

BRITISH GOLD.

IS TO PLAY A BULLDOZING ROLE IN THE RANKS OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

Who Are To Be Stripped of Their Manhood, Robbed of Their Votes, and Reduced to Slavery.

Those who live in close proximity to volcanic mountains know when an earthquake is threatened. When the mountain sends forth smoke and flames—when the earth trembles and vibrates, they take warning and watch with intense anxiety developments, and are on the alert for portending calamities.

THE OUTLOOK.

We do not deal in extravagant metaphor. We have no ambition to create alarm by crying wolf when there is no wolf, or of crying fire when there is no fire. We prefer to choose words which express conditions and call attention to conditions which a man must be both deaf and blind and as unimpressible as a stone if he fails to apprehend their alarming significance.

THE FACTS.

We have on our table the Mount Vernon, Ills. Daily News, of recent date, which says:

"The pay car of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company passed over the line this morning distributing to the employees their monthly allowances, and when the boys were paid off at this place, Mr. E. H. Mann, assistant superintendent of the road, who was one of the party, informed them that should they vote the free silver ticket this fall, the miserably pittance which they are now receiving would be reduced 10 per cent. It needs no prophet to see where this kind of a speech leads. In effect, Mr. Mann said to the poor laboring men in his employ, 'either you vote for McKinley and a gold standard in November or your wages, already reduced to a starvation basis, will be curtailed still further, until your wives and children shall cry for bread.'"

There stand the haggard facts—grim-visaged as death—fierce as a tiger's eye—cruel as a cobra's fang—demanding that American workmen shall strip themselves of manhood, of independence, of every prerogative of citizenship, and like Spartan helots, Chinese coolies, Mexican peons, Indian pariahs, or Russian serfs, obey their masters, sink to fathomless depths of degradation, or, by all the gods in a pile, be doomed to idleness and to all the woes that idleness begets.

TO CONTROL THEIR BALLOTS.

Why and wherefore this insufferable degradation? The answer is ready. It is to control the ballots of railway employees—the one thing and the only thing which lifts a poor man to the level of a rich man at the polls. Strike down the ballot, debase the ballot, whether by bribe or by intimidation, and the English language with all its wealth of words fails to express the degradation of the wretch who cowers before the villains who thus rob the cowardly creature of his ballot, the jewel of his manhood and citizenship, and makes it register a lie against liberty.

BRITISH GOLD.

What is the secret, the underlying motive of this movement on the part of railroad managers to threaten and intimidate, debase and degrade their employees? A political campaign is in progress in which England is profoundly interested. The British press, with scarcely an exception, in alliance with the gold-bug press of America, sometimes called the "metropolitan press," a bribed, a debauched, a tory and an anti-American press, demands that England and other European nations shall dominate in American financial affairs, and it is believed that the railroads of the country, employing about one million of men, may be utilized to score a victory for British gold—and the villainous work, as we have shown, has begun on the Louisville & Nashville railway system.

WHY ARE RAILWAY EMPLOYEES TO BE DEGRADED?

It is well known that American railroads are largely owned in Europe. This will not be denied. It is authoritatively stated that America's European indebtedness amounts to not less than five billions, requiring for annual interest not less than \$200,000,000 in gold. Of this indebtedness held abroad railroad stocks and bonds amount to an enormous amount, and the Louisville & Nashville system is chiefly owned abroad. Hence, every step taken in debasing its employees is in the interest of British gold-bugs, and the infamous policy is doubtless dictated in England.

IN A NETSHELL.

Following such facts, the conclusion is inevitable that British gold and British money are to be employed in the present campaign to dominate American railroads, and the managers of American railroads are to be the lick spittals of

English capitalists to degrade and enslave American workmen.

AMERICAN WORKINGMEN

are all in the same boat—all drifting in the same direction—all the victims of conditions which have been brought about by the same infamous policy, formulated and practiced by those who do the bidding of men when treason to American interests is daily becoming more pronounced and defiant, who clutching their gold with a grasp as relentless as a tiger's jaws, have determined, in support of their avarice, to perpetrate crimes against the liberties of workingmen, regardless of their enormity, and by reducing wages and enthroning poverty and despair, create conditions compared with which African slavery, in these states, was a heaven-ordained benediction.

THE BOA POLICY.

There are in the United States about 200,000 miles of railroad track, extending from ocean to ocean—from lake to gulf—radiating from center to circumference over all the land. As we have shown, these roads, in the interest of foreign owners, have concluded to introduce the boa policy of constriction. The boa is a reptile of immense proportions which destroys its prey by enclosing it in its folds and, by degrees, crushing the life out of it. The Louisville & Nashville system has begun the constricting policy—it is enfolding its employees in its reptilian grasp, and is seeking to enslave them in the interest of its English owners. Men in its employ are forced to work from dawn to dark for 50 cents, and as if this were not enough to satisfy the greed of its owners, the folds of the reptile are to be tightened until the men, with every bone of their manhood broken, surrender, and as spineless as fish-worms and as limp as dish-rags, with manhood, independence, courage, patriotism, self-respect and will-power all crushed out of them, they consent to vote as they are directed by those who have enslaved them.

THE L. A. N.

has set the pace, and now the question is, are the railroads of the country to be so many boa constrictors, winding their scaly folds around their employees, and crushing them until they will vote for McKinley and British domination in American affairs?

ENSLAVEMENT.

We do not indulge in the language of exaggeration when we say the signs of the times betoken the fiercest struggle in American politics the country has ever known. It is to be a struggle involving the liberties of the masses. If England, aided by her American Arnolds, the tory advocates of gold-bugism, wins, by the election of McKinley—while it may not be true that the sun of American liberty will set to rise no more, it will be true, nevertheless, that an alarming advance will have been made towards the enslavement of workingmen. Their wages will be less and their burdens increased, their homes will be darker, and their hopes of better conditions blasted.

FORTUNATELY

the schemes concocted by British and American plutocrats are being discovered in time to raise the alarm, and arouse men to a sense of the threatened danger—and THE RAILWAY TIMES will omit no opportunity to put workingmen on their guard.

Bryan's assertion that the miner is a business man may be flowery language—it may be a well turned piece of rhetoric—but the expression marks the professional politician more desirous of catching votes than of sticking to the plain truths.

No, the miner who sweats and delves in a dark, grimy hole, for a mere pittance, which barely sustains life, is not a business man but a mere drudge—White Slave.

The White Slave is unfortunate in its criticism. Webster would have informed him that Bryan was absolutely correct in saying "the miner is a business man," as is also every other toiler. "Business," says Webster, is "that which engages the time, attention or labor of any one." Hence workingmen are business men, and the editor of the White Slave is a business man.

The New York Tribune, a gold-bug organ, contemplates the outlook with great composure, and says, "The time is near when they (the banks) will feel themselves compelled to act strongly. Meanwhile a very good thing has been done. The machinery has been furnished by which, in any emergency, the financial corporations of the east can act together at a single day's notice with such power that no act of congress can overcome or resist their decisions." That is the programme. The banks have the power at any time to create a panic, and if wreck and ruin is required for a gold-bug victory, it will come, as the winds come when forests are rended.

England's royalty is having its hands photographed by the Roentgen rays. Not a bad idea, and now let the hands of American rascality be photographed—as, for instance, the hands of O. P. Huntington, to find out how many millions they hold of stolen money.

ROBERT BURNS,

SCOTLAND'S IMMORTAL BARD, HAD VERY PRONOUNCED VIEWS

Of Human Nature, Which Were Often Embodied in his Poems, but More Expressly Stated in Prose.

Scotland, recently, celebrated the anniversary of the death of Robert Burns, her immortal poet, who died July 21, 1796, and before he had reached the age of thirty-eight years.

Born to poverty and toil, to plow and till a sterile soil, he knew from childhood to the day of his death, what it was to be on the ragged edge of want, and was forced by inexorable environments to study human nature along lines which brought him in contact with those in similar conditions.

As a general proposition poets are not philosophers, and the exceptions prove the rule. Genius, passion, sentiment, inspiration, in combination are required to produce the poet, but not the philosopher; and yet, Burns was a philosopher in his boyhood, and at the tail of a plow, he thought of human affairs, and this is shown in his poem dedicated to a mouse, in which he wrote—

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea's us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."

There are those who still bemoan the "roystering" habits of Burns, forgetting the times in which he lived and the environments of his youth, and worse still, failing completely to comprehend a mental organism, in which there was a ceaseless protest against conditions, in flagrant conflict with aspiration, forever seeking Parnassus, forever yearning for association with the muses, forever thirsting for the waters of "Helios' harmonious springs," his life was a life of flame, erratic and consuming—but as the records show, a life suited for songs that will live forever, and for melodies which after a hundred years are gone, the world hears and applauds.

It is told of Abraham Lincoln, when Grant was winning battles and fame on the tented field, that some one approached Lincoln and said that Grant was addicted to the frowning brow. Lincoln's reply was, "What brand of whiskey does Grant drink? I want to send some of it to other generals."

The world, with becoming contempt, thrusts aside the fallibilities of Burns to remember and cherish his achievements. For had he been other than what he was, we would not have the immortal "Cotter's Saturday Night," the legend of "Tam O'Shanter," "Man was made to mourn," "Bonny Doon," "Bruce's Address," "Auld Lang Syne," "Mary in Heaven," and other bursts of song which are monumental, defying decay. "Men may come and men may go," as they have come and gone since July 21, 1796, but Burns' songs, like Tennyson's brook, will flow on forever.

Indeed, after the lapse of a hundred years, the life of Burns is studied with more care than at any previous period. Art has been enlisted to aid literature in perpetuating the memory of Scotia's Ayershire and plowshare bard, and we are permitted to see pictures of the place of his birth, the farms where he toiled, and the house where he died, Jean Armour's birth place, of whom Burns wrote "My Wife's a Bonny Wee Thing," the Bridge of Doon, and the house where Tam O'Shanter was written—the world being determined to make them sacred shrines for pilgrims for centuries to come.

It has been said that Burns was a student of human nature, and in this line, in 1784, he wrote, "I have often observed in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him, though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason no man can say in what degree any other person besides himself can be, with strict justice, called wicked. Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of each temptation; and, what often if not always, weigh more than all the rest, how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all—I say, any man who can thus think will scan the failings—may, the faults and crimes—of mankind around him with a brother's eye.

I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of blackguards sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character—those who, by thoughtless prodigality or headstrong passions, have been driven to ruin. Though disgraced by follies—may, sometimes stained with guilt—I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested

friendship, and even modesty. "And in April, 1787, he wrote, "I have lately been much mortified with contemplating an unlucky imperfection in the very framing and construction of my soul—viz., a blundering inaccuracy of her olfactory organs in hitting the scent of craft or design in my fellow-creatures. I do not mean any compliment to my ingenuousness, or to hint that the defect is in consequence of the unsuspicious simplicity of conscious truth and honor. I take it to be, in some way or other, an imperfection in the mental sight, or metaphor apart, some modification of dullness. In two or three small instances, lately, I have been most shamefully out."

I have heard and read a good deal of philosophy, benevolence, and greatness of soul, and when rounded with the flourish of declamatory periods, or poured in the mellifluous of Parnassian measure, they have a tolerable effect on a musical ear; but when all these high-sounding professions are compared with the very act and deed as it is usually performed. I do not think there is anything in, or belonging to human nature so badly disproportionate. In fact, were it not for a very few of our kind, the very existence of magnanimity, generosity, and all their kindred virtues would be as much a question with metaphysicians as the existence of witchcraft.—From the Letters of Robert Burns.

All of which is in strict accord with the philosophy that
"The man's the good for a' that."

BRYAN AND WATSON.

Two events, to stand forever as historical and monumental in American politics, are now presented for the contemplation of American patriots.

The Democratic party, dating back to the days of Jefferson, was all along the track of intervening years the champion of the rights of the people.

It was the party of the Declaration of Independence. It stood for the eternal truth that, "All men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

That was the ancient Democratic platform. It embodied these essential principles of right and justice, which, like sheet anchors, were to hold the ship of state secure in whatever storms might assail her. But evil days came, and the Democratic party, in the control of incompetent men, lost the confidence of the people and was stranded on plutocratic rocks, or like an abandoned ship in mid ocean, drifted at the mercy of billows and tides.

But while the Democratic party, as an organization, became practically defunct, the great body of the party, the rank and file, were as true to its principles as ever. Men may change, principles, never. The trouble with the Democratic party was apostate leaders. To get rid of them, and reassert the principles of the party, became the supreme demand. While patriotic Democrats were devising ways and means to resuscitate their party, there were other patriots who believed the salvation of the country depended upon the organization of a new political organization, and as a result the Populist party was born, if not like Minerva, full grown and ready armed, was nevertheless sufficiently potent to arouse everywhere to a sense of impending dangers, and at once the people rallied to its standard, drooping hopes revived and the outlook brightened—and this Populist party, by its sturdy convictions and by its sublime courage, infused new life into prostrate Democrats, resulting, finally, in the Chicago convention which nominated Wm. J. Bryan for president.

Immediately comes the great Populist convention at St. Louis. It had the wisdom to see and to estimate the crisis. It deliberated in the spirit of the loftiest patriotism. It grasped the situations with unrelaxing fidelity to the welfare of the people. It realized that war was declared—that a battle was on—and that it would be lost unless the gold-bug batteries were silenced—that there was one supreme issue and that was the free coinage of silver—that with this accomplished, the backbone of gold-bugism would be broken, and the government restored to pristine honesty of administration—and therefore the national Populist convention nominated Wm. J. Bryan for president.

These two events, the Chicago and the St. Louis conventions, are destined to save the republic. They declare for the unification of forces to achieve an end without which failure is inevitable.

The Democratic ticket is Bryan and Sewall, the Populist ticket is Bryan and Watson. We do not doubt, that having proceeded thus far in the line of certain victory, the two great organizations will find a way to marshal their forces while separate as the waves, yet one as the sea, to achieve victory in November.

For the year 1895, the total mineral products of the United States amounted to \$611,795,290, an increase over 1894 of \$80,000,000. Of this product gold supplied \$30,500,000 and silver \$47,000,000—pig iron supplied \$105,198,550—more than gold and silver combined.

A SHIRTLESS NATION.

JOHN SHERMAN, WHOSE PECULATIONS AND SPECULATIONS

On \$5,000 a Year has Netted Him \$30,000,000 Would Tax the Shirts off the Backs of the People.

Taxation, like the poor, is always with us. Taxation and death are the two inevitables. To be born is a vastly more serious want than to die.

JOHN SHERMAN AND CÆSAR.

Before Christ was born, Cæsar Augustus issued a decree to tax the world. It is a debatable question as to how much the subjects of Cæsar were taxed, but it is not probable that Cæsar was half as cruel as John Sherman, the pal of the Rothschilds, who was willing to tax the shirts off the people's back to pay tribute to shylocks.

SHERMAN'S DECLARATION.

As officially reported, in the Congressional Record, May 20th, 1890, page 59. John Sherman said in the United States senate: "I am willing to take that bill as it came to us from the house, and if it is not sufficient to supply the necessary revenues, let us add a tax on tea, a tax on coffee, or a tax on anything; for, as I said on a former occasion, I would vote for a tax on anything; I would take the last shirt off the backs of the people of the United States rather than to violate the public faith of the government." And John Sherman and his pals have taxed the shirts "off the backs" of millions of poor people to pay gold to a gang of pirates who were not entitled to it.

THE HISTORY OF THE SHIRT.

It is recorded that the shirt was first generally worn in the west of Europe, about 1,100 years ago. A. D. 1253 woolen shirts were commonly worn in England, when coarse linen shirts were imported from France. If Cæsar and his officers and army, when they invaded England wore shirts, they did not leave any of them behind when they retreated to be washed or taxed, and John Sherman, therefore, has won his place in history, among other infamies which attach to his name, as being the first man to recommend the taxing of the poor man's shirt.

JOHN SHERMAN'S FEALTY TO SHARKS.

John Sherman has, doubtless, a taxing record which out Herod's Herod, or out Cæsar's Cæsar. He says he "won't vote to tax anything." No other tyrant the world has ever known, has said that John Sherman speaks for the Republican party, for all gold-bugs, regardless of party badge or shibboleth. To pay the "coin bearing" bonds of the government in gold, he and they, would tax coffins; every nail in coffins—would tax the corpses in coffins; would tax the winding sheets of the dead. He says he would tax anything, which means everything; and under John Sherman's policy, almost everything is taxed from a cradle to a coffin; from a shingle to a shirt; from a spade to a spoon, until workingmen are down like kneeling camels to receive their burdens.

REVENUES OF GOVERNMENTS.

It is not more trite than true, that labor supplies all the revenues of governments. No one controverts the proposition, and this being admitted, labor is profoundly interested in the question of taxation, the only means by which governments obtain revenue. For governments to create debts is an easy matter. To obtain the means wherewith to pay them, John Sherman, the Republican party, and gold-bugs of every name, would "tax the shirts off the backs of the people."

THE SHIRT-STRIPPING PROGRAM.

Taking the shirts off the backs of the people is not a mere figure of speech; not a rhetorical flourish. The process has been in vogue in all civilized and heathen lands since the deluge, and shirtless tribes of peons and coolies show with what relentless cruelty it has been pursued by the John Shermans of the nations. In the United States the taxing the shirts off the backs began about the year 1865. In 1835 the debt of the United States amounted to less than \$38,000—practically no debt at all—then the poor man's shirt was secure. From 1835 to 1860 the debt had increased from \$37,513 to \$64,842,287, an increase in twenty-five years of \$64,804,774, and still there was no declared purpose to tax the poor man's shirt off his back; but at the end of 1865 the debt was, officially stated, \$2,221,311,918, an increase in four years of \$2,156,507,144. Then began the battle in which people have been trying to save their shirts from the rapacity of bond sharks, but millions of them have lost their shirts.

PAYING DEBT AND INTEREST.

According to a statement prepared by the chief of the United States Treasury Bureau, the government has paid on the principal of the debt during the past thirty years, \$1,505,109,858, and interests to the amount of \$2,356,760,931, tabulated as follows:

Paid on principal from 1865 to 1895..... \$1,505,109,858
Paid in interest from 1865 to 1895..... \$2,356,760,931

Total principal and interest..... \$3,861,870,789

Conceding that \$2,500,000,000 was the highest point reached by the debt, though it was really more, it is seen that the people has paid in interest a sum equal to the entire debt less \$143,239,069 and for principal and interest a sum in excess of the entire debt in 1865, of \$1,361,890,789. That is to say, the people have more than paid the national debt, but \$2,356,760,931 has been interest which has gone into the pockets of the bond holders, and still the debt now approximates \$900,000,000, and is increasing.

SHARKS AND SHIRTS.

The battle of the sharks and shirts is now on—old shylock demanded his "pound of flesh;" it was in the bond—the bond shylocks want the poor man's shirt and John Sherman and the gold bugs say he shall have it, but it is not in the bond.

Thousands of workingmen still retain their shirts, and if they vote right in the coming campaign, may boast that while wages are reduced, and their homes darkened by the shylock policy, that their shirt, possibly their last possession, is on their backs.

PATRIOTISM.

Between the years 1861 and 1868 the government of the United States was required to engage in the greatest war of all the centuries to preserve its existence. It had to use not only all the soldiers it could command, but its credit to the uttermost limit. During the period named, more than 2,800,000 patriots responded to the call of their country and went forth to "Save the Union."

Of these patriots, 61,362 were killed in battles, 34,727 died of wounds and 183,287 died of disease, making a grand total of 279,376 who gave up their lives to save the Union.

But there was another set of patriots in those days of gloom and peril, who did not enter the armies of the Union, but who were forever on the alert, as they now are, to make money out of the woes of their country. They were then, as they are now, the sharks and the shylocks of the period. These patriots were not killed in battle, they did not die of wounds and disease; they simply made money out of the war and are making it still, and to what extent they have made money, the official figures disclose to an amazed people.

Between 1861 and 1868 the government was forced to issue bonds to the amount of \$2,040,085,770, and was compelled to take what it could get for these bonds.

Here was an opportunity for the shark and shylock patriots.

For the \$2,040,085,770 of government bonds they paid \$1,371,424,240 and pocketed as a profit \$668,661,521.

From the date when the bonds were issued, the government has paid in interest, \$2,538,000,000, and this amount, with the original profit in the purchase of the bonds \$668,661,521, making a total of \$3,206,661,521, shows the character of the patriotism of the sharks and shylocks who are now dominating affairs in the United States of America. They are the gold standard patriots, who, to maintain their supremacy, are willing to wreck the country. They will brook no opposition. They have the money, and if the patriotic masses will not yield to their dictation, then they are to realize by contraction and consequent disaster, the crushing sway of the money power.

In the city of Tokio, Japan, there are 1,330 streets, and by the last census, 318,320 houses, which are divided into 15 ku, or wards. When a street passes through more than one ward the houses are numbered independently, so there may be five or six numbered 20 and eight or ten numbered 2—perhaps miles apart. Therefore, when a stranger sets out to find No. 217 Motomara machi, which is the name of the street, and Azubu, the name of the ward, he might as well look for a needle in a haystack. But applying to jinsikisha man, he writes the address of the person he desires to find, and then goes whirling up and down streets and alleys, round the corners and through short cuts until he is landed at the proper place without the slightest damage, the result of abnormal memory of names and localities, consequent upon an inherited faculty, handed down from father to son for centuries.

General Niel became the marshal of France because he presented Empress Eugenia with a rose which, having no name, the empress said, "Ah, I will give it a name; it shall be the Marechal Niel"—thus informing the great soldier of his elevation to the coveted office of marshal of France. Never, surely, was honor more gracefully bestowed. Possibly, by some other name, it would look as beautiful and small as sweetly, but it would not have its present place in the history of France.

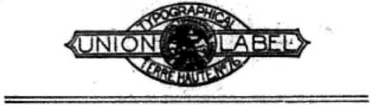
It is now affirmed that the Republican party at St. Louis, in formulating its money plank, drew largely from a speech once made by Jefferson Davis.

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ONE ISSUE.

The TIMES at this writing does not propose a discussion of the platforms of the various parties in the field of politics. Numerous and important propositions are set forth, all demanding more or less attention, but, fortunately, we think, there is but one supreme issue to be discussed during the campaign of 1896.

The Republican party, fearful of consequences, has sought to divert public attention from the one issue, that of free coinage, by injecting into the campaign the question of tariff, but the managers of that party have found that the people would not listen, and hence, against their will, the discussion is to be confined to the currency, or "silver vs. gold."

Four parties have held conventions; viz., the Republican party, the Democratic party, the Populist party, and the Free Silver party, and their declarations on the currency question are as follows:

The Republican party declared: "We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved."

That unequivocally commits the Republican party to gold,—par excellence, the gold-bug party.

The Democratic party in convention at Chicago said: We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract.

The Populist party in convention at St. Louis, adopted the following plank: We demand the free and unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the consent of foreign nations.

And the Silver party, in convention at St. Louis, said:

We are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard, and demand the immediate return to the constitutional standard of gold and silver, by the restoration by this government, independently of any foreign power, of the unrestricted coinage of gold and silver as the standard money at the ratio of 16 to 1, and upon terms of exact equality, as they existed prior to 1873.

And now, by common consent, as we have stated, the issue of the campaign is "silver vs. gold," and upon that single issue the battles of the campaign are to be fought.

Let it be understood, for it is incontrovertibly true that, gold stands for plutocracy, for the money power, for banks, trusts, monopolies, corporations, and anything and everything else that has contracted the currency, paralyzed business, decreased wages, degraded labor, and built upon the wrecks it has wrought colossal fortunes during the past twenty-five years that amaze the world, while silver stands for the toiling masses, for a larger currency per capita, for the revival of business, for advanced wages—in a word, for better conditions; propositions every one of which is susceptible of proof which will be forthcoming as the campaign proceeds.

An effort is being made by a class of gold-bug democrats, under the leadership of such apostates as Cleveland and Carlisle, Whitney and Hill, and others of their ilk who wrecked the Democratic party, to bring the convention in contempt, to organize a gold-bug Democratic party. They vauntingly proclaim that they are "democrats," and hope by the charm of the word to draw away men, and thus secure the election of McKinley. Their case is paralleled by that of Benedict Arnold, who had been a patriot, and who, having won the confidence of Washington, used his opportunities to betray his country for British gold.

Every one expected the Republican party would be anti-American. It has been, from the time it was whelped, the party of the "cod-fish" aristocracy. It was the Republican party that demonized the silver dollar and erected the gold standard. It was the Republican party that set the example of paying gold, when silver, by law, could have been used, and its vicious example has been followed by Grover Cleveland, and for this apostacy, he is said to the glory of the emancipated Democracy Cleveland was not indured at the Chicago convention.

The people have determined to right grievous wrongs, the result of vicious legislation, at the bottom of which is the gold standard infamy. The remonetization of the silver dollar

is the issue, and Americans, by the fiat of the ballot, are going to do it. On every wind that blows is borne the defiant determination of the people to everlastingly squelch British domination in American finances. As Grant would say, "It is the American Way," and from '76 to the present, Americans have had their way.

WATSON OR SEWALL.

In affirming our preference for Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, for the office of Vice-President, over Arthur Sewall, of Maine, the TIMES has no word of condemnation for the Maine democrat, nominated at Chicago as William J. Bryan's running mate.

For the first place on the ticket the Populist convention at St. Louis named William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. It was not a mere endorsement, not a complimentary resolution, but a nomination by roll call in regular order, making Bryan at all intents and purposes the Presidential candidate of the great Populist party.

But the Populist convention did not nominate Arthur Sewall, of Maine, for Vice-President. Why? Every reason need not be stated; but it may be affirmed that the convention was mastered by a purpose to assert its right to have a standard bearer in the pending campaign.

In storm and shine the Populist party has stood forth the champion of great and essential reforms in government. Never in the history of the government, except in the early days of the anti-slavery advocacy, was a party ever so vilified as has been the Populist party. It has endured a ceaseless pelting of vulgar epithets, anathemas, sarcasm and scurrility, and yet like an ocean steamer in spite of billows and storms it made steady, and often phenomenal, progress towards the goal of victory over all opposition, until it became a recognized and potent factor in political affairs; and having nominated William J. Bryan for President, it demands that his running mate shall be taken from the ranks of the Populist party.

In making this demand no parallels between Sewall and Watson are instituted, no questions of ability are mooted, but the claim is put forth and maintained that Watson stands for a principle that cannot be surrendered without merging the Populist party into the Democratic party, which would be not only humiliating to the last degree, but suicidal as well.

The Democratic party, under its new and brilliant leader, has an opportunity to achieve victory. It is the one tide in its affairs which, if seized, will bear William J. Bryan into the White House. If, however, vicious counsels prevail, the dazzling prize is likely to be lost. In a word, if Arthur Sewall retires and Thomas E. Watson becomes the running mate of William J. Bryan, the ticket will sweep the country like a tidal wave.

THE MONEY POWER IN POLITICS.

It is of supreme importance for those who have resolved to vote for the free coinage of silver, and for the emancipation of the people from the grasp of the money power, to be forewarned regarding the tactics of this money power of the country to defeat their patriotic purposes. A New York dispatch, of August 5th, refers to the fact that Hanna, McKinley's boss, himself a millionaire, is in that city arranging the ways and means to raise a half million dollars to elect the Republican gold-bug candidate for the presidency.

Hanna appointed a finance committee to raise the corruption fund required, and a list of contributors has been perfected. It includes forty-five multimillionaires, worth in the aggregate, \$552,250,000. In the list are such monstrosities of wealth as Rockefeller, set down at \$125,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; C. P. Huntington, \$60,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, Cleveland's bunco bond speculator, \$25,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, the armor blow-hole patriot, \$20,000,000, and so on down to \$2,000,000—the average of the forty-five being over \$12,000,000.

In addition to this list there is another, embracing twenty-four multimillionaires, set down at \$1,000,000 each, or \$24,000,000. Continuing the list there are ten names given, representing \$250,000 each, or \$2,500,000.

Leaving New York and its suburbs the corruption fund committee hies away to Chicago, where it finds thirty-six gold-bugs whose wealth is set down at \$44,000,000, placing P. D. Armour at \$5,000,000, when it should be not less than \$50,000,000, the purpose being, evidently, to deceive the public relative to the sum total of wealth represented by those who will subscribe to the Republican corruption fund.

In addition to the foregoing a list of sixty-nine names is furnished purporting to be worth \$100,000 each, or \$6,900,000, who will contribute to the corruption fund. The result as shown by the New York dispatch is that Hanna, McKinley's boss, will assess eighty-four persons, representing an aggregate wealth, as disclosed, amounting to \$630,200,000.

It is said that Hanna wants \$500,000 at once to inaugurate his corruption and bulldozing campaign. This amount he could raise by assessing the gold-bugs in the list supplied, at less than one tenth of one per cent on their wealth.

But it must be borne in mind that the gold-bugs of Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities are yet to have the searchlight turned upon them, which would doubtless send up the sum total available for assessment to \$1,000,000,000.

The inquiry arises, what is to be brought to bear against this enormous amount of wealth to secure the emancipation of the people from the clutches of gold-bugism?

The answer is ready. Nothing under heaven but the courage, the patriotic courage of the people, who, in this supreme hour of the nation's peril, will resist bribery and intimidation.

The ordeal will be severe. It will try men's souls. It will require sacrifices. But the outlook is that the patriotism of the people, as in '76, will be equal to the demand.

"MY PARTY, RIGHT OR WRONG."

A moment's reflection will not fail to disclose the fact that fealty to party, "right or wrong," is a dangerous position to occupy. In the first place, those who declare for "my party, right or wrong," never were, and in the nature of things never can be, the defenders of the right.

A party is right, not by virtue of majorities and victories. Right is right, and wrong is wrong, by irrevocable laws. It does not modify matters to make reference to man's fallibility, and point out that amidst the fog and dust resulting from discussion men are justified in casting aside their convictions while boasting of their devotion to their party, "right or wrong."

It is doubtless true that many men are so incompetent as not to be able to discern between right and wrong, and, therefore, upon certain propositions involving a commanding principle of right, are without convictions, and being thus unfortunate they are destitute of that courage called "moral courage," because having no convictions they have no use for courage to assert and defend them.

That there are multiplied thousands of this sort of human cattle, there is not the smallest requirement to spend time and breath to demonstrate. They can be found without searching for them, and when found, are heard proclaiming, "I am for my party, right or wrong."

As a matter of course, it is understood that we refer to political parties, but upon a broader plane, regardless of the question at issue, discussion involves the idea of party, and when men say, "I am for this or that party, 'right or wrong,' discussion—but another term for education—is no longer to him a matter of consequence. Whatever he is in favor of, he is for it 'right or wrong.' He is wedded to his idols and may as well let alone.

It is the language of the bigot, a class of people who never think, they simply yield a blind obedience to party dicta and shout, "I am for my party, right or wrong."

Davy Crockett's theory was, "First know you are right and then go ahead," and all men capable of wielding the ballot ought to know they are right. That is to say on a matter of supreme importance they should employ such opportunities as are afforded them to reach an honest conviction, in which case they may say, "I am satisfied my party is right, and therefore I support it." In which case the allegiance of the voter is to the right as he understands the right, and he at once becomes a sovereign citizen, of whom the country may be proud; for such men constitute the state. They know their rights and they dare defend them. They are men of convictions based upon study and thought. They are neither to be bought nor sold, and would as soon tear out their hearts and feed them to rats as to sell their votes for gold.

IN A NUT SHELL.

Labor is contending for wages, sufficient to make living respectable, to make life worth the living includes every problem relating to social progress and higher civilization.

Those who, for any assigned reason, whatever, seek to reduce wages, oppose social progress and a higher civilization meaningless terms unless the hosts of labor are included.

There can be no social progress, no higher civilization, if the great body of the people are impoverished, and therefore, necessarily, degraded.

True, it may be, that the rich may increase their wealth and live like the "rich man" we read of in great luxury, but social progress and higher civilization will be measured by the number of Lazaruses there are begging for bread. It was the exhortation of Christ to his disciples that they should "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," and this done, all other things required would be added. The idea was, that the Kingdom of God and his righteousness were the desiderata. In industrial affairs, the desideratum is wages, not so much as will suffice to retain in the body a ceaseless protesting soul, but such wages as will secure those additional things, the possession of which, contribute to social progress and a higher civilization.

The demand is, buy books, study economics, master the land question, the single tax problem, woman's rights, the initiative and referendum finance, etc., to the end of the chapter. What, in fact, the only question labor has to solve is

the wage question, and that settled satisfactorily at once, as if by enchantment, as if by a decree of Jehovah, all things labor requires for social progress for itself, is added.

Just wages brightens the laboring man's home, puts carpets on the floor and pictures on the wall, supplies books and decent apparel, wreathes the face of the care worn mother with smiles where troubles had written its wrinkles and baptizes the home with the melodious merriment of happy childhood.

Labor may have better wages and therefore better conditions, social progress and a higher civilization, the very day that it unifies for such things.

If labor is non-lacking insufficient common sense to unify for just demands, if it is yet content to be the blue tailed fly to be caught by the wily spider, if it votes for its enemies instead of its friends, all the placets and stars and suns rolling in space will be mere foot balls for angels to play with before it secures better conditions.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY UNION.

The RAILWAY TIMES is the official organ of the great order of the American Railway Union. At its last convention there were four hundred and thirty delegates present. These delegates represented their fellow workmen in every department of the railway service, and unawed and of their own volition they resolved unanimously, without a dissenting voice, to support the People's or Populist, party.

It may be said, indeed should be said, because it is true, that this unanimous vote of the delegates, committed none but themselves to any line of political action. In the American Railway Union no member, in taking upon himself the obligations of the order, surrenders his right to vote as he pleases, to affiliate with any party he may choose. No officer of the American Railway Union is clothed with autocratic power to direct his political course, to say where or when he may discuss political questions. As free and independent sovereign American citizens they scout all dictation. Being students of economic questions they saw distinctly that the crying need of reform demanded a new political party; that the old parties could not be trusted; and hence the unanimous vote of the delegates in convention indorsing the People's party.

The TIMES is not informed that any delegate has swerved one iota from his allegiance to the People's party, nor is it advised that there are A. R. U. men who will vote against the free coinage of silver as declared to be the policy of the party by its St. Louis convention.

This St. Louis convention not only declared for the free coinage of silver, 16 to 1, on an equality with gold, but it nominated William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, its standard bearer for the campaign of 1896.

William J. Bryan is the Democratic nominee for President; not of the old Democratic party, but of the new Democratic party—an emancipated party—emancipated from gold-bugism, emancipated from the dictation of Grover Cleveland, John G. Carlisle, Wall street and the Rothschilds; emancipated from the curse of trusts and corporations, and hence William J. Bryan, its standard bearer, was accepted at the Populist convention.

But the convention drew the line on Sewall, the nominee for Vice-President, and nominated Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, who, we do not doubt, will be the next Vice-President of the United States. At any rate, we predict that the members of the American Railway Union, true to the action of their delegates in convention, will be found during the coming campaign doing valiant service in the cause of free coinage and the emancipation of the people from the curse of gold-bugism.

EDUCATION.

Mr. Jacob Hogan is a contractor for building a reservoir near Hazleton, Pa. Jacob is for the gold standard all the time. He has three hundred foreigners in his employ, and though his bosses have been educating his "hands" to vote the gold standard ticket, represented by McKinley and Hobo—he had in his employ an under-boss who could speak the language of his imported cattle, who convinced them that the silver dollar was worth only 50 cents, and succeeded admirably. When pay day came around, the imported cattle concluded they would not take silver or paper and must have gold. Mr. Hogan had to confess that he was a liar, but the imported cattle were resolute and demanded gold. Jacob Hogan found that lying was a bad investment.

TROUBLE is brewing in Japan between employe and employer, and a Tokio paper, after summing up the outrages inflicted upon workers, says: "Unless such causes for just complaint are promptly removed, and factories and workshops are conducted in conformity with the principles of justice and humanity, the mechanics, at present mild-mannered and good-tempered, will be rendered desperate," and when the Japs get desperate something happens in the shape of an earthquake or a tidal wave.

There is an aphorism that "it's better to give than to receive," but there are four millions of idle people in the United States who reverse the saying.

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PAPERS.

Fundamental Reform.

BY WILLIAM A. GARRETTSON. I am with you in supporting the party in the present campaign that promises a larger volume of money. But it seems to me an increase of circulating medium can only have a trivial and transitory effect, so far as people who live by their labor is concerned.

If we abolish the monopolies of transportation and communication, so much complained of, and I think, justly, and establish a perfect system of finance, the final effect of it all will be to increase land values. The advantage will accrue to land holders. True, a larger volume of money will raise prices in money, of all things bought and sold. Wages will be more expressed in money, but not more in commodities.

All industrial improvements that are made, short of land reform itself, will be appropriated by land holders. The chief argument always advanced for voting railroad bonds is, that it will increase the value of land. Reduction of railroad rates has the same effect in the communities served by the roads. The improvement of police and fire departments in cities also increases land values.

Now, the increase of land values means the increased power in the hands of land holders to appropriate a share of the wealth produced without themselves participating in its production. It is the tribute that labor and capital must pay to landlordism for the privilege of producing wealth from the earth—the primary source, from which all wealth must come. And, as land is concentrated in fewer hands and population increases, the tribute exacted will be larger. That is to say, rent will be higher or land will be more valuable. Everybody knows this, and yet most people ignore it when thinking of remedies for industrial disease.

The one remedy that promises entire relief for all industry is the single tax, so called. That is, the taking for the use of the community that value produced by the community—the value that attaches to land—and no other. This would be equivalent to abolishing all taxes as we now have them. And, in addition, it would be equivalent to making land free. It would be equalizing natural opportunities. And, as there would be no profit in holding land without using it, the great majority of land now held would be let loose, so that laborers could employ themselves, if they could not find other suitable employment. Then there would be no such thing as a man being out of a job and unable to find it, nor having to work for less than he could earn.

Let us direct our energies towards this fundamental reform, and miss no opportunity to hasten its consummation.

Production and Distribution.

BY W. P. BORLAND. The March number of the Bulletin of the Department of Labor contains an editorial statement from the Commissioner of Labor in which he seeks to show the fallacy of a statement based on census averages, which has been going the rounds of the labor press, to the effect that while the average product per laborer is about \$1,900 annually, the wages paid amount to but \$347 per laborer, and assuming that the difference between these two amounts goes to the employers of labor The Commissioner states that all such statements are fallacious in their application.

"While the figures in themselves are in the main fairly correct," he says, "and the percentages so, the balance, or 82.2 per cent. does not go to the employer, but, as shown, largely for raw materials; and of the amount paid for raw materials the bulk goes to labor for their production."

The Commissioner is undoubtedly right in his main contention, namely, that the application of the census figures is fallacious, and that it is entirely erroneous to assume that all the difference between wages paid and value of individual product goes to the employer of labor, but still it remains true that there is a discrepancy between the actual cost of production and the market value of product which ought not to exist, and which is alone sufficient to stagnate industry with periodic regularity and consign countless thousands of workmen to idleness—a discrepancy, in fact, which constitutes a robbery of producers for the benefit of drones and parasites. According to the census of 1890 the number of wage receivers in the manufacturing and mechanical industries in the United States, including officers, firm members and clerks, and also women and children, was 5,157,809. The total wages paid these five million employees was \$2,283,216,529, making an average wage per employe of about \$445. The value of product in these industries was \$9,372,437,283, making an average product per employe of about \$1,900. It would, of course, be incorrect to assume that all the difference between the average wage and the average value of product went to employers of labor, because the value of product includes an amount of \$3,182,044,076 for cost of materials used, which item is as legitimate a part of cost of production as is wages, and which also includes a considerable portion of wages, as the Commissioner has stated. But, by adding together the wages paid and the cost of material, we shall find that there is a considerable discrepancy between cost of production and value of product which cannot be legitimately accounted for, and which is amply sufficient to breed disturbance in the market. Thus:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Value of product: \$9,372,437,283. Wages: \$2,283,216,529. Material: \$3,182,044,076. Total cost of production: \$7,445,260,605. Surplus value: \$1,927,176,678.

We here see that the value of product exceeds the cost of producing it, by the sum of nearly two billion dollars. In other words, the wage earners and owners of material have combined their efforts so as to create a product of a certain value, and in exchange for this they have received the power to command a product whose value is nearly two billion dollars less in magnitude than the one they have created. For purposes of illustration we may call the value of product 9, the wages paid 3, and the cost of material 5. We thus

have a product valued at nine, while those who have combined their efforts for its production have received but 5 plus 3 equal 8 in exchange for it. It is self-evident, then, that an annual product to the value of one-ninth of the total product must be set aside. This cannot be touched by its producers, since they cannot purchase nine with eight. For producing nine the workers and purveyors of material must receive in exchange a consuming power equal to nine in order that they may be able to enjoy their own product, and, further, in order that production may continue without interruption. It is a mathematical necessity that, under the condition shown, one-ninth of the total product must be accumulated and set aside annually,—must be placed entirely beyond the reach of its producers, as they are deprived of their consuming power just to that extent. If one-ninth of the product is accumulated each year, in nine years there is a whole year's production on hand. Then markets begin to fail; factories shut down; and our fat-witted political economists begin to talk about overproduction. Production is curtailed, and in many cases stopped entirely, because deprived of the consuming power which supports it; the workers are cast into idleness, and are forced to suffer the pangs of hunger in the midst of an abundance of wealth which their labor has created, and which they cannot touch, simply because the conditions of exchange are such as to deprive them of adequate consuming power. So long as the owners of the product are able to invade and conquer new markets adequate to the absorption of their accumulated surplus, production keeps on going somehow, but, as this condition of inequality is the basic principle of modern industry, and as it holds away in every branch of industrial effort throughout the civilized world, it is inevitable that production must periodically run up against a dead wall. This is the factor that oppresses the workers. It is not so much the degree as it is the nature of the robbery that causes the trouble. So long as the rent and interest receivers are permitted to retain command over a vast portion of the product of combined industry, for the mere grant of privilege for production to be carried on, and without producing any value whatever in return for such command, the workers must remain slaves to their necessities, and must expect to be periodically afflicted with idleness and starvation.

Land and Money.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice that in your issue of July 1, you give excellent reasons for placing the money question secondary to the land question, but that you finally say that in the present campaign the land question must wait,—that the money question is the most important. It certainly seems to me, however, that more money would mean higher rents, not higher wages, as long as land remains private property.

As long as workmen of all sorts can not have ready access to opportunities every time circumstances make necessary a change of employer, so long will there be more men than jobs; and no amount of minted money can come into their hands, because their only commodity which they have to exchange for the mint drops, labor, is not in demand.

The present campaign, which has for one of its principal objects, however, the coining of more money, for somebody, is one of education; and I rejoice that it is so much out of the common run. In New York, Mr. Bryan, as the Democratic nominee, will, in my opinion, have a phenomenal welcome. I would be glad to have you print my suggestion in your widely circulated paper, that study of the land question is fully as important as ever this particular year, above all others. HENRY G. SEAVER. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Land Question.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been shown a copy of your paper for July 1st, and an article contained therein under the caption "The Land Question and the Money Question." Please permit me to call your attention to the fact that more money would simply mean higher rents or a rise in the speculative value of land. I myself hold for speculative purposes land in your own state of Indiana, in Minnesota and Michigan. A larger volume of circulating medium would necessarily increase the price I can extort for my holdings; but I cannot see that it would raise wages any. If higher wages should follow, however, it will be absorbed by higher rents.

AXEL G. BURMAN. CADILLAC, MICH.

SONG OF THE DAY LABORER.

Sharpen the sickle! The fields are white: 'Tis the time of the harvest at last. Reapers be up with the morning light Ere the blush of youth is past. Why stand on the highway and lounge at the gate With a summer day's work to perform? If you wait till the hiring, 'tis long you may wait, Till the hour of the night and the storm. Sharpen the sickle! How proud they stand In the pomp of their golden grain! But I'm thinking 'ere noon, 'neath the sweep of my hand, How many may lie on the plain. Though the ditch be wide and the fence be high, There's a spirit will carry us o'er; For God never meant his people to die In sight of so rich a store.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW would like to be President of the United States, not for the salary, because the employe on the Vanderbilt system pay him now \$50,000 a year, but for the honor there is in the office. But Chauncey hired Pinkertons to go out upon his roads armed with Winchester to shoot strikers—and though P. M. Arthur may approve the course pursued by Depew, the President of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. will never be president of the United States.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE SPECTACULAR PINKERTON PRESIDENT OF THE N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

The After Dinner Water-Plug Orator, Locomotive Engineer Patron, Vanderbilt Brass Trumpet, and Boot-Licker.

The subject of this sketch is almost as well known as Mr. Sullivan, the great nose smasher. The difference between the two is in the way they exhibit themselves in the ring; Mr. Sullivan using his fists, and Chance, his mouth.

It is by no means an easy task to describe Depew's acrobatic and gymnastic accomplishments. He can dance a rope, ride the flying trapeze, stand on his head, perform double somersaults, ride the trick mule, and all these things he does so admirably that Vanderbilt regards him as the most accomplished buffoon, jester and jack-pudding in America. And it is just here that the strange accomplishments astonish his admirers—they are all performed by his mouth.

by Vanderbilt that he can make Chance's mouth serve the purpose of a bugle, a horse-fiddle, a Chinese gong, or a rattle-box. Chance can talk like a parrot or a crow with a split tongue; he can bray like an ass, gabble like a goose, squeal like a pig, or if occasion requires, trumpet like an elephant, spout like a whale or gush like a water-plug.

So much at home as at a big dinner. Seen at his best, with paunch distended with wind and champagne, he is as erudite as an owl. Then, says Vanderbilt, Chance's mouth becomes extraordinarily phenomenal. A dose of salts could not perform its work more thoroughly. It opens and shuts automatically, like a patent fly-trap. It sprays like the nozzle of a garden hose, or can squirt for an hour a steady stream of water gruel the size of a straw at the audience, eliciting rounds of applause. On such occasions Chance is an "amuzin' cuss."

Originally Depew was not an aristocrat. In this regard, however, he has been debauched, though still retaining some of his democratic inheritance, to this extent at least, that he does not seek for soap and water every time he shakes hands with a person worth less than \$10,000,000. But it was a long time before Chance could secure admission to the charmed circle of McAllister's 400—indeed, the "blue points" usually close their shells against him now, unless they want a Merry Andrew to make them titter.

Once or twice a year Chance takes trips to Yurup, the purpose being recreation, health-seeking, and to advertise the Vanderbilts, just as the Rothschilds send agents to America to represent their great financial concern; Chance being known as "Vanderbilt's man." On such occasions, as Cornele foots the bills, Chance spreads himself out as thick as a gallon of molasses on a corn dodger.

English royalty and nobility, as a matter of course, believe in titles, and when Chance writes his name in a hotel register, "Chauncey M. Depew, P. N. Y. C. H. R. R. R." Lunnun's aristocracy is all agog to be introduced, to see the Prince of Nincompoopland, the Yaha of Corneleton, and His Royal Highness, Rip Rocket Robusticus from beyond the sea, and cards pour in upon him, carriages line up on the street, and Chance is in the swim up to his eyes. Engaging sixteen parlors and ten sleeping rooms, he awaits the arrival of his seventy-five trunks, looks over the cards, orders a dinner for one hundred of the nobility, and then in an open carriage hauled by four high steppers, drives through Rotten Row and awaits results.

Meanwhile, Chance gets out his comic almanac and maps out his after dinner speech. Old jokes are turned inside out, refurbished, painted red, white and blue, to suit the various tastes, and this done, Chance proceeds to trick himself out in court dress and waits for the guests to arrive.

The Prince of Wales being very drunk on one occasion concluded forthwith to present Chance to the Queen. The Prince disregards all formalities when visits the Queen's palace. Everything stands aside when the carriage of the Prince is announced, and the old Queen yields ready obedience to the wishes of her son. On this occasion the Prince wrote on a card that he desired to present his friend, the Prince of Nincompoopland, the Yaha of Corneleton, and His Royal Highness, Rip, Racket Robusticus, from beyond the sea. The

Queen, thinking that some potentate from India was waiting to be received, immediately mounted the throne, donned her crown, while the herald shouted to the Prince, "Come on." The Prince and Chance entered the throne room, the Prince bowed very low, and then straightened up, said, "It is my pleasure, your majesty, to present my friend, the Prince of Nincompoopland, the Yaha of Corneleton, etc., etc., to your majesty." The Queen replied, reading from the card, "It is the pleasure of the Queen of England and Empress of India to welcome to England her loyal subject, the Prince of Nincompoopland, the Yaha of Corneleton, and His Royal Highness, Rip, Racket Robusticus, who will be lodged in one of my castles during his stay in England, and be fed at the expense of my people while he remains my guest."

It was at this supreme juncture that Chance met with a great misfortune which created consternation in the throne room and throughout the palace. Chance, in attempting to bow obsequiously low, occasioned a rent in his court breeches. Fortunately the gap was not large, and the Prince of Wales not being quite as drunk as when he entered the throne room, got Chance in front of him and managed to get him out, when the court tailor was summoned and the rent repaired at an expense of "five pun ten." But even to this day the Queen's family indulge in uproarious hilarity when the incident connected with the presentation of the Prince of Nincompoopland is recalled.

Whatever Chance may be abroad, when at home he takes great pride in being known as a horny handed workman, so devoted to their interests that he can, when conditions require it, hire Pinkerton thugs to shoot down railroad employes in the interest of his master. And yet there is one great brotherhood of toilers, whose chief is well on the road to millionairehood, and who is never more delighted than when the Prince of Nincompoopland is addressing his subjects.

Though the Prince of Nincompoopland, as Gov. Altgeld says, may not know on which end of a steer the horns grow, he knows on which side his bread is buttered, and like the professors in Rockefeller's university, where his money comes from. A plutocrat and parasite, a scyophant and a snob, Chauncey M. Depew, like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, is an "amuzin' cuss."

THE SITUATION.

"Then Freedom sternly said I shun No strife nor pang beneath the sun, Where human rights are staked and won."

There is war. Don't you forget it. Agitators are abroad. They are arousing the people. They are on all the highways. Dianna ye hear the slogan? There is neither rest nor peace. British gold is doing its work. The Hessians have arrived. The Benedict Arnolds are selling out. The Tories are the same as in '76. The battle is on. "Old Glory" on one side. British gold on the other side, The tory cry is we can stand only with England's help.

Patriots appealing to the God of Washington declare "we can and will stand alone." That is the situation.

Choose ye this day whom you will serve—rings out over the land.

If gold is your god, serve him. The gold-bug Nebuchadnezzars have erected their golden image.

They have commanded the people to fall down and worship it.

They have prepared their roasting furnaces for those who disobey.

Now listen to the multiplied millions of men who indignantly defy these gold-bugs.

Their voice is like a thousand Nigars.

It rolls and roars in tumultuous thunder tones.

It rolls down from the mountains. It spreads over the plains.

It is a tidal wave of the true American spirit.

It deluges the west, the south, the northwest, the southwest and invades the east.

It inspires the loftiest patriotism and dauntless courage.

Cowards realized that within them there is a grain of American independence.

They shake off their lethargy and like Peter the Hermit, lead in the crusade.

The shrines of liberty are in danger. The nation is again in peril. They will rescue the shrines. They will save the nation.

Who shall stay the march of these mighty hosts of American patriots? Can you drown the roar of Niagara with a tin whistle?

Can you arrest the march of a cyclone with a straw?

Can you bale the ocean dry with a pint cup?

Nay, verily. Nor can the goldbugs with all Europe combined, arrest the mighty force of patriotic Americans to emancipate the country from the grasp of shylocks.

The battle is on—and now every man to his tent. The London newspapers will not support Bryan.

BOYCOTT THE SWEAT SHOP OF J. W. LOSSE!

SIXTH STREET BETWEEN MORGAN STREET AND FRANKLIN AVENUE.

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they travel all over the South and West. You should insist on having a Union Label on all your garments.

All union men, look out for his agents, as The above is a fac-simile of the Union Label of the J. T. U. of America. Fraternally, LOCAL UNION NO. 11, St. Louis, Mo.

THE MONEY POWER.

LOCATED IN LONDON, WHERE IT HAS ERECTED ITS THRONE.

It Dictates the Policy of Nations, Holds Them in Perpetual Subjugation Including the United States.

It is well said by the Tacoma Sun that, "Every true American must blush at the cowardly attitude of his country in view of the terrible Spanish atrocities in Cuba. Never, in the history of the world, has there been another such an exhibition of national cowardice. There is but one explanation for its extraordinary lethargy on the part of a great people in their refusal to call a halt to the butchery and torture of defenseless women, youths and babes at their very doors by a conquering nation long celebrated for their cruel, tyrannous, bloodthirsty propensities. War between America and Spain would depreciate the value of their securities in the hands of the Rothschilds.

There was a time when an Ecclesiastical power made servants of kings and emperors and controlled the affairs of nations. That power has been gradually weakening for three centuries. But, in the last 200 years, a power has sprung up in the heart of London, which, by comparison, dwarfs the power of Rome whether under a Caesar or a Pope. The great money octopus that has its home in Threadneedle street, London, and surrounds the globe with its greedy tentacles, has the world for a chess board and kings, emperors, queens and presidents are but as pawns under its guidance and control. This money power enslaves nations and represses revolutions. It prevented interference in the Armenian massacres just as it holds back America from visiting direful retribution upon the heads of the semi-barbarous Spaniards in Cuba."

LUCK AND PLUCK.

We have immense faith in "pluck," and not even a little bit in "luck," and in a general way indorse the following from an exchange that, "While ten men watch for chances, one man makes chances; while ten men wait for something to turn up, one man turns something up; so, while ten fail, one succeeds, and is called a man of luck—the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent to fortune." Under normal conditions, plucky men may create "chances" or turn "something" up, but when conditions are as at present, opportunities for creating chances and turning "something" up are reduced to a beggarly minimum. There are some people specially equipped for creating chances or opportunities. We know a man who is master of three trades—a cooper, a molder and a bricklayer. The chances for him to obtain employment are three times greater than falls to the lot of men with but one trade, and indefinitely superior to him who has no trade.

Not long ago, a graduate of Yale university took a position as conductor on a street railway in the city of New York. He sunk his pride of scholarship, threw aside his Greek and Latin, his classic lore, and accepted what he could get to earn a living. He was plucky to the backbone, and would probably run a garbage cart rather than beg or commit suicide. But after all is said, there are multiplied thousands of men who cannot make chances for employment, nor turn up anything whereby to better their conditions regardless of pluck. When the machine takes from a man his employment as it has done all over the land, in thousands of instances, the men thus deprived of work and wages, are, in a vast majority of cases, stranded, they drift like abandoned bark on the billows. They are utterly unable to make chances or to turn up anything whereby to earn a living, and it is this deplorable state of affairs that is now creating unrest and alarm throughout the land. The money power controls chances and opportunities. It is to change these conditions, that the country is now entering upon a campaign of reform.

THE ST. LOUIS EVENING JOURNAL.

The magnificent work done by the St. Louis Evening Journal during the Populist convention excited universal admiration. The convention proceedings were handled fully, accurately and with consummate skill. The staff of the Journal are to be heartily congratulated upon their splendid achievement. The Journal has confessedly won its spurs on a paper of the people and merits their unflinching confidence and support.



The End Of the Trip

is quite certain to find one sadly in need of a clean collar. Collar-wise railroad men wear the collar that can be made clean in a moment by simply wiping it with a damp sponge or cloth. This collar is water-proof. It is the only genuine interlined collar with a "celluloid" surface and it keeps them clean.



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MEXICO PROSPEROUS

FREE SILVER IN MEXICO, INSTEAD OF SENDING BUSINESS

To the Bow Wows Makes the Country Prosperous, Exploding the Clap-Trap of American Gold-Bugs.

Nothing is more frequently heard than the assertion, if the United States adopts the free coinage of silver, the country will, at once, reach conditions prevailing in Mexico which, according to the declarations of gold-bug alarmists, are deplorable.

It appears that some months since, Congressman Newland, representing Nevada, addressed a letter to Alexander R. Shepherd, formerly a prominent politician and business man of Washington, but of late years a resident of Mexico, and well acquainted with Mexican affairs, requesting his views relating to business conditions in Mexico.

In response to Congressman Newland's letter, Mr. Shepherd writes as follows: "I have been a resident of Mexico since 1880. When I first went there the ratio between silver and gold was 15 1/2 to 1. The first exchange I bought was at the rate of 15 per cent. in coin silver on a New York draft.

THEIR OWN MANUFACTURING.

As an instance of this I may cite Chihuahua as an example. An iron foundry and machine shop was established there some time ago with \$60,000 capital, for the purpose of manufacturing the mining and other machinery for which there was a large and growing demand in that vicinity, and which was formerly supplied by the United States.

CHEAP CLOTHING.

all of which was formerly purchased in the United States and Europe, is now manufactured in Mexico. At Chihuahua a canning establishment, with a capital of \$1,500,000, is now being organized for the purpose of preserving meat and fruits, and a large brewery, with a capital of \$200,000, is being put in operation.

DEVELOPMENT IS STEADY

and remarkable throughout. In the northwest part of Mexico a railroad will be built within the next year, running from El Paso to a point south of Corralites, a distance of 250 miles, opening up a country rich in mines and agricultural resources.

THE CONDITIONS OF THE PEOPLE

have improved correlatively with the development of the country. The district of El Fuerte, which furnishes the part of the mountains in which mines are located, has doubled in population in the past fifteen years and its productive capacity correspondingly increased.

MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

was first opened it was thought that the northern part of it would be unremunerative. The opening of mines and the development of agriculture along this portion, however, has made it one of the most profitable sections of the world.

to be maintained, as it enabled the Mexicans to keep their money IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

Other Mexican financiers with whom I have talked hold the same views. There have been but two or three bank failures in Mexico since I have resided there. The Mexican banks are required to keep one-third of their circulation in silver dollars in their vaults.

GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORS and receive silver dollars in return for it in any part of the country where there is an assay office, the government tax and cost being about 4 1/2 per cent.

Perhaps the best sign of the stability of Mexico under a silver policy may be found in the fact that Mexican 5 per cent. bonds stand at 93 in London.

MISS WILLIAMS AND THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Some time ago the announcement was made that Miss Anna W. Williams, of Philadelphia, was to be married—and some papers announced the fact by saying, "the Goddess of Liberty is about to be married."

As we write, a silver dollar, face upwards lies on our table, and we suspend writing for a minute to contemplate the profile of a beautiful American woman on the American coin, for which unlimited coinage is now demanded by the great body of the American people.

EN PASSANT.

Paris is now afflicted with female burglars.

Hypocrites go long on faces and short on faith.

Idleness goes barefooted—thanks to plutocracy.

Said Napoleon, "An army marches on its stomach."

The sack of the poor man is just now full of nothing.

The United States boasts of 132,639 Sunday schools.

A French doctor has discovered a sure cure for leprosy.

The annual income of old Prince Bismark is \$217,500.

Governor Shoup, of Idaho, won fame by fighting Indians.

Writers of biography, like Ananias, keep back one-half.

Wyoming sheep raisers are called "mutton magnates."

She loved him passionately, but she loved alimony better.

It is not surprising that the ice trust freezes out competition.

The great pearl industry is carried on by oysters in profound silence.

Carlisle don't sing now-a-days, "O, carry me back to old Kentuck."

In July, a man who goes bareheaded enjoys the luxury of roasting ears.

The United States produced, for the year 1895, 309,748,000 pounds of wool.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman, is the son of a silly wood-cutter.

A syndicate paid McKinley's debts and is waiting for McKinley to refund.

If a man can keep the flies off of him in August he is not to be regarded as lazy.

To give a man employment cures many ills which M. D.'s are not acquainted with.

Weeping willows don't cry over the dead. They seem to know it does no good.

A police judge says he would rather deal with a street fight than a family quarrel.

The eastern democratic rodents are likely to want a new set of teeth before November.

The question before the nation is, "can the nation stand alone?" Sixteen to one she can.

Universities may make scholars, but it takes a tailor to make a gentleman, now-a-days.

The gold-bugs are for anything golden except the golden rule. For that they prefer brass.

Idle hands are the skeleton hands that are now writing the doom of the money power.

Napoleon McKinley is to meet Wellington Bryan. Waterloo is the near distance. See.

Talk as much as you please about McKinley, Mark Hanna heads the Republican ticket.

The battle of the Boyne was fought July 12, 1690, but strange to say, the battle is still on.

A judge was not a little puzzled by a witness who refused to swear in the presence of ladies.

E. J. Marey has ascertained that a house fly moves its wings 330 times a second when flying.

Asia is now purchasing American hogs by the ship load. In that direction trade is bristling up a little.

The downfall of soot in London is estimated at 1,000 tons a month, about ten tons to the square mile.

A murderous crank tried to kill President Faure of France, while celebrating the "fall of the Bastille."

Methodist Bishop McCabe was for a time confined in Libby prison, during the late "unpleasantness."

Queen Victoria has decided not to give another draw-ing-room. This is sad news to Chauncey M. Depew.

The moment a man becomes intimately acquainted with himself the swelling of his head begins to disappear.

The Russian czar was coronated while standing on an American-made carpet, manufactured at Yonkers, N. Y.

As between the last lay of the hen and the last lay of the minstrel, the former is to be preferred for breakfast.

A man who was losing his health by worrying over his debts was advised to let the other fellow do the worrying.

The doctors invent so many new names for old diseases that people no longer know what is the matter with them.

Vermont has eleven living ex-Governors. Very little wear and tear is required to be governor of the sugar tree state.

The Chicago bolters are now called "Yellow-democrats," and Republicans salute them by saying "Yell, O, Democrats!"

Prohibitionists believe that free coinage will advance the price of whiskey. They would like to see it up to a dollar a drink.

There may be sixteen little failings to one over-mastering defect in character, and when that one is found the sixteen come to the front and exclaim in chorus, "I told you so."

Wm. D. Bynum, who stigmatized labor as a "commodity," has been purchased

by the gold-bugs, to fertilize Indiana for the purpose of producing more gold bugs.

The young Duke of Orleans calls himself Philip VII. King of France. He has no crown, and if not careful he'll have no head.

The estimate is that on the route between England and India there is at the bottom of the sea gold and jewels worth \$4,000,000,000.

A man with nothing in his pockets but his hands and nothing in his hands but his pockets, has nothing for a foot-pad to covet.

Catching toads to get the jewels out of their heads was suggested by Shakespeare, but the business has never pan'd out satisfactorily.

Mark Hanna says Napoleon McKinley is not out hunting for a Waterloo, and therefore will not meet Wellington Bryan on the stump.

The new representative of the Pope in the United States is Mgr. Diomedo Faleno, an American citizen who was naturalized in 1871.

It is said that fortune knocks once at every man's door. If so, in numerous instances the good old dame must knock with a gloved hand.

Things are going to the bow wows, because the time was when only day laborers smoked a pipe. Now millionaires engage in that luxury.

"Life's not worth the living, and what have I to live for?" said Carl Ransom, of Evanston, Ill, then he blew his brains out with a borrowed pistol.

It is a mistake to suppose the millionaire Fairbanks, who was the St. Louis "temporary chairman," is the inventor of the renowned hay scales.

Among Cleveland's assets, when an inventory is made, an indorsement of his administration by the Chicago convention will not be found.

Mr. Justice Harlan, of the U. S. supreme court, will wrestle with the question, "can a woman, in Ohio, be a notary public?" If not, why not?

Missionaries down in Africa, near the Cameroom mountains, are of the opinion that the best way to convert cannibals is to shoot religion into them.

In New Jersey, Hobo's state, men are arrested for snoring and the case may go to the supreme court to determine if it is a constitutional right to snore.

Col. Joe Lefell, only 46 inches tall, wants to be mayor of Springfield, Ohio, and may get there. He averts he looks as much like Napoleon as McKinley.

Of the number of soldiers who participated in the struggle to save the union 1,122,000 are now living, and on June 30, 1896, 970,254 were drawing pensions.

In the government tragedy now being enacted, the "heavy villains" are such masked Christians as Rockefeller, Pullman, Carnegie and others of that kidney.

It is held that every sin which finds lodgment in the human heart breeds a family of sins. Hence the necessity for "round ups," to kill 'em, a la jack rabbits.

The wings of gold-bugs, by the time the campaign is over will have the appearance of having been flitting around Jay Gould's palace on Brimstone boulevard.

John D. Rockefeller is quoted as saying, "The good Lord gave me my money," and he could have said, "the good Lord gave a rattlesnake its rattles and its fangs."

The Gould investments in Western Union and Manhattan yields an annual income of \$4,500,000, equal to 6 per cent on \$75,000,000, about one-half of which is water.

Swindling is an art, an old swindle in a new form, in the hands of an expert, catches the same old sucker every time. Some people appear to be born to be swindled.

McKinley neglected his own affairs and lost, not only what he had accumulated, but also his wife's patrimony. Is it safe to have such a man in charge of public affairs?

A man recites that he is 38 years old, and during his life has had 41,610 meals, costing \$8,000, or less than two cents a meal. He was probably one of Pullman's employes.

For fifty years the British parliament has been discussing bills to permit a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister, and the indications now are that the widowers will win.

A Paris musician, who played a big fiddle, being unable to earn enough money to live, even on "old hoes" crawled into his fiddle and died. A real poetical and musical idea.

Carlisle once said that a man carried about under his hat a private theater, some times a wheel factory, a circus, a menagerie, and sometimes nothing more important than a billiard ball.

Anna Gould de Castelane has informed her titled dude that she has made the last draw on her money for him to throw away. After the divorce she proposes to have something left for her old age.

A Georgia free silver democrat stated the platform upon which he stands by saying, "I never was in the war; never hollered at the surrender and never killed anybody that let me alone,

and the only thing I know about the financial question is this: I need money."

It is affirmed if anything should happen, by which the earth should be attracted within 250,000 miles of the sun, it would be reduced to vapor in about five minutes. A good subject for Spread Eagle Talmage.

A little girl at a kindergarten tea party boasted that she had a hen that "lays an egg every day." "Oh, my," said another little girl, "my grandpapa can beat your hen, cause, the other day he laid a corner stone."

Cuvier ascertained that the human brain is the one twenty-eighth part of the body, while the brain of the horse is only one-four hundredth part of its body, and still, a great many men are wanting in horse sense.

Pigs squeal, puppies whine, asses bray and geese squeak, but workmen who know their rights and have the courage to defend their rights, neither, squeal, whine, bray nor squeak, they simply use their ballots to better their conditions.

As an argument in favor of evolution, a report comes from Welden, Germany, that a radish has been grown near that place, in the exact form of a baby, even to the fingers and toes. To maintain a party France will have to turn up something as extraordinary.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits?"

From 1873, when John Sherman established the gold standard by the demonetization of the silver dollar, down to and including 1894, the commercial failures in the United States numbers 112,599, having liabilities amounting to \$4,157,274,910, or about double the amount of the cost of the war of the rebellion.

At sea, when the billows threaten to engulf the ship, oil poured upon the water inspires the hopes of outriding the storm. In this line, California hopes to cure industrial ills by raising castor beans, and the Altruism seconds the motion by suggesting that repeated doses of castor oil may prove to be the desideratum.

There is no law establishing what is called a "party fund" of \$100,000,000 or any other amount, and hence, Grover Cleveland has been during a time of profound peace loading the people with millions of debt to maintain a fund, which never was authorized by any law, and this has been done in the interest of gold gamblers.

A pious Episcopalian, who had bought and paid for his pew, was so infernally selfish that he did not want an intruder in it. On one occasion he found a stranger in his pew. He felt exceedingly indignant, and in reciting the incident said, "I would not disturb divine service by putting him out violently. The only thing I could do with propriety was to sit on his hat."

A 4th of July orator, in a burst of eloquence, said: "This is the 120th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Glorious country, you know, and all that. Land full of tramps, or unemployed. Strikes and bread riots east and west, north and south. Let the eagle scream; maybe the screams of the proud bird of freedom will drown the groans of the poverty-stricken people.

Here's to the American eagle— Proud bird of freedom, all hail: Whom no man can "inveigle" Or put salt on its beautiful tail."

Don't forget it, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and the prostrate, bleeding forms and the broken skulls of workmen at Cleveland and elsewhere in this land of poverty and progress will yet have a hearing. Clubs, gunpowder and bullets will not always be trumps in the game of liberty. Spades will yet have an inning and the graves they will dig will not all be for men beaten down by the club of policemen, or shot down by soldiers in the employ of plutocrats.

An observatory is to be erected upon the top of mount San Miguel, eighteen miles from San Diego, Cal. The observatory is to have the largest telescope in the world, with an object lens 100 feet in diameter, which will enable astronomers to see the inhabitants of mars, if that planet has inhabitants; learn all about its canals, and as for the moon, it will be inspected as minutely as if the observer were walking over its surface. Indeed, we are to be made acquainted with stellar wonders to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

A young man, giving his name as Holiday, 21 years old and well dressed, tried to commit suicide by jumping into the Chicago river, some days ago. After he was rescued, against which he fought desperately, he said, "I am out of work and out of money. I have walked the streets for days, looking for work, but could find nothing. I resolved to commit suicide rather than starve." Willing to work, but out of money, for want of work, life had no attraction for him. The alternative presented to the young man was crime or death. Surrounded by plenty, he was starving. He would not steal. The case illustrates conditions.

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