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Is that our collar, cuff and shirt work is unexcelled. Convince yourself by sending to the Waco Steam Laundry near Suspension bridge. Telephone No. 3.

THE STATE TYPOS

Annual Conclave in Waco Today of The

STATE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

City Attorney John F. Flint Delivers the Address of Welcome. Enthusiastic Printers Gather in The Central City.

The second session of the State Typographical Union was called to order this morning at Old Fellows hall, by President Marsene Johnson, of Fort Worth, promptly at 10 o'clock.

Just about this time City Attorney John F. Flint came in, escorted by a committee, and was introduced by Mr. C. W. Hurwood, amid storms of applause, and eloquently delivered the ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The great work of that philosopher and friend of the modern housewife, Mrs. Hill, is remarkable for a curious omission. The author has abundantly proved her extensive knowledge of cookery in her great cook book; yet there is one thing she signally fails to mention. Had she left out all mention of Cranberries in connection with turkey; had her recipe for oyster soup contained no oysters, she would have been thought forgetful; but when with the unction of a gastronome, and the thoughtful skill of an artist she marshals forth all the luxuries of the American breakfast-table and forgets to mention its first necessity, she shows a sort of ignorance. It is true that in her recipe for cooking a hare she displays great acumen in advising that the hare be first caught; but we put it to her or any ones knowledge of American character whether they think it possible for any American to break his fast without his newspaper.

There are few people at least that can satisfy their digestive organs till their local organ has satisfied their minds. Some one has observed that the discovery of the printing press is the incident that forms the true separation of the ancient and modern world, opening up a more brilliant and wider horizon to the genius man, who from that epoch became endowed with a higher and entirely different kind of existence. The history of the early struggles of Gutenberg, Faust and the other early printers is the history of civilization and freedom to the masses. Up to the 15th century trained slaves copied all the works required to satisfy the demand for books which were chiefly the luxuries of churchmen. Manuscripts of course were very expensive. A manuscript Bible cost 500 gold crowns. In the fifteenth century there was a revival of learning, and contemporaneously with this

revival a demand for the publication of books. The real occasion of printing was the demand for cheaper and more convenient books than those great vellum manuscripts which could only be the privileged possessions of the few.

The history of early printing is of the most fascinating and instructive of studies. As in the present day our ancestors fought with papers, and opposing armies carried their printers. In those days an editor was not an editor. He was the printer or publisher, and he had a hard time filling his diminutive sheet. Of four pages one was left blank, "for ye subscribers use, and for ye improvement of ye children's hand-writing." Now the superfluities of one of our great dailies would carpet an ordinary room. The craving of New Yorkers for news is supplied every morning with as much as would fill two or three thousands pages of an ordinary novel. These acres of print sown broad east produce a daily crop to suit every appetite and every taste. It has winged its way from every spot on the earth's surface and at last settled down and arranged itself into intelligible meaning made instructive with ink.

Now it tells of a next door neighbor: then of dwellers in the mutt-most corners of the earth. The black side of this black and white daily history, consists of battles, murder and sudden death; of plague pestilence and famine; of sedition privy, conspiracy and rebellion; of false doctrine heresy, and schism; of all other crimes, casualties and falsities which we are enjoined to be defended from.

The white side chronicles heroism, charitableness, high purpose and lofty deeds; it records the spread of commerce and of science—in fine, good and evil, as broadly defined, or as intricately mixed in the newspapers as they are over the great globe itself. Carlyle sneers bitterly at what he calls the infinite tongue of the age. But better surely that the battles of progress and liberty should be fought with type than with shot and shell upon the awful field, and with heartbreaks in a thousand homes. Better the free press with its thousand tongues than the free lance. Better that lead should be put in type than wasted in bullets. Now the moral of this, gentlemen, is that you are a part of a mighty engine that has the influence which comes from a simultaneous expression of the same opinion to hundreds of thousands of people the mystery of anonymity and hence is a mighty incorporal force in the economy of human affairs. Murat Halstead was once approached by a newsboy on the streets of Cincinnati to buy a paper. He pompously replied, "I make newspapers," whereupon the boy rejoined "that is the reason I reckon they don't sell any better." Printers certainly do more than anybody else toward making newspapers, and it is certainly not their fault if they sell no better, because they bring to their work rare intelligence and skill.

City editors and Heavy editors and Horse editors often spring upon the world suddenly like the birth of Minerva from Jove's brain. But the printer must serve his three years of apprenticeship in one ceaseless round upon the treadmill before he takes his "oath." Every editor or business manager of a paper appreciates the importance of the printer.

His *bête noir* is the printer's pay day. Many an editor sleeping the sleep of the just has had his pleasant dreams of an Elysian where every subscriber paid promptly and everybody advertised affrighted by visions of a chapel meeting and a strike. I can claim, gentlemen, a community of sympathy with you, or rather with the editor. Filled with high hopes and roseate pictures of repeating Horace Greeley's career, I undertook for a half interest to edit an agricultural paper for a specified time.

I did not make the mistakes that Mark Twain did. I didn't call a furrow and a harrow the same thing. I didn't write of the moulting season for cows; and I didn't recommend the domestication of the pole cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. My paragraph contained no observation that the horse chesnut, as an article of commerce was steadily gaining in favor. I made none of these mistakes. On the contrary I made some very palpable hits for the paper as I got my partner, the business manager, into two street fights, and caused the bringing of two libel suits against the paper; one for \$25,000 and the other for \$75,000. These incidents naturally pleased me very much, and I grew very proud as the editor of a sheet that was making such a noise in the world, the circulation too increased amazingly. We be-

came the official organ of fourteen counties.

All this time I was boarding at any boarding house that I could persuade to put an "ad" in our columns. If the hotels and restaurants and boarding houses didn't appreciate the benefits of heralding to the world their virtues as hostleries I didn't eat, or I fell back upon that "dernied resort" of the editor, the free lunch route. Now I might have fared sumptuously and have worn fine linen every day instead of a seersucker coat if it hadn't been for our composition bills, which run from \$50 to \$250 a week, according to the amount of plate matter used. I am not exactly sore at printers, but I have got a sort of sneaking idea that they stood between me and my Greeley career, and I am glad of a chance to talk to them and in that way of sort of evening up old scores. It is a time honored joke and a time honored custom for the editor to exculpate himself for all typographical errors by charging it to the intelligent compositor. The compositor on a Philadelphia paper, so the editor explained, by displacement of a space, informed the masses of that city that Mr. Jones would address them asses at National hall. It is a matter of history that one of the earlier Bibles was called the "Adultery Bible," because the word "not" was dropped from the Seventh Commandment, making it read, "Thou shalt Commit Adultery." I had an experience of this kind while on the tripods. *In passant* I may state I have never seen a tripod, although so many editors claim to mount them. There may have been a three-legged stool in the temple of Appollo and an oracle may have occupied it, but there are none such in newspaper offices. I wrote what I considered a very able article, though I can't honestly say I heard anybody else express a similar opinion, on the Texas Veteran's association which held one of its annual sessions here in Waco. I several times introduced the expressions, which I thought were effective, "battle scarred veterans," and my chagrin and disappointment may be well imagined when I saw in cold type that I had called those old patriots "battle scared veterans." It is not often I give myself up to retrospection, but looking back, even with these vexations, and the constant recurrence of pay day, there are no days of mine that time has in his grasp that I can think of half so tenderly and smile at half so much. Then began some of the warmest and most lasting friendliness of my life, and friendliness, I am proud to say, not based upon the conventional estimate of men. Friendliness not formed sordid motives, and which clings only to those who may advantage us. It is my observation that much of the old order of things among printers is passing away. Peter Bartlett Lee, whom I well knew and most of you no doubt, famous as the type of the "tramp printer" is dead, and he has no successor. I say he is dead because I have read seven or eight obituaries on his death at different times. It was said of Lee that he could name every county seat in the United States and the papers published therein. It is probable he had worked in every state in the union, but during the latter years of his life he was not popular with his craft; his sort of printers had gone out of fashion, and came to be more and more unpopular. The printers now give their "subbing" to more industrious men. The modern printer had an ambition above being a tramp, and while there are yet some "vagrrom men" among them; as a class no department of human activity will present a more intelligent, liberal and charitable body of workers. Of necessity they acquire a vast fund of information as articles on every conceivable topic pass through their hands. They are all good grammarians and rhetoricians and orthographers, and many a contribution that it was thought was free from such errors has been "edited" by the printer and its author saved from ridicule and "inextinguishable laughter."

The invention of the type-setting machine, which, I am told by some members of the craft, is now an assured success, will not in my opinion decrease the demand for printers. Instead of securing the same result with less labor, I believe it will lead to greater results with the same or more labor. The effect of labor saving improvements heretofore in printing has been to extend the industry and increase the amount of printing. It has been the history of all labor saving machines that they have increased production, and have required as many or more laborers to meet such increased production; Hearses and

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE

A well known song, also a common complaint with thousands, who daily find themselves deceived and dissatisfied with shoddy goods and high prices. However, there is a way to avoid the trouble that your neighbor has encountered. In dealing with us you always get reliable goods and full value for your money.

"When You Come to Think of It"

We have facilities that others cannot claim, and it would be a funny thing if we could not serve you best. We save

Five Thousand per Annum

In house rent, drayage, etc., and it is easy for us to quote low prices. Our **Immense New Stock** of WICKER ROCKERS, SETTEES and PARLOR SUITS has arrived.

SETTEES,

RICHEST AND LATEST DESIGNS, \$18.50 to \$25.00.

Wicker Rockers,

FINEST PATTERNS, \$7.50 to \$12.00.

Corner Pieces,

Latest Novelties, \$9.00 to \$12.50.

Look Through This Stock.

You Cannot Fail to Be Pleased.

Waco Furniture Company,

Cor. Sixth and Jackson, near Waco Lumber Co.

coffins are the only things that I can think of for which the demands is little likely to increase. But even with the rapid introduction of those machines you cannot say with Iago, "My occupation's gone." Each machine requires two printers, and as strong necessity for union and organization would exist, both for protection and social intercourse as in the past. And gentlemen, it is your union which is your chief glory, and in my judgment, the most perfect labor organization in the world. It has always observed the just relations between the printer and his employer. Composed of intelligent men it has proceeded on what should be the seminal idea of all such organizations, "Live and Let Live." Where newspapers are poor and struggling it has sealed the prices of composition commensurate with the prosperity of the paper, and has never demanded more than a fair share of the profits. It has cared for its sick members and buried its dead without asking one cent from the public that aids it so much. In the erection of the home for aged printers some good and great men, notably Drexel and Childs have expressed their appreciation for your honest service to the world. And, gentlemen, it is precisely because the citizens of Waco recognize and appreciate your services and your value that it becomes my pleasant duty in accordance with instructions to extend to you assurances of their warmest greetings. We greet you as brothers and welcome you to the Geyser city, a city whose heart is large enough to take in the whole state of Texas, and whose arms will gladly gather you to its bosom. Nor are these words a mere formality. The welcome is in our hearts as well as on our lips. It is our joy and our pride that you are with us. And among the pleasant reminiscences called into being by this meeting our hope and trust is that not the least pleasant will be that it was held here in Waco.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RESPONSE.

GENTLEMEN—Upon me devolves the pleasant duty, upon behalf of the delegates composing the state union, and in the name of the Texas State Union, to extend our sincere thanks for the cordial invitation accorded us by the municipality of Waco, represented by the distinguished official who has just delivered the cheering

words to which you have listened. We feel that we are in the hands of our friends, and that in the language of that distinguished Texan, whose name I can scarce pronounce without feelings of emotion, Mr. Thomas Ochiltree that if we have met the enemy at all, we won't know whether they are ourn or we are theirs.

Instead of taking in Waco, as was our intention, we have to a certain degree, been taken in by Waco, as some of the delegates who will remember a certain incident of last night will doubtless bear testimony to.

Our reception and our welcome to Waco, the home of statesmen and patriots has been so cordial and so sincere from the president and members of Waco Typographical Union down to the homeless and fraternal mosquitos which were in waiting for us at the hotel last evening, and who greeted us with the familiarity of an old friend, that I feel that these words cannot do justice to the occasion.

Again we thank the members of the city council of Waco for lending the convention the distinguished services of Waco's city attorney, Hon. John F. Flint. His address shows a familiarity with the work of our craft, particularly that part relating to free lunch, as referred to in his address. [Great applause]

The committee on credentials composed of William Lambert, of Houston; H. B. Johnson, of Dallas; Lee Daniels, of Fort Worth; was then appointed, and a recess of ten minutes taken to give time for the preparation of the report.

The committee on credentials reported as follows:

HALL OF WACO TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 154.
To the officers and members of the Texas State Typographical Union.

GENTLEMEN:—Your committee on credentials desire to report that they find the following members entitled to seats in the session of your honorable body:

Cleburn, No. 303, N D Wells; Dallas, No. 173, Geo N Beach; Jas A Murphy, H B Johnson; Fort Worth, No. 198, Marsen Johnson, Wm T Cyrus; Gainsville, No. 74, Joseph S Berkshire; Galveston, No. 28, John H Barnes, John Fourby, J J Dirks; Houston, No. 87, Will Lambert, George F Eberle, John L Bryant; San Antonio, No. 173, Joe Hamilton; Waco, No. 188, J S England, P A Richards; Dallas Press Feeders Union,