular.

A. R. U. NOTES.

Do your duty, boys! More members and more subscribers is the demand.

Is your capita tax paid, and do you hold a card of membership for this year?

This is a year for active work. Each member should do his best from the start.

Start the New Year properly by sending us a subscriber for THE RAILWAY TIMES.

Let each and every local union get in shape to be represented at the coming convention.

Let the work of organizing be pressed at every point with renewed and ceaseless energy.

Railway and telegraph employes at isolated points can be attached to the general union.

Local unions may be organized with ten or more members. Full instructions given on application.

The passport changes February 1st. No union with less than ten members in good standing is entitled to it.

This will be an eventful year for the order. It will mark the most progressive departures in its history.

Some sweeping changes will, no doubt, be made at the approaching convention and a progressive policy adopted.

All communications for the A. R. U. or the RAILWAY TIMES should be addressed, American Railway Union, Terre Haute, Indiana.

In the next election we must be united as one man for the overthrow of the inhuman capitalistic system. Nothing less will answer the demand.

Each member should secure a new member or a subscriber at least once each month. Do your duty, boys, and let your consciences be clear.

If Vanderbilt and Huntington can operate our American railroads for their own private profit, we the people can operate them for the public welfare.

President Debs leaves immediately after New Years for Leadville to assist the striking miners. The miners have made a brave fight and deserve to win.

The competitive system is doomed. It has wrought its own destruction. All hail the co-operative commonwealth. The members of our order are in line under the co-operative banner.

The wage system, under which our members by thousands have been reduced to beggary, must go. We believe the coming convention will declare for the co-operative commonwealth.

The new constitution takes effect January 1st. Price four cents per copy. Local unions not yet supplied, should order at once. The amendments recently adopted by direct vote are embraced in the new edition.

Instead of striking against railroad corporations to resist starvation wages, and being locked in jail and shot like felons, we propose to own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people. We will put half a million railroad men in line on that proposition before another presidential election.

A special convention of the order will be held in the spring. The exact time has not yet been decided but will be announced later. Each union should be represented, as issues of momentous importance will be presented, and, no doubt, radical departures made. The A. R. U. must be made an up-to-date order in every respect.

Look out for R. J. Kelley, alias "Bum" Kelley, and J. W. Wilson, alias "Tug" Wilson, the former of New Orleans and the latter of Chicago. They are now traveling together and "doing" the country. At this writing they are operating in Illinois and Missouri. Kelley weighs about 180 pounds, is about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and has a brown moustache. He wears an Odd Fellow's badge on the outside lapel of his vest and an A. R. U. badge underneath. Kelley robbed our union at New Orleans, and is a bad man generally. Wilson is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, wears a black soft hat and a dark blue overcoat. He has a broken nose (very flat), and is a tough character. He carries blank receipts (both local and grand) of the Order of Railway Conductors, and has their secret work written on note paper which he exhibits freely when under the influence of liquor. Both have cards of membership in our order and are using them for vicious purposes. We warn all members and the public generally against these imposters, as they are not only unworthy of recognition but are positively dangerous to be at large.

TRUSTS

Are highway robbers. They are public enemies, and have been so pronounced judicially. Under the protection of law, or defiance of law, they steal. They amass colossal fortunes by piracy.

By their control of money they dictate the price of the absolute necessities of life.

The victims of their rapacity are counted by millions.

They are "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," the "destruction that wasteth at noonday." They are plagues worse than any of those God visited upon Egypt. They elected McKinley.



The New Uniform

can be marred in appearance by a soiled collar. So with a clean one make the old uniform look smarter. Laundry bills are no longer an obstacle to wearing clean collars. Wear the "Celluloid"—waterproof—and clean it yourself as often as you like, with a damp sponge or cloth. The



collars and cuffs are the genuine interlined goods with a "celluloid" surface, and every piece is stamped with above trade-mark. They are the most satisfactory, the cheapest and best for railroad men. Wear six times as long as linen. Ask for the genuine "Celluloid" goods and accept no other. Imitations cannot give satisfaction. Made in all sizes and styles and sold by furnishing generally, or sent by direct. Collars 25c each; cuffs 40c; pairs, postpaid. Clean size and style. THE CELLULOID COMPANY, New York. SAPOLIO is the best cleanser for these goods.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN INCIDENT.

Great cities tax about everything in sight to raise money, which the records show is often stolen or squandered. Among these taxation schemes is the issuing of licenses to permit street vending of articles. In one of our great cities recently, a woman was arrested for selling without a license. She admitted her guilt, and was promptly fined \$3.00 and costs, and as she could not pay the fine was sent to jail. At this juncture a little girl, the daughter of the unfortunate woman appeared in court, and with tearful eyes begged the Court to release her mother. The judge asked the child, "what did your mother do?" The reply was: "She went out to sell something, yesterday, because we had no money in the house and we were hungry. Father is sick, and we are so poor that we cannot pay the fine." The magistrate investigated the case and found that the poor woman had "sold on the street one yard of muslin from a basket." That was all. For this she had been arrested, fined and imprisoned. She had probably secured as much as a nickel for her "muslin," which would have bought a loaf of bread for her hungry family. The judge who fined her—Heaven save the mark—did not investigate the case at all. He had no more mercy in him than a tarantula, but the other magistrate, after listening to the pleadings of the child, remitted all penalties and permitted mother and child to go home. And this in a city where one lady, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose husband has been running Grover Cleveland's financial end of the government, boasts that her diamonds are worth a "million." Gods! we have a great civilization.

A VALUABLE HANDBOOK.

To Editors of Reform Papers and Magazines.

A contribution to the labor movement is soon to appear in the form of a handbook which will include the books, pamphlets and periodicals which make up the literature of the movement. To make the list of newspapers and magazines complete, each editor is requested to send me a copy of his publication and a statement by letter of the principles which he advocates. Requests to this effect have been sent directly to many papers and answers received; it is hoped this notice will reach those who have not received such letters. Papers standing for any or all of the following objects are to be included:

1. Organization of labor (covering representative trade union journals.)
2. Higher wages and shorter hours.
3. Co-operation, profit sharing.
4. Public ownership.
5. Single tax.
6. Proportional representation, initiative and referendum, imperative mandate.
7. Anarchy.
8. Socialism.

Respectfully,
HELEN MAROT,
315 N. 33d street, Philadelphia.