





PAPERS.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

We once had times, good old times when workmen were free—When cottage homes were joyous with contentment's ministry.

We once had times, grand old times, when tollers were content—They own'd their homes and were not despoiled by robbery and rent.

We once had times, O glorious times, when every tollor said—My native land, is Freedom's home, I dare hold up my head.

Alas! Alack! those grand old times have disappeared from view—The corporation now holds the reins—a plutocratic crew.

We'll change the times however fierce the battle and the storm—Up sons of sires, who dar'd be free, inaugurate reform.

The good old times shall come again, the cry from shore to shore—The shibboleth of workmen—"the good old times of yore."

And come they will, we see the dawn, sign of a better day—The horizons rim is bath'd in light and gloom is giving way.

To Freedom's sun—full orb'd it glows, and hope again revives—That the good old times will come again, if labor unifies.

ALPH. A. BRET.

Social Barbarities.

BY WILLIAM MAILLY.

Of the many blots upon our false and inhuman civilization, none present a more sad and depressing spectacle than the daily slaughter of the children of the nation, offered up as a sacrifice to a soul-destroying commercial and industrial system.

The future welfare of the republic depends upon the coming generations of men and women. Arduous and trying as the tasks of the present may be to us of this day and time, they are as nothing to the tasks whose burden must be borne by those who will follow after us.

Capitalists and employers of labor are blamed almost wholly for the existence of this evil; that they are much to blame no one can reasonably dispute, but it is also true that the workers themselves, the fathers and mothers of families, are greatly at fault.

The truth is, a savage longing for glitter and show seems to have become inculcated into the natures of many of our workingpeople. A craving for gaudy tinsel and empty ornament has been born in them through seeing those who live on the toil of others dress in purple and fine linen.

The orthodox hell is a priestly prison house, in whose dungeons are confined those who have dared to rebel against ecclesiastical authority, and refused to degrade the God given faculty of critical judgment.

The path of progress is red with the blood of freedom's martyrs, alight with the flames of their torture. The church stands in the road of human advancement and to-day is to real religion what a vacuum is to the surrounding atmosphere.

For one, one for all" is rank-heresy to an institution that supports the time-honored doctrine of the duty of man to buy cheap and sell dear.

There is, probably, no land on the face of the earth where the people are so debased and brutified as in Italy. It is a country abounding in cathedrals, cardinals, monks and saints, statuary and paintings.

Professor Bodil has furnished figures covering the entire kingdom and he states that "there are among the 8,254 communities of Italy 1,454 which have water of bad quality or in insufficient quantity.

The young soul, coming into bloom like the rosebud in spring, needs fresh air, freedom of mind and spirit. Environment has much to do with the bringing up of a child and the surroundings of child-life should be made as genial and health-giving as parents can make them.

The Church and the People. BY F. R. HAYS. No person familiar with our large centers of population will question the fact that the church is no longer a popular institution.

Who can blame the dago for fleeing from such a Godforsaken land, king cursed, tax cursed and church cursed. A mass of misery, living in an earthly purgatory.

The Philadelphia Times commenting upon the stuff of which heroes are made, remarks "There is nothing like standing up for a principle, for principle's sake, and no matter how widely the public may differ with the Prohibitionists on the subject of enforced total abstinence, it can not but respect their devotion to principle under discouraging circumstances.

Every railroad," says the Southern Mercury, "in the United States, in or out of Texas, is not only a fully equipped monarchy, but really an autocracy, whose will in their domain is law.

When the crowd goes by we'll join in the rout, When the crowd goes by we'll be ready to shout, And the world shall know what we are, in and out.

When the crowd goes by we'll be ready to follow; On the ground, in the dust, we will hasten to follow.

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MANHOOD.

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Poverty, resulting from enforced idleness, is the forerunner of degradation, from which recovery is difficult and which is a source of peril to the republic. B. O. Flower of Boston, writes, that "to maintain self-respecting manhood should be of paramount importance to an enlightened government, and while I am profoundly convinced that radical and fundamental reforms, which comprehend the abolition of class privileges and special legislation, are essential to the solution of the great problems which are now pressing upon the intelligence and conscience of our civilization, yet I fully realize that to peaceably accomplish these splendid triumphs for a higher manhood, will require patient, earnest and persistent education and agitation which will stir to its depth the conscience of the people.

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NATURE—HER JEWELS, FLOWERS AND GOLD.

Dorothy Deane tells how nature proceeded in making precious stones, flowers and gold. Dorothy looked out one morning and saw dandelions in such rich profusion "scattered over the grass" that she thought some wandering Ceres had been flinging his gold away for her delectation, and as she heard the robins singing in the trees she took her pen and wrote, "that long ago there was a time when Nature hid her jewels in the earth—here a ruby, there an emerald, yonder an emerald or a topaz or a diamond.

But at last Nature's patient heart cried out, believing in the beauty that lay inherent in the little world upon which she toiled.

"I must find a way to work faster," she said, when she had just finished an emerald.

So she made a green leaf, and the leaf pleased her so much that she made another and still another and another, till she had set the world full of them.

"I need more gold," she cried, and she made a dandelion.

And at last, when she had filled the world with flowers as radiant and beautiful as her gems, she said:

"Still I have no diamonds, most precious of all."

So she sprinkled them all with drops of dew. And afterward came the children of men upon the earth and found it fair."

CHILD-LABOR AND SWEAT-SHOPS.

Slowly but surely the country is waking up to the twin infamies of child labor and sweat-shops as is seen by legislation in New York, when a bill was passed which provides that no child under sixteen years of age may be employed in any factory or store unless it holds a certificate from the department of health, accurately describing it, and the health commissioner is satisfied that such child is physically able to perform the work it intends to do.

AWAY GOES THE SHIRTS.

A shirtless nation is now in prospect. Already thousands of Americans are shirtless. The Labor World reports John Sherman as saying in Congress that "he would take the last shirt off the people rather than violate our national credit."

ORGANIZED LABOR IN NEW YORK.

New York's Commissioner of Labor has recently issued his report for 1895, which shows that there were in the State on July 1, 1895, a total of 927 unions and assemblies, with a membership of 180,231, an increase of 67 organizations and 23,034 members over the year before.

THE "ARCH CONSPIRACY."

This pamphlet is just out. It is an expose of the printed proceedings of the meetings of the General Managers' Association and plainly discloses their purposes to reduce, degrade and blacklist employees. Every workman and every reform lecturer and writer should have a copy. Price ten cents. See advertisement elsewhere. Address RAILWAY TIMES, Terre Haute, Ind.



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