

The Progress.

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MORE ABOUT THE LABOR EXCHANGE.

The Business And Laboring Man's Only Hope.

MR. ED.—Since writing my last article on the above subject I have talked with several about it and all seem to think that it would be just the thing for Shreveport, and one of your merchants said if he did not make more money from now on that he would sell the business out as it was not paying expenses. I told him that when the Exchange was started he could bring anything he wished to and deposit it or exchange it for something he was in need of and he said he would not only do so but he would take the checks issued on articles deposited. He said he had many articles of daily use that people asked about every day but they could not buy on account of the stringency in money matters. He spoke of a sewing machine that was perfectly new and a good article which he would sell for what it cost him but he could not get a buyer. That he would deposit it for its value and thereby put just that many more "dollars" in circulation. He deals in all kinds of household goods and would place on deposit anything which the exchange had much of a call for, in so doing he would virtually be selling them, for as soon as they were exchanged for something else he would be relieved of it and get its equivalent in something else that he would need which he did not have.

I met a gentleman a few days ago from St. Louis and in speaking of the Labor Exchange he told me that the one started there was in a flourishing condition. Now when they will work in a large city like that, thereby increasing the amount of business and putting more of the medium of exchange in circulation, why not have one here where it is needed just as much and easier to operate? If Shreveport does not have one it is because I am mistaken in the people, and they still wish to be humbugged with the medium which is draining the life's blood out of labor. If all business was done on the Labor Exchange principle there would not be, and could not be any contraction of the currency which we hear so much about and money which eats itself up in interest at four per cent every twenty-five years and causing an issue of more bonds for the same idiosyncrasy to be repeated. To illustrate let me submit the following from the Progressive Hand Book.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

BY M. G. WEAVER.

One morning, after a stormy night at sea, ten men found themselves on a desolate island. One was lucky enough to have a gun, another a hatchet, another a saw, another had some fishing tackle, and one had nothing but money, a useless article on an island, while five had nothing at all.

Knowing the prevailing craze for gold, the one with the shiners, called Jack, offered each of the men a dollar apiece to work for him that day. This they eagerly accepted, being elated to strike a job the first day. Three were put to erecting a tent of poles and bark, two construct a table, bench, etc., for furniture, one to hunt, one to fish, one to hunt for fruit, nuts and berries, and the remaining one to prepare a dinner of the sundry products. Now the day being nearly spent, all were tired and hungry. When the table was set, Jack said to the workers, "All these things have I ordered and paid for, now one can dispute my exclusive right of possession; now I propose to give you all a square meal for a dollar each." This, hunger compelled them to accept,

After the meal, Jack said, "Those who have no money for lodging can not stay here tonight." All silently departed feeling badly cowed. When they had located themselves for the night, Sam said, "Just think what blockheads we have been today building that tent and doing everything, providing a lot of good eatables and giving it nearly all to that fat, lazy Jack just for the privilege of handling those nine dollars a few minutes!" "No," said another, "we are not to blame, Jack, the greedy plutocrat, just went and took it." "Yes, but with your own consent," replied Sam. "Well he furnished the capital for the enterprise and it is not more than right for us to allow him something for interest." "I'll tell you where we missed it," retorted Sam, "we worked too cheap. Had we received two dollars each it would have been plenty for all necessities and some over." "That's what I say. The labor is ours and we have a right to ask any price for it we like. Let us organize and strike for two dollars."

All agreed to do so. The next day, Jack, having enough provisions left for himself, refused to comply with the terms proposed, the nine were laying around idle and hungry.

1st Voice. "What is the reason we have such hard times today, no work, no food, and no shelter?"

2nd Voice. "Overproduction I suppose, there is no demand for anything?"

"No demand!" cried Sam, "don't we need anything?"

2nd Voice. "Yes, but we have no employment, so where is the money to come from to pay for what we need? Most people must do with but little when the market is overstocked. The trouble is, we worked too fast. It is all due to the labor-saving machinery we used. I am sure that if we would have caught the fish by hand, cut the bark with our teeth or a sharp stone, caught the rabbits with a pointed stick, etc., we would have plenty of work today."

"No," replied Sam, "there is not too much produced, but it is not justly divided. One man is overstocked and nine are destitute. Does Jack alone constitute the market, independent of our demands?"

"I will tell you how it is," said Jack, "you see it matters not how great the demand is, if you have no money, it don't count a straw in the market. Let me tell you that your present trouble originated in extravagance. You wanted to live as good as the rich. Men in your circumstances must economize or suffer more."

The next morning Jack offered the desired wages and all went to work with light hearts and lighter stomachs. When, by co-operative efforts, they had again prepared a big dinner, Jack told them the market was going up and that he was obliged to have \$2.50 apiece for dinner. But, none having enough, they wrangled with each other for money until at last seven managed to pay; the two weakest had to do without. But, after dinner, Jack threw a few bones to the unfortunate two beggars, remarking, that he felt it his duty to be charitable to the poor. When the nine had again departed to seek shelter in the woods, Sam called them together and addressed them thusly:

"We have been fools long enough! Let us be men, and make a change. Experience has proven that, if we surrender our labor to Jack for gold, we are entirely at his mercy and we get back the scantiest necessities of life. We had organized to have our wages raised and the price of our necessities went up even faster than the wages. This wage system is all wrong, and we don't

have any use for the consumers of our product if they will not do anything for us. Now let us organize a Labor Exchange and only sell our labor for equal toil and not cheat ourselves by accepting that soft pluttering, almost worthless, metal, which neither feeds, warms nor shelters. If we had worked for ourselves from the beginning, instead of working for gold, we would all be well fixed today. Let Jack alone, and we will see if he can catch fish with his staff as easily as he has duped us. We can make our own checks to keep account of deposit and facilitate trade—out of paper—and exchange on equal basis, in any civilized country."

Early the next morning everything was in a bustle. Three new huts were started and everybody worked with unusual zeal and energy. When Jack came to hire them—offering as high as fifty dollars each for a day's work—no one paid any attention to him. Seeing he could not get their services in that way, he took Sam aside and offered to loan him all his money to carry on the enterprise in hand if he would allow him to share at their table and of their products for interest, because of the "capital" invested.

"No!" said Sam. "No one would work for it now. None want it. As an exchange medium we can take less expensive material, of our own make, thus saving the interest and much unnecessary toil. For labor only will we yield our labor and its products, and on no other condition."

Jack laid his heavy purse aside as a relic of past iniquities, and went to work like an honest man, doing his share for the privilege of eating along at the table and sharing the wealth created by labor.

Since the tables are turned, improvements are swelling rapidly, and there are no more strikes, over-production, loafing, panics, tramps, landlordism, spurious laws, unequal taxation, toadyism, superstitions nor inequalities to be heard of except in the past history of half-civilized countries.

Moral: Join the Labor Exchange and enjoy its benefits.

To show the value of an Exchange it is only necessary to state that it would keep the business in the place it is started. As things are now many people send away for articles they can get here, but for less money out of the city, thereby depriving our merchants of that much business and decreasing the wealth of the city. With the Labor Exchange there is no need of a lot of howling politicians running around the country espousing the beauty and virtue of some political party, "that if their side should be successful that we would have prosperity, that the mills would all be opened and labor would get its just reward." "That it would be better to have the mills open instead of the mints." We have seen how all such promises have been kept. With the Labor Exchange there would be no drones and no one would receive any benefits unless they produced something, it would obviate the necessity of a laborer tramping out of town to strike a job some where else.—Bailey Q.

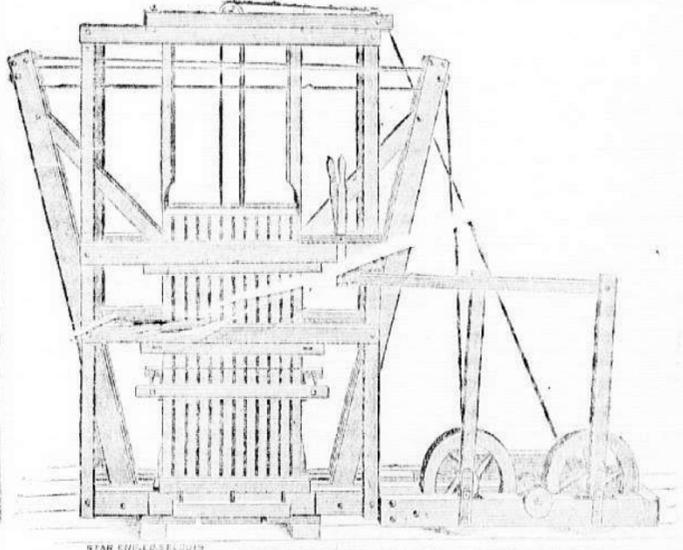
THAT IS IT EXACTLY.

People sometimes wonder how it is that the W. K. Henderson Iron Works has assumed such proportions, covered so wide a territory in its business relations, in so short a time. This is not a matter of much surprise when the matter is investigated. Prompt attention to business; good work done; courteous deportment towards patrons and reasonable prices has ever been a winning card and will continue to be as long as civilization lasts. And this is the key to the situation with the W. K. Henderson Iron Works. While studying their own business, they have an eye open to the best advantage of their patrons. They have the best foundry in North Louisiana and sell the best make of machinery at the lowest prices.

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The W. K. Henderson Iron Works,
Shreveport, La.

GENERAL LOCAL MARKET.

October 22.—

This Day

COTTON.

Ordinary..... Nominal
Good Ordinary..... 3 7-8
Low Middling..... 4
Middling..... 4 1-2
Good Middling..... 4 13-16.

PROVISIONS.

Bacon—6 3-8c
Dry Salt Meats at 5 1-4c.
Breakfast Bacon—8 1-2c.
Hams—Choice canvassed sugar-cured 8 1-2c.
Lard—Compound, 4 1-4c; pure, 5 3-4c.
Beef Plates—6 1-4c.

BREADSTUFFS.

Flour—Best patent, \$1.13; half patent or straight, \$1.25; extra fancy, \$1.09.
Cornmeal—\$1.50 per barrel; 35 1/2 pound sacks, \$1.70.
Crackers—A B C soda crackers are quoted at 6 1-4c; Cream, 7 1/2 by the lot.
Rice—New Louisiana, 4 1-2-4

COFFEE AND TEA.

Coffee—Fair, 9 1/2c; medium grade 13 1/2c; better, 15c-16c.
Tea—Good stock on hand, fair demand. Fair, at 30c; good, 40c-50c; fine, 75c-85c; finest, \$1.00-1.25 per lb by the chest.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

Sugar—Standard granulated, 5 1-2c; St. Emma granulated, 5-5c; snow white, 5 3-4c; choice yellow clarified, 5 1-2c; seconds, 4 3-4c.
Molasses—Common, 12c; prime open kettle, 20c; choice reboiled, 24c-30c.

BAGGING AND TIES.

Bagging—2 lb, 7 1/2c; 13 lb, 7 1/4c.
Twine—For baling purposes quoted at 1 1/2c per lb by the bale.
Iron Ties—90c.

GRAIN AND EDSTUFFS.

Corn—Mixed sacked, 42c per bushel.
Hay—Choice prairie (Arkansas), \$7.50; Texas, \$11.50.
Oats—White, 30c; mixed, 28c.
Rye—20c.
Barley—75c.
Bran—70c.
Chopped Corn—90c per 100 pounds.
Millet Seed—per bushel.....

CHICKENS AND EGGS.

Chickens, hens, per doz..... 2 60@2 75
Broilers per doz..... 2 25
Fryers, large, per doz..... 2 60@2 75
Eggs per doz..... 13
Butter, country, per pound..... 10
Turkeys, per pound..... 7 6c-8c
Geese, per dozen..... 3 00@3 50
Ducks, per dozen..... 2 50

HIDES AND WOOL MARKET.

Dry hides, No. 1 fnt, per lb..... 12@13c
Dry hides, damaged..... 8a10c
Badly bug eaten..... 5a6c
Dry salted, No. 1..... 9a10c
Bull hides..... 9a10c
Green salted hides..... 6a6 1/2c
Green hides..... 5a5 1/2c
Wool, tub washed, choice..... 20a25c
Wool, unwashed, clear..... 14@16
Wool, burry and black..... 8@12c
Wool, hard burry..... 7a9
Beeswax, prime..... 20a24c
Tallow..... 7c
Sheep skins, each..... 10a50c
Goat skins..... 10a25c

FURS.

Otter..... \$1 00@5 00
Beaver..... 1 00@5 00
Raccoon..... 10a50c
Fox..... 10a30c
Opussum..... 3a5c
Wild cat..... 10a30c
Mink..... 10a30c
Bear..... 1 00@ 800
Wolf skins..... 50a1 50
eerskins, per pound..... 14

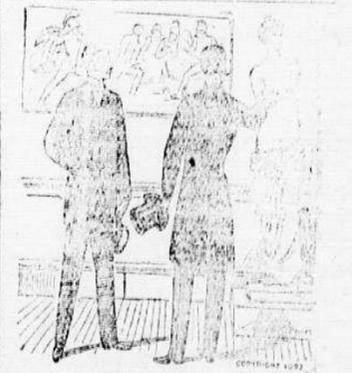
COTTON.

Never before during the month of September did I receive as many bales of cotton as I have up to date, this September 20th, nor did I ever before sell as many groceries during the month of September as I have up to date; nor did I ever before have aggregate cash transactions as large during September as are up to date; hence can not be otherwise than pleased with result of my new departure, relative to charges for handling cotton, "storage or storage and freight or commission"—an innovation greatly appreciated by shippers, and doubly so thus far because of the very low price of the staple this season.

Competitors may deny my method and argue themselves hoarse protesting against it, but satisfaction and satisfactory returns to shippers are much more convincing. Therefore, dear brethren—"the stick-to-the-old-way" cotton people—the more you talk against me the more you advertise me, the more cotton will be shipped to me, so keep up your talking. 'Twill do me no harm, nor yourselves any good. And don't let one of you ever look at cotton of mine stored at the Shreveport Warehouse and Compress Co. if you don't want to. I shall not let you buy it, as I am not that style of a man or merchant. I beg of nobody under the canopy of Heaven, while on the other hand if you do look at it and will pay my price I will sell it to you. It is iron, trad or travel with me in business—and having been in business thirty-five years in Shreveport, without a daddy or a guardian, I have less use for one now than ever, and neither ask nor grant favors of those whose interest I can not observe without detriment to my own. In no one cotton buyer is centered the exclusive purchasing power of cotton in Shreveport. Nor will a resolution concurred in by a few, control cotton in which they have no interest. One swallow does not make spring—nor a handful of pebbles constitute a beach.

Country merchants and farmers who can not sell their cotton on their platform or at home at a satisfactory price, will save commissions and storage by shipping to me, and realize the market price of the day on which sale is made. Cash or groceries, or both, advanced on consignments.

W. B. OHLVIE.



GOOD FORM

in dress is as eagerly sought for as was perfection of form in the sculpture of ancient Greece. We have no difficulty in fitting all forms with any style of garment, because we are thorough, practical tailors and employ none but skilled mechanics.

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Requests for samples or orders for both departments from the country, receive prompt attention.

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