

THE SUPREME COURT

A MOUNTAIN IN LABOR AND ITS RESULTS.

Plutocracy Triumphant and Some Dissenting Opinions of Honest Men Candidly and Courageously Expressed.

The readers of the RAILWAY TIMES are familiar with the account of the throes of the fabled mountain which portended the birth of a brood of Titanic monsters but which resulted in the birth of a mouse. The issue was so disappointing to the surrounding hills and mountains that the caricaturist makes them sigh and sob as they contemplate the outcome of the agony. How easy it becomes to make the Supreme Court of the United States take the place of the mountain. How quick the fancy grasps the situation. For months the mountain has trembled and writhed in the pangs of parturition. Its quakes have disturbed the country; there has been continental trepidation. The whole country has tottered and quivered and shivered. The oscillations have pre- saged danger when finally, a miserable looking, half formed mouse appeared, but said to be worth to the treasury \$15,000,000 when a full formed rat was expected worth at least \$50,000,000.

After the performance the Supreme Court mountain collapsed, became semi-unconscious, comatose, lethargic; but under vigorous treatment revived and again resumed its perturbation. Again the country was shaken to its centre; the mountain expanded to its full dimensions with its nine peaks and enormous base. Awful in its dignity. The spasms and chasms were fearful in their portents. The constitution was on trial. The charter of American liberty was being masticated preparatory to digestion. All eyes were open. The gaze of 70,000,000 people was fixed upon the mountain. Excitement ran riot. Something was to be born illustrating wisdom and justice, or their opposite. There was never such a turbulent procession of hours and days. Rumor was never so rife. Excitement was lashed into foam. The rich had "tips" and were serene; the poor hoped that supreme justice was not a game of loaded dice. Now the mountain begins to smoke a little bit and with a great noise it bursts and a golden bull stalks forth before an amazed country, covered all over with inscriptions indicative of a new order of things, a new regime, declaring that all power centres in the Supreme Court and that Congress and the President, as law-making departments of the government, do not amount to a pinch of snuff—that the constitution protects the rich and disregards the rights of the poor—that the constitution centralizes all power in the Supreme Court and that they may disregard the will of the people and be in power for life and impeachment being practically impossible, there is no way to escape the despotism of a Supreme Court but to amend the constitution of the country. In this connection the warnings of Thomas Jefferson expand to all the force and dignity of prophecy. He denounced the Supreme Court as a "subtle corps of sappers and miners," working ceaselessly to "undermine the foundations of the government." In this connection, what more pertinent than to quote from the dissenting opinions of four of the judges. "The court," said Justice Jackson, "in my judgment took a wrong method in arriving at the true meaning of the words 'direct tax,' depending on the opinions of writers since the constitution, who agreed on nothing." "In my judgment, the principle announced in the decision practically destroys the power of government to reach incomes from the source of them." "The practical operations of the decision is not only to disregard the great principles of equality in taxation, but the further principle that in the imposition of taxes the burdens should be imposed upon them who have the most ability to bear them." "Considered in all its bearings the decision is the most disastrous blow ever struck at the constitutional power of Congress. It strikes down an important portion of the most vital and essential power of the government in practically excluding any recourse to incomes from real and personal estate for the purpose of raising needed revenue to meet the government's wants and necessities under any circumstances."

Mr. Justice White, still more pronounced in his views of the infamy of the decision, among other things said that "the injustice of the conclusion points to the error of adopting it. It takes invested wealth and reads it into the constitution as a favored and protected class of property, whilst it leaves the occupation of the minister, the doctor, the professor, the lawyer, the inventor, the author, the merchant and all the various forms of human activity upon which the prosperity of a people must depend, subject to taxation without apportionment. The absolute inequality and injustice of taxing by reference of population and without regard to the amount of wealth taxed, are so manifest that to admit the power to tax and to limit it to this mode substantially denies the power itself, since it imposes a restriction which renders its exercise practically impossible."

Justice White indicates how the rich are to profit by the decision and how citizens less favored will suffer. It is a clean cut decision in favor of the plutocracy and will be used as a prop to support their arrogance and add potency to the money power. Mr. Justice Brown in his dissenting opinion declares that "it could not be supposed that the convention could have contemplated a prac-

tical inhibition upon the power of Congress to tax in some way all taxable property within the jurisdiction of the federal government for the purpose of a national revenue." "Respect for the constitution will not be inspired by a narrow and technical construction which shall limit the necessary powers of Congress. The decision involves nothing less than the surrender of the taxing power of the moneyed class. While I have no doubt that Congress will find some means of surmounting the present crisis my fear is that in some moment of national peril this decision will rise up to frustrate its will and paralyze its arm. I hope it may not prove the first step toward the submergence of the liberties of the people in a sordid despotism of wealth."

Here dangers are outlined and they are of a nature to create alarm. The "sappers and miners" are getting fearfully near the point where the liberties of the country will be "submerged" by their operations.

The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Harlan is in the nature of an arraignment of the five members of the court who perpetrated the monstrous outrage. It is a scathing rebuke and will attract attention and awaken profound concern and is of such great importance that we give the associated press report in full. Justice Harlan said:

"In my judgment this decision strikes at the very foundations of national authority in that it denies to the general government a power which is, or may, at some time, in a great emergency, such as that of war, be vital to the existence and preservation of the union. It tends to re-establish that condition of helplessness in which Congress found itself during the period of the articles of confederation when it was without power, by laws operating directly upon individuals, to lay and collect, through its own agents, taxes sufficient to pay the debts and defray the expenses of government, and was dependent, in all such matters, upon the good will of the states and promptness in making the requisitions made upon them by Congress."

"In its practical operation this decision withdraws from national taxation not only all incomes derived from real estate, but the personal property of the whole country—'invested' personal property, bonds, stocks, investments of all kinds—and the income which may be derived from such property. This results from the fact that under the decision of the court such incomes cannot be taxed otherwise than by apportionment among the states on the basis simply of population. No such apportionment can possibly be made without doing monstrous, wicked injustice to the many for the benefit of the favored few in particular states. Any attempt upon the part of Congress to apportion taxation of incomes among the states, upon the basis of their population, would and properly ought to arouse such indignation among the free men of America that it would never be repeated. The majority opinion practically decides that without amendment of the constitution such incomes can never be made to contribute to the support of the national government."

"If this new theory of the constitution as I believe it to be, if this new departure from the way marked out by the fathers is justified by the fundamental law, the American people cannot too soon amend their constitution." Concluding, Justice Harlan said: "The judgment just rendered defeats the purpose of Congress by taking out of the revenue not less than thirty millions, and possibly fifty millions of dollars, expected to be raised from incomes. We know from the official reports of both houses of Congress that taxation would not have been reduced to the extent it was by the Wilson act, but for the belief that if the country had the benefit of revenue derived from a tax on incomes that could be safely done. In every possible way the two houses of Congress indicated that it must be a part of any scheme for the reduction of taxation and for raising revenue for the support of the government, that (with certain exceptions) incomes arising from every kind of property and from every calling and trade should bear some of the burdens of the taxation imposed. If the court knows or is justified in believing that Congress would not have provided an income tax which did not include a tax on incomes from real estate, we are more justified in believing that the Wilson act would not have become a law at all without provision being made for it in the income tax. If, therefore, all the income tax sections of the Wilson act must fall because some of them are invalid, does not the judgment this day rendered furnish grounds for the contention that the entire act falls when the court strikes from it all of the income tax provisions, without which the act would never have been passed?"

"But the court takes care to say that there is no question as to the validity of any part of the Wilson act, except those sections which provide for a tax on incomes. Thus, something is stated for the support and maintenance of the government. The practical, if not the direct effect, of the decision today is to give to certain kinds of property a position of favoritism and advantage that is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our social organization, and to invest them with power and influence that is perilous to that portion of the people upon whom rests the larger part of the burdens of the government and who ought not to be subjected to the dominion of aggregated wealth any more than the property of the country should be at the mercy of the lawless."

The arguments used by a majority of the judges, as Jefferson would say, are a mass of sophistry designed to obscure facts in the interest of the rich to enable them to escape legitimate burdens of taxation, but the performance is so clumsy in all regards that its purpose is easily discerned.

As Justice Harlan says it robs the revenue of the country of from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 and, therefore, amounts to a gift of that magnitude from the court to the multi-millionaires of the country.

The plutocrats and such of their henchmen as train with David B. Hill, will realize that they have gained a signal victory and on the other hand multiplied millions of men and women will have augmented contempt and scorn for the "sappers and miners" of the Supreme Court who are determined to make justice a farce and liberty a thing of the past.

Ernest P. Deitz

VESTED RIGHTS.

ARE VESTED RIGHTS GOD ORDAINED RIGHTS WHICH MUST PREVAIL

If Millions of Free Men Do Not Abdicate, and Sell Themselves, Body and Soul, To the Plutocracy?

Manifestly, the United States has fallen upon evil times. In the midst of boundless resources there is wretchedness, the result of plutocratic schemes that defies exaggeration. Men doubt man's capacity for self government, citizen sovereignty is condemned. Gold has become the nation's God, and men are required to worship it, and in the act of devotion chains are welded, and millions of slaves are the result. The Springfield Herald takes up the subject and declares that human rights are vested rights; that the title is vested in God; that they are a thousand times more sacred than property rights, yet they are trampled upon and held in scorn when they clamor for recognition. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." And vengeance will come. Mark the prediction. This nation is sowing to the wind. Human blood is too cheap. Money and property are placed above virtue and honesty. The attributes of God in man are ignored and reviled while the rich revel in the luxury of wealth obtained through false systems. Wealth secures legislation, giving it a legal right to rob the man who "eats his bread in the sweat of his face." It seems to be forgotten that a legal right may be a moral wrong.

"If any will not work neither shall he eat." These are philosophical, God-given truths. No amount of man-made theory will supplant them. "It has always been so and always will be so," is no argument. They are the words of a coward and a laggard, and constitute a fit motto for hell. "Money runs this country and always will," is another one of the Devil's lies. Manhood did run this country once, and will again. Hear the echo of the words of one of God's noblemen: "I am not worth buying, but such as I am, the king of England is not rich enough to buy me." Of another: "Give me liberty, or give me death." These were not the "fires of 1776." They were the expression of a principle placed in the heart of man by the Creator, long before the enslavement of Israel's children, or the thunders of Mount Sinai. It was the God in man, fanned into flame by the oppression of tyrants. Liberty is of heaven. Tyranny and oppression are of hell. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Whoever prays for forbearance with tyrants is a hypocrite. Whoever places property rights above human rights is a tool of the Devil. Whoever votes for a party that makes laws placing property rights above human rights needs the prayers of the righteous. We talk plainly. The time has come to do so. The situation is serious. We are on the brink of a revolution. The question is up, whether the citizen or the dollar shall rule this country; whether God or the Devil shall dwell uppermost in the hearts of men. This question will be settled, and there is only one result. God will prevail. Manhood will win. Human rights will be victorious. The only question is, how? Peaceably, or by force of arms?

Millions of men are idle. Winter will soon be upon us. These men will be hungry, naked, and cold. Instead of looking after their interests, Congress has been looking after the interests of Wall street and the rich manufacturers. No measure of relief has been passed for the masses. Millions have been thrown out of employment. And to what end? To make the dollar better. My God! was ever anything more absolutely hellish? To make the rich man's dollar better, millions of men have been made hungry. Millions of innocent children are made to go naked, hungry, and cold. Thousands of women have been forced to sell their souls or starve. Tell me that this is the work of honest men and parties! Tell me that this is in accordance with the will of God! Away! It is the work of the Devil. It was conceived in iniquity, born in hell, and christened by both parties, "public faith." Human rights have been ignored. Capital has been placed above labor, and now the demon of hunger is to be met. Now, the penalty is to pay. And, mark you! you cannot shoot this demon out of existence. It fears no Gatling guns or dazzling lines of deadly bayonets. The truth that man has a right to earn his living by honest labor cannot be crushed, because it is of God. You can imprison men, but you cannot imprison ideas. You can shoot down a hungry man, but you cannot kill the public sentiment and sympathy which his condition arouses.

And what is the condition? When winter comes, the hungry must be fed or shot. Already the hounds of war are preparing for their part in the drama. But, mark you! God has done his part. He has given us a country rich in natural resources. He has sent His sunshine and rain, and given us abundant crops. In the face of His goodness, the few have appropriated these gifts and

seek now to protect themselves behind the specious plea of "vested rights." Human rights are ignored. The millions are hungry. The few revel in riches and plenty. The law of God has been defied. Who will respect the law of man, secured by corruption and bribery, and sustained by ungodly courts? We sound the warning. "Thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by extortion, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord. Behold, therefore, I have smitten my hand at the dishonest gain which thou hast made, and at thy blood which hath been in the midst of thee."

We are not stirring up strife. We are standing on the watch-tower of liberty to sound the cry of imminent danger. The men who would lull the people to sleep while danger is near, are traitors to the best interests of the country. We would not provoke bloodshed; we would prevent it,—but not by submission to robbery and oppression. Hence we utter the warning cry to the oppressor. You may deceive the people for a time, but not for all time. It is only a matter of time when they will turn upon you and rend you. Again we say, beware! Get back to the righteousness of God!

LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT.

Though the laws be made for those Who can wear the finest clothes, While you're forced to wear a tattered coat and hat,

Though 'tis hard to feel just right While they rob you day and night, But you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

(This line to be spoken) Like what? Like that! Oh, you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

Though the rich take all you raise, Through the golden summer days, Then in winter give you soup without the fat; Though your children cry for bread And are famishing and dead, Yet you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

They will tell you with a smile Up in heaven what a pile,

Of the blessings there the poorest man will get, Though, while yet you are not dead, You've no place to lay your head, But you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

Though you toil from morn till night And produce all that is in sight, For you make the rich man's boots and coat and hat;

And you freeze and starve and die, While in pomp he's rolling by, But you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

But although the millionaire, He should swagger round and swear That the "Pops" do nothing else but blow and blarney;

But then if this very gang, They should take him out to hang, Why! he mustn't mind a little thing like that.

If the poor men in the town Should tear the mansions down, And with dynamite would blow them all to scab; If in hell the rich should roast, While the toilers eat their toast, They mustn't mind a little thing like that.

C. S. White, in *Kings' Companion*.

VANDERBILT A SMUGGLER.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, like John D. Rockefeller, is exceedingly rich and religious. John D. does not mean "John the Divine," who was on the Isle of Patmos. John D. deals in a different sort of *ile*. Nor is Cornelius like the old centurion of that name to whom Peter preached. Cornelius has built a villa at Newport, and as there was nothing in this country gorgeous enough to adorn it, he gave orders to a French concern which decorates royal palaces and had the goods shipped to him at an under valuation to escape paying the tariff. That's one sort of smuggling. The magnificent stuff was shipped to Boston, but no Boston custom house officer was capable of valuing it, and experts were ordered from New York to determine its taxable value. The New York experts were also dazed. They recognized "copies of the decorations of some of the most beautiful palaces abroad. One case contained the entire fitting for a library such as must satisfy even the taste of a Vanderbilt. The woodwork, gorgeously carved, was of walnut, with decorations of gold. There were bookcases for four sides of the interior, trimmings for the walls, window cases carved complete and doors and mantels. Not a single thing was lacking. As an instance of the magnificence the measurements showed that a carriage and team could pass through one of the windows while four horses abreast could be driven all around the room when finished. Provision was made for everything—the locks and hinges for the doors and even the screws to set them. These were of the most elaborate description. The door knobs were of cast brass with gold finish, all chiseled by hand, the workmanship being as fine as that in jewelry. Each knob bore a rampant lion. The experts appraised the entire lot as worth \$100,000."

The reader now has some faint idea of the Vanderbilt palace at Newport, as also the immense profit derived from religious railroading. Solomon in all his glory was not housed like the Vanderbilts at Newport. Solomon didn't own a railroad. The surprising part of the Vanderbilt scheme, to have his luxurious traps undervalued, indicates how tariff locally he is imbued with plutocratic piety which, as opportunity offers, cheats the government and swindles the public.

CONDITIONS.

THE MAGNIFICENT CHURCH, BENEATH WHOSE SHADOWS

Is Found Want, Suffering, Degradation and Nameless Pollutions Which Defy Characterization.

Theories relating to man's mortal and immortal state, multiply indefinitely, and as the discussion proceeds, conditions go from bad to worse continually. The millions labor, the hundreds appropriate the profits. The squalid hut grows more repulsive as the palace expands in proportions and becomes more resplendent in adornments. Ruskin says "men are enlisted for the labor that kills—the labor of war; they are courted, trained, fed, dressed and praised for that," and here in the United States they are enlisted, courted, trained, fed and praised for killing workmen. Ruskin would have men "enlisted for the labor that feeds." He would have them courted, trained, fed and dressed, and praised for that." He would have men taught the plow exercise, and would have the officers and troops of the armies of labor held as much gentlemen as the officers of the troops of death." That was once the theory of our government. It is changed now. The armies of labor are robbed, cheated, degraded and starved. Magnificent and costly temples, called churches, in our midst, says the *Flaming Sword*, and supposed to be dedicated to the service of Him who chose his followers from among the poor; yet in these temples the poor are strangers. In proportion to the magnificence of these edifices, almost in their very shadows is found the greatest amount of want, poverty, suffering, and vice. The most costly of these edifices being now but little more than heathen temples for the worship of idols.

So-called theological colleges fitting young men to officiate in these temples, yet teaching them the manual of arms in order to be prepared to slaughter their fellowmen.

Our "Christian teachers" quibbling and quarreling over questions of creeds, confessions of faith, catechisms, doctrines of original sin, election, probation, purgatory, immersion vs. sprinkling, endless punishment vs. universal salvation, the dangers and heresies of "higher criticism," etc., etc.; threshing chaff while God's precious grain lies rotting in the field; utterly losing sight of the grand, yet simple doctrine of that greatest of all religious teachers, the lowly carpenter and laboring man, the godlike Nazarene, a teacher whose religion was so grand, yet so simple, so human, yet so divine; whose creed was so perfect, so broad, so liberal, so rational, that the whole human family might clasp hands and proclaim with one universal shout: "Peace on earth, good will to men," whose doctrine was so perfectly adapted to all human requirements that, had not its original spirit and practice been subverted by fraud and force in the fourth and sixth centuries, it would, ere this, have regenerated a world; would have fitted humanity for earth, and fitting it for earth, would have fitted it for heaven.

Send more missionaries to China, to India, to Africa, while at home our business life is honeycombed with dishonesty; every man watching his neighbor to keep from being cheated; our social fabric rotten with secret lust and licentiousness; our false "civilization" soaked and cursed with intemperance. Women by the thousands selling their bodies, their womanhood, their lives, for bread and clothes. The laboring millions being pushed year by year into lower depths of want, misery and despair. Our streets and slums constantly drilling and graduating new armies of "heathen." The deep portentous rumblings of social revolution, growing louder and nearer, heard in every "Christian" land. Anarchy, like a horrid nightmare, thrusting its hideous features, distorted with hate and malice and long treasured wrongs, into the dreams of national security.

Watchman, look forth from the walls and tell us if thou canst discern aught of hope for succor or deliverance?

Will China and Japan send us missionaries who will teach us private and public honesty? Will Turkey send us missionaries who will teach us chastity and personal purity? Will Mohammedan Arabia send us an army of teachers who will persuade us into temperance and sobriety? Will Buddhist India send us a ship load of priests to teach us that "the love of money is the root of evil," and teach us to "love knowledge for its own sake?" Or, will some noble man arise in our own land and time, who will serve God and man, and not Mammon and superstition, who will have breadth of intellect, greatness of heart, love for humanity, and moral heroism sufficient to lead men back to the acceptance and practice of that early and perfect Christianity which was the "light of the world?"

The theory is advanced by Marvin R. Clark in his book, "Pusey and Her Language," that the cat has a language which may readily be acquired by men.

TO E. F. DEBS.

BY LORENZO D. GILLESPIE.

Hail to thee, brave champion of the free, Fearless defender of human rights, Hail! true friend of America; Brave guardian of freedom lights.

Thou who heeded thy brother's call, And sorrowest at the mother's sigh; Thou who laughest at the tyrant's fall And weepst at the children's cry.

Is it thus ever that freedom must fall At the merciless feet of oppression, While love and virtue and labor all Bow down as the slaves of a nation?

Was the blood of our forefathers shed In vain for the freedom of men? Are the rights of our people all fled And our nation in slavery again?

Has the flag that so proudly once swung The emblem of freedom and bravery, At last from the people been wrung, And changed to an instrument of slavery?

O, harp of my country! so sweetly attuned, That the soul of injustice could never withstand The strains of thy music, thy sweet tender tune Still echoes the hope of our land.

The chords from which flowed the sweet tender strains, Now lie at the feet of the tyrant all broken, But the voice of the patriot the hiring hath slain.

Will sound till the power of the tyrant is broken, Oh for more of the spirit that Garrison bore In its magnitude Lovejoy gave to the slaves, So soon with such men could we drive from our shore The autocrat diggers of merciless graves.

Oh son of conviction whom threats cannot daunt, Nor bribes so enticing can ever subdue; How nobly you suffered in the battle you fought; May love ever linger in our warm hearts for you.

A COAL MINER'S PRAYER.

The *Miner's Journal* has a devout correspondent who has formulated a prayer to be offered up by coal miners generally. It is addressed to the Almighty Coal Barons. It is chock full of that sort of faith that removes, or digs tons of coal, mountains of it, at starvation rates. It breathes the spirit of resignation. The burden of the prayer is for the Almighty Barons to go on waxing fat, while the miners, with little food or none at all, famine-cursed and in rags, take delight in suffering that the Almighty Coal Barons may build palaces and revel and bask in sunshine and luxury. It says:

"If," says the devotee "thou sayest we are all fools we will swear to it and knock the stuffing out of the officers of the union if they dispute it. When thou dost eat we smack our lips and swallow wind."

"When thou sayest take our pay in store checks we will do it. Our business is to serve thee with all our hearts. We are Americans of the modern type, not like Jefferson, Hancock and Washington. What is it to us whether we have 70 cents or give thee nine cents to get to dig it. We are but dogs that eat the crumbs that fall from our masters' tables. When we get 70 cents we wag our tails, when we get more we wag faster. When we don't get any, we wait until we do. This is the Americanism of the modern type. This is the Americanism that gave you your wealth, oh! most adored and allwise master."

The prayer proceeds and the saintly enthusiast warms to his work.

"We love thee" says the heavenly minded worshipper, "because thou hast all power to say whether our wives and children shall or shall not have bread to eat, or clothes to wear. We do now give up all to thee. Do with us as thou wilt."

"Though work is slack we love thee. Though we are thrown out of employment by the introduction of labor-saving machinery and our wages lessened, we love thee. Though our children are clothed in rags we love thee. Though our wife, the blessed companion of our bosom is scantily dressed and looks so shabby she can't go to church, we still love thee more. Though we are sinking deeper in debt and distress, and poverty is knocking at the door and hunger is staring us in the face, we love thee still. This shows our great faith and love for thee. We are willing to sacrifice our wives and children."

"We are your fools, liars, suckers; spit in our faces and rub it in. We have no business to want an education for our children or ourselves. We ain't got any sense. We don't want any; it don't take any sense to load coal for thee; we need more muscle; ain't we daisies? Did ever Dred Scott serve his master better? All we need is for the elder to talk sweet to us and pat us on the back."

"When the wages of all other industries have been advanced, thou, in thy great mercy, offer us a reduction. This we appreciate. What an elevating thought to us. We thank thee for this lookout. We partially thank thee for pauper hunger that exists among us to day. We thee for the pleasures and enjoyments our ren want and the clothes they need at get."

Such holy sentiments will doubtless bring a vast harvest of pious resignation, and the coal miners will doubtless penetrate Pluto's dominion and rob him of his fuel, and thank their baron god on the privilege of picking out such blessings as best promote their fortitude and forbearance when buried in the bowels of the earth to promote the pleasure of their god. Such submission and abasement ought to tickle the Almighty Coal Baron, and it does. He sees the coal miners who keep the wheels of business forever in motion factionized, divided, torn and rent and demoralized, and chuckles—and he will continue to rub his hands in glee and grow rich and fat, until the coal miners unify, consolidate and swear by health and home, wife and children, that no wheel shall turn—no anvil ring—no shuttle fly—no spindle whirl, and no forge shall blaze until the reign of rage and hunger and destitution disappear.

The Chicago *Times-Herald* intimates that it has a serious task on its hands, in managing the Illinois legislature, which seems to be about equally divided between fools and knaves.

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JNO. G. CARLISLE ON SILVER.

Hon. Jno. G. Carlisle, Cleveland's secretary of the treasury, not being under the ban of civil service, by order of his master, concluded to reconstruct the South. No longer solid for the Democratic party, owing to large and repeated infusions of common sense to be credited largely to the aggressive work of the People's party in that benighted section, productive of such radical changes in the political status of the people, that the term, "miraculous," more nearly explains the situation than any other word in the American vocabulary.

The "Solid South" was never a complimentary designation. It conveyed the idea of darkness, ignorance and other misfortunes, a clinging to the old and the effete, a want of appreciation of the new in thought, purpose and destiny. To break the "Solid South" was a Herculean task. The only hope lay in massing grand armies of new ideas, and maintaining a ceaseless bombardment all along the line. The People's party began the work in earnest some three years ago, and now the "Solid South" has disappeared. Not a single state is "solid" for the Democratic party, and the demand for Populist literature is so urgent that it is almost impossible to meet it. And what is true of the South is equally true of the great West and of the central states.

The free coinage of silver is the one towering topic around which the people are rallying. It is their shibboleth. Mr. Cleveland has allied himself with the gold bugs, the men who, for twenty-five years, have dominated legislation, controlled the fiscal affairs of the nation, made money plentiful or scarce as suited their purposes, and who have not hesitated to inaugurate panics to carry their point, and when a movement has been made to remonetize silver for the relief of the people, the government in the grasp of the gold bugs, and aided by a purchased press, has been able to defeat the people and perpetrate their policy of rapine. But the clamor of the people against this piratical policy has created such consternation in the ranks of the old parties, particularly in the ranks of the Democratic party, that Mr. Cleveland has ordered that his entire cabinet shall take the stump to support his gold bug policy and his secretary of the treasury has been commissioned an ambassador to the people to arrest the tidal wave of reform. Being a Southerner, Mr. Carlisle's mission is to the south, and, as prearranged by the gold bugs, his utterances are to have front seats in all the gold bug papers, with puffs of the speeches and eulogies of the speaker.

It is given out that Mr. Carlisle wrote four speeches in four weeks, at a cost to the government of \$613,847, or \$153,467 each, and that these speeches were read to Mr. Cleveland and his cabinet and pronounced sound to the core. It is not so stated, but it is nevertheless probably true, that these four speeches were all submitted to Rothschilds or their New York agents, as also to gold bug magnates of Wall street, and indorsed as fully up to the standard, and just the kind of literature the country needs to make its financial policy acceptable to England and other European nations which control the monetary affairs of the United States.

Mr. Carlisle having been, during his public career the friend of free coinage of silver, finds it difficult to explain his treason to former convictions, and in his efforts to swallow himself, brings his mission and exalted station as secretary of the treasury into ridicule and contempt, because there never was a rational explanation of treason, a fact which Mr. Carlisle don't seem to appreciate.

His arguments are simply plutocratic powder burnt a hundred times, lacking in that detonating power which awakens or frightens the people or changes their purpose to remonetize silver and decree its free coinage at the mint of the government, utterly regardless of the dictation of England, or of native or foreign Shylocks.

The people say, since 1873 we have had the gold standard, we have been financially ruled by England, and point to results so deplorable as to defy description. During the period of poverty and progress, leading finally to business decay and death, wreck and ruin as wide spread as the boundaries of the republic, the gold standard, like the "brazen serpent" in the desert, has been pointed to as a panacea for national ills, but instead of health, disaster following on the heels of disaster, has sub-

merged the country in calamities which expressed in figures threaten the stability of our institutions, and yet Mr. Carlisle, in the interests of the Rothschilds, proclaims that a change of policy would be still more calamitous.

But old chestnuts and back number harangues have lost their power. A change is required. The demand in voice and volume rises as day succeeds day, and Mr. Carlisle might as well expect to drown the roar of Niagara by tooting a tin whistle, or to stay the march of a cyclone with a straw, as to expect to arrest the march of reform ideas by rehashing gold bug platitudes in their hearing.

Grover Cleveland simply stands for the Rothschilds in American politics, and every utterance he essays upon finance only proves his incapacity and emphasizes the fact that he has degraded his high office to perform menial service at the bidding of the money power.

A BISHOP AS A LABOR ARBITRATOR.

Bishop Potter of New York, is a prelate in the church, specially represented by the multi-millionaire corporation known as Trinity Church in New York City—an abnormal abomination, disgraceful alike to civilization and Christianity. It owns numerous tenement houses where poverty and pollution hold high carnival, and degradation and moral death in horrid contiguity appal all beholders. In these Trinity dens religion riots in the embrace of squalor and amidst unnamed and uncatalogued stenches that poison the air are enacted those beastly crimes which settled the fate of Sodom. And while these abominations fester and flourish, Trinity Church, where Bishop Potter presides in all the glory of rich robes and tinsel, wax candles and the voluptuous strains of music, rakes in the revenue and flourishes great and glorious, as if it was an Eden plain specially favored of heaven and fertilized by all the wealth of the guano islands. Bishop Potter is in intimate association with this pious, plutocratic and aristocratic association, where gilt edged salvation from golden chalices is poured upon the rich as if it were goose grease to help them get through the eye of a needle and into heaven.

Bishop Potter, who worships with these Trinity plutocrats, has been chosen an umpire in an arbitration contest between working men and women and those who have oppressed them. Why Bishop Potter? Because, being neither an employer nor an employe he is supposed to be just the man for the position, and because he knows absolutely nothing under heaven about labor, its toils and privations, its narrow environments, and its ceaseless struggle to live. His life work has been reading prayers and rituals and preaching short sermons in rich and royal robes, and the fact that he expressed astonishment at the cogency and lucidity of the arguments of the workmen in stating their case before the arbitration board is conclusive that he was totally ignorant of the wrongs imposed by employers upon employes. Bishop Potter's life work is to get people into heaven by the washing in use in his church, on the line of the established church of England, that is even now debating the propriety of permitting clergymen of other churches to have the title of "Reverend," attached to their names.

To discuss labor and the interests and rights of labor, demands intellectual facilities free from the warp and twist imposed by creeds and dogmas, since intolerance in one thing is certain to beget illiberality in all other matters.

To comprehend fully the wants and rights of labor, it is essential that a man's life must have been at some time in close touch with labor. He must have had experience in its struggles, must have known its aspirations and hopes, its disappointments and fears. To select a prelate of an aristocratic church to decide a labor-question, could be paralleled in folly only by selecting a puritan to decide an intricate question in episcopacy.

THE SUPREME COURT DECISION.

On May 27th the wires flashed over the land the announcement that the United States Supreme Court had "denied the application of Eugene V. Debs, the strike leader, for a writ of habeas corpus," and that the decision "is a victory for the government." At this writing we have not received the full text of the decision, nor have we space for the document and such comments as it deserves. This may be said, however, that the decision, like that which declared the income tax unconstitutional, instead of securing a "victory for the government" is a corporation decision which is destructive of the government, sapping the very foundation of the structure as outlined in the Declaration of Independence and established by the Constitution. In the next issue of the TIMES, the subject will receive special attention, as also the court whose recent decisions have made it the object of universal contempt.

THANKS.

The RAILWAY TIMES, published at Terre Haute, Ind., is one of the ablest and best papers that comes to our exchange table. Its editorials are always spirited and full of vim, and everything admitted to its clean, bright columns is readable and instructive.—Topeka Advertiser.

AMERICAN IDEAS.

The Chicago Times Herald regards the strike of the employes of the South Chicago steel works as offering a fine opportunity to educate the foreign element up to a full comprehension of American institutions, as for instance, sweatshops, starvation wages, a la Pullman, police clubs and guns, injunctions and federal bayonets and bullets. These steel works strikers, says the Times Herald, could not "write, speak or understand the English language." They were first smuggled into the United States "by evasion of the contract labor law for the purpose of working in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania." This "evasion," violation of law, was an "American idea," the crime was perpetrated by American plutocrats to reduce the wages of American workmen, another "American idea," and yet the Times Herald says "the time spent in the anthracite coal regions by these strikers did not afford them a chance to become acquainted with American ideas," and adds, "in their own country whenever want drove them to demonstrations of discontent they were immediately confronted with the bayonets of the soldiery." These poor devils, imported from "their own countries" by American law breakers, plutocratic criminals, to degrade American workmen, found the "American idea" included the "bayonets of the soldiery," and that the gospel of the gun has the same converting power in the United States that it has in Italy, Hungary, Poland and other autocrat and aristocrat cursed lands. "These people," says the Times Herald, "need kindness, not physical force, to bring them into harmony with American institutions." But, instead of kindness, these miserable men, imported by criminals to be worked and robbed, find the "American idea" quite as infamous as the Italian idea. Fleeing from one set of robbers, they find themselves entrapped by another gang of robbers, operating under "American laws and institutions." The language of hunger is the same in America as in Poland, and starvation, degradation and death, whether the result of American or European ideas, are equally fruitful of results.

But the Times Herald is confident that "as rapidly as the industrious immigrant realizes that government in this country is his friend, he becomes its friend. It is only the idle to whom the American ideas do not appeal. Many who have been working in South Chicago are industrious by instinct and ambition. They do not want to be idle. They do not want charity. What they want is work and a living wage. They are nearly all married men, honestly endeavoring to take care of their families. They preserve the family tie with scrupulous respect, in striking contrast to immigrants or natives who are idle and worthless, and who generally desert their families when they have any. Many of these industrious people are living in wretched tenements, making the best of conditions of life which would test to the utmost the strongest social aptitudes." All of which is mere swash. If the government were the friend of the workingman, imported or native, rich scoundrels would not be permitted, like Pullman, to rob and starve their employes. The American idea is to rob workingmen, subject them to manifold outrages, and permit employers to increase their wealth by continuous villainies. And the Times Herald is, on all occasions, the blatant apologist of the outrages. As for the government, it exhibits its friendship for workingmen by supplying corporations with soldiers and guns to kill them, as if they were vagabond dogs, whenever they seek, through the agency of the strike, to obtain sufficient wages to secure three square meals a day, and exchange their rags for decent raiment.

A REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

Current reports are in line regarding the revival of business. The country has been in the grasp of a panic for two years, one of the most serious that has occurred in recent times, and as, under favorable circumstances, it requires about five years for business to regain normal conditions, symptoms of revival should now begin to appear.

It is to be noticed that here and there, in some departments of business, an advance in wages has been voluntarily made by employers—perhaps a half-dozen instances have been made public—but in no instance have wages been advanced to rates that prevailed prior to the panic and, as a general proposition, advances have been secured by strikes of employes, and but for these strikes, wages would remain at the lowest possible rates.

The revival of business, to a certain extent, results independently of causes producing the panic. There are, in the United States, 70,000,000 persons to be fed and clothed. In two years millions of men and women, though reducing purchases to the lowest point practicable, exhaust accumulated stocks and factory owners find it necessary to start their machinery to meet necessary requirements. The wreckers of banks and railroads and industrial enterprises relax their grasp upon the throats of their victims, and from their boarded swag, are willing to make loans to those who employ labor, and this is called "confidence," and as confidence increases business revives until, if there

is no hitch in the confidence programme, business is finally resuscitated and an era of prosperity dawns.

Ordinarily, men are so much gratified when business revives from panic prostration that few care to know or to remember the cause of their misfortunes. It is, however, of prime importance that the cause should be known and that it should be kept in remembrance that preventive measures may be adopted against recurring panics.

President Cleveland, in addressing congress, officially, said the panic of 1893 was "caused, chiefly, by congressional legislation." This declaration was absolutely true—vicious legislation, continued through many years, legislation dictated by the money power, which controlled both of the old parties, and still controls them.

The panic of which we write gave evidence of its coming early in the year 1893, though the omens of disaster were seen only by those who had plotted for it. It gathered force rapidly and burst upon the country about the 1st of May of that year. It was in all regards a money-legislation panic, a bank panic, a plutocratic panic, started and engineered by the banks. There was not, on the 1st of May, 1893, anything in industrial affairs indicating a panic. Things were moving in normal conditions. There were no signals of alarm. The banks started the panic.

From January 1st to October 1st, 1893, 158 national banks, with a capital of \$30,350,000, suspended, and from January 1st to September 1st, 1893, 172 state banks, 47 savings banks, 13 loan and trust companies, 6 mortgage companies and 117 private banks, having liabilities amounting to \$97,193,530, suspended. In this we see the handiwork of 494 banks of various names and grades suspending, and 19 other moneyed institutions following suit.

Thus, 513 banks and moneyed institutions brought about the panic. They produced an utter demoralization of confidence, and from the 1st of May to the 1st of October, not less than \$500,000,000 had been withdrawn from banks and locked up, and, in addition, banks during the same period called in their loans to the extent of \$400,000,000.

By the 1st of January, 1894, this bank panic had swept over the country like a tornado and 16,000 commercial and industrial enterprises, representing a capital of \$500,000,000, had succumbed, and in eight months not less than one million men were thrown out of employment and doomed to idleness. And from January 1st, 1894, to January 1st, 1895, this revel of ruin proceeded and the army of idle men continued to increase, until Carroll D. Wright estimates the number of idle men in the country at 4,000,000, and of those who have found precarious employment, multiplied thousands are on the ragged edge of starvation.

As we have said, President Cleveland informed the congress of the United States that congressional legislation was chiefly responsible for the panic which began in 1893, and for all the untold woes it has inflicted.

Did congress provide a remedy? None whatever; if possible it made matters worse. It is in this connection that the question becomes pertinent, "Do workingmen want any more such legislation?" If so, they can have it by voting for either of the old parties. Since, in voting for them, irrespective of name, they can keep the money power in the ascendancy, and when it serves its purpose, another panic can be produced and labor be made to pay all the penalties which idleness and a reduction of wages inflict. It is to be hoped that the panic has spent its force and that a revival of confidence and business prosperity has set in, but, if it is true, the fact in nowise furnishes an excuse for the continuance of a political policy which, in due time, will afflict the country with another bank panic.

THE PULLMAN HORROR.

Three clergymen recently investigated the town of Pullman, and found it to be a "whited sepulcher." These reverend gentlemen recommended an entertainment to rescue 150 families from the grasp of starvation and to obtain funds to colonize them beyond the reach of George M. Pullman, the man eating tiger. "Pullman," said Dr. Rusk, one of the investigators, "is not the model town one is asked to believe it is. It is a whited sepulcher filled with dead men's bones. Without it is fair to look at, but after you pass the imposing front, there is much to be condemned. We went through the alleged model flats and found that a ramshackle affair on the top floor rented for \$23. Why, in the sheds at the brickyards, which the company denies are used as habitations, the squalid creatures who inhabit them showed us rent receipts for \$8 a month, signed by the Pullman Company."

ROCKEFELLER is said to have accumulated \$120,000,000, and has the ambition to raise the sum to \$500,000,000 before he dies. He must be anxious for the devil to substitute oil for brimstone and permit him to pipe him his fuel.

The government, with all its vast resources and taxing machinery, will be on the 3d day of June \$40,000,000 in debt. Its expenses are more than its income.

LABOR DAY.

The time is rapidly approaching when labor, in all of the centers of population, will go forth to celebrate its annual holiday, and it is pertinent to inquire what labor has done to extol and glorify or to commemorate.

When the Israelites were the slaves of Pharaoh, and that abnormal tyrant was making their lives a burden to them, they asked the privilege of going into the wilderness for three days to hold a feast to their God. They wanted a labor holiday, they wanted to rest from their task of brickmaking, but the privilege was denied them, and the severity of their task was increased. Those old Israelites had no declaration of independence; they didn't know that all men are created equal; they had never heard of inalienable rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; they had no star spangled banner; they were slaves. They didn't have the ballot, the palladium of sovereignty and liberty.

If it be assumed that their request, to go out into the wilderness to feast and worship, was a demand for a labor day it was the first in all recorded time, and the last until, here, in the United States of America, labor appealed to legislative Pharaohs to pass a law, making one of the days of toil a labor holiday. A labor sabbath, dedicated and consecrated to rest and to rational enjoyment. It was a "new thing under the sun"—the mold and rust of ages are not upon it, and workmen have a right to celebrate the day with bonfires and music and orations, and every rational expression of joy and mirth.

Labor Day is one of the signs of the millenium. It is a harbinger day, the forerunner of better days to come. It contains the seeds of emancipation. It points to labor's coronation day. It stands forth, like Faith, the "evidence of things not seen, but hoped for. It is eloquent of promise. It is a rallying day for the hosts of labor. It portends victory at last.

But no mistakes should be made in ennobling Labor Day. Every lesson it teaches relates to battles—battles to be fought and won by men who know their rights; men who have the courage to do and to dare; men of lofty purposes, and who love their fellow workmen; men who despise duplicity and all the arts of chicane; men who evince their devotion to the cause of labor by cultivating sympathy for all toilers, and whose philanthropy discards the boundaries of organization and seeks the well-being of those who know neither password nor grip, sign nor symbol, but who, nevertheless, are of the royal household of labor and wear its badge as kings wear their crowns.

Labor Day can never command its full measure of glory until the invitation to engage in its celebration includes all the sons and daughters of toil, and until its blessings, like sunshine and rain, make no distinctions, but come to all upon whose face the beaded sweat bears testimony, regardless of the frowns and sneers of the rich, that they are the salt of the earth.

We withhold no merited praise from organized labor, for the good it has accomplished, the victories it has won and the advance it has made. We would simply have it generous, lofty, grand in its treatment of those who, from whatever cause, fall to see and comprehend the blessings it confers and, on Labor Day, we would let down all the bars, swing wide open all the gates and, for one day, proclaim a truce, and under the ample folds of the banner of labor, the armies of labor should march, proclaiming by acts speaking louder than words, that above all mystic devices there exists a God ordained brotherhood of labor, and that this brotherhood may, and in the interest of all, should be recognized on Labor Day.

Let it be understood that organized labor is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Prepare a highway for labor, by which it may escape the oppressions inflicted by plutocrats and reach the goal of its high destiny and, as drums beat and banners fly, let it be understood that organized labor is the Moses, the leader and lawgiver, commissioned to emancipate, not the few, but all the hosts of labor from poverty, degradation and death and lead them to the highlands of liberty, the sublime elevations, where Truth and Justice have built their throne, ready to wave their scepters, on token of approval, as on Labor Day, the grand army of labor passes in review.

Labor Day ought to symbolize unity; that labor organization, though separate as the waves, are one, as the sea. It ought to teach the lesson that labor is strong in union and weak in division and, above all and over all, their policy should be so broad and generous as to impress those who remain unorganized that they can hope for no improvement in condition, while they antagonize the only means that promises redemption from plutocratic rule and the degradation it inflicts.

EX-CONGRESSMAN BYNUM was fond of stating, in his tariff speeches, that labor was "a commodity," a "raw material" the price of which was regulated by "supply and demand." He now finds himself in no demand and of no value whatever. Cleveland, even, has no use for him.

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THE CZAR.

SOME RUSSIAN PROVERBS WHICH RELATE TO THE DESPOT.

And by Substituting the Titles of Other Christless Whelps, Widens Their Applicability.

The average American reads stories of the czar of Russia and wonders how it happens that God permits such a beast to live and flourish, torture and kill human beings and make the lives of millions one long, continued agony.

While this scheming is proceeding on the one hand, on the other hand thousands are engaged in surrounding the abnormal tyrant with a halo of ever-increasing brightness and glory.

The czar dies also when his hour comes. When the czar spits into the soup dish it fairly bursts with pride.

Even the czar is bespattered when he puts his foot into a puddle. The crown of the czar does not protect him against headache.

The lungs of the czar cannot blow out the sun.

The back of the czar himself would bleed if he received the blows of the knot.

The czar, if he be a leper, passes for sound.

Even before a blind czar it is necessary to bow.

The horse which has once been mounted by the czar neighs without ceasing.

The rope will break if you wish to hang the czar.

The czar may be very powerful, but he is not the All Powerful.

The czar may be the cousin of God, but he is not his brother.

The czar can shake the terrestrial globe, but he cannot make it deviate from its axis.

The czar has long arms, but they do not reach to heaven.

The hand of the czar himself has but five fingers.

The valet of the czar thinks that he also has some rights to the crown.

The ukase of the czar is worth nothing unless God says Amen.

A fat czar is no heavier for death to carry than a lean beggar.

A crippled czar can nevertheless take great strides.

One drop of water in the eye of the czar costs the country a great many handkerchiefs.

One only can be czar, but many can love him.

The horse of a czar can stumble, also. If the czar be a rhymester, woe to the poets.

The czar can be relieved of complaints, but not of cares.

Whenever the czar squints, the ministers are one-eyed and the people are blind.

Do not lift your hand against us, little father czar, otherwise we shall be obliged to carry the arm in a sling.

When the czar takes cold all Russia is seized with the grip.

When the czar dies the moujik would not change places with him.

If the horses do not want to pull, the carriage of the czar himself does not move.

When the czar presents you with an egg he will ask for a hen in return.

Whoever counts on the favor of the czar must not disdain the good will of his valet.

Where the czar wishes to cut leather straps the peasants must furnish their hide.

When the czar takes snuff the people must sneeze.

The hen of the czarina herself does not lay swan's eggs.

He whom the czarina hates is despised by her lady in waiting, execrated by her tirewoman and sent to the devil by her chambermaid.

THE statement that England controls the finances of the United States is easily demonstrated. The "parity" prattle requires the United States to keep on hand \$100,000,000 of gold, the theory being that as this "parity" fund is reduced the nation approaches bankruptcy, any reduction begets unrest and as the depletion proceeds the danger increases, and the panic begins. To restore the "parity" fund the United States must issue bonds to obtain the required gold. Only England can supply the gold. The Rothschilds having the gold they control the situation. The Rothschilds are England and hence the declaration that "today England controls us more absolutely" than if she won in the struggle of the revolution, and still by her troops and governor ruled the land.

Queen Victoria likes whist, but she can't whistle worth a cent.

MAN AND DOG IN ENGLAND.

In the early history of England, felony was punishable by death, stealing was felony, hence if a man stole a dog he would have to die for the crime. Strange to say, even in very early times, a man was held to be superior to a dog, and to avoid hanging a man for stealing a dog the courts held that dogs were not property. At the same time men were held as slaves in England. In Saxon and Norman times the English peasantry were sold for slaves, and children were sold in the market at Bristol for exportation like cattle. They were exported to Ireland and to Scotland. Alfred the Great, about a thousand years ago, had laws enacted concerning slaves, and in the reign of Edward VI, about three hundred years ago, a statute was enacted that a runaway, or one who lived idly for three days, should be brought before the justices of the peace and marked V with a hot iron on the breast, and adjudged the slave of him who brought him for two years. The master was to take the slave and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse him meat, and cause him to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise; and if, within the space of two years, the slave absented himself fourteen days, he was to be marked on the forehead or cheek by a hot iron with an S, and be his master's slave forever, and if he deserted a second time, he could be made to suffer death, and it was lawful for his master to put an iron ring around his neck, arm or leg. This law was enacted A. D. 1547. Such were the man and dog laws of England. Dogs were not property. A man and a child were property and could be sold and branded, and if they deserted twice they were felons. A dog in England had a better show for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, than a poor man and in ten thousand instances, it is as true under Victoria as it was under Edward VI, three hundred and forty-eight years ago. England's abhorrence of poor men is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. It is a royal, aristocratic hate. It has come down through fifteen centuries and it is found in all lands where English civilization has gained a foothold, and the hellish virus is at work today in the ranks of the plutocracy in the United States of America. History is repeating itself, not in the letter of the statute, but in its spirit. To degrade the poor has been the policy of England's power since the days of the Danes, Saxons and Normans, and the struggles of the poor to rescue their necks from bands of iron and their limbs from chains, to banish the branding iron and achieve freedom, has been the battle cry of the centuries have come and gone. It was the battle cry of 1776, and Americans have boasted of their victory. Now behold conditions! Children are not sold in the market of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago for exportation, men are not doomed to wear iron bands around their necks, and chains on their legs, but multiplied thousands of the poor of the United States, are nevertheless doomed to servitude as degrading as when Edward VI ruled the realm. The sweatshop horror, starvation at the mines, wandering bands of tramps, indicate conditions and force the conviction that a gentleman's dog receives more consideration than thousands of workmen. Workingmen of America have the ballot, they can change conditions, and the question is, how are you going to vote? King Edward VI is a candidate, his policy is iron bands, chains and branding irons.

It is Jenkins', Woods', Pullman's and General Managers' program, and all workingmen have to do is to vote the plutocratic ticket and reach the dog level, when they will have time to wag their tails and lick the hands of their masters.

FLASHES. Paris, France, gets along nicely with 120,000 paupers. Old hoos is cheap. Missouri boasts of having found a petrified hog, not of the human species. Hawaii, in 1893, produced 300,000,000 pounds of sugar, a good way to raise cane. The Indiana bituminous coal miners will dig coal for sixty cents a ton, till July 15.

The King of Siam isn't troubled about metal money. He makes his dollars of porcelain.

Two Pembine highwaymen robbed a man of three dollars, for which they go to prison for life.

London averages eighty deaths a year by starvation, besides those who kill themselves to escape starvation.

The Canada Pacific Railroad employs an oculist to examine the eyes of engineers, brakemen and conductors.

Prince Joseph, of Battenberg, who has been doing the United States, deigned to compliment our lager beer. Thanks.

It is claimed that France became Christian fourteen centuries ago, while others declare she did not become Christian till 1793.

Prince Bismarck, the man of iron and blood, regrets being old, only because he's not permitted to smoke and chew tobacco.

On the Southern Pacific Railroad, Mexicans, or "Greasers," as they are called, work for seventy-five cents a day and are satisfied, and so is C. P. Huntington.

THE KEY NOTE

OF THE COMING CRISIS—A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"SAVE YOUR MONEY AND BUY A GUN!"

Those patriotic and heroic words are a part of a telegram sent by Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, from their headquarters in Chicago to a lodge of the A. R. U. in Montana, during the great railroad troubles in July, 1894, and seized in defiance of law, by the federal authorities, with more than forty others of similar import, as a basis for the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Debs, and his official colleagues, ostensibly on a charge of conspiracy and contempt of court, but really for the purpose of putting down labor organizations in the United States, just as the Irish land league was suppressed by the British government and army ten years ago, and thereby subjecting the mass of American people hopelessly to the despotic control of a plutocratic oligarchy which has already usurped the federal and state governments almost completely, and thereby reduced the sovereign people of America to a condition of vassalage more galling and odious than chattel slavery. Those valorous words of Mr. Debs, "Save your money and buy a gun!" deserve to be made as immortal as the brave utterance of Davis H. Waite, when governor of Colorado: "It is better, infinitely better, that blood should flow to the horses' bridles rather than our constitutional liberties should be destroyed!" With that aim the stirring words of Mr. Debs are made the theme of the following

Bold and Firotal Labor Manifesto.

BY EMORY BOYD, NEW BRITAIN, CONN. "Save your money and buy a gun!"—EUGENE V. DEBS. "Sell your garment and buy a sword!"—JESUS CHRIST. "He that hath no sword, let him now sell his garment and buy one!"—LUKE xxii, 36.

Save your money and buy a gun! The LABOR WAR is just begun! You'll need them ere your cause is won, And that you may depend upon. Now since this war has been forced on, We'll see who shall this country run! We'll see who shall our products own, The WORKER or the scheming drone!

Save your money and buy a gun! That was the way your fathers won! Are you devoid of their "backbone"? Will you disgrace their high renown? Forbid it shade of WASHINGTON! A disarmed people are undone! Your masters rout you with the gun! While you cry "scab," or throw a stone!

Save your money and buy a gun! Drill, shoot and muster—old and young! Set brave example for your son, That he may fight for life and home! Your foes are armed! Your freedom gone! They've stole the ground you stand upon! Why hesitate? You're ten to one! Great God! Where has your manhood gone?

We listened to the siren song Of ballot box millennium; We threw away the sword and gun, Which Liberty for us had won! Our self protection long has flown, Protection promised failed to come! NOW SLAVERY—BACKED BY SWORD AND GUN! Is our inevitable doom.

Men, save your money, buy a gun! Invincible you then become! Why stand like sheep to be overcome By hired thug and myrmidon Of mammon—got through Washington? "Organization" is but a pun, Your votes will weigh the same as none, Till you are armed with steel and gun!

Save your money and buy a gun! Trust not to ballot box alone; The two together can detrone The proudest despot ever known! Be not dismayed by court or ban, YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO ARM WAS WRIT BY THOMAS JEFFERSON And never can be overthrown!

Assert your lawful right to arm! When you are armed, your vote counts one; There's efficacy in the gun! Your unarmed vote has almost none! Cheats, frauds and tricksters wisely shun Collision with a voter's gun! And then you'll not be trod upon When you march on to Washington!

To be prepared to guard your right, Does not imply that you must fight; But, when you're able to strike back, You're always safer from attack! Whereas, unarmed you but invite Aggression, robbery and blight, And cause more bloodshed, strife and woe Than battlefields like Waterloo!

Why waste decades in carrying on Election campaigns—costly fun, And only "balance of power" be won— The smaller dog to have a bone—? Whereas, when armed you'd rightly own "The lion's share," and beg from none! You then "the lions" would become! Instead of jackals hanging on!

Then save your money, buy a gun! No more from clubs and pistols run! When you are armed with blade and gun To gain your strikes will be but fun! Your righteous cause will be half won, Your rights respected, one by one; Then despots will to rat holes run As you march on to Washington!

"The money power—they who loan, Who shape the laws, who judges own! Who guide the military arm, And heed no barrier but a gun! They who oppress you WILL HOLD ON In spite of ballot-battles won! Till, gun for gun, or ten to one, You drive them out of Washington.

"Save your money and buy a gun." "Sell your garment and buy a sword!" How just alike these saying run! Debauchees the mouthpiece of the Lord, Prophetic words the Syrian hurled Through coming ages—words of war! Prophetic for this Western World, These WORKERS' words, to rich and poor.

"Sell your garment and buy a sword!" "Save your money, to which we now accord The pivot point on which must turn Man's weal or woe—to laugh or mourn.

And you must choose! The day has come! "The money power" is surging on! Ten thousand avalanches strong! Procrastination seals your doom!

"Save your money and buy a gun," This is the song that must be sung; The lesson workmen must learn, And teach, and preach, and dwell upon! It means that you must fight or run, From Strike, from Union Hall and Home! From meetings, Press and Ballot torn! Your every right will soon be gone!

"Save your money and buy a gun," Means bayonet, saber, pistol, bomb, Torpedo, battery, gnatling gun— Means everything to science known, Whereby to take and hold your own! To put the robber despots down! To put the wage slave system down! AND BRING CO-OPERATION ON!

We know that LABOR'S brain and brawn Hold up the State, and Court, and Throne? We need no Czar, no Blackstone, To tell us what is right or wrong! OUR RIGHTS shall never hinge upon Old Roman law and Latin tongue! With lawyer-craft, with court and gown Your conflict is! Just set that down!

Courts smell of despot, crown and throne! And sovereign powers dare assume! Their pompous forms have only come To signify judicial "bum!" They fancy you'll be overcome By "tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum!" But we'll teach them another tune! And if we're wise we'll do it soon!

Yes, save your money, buy a gun! Send Cesar's law to "kingdom come!" We have a law we'll stand upon, Laid down by THOMAS JEFFERSON! Our "Bill of Rights" our fathers won, From Bunker Hill to Bennington! And for THESE RIGHTS we will contend, Like FREEMEN, to the bitter end.

[The telegram "Save your money and buy a gun," although sent over the signature of E. V. Debs was, as a matter of fact, sent by L. P. Benedict, private secretary to the president, who is entitled to the poet's tribute.]

A TROUBLESOME LABOR UNION QUESTION.

We notice, that in one city at least, where iron moulders are organized, difficulties have arisen between employer and employe, relating to a scale of wages adopted by the union. Labor unions in establishing a wage scale always name the minimum wage—the theory being that all union men are worth to the employer the price named.

They do not hesitate to affirm that some workmen are able to earn more than the rate fixed in the scale, and employers are not debarred from offering them an advance, nor are the workmen prohibited from accepting higher wages.

But, it so happens, that employers conclude that the minimum wage named by the union, is the maximum wage, rather than an average or a minimum rate. It is just here that the trouble begins—the employers contending that even the minimum rate is too high. They say, "we will pay the rate fixed by the union for the best men, but will not pay it to the inferior men."

It is well understood in labor unions that some men are worth more than others, that even where two men are of equal skill there may be reasons why one of them is worth more per day than the other, but in places where there is a disparity in skill, the difference in the value of men becomes more obvious. Labor unions are not blind to such facts, but contend that the scale of wages they arrange includes all these discrepancies, and that upon the whole the employer only pays a fair wage for a fair day's work; that if in some cases an inferior man gets too much, a superior man receives less than he is worth, and that the efficiency of one makes up for the inefficiency of another, and that practically an equipoise is obtained.

Manifestly the view taken of the subject by the union is fairly just; in fact, it might be said that in adjusting a union scale of wages, men of superior skill and strength make concessions in a true philanthropic spirit, and that they are the losers thereby, rather than the employers.

Carnegie, Frick & Co., of Homestead and other localities where they conduct business, employ, it is said, 25,000 men. This firm has voluntarily decided to advance the wages of their employes 10 per cent, and are receiving a vast amount of gratuitous advertising on account of what is called liberality. If it is assumed that the average wages of the firm's employes is \$2 a day, the daily wage amounts to \$50,000 a day, or, for 300 days \$15,000,000, the advance of 10 per cent, therefore, means a total increase of wages amounting to \$1,500,000 for a year, or an average of \$50 to each employe. On its face the showing is liberal, but it is said to be only one-fifth of the reduction made several years ago—say five years. If, therefore, the advance of 10 per cent amounts to \$1,500,000 a year, the reduction of 50 per cent has netted the concern \$7,500,000 a year for five years, or a total of \$37,500,000 for a term of five years. Having defrauded their employes out of \$1,500 a year each for five years, they now restore \$50 a year to each of them. Such is the workings of Carnegie's gospel of wealth, and such are his preparations to die poor.

"The furniture trade in Melbourne, Victoria," says the Coast Seamen's Journal, "is now all but in the hands of the Chinese. At present, in that large city, there are only forty white cabinet-makers in work, while 400 Chinamen are constantly employed from twelve to sixteen hours per day, Sundays included."

TO YOUTH.

Time is a lover When days are long: Blue is the sky above her, And gay the song. Woo thou with gifts and myrrh, Tenderly think of her; That thy faith may be strong, And thy prayers be long. In the land of the wanderer. —T. A. Fraser.

The steaks of the Beef Combine, which measures the altitude of prices, are from the beefy establishment of Sir Loin Armour, whose cheek is equal to any requirement, and whose rump, ribs, brisket and flank are unequalled for development. There was never a time when he did not bull the market. In such business he does not hesitate. He gets at the essence of beef, and spares neither hoof, leg nor shin, and is never more happy than when he is in up to his horns, and with tail erect, and bellowing like a cyclone, skins everything in sight and then hides behind his tallow.

The Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company admits that the trolley strike cost it \$527,010.14; but asserts that it was a good investment, and that all the money lost will be recovered, as for instance, the change in the time tables resulting from the strike will add \$250,000 annually to the net earnings of the road. The strike of the men seems to have been a great hit for the road.

CLOSING SCENES

OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS GRAPHICALLY PAINTED BY M. W. HOWARD.

Author of the Book "If Christ Came to Congress," and Other Pen Pictures of National Decay.

It seems to be a serious piece of business to be a member of Congress, not only to the man, his immediate constituents, but to the country at large. It is a place where a man may, in short order, as he elects, become something or considerably worse than nothing. If he is for sale, there will be no lack of bidders. They will soon learn his price, and that ascertained, he may flourish for awhile, but ultimately he sinks to fathomless depths of infamy. If he is above price, if he is not for sale, if he is honest, has conviction and courage and ability, he will make a good name, if not a great one. Rewards will be slow in coming, perhaps, but they will come, such is the law. Mr. Howard knows whereof he writes and in an article closing with a picture of the closing scenes of the fifty-third Congress which expired March 4, 1895, he says "It was the holy Sabbath day and the church bells were ringing merrily over the city. In the capitol champagne flowed like water. Committee rooms became temporary brothels. Women of ill-repute swarmed the corridors and sang songs in the public restaurants with inebriated congressmen. 'I have seventy-five dozen glasses out,' said Tom Murry, the disgusted caterer of the house restaurant. 'That tells the story of the committee rooms better than any words I could utter.'"

"In front of the main door is a perfect cloud of gentlemen interested in legislation. Some of the faces are familiar and have been seen here for the last twenty years. Some are comparatively new. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars are to be won or lost within the next few hours. "Around at the other door are more lobbyists and among them are some women. Backed up against the marble pillars everywhere are members button-holed and on the defensive. Some of these women are notorious. The very fact that they are brought to bear upon any item of legislation is enough to stamp it with condemnation. "There are poker games in the committee rooms, and the sideboards are stocked with the best liquid refreshments which could be bought with the contingent fund. There were the house and senate bars where everyone from the most respected citizen to the lowest strumpet could obtain a drink. "An aged senator passed into a private room with a hilarious member of the demi-monde on each arm. "A congressman was carried away by friends fighting drunk. A woman, with her daintily booted foot elevated on a committee table, and a glass of champagne elevated in her hand, was singing a merry song, while a dozen members and their friends sat around smoking and enjoying the society of the real lady. But this is enough. I will cease. All of this beneath the jeweled dome, between the marble walls of the temple of liberty, amid the royal surroundings of art expressed in bronze and marble and the exquisite touch of the painter's brush. "God pity the people when such scenes as these are possible. 'When the wicked rule, the people mourn.' "Sons of sires who bled for liberty, beware, for even now, if you will only listen you may hear the clank of slavery's chains which are being forged for you and your posterity. "Toilers of America this is a goodly land, we are vastly superior in numbers to the hosts of Shylock, so let us go up and possess it. "Ere it is too late let us vote for freedom."

Hard to Please. "What did the editor get for his Christmas?" "A gold collar button." "Well, isn't he satisfied?" "No! Now he wants a shirt!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Sui Generis. Wade—Caddington is different from any other man I ever met. Butcher—How so? Wade—We were walking up Broadway yesterday and passed at least four shoestring peddlers, and he never once said, 'I wonder how those poor devils make a living?'—Puck.

Figuring Out the Profits. Parker—I met Lion, the English author, the other night. He is writing a book on this country, and he seems anxious to get information from everybody. Barker—Yes; he figures that the people he asks for information will read his book to see if the information is in it.—Puck.

The Way It Works. The machine has taken the place of the skilled mechanic who knew every branch of his trade. It has reduced a highly civilized being, the highest form of vertebrate life, to the level of a frame of iron with a steam or electric soul. The thing that man fondly dreamed would free him from irksome labor has made him its slave.—The Workman.

Eats Only Acquaintances. A French lady, staying in America for some time, was wrestling with the English language. She had made very good progress, she thought, and one day accepted an invitation to dine. As the dinner went on she was offered a dish that was new to her. Not fancying its appearance, she declined it, saying: "Ah! thanks, no, monsieur. I eat only acquaintances."—Interior.

Equal to the Emergency. An old admiral well known for his power of exaggeration was describing a voyage at supper one night. "While cruising in the Pacific," he said, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters." "But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled." "Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral, "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."—Pearson's Weekly.

He Wanted a Snack, But Objected to Writing It Down. There is a quaint little restaurant perched high up on the top floor of a tall building in the center of the city. It is the luncheon place of scores of business men and has come to be a popular noon-time resort for the clerks, business men, brokers and, in fact, men of all classes. Every day about noon it is crowded with people. Yesterday shortly after noon a middle aged mountaineer, who had been directed to the place as a fine restaurant for the purchase of a cheap lunch, ambled awkwardly down the hallway. He picked out a suitable entrance and made a dive for the doorway. The polite negro boy who takes charge of hats at the door reached out for the customer's hat, but the mountaineer, by a swift, though not graceful dodge, managed to elude the hatboy and marched in triumph to a seat. With his big brown hat still perched on his head, he glanced over the little bill of fare that was handed to him. He couldn't make it out at all. "What's that for?" he asked the waiter.

"That's the bill of fare." "What'd you give it to me for?" he inquired. "Fur yo' order, sah, and this little pad is for you to write out what you want." The hungry man gazed at it a full minute, and the perplexed look on his face grew deeper. There was a sort of choking in his throat. He got up, and as he stalked toward the door he muttered:

"There's too darned much style about this shop to suit me. If a man can't git a little snack to eat 'thout puttin' it in writin', guess he can go to some place that ain't so fash'n'able." And he left.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE HOPE OF THE AGES.

If you dam up the river of progress, At your peril and cost, That river must seawards despite you— 'Twill break down your dams and be free. And we need not the pitiful barriers That you in its way have down cast For your efforts but add to the torrent Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

We laugh in the face of the forces That strengthen the flood they oppose; For the harder the oppression the fiercer The current will be when it flows. We shall win, and the tyrants' battalions Will be scattered like chaff in the fight. From which the true soldiers of freedom Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters In the bitter stress of the strife, Or patiently bearing the burden Of changeless, commonplace life: One hope we have ever before us, One aim to attain and fulfill, One watchword we cherish to mark us, One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure Crowd closely upon us and press? When a hundred have bravely been beaten, The hundred and first wins success. Our watchword is "Freedom"—new soldiers Flock each day when her flag is unfurled, Our cry is the cry of the ages, Our hope is the hope of the world. —E. Nesbit, in Coming Nation.

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"WHAT ARE BEAUTIFUL." Beautiful eyes are those who wear... Beautiful lips are those whose words... Beautiful hands are those that do work... Beautiful shoulders are those that bear ceaseless burdens of hourly care...

ILL WRITE A LETTER. They say those flat silver men are at their frantic tricks again... Our people—yes, I call 'em "ours"—are not so full of mental powers... Our people—must be made to see the wisdom high which statesmen hold...

Of course I'll hide—(a trick you see) all reference to a remedy, but dilate on "safe currency."... My calligraphic brainy thought has many wondrous victories wrought... The emanations of my pen have startling power over men...

FABER STROKES.

Oscar Wilde is not dead yet; but he stinketh. Some lodges of organized labor have a library. Why not all? It seems inevitable, Rothschilds will get another batch of gold bonds. The bicycle, with its saddle and straddle, has inaugurated the age of Go. Chilian ladies guard against cold feet at night by using dogs for warmers. The Czar of Russia announces that he is the imperial saloon keeper. He's the state. A true philosopher will not denounce chaff since there could be no wheat without it. San Francisco clergymen are wrestling with the question, "Was Christ an Anarchist?" Why is a United States judge like the cork tree? Because his value is chiefly in his bark. As soon as Cleveland gets to Buzzards Bay it is believed its waters will swarm with gold fish. Judge forever on the bench, and justice forever in a hole, is what calls loudly for a change. So far as heard from P. M. Arthur has not been presented to Victoria, or the Prince of Wales. The American head of the firm of Rothschilds & Co. will spend the heated term at Buzzards Bay. Woman suffrage, like John Browns' soul, goes marching on. It has arrived in Utah in splendid condition. England complains that she has 600,000 more women than men. No such complaints are ever heard in Turkey. The mineral water makers of New York work twenty hours a day, and have struck for an eighteen-hour day. Seventy-five German labor unions of Chicago recently adopted the People's party platform and will vote the ticket. There are, just now, more silver-tongued and silver-toned orators in the country than ever before in its history. Princess Maude, of Wales, rides a bicycle in royal style, but not more royally than any English girl that earns her own living.

There are sermons in stones. No doubt about it. That's what David thought when he went out to convert Goliath of Gath. Ruskin thought the market could have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit. Yes, and more of them, as Chicago could testify. The Democratic party, like the King of Siam, has a white elephant on its hands, but, unlike the King, won't worship it. A Texas land swindle has been discovered, known to have netted the gang at least \$100,000, and probably five times that amount. It is now stated that the expenditures of the government over and above its receipts will amount to \$60,000,000 by the 30th day of June, 1895. The Railway Age and its auditor—two fleas in the hair of the General Manager's dog, are scarcely earning the blood they suck from the hound. Governor Morton, of New York, a plutocrat, employs 150 Italians on his Rhinback estate, and is spoken of for President of the United States. A cartoon represents the devil feeding Geo. M. Pullman liquid sulphur with a spoon, and another artist has him dancing the can can on a hot gridiron. It is now understood that the U. S. Supreme court will start a game of judicial dice to decide the constitutionality of the lottery law passed by the fifty-third congress. A society is to be organized by young women, the object of which, as set forth, is to be as careful in selecting a husband as when selecting a bonnet—a sort of beau ideal society. The press indulges in accounts of a revival of business. Workmen want to enjoy a little of the boom, and ask for more wages. Being refused, they strike, and usually succeed. The rightful weapon of politics is the ballot, and yet some so-called labor leaders are awfully afraid of politics. Don't be alarmed gentlemen—the emancipation of labor is via politics. The Globe-Democrat wants an effort made to discover the value of an average state legislature. No great effort is required. Find the value of a railroad pass and the problem is solved. Dr. Monroe's doctrine is exceedingly distasteful to John Bull, but it restored Nic A. Ragua to normal health, and Ven E. Zuela wants Drs. Cleveland and Gresham to send a shipload forthwith. Hon. John G. Carlisle has accepted several invitations to swallow himself before the American people, and, when these performances are over, he will return to Washington and sit down on himself. The steel pen was the result of an accident. A jeweler, having split a delicate tool used in his business, and having occasion to write his name, used the tool for a pen. It worked well—hence the steel pen. The Salvation army has first and last excited no little ridicule and unfavorable comment, but the millions of outcasts it has fed and sheltered and is still rescuing from death, is changing the tone of criticism. The complaint in Chicago is that the government has no funds to keep the United States judicial mills in operation, and that grinding is likely to cease for three months. It requires \$600,000 a year, just to run the marshal's office. Carlyle talks about "the spirit of our unseen pilot." What is wanted nowadays is a pilot that can be seen and heard; a pilot to take the helm and steer clear of shoals and rocks. Everybody is looking for that sort of a pilot, particularly labor. If the average young man don't want to go to the devil, let him choose a trade or profession, some definite occupation. The devil always has employment of some sort for the idle, particularly those who prefer idleness to occupation. Some men not only refuse to engage in the work of their emancipation from degrading conditions, but use their votes to put the whip in the hands of their masters, and shout, "The poor devil whom the master loveth he scourges."

Some one estimates that during the past eighteen hundred years war has destroyed 4,000,000,000 human lives, or about three times the present population of the earth. Suppose these human beings had lived and multiplied? Anyone is at liberty to go on with this story. The weavers in the worsted mills at Olneyville, R. I., having been required to teach apprentices the trade without compensation, immediately informed the proprietor that he must pay \$15 to each weaver required to give instruction and pay an additional \$15 for each instructor into the Textile Union treasury. The proprietor declined and a strike followed. In India and China, humans of the lowest caste receive about ten cents a day; they get board for six cents a day. If Mr. Edward Atkinson, the Boston Baked Bean Philosopher, succeeds, he will get prices down to about that level in New England. It is styled "The long necked clam theory of life." We notice, occasionally, that labor organizations charge the "Most High" with being pleased to "remove an esteemed brother by death." While the "Most High" declares that He "takes no pleasure," even in the death of the wicked, much less, we conclude, in the death of an honest workman. And now comes the cigar making machine which does the work of four men. The work of 400 cigar makers can be done by 100, and it is claimed done far better than by the hand methods now in vogue—and this is one of the movements of the times which while displacing men will make smoking cheap. The war between Japan and China has resulted in opening Chinese ports, and to the introduction of manufacturing machinery. The Chinese are imitative to an extent scarcely paralleled by any other people in the world. The opportunities now offered to erect mills in China is said to alarm all the manufacturing nations. Labor in China can be had at fifteen cents a day and in a brief period the Chinese would not only do their own manufacturing but compete for trade in other markets where labor is ten or twenty times higher than in China. To wake up 400,000,000 of pagans and give them Christian labor saving machinery will work industrial revolutions of far reaching consequence.

TWO LIVES. Two babes were born in the selfsame town On the very same bright day. They laughed and cried in their mother's arms In the very selfsame way. And both were pure and innocent As falling flakes of snow, But one of them lived in the terraced house And one in the street below. Two children played in the selfsame town, And the children both were fair, But one had curls brushed smooth and round And one had tangled hair. The children both grew up apace, As other children grow, But one of them lived in the terraced house And one in the street below. Two maidens wrought in the selfsame town, And one was wedded and loved; The other saw through the curtains apart The world where her sister moved. And one was smiling, a happy bride, And one knew care and woe. For one of them lived in the terraced house And one in the street below. Two women lay dead in the selfsame town, And one had tender care: The other was left to die alone On her pallet all thin and bare. And one had many to mourn her loss, For one had lived in the terraced house And one in the street below. If Jesus, who died for the rich and poor, In wondrous, holy love, Took both the sisters in his arms And carried them above, Then all the difference vanished quite. For in heaven none would know Which of them lived in the terraced house And which in the street below. Chicago Sentinel.

The Income Tax Decision. MR. EDITOR: With reference to Mr. Borland's letter in your issue of the 1st inst. on the subject of the single tax and the Supreme Court decision on the income tax bill, it is evident that your correspondent is mistaken in his premises and therefore in his conclusions. It will be a correction in this matter to state that the Supreme Court decision is in harmony with the single tax and emphasizes the fact that a direct tax (such as the single tax) is constitutional when apportioned among the states according to population. In fact such a single tax law was proposed in congress by Judge Maguire as a substitute for the income tax bill and it was voted for by the single tax members. Had this law been adopted it could not have been defeated by the Supreme Court for it provided an apportionment according to population as required by the constitution. Land value, which is claimed by the single tax, is invariably related to population, and in this respect this tax is in harmony with the constitution. Besides the Supreme Court has expressly declared that all titles to land are held subject to the reserved right of the people to take the entire rental value by taxation whenever they chose to exercise it. The constitution, the single tax and the Supreme Court are naturally in agreement and probably the court will soon have an opportunity to again demonstrate this fact. Pittsburgh, Pa. JAMES D. McDADE.

Single Tax Logic. MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 1st, you published a letter from W. P. Borland, in which he states that in order to inaugurate the single tax, it would be necessary to change the constitution. The Supreme Court did not decide against the single tax but declared that a direct tax was constitutional when apportioned among the states in proportion to population; that a tax derived from rents was an indirect tax. The single tax is a direct tax and differs from a tax on rents, in that the single tax applies to all valuable lands, whether rented by the owner or not, while the income tax applies only to land that is rented by the owner, thereby making it direct tax. The single tax is a tax on land values, and as population makes land values, so the single tax would fall in proportion to population as provided by the Constitution. Rowley, Iowa. J. R. HERMAN.

Income Tax vs. Single Tax. MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of May 1st Mr. W. P. Borland refers to the income tax decision, and intimates that if he had the single tax to-morrow the Supreme Court would probably declare such a law unconstitutional. He bases such an assumption on the fact that the court has already decided that incomes from rent are exempt under the income tax law. Perhaps before this letter reaches Terre Haute the whole act will be declared unconstitutional by our court of last resort. And this would only emphasize the fact that a direct tax is constitutional only when "apportioned among the several states according to numbers or population." The income tax does not do this. On the average, increase of wealth and increase of population go hand in hand. Where population is greatest there land has the greatest value, and a direct tax on ground rent exactly fits the constitutional requirement. Under such a law the Supreme Court could not declare it unconstitutional. By taxing into the national treasury ground rent there would be no surplus to corrupt or no deficiency to injure our credit. A tax on land values or ground rent would be certain, because land values are most easily assessed—land cannot be carried off or concealed; vice, because, by discouraging the withholding of land from use and encouraging its improvement, it would open opportunities for the employment of labor, augment wealth and increase the wages of workmen; equal, because every person would pay taxes in proportion to the value of the land, of right the common property of all, which he appropriated to his own use; and just, because it would fall not upon labor, enterprise and thrift, but upon the value of a special privilege—the right of exclusive possession. The necessity for government and the value of land are both the result of increase of population, and the revenue of ground rent from the one should be used to pay the cost of the other. Boston, Mass. W. L. CROSSMAN.

Effect of the Decision. MR. EDITOR: W. P. Borland's letter published in your issue of the 1st inst. seems to carry the idea that even if it were possible to pass a single-tax law that the Supreme Court would prevent its enforcement by declaring it unconstitutional on the grounds that it aimed to secure some of the revenue for the maintenance of the government by taxing rents. Is there anything in the Supreme Court's decision that will support this conclusion? The Court decided that an income tax is a direct tax, and as such, it did not conform with the constitution which says that direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states according to population. The decision in no manner whatsoever dealt with the classes of property subject to taxation; their only contention was based on the manner of laying the tax. Congressman James G. Maguire, of California, introduced a single-tax substitute for the income tax law that succeeding developments have shown would have been an entirely constitutional measure as it apportioned the tax as the constitution among the several states. The Supreme Court has not decided as many seem to think, that federal revenue can only be raised by taxing consumption, compelling the poor man and the millionaire to contribute equal amounts. The object that the income tax aimed to accomplish, namely, to have men contribute to the support of government according to their means for the protection and benefits derived therefrom can be effected in a constitutional, scientific and entirely just manner by legislation framed on the principles of the single-tax patterned after the Maguire bill. The justice of some scheme of taxation that will take off some of the burden that at present rests on production and exchange and transfer it to that unearned value attaching to land that is created by the community cannot be successfully disputed. The single-tax offers the most scientific means yet found to accomplish this purpose. Lanark, Ill. PETER HERRIGAN.

The Single Tax Constitutional. MR. EDITOR:—A passage quoted from Mr. Borland's letter, printed in your issue of May 1, referring to the income tax decision, prompts me to suggest that this decision must have an effect upon the single tax agitation similar to that of the Dred Scott decision on the abolition cause, some thirty-five years ago. It emphasizes the fact that a direct tax is constitutional when apportioned as ordained in section 2, article 1, of the Constitution—in proportion to population—just as Lincoln apportioned the quotas of men for the armies, leaving to each state, county, city and precinct local option as to how the quota of the tax shall be raised, whether by taxation of land values—the one just tax—or by the prevailing stupid, impolitic and unjust methods. The Astors and other great owners of valuable American land, would, under the single tax, pay the full value of the privilege they enjoy, of excluding the people of America from the use of American land except through the purchased permission of its owners. Nor would even the Supreme Court have the hardihood to declare the law in the case unconstitutional. Burlington, Iowa. J. HAGERTY.

The Supreme Court Decision. MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent W. P. Borland in a letter to the TIMES of May 1st, called attention to the Supreme Court's decision on the income tax law and the heroic workers for the single tax, for inaugurating a taxing policy which shall throw the entire burden of taxation upon rent, and our Supreme Court would promptly declare such a law unconstitutional. The single tax upon the value of land could be levied upon each state according to population and the apportionment being just and according to the constitution the Supreme Court could not have declared it unconstitutional as they have declared the income tax law. Congressman MacGuire of San Francisco did offer a bill to congress on this point as a substitute for the income tax bill, and it was supported by six congressmen and the speeches that were made in support of it show conclusively the wisdom and justice of the measure; and since the Supreme Court's decision must come more into prominence and

discussion, taxation will never be settled until it is settled right. The single tax upon the value of land exclusive of improvements being the value that is made by the good order and government of the community is the only just source of income for public purposes, and to allow it to be appropriated by individuals, robs the community of its just rights, enriches men without labor, robs those who do labor, being the mainspring and cause of all the unequal distribution of wealth, poverty and riches, and all the vice and crime that flow from the extremes of both. The Supreme Court's decision that a direct tax is constitutional when apportioned among the states according to population, and that it be levied upon the value of land, would make a new and true advance in justice and good government. E. Z. BUTCHIE. SOLOMON, KANSAS.

INSPIRATIONS. He bangs the door to show his spite, The hateful man, he does not care, And she to make things even quite, Goes right upstairs and bangs her hair. —Cincinnati Tribune. "Go my son and shut the shutter," Thus I heard a mother utter, "Shutter's shut," the boy did mutter, "I can't shut it any shutter." She did not like her bonnet, For, as she gaily sped, She noted that it did not turn A single person's head. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

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PAPERS.

THE SAMS UV SAMWEVL. BY J. T. R. GREEN. now before you vote yer tickets & take off yer hats & show fer awt them rasku s its a good time Jus 2 and owt what yer owt-fer is it taffy they kall taruff or free tradin with the heethun with hi prizes an low wages an less chance 2 kum owt evun now it seems tew me deer childrun tho yew think me rather brash what we want iz perfekt freedum 2 exchange hard nox fer cash & a rite tawber als) til wew frekked & wew tand just so long we pay owt unkel fer munopolizen land. foks iz gettin maly restly with the problems uv the our & the milk uv humun kindnus iz in danger uv goin sower fer altho the land iz fertill an will evry blessing giv it sumtimes looks az if we had no erthly rite tawber liv thats the way it strikes yewrs trowly az he wags his sullograf til hes sunwhat unfoseded if his names sam fongraf but its tolerably serten that he raises hi grad mewels & ther mundane okkupashun iz unstuffin gold base fawels

A Tale of Industrial Life.

BY MARIE LOUISE. In the State of New York there is a small town which for convenience we will call Greenville. This town consists chiefly of a large mill, the dwellings of the owners of the mill and those of several hundreds of operatives and their families. In a year not remote, on a Sunday of January, the country around was decked with a thick sheet of snow whose frozen surface glistened diamond-like in the silvery beams of the moon. In the apartment of one of the operatives sat a family of six—father, mother and four children, at the supper table. The merry laugh and gay prattling of the little ones mingled with the clinking of spoons and forks on their plates, brightened by the tasty arrangement of the things on the table, shed an air of cheerfulness over that humble household. The parents smiled at the sagacious repartees and droll antics of the children, but their smiles and loving glances were dimmed by the expression of sadness on their brows. The little ones intuitively felt the grief of their parents, and when their glances met that of their father or mother, the youthful, merry laugh recoiled, damped and chilled. The child's native sensitiveness and delicate sympathy is beyond the comprehension of the majority of adults. Were we to understand the exquisiteness of its mental tissues; the plasticity of its organ to receive outward impressions, good or bad; its capacity for absorbing external influences, the whole bulk of our social ethics would slide away before the advance of true human philosophy. The theory of heredity, that grim gospel of despair which has served of bottom to all structures of despotism, religious or political, would then be relegated with the relics of bar barous ignorance. "Papa, won't you play a game of lotto with me tonight?" asked the eldest boy. "Not to-night, John," answered the father. "I don't feel very well. You had better go to bed, all of you, and get up early to-morrow morning to have a game of snowballing between you." "Are you sick, papa?" inquired a little girl of about five, as she placed her tiny hand on that of her father and gazed in his eyes with the inexpressible, indescribable tenderness none but the child possesses. The father took the sweet little head in his hands, covered it with his burning, loving glance, and kissed the dainty little cheeks. "I am not sick, darling," he answered, "I am only fatigued. To-morrow I'll be alright." The mother began undressing the little ones and, with the help of the father, they were soon laid to sleep. Then she cleared the table and washed the dishes while her husband smoked a pipe in silence. "I knew well that my wages would not be increased at the annual settlement," the man said, at length. "I am blacklisted; nothing is plainer to me. The best I can do is to look for employment somewhere else." "We have no money to pay for the expenses of a moving," replied the wife. "With the best of efforts, I have not been able to save anything on your wage money. When the rent is deducted there is little left." "Yes," growled the man, "they are careful to deduct the rent before handing us the cash. They call this concern 'profit sharing'; it ought to be called 'starvation-sharing among the operatives.'" "Next year you will have a right to your first certificate of one thousand dollars for life-insurance," suggested the wife. "Build no castles of cards," rejoined the husband; "no insurance fund nor any privilege money will ever be inscribed to my name here. I tell you I am blacklisted. I am not subservient and cringing, I don't spy and inform on my fellow workers. This does not suit the foremen and heads of this establishment. Eh! someone knocks"—He goes to open the door. "Good evening, Louis, good evening, Tom," he said to two visitors. "I am glad to have you call. Sit down and fill your pipes, here is tobacco. You are not returning to New York tonight, Louis, are you?" "No," answered Louis, "I will stay over tomorrow. How are you Mrs. Brenner?" he said to the lady of the house. "I am well, thanks," answered the lady. "You are very kind to call on us before leaving." "I am very kind to myself," returned Louis jestingly. "Let us talk business," said Tom, motioning Brenner to a seat. "What do you think Louis is after?" "If you tell me I shall know," answered Brenner. "He is after getting a job at the mill," said Tom, "what do you advise him to do?" "I advise him to stay where he is," answered Brenner promptly. "The worst place on earth cannot beat this one." "That is what I told him," rejoined the man rubbing his hands, "but he would not be convinced by me."

"Say, Brenner," interrupted Louis, "let me tell you what our position is in the factory and you will not wonder that I try for a change, and as I can work at your business as well as cigar-making, I naturally thought of making an application for a place in your mill. Since three years, we are working for wages that will barely buy bread. We get \$1.25 to roll one thousand cigars. An experienced man and his wife working fourteen hours a day can earn not more than eleven dollars per week. Four dollars is reckoned a big week's wages in the factory of First avenue. We live in the company's tenement house where rents are exorbitant. When they have deducted the rent from our weekly earnings, what is left for food is very little. Were I to relate to you the misery endured by some of the workers, you would shudder." "Four years ago I might have shuddered," replied Brenner bitterly, "but four years passed in this purgatory have taken all the shuddering out of me." "Your condition is not as pitiable as ours," returned Louis. "Not as pitiable, but more desperate," retorted Brenner. "In New York you have a chance to try somewhere else; here we are in a trap wherefrom we cannot escape, because our earnings do not permit us to save money for removing to a strange place." "But you receive yearly endowments," observed Louis. "You get a life insurance policy and the aged have a pension." "All that sounds well on paper and in annual dinners' speechmaking," replied Brenner. "But our wages are just sufficient to keep soul and body together. Of course, there are among us some privileged men who gather on their bones their own fat and ours. These men are the props of this establishment. The rank and file however, work merely for bread and are cooped up and fettered just as safely as were the bondsmen of Europe in the Middle Ages." "Say, Brenner," interrupted Tom, "what do you think of the speech of the New York professor at the annual dinner yesterday?" "I think that both the man and the speech are humbugs," answered Brenner abruptly. "He has a remarkable talent for throwing dust in people's eyes," continued Tom. "How he eulogized the proprietors on having adopted a system so just to the workingman, that strikes, boycotts and all labor troubles have become impossible." "It is amusing to listen to these babblers," said Brenner. "Why the slaves in the South had no labor troubles, neither had the slaves in old Rome, nor the bondmen in Europe. So long as we have capitalistic masters, strike is his weapon by which the worker asserts his human dignity. The slave has no dignity to assert. The label, profit sharing, which is tacked on this establishment is an insurance against strike, by the tacit inference that there are no reasons to provoke one. That is the theoretic side of it. Practically, however, a strike in this mill would be the most justifiable one on record. Yet, as matters stand, we have no alternative but to be satisfied with our condition, or appear to be so, or to depart from this place. To murmur, or to remonstrate is commitment for the blacklist." "Still," observed Louis, "it is a great boon to have your life insured and a pension for your old age." "So it is," rejoined Brenner, "providing you can stand the job until you die, or reach old age. The first certificate for the life insurance is given after five years of continuous service for the firm, and is increased every subsequent five years. You will admit this to be a long life's contract in a subservient position where scores of incidents may break it asunder before the time for its fruition sets in." "It is still better than no chances at all," insisted Louis. "Yes, the boons are crumbs," put in Tom. "Comrade Louis," said Brenner gravely, "will you answer a question?" "Yes, if I can." "What produces the wealth and the capital in this firm," quired Brenner. "Labor, of course, aided by capital." "How was that capital which is aiding produced?" "By previous labor," answered Louis. "You see I am well up in economic catechism." "Very well, said Brenner," then whatever the worker gets is his own, not as crumbs but as loaves. Don't you see that the power of the employer to retail to us our own earnings in the ways he sees fit, and the enforced submission exacted from us in order to receive these favors, consigns us to what may be called servitude?" "I see your point," said Louis. "Capital and labor," continued Brenner, "are identical factors in production, but when they are owned each by a different class, the two interests become apart and often antagonistic. Their relation is that of a master who gives and a servant who receives. The industrial concern at Greenville is an illustration of their mutual incompatibility." "Did you notice what Mr. Greene said in his speech last night?" queried Tom. "About the Democratic victory, free-trade and the coming hard times? I noticed all that well," answered Brenner. "More than that," continued Tom, "about the approaching cut in wages. The working men, of course, will have to bear all the burden of political blunders and financial gambling." "Yes, we were threatened last night with an increase in misery," resumed Brenner, "and I shall never forget the content of that speech. Great God! What an amount of brass there must be in that man's make up!" "I guess I won't apply for a job at the mill," said Louis; "great as is our poverty in New York, we are not hopelessly in the claws of one man. Bondage, even with plenty, is repugnant to me, but bondage and poverty combined I will escape as long as I can. What I have heard to night, however, saddens me. I thought you were comparatively happy here. You never complained before." "It is dangerous to complain, comrade," replied Brenner, "where spies are numerous, walls have ears. To be sent away from here is to be launched into hopeless ruin; we have no means for settling elsewhere. Still, I have thrown up restraint, for I have sufficient reasons to know that I am blacklisted, and my dismissal is only a question of time." "So good a mechanic, so sober and orderly a man as you are!" exclaimed Louis. "These qualities count for nothing," rejoined Brenner. "The qualities pre-eminently needed are to flatter, to spy and to inform on other workers. That I cannot do."

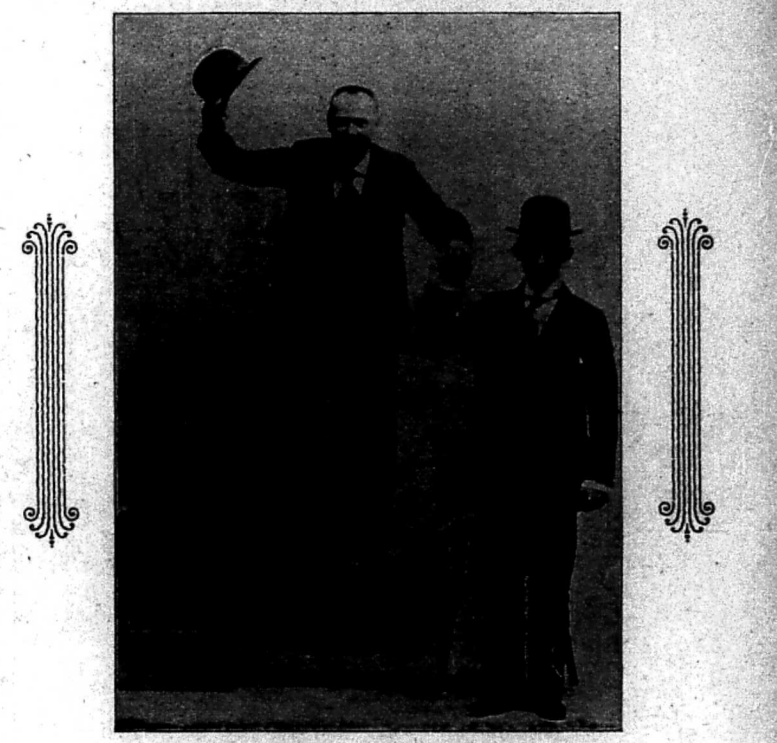
rejoined Brenner. "The qualities pre-eminently needed are to flatter, to spy and to inform on other workers. That I cannot do." Let us pass over fourteen months and open the door to glance inside the room of Brenner in which the reader was introduced in the beginning of this story. The blinds are closed, the shades are down on the windows. Two men and two women sit around the stove near the mantelpiece. On the other side of the room are six coffins, two large and four small ones. In those coffins ranged side by side are the mortal remains of John Brenner, his wife and his four children. The unfortunate man was discharged by order of the blacklist, and after the most strenuous exertions to get employment somewhere else, failed. His wife was ill in bed, his children had no bread; this maddened him, and with his own murderous hand he killed the five beings whom he loved and then killed himself. I will not dwell on the tragedy, reader; I will not wound your sensibilities. But I will call your attention to the occurrence in the hope that you may seek for the cause that produced so terrible an event, and endeavor to remove that cause however encrusted in the bed of human errors it may be. The life of a human being is more precious than all the wealth of the world, and still we condone systems for the production of wealth to which human lives are sacrificed, thus setting riches above man. This tale of the wage working class is replete with suggestions and warning. Reader, picture to yourself the funeral cortege with one thousand mournfully behind the six coffins. Only object lessons are truly effectual, and here we have one of unlimited magnitude. To conclude this sketch I will reproduce the letter which Brenner wrote to friends in New York before committing his terrible deed, and which has been published in a New York paper: "When you receive these lines six human hearts will have ceased to beat. I moved five years ago from New York to this miserable place. He who is not willing to humbug, to swindle and to play the spy will never get along here. Although there was no charge against me, and although Mr. Green knew that I have to support a very sick wife and four little children, I was discharged after the elections by order of the blacklist. I have tried my best to get work at some other places, but all in vain. In view of this, and that my wife is too ill to attend to the household, she and I have decided to depart from this vale of tears. Our greatest apprehension was about our four good little, hopeful children. Neither my wife nor I wished they should fall into the hands of some capitalist rascal to be fleeced as wage slaves. May our death be an eternal curse upon this Green and his whole kit. May he, too, feel some day hunger gnawing at his stomach as so many others now do whom he has thrown into misery through his accursed system." The New York organ states that another tragedy of the same character as that of Brenner, was attempted a short time later. A letter to a German paper signed "A Starving Man," was written from Greenville, stating that Brenner was blacklisted because he warned other workmen not to come to a town where they were all being starved out. "Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn."

Money Mania. BY J. R. ARMSTRONG. Stern eyes, compressed lips, and clenched fist denote one phase of this terrible madness. You have got it Mr. Tight-Grip,—bad. Sympathy never found a lodging place in your cold icy bosom and honesty parted company with you after you quit the "sucking bottle." Money, that is your everlasting theme, no matter how you get it, it must be gotten. Friendship, honor, love, kindred and country, you readily sell for cash. It was only this morning you doggedly passed the old dying woman whom you had evicted from your tumbledown rookery for arraignment of rent. She pointed her bony finger at you and pleaded for mercy, but you gnashed your teeth cursed her and passed on. You got your start in life by robbing the public treasury and you invested the boodle in realty. The increase of population enhanced its value and now you fatten on unearned increment. A leading citizen! a pillar of the church! a gentleman! a capitalist! and nearly all the artifices of government were made expressly for you. Pleasure is out of the question! being instinct with burning selfishness your mind is constantly riven asunder with a thousand petty conspiracies. Even sleep, the comestest luxury of the world, is seldom enjoyed by you. The phantoms of gain haunt you every moment of your poisoned existence. Crying children with starving bodies, frantic women with blasted futures, maddened men with hopeless futures, these are a few of the products of your money-mania. On! On! you wriggle like a bloated caterpillar devouring the heart and soul out of humanity. The morgue with its thousands of innocent victims is one of the sacred altars whereon you sacrifice to your god of gold. Strikes, lock-outs, riots, street massacres, panics, bankruptcies, tramps, asylums and foreclosures are the moves you play on your checker-board. You are the worst of maniacs but the law protects you in your heartless fiendishness. A drunken man is clubbed into quivering pulp, for a temporary lapse of reason, but you are honored for your money mania, by being triumphantly ushered into the White House. Lackies by the million, bow and scrape to you and kiss the ground on which you walk. Newspapers, public conscience keepers, have exhausted all the vocabularies in human language, in flattering your bloodstained freaks. The softest seats are afforded you in church and theater; the best caparisoned horses and most elaborate carriages are yours; the finest clothing, the most luxurious food, and the most comfortable and beautiful houses are freely bestowed on you. Let the tears of anguish flow; the naked freeze; the homeless wander; the toilers starve; the hopeless suicide; that is no concern of yours! Has not the law given you commission to corner all the necessities and functions of life and what care you if the whole "herd of voting cattle die?" The navy, the militia, the regulars, the judiciary, the Pinkertons, congress, town every human with the U. S. stamp of office, is in your employ and the poor rag-tag and bob-tail industrials, who can scarcely call their souls their own, pay all the bills and salaries. Listen, Mr. Tight Grip! did you hear that rumbling? Beg your pardon you are as deaf as an adder. I hear it though, quite distinctly. It is the omen of a great storm of human wrath, that has been gathering for half a century. It may not wreak much damage on you perhaps, but it will surely sweep away some of your most dangerous possibilities. Many of the incentives that enrage your money mania will doubtless disappear too. Were you to pass off the stage of human activities by this outbreak, few indeed would mourn the loss. You have been too cruel in your career to merit anything, but silent confinement in a vault the balance of your life where you can count the gold you have exchanged for millions of human wrecks.

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ORGANIZE!

When Labor groined in the dust Beneath the Juggernaut of gold; When Greed, Monopoly and Trust Held slaves in bondage, as of old; I heard a voice that woke the dead, A clarion's note that rent the skies, One single note was all it might, The magic word was Organize.

A. R. U. ISMS.

The battle cry of the A. R. U.: "Up and at 'em." The motto of the A. R. U. is: "We never say die." The A. R. U. men know no such word as "fail." It's a back number. The banners of the A. R. U. never waved more triumphantly than now.

to make a corporal's guard. The General Managers' Association should be in on the scheme as it's all the same thing.

Columbus said to his doubting crew, "sail on." He was in search of a new world, and he found it. The crew of the A. R. U. ship, in search of a new world of labor, shout "sail on," and with every sail set, with favoring tides and gales she's getting there—you bet.

Local unions that have not already done so should at once elect an agent for the RAILWAY TIMES and send his name and address to the general union. On application an agent's outfit of supplies will be promptly furnished. Each member should interest himself in securing new subscribers. The RAILWAY TIMES is moulding a hearty and robust sentiment and should be widely read.

Five healthy, vigorous and promising local unions are again in operation at Chicago. Hundreds of men there are joining in secret, this policy having been forced upon the order by the blacklisting conspiracy of the General Managers' Association. We have today a stronger organization in the city of Chicago, and our men are more thoroughly disciplined and equipped than when the great strike began.

Director Hogan is doing the Pacific coast and reports that a steady stream of new members is pouring into the order; scores of them members of the old orders who realize since the late sweeping reductions that the protective machinery of the old orders is no more adapted to present conditions than "John Bull" the historic old locomotive is to pull a vestibule express train on a 50-mile an hour schedule.

In the absence of President Hill of the Great Northern several prominent members of the A. R. U. on that system have been discharged by the general superintendent for no other reason, as is alleged, than that they belonged to the A. R. U. The matter is being investigated and if this is true they will be reinstated. The A. R. U. has that system almost solidly organized and it stands by its members.

President Debs of the American Railway Union has sent out a circular addressed to all local unions containing special instructions in regard to the work of reorganization. Mr. Debs is in high spirits over the prospects for the future of the order. Returns are coming in from the northwest and the Pacific slope as a result of his tour through that section a month ago. Fourteen organizers have been at work in his wake. Old local unions demoralized by the strike of last year are being re-established and new ones instituted. It is claimed that the entire force of the employes of the Great Northern will be on the roll with the new fiscal year, and that a large majority of the Southern Pacific men will become members.

When the grand officers of the old orders hold secret meetings behind barred doors with their members, they tell them in fiery language that a great federation of all the orders is about to be consummated, and that it will then be easy to paralyze the railroads and bring them to time. This catches the men. When these same officers, hat in hand, call on the general managers and receive their annual passes, they tell them that the great federation about to be launched will forever prevent strikes as the men can not strike without the sanction of all the grand chiefs, and this, of course, can easily be prevented. This catches the managers. When other organizations strike to resist degradation, these grand officers do all in their power, covertly, to defeat them. They "chime" in with the general cry against the "demagogic leaders," and the "rabid element," and parade as dignified, conservative representatives of "legitimate" organizations. This catches the public and brings them sweetest praises from the plutocratic press. But the confidence game will not always work. Only a few years ago these same orders wouldn't recognize other organizations of workmen. Now they are willing to federate with anything. It's too late. Railroad men are waking up.

In his campaign in West Virginia, Director Elliott is meeting with great encouragement. He is the guest of all labor in that locality and his addresses are listened to with marked interest and frequently and enthusiastically applauded. The Wheeling Daily Intelligence of May 20th gives the following account of his address before the Trades Assembly of that city:

M. J. Elliott, of the American Railway Union, was then introduced. He commended the efforts of the organization to secure cheaper meat, and said the same complaint was general all over the country, the fault being with the beef trust of Chicago. He advised all to read Lloyd's "Wealth vs. Commonwealth," which he said contained truths that ought to bring the blush of shame to every American's cheek. He then referred to the A. R. U. strike of last year, and said he was a delegate from Butte City, Montana, to the convention, and a member of the committee which went to Pullman, Ill., to see the real state of affairs before a strike was ordered. He drew a pathetic picture of the distress there, and made a rattling speech in defense of the A. R. U. strike and strikes in general. He denounced the United States officials, courts and soldiers, and the "subsidized daily press," the organs of plutocracy. He said if similar conflicts were often repeated "another French episode" would be necessary to give the workmen their rights. The name of Eugene V. Debs was applauded.

Elliott said he was here to speak only by virtue of the writ of habeas corpus and \$5,000 bail until the alleged contempt of Judge Wood's court was passed on by the Supreme Court of the United States, and of \$4,000 bail additional on a charge of conspiracy. His organization spent nearly \$100,000 in the fight, and needed assistance. The officials did not fear prison cells. Prison cells would be a Godsend just now to thousands of men who were compelled to go without food day after day or knock at back doors and ask it for charity's sake—men willing and anxious to work. When he finished, on motion of Mr. McTigue, a vote of thanks was tendered him. He expressed his appreciation, but said he hoped the day would come when no workman would ask or expect to be thanked for doing his duty, but when all would strive to see who could do the most for his fellow man.

From West Virginia Bro. Elliott has gone into Pennsylvania, and he will next visit our local unions in Ohio. He is a forcible speaker and thoroughly in earnest, and leaves a strong and favorable impression upon his hearers.

THE MINERS' SONG.

Deep in the gloom of the great earth's womb, We force the birth of coal; The power that moves the nation's wheels To the furnace fires we roll, We dig out wealth at the cost of health To gild oppression's shrine: 'Twill aye be so, For a wage of woe, Till the miner owns the mine. We furnish forth to the south and north, The force that drives the mill; We make the snorting engine dash Through forest, fen and hill, We rush the lorry ocean craft Across the ocean barge; 'Twill aye be so, For a wage of woe, Till the miner owns the mine. We move the ranks of the cogs and cranks, Which grind out food and clothes, We wear the walls of the festive halls When the wintry tempest blows; We cook the fare and make the glare Where lords and ladies dine; 'Twill aye be so, For a wage of woe, Till the miner owns the mine. We take the risk of the awful whisk When the rotten cable breaks, We pierce the deadly after-damp When the shattered ceiling shakes; We search the wreck for a mangled mate, And health and life resign; 'Twill aye be so, For a wage of woe, Till the miner owns the mine. But we see a light through the breaking night, And a smiling dawn we greet; We'll toil no more in the planet's core For a crust and a winding sheet; We'll drive despair from the bright'ning air, And hands and hearts combine; And we'll find our health In the commonwealth, When the miner owns the mine. —J. Connel in London Labor Leader.

ALL SORTS.

Woman can find a place on herself for anything that is pretty. Times are hard when a politician is obliged to work for a living. The future is coming our way, but we have no string on it.—Galveston News. The surest way to be happy is to manufacture your own sunshine.—Milwaukee Journal. The man who never forgets anything never forgets to boast about it to every one he meets. The "candles" of the Romans consisted of a string made of rags and a small vessel of rancid fat. Glasgow, which owns its street cars, prints scripture texts on the cheap tickets for workmen. Ohio is keeping up its reputation of having more politics to the acre than any state in the union. Man becomes the "shadow of his former self" when he is the detective of his own past faults.—Puck. Tagleigh—"I wonder why lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" Wagleigh—"Well, you can't generally find the place."—Puck. His First Game of Cards.—"Dinnis, phwat's troop?" "Shamrocks." "Aw, yez mean clubs!" "Pifwell, shalalees, thin!"—Harper's Bazaar. The man who died the other day after licking an envelope was poisoned by decaying animal matter from the glue getting into a sore in his mouth. As a little tot trying to hug its shadow on the wall so is the young man whose sole occupation in life is the guardianship of his honor.—Young Men's Era. "Mamma," said little Elsie, as the family circle was discussing acquaintance. "I know two men, one is a gentleman, and the other is papa."—Adams Freeman. England has not yet concluded the discussion of the venerable question about the propriety of using the title "reverend" for clergymen outside of the established church. Mrs. Turnbull—"It's too bad that your husband cut off his flowing beard." Mrs. Crimple—"Oh, but he had to do it; I gave him a diamond scarf-pin for a birthday present." He—"I have to take you in to dinner, you know, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know! Our hostess tells me you're awfully clever, you know." She (highly amused)—"How absurd! I'm not a bit clever." He (with a sigh of relief)—"Well, do you know, I thought you weren't, you know!"—Household Words.

Mrs. Moore—"Jabez, why do they say hush money?"

Mr. Moore—"I don't know, Marindy, unless it is that money talks."—N. Y. Morning Journal.

Tommy—"Pop, what's the difference between a bon mot and a joke?"

Tommy's Pop—"A bon mot is something you tell a friend, and a joke is something a friend tells you."—Philadelphia Record.

Circumstantial Evidence—Jane—"My dear, there's a crape on the Dobbs' door. Some one must have died.

Maude—"Impossible. I'm sure the doctor hasn't been there for weeks."—Harlem Life.

"Is that baby strong?" "Well, I should say so. He raised the whole family out of bed at three o'clock this morning, and scientists say that that's the hour when everybody's strength is at its lowest point."

Mrs. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder, they would soon win the suffrage."

Dr. Guffy—"But, madam, that is something they can't do, with the present styles in sleeves."—Tit Bits.

Medical Examiner—"Have there been any symptoms of insanity in your family?"

Applicant for Insurance—"Yes, sir—that is, my sister once refused a man worth half a million."—Tit Bits.

Army Surgeon—"What's the matter with you, Private Locks?"

Private Locks—"Doctor, my boot hurts my foot so that—"

Army Surgeon—"Out of my line. Go to the shoe-maker."—Boston Transcript.

Cholly—"What's up, deah boy?"

Gus—"O, I'm in such distwees. Heah I've been speaking of Anna Gould's husband as Castellane for the lawst month, and I've just discovered that his name is pronounced Cas tell aw-nay, doncher-know!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Calumny Exploded.—"They tell us," he said dreamily, "that women are extremely susceptible to flattery." "I've heard that," replied his friend. "Well, don't you believe it. I tried this morning to tell my wife she was so good-looking she did not need a new spring dress."—Washington Star.

Johnny—Papa, where do tramps get all their money to make European trips? Papa—Who said tramps made European trips?

Johnny—Nobody I know of, but there is so much in the papers about tramp steamers that I thought they all did.—Roxburg (Mass.) Gazette.

A young housekeeper who lives in a small Kentucky town had occasion to reprimand her cook for neglecting her duties. "Well, Miss Laura, I's been worried," was the reply. "I's studyin' a most 'portant question. Tell de trute I don' know which to git, a winter cloak or a divohee."—Harper's Drawer.

A writer in Meehan's Monthly claims that the growth of timber is not as slow as is generally believed. He planted a large number of forest trees about a quarter of a century ago. Today a black oak measured three feet and a half in circumference at a distance of two feet above the ground. As some were larger and some smaller, this was taken as the average. "It is safe to say," he remarks in conclusion, "that in America a forest properly planted and cared for would make magnificent timber within a half century."

A Close Resemblance. "There are some points about your writings that much resemble Shakespeare," said the editor.

"Do you think so?" cried the delighted author, who had brought his contribution in with his own hand.

"Yes," the editor continued, "you employ almost the same punctuation marks."—Rockland Tribune.

A Timely Present.

Tom was a colored boy of about 25 in a southern town, and he was lazy and doless, but not so much so that he did not manage to get along somehow. And Tom fell in love, for Cupid is no respecter of color or condition, but he went up against his poverty the first move, and then he began to think of a way out. As an experiment he went into the office of the clerk who presided over the marriage licenses.

"Colonel," he said, "if I'ze gwinter git married, would you give me a wedding present?"

"Well, Tom," replied the colonel, "I'm not in that business, but seeing it's you I think I might do something. What would you like to have? Something useful?"

"Deed, boss, I doan' want no udder kind ob truck. I only wants what I needs, boss."

"All right. Tell me what you would like, and I'll see if I can stand it."

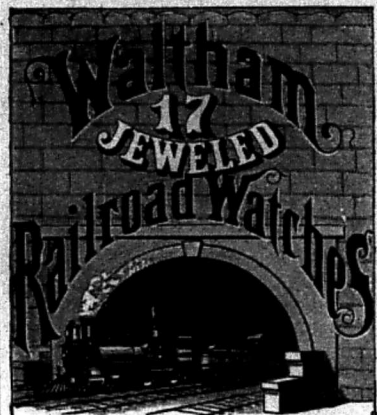
Tom hesitated and then rushed in.

"I reckon, boss," he said, "dat a marriage license wud do me more good dan mos' any udder present you could selek." Nothing venture nothing have, and Tom passed over the first obstacle in triumph.—Detroit Free Press.

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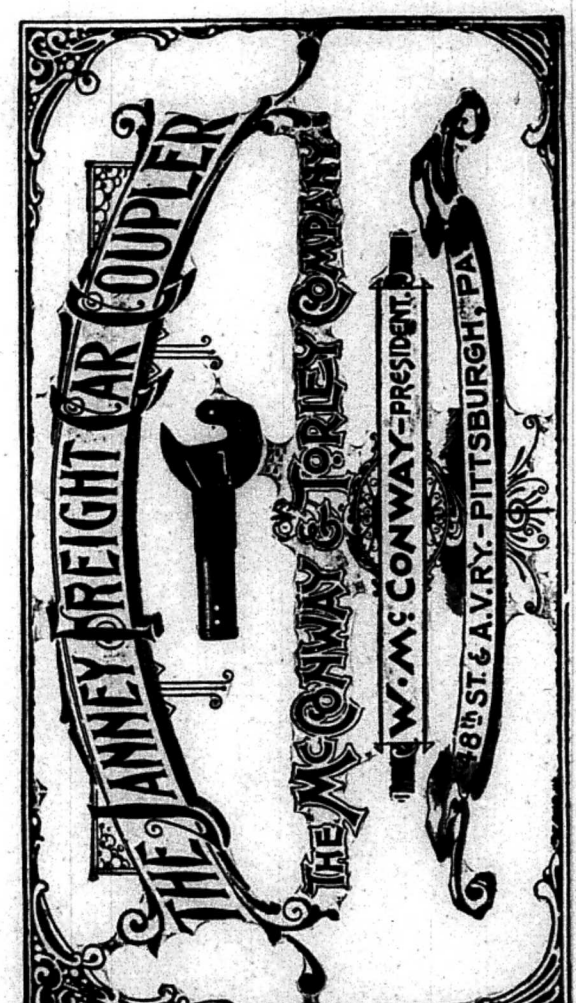
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