

LOUISIANA'S TRUE DEMOCRACY.

The Monroe Bulletin changed hands last week and notwithstanding the retiring editor says that it will continue to be a Democratic newspaper its fresh ear marks indicate that, for the coming campaign at least, it will not preach Democracy pure and undefiled, but wage factional war upon all who have the temerity to oppose it or the faction that its editor and its numerous owners propose to train with. In this connection, and right now, it might be admissible for us to tell the Great Unknown who has so recently bounded into the realms of journalism and now presides over the destinies, editorially, of the Bulletin, that tactics of that description will not win, and that such indiscriminate aspersions as "office seekers," "pharasaical demagogues" and the like hurled at opponents in discussion is no argument. There are not enough offices, we tell thee, truly, to accommodate the hosts who are opposed to factions in the Democratic party and personal and factional misgovernment in Louisiana.

To say that we were surprised to see the statement in the Bulletin that the course of the Telegraph had mistified the editor of the Bulletin or anybody else, puts it very mildly, for we have endeavored to be very plain. However, we prefer to define our own position and must deny the Bulletin that privilege by making garbled extracts from articles appearing in this paper. The "young editor" of the Telegraph left no such impression by the article from which the Bulletin took the extract as attributed to him, (i. e.,) that he "had ceased to remember that there was a Democratic party in Louisiana. We remember it well, but it is split in twain!

But the Bulletin could not do us the justice to state what we added, that the old party was still alive and in the hearts of the people. But let us answer our contemporary's categorical questions, and it knows what the answer will be, for there is but one:

"Who are these gamblers, impudent adventurers and irresponsible speculators who have made a den of our political temple?"

They are men who traffic in office and who debauch the people's servants.

Who are their leaders and where do they live? Go ask Boss Houston where he and his strikers live.

Go ask Boss Fitzpatrick—the Big Four if you will—where they and their strikers live.

They are in the political temple and you ought to help put them out.

Now answer us a few questions: We have told you where they live, will you go and help put them out—even unto Jim Houston?

Who would they not combine with? Are they not after the coveted spoils of power and pay?

It is all very well to attempt to ridicule these things and be funny, but the States and Picayune funny writers exhausted the fund of humor long before the new editor of the Bulletin ascended the tripod, and this is no funny matter any how.

Discuss it with an earnestness it deserves, wrestle with it in prayer, and we promise you, if you do not join a faction before your next issue, a convert to the true Democracy of Louisiana!

Paranetically, we may remark that we are not here to defend Gov. Nichols and the Big Four. We are no more misunderstood than that score than our article of last Saturday mistified anybody.

Have we been explicit enough?

We are sorry to see the Ouachita Telegraph following the City Item in the statement that the Nichols campaign has been formally opened with "headquarters on the second floor of the bar-room, corner Chartres and Canal streets." We have been at the Nichols campaign committee's headquarters, and the bar-room bears about the same relation to it that the room of a guest at the St. Charles hotel bears to the saloon below. Let there be no hitting below the belt in this campaign.—Shreveport Times.

We had no intention of hitting below the belt, friend of the Times, but the statement, (and we took it for true), was very suggestive that the place where Nichols's men "most do congregate" was quite convenient to a place where a thirsty citizen could get all he wanted "under his belt." At any rate we publish what you have to say, by way of the amende honorable, and to correct any erroneous and misleading asserances we may have made.

OUACHITA FIRE COMPANY AND K. OF L. PICKIC.

The Glorious 4th Fittingly Celebrated.

One hundred and eleven years ago the master piece of all political literature—the Declaration of Independence—was evolved from the master-mind of his age and proclaimed the birth of a nation—the United States—the greatest and grandest government of the world. Ever since, with a brief interruption, on the anniversary of the day it was given to the world—the 4th of July—the people have assembled in their respective communities and appropriately and fittingly celebrated the day and returned thanks to the Great Ruler for the blessings that have been vouchsafed them under the everlasting and living principles of that glorious declaration of a people's rights and liberties.

Last Monday the people of Monroe, fair women and brave men, sought the alluring shades of the virgin forest to renew their faith in its principles and to kindle anew their love for our common country.

Under the auspices of the noble orders of Ouachita Fire Company No. 1, and the Knights of Labor of America, grand preparations had been made; Heaven smiled on the occasion and the rains ceased and the sun shone; the day was celebrated in the good old fashioned way; everybody was on pleasure bent and nothing occurred to mar it; they danced and sang; bands discoursed sweet music; the little boys and girls played to their hearts content and after the speaking of the old and the young ate to the inner man's content; and such a dinner! But dear reader you have been to picnics in the shady dell when the dinner was prepared by tender hands of lovely women and that it is enough said. What a picnic we all did have! But we have traveled too fast to get to the dinner. Before the hour of dining the speech of the occasion was made. The committee on arrangements, representing jointly the Fire Company and the K. of L., in their wisdom had selected our worthy fellow-citizen and Fireman and Knight, Mr. A. Benoit, as the orator of the day. He spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of Ouachita Fire Co. No. 1 and Gentlemen of Local Assembly No. 4590, Knights of Labor of America, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

This hour there falls to my lot the performance of the most difficult, and yet the most pleasant task of my life, viz.—that of bidding you welcome here. If you were to ask me why I had been selected for the purpose, I would candidly tell you that I did not know. That there are others in either or both organizations under whose auspices we have assembled to-day more competent than myself there can be no doubt.

Let me preface my remarks then with the statement that I shall not detain you long, and for two reasons:

First—My inability to do so, and Second—The known disinclination of any audience to listen at length to even the wildest flights of fancy clothed in language of transcendent beauty flowing even from the lips of silver tongued orators.

I shall not deal in glittering generalities, nor will I attempt to chain the lightning, control the thunder nor shake the earth because—I can't!

As this is my first attempt to speak in public, I have committed to this paper a few thoughts, and if you will give me your attention for a few minutes I will endeavor to present them to you in as acceptable a manner as I know how. My intention, my hope, ladies and gentlemen, is to please you, and if you will only judge me by these, then indeed I do not fear your verdict.

We have assembled within the shadows of these kings of the forest upon this memorable day not merely to have a "picnic," for I take it that when we gather around the festal board, upon this, the birthday of the greatest and grandest nation in fact of which history makes mention, or perhaps ever will make mention, we come not merely for pleasure, nor merely to pander to what some would call depraved appetites and passions—but we come, influenced by a higher and holier motive. We come again to tell the story of 1876. We come to keep alive, eye burning, within our bosoms that spirit of patriotism which inspired our forefathers to deeds of patriotism. That patriotism which nerve their hands to sign an immortal document announcing to the world that a nation had been born, and for the preservation and prosperity of which and of whose institutions they said they would die—and did die. Yes, that patriotism which but a few fleeting years ago nerve the hearts of your child, your father or your husband and spurred them to conflict, to battle for a cause God knows they thought was for the right. Mothers and fathers let this occasion also remind you that you owe to your posterity a most solemn duty, to instill into their youthful minds these self-same sentiments. Teach them that education and patriotism are inseparable—that they go hand in hand. Teach them the noblest of sentiments—"Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." You, good father, as you gently rear your boy in paths of honesty and rectitude teach him this, and oh, fond mother, you whose prattling babe looks

wand'ring, secure in the arms of fatherly love, in the almost consciousness of your deathless love, whose first word "mamma" wrings from your heart a cry of delight and the patter of whose little feet thrill you with pleasure—teach them this sentiment, that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Teach them this, and when your busy life shall end, and you are laid quietly to rest over there in the churchyard, they will grow up useful men and women, walking up and down and o'er the hills of adversity, fortified by the teachings and the influence of their mother. And when in after years you are forgotten by all—yes, all others—they will not, but will rear sweet flowers o'er your grave whose incense will ascend to heaven and greet you there; and as they kneel by your tombstone, their eyes dimmed with tears, their cheeks furrowed with the lines of age, they will exclaim, "Our mother, our good mother," and from the pinnacles of your heavenly glory you will behold them, bless them and know that in the sight of Omnipotence they have obtained favor, because they loved their mother, because she was a patriotic mother. Mother! mother! Oh, how sweet the very name, how treasured her memory, how sacred her teachings.

Am I digressing? perhaps; but a mother's love is a theme so fruitful that one is loath to leave it. Boys, love your mother. Love her with all the love of which you are capable, for when she is gone, my word for it, boys, your hearts will ache with regret that you did not love her more.

But now, gentlemen, a few words in relation to what I can imagine must be your second love—Old Ouachita—dear old Ouachita Fire Company No. 1—the only organization of its kind in our city which has remained intact for so many years. Organized March 30th, 1867, it has for more than twenty years weathered the storms which hurled upon which others have londered. For more than twenty years it has faithfully and heroically performed the mission for which it was created. For more than twenty years it has been your safeguard—your protector in moments of greatest peril. For more than twenty years, citizens of Monroe, you have entrusted to its keeping your most valued interests.

With hearts bowed down with grief they have for twenty years and more followed, one by one, their departed comrades to their last resting place. Death has thinned their ranks, and from a powerful organization of more than one hundred they now number but a few brave boys; but, trusting in that reward which the consciousness of duty well performed always brings, they have struggled on and went on. When the advent of a fire—that fell destroyer of our peaceful slumbers, our property and our homes, is heralded by the tocsin of alarm, who first adopts rational measures to conquer it? The firemen!

Who endures the hardships and the dangers connected with and consequent upon a fire?

THE FIREMEN!

Who fears to stain their pretty clothes or soil their dainty hands with those "horrid muddy" hose? The firemen? Oh no! not one of them, but to the contrary—regardless of their health, of their safety, and sometimes of their very lives, they unflinchingly step into the thickest and hottest of the fight.

Does some civic deny this? I know them better and I assert emphatically that if an opportunity should arise calling for an example of self-sacrificing heroism there is not one of these young men whose broad manly breast is adorned by that figure 1 who would hesitate for a moment. "Always ready, their lives they risk their friends to save." Ladies and gentlemen do I not voice your sentiments when I say that to these gallant firemen you accord the highest meed of praise, and that as firemen you entertain for them individually and collectively the most profound respect?

Active firemen be assured that a recollection of your past career, of your bravery and devotion to the best interest of your community is indelibly engraved upon the heart, of a generous and grateful people, and though we honor you not less, we may honor more those exempt firemen who in the quiet seclusion of their peaceful homes point with pardonable pride to that bit of parchment which proclaims that for ten years of continued and faithful service they shall be known as "exempt members" of O. F. Co. No. 1.

The 3rd section of the first article of your by-laws provides that "Any member of this company serving actively for the period of ten years shall be exempted from all fines." This is all you can give them but pittance as it is it speaks volumes for their constancy and their fidelity. They obligated themselves to be consistent firemen and they have complied not only with the letter but the very spirit of their obligation and what man can do more?

Would they pardon me if in an assemblage like this I publicly proclaim their names. I would that I could endow the letters with the radiant beauties of the rainbow that "who who runs might read." The list is headed by that of J. E. Peters, Solomon Meyer, W. W. Allen, E. Lunge, Aloysius J. Kellar and F. Voltman.

And now before I quit this subject I wish to say a few words in relation to the charge often brought against young men, viz: That they do not belong to the fire company. Its ranks are painfully thin, but a few brave hearts left. To-day we load them with honors—to-morrow some unkind, ungenerous and ignoble soul will criticize them.

Boys receive but little encouragement and if those who are so actively engaged in the service of the community receive no reward whatever why then should other young men enlist when they know that their only reward will be but a passing thought or an unkind criticism. With a few laudable exceptions they do not own property and are not interested in the rate of insurance. If I may be permitted to express an opinion, I will tell you who should be firemen, the best of firemen, and for the best of reasons, THE PROPERTY OWNERS.

Those whose interests are most directly involved. Do they realize the fact that but for the efforts of these young men they would pay a much higher rate of insurance than they do. Why, one of the best informed insurance agents in North Louisiana, perhaps the State, is my authority for the statement that if there was not a fire company in the city of Monroe, the rate of insurance would surely advance 50 per cent, and that the most reliable companies would withdraw entirely. If there is a property holder here who is not a fireman, I'll ask him to take this fact home and think about it. Don't stand idly by and criticize while these young men bear all the burden. If you think their company might be improved, offer their ranks and improve it; put your shoulder to the wheel like men and I promise you the best drilled and most efficient volunteer fire department in the State. But if you are ungratefully opposed to becoming an active member, why then there is another method by which you may assist them. You will find it in Article 4 of their Constitution. It first sentence reads thus:

"Honorary members may be admitted into this company by paying annually in advance the sum of \$25.00." To this article I would in behalf of the best interests of our city, call you careful attention.

I will not allude to the pretty little two story brick engine house which funds accumulated in this way would erect, nor its comfortable apartments for the company, its engineer, its fireman, driver and horses, all tending to make this company what it should be, "The pride of Monroe."

And now I must not forget to remind you that there is another and a powerful organization represented here to-day. An organization whose ramifications extend from ocean to ocean and from center to circumference of this broad land. An organization which counts its loyal and loving sons and daughters by the hundreds and hundreds of thousands. An organization whose ambition, whose highest ambition, is to rescue the toiling millions from the grasp of the selfish; an organization which embraces within its folds every class of honest toil from the humblest laborer to the merchant prince. Ouachita Assembly No. 4590, I greet you. It stands, ladies and gentlemen, the representative in your midst of a monster organization; an organization born of oppression and reared to full-grown manhood almost by magic; and, my friends, why? Because the pressing needs of the hour demanded it.

The right of any class of citizens to organize for any lawful purpose no sane man will deny, and if the millions and millions of wage workers—bread winners of our land—do not organize for the protection of their interests and protect them, who will? It is needless to remind an intelligent audience, one so well-informed as this, that in many, in fact, in most parts of our country, wage workers have wrongs to right and grievances to adjust. Would you deny their right to right a wrong, or as free men to seek an amicable adjustment of those differences which sometimes arise between them and their employers? Certainly not. But, perhaps, you will ask, if the K. of L. are willing to arbitrate, why do they strike? Let me tell you right here, that the noble order of the K. of L. of America are not responsible for strikes. God knows they are not, and I'll prove it to you.

The 12th section of the 15th article of its constitution declares that "strikes are deplorable in their effects and contrary to the best interests of the order." Is it not, therefore, clear that strikes are not of our seeking? But when soulless corporations will not arbitrate, or if they do and shamefully break their agreements, and if this becomes absolutely necessary to enjoin an oppressor whose wage slave writhes under repeated blows of cruel injustice, ground under the heel of oppression, a heart bleeding with love for his little ones, a mind tortured with a recollection of wrongs which he has endured for ages, the poor toiler, after laboring 14, perhaps 16 out of the 24 hours, wends his way to an humble cottage in an obscure locality, and, if perchance, the powers that be, monopolists, desiring to control a price, has been compelled to control the output of the mine or the factory, then the shafts are closed and the spindles cease to whirl. What must soon stare the poor father in the face. Already perhaps his little ones cry for bread. Hungry, emaciated, yearning looks turned to his, swollen faces, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes in which the loving father reads a mute appeal. Oh, you! fathers of families, think of this! They ask for bread and are given a stone; they cry for water and receive but wormwood and gall. If 'twas you, if 'twas your children who cried of want and you could not appease them, what would you do? Strike? Would you not strike, too? Oh, that you would, and you would strike, not only for a peaceable adjustment of the relations that brought the pinch of poverty to you and to yours, but you would strike at the very heart of him who dared to stand between you and your inalienable right to the means of life. You would strike with a might made

mightier by the frenzy of despair. You would strike with a consciousness of right. Yes, you would strike for all that a freeman holds dear, and the distant echo of that mighty stroke would ring the death knell of that great curse of the age,

MONOPOLY.

Monopoly, what is monopoly? Monopoly is defined to be the "exclusive possession of a thing and the sole right of selling." This is true. In these later days it can be more properly defined, I think, as in fact, a hydra headed monster pouring wealth into the laps of a few at the expense of many.

And yet in the face of cruel wrongs which monopoly daily heaps upon our order, individually and collectively, though the provocation is so mighty, we are positively enjoined from striking until every other remedy is exhausted; for serious, indeed, must be the circumstances when our general executive board sanctions a strike; and without their sanction it would be illegal. And please bear this in mind that the order of K. of L. are not responsible for any strike which has not met with the approval of its executive board, after a careful examination of all facts bearing upon the case.

But the philosophical teachings of the greatest and noblest order the world has ever known have another and an entirely different tendency. We have two other mightier weapons—weapons which in time will become a thousand times more effective than the strike or the boycott, and the use of which will be attended with no ill-will nor the shedding of a drop of precious blood. These weapons are Organization and Co-operation. To organize and educate the millions of toilers and thus rescue them from the grasp of the selfish is indeed a work worthy the noblest and best of our race. It is by this means, and only this, that perfect freedom will in the end be attained. The sword may strike the shackles from the limb of the slave, but it is education and organization alone that makes him a free man.

Deity has given us this means to lawfully better our condition, and we mean to use them. Has it not occurred to you that of all God's creatures man is the only one thrown absolutely upon his own resources? For the beasts of the field and the birds of the air sustenance is provided; they have but to partake thereof. Is it not absurd then to suppose that when Omnipotence called into existence the greatest of his creatures he did so without a thought of his material future, that for the means of life he should renounce his comfort, his freedom or his happiness? God certainly does not sanction the shameful eviction of a Pennsylvania miner any more than he does that of an unfortunate Irish tenant. No! no! for in the bounteous goodness of God you may read that the right to life carries with it the means of living; that to every toiler there belongs a share for use of the soil, the fountain of all wealth; and I tell you they are going to have it.

For centuries alchemists sought a "philosopher's stone" that they might revel in wealth, but we have found it and it is

LABOR.

Labor is the philosopher's stone. Everything it touches turns to wealth. The wealth of the world belongs to the toiling millions who make it, (we are neither socialists nor anarchists), and they are going to have their share of it. But now, how are they going to get it? Strike for it? No! Fight for it? No! No! God forbid. But quietly, peacefully, without a ripple to disturb the social or political harmony of our loved country they will upset its present wage system and supplant it by another and better one, based upon that grandest of modern ideas,

CO-OPERATION.

And by this we mean the merger of individual interests and capital for the common good. It is safe to predict that by the close of the present year our order will contain nearly 2,000,000. Now suppose we wish to establish a co-operative foundry or a machine shop or an immense packery? Why, all we would have to do would be to authorize the general executive board to levy an assessment of 50 cents upon each member, and how many dollars would there be? 1,000,000! Just think of it, \$1,000,000, and it would only cost us 50 cents each! Now, should circumstances require it, we may be called on for \$1 per capita, and in less than 30 days the order would have at its disposal \$2,000,000. Now every member of the order can, if necessary, keep this up for twelve months and what would be the stupendous result? \$24,000,000! Now such a fund, it seems to me, would inaugurate a first class co-operative concern of most any kind, or sustain a stupendous strike for any length of time, and mark my words, should another great strike occur, such as that upon the Missouri Pacific system of railways last year, and it occurs with the approval of the executive board, which that one did not, it will be sustained even though it cost the order \$5,000,000 in cash, aside from lost time and that great bugaboo, "the injury to commerce."

In times of trouble an empty box car with seven broken wheels is side-tracked, the cry is heard "down with the Knights of Labor, they are paralyzing the wheels of commerce."

But the beauty of these co-operative enterprises is that we are all stockholders. Everyone owns just as much as the other, and the other doesn't own any more than the other. I tell you my friends that in less than a quarter of a century co-operative enterprises will dot this country; in every city, upon every hillside and in every valley you will see co-operative factories and manufactories, the busy hum of whose millions of spindles and the whir of

whose countless shafts and pulleys will call forth spontaneous outbursts of admiration and wonder, and when you ask "what means all this?" with pardonable pride we will direct your gaze up—up, to the heights of the loftiest towers, reared to the clouds, kissing the stars and upon this massive edifice, the beauty of whose architecture will enrapture the vision, you will read in letters of blazing gold, these welcome words:

"KNIGHTS OF LABOR CO-OPERATIVE ENTERPRISE."

But I might talk all day and then not tell you the half of the good things which our noble order has in store for you. But to accomplish some of these much needed results, legislation must be shaped. But how in the world is the poor wage worker to shape legislation? He can't go to congress? The mischief he can't! If he has a smattering of brains and can murder her Majesty's English, he can. These are about the only qualifications possessed by the average congressman anyway. (If there are any congressional aspirants here, I will say, that nothing personal is intended. I'm talking about the other fellow.) But if he don't go, we will see to it that good, honest men, who have the best interests of the people at heart do go, and we will ask them to legislate with equal and exact justice to all, bearing in mind that "that is the most perfect government in which an injury to one is the concern of all."

But how are we going to reach their ears? I will tell you. In June, a year ago, a legislative committee was sent to Washington in the interests of our order. But, as you all know, a subsidized press were scattering broadcast the gratuitous information that disintegration had entered its ranks and it was upon the eve of final dissolution. (This is not intended to reflect upon the local press, it is incorruptible and fearless in its denunciation of wrong, but I do allude to some of the metropolitan dailies.)

Under these circumstances the committee found it hard to get the ear of even their friends in the house. So to prove to congress the baseness of these falsehoods they sent memorials to a number of the assemblies east of the Rocky Mountains for signatures to show the standing and numerical force of the order, and what do you think was the result? The first memorial was returned in 60 hours, and in less than 10 days that committee presented to the houses of congress a memorial containing 300,000 signatures, something unheard of in the history of petitions. Now, when legislators remember that the "voice of the people is the voice of God," and if they do not heed it they will be relegated to the private walks of life, it is more than likely they will give it very respectful consideration.

But to give you even a clearer idea of the inestimable blessings which our order aims to secure for our common country, I will detain you a few moments longer while I read its declaration of principles, than which there could be no clearer or more forcible exposition of its needs. [Mr. Benoit here read the Declaration of Principles of the K. of L.] And all these, my friends, are but an epitome of the aims and objects of our order. Could I have had the time I should have wished to have entered into the details of what will go into history as the "Southwest Strike," to prove that the discharge of "that man Hall" was the last and the very least of the causes which precipitated that revolt.

A word to the ladies and I have done. In the beginning I said that we welcomed you. I believe that my commission embraces more. We thank you for your presence here to-day; we thank you for the encouragement it has given us. Had it been known that upon this occasion you would have been conspicuous by your absence, there would not have been a man here. I say more, because the thing you could seek his own pleasure without at least attempting to contribute to yours is not a MAN. He must be something else. We do not realize how much of our earthly happiness we owe to the ladies, and yet we owe it all to you. To you—to your influence mankind is indebted for all that they are. True goodness is the only source of real happiness, and whatever of good there may be in our character 'twas the influence of pure women that planted it there, and it is your influence alone which keeps it there. Your influence which spurs men to deeds of valor and heroism, calling forth all that is best and noblest in his nature. "His your influence, oh, woman, that moulds his character and shapes his destiny." His your influence, indeed, which guides the brain in august toil of statesy council, animates the votes in the blaze of faction, and strikes the shackles from the limbs of the slave. God bless the women of our land and grant that for ages to come you may use your subtle yet mighty influence for the promotion of good. If you do, this civilization can never go backward, but it will steadily go onward, upward and forward in all that marks our material and social advancement, until at length we reach the millennium, the acme of earthly happiness; then, then with brightest garlands of love and joy we will crown you the saviors of all good.

The 4th of July, 1887, will be long remembered in Monroe. May our people continue to grow in patriotism and love of country and with each returning year celebrate the glorious day as befittingly as was done last Monday. And may we all live to be there.

Don't fail to try Old Hickory Bitters For sale by W. H. HARRIS.