

A WESTERN TOUR.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILWAY UNION

Invited to Visit Leadville, Col., and Assist in Finding a Solution of the Miners' Strike Against Oppression.

For seven or eight months a strike of the miners of Leadville, Col., against the autocratic policy of the mine owners...

"CLOUDLAND CITY" OF LEADVILLE into a military camp was very gratifying to the mine owners, because the army permitted them to pursue their unjust policy toward their employees...

A LOSING GAME. The strike, necessarily, became a losing game to all concerned. It was a wage loss to the strikers, an income loss to the mine owners...

MINERS' FEDERATION of the West invited Eugene V. Debs to visit Leadville to contribute his knowledge and experience in bringing about an adjustment of the difficulties...

The Rocky Mountain News of January 11th contains a lengthy interview with Mr. Debs, in which he is reported as saying, "I desire to look over the camp (at Leadville) which has been maintained against the miners...

The hall where Mr. Debs spoke contained fully 1700 people, and many were compelled to go away because they could not enter the hall.

The editor of the Courier says he stood at the entrance for an hour and a half watching the people assemble. He studied the faces of the men and women as they came.

My trip is for the purpose of looking the West over and seeing what I should advise in the special session of the A. R. U. next spring. There never were as many idle men in the country as there are now.

At Denver, the time of Mr. Debs was continually occupied. He was everywhere in demand. Newspaper reporters were asking for interviews...

looks like a man who may be relied upon in any emergency." At the Windsor hotel, Mr. Debs graphically recounted to friends, who were present, the story of the A. R. U. strike.

AT TURNER HALL. At this place a vast assembly gathered to hear Mr. Debs. The Rocky Mountain News of January 12th, in reporting the meeting, said:

The audience was almost entirely of workingmen and women, some of whom had not even had time to doff their working garb, so anxious had they been to surely gain admittance to the hall.

The really superior man concedes the necessity of relieving his less fortunate brothers (applause), and I would not do it by charity.

Mr Debs paid a glowing tribute to the Rev. Myron W. Reed. He said: There is a Myron W. Reed (continued applause), a true follower of the Man of Sorrow, who is preaching without fear the gospel of righteousness.

The Pueblo Courier of January 15th, prints a glowing description of Mr. Debs' address in that city—saying, "it would be impossible for the Courier to give an adequate report of the speech made by Eugene V. Debs in the Columbia Theater last Tuesday night under the auspices of the Central Trades and Labor Union."

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and we believe we have moved up a degree or two in the public estimation. Debs has a wonderful hold upon the people. This we attribute solely to a great and undying love for his fellow man...

AT LEADVILLE. The Leadville Miner, in its issue of January 14th, says: The thirteenth day of January, 1897, will long be remembered by the organized workers of Leadville as one of the most important in the history of the great strike lockout.

A GALA DAY. The street parade presented a sight probably never before witnessed in this city. A conservative estimate placed the number in line at from 2,500 to 3,000 men and boys, and it is safe to say that fully two-thirds of the number were members of the Miners' union.

Marshals of the day, P. B. Turnbull, on horseback. Musicians' band. Carriage containing the orator of the day, Pres. Boyce, and Messrs. Glynn and Taylor.

BANNERS AND TRANSPARENCIES. Many fine banners and striking transparencies were borne by the marchers. Four were carried by the Newsboys, bearing the following inscriptions:

"The Gibraltar of Future Labor Organizations." "Cloud City Newsboys' Union." "No Scabs Here." "We are a Unit."

AT THE OPERA HOUSE. Weston opera house probably never before held such a vast crowd as assembled there yesterday afternoon to listen to America's renowned labor champion—Eugene V. Debs.

Mr. Taylor's speech was liberally applauded; but when he closed by saying, "I have now, ladies and gentlemen, the pleasure of introducing to you America's greatest champion, Eugene V. Debs," and Mr. Debs stepped forward, the applause was tumultuous, and lasted several seconds.

The speech of Mr. Debs was in his characteristic vein, and he occupied the stand for about two hours. He began by saying:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you from the depths of my heart for this manifestation of your good will, which I appreciate far more than words of mine can express.

out of employment, and that is when a man submits to being stripped of his manhood and independence without protest. There are times under the present industrial system when a strike is not only justifiable but becomes an imperative duty.

I am with the miners in their present trouble for two reasons. In the first place, they are poor. In the next place, they are right. I do not countenance, nor do I attempt to justify violence.

I would treat the mine owners in this controversy just precisely as I would be treated were I in their place. I would not intentionally do a wrong to the mine owners nor to any one else.

The standard by which we measure men's success or failure is the dollar. (Applause) I believe that American manhood and American womanhood are of infinitely more importance.

Let us have a little more real private character. Rely less upon others and more upon ourselves. I am sometimes called a leader, but I am nothing of the sort.

Neither the Governor of Colorado, Mr. Boyce, nor Mr. Debs, singly or all combined, could induce the mine owners to arbitrate the questions at issue between them and their employees...

Plutocratic employers, arrogant and oppressive, disregard not only the rights of employees, but are also deaf to all appeals to reason, justice and humanity.

Where they arrived January 21. Referring to Mr. Debs' arrival, the morning Times of the 23rd, said:

"Eugene V. Debs, known the world over as the champion of organized labor, arrived in Cripple Creek yesterday. He was accompanied by Edward Boyce, president of the Western Federation of Miners."

"We have not been true to ourselves. Our lot is hard, but we can do something for ourselves. Every man can solve the labor problem for himself. Mix thought with your toll. Read, think. In due course of time the way will be plain to a betterment of the present conditions."

the mining city of Victor, where he was received with every demonstration of friendship and confidence.

During his stay in Victor he visited and examined a number of the great gold mines in that locality, and delivered an address to an immense audience in Armory hall. The Victor Recorder said: " * * * Then came Mr. Debs, whose introduction brought forth a storm of applause."

While at Victor Mr. Debs addressed a large legislative committee on a tour of inspection relating to legislation. At the banquet tendered the committee, Mr. Debs was a guest, and says the Recorder, "When the last course had disappeared, Speaker Hurlburt introduced Eugene V. Debs, whom he referred to as a gentleman of world-wide renown and who had been doing good work at Leadville for the welfare of Colorado."

From Victor, Mr. Debs went to Salt Lake City, Butte, Anaconda, Helena and other mountain cities, in all of which he received ovations from thousands of admiring friends who are solicitous of the welfare of labor, and realize that Mr. Debs is championing the cause of workingmen for the purpose of bettering conditions, in which the social, commercial and political interests of the country are alike deeply involved.

IF THE GOVERNMENT OWNED THE TELEGRAPH.

The Telegrapher's Advocate, in discussing the ownership of the telegraph by the government, shows how the public would be benefited. "Do you understand," asks the Advocate, "how things will be when the government owns the telegraph and does business at cost?"

"If the telegraph is taken by the government, every town of 1,500 or 2,000 will have a daily paper with press reports therein. The government will transmit this report at cost, and it won't cost a paper \$15,000 or \$20,000 to get in to the Associated Press in addition to several thousand dollars monthly for service, as it now does."

IS IT SO?

(1) "The world is what the people make it." (2) "If it is wicked and corrupt, it is because the people are wicked and corrupt." (3) Good people, if in the majority, will not submit to wicked and corrupt governments.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A RICH MAN AND A SOCIALIST DIES AND DOES NOT FORGET HIS FAMILY.

A Course Which Displeases a Number of People in England Who Wanted His Wealth Distributed.

A Mr. William Morris, an Englishman and a Socialist, started in business with an inherited fortune of \$250,000. He lived to be an old man, and added to his fortune \$25,000. He was frugal, a laborious worker, and throughout his business career gave his employees a share in the profits of his business.

Nunquam, of the Clarion, is of the opinion that a man who has a wife and children should see to it that they are provided for, and not left to starve when he is dead.

But the author of the note to the Clarion entertains a different opinion, and Nunquam in dealing with him and his class, says: "Such a cause as Socialism, while it draws to its banners thousands of the best men and women—men and women of kindly, honest, and unselfish natures, who would fain leave the world, and their poor brothers and sisters of the world, better than they found them, must, in the nature of things attract also the idle, the discontented, the envious, and the revengeful, who desire plunder, or power, or opportunity for retaliation for the injuries or humiliations they have themselves endured."

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THE RAG-TAG AND BOB-TAIL

of malcontents and failures who hiss and cackle and wrangle and snarl in the rear of the Socialist army. The will of William Morris has afforded these miserable a welcome opportunity for the display of their congenial malice and stupidity, and they have pelted the poor old Clarion with their nasty letters until the long suffering Dangle's patience is quite shredded out, and even the mild McWilkinson has declared himself displeased.

Fortunately, however, the editor of this great organ is a philosopher; and maintaining to the end his philosophic calm, has perceived that whereas the letters of the afflicted malignants are construed so as in many respects to adorn the waste-paper basket, yet they contain here and there some statements of fallacies which for the sake of ill-taught or unreflecting Socialists it were well to expose. We shall, therefore, take one or two of these letters and reply to them.

GREED.

What has filled the earth with poverty, groans, woes, maledictions and vengeance? Greed.

What has transformed a world which God said when he had created it, was "good," into an inferno? Greed.

Who is trying to send greed to its native hell, and introduce an era of justice? Organized workingmen.

Who are opposing the introduction of this miniature millenium? Trusts, corporations and all the satanic gang that constitutes the money power.

What governmental agencies are helping these nefarious combines to perpetuate the reign of greed? The courts and the standing armies. How long, O Lord, how long, are such curses to continue? Just as long as workingmen are afraid of "partisan politics," and vote themselves slaves.

The coming woman is even now displacing the masculine drummer "down East."

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THE LONDON CLARION.

The RAILWAY TIMES boasts of a moderate share of good in this world of saints and sinners, millionaires and other monstrosities, among which are to be mentioned a number of papers on its exchange list, which make editorial life worth the living—which creates warmth when the mercury sits admiringly at the feet of zero, papers which come to us with their offerings of wit and wisdom, and drive away dull care and a' that.

We do not care to name them. We haven't the space. Besides, it is not required, since the papers referred to know that we get them and therefore share alike in the pleasure. The sunshine and joy they contribute to make us satisfied with the decrees of fate, in so far as said decrees are recognized in shaping events in our sanctum.

Nevertheless, we deem it not only prudent, as also a duty strictly in keeping with international courtesy, sympathy and socialistic fraternity to say that the Clarion, published in London, England, a received with that distinguished consideration due an ambassador because, regardless of the "Monroe Doctrine," the Venezuelan boundary and the like entanglements, it comes weekly with fresh budgets of rich, rare and spicy reports of sayings and doings from beyond the salt pond. A socialistic journal that carries big guns and is not afraid to fire them, loaded with all sorts of shot and shell, squarely into the faces of dukes, lords, and what not, that go to make the aristocracy of "merrie England."

The Clarion has courage and common sense, and knows how to use its ammunition, and that is "Hinglish, you know." Like our own immortal Davy Crockett, it knows when it is right, and like a Briton, dares to go ahead.

Its writers, Mont Blong, Darryle, Nunquam and others, when they talk, say something worth reading and remembering, and though the odds are against them, they accept the situation as Englishmen are in the habit of doing, and as we Americans also talk English, the time ought to be near at hand when the Clarion should have a hundred thousand readers in America and Canada.

In this, we offer the Clarion neither taffy nor fulsome eulogy. In the midst of royalty and our ancient aristocracy, it champions socialism and points out its redeeming qualities. It labors in a land where

"A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that."

But it believes with Burns—

"But an honest man's above his might, Guid faith, be maunna fa' that, For a' that and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that, The pith o' sense and pride o' worth, Are higher ranks than a' that."

While we of America live surrounded by a coal-fish, coal-oil and trust aristocracy too rotten and contemptible for the devil himself to recognize as his work, however loyal to him may be these hogs of wealth—creatures whom socialists antagonize for the welfare of mankind.

We derive special pleasure from reading the Clarion, and wish it the fullest measure of success that its courage and masterful abilities entitle it to receive and enjoy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The 165th anniversary of George Washington's birth occurred February 22nd ult. As the RAILWAY TIMES, in its issue of February 15th, did not refer to the event, it now embellishes its columns with one of the brilliant gems in English classics, the tributes of one of Ireland's most renowned orators, Mr. Charles Phillips, contained in an address delivered at a dinner in honor of Mr. James Howard Payne, the author of the song "Sweet Home."

In this address, abounding in eloquent passages, Mr. Phillips said:

"I see you anticipate me. I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if

nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some high qualifications. Caesar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient, but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely chef d'œuvre of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage; a conqueror, he was untainted with crime of blood, a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created."

The tribute of Mr. Phillips stands unequalled for beauty, strength and comprehension of the character of Washington, and in these latter days, when men are big without being great, thousands of the readers of the RAILWAY TIMES will be pleased to read of the greatness of America's greatest man.

ETYMOLOGICALLY SPEAKING.

The RAILWAY TIMES in its issue of January 15th reproduced an article from the Boston Herald introducing it by saying "the co-operative commonwealth was being introduced in Europe, regardless of governments and standing armies."

The RAILWAY TIMES said also, that "there is not a socialist in the world who does not advocate co-operation."

The New York People, evidently high authority in socialistic discussion, admits that "etymologically" the TIMES used the term "co-operation" correctly, which ought to satisfy the TIMES and does satisfy it. But unfortunately for the TIMES, to be correct, "etymologically," is according to the dictum of the People, to be socially wrong.

It appears that the "International Socialist Movement," whatever that may be, uses the term "co-operation in the social economic sense" which is a sense widely different from its "etymological" meaning.

The RAILWAY TIMES is aware that socialism means more than is signified by the establishment of a co-operative shop, or store, or bank, but it hails with undisguised satisfaction every co-operative movement as a harbinger fact of the coming co-operative commonwealth.

And here, perhaps, the TIMES should state the etymological meaning of the term "commonwealth" in the hope that the Websterian definition will be a source of felicity to the People, and if not, that the People will print the "International Socialist Movement's" definition.

Mr. Webster defines "commonwealth" as a word which signifies strictly, the commonwealth being or happiness; hence, a form of government in which the general welfare is regarded rather than the welfare of any class."

Hence the co-operative commonwealth, which the TIMES and all good socialists hope for, will be a government, strictly speaking, for the "common weal" being, or happiness—and not for "any class."

Preceding its criticisms, the People admits all that the TIMES had the temerity to assert, by saying, "The co-operative commonwealth is undoubtedly pushing its way forward in Europe, regardless of governments and standing armies."

That will do, and we leave the People to wrestle with the "poodle" problem, which has the curled tail of dogmatism to a degree which may suit those who, though removed a thousand years from poodleism, still criticize propositions which they admit to be founded in fact and common sense.

Whatever may be the condition of co-operation in Europe, and however remote from the ultimate good which socialism contemplates, it is better than wage-slavery, and therefore, ought to be hailed with joy by all American socialists.

MUST HAVE A MAN.

Miss Maud Stanlaker, of Washington, D. C., applied for a position in the War Department requiring unusual attainments, and under a searching civil service examination, met every requirement. It was given out that the applicant must be competent to translate into English technical military works in French, German, Spanish and Italian; to do typewriting in all of these languages; to do proofreading and prepare manuscripts for the press; to be famil-

iar with modern literary methods, with the classification of books, cataloguing and indexing, preparation of binding, etc., and also to be versed in the use of the English language and literary composition.

Miss Stanlaker demonstrated that her qualifications met every requisition, she could translate from English into German, French, Italian and Spanish, and all of these languages into English, but the War Department would not accept her—simply telling her that the "position was one which could only be filled by a man." It was a case of whiskers vs. frizzes, and whiskers won.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

In our grammars we are taught degrees of comparison, as for instance, "positive good, comparative better, superlative best.

Workingmen, all along the track of the centuries, have been exploring for the good. If they have found it the discoverers should describe the thing found,—the jewel—the "pearl of great price."

The fact is, workingmen began their explorations for the good at a point when conditions were the worst. In their upward movement they have reached a plane where things, though better, are far below the best, and good only in a relative degree.

In this line the organization of workingmen was begun—that is to say, of workingmen who had trades, or were engaged in certain employments; while the millions who were less fortunate were totally neglected, except in the great order of Knights of Labor. Nor were men who had trades, and chose as an "unalienable right" not to affiliate with a trade union, better off; so that in fact these two classes of unfortunates were still at the bottom, struggling as best they might to get on top. Hence the conclusion, as trades unions do not include all, nor the half—probably not one quarter of the toiling masses, men of investigating minds will keep on investigating for something better.

The trade unionists evidently have good intentions, but when a trade unionist says that a man who is not a trade unionist "shall not work," a great many will ask if that sort of blacklisting is in accordance with what is called the "bill of rights," and calculated to usher in labor's millennium.

The old theory was that labor would ultimately secure its rights by affiliating with one or the other of the old political parties, and many workingmen are clinging to that hallucination, like drowning men to straws, and in the late "campaign of education" of Mark Hannaism, they seemed convinced that they should vote under the lash of trusts and corporations and contribute their mite and might for labor's degradation. The trusts, by virtue of their boodleism, and those who voted and shouted for that sort of Utopia are beginning to find out "where they are at," and are not as happy as long neck clats at high water—but, irresolute and still under the hypnotic spell of those who control them, they stick to their hallucinations like wax to hair.

Talk to them about an "independent labor party," and they cry "away with partisan effort, parties are corrupt, and partisans are demagogues," etc., but they levy assessments to maintain lobbies, for the purpose of influencing parties and partisans, demagogues, and traders in votes, in the vain hope of securing beneficent legislation. No amount of rebuff and kicking seems to satisfy them. If they are making labor affairs better, no sign of the improvement appears to the naked eye, and the good time hoped for is beyond the reach of an ordinary field glass, and as for the best—if ever discovered, it will be found to exist in the coming co-operative commonwealth which has already entered the field of mortal vision, growing and expanding in all civilized lands, and which promises not only good conditions, better than the present, but the best which in God's providence can bless the world of labor.

A REFORM CREED.

It is the fate of those who would reform long-standing wrongs, to be denounced and maligned. There was never an exception, and there never will be an exception. Abraham Lincoln realized the fact in all of its force and in addressing those who in his time battled for reform, said:

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

That will do for a creed. It has the right ring. "The right makes might." But to make the right victorious there must be a mighty mustering of the forces of the right and a continental unification of the forces. This done the right is invincible. But the forces, divided, scattered, wrangling, fall an easy prey to the solidified forces of the wrong.

A NEW PARTY STRUGGLING FOR RECOGNITION.

Ten years ago, the eloquent R. G. Ingersoll contributed a paper to the North American Review, in which he said: "A new party is struggling for recognition—a party with leaders who are not politicians, with followers who are not seekers after place. Some of those who suffer, and some of those who sympathize, have combined. Those who feel that they are oppressed are organized for the purpose of redressing their wrongs. The workers for wages, and the seekers for work have uttered a protest. This party is an instrumentality for the accomplishment of certain things that are very near and very dear to the hearts of many millions."

What was the name of this party in 1887? Who were its "leaders" and who were the "followers"? Mr. Ingersoll does not state. Neither before 1887, nor since that date has a distinctive Labor party existed in the United States. This new party which Mr. Ingersoll saw ten years ago, has not materialized, unless it be the Socialist party, in which the "sufferer and the sympathizer" unite to bring about better conditions. Hitherto, men who have felt themselves "oppressed" have sought relief at the hands of their oppressors. Bowed down by burdens, robbed and degraded, half-paid, and half-clothed, multiplied thousands of toilers have voted to continue that old program. Why? Because they lacked the courage of conviction. They hoped the time would come when the tigers would clip their claws; when reptiles would shed their fangs; when vultures would exchange their beaks for goose bills; when the devil would turn philanthropist. But things go right along the same old beaten track, getting worse every day. Now, What? The Socialist party has come. It has clear conceptions of what is wanted. It has aroused the enemies of co-operation, and, unfortunately, now and then, some Socialist (?) has such far-reaching vision as to believe that the Co-operative Commonwealth is a vagary—that it will never come when workingmen will own the machine and compel it to do their bidding while they pocket the proceeds.

Nevertheless, the Co-operative Commonwealth is getting here. Men are becoming enthused with the idea of owning themselves, of working for themselves, and this done, the wage-slave system will disappear. It is worth fighting for.

"THE PLAIN PEOPLE."

It is quite possible that in the labor and reform literature of the period we are overdoing the "plain people," the "common people" business, forgetful of the fact that in so doing we are unwittingly creating class distinctions which are productive of unsavory results and in flagrant antagonism to American ideas. In this connection we notice the expressions of the Rev. J. F. Casson on the "plain people" in which he says: "The most resolute work in this world is done by the unpretentious people who toil on from day to day unnoticed and unsung, often cast down, getting no cheer, hearing no commendation, anticipating no reward, but honestly performing their duties. These are the people that the world depends on. You cannot rely much on the extraordinary people. Phenomena are interesting as studies, but not of much value for service. You cannot depend on exceptional things. The lamp which continues its flickering is better than the rocket for steady illumination. The plain people do the world's work. And they are behind the leaders, giving them their place and their power. The renown of great men comes principally from men who have no renown in themselves."

The plutocratic class derive special satisfaction in such voluntary depreciation of men who toil for a living—since the lines of demarcation are made by what are termed the "plain" or "common" people themselves. In Hindoostan, the land of Buddha and Brahma, there are four distinct classes or castes, below which there is another class too degraded to be recognized as a caste—pariahs—of no more consequence than vermin, the result of centuries of unspeakable degradation, religious superstition, and upper caste despotism.

In the United States of America it is "we, the people." Not "we plain people," not "we common people," not "we upper class," "we middle class," "we lower class" but by the eternal, "we, the people." We who by right divine stand on equality, recognizing no superiority, having for their decoration the coronal of sovereignty, the diadem of royalty, a throne of supreme dignity and a scepter symbolizing the highest power known to potentates.

Unpretentious, possibly, but all the more powerful because of the absence of ostentation. Conscious of their power and dignity they require no "commendations," and qualified for maintaining a government by, of, and for themselves, they do anticipate the just rewards of their patriotism.

THE PLUTOCRATS.

The goldbugs of the country have numerous organs, the most advanced being the New York Evening Post, which, says the New York News, has furnished a new plank for their platform. The goldbugs think that too much deference is paid and too much consideration given in this country to the interests

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PAPERS.

THE KINGDOM OF GOLD. View the strata of nature, then burrow the sod. Scan the rocks which disclose wondrous cycles of old. You will never discern in the workshop of God A realm more debased than the kingdom of gold.

the ballot. Every trial of strength in the political arena has resulted in victory for the unscrupulous money power. There is nothing surprising in this. The ballot is a weapon best wielded by the hand of cunning and craft. History records no nation that freed itself by voting. No king was ever made to feel the people's power through the ballot. But let us be frank. The hour has come for men to lay aside the mask, and look each other in the face. Fellow reformers: Would you be free? Would you see the regime of corporate power and class despotism at an end? Would you see the shackles stricken forever from the limbs of humanity, and behold the emancipation—the re-birth—of that nation which Jefferson revered, that Paine wrote and wrought to establish? Do you believe that this can come through the ballot? You do not? Have not the reformers spent their lives, their fortunes and their energies in the cause of political reform through the ballot-box, and what has been the result? Have they not seen the cunning and unscrupulous always victorious—emerging from every campaign master of the spoils? Have you any hope that this will be changed in the future? By the past we alone can judge the future. The past is but one lone protest against the ballot as an instrument of reform.

When will man cease to follow prejudice, misnamed "politics," for sound ideas of government, and vote for policies that will mould a happy, pure, progressive and prosperous people? When will the serpents of sophistry cease to tempt mankind to err and disobey the voice of experience and nature? When will pleasing illusions cease to betray the pure and the beautiful into the meshes of lust and violation? When will "mummeries," "incantations" and "rites" cease to deceive and encourage the wanton and the lewd? When will our "veracu-lar be so refined as not to present pleasing illusions to the average intelligence? Ah, echo answers, when! The "Fucks" and the "Up-to-Dates" and "Grips" are busy moulding "public opinion" by their loud colored lies and we can plainly see all their grossness and absurdity reflected in American everyday life. Their "pleasing illusions" have almost divested the American people of their country and its democratic institutions and laws.

It has not often been my misfortune to read in one article a greater number of misrepresentations than appear in the editorial criticism of Mr. E. V. Debs, published in the Macon, Ga., Telegraph, January 23d, 1897, and while it is puerile to attempt the inculcating of morals into a mule—especially a Georgia mule—yet it sometimes becomes a duty to stop the annoying brays of a hybrid ass. There is no argument known to animal trainers so efficacious in its effects as the shaking of feed in the face of an ignorant or vicious brute, and while it is a barbarous practice, yet starving is sometimes justifiable as a means to arrive at a commendable end, and this is resorted to because what little intelligence the ass possesses can more quickly be reached through his belly than by an appeal to his brain. So far as concerns a regard for the truth or any reasoning power, the average Georgia mule is woefully deficient, a fact that any sensible man will be convinced of by a perusal of the article referred to. What character is borne by this breed of animal in other states we are not aware, but a careful perusal of the Macon Telegraph of January 23, 1897, is conclusive evidence that the Georgia mule prefers a mental diet of dung to the better one of truth. However, we Southern people are so accustomed to the filthy habits of this class that a little extra dose of the dung diet excites no alarm in us for the ass since we know he flourishes best on that class of mental food—it suits the corporations.

are always plenty of people who, if they will do nothing else, will treat them to drink, and so the public-house corner becomes the haunt of the destitute and despairing out-of-work. The fact that jobs are so often to be picked up in a public house, and that society clubs and out-of-work benefit concerts and entertainments are held there, is also an added danger. Temperance women must also take up the question of the unemployed.

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION. Senator Teller, of Colorado, in addressing the Legislature in response to his re-election as U. S. Senator, referred to the financial question as the most important that has ever been presented to the American people—and added, "I know when I say that, that I make a statement that may well be challenged. I know when I recall the occurrences of a few years past—when millions of men were assembled for the purpose of maintaining the integrity of this government of ours, that we believed then that that was the greatest question that had ever been presented, and yet, if there had been a division, if there had been two flags floating, one north and one south of Mason and Dixon's line, there might be prosperity, there might have been freedom, there might have been maintenance of Republican institutions, at least north of that great line whatever there had been south.

With an absolutely vicious financial policy, it will be impossible to maintain a free government and a free people with such a vicious system of finance as is now sought to be put upon us by foreign influence. * * * The gold standard means very great suffering and very great distress. It means a movement backward and not forward. It ignores the law that the race should move upwards and forward. There is progress and retrogression (and retreat from the civilization of the present day. I do not believe that you can maintain civilization to a high degree. I do not believe that you can obtain morality with civilization, and you cannot obtain religion without you have prosperity amongst the people. People who are in hunger and in want have been neither intelligent, patriotic or good motives, and it is the first interest of the government to give to its people and every man in it the opportunity to make for himself more than a bare living, more than bread and meat. He must have opportunities by which he can bring his children up in such a way that they can discharge the great duties of freemen.

A NOTABLE EVENT. The Socialist Alliance, referring to the position taken by Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, in favor of socialism, pronounces it a "notable event," and remarks that "while the best of men and their thoughts and acts are but the products of circumstances, it would be a grave mistake to detract from, or overlook the will power and judgment which enables men to make the best of their environment. This power and judgment Mr. Debs exhibits, and by it he has won the sympathy, respect and admiration of hundreds of thousands of persons in this and other countries. In their minds he stands for all that is intelligent, courageous and honest in the labor movement, and his words and acts win a wider response and endorsement than those of any other man. Hence, in this public stepping into line with the socialists of the world and avowing his complete reliance upon socialism as the basis of his future activity, he necessarily brings into the socialist movement, both political and educational, the kindest thought and active co-operation of the best of his associates and following, stimulates thousands to similar avowals and induces thousands of others to study the principles and movements of socialism."

DON'T. Don't be afraid to agitate for reforms. Don't despair of winning victories for the right. Don't worship at the shrine of bullion and boodle. Don't be forever at the tail end of the procession. Don't denounce socialism until you know what it demands. Don't hesitate to beat the drum or blow the trumpet of reform. Don't be a blue-tailed fly caught by the siren song of the plutocratic spider. Don't sniffle nor squal nor slobber when the shibboleth is do and dare all things for the right. Don't get under the bed while your wife is fighting the tiger with needle and thread or the washtub. Don't be a traitor to the army of workingmen who, against terrible odds, is fighting the battle of emancipation. Don't enlist in the plutocratic army to shoot workingmen when contending for so much of their earnings as shall make life a benediction rather than a curse.

THE PENALTY FOR THINKING. Judge (to prospective jurymen)—"Have you any conceived ideas, sir, in regard to this case?" Prospective Jurymen—"Well I think—" Judge—"Stop, sir; stop right there! You are disqualified for the duties of a jurymen."

LABOR SAVING (?) MACHINERY.

Admitting all that has been said and all that may be said about labor saving machinery, it remains true, nevertheless, that modern inventions remain thousands of wage workers into the ranks of idleness. Admit, without equivocation, that the coming of the machine marks a new intellectual era, an advance in civilization, a mighty growth and development of mind force, still there stands the fact—haggard and unyielding, that day by day, as the sun rises and sets, the machine, as relentless as death, decrees that men who want to work shall not work. When they ask for bread the machine offers them a stone, and when they ask for a fish are presented with a scorpion. No one is so idiotic as to indulge a surmise that the time will ever come when the multiplication of labor-saving machines will cease, but all people of intelligence are convinced that they will increase in number.

Never was the inventive genius of the world so aroused and active as at present. In its onward march the impossibilities of yesterday are reduced to commonplace achievements of to-day, and all are on the lookout for still greater wonders to-morrow. And while upon one side are heard eulogies inspired by the triumphs of the machine, on the other side are heard the wailings of discontent and despair from the helpless victims of the machine. The machine has invaded every department of industry. It can do more and better work than human hands and hence human hands must droop and remain idle, except the hands of the favored few who attend the machine.

Just here two propositions are forced into notice: (1.) The machine displaces men from employment; (2.) those who retain employment are required to work for less wages. Those who are made idle, by a law as unchangeable as gravitation, sink to lower levels in the human scale, until they sink out of sight in the ranks of tramps or criminals, and those who are forced to accept lower wages, like the pariahs of India, live in full view of the famine line.

What remedies are proposed? Some one says, "Organize and federate." That has been done, but the machine goes steadily on from conquering to conquer. Its battle-fields are everywhere, and it never meets with defeat. It gives no quarter, and asks none. It is invincible. No one strikes against the machine; as well strike against winds when "forests are reared;" as well strike against the waves when "navies are stranded."

Who proposes a remedy? The socialists. What remedy? Simply this: Let labor own the machine. Co-operation is not Utopia; it is not a vagary—a halucination. In co-operation it is possible to obtain and control the machine. It is being done. It solves the problem.

DAYBREAK. The Telegrapher's Advocate, commenting on the stand taken by the president of the American Railway Union, remarks that "on January 1, E. V. Debs passed from under the tattered banner of old, worn-out methods, and cast his lot with the rapidly growing army of socialists. Early next spring the American Railway Union will hold a special convention. That they will lay down the lines of their future action along the socialistic road there is no doubt. It will be the first railway organization to follow this course. And socialism being the only theory under which an advancing civilization can exist, the growth of the A. R. U. will be limited only by the number of intelligent railway employes in the United States.

The new, in accordance with the laws of nature, succeeds the old. We welcome the A. R. U., the RAILWAY TIMES and Mr. Debs to the triumphant cause.

HAPPY CHICAGO. This inland metropolis of America, a city of wealth and woe, a city famous for stock butchering, stock gambling and stock watering—"the board of health shows," says the Telegrapher's Advocate, "that for the month of November twenty-eight people committed suicide in that city. More than one day for every working (or, more correctly speaking, idle) day in the month. Most of them were persons who preferred a quicker death than starvation offered them." Not all were of that class. Several gentlemen high up in business and banking circles took the shotgun, halter and water cure for their health, rather than apply for judicial whitewash to maintain their hold upon their earthly existence.

TO-DAY IS OURS. Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new. Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you, A hope for me and a hope for you. All the past things are past and over, The tasks are done and the tears are shed; Yesterday's errors, let yesterday cover, Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled Are healed with the healing which night has shed. Let them go, since we cannot reveal them, Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in his mercy receive, forgive them, Only the new days are our own, To-day is ours, and to-day alone. —Susan Coolidge. England imports pearls to the amount of \$5,000,000 annually. A diving is not a thriving business.

Private Dalzell.

J. R. SOVEREIGN. Private Dalzell in a recent article in the Washington Post, writes a long tale of woe. He mentions our 3,000,000 enforced idlers, our 1,000,000 tramps, the overcrowding of our penal institutions, the increase of landlords and tenants, the hopeless increase of debt and a long list of other lamentable conditions. Concluding he says: "Civilization, as Napoleon said of armies, travels on its stomach, and it is very hungry now for the most part. But where can it be filled? Hence all this unrest, all this wild war talk, and discussions of silver and gold and tariff by people who have neither silver nor gold nor anything to pay customs. Relief shall not come in that way. It never did at this stage of society. It will come in the old way, in war, and not otherwise; either insurrectionary, which God forbid, or foreign, which heaven hasten if it shall quiet this people and give them rest, if only the honored rest of a patriot's grave, fighting for humanity."

Private Dalzell seems to overlook the fact that as the result of the recent election, 100,000,000 voters in this country lost faith in the ballot, that the Iron Brotherhood and the Industrial Army, both secret revolutionary societies, are now being rapidly organized in every part of the country. I still entertain hopes of a peaceful solution of our difficulties and will work to that end. But if, as Private Dalzell says, the only remedy is in war, I prefer to have the war at home. What moral right have we to impose war, with all its cruelties, destruction and desolation, on a foreign country, as the means of relieving our own distresses, the result of our own errors? Furthermore, to provoke a foreign country to war would not prove a permanent remedy for domestic wrongs. It would inflate the volume of government securities and impose increased burdens on the creditor classes. It might also result in adding our country to the conquests of some monarchical or despotic power and make us slaves to tyranny and oppression a thousand times worse than we now suffer.

Private Dalzell's proposition is dangerous to the peace of this country, for no one posted in the history of wars between nations will accept it as a remedy for industrial depression. It is both foolish and dangerous. If he succeeds in convincing the people that the only remedy lies in war, he will incite them to insurrection and revolution, for every student of economics in this country is clamoring for a re-adjustment of conditions at home, which can never come through war with foreign powers.

If I were convinced that our only remedy lies in war, I would urge every working man to get a gun and get it quickly, and prepare to fight foreign institutions and customs now operating in this country. In fact it would not necessarily indicate war or revolution if every working man in this country had a gun and knew how to use it, for every legal robber in America to-day is a moral coward and would submit to a whole-some re-adjustment rather than run the risk of losing all in general insurrection. John R. McLean made a forcible suggestion to the millionaire classes when he said he preferred to pay an income tax now than to lose all a few years hence.

What we need is an agitation at home that will force the people to a test against our own social and economic disorders. But that it should come through insurrection with all its revolting horrors is a proposition repulsive to all the higher impulses of humanity. Insurrections, like great earthquakes, start with a park and are quenched only with a deluge. One reason in favor of insurrection is idle, starving and debt-burdened people is more potent in exciting war than a thousand reasons against insurrection are in preserving peace. For that reason, Dalzell, at this time, is a dangerous writer. He may not know what the secret revolutionary societies are doing. For his benefit I quote the following from the prelude of a secret circular now being distributed by one of the revolutionary societies above mentioned.

"Comrades: There comes a time in the affairs of men and nations when desperation compels the human mind to pause and bring to its aid that element of reason so long discarded. We have reached such a crisis in the destinies of this American Republic. One hundred years of national existence has demonstrated that the political fabric of our government contains within its warp and woof the elements of its own destruction. To-day we are confronted with the fact that the ballot has proven a most lamentable failure as the safeguard of free institutions. In the closing hour of the nineteenth century we see a class despotism establishing itself upon the ruins of the Republic—an oligarchy is now in power and already the hideous phantom of Imperialism overshadows us, as embodied in the autocratic claims of the federal court, and the acts of unbridled military despotism characteristic of the federal government of to-day. What is to be done? We have appealed in vain to

Thoughts From the Workshop.

J. R. ARMSTRONG. The object of art is to create agreeable illusions. —Napoleon. That terse statement in regard to daubary comprehends more real truth than an ordinary mind can grasp. For if we analyze the crystallization of that much rated thing, we are lost in complete amaze at its far-reaching influence. This is especially true regarding politics, which is ordinarily supposed to mean the science of government, but is not thus viewed by the toiling masses. Politics to the everyday greasy mechanic and clod-hopper, mean partisanship of some kind. I have times without number, fallen in with little knots of men discussing "politics" not POLITICS, and their utter cynicisms and bitter invectives were always invariably of a personal kind. The Republicans roasted the Democrats and Populist both. And in the midst of their heated jargon some person would usually stop and listen a moment or two, and in a laughing tone would "sing out:" "Ah there! discussing politics again?"

The art of the politician is to create prejudice against his trade so that he will not have too much competition: He manages to effect this end by feeding the vanity and ignorance of the average voter by "agreeable illusions" and one of these tricks is to dub every coarse and unmeaning utterance of the proletariat—"Politics!" Divested of all this saturnalia of artifice and perversion the term is fraught with a depth of meaning and importance that really sways the destiny of every human life. So with the entangling sophisms entwined about "MONEY," by the sharks that revel in this pastime for the purpose of deceiving mankind in order that the "SOUND MONEY" fiends may continue to gradually subvert this government and bankrupt this nation. It is an agreeable illusion to be able to wield money that is "mistress of the world;" so cons the benighted savage whose highest ideal is to drive spikes into railroad ties or sweep dung off a public thoroughfare.

As he gazes triumphantly at the yellow jingle in his calloused hand he smiles complacently and he really believes that he in part saved the country from the dominion of the "base metal" and the crase of "Bryanism." The buckle of a demon over his prostrate victim is only a same comparison to the above, but there are to blame, for each follows the strongest incentive whether it be illusory or not. Ideas thus plausibly presented by the artifices of deception, have, for these many centuries, kept the race in bondage to kings, judges, prelates, presidents, managers and financiers. The old satanic debauchee, full of overflowing with every kind of disease germ and vice, kisses himself into a peaceful death by placing his blue lips upon a graven image. He is taught to believe that his sin-burdened soul can take its flight heavenwards if this mere act of oculation is performed. The young virgin, pure as the unpotted snow, fancies that the mere tying of the nuptial knot sanctifies all manner of sexual dissipation and she submits, in the name of marriage, to what her soul abhorred before such ceremony took place. Christening a crime a virtue is one of the arts of diabolism that are so numerous to day. The man of toil, hunchedback and weary, fancies he reads in "protection" his industrial salvation; but never in a thousand years has this been the case. So with the tippler, draining numerous draughts of the kidney-destroying liquid, he too fancies that this stuff contains the potency of strength and life. The whole drama of the present is the product of an art so replete with illusions and deceptions that one vainly endeavors to encompass, and effects. The question naturally arises when will this whirling and pandering of stupendous folly come to an end and the reign of reason take its place.

The "upper crust" of society has been and is fattening upon the results of the illusions it has so vividly portrayed to the mud-sill element of the farm and factory. These poor earthworms think that they are intended by "Providence" to bend their backs and wriggle for the benefit of such magnificent creatures as Pullman, Carnegie & Co. They think so because they are taught this illusion and they stick tenaciously to the text. Taking the Manitoba wheat crop as a basis of calculation, it was recently discovered that only nine hours work per year was necessary to feed the average working man per year, yet he is taught to believe that only incessant labor alone can warrant him in obtaining "supplies." Nine multiplied by 365 is the Pullman illusion, and he throws its fine impress upon the canvas of his dupes' torn and jagged imaginations with the assistance of the federal bayonet and judicial injunction. Nine hours' work per year. That is what "NATURE" asks the toiler to give for his annual supply of food, but "ART" exacts 365 times this amount. What a difference there is between the two masters! One is illustrated by the far stretching wheat-laden prairie and the long-reaching vistas of fruit-burdened branches of orange grove and apple orchard, and the other by the narrow gangrened specks of animation denominated Gould, Sherman, Cleveland, Rockefeller, Armour, and the king of palace cars! One master represents the beauty, bounty and sublimity of the universe, and the other kind exemplifies the infinitesimal size and nature of the "death germ."

Which of the two deserves obedience? This would not be difficult to reply to, if the people's attention could be directed from their illusions to the realities of truth? Can a blind man appreciate the grandeur and superb beauty of the Grand Canyon by being merely being informed that he is within "sight" of it; just as much reason in expecting poor humanity to realize the magnificence of nature behind the dust, cobwebs, stench and delirium of "ART." But so sure as we have a blue canopy stretching in the infinitude of space, just so certain will the blandishments and instructions of maternal nature wear the human from the wanton harlot of "art" and restore the race to family-hood.

Already there are strong indications of a return, back to the simple and artless methods of life, that once blessed the race. The storied hive, ahum, with wasting energy in our great cities will like a foam, be emptied of their human inmates. The beasts of the field and forest and the inhabitants of the atmosphere never toil, yet nature takes care of their stomachs and backs. And human beings are beginning to see that they were not anymore intended to be industrial automatons than the deer on the mountain ranges or the cattle grazing gently in the valleys. What is all this pyramid building for pray? Does it add one iota to the sum total of human happiness? What of your 40-story buildings and your towers lost in the "blue" if the millions resting within their shadows are crippled in intellect and warped in body? It is a good thing to keep painting illusions to such a degree that a Phil Armour may be made out of five or six million commoner human ants? The stench of the city is nauseating the race! Its artificiality has almost consumed mankind. Its huckstering and Jew bargaining has wellnigh disposed of every thing for cash.

Fancy half a dozen monkeys cornering all the foliage and fruitage of the forests and demanding the rest of their tribe to come, and make a treaty as to how much or how little they should give for the use of "nature's bounties to all." Why "such a preposterous thing" we should say "would be out of the question." This infernal injustice was devised by man who in many respects is not so good as the monkey creation. But then we must get away from these cesspools of civilization such as New York, Chicago et al. and go to the wide expanse of earth and heaven. "City-life" is a horrible illusion that is destroying more human flies than all the other "molasses traps" put together. Decentralization of everything, is the toxin of the hour! Leave your magnificent ant-hills and their landlords, lend-lords and profit-lords. Let the preachers, lawyers and doctors remain to console the humbuggers! All the damned illusions of custom and style and the pernicious metropolitan mannerisms and pomp must be outlived or the human race will dwindle in stature of body and intellect to such a degree that we will need another Adam and Eve to start the race anew.

Macon, Ga., Telegraph.

H. P. BLOUNT. It has not often been my misfortune to read in one article a greater number of misrepresentations than appear in the editorial criticism of Mr. E. V. Debs, published in the Macon, Ga., Telegraph, January 23d, 1897, and while it is puerile to attempt the inculcating of morals into a mule—especially a Georgia mule—yet it sometimes becomes a duty to stop the annoying brays of a hybrid ass. There is no argument known to animal trainers so efficacious in its effects as the shaking of feed in the face of an ignorant or vicious brute, and while it is a barbarous practice, yet starving is sometimes justifiable as a means to arrive at a commendable end, and this is resorted to because what little intelligence the ass possesses can more quickly be reached through his belly than by an appeal to his brain. So far as concerns a regard for the truth or any reasoning power, the average Georgia mule is woefully deficient, a fact that any sensible man will be convinced of by a perusal of the article referred to. What character is borne by this breed of animal in other states we are not aware, but a careful perusal of the Macon Telegraph of January 23, 1897, is conclusive evidence that the Georgia mule prefers a mental diet of dung to the better one of truth. However, we Southern people are so accustomed to the filthy habits of this class that a little extra dose of the dung diet excites no alarm in us for the ass since we know he flourishes best on that class of mental food—it suits the corporations.

But what we should object to is the habit we sometimes have of vomiting their vile stuff over our back fence, and just here I wish to call the attention of the workingmen of Macon to their plain duty, viz.: Make it impossible for such brutes to insult you by refusing to read a publication which so habitually handles the truth with perverse awkwardness born of ignorance and self-conceit. If, however, you would prefer to fret appeal to his brain before denying him the use of your premises as a spewing ground, rest assured that an application of club to his seat of rest will yield quickest returns for the labor expended.

If you will quietly discontinue paying for such stuff, his defiant invitation to "lay on McDuff" will soon be changed to a plaintive "bray for provender—his belly is his most vulnerable point. You certainly cannot hope to be benefitted by reading the untruthful effusions of such an asinine writer as the Telegraph man. Starve the brute and make him docile and intelligent.

Single Tax.

S. DANZIGER. In your issue of January 15th, F. G. R. Gordon argues against the single tax, saying that under it competition would prevail that the small farmer could not compete with the bonanza farmer, and that the single tax would not destroy a single trust. The first and last objections contradict one another. Trusts can only exist by preventing competition, and if competition will prevail under the single tax, as it certainly will, then trusts cannot exist. The final result of competition is not "capitalistic socialism." "Capitalistic socialism" is the result of the grant of some special privilege to the "capitalistic socialist" who is enabled by means of it to prevent anyone from competing with him, while he can take advantage of the competition of those not so favored with each other. These special privileges, consisting of private ownership, of natural opportunities and the farming out to private individuals of the taxing power, as in the case of protective tariffs, and other governmental functions, will all be abolished by the single tax, and so make the existence of trusts impossible. It is also very strange that none of the trusts are able to see, like Mr. Gordon, that competition is going to help them, and so instead of bitterly opposing the single tax, as they are all doing, try to secure its adoption. The same applies to the bonanza farmer. Probably because he sees somewhat further than Mr. Gordon and realizes that the small farmer freed from the burden of mortgages and taxation, and enabled by free competition to obtain what he bought as cheaply as he disposed of what he had to sell, would be able to produce as cheaply as the bonanza king, and consequently there are not many bonanza kings who feel very enthusiastic over the single tax.

A PLEA FOR THOSE WHO DRINK.

Miss Anna Hicks, a temperance worker and writer, calls attention of the public, and temperance reformers in particular, to some things worthy of consideration. She says "the time has come when temperance reformers must go one more step and look at the victims of drink from yet another standpoint. * * * We, who know their lives intimately, who have worked with them, and loved them; we, whom they trust and love, too; we that what is holding them down, what is sapping their life and health, is not primarily drink, but the economic conditions of their life, which make drink to them almost indispensable. I will give you one or two points.

First, overcrowding; this affects the question in two ways: The mere sleeping in foul, vitiated air makes spirits almost a necessity before going to work. One has only to enter a room in the slums of a big town in which several grown-up persons have been sleeping to understand something of the awful sickness, and weariness, and nausea which must await those who sleep in such an atmosphere, to understand the craving which leads to the early morning spirit-drinking. The discomfort of an overcrowded room is quite indescribable to those who have never experienced it. Temperance women must take up the question of the better housing of the poor. And, secondly, is the question of the unemployed. The awful uncertainty that surrounds the lives of the working classes leads, in my opinion, to a recklessness and despair, and in many instances, directly to their drinking. Then, too, when they are out of work there

THE PYRAMIDS.

The pyramids of Egypt—at least one of them, known as Cheop, constitute what was once regarded one of the seven wonders of the world, and that distinction is still maintained, as commanding now as when Herodotus, the "father of history" beheld it amidst the billowy sands of the desert.

THE AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Herodotus was born 484 years before the birth of Christ, 2,381 years ago. In search of materials for his history, which, next to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, is regarded as the greatest monument of Greek literature, he visited Egypt, and then the pyramids were ancient, prehistoric, lost in the legendary lore of dynasties. Hence, when a period is assigned to date the building of the pyramids, it is without authority of fact, a myth which research can never solve.

WHY THE PYRAMIDS WERE BUILT.

"Theorists," says the *Baltimore Sun*, have discovered, or think they have discovered many wonderful properties about the Pyramids, but we should not lose sight of the main fact that they are merely vast heaps of stone, exquisitely built indeed, that mark the graves of monarchs who wished to keep their mummied bodies inviolate for all time.

The Egyptians built their houses for the living of perishable brick; they built their houses for the dead of immortal granite. There was a reason for this, founded upon the theory of human life and death. They regarded man as composed of several entities, each having its separate life and functions. First was the body; then the ka, or double, which was an ethereal duplicate, feature for feature, of the corporeal form; then was the soul, which was popularly represented as a human-headed bird, and after the soul came the "luminous," a spark from the divine fire.

By process of embalment they could suspend for ages the decomposition of the body, and by means of prayer and offerings the other component parts were saved from the second death, thus causing a prolongation of existence. The "double" never left the body, but the soul and the "luminous" went forth to follow the gods, returning now and then to the resting place of the body. Thus, the tomb was called the

"ETERNAL HOUSE"

of the dead, compared with which the houses of the living were but way-side inns, and, therefore, if possible, these eternal houses were built as durable as all time. The tomb must contain a private room for the soul, which was closed at the time of burial, not to be opened under any circumstances. It must also contain a wide passage or reception room, where priests and friends made offerings for the dead. Indeed, the tomb was looked upon as a permanent dwelling, and was built to promote the well-being and insure the preservation of the dead. The

CONSTRUCTION OF THE PYRAMIDS

and other imposing tombs illustrate this idea, and the success with which these ancient Egyptians preserve the mortal remains of their royal dead is seen in the mummies that retain their facial expressions after thousands of years. The great Pyramid of Cheops, at Gizeh, the most

PRODIGIOUS OF ALL HUMAN CONSTRUCTIONS, covers thirteen acres at the base and weighs about seven million tons. Originally it was 480 feet high, and it is estimated that the materials that were used for its construction would build over 20,000 eight roomed cottages and house a population of 150,000. Like most of its fellows, it stands exactly square to the four points of the compass. The great limestone blocks, some of them five feet broad and high and thirty feet long, were brought from distant quarries, propelled, doubtless on rollers from the river along a well-laid causeway to their present site. Mechanical appliances, as well as the art of cutting and polishing the hardest stone, were familiar to these Egyptians of 5,000 years ago. Twenty years, Herodotus tells us, the great Pyramid was building, and, when it was completed, instead of presenting the rough series of steps it does now, the whole edifice was cased with shining red syenite, brought from the first cataract, 500 miles away, which caused it to glisten so brightly that it was known as the "Pyramid of Lights." Until the Arab conquest it preserved this stone casing, so wonderfully joined as to appear like one block from base to summit. In the inside everything was arranged so as to hide the exact place of the

SARCOPHAGUS

and thus baffle all would-be spoilers of the royal tomb. The entrance was found to be nearly in the middle of the north face, at the level of the eighteenth course, about forty-five feet from the ground. When at last the casing was torn off and the block of stone was displaced which covered the entrance, an inclined passage 41.2 inches wide and 47.6 inches high was revealed, the lower part of which was cut in the stone. This descended for 317 feet, passed through an unfinished chamber, and ended sixty feet further in a blind passage. In from the door a block of granite was found which shut from view another passage. This obstacle being passed, there came an ascending passage which divided into two

branches—one running into a lime-stone chamber in the center of the pyramid; the other, continuing upward, became a gallery 148 feet long and 28 feet high, built of Mokattam stone so polished and finely wrought that we are told it was difficult to put a needle or even a hair into the joints.

Another difficulty must now be surmounted. The final passage leading to the chamber of the sarcophagus was closed by a slab of granite, and further on was a small vestibule divided in equal spaces by four partitions of granite, which must be broken. When at last it was reached the royal sepulchre was found to be a granite chamber nineteen feet high, thirty-four feet long, and seventeen feet wide.

The second Pyramid of Gizeh, built by the brother of the builder of the first (according to Herodotus) retains some of its original casing at the top; and round the third, the Red Pyramid of Menkara, where it is supposed once lay the body of the beautiful Queen Nitocris, a lovely legend has grown up. The queen's blushing face caused her to be confounded with the rosy-cheeked Rhodopis, the Greek favorite of King Amasis, and superstition imagines that a fair but treacherous woman haunts the Red Pyramid and bewitches travelers.

SOCIALISM.

Men of inquiring minds ask, "What is Socialism?" It is well—the present is a period of investigation. No advance is secured without searching for solid foundations upon which to build. The wise man of the parable built his house on a rock. He was thoughtful. He anticipated storms and floods. He knew the difference between a rock and a sand bank and chose the rock upon which to build his house.

Men enquire "What is Socialism?" the answer is, "It is a bed-rock foundation upon which to build a superstructure for the welfare of the human family." Already, though the building has but just begun, the storms are beating upon it, but it does not fall, it does not tremble, but, as if it were approved of Heaven, the fiercer the storms, the more stately does the socialistic superstructure advance for the admiration of the nations.

Still, men inquire, "What is Socialism?" If asked, "What is slavery?" they can answer without the aid of a dictionary—that is to say, some of them can answer the interrogatory.

To avoid entanglements, and make the matter so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err," it is only required to say that socialism is the opposite of slavery.

Under the regime of slavery A is owned or controlled by another person. Under socialism A owns and controls himself. The difference is so broad, so clear and explicit, so axiomatic, and therefore so self-evident, that to enlarge upon it seems like a waste of time and words.

The present is an age of wage slavery. There is no doubt about the absolute truth of the proposition. Men realize their condition. They work by permission. There is not a working man or woman in the United States of America who may not, at the option of his master, be remanded to idleness in a minute, and there is no appeal, except to a strike, if the victim is a member of a labor organization.

It is said of the supreme prerogatives of government that it may confiscate a man's property, deprive him of liberty and take his life. Under the system of wage slavery, what can an employer do? He can, at any moment, sentence his wage slave to idleness, deprive him of the means of subsistence, sentence him to starvation, to a lingering death. There is no trial, no jury, no forms of law, no witnesses, no pleadings, no record, no appeal. Simply a decree, with Siberia in the distance. The home is destroyed, the family is scattered, death, or what is infinitely worse than death, comes in horrible forms, the highways are filled with tramps, prisons overflow with convicts, and this beautiful earth, which God said when it was finished was "good," is transformed into a hell by the hell-ordained wage slave system.

No one controverts the proposition that chattel slavery is an old system. From the time that Cain built Enoch's city, down to the present, men, black and white, have been bought and sold. Public opinion endorsed the crime, not only in Turkey but in the United States of America, and it required about two hundred and fifty years to create a public opinion in the United States opposed to the crime. Does any one suppose chattel slavery was less a crime in 1860 than in 1820? or does any one suppose wage slavery to be less a crime to-day than when the wage slaves of Egypt built the pyramids?

Does some one ask, what does Socialism propose? We answer, it proposes to do away with wage slavery. Immediately? Not at all. When? Ultimately? How? By the conquering process of education and enlightenment. Possibly some one says, as his heart goes down into his boots, "that is a herculean task," and he gives it up then and there. In the year 1620 chattel slavery was planted in the United States of America or in the colony of Virginia. It thrived. It was popular. The church and the judiciary indorsed the "sum of all villainies." Public opinion was on the side of the slave owners and the chattel had neither

rights nor friends. But in January, 1863, two hundred and forty-three years after the first sale of negro slaves in the British colonies, a proclamation was issued, and the fetters fell from off the limbs of 3,999,283 chattel slaves as if by a decree of Jehovah. Reform increases in momentum and power as they proceed. It may be said that from 1620, when the curse of chattel slavery was planted on American soil, that there were those who believed it to be a crime—one, perhaps, in ten thousand, and almost from the beginnings some conscience convicted master freed a slave. Time wore on, little by little the right made advance steps and the wrong covered, colonies and states abolished chattel slavery. Its domain was narrowed.

To live upon the sweat and toil of others was a precious boon. The system became arrogant, and to form a government upon chattel slavery as its corner stone, was announced. Diplomacy, concession and compromise, availed nothing. Reason and religion were of no avail, and then came the shock of war such as the world had never felt, and after a struggle of four years and a half million men lay cold and stiff on a hundred battle fields, amidst smoke and carnage chattel slavery, with its blocks and pens and whips and chains disappeared from America and the Star Spangled Banner floated triumphantly on a land redeemed from the curse of chattel slavery.

And the curse of wage slavery, as old as chattel slavery, now confronts the people. Public opinion indorses it. The church palliates the curse. The judiciary decides in favor of the robber barons. To say the outlook is gloomy feebly expresses the situation. The land, the money, the opportunities are controlled by those who are determined to perpetuate wage slavery. They have everything but the right, but truth and justice, and the battle is on.

Socialism enters the arena to champion and enthrone the right. It would have men own themselves, work for themselves—and enjoy to the fullest extent "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—with none to molest or make them afraid, and the reform, as has been said, is gathering momentum and force as it proceeds. No heart in the ranks of socialism, like a "muffled drum," beats a "funeral march." Nay, verily, but rather a drum-beat of victory.

The battle is on—men may make their choice. It is the order. Some will choose wage slavery; others, and their number is increasing, will fall into line under the banners of socialism and fight for emancipation.

A. S. TERROID.

BREVITIES.

The city of London has about 4,000 blind people.

The German army is provided with a balloon corps.

If reformers want reform they should patronize reform papers.

Alaska is a sort of an earthly heaven for miners, who receive from \$10 to \$12 a day.

Pennsylvanians and Yankees were the first settlers of Penn Yan, N. Y. Hence the name.

The American Co operative Union will hold its annual meeting in Chicago, beginning March 10th.

The trouble with Spain seems to be, that her army of Monks about equals her army of soldiers.

Two women balloonists lost their lives last year. They went up beautifully, but came down dead.

Australia has 9,700 miles of railroads, costing \$537,000,000, or \$55,000 a mile for building, equipment, etc.

A coal-digging machine displaces eight men. Socialism proposes, naturally, that miners shall own the machines.

In Cincinnati the wages of women cloakmakers, by the sweat shop policy, are down to about 22 cents a day.

Colorado's standing army, in all the pomp and circumstances of glorious war, is still protecting scabs at Leadville.

In New York and Brooklyn 55,000 men, women and girls connected with the clothing industries are now idle.

The street railways of Baltimore last year collected in fares \$2,700,000 and paid out in taxes to the city, \$243,000.

W. S. Williams, a citizen of Georgia, is the president of twenty-seven banks in his state, all of which are prosperous.

What is the difference between a bank burglar and a bank embezzler. Not much—both are after other people's money.

Four thousand millionaires, four million tramps, one thousand tramps to a millionaire—which is "progress and poverty." See.

Ignorance and degradation finds a repulsive level in Boston when children are employed at starvation wages, in binding school books.

Grover Cleveland, who is so big that he hasn't seen his toes for several years, weighs 400 pounds and is worth \$5,000,000, or \$12,500 a pound.

General Coxe is preparing for another grand march of the idle army to Washington, D. C., to impress upon Congress the necessity of legislating in such a way as will give employment, food, clothing and shelter to 4,000,000 unemployed sovereign citizens of the great American republic. It is a big job that Gen. Coxe will undertake.

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THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PUBLISHING CO., 156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The linotype printing machine has already remanded to the ranks of the idle army, about 10,000 printers—and the dance of death proceeds.

Socialism is striding forward at a gratifying pace in England, Scotland, Belgium, France and Germany. It is the one *sem* whose cry is for humanity.

In Germany those who oppose socialism have concluded to abandon argument and use "bayonets and cannon," but German socialists don't scare worth a cent.

The number of bank presidents, vice-presidents, cashiers and embezzlers who are committing suicide is "a sign of the times, and the question is, what does it portend?"

In this age of the wide diffusion of knowledge a great many farmers consult the ground hog and vote for McKinleyism.

A Populist statesman suggests, if the water in Western railroad stocks and bonds could be squeezed out, it would suffice to irrigate all the arid land west of the Mississippi.

A cut of 50 cents a day is what the street car employees are promised in San Francisco. Low wages are fruitful of filth, filth produces plague, plague means death—in a word, "Hindooism."

Heligoland, an island in the North sea, with a population of about 3,000, has a law prohibiting any person under sixteen years of age from entering a theater or saloon. Not much Hel-go-land in that.

Under McKinley's proposed "return of confidence" program twenty-two savings banks have turned out to be shavings banks, and the depositors have felt the keen edge of their razors. Next!

Only 40,000 families, as far as heard from, require assistance in Chicago, to keep them from starving and freezing—allowing five to a family shows that Chicago has 200,000 population waiting for death.

"What you need is a warmer climate," Mr. Grumpey," said the doctor in his most persuasive tone.

"I guess you'll get me there all right enough," was the ungracious response.—Detroit Free Press.

A poor woman who buys a trinket in a store, is a "shop-lifter," and is treated as a common thief, but when a lady of wealth stoops to this practice, she is a

"kleptomaniac," over whom "society" slobbers *ala* waterplug.

A Surniae.—Widow Keegan (philosophizing)—"isn't it strange, Mister Kelly, that some of th' smartest men in this wur ruid luk loike dom fools?" Mr. Kelly (doubtfully)—"Are yez thrying t' flatter me, Norah?"—[Puck.

And now comes the Coopers with a grievance owing to the invention of a machine which drives hoops on barrels and other wares produced by the craft. The machine enters upon its mission flying a banner inscribed, "more tramps."

For a country deprived of a "gold standard," Japan is forging to the front with long and rapid strides—that heathen land having invested, since January 1, 1895, more than \$800,000,000 in railroads, banks and other corporate enterprises.

There are 1,400 Italians in the nineteenth ward of New York City, who are given employment for about two months before an election. This done, they are voted as so many cattle and then discharged. They are the most degraded wage slaves to be found in any land under heaven.

Lyman Abbott, who has the title of "Rev.," has studied "divinity" until asinine crops out when he discusses governments to the extent that he don't believe that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, but from the "superior class." He ought to go to Russia and "grow up with the country."

The City of Brussels recently had an object lesson exhibition of 3000 old men, outcasts of capitalism, marching in procession. The old men carried banners inscribed as follows: "Help! Help! Bread and rest for old age." "Bread in exchange for our sweat." "After fifty years of toil as wealth producers, we now exist only as beggars."

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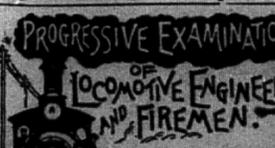
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