

## THE NEW POLITICS.

### THE POPULIST PARTY THE HOPE OF THE COUNTRY.

Richard J. Hinton's Estimate of Senator Jones, Eugene V. Debs and Governor Waite.

In the *Arena* for January, Richard J. Hinton has a paper on the "New Politics" as voiced by the Populist party, in which caustic reference is made to Grover Cleveland, who, professing to know that "hard times" was impending, was willing that the country should experience untold disasters, that it might have an "object lesson" to contemplate at its leisure. Mr. Hinton quotes Grover Cleveland as expressing his views to Mr. Frederick Alter of Cincinnati, as follows:

"This country is going to have the hardest times it has experienced in many years. . . but I don't intend to raise my hand to prevent it. What this country needs and must have is an object lesson. We must have hard times and business failures and bankruptcy and a certain amount of distress, before congress will realize its duty and perform it. I propose to give the country an object lesson."

Mr. Hinton claims that the president, by such declaration precipitated the disasters that paralyzed commerce and industry, and says that "there is nothing so conservative as industry. Security is its imperative need. Order must be its controlling law and equity alone can command these. Civilization travels on its stomach—that is, the food supply. When economic life is so organized that it competes for profit upon the eruptions of hunger, the inevitable and inexorable law of resistance arrives. That venerated anarchy, plus constabulary and cannon, which gambles for gain in labor's living needs, is a menace to order and the destroyer of civilization. The industrial democracy will not submit, but true to its dominating law of order it seeks all peaceful roads, however futile the goals to which they lead."

"The 'new politics' at least embody an intelligent effort to comprehend the causes of economic insecurity and social misery. They represent a conservative demand for the restoration to public well-being, of functions and powers ignorantly betrayed to privilege, or consciously stolen through crafty manipulation. Not all, perhaps a bare majority only, of the two million voters who have enlisted under the new party banners, fully understand the issues involved. But they all comprehend the justice of its stern and general demand that public functions shall be restored to public control; that private profit thereon shall cease, and that the property of the commonwealth shall be administered by its chosen representatives, for the sole advancement of the commonweal. The conscious plunderers were not originally spawned by the tariff. Wage slavery, the monopoly of land, the harlotry of franchises, and the abandonment by the community of its natural property and forces, for the enrichment of corporation and class, in place of their being harnessed for the service of all the people, is the fruitful womb wherein threatening disorder is readily generated."

It is seen at a glance that the "new politics," which is but another name for the Populist party, puts forth only practical propositions to win the votes of the people. Mr. Hinton refers eloquently to Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, who abandoned the Republican party for reasons as follows:

Having become firmly convinced that the Republican party organization is unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver at the American ratio of sixteen to one, or at all, except with the consent of foreign governments, and at a ratio dictated by them, I have to announce that I can no longer act with that party.

Senator Jones, says Mr. Hinton, is a utilitarian in the highest sense. No issue is treated by him upon any plane but that of racial advancement and human betterment.

"The time contract becomes a weapon of enslavement," he says, "artificial changes in the volume 'create a rise or fall in the products of labor.' An unchanging volume 'may be as disastrous as one artificially changed. It must increase with demand. . . . Dear money. . . . is the evidence of low prices and degraded labor.' The policies which develop wealth and civilization for a comparatively few must also be charged with the degradation and starvation of uncounted millions. . . . The greatest of wealth, the senator declares, resides in applied knowledge, for it develops man's powers of mind and body and establishes his dominion over nature. . . . Value is subjective, not objective. . . . It resides in the mind. . . . Values are extrinsic. . . . Qualities are intrinsic. So the money metals possess qualities only, not values, which are born of human needs. Money. . . . is a public function. . . . As language is a distributor of ideas—the product of thought, so money is the distributor of property—the product of labor. . . . Under a shrinking volume. . . . the conflict between a capital and labor is turned into unrelenting war. This done by legislation is a betrayal. The state is proportionate action for a public purpose, and the compulsory idleness of willing workers so produced is due to a force that acts upon industrial society like a deadly but odorless gas, which, because of its subtle character, escapes detection. It is the rapacious and engorging power of an ever-increasing value in the unit of money, constantly requiring more sacrifice for each dollar represented than when the obligation was made. A nation is a great family, and there exists no mor-

al right to cheapen any member of it. . . . Yet. . . . legislation has been in the minds of men who have been consumers without being producers."

Such are the views of a great financier who left the Republican party to identify himself with the Populist party. Old parties, says Senator Jones, damn the deserter and often fail to welcome the recruit. But a new party affords opportunity for founding new agitations and conditions; they rise from popular aspirations. They do not emanate from the contented and successful. They germinate in unrest. They spring from below. They must keep in touch with the masses. Failing in this all parties petrify. The new politics have indeed gained notably by this accession. It came like the marching of a new corps to a hard-pressed battle, like the addition of a new people in the struggle for advancing freedom.

In Eugene V. Debs another type appears, marshaling a force perhaps in numbers more potential even than that which the senator may influence. In this leader of an industrial democracy, we discern power as well as ability. An American by birth, with the moulding of the common school and the inheritance of labor; trained by its conflicts, and taught to direct by its sufferings, this western man is destined to be one of the potential factors in our "new politics." One needed but to hear him on the Cooper Union platform to be sure of that. A study of his writings and of other speeches but deepens the conviction that in Eugene V. Debs a man appears! No one would take this tall, lean, somewhat angular, professional looking man, with his acute, scholarly face, keen eyes hidden by gold-bowed glasses, his clean shaven cheeks and chin, quiet but precise dress and simple, easy manners, to be (if the name were unknown) the locomotive fireman who, serving and leading over a hundred thousand men, has startled the land and affrighted "the classes," while winning recognition as organizer, leader, agitator. He is a writer and thinker as well as an orator and a leader—and all these in no average sense. This was shown by the Cooper Union speech. Mr. Debs looks like the typical Hooeier schoolmaster who has made his way as a country lawyer.

The Cooper Union platform has welcomed many speakers, but of orators, only a few. One thinks of Abraham Lincoln and the speech of February 22, 1860, which made him the nominee of the Republican party. With all the hallowed tenderness that lingers around the memory of the martyr president, comparisons favorable to the railroad leader cannot be avoided. One is reminded of Ingersoll in listening to Debs, but it is not imitation; it only shows study of a master of oratory. The labor leader has intellect of acute, fine, vigorous character. He handles his themes with practised skill. He marshals his points logically and with acumen, and then illuminates them with flashing wit, keen humor and stern, often savage, sarcasm. There is no display, little effort even at modulation, while his voice, though good and sustained, is a little harsh in timbre—a reminder probably of bitter nights on the flying engine when "firing" was the order of the hour. Yet he holds a great audience in sympathetic bonds and fills it with controlling fervor—touch for touch! It is when you grasp his large, long, well-shaped, sinewy hand, that you feel the grip of toil as well as of sincerity. It is a workman's hand in the best sense. Taking past and present into due consideration, the Indiana railroader is no less a man of power than was the Illinois lawyer of 1860.

Eugene V. Debs in his own career illustrates both the power of personal study and the educational value of organization; naturally he dwells upon its value:—

"Organizations of workmen are," he said to the World's Fair Labor Congress in 1893, "in active alliance with the school." As editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* (1893) he wrote that "Ignorance is the cause of slavery. . . . In evolution as it relates to animals and plants, the strongest survives, the weak go to the wall. . . . This is sometimes styled 'the survival of the fittest,' but always of the strongest." Applying this to "the labor mind," it has "as a whole unfolded to an extent productive of amazement. . . . Its active forces bear the stamp of political wisdom." And in the struggle to be "the fittest or the strongest, labor is developing staying qualities," which are creating "anxiety in the ranks of those who believe themselves to be the favorites of evolution. . . . When the men of labor. . . . step forth to be counted, the army, the standing army of labor, appeals those who survive. . . . that it is simply a machine to be operated for their benefit. . . . Labor organizations, separate as waves but one as the sea, will mass their tremendous powers for self preservation. . . . It is the law—the trend; we shall hope to see its sublime exhibition of power. We should like to see it come as comes the dawn, with pencils of light and rising orb, advancing in a cloudless sky to a noon of glory. . . . But come it must, either gently or with exhibitions of wrath and terror." He declared to the American Railway Union (June 12, 1894) that he did not "doubt that the time is at hand when wage-workers will combine and consolidate for the purpose of righting the wrongs that legislators have brought upon the country by vicious legislation, and that this they will do under some banner, on some

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

## AT THE AUDITORIUM.

### FIVE THOUSAND WAGeworkERS LISTEN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE A. R. U.

And Applaud to the Echo His Masterful Presentation of Facts.

CHICAGO, March 4, 1895.—On the evening of February 28th, Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, delivered an address in the Auditorium to an audience of more than five thousand persons. The occasion of which I write for the information and satisfaction of the readers of the *RAILWAY TIMES* was, in the largest sense of the term, an ovation, a splendid testimonial of appreciation of the courage and fidelity of a man who, in storm and shine, in the darkness and in the light, on the mountain bars and in the valley, behind prison bars or glorying in the freedom of an American citizen, whose life record, unblemished by criminal thought or deed, has been everywhere and always the friend and champion of workmen.

#### NOT A SURPRISE.

That Eugene V. Debs, the recognized labor leader of America, should fill the Auditorium of Chicago with admiring thousands, created no surprise here, because he is in touch with the masses, and the fact that he has been hounded by the enemies of labor, persecuted, persecuted, placed under bonds and sent to prison with trials following trials in close succession, for doing noble acts, for speaking great words, for having the courage of conviction, only adds to his prestige and brightens his renown.

#### CANNOT CRUSH HIM.

Money and malice, courts and corporations, perjury and perfidy, in unholy alliance, have done their utmost to crush E. V. Debs, the man whose chivalric daring challenges universal admiration, and who in every contest with all the allied armies of enemies makes even defeat crown him with the bays of victory, and rising superior to adversity becomes the divinity which hews out new pathways of progress and creates nobler incentives to effort.

#### CHARACTERISTICS.

When a man like Eugene V. Debs forges to the front and takes rank with men of forceful ideas and high ideals, swaying vast multitudes by the commanding power of genius, the world inquires and would know the secret of his power. It is not difficult to find. I have read the simple phrased biographical sketches of the life and loves of the man of whom I write. It is the old, old story of a man rising from the ranks, grasping a great idea involving the welfare of his fellow men, and employing all his faculties to keep step to the drum beats of high endeavor. If an honest man is the noblest work of God, Eugene V. Debs has a place with those whom the Creator has thus badged and crowned. Probity is one of his distinguishing characteristics. No siren has ever lured him from the shining pathway of integrity. He is a worshipper at the shrine of truth, and has won the confidence of those for whom he toils, by his devotion to their interests, regardless of the sacrifices imposed. He possesses will power coupled with energy that holds no communion with fear. Earnest in searching for the right and knowing when the right is found, he takes an inventory of resources and moves on. Having an abiding faith in the people, he has learned to labor and to wait.

#### THE AUDITORIUM ADDRESS.

In offering this communication to the *RAILWAY TIMES* I am induced to say that I am not a member of the A. R. U., but a working man who takes a lively interest in all labor questions, and an admirer of men who are animated by an exalted purpose to better the condition of wage workers regardless of class or name, and believing the members of the A. R. U. would be glad to have an estimate of their President, hurriedly sketched by an admirer though not a member, I have ventured to put my views on paper.

It is impractical to give the readers of the *TIMES* who were not present any adequate conception of the address. The appearance of the speaker, the magnetism of his voice, the enthusiasm and applause are incidents which I cannot picture with my pen. The scene was grand from start to finish. The theme of the orator was

#### WHO ARE THE CONSPIRATORS?

Having been introduced by Mr. Jesse Cox, who remarked, that "no introduction was required," the speaker was greeted with prolonged applause. Felicitously responding to the welcome, President Debs proceeded to arraign the

GENERAL MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION as the conspirators who were the authors of the wreck and ruin of property which created a public sentiment against the members of the American Railway Union. In this arraignment the speaker gave full play to his power of scathing

criticism. His burning words flowed like a lava tide and the vast audience responded in a way which told that they were in full accord with the speaker.

"There is on file in the office of Mayor Hopkins," said the speaker, "a report from two officers who were sent out in citizens' clothes. It tells that these two officers found two men setting fire with oiled waste to box cars. The officers seized the two men and found they were deputy marshals. Captain Palmer, of the fire department, told me on the street only a few days ago that the men of his company seized one of the men who were cutting hose when the firemen were called out to put out a box car fire and found that the miscreant was a United States deputy marshal. Those men were in the service of the general managers. According to their own testimony the general managers dragged from the slums of the city men whom no one knew to do their work. And these men were given money and a wink, and just after they were turned loose the rioting began. What was the object? Injunctions from the courts and the soldiery. The fourth day after the Pullman strike was inaugurated the general managers were defeated, and without interference would have been compelled to grant what was asked—arbitration."

In his masterly review of the situation preceding and following the great strike, the speaker told of the wretched condition of the Pullman employes, saying that "while as a general proposition he was opposed to strikes, the men who went out in the Pullman strike, which he called the greatest upheaval of modern times, were engaged in as righteous a cause as ever prompted united human action." He read from the report of Rev. William H. Carwardine upon the suffering and misery that existed at the "model town," and told of the system of the company which is familiar to all who followed the reports of the great strike of last summer. "The Pullman Car Company was," he said, "the only corporation in the country that compelled the public to pay the wages of its employes. With all his opposition to strikes, he thought there were times when to strike was a patriotic duty, and the man who shirked it was a coward. The Pullman men had exhausted every resource to secure arbitration, and in answer to the company that there was nothing to arbitrate had resorted to their only recourse." The speaker paid his respects to

#### PUBLIC OPINION.

by saying "it was a Will o' the wisp. It was not a safe guide. The press fertilized public opinion. It burdened the wires during the strike with falsehood and misrepresentation. He referred to an editorial in one paper, in the seventeen lines of which, he declared, there were twelve falsehoods. People read the papers and believed, and that was how public opinion was formed. Public opinion had put Wendell Phillips in the pillory and spat upon him, and public opinion had put John Brown to death for saying that human slavery was a crime.

"According to the doctrine of Judge Woods," Mr. Debs said, "men who form an association and strike are responsible for any following acts of violence. Follow that to its logical deduction. If the general managers organize to reduce the wages of men and there are acts of violence the general managers are responsible. I heard a crier say in Judge Woods' court, 'God save this honorable court.' It needs it." Mr. Debs went on to show the alleged conspiracy of the General Managers' Association to reduce the wages, quoting from its organization as given in the papers before the American Railway Union was formed, beginning with the reduction on the southern railroads, then going to the Vanderbilt lines, reaching the Northern Pacific and this section, then the Great Northern and the Union Pacific.

#### COMMENDS JUDGE CALDWELL.

"Judge Caldwell exposed the rapacity of the Union Pacific officials," he said, "and declared the men should receive their wages if not a dollar in dividends was paid. An honest judge is the noblest work of God. If there were more like Judge Caldwell the people would have more confidence in their courts. You remember how the courts were appealed to in the Union Pacific case to restrain the men from quitting work. Who would not be in contempt of such a court?"

"General Miles came here and disgraced himself," Mr. Debs declared. "If justice were done he would be drummed out of camp to the tune of the 'Rogue's March.' He deserves, as he will receive, the condemnation of every honest and patriotic citizen."

The instance of the switchmen at Buffalo demanding ten hours, in accordance with legislative enactment, was cited, and the way the New York Central road overrode the laws, as he said, in

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

## THE A. R. U.

### THE PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT ORDER ON HIS TRIUMPHAL TOUR

He Arouses Unexampled Enthusiasm and Receives a Continuous Ovation.

On the evening of February 28th Eugene V. Debs delivered his great lecture upon "Who Are the Conspirators" to an immense audience in the Chicago Auditorium, and immediately started for the great northwest on his lecturing tour.

As President of the American Railway Union, Mr. Debs has been required to sound many of the depths and shoals of implacable hate and persecution. Indicted, enjoined, tried and imprisoned for raising his voice in defense of the oppressed and starving employes of Pullman, and at Pullman, his case has presented to the American people an object lesson which cannot be contemplated without arousing distrust in our civilization, our judiciary, humanity, education and religion. To say this, is but to repeat the every day talk one hears wherever the friends of labor meet to discuss conditions.

It was a happy thought on the part of the President of the American Railway Union, whose fame has become national and whose name is a household word, to make the tour he is now making and let the people know who were the Pullman strike conspirators.

So far, and we hear of him at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, every expectation has not only been realized, but the enthusiasm of the people makes his tour a triumphal march from city to city. Men, women and children, farmers from the country, civil magistrates, the clergy, say, and the rank and file of the people flock to see and to hear him. Bands of music give color to the stirring scenes, and he is invited to cross the boundary line and speak in the Queen's dominion, under most tempting conditions.

As an instance of the welcomes Mr. Debs is receiving, we take the following from the *Fargo Commonwealth*, of March 8th, which devotes two columns to his lecture in that city. The paper says:

As announced in *The Commonwealth* last evening, E. V. Debs arrived on the Great Northern evening train, and was received by delegates of the several labor orders in the city and about 500 citizens who had gathered at the depot to get a glimpse of the man whose determination to stand by his cause has heaped burdens of abuse and ridicule upon him. He was escorted to the Hotel Metropole, where supper was partaken of, after which he, accompanied by the delegates and others prominent in the labor circles of Fargo, repaired to the opera house where an audience of about 500 were breathlessly waiting for the appearance of the celebrated speaker.

On the back of the stage hung a picture of the speaker encircled by the silken folds of the stars and stripes. About 100 ladies and gentlemen were seated in a semi-circle to the rear of the speaker's table, while another table which had been provided for the press was occupied by representatives of *The Commonwealth* and *Forum*. At the right was a table occupied by a stenographer. At the hour of 8:35 Mr. Debs stepped upon the stage accompanied by Messrs. Rev. William Ballou, E. E. Evans and F. J. Thompson. A few preliminary remarks were made by Mr. Evans, in which he introduced Rev. Ballou, the chairman of the evening. Amid loud cheers he made a warm and eloquent address of welcome, appealing to the better instincts of humanity in behalf of the toiler, and after paying a glowing tribute to the honored guest of Fargo, he grasped him by the hand and introduced to the enthusiastic audience Eugene Victor Debs.

Prolonged and repeated applause shook the house as Mr. Debs stepped forward. After thanking the speaker who had preceded him for his kind and welcome remarks, he opened his address in a gentle and deliberate manner by saying that though he could plainly discern the awful condition of our industrial, social and economic system, he did not look with despair upon the future of the nation. Man's intelligence is his hope.

The foregoing indicates the enthusiasm the lecturer is awakening as he proceeds. The members of the A. R. U. see in the president of their order a man who has expunged the word *failure* from his vocabulary; that his motto is "up and at 'em," find the right way and then pursue until the elevations of success are reached, and they rally to the old standard like veterans, who know that it is the battle that makes the soldier. *THE TIMES* chronicles these incidents with real satisfaction, because every A. R. U. man, and every workingman will take pleasure in knowing that the courage and energy of Eugene V. Debs are equal to the task and responsibilities of the occasion, and that already compensation of the most cheering character are the rewards of the courage of conviction.

The Pullman Palace Car Company, when it wants to get rid of a tenant, shuts off water and gas—not content with starving the poor, it proceeds deliberately to rob them of fire and water, thereby inflicting thirst, hunger and freezing. Certainly, there seems to be reasons for a hell somewhere.

The enthusiastic demonstrations that President Debs is meeting along the line of the Great Northern railway are unparalleled in the history of the labor movement in America.

## POLITICAL PARTIES.

On March 4, 1895, the Democratic party ceased to exist as a national party. In November, 1892, the Democratic party was colossal. It captured everything for which it fought. In November, 1894, the people, who had trusted it, saw it factionized, recreant to its pledges and its principles and pronounced the verdict, "incompetent," and it has ceased to exist. True, Grover Cleveland, if he does not die of gout, will linger in the White House, a conspicuous reminder of what the people can do and will do when their interests are betrayed by their servants. The strange thing about the matter is, that the people in killing the Democratic party, resurrected the Republican party. In so far as labor is concerned, "out of the frying pan into the fire," probably illustrates the change. The Democratic party professed to "love God and hate snakes"—while the Republican party professed to love God and snakes also, with equal devotion. To explain, the Democratic party professed to love the people and hate the money power, while the Republican party with its loud professions of fealty to the people, did not and does not object to being the party of corporations, trusts, syndicates and of everything else which enable the money power to crush and degrade labor—and yet, the Republican party has regained power by the votes of workmen—and this at a time when the People's party or the Populist party offered them a way of escape from environments which their highest interests have prompted them to accept. The significance of the situation is found in the fact that there is widespread unrest in the public mind, and that the people are on the alert to find remedies for present ills. These remedies the Populist party offers, and as a result, the trend is in the direction of the triumph of that party, and the fact gathers power, because the Republican party is powerless to achieve the required reform. It is a money power party—a party of corporations, having no sympathy with the masses—and no disposition to right any of the wrongs resulting from vicious legislation and the maladministration of the laws.

In the midst of such vicious surroundings, the people, though long suffering and patient, will revolt, and declare for the supremacy of a party which proposes to enact laws for the welfare of the masses—a party that is not in alliance with Wall street, and the money sharks of the country. A party that will, when in power, wrest from the banks the power to control the currency of the country; a party that will give to silver by free coinage its legitimate place in the money of the country; a party that will rule the country by constitution and statute, and not by injunctions; a party that will not increase the army for the purpose of killing workmen, because they dare resist the degrading policy of corporations. In a word, a party, which having the welfare of the country at heart, will institute reforms in the interest of the masses rather than the classes, and bring the government back to the days when the people respected the courts, and when judges were not the plant tools of a money power. It may require years to achieve such results, but the signs of the times are full of promise of such splendid reforms. The Democratic party is dead because of its faithlessness to its pledges. The Republican party cannot live because of its avowed alliance with enemies of honest government, and the Populist party is everywhere gaining strength because it is pre-eminently the party of the people.

*Every Saturday* says that "according to a bill for the creation of a commission of twenty-one persons for the arbitration of labor difficulties, submitted by Senator Perkins, it is estimated that the aggregate loss to all concerned on account of strikes during the past six years amounts to \$98,555,850. All of this loss is directly traceable to the indisposition on the part of the corporations and employers to deal justly with their employes. In none of the strikes included in the above was anything asked by the employes that even justice would not grant." It is well that human nature is built that way, when justice is denied a man and he is made to suffer, it is right to strike, and he will strike until his manhood is utterly crushed, and as a wage-slave he becomes as base and degraded as a plantation "nigger" in old slave times. It is American to strike.

It is cheering to see it stated that the Switchmen's Union is growing rapidly, but it should be remembered, if the Trainmen's Brotherhood should conclude to form an alliance with the General Managers' Association, there might again be seen an exhibition of that sort of brotherly kindness, which, once upon a time, left 400 switchmen to realize the blessings of federation.

**THE RAILWAY TIMES**  
 PUBLISHED BY  
**THE AMERICAN RAILWAY UNION**  
 On the 1st and 15th of each month.

TERMS:  
 One year \$1.00  
 Six months .50  
 Three months .25

W. N. GATES, 29 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio,  
 Advertising Agent.

Remittances, exchange, manuscripts and all cor-  
 respondence should be addressed to  
 RAILWAY TIMES, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Terre Haute  
 Postoffice.



TERRE HAUTE, MARCH 15, 1895.

Russia proposes to introduce the Leslie rotary snow plow.

On March 4th the obsequies of the Democratic party terminated. Sic transit, selah.

Even in these hard times, Uncle Sam manages to raise \$100,000,000 on intoxicating liquors.

Messrs. Wolcott of Colorado, and Thurston of Nebraska, recently elected United States Senators, run the legal business of the Union Pacific.

\$5,000,000 was all that the Pullman Palace Car Company could scrape together on its last dividend day to distribute among its stock and bond holders.

If the government should offer a bounty for shark skins and teeth, Wall street would be the most tempting fishing resort known to the western hemisphere.

We see that a manifesto has been issued establishing a new order of Knights of Labor, known as the "Independent Order of Knights of Labor," with W. B. Wilson as G. M. W.

Judge Seaman of the United States judicial machine kicks and cuffs and bulldozes a jury with as little regard as if they were so many Greenland dogs hitched to a sledge.

Chas. A. Dana of the New York Sun has been indicted for libel. He is a hoary old rascal, and may live to pay the penalty of some of his cussedness before the devil gets him.

The whole country is amazed at the frequency of train robbing, but the elegant rascals who wreck railroads for the money there is in the business, excites neither surprise nor denunciation. Such is civilization.

\$100,000,000 gold bonds at 4 per cent interest in gold, running 50 years, will require \$300,000,000 to pay interest and principal. Such is the monument the Buzzards Bay democracy has erected to perpetuate its fame.

The church of God, says a religious paper, is "dying of heart failure." Trinity church, New York, never had a heart, and yet it flourishes and has money enough to supply the devil with brimstone for a thousand years.

The New York World remarks that a trust is an "organized appetite." Mythology deals largely in monstrosities, but the ancients never dreamed of a swallowing demon like a trust.

President Debs is conducting the greatest campaign in the northwest that has ever honored the name of labor. Brass bands and torchlight processions are the regular order. Opera houses are not large enough to hold the multitudes that come to hear and see. Farmers with their wives come from miles about. Each has a kind word for the A. R. U. and its president.

Those who have predicted the coming of Christ again at an early day are beginning to doubt their prophecies and fix later dates, because, say these good people, if Christ should come again and denounce rascality as he did 1,800 years ago, he would be indicted for conspiracy or sent to prison for violating some injunction issued by a United States judge, called "contempt of court."

Henry George was never more level headed than when he said that "to raise and maintain wages is the great object that all who live by wages ought to seek, and workingmen are right in supporting any measure that will attain that object. Nor in this are they acting selfishly, for, while the question of wages is the most important to laborers, it is also the most important of questions to society at large. Whatever improves the condition of the lowest and broadest social stratum must promote the true interests of all. Where the wages of common labor are high, and remunerative employment is easy to obtain, prosperity will be general; where wages are highest there will be the largest production and the most equitable distribution of wealth. There will invention be most active, and the brain best guide the hand; there will be the greatest comfort, the widest diffusion of knowledge, the purest morals, and the truest patriotism. If we would have a healthy, a happy, an enlightened and a virtuous people—if we would have a pure government, firmly based on the popular will and quickly responsive to it—we must strive to raise wages and keep them high."

**TRAMPS AND THE WHIPPING POST.**

Our attention has been called to an article from the pen of Hon. C. S. Denny, Mayor of Indianapolis, the capital city of Indiana, published in the *Century Magazine*, in which he advocates whipping as a remedy for the tramp scourge. He admits that it is a "serious question," and that conditions are alarming, because during the last decade tramps have multiplied enormously and that now thousands of young men and boys are annually joining the ranks of the vagabonds who would rather beg than work. Under such condition the mayor of Indianapolis demands "heroic action," believing if local authorities cannot stamp out the evil, the national government must come to the rescue. The distinguished publicist, in referring to the general government, nowhere intimates that the general government is itself largely responsible for tramps. The general government, by its infamous legislation, sowed the seeds that produced the first army of tramps and has continued its policy until trampism has become an alarming social disease; but the distinguished mayor of Indianapolis, in the sweep of his profound cogitations upon the subject, can think of no remedy but the scourge, physical torture. In the splendid advancement of our Christian civilization the lash has been banished from penitentiaries. In these converging centers of criminals, whose crimes include all that is horrible, the scourge, as a general proposition, has no place as a reformatory factor; indeed, the discussion goes forward how to legally kill a murderer with the least possible amount of suffering. In addition to this, we have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, including dogs and cats, and moreover, news reaches America that the Russian autocrat, Nicholas, has issued an ukase banishing the knout from his dominions. Notwithstanding such things, Hon. C. S. Denny, mayor of Indianapolis, in his deepest thought explorations for a remedy for the tramp danger, can't find anything at all equal to a whip. He seems to think that a whipping post in the city where he is a sort of an autocrat would add indefinitely to the renown of the city and to his own fame. He takes no stock in the church, the school, the penitentiary or the workhouse for the redemption of tramps, the whipping post is his grandest conception of a remedy. His policemen already are armed with clubs and pistols, and he would add a whip to their equipment, and when a poor, hungry, forlorn, homeless and friendless tramp is found on the streets he would have his brass-buttoned brigade whip him, drive him out into the highways to perish of hunger, cold and nakedness, just because, being full of hunger-pangs, he preferred begging to suicide.

Indianapolis is renowned as a city of churches, there being about one hundred of them, some of them palatial, and it is understood that the mayor represents what is called the "better element," that is to say, the rich and cultured and Christian element; it is therefore singular that in his *Century* article he never so much as hints at christianity as a remedy for trampism. He could have referred to Christ as having on one occasion used the whip to remedy a crying evil in Jerusalem. He did not do it, and we commend his discretion, for Christ did not set the example of whipping tramps, poor beggars, but rich rascals who robbed the poor. Christ was a friend of tramps, the hungry and homeless, and never was He more God-like than when by the exercise of His divine power He miraculously fed them by the thousands, never intimating that the whipping post and the lash were the instruments to establish His kingdom on the earth. But Mayor Denny seems to know more about such things than the Son of God; and he is yet a young man, and to what exalted elevations he will yet climb no reliable predictions can be made. It is quite possible that as he studies the question he may favor bloodhounds, thumb-screws, the wheel, and other effete methods of torture, but at present the whipping-post is just about the thing that the mayor thinks our Christian civilization requires. He says, "I would substitute the whipping-post for the prison. I know the sentimentalist will not agree with me, and I doubt whether very many persons of any class of society would at first approve a return to the lash as a punishment for crime of any kind. It has retained its place in one State for wife beaters, however, and its preventive effect on that class of brutes is exceedingly efficacious. The tramp deserves no kinder consideration than the wife-beater." It will be observed that the tramp is not charged with being a criminal—just simply a poor, miserable, wretched wanderer—and hence the mayor doubts if the American people will at once fall in love with his savagery and asks, "Will the States enact laws establishing whipping-posts for tramps? Perhaps few will do so at first. After observing the effect of a few practical tests, however, I do not believe the legislature of a single State would decline to sanction flogging as a punishment for cases of confirmed vagabondage. It can not be said that public opinion has ever pronounced against the whipping-post as a punishment for trampism, for it was discarded long before the modern tramp was heard of. Besides, sentiment should not stand in the way of stamp-

ing out this growing evil. At the present rate of increase, the next generation will find trampism the greatest curse this country has ever known, with the possible exceptions of human slavery and alcoholism. To put an end to it by any method, therefore, will justify the means. The cat, well applied, will do it. I do not believe that any other punishment that is likely to be adopted will."

It is creditable to the writer that he does not believe the American people will adopt physical torture to cure trampism, and this, be it said, is the only creditable thing to be found in his tramp essay. In every word and line it breathes a spirit of cruelty, inhumanity and relentless ferocity, out of place, and, thank God, out of date. Barbarities have no place in the policy of our government, and there is little likelihood that the whipping-post will be erected to mitigate the ills of poverty. There is a class of scoundrels at the head of corporations who blacklist workingmen and make it necessary for them to seek employment beyond the reach of the miscreants who, fiend-like, would take their lives by preventing them from securing employment; and such men, if found idle and asking for bread, Mayor Denny of Indianapolis would have whipped, as a penalty for poverty and the thousand ills that follow in its train. Mayor Denny predicts, if whipping posts are erected in every city, and flogging tramps is industriously pursued, or if "industrious men and women in every city and town would back up the local constabulary in the free use of the cowhide on worthless vagabonds," the twentieth century would be ushered in without a tramp of the "American type" in the country. The mayor seems anxious to hear the melody of the lash falling upon the bare backs of men because they are beggars. He would make poverty a crime, and would be delighted to hear the groans of the unfortunate, as they writhe under their torture. He boasts of having had tramps whipped by the police and found the application of the lash efficacious in driving tramps beyond his jurisdiction. The article in question is not creditable to either the head or the heart of Mayor Denny. His policy is inhuman and brutal, and no man or woman in America who can boast of sentiments of pity or mercy will envy him any notoriety he may secure by the advocacy of physical torture as a remedy for trampism.

**STRENGTHEN THE WEAK LINKS.**

It is said that a chain is not stronger than its weakest link. It does not matter that the chain has a thousand links equal to any strain that it may be subjected to; the weak link is where disaster lurks when the supreme test is applied. True, it may be, that some wage men are receiving fair pay for a day's work; others less, and thus the weakness proceeds till the weakest link in the chain that holds the ship of state to her moorings is found, and there the interest converges, and now men of thought are discussing this weakest link. They know where it is, and they know the dangers that it suggests. In some quarters, the dangers, it is believed, can be overcome by standing armies, by the persuasive power of powder, bullets and bayonets; others rely upon the despotism of courts and the law of injunction, fines and imprisonment. Poor folks, little do they comprehend the gravity of the situation. There are statesmen and philanthropists who see the peril, who like seers, interpret coming events, and they would, if they could, put in operation forces calculated to mitigate the ills which menace society. They would, by wise laws, and the administration of the government, glorified by justice, strengthen the weak links in the chain that holds society together. Upon the success of their efforts hangs the destiny of the country. The chain at no distant day is to be tested, and if it breaks, the wide-spread disorder that will follow need not be painted. To multiply hunger's pangs, to increase the armies of the unemployed, to permit Christless corporations to use courts and armies to continue their nefarious warfare upon labor, to exhaust patience and enthroned despair, will be the toxin to arouse the latent devil of war. Now is the time to find and apply peaceful remedies. The Populist party proposes them, and every consideration of the common weal appeals to workingmen to come to the rescue with their ballots.

It is said that "knowledge is power," certainly. Knowledge is obtained by experience, certainly. Well, workingmen know that the two old parties use them for the purpose of advancing their schemes of plunder, and yet, workingmen with their dearly bought knowledge vote to perpetuate the power that degrades them. A ton of knowledge isn't worth a copper cent, if behind it there is not will-power to give it effect. A wage-slave, though possessed of all the knowledge of the schools since Solon taught, who bows his neck to a yoke like an ox, is the most degenerate creature to be found on God's foot stool.

HAVING been beset by requests supplemented by threats to take him forcibly from the train if he did not stop at the smaller towns on the Great Northern railway President Debs compromised by agreeing to make brief talks to the crowds about the depots from the car steps.

**RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC.**

Railroads could not exist but for the permission granted by the state. They are created for the public weal. Mr. Vanderbilt's "The public be d-d" was a railroad millionaire's expression of contempt of government and law, and "the public be d-d" expresses the general view of responsibility which railroad magnates entertain for the rights of the public. When Congress enacted the interstate commerce law to restrain the piratical policy of the railroads, the presidents and general managers snapped their fingers in the face of Congress and the interstate commission, and said, "the interstate commerce law be d-d," and went right along doing pretty much as they pleased, averring that their roads were a private snip, to be run or wrecked as would best subserve the purposes of runners or wreckers. The shibboleth of the railroads for many years has been "the public be d-d," and the public has bowed down before the autocratic power of the railroads and submitted to outrages that it would be difficult to exaggerate. Nevertheless, the public has unalienable rights in railroads which some years ago were set forth by Jeremiah S. Black, acknowledged to be one of the most eminent jurists the country has produced. This distinguished judge, in writing a letter to the New York chamber of commerce, gave the public to understand the law governing the operations of the railroads and the rights of the public.

Judge Black held that "railroad men misunderstand their situation; believing, or pretending to believe, that railways are the property of the companies authorized to run them, which is a cardinal error and parent of much false argument. A public highway cannot be private property, and a railroad laid out and built by authority of the state, for the purpose of commerce, is as much a public highway as a turnpike, canal or navigable river.

"It is the duty of the state to promote intercourse and trade by making highways of the best sort through her territory. To this end she may take land and materials, which is the exercise of the power of eminent domain. She can build a railway at her own expense, using the direct agency of her own officers, and she can make it free to all comers, or reimburse the cost by special tax on individuals who use it. She can delegate the taking and taxing power to a corporation or natural person, and that is what she always does when she grants a railroad charter. But in either or any case the road belongs to the state."

"The corporations who have got into the habit of calling themselves the owners of the railroads have no proprietary right, title or claim to the roads themselves, but a mere franchise annexed thereto and exercisable thereon. The amount of tax, toll or freight in any case is not a subject of bargain between the shipper and the corporation, but a thing to be fixed, settled and prescribed by public authority."

In the foregoing we have upon the highest judicial authority the announcement that the state owns the railroads and may control their operations. Men affect to be astounded when the suggestion is made that the government should own the railroads and operate them for the public welfare. Practically, the state owns the roads and may control their operations, and the policy pursued by the roads is awakening intense interest in the subject of government ownership, and the idea is everywhere gaining ground.

**THE CIVIL AND MILITARY POWER.**

The *National Watchman* refers to a recent decision of Judge Hughes, of the Norfolk, (Va.,) circuit, "in which the plain announcement is made that the civil authority is above the military. This decision was called out through a suit between the corporation of Norfolk and a soldier stationed there. The importance of it can be gathered from the fact that Secretary of War Lamont asked Attorney General Olney to give his opinion of its soundness, who said in substance: "That the expression 'laws of the land,' in the fifty-ninth article of war includes city ordinances and laws, and therefore that a soldier may be arrested, tried and punished by the proper civil authorities for the violation of a city ordinance, and that, if he escapes to a military reservation, his surrender may be demanded by the proper military authorities and should be made by the military officer in command." Under this construction Governor Altgeld could have imprisoned every United States soldier sent into Illinois. The matter has been kept very quiet, but it is making a stir among the military gentry who have indulged in the idea that this country has been fully Russified. It is well to have a judge like Hughes, who is able and courageous enough to declare for constitutional methods." But had Gov. Altgeld laid the weight of his official finger upon a United States soldier, Gen. Miles, under the order of Grover Cleveland, would have arrested him, though in so doing the constitution had been torn to shreds.

If workingmen were true to themselves, every city in the country would own its street cars, its water works, and electric light plants. Why not make the issue and fight it out on that line if it takes years to succeed?

**OUR FIRST GREAT NEED.**

(Written for the Co-operative Age.)  
 Labor has fallen on troublous times. All the forces of society and all the powers of government are arrayed against workingmen. The mills of oppression are steadily grinding and the lot of the average workingman is scarcely one remove above slavery. What shall be done to check this vicious, demoralizing tendency of the times? I answer, let us get together and pull together for the good of all. There is no other hope for salvation. As long as workingmen vote the same ticket their masters vote they must expect to be doomed to slavery. When "ill workingmen have the good sense to follow the example of capitalists and vote together, and vote their interests? At present the grand army of labor is divided and torn into factions and fractions, whose high purpose, it seems to be, is to destroy one another. Let us break up our hostile camps, eachew all isms, banish dissension, and shoulder to shoulder march to the polls and take possession of the government in all its departments. Let us do this first and do our quarrelling, if we must quarrel, afterward. Until we do this capitalism will rule with iron hand and the courts and armies will enforce its decrees. The lot of the toiler will become worse and worse until the very dead line of degradation will be reached and the starry banner of the republic, whatever we may say about its waving "over the land of the free and the home of the brave," will simply symbolize the triumphant reign of the money power and the enslavement of the common people. It would help us little to improve (if such a thing were possible) the present competitive wage system. It is essentially a system of spoliation. There is not a redeeming feature in it. Every thoughtful man knows it is maintained by the overmastering greed of the ruling rich. Nothing less than the complete overthrow of the grinding, degrading, pauperizing conspiracy against wage-workers will answer the demand. Why should one man work like a galley slave to keep another in luxurious idleness? Every man is entitled to all he produces with his brain and hands. The night of wage competition is dark, but the dawn of co-operation is near at hand. Let us get close enough together to hear each other's heart throbs. Let us unite in harmonious co-operation and the day of deliverance is near at hand.

EUGENE V. DEBS.  
 McHenry county Jail, Woodstock, Ill.,  
 January 16, 1895.

**TRAIN DISPATCHERS ABANDON PROTECTION.**

We have on our table a circular letter, the purpose of which is to organize a "Train Dispatcher's Association of America," which will not be "a labor organization," and which is to be "maintained as a non-protective organization, working in harmony with the railroad managements, by which its members are employed, and aiming to win and retain their friendly co-operation and sympathy."

The whole matter is explained, when it is stated that the *Railway Age* is the "official organ" of such train dispatchers as believe that by disrobing themselves of their manhood and independence and become sheep, they will extract from "railway managers" their wolfish propensities, and that to be devoured and digested by them reduced to a sort of guano, will realize their highest conceptions of citizenship. The flapdoodle of the circular about "stimulus to professional proficiency," and "better acquaintance and mutual helpfulness" is the old song of the "spider to the fly," and the misguided dispatchers will, in due time, realize how great has been their dampholism in listening to the *Railway Age*.

TALMAGE says, "really if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad, and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If, after hundreds of years of gospelization, no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go to something else besides praying and preaching." If Talmage should abandon praying and preaching and join the American Railway Union, and denounce with his wealth of rhetoric the curse of the money power who oppress labor, he would stand a fair chance to have a monument built to perpetuate his name and fame. The millennium about which he talks will never dawn while money, injunctions, the military and the devil rule.

**To the Opponents of the Knights of Labor.**

You judge our organization without complete understanding of our principles or our position on current questions. There is ONLY ONE authorized organ of the General Order of the Knights of Labor and that is the

**Journal of the Knights of Labor.**

The best reform weekly paper in America. Subscribe for it, read it, then criticize us. Price, \$1 per year.

314 North Broad St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**Artificial LIMBS**  
 \$50  
 Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Compression Suits, etc.  
 U. S. Government Hospital, Wash. D. C.



**SMOKE PLUG CUT**  
 The undisputed leader of plug cut smoking tobaccos throughout the world.  
 MARBURG BROS.  
 The American Tobacco Co., Successors,  
 Baltimore, Md.

**H. S. PETERS' BROTHERHOOD OVERALLS**

OFFICIALLY ENDORSED BY THE  
 B. of L. E. of Cincinnati, 1892.  
 B. of L. E. of St. Paul, 1894.  
 B. of L. R. Carmen, Chicago, 1894.  
 American N.Y. Union, Chicago, 1894.  
 SOLD IN CHICAGO BY  
 LITTLE JAKE, 12th Street and Ogden Ave.  
 B. NIGGEMEYER CO., State and 39th Sts.

**COOK REMEDY CO**  
**Blood Poison!**  
 Permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. We eliminate all poison from the system, so that there can never be a return of the disease in any form. Parties can be treated at home as well as here, (for the same price and under the same guarantee). But with those who prefer to come here, we will contract to cure them or refund all money and pay express charges coming, railroad fare and hotel bills.  
**Our Magic Remedy** Eight Years Never Failed to cure the most obstinate cases. We challenge the world for a case we do not cure. The history of medicine is a true specific for Syphilis has been sought for but never found until our Magic Cyphalene was discovered. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we do not cure. This disease has always been the skill of the most eminent physicians.  
**\$500.00 CAPITAL** behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application.  
**COOK REMEDY CO.**  
 Room 297 Hancock Building, Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
 A BUREAU OF GENTS is being organized for the purpose of selling the "Wing Plan" in all parts of the country. We do all kinds of planing, including the planing of the materials and outfit, and teach the art. We sell the only complete set of tools at our prices. We also sell the materials for planing, preparing, planing and finishing every kind of wood. Write for particulars to G. B. Johnson & Co., 11th Street, No. 4, Columbus, Ohio.

**FREE IT COSTS YOU NOTHING**  
 THIS HIGH-CLASS PIANO MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge for the piano. We are now offering this piano to the public as a special inducement. Write for particulars to G. B. Johnson & Co., 11th Street, No. 4, Columbus, Ohio.

**Of Interest to RAILROAD MEN and Their Families**

**U. S. CENSUS, 1890, REPORTS 35,000 DEATHS FROM CANCER**  
**The IOLA SANITARIUM**  
 is an institution thoroughly equipped for the treatment of Cancer, Tumors and all malignant growths without the use of the knife. It is situated in a beautiful spot where the circumstances are all favorable for treatment. References on application.  
 Address DR. G. D. DALL, Iola, Wisconsin.

**RAILWAY OFFICIALS EMPLOYEES ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**  
 W. K. BELLIS, Secy.  
 111 N. BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**\$12 TO \$35 Can be made working for us.** Parties preferred who can give their whole time to the business. Spare hours though may be profitably employed. This announcement is of special interest to stirring men who wish to rise in the world. Good openings for town and country. Write for particulars to B. F. JOHNSON & CO., No. 350, 11th Street, Richmond, Va.

**RAILROAD MEN**

Will be glad to know that there is one thoroughly good piano that can be bought at a price. The Wing Piano is strictly first-class and has borne an unsurpassed reputation for 25 years. Yet the cost of it is so small as to surprise most people. The belief is general that "high grade" pianos is equivalent to "high price." And this is usually true. But not of the Wing Piano. That has made a name for itself as the only high grade piano sold at a moderate price. We will freely disclose our actual net prices to all who inquire for them in good faith. We sell on easy payments as well as for cash and take old instruments in exchange.

We Send the Wing Piano on Trial to any part of the country, ask no deposit—no payment of any sort is made by the intending buyer unless the piano is purchased. We pay the freight ourselves—in advance—and if the piano is not satisfactory (at the end of this trial in the home) we take it back and stand the return expenses also. How can we afford to do this? Because there are few people who will not be pleased with the Wing Piano after hearing it.  
 Our Book, "An Honest Piano," should be in the hands of every one who intends to buy a piano, no matter what name, no matter what price. It contains many valuable hints and instructions that have been found useful by thousands in the past, and it tells some truths about the piano and real prices that every buyer ought to know. We will send it free to all who write us and mention this paper.

**Wing & Son, PIANO MAKERS.**  
 245 Broadway, New York.  
 OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

KING GROVER'S PALACE AND THE SENTRY BOX.

A New York poet, having seen the sentry boxes that surround King Grover's palace, shoots at the one in front as follows:

Oh, grim and silent sentry box, That stands all night and day Before the house where Grover lives, To warn the folks away: Oh, grim and silent sentry box, Have you come there to stay? What right is hid within your walls? What force do you express, That you should stand a menace there, To threaten with distress The free born citizen who comes To see his Mightiness? Do you enclose a tyrant's sword, The patriot's blood to spill? Do you enclose a clanking chain To bind the people's will? Or have you, cocked and primed, within, A loaded tariff bill? Perhaps you have inside of you A living Democrat, Who, notwithstanding politics, With Grover still stands pat, Oh, if you have, grim sentry box, Please show us where he's at. Do you enclose a cuckoo's nest? Or is it that some one's a clam, Of which you are the shell? What are you there for, sentry box? Say, can you really tell?

Oh, We, Like Sheep.

How like sheep we are! It is not a pleasant thought to entertain, but it is not a true one? Here we go, running hither and thither, pell mell. Turning to the left and right, then back, then on again. Now, one of us breaks a little away from the flock to take a course of our own. Our own loneliness and independence scares and confuses us. "Crack," we hear the snap of the master's whip; we hear the call of his voice, and we are again in line. We know not where we should run, whether direct our footsteps alone and unguided, what course to pursue without our master shaping our courses for us and driving us on ahead of him. We crush up against one another, we trample over one another, we run down our own weak amongst us, we bleat and complain; but when we go, panting and thirsting, our drover gives us aim. Should it not be thus? Who can tell? We are not all born leaders. We are not all able alone to maintain an independent position of our own were we given one. But should we rush so tumultuously, so breathlessly along, grinding against one another, tumbling over each other, crushing the life out of one another? Should we not rather graze peacefully in a green pasture, browsing contentedly in the sun, restfully partaking of life's bounties, conscious only from his attentive care and kind, strengthening voice that the good Shepherd is among us, driving our steps upon safe roads, by his gentle, restraining hands.

As far back as the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the living world has been distressed by the cries that go up from those who occupy the positions of hardship, want and deprivation in the social system. The rich and the poor we have always had with us and this leads men to say that it is a perpetual problem and that there is no use in arguing and worrying one's self about the question. True enough, it is, that the world has always been confronted by the question. There have always been the masters and the slaves; but at different times and in different places, there has existed vast difference in the nature of the question. The privileges, advantages and usurpations of the rich have not been in such strong and marked contrast to the hardships, lack of opportunity and oppressions of the poor. New conditions are continually entering into social and political life which may tend to draw together the two extremes or drive them further apart, thus making always the problem of rich and poor an ever new and newer one. The telegraph, the telephone, the railroad, the national banking system, which go almost altogether to make up the sum and substance of our great modern system of trade and commerce, are all developments of, say, the last fifty or sixty years; new factors brought into the problem without, perhaps, any change having been made in the old orders to adjust the social and economic system to the entirely new conditions. Old rules cannot be made to fit new cases. So the social conditions, as at present existing, become practically a new question. The rich and poor question, though the same question, becomes a different question.

The world will always have the prosperous and the destitute because some men are vicious and shiftless—there always will be such—but when the world witnesses in addition honest, industrious, conscientious men, with their wives and families in want, poor and oppressed, unable to get ahead in spite of their virtues and labors, then we know we have before us the new and unsolved phases of the ever old and distressing problem. Everybody is familiar with the pathos of Thomas Hood's poem, the "Song of the Shirt," showing that at his time sad conditions existed among the people to such a pronounced extent as to exact this worthy tribute from him. But lately I have been reading a novel by George Sand, entitled the "Miller of Angibault," the scene of which is laid fifty years ago, showing that in France the peasantry and middle classes were distressed and fretful under the conditions which the political, economic and social systems of the country placed upon them. For a hundred years England has fretted under her economic system, although concessions have been made time and again by those privileged in position to ease slightly those less favored in position. And now America, which should be the land of the free, and the home of justice and equality for all, has rushed ahead to a state of affairs in which the wealth of the country has become so badly distributed that those fortunately placed are almost able to force their fellowmen into ways and conditions of life oppressive and distasteful to them. Money, which should be a mere means for effecting an exchange of labor and commodities, has become a power and an authority, become debased and corrupted, diverted from its real mission in the world, until it has become the slave master that rules and ruins men; has become a king as hard to unseat as the most cunning, subtle, insidious and tyrannical a tyrant as ever ruled over man.

But it would be impossible here to go into all the devious labyrinths of the money question. Let it suffice to say that if work and commodities were paid for in other work and commodities of equal value we would see fade away a great number of the afflictions

that now beset the path of man. Not that money is not a good thing did it not fall a prey to the unjust power of wily men. But so it has done. To return to the thread, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in the midst of the much gush that she has written, gives the world a very touching little poem, entitled "The Cry of the Children," showing that the same great injustices were staring forth at the world in her time. Fragments of it I here append:

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN. Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers, Ere the sorrow comes with years? They are leaping their young heads against their mother's, And that cannot stop their tears. The young lambs are bleating in the meadows, The young birds are chirping in the nest, The young fawns are playing with the shadows, The young flowers are blowing toward the west— But the young, young children, O my brothers, They are weeping in the play time of the others, In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces, At their looks are sad to see, For the man that drives the plow draws and presses Down the cheeks of infancy. "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary!" "Our young feet," they say, "are very weary!" Few faces have we taken with the shadows, Our grave—rest is very far to seek: Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children, For the outside earth is cold, And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering, And the graves are for the old.

For all day, the wheels are droning, turning, Their wind comes in our faces, Till our hearts turn, our heads, with pulses burning, They are walls turn in their places— Turns the sky in the high window blank and reel— Turns the long light that drops down the wall, Turn the black files that crawl along the ceiling— All are turning, all the day, and we with all And all day the iron wheels are droning: And sometimes we could pray, "O ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad mourning— "Stop! be silent for to-day!")

For all day, we draw our burden tiring, Through our eyes the iron wheels are droning, Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron In the factories, round and round.

They answer, "Who is God that he should hear us, While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred, When we sob aloud the human creatures near us, Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word! And we hear not—for the wheels in their rounding— Strangers speaking at the door. It is likely God, with angels singing round Him, His arms are weeping any more."

Why should these things be? I want to ask: Is it that we are not men? Is it that we are a crowd of bleating sheep? Is it that we are cowards? That we lack leaders? That we can't help ourselves? That we are blind? No, it is not this last; for years on years these things have been pointed out to us. They have been talked around among us. We have all agreed together that such conditions are a shame that should not be allowed to go on. And yet, nobody lifts a hand. Nobody strikes a blow. Or if he does he is quickly ridden over, rushed down, bought off, or lost in the confusion that arises in the tumult, the Babel of opinion among his fellow men. What we want is not a utopia, not a millenium, not an impossible social system, in which everybody is perfect, morally, and has everything that he wants and needs physically and materially, but merely a reasonable system of society in which the extremes are not too great. The great evil in the present systems lie in the wide disparity of the extremes. We wish the one lowered and the other raised up, and this is a simple matter that everybody can point out ways for accomplishing.

When a rich man's son cannot marry a poor man's daughter without socially ostracising himself and making her life miserable there is something wrong. When a rich man cannot walk along the street with a poor man without attracting attention, there is something wrong. The extremes are too great. Get together and bring the one man up and the other down. They both occupy false positions to themselves, to the world at large, to commonsense and justice, to God. Get together and see that we have some laws that will narrow the distance between the two extremes.

Men have said to me, It seems strange that you, who were born in the lap of luxury, so to speak, whose father was a most prominent Ohio man, whose sisters have always trod their soft paths with Cincinnati's four hundred, who have done so yourself to some extent, that you who are well to do, well born, well bred, graduated at a law school and at Harvard College, the most aristocratic centre of learning in the land, that you, who, apparently have never known want, whose father would be considered a fair example of a cultured gentleman, one of the upper class, should be on the warpath, talking what sounds like demagoguery and arrant socialism! But what of that! I am just like any other man, and I am not talking socialism, I am talking common sense, I am talking plain democracy and independence. Any form of government is, of itself, a socialistic system. Nothing else. Men bind themselves together into a social system, building up a government over themselves, that they may, taken altogether, constitute one society, their government, their representative, instead of being a large, collective body of disorganized individuals, each one for himself, man against man. The very idea of government itself is that the interests of each one will be furthered by raising a government up over themselves, by binding themselves together into a system of social comity. This getting together and putting up of a government is socialism. It is only a question of what form you shall give to your social institutions. Whether it shall be a broad and all embracing system or a narrow one. And when a system has been set up and begins to degenerate and fall of its purpose, to sail and labor for the institution of a fuller and just system, is not socialism in any would-be despised sense that is usually attached to the term. It is common sense. It is merely a healthy desire to see government serve its own purported ends.

I believe that the extremes in society to-day are too great; and that our government with its corrupt features further and encourages the injustices and hardships that grow out of this fact. I believe that the money and credit systems of the country are greatly diseased and wrong. I think that both these matters are matters that could be easily corrected, although I do not think that electing boddlers and corruptionists to the majority of offices throughout all the cities and states of the country is likely ever to result in correcting them. I do not believe that labor as a rule is

fairly paid—results of labor must be received in money wages and it is possible to corner money, figuratively speaking, make it scarce or plenty, depreciate it or appreciate it, so that it is no longer a fair measure or a fair value for the thing for which it is given. I think many other things are wrong, have no hesitancy about saying so, and I think that only measures, some of which are such as are now considered "socialistic," will result in curing them.

I have my foundations for thinking and feeling the way I do. Perhaps I am merely gifted with a fair disposition of mind. Perhaps I know a poor but pretty and honest girl who has always toiled in a factory, among the so-called commonest of the common, who is in every way a nice hearted, nicely inclined girl, just as good as anybody else so far as real worth goes, with whom I would cast my fortunes did not an over diseased and corrupting state of society rear its threatening hand. Perhaps it is neither of these reasons. Perhaps it is both, but be that as it may the fact remains that all throughout the world, and especially just at this time, the voice of the people goes up in plaint and unanswerable protest against the tyrannical system of society that raises artificial distinctions between man and man; that grinds down the poor; that offers some people, at best, forever and forever, but a bare subsistence, while others, toiling no harder, working no more conscientiously, are granted total immunity, and more, from all distressing burdens. I do not say we should have no rich man and no poor man; this is the work of natural laws; but the evil lies in the great wideness of the extremes. Let us round out our system. Let us have a system in which we feel that the return made for labor or a product is in all cases something like a fair return; where we feel that a man is really reaping, largely, the results of his own labor and that he is not receiving only a small part of it in the shape of money wages while the rest gravitates into the hands of a pool formed of rich men. Let us have a system under which a man will shine out a little for the real worth of character that is in him and not so much for the amount of worldly accumulation or power that he has wrested away from his fellowman.

All this to some people may sound like Utopian talk, but it sounds like plain, hard, practical commonsense to other men. Let us not be like a pack of sheep running hither and thither, panting and bleating, starting at the crack of the whip; but get together and shake off our lethargy. We know that they are wrong. We see that they are wrong. If we did not, we have the evidence of years before us. There is Thomas Hood's testimony, Mrs. Brown's testimony, George Sand's testimony, and the testimony of thousands of other writers who have gone ahead. But we know of ourselves, of our own instincts and feelings, that a condition of laws that assists a few in growing inordinately rich while others working just as hard grow desperately poor, has in it something radically wrong. If there were nothing in the laws to bring this about, then affirmatively there would be nothing wrong in the laws; but that such a condition arose under them would show them negatively wrong. Let us have laws that are a positive, aggressive force for good, and not a makeshift, a shield, a tool and instrument to hand for the purposes of the wrong.

If to some readers I may seem egotistical in dragging my personality into this discussion, let me excuse myself as best I can by saying that in this day and generation a man's voice seems not heeded or given an iota of credit unless he pulls off his collar and coat and throws his hat in the ring.

If after seeing the poor girl of tender years having the life ground out of her in some heartless factory; if for years having seen the poor widow cast upon the mercies of a remorseless world; if for years having seen good honest men, with a soul full of earnest work and lofty ambition, and a heart full of good intention, unable to rise above a mere hand to mouth struggle with bare existence, and perhaps then unsuccessful in the end; if after knowing that for centuries this problem has confronted the world and that people cried out against it while the same conditions still went on; if after seeing and knowing all these things and hearing daily the threatening complaints of our fellowmen, we weigh all the facts and conditions carefully and come to the conclusion that the world is just right, that exactly these same evil conditions have always existed, that they cannot be cured, that they will always exist and that it is best for them to exist; if having done all this, knowingly and seemingly, we reach this conclusion, then let us stop our crying and complaining and bow our heads to the inevitable and accept it cheerfully like men. If, on the other hand, we look equally as carefully over the ground, weigh all the facts, and come to the conclusion that some necessary evils exist, but along with them a great many unnecessary ones, then let us also stop our crying and complaining, let us rise up and say that the world has been cowardly and base at former times in resignedly folding its hands, confining its efforts to querulous complaining and allowing all evil and injustice, necessary as well as unnecessary, to go on; that we will no longer follow its examples, but get together like men and have action: take measures for the cure of such ills as afflict us as a self organized society of fellowmen.

It is the people who create the government in democratic countries. They create the government to bind themselves together in a better social system than would exist among a disorganized body of independent individual men. While we are about rearing up a social government over ourselves let us rear one that brings about the greatest social and political equality among us as a collective body of free men.

Keep Away from Great Falls. HEADQUARTERS OF TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF CASCADE COUNTY, GREAT FALLS, MONT., February, 1895. To Brother Workmen: The present condition of all lines of trade, with prospects poor for the immediate future, and the large number of unemployed tradesmen, mechanics and laborers now in this city, warrants the Trades and Labor Council in sending out word that it would be advisable for workmen to keep away from Great Falls. Yours fraternally, J. E. FOX, President. A. E. CANFIELD, Secretary.

Words of Advice to Our Erring Brothers.

BY W. A. GALLAGHER.

It is with pain and sorrow that I witness, on the part of the members of the American Railway Union, the growing desire for revenge on the old brotherhoods, for though the provocation is great the revenge will do us no good. It would be contrary to the spirit of our organization and the manly principles of our leader.

Revenge could be accomplished in but one way and that is retaliation or in using them in the future as they have used us in the past. I sincerely hope no one that I call brother would stoop so low as to take a striking fellow workman's place, no matter what he might be striking for. No injury in the world could justify such a course. I have often heard it said that there is honor among all classes of men, but I defy any one to find honor among scabs. It matters not what the provocation or what circumstances surround a man, he cannot scab and retain his claim to manhood. If you or your family are hungry go and steal. It is more manly than scabbing.

I often wonder when I hear men say that they would like to have a chance to scab on the old brotherhoods, if they really know what they are saying. I hope they do not. I would rather think that, in thinking over their wrongs, they are for the moment intoxicated with a desire for revenge. Let us show to the world that we are superior to the men who injured us last June and July, that we would scorn to injure them with the weapons with which they injured us.

We want our friends to be proud of us, and our enemies to respect us. We can only accomplish this by a manly course, and men, in times like these, are too noble to seek revenge, more especially if it must be gained at the cost of their honor. Can you see anything manly in treasuring up wrongs until your enemy has all he can contend with in front and then turn against him? Don't you think it would be rather cowardly to step in then and cut off his retreat?

The aim of every friend of American manhood should be to unite the warring factions of labor in one grand brotherhood. It has been truly said that the house that is divided against itself cannot stand. This one brotherhood must be based upon such broad principles as mark the foundation stones of the American Railway Union, and we who have embraced those principles should show our superiority by laying aside our petty jealousies and trifling injuries and extend to all our fellow laborers the right hand of assistance, provided they will in the future, be guided by the principles of true manhood.

Brothers, pause and consider, if you persist in retaliating, you will shatter the few remaining pillars that support the already tottering foundation of labor organizations. When this is done and capital is triumphant over all, you will curse your folly. When it is too late you will be filled with remorse. Would it not be more noble to say to the old brotherhoods, "Erring brothers, we forgive the past; let it live but in memory. If you will not enlist beneath the folds of the great banner of true brotherhood, let us, at least, take you beneath our protecting wing, that we may be ever at your side. Let us assist you in your righteous struggle."

The great fault with the rank and file of the old brotherhoods is not lack of principle, but narrow mindedness. There is no doubt but soon they will see their folly. Let us so live that when that time comes, the brightest spot in the dark sea that will surround them will be the glistening folds of our spotless past record. If such a course were taken I think that ere long all railroad men would embrace the grand principles of the American Railway Union. If these few lines keep one man from dishonorable revenge it will have accomplished its purpose.

ARTIFICIAL - LIMBS

With Improved Rubber Feet and Hands

It is not unusual to see an engineer with hand on the throttle, or a conductor, fireman, brakeman, farmer, carpenter, mason, miner, in fact every vocation, wearing one or two artificial legs with rubber feet, of MARKS' Patents, performing as well as the natural limbs. A treatise of 200 pages, with 300 illustrations and a formula for measuring sent free. Received the Highest Award at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. Address: A. A. MARKS, 701 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"The Railroad Man's Home is MADE SWEETER by the music from an F. & V. Organ. Many a Brother-hood Man in whose homes our Organs can be found will testify to the truth of this. If your local dealer has not got them, write direct to Farnand & Veing Organ Co., Detroit, Mich.

STEAM ENGINEERING. (Stationary, Locomotive or Marine); Mechanics; Mechanical Drawing; Electricity; Architecture; Architectural Drawing and Designing; Masonry; Carpentry and Joinery; Ornamental and Structural Iron Work; Railroad Engineering; Bridge Engineering; Municipal Engineering; Plumbing and Heating; Coal and Metal Mining; Prospecting and the English Branches. THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Scranton, Pa.

Locomotive Engineering

IS the only live, readable paper that is NOT AIMED OVER THE HEADS OF Engineers, Firemen and Shopmen. ALL MECHANICAL. Keeps you posted on the progress of Locomotives and Cars the world over. No Social Column. No Organ of Anything. ALL ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS. Three Educational Charts given with the paper for 1895. Pages 9 x 12 inches—over 40 of Reading Matter. A Work of Art throughout.

Price, \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for Six Months, to any address on earth. Cash Premiums for Clubs. WRITE TO LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERING, 256 Broadway, New York City. SAMPLE FREE.

A LOST LEG Is not the calamity it was before the invention of The Patent Adjustable Slip Socket. LARGEST LEG FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES. Received the Medal and Diploma at The World's Fair, and the Gold Medal and Bronze Medal and Diplomas at the California International Exposition. THE WINKLEY ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SKIN FITS BETTER AND WEARS LONGER THAN ANYTHING ON EARTH! WESTERN MADE PANTS, OVERALLS, SHIRTS AND COATS. ARE SECOND ONLY TO SKIN. MANUFACTURED BY STAHL-URBAN GO., Formerly ZIMMERMAN & STAHL, TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

J. S. TOWNSEND, Railroad Jeweler, 1554 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. HEADQUARTERS FOR EMBLEMS OF ALL KINDS. Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Fancy Novelties, Opera Glasses, Bisque Bronzes. WE MANUFACTURE, REPAIR, ENGRAVE, DESIGN. GOLD AND SILVER MADE OVER. Prices the Lowest. 400 page Catalogue mailed you for ten cents. Goods sent C. O. D. to all points. Charges paid. We are special western agents for John J. McGrane's Locomotive Brass Clock, \$12.00; "The President" Watch Movement, finest thing out, \$50.00; also John Lamb's Wika Eye Protectors, per pair, 50 cents. The best article in the market. FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS J. S. TOWNSEND, 1554 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

A RAILROAD MAN'S REMEDY!! No Douches, No Vaporizing, No Wash. A CURE THAT CURES. An Effective VEST POCKET Remedy. Always Ready. No Pain Expended to Wind or Weather Like the Railroad "Boys" and Subject to CATARRH Should be Without ELY'S CREAM BALM Gives Relief at once for Cold in the Head. Apply into the Nostrils—It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. G. PH. PUTTLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF FINE DOMESTIC CIGARS. NONE BUT UNION MADE CIGARS. Samples sent on request anywhere. All orders sent C. O. D. 704 Twelfth Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

RUPTURE A POSITIVE RADICAL CURE at home. (See Ad.) Book, giving full particulars, sent free. Address: W. R. BERRY, Box 28, Southfield, Jefferson County, New York.

