

SERMONS THAT BITE.

REV. MYRON REED PREACHES OF THINGS PIOUS, PRACTICAL AND POLITICAL.

Introducing Everyday Life, as it is Seen and Known and Felt by Rich and Poor.

In a recent sermon, preached by Rev. Myron Reed, in Denver, Col., he was more than usually pointed and practical.

Every little child is a citizen of the universe. When he is older and not so wise he thinks he is a citizen of the earth; becomes a degenerate and goes along until he comes to a grave and tumbles into it—dust to dust.

A man who has seen the best possible within his reach is no longer satisfied with a something else. That is a reason for a long discontent.

Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel, lives a decent life on a plantation in Jamaica. He writes stories. He comes back, and from a window of a Broadway hotel looks down on New York.

I looked at the South Sea Islanders at the World's fair. They did not seem to me to be entranced by the beauty of the life and manners and laws of Chicago.

It is worth while to keep Memorial day in serious fashion, if for no other reason, for the sake of the children. Let them see that there is a distinction between the grave of a bondholder and the grave of a gunholder.

Celebrate picnics by picnic. This affair of more than 30 years ago was no picnic.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S IDEA OF GOVERNMENT. We doubt, if in the long line of statesmen who have adorned the history of the United States, one can be found whose utterances have a higher claim to consideration than those of Gov. Altgeld of Illinois.

Governor Altgeld was asked to night regarding the alleged threat of Judge Wright, of Chicago, to punish newspaper men and others for criticizing the action of the grand jury of that county for its indictment of the trustees of the University of Illinois for noncompliance with the flag law. He said:

"I do not think it would be proper for me to criticize the proposed action of any Judge. Speaking generally, however, I will say the judicial department is as proper a subject of criticism by the people as the executive or legislative branches of the government. The time has not come when any American officeholder can close the mouths of the people who created him and the office he holds. A proper respect is due to all the branches of the government, and is necessary to good government. At the same time, a proper respect for the rights of the people must also be maintained, which is also necessary to good government.

There are three branches of the government. Each is independent of the other, and if one may be criticized another may be. If one can punish people who criticize it, then the other two have the right and power to do the same. But so long as we keep up the semblance of a republican government, the idea of punishing citizens for criticism of any branch of the government is ridiculous."

In the foregoing, a whole brood of reptilian judicial theories have their heads effectually smashed. Governor Altgeld recognizes the supreme fact that the people in this country are the sovereigns, and have the sovereign right to criticize their servants, from President to fence viewer. The courageous Governor is a Democrat in every thing good the word stands for in government, and those who want to contribute anything, from forest, quarry or mine, to build a monument to perpetuate the name of a statesman whose courage was equal to his convictions, might with great prudence propose a colossal statue to Governor Altgeld of Illinois.

PLEASES CAPITALISTS. It would be very amusing, if the consequences were not so serious, to observe the hot differences of opinion that arises between a democratic poor man and a republican poor man. Now and then it happens that the pair of them actually come to blows. Poor fellows! As if it were any reason for mutual hostility that they belong to different organizations. Both are equally in the wrong, and both are equally objects of pity. The reason they cannot argue amicably is that neither has a logical peg to stand upon. Reason will not settle their dispute; facts must. It is surprising that we have not more of these conflicts. They are just the thing to please the capitalistic magnate. The more the poor fight each other the more the rich prosper.—Broad Ax.

Queen Victoria, the dear old lady, don't like to wear a crown. In all of her splendid reign, she has not donned the jeweled insignia of pomp and power more than twenty times. But she has three rings that never leave her fingers, one her wedding ring and the others given her by Albert the Prince Consort. Queen Vic's heart beats to the music of love, and she has a level head.

exactly what is going to be done about it. But something is going to be done about it. Just at present the most suggestive book I know is "The Red Cockade." There is a picture of what was done about 100 years ago.

We can tell the way we are in as a people by the way we celebrate Memorial day. I do not like to see the flag of the nation used to advertise soap. I believe there is a law against such use. It ought not to require a statute. The sentiment of reverence seems to be wearing weak. Memorial day ought not to be devoted to Sunday school picnics. I am sorry it is to be made into a racing day.

Business is not so pressing just now in Denver. There is plenty, too much, of cheap patriotism floating around. I think it would do us all good to donate a whole day to a real patriotism, that in its time was as earnest as death. I have been reading a book, "The Red Badge of Courage." The boy came home and said: "Ma, I've enlisted." She disappointed him by saying nothing whatever about returning with his shield or on his sword. She peeled potatoes and addressed him as follows: "You watch out, Henry, and take good care of yourself in this here fighting business. I've knit yeh eight pair of socks, Henry, and I've put in yer best shirts. I want my boy to be just as warm and comfortable as anybody in the army. I dunno what to tell yeh, Henry, 'cepting that you must never do no shirking, child, on my account. Don't forget about the socks and the shirts, child, and I've put a cup of blackberry jam with yer bundle. Good bye, Henry."

That is about the way it was—a matter-of-fact getting ready to peel potatoes and milk cows alone for three years of the war, and giving up of a child to be shot at.

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GARMENT STRIKERS.

A MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO PROPOSED TO AID THE GARMENT WORKERS.

A Wholesale Clothing Manufactory to Compete with Establishments that Cut Down Wages.

Every strike that occurs, whatever may be its result, sets in operation a new combination of thought forces, and therefore a strike has ever been whatever may be the contrary of opinion, a blessing in disguise perhaps, but nevertheless a blessing.

Referring to the strike of the garment workers of Chicago, the Record of that city says:

A wholesale clothing manufactory, which will give employment to from 500 to 800 cutters and trimmers and from 15,000 to 20,000 tailors, and which will be located in Chicago, is assured just as soon as the sanction of the American Federation of Labor is obtained.

A number of wealthy Chicago men who have interested themselves in the strike of the cutters and tailors have promised all the financial backing that will be necessary, and have announced that their determination to back an active competitive agency is wholly due to the continued refusal of the Manufacturers' association to arbitrate the differences between them and their former workmen.

Moral support is to be given the strikers in an address to the public which emanates from Judge Tukey, Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Charles H. Renfro and others, in which the condition of the thousands of idle tailors is given, and the manufacturers arraigned for their indifference and persistent refusal to arbitrate. The address canvasses the matter thoroughly, and bespeaks for the workmen and women the support of all lovers of fair play. It will be given to the public to night.

The most important development in the strike came yesterday, when a gentleman representing a number of others held a conference with President Lou's Kallen and submitted a proposition to establish a clothing manufactory which will give employment to every idle man and woman in the trade. Names are withheld for the present at the request of those interested, but just as soon as the American Federation of Labor has placed its stamp of approval on the scheme all the details will be made public and active work begun.

It is proposed to run the new establishment under the management of the United Garment Workers of America and the American Federation of Labor.

President Kallen said yesterday: "The offer to establish this factory is not of our own solicitation. We were given to understand that the offer was made in good faith by a number of well known and wealthy gentlemen who have done everything they could to induce the manufacturers to arbitrate, and who have come to the conclusion that a deserved lesson may be taught by establishing a business that will at once enter into active competition and give the manufacturers all they want to do in keeping in the market."

"We will establish an agency in every market where Chicago made clothing is sold, and we will give the workmen, who are the ones who wear ready made clothing, an opportunity to choose between a suit having the Union label on it and one which is not the product of union labor. This is the proposition pure and simple."

"While we are not in bad financial straits ourselves, the poor tailors are many of them actually starving. We are doing what we can for them, but they need much more. What they want most, however, is employment at a living rate of wages. They are not paupers, neither are they beggars, but they will be both unless they are given an opportunity to earn an honest living. It may be said that they can return to work at any time they want to. That is true. It may also be said that a man may commit suicide by slow starvation if he wants to. The propositions are synonymous. The public is well enough informed regarding the continuation of the trouble to know where to place the blame."

Land Grants to Railroads. Only old grants, standing in line like soldiers, enables the people to comprehend to what extent the public land has been given away to railroad corporations. Here are the figures from official sources:

Table with 2 columns: Names of Railroads, No. of Acres. Lists various railroads and their land holdings.

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The Atlanta Constitution commenting on this says: "There is a touch of ill nature in these comments. Ours is a country for all classes, the rich and the poor; all colors and races. A billion dollar ball is just as much in keeping with the spirit of our institutions and the tone of our society as any gathering would be. It is a good thing for the people at large that the rich are pleasure seekers, and their extravagance is in many ways a blessing."

"The Vanderbilt ball turned an immense sum of money loose, and it directly and indirectly benefitted thousands of tradesmen and toilers. Every state in the union would be better off if it had Vanderbilts building palaces, giving balls and scattering millions of cash in every direction. This is the way to look at it."

The Richmond, Virginia, Star replies: "We do not believe that a billion dollar ball is in keeping with the spirit of our institutions. A billion dollar ball represents thousands of homeless and destitute people, made so by the robbery of the owners of the billion dollars. Their holdings are representative not alone of wrecked homes, but of crazed minds, despoiled virtues, of prisons and poorhouses, of thieves and felons. They are representative of hundreds who were well-to-do to-day and to-morrow are homeless through the scheming and rascality of those who watered and manipulated the stocks of railroads and mines and other properties, which were turned over from the hands of the many into those of a few rascals who knew the outs and ins of thievery, and often became the possessors of great properties without the expenditure of any money. No, the billion dollar ball is not in keeping with the spirit of our institutions, unless cheating, stealing, and lying are in keeping with the spirit of our institutions."

"We deny most emphatically that every state in the union would be the better off for having a few Vanderbilts, for every Vanderbilt that every state should have would have to count its hundreds and thousands of idle and homeless, and the few millions they turned loose would not restore those who have been robbed and ruined of their own."

"Tramps and paupers were unknown to this country until the millionaire made his appearance. With the coming of the millionaire has come the increase of crime, of tramps, of paupers, of idleness and anarchy. For many years this country moved steadily forward, and the people were prosperous in the largest sense of prosperity without the presence of a single man with a million. With the coming of the millionaire have come all the ills that are known to the body politic. As the millionaire increases his wealth the people and the government have become poorer, until to-day we are told, that but for the generous action and liberality of a few domestic and foreign millionaires our government would be without credit in foreign countries. When the government kneels at the feet of the millionaire it is no wonder that one part of the people uncover their heads and about their praises while another and feebler part of the people are ridden over and trampled underfoot."

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The facts in the case are that Senator Mills, of Texas, addressed to Carroll D. Wright a request for information showing the average earnings of workmen in the leading manufacturing nations of the world, and in response received from Wright the following reply:

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Progress and Poverty Combine to Present an Object Lesson to the American People.

The immeasurable gulf that separates the rich and the poor in the United States is brought into the boldest possible prominence by an article in the New Charter, which remarks that an exchange says: "Last week Cornelius Vanderbilt's new residence was opened at Newport with a ball. The palace cost \$3,000,000. More than 200 choice guests gathered around the \$50,000 fountain by the grand stairway. It is estimated that these 200 guests represented \$4,000,000,000, and if that does not entitle them to be termed the 'creme de la creme,' skimmed milk ought to be good enough for most people."

The Atlanta Constitution commenting on this says: "There is a touch of ill nature in these comments. Ours is a country for all classes, the rich and the poor; all colors and races. A billion dollar ball is just as much in keeping with the spirit of our institutions and the tone of our society as any gathering would be. It is a good thing for the people at large that the rich are pleasure seekers, and their extravagance is in many ways a blessing."

"The Vanderbilt ball turned an immense sum of money loose, and it directly and indirectly benefitted thousands of tradesmen and toilers. Every state in the union would be better off if it had Vanderbilts building palaces, giving balls and scattering millions of cash in every direction. This is the way to look at it."

The Richmond, Virginia, Star replies: "We do not believe that a billion dollar ball is in keeping with the spirit of our institutions. A billion dollar ball represents thousands of homeless and destitute people, made so by the robbery of the owners of the billion dollars. Their holdings are representative not alone of wrecked homes, but of crazed minds, despoiled virtues, of prisons and poorhouses, of thieves and felons. They are representative of hundreds who were well-to-do to-day and to-morrow are homeless through the scheming and rascality of those who watered and manipulated the stocks of railroads and mines and other properties, which were turned over from the hands of the many into those of a few rascals who knew the outs and ins of thievery, and often became the possessors of great properties without the expenditure of any money. No, the billion dollar ball is not in keeping with the spirit of our institutions, unless cheating, stealing, and lying are in keeping with the spirit of our institutions."

"We deny most emphatically that every state in the union would be the better off for having a few Vanderbilts, for every Vanderbilt that every state should have would have to count its hundreds and thousands of idle and homeless, and the few millions they turned loose would not restore those who have been robbed and ruined of their own."

"Tramps and paupers were unknown to this country until the millionaire made his appearance. With the coming of the millionaire has come the increase of crime, of tramps, of paupers, of idleness and anarchy. For many years this country moved steadily forward, and

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### HAVE WE LABOR LEADERS?

In common parlance, the term "labor leader" is used to designate those who have been selected to the highest executive offices of national and international labor organizations—such, for instance, as Grand Chief, Grand Master, Presidents, etc. But, in fact, the title of "leader" is never conferred by the organization, and therefore does not exist by authority, since it is not known to constitution or by-laws of any labor organization.

The title, "labor leader," has been coined by the press, and applied indiscriminately to those who advocate the welfare of labor, and ordinarily is used derisively in connection with such epithets as "agitators," "anarchists," "jaw wackers"—anything and everything in the line of vulgar denunciation, a subsidized, venal, plutocratic press can invent. Nevertheless, the inquiry is pertinent. Are there not those who, failing to see the intention of those who apply the title ironically, and who use it as a weapon of ridicule, are proud of it and accept it as an honor, and wear it with a sort of autocratic power, quite inconsistent with the duties they are required by the constitution of their organization to perform?

It was said of Tom Moore, the Irish poet, that he "dearly loved a Lord," and is it a mere fancy that in labor organizations there are those who dearly love a title? Indeed, is it not true, that in the United States this desire to wear a title of some sort, is as catching as the itch, or other eruptive diseases? and is it not true that this hankering after a title has produced in labor organizations of the United States what is known as an "aristocracy of labor," in which a \$4.00 a day man looks down upon a \$1.00 a day man with supercilious contempt?

In the government of the United States, officials, from President down to fence viewers, are regarded simply as public servants, with certain duties to perform, assigned them by statute, and the title of "leader" is unknown, because the people map out all the pathways in the governmental program, and the "servants of the people" are held to a strict account if they attempt to lead in pathways which the people have not designated, or prove recreant to the trusts confided to their care, and labor organizations, so far as our knowledge extends, are modeled upon the same principle. But it may be worth while to say that some labor organizations have made the mistake of designating their chief executive officials as "Grands"—Grand this, that and the other. The term "Grand" means stately, lordly, princely, august, majestic, exalted, elevated, dignified, eminent, illustrious, great, magnificent, splendid, superb, glorious, noble, sublime, lofty, etc.

It is seen at once that the moment a workingman reaches the pinnacle of "Grand" he is liable to put on airs and forget "the rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were digged," and deem it prudent and for the good of labor to invite Depew, Carnegie, Vanderbilt, et al., to meet them in convention to solve labor problems.

Manifestly, there are those who are willing to assume the title of "labor leader" with the "Grand" attachment, and play it, not only for the money there is in it, but to obscure the fundamental facts, that labor unified is invincible, and that labor factionized loses its strength as Sampson lost his locks, and then his eyes, to become the victim of philistia ridicule as labor becomes the victim of plutocratic cruelty.

When a man enlists, as a soldier in the regular or volunteer service, he surrenders, for the period of his enlistment, all control over his own actions. His one duty is to obey orders and remain silent. His commander is his leader. He goes whithersoever his commander leads without complaint or protest. He becomes a part of a machine, and all because he has a leader and has surrendered the rights he exercised before his enlistment. His soul may revolt, his judgment and conscience may rebel, but he must obey the commands of his leader, and this military leadership is the only thing of the kind known to the people of this country.

Necessarily, there can be no such a thing as a labor leader, in the sense of a blind following, in which workmen, surrender their convictions and then judgment, then manhood and independence, and obey orders, as if they were enlisted soldiers in the army.

True it may be, and to the extent that it is true, it is a misfortune for workmen to have their minds corrupted by those who are intent upon creating and maintaining factions in the ranks of labor when the true idea is brotherhood, and an intense desire to promote harmony and thereby achieve victories for organized workmen.

The time has come for every workingman to be his own leader. To find facts, investigate conditions and determine for himself his duty towards his fellow-workmen, and this is what thousands of them are doing. They are reading and reflecting and gaining mind and will force which enables them to detect shams, separate truth from error, and determine for themselves what they want and what will promote the general welfare of labor.

### THE LOGIC OF FACTS VS. VAGARIES.

The prostration of business throughout the country is conceded on all hands, the reason why, being the only question debatable.

In the discussion, a great variety of causes are assigned for the calamities that have overtaken the financial, commercial and industrial affairs of the country, and the remedies proposed are scarcely less numerous. On the one hand is found a class of statesmen—heaven save the mark—who contend that a high protective tariff and a gold standard secures prosperity, while on the other hand are those who believe that a moderate tariff, with free trade in articles essential to successful manufacturing, together with the absolute restoration of silver to its money parity prior to 1873, are the real essentials of business prosperity.

In this connection, we observe that *The American*, in its issue of April 4, contains an article, captioned "The Wage-earner not benefitted by falling prices," and introduces official figures, conclusively demonstrating that the business depression in the United States is owing chiefly to the demonetization of silver. The logic of the figures and the facts is conclusive, and are answerable only by the jugglery of figures and facts, which deceives those only who are not expert in the detection of the argumentative tricks of gold bugs, who represent the money power, and who, by crying "sound money," and denouncing silver, are able to use their money in shaping policies and corrupting the public mind.

*The American's* article is so replete with facts, based upon figures demonstrating the business calamities resulting from the demonetization of silver, that we refrain from any condensation of its salient facts that those of our readers who want facts by which they may be governed in the supreme moment of casting their votes, may have them as presented by *The American*—simply remarking that while the figures presented by *The American* relate specially to the farmers, they involve no less certainty the interests of all wage earners. *The American* says:

In 1872 the acreage of our cereal crops, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat, was 68,280,197 acres, and the farm-value of our cereal crops \$871,594,459, the average value of the yield per acre being \$12.81. In 1895 the acreage of our cereal crops was 149,955,163 acres, the farm value \$1,017,316,936, and the average value of the yield per acre \$6.78, the value to our farmers of every acre of cereals harvested in 1895 being \$6.03 less than in 1872. If the money yield per acre had been as great in 1895 as in 1872, if the farmers had been as fully recompensed in 1895 for their labor expended in raising cereals as they were in 1872 they would have received \$900,000,000 more for their cereal crops in 1895 than they did.

In 1871-2 the yield of cotton in the United States was 1,284,084,494 pounds and the farm value \$288,800,000. This, however, was a short crop. In 1872-3 the yield was 1,831,188,921 pounds, and the value \$301,087,500. For the year ending June 30, 1886, the yield was 5,036,904,409 pounds, and the farm value \$292,429,000, for the year before, an average year, the yield was 3,769,381,478 pounds, and the farm value \$269,857,000. The cotton crop of 1894-5 was nearly three times as large, and the cotton crop of 1893-4 more than twice as large as the cotton crop of 1872-3, yet the money value was less. The cotton acreage for 1894-5 was more than twice the acreage for 1872-3, but the value of the crop was \$40,000,000 less. Making all due allowance for the effect on the price of cotton of the extraordinary crop of 1894-5, the largest on record, and taking the 1890-4 crop as a basis for comparison, we are forced to the conclusion that the loss of income to our cotton planters caused by the fall in the price of cotton, and directly due to the competition with the cotton of silver-using countries engendered by the fall in the gold price of silver, has not been less than \$350,000,000 annually for the two years ending June 30th last.

As shown in another column the number of horses in the United States, January 1, 1896, was 64 per cent greater than on January 1, 1873; of mules, 74 per cent greater; of milch cows, 53 per cent greater; of oxen and other cattle, 35 per cent greater; of sheep, 16 per cent greater; and of swine, 31 per cent greater, yet the total value of farm animals was 3 per cent less on January 1, 1896, than January 1, 1873. As we have shown elsewhere, if the value of farm animals per head was as great January 1, 1896, as it was January 1, 1873, the value of farm animals to-day would be between \$2,600,000,000 and \$2,700,000,000 instead of \$1,600,000,000, and assuming the value of farm animals is realized by those raising live stock once in four years, this represents a loss to the farmers on account of the fall in live stock as compared to prices in 1872 of not less than \$250,000,000 for the one year 1895.

Thus we see here that because of the fall in prices since 1872, directly due to the demonetization of silver, the farm value of cereals was \$900,000,000 less for 1895 than it would have been, the value of the cotton crop to the planter \$350,000,000 less, and the loss to those raising live stock not less than \$250,000,000, or a sum of \$1,500,000,000 on agricultural products.

It is true nominal wages do not fall as fast as wholesale prices, for the wage-earner resists cuts in wages, but finally wages do and must fall, for as prices fall, reducing the fund out of which wages are paid, the employer will reduce wages, or, failing in this, close his mill or factory, for in the long run the employer cannot and will not pay wages out of his own accumulations. If the price received for the product is not sufficient to recompense the employer for his outlay for raw

material and wages and leave a profit over incidental expenses—he will have no incentive to production, always excepting the owners of saw mills and factories, the machinery of which rapidly deteriorates in idleness, and who, consequently, will struggle on to keep their mills open even at a loss.

So we find when prices are falling, not only is nominal wage rate falling but the income of the wage-earner further cut into by short hours and idleness. And for such reductions the wage-earner is not, as we said, compensated by a corresponding fall in the prices which he is obliged to pay in supplying his wants. Consequently falling prices mean a reduction in the purchasing power of his wages. His house rent is only slightly affected by falling prices and does not fall with the resulting fall in wages, and house rent is a very large item. Then the wage-earner buys his bread at the bakery, and the loaf of bread does not fall in price with the fall in wheat which impoverishes the farmer, or he buys flour in small quantities at the corner grocery, where he also buys other provisions. But it is long after the price obtained by the farmer for wheat and the miller for flour has fallen before the corner groceryman can reduce the price of the bag of flour, for he always has on hand a supply of flour while prices are falling which he could indeed replace at lower prices, but for which he may have paid considerably higher, and unless he can keep up the retail price month after the wholesale price has fallen, and until he can dispose of what he bought at higher prices, he can do without it. And so it is with other groceries and all goods bought at retail.

The foregoing demonstrates conclusively. (1.) That the impoverishment of the farmers of the United States has steadily proceeded since the date of the demonetization of silver. (2.) That there can be no real prosperity in a country, where the farmers are reduced to penury and bankruptcy. (3.) That with the impoverishment of the farmers, all wage-earners suffer, and (4.) as is said by *The American* in the closing paragraphs of the article in question—the wage-earner prospers when prices are rising, for then it is that he receives the best wages, and then it is that his wages go farthest and his command over the comforts of life is greatest. When prices are falling and when the profits of industry are decreasing, then it is that employment is slack and wages low, while even the purchasing power of the smaller wage grows relatively less and less.

All producing classes prosper together and they suffer together. Prosperity lies in rising prices, and adversity, losses, suffering, in falling prices. To check the fall in prices should therefore be our one great aim, for while prices are falling progress is impossible and civilization is at a stand-still. The fall in prices during the last twenty years has been artificial, and to check the fall we must remove the artificial cause, namely, the appreciation of gold. And this can be done only by decreasing the demand for gold which in turn can be done by remonetizing silver.

### A DEMOCRAT-REPUBLICAN LIE EXPOSED.

Mr. Carlisle denies that during his Secretaryship of the Treasury any discrimination has been made between gold and silver in settling the accounts of the government. In his defence of this assertion, he gives us some interesting bits of information. He shows that a very large mass of silver dollars in the keeping of the Treasury, cannot be paid out for any purpose. They are the dollars represented by the silver certificates actually in circulation, and therefore held in trust for the holders of those certificates. He is able to specify one date—August, 1893, when the Treasury had not a single silver dollar which could lawfully part with. And he also shows that since he came into office he has obtained \$19,245,142 in gold in exchange for silver dollars or the certificates which represent them. These statements have their value as exploding some frequently repeated falsehoods to the effect that the Treasury is choked with unused and useless silver, and that silver is so unpopular in comparison with gold that nobody would think of giving the latter for the former.—*The American*.

The very cheap falsehood, that gold standard advocates have iterated and reiterated, that the government can find no use for silver dollars, though oft repeated by Carlisle himself, is utterly exploded by Carlisle vs. Silver, and thus in the case of Carlisle vs. Silver, or Silver vs. Carlisle, silver wins by the testimony of Carlisle, himself, as *The American* points out and demonstrates.

What the country needs is more currency, and that without reference to gold. Mr. Carlisle shows conclusively, that the United States at a time of supreme trial lived and flourished upon a paper standard, when neither gold nor silver was in circulation, not even subsidiary coin, when greenbacks and shipplasters constituted the currency of the realm, and that with this debased currency, the Union was saved and business flowed on continuously at high water mark, regardless of the policy of other nations. The foolish falsehood that the country had no use for silver dollars; that the government was subjected to the annoyance and expense of building vaults in which to store silver dollars, that these dollars were idle, vagabond dollars is exploded by Mr. Carlisle's testimony, in which he shows that since he has been in office, he had not so much as one silver dollar at his command, and that every dollar coined by the government was in fact in circulation. In his April statement of the condition of the Treasury, he states that the number of silver dollars coined, was 371,497,163, and that of these dollars, 348,835,504 were in circulation in silver certificates and that the difference between the number of dollars coined, and the certificates in circulation, \$22,661,659 was also in circulation; so that in fact, the entire silver dollar coinage, \$371,497,164, was performing all the functions of sound money, the dollars in the government vaults being held there, as he says, simply to redeem silver certificates, not in gold, but in silver dollars, which nobody wants, simply

because the silver certificate is more convenient for the transaction of business than a silver dollar—just as a gold certificate is more desirable than gold dollars or eagles for the transaction of business.

The arguments put forth by Mr. Carlisle and those who advocate the gold standard and seek to degrade silver, is the merest word jugglery; and the tricks the fakirs have sought to palm off upon the credulous people, have been discovered and exposed, and as a result, free and unlimited coinage of silver commands the attention of the country and is certain to come. The stand taken for free silver, is in the nature of a new declaration of independence from European domination and tyranny more degrading than was the policy of King George, when the colonies fought and won the battles of Independence.

### CORN.

In eulogizing corn, the orator finds a field for pyrotechnic cornucopias of indefinite latitude and longitude. As a growing crop, when it flings out its tassels and decorates its ears with silk, it is beautiful beyond the reach of metaphor, and no ordinary fancy can do it justice. At a certain stage, the grain is as full of milk as the udder of a prize Jersey cow. Who ever did justice to a "roasting ear?" The joys of its sweets are beyond the reach of hyperbole. To be "corn fed" expresses the most superb condition of man or beast. Neither a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Webster, nor a Champ Clark however full of wine, could do the subject justice. The grain, in a crude state, fattens the cattle on a thousand hills, and the swine in a thousand pens—until their bellows and grunts of satisfaction make Phil Armour as happy as if he were listening to the songs of seraphs, and as he views his vast accumulation of lard and tallow, he exclaims, "the age of grease has come again," and points to his slaughter pens as a battlefield more renowned than Marathon and chuckles as he realizes himself a greater general than Miltiades.

Does the nation want bread? Corn supplies the demand to an extent that every man woman and child may have it, unless it is withheld by crimes against the will of heaven.

Does the nation want starch? It can have it in such fabulous abundance that "stiffness" might be made an emblem of national independence and pride.

Does the nation want whisky? The internal revenue reports show that is just what it does want and will have, regardless of expense and consequences—and the "moonshiner" in the lonely gorges of the mountains, gathers in a few bushels of corn, erects his still and sets his worm to work, defies law and detectives, believing that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness covers his case, or if it does not, that his Winchester does.

Thus it happens that the corn crop of the United States is the most important cereal the nation can boast of, since if all other cereal crops should fail, there need be neither hunger nor famine. There would be bread and meat in abundance, and thanksgiving proclamations could, with eminent propriety, be issued when the shucking time came round.

### LAND GRABBING.

There are in California fourteen ranches that have an area of 22,717 square miles, or 14,539,200 acres, or an average of 1,038,514 acres to the ranch. These ranches do not belong to fourteen proprietors, but to one firm, Messrs. Miller & Lux. The San Francisco *Examiner*, says the ranches "constitute an area equal to the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut together. It is half the size of New York and three times the size of New Jersey. It is about the size of West Virginia and an eighth the entire area of California. It is as large as Greece with the Ionian Isles, of which Byron wrote. It is four times the area of Alsace-Lorraine over which France and Germany fought. It is but little smaller than Ireland and half again as large as Switzerland. It is twice as large as Belgium and one-third the size of England and Wales together."

As a result of such land grabbing, the Populist party proposes to keep the land grabbing question everlastingly before the people. The possessions of Messrs. Miller & Lux would make 145,392 farms of 100 acres each, capable of supporting 15 persons each or a population of 2,180,580 persons, or 363,480 farms of 40 acres each, large enough to support a population of 2,544,360 persons. It will require time to knock out land grabbers in the United States, but ultimately a remedy will be found for the crime and it will be applied regardless of consequences.

Dans will address the students of the City Chicago University after all. The faculty yielded when it was found that trouble would occur if the rebellious scholars were not given their own way.—*Cleveland Citizen*.

Students usually cultivate a "vell," liable at any time to disturb the equanimity of the "Faculty."

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of James Deegan, late of Chicago, will please notify this office. Mr. Deegan recently started for the west and we are desirous of obtaining his address.

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PAPERS.

Thoughts from the Workshop on Uncle Sam's Nursery.

BY J. R. ARMSTRONG. The hen of the present is incubating the brood of the future. The bankers and manufacturers associations have held great demonstrative meetings recently and their patriotism boiled vehemently. They are the people, and their demands usually enter into law. If any politician does not trim his sails to catch the wind from a "bank" or "trust" he usually gets becalmed. The great business of this country is to make millionaires government a success! The man who can get a mortgage on the purse strings of plutocracy is sure to get elected to office. Great republic! magnificent heritage, for those milky-voluptuaries who depend upon paternalism for their pap. But if workingmen present petitions to Congress on boots for a sock from the same bottle they are treated to the criminal code, as Mr. Coxy and followers experienced. The question to the workingman is, can plutocracy always win the reins of government? Is not "high tariff" one of the most pronounced forms of paternalism? We can mention several other kinds but the issue of the coming election will be "protection to infant industries." Those tender mewling and puking babes have already been nursed by Uncle Sam for wellnigh a century but it is wonderful how delicate and young they continue to be. The least puff of "free trade" wind almost takes their breath away! They are so much like hot-house plants that the rude, outer world shrivels them up and nothing but the most delicate handling can avail to keep their bloodless anatomy from decay. The great reeking centers, where working people are obliged to spend the most of their lives is the pride of Uncle Sam. He loves to see large towering smokestacks, foul begrimed air and blazing furnaces. He delights in hearing the thunderous crash of the steam hammer and the crunch and screen of the rolling mill. The cinders of the smelting works, the slime and poison of refinery and chemical works is perfectly extraneous to Uncle Samuel. The great cavernous mounds of the coal pit, the clatter and din of the weaving plants are all so much inspiration to Uncle Sam. These are a few of the pets that occupy the best portion of Uncle Sam's valuable time. Then the sugar beet industry—that little bit of babyhood, is not forgotten by that great, warm breast. The railroads, those tiny offspring, also come in for a big share of nursing in subsidies, land grants, franchises and loans. Then we must not forget that little, plump, blue eyed darling, "the best banking system on earth," it perhaps, is the one of all others that feels the stroke and caress of Uncle Samuel the most. Sweet nursery of dearest memories and tender associations of little ones! The paternalistic hand of the government is never idle; smoothing down ruffles somewhere keeps it busy. The nurses of these numerous "infants" are always at the White House, getting something, either in the shape of a food or a stimulant! Now the chief nurse of all is that great maternal breast old lady, McKinley. Dear old lady; her heart never ceases beating in constant anxiety for her numerous wards. All ways bending over them, looking at their tongues and feeling their pulses and now she is endeavoring to get to the White House again, for her babies are sick—sick, pining and puking away their little, helpless lives because Uncle Sam has forgotten to give them soothing syrup! That large hearted father has been paying too much attention to his "little, plump, blue eyed darling," in supplying it with confections composed of bonds, demonization of silver, destruction of the greenback currency, loans of government money without interest, single gold standard and other delights! But that eagle-eyed old nurse has been after him, pulling his long chin whiskers and telling him about her fading nurslings. No doubt the medicine chest at the free dispensary, the White House, will be opened again and relief will be freely bestowed upon the pining infants. The wonder is, what keeps these wards of Uncle Sam from reaching that adolescent stage that "brooks no superiors?" Somewhere down east one of these infant industries employs ten thousand of the future mothers of this republic, and this infant keeps for about fourteen hours a day supplying his wife, and in return they get their car fare and victuals. Another infant of that class employs about fifteen thousand men to supply his wants, and they, in return, get car fare, victuals, lock-outs, black-lists and starvation. But Uncle Sam stands by the infant through thick and thin. The dirty faced, crooked spined mob does not concern him a little bit. These moneyless vermin Uncle Sam has no use for, excepting to make targets for bullets in a national unpleasantness. In times of peace they are really a nuisance and oftentimes Uncle Sam's agents employ them breaking stone for macadamizing roads. It is true the mob has brains and stomachs as good as the infants who suck pap from Uncle Sam's bottle but that does not cut any figure, because in the nature of things they have been disinherited and cannot expect any paternal recognition. How did this happen, you say? Oh, it is the story of Esau over again, selling a heritage for a mess of pottage, in the shape of a misguided and blindfolded suffrage. The privilege to vote, or citizenship as it is called, is all that the mob can claim and this is only recognized when it is cast for the infants. Strange medley of injustice, confusion and contradiction, but nevertheless it is woefully true. What are you going to do about it, my hand-out, turnpike sailor friend? Do you think your mewling and puking will awaken a paternalistic throb in Uncle Sam's breast? Why no, Uncle Sam would say you have nothing to be protected and fostered, you miserable lout. Your stenchy rage and wrinkled stomach is not capital; it is simply time wasted and money thrown away to pick you up and shake the greynocks out of you. Uncle Sam loves the smokestack because it is his infant playhouse and do not let him ever catch you in there unbidden. You say you are discouraged, and that your wife is dying, and that the landlord has ordered you out of his house. Well, what of that? Nobody will interfere with your discouragement, my friend; it is your own property; just keep it and may it do you good. I have no fuel nor food in my house and my children are absolutely dying for the want of the necessities, and the city authorities tell me that they cannot do anything for me. That would be paternalism, my friend, and Uncle Sam never bestows that gift only upon his infant industries, banking and railroad corporations. "Oh, God! but this is a hard world! My husband shot himself this morning, through dependency, and I'm trying to raise money enough to give him a decent burial. I've been to no less than twenty undertaking parlors to get a shroud and coffin, on time, but they all want a chattel mortgage on my effects, to secure them against loss." Pretty tough, madame, but you will have to grin and bear it. Uncle Sam has something else to do besides sympathizing with widows and orphans. If you will swear that you do not own a dollar's worth of property in the world, he will put your dead man into a pine box and plant him in the potter's field. Of course he will do that to protect his own nose. You see, Uncle Sam is too busy giving away nourishment to infant industries in the shape of street franchises, water franchises, telephone franchises, electric franchises, bonds, bonuses, land and exemption from taxation to bother with common scrubs like you. I am one of five million workingmen, and we have petitioned Uncle Sam to give us employment, but he tells us this is paternalism and that he reserves this particular gift for his infant industries. That's right, my hunchbacked friend; you get just what you voted for, protection to infant industries. The superintendent cut our pay down to 90 cents a day, and for the life of us we could not begin to live on that so we struck against the reduction. So we hung around the works, expecting the boss to give us back our old pay, when all of a sudden we heard an order—Present arms! and looking up, by G— we saw Uncle Sam's blue coats aiming their rifles at our heads. We threw up our hands and hollered—we surrender! we surrender! Well, after the thing quieted down, we that went on the strike, got blacklisted, and some were sent to jail and the d—d works are now filled with scabs. Well, what of that, my lugubrious fellow-slave, don't you know that Uncle Sam's business in this great nation of ours is to protect infant industries and that is what you have voted for during the last fifty years. Well, if I had voted for anything else I would have got discharged, because the boss makes us all sign a document to that effect. "That is just where all the trouble comes from; your low, cowardly submission to brutal tyrants. When you regain your lost courage you will regain your lost heritage."

WHERE ARE WE AT.

EDWARD CLUFFY. In this golden age of prosperity, wrought by the magical influence of a gold standard and a tariff for revenue only; prosperity that means starvation to sixty millions and gluttony to a favored few; that means degradation to manhood and prostitution to womanhood; that means slavery to wage earners and ruin to the farmers; that is driving the manufacturers to death or the vice-like grip of inhuman trust; that is converting our cities into seething dens of vice and corruption and the country into a desert; that is converting the American farm system into an European tenant system; that is driving millions of young men and women into the criminal classes, the one to the brothel the other to the jail; that is paying all sense of honor and slaying even the consciousness of shame; that is turning the church into a money changers temple and the marts of trade into human shambles, when vultures in human form prey with insatiable gluttony on the innocent and weak; that is dragging this proud land of ours down the path of ruin which "the old lost nations ran;" that is destroying the franchise, prostituting the courts, corrupting the legislatures, buying the executions, subsidizing the press and butchering freedom in the open light of day; that is enthroning ignorance in the form of arrogant wealth, and filling to overflowing the pockets of plutocracy, while millions seek in vain for work that is nowhere to be found; this paraphrase of Congressman Cobb's drunken question to the Speaker of the National House of Representatives is both timely and necessary. The time was in the good old days gone, by when the title of American citizen-ship was the proudest and loftiest ever worn by man, now it is a badge of servitude to European bond holders. Once upon a time American labor was the best paid, best fed, most intelligent and contented among the working millions of the earth; now it is the adjunct of the soup house and the alms house. At a date not so far back in history "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the American farmer was the most prosperous and thoroughly independent person alive; now he is an apprentice, he and all his belongings, to the mortgage venders. A generation has not passed away since the credit of the United States government was so good that it could raise the most powerful fleet and army that ever came forth to war, and crush the mightiest rebellion that ever wrote its awful name in blood across the pages of time; now it is battered and shattered so that seventy millions of people must beg protection from half a dozen Jew bankers. While men whose hair has not yet turned gray were in their cradles, the public domain of the United States was in itself a magnificent empire and could be had for the asking, now it is in the grasp of railroad kings, and cattle kings, and ranch kings, and the lord only knows how many other kind of kings, but there is not a road for the human kings, whose brawn and muscle and sweat and toil built up the empire beyond the Mississippi. It is only thirty years since the war for the Union, ended and at that time, five-eighths of the people owned their own

homes; to-day only three eighths of the people are so situated—a displacement of 40 per cent. in thirty years. There was a time when the word freedom meant something, now it is a mockery. The nation is degenerating in the senseless clutches of human ghouls who have erected a golden idol in our midst which the people are blind by worshipping. The moral man is dead. Virtue is a quantity which the wisecracks of this wonderful generation think can be dispensed with. Already the trade of procurers is one of the most lucrative in the large cities, and those who follow its polluting calling devote their entire time in deceiving the innocent and virtuous daughters of the people for the gratification of the unholy and beastly lusts of the sons of plutocracy. When Rome was rotting with corruption, dying of self murder, the same nefarious practice was followed, and a knowledge of history led Matthew Arnold to write of that age: "O'er that old pagan world, disgust And secret loathing fell, Deep loneliness and sated lust, Made human life a hell." How much better or different is our own land to-day? The brightest, the bravest, the fairest, the best of the youth of the land is sacrificed on the unholy altar of Mammon, and so-called ministers of the lowly One of Galilee perform the filthy rites as high priests of the temple. Oh that there might appear a prophet in the land! Of old there came a Moses down the cloudy sides of Sinai, his face made beautiful by commune with the living God, to grind to powder the golden calf of the Israelites, and his act gave birth to a nation, and gave a drastic religion to mankind. To-day the people look in vain for someone to lead them out of a greater wilderness than he led the Israelites of old, but in vain. Ask of those who are charged with the duty of government what will remedy the evils from which the nation is suffering and made sick unto death, and hearken unto the answer. One says, "vote for a gold standard," another recommends free silver. Cleveland said, "repeal the purchasing power of the Sherman law and we will have prosperity," and it was repealed and lo, we are plunged into the most frightful panic of modern times. The republican press said, "elect a republican House of Representatives and restore confidence and prosperity will come with its joyous song of plenty and comfort." And the people harkened unto the prophets and elected a republican House of Representatives but prosperity did not come. The beauty, however, of republican prosperity is like the poet's dream of mountain scenery—"distance lends enchantment to the view." Since both these above cited remedies were applied to the patient the country's crop of tramps has increased forty per cent. The doctors, however, felt there was something wrong in their original diagnosis of the country's case, that it needed different treatment and this is what they prescribe: John Sherman, "Issue more bonds," Grover Cleveland, "Retire the greenbacks and issue more bonds," William McKinley, "More protection," Roger Q. Mills, "Protection is a humbug." Henry Cabot Lodge, "Legislate for Americans;" this is only said when he is repeating on the glories of high tariff. William B. Allison, "A consent of the nations to fix the world's monetary standard." Henry C. Crisp, "It is attributable to republican tariff legislation;" John L. Dalzell, "Make things dear and raise prices;" Nelson Dingley, "It is lack of republican tariff legislation." Thomas B. Reed, "Make commodities cheap and reduce prices; Chauncey M. Depew, "Chiefly the result of overproduction," He offers no positive remedy. He is more modest than the rest since he only deals in politics as a recreation, being by profession a railroad wrecker. Matthew Stanley Quay, "The results of under consumption;" though of what he does not say. Perry Belmont, "Labor unions and other silver agitations." Theodore Roosevelt, "Mostly caused by unnecessary strikes." Phillip Armour, "The result of the excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquor on the part of the masses." John M. Murphy, United States Senator from New York; "Under consumption of beer." DeWitt Talmadge, "The low grade of morality in the west." Senator Perkins, "The vices of the east." Silver "Dick" Bland, "Lack of money." J. Pierpont Morgan, "Too much money." How long will the people tolerate such driveling idiocy from those who propose to be their leaders. The country is suffering from a deep seated dangerous disease that is threatening the life of the nation brought about by unwise and vicious legislation through a long course of years against the masses in the interests of classes. The people have slept too long, and while they slumbered, the sentinels who were left on guard not only permitted thieves to enter the house of the nation and pilfer, but they took part in the plunder also. Some day, some man will rise up with the cry of Peter the Hermit on his lips,

and once the cry of God wills it, thrills through the hearts of the people the rotten and sin binding plutocracy that is cursing the nation by its hated presence will be swept out of existence as by a whirlwind of fire.—Appeal to Reason. THE RAILWAY TIMES. The RAILWAY TIMES is the organ of the great order—the American Railway Union. It is that and much more—it is the organ, in the broadest sense, of organized labor. Still more, it is the organ of the toiling masses with or without name, banner, or badge. It is the exponent of unification of labor's hosts in every field of industrial endeavor. The farm, the mine, the factory, the shop, the forest and the forge. It includes in its embrace the toilers on every line of transportation, rail, river, lake and ocean—and the men who handle electricity. Its mission is to contribute, in so far as it has ability and influence to emancipate labor from its thralldom. The RAILWAY TIMES has reached its third volume. We take pride in pointing to its record. We contemplate it with all the satisfaction that comes from success. With the American Railway Union it has had its dark days, but like the Union it has lived to see the clouds which lowered around our Grand Order break away. There never was a day when the RAILWAY TIMES was without courage and ready for battle. There never was a time when it did not show a defiant front. Imprisonment, persecution, prosecution, blacklisting, and every other device of the enemy, only served to make the RAILWAY TIMES still more worthy of the patronage of every A. R. U. man on the continent—and not only men of our order, but of every self-respecting, defiant, courageous and independent workingman. We can, under such circumstances say to every A. R. U. man, with the profoundest regard for the welfare of the order—take the RAILWAY TIMES, solicit others to take it—give it the widest possible circulation. Its mission is to build up the order—to help it on in its destined course of triumph over all opposing forces—and to maintain its prestige for good work in the field of labor. We want two hundred thousand subscribers—and the American Railway Union, with a little united effort, can supply that number. E. V. DEBS AND THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY. Eugene Debs has been invited to deliver an address before the Chicago University and has accepted. This is the university that fired Prof. Bemis and is known as the Rockefeller university, he having endowed the institution with \$3,000,000 all told. Afterward he will go to New Orleans, Mobile and other southern cities. Later he will go to New York, Boston and other eastern points and then to Canada and west to Vancouver and along the Pacific coast. This is the revenge that Mr. Debs is now taking on Judge Woods—the sweetest kind of revenge. Woods will go to his grave unhonored, and unknown further than his famous contempt sentence, while Debs will occupy a space in history second only to Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who were to black slavery what Debs is to white slavery. Not long since, Debs was at the head of the greatest strike known in this country; that shook the nation like an earthquake, and there were those who insisted that he should be hanged. To day he is creeping into the hearts of the people, and to be invited to speak before the students of the Chicago University is an incident almost beyond belief. It is a turn in the affairs of men really quite Frenchy. It was Josephine who had her hair cut from her head preliminary to the guillotine the next day, but who was reserved by fate to become the most popular queen of France. Debs' career, while realistic, is quite romantic.—The Workman. IT STRIKES US That the A. R. U. is on the ascending grade. That it is climbing to conquering altitudes. That it is lighting ten thousand signal fires of victory. That "brotherhood" is taking on new and grander significance. That the minimum of cost, is what produces the maximum of benefits. That in its growth and stately advance, facts are stranger than fiction. That under its triumphant banner labor is learning lessons of transcendent importance. That its shibboleth, "each for all and all for each"—is sounding the death knell of faction. That the A. R. U. in advocating unification, has not only sounded a conquering keynote, but has found the philosopher's stone. Send ten cents to the RAILWAY TIMES Terre Haute, Ind., and get a copy of the "Arch Conspiracy," a pamphlet consisting of the printed proceedings of the General Managers' Association.

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DULL TIMES AT THE CORNER. I was riding in a mule-cart driven by an old man at whose cabin I had spent the previous night when we met a young man mounted on a horse, and the old man saluted: "Howdy, Jim? How's things down at the co'ners?" "Howdy, Uncle Jake?" replied the young man. "Not much a-doin' down our way." "Shot any revenue fellers lately?" "Only one I believe. Hain't bin no good sezun for shootin' revenue fellers." "So I've been tell, Hev the Whites killed any mo' of the Tompkinses yet?" "They shot Bud Tompkins last week, I believe, but he dun got away." "Did, eh? Somebody was sayin' that Joe Hendricks had a pop et ole man Tolby a few days ago?" "Yaas, I reckon, but he didn't fetch him. Ballet jest went through his hat, or tounthin' of that sort." "Any law suits down thar?" continued the old man, evidently bent on unearthing some news of interest. "Only one," was the reply, "and that didn't amount to shucks. All got to shootin' befo' cote opened and the equar'dun ran away. What yo' bin doin' since I saw yo' last?" "Oh! Nuthin' much." "Shoot off any mo' of the Williamses?" "No. Durned critters keep so clus at home that I can't git a pop at them. Mighty pore times, Jim, take it all around?" "Yaas, mighty pore." "After we had gone on for a little distance I asked of my companion: "Uncle Jake, what do you call good times around here?" "Good times—good times?" he repeated, as he flicked his whiplash at a big horse-fly on the mule's neck. "Why, sah, what I mean by good times is when we pop over a revenue feller every day or two, and when I kin git a sure shot at some of the Williamses about three times a week! G'lang thar, Reuben—what yo' mean by hangin' back this way?"—Detroit Free Press.



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THE DEADLY TROLLEY CAR. "Is everything ready?" he asked anxiously. "Everything," she replied, with an effort at self-control. "You are sure you have forgotten nothing?" "Quite sure." "Where are the children?" "They are playing in the yard." "Have you said goodby to them?" "Yes." "Have you spoken to any of the neighbors?" "I have made all the necessary arrangements with Mrs. Brown." "She knows what to do in case we don't get back?" "She does." "Have you written to your mother?" "Yes, and I gave the letter to Mrs. Brown to mail in case it becomes necessary." "How about your life insurance policy?" "The letter tells where it can be found." "And mine?" "I put it with mine." "Well, the children are sure to be provided for, then, whatever happens," he said with a sigh of relief. "Yes, thank heaven!" she answered fervently. "I presume we might as well start, then," after a last longing look around. "I suppose so," she sighed. "Going away?" asked a stranger in the neighborhood as they started up the street. "Yes," replied the husband sadly. "Far?" inquired the stranger. "Only a few blocks, to make a call," answered the husband. "Only a few blocks," exclaimed the stranger. "Why, from your preparations I thought you expected to encounter some great danger." "We have to pass a trolley car track both going and coming," replied the husband, with quiet determination.—The Star.

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# THE DEVIL'S HAIR.

## HOW HIS ROYAL FORKED TAILED HIGHNESS LOST HIS HEAD ADORNMENT

And is Compelled to Hob Nob With Pluto-crats, Emperors, Kings, Vanderbilts, et al With a Bald Head.

Almost anything relating to the personal appearance of the devil, whether fact or fiction, finds a multitude of readers, and the supposed facts relating to the bald headedness of the fiend, as related by Catulle Mendès, in *Le Journal*, however fanciful are well calculated to attract attention. He remarks that everybody knows that the devil is bald, and, logically, he had to be. For the worst of ugliness could not be spared the abominable author of every human ill.

But it is less generally known how Lucifer, whom some call Iblis and others Beelzebub, lost his hair. I shall tell the story as it was told to me by a barber of Pampelune, over whose door was the sign, "The Wig of Satan."

Blonde as the morning star, red as the flames of hell, black as eternal night, the rebellious angel's hair was so prodigiously bushy and bristly that it outspread over the earth and the sea like a huge umbel of tufts and locks. And our Lord was much chagrined thereat. For, even by putting on his spectacles, which are made, as everybody knows, of the lost star of the South and the lost star of Septentrian joined by a comet's tail, he could not distinguish, through the scrubby immensity of this dark and flaming mass of hair, the beautiful world that he had created. Now, when one has invented eyes, the least that he can ask is the pleasure of looking at them. Furthermore, the Lord, according to most authentic portraits that we have of him, has more beard than hair; and he felt, perhaps, a little jealous.

Of course, nothing would have been easier for him than to shivel the devil's hair with a flash of lightning. But he had already cracked his forehead by this means, and, as a demigurge who felt the scruples of an honest dramaturg, he was loath to employ it a second time. So that he would have remained for a long time in perplexity, had not the Holy Ghost, always a good counsellor, spoken as follows:

"Cousin, it is a mere trifle that embarrasses you. Simply decide that, for every murder that shall be committed on earth, Lucifer shall lose a hair; judging from the way in which human beings slaughter one another, his head will soon be as smooth as a rock on the beach, worn by the tides of twenty centuries."

"What?" sighed the Good God, "those whom I made are, then, so fond of unmaking each other?" Very well, we will try this plan.

Then, having said: "Lucifer lose a hair for every murder that shall be committed on earth," he relapsed into silence, waiting among the splendors, the azures, and the harmonies of his eternity. And Crime depilated the devil! Not a thrust of a dagger or sword or lance or knife, not a blow of a hammer, not a gunshot, that did not pull from his head a dark or flaming hair; and on days of battle he lost handfuls. Yet, so marvelously numerous were the Devil's hairs that, after some time had passed (it was an April day), the Lord, leaning over, could not see through them, even dimly the tom-tits build their nests and sing their songs of love.

But the Holy Ghost: "Do not despair. By some strange anomaly they are not killing each other as rapidly as usual on earth. Simply decide that, for every robbery that shall be committed on earth Lucifer shall lose a hair; since, if things are viewed in their true light, men possess only what they steal from each other, his head will soon be as bare as a little angel's posterior."

"Cousin!" sighed the Good God, "I can hardly believe that mortals are all thieves. What have they to take, since I gave them the beauty of the sky and of women, flowers, birds, and the waves of the sea, and the depths of the green forests where one may take his siesta in the shade! However, I will try this new plan."

And he said: "Let Lucifer lose a hair for every robbery that shall be committed on earth." And, while waiting, he enjoyed the concerts of the seraphim. The infernal skull was treated rudely. Whether a boy stole a marble, or a highwayman robbed a traveler, or Alexander the Great conquered the Indies, or Cesar captured Gaul, or a harlot emptied the pockets of a sleeping bourgeois, or a pickpocket relieved a countryman of his watch, each act of theft tore from it a hair, a hair, and again a hair. There were transactions on the stock exchange that cost him enormous locks. But the miraculous head of hair showed only a few furrows here and there, like the paths of an immense forest; and our Lord was still unable to see his beloved earth. Above all it would have pleased him to follow, through his starry spectacles, the walks of loving couples between the hawthorns, which he had perfumed for their benefit, toward the mass to which he had given softness expressly for their sakes."

The Holy Ghost anxiously said: "Then they steal so little? Let us take an heroic measure. Ordain, Cousin, that for every stupidity that shall be uttered on earth, Lucifer shall lose one of his hairs."

"Ah there! Ah there! Cousin," said the Good God, "you are growing disreputable. Do you think that those whom I made in my own image and whose souls were born out of my breath are downright imbeciles? Nevertheless, I will make the trial. Let Lucifer lose one of his hairs for every stupidity that shall be uttered on earth."

"Oh! the poor head of Beelzebub! It was denuded like a field of wheat in a tempest. Funs, music-hall songs, observations before the pictures in the art galleries, fell furiously upon it. First nights of vaudeville, lectures by M. Brunetiere, beat upon the Devil's neck and temples, stripping them entirely. But the invincible mass of hair persisted, in spite of all the efforts of human stupidity. As ever, it outspread, like a huge umbel of tufts and locks, hiding even the paths between the flowering hawthorns where loving couples walk."

Furious, the Holy Ghost shouted: "Now for the last resort of all! Ordain, Cousin, that for every adulterous kiss that shall be given on earth, Lucifer shall lose a hair."

The Good God got very angry. "Ah! truly, Holy Ghost, you go too far. What! have you so bad an opinion of the young women that I have taken every care to make so pretty and so honest? The wives of earth, happy to be the grace and charm of the fireside, and to talk, in the evening, with their husbands and children, around the family lamp, take good care to avoid forbidden paths. Certainly, they are amorous; it was my intention that they should be; but their virtuous tendernesses do not gainsay their tender virtues."

"Try it, at any rate," said the Holy Ghost. "Well, just to show you your ignorance, I will," said the Lord. And: "Let Lucifer lose a hair for every adulterous kiss that..." He did not need to finish the sentence. The Devil was bald!

## DASHES OF INGERSOLL'S PHILOSOPHY.

In love and liberty, extravagance is economy. Reformation has always been regarded as treason. Intellectual disobedience is one of the conditions of progress.

Upon love's breast the church has placed the eternal asp. I am the inferior of any man whose rights I trample under foot.

If honest convictions were contagious, more people would have them. It never can be necessary to throw away your reason to save your soul.

Keep your word with your child the same as you would with your banker. Hypocrisy and tyranny—two vultures—have fed upon the liberties of man.

There are in nature neither rewards nor punishments; there are consequences. When a fact can be demonstrated force is unnecessary; when it cannot be demonstrated, force is infamous.

The combined wisdom and genius of mankind cannot conceive of an argument against the liberty of thought. The great poets have sympathized with the people. They have uttered in all ages the human cry. Unbought by gold, unawed by power they have lifted high the torch that illuminates the world.

THE A. R. U. PRIZE RING. It includes the great Republic. The fight is on to a finish. The referee is argus-eyed Labor. It is a fight without gloves. Ideas are the fists in the combat. The stake is liberty, justice and independence.

As well try to check a cyclone or the tramp of an earthquake. The ring is formed, the combatants are stripped for the fight. To the victors belong the spoils, and the spoils are better conditions. No authority under heaven can enjoy the fight, nor arrest the combatants. Under A. R. U. rules, every workman has a chance to strike a blow for labor.

He may, if he chooses, grasp the corporation devil by the tail and twist it off. There are champion belts for every heroic fighter—to be studded with the gems of victory, as resplendent as stars. And the shout is heard—

Lay on McBuff, And damn'd be he who first cries, Hold—enough.

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"Man or Dollar, Which?" is a new novel written by a newspaper man and is attracting an immense amount of attention among workmen. It is a most interesting narrative of what there is in store for humanity when workmen will get together and go after it. It predicts the first step to be taken in the near future toward bringing about ideal conditions and this will be taken by farmers and wage-earners to overthrow the supremacy of the dollar and establish the supremacy of man. The author also places himself a hundred years hence and talks about the Pullman strike. It is a book of 199 pages and will be supplied from this office. Price 25 cents.

Now the Arkansas Kicker admits that "Eugene V. Debs is gaining in popular favor everywhere he goes," and that "he would carry more union labor votes than any man in America.—Cleveland Citizen.

Evidently the Kicker is getting its heels and its head in line—Indeed they have always been in line for good work.

It has been decided that horses, tigers, dogs, or any other trained animals, imported for exhibition, are counted as "tools of trade," and get in free of duty.

## BREVITIES.

A fly-wheel manages to go without wings. Western rivers, like cowboys, can chutle on the run.

Life is worth the living, when the living is worth the life.

A locomotive asks no ads of newspapers, it can puff itself.

The business pulse of the nation is indicative of heart failure.

The statesmanship of the United States is in a sinking condition.

It is found, occasionally, that a dead millionaire had great will power.

Latin may be a dead language, but it is a lively corpse at all drug stores.

Kentucky growers of tobacco propose to advance prices by reducing acreage.

The estimate is that the Populists will carry Texas in November, by 50,000 majority.

Sectarian schools for Indians, is transforming the savages into bigots, which is refined savagery.

There are people still living in "Merrie England" who look to the hedgehogs for weather tips.

A California railroad has in operation eighteen oil burning locomotives, which give satisfaction.

The *Populist Sentinel* remarks: "The straight ahead policy is the best" If you are a Pop—if not—flop.

Wisconsin will engage extensively during the current year in the manufacture of whisky from potatoes.

There are 421 patents for artificial limbs—but what the Democratic party needs, is an artificial backbone.

The strabismic, or cross-eyed headlight, is designed to light the track around curves, and it is a success.

Congress has appropriated \$11,334,613 for coast defenses for the year ending June 30, 1897. Get ready for war is the idea.

What is a philosopher? asked a teacher of a Chicago school boy. "A man who don't care a darn," was the reply.

Scientists expressed no little surprise at the adaptability of human nature to produce rare specimens of monkey, hog and ass.

Consumptives will take courage when it is known that one city in Norway exported last year, 75,000 barrels of cod liver oil.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina continues to subject Cleveland and Carlisle to the X rays, and it annoys them immensely.

The A. P. A.'s, or more properly the Apes, have got McKinley where he has had to explain and deny, which disfigures his boom.

It is said the Japs are preparing to celebrate their victories over John Chinaman. They are jubilant, far more than the Chinese.

It is found that 7,633 laundry patents have been issued, and yet, the Democratic administration suffers from vast accumulations of dirty linen.

New Orleans has a dog that runs a bake shop, and is spoken of as a remarkable instance of canine intelligence. He is the avant courier of the coming dog.

A combination of lye and grease makes soap, and the administration article is what Carlisle is using. Cleveland supplies the grease and Carlisle the lie.

It is found to be of no use to talk science to a Boston lady, when she has laid aside her spectacles. She does not get the hang of the subject at such times.

The Prince of Monaco wants the Monte Carlo to pay him \$400,000 a year for its gambling privileges—and he'll get it. Times are always good at the Monte Carlo.

Boston scientists have been engaged for a number of years in producing a new breed of dogs, and believe that in the "Boston screw-tail terrier" success has been reached.

The processes of evolution have developed two traits in human nature which excite attention, and provoke comment. One is lying, and the other gives advice when not wanted.

Hand Over Fist— The man who makes money Hand over fist, Is that talkative fellow Called pugilist.

It is reported that an imported Italian flea, bit a New Yorker, recently, and killed him. The Italians should take their fleas to Abyssinia instead of soldiers if they want to conquer that country.

If it is desirable to know to what extent coal miners keep the wheels of civilization in motion in the United States, it is only necessary to state that last year they produced 198,000,000 tons of coal.

The Dead Sea is soon to be navigated by steamers. This body of water is 45 miles long and 11 miles wide, at the bottom of which the ruins of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zebona are supposed to be.

"Don't you think, Harry, you can induce one or two boys to come to Sunday school?" "I could bring one," he replied. "De udder fellers in our alley kin lek me."

Edward Atkinson, of Aladdin oven fame, believes it practicable to cross the long necked clam with the oyster. This done, he sees no reason why a workingman may not provision himself on one cent a day.

Mrs. Mary A. Ahrens found a Chicago sublimated religious damp-hool, who when asked for money to buy bread for the starving poor, refused to give so much as one cent, but would contribute \$2.00 to buy Bibles.

Grover Cleveland having split the Democratic party wide open, will retire from the splitting business March 4, 1897. His brother has managed to split his church wide open, and was requested to get out at once.

Governor Altgeld will be a candidate for Governor of Illinois to succeed himself. A more fearless, conscientious man never sat in a Governor's chair, and if he is not elected, workmen will be responsible for the calamity.

The Mexican Central Railroad has a locomotive which weighs 260,000 pounds, the heaviest in the world. Mexico is a free silver country and is enjoying a boom of exceptional prosperity, while in the United States business languishes.

Two or three members of Cleveland's cabinet are out making speeches, at the expense of the country as office seekers. Carlisle wants to be President and Hoke Smith U. S. Senator. The Democratic (?) administration appears to be utterly demoralized.

It has been announced that H. H. Holmes, the multi-murderer, will have "a quiet peaceful hanging." If he had as many lives as he has murders to his credit, and could be hanged for each one of them—but, some people are opposed to capital punishment.

In writing the biography of the Right Honorable Wm. E. Gladstone, there were 60,000 letters that could not be introduced, and Mr. Gladstone has built a fire-proof vault for their preservation. Unlike the "Plumed Knight," Mr. Gladstone does not say, "burn these letters."

Grover Cleveland, referring to John Sherman, says: "I have grown to like him," and John Sherman is one of the knaves who has managed to make \$20,000,000 out of politics. So far, Cleveland has received only about \$5,000,000. There are many reasons why two such lepers may be bed fellows.

John Sherman is not known as a forger. He has not, that anyone knows, changed a \$1,000 bond to a 2,000 bond, but he has so manipulated the finances of the country that men who held a \$1,000 bond, found it worth \$2,000—and that is one reason why Cleveland has "learned to like him."

Cornelius Vanderbilt has a \$3,000,000 palace at Newport, R. I., where he recently gave a ball to 200 millionaires, representing \$4,000,000,000 or \$20,000,000 each. As C. B. has \$48,000,000 of water in N. Y. C. upon which he collects 8 per cent. dividends, he can well afford to give millionaire balls.

Anna Gould's old faded bouquet is spending her millions like a drunken sailor at a dance house down on the docks. The count is a high roller, and it is sincerely to be hoped he will get all of Jay's stolen gold into circulation a long time before Jay's soul gets warmed through in his present abiding place.—The Road

One of the political bosses of Los Angeles says that the editor of the *Civic Review* has not sense enough to conduct a paper, because he does not apply to the men of means who are willing to give help when it is needed. We take this as a flattering testimonial of good character, and would like to have it in writing, to frame and hang in the sanctum.—Civic Review.

Mexico is on a silver basis; it is almost impossible to buy property there, for the owners of it cannot be induced to sell. The United States is on a gold basis; it is impossible to sell property here, for nobody can be induced to buy.

The evidence about Mexico is all one way; the evidence about the gold-blighted and monopoly-ridden United States is the other way.—Coming Nation.

It is reported of a missionary to the Chippewa Indians in northern Wisconsin, that he told them "if they planted corn on Sunday it would not yield a harvest, and they perversely proceeded to test his wisdom. They planted an acre on Sunday, hoed it on Sunday, worked on it on no day except Sunday, and in August it was the best acre of corn on the reservation. The missionary resigned."

Chauncey M. Depew, objects to the government ownership of railroads, because, as he asserts, the vast army of men employed would be controlled by the party in power, and would vote as political bosses might dictate. This estimate places the manhood of railroad employes pretty low down in the scale—and indicates the course Mr. Depew would pursue, even were his party in power. By civil service rules, it would be an easy matter to place railroad employes beyond the reach of political bosses, or it would be an easy matter to enact a statute, as in the case of the Interstate Commerce law, to catch the rascals, who sought to control the votes of employes, and send them to the penitentiary—in which case, Depew might be royally costumed in stripes.

The Canton (O) Repository, is of the opinion that a man, however spectacular his religion and morality, who refuses to vote against bossism, and its boodle and bunco practices in municipal affairs is a bad egg.

A Fall River (Mass.) Yankee tried recently to collect a \$400 debt by holding the debtor out of a four-story window by the heels. The debtor would not pay and the creditor had to pull his victim out of danger. A Yankee notion.

Let not the average man expect that those who are either above or below the average are going to help him better conditions. There is an old adage which is that "if you want anything well done you must do it yourself," and so long as the average man is stupid enough to let other folks do his thinking for him, so long will he be made a catspaw for the benefit of the other folks.—Quincy (Ill.) Labor Record.

One of the marvels of our christian civilization is the constant production of death dealing weapons of warfare—the Maxim gun being the latest candidate for the laurel wreath. The Maxim gun don't look fierce like a Krupp gun or a 400-pounder. A small affair, mounted on a tripod and operated by one man, it fires 666 minnie bullets a minute in any direction the man in charge desires. As a weapon it is equal to about 800 men with muskets. When the Maxim gun is used for fence posts, it is believed the millennium will dawn.

Scientists have discovered in man the rudiments of a third eye, and the rudimental third eye, is supposed to be the "seat of the soul." Be this as it may, it is ascertained that in the beginning man had three eyes. In this enlightened age, the third eye could find valuable employment, indeed, if a man had as many eyes as mythologists assigns to Argus, they would be valuable, especially to policemen, who, having only two eyes, fail to see half of the devilry which they are employed to see and squelch.

E. H. Nebeker, ex Treasurer of the United States, in reply to an inquiry, says "that for a continuous count of an expert it will require twenty hours to handle 100,000 standard silver dollars. Under ordinary conditions, and observing the rules and regulations of the office for count as to correctness, and at the same time keep a careful eye for the detection of counterfeits, 4,500 per hour, or 27,000 per six working hours each day is about the limit capacity of our experts in that line" and that it requires "16 1/2 hours to count 100,000 new notes, and for a current or ordinary day's work 40,000 notes is about all that can be done."

In a recent speech before the Central Labor Union of New York, John McLuckie, who was Mayor of Homestead when the great strike of 1892 occurred, said: "I have the evidence against Carnegie in my possession, and I will push the company to the wall if I can. I will compel Carnegie to disgorge the \$5,500,000 he obtained by fraud from the government. This matter must be pushed before the senate, and by God's will I will push it until Andrew Carnegie is a pauper. His iron and steel companies were a few years ago rated as being worth \$70,000,000. Now they are rated at only \$30,000,000, and when I get through they will be worth nothing."

In 1859 Abraham Lincoln said: "I say, that whereas God Almighty has given every man one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands adapted to furnish food for that mouth, if anything can be proved to be the will of Heaven, it is proved by this fact, that that mouth is to be fed by those hands without being interfered with by any other man, who has also his mouth to feed and his hands to labor with. I hold, if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all of the eating and none of the work, he would have made them with mouth only and no hands, and, if he had ever made another class, that he had intended should do all the work and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and with all hands."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean, thinks the decision of the Supreme Court, by which one railroad criminal is made to expose another railroad criminal, is "a dangerous precedent"—that is to say, "one thief should never be made to catch another thief." The Inter-Ocean takes special exception of the logic of Mr. Justice Brown, who in his decision said:

A person who commits a criminal act is bound to contemplate the consequence of exposure to his good name, and ought not to call upon the courts to protect that which he has himself esteemed to be of such little value. The safety and welfare of an entire community should not be put into the scale against the reputation of a self-confessed criminal, who ought not, either in justice or in good morals, to refuse to disclose that which may be of great public utility in order that his neighbor may think well of him. The design of the constitutional privilege is not to aid the witness in vindicating his character, but to protect him against being compelled to furnish evidence to convict him of a criminal charge. If he secure legal immunity from prosecution the possible impairment of his good name is a penalty which it is reasonable he should be compelled to pay for the common good.

The idea is, that the public welfare demands the punishment of villainous railroad General Managers, and that it has been declared constitutional to catch the rascals, looks as though justice might eventually triumph in the United States.

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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.

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