

On earth peace,
good will
toward men

The Social Democrat

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Vol. IV.

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No. 26.

Moriturus Salutamus.

I.
Hall, Custom, we, about to die, salute thee!
Behold us, thy slaves and prisoners,
Bound and swathed in ponderous frock coats and satin linings, in bow-crowned trousers, in starched cambric shirts and silken underclothing;
Shackled in stiff collars and wristbands, in gold chains and finger-rings,
Helpless in patent leather boots, tight-fitting gloves and hard-rimmed top-hats.
Decorated, like victims for the sacrifice, with flowers in button-holes, and rich scarves and jeweled scarf-pins,
Forced to talk and to walk, to get up and sit down thus and so,
Made to eat and drink all the unwholesome confections and concoctions of East and West;
Shut out from the corn-field and market garden and workshop where men really live,
Doomed to lifelong impotence by a thousand irrevocable laws,
All man's work done for us whether we will or no,
Forbidden to clean our own boots or put on our own overcoats,
Guarded by despotic butlers and valets and house-maids,
Looking out of our windows, hopelessly bored, at the genuine life going by in which we may not share,
Yawning listlessly in stifling rooms;
Weighed down with aimless bric-a-brac and rags, with redundant easy chairs, picture frames and upholstery, with all sorts of dust-gathering rubbish;
Our women even more deeply sunk in the glittering slough than ourselves,
Nerves snapping, digestion spoiled, temper irretrievably lost, soul unheard from this many a long year.

II.

Hail, Custom, we, about to die, salute thee!
About to die? Nay, we are dead already, These splendid halls are our sepulchre. All here is death, the life is make-believe;
These are but pictures of life traced on the walls of our eye-sockets of mummies to stare at in the eternal dark. We are bound hand and foot and laid in a gilded sarcophagus;
We strain at ankle and knee, at waist and elbow, but in vain;
We would move our lips but our tongue cleaves to the roof of our mouth.
Death, death, death; there is a smell of frankincense and spices, but under it all we are rotting slowly away.
Oh, for a breath of mountain air, an hour of God-given out-door toil!
Oh, for a voice of command from heaven crying, "Lazarus, come forth!"
ERNEST H. CROSBY.

TAIL-BOARD THINKERS.

Followers of Party Idols Scared By "The Man Without a Soul."
The average man, like a sheep, loves to follow at the heels of some leader.
No odds how hungry and famishing, nor how tall and tender the grass inside the field surrounded by a single cotton string, if the fat and sleek and satisfied leader passes by the field of tender and luscious grasses, the lean sheep trailing along behind, with their noses to the ground, follow meekly after, with only an occasional bleat of supplicating protest.
How like lean and louse-bitten sheep are the oppressed and brow-beaten wage slaves of civilization. How meekly they follow after false-hearted, but soft-voiced political leaders, who lead them along the road of starvation, on down to a still lower level of slavery and degradation.
Don't throw reform literature at them, or you will scare them so badly that they will crawl between the legs of their leaders and bleat in such heart-broken tones that even Matt Quay, Mark Hanna, Depew and Grover Cleveland are actually affected to tears.
Sometimes the laboring people remind me of the old and tattered bucket tied to the tail-board of an immigrant wagon, jolting and bumping along with a great rattling and hollow noise, but never getting down from their tail-board positions until some one takes them down to use them.
Every four years the political drivers of the republican and democratic immigration wagons take these empty buckets down from their tail-board peg and use them during the campaign to carry flat beer and bad whisky, political nonsense and campaign lies, and after the election is over, and the old battered buckets are empty and more battered than ever, they are again hung to the tail end of the wagon, to be jolted along and rattled against the hard end of a political wagon box during four years more of intrigue and legal plunder.
But all the time they think they are thinkers. They call everybody a fool who does not think as they think they are thinking, and are ready to back up the thoughts they think with their naked fists or a club.
It is just as impossible for a thinking man to hang contented from the tail-board of any old political cart as it is for a rat to remain in a sinking ship. A thinking man who thinks his own thoughts won't be hung up to the tail-board of any sort of a humbug theory or political manure cart, and remain there a battered and rusted and leaky old sloop-pail during four long years of jolting over broken promises and unbroken lies, and the battered bodies of starved wage-slaves and factory children's graves.
But a tail-board thinker is always certain to be tied up by the tail of his prejudice and ignorant superstition, and is happiest when filled with thoughts that have been repudiated by advanced thinkers and honest reformers. They also prefer to have these old thoughts drop fresh from the oily lips of a rich man or some pious pul-

pit pounder whose salary is at least five thousand dollars a year.
Because a man who has no wealth to show has no moral or political standing with tail-board thinkers.
How often have I heard this remark drop from one of these tail-board buckets as it went off, tied up by the neck: "Oh, he doesn't amount to shucks. Why, he hasn't got a dollar!"
Reader, just stop and think for one moment. How often have you made this very remark about men who attempted to give the world advice?
I have done so myself, a thousand times; for I was once a tail-board thinker—a battered old bucket tied to the tail-board of both old parties, dripping only such thought liquor as that poured into me by the driver of the wagon to which I was attached.
But one day a reform thinker came along and took me down and soldered up the leaks in my mental bottom, and poured some new truths into my empty skull, which made me so heavy that I broke the tail off my prejudice and tumbled from the old rotten wagon box of false economy and political outrage, and dropped down square in the middle of the road that leads up to the co-operative commonwealth and industrial freedom.

These tail-board thinkers are more afraid of the rich man's gold than they are of death. How they long to have a few gold dollars drop from the plutocrat's paw down into the empty bucket of their great poverty and want; and they go following after him in hopes that he will see them hanging up by the neck of their patriotism and give them a dollar for being such good citizens and easy victims to rob of all life once offered the honest man of toil.

Reader, are you one of the tail-board ornaments decorating the filthy old dung carts of plutocracy? What do you hope for in the future? What are you doing there? Who hung you up there, to be rattled over the graves of your plundered brethren, and jolted over the mortgaged hovels and tenement hells where the world's workers have been washed by the waves of prosperity promised to you every four years?

Did your pa hang you up by the tail of your prejudice, years and years ago? And haven't you sense enough to cut yourself down?
Shame on your cowardice! Shame on your sense of honor and justice! Here you have been clinging to the two old political juggernauts while they drove over every industry of your country and mashed them up so fine that a few wealthy men have put them all in their pockets, and millions of your brothers have been turned out to die of slow starvation.

You have clung to these two old dirty wagons and saw them force your little boys and girls into the mills and factories, to take the place of your brother toilers, and even your own position has been taken from you and given to your oldest daughter; and still you cling to the tail-board of rottenness and carry a sound-money and high-tariff banner, and eat the food brought into your home by the soiled little hands of the children the great Almighty God gave into your hands for love and protection.

Get down off that old manure cart that is stinking with the crimes and outrages of the last thirty years, and stand up for your children.
Get down, you coward! You are eating the life and joys and hearts of your children who are slaving in the grinding factories without tasting a single joy of happy childhood, and you ought to blush hot enough to melt the tail off of your battered body and fall to the ground in disgust.

Shame! shame! oh, you boasting American "voting kings" who live on the bread thrown to your children in the slave pens of competitive plunder, and have not enough manhood left to confess that you have helped to enslave your own offspring.
Get-down off those two old carts that are reeking with the blood and sweat of sixty millions of outraged people, and be a man.

Debs Well Received.

Those who heard the great labor leader, E. V. Debs, at the opera house last night, were most favorably impressed by his genial personality. Those who expected to hear a harangue were, instead, confronted with a refined, masterly and logical address on one of the greatest themes of the day. Mr. Debs has left behind him in Pottstown, such an impression of fairness that no one can doubt for a moment that in him oppressed labor has a sincere champion, whose heart is in the work for the one desire of uplifting his fellow men.
The event was under the care of Iron Moulder's Union, No. 32, of Pottstown. The chairman of the meeting was Mr. George V. Wilson. Members of the Moulder's Union, of Royersford, Spring City and Linfield, were present in large numbers. The audience was composed of intelligent and representative citizens.
After music by the Strohl band and a cornet solo by Miss Marie Strohl, Chairman Wilson introduced the speaker of the evening. As Mr. Debs stepped forward he was greeted with

applause, and for two hours he held the closest attention of his audience. During his entire address he did not make one impassioned or illogical statement, but in a fair manner spoke of the oppression of labor through the invention of labor-saving machinery and the consequent centralization of capital in the form of great trusts and monopolies. Mr. Debs said that he wanted to see this country as it should be and he believed that it could be made the happiest country in the world.

He said that he had faith in the intelligence of the American people to solve this question of a better relation between capital and labor. Agitation would bring this about. He nailed several fine arguments to show that history proves that agitation has always been a blessing to our country. Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln were agitators and each shared in a denunciation by the press of their day. They lived ahead of their times. Just as we look back upon them from the present and see these men as heroes, so the time is coming, and is near at hand, when those of today who are maligned as agitators will be regarded as benefactors. The latter day is dawning, for the working man is awaking to his true condition, and at the ballot will assert his rights.

Abram Tegner, A Narrative.

From the Irish Theosophist of August 15, 1897:
Many, many years have passed since the day that a single wanderer appeared where now the broad waters of the Puget Sound spread between the craggy hills and mountains of that far-off corner of the far west.
The days of ancient glory that were hers in a long distant age had left no trace of their existence, and only the memory of the traveler could see that there had been a race of people there who once ruled the world of thought and endeavor.
But such was the fact, and this man had returned to the ancient site of his race to again people the spot with the images of the long forgotten days. His advent was due to the renewal of settlement and impulse to the development of the forces that had so long slept unused and unknown. His mission accomplished he departed as unnoticed as his arrival, and the space of time has obliterated any records, if such existed, that he has ever been there.
But now that the opening of a new age has prepared some to know of this circumstance, it is to be here recorded who he was and why he was there.
The man was Abram Tegner, an old

mained standing would have disclosed a fact that it was not wise that the world should know until the proper time was ripe. This monument was situated on a large promontory that jutted out from the north side of the southern enclosing headland of the sound and the only point where the inquiry or curiosity of a new settlement should not care to penetrate.
When he arrived a vast and silent wilderness enclosed the deep purple waters of this wonderful chasm that stretches its tortuous way so many miles between the hills and which is an imperishable testimony of the titanic force that rent asunder its rocky walls at the last final effort of the earth to repel the approach of an unwelcome destiny.

The days of old contain many fateful secrets, but none more terrible than the one reposing where this doom-writ glyph spreads its fateful record before the face of men. The hours of Tegner's stay were short, but what he saw and did are now to be disclosed.
His party landed at the foot of a cliff of almost perpendicular face that rose from the dark waters to a height of some 700 feet and then retreated to a distance of about 150 feet, rising again from thence to an altitude of 1,000 feet or more, ending in a level summit about 20 acres in extent and hollowed a little in the center with a wall or vein of quartz which seemed to form a ring or boundary.
When Tegner arrived on this spot, having left his companions at the terrace of the cliff, he found standing before him a man of majestic aspect, clad in a white tunic that reached to his knees and was confined at his waist by a belt of purple and clasped by a broad buckle that had in its center a single large diamond, cut in a triangular form and which blazed with a shimmering, opalescent light.

His arms were bare nearly to the shoulders, and on his right breast shone a seven-pointed star of gold with a huge sapphire in its center. Over his shoulders hung a cloak of purple tint and round his neck a gold chain supported on his breast a large image of a human heart in lapis lazuli, with an immense ruby in its center. His legs were bare, but his feet were covered with sandals curiously decorated with eagles' claws inlaid with gold and forming clasps for the thongs of the leather that bound them to his feet. His hair was long and heavy and of a tawny golden hue, and his skin was of a curious bronzed or coppery tint that glowed with the fire of perfect health and vigor. His eyes, large, dark and luminous, shone with kindly feeling, and his face, absent of beard, glowed with the spirit of indomitable will, and though strong and commanding, was full of noble intentions that could not escape the most careless observation.

He advanced a few steps and made a peculiar sign which Tegner immediately answered and then the two clasped hands and talked long and earnestly. At last he turned and led Tegner to a small octagonal shaped building of red porphyry that stood in the center of the basin already referred to, and stooping entered the low door that was in the side of the building. The building itself was about 20 feet in diameter, and 8 feet high, covered with a roof of stone slabs that rose to a point in the center from each one of the facets of the prism which the building formed.
In the center of the room, which had no light save that of the open door, was a stone pillar that supported the roof, and in front of it, nearest the light, was an altar of onyx, a perfect cube in form and on the flat top was inlaid a triangular plate of gold, bearing on its surface a drawing of the Zodiac, and around the circle the Sanscrit, Egyptian, Phoenician and Celtic hieratic alphabets.
The stranger directed Tegner to remove the plate and conceal it about his person, which Tegner did, and then led him out of the edifice and to the further confines of the plateau on the side opposite and pointed to a large white rock that towered above its fellows on the side of a mountain directly south of them.
As he did so a fire suddenly blazed forth on its summit and was answered by others to the south as far as the eye could see, and the stranger turning to Tegner gave him a little package and bade him lay it on the altar where the first fire of the new age should be kindled in 1897 as a memento and sign of that day and meeting.

He then bade adieu to Tegner, who remained calm and undisturbed, and traversing the slope beneath him was soon lost to view. Tegner retraced his steps, summoned his crew and demolished the little temple, burying the stones at various spots on the terrace, and then returned to his ship and sailed away.
This temple was the last memorial of the great first American race, and was erected when they were obliged to leave the land to wander in the earth to a land on whose surface they could subsist. Its site is a great center of force, and will, when the time is ripe, be used as a landmark of advancement towards a more perfect evolution.
There is no further record of Tegner, except that he was seen in Lon-

don early in 1896 in company with an Indian Rajah, and had with him the identical tablet of 1836. He is a man of medium height, apparently about fifty years of age, and has a long beard that falls over his chest in rippling waves of black. His bearing is kindly and his body erect and vigorous. He will, it would seem, be of particular service hereafter to some who have in view the preparation of a better age, and he will then reveal his true personality and purpose.
(Signed) ROLLO.

Note—The ancient Americans were not, as some suppose, the earliest offshoot of a prior race, but were a primal race that was the efflorescence of a prior cycle and their mission was simply to start a new impulse in the few remaining fragments of humanity that remained as seeds for the present world's population. They have disappeared as a race, but their effort is behind all the developments of our modern progress and their work is not yet accomplished for the present change of types of men is their handiwork and their mission. They have for long years, through the selected few, been preparing for a great effort to set back the tide of materialism and to divert into nature forces that will destroy the mass but leave a few to go on untrammelled by the bitter strife for gain that characterizes the present degraded condition of all nations and all societies.
The seat of their work has lately been removed to the new world, and when the hour for a change, now rapidly approaching, is come they will appear through chosen instruments and direct the final endeavor that has for its object the rescue of those of our fallen brothers that may remain to look for help when the tidal waves and earthquakes have finished their awful work.
(Signed) ROLLO.

For Profit, or For Use.

What are we all working so hard for, anyhow? Certainly not for pure love of it. You and I, friend, are grubbing away to obtain the wherewithal to buy food and clothes and pay rent.
In other words, people work to supply their needs and gratify their desires. Unfortunately, however, it is generally somebody else's wants that are supplied, and not the worker's. Throughout history we find a ruling class has always had everything done for it by a serving class. Roman emperors and patricians were maintained by slaves, feudal lords by serfs. Today the capitalist class is maintained by the wage working class.
In our industrial system the individual does not supply all his own needs; neither do all work together to supply the needs of all. We are working blindly, at cross purposes; grubbing away for dear life, and creating so much wealth that every few years there is a cry of over-production. And yet not one of the workers, has all his needs and legitimate desires supplied. There are precious few of us that could not put up with better clothes and food, more commodious and artistic homes, more vacations and recreations.
The explanation of this strangely contradictory situation is that the things created by our work are produced not for our use but for capitalists' profit.
Liberated from its cage of technical terms the theory of "surplus value" is simple. In brief, the capitalist goes into the market and buys raw material from some one who has it to sell. He also buys from you your labor, which is the commodity you have to sell. He then, in his shop, adds your labor to the raw material, combines into a manufactured article, which he takes into the market and sells at its exchange value, which is always considerable more than he paid for the raw material and your labor, plus the wear and tear of machinery. This difference is surplus value, or the capitalist's profit, and out of it his millions are built up. It is his profit he is after. He does not carry on production for the love of it, any more than you and I would for that reason. The sole end and aim of all business is the securing of this profit. If you happen to get work in the course of it, it is purely incidental. Whenever the profits can be increased by the use of machinery or cheaper labor, out you go in double quick time.
In order to get a profit, goods must be sold; so capitalists are always hunting for new markets. When those of each country have exhausted their respective home markets and are looking to the others which are in the same fix, what is going to happen? It will be a general check mate!
About that time perhaps the universal destitution of the workers will have brought them to their senses sufficiently to see that in order to save themselves alive they must take and hold collectively all this vast machinery of production which the capitalists have been using as a profit-making medium, and operate it instead for the production of all the necessities, and the comforts and luxuries of life as well, for the use of all the people.—Margaret Halle in the Beacon.

Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the "liberty to die by starvation," is not so divine.—Carlyle.

The Approaching Elections.

Since coming East I have been asked by many members of the Social Democracy what ticket, if any, I consider it advisable to support this fall in New York, Pennsylvania and other states, in view of the fact that the Social Democracy has no ticket in the field. I answer, unhesitatingly, the ticket of the Socialist Labor Party, the only anti-capitalistic party in the field. At this juncture in the evolution of Socialism the supreme demand is to support principles. The personality of the candidates, especially as there is little or no prospect of electing a single one of them, is of little moment. In any event, personal prejudice should not influence any member to either vote against a Socialist candidate or, which amounts to the same thing, not vote at all and thereby give his support directly or indirectly to the capitalistic power that keeps him in fetters.

There are those who are embittered against the Socialist Labor Party on account of alleged persecution. Show that you are a true Socialist by returning good for evil.
Above all parties, we are Socialists, and in due course of time we shall find common ground and unite in one great party. What party that shall be, time will determine.

In the meanwhile we must continue to bear in mind that there is no logic in abuse, and that ridicule and slander are not accepted as argument among intelligent and reputable men.

We are entirely pleased with the outlook for the Social Democracy. In June next our National Council will hold its first annual session. We are already organized in twenty-six states and the rest will be in line in the next ninety days, so that our first national convention will see every state and territory represented. A national political platform will then be formulated, and the Social Democracy will be formally launched on the waters of American politics. Then we can support our own candidates as well as the principles of Socialism.

To those who declare that we are not "scientific" enough, we have only to say that we stand for the complete overthrow of capitalism, the abolition of the wage system, and the collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution; and the Social Democracy of America, as a national and international political and economic organization, will fight along that line without a shadow of fusion or compromise, either as to principles or candidates (excepting in case of an honorable alliance with another Socialist organization), until victory is achieved and the Co-operative Commonwealth is established.

Eugene P. Debs

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 16, 1897.

He said that he was in favor of a law where all men are treated as equal. It cannot be disputed that the nets of the law are now so constructed that they catch the minnows and let the whales go.

He said the machine was introduced half a century ago with the view of being a blessing to mankind, but the history of the past and present proves that the machine has not helped the poor man but has become only a benefit to the rich. The agencies which should thus be employed to lessen the toils of labor are used only to drive out labor. There is nothing Christian or humane in such treatment.

Mr. Debs' theory is that the power of wealth should be used to uplift the poor, and that it is cowardly in wealth to take advantage of the weakness and want of poverty. He believed that if men cared more for character in themselves than wealth things would be different.

He also urged the need of education among the working people, and advised that good books be read.

Mr. Debs often grew eloquent in painting in word pictures the distress of the poor in different localities.
In all of his remarks he confined himself strictly to facts and proved all his assertions with well based argument. He left with his audience good food for thought and made friends of all who heard him.

The Iron Workers' Union through whose efforts Mr. Debs was induced to come here, deserve great credit for giving the people of this community a chance to hear this great leader.—Pottstown Daily News.

Dutch traveler who sailed from Rotterdam in the year 1836 to Java, and from thence to the little town of San Diego, Cal., where he visited some Indian chiefs with whom he was connected by a mutual tie of friendship in a certain work that does not depend upon any very great physical relationship.

Having prepared the way for certain things that must at some future day be disclosed, he sailed up the coast and finally entered the sound, where his principal work was to be accomplished.

He was of a family who had always been in union with the eastern school of magic and his boyhood had been spent in the far east, where his father was engaged in a large trade with the islands of the Indian archipelago, and he had in his pursuit of the same business been informed of the facts of some of his previous incarnations and of his relationship to the coming change in the white race.

His soul had blossomed out in a way that made him the instrument for great designs and he accepted his lot as a pupil should, diligently and obediently striving to perform the will that called him to the course that he afterwards so steadfastly pursued. His first impulse when being directed was to hasten his steps to the new world and await the time of his final effort, but this he saw was unwise, and so he remained quietly indifferent until he saw that the day was approaching for him to accomplish the final effort of his task.

His journey had for its object the destruction of the last sole monument of the ancient days, which if it had re-

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NOTICE.

TO ALL LOCAL BRANCHES: Your attention is called to the following section of the constitution: "On or before the 5th day of each month the treasurer shall remit by postal money order the monthly dues for current month to the National Council, and each local branch shall remit the full amount due for the entire membership."

To the front, comrades! There is a mighty mustering of Socialists beneath the banner of the Social Democracy. All hail the Co-operative Commonwealth the Social Democracy is pledged to establish! Each member must do his duty. Socialism is for live men only. The sun of Socialism is marching to Meridian splendor. Capitalism means war; it means misery, poverty and woe. Socialism means peace and happiness. Which do you want? If you want to show your sympathy for this movement subscribe for the Social Democrat.

Requiescat.

George M. Pullman has gone the way of all flesh. Surrounded by all the evidences of vast wealth, smothered in a superfluity of luxuries, the grim reaper searched him out as unerringly as though he were the lowest denizen of the slums. In the manner of his death he had no advantage over the lowest, most insignificant outcast, who sinks fainting by the wayside and offers up the ghost unknown and unheralded. He died suddenly, and alone—no loving hand eased the final agony of his parting with the world; neither friend nor relative smoothed the final death-damp from his brow nor closed his lips with parting kiss of grief. He has reached the plane where all men are equal. His millions can profit him no longer—they are left behind, and he stands there before his Maker, a naked and quivering soul, to render an account of his stewardship. May the All-wise Power deal kindly with him—he has at last reached the plane where he can fully realize the truth that, "Verily, all wealth is vanity!"

Rev. Herbert Casson signaled his return from England by speaking to an audience of 10,000 people assembled on Boston Common on Saturday, Oct. 9. The occasion was the wind-up of the Lynn trade carnival, and the labor men of Lynn took advantage of it to get up an immense funeral procession in memory of the 24 miners who were murdered at Hazleton. Comrade Casson made one of the soul-stirring speeches for which he is famous, and held the close attention of his vast audience throughout, notwithstanding that he had the competition of a troop of United States soldiers who marched onto the Common and attempted, to draw away the attention of his audience by going through their drill maneuvers in front of the stand from which he was speaking. The affair has created something of a sensation, and the action of the soldiers is quite generally condemned.

Carroll D. Wright says the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, too. Idleness is one of the main symptoms of riches; as men become more wealthy they become more idle. That's the symptom that Wright bases his assertion on. Idleness among the poor is increasing fast. Of course they're growing richer!

When labor is employed, labor consumes; when it is not employed, it cannot consume.—Daniel Webster.

THE EDITOR'S ARENA

In review of the present status of Socialism throughout the world, a writer in the Chicago Post recently remarked that Socialists were gradually abandoning the radical and impracticable features of their program, and were receding from the revolutionary attitude which characterized the early stages of the movement.

This fact—so-called—was noted with a great deal of satisfaction, and was cited as an evidence that Socialists are getting down to earth, and are being influenced by the business sense and judgment of those hard-headed men of affairs who know the ways of the world and have studied human nature.

The point of view is a very amusing one for Socialists to contemplate, while the essential fact which the writer notes is one of the most encouraging signs of the times from a Socialist standpoint. There has been no retrogression on the part of Socialism, no abandonment of its revolutionary attitude. It has not receded a hair's breadth, but stands today as completely for the total abolition of the wage system and the collective ownership and control of all the means and instruments of production and distribution as it ever did.

There is undoubtedly a change in the manner in which Socialism is regarded by the general public, but that change is due, not to retrogression on the part of Socialists, or the abandonment of any part of the program, but simply to advance in ideas on the part of the general public. The public has grown up to the idea of Socialism—that is all there is to the fact which the Post writer notes.

The progress of economic development, together with the persistent educational work which Socialists have done, has gradually forced upon the minds of men an understanding of the impossibility of the long continuance of the present system. They have come to understand that there must be a complete change in present business methods, a change which will amount to an entire revolution in the theories and methods which at present underlie our industrial system; and the logic of Socialism has appealed to them so strongly that they have gradually come to an acceptance of its fundamental contentions and are ready to apply its methods.

Having arrived at this state of mind, the so-called "radicalism" of Socialism has lost many of its terrors, and persons who formerly looked upon it as something deadly are now ready to view it with complacency. To the observer of surface conditions this appears as a retrogression on the part of Socialism, but in reality it is an advance on the part of the opponents of Socialism. They are being forced into Socialism whether they will or not.

As an indication of this changed attitude towards Socialism and Socialists, the following words by Prof. Ely are very apt:

"Socialists wish to extend the use of capital. 'But capital (accumulations of past toil in the shape of food, shelter, clothing, and particularly tools and implements, like railways, locomotives, steam engines of all kinds, telegraph and electric plants and the like), which it increases the production of goods marvellously, has become a disintegrating force."

"Differentiation has accompanied industrial development. It is the present capitalistic mode of production which is called in question. The capital (that is, the tools of production) is owned by one class, and the labor is furnished by another class."

"Now, as we have two distinct classes in production, disputes over division of the goods produced by the two classes are certain to arise. The finished product being given, the more one class receives the less remains for the other, and it is mere sophistry to claim that the interests of the two can be perfectly identical."

"The diversity of interests which manifests itself in very real industrial conflicts is an inevitable part of that system which assigns labor to one class and capital to another."

"Self-employment or the employment of others becomes constantly more difficult, and the number who succeed in escaping the condition of employees is relatively diminishing with the progress of industry. A few escape from the ranks to become 'self-made men,' as we say; that is, great and wealthy employers of hundreds and thousands of workmen; but they are the exceptions, and must be so long as present industrial movements continue."

"Thrift, frugality, and temperance of the masses cannot alter this in the slightest degree. One who excels may rise to industrial power, but his superiority would cease should others emulate his qualities. This fact, which is as simple as multiplication and division, is becoming very generally recognized, and produces a widespread restlessness and uneasiness. Many perceive that they can never escape from the lot of workmen, and that the only way to improve their condition is to elevate their entire class."

"Hence the solidarity of all interests is felt as never before."

This is an excellent statement of the Socialist position on the class movement. Coming from such a man as Prof. Ely, it has a great deal of significance. It means that the true con-

ception of Socialism has permeated the minds of the molders of capitalist opinion. When we read Prof. Ely's words we cannot but smile at the Chicago Post man's remark about Socialists abandoning their revolutionary tendencies.

The indications of very radical thought are continually cropping out in places where we would least expect to find them, and they portend a more speedy change than many Socialists even would be ready to admit. The Boston Globe of Oct. 9, for instance, contains the report of a meeting held by the Massachusetts Reform club which contains sentiments the utterance of which would have caused a riot in such an organization ten years ago. One speaker declared that "the United States senate is owned by a trust composed of millionaires," and wanted to know if "this shall be a government of the people or of the trusts." He charged that "we are where Europe was three or four hundred years ago—ruled by feudal barons, alias United States senators," and he declared that "the present conditions mean revolution, and unless we meet the situation this government will go to pieces." Another speaker referred indignantly to our trust magnates who "own castles abroad and live there as barons, and with barons as their neighbors." Not only were these speeches received with favor—they were wildly applauded, and the president of the meeting—no less a person than Moorfield Storey, ex-president of the American Bar Association, not only indorsed what the speakers had said, but emphasized it, and said that "the radical sentiments uttered during the evening were to be the more seriously considered in view of the high character of the men who advanced them."

It is true that the motive which prompts these people to the utterance of radical sentiments may not be the motive of Socialism, but it none the less opens the way for the application of Socialist methods. The class of people who talk in this strain at these "respectable" gatherings are, as a rule, disappointed capitalists, those who have been squeezed by trust methods, and who begin to realize that opportunities for money-making are being cornered by a few overgrown magnates of capital. They see this restriction of opportunity continually growing, and it has set them to thinking and looking about for a remedy—they cannot search long for a remedy without falling foul of Socialism. This is inevitable, because Socialism presents the only logical solution for the condition—collective ownership.

That the tendency of wealth in this country is to concentrate into larger and larger masses, held by a constantly diminishing number of capitalists, is not disputed by anyone who is at all familiar with the subject. This process continued and followed to its logical conclusion must lead to Socialism. If Rockefeller and Pierpont Morgan are not to own the land and machinery, and everything in the country worth having, there can be but one possible successor, namely: the people. The only possible way to stop the coming of Socialism is to stop the tendency of capital to congregate in a few hands. The "respectable" people have been trying for many years to stop this tendency of capital, and they are at last beginning to realize that it is a hopeless task. They are beginning to see that it is a matter which cannot be regulated by mere preaching, nor by legislative enactment; that it is a natural process, due to the system of competition and private property on which our industrial system is built; and they must come to Socialism as the only means of relief—that is the logic of the situation. The coming of Socialism is much nearer than many of its friends dream. The main thing for Socialists to do is to take care that when it does come it is dominated by the Democratic idea.

The latest development of the tendency to trust control is the arrangement whereby a syndicate of American capitalists are placed in control of the government of Honduras.

This syndicate, in which J. Pierpont Morgan is the ruling spirit, has obtained control of the Honduras government customs department, and the sole right to conduct banks in the republic, as well as valuable land and railroad privileges, in consideration of assuming responsibility of the liquidation of the government's indebtedness, together with an annual payment of about \$500,000.

They do things better down in Honduras than we do them here in the United States. By this open method of doing business they avoid all blackmailing and hypocrisy.

The labor problem is handled very much like a man trying to patch up a rotten rubber pneumatic bicycle tire—no sooner is a leak stopped in one place than it explodes in another. The only remedy is to throw away the rotten tire and get a new one. So it is with the labor problem. It is full of patches from end to end, and yet it "leaks" constantly. Like Banquo's ghost, "it will not down." The only permanent remedy is to abolish the competitive and wage system. Abolish it now.—Pueblo Courier.

A Warning.

Oh, men of wealth and station, Heed how you use your power; For clouds hang o'er our nation, That foretell a sifting hour. When the hopes you fondly cherished, May in dust and ashes lie, And like leaves be left to perish, Or before the whirlwind fly. There are weary wives and mothers, Whom your gold might aid and bless; There are lone, despairing brothers, Whom your luxuries oppress; There are little children pleading, For the precious bread of life, And souls the "wine-press treading," In agonies of strife! Be wise! give not with scornings These "little ones a stone," Lest in the near, new morning, Your power be overturned! For God the word hath spoken, "That through the world doth run; Who breaks it will be broken, For justice must be done." —Belle Bush. Belvidere Seminary.

PUCKERBUSH ALLIANCE

Puckerbush, O., Last Saturday. Mr. Debs and All the Rest of You: Things took a new turn at our last meetin', but I don't think it was just what them one-thing-at-a-time fellers could call gettin' there with both feet. We Socialists had calculated to spring the machinery question on 'em, but as soon as the president called to order he give the wink to Sammy Fry, one of the rantankerous sixteen-to-one fellers, and he wades rite into the great krime of '73. He sung the song that they all sing, which is to the effect that the gold standard is the cause for all the misery in the world, and the only true cause, and he just more'n roasted the republicans, and Mark Hanner in partiklar. This was too much for Mr. Gard, the preacher, who is comin' to the meetins as reglar as to Sunday school. He said times had been awful hard, but it was all on akount of free trade tariff, which he believed was one of the devises of the devil in this world, or words to that effect. But providence was once more about to shine on this country and its grand and glorious flag. Farmers was gettin' better prices fur what they raised, compared with what they had been gettin', and if they wud quit listenin' to agitators and stick to their work providence wud take care of the rest.

I jumped up and said: "Grease us twice! There you go again. What wud the God and morality party do if they did not have providence to fall back on? You auter be ashamed of the way you republicans shove off the results of your rotten work on to providence, and then claim the credit for conditions which result from forces beyond the control of men."

"Now, look at Sammy's argument. Has it occurred to any of you sixteen-to-ones that you are now enjoying to a considerable degree the benefits which the free silver singers love to dwell on, namely, increased prices for farm produce? Free silver has had nothing to do with it, but compare present prices with those we have been getting, and you will see what I say is true. But how is it affecting the biggest half of the people in our country, the wage-earners? I want to tell you of how I had my attention called to it this week. I took a load of wood to town, and one of the men workin' in the carbon works ast me if I had any good solid corn, and I said I had; then he ast me how much I wud take for thirty bushels with the nubbins all out. I ast him what he wanted with that much corn, and he said he had a very large family, and since all the things he needed to eat during the winter had gone up so, he would have to get along without flour, and he had figured out that if he could get the corn he could have it ground at the mill, and live on that. He did not dare to go into debt any more than he wus.

I ast him why the devil he didn't strike, for everybody knows that the wages paid in that shop wus on the europian basis. "Strike, hell!" he said, "when there is strings of men coming to the factory every day begin' for a job. They have a sign up at the office door which reads, 'No help wanted,' but lots of 'em pretend not to see it and walk into the office. The bookkeeper told me last week that he is bothered so much that in spite of himself he gets to giving short, sharp answers to their questions, and then, very often, the expression on their faces causes him to feel worse than if he had been licked."

You see, the bookkeeper and I am on pretty good terms, and he says he is beginnin' to get onto what ails the country, and that it's not tariff or money, but the fighting for private profit. I don't understand it myself, but I know that something is crushin' the spirit of independence out of us workin' men, and in some it is being replaced by a most ugly and desperate feelin'.

I told him I bet the bookkeeper wus a Socialist, and of course he has to be careful, just the same as people used to be about talkin' of freein' the niggers. Most people think Socialism is something awful. The word is used to cast reflection, and to scare people, just as the word abolitionist used to be. You study it up and you will find the two words mean the same thing—freeing slaves. You bet I will see that he gets some of the best corn that is on the farm, and I hunt up that bookkeeper.

"Now, if the rise in prices produce this kind of result on the wage-earners, and free silver would still further push them up, don't you think they wud be suckers to vote for it?" "Well, I do. This thing of being tickled because you profit by the suffering of somebody else is more inhuman

than eatin' missionaries, and I am agin the whole bizness."

Then preacher Gard got up and spouted about the tariff wud soon cause wages to go up, and I told him I'd bet him a good yellow-legged rooster agin one of his last year's semuns that if he wud take the file of a daily paper since the elexion of the advance agent, that he wud find six notices of wage reductions to two of increase during the time that the agent went into the busines of visitin' and "restin'" in different parts of the country. But he said he did not gamble, though I understand he is some ahead by reason of havin' another fellow make some deals on wheat in Chicago. He said: "The rise in wool and the increase in price of sheep is a plain case of the benefit of the tariff."

I don't like the cuss ever since I herd him trying to hatch up a scheme to get Miss Smart, our school teacher, bounced because she is a Socialist, and I wus goin' for him again, red hot, but Miss Smart jerked my coattail, and that is a signal for me to set down. She got up and said: "I think our friend Jonas makes a good point in showin' up what the increase in the price of farm produce means to the wage earners. We understand, of course, that it is a failure of crops elsewhere, and not free coinage or tariff which has created the increased prices, but as far as the results are concerned, this does not matter. Another thing which I wish to call your attention to is this: Do you realize that under the competitive system this increased price which you are getting is the pay for the work done by some other person? The farmers who plow, sowed and cultivated fields which yielded not, because of drouth or other cause—Providence, if you please—gets nothin' and you get pay for his work. How you can glory in this, and thank providence for such a blessing (?) passes my understanding, professing a belief in the teachings of Jesus Christ, as you do. My friend, Mr. Gard, has spoken about the tariff and wool. I do not pretend to be posted on this subject, but in my hand is a copy of 'Consular Reports' for September, 1897. This is a monthly publication which is issued by the department of state, and contains reports and letters from our consuls and commercial agents in all parts of the world, and on all sorts of subjects. In this number is a letter from our consul at Sidney, Australia, describing the results of the drouth on the sheep industry of that country, and which may have a bearing on the statement of Mr. Gard."

She red the whole thing, which is too long to put in this letter, so I will just give you some extracts: "New South Wales is the wool-growin' of New South Wales alone lost 9.5-half of the flocks of the Australian continent are in this colony. * * * As published in a former report, the country of New South Wales alone lost 9,000,000 sheep during the year 1895. * * * The baleful results of the present drouth are intensified by the fact that this may be said to be but a continuation of the drouth of 1895. * * * That I might see for myself I took a hasty run of 400 miles southwest into the famous Riverina district, whence comes the fine wools bought by American manufacturers. It was the picture of desolation; sheep, cattle, birds and rabbits were succumbing to the awful ravages of the drouth. * * * Recently, on one station in the interior, 45,000 well-bred sheep were killed that the pelts might be saved. * * * I made a hasty tour of inspection some two weeks ago, covering some 1,500 miles of country. * * * Wool buyers need not be surprised to learn that fully one-fifth of the finest wool sheep on the globe have perished from this widespread and long-protracted drouth."

"Holy smoke!" says I, "I wonder if providence is doin' that, and if it's the same one the good people in this country are blessing for his kindness?" Just then Sammy Fry moved to adjourn, and Mr. Gard seconded the motion, which carried, but we will be on hand at the next meetin', and I'll try to keep you posted. Yours to the end, JONAS HARRISON.

Thousands of mortgages have been foreclosed in Washington thus far this year. Ninety per cent of the property has been bought in by the holders of the mortgages, and deficiency judgments are hanging over the heads of the former owners of the lands. But every mortgagee thus satisfied is heralded all over the country as that much money paid up by the mortgagee and as an evidence of prosperity. Of all liars the prosperity liar is the grandest success, since the serpent uttered the lie, "thou shalt not surely die."—Tacoma Sun.

It is stated that the Populist movement in Milwaukee has been almost entirely absorbed by the Social Democracy, and that education along Socialist lines is making rapid progress in that place.—The Commonwealth.

We have another indubitable evidence that the McKisley prosperity wave is on us in full force. The mortgage crop harvested in 1897 will undoubtedly be the largest in the history of our country. Yes, and the tramps are multiplying as did the locusts of old Egypt. Undoubtedly she am arriv.—Plaindealer, Reno, Nev.

Instead of ignoring politics, it would be vastly better if the average business man would become thoroughly posted on economic subjects, and then vote according to his best judgment.—The Pointer.

The Flag of Liberty.

(Written for The Social Democrat.) BY MRS. B. B. GLAZIER. Too long o'er slaves thy stars have shone; Too long thy stripes of red Have symbolized their warm life blood; On Mammon's altar shed.

But justice cannot longer sleep; She moves! behold, she wakes! And as her retributive tones ring out, Oppression quakes. Her suppliant cries, for mankind raised, Reach the all-hearing ear; And love divine gives back reply, "Lo! thy salvation's near."

Then wave, fair flag of liberty, Whose stripes of red and white Shall be our bow of promise, and Whose stars our path shall light.

Proportional Representation No. 8.

This week I give a detailed description of one of the best systems of proportional representation. It is known as the Hare system, or the Hare-Spence system.

It was originally proposed by Mr. Thos. Hare, an English chancery lawyer, and a very able man. John Stuart Mill, the great writer on political economy, warmly endorsed Mr. Hare's plan. The English Proportional Representation Society advocates it.

Miss Catharine H. Spence, a veteran Australian, has devoted her life to the advocacy of the Hare system, and has popularized it in South Australia. Mr. Hare's original suggestion was that the whole of Great Britain should be one huge constituency; but Miss Spence advocates the use of districts of moderate size, returning from six to ten members, and her name has been added to that of Mr. Hare in the title of the modified system. Its method of working is as follows:

If you are voting on the Hare-Spence system in a seven-member constituency, you mark your ballot for seven candidates (or less) in the order of your choice with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. The man whom you like best you mark No. 1, and so on in rotation. If your vote goes to help the candidate of your first choice to be elected, then it does not count for anybody else. But if the candidate whom you have marked No. 1—your first choice—has enough votes without yours, or has so few votes that he cannot be elected, then your vote goes to the man whom you have marked No. 2. If your No. 2 does not need or cannot use your vote, then it is passed on to No. 3, and so forth.

In counting the votes, the first operation in the Hare system is to sort out the ballots into as many compartments as there are candidates, according to the first choice or No. 1 votes, paying no attention for the present to the other figures on the ballots. While this is being done two tally clerks are keeping tally of the votes. When the total number of votes is thus ascertained, it is divided by seven, which is the number of members to be elected. This gives the "quota," or number of votes required to elect any one man. For instance, if seven members are to be elected and fourteen thousand votes have been cast, the "quota" will be two thousand.

Then any one of the candidates who has a quota or more than a quota is declared elected. If he has more than a quota, his surplus ballots are transferred to such of the other candidates as may have been marked No. 2 on the ballots so transferred. If the candidate marked No. 2 on any of these ballots has already been elected, then the ballot goes on to No. 3, and so on. The surplus ballots are taken from the top of the pile, which has previously been thoroughly mixed.

It never happens that the full number of members required have quotas of first-choice votes; so we then begin at the other end, take the man at the foot of the poll, with the lowest number of votes, declare him "out of the count," and then distribute the whole of his votes amongst the remaining candidates, according as indicated by the voters themselves, each on his own ballot. This process is repeated until seven of the candidates either get a quota or come the nearest to it.

OBJECTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

The Hare-Spence system undoubtedly gives the most perfect result, where it can be worked under suitable conditions. But the ballots must all be brought to one central point to be counted, and this presents a serious practical difficulty in large districts. The process of counting requires some familiarity with various "points of practice" which may arise; although any intelligent person, with a good set of printed rules, will find little or no difficulty in the process.

Critics of the system always make a vigorous attack upon the method of transferring ballots from those candidates who have a surplus. These are taken from the top of the pile, the ballots having previously been thoroughly mixed. It is urged that if other ballots had been taken the result might have been different.

But there is nothing in this objection. The law of chances is that any twenty ballots taken at random from the top of a mixed pile will have practically the same second choices on them as any other twenty.

Mathematicians say that the final result could not be affected more than once in ten thousand times. The surplus ballots are usually few in number. Recently two other plans have been devised by which the surplus may be distributed with mathematical accuracy. These come from South Australia and Tasmania, and I may say something about them later. For the present it is sufficient to say that the "surplus" objection is met and overcome at every point.

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

[NOTE.—The editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

Is It Fair.

Editor Social Democrat.—In the Social Democrat of Oct. 7, 1897, I noticed a verse taken from a poem I wrote last June, but credited to Our Republic, entitled "Our Liberty Sold."

It is no fault of The Social Democrat, but somebody copied the poem and did not give me the little bit of credit so honestly coming to me.

This is one of the crimes in literature—stealing from the poor, struggling, drudging, longing souls who need every grain of credit they earn, thus making their best work the common property of a greedy world.

When I first began writing for the public press I was a poor country lad, and was forced to hide my identity behind the nom de plume of "Faraway Moses," to save myself from the ridicule of those who knew my lowly origin.

This poem was written under that name one day last June, while seated in a cemetery waiting for a funeral procession to arrive, and sent to plutocratic newspapers to fill an order for a 4th of July poem. Here is the poem, complete, cut from the Sunday paper in which it originally appeared:

Over the grave of each martyred old hero, Who gave up his life there that we might be free, Drop tears of shame, in the knowledge that we go

Cringing like slaves to the powers that be, Cringing like slaves to monopoly's power; Power backed up by the plutocrat's gold;

Downward we go with each miserable hour; Hugging the shame of our liberties sold. Hugging the shame, and pretending 'tis glory,

Making believe that we still are the brave Children of heroes who live in the story That tells how, for freedom, they fill a lone grave.

Where is that freedom? And where is that glory Our fathers once waved o'er the bold Britons? Dead?

Pity us, God; 'tis a sad, shameful story; The sons of those heroes go begging for bread.

Everywhere mammon's foul footsteps' pollution Has curs'd the green fields where those heroes are laid, Blighted the laws of our grand Constitution;

Swapped pride and honor and virtue for gain. Rogues have supplanted the statesmen admired, Thieves hold high office for plunder and gold;

Traitors, whose false hearts with treason are fired, Fill the high places, since Freedom is sold.

Spirits of Washington, Jefferson, and Perry, Lincoln, McClellan, Hancock, and Paine; If you can see us, your brave souls must worry

To see freedom sold for the dirt of mere gain. Almighty God, whose eye is all-seeing, Help us again this dear Freedom restore!

God of our Nation, who gave us our being, Help us snatch Freedom from traitors once more!

Hark, at my door some poor child is crying; "Give me a crust, my hunger to lay; Father is idle; industry is dying; Gold is the god they must worship today."

Lower the flag, boys; 'tis no longer "Old Glory;" Leave it at half-mast; our hearts have grown cold. Oh, may these few lines that tell our sad story, Burn on your memory the truths I have told.

—Faraway Moses.

Published in Pennsylvania Grit July 4th, 1887. I have always been working under the disadvantage of a concealed identity, being under contract to write for no other paper over the name attached to this poem but the one in which the poem originally appeared.

This is how I came to write under the title of "The Man Without a Soul" when I took up Socialism. I felt that I was owned, soul and body, by the one paper upon which I depended for my bread and butter, and dare not claim even the ownership of a soul.

Then I took up the defense of The Labor Exchange, but found my publishers opposed to the scheme, so had to take up a new title for my contributions to a little monthly devoted to labor exchange literature in Pennsylvania, which again broke my heart; so I have written for this obscure monthly under the title of "Broken Hearts."

The more I have thought over my hidden identity the more poison has entered into my heart, and for another famous reform and Socialistic paper I write under the name of "The Poison Thorn."

Thus being divided and scattered and the newspaper world picking up the little good I do drop occasionally, without giving me credit, but crediting the work to some one else, I am obliged to always work as an "unknown," and the children of my brain turned out into the world like maverick cattle, to be picked up and branded by any one taking a fancy to them.

It is very discouraging to pick up one's own child and see its parentage credited to some one else.

I hope the reform press of America will make it a point of honor to give credit to every one writing an article worth reprinting. It is the unknown writers who need the credit, if credit is due them; for the task of crowding into the literary world with nothing but the truth to tell is a long struggle against poverty and want and prejudice, and it is worse than petty lar-

deny to steal the wailing children of his discouraged brain and force them to do work for some other, who can easily afford to do without them.

Strange to tell, when I had finished the above poem, I somehow felt that it would be copied, and I wondered if the fraternity would give me credit. I have already seen it credited to a half-dozen different papers and journals but not in one single instance to me, its natural father, who would like so well to be known to the thousands of reformers at whose side he is working every day.

"THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL." "FARAWAY MOSES." "THE POISON THORN." "BROKEN HEARTS."

Rule of the Judges.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about us as a people is the ease with which we adapt ourselves to new conditions.

While clinging to the tradition and customs of those who have gone before us, we nevertheless become speedily accustomed to a change when it is once made. Some obscure judge makes an unjust ruling and it is not overruled; another judge uses the unjust judge's ruling as a precedent, and in a brief space of time we have a structure of organic law which has never been intiated by our representatives in congress nor sanctioned by the people. Between the first and second rulings the people protest in a half-hearted way, but the partisan papers endeavor to show that it is wise and just and the people are easily led into a tacit acquiescence to the will of the judges.

The encroachments of the federal judiciary have come about in the same way. Perhaps the first injunction that was successfully used against labor was in the Queur d'Alene strike in Idaho, and as a strike-breaker it soon became very popular among the capitalists. The injunction now appears to be a very indispensable weapon in such cases. The coal operators cry for it, the militia want it, and the railroads could not do without it. Some of the more cold-blooded operators in West Virginia have given it the name of the Miners' Castoria, and with the addition of large quantities of leaden pills accurately and impartially administered it has proven invaluable to those who dispense its blessings.

The federal judiciary is a creature of the people. It is appointed through the agency of the people, and there may have been times when it has acted as the people's servant. But it has grown so great that it is the absolute master of those who created it. It can, as in the income tax decision, annul the will of the people at any time. There is not a reform measure contemplated by the reform forces of this country which cannot be undone by this arbitrary and corrupt coterie of individuals. It is doubtful whether any monarch in Europe would dare to annul a measure voted on and passed by the will of a majority of his subjects, but the president of the United States has the power and the man-given right to defeat the will of the majority; and if he should let it pass, the supreme court may strangle it. When we realize that any and all efforts for the betterment of the race are subject to the caprice of a few irresponsible men, it is strange that the great American people do not take immediate and peremptory measures to restrain this board of pensioned lawyers from further violations of their office.

The history of the supreme court reminds me of the story of Frankenstein. Frankenstein was a medical student in a German college and after devoting many years to the study of anatomy, commenced the laborious and painstaking task of framing the structure of a human being. At the end of two years his study was completed. Before him lay a huge form eight feet in length, with all the muscles, tissues, fibres and viscera necessary for a perfect man. The lungs were there, the heart, the pulse and the arteries, and nothing remained but to breathe the breath of life into the man he had made. The student inflated the lungs and set the machinery of life in motion. The creature he had made gasped convulsively, opened his eyes and gazed at his creator. As he arose from the slab where he never more would recline, the cords of his face became drawn, the action of the muscles drew the eyelids back, and the face which had been moulded in the most perfect form, became diabolically hideous. The student fled as he met the gaze of his unnatural child. Hating himself for his abnormal ugliness, and without the moral attributes of human kind, the creature committed the most brutal murders, and followed his creator to the end of the earth.

This hair-raising story of Frankenstein may be a fiction, but the supreme court is no fiction. It is a stern reality. It was created by the people and was designed possibly as a protection against injustice, but it has proven itself a monster of a more destructive type than Frankenstein's creation, and is rapidly destroying the liberties of a nation which has hitherto been considered the bulwark of human liberty.

There is a duty to be performed by the labor organizations, the reform forces, and by every citizen, whether he be organized or unorganized, and that is to unite a mighty protest against the rule of the judges. We cannot dodge the issue which is before us; we cannot shirk our responsibility. It is a vain assumption of liberty to

make platforms, to declare that we are born free and equal with inalienable rights, while this unjust and corpora-tion-tainted coterie serenely steer the ship of state into an unfriendly harbor.

You may say that protests are useless, that resolutions are vain; but there was never yet a united protest from the common people. It is possible to make the federal judiciary such a byword and reproach in the land that the creatures who now sit in state as the judges of the people will gladly sink into merited oblivion. When the people become thoroughly aroused, the supreme court will go, and the surest way of relegating the judges to the rear is to organize under the banner of the Social Democracy for the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

H. V. CATON.

The Power of Law.

Many who have almost lost hope of a peaceful settlement of the trouble between plutocracy and the people, declare that the law is powerless, and that the sword will be necessary. Much harm may come from such a conclusion.

Suppose recourse be had to arms, and the masses succeed in demolishing everything which opposes them; with it must go millions of treasure and rivers of blood; and when it is all done we are back where we started, in that we must depend upon laws (or rules) still for our governmental machinery. When we have the organization necessary to pass laws and undertake to enforce them in the regular way, it will then be time to fight, if necessary.

In plain truth and without dodging, the fault lies at the voter's door. Even the blood of the late murdered miners is upon our hands. We neglect our political trust. Do you know of any other business which will take care of you if you neglect it? Could you successfully run a grocery store by leaving it in the hands of thieves while you sleep?

One-third of the voters in any town or county, or of any ward in any city, can dictate its legislation on most of the desirable issues now before the people, if they will organize thoroughly and demand what they desire. On the initiative and referendum and arbitration, for instance—the masses are naturally in favor of them—nine of every ten voters and all the ladies would quickly see the good of these measures if they were organized for the good of society outside of party lines, and were discussing the live issues of the day. Or is this too much trouble, and maybe unnecessary? Had we better depend upon Mark Hanna, Frick, Pullman, Paine, Carnegie, Yerkes, Havemeyer, et al, to elect officers to legislate in the interests of the people? Or, suppose we smash everything to pieces, kill each other off, and at the same time kill all the devils in the country; don't you know they grow on bushes, and that if we will furnish ten fresh thieves for each one we kill? So the thing to do is to attend to our law-making ourselves, and stop the "boodlee."

A two-line item in any paper in Chicago stating that hoodlers were going to steal the streets ought to fill every public hall in the city with determined men, who would inform them that they dare not do it. This is Social Democracy of the Simon-pure brand, because it means that the people will rule. When voters care to do their duty they can find a way.

We ought to ask God to forgive us for our laziness; and then we should attend to business. This is the price of freedom.

If patriotic public men desire to warn the people of approaching danger through the enactment of wicked laws they must hire a hall and a brass band; and if the press would gain attention to such subjects it must use scare headlines and howl like a Comanche to attract attention.

In the consideration of the late Humphreys and Allen bill, speakers and the press united in a terrible effort to stop the damnable plan of the thieves. They even went so far as to suggest the possible necessity of lamp-post justice. What did the masses do? They drank their forty-rod, their wine, beer, milk, water, coffee, tea, said their prayers, sang their songs, spun their yarns, simpered something about lamp-posts and thieves, and went to bed and slept the sleep of political chumps. And the men who should have been calling upon the officers of the law to arrest them and save them from the righteous fury of an outraged public are planning fresh raids.

The law is powerful when the proper public sentiment stands for its enforcement. Everybody over eighteen years of age should belong to some club or organization which discusses needed measures. In truth, as politics rules the people and is hence the leading factor of their lives, every organization for the good of mankind, whether social or religious, ought to discuss measures at frequent stated intervals; discuss measures, not men or parties, except as they be used for the accomplishment of a well-defined purpose. The people may use the law, make and change it to their liking, if they will; they have the right and the power.

ALLEN HENRY SMITH. Chicago, Ill.

The "Sons of the American Revolution," here and in the East, for lack of any conception of the spirit and purpose of that revolution, are fussing about "the desecration of the American flag." The worst "desecration" we know of is its being hoisted over the Washington capitol and white house.—The Star, San Francisco.

COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

CYRUS FIELD WILLARD, SECRETARY

[NOTE.—The editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

Good News at Hand.

Just at present the members of the Colonization Commission are in the thick of business matters. The day is not long enough for the work to be done.

The work is so enormous and it requires such delicate handling that it requires all the time that can be given it. Hence it is difficult to give much time to editing the colonization department. But we realize how intense is the interest of our members in the subject and we will do our best to give them all the facts that can be given without prejudice to the negotiations. One thing can be stated and that is if our present negotiations carry the commission will have the financial means necessary for the successful management of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

For the West.

The commissioners leave for Washington, Idaho and the west on Monday, Oct. 25, if the present arrangements are carried out. Branches which have not forwarded the \$20 called by the National Executive Branch should do so at once.

Hard at Work.

The Colonization Commissioners have been hard at work and have been in Tennessee, New York city and Washington, D. C. The result of their work will appear later.

Important events are in the air. The proposal to build a railroad for the city of Nashville was made in good faith and will be carried out. It is however but a small detail. As soon as the contract is signed (and there seems to be good reasons for saying that we shall secure it) the working out of the plans of the commission will become apparent. These are tactical moves however but entirely in consonance with the placing of the unemployed in employment.

Our main idea is, however, to concentrate Socialists in some sparsely settled state where we can legally secure control of the machinery of the state. This will ever be kept in view. It does not prevent us from securing employment for our out of work members.

The Colonization Commission is appointed under the constitution of the U. S. to place the unemployed at work in some suitable place where they can be self-supporting, self-dependent and self-respecting. In pursuance to these provisions the commissioners have been hard at work examining various propositions and have already traveled 4,000 miles and over. As soon as it can possibly be done our membership will be made acquainted with the full details. Until such time they will have to possess their souls in patience, realizing that the commissioners are doing what is best for the whole membership.

State Your Qualifications.

We shall call on our members very soon for pioneers.

Already we have received applications from about 10,000 persons who are anxious to go to any colony we may locate. The applications do not convey all the information needed. In selecting the pioneers great care should be taken to get picked men. We have therefore drawn up the following form which every one desiring to be a colonist is advised to cut out and fill in and send to the secretary of Colonization Commission. The same questions and answers may be copied on a separate piece of paper if readers do not desire to cut their papers. Write only on one side of the paper.

Full name..... Address..... Age..... Occupation..... What other occupation have you, if any?..... Are you married or single?..... If married, give age of wife, and number of children, if any, with age of each child..... What is your physical condition?..... What works on Socialism have you read?..... Define Socialism..... Do you subscribe to the principles of the Social Democracy of America?..... Are you a member of the organization?..... If a member, state what Branch you belong to..... Are you ready to do your share of the work without grumbling?..... Can you help the Colonization work financially, and if so to what extent?..... How soon can you join the colony?.....

One of a Thousand.

One of our friends and sympathizers has agreed to be one of a thousand to contribute \$100 to the work of colonizing as laid down by the Colonization Commissioners. This would give us \$100,000 to do business with. See if you can not get others to promise to do the same.

Already another friend has agreed to do the same and a little effort by those in a position to do it would soon make up the whole number of 1,000.

In return for the same we will give a life membership in the Social Democracy of America, and enroll them in our Legion of Honor. We cannot give contributors a share in any stock company, as we have no stock company yet, nor do we propose to put up a money price for membership in the colony. We shall be pleased to hear from our readers on this question.

The treasurer has not yet completed his report, but will have it out in time for publication in the next issue. Hereafter regular monthly reports will be made to the branches, as required by the constitution.

The colonization commission of the Social Democracy has made its report. We have not had time to thoroughly digest it, but the commissioners seem to prefer Washington or Idaho and urge immediate action. The report will undoubtedly do much to extend the growth of the organization as it will give those interested something tangible to base an opinion upon.—Duluth Labor World.

Let Them Come.

Mr. Debs wishes to bring a number of colonists to this state and experiment in the establishment of a community under the Bellamy scheme, which is fully described in his book entitled, "Looking Backward." The republican press seems to be opposed to this increase of population, and warns Mr. Debs that the venture cannot prove successful. If the republican bosses could be assured that Debs and his thousand followers would vote the republican ticket, they would be received with open arms, but, knowing that every voter among them would be in favor of honest and decent self-government, they will of course oppose his coming. Mr. Debs will not undertake this venture by bringing with him a lot of worthless tramps, but, on the contrary, he will try this experiment with honest, industrious workmen, and, if the scheme does fail, such men will be welcome among us.—Seattle Review.

Social Democracy.

If you have failed to hear Col. Osborn, of Atlanta, Ga., national organizer of the Social Democracy, during his short stay in our city, you missed a grand treat of oratory, on the pure essence of Democracy as was taught by the founders of this government. His utterances were eloquent, and the weight of his argument in behalf of suffering humanity kept his audience intact.

At each meeting he was blessed with large crowds, by day and by night, to

catch the crumbs of comfort as they fell from his lips. He spoke to the toiling masses in regard to the plans that have been formulated by liberty-loving men, so as to relieve the labor market that is at the present day overstocked with human wage-slaves who are crying for bread in a land of plenty.

He pointed out, in a clear and authentic manner, how every one who joined the "band of brotherly love" would be cared for, as Christ, the Messiah, took care of his disciples in the beginning of the world, when land and the products thereof was made for the many and not the few. The words spoken by this able exponent of civil liberty fell upon his hearers with a thud that showed that they had a telling effect.

At the meetings throughout the week the collector of funds for colonization purposes moved through the vast assemblages, and was royally greeted with pleasant smiles. He was also well remunerated for his trouble, for dollars, dimes and nickels were turned into Collector Uzell's coffers, which proved that our merchants and the citizens in general realize the fact that something must be done, and that quickly, in helping their fellow man to become independent of this competitive system, that is ruining this "land of the free, (?) and home of the brave."

When this new movement becomes universal throughout the states, there will be no flag of distress hoisted; there will be no need of alms-giving through county trustees, churches, missions, aid societies or Pingree plans, but every brother will work with each other for an existence while on Mother Earth. By this move the tramp problem will no doubt be solved, and will be a thing of the past in the near future.

If there is no hitch in the arrangements as already made (by the federal courts, and we hope there will be none) millions of wage-slaves will be given an opportunity to take up their beds and flee to the Garden of Eden, prepared for them by Our 'Gene V. Debs and his associates.

So, brother wage-earners, buckle on your armor and come into the fold and make it a "howling success" of 1898.—Coming Events, Evansville, Ind.

They have strange laws in the United States. A few weeks ago a sheriff shot sixty-five men, for, he claims, disobeying law. A short time after the court issued a warrant for his arrest. The general commanding the troops in that district refused to permit the order to be executed. This was certainly contempt of court. But he was not arraigned for it. No, that only occurs when it is one of the strikers.—Winnipeg "Voice."

William Windom: "The capitalists have bought and are buying largely the Associated Press, and are controlling the avenues of intelligence."

It is better that many of the Romans should return with silver in their pockets than a few with gold.—Cato.

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SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

A RECORD OF THE WEEK'S PROPAGANDA AND PROGRESS.

Debs Stirring Things Up in the East. Lloyd Working In Toledo and Burns in Chicago.

Secretaries of the local branches will confer a favor by sending reports of branch and other meetings to the editor of the Social Democrat.

Since our last issue new branches have been organized at Waco, Texas; Roxbury, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; East Palestine, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Bucyrus, Ohio.

Director Burns is still at work in Chicago and vicinity. During the week past a splendid new branch was instituted in the Twenty-third ward. New members are coming into the various branches already organized at a very gratifying rate.

Chairman Debs' eastern trip is proving an immense success. Immense enthusiasm has greeted him on all sides, and we are receiving very encouraging evidence of the value of his work. The campaign in New York city was everything that could be desired and resulted in a large increase in the membership of the various branches there. Debs addressed an immense mass-meeting of cloak-makers on Oct. 18.

By invitation of Rev. Herbert N. Casson, chairman, Debs will address the congregation of Lynn Labor church on Sunday, Oct. 24, at noon. He will speak in Boston on the evening of the same day, also on Monday evening, the 25th inst.

Pottstown turned out en masse. Both the News and Ledger of that place give splendid reports of the meetings there, of Debs and his work. The article in another column from the Pottstown Daily News of Oct. 16, will give some idea of the manner of his reception. As a result of the Pottstown meeting three branches will be instituted in that city and vicinity; one each in Pottstown, Boyartown, and Royersford.

One of the best meetings of the eastern trip was held in Labor Lyceum hall, Philadelphia, on Oct. 12. The vast hall was filled to overflowing, and the immense audience greeted the gospel of Social Democracy with the greatest enthusiasm. Notwithstanding that certain irresponsible members of the S. L. P. who were present sought to create a disturbance, Debs controlled his vast audience and held its attention from start to finish. His insistence that the disturbers be given a hearing created a very favorable impression and resulted in great good for the cause. The disturbers were acting on their own responsibility, and had no authority to speak for anyone but themselves. Comrade Gessner, organizer for the S. L. P., publicly repudiated their disgraceful conduct before the adjournment of the meeting, and other leaders of the party in Philadelphia expressed themselves as deeply mortified at the incident. Philadelphia is right in line, and the Labor Lyceum meeting has greatly strengthened the movement there.

Organizer Lloyd is still busy in Toledo, but expects to finish his work there shortly. He begins work in Cleveland on Tuesday, Oct. 26. Lloyd has met with great success in Toledo. The article from the Toledo Union in another column shows what Lloyd is doing and gives a good outline of the status of the movement in Toledo.

Missouri Branch No. 1, located in St. Louis, strongly endorsed all genuine union labels at its last regular meeting, and resolved to do all in its power to promote their effectiveness in aiding to protect labor's interests. The Cigar Makers union label was especially indorsed.

No office can give dignity to him that holds it, but he that holds it may give dignity to the office.—Plutarch.

Lloyd in Toledo. Notwithstanding the big political meetings which have been held by both parties this week, the meetings of the Social Democracy have aroused much enthusiasm and have had good audiences. The presence of Organizer John F. Lloyd in the city has given an impetus to the movement which it could not have attained by any other method. Mr. Lloyd was a member of the A. R. U. in its palmy days, and is considered by Mr. Debs to be one of the brainiest men in the movement. He is a forceful speaker, with an encyclopedia of facts. He makes no assertions which he cannot back up with logical arguments, and on occasions he quotes from reliable statisticians to prove the soundness of his statements. Mr. Lloyd is one of the most versatile speakers before the public to-day. He has made many addresses since his arrival here, and every speech is a gem in itself, entirely different from those which have preceded it. The Social Democracy is fortunate in having such an array of talent and such energetic workers in its advance guard.

Mr. Lloyd intends to remain in Toledo until the Social Democracy is thoroughly organized, and The Union wishes him success.

There is an idea abroad that Eugene V. Debs and his new organization are antagonistic to labor unions. Such is not the case. In the recent miners' strike none worked harder for its success than Eugene Debs, and for many weeks the Social Democracy was without a leader while he was endeavoring to win success for the starving and striking miners.

There is perhaps no man in the labor movement who is more feared and respected by the Carnegies, the Pullmans and their ilk than this man Debs. They fear him because he will not compromise; because he never mistakes a palliative for a panacea; because he believes a defeat is more honorable than a dishonorable compromise.

No matter what is your opinion of the efficacy of the plan proposed for the emancipation of labor from present industrial conditions, one cannot help admire the heroic character of the man at the helm and his devotion to principle. Money cannot buy him; it has been tried and has failed; courts cannot bribe his eloquence or stay his arm in behalf of what he believes to be right. The man who studies out the ideas of the Social Democracy, no matter what his conclusions may be, knows more about the question of economics than he did before.—Toledo Union.

Moral Basis Needed. All persons of sound judgment and right hearts who are interested in the growth and progress of Socialism are pained at the exhibition of moral weakness and unreasoning passion on the part of many adherents of the movement.

Jealousies, strifes and suspicion of motive, as well as real treachery, are far too common, and all have a tendency to prevent the unity necessary to success and to fatally weaken organized effort.

Social reform, to the extent desired, cannot be secured or maintained unless the great mass of reformers rise superior to these wretched evils which characterize a low order of moral life. So long as men are slaves to their base passions and instincts, and in an insane desire to gratify personal lusts and spite defeat the purposes of organized effort, so long they must remain enslaved to masters who have at least the wisdom and shrewdness to maintain organic unity at the sacrifice of personal feelings and preferences.

There is a necessity for a higher moral education among the masses. It is not enough to denounce the iniquity of the industrial situation and agitate for reform. Men must be capable of taking care of reforms after they have got them, and to do this they must have level heads, must be sober, industrious, economical and observing strictly as the rule of life all the right relations of human existence.

The reform press and platform should be now engaged in an earnest and persistent effort to arouse in the people that they would lead a sincere desire for a high moral place of living, and insist upon it as a necessary basis of lasting reform.

F. M. CUMMINGS.

The Social Democrat

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY ADOPTED AT CHICAGO, JUNE 21, 1897.

We hold that all men are born free, and are endowed with certain natural rights, among which are life, liberty and happiness. In the light of experience we find that while all citizens are equal in theory, they are not equal in fact. The citizen has the same rights politically, this political equality is useless under the present system of economic inequality, which is based upon the ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth. The system is based upon the ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth by a few capitalists, and enforced idleness through lack of employment is even developed in the dozens, hundreds and thousands of men and women.

To the obvious fact that our despotic system of economics is the direct opposite of our democratic system of politics, we are plainly not the masters of our own lives. The system is based upon the ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth by a few capitalists, and enforced idleness through lack of employment is even developed in the dozens, hundreds and thousands of men and women.

This system, by gradually extinguishing the middle class, necessarily leaves but two classes in our country; the large class of workers and the small class of great capitalists. Human power and natural forces are wasted by this system which makes "profit" the only object of production. Ignorance and misery with all concomitant evils, are perpetuated by this system, which makes human labor a ware to be bought and sold, and places no real value on human life.

Science and invention are diverted from their humane purposes and made instruments of the destructive action of the system. We, therefore, hold that in the natural course of social evolution, the system of the destructive action of the system, and the constructive tendencies of its trusts and other agencies, on the one hand, and the other, will annihilate the middle class, the basis upon which this system rests, and thereby work out its own downfall.

We, therefore, hold that in the natural course of social evolution, the system of the destructive action of the system, and the constructive tendencies of its trusts and other agencies, on the one hand, and the other, will annihilate the middle class, the basis upon which this system rests, and thereby work out its own downfall.

We also make the following specific DEMANDS FOR RELIEF: 1. The public ownership of all industries controlled by monopolies, trusts and combinations. 2. The public ownership of all railroads, telegraph, telephone, all means of transportation, communication, water works, gas and electric plants, and all other public utilities. 3. The public ownership of all gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, iron and all other mines; also all oil and gas wells. 4. Reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of production. 5. The inauguration of a system of public works and improvements for the employment of the unemployed, the public credit to be utilized for that purpose. 6. All useful inventions to be free to all, the inventor to be remunerated by the public. 7. The establishment of Postal Savings Banks. 8. The adoption of the Initiative and Referendum, the Imperative Mandate and Proportional Representation.

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[Notices of meetings will be published under this head for 25c per month.]

Illinois Branch No. 1 meets every Sunday at 192 Washington street, Chicago, at 2 p. m. Members please attend.

Illinois Local Branch No. 5, meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner 113th street and Michigan Avenue.

Illinois Branch No. 9 meets 2d, 3d and 4th Mondays at 8 p. m., 63d street and Centre avenue, Chicago. Business meeting for members only 1st Sunday of each month at 10 a. m.

Illinois Branch No. 10 meets every Wednesday at 221 N. Clark street, Chicago, at 8 p. m.

Illinois Branch No. 19 meets every Sunday at Turner Hall, Larabee street, near Garfield avenue, at 8 p. m.

Missouri Branch No. 1, St. Louis, Mo. Meets October 15 and 29, at 8 p. m., at 1000 Olive St.

Missouri Branch No. 3 meets every 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 12th and Wyoming streets, St. Louis, Mo. M. Dorn, Sec'y, 1833 Lami Street.

New York Branch No. 10, Buffalo, N. Y. meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m., Schweizer's Hall 433 Broadway.

Pennsylvania Branch No. 1 meets every Sunday and Tuesday at 8 p. m., Co-operative hall, 1125 Poplar street, Philadelphia.

Ohio Branch No. 2 meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, Stengel's hall, cor. Pearl and Monroe streets, Cleveland, Ohio.

Massachusetts Branch No. 1. Business meetings 1st and 3d Fridays. Meetings for discussion and education 2d and 4th Fridays, Castle Square Hall, 46 Tremont street, Room 11, Boston, Mass.

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Master Editor:—Ay tank ett benn pooty kvick times des inyunction beensness skull kvit, ef Uncle Sam been von gude feller, hem snake bald-headed des yugde und marshal wat fede um kole pikers gun bullets und say hem skull gotehel. Des country skull hev helroarin time ef des beensness dont pooty kvick stop. Ole Oleson.

Tristan d'Acunha, an island in the mid-Atlantic, is a spot wherein communism is successful. The inhabitants are contented to hold their goods for the common use. There is no industrial competition on the island, no strong drinks, no booms, no burst, no gone-bung banks; and, as a consequence, no gaols, no policemen, and no crime.—Queensland Worker.

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