

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

PUMPED DRY BY NELLIE BLY IN AN INTERVIEW IN CHICAGO.

In Which She Makes Him Appear as an Egotist and a Buffoon of Abnormal Proportions.

In the Chicago Times-Herald, of April 2nd, Nellie Bly has a four column interview with the President of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. in which she demonstrates pretty conclusively that she pumped the gushy, slushy, babbler as dry as a powder keg.

CHAUNCEY'S GARRULITY.

"Old Chauncey," as he is sometimes called, is abnormally endowed with the gift of gab. He prattles and chatters and tattles with childish glee. He is a wind harp and once started, like Tennyson's brook, he willingly and laughingly flows on forever. He has all the wind required. The harp, responding to the air motion, which rises often from a zephyr to a ten-knot breeze, plays more tunes than any brass band leader ever dreamed of. But Chauncey prefers the jig—something "hot and hasty," quick and rollicking. Under such influences Chauncey appears at his best. To talk about himself is the charm of his existence. He never tires of it. To him it is an intellectual bath tub; more, it is his swimming pond, more, it is his ocean in which he sports and spouts like a whale.

NELLIE BLY.

found "our Chauncey" happy as a clam at high tide; happy as a humming bird with its bill in a morning glory; and adjusting her pump she began on him and found him loaded to the muzzle with what the newspapers call "all sorts." At one stroke of the pump handle Nellie brought up how "our Chauncey" found out that he was an

ORATOR.

It was mere chance. He had been to college; had graduated. Old Yale was his alma mater, but in all of his years from "freshman" to "senior," he had never so much as dreamed that he had hidden away under his epidermis so much as a molecule from which an orator could be evolved, but being called upon to make a Republican speech the orator burst, full blossomed, on the outer end of his tongue, and has ever since been budding and blooming at the old stand. Nellie found out that "old Chauncey" is a great believer in

FRICTION.

According to Chauncey's philosophy, friction is one of the great factors in the world's get-up-and-goativeness. "Friction in the atmosphere produces a storm," produces disagreements on railroads; produces revolutions in families; in fact, it was friction that made him an orator, and Chauncey has been rubbing himself against something all his life to keep up the friction; but he don't rub himself against the Vanderbilts and put his \$50,000 a year in peril. Still, Chauncey is right on the friction proposition. There is a deal of it just now between workmen and those who seek studiously to reduce wages and inaugurate an era of widespread starvation; and it is breeding a storm. It is producing orators who call around themselves larger audiences than ever applauded Wendell Phillips, Geo. Wm. Curtis or Chauncey M. Depew.

ANTHONY BURNS, WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Nelly Bly continued to ply her pump and grabbing hooks and Chauncey responded like a curiosity shop or an auction sale of unclaimed express packages. He told the old story of Anthony Burns, the slave captured in Boston, who, after many years of freedom was sent back into captivity by virtue of law and the constitution. In this recitation Chauncey said of Phillips:

"Phillips told of the people arising to his rescue; the United States troops called out; imprisonment in a cabin with a chain drawn out beyond the United States troops as a dead line, beyond which the people should not pass! Then came the story of his being carried aboard the ship and taken back to the plantation; the agony of the man; the wild grief of his wife; the terror and despair of the children; the impotent rage of the Puritan guard. Says Wendell Phillips, 'What permits this?' We are told that it is the constitution of the United States, as interpreted by the supreme court of the United States. 'If that is the constitution of the United States which holds this union together for such a purpose, then'—and he raised his hands higher and higher until it seemed to me he rose to marvelous heights—'then God condemn the constitution of the United States.'"

Now, this same Chauncey M. Depew sees the laws and constitution evoked to reduce white men to wage slavery. He sees the military called out to enforce infamous injunctions and decrees. He sees innocent men clubbed and shot down. He sees men as courageous as

Wendell Phillips pleading the cause of right and sent to prison for their patriotic courage and he, like a parasitical, fawning coward that he is, remains as silent as an oyster. The case of Anthony Burns made him a Republican; but ten thousand cases made worse than that of Burns by the truculent General Managers' brutal blacklist infamy finds no word of protest from the flatulent president of a corporation that employed Pinkerton thugs to murder men on the N. Y. C.

Chauncey M. Depew don't believe that wealth brings happiness.

RICH MEN

desire money, he says, "mainly for the power it gives, and not for the happiness it brings. Anybody with large wealth which he may have does not enjoy it. He is in perpetual anxiety for fear that he may lose it; and is perpetually jealous because he has not as much as the man next door. Jay Gould was less satisfied when he died than when he began, like all the rest of us. Men who make enormous fortunes—I have known every one in this country who has made an enormous fortune—men who make enormous fortunes have, growing with their accumulations, an envy of others. The man who is making an enormous amount of money can be made wretched for weeks by the thought of what another man has made. He gets to think that all the money in the world ought to belong to him."

In the foregoing we have a picture of rich men painted by a lickspittle of rich men, a gang of envious, jealous, degenerate pirates, who want money for the power it confers, a power used studiously to rob the victims of poverty. When workmen denounce the money power let them quote Chauncey M. Depew.

Nelly Bly ascertained just what Chauncey M. Depew's idea of happiness in this world is, and finds it is

THE SUBJECT.

Chauncey is still disposed to be frolicsome; sportive. He wants to kick up his heels, patronize the merry-go-round, slide down hill, play mumble-a-peg and pitch cents. He says "happiness in life is caused by fun," and above all things he likes the circus and never gets beyond being amused by the clown.

SCERPERITIOUS.

"Intellectually" Chauncey is not superstitious, but is grossly so in his beliefs; believes in dreams and can't be persuaded to enter a grave yard after night; believes in predestination and special providence. He believes if he had one "wooden leg" he could never make another speech. Chauncey believes in "lubricating oil" and says it's the "most necessary thing in the world" and that but for "lubricating oil he wouldn't be alive." He believes in having only one girl at a time. He don't select his own clothes and never did. Since his wife died he has laid aside the ring she gave him and has substituted an "anti-rheumatic ring" which don't smack of the old "honeymoon days."

SPEECH BUILDING.

Ordinarily it takes Mr. Depew about an hour and a half to construct a speech. On Sundays he usually builds three or four of his masterly efforts. It required an hour and a half to build his Chicago speech. He gets them up on the "love of a bonnet plan," two yards of ribbon, three straws and a feather. If it is to be a big thing, he adds a humming bird and a butterfly to the trimmings and a plume. He is kind to reporters and they always set him up superbly.

HOW THE ANIMAL EATS.

He is abstemious. From 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. he is too busy to eat; breakfasts, one egg, one slice of toast and one cup of coffee; for lunch, roast turkey; at 6 P. M. he is a "wilted rag" and needs a big dinner which he washes down with champagne, never drinks any other brand of wine. There he is—pumped dry by Nellie Bly.

But Chauncey had the speech he built to fire at the Chicago collegians in one hour and thirty minutes, in his pocket. Nellie didn't get that. It was a dandy. For instance he told the young men to get married "as soon as they were able and the young woman was willing." To the young women he couched his advice in the classical expression "Go slow." He then expressed his profound contempt for "self made men" and said "they make me tired." His address abounded in old chestnuts and platitudes, demonstrating that it had been thrown together in an "hour and a half," a mass of flummery and wishwash, alike discredit to the speaker and the university.

If it is metaphorically true, that "money talks," it is equally certain that the "labor saving machine" can say to working men—"move on, get out—tramp, and starve." Money and the machine in the hands of corporations are dictating the terms upon which workmen may exist—and the terms are becoming more oppressive every day.

THE LECTURING TOUR

TRIUMPHANT TRAVELS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE A. R. U.

From Portland, Oregon, to San Diego, Cal., Telling the People Who Were the Conspirators.

In the issue of THE RAILWAY TIMES, April 1st, we traced the travels of Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, from Chicago across the continent to Portland, Oregon. In this triumphant tour which extended as far north as Seattle in Washington state, hyperbole has seldom been in more urgent demand to rectify facts, and still the facts were so extraordinary, that what might seem exaggerations feebly described the incidents of the tour. To say that Mr. Debs was everywhere the HERO OF THE HOUR

conveys no adequate impression of his receptions by the people who thronged around him to do him honor and to express their unbounded confidence and appreciation of his motives and mission. The meetings, which awaited Mr. Debs at every station, town and city, were dramatic to an extent unparalleled in the history of the country. The railway lines traveled by Mr. Debs became scenic, and as he proceeded from city to city the exhibitions of popular favor expanded. The welcomes became ovations. The bands played "Hail to the Chief" and "See! The Conquering Hero Comes," and sturdy men, matrons, youths and maidens vied with each other in testifying that they had a deep and abiding interest in all matters that pertained to the welfare of labor, and there was not a city nor a town where the lecturer was billed to address the people that he could not have sent back to the lodges of the A. R. U. Perry's immortal dispatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

THE SUBJECT.

It would be doing THE RAILWAY TIMES rank injustice to so much as surmise that it writes the history of Mr. Debs' lecturing tour for any mere personal consideration. THE TIMES has a widely different motive in view—a higher and a nobler aim. The supreme importance of the subject obscures the man. The theme enthalls the mind. The plea for the oppressed, robbed and manacled wage slave makes the speaker a mere instrument in the grasp of labor's inscrutable genius to open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf and loose the tongues of the dumb, that the Right, pilloried and spit upon, tortured and traduced, crushed and mangled, shall some time in the "eternal years of God," have her destined place on the throne. The lecturing tour of Mr. Debs demonstrated beyond all cavil that the people were anxious to hear

THE TRUTH.

and in this sublime verity centers the hopes of labor and the welfare of the nation. The degrading policy of the Pullmans, Carnegies, the General Managers' Associations, and all the combinations of wealth to crush out the manhood of American workmen, has not yet succeeded—at least in the great west, where thought is as broad as its plains, as free as its cyclones, as high as its mountains, manhood maintains its pristine independence. It dares to hear the truth. It dares to speak and to act. It dares to suffer and be strong. The baying of the blacklisting hounds neither terrifies nor demoralizes the manhood of western workmen. Multiplied thousands of them would rather be taken from the battle field dead on their shields than desert a righteous cause and play the role of Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot. They believe there is emancipating power in Truth; that it will eventually make them free, and that to relax their grasp upon it is certain degradation; and it was these and kindred facts that made the tour of Mr. Debs from Chicago to San Diego one long series of triumphs. But it must not be surmised that Mr. Debs found no

ENEMIES OF LABOR.

Such a contingency was not anticipated. It was not on the bills. It was known that the proud and long-haired mastiff of plutocracy shielded a horde of parasitical lice, fleas and ticks who, rioting upon the blood of the corporation dog, would be ready to demonstrate their fealty by acts and speech peculiar to such human (?) vermin. That here and there would be found a judge of the Judas genus, wearing robes decorated with corporation stripes and as spotted as a leopard's skin, judicial jackals who subsist upon corporation carrion and grow sleek and fat upon their rations. Nor was it expected that throughout the extended and extraordinary lecturing tour, that once in a while some venomous reptile clothed in human form would not be found in control of

A NEWSPAPER.

who daily, as his contract and subsistence might require, would play skunk or tarantula, stink or stab, as best subserved the interests of his owners to starve and degrade labor. Such a non-

descript creature was found in control of the Los Angeles Times. Necessarily, even with the wealth of the English vocabulary, it becomes difficult to select words for the public eye to fitly characterize the reptilian writer on the Times. But this may be said with all the emphasis that truth commands in the ranks of her votaries, that the vile vituperations of the Times' editor and edict, as is always the case, when malice overshoots its mark, reacted upon their author with crushing effect, and here perhaps is the right place to introduce those salient facts which triumphantly demonstrate the truth of the proposition.

Mr. Debs' first address was delivered at Los Angeles, Thursday, March 28th. It was this address that inflamed the hairy spider of the Los Angeles Times. It was the lecture Mr. Debs had delivered throughout his tour, showing who were the conspirators in the great Pullman strike. It was his great panoramic lecture, giving vivid pictures of Pullman wretchedness, starvation and death, cruel wrongs, despotic oppression—enough to put tongues in stones and make them cry out for vengeance. The pictures of the pals of the General Managers' Association setting fire to cars; the thugs and thieves of the slums, transformed into deputy marshals armed with clubs and guns to arrest, bludgeon and shoot innocent men; the military, with shot-guns trampling down and stabbing men unstained by crime; the enactment of Russian law by injunction, and the black and putrid flow of perjury in courts and the final decision of a corporation judge remanding innocent men to prison without a trial by their peers, constituted such an appalling panorama of horrors that the imp and pimp of the Los Angeles Times, like a blind and maddened rattlesnake, repeatedly coiled, and sought to reach the lecturer with his fangs, but instead, only inflicted damage upon himself. From Los Angeles, Mr. Debs proceeded to

SAN DIEGO

where he addressed an immense audience. The San Diego Vidette in referring to the meeting said:

The great event in labor circles was the address of Eugene V. Debs at the Naval reserve hall last night. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with enthusiastic men and women. In fact, the reception of Mr. Debs was a great ovation.

It is only to be regretted that limited space will not permit the Vidette to give the full text of the speech which teemed with forcible truths from beginning to end.

Mr. Saur of the San Diego Pacific railroad was chairman of the evening. In introducing Mr. Debs, Mr. Saur made a few very appropriate remarks, congratulatory to railroad men and of the noted visitor's efforts in the interests of the laboring classes.

When Mr. Debs took the platform he was met with a round of applause which was immediately hushed into silence as soon as his evenly modulated silvery voice was heard.

The speaker began by outlining his work in organizing the American Railway Union. He showed how impossible it would have been to effect such an organization had it not been for the organization of the General Managers' Association.

A representative of the Vidette subsequently interviewed Mr. Debs, introducing the conversation upon political matters, and says:

After Eugene V. Debs' grand speech last evening a representative of the Vidette visited him at the Alhambra Hotel. Mr. Debs received the reporter with that suavity of manner which is so characteristic of him and which so endears him to the laboring classes. Upon being asked what position the laboring class would take in the coming presidential election, Mr. Debs said:

"Heretofore railroad men and the laboring classes in general have been divided among the three parties. It has not been possible to unite them upon any issue. If a laboring man is a Republican or Democrat the potent argument has been used: 'You can't win anyway so you had better vote with your party. A desire to be on the winning side is a strong trait in human nature and the argument has always won. Labor alone, even as a unit, cannot win in any general election, but if we can unify labor I hope it will form a nucleus around which the independent and thinking men of the nation will gather. The farmers will be with us. Conditions must change and reform can only be made through the third party.'"

Mr. Debs having visited San Bernardino, was again invited to speak at

LOS ANGELES.

which he consented to do, and here his reception was grand beyond compare. The Los Angeles Times had done its utmost to prejudice the minds of the people against Mr. Debs. He had been denounced as an "anarchist," a "charlatan," a "mountebank," an "impostor" and an "ass." The entire vocabulary of billingsgate was brought into requisition to achieve a victory for the General Managers' Association, and to make organized labor odious. That it did not succeed the Los Angeles Civic Review bears eloquent and triumphant testimony when it says:

The assemblage at Hazard's Pavilion last Sunday evening to hear an address by Eugene V. Debs, was a magnificent ovation. The immense building was packed from wall to wall and from floor to the top gallery. The people began to come in crowds an hour before the time set for the opening and standing room was at a premium, and hundreds tried vainly to find room before the speaker made his appearance. There never was a larger audience in that building, and seldom if ever one in more perfect sympathy with the orator of the occasion.

While Mr. Debs can scarcely be classed with the great orators of the time, he is thoroughly

THEY WANT A KING.

THE PLUTOCRATS ARE TIRED OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE

And Demand a Royal Family and a Titled Nobility with Aristocratic Trimmings.

The Atlanta Constitution, not long since, had the satisfaction of interviewing a Yankee royalist. He was a gold bug who had been talking finance with Grover Cleveland, and may have suggested to that functionary that the one thing wanting in Washington, to make it a desirable place of residence, was a king.

The moneyed aristocrat just let himself out and waited into his subject as if the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, Astors, et al., had let him into some paying boodle game on the ground floor. Nevertheless, it is manifestly true that "down east" there is a growing sentiment favorable to transforming the republic into an empire. The royalist was overflowing full of his theme, and the interview proceeded as follows:

"I think," said the royalist,

"MR. CLEVELAND

is the greatest president we have ever had at the head of this government. We never had a man so fearless of politicians or the people as he is, and the good part of it is, that while he is so fearless of them, the politicians are all afraid of him."

"That is true; but is it not also true that he has about ruined his party?"

"Certainly he has; but it is better for the country that he has. The Democratic party has served its purpose. All that clap-trap that Jefferson invoked one hundred years ago about equality, and about the masses and classes, is the veriest nonsense now. Sensible men know that there is not a word of truth in it, and people are getting tired of it. What the country needs now is a stronger government, and more protection to the rights of property. This everlasting twaddle about equal rights has played out and rich people get so disgusted with it that they go to Europe where they never hear such stuff, except from socialists and anarchists."

THE BISMARCK OF AMERICA.

"Why don't they remain there?" your correspondent asked.

"Well, they prefer to come back, and I guess there is no law to prevent it. A man with money can live where it suits his fancy, can't he? But I tell you it is getting better here. Mr. Cleveland is a man of iron nerve. He is the Bismarck of America, and if I had my way he would be emperor. He virtually now has assumed full control to protect the public honor. The senate and house have cowardly shrunk from their duty and Cleveland is equal to the emergency. He is not haunted by any fear of his constituents; he takes hold like a lion and when they don't do what he wants them to do he does it anyhow, and they dare not interfere with him. Where is there a president in the past that ever had the courage to do that?"

"But does not his course very much depress the country?"

"That is all nonsense. That is the same twaddle we have on the other side from the socialists—men who have nothing, or having a little, think they have some strength or some right to shape the policy of the government. We have let these ideas run wild in this country until it is about time to call a halt."

"But would there not be danger of revolution if this were done?"

"There is more nonsense, my friend. The hand that signed the contract for bonds over the heads of the would be leaders in congress can write an order that would call out the army that would soon scatter such revolution. I look for some such kicking, but when it comes it will be just what we want; and from that day on this will be a stronger government, and one where the demagogue will have little power."

"Then I understand you favor a monarchical government?"

CLEVELAND HAS A COAT OF ARMS.

"Not exactly that, but I favor a stronger government than we now have and more aristocratic. The foolish prejudice in this country against aristocracy all follow with the teaching of that old socialist, Jefferson. We have as good blood in this country as there is in Europe. The Cleveland family has a coat-of arms, and he is very proud of it. It is true it is never much use to him until he get rich. That is one good feature about aristocracy. Whenever you haven't the money to maintain your rank you hibernate like a bear or an alligator. Sometimes it passes one or two generations and then the family get wealthy again, and they have the right to choose all the good deeds of their ancestors and ignore all the bad ones in making up their records."

THE EAST WANTS A MONARCHY.

"Are there many people in New York who hold these views?" we asked.

"There are. Many of the rich people

think as I do all over the east. They are the men, too, that put the money up to elect Cleveland to nominate him, and we will have a hand in electing his successor and he will be on Cleveland's line, and you need have no doubt of it. Then let the 'galoots' kick if they dare, and we will make this government what we want in short order, and cease to be bothered by this annual disturbance of blockheads called congress, sent here as the representatives of the people. What nonsense! Even the common people are getting tired of that."

"Then you believe that a majority of the rich men in the east believe in a monarchical or aristocratic government for this country?"

"I do. Pray tell me what country is there in the world to-day that is not governed by the aristocratic class. All over the world they lead in society, business, religion, and especially governmental matters. In this country we have been trying to reverse this general rule under the teachings of that old demagogue, Jefferson. Our eastern people always had more confidence in Hamilton, but our ancestors were overrun by a flood of "one-gallows" fellows, and Jefferson's ideas prevailed. We are going to make Hamilton our model in the future, and look out for a strong government, where the man who pays the taxes makes the laws. We are for free trade and a gold basis."

A STRIKE AGAINST PIRACY.

One of the most shameful attempts to degrade workmen that has come under our notice recently is that of the Chicago Ornamental Company, which sought to deduct from the wages of its employes a certain per cent. as "compulsory insurance," against which fifty of the employes struck. The Eight Hour Herald, referring to the matter, says, that "the company posted a notice that on and after a certain date each employe should pay 1 1/2 per cent. of his earnings for an accident insurance policy. The employes are worthy union men, there being moulders, pattern makers, fitters and laborers. Without giving them the privilege of refusing to insure themselves against accident the company proceeded to carry out its order. Last Wednesday night the money for the insurance was deducted and on Thursday the employes refused to go to work. The company then agreed to take back all the strikers who would sign the following agreement.

"We, the undersigned employes of the Chicago Ornamental Company, are opposed to the paying of the 1 1/2 per cent. that goes toward the payment of the premium of the accident insurance, but will guarantee severally and individually not to hold the said Chicago Ornamental Iron Company liable in case any accident may occur, but will carry our individual risk and have signed our names of our own accord this 21st day of March, 1895."

"None of them would thus sign away their rights and the strike in consequence was continued. This system of deducting from wages of employes a certain amount to provide for accident insurance, thus saving the employer from any responsibility, is altogether too common, and is receiving the attention of organized workmen everywhere."

Just here comes in the query, ought the employes to have struck? What else, in the name of American manhood, could they have done? The question is easily answered. They could have submitted.

Rev. A. B. Wilson, pastor of the 18th street M. E. church, New York City, is credited with saying that there are 100,000 men hungry, ill clad and shelterless, walking the streets of New York every night. They are not tramps or criminals, and should not be treated as such. They are willing to work, but cannot find anything to do. Yet, if one of these applies at a police station for lodging, he is sent to the island as a vagrant. The same fate probably awaits him if he goes to the charities organization societies, the greatest fraud on charity in this city. Certainly he does not get relief from that society. Shelter is not given or food provided. At the best, he is only given a promise of relief in the indefinite future and in the meantime may perish of hunger and cold. It makes me boil to think of that society, parading under the cloak of charity. It levies tribute upon the rich who pay it for protecting them from the importunities of the poor. The charity organization society is founded not on the principles laid down by Jesus Christ, but on the practice of barbarians. It is time that men should learn that the work of charity cannot be delegated. If each person should distribute his own aims, less would be given to the undeserving, and more good would be done the poor, than under this system of so-called organized charity. And yet, New York is one of the richest cities in the world, having its full share of millionaire monstrosities as ravenous and as heartless as man-eating tigers.

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TERRE HAUTE, APRIL 15, 1895.

The price of corn is, for a time, to regulate the price of whiskey and beef.

Woods' 27,000 word opinion, like Carnegie's armor plates, is full of blow-holes.

In Asia, where elephants are used for transportation, they are called "grand trunk lines."

An Antwerp dispatch says there are 80,000 elephants in the world, not including Grover Cleveland.

The whiskey trust ought not to send its slop fed cattle to Europe while laboring under deleterium tremens.

A new telephone syndicate with a capital of \$300,000,000 proposes to swallow the Bell telephone monopoly. When rogues fall out, etc.

ROCKEFELLER the Standard Oil saint, under indictment in Texas, slipped through the "Lone Star" recently in cog locked in a sleeper, just the same as any other fugitive from justice.

The congregation over which Rev. William N. Cleveland, brother of Grover, presides as pastor, has requested him, and the people of the United States are anxious for Grover to quit.

Seeing that the streets of the new Jerusalem are paved with gold, the fact that the rich don't get there, is a guarantee that the streets will not be all torn up to satisfy their greed.

EDWARD ATKINSON, the Boston baked bean philanthropist, seems to think the millennial era will dawn when a working man can make a square meal off of one long necked clam, cooked in his soap box oven.

MOSES said, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," but in some Christian lands cursed with creatures like Geo. M. Pullman, an ass and a woman pull the plow together, and we are getting there.

GEN. MILES, tricked out in his white cockade and peacock's feathers, doing the bidding of corporations at Chicago, is the product of the military slot machine in which the government drops in an eagle and draws a buzzard.

A CHICAGO JUDGE has decided that the Chicago sweat shops are constitutional, and that, regardless of state statutes, women may contract to work any number of hours a day that will satisfy the rapacity of the fiends who operate the shop.

It is stated that attachments against all the property of the late Jay Gould were filed at White Plains, N. Y., March 2d, by the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of St. Louis in behalf of the bondholders of the Kansas & Pacific railroad. The amount claimed is \$11,000,000.

The Spartans, when their helot slaves became too numerous, had no injunction processes and court contempt processes; they just went out and speared their wage-slaves as if they were frogs or wild animals. Grover Cleveland seems to have caught on to the Spartan idea.

"Is the world's broad field of battle,
 In the dromed of life—
 Be not like dumb driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife."

Thus sang Longfellow in his "Psalm of Life." We like it. David never wrote a more inspiring psalm. It is a song for the workman. If he will sing it the days of his degradation are numbered.

The Vanderbilts want their railroad employees to form a "mutual benefit association." Those of the employees who belong to organizations already have such associations, which are managed without the assistance of the officers of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., and that is where, as Chauncey says, the "friction" comes in.

On the blackboard of time, nothing has been written more satanic than the blacklisting decrees of the General Managers' Association. They mean idleness, hunger, starvation and death, and the h-l desecrating d-d scoundrels, who issue them should be indicted, tried and convicted of murder, and then hanged till they are dead.

Horses are rescued from a burning building with the greatest difficulty—reminding us of the difficulty of getting a man out of the two old parties. A horse, when rescued, will often rush back into his stable and perish in the flames, not creditable to horse sense, and when a workingman votes, either the Democratic or Republican ticket he invites his own degradation, not creditable to his common sense.

TRIAL by jury is rapidly becoming a farce. It has reached the point where a judge can instruct the jury what verdict to return—and if they fail to agree with his instructions can fine the jury for contempt of court, and still go unhung—Labor Advocate.

That's the racket when a U. S. judge presides. A juror in such a court is required to render a verdict according to the law as expounded by the judge, who, though he may be an ass, insists upon his right to play the ass, regardless of testimony.

In ye olden time, it was said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn"—that is to say the ox that performed the work should have his share of the product—at least—the ox was not to starve. Pullman didn't treat his employees that way. He starved them, and would have skinned them if he could have utilized the product for gloves and patent leather shoes. He ought to have had a human hide tannery in his dukedom to have made him completely happy.

Every Saturday, published at Albany, N. Y., has ceased to exist. It was a "weekly newspaper published by and for workmen and in the interest of organized labor," and it came fully up to its platform. Every Saturday was wide-awake, spicy, aggressive—it met expectations and filled the bill. A daily paper bearing the title of the *Evening News* takes the place of *Every Saturday*. We regret to part company with *Every Saturday* and shall be pleased to make the acquaintance of the *Evening News*.

The Illinois legislature is asked to appropriate \$364,000 for its standing army—\$254,000 to pay the soldiers, \$80,000 for uniforms, and \$30,000 for contingent expenses. The legislature was disposed to kick a little bit, but, with slight modifications, the Illinois standing army will be provided for, and in due time we shall have a large standing army for every state, which, with the army commanded by Grover, will give us a larger standing army than that which William relies upon to murder liberty in Germany.

The vernal season has come. The feathered operatic troops are rehearsing and getting their throats in tune. Here and there, in sunny nooks, courageous little flowering plants are defying the belated blizzards, and around the poor man's hovel little children, who have survived the inclement season—in spite of blacklisting monsters—hollow eyed, pallid and cadaverous, are coming forth in their rags to get a kiss from God's sunshine. Certainly, as the bankers, business men and money sharks say, the outlook is "more cheerful."

CONDITIONS remind one of the fabled prison, the walls of which moved inward by slow degrees until the inmates were squeezed to death. In this prison it required a long time for those confined, to believe that any serious harm was intended, or could befall them. In fact, many of the feeble-minded unfortunates prated about their freedom. But, when finally they found themselves between walls which threatened to crush the life out of them they realized their peril; but it was too late. They bemoaned their fate. Accused each other of being cowards. They said: "Had we united at the right time, with our united strength we could have burst asunder our prison doors and secured our freedom. Now it is too late. We die like rats. Our prison is a compress—squeezed to death. Our fat will enrich the plutocrats who have devised the prison, made the laws that made us convicts. Pullman had that sort of a prison. The A. R. U. rescued the unfortunates before all of them had been squeezed to death."

JUROR BAIRD.

In the celebrated Debs trial, before Judge Grosscup, a scene was enacted that is rightfully historical; it is monumental; a great sensational truth that rivets conviction upon the mind, sweeps into oblivion all the vulgar and vicious law jugglery of courts, remands corporation corruptions to their native hell; demonstrating that when truth has a half chance to assert its divine authority, innocence may hope for vindication. When the trial came to an abrupt termination by the sickness of Juror Coe, and the remainder of the panel was dismissed, Juror Baird, taking Mr. Debs by the hand said:

"Debs, when this trial opened, I was in favor of giving you a five year sentence, but now I am anxious to see you free."

And this was said before the defense had offered all the testimony in their possession. The grand words of Juror Baird were not a straw, showing which way the winds of justice were blowing, but the rending of the whole forest of lies the corporations had formulated to convict the accused, as when a cyclone in its wrath, scatters all obstacles in its path.

Juror Baird entered upon hearing the case ready to convict Debs. He had breathed an atmosphere contaminated with falsehood and perjury, malice, hatred and every devilish element of depravity; but, when he had heard the truth, the truth made him free, emancipated him from prejudice, and then came the ringing words we have reproduced. It is such men as Juror Baird who stand between the despotism of United States courts and the unalienable rights of citizens.

THE LABOR MARKET AND LABOR AS A COMMODITY.

The contention on the part of the plutocratic employer is that labor is a "commodity," like any other commodity known to commerce, insofar as prices are concerned. In all regards, a "raw material" to be "worked up" in forge or factory, mine or "sweat den." These plutocratic employers say the "labor market is overstocked." There is a large surplus of the "labor commodity." Every city, town and village is overwhelmingly full of the "labor commodity." As a result, prices go down.

There was a time in the United States when labor was a "commodity," when it was propagated, reared, bought and sold, like swine, mules, cattle, or any other commodity in the catalogue. The slave market was the "labor market," and there were certain great marts to which the commodity was shipped to be distributed. There were in these marts great pens where the commodity was stored. Slave pens, slave warehouses, and sales of the commodity, private and at auction, occurred daily. The human chattle was bought, sold and taken away, as if he, she, or they were so many hogs, mules, cattle, bundles of green or dried, hides, bales of hemp or cotton; barrels of pitch, tar or turpentine; bushels of wheat or barrels of flour. Then the country had a "labor market"—labor was a "commodity." It was sold, bought, owned—body and soul, heart, brains, blood, bones and muscle—and certain distinguished gentlemen, priests, plutocrats, politicians and statesmen, said: "We shall have a great American Republic and this labor market shall be one of its corner stones."

The "labor market" and the "slave market" were synonymous terms, and labor as a "commodity," gained universal acceptance in the vocabulary, not only of slave owners, but of others who employed men to perform labor, and now, in congress and in legislatures, in banks and merchants' exchanges, boards of trade, in general manager's associations, any place, where employers meet to discuss business affairs, we hear of the "labor market" and of labor as a "commodity."

Words are said to be the signs of ideas, and we ask, what is the significance of the conception of a "labor market" and of labor as a "commodity"?

We regard it absolutely impossible to frame terms of greater degrading significance to labor than "labor market" and labor as a "commodity."

What is a market but a place where commodities are bought and sold? Hence, necessarily, if we still have a "labor market," it must be where labor is bought and sold. Have we such a market? Is labor still bought and sold as "niggers" were bought and sold in old slave times? The reply is, no. If the reply is the truth, why retain the terms? Why not consign them to eternal oblivion?

The plutocratic employers who continue to use the terms "labor market" and to treat labor as a "commodity," know what they are talking about. For chattle slavery they have secured wage slavery, and insofar as physical conditions and social conditions are concerned, wage slavery is a far more colossal crime against heaven and humanity than was chattle slavery. Pullman's wage slaves, reduced to death by starvation, was a crime, unparalleled for Christless cruelty, in all the annals of chattle slavery in America—and the blacklisting edicts of the General Managers' Association is a conception of brutal inhumanity, and unrelenting devilishness, more savage and bloodthirsty than a decree of a Russian autocrat, sending innocent men and women into Siberian exile. What is to be done about it? Will workingmen unite, agitate, protest and vote to lift themselves above the plutocratic idea that they are singly and in a body, a "commodity," subject to the ups and downs of prices in the "labor market," such as speculators and gamblers create? Is labor forever to go on propagating fresh supplies of the "labor commodity"? Is it to keep the "labor market" forever overstocked with "raw material" for the purpose of building fortunes for its oppressors—the Pullmans, the Carnegies and General Managers' Associations? These questions will not down. A change must come. The night of labor is dark. When and how shall the dawn of a better day come?

The Federal Union has a constitution and all the states have constitutions, and now, when a law takes its place on the statute books, the query is, "Is it constitutional?" If it interferes with the rapacity of corporations, trusts, syndicates, millionaires, bet your life a judge will be found to declare it "unconstitutional." Or if it favors the rights of the working people of the country, it will be declared "unconstitutional." If it favors the rich and crushes the poor, the law in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred will be declared constitutional.

The *Indiana Idea* is the title of a new paper just launched at Anderson, Ind. The *Indiana Idea* seems to be to get rid of the two old parties as soon as possible, redeem the capitol, the two million dollar state house, from the stigma of a saloon, and elect a legislature of the Populist persuasion that will be able to adjourn without a riot, and sober.

TRAMPS.

Some one has sent us a clipping from the *Brooklyn Eagle*. It is a dissertation by the editor on "Our Tramps," and is exceedingly well written and artistically colored, the pigments having all the gloomy tints in the catalogue. If the *Eagle* editor had chosen for his theme "Why Tramps?" instead of "Our Tramps," his time and talents would have been more profitably employed, because the people would like to be informed why there are so many tramps in the country.

Tramping is not a crime. A tramp is not necessarily a criminal. That there are tramps who are criminals need not be asserted, but if all were criminals, as the *Eagle* would have its readers believe, the fact only adds to the weight of the necessity to ascertain why they are so numerous, and why their number is increasing.

These queries have social, economic and political bearing and significance that make tramps an important factor in our national affairs. The tramp stands for something vicious in government, in politics, in legislation, in education, in religion and in civilization; hence, it becomes far more important to discuss why tramps? than it is to write essays, however polished, on "our tramps."

If all were true that is claimed for our civilization by its eloquent eulogists, there would be no tramps, or so few of them that they would not be a menace to social order. But it is not all true, nor is a tith of this repeated glorification of our civilization true. Christ's comparison of scribes, pharisees, hypocrites to a whitened sepulchre, suits the case. Our civilization appears "beautiful outside," but below the surface it is "full of all uncleanness," and the frauds and falsehoods, hypocrisy and greed, duplicity and depravity have been potent factors in producing "our tramps," of whom the *Eagle* says that "never in the history of the country, never in the history of the world, probably, has the tramp been such a numerous nuisance as he is to-day. If he were merely a nuisance he could be endured for some time longer, but he has become a danger." Hear the boast of our country, its wealth, its schools and colleges, its churches, its products of farm, field and mine, its trade and commerce—what a whitened sepulchre! How beautiful to contemplate! Now strip it of its covering and behold the ceaseless multiplication of tramps, homeless, homeless, ragged and starving products of our civilization.

Why this haggard picture of misery and destitution? Grover Cleveland said in his message to Congress that the panic of '93, and which is still afflicting the country, was caused chiefly by "Congressional legislation," and this legislation produced multiplied thousands of tramps. It wrecks more homes than all the cyclones that ever swept over the country, and every tramp producing panic that has visited the nation has resulted from vicious legislation, under which scheming scoundrels have plotted to rob workingmen and thereby added to the army of tramps. The colossal fortunes of the millionaires on the one hand tell by the black shadows they cast the degradation of the wage-slaves who have been robbed and from whose ranks the army of tramps is forever being recruited. Geo. M. Pullman, who ought to be at the tail end of a chain gang in hell mining sulphur, has a small army of tramps to his credit, and the blacklisting railroad corporations which, like bloodhounds, track a man through every lane and avenue of life to prevent him from obtaining work and wages, do just what is required to fill the land with tramps.

Yes, the question is, "Why Tramps?" and if the why of tramps could be unfolded in all of its inhuman horrors it would stand unmatched for essential devilishness in the history of the world. Papers like the *Brooklyn Eagle* plead for vengeance upon the tramps. They are making a mistake. Plutocracy must cease sowing to the wind, else as certain as the world revolves upon its axis, the country will reap a whirlwind.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OLNEY. The Attorney General of the United States is a member of the President's cabinet. In all law matters he is, when requested to give an opinion, the mouth-piece of the government. Evidently it was by his advice that the President ordered General Miles to make bloody war upon the workingmen of Chicago. In his speech before the supreme court he abandons everything approaching dignity and disgustingly merges the demagogue and pettyfogger in the person of a cabinet minister, which doubtless pleases Grover Cleveland, the wild goose gunner and Buzzard's Bay angler. The American people did not render their verdict a day too soon against a party whose President is still a hangman and who, in choosing Olney for Attorney General, evinced a preference for hangman methods of dealing with workingmen. Reared in a church whose creed foredooms a very large percentage of the human family to hell, it is not surprising that the steel plates of his conscience have not one blow hole of mercy in them.

THE Arbitrator has resigned its official organship of the Building Trades Council of Grand Rapids. Its mission now is that of a free lance.

WATER.

In the process of creation, water seems to have been pre-existent—an eternal element, a raw material, a vast deep, filling all space—and the first thing that happened after light was created, was to create a firmament and "divide the waters from the waters," and thus have waters above and below the firmament—above and below the sky—and in the further process of creation the waters were to produce "abundantly" creatures that have life, the whale being particularly mentioned, which being a monster, was doubtless intended to include devil-fish, shark, sword-fish and the whole tribe of cannibal creatures that prey upon the weaker finny tribes. But the scriptural text does not intimate to what other purposes water could and would be applied in man's evolution from Adam or ape, molecule or mouse, tadpole or toad. Naturally and necessarily, man would drink water until wine and whiskey were discovered, and as he advanced in knowledge and studied forces would find that water, scientifically harnessed, could be made to turn wheels and drive machinery, but it may be doubted if the Creator, Himself, who made man, and then repented that he had made him because of his wickedness, though infinite in wisdom, believed that man would so far beat the devil as to inject oceans of water into railroad stocks and bonds and compel people to pay dividends on the fluid.

This use of water in finance beats all the discoveries in hydraulics and hydrostatics ever made since God "divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." The railroads of the country actually cost about \$6,000,000,000. Into this sum there has been injected water representing \$4,000,000,000, which may be properly named "boodle ocean" or "pirate sea," where devil fish financiers are unceasingly feeding and getting fat, extending their prehensile tentacles, and dragging down to death all opposition.

The estimate is made, which doubtless approximates the truth, that in the various great business enterprises of the country the amount of water upon which sharks and devil-fish collect dividends from labor amounts to \$10,000,000,000, which at 4 per cent. reaches an annual sum total of \$400,000,000.

It is this piracy that explains the ceaseless efforts of the devil fish managers to reduce wages. Their water dividends creates the power by which congress and legislatures, courts and judges, are debauched and above all and over all, constitutes the colossal crime of the age.

Can this water be removed? Easily. How? By taxing the water in which the devil-fish and sharks swim and swindle. If left to the monsters who shape the laws, under which they rob the people, the water piracy will go on forever.

If labor would unify and with the ballot inaugurate an era of honesty, the millions which now go to enrich its enemies would contribute to the welfare of those who make dividends possible, and would, we doubt not, find favor in heaven, since it is not probable, nor even conceivable, that the Creator, in His infinite survey of possibilities of the devil's influence in the world, conceived that he could produce a Jay Gould, a Russell Sage, a C. P. Huntington, a Pullman or a General Managers' Association, a Rockefeller or a Cal Brice, a Jenkins or a Woods.

The railroads, by reducing wages, have secured a large fund for buying cars and locomotives. One million men working at say, \$1.50 a day for 365 days would amount to \$547,500,000. A reduction of 10 per cent. would create a fund of \$54,750,000. See?

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THE SUPREME COURT AND THE INCOME TAX.

The constitution creates three coordinate departments of government. The executive, the legislative and the judicial. The departments are all right, but the income tax law recently enacted, receiving the approval of the legislative and the executive departments, has brought into more than usual prominence the three departments and especially the judicial department.

There was probably never a supreme court opinion handed down in which could be found so little high table-land and so much swamp-muck and mud. The eminent doctors of law couldn't make a satisfactory diagnosis of the case. The law was diseased in all of its organs.

It is judicial jugglery. It is not said of the opinion that it settles any legal question whatever, except that congress cannot enter the domain of state jurisdiction and levy a tax on state and municipal bonds.

It is now assumed that while the rich, who can hire lawyers, will refuse to pay taxes on their incomes, those who have not the means to fight for their rights in the courts, will have to pay, and wait to see how the legal cat will jump when the next trial comes on.

Thus it happens that the most august legal tribunal of any civilized country has had its splendid proportions reduced until few are left to do it honor, except those who are profited by its decree.

AS MEASURED BY WHEAT.

Mr. Browning, taking wheat as a standard of measurement, shows pretty conclusively that our national finances are in a bad way. He says: In the administration of Franklin Pierce—and it certainly was never accused of severe economy—the total cost of the national government was not quite 40,000,000 bushels of wheat per year.

Appropriations by the last congress approximated \$1,000,000,000 which, at 56 cents a bushel, would require 1,785,714,285 bushels of wheat to supply the needed cash.

DON'T SCARE.

The Typographical Journal remarks that "the sending of Debs and his companions to jail, for complicity in a strike, did not scare worth a cent. The Brooklyn strike followed hard upon it."

"O LORD, HOW LONG?"

Ring down the centuries, has been heard the declamatory inquiry, "O Lord, how long?" According to the biblical record, things have been going wrong from the start. Man was a disappointment. His creator pronounced him a failure, and at one time determined to utterly exterminate him—but relented sufficiently to save Noah, who, for a hundred years preached righteousness without securing so much as one convert.

After the deluge things improved somewhat, and occasionally, persons were found who protested against human cussedness, but, generally speaking, human affairs were of a character to make those who suffered appeal to their gods for relief.

The apostle Peter, in his day, as did David when he ruled and wrote, found the people impatient, and appealing to the Lord for help. Before their time, the enslaved Israelites, scourged to their tasks by their cruel masters, exclaimed "O Lord, how long?"

Peter, responding to the impatience of those who were tired of waiting for the interposition of the Lord in their behalf, said, "Be not ignorant of one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

There is an immense amount of the "O Lord, how long?" business being done in the ranks of labor just now in the United States. Men hesitate, shrink, back down, back out and keep silent, wondering "O Lord, how long" it will be before the Lord will come and knock out the Pullmans, the Carnegies, the General Managers' Associations, government by injunction, deputy marshals and galling guns.

Conditions in the United States are unfortunate for those who work and to the inquiry, "O Lord, how long" will they continue to go from bad to worse? It is easily answered, and that answer is, just as long as men refuse to unify for victory.

MASH, MALT AND HOPS.

Our good Uncle Samuel, during the year 1894, collected internal revenue from whiskey and beer the sum of \$116,674,040.29, a falling off, as compared with 1893, of \$10,595,202.73. The states paying the largest whiskey tax were Illinois, \$25,050,208.84 and Kentucky, \$22,210,385.91.

Figures talk. This is what they say about wages and hours of service of men employed on the Brooklyn Bridge railroad, owned by New York city and Brooklyn, and of men employed on the elevated railroads of this city, owned by a private corporation:

Workingmen, in the face of figures like these, can you vote otherwise than for public ownership of railroads?—Truth.

THE EIGHT HOUR RULE BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette of March 10 prints the following indorsement of the eight hour day, which concedes everything that has been claimed for it. It is the testimony of Mr. J. H. Brunner, of the firm of Brunner, Mand & Co., manufacturers and large employers of labor.

THE GREAT LECTURE TOUR.

It is with real pleasure we notice the reception given to Eugene V. Debs everywhere on his lecturing tour throughout the northwest. Never in the history of the labor movement has such a demonstration been made.

The military spirit is abroad, and no mistake, and the Christian church is fully aroused to the importance of getting all the Sunday school boys into military harness. As a result a military organization has been inaugurated, known as the "United Boys' Brigade of America."

I want to be an angel. And have a little gun. I want to go a shooting. And have a little fun. When the marching and drilling is over, and the kindergarten soldiers are washed and dressed by their pious mammas, and are ready to be put to bed and be "tucked up," they are required to say:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord that he will keep My little gun and powder dry. Cos, when the bright mornin' comes, I want to hear the fies and drums, If I don't die.

The shoemakers of Haverhill struck against oppression and degradation. The leather hearted employers, who had waxed fat on souls and soles, bristled up; they were the uppers, and stuck to the last, and won. Boot licking scabs were introduced, and now the union workers, if sufficiently penitent, will be permitted to stitch and starve when a peg hole is unoccupied by a scab.

To those of our members who "use the weed" and enjoy a good, cheering smoke, we would commend the famous Seal of North Carolina Pig Cut tobacco, which will be found advertised elsewhere in these columns.

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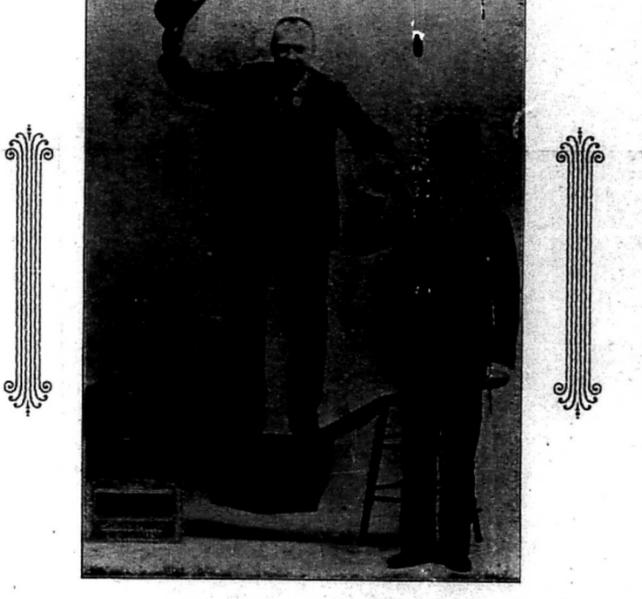
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