

MONT BLONG.

ONE OF THE GREAT WRITERS WITH THE LONDON CLARION

Tells What Socialism Is, and What It Is Not, and all about "Do" and "Don't" in Advocating Socialism.

We surmise that the London Clarion is accepted as high authority in London and Great Britain on socialism, and as socialism ought, perhaps, to signify in America just what it does in England, the readers of the RAILWAY TIMES will be interested in reading what Mont Blong, one of the writers for the Clarion, has to say to young socialists. Mont Blong begins his remarks in the Clarion of February 20, by referring to one Dr. Clark, who had made the statement that "the real work of socialists is to instruct public opinion." "Well," says Mont Blong, "we are doing that, while the doctor, judging from his lecture, is only misinstructing them instead of helping us. Our young men and women, too, are busy instructing public opinion in all directions. Perhaps they don't always go the best way about it; perhaps they sometimes do more harm than good, through their very eagerness and earnestness. Socialism is rather young yet, and the socialists are mainly young also."

Having dismissed Dr. Clark, Mont Blong proceeds with his

ADVICE TO YOUNG SOCIALISTS,

as follows:

"In the first place, don't be too serious.

"One falling, or so it seems to me, with some young socialists, is a tendency to over solemnity. It isn't necessary for the most sincere socialist to envelop himself in funeral gloom.

"There is no reason why you shouldn't laugh whenever you get the opportunity, or joke if you are able. I mean in moderation, of course. There is a time to laugh and joke and talk nonsense, even; but it isn't all the time. I notice some socialists think that solemnity and wisdom are the same thing; and that none but the foolish are ever frivolous. This is a mistake, as the Clarion has always done its best to demonstrate.

"Then, again, I don't see why a socialist should wear any distinctive dress any more than a schoolmaster, a railway director or a cab driver.

"Don't wear a slouch hat, or long hair, or a scarlet tie, unless you prefer that style of hat, tie or hair. There is no reason why a socialist shouldn't wear any style of dress that pleases him—so long as he doesn't wear it because he is a socialist. See?

"Don't flaunt your socialism offensively under the noses of the unconverted. It gives 'em fits, I know; but it is no part of the duty of a good socialist to give fits to his more slow-witted brethren. It is inconsiderate; besides, it does more harm than good.

SOME MORE DON'T'S.

"Don't be too free with "stickers." They are an allowable advertisement if used with discretion, but become offensive if improperly planted. Some of our friends use socialist labels "not wisely, but too well," and do more harm than good thereby. Always select a suitable place, which will exclude tombstones, carriage doors, the gates of "villa residences," church porches and hotel looking glasses—though I have seen or heard of them being planted in all of these places.

"If you are not quite sure whether a place, otherwise convenient, is really a suitable place, give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, as it were, and keep your stickers in your pocket.

"Don't be too ready to argue with every fool who denounces socialism, or abuses socialists. A donkey always brays the loudest when he can get another donkey to bray with him. Don't you be the other donkey. But if you must argue, do it calmly, temperately and pleasantly. And don't call names. It is easy to call a man a fool or a liar, and to tell him to "go there himself," when he conspires you to sheel.

"Don't be too dogmatic, either. Say what you have to say, modestly. If you are confident of the truth of what you say, it isn't necessary to shout it; and if you are not confident, it isn't worth while. You will generally find that the makers of noisy and over-emphatic assertions are seldom right, and don't always think they are. The man who loudly and angrily proclaims his honesty has generally greater reason for wishing you to believe him than hope that you will do it. Bluster may cover a bad case, but it can't improve a good one.

"Don't make rash assertions; but if in the ardour of the moment you commit yourself to a statement that you can't prove, and that you are not quite sure is capable of defense, don't stick to it because you have said it, but admit at once that you are not sure of it, and let it drop. If you must argue be sure of what you say. If you have nothing to say that is to the point and worth saying, don't say anything at all.

"Don't argue for the sake of contradiction. Mere disputation is an affront to gods and men. Most people argue for the sole purpose of gaining an argumentative victory—regardless of the means by which they gain it. Always be sure that your desire is to arrive at the truth, and not to exhibit your argumentative power or demolish a less able dilettician. "Finally, don't argue at all if you can help it, and you will thereby save a great deal of time and a great deal of ill temper—and neither you nor any one else will be a penny the worse for your forbearance.

"Don't make the mistake of supposing all workmen to be down-trodden heroes, who only want a chance to become perfect angels of light; or the other mistake of believing all "toffs" to be cruel and heartless oppressors and grinders of the faces of the poor. Remember that angels are not common in this world, and that good-hearted, honest men, and crafty, coarse, greedy, vulgar rogues can be found amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

NOTHING TO DO WITH CLASSES.

A Socialist has nothing to do with classes at all. The rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, are mere mortal men, and "the Lord is the maker of them all," while the devil has industriously done his best to spoil most of them. As a socialist, I say, you have nothing to do with classes, and a good Socialist should keep the same behavior for all men, and that behavior should be his best.

Don't suppose that all men are equal, however, or that anything can make them so—in our time, at any rate. Therefore, don't say "one man is as good as another," or behave as if you thought so. We are all as God made us, and should rejoice, not in excelling all competitors, but in doing our best. The man who does the best he knows how, need envy no man nor be ashamed of himself.

THEN DON'T BE IMPATIENT

because Socialism is not progressing as fast as you think it ought, but bear in mind that your efforts and your example will have the effect of either helping or hindering its progress amongst the people you live and work with. Therefore, do your duty where you are, and leave the rest to Providence. Don't be discouraged by the attacks made by ignorant and interested opponents on Socialistic theories. You can hardly expect that the people who have

ALL THE WEALTH AND POWER AND LUXURY can view with pleasure a proposed system of society in which a man will be valued for what he is, and not as now for what he has got. And, finally, don't get cross when "superior" people say Socialists

ARE DUPES, ROBBERS OR DREAMERS,

and are bound to fail. Remember that no one rages so violently at a foe who is too weak to be dangerous. So be patient, hopeful, confident, modest, determined, and persistent, and keep up a good supply of toleration for your opponents, and never failing flow of cheerfulness for your friends.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Those who entertain the hallucination that God rules in the councils of nations may profitably consult official figures relating to the salaries paid to men who hold high official stations, and are of less value to the world than so many silk worms. As for instance the emperor of Russia receives—

\$25,000 00 a day.

\$1,041 00 an hour.

\$17 00 a minute.

28 cents a second.

Queen Victoria receives—

\$6,500 00 a day.

\$271 00 an hour.

\$4 50 a minute.

8 cents a second.

The President of the United States receives—

\$136 93 a day.

\$5 70 an hour.

9 cents a minute.

1 1/2 mills a second.

Now, then, group the nations of the earth and find the sum total paid rulers and their pals, and then ask whether God or the devil rules in the councils of nations. The facts will show that the devil in every instance is ahead by a thousand laps. If these nondescript creatures were paid fifteen cents a day the sum would about represent their value.

HOPPER AND SCHELL.

These two enterprising members of local Union No. 158, have started a foundry and machine works at Macon, and are doing a thriving business. They are very popular and well esteemed and their success is a matter of congratulation on the part of their many friends. Their plant is known as the "Enterprise Foundry and Machine Works," and they are turning out a class of work that is bound to secure a large patronage for them. They are steadily increasing their capacity and have all the orders they can fill. Success to these brethren for they are in every way deserving of it.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

AN ABNORMAL PRODUCT OF AN ABNORMAL CIVILIZATION

Piles Up His Wealth Long after He Has More than He Can Use, Until Finally Death Ends His Avarice.

In a late issue of Appeal to Reason, Harrison Augir writes on "The Millionaire" in a way well calculated to place that individual before the public in his proper light. The present is preeminently an age of money-getting and this mad desire to pile up riches has spawned a class of creatures called millionaires who, imagining themselves the lords of creation, convert to their private use all the bounties of nature which were designed for all the people. No matter how their hapless victims may suffer, nor what becomes of the country, so that their insatiate greed may be satisfied. Money is the god of their idolatry. Humanity is of as little consequence to them as so many grasshoppers on the plains. Now and then they are moved to scatter a few crumbs among the famishing hordes for "sweet charity's sake," and then they complacently proceed with their piracies with the feeling that they have done their full duty to alleviate the suffering of the world. It does not seem to occur to them that their "charity," so-called, would be unnecessary if they ceased their robbery of the poor and if all men had equal opportunities of doing for themselves as was intended by the fathers of the republic. How any man can hold millions of dollars in his grasp while millions of his fellow beings are verging on starvation, can only be accounted for upon the theory that where money is the ruling passion pity dies out of the human heart.

Says Mr. Auger:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien That to be hated needs but to be seen; Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Of all classes of human beings in this wide world, the millionaire is the most inexplicable and mysterious. The motive that urges him on to pile up wealth, after having enough to supply all the needed wants of life, should they live a century, I have in vain sought to attribute to good and honorable motives. Labor and industry to supply one's self with the comforts of life is a duty and commendable in all, but this unbounded avarice that is never content, but cries more! more! angers an unbalanced mind, a derangement of the brain, that makes the person a dangerous citizen, and all such should be watched and guarded as carefully as the animal stricken with the hydrophobia. The disease is not only infectious but works evil in a thousand ways. It seems that they have adopted the adage 'There is not an honest man.' The world is a cheat and he is a fool that doesn't take a hand in it. Urged on by such demoralizing conceptions of mankind, they plunge into every scheme for acquiring riches, honorable or dishonorable, void of all sense of justice, they rob the poor as readily as the rich. Destitute of benevolence and consciousness, without which man is a monster, they view with indifference the thousands around them suffering for the comforts of life. What is more malignant, they plot to rob the laboring classes of their hard-earned wealth. This is graphically illustrated in our representatives in office, men who in the common walks of life were honest, but when exposed to temptation (as our heading shows) being placed in power soon imbibe the infection, losing their manhood by becoming tools, and join hands with our enemies to overthrow our republican government. Such conduct seems more criminal in our officials than others. Elected to office by the people who confidently trusted them to frame and administer the laws for the good of all classes, men fed with liberal salaries of their own making, from the hands of toil—for such men to betray their constituents, turning traitor, is the climax of crime! Are we to sink to a level, or below the nations of Europe? Have our fond anticipations of a free government for the toiling millions become a farce? A bloated aristocracy controlling legislators and congress, making laws to enrich themselves and their abettors at the expense of suffering millions, should alarm every voter in the land.

Citizens, awake! Ring the alarm bells far and near! Every man to his post, study your own interest and that of your posterity. Let the coming four years be a school of jurisprudence or law, in which every voter shall earn a diploma fitting each one to perform his duty at the ballot box in an intelligent manner that will give justice to all and special privileges to none.

"The following lines from Pope I deem appropriate to this subject: "Fraternal love but serves the virtuous mind to wake As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake; The center moved, a circle straight succeeds, Another still, and still another spreads. Friend, parent, neighbor, first it doth embrace, His country next, and next, all human race: Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind."

Take every creature in of every kind; Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest, And heaven upholds its image in his breast."

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

"The Independent, or socialist labor party," says the Cleveland Citizen, "has come to be regarded as a political organization of weight and influence across the pond. Its membership is enthusiastically pushing the work of propaganda, and socialism is no longer ostracized, for it has become one of the popular studies of the day. Phlegmatic England and dogmatic Scotland are moving, and it is hoped that ere long Great Britain will be in the van of the socialistic movement of the world." Socialism can do some things remarkably well, independent of politics, under all forms of government, but when socialists have the ballot they can compel others to do things for the welfare of society, and they live below their privileges if they do not use the ballot for their emancipation.

COMPLETION OF THE QUEEN'S RECORD.

Meanwhile the great question is, How shall we celebrate the completion of the Queen's Record.

By-the-way, are the court scribes quite sure of their wisdom in insisting so strenuously on the extraordinary nature of Her Majesty's virtues? We are told that her court has been pure and her conduct as a woman irreplicable. "Lo," they practically say, "behold in Queen Victoria the most wonderful prodigy in the history of humanity. Here is a person who is at once royal and honest—who has sat upon a throne but is yet a decent member of society—who has reigned for nearly sixty years, and actually displays the virtues of a respectable woman."

Is ordinary virtue so very extraordinary then in a monarch?—London Clarion.

WIND AND FRIZZES.

"I don't like to ride my bicycle now," said the fair young girl, "because of the wind."

The young man slightly blushed.

"Co—couldn't you use strips of lead or something?" he stammered.

"Strips of lead—for what?"

The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot.

"Why, in the hem of your skirt—skirts," he stammered.

"My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty.

"I'm not talking about my skirts. It's my frizzes that the wind blows out."

And the youth went forth into the cool night and butted his head against the first lamppost.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

F'S AND K'S OUT.

A telegraph operator, using a typewriting machine, was called to account by the editor for bad spelling, and replied as follows:

"Editor—Mistakes are liable to happen in the best regulated phamillies, and to typewriters as well. It is, indeed, a very unphortunate affair, but the "eph" and "cay" phell out and are lost. This morning I called at the office on the gentleman phrom whom I rent this outphit, but I phailed to phind him in. I do not lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling myselph, but will write the specials aphter a phaspion. I, myselph, consider this no joque, but a serious apphair."

HAS NO OPINION.

Lawyer: Judging from your replies, you do not seem to have any opinions on any subject.

Possible Juror: No, sir. I ain't tried to have no opinion of my own for a good many years.

"Humph! How many years?"

"Oh, I dunno. Ever since I married."

—New York Weekly.

A California judge, has decided in a case where parties own a stream of water, another party cannot be permitted to tunnel under the bed of that stream to obtain water for irrigation, or other purposes, and that the owner of the stream owns all the water "clear down to China." But the constitution of California says, "that the right to water is a public use." But the California judge, like old Vanderbilt when discussing the "public," practically says, the "Constitution be d—d" or something of that sort.

The Eight Hour Workday.

A concerted effort is being made among the building trades to inaugurate the eight hour day. A big demonstration for the shorter working day will be held in St. Louis May 2. William Jennings Bryan has been invited to speak, and other prominent friends of labor will participate. The Ministerial association of Erie, Pa., has recently adopted a resolution addressed to manufacturers and wage earners pleading for the universal adoption of the eight hour system.

Scurvy Is Murder.

The English commission which investigated scurvy has laid down as a maxim that when a seaman dies of scurvy somebody is as directly responsible for his death as if his throat had been cut. Judge Hoffman of California has declared that for scurvy at sea there is absolutely no excuse.—Andrew Farnham.

CO-OPERATION

RECOMMENDED AS THE WAY OUT OF PRESENT DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS.

What Labor Does for the Advancement of Wealth While It Starves and Dies in the Trenches.

Manifestly it is a difficult task to provide remedies for present conditions. Low Tremble in Coming Nation advocates co-operation, as follows:

"There are two kinds of people on earth to-day, just two kinds of people, no more I say."

"The two kinds of people, on earth, I mean, are the people who lift and the people who lean."

Could words be truer of the present times than these?

On one hand we see the farmer, the miner, the clerk and the railroad employe, together with many others, "the people who lift."

On the other hand we see the capitalists with his millions of ill-gotten wealth, "the people who lean."

Not long ago I heard a republican say that shoes could not be manufactured without the help of the capitalist and his money.

Labor digs the iron ore. Labor cuts the timber. Labor makes the smelter. Labor builds the saw mill. Labor smelts the ore. Labor takes the timber and iron and makes the machinery for the manufacture of the shoes. Labor raises the cattle. Labor tans the hides. Labor takes the leather and with the aid of this machinery it has just made it makes boots, shoes, etc. And yet you say that shoes can not be manufactured without the capitalist and his money. Labor receives one-tenth, or about that, of the profits, and the capitalist receives nine-tenths, for what?

Labor cuts, saws and dresses the wood. Labor digs and smelts the iron. Labor takes the wood and iron and builds a Pullman palace car, and yet "Labor could not do all this without the help of Pullman and his money." Why could not labor co-operate and do all this without the help of capital? Labor builds the railroads, makes the ties and rails. Labor builds the engines and cars. Labor digs the coal to run the trains. Labor operates these trains, and yet all of this is done under the shadow of that monster—capital. Why cannot the people—the common people, the people who lift—receive the full fruits of their toil?

On the one hand we see the laborer in the sweat shop giving his very life to maintain himself and family, to give them only the meaneast of necessities, laboring, and even while he works, his wife and children dying of slow starvation, and then as the case only too often is, to be thrown out of employment, with no work, no food, no fuel, without hope, willing to work for a bare pittance. How long will he stand in the midst of plenty with starvation staring him in the face? What are murder and robbery compared with the condition of himself and family? Is it any wonder that our prisons are full?

On the other hand, we see the capitalist in his brown stone front mansion, with every luxury that money can buy, ordering about his (wage) slaves and with Mr. Vanderbilt's words of respect concerning the common people in answer to every petition. Can you blame the people for their crimes? Thirty-five years ago America lost half a million and over of her bravest sons to abolish slavery, and yet only two months ago an American citizen sold himself into absolute slavery, and a million of them are in nominal slavery. It seems as though work and starvation march side by side, and the same with indolence and luxury.

There is only one remedy that I can see, and that is co-operation. At least give co-operation a trial, it can make things no worse. It is revolution or co-operation, for the people cannot, neither will they, starve forever. We have tried every other remedy but co-operation. Some of them may help a little, but none of them, excepting this can ever abolish this damnable system of wage slavery. Starvation in the midst of plenty! The storm is upon us in all its fury, the waves roll high, but just ahead is the brightest of all beacon lights—SOCIALISM; but in reaching it we must be careful of breakers and shoals, for although the end of the voyage is near yet one mistake might indefinitely postpone the reaching of that bounteous land where Socialism reigns supreme.

SYLLOGISTIC.

The Champion indulges in a little logic as follows: "The republicans and gold democrats," says the Champion, "offered as a pre-election proof of the virtue and merit of their cause that if Bryan be elected sundry diverse calamities will ensue: (1) Financial failures, (2) business failures, (3) reduction in wages, (4) strikes, (5) lockouts, (6) ruin of confidence, (7) crises, (8) numberless disasters to our prosperity unprecedented in history. All of these calamities have fallen upon the people since the election as

never before recorded. Hence, Bryan must have been elected. The syllogism may assume this form in rigid logic: Bryan's election will cause financial ruin. We have financial ruin. Therefore Bryan's election. Or a posteriori: McKinley's election will produce confidence and prosperity. We have neither. Therefore McKinley was not elected.

THE LANDLORD WHO KNEW IT ALL. "You can't clerk in a big hotel without being something of a detective and keeping your eyes open all the time," remarked the landlord who knew all the tricks to a rural caller with a cheap suit that didn't fit and a slouch hat that looked as if it might have seen service as a hen's nest, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Don't want to be put up too high, hey? I'll just give you a nice, warm room on the third floor. Ask the clerk for the key when you want to go to bed. He's at supper now. As I was saying, you have to be a good judge of human nature and up to all the tricks of the crooks in order to be a first-class clerk. I was in the business fifteen years before I became a proprietor, and was never taken in once. I can tell a sly customer as far as I can see him, and some of his kind are always around."

"That's what I've alls heard; atween you an' me here's \$200 in this envelope. I'm goin' to pay a feller most of it, but I guess I leave it inter your safe till mornin'. Just count it, lan'lord."

"That's correct; just \$200."

"Now, ef you'll give me a little writin' ter show for it."

"Certainly, if you like. Good deal better in the safe than in your pocket. Sharpers are always looking out for strangers."

An hour later, while the landlord was counting his stack of cash the "farmer" came up breathlessly. "My man's here now, an' he's gotter to ketch a train. Jist hand me \$175 an' take it outen th' envelope."

This was promptly done. Next morning when the cash showed the above shortage the landlord grimly charged it to himself, filled his hip pocket with guns and went looking for his rural friend who had changed envelopes while the receipt was being written.

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John and Peter, and Robert and Paul, God in His wisdom created them all; John was a statesman, and Peter a slave, Robert a preacher, and Paul was a knave, Evil or good, as the case might be, White or colored, or bond or free, John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—God in His wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements mingled with flame, Out of life's compounds of glory and shame, Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own, And helplessly into life's history thrown; Born by the law that compels men to be, Born to conditions they could not foresee, John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and heart of his state, Was trusted and honored, was noble and great; Peter was made "neath life's burdens to groan, And never once dreamed that his soul was his own; Robert great glory and honor received, For zealously preaching what no one believed; While Paul of the pleasure of sin took his fill, And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men in their passing away From earth and his conflicts, all died the same day, John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the land; Peter fell 'neath the lash of a merciless hand; Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue; While Peter was convicted of murder and hung, John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—God in His wisdom created them all.

Men said of the statesman, "How noble and brave;" But of Peter, alas, "He was only a slave;" Of Robert—"Tis well with his soul, it is well," While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell. Born by one law, through all nature the same, What made them differ, and who was to blame? John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—God in His wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light, Where the soul of the black man is as pure and as white— Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise, No longer resorts to deception and lies; Out where the flesh can no longer control The freedom and faith of the God given soul, Who shall determine what change shall befall, John and Peter, and Robert and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase, Peter rejoice in an infinite peace; Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord Are more in the spirit and less in the word, And Paul may be best with a holier birth Than the passions of men had allowed him on earth. John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—God in His wisdom created them all.

THE Twentieth Century remarks that "it is beyond controversy that for vulgar display and rampant ostentation our public and political gatherings are beginning to exceed the extravagance of ancient Rome. If but a tithe of the tales that are told concerning the grandeur of the McKinley inaugural be true the triumphal procession of Cæsar on the occasion of his most brilliant victory over the Gauls was absolutely nothing to the coming demonstration."

That was said before the inauguration and the inaugural ball. Now that those events have transpired the Twentieth Century will have to search the records for new illustrations of imperial parade and spectacular splendor. Cæsar is not to be compared with Hanna.

The codfish crop is not likely to give out as long as one fish can lay 4,822,000 eggs annually.

THE RAILWAY TIMES

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TERRE HAUTE, APRIL 15, 1897.

SENATOR TILLMAN.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, is the one fearless man in the United States senate. He is as brave as he is breezy. When he sees corruption, he is quick to expose it. He hews to the line regardless which way the chips fly or who is hit by them.

TRUSTS.

The Legislature of New York appointed a commission to investigate the trust question and officially ascertain the method of operation by which trusts became, in the opinion of Judge Baker of the United States District court of Indiana, "highway robbers," perpetrating crimes so flagrant and continuously that it would be no injustice to "lynch them."

The report of the New York commission is interesting, not because it supplies any new light regarding the nefarious practices of trusts, but being official, it strengthens public opinion in its conclusions, and shows how, under the forms of law "highway robbery" can be conducted with impunity.

The report of the commission says: "In every case of combination which presented itself to your committee, independent concerns represented either by partnerships or by corporate organizations, or both, had been competing against each other in the markets of this state and nation when, by promotion or otherwise, they were combined together generally under the laws of the state of New Jersey into one large organization, controlling approximately 80 per centum of the production of a particular product of common use."

ing factories, remand employes into idleness, and by combining many establishments into one control trade and prices, and levy such tribute upon the people as their greed may demand. The law permits their existence, the courts uphold them, the capitalistic press apologizes for them and the people are robbed by the wholesale. These trusts now dominate the government. They supplied the cash to elect McKinley, who, by recommending a tariff that will, by taxation, give the government \$115,000,000 revenue, will give the beneficiaries of the steal ten times that amount as a reward for their subscriptions to the Mark Hanna corruption fund.

FITZSIMMONDS AND CORBETT.

What would make a thousand volumes of the size of the average novel has been written about Corbett and Fitzsimmons, the trained bulldogs of the prize ring, and their fight at Carson on March 17th.

Corbett, for a number of years, having won some money in the prize ring and by exhibiting himself before the American people, has lived a life of licentious repose, gratifying all his animal tastes and proclivities, by which he had lost a large per cent. of that physical energy required for success in the brutal game of the prize ring, and however severe the training for the fight with Fitzsimmons, it did not and could not restore him to the condition he was in when he fought Sullivan and Mitchell. As a result, his star went down at Carson and will rise no more forever.

The other human brute who "beated" Corbett, will now come in for ceaseless eulogies of the press. Fitzsimmons' star is in the ascendant. His awful "right-handers" and "left-handers" and his terrible "punch" will be commented upon ad infinitum. He will be the hero of a thousand dens where "plug-uglies" resort, and who will regard him as a being worthy of adoration. And why not? These short haired and beetle-browed specimens of humanity, do what they may to glorify their idol, in their vernacular slang, will fall infinitely short of the cultured eulogies of the American press—the institution which creates public opinion and shapes events—the product of school, college and university, the converging center of wisdom, which is forever harping about "the good, the beautiful and the true," and which has made Corbett and Fitzsimmons better known throughout the land than any two living statesmen, scientists, teachers or divines that could be named after a month's study.

In this connection it is worth while to remember that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight occurred at a time when great national and international questions were up for debate, as for instance, the Olney-Pauncefote treaty, designed to reduce brute force to the minimum in the settlement of questions calculated to bring such force into active operation. Then bloody facts forced to the front the ancient and modern massacre of Armenian christians by the remorseless and relentless Turk, so horrifying that the heart of civilized humanity almost ceased to throb. Then again, the world was confronted with the struggle of modern Greece to disenthrall the island of Crete from Turkish domination, while all the great (?) christian powers of Europe, with their iron-clad battleships thundered their protests against civilization, liberty and progress.

In the United States of America, while wreck and ruin filled the land, while millions of men were idle, while a trust-damned election was coronating a president amidst oriental displays of splendors by the use money stolen from labor, we say while the world was contemplating such scenes of devilism, the American press and the American people went, "hell bent" as "Maine went for Kent," astray to glorify a prize fight between two beastly athletes, trained to emulate the ferocity of bulldogs.

Boast as we will, such is the status of our boasted civilization, and Corbett and Fitzsimmons stand forth the cynosures of more eyes than any two statesmen, jurists, scientists or divines that can be named.

In making such statements there is not an element of croaking. If one interrogate the press it will respond, that "the people want prize-ring literature," and it tells the truth. The people eagerly devour such literature, and the press, more potential than school and church combined, in creating public opinion, is in business for the money there is in it, and if the people want the sickening details of chicken fights, dog fights, prize-ring fights, suicides, abductions, seductions, divorce, or anything else in that line, they will get it, and it will be found upon investigation that what is called the "upper crust" of society have a thirst for it, as insatiable as that found in the slums.

What of it all? This, let us be done with the ceaseless glorification of our christian civilization and look facts squarely in the face. There it stands—walk around it, examine its towers and battlements, compare its books with its boodle, off-set truth with trusts. Prate of its gospel, and then notice its evangelizing guns. Glorify its piety, and then note its piracies; count over its creeds and then estimate its cussedness. Eulogize its pulpits and then notice its priests, and see them "crook the pregnant hinges of their knees" that their salaries may be maintained. Do men make a stand for civilization by pointing to our courts, where, when truth and gold are in the scales, gold gets the verdict, ala Shiras, and the corporations? And still our civilization of progress and poverty, progress and piracy, progress and pusillanimity proceeds. Sic transit gloria civilization.

THE SOCIAL REFORM CLUB.

Notes From New York's Great Organization—Prize For a Label Article.

The attendance at recent meetings of the club has been so far in excess of our accommodations that the executive council has appointed a committee to report on more commodious quarters. We shall select a place easily reached by transfers on the various surface roads. The finances of the club will not justify the renting of an entire building, but we expect to secure the co-operation of other clubs and thus provide for the subletting of rooms. Mr. Charles F. Wingate, the sanitary engineer, is deeply interested in the proposed change of location. He anticipates decided benefits from pleasanter rooms.

It will be to your readers an evidence of how strong our membership is becoming when it is stated in the committee of 250, which has called the Citizens' union into existence, about one-tenth are members of this club. The Citizens' union is to be a nonpolitical rallying point for all who question the connection between national and state and municipal affairs. By the new state charter the coming election will be almost entirely municipal. The Citizens' union wants, therefore, to demonstrate the wisdom of electing men in New York solely because of fitness for municipal duties and not because of views on currency and revenue, etc.

At the last meeting of the executive council the name of the anticrimping committee was changed to that of seaman's rights. The investigation of the chairman, Mr. Charles B. Stover, has so far convinced him and the other members of his committee of the wrongs and cruelties to which American sailors are subjected that he asks for permission to broaden the scope of his committee. His report to the council in relation to the unnecessary sufferings of the sailors on the T. E. Oakes, whose story has been in all the papers, so startled the meeting that a committee was appointed to visit the suffering men daily and to carry them little luxuries. Ten out of the 12 now in the Marine hospital will probably never be able to work again, and an endeavor will be made to start a public subscription on their account. Mr. Stover's committee is using all possible influence to secure the indictment of both Captain Reed and wife for manslaughter. This same committee co-operated with the Central Labor unions of both Brooklyn and New York in managing the mass meeting in Cooper Union March 25. The following resolutions, with a strong preamble, were unanimously adopted at the meeting:

Resolved, That we, citizens of New York, in mass meeting assembled, declare that in our opinion, as in that of Justice Harlan, the arrest and imprisonment of seamen for breach of civil contract and compulsory service upon ships is "involuntary servitude" and a violation of the thirteenth amendment of the constitution of the United States; that it is an unnecessary, unjust and entirely unwarrantable discrimination against a worthy and useful class of citizens; and as such, is a gross violation of our national sense of liberty and equality, degrading to the seamen, and dangerous to the safety of our institutions; and, further

Resolved, That we strongly condemn the action of Senator Frye and the senate committee on commerce in the late congress, and petition the congress now in session to give prompt consideration and early enactment to senate bill No. 66, introduced by Senator White, as being a satisfactory substitute for the seamen's bills adopted by the house of representatives in the last congress; and, further

Resolved, That we commend all friendly action of our representatives in the Fifty-fourth congress, and particularly the endeavors of Congressmen Payne and McCormick to secure better navigation laws; and, finally

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the senators and congressmen of our state, and that the press of New York and vicinity be requested to publish the same in full.

In the past weeks we have had very interesting Tuesday evening meetings in relation to the following subjects: "Six Day Week."—Speakers, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Messrs. Weismann, baker, and Doherr, druggist; very spirited debate followed.

"Police Department."—Speaker, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. This is the fifth city department that has been represented by its head official before our club. Mr. Oppenheimer criticised, and Mr. Roosevelt replied.

The committee on organized labor of the Social Reform club offers a prize of \$10 for the best article on the union label. The article must not contain over 1,600 words and should be written on one side of the paper only. It must be handed in before May 15, 1897. The author's name must not be upon the article, which should be signed with a nom de plume. At the same time a sealed envelope, containing the author's real name and address and also the nom de plume used in the article, must be mailed to the secretary of the committee on organized labor, Social Reform club, 28 East Fourth street, New York city. The article itself must be mailed, postage prepaid, to James K. Paulding, 146 Forsyth street, New York city. The judges will be Henry White, Mary E. J. Kelley and James K. Paulding. The subject may be treated from any standpoint. The committee will publish three or four of the best articles.

G. GEORGE DAWES, Chairman Committee on Publicity, New York.

"What is socialism?" someone asks. Well it is largely made up of common sense.

ABYSS OF DESPAIR.

SUCH IS THE SYMBOL OF OUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION.

We Must Dig Deep If We Would Uproot Barbarism—The Social Wagon's Two Wheels—Thoughts Aroused by Some Recent Bank Statistics.

[Special Correspondence.] Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, an accurate and well known statistician, has given certain instructive data in Harper's Weekly for March 27. His conclusions there had to be conservative. The paper in question would not have accepted anything radical even if it had come direct from an archangel in heaven. The writer of these lines proposes to give his radical presentations as deductions from those data:

The banking resources in our nation for 1894 were about \$5,700,000,000 in the 23 states which voted for gold in November, and \$700,000,000 in the 22 states which voted for silver. The silver states contain about 43 per cent of our population. Their banking facilities are then but about 23 per cent of what they should be if properly distributed. The evil does not stop even there, because pretty nearly the whole sum of \$700,000,000 banking resources in the silver states is concentrated in the few large centers of population there. It follows, then, that the bulk of the people in the silver states, about 25,000,000 human beings, have hardly any more banking facilities than the wild tribes in tropical Africa, all because of the poverty of that 25,000,000 population.

Now, what is the meaning of banking resources—small groups of permanent creditors willing to lend money, or rather wealth, to a large group of permanent debtors for the latter to produce something out of the wealth borrowed from the few? In its most approximately precise formula the meaning is that for every one man with considerable wealth that he cannot use we have, say, 20 with not wealth enough to make a living and so forced to be under tribute to one in order to obtain from him the wealth they need to keep alive and at work, with not much over half the comforts they should have for a symmetrical existence. Between the 1 and the 20 men place 4 occupying the middle zone of neither creditors nor debtors, to a great extent anyhow, add 75 men below the 20 permanent debtors in different layers toward the bottom of the social pit, condemned to work under a master, when not obliged to loaf and starve or beg, and there you have our magnificent (?) social fabric today.

Only a few days ago one of the most important and lovely bankers in New York city (we love them all of course) declared that in the next four years the civilized nations would produce an additional \$1,000,000,000 gold money, which meant \$4,000,000,000 additional credits (banking resources) with which to increase that prosperity forever piled up in that 1 man or family group out of 99 in every modern nation.

Credits, banking resources, securities which only secure the few at the expense of the many, investments which mean the many under eternal tribute to the few—is there anything natural in the order of God about all that? The writer thinks it is all wrong, although he himself does not feel the pressure of existence as much as 95 per cent of the race. Perhaps the dreadful abnormality of the situation can only be grasped when we stop to think on that divine injunction by which the duty of labor is only enjoined upon the male adult. God evidently endowed the latter with the power to fully provide for wife and children, old parents, etc., and that under all industrial conditions, if only resting on "ethics." Plain needs shall then correspond to plain tools and plain production. High, expensive needs shall then correspond to costly tools and large production. The divine plans cannot have a single flaw or leak. God cannot have been the victim of a single, solitary mistake.

This nation of ours has today 15,000,000 male adults able to fully provide for our 70,000,000 population according to God's plans. Over 25,000,000 of people are forced to work, most of them obtaining but one-half or less of the full needs and plain comforts required today. Over 10,000,000 women and youngsters are then obliged to live lives such as God never meant they should have to endure. And still we sing the glories of our civilization!

It looks as if we needed to go down pretty deep into the reform business if we want to stop that semieternal march around the abyss of despair, the symbol of which civilization has been under most historical periods and is today even for the wealthy up to the very pinnacle of earthly felicity.

The social problem is bound to be the enigma of the ages and remain unsolved as long as we simply approach it along its materialistic aspects.

Return to the banking resources of the Union. They are today about \$7,000,000,000, mostly concentrated in the 100 principal centers of commerce and wealth where our 140,000 most wealthy chaps live, holding over 80 per cent of our natural resources, and so most of our wealth and so most of our money, symbol of wealth, and through all that enabled to fix the conditions on which 99 per cent of our people shall live and die. Can we stop that barbarism? Yes. How? Through the socialization of land values and public utilities to begin with, that to be accomplished by means of antimonopolistic taxation backed by an antimonopolistic monetary system. Please, brethren in the reform movement, don't disassociate the money problem from the tax problem. The two are one and indivisible. The cause of labor and that of humanity have always and shall always be victimized through injustice and dishonesty in those two basic social contrivances, taxation and money. They are the two wheels on which the social wagon rolls, for evil or good. That has never been disproved. JOSE GAOS.

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PAPERS.

THE OPTIMIST'S CREED.

I saw not, as have others seen, The passing of the Nazarene; Nor stood I in the press with them Who, thronging, touched His garment's hem; But earth to me is holy ground Where men have walked and tho't of God— Talked with the silence of the sod, And there their Father's spirit found.

Those hands that bore the Master's cross Were not these hands of mine that fall To choose the treasure from the dross; But deeds of love, for His own sake, I see done round me, day by day, And lives a deeper meaning take That walk with Him, His chosen way.

Universal Morality.

In a society founded on the ideas of liberty and equal rights, where all are supposed to enjoy equality of opportunities, a society relieved from all invidious distinctions of caste or rank, a classless society, in short, such as ours is supposed to be, moral precepts, social virtues, and rules of conduct which function as agents for the elevation of character and the advancement of individual well-being, are of universal applicability. There can be no rules of conduct that are good to be observed by workmen and bad for bank presidents and millionaires, or vice versa. In a word, virtues, if they are virtues, are absolute. I do not believe I have ever written anything which would warrant the inference that I wish to see workmen invest their spare nickels in whiskey or beer. I deplore the existence of such habits because I would wish to see my comrades always in possession of clean souls, clear heads, strong wits and strong arms—I wish to see them at all times capable of developing the best manhood that is in them, and able to command the respect that is their due from all mankind. I want workmen to be in a condition to work out their own salvation from the evils which environ them,—which they must do if they are ever to see salvation—and they cannot do this with weakened bodies and befuddled brains. Much more do I deplore the conditions which impel my comrades to invest their pitiful savings in whiskey or beer, and I rebel with indignation and contempt the damnable hypocrisy which seeks to inculcate in their minds respect for teetotalism on the score of economy—which counts the filthy dollars squandered by workmen for plebeian whiskey and beer, and moralizes pharisaically over the economic consequences of such squandering while saying nothing of the oceans of champagne and burgundy consumed by our rich parasites at their Seely dinners and other strictly *recherché* entertainments. That which is loudly condemned as a vice in poor workmen is glossed over or passed unnoticed in these parasitic tipplers, because, forsooth! the latter have money and can afford to make beasts of themselves.

I do not desire workmen to stop drinking whiskey and beer on the score of economy. I care not the value of a pin for the conventional economic aspect of the matter. I appeal to my comrades on higher grounds. And if I were asked to decide between two annual investments, one being thirty-two dollars worth of whiskey and the other being thirty-two dollars worth of Building and Loan stock, I think I would be strongly tempted to say, "Take the whiskey, my boy, take the whiskey! its the lesser evil and will produce less devilmint in society at large."

If I have ever written anything which could be construed into an admission that economy, under any circumstances, is a virtue, something to be highly praised and made much of, I here and now take it back and apologize. Economy is not a virtue. In a broad, good sense, and under proper conditions, it is a duty, and there is no particular virtue in the performance of a duty—nothing for which men should be praised and made much of. Under our present conditions of life economy is a disease—an abnormal diathesis indicating mental morbidity. Like the bubonic plague, it confines its attacks principally to poor folks and those generally who are cursed with ill-nourished organisms, but it sometimes makes its appearance among the rich and well-nourished; in which latter case it excites ridicule, contempt, invective, etc., and comes to be classified as parimony. (And, by the way, there are some lexicographers who have placed parimony among the synonyms of economy.) One can scarce pick up a paper nowadays which does not contain some contemptuous allusion to the economical habits of Russel Sage or Mrs. Hetty Green. These persons are held up to the scorn and ridicule of society at large, simply because they are well versed in the science of economy and carry its teachings into the practical affairs of their lives. They are denounced as niggardly, parsimonious skinflints. Rich and poor unite in their denunciations of the conduct of these detestable creatures, while eminent poseologists have not hesitated to classify such symptoms as they frequently exhibit as sure indications of pronounced neurotic degeneracy accompanying reversion to a lower moral type. And yet these actions which appear as symptoms of degeneration in Russel Sage are held up to workmen as most worthy to be imitated! Society calls Russel Sage a contemptible person because he strives to be economical, and then says to the workmen, "Go and imitate your uncle Russel as far as lies in your power and we will bless and admire you!" And yet such palpable inconsistencies as this do not appear to strike the average individual as at all out of place. Does not this indicate that our ideas of social morality have somehow been turned topsy-turvy? We speak about the "dignity" of labor; we praise "honest" industry; we tell workmen to be temperate, industrious, frugal, thrifty—and to what end?

That they may gain property for themselves, and so maintain "dignity" without labor and "honesty" without industry. Our whole capitalist morality is centered on the one thought of gaining property. Competence or independence, it is called. And this means, simply and shortly, gaining the right to be incompetent and dependent. We thus exhibit the spending of a society reaching the absolute goodness of certain actions while bending all its energies and adapting its machinery to the end that those actions may be entirely avoided. And one of the principal spokes in the wheel whose turnings we are taught will drop the most worthy off at this high capitalist ideal is economy. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," labor diligently and faithfully; be industrious, temperate and frugal; for these be virtues, indeed, and their practice is good for mankind. Let ye be faithful in the practice of these virtues and your reward shall be—what? Release from all industry, and the attainment of a station in life where frugality becomes an object of contempt! Said I not truly that economy is a disease?

The disease permeates the minds of men to an extent wholly unsuspected. A correspondent of the *Detroit News* recently asked the editor of that paper, among other questions, if the prevalent hard times might not largely be attributed to the displacement of workmen by machinery. The editor, being orthodox, answered his correspondent by giving him an outline of the antiquated superstition taught by political economists in the early part of the century, telling him, of course, that machinery does not displace labor in the sense of leaving laborers unprovided for, because, while turning them out of their old places, it makes new places for them, and for many more laborers besides. Commenting on this subject in a subsequent issue, another correspondent gravely tells the editor that the reason for the hard times "is the extravagance of the people themselves. During prosperous times they had too much money and forgot the word economy." This person but voices a sentiment held by thousands of others. Can anyone doubt that persons holding such views are the victims of severe mental disorder? They are no doubt sincere in their belief, and their very sincerity is a proof of the diseased state of their minds. And why this great divergence of opinion as to the proper attitude to assume towards economy, with respect to its exhibition by different members of the same society? (For we are told that there are no classes in this country. Those who talked about classes in the last campaign were bitterly denounced as revolutionists and deadly enemies to the commonweal.) Why should economy be worthy of contempt in the rich and of laudation in the poor? The capitalist principle robs workmen of what belongs to them and diminishes their power of consumption below their normal needs and far below their productive capacity. Economy then falls into gloss over this robbery, and teach workmen to adjust their consumption to the means left in their possession, holding out as a reward a final balance between economic factors and something to lay by besides. The same principle places much more than belongs to them in the possession of those who have been successful in taking advantage of it, and increases their power to consume far beyond their normal needs, while it relieves them entirely from the necessity to produce.

The very first principle of economic science is complete reciprocity between production and consumption. The two factors must balance; the one must support the other. Any force which operates to destroy this balance is a disturbing and illegitimate factor, and the science of economy will seek to restore equilibrium by removing the disturbing force. The capitalist principle introduces this disturbing force by creating a condition where great masses have their power of consumption reduced to sub-normal while a comparatively small number are invested with super-normal power. Positive morality teaches that all consumption should be normal. "Let ye be temperate." "Do nothing in excess." This is good doctrine, there can be no doubt about it. Suppose now we have a society the components of which are proportioned as to consumptive power, one million sub-normal, one thousand super-normal. The moral object is a normal consumption; the economic necessity is equilibrium between consumption and production. The stale maxims of household economy will answer to delude the million individuals into the belief that they may deliver themselves from the sub-normal state and attain the moral object, but when we come to apply those maxims to the thousand individuals whose power of consumption is already super-normal we run foul of the economic necessity. Should these persons observe the moral object, the discordance of economic factors would be greatly increased. "The security of property," "the well-being of society," "the preservation of order," and a thousand other cant phrases with which our ears are regaled, range themselves in opposition to the professed moral object, and impose on the thousand individuals in the name of economic necessity, the duty of employing their super-normal power to its utmost. Thus is developed contempt for the rich individual who carries the maxims of household economy into the conduct of his private affairs. He has a superior duty to perform which is inconsistent with those maxims. *Noblesse oblige* puts on its modern capitalistic dress, and we find at one pole of our *classes* society our orthodox political economy teaching the maxims of frugality and thrift, and at the other pole that the luxurious and extravagant expenditure of the rich is for the well-being of society and a blessing to the poor.

True economy is a normal, healthy, admirable sentiment, and one which requires normal social conditions for its proper development and application. It is strictly true that economy cannot be practiced except under normal conditions of life and income, conditions which relieve the individual from fear of being reduced to a state of material want. That which passes for economy now, the disease which afflicts mankind under the name of economy, is not true economy; it is a species of bestiality, its utter inadequacy as a solution of the industrial problem confronting society, its puerile character when considered merely as a measure of relief, must be so manifestly apparent to those who will take the trouble to think. Its place in the technique of capitalism is very well indicated by the following true incident. A short time ago the general

manager of a certain railroad made certain changes in the arrangement of the train schedule which increased the labors of the trainmen, and had the effect to reduce their rates of pay by from ten to twenty per cent. A committee of employees waited upon the official to protest against this reduction, and this is the satisfaction they got: "You men," said the general manager, "can afford to work cheaper now than you could a couple of years ago. Provisions are a good deal cheaper, and it don't cost you as much to live!" The reduction remains in force and the men have an opportunity to recover the amount stolen from them by practicing the virtue of economy!

This is the inexorable lesson of capitalism: if you can live cheaper you must work cheaper. Sooner or later workmen must learn to abandon false ideals and recognize the principal of solidarity. They must leave the dull practices of capitalism which robs them of their substance, while enabling a few to attain competence by practicing a species of thrift which teaches them to rise on other's shoulders. They must unite their forces and adopt the ideal of the society where all shall have enough, and all shall live normal, healthy, full-rounded lives through the observance of moral principles which are universal in their application.

Thoughts From the Workshop.

A few years ago I performed a little job of manual labor for an animated money-bag. I contracted to perform the work for the sum of \$19.45, and a few evenings after the exercise was over I presented my bill. The old man lived in the suburban portion of Buffalo, and after several street railway transfers and considerable annoyance, delays, etc., etc., had been experienced I found myself at last ushered into an unpretentious sitting-room where I was to receive my pay. At last the old pinch-faced curmudgeon limped into my presence holding \$19.50 in his hand. "Have you change for fifty cents," said my employer. "No, I have no money whatever," I said. All right, I will go and get the piece changed," said he.

It took the old crippled cadaver fully five minutes to crawl down the front steps of the house, on account of his rheumatic deformity. Gasping, quivering and grunting at almost every physical movement of the body, he, one would have thought, would have been the last man in all the world to have ventured out on such an errand to save five cents. When the old bundle of aches and pains left me, it was about half past seven p. m. Being worn out, and sitting in a stifling atmosphere, I soon leaned back in my chair and fell asleep. I slept for considerable time, when suddenly I heard a tremendous crash about my ears and woke up. I soon discovered the source of the noise for on looking toward the front window I saw what appeared to be the world on fire. It was an old-fashioned thunder-storm that had broken loose upon the town and the water fell in torrents. What a strong contrast, I thought, between the giving of dame "nature" and the "PARTING WITH" of workmen! Holy writ says it is more blessed to give than to receive, but I have noticed from my childhood up, that this portion of scripture has been diligently and intentionally ignored by nearly all the braying fraternities of religion that speak so often of "bearing a cross daily."

I pulled out my time-piece and it was exactly ten o'clock and my employer had not yet returned. The old house-keeper came into the room and expressed the usual common place solicitude about Mr. B.'s long absence and exposure to the rain. The thunder and lightning continued to crash and flare and the rain to fall, and I was not much inclined to plunge into it to stumble across the old money-grabber. At last his noise ceased of his whereabouts, and I opened the front door to throw "some light upon the subject." There he stood, mumbling and shaking, and as wet as a drowned rat, groping for the steps with his home-made cane. What a spectacle for men and gods to see an old man, with one foot in the grave already, actually cutting off the last minute fraction of his career for the saving of a "nickel." I grabbed the wet and almost lifeless form and hurried it under shelter, and between the house-keeper and myself we managed to deprive the undertakers of a job by keeping the "vital spark of heavenly flame" from being extinguished. After considerable rubbing, warming and cordial imbibing the old skinklin' at last recovered sufficiently to demand "a receipt in full" for the amount he was about to pay me. That ceremony was soon performed, the money paid, and I hastened to catch a car for my boarding place ere it was too late. On leaving the house I pulled out my watch again, and lo, I discovered that it was nearly half-past eleven. Four hours consumed for what? To make change of fifty cents to save five cents. He had been a poor, half-starved mechanic, with half a dozen months to feed beside his own, there might have been some excuse for such rigid economy. But he was worth almost half a million dollars, and he had no one to feed but himself and house-keeper. That was not all; he was considerably over eighty years of age, was crippled, and ought to have been in a warm, snug bed.

On speaking of this peculiar experience to some of my acquaintances they informed me that Mr. B., although so immensely rich, never subscribed for a daily newspaper but borrowed one from a poor neighbor. What a picture of "total depravity" this poor wretch presented!

No wonder the poet exclaimed: "O cursed thirst of gold, who for thee sake loses his interest in both worlds; First starved in this, then damned in that to come." But the most bewildering phase of this man's make-up has not yet been mentioned. He was, up to within two or three years of his, latest bodily affliction an earnest "local preacher" and seldom a week passed away without a "cottage prayer meeting" being held in his domicile. What a burlesque upon religion this grasping old worldling must have presented to his co-workers in that sort of thing! "Diligent in business, serving the Lord" I was informed was his daily maxim. I dare say Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Pullman also use this edifying precept in their daily walk and conversation. It is to be presumed that they likewise hold cottage prayer meetings every week somewhere for the

benefit of the heathen in foreign lands. I know it was customary for Mr. C. Vanderbilt to address Y. M. C. A. meetings occasionally as a sort of relief and relaxation to his dreadfully distended conscience. I have before me a clipping of John Wanamaker's "a great religious journal. I will give it in full:—"To live for Christ is far better than nursing the bonds of a railroad, or the stock of a bank, or listening to the hum of the wheels of the mill. A single shake of the telegraph wire may unsettle a man, and make a rainy day for him and a heavy heart. It is well worth while for a man to have before him as a dream a fine country seat, a garden, quietness, a splendid position in the city.

I tell you then, young man, we want something more than the things of the present life. What a splendid picture that is of Mr. Gladstone going into the little church and reading the lesson! Is he less great because he believes in God and because he witnesses for this name? I think the greatest wreck of all in this world is the loss of a young man. When he goes down the world is poorer than for anything else that could be lost." What do you think of the foregoing sermon from the pen of Mr. Wanamaker, my Christian friends? Is it not apostolic in its sublime sweetness? Could St. Peter or St. Paul have written or uttered anything more grand or pathetic? "To live for Christ," etc., etc., why does he not follow the advice, that lowly one of Nazarene, gave to the young lawyer—"sell all thou hast and give it to the poor—and follow me," instead of nursing a rapacious appetite for gold?

Why did he present the Republican national committee \$25,000 and cut down the starvation wages of his hirelings 25 per cent? Why does he allow his son to give \$25,000 banquets in Paris, France, while millions of Christ's followers are starving in the United States? Why did Mr. W. go into the laundry business and deprive hundreds of poor women of their bread and butter? Is he not a fine example of self-denial, think you? But he is not an exception to the whole brood of canting, sighing, sniffling, long-prayed hypocrites who through the thousands of churches in this land every Sunday. The little-eyed, psalm-singing, money-making merchant who attends to the ordinances of the "House of God" is a fac simile of John W., only in diminutive type! Millions of these human gophers are busy gnawing away the last vestige of human happiness that is to be found in this world. Like the limping and wizened souled Mr. B., they fancy that the highest glory that can be achieved in this sin-cursed world, is the accumulation of money. To them life is wasted most enormously, if a steady accretion of pelf lasts for an instant. Every day must squeeze out a few more dollars into the already congested coffer of the venter of wares, or the devil will be to pay! No matter how exacting, oppressive, speculative and miserly the church-goer is, so long as he pays his pew rent, says "grace," and once in a while hums over to himself "What a friend we have in Jesus," etc., etc. This sweet, soothing refrain can drown the loudest surges of a lacerated conscience—if such a thing really exists!

The howl of agony sent out from the tenement, where starvation and disease is furnishing the morgue with thousands of "stiffs," never enters the ears of these J. W.'s. It is the jingle on the counter and the euphonious term "CASH" that vibrates upon the tympanums of these self-cruicifying followers of Christ. How long is this bare-faced hypocrisy going to last, we wonder? Are these things in human form always going to emulate Mr. Wanamaker's double dealing? If it be true that the loss of a young man to the world counter-balance any other loss, that it can sustain, why does not Mr. W. exert every effort possible to save all the young men that he can? Are there not myriads of young men tramping our highways, homeless, hungry and idle, whom Mr. W. can help if he wishes? His sermon in the *Canada Presbyterian* is nothing but a play upon fine sounding words, SOULLESS, HEARTLESS and MEANINGLESS. The great wealth that he has managed to store up, represents nothing but the colossal swindling that he has clutched from honest labor, and until this is restored to the RIGHTEFUL OWNERS, he nor any other man of his ilk, cannot back within the smiles of an approving Maker. "Restitution" comes before "forgiveness," and no amount of psalm singing, cottage prayer meetings, Y. M. C. A. lecturing, newspaper sermonizing can reconcile a LABOR EXPLOITER to God and save him from the horrors of hell.

Politics as a Profession. BY FRANK A. MEYERS. Does political life offer sufficient honors and rewards to warrant a young man engaging therein? Politics has no future, said George W. Pugh, of Ohio. The threadbare saying is—politics makes strange bedfellows. Nothing is so deceptive as politics. As a class the professional politician does not assist in elevating and improving the community in which he lives in any very marked degree. Every young man should take an interest in politics and go to the polls and vote. He should make it his duty as a citizen to understand the principles of every party, so that he may know how best to vote. The study of politics brightens the faculties, makes one think for himself, and perhaps educates as much as book study. To refuse to vote is to abdicate one's right to citizenship. Because Tom, Dick and Harry, men with no creditable reputation, occupy high places, is but the more reason why men of attainments should see to the welfare of the nation. Taking an interest in politics and voting intelligently are duties every voter owes his country. It has been said by a prominent, observant politician that "young men are more moral, have more energy and vim, when they are active in politics, than those who remain aloof." This politician went on to say: "They become aware that if they do not lead good lives their records will be published to the world as soon as they run for office or take an active part in politics. How unknowingly people have maligned politics and called it the heaven that brings forth the scum of the earth. It is your greatest moral evangelizer, and in the end will so far elevate, purify and refine the personal tone of this republic that mothers will be anxious to have their sons become politicians as one of the noblest of callings."

The very existence and nature of a republic require young men—all men—to take more or less interest in questions concerning government and the politics thereof. They should try to keep posted and not vote blindly. Then be steady and unwavering and open. Those on the fence are generally not called down. Professional politics is precarious and, therefore, to be avoided. Strictly speaking politics is not a profession, and success in it is often but the result of circumstances and environment. Ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald once said: "Republicans are said to be ungrateful, but politics is more so and has no cold charity to offer to the defeated. Even when a man is successful in politics he finds it less remunerative than any other profession. The professional politician is quite an anomaly in our republic, and his career is so precarious that my advice to young men is not to endeavor to emulate him. Success in politics, any way, is largely due to circumstances. Politics often thrusts itself upon a man, and before he is scarcely aware of it, he is in the swim and borne on to success. Oftentimes easy success is the bait that causes one to try again, and the result is defeat. Young men can study politics to advantage and become better citizens, but to think of becoming an officeholder in a professional way is not to be thought of, much less encouraged." Young men should not adopt politics as a profession, because it is uncertain and not independent. There are so many chances of defeat. As a living it cannot be relied upon. So many callings are more profitable. One successful politician said: "There is no sense, no satisfaction, no independence in politics, and to nearly every young man it is a snare and a delusion." A permanent position is more remunerative in the long run. As a pursuit office-holding is too often the road to poverty. When turned out of office they have no way to support themselves. No poor young man can afford to become a professional politician or office-seeker. A profession or business is far preferable to the uncertainties of political preferment. The successful politician represents, perhaps, one man in many thousands who has attempted and won. Politics is indeed a lottery; it is opportunity and circumstance. One should first succeed in some legitimate business or profession, and then politics can come in as an after consideration. Chance and scheming lie along the pathway of the professional office-seeker. The law, probably, opens up the easiest way to get into politics. Environment suppresses many embryo statesmen. Gray's lines about mule, inglorious Miltons are very applicable to many young Websters and Lincolns in our republic. The office should seek the man. Said A. L. Conger, of Ohio: "Do not go into politics, young men, unless you are caught in the maelstrom of popular favor and carried with such force that you feel assured it will continue you in office for some years. Be independent financially if you think of pulling yourself into political favor by the bootstraps of demagogism." At the risk of being prolix, we quote J. R. McLean, of Ohio: "Why, a young man is insane to go into politics. There is nothing to be gained and all to lose. Success in one or two instances is no security that for the rest of his natural life he may not score failures. Any profession or business is better, and will bring more contentment and more genuine happiness. The political office seeker's life is one strewn with shards and flints, and the young man who wilfully and premeditatedly selects politics as a pursuit or calling has a mental structure that certainly should be inquired into by the proper authorities."

As you value your life, young man, guard—fight against—the downward tendency in a political professional career. It has been the damnation of many respectable people. Principles of life and politics should be thoroughly settled before going into politics, or you will soon lie, bribe, drink and swear.

To be a voter is one thing; to be an office-seeker is another. The instinct of patriotism is universal, and has been the theme of some of the sublimest flights of oratory and the pencil. Many utterances have been made by the writers of the Old Testament on this theme. Do not be bound by the politics of your father, young man. Say rather with Paul, "I am free born." Choose the right, independent of father or party, or party lash. Men who simply vote as their fathers did are doing all they can to make the world stand still. There is no greater cure in American politics than the utterly disheartening thirst for office which prevails over the land. Said a distinguished divine from his pulpit: "If you, my young friends, would be freemen, make up your minds that you will not seek for office; that it shall never enter your mind that your opinions are to be shaped by the result of an election. And I would go farther than this and say, do not take an office before the age of 35 or 40. When a man has once been voted for and won, if it was no more than to become an alderman, he has run the same risk that he does who has used his first glass of strong drink, and any man who would escape the blight which comes from office-seeking will do well to wait until his habits of life have become so strong that he can resist the baneful influence, not only of defeat but success."

Ground your politics upon religious principles, and vote as you pray. A Fine Proposition. (The following letter has not been answered.) FEBRUARY 21, 1897. Hon. Jas. D. Phelan, Mayor San Francisco: DEAR SIR:—To settle the disemployed question, instead of patching up and thus continuing the ever increasing disgrace to Christianity, let a fund be raised of \$50,000 or \$100,000 or \$500,000, the settlement of the question would be cheap at the large sum, buy land near the water front, issue "Labor Checks" to the value of the land, with which purchase lumber, bricks, lime, etc., etc., set the idle to work building the finest edifice in the city for the National Labor Exchange Clearing House and Depository. The 53 branches already established in California need such headquarters; the building would also contain workshops, dining and sleeping accommodations; a vessel should also be built on the same plan for transportation between the various Labor Exchange branches around the bay and on the coast. All labor would be paid by "labor checks." The stubs of the check books would show the relative interest held by

each person, who had contributed by labor, or materials, or food, or clothing, in the permanent wealth created by the co-operation of these various factors. The dis-employed would thus be set to work, be fed, clothed and housed; but still more important they would be proprietors of the wealth created, and would not again fall back into the ranks of the idle. This would be such an object lesson that it would settle the labor question for all time and would be so much better for rich and poor than a revolution. Yours faithful, J. ALFRED KINGHORN-JONES.

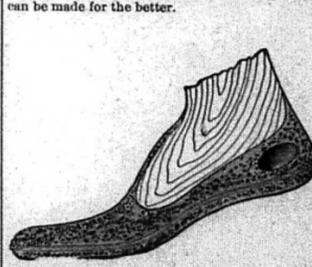
Now the money raised for the benefit of the dis-employed is being used to make a boulevard for the benefit of the landlords and for landlords only, be they mayors or ex-mayors, it is of no benefit to any man to continue his misery a few days longer, without any hope beyond the few days. The cobbles of this city are a disgrace to any government; if they were removed it would still be for the ultimate benefit of the landlords; but it would also incidentally benefit those who have to cross the streets, if they own "corns," and it is presumed everyone who has to cross Market street twice a day must have those cobble producing peddlars evils. But then Market street is so near Third and Howard the shelter for the disemployed, and the boulevard is so far—the disemployed could walk to Market street, but they must ride to the boulevard. This city is losing \$150,000 per day through the damned and doubly damned gold power, it is only gold that keeps men from working when they wish; statistics prove \$10 is the average of wealth produced per man per day and there are 15,000 men in this city that want work—it is mysterious to know how such a vast number keep quiet; it must be from the lowering effect of partial starvation and the still more degrading teachings of the Salvation Army, that poor defrauded labor must be content with the position in which God has placed him, and that he will reap his reward in the sweet bye and bye. Real gold would result from the Salvation Army if they would instruct labor that the only God who has always directed their footsteps down the Jericho road to fall among thieves is the god Gold, and that they have no special instruction as to the bye and bye—the present only is ours—and "Our Father" created America and filled it with his children, and being no "respector of persons," did not intend one child to have 4,000,000 acres, which he could not use, and 4,000,000 other children not to have four inches they are at liberty to use, and whose only prospective occupancy of land is six feet by two feet, when they can no longer use it or anything else; but if they would be free indeed and enjoy heaven now, they should learn the plan of the Labor Exchange, by which gold is debased and labor exalted. Our plan will emancipate from worry and want, it is the only plan by which all reformers can unite at once, and thus establish the commonwealth according to Jesus, the Socialist. J. ALFRED KINGHORN-JONES.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO WAS TIRED. There was an old woman who always was tired, She lived in a house where no help was hired; Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing; And everything there will be just to my wishes, For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes; And though there the anthems are constantly ringing, I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing, Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never, For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever.

The people of the world smoke, chew and snuff a billion and a quarter pounds of tobacco annually. A New Rubber Foot. An improvement has been made recently in artificial feet which seems to leave nothing more to do in order to produce as nearly a perfect counterfeit of the natural member as it is possible for human ingenuity to secure.

The original rubber foot with stiff ankle joints was a vast improvement over the old style of wooden feet with articulating joints. The rubber reduces the shock and gives an elasticity of movement, while the absence of the ankle joint removes the old clanking and the uncertainty of movement incident to this mechanism.

Subsequently Mr. A. A. Marks, the original inventor of rubber feet, introduced an improvement which while very simple was of great value. It consisted simply of a longitudinal canvas, inserted from heel to toe near the bottom of the foot, the result of which was that the toe was drawn back to place and kept from mashing or turning up. This foot with the canvas brace was the standard for 15 years, but is now superseded by what seems to be the last possible change that can be made for the better.



The new invention consists of the insertion of a mattress of canvas in which is embedded side by side a layer of narrow, flat, steel springs. The canvas holds them in the pocket, in which they slide freely, but the ends are capped with metal to prevent their perforating the rubber and leaving their proper bed. The rubber which rests above this mattress is spongy, containing, therefore, a large percentage of air, increasing the lightness and also the flexibility of the foot. Further, just above the posterior end of the mattress in the heel there is a large air chamber so arranged that it cannot burst, thus preventing the heel from matting or falling in elasticity. The operation of this steel spring mattress is to throw the toe back as it is bent in walking, and thus to materially assist in locomotion. This mechanism has been submitted to the most severe mechanical test, and found to be so durable that after being tested equal to 10,000 miles of actual walking to show no signs of giving away. By this improvement the foot is also lightened, and now weighs from eight to 16 ounces less than any other made, varying according to the weight of the person wearing the limb. A. A. Marks, 701 Broadway, N. Y., is the sole proprietor of this artificial foot.

