

THE LABOR HERALD.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLY, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

"THAT IS THE MOST PERFECT GOVERNMENT IN WHICH AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL."

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KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Knights of Labor, nobly banded
To procure the rights of man.
Every toiler, horny-handed,
Hail with gratitude your plan.
All who treat man as a neighbor
Must your shibboleth admire—
That the stalwart soks of Labor
Each is worthy of his hire.

Knights of Labor, sympathizing
With the weak against the strong,
And in majesty uprising
For the right against the wrong—
Many a wife, with cares distressing,
Many a weak, despairing one,
Will bestow on you a blessing
For the work which you have done.

Knights of Labor, working amily
For the toilers of the land,
Never rashly, never blindly,
Moving calmly hand in hand,
Till you have secured compliance
With the just demand for food,
And have quelled the mad defiance
In the cry, "Bread or blood!"

Knights of Labor, keep on doing—
Have your sentinals on guard;
Ever a just path pursuing,
Till toil has its just reward.

Then the grateful working classes
Will proclaim you, in their glad,
Saviors of the toiling masses—
Heroes of humanity!

FRANCIS S. SMITH.

A SPRAY OF HELIOTROPE.

BY ALICE DALE.

A lovely spring day, soft and balmy
As only a spring day can be,
Gerald Kingsley left its influence
As he sauntered slowly down a certain
avenue in a large city, lighting a fragrant
cigar as he went, humming
meanwhile a bar from the latest comic
opera.

All at once he paused involuntarily,
as the sound of a voice fell upon his
aristocratic sense of the avenue—a
sweet, clear, fresh contralto voice—
singing that most plaintive air, "O
Che le Morte."

He glanced in the direction from
whence the music emanated, and an exclamation
of surprise fell from his lips.
A girl of perhaps fifteen, an olive-
skinned, dark-haired little creature,
with a face like a picture, lit up by
her long black hair hanging in one thick
plait down her back and fastened with a bit
of faded red ribbon.

At her side a boy, a cripple, with a
pale face and great solemn eyes.
The girl had placed him in a comfort-
able nook in the arched entrance to a
churchyard, and standing erect beside
the cripple, bareheaded and poorly
clad, she was singing for money to buy
bread.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Gerald
Kingsley, moved for once out of his
usual high-bred equanimity, "the girl
is a genius! Such a voice! It has a
fortune in it!"

He drew slowly nearer, and waited
eagerly and breathlessly for the song
to end.

As the last notes died away the great
dark eyes glanced into his face for an
instant, and fell again.

The young man dropped a silver
dollar into the cripple's little hand,
then he turned to the young singer.

"Who taught you to sing so sweetly,
cava mia?" he asked.

"My father, signor. He was a great
maestro at home in Italy. He is dead."

"And you, with such a voice, are re-
duced to sing on the streets?" pursued
the young man, eagerly.

"Why, you should be singing in the Grand Opera
house yonder. You would make a
magnificent opera house singer."

"But, signor," the girl faltered, "who
would take me and train me for the
stage? We are orphans now, Lillo and
I, and he, poor boy, is a cripple, and
we must have bread."

his face, with a wistful light in their
depths.

"You will give me that *boutonnier*?"
she asked, pointing to a spray of purple
heliotrope which he wore in his
button-hole. "I should so like to have
something that—to—" she faltered and
broke down.

"To remember me by, as children
say?" he returned, in some amusement
—"certainly, my child! The helio-
trope is pretty and fragrant. It was
given me just now by the fair lady
whom I am soon to marry; but you
shall have it all the same."

And he detached the purple helio-
trope and laid it in her hand. The en-
tire scene had not absorbed ten min-
utes; the street was quite deserted,
save for the little group in the church-
yard arch. Leonie took the spray of
purple fragrance, and giving it a long,
wistful look, as though it were not an
insensate object, she hid it in her
bosom.

"Come, Lillo," she said, giving her
hand to the cripple, and they moved
away down the street together.

Gerald Kingsley stood like one in a
dream, his handsome dark eyes follow-
ing the forlorn little pair with a glance
of genuine sympathy.

"What an interesting scene, to be
sure," sneered a clear, haughty voice,
that would have been sweet were it not
for the ring of pride and self-assertion
in it.

He turned with a start, and a red
flush shot athwart his dark, handsome
face. A pony phaeton had drawn close
to the curbing and paused there; a
dainty turnout—the ribbons held by
the perfectly gloved hands of Miss Violet
Davenant, his fiancée. Kingsley
drew close to the side of the phaeton,
doffing his hat with courtly grace.

"Why, Violet, darling, where on
earth did you spring from?" he queried
lightly. "I left you not an hour ago
at home, and here you are, quite unex-
pectedly, but none the less welcome—a
sight to do one's heart good."

And by this time he was in the phaeton
at her side, the reins in his own
possession, and they were driving slowly
down the avenue. Violet Davenant
was a cold, blonde beauty—one of
those faces that nothing has power to
ruffle or cloud—that is, before the
world; but behind the curtain—ah,
then the mask is torn aside sometimes,
and the claws sheathed in velvet are
exposed. But this morning she felt
unable to control her vexation, for she
had witnessed the entire scene between
her betrothed husband and the little
street singer. And in a few terse and
rather forcible words she proceeded to
tell him so.

"And you gave her the *boutonnier*
that I had pinned in your button-
hole!" stormed the enraged beauty.
"You throw my gifts away upon a
street beggar!"

"She is no beggar!" retorted Gerald,
thoroughly angry now; "the girl is
unfortunate, but she is refined; and
my word for it, Violet, the musical
world will hear great things from her
yet."

But Violet Davenant's temper had
gotten the upper hand of her better
judgment. She tore the primrose glove
from her left hand, dragged the dia-
mond studded circlet from the third
finger, and laid it in his hand.

"You prefer a street beggar to me!"
she panted in ungovernable rage. "I
give you back your freedom! Go and
marry your singer!"

"I will—if she will accept me!" re-
turned Gerald Kingsley, quietly. His
own anger was at white heat, and he
did not realize the words that he spoke.
They parted that very hour, and the
next day Violet Davenant was informed
that Gerald had gone to Europe for an
indefinite stay. She set her white teeth
hard upon her red lips, as she hissed
savagely:

"He shall come back to me yet! I
swear it!"

The Grand Opera House was
to its fullest extent. All the beauty
and fashion of the great city had gath-
ered there to listen to the new prima-
donna. Leonie Florelli had made a
grand success in the musical world,
and her name was on every lip as the
greatest singer of the day.

Gerald Kingsley had just returned
from Europe. He had made his home
there for the past five years—attending
to the foreign branch of his father's
large commercial house.

He was seated in a stage box, and
the sapphires eyes of Violet Davenant,
bent upon him from an opposite box,
marked no change in him. She clinched
her white gloved hands fiercely to-
gether as she hissed under her breath:

"He shall come back to me!"

The curtain arose and the beautiful
songstress appeared; it was her first
appearance in the city upon her
stage. She had once sung for bread.
Her crippled brother was dead and she
had no ties of kindred now, and there
was a look of wordless sadness in her
lustrous eyes as she came before the
public to-night.

received in the most select circles. But
in the midst of her great social success
society was electrified by the announce-
ment that she was about to leave the
stage and retire to private life.

There was a reception given in her
honor one night. She looked a very
queen of beauty in her robe of rich
white lace looped with rubies.

Violet Davenant was present—her
insipid blonde beauty quite faded now
—and even her rich dress of pale blue
satin and old point lace, with pearls
everywhere, did not conceal the lament-
able fact that she was getting quite
passé.

She found Gerald Kingsley alone in
a retired corner of the conservatory.
Outside the music was surging, within
were sweet flowers and dreamy splash
of a perfumed fountain in a marble
basin.

Their eyes met across the wealth and
glow of color.

"Gerald!" cried Violet, wildly, "for-
give me and come back to me, will you
not? Oh, my darling, try as I may, I
cannot forget you or give you up!"

His face had grown very white.

"Violet," he said gently, "I regret
to give you pain, but what you ask can
never be! Your own conduct, your own
hardness, your own rash words
five years ago, destroyed the illusion
of love, and I ceased to love you then
and there!"

"But," she panted, "it will come
back again! Try me, Gerald; see how
tender and loving and gentle I will be,
and then your heart will return to me."

But he shook his head gravely.

"It can never be!" he repeated
slowly; "dead love never comes back
to life, Violet. Besides I have loved
Leonie for years, and she leaves the
stage forever to become my wife!"

He dealt the blow as kindly as pos-
sible,—he would have spared her if he
could,—and then he turned away.

He married Leonie a few days later,
and has never regretted the step.

An Endorsement.

The promptness with which the peo-
ple of Texas have responded to the
Governor's call for force to put down
violence on the part of the strikers or
their sympathizers presents an inter-
esting and significant companion pic-
ture to the vigor with which the strike
has been conducted thus far at
Worth. Two important propositions
are thus demonstrated: First, that
public sentiment favors and will en-
courage the peaceful effort of organized
labor to protect itself as against the
oppression of aggregated capital; and
secondly, that the same public senti-
ment will hasten to denounce a resort
to violence, and furnish the material
for its suppression the moment it tran-
scends the bounds of reason or menaces
the supremacy of law.

This is a definition that the Knights
of Labor should and will welcome.
Their own welfare is involved quite as
implicitly as that of society. They are
engaged in a cause which depends
for its success upon public approval,
and which can only be jeopardized by
the association of violence. General
Master Workman Powderly, who in
clear insight and patriotic purpose can
take rank with the purest statesman in
the land, is on record as condemning
lawlessness. The leading minds of the
Order are in perfect accord as to the
fatal consequences of a loss of popular
sympathy. And now society in Texas
has asserted itself in a manner not to
be mistaken.

Society at the south presents condi-
tions peculiarly favorable to the ex-
periment in which the Knights of La-
bor are now embarked. It is largely,
almost exclusively, devoted to agricul-
ture. There are none of those vast and
densely populated centres like New
York, Chicago or Philadelphia, where
desperate incendiary material abounds
and where it needs but the spark to
produce the conflagration. Pastoral in
habit and temper, proud of their in-
dependence, through their loving con-
fession with nature, and untouched by
the cruel lesson of want, with its hid-
den and evil promptings, the inhabi-
tants of that region are peculiarly a
people to whom their fellow men may
appeal for sympathy when groaning
under oppression. Nowhere on earth
could the Knights of Labor approach
more auspicious circumstances. No-
where could they more confidently rely
upon encouragement and co-operation
within proper limits. And yet nowhere
have they more to fear from enemies in
the guise of allies who would betray
them into excesses or compromise them
by violence.

We predict that the criminal and
bloody outrages of Saturday last will
not be repeated, or that, if their repeti-
tion be attempted, it will be put down
with an iron hand. Let labor be true
to itself and to the majesty and justice
of its cause, and it will win its fight at
the south. But let it beware of the
ruffin, the firebrand and the assassin
of its murderous foe. Those who have
menaced or assaulted the social structure
of the southern people will bear us out
in the assertion that it was the bitterest
venture of their lives.—Argus.

THE NEW CORPORACY.

The Manacles Forged for the American
People.

Awake, O sleeper! thy chains are
forged. Thine arms are bound. Thy
hands are fettered—thy feet are linked
together.

O young Republic! for whom thy
fathers died and thy mothers suffered
pangs unutterable—for whose safety
thy sons offered sacrifice of their all,
and thy daughters were desolate and
afflicted, awake! Free thyself ere they
bind thee with hands to many and
strong for thee to break. Arise, like
Samson of old, and shake thyself for
the Philistines are upon thee!

Men are born and die; their wealth,
in generations, is scattered among
thousands; their power ceases. Cor-
porations live, their power increases
long after those who formed them,
schemed for them, perpetrated all man-
ner of crimes for their success, are for-
gotten dust. American bondsmen! it
is these that have enslaved you. You
think you are the kings of a republic.
You are the slaves of a corporacy.

Corporations rule your rights of way
and public roads; corporations control
the supply and prices of your food and
fuel; corporations have robbed you of
the land that was your birthright; cor-
porations use for their benefit and your
oppression the men whom you send to
Legislatures and to Congress to make
laws for the good of the people; cor-
porations bid the judges whom you elect
to defy justice, and they defy it.

A single fact is sufficient to convince
any one of the vile, conscienceless, hon-
orless character of the large majority
of the men who manage corporations
in our country. The aggregate capi-
talization of the railroads in the United
States is \$7,000,000,000. Of this im-
mense amount of money \$3,700,000,
000, or more than half the total capital,
is fraudulent. This means that the
railroad managers have stolen from
those who have invested in stocks and
bonds more money than all the rail-
roads—land, tracks, depots, docks, ele-
vators, cars and locomotives—have
cost. Would such thieves as these
hesitate to rob a people of their liberties,
or to commit any iniquity, however
base or hideous it might be, if thereby
they could add to their stolen wealth?
They would not.

The Standard Oil Company is an apt
illustration of the power of the rail-
roads, and of the results of the corrupt
and dishonest use of that power. Started
in Cleveland, Ohio, with a capi-
tal of \$300,000, it has absorbed many
of the refineries, destroyed others, and
forced their owners into bankruptcy.
It has erected a giant monopoly upon
the ruins of an independent competi-
tive business, and swelled its assets, in
fifteen years, from \$300,000 to over
\$100,000,000.

The New York Central, the Erie and
the Pennsylvania railroads nourished
the monster in its infancy by carrying
its oil, according to distance of haul,
from 40 cents to \$3.07 less a barrel
than they charged the independent re-
fineries. When the monopoly grew
powerful enough to show its gratitude
it did so by demanding that the Pen-
sylvania Railroad should stop carrying
oil for the Potts combination, an East-
ern association of refiners, second in
power only to the Standard. The
Pennsylvania Railroad refused to be
dictated to; but the Standard, aided
by the New York Central and Erie rail-
roads—between which and it there ap-
peared to be very close relations—and
the capitalists connected with these
monopolies, conquered; the Pennsylv-
ania Railroad succumbed, and the
Potts combination became a part of
the Standard. It was not long before
the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad en-
tered the combination. Then the Stan-
dard demanded 10 cents a barrel on all
oil carried by the railroads, whether
the oil belonged to the Standard or to
independent refiners.

The beggar had become the master,
and the railroads paid the tribute. Mr.
A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Rail-
road testified that in eighteen months
the railroads had paid the Standard
ten millions of dollars. Plainly, the
railroads had brought into existence a
monster that was too strong for them.

It is not known by what means the
Standard Oil Company secured the fa-
vor and help of the railroads in its
vile conspiracy to wreck a flourishing in-
dustry, the ruins of which stretch
miles along the banks of the Allegheny
River near Pittsburgh. They can fairly
be inferred from some of its acts which
are known. A branch of the Standard,
the Vacuum Oil Company, of Roches-
ter, enticed away the manager of the
Buffalo Lubricating Oil Company by
threats and bribery, secured the de-
livery to the company of adulterated
oil, and brought vexatious suits against
it. Testimony was offered that the
agents who enticed away the manager
had tried to get him to leave the works
in such a condition that they might be
blown up and destroyed. In an action
brought by the Buffalo company
against the Standard for conspiracy, a
verdict was rendered for the Buffalo

company of \$20,000. In another case,
recently exposed in Cleveland, an offi-
cer of the Standard tried to bribe the
bookkeeper of an independent concern
to betray the particulars of its business
and the names of its customers.

As far away as Columbus, Mississippi,
the grocers claimed the right to
sell free oil that had reached them by
the river route, the Standard started a
store and sold groceries below cost to
drive the merchants into submission.
A coal dealer in Ohio bought an invoice
of lubricating oil from an independent
refinery. The Standard, when it learned
the fact, purchased coal, and ordered
the dealer to sell it at less than cost,
which they did, until the dealer gave
up. In every city in which the retail
petroleum dealers have dared to handle
free oil, the monopoly has put tank
wagons in operation, which traverse
the streets, and sell petroleum at retail
to consumers. These are but a few
among thousands of instances of the
tyranny, rapacity, and utter dishonesty
of the workings of the Standard Oil
Company.

A very fearless, impartial, and deeply
interesting work, just from the press of
Harper & Brothers—"Railways and
the Republic"—by James F. Hudson,
from which the facts of this article are
taken, thus sums up its arraignment of
this corrupt and corrupting monopoly:

"Gloss over the methods used by
whatever specious arguments the rail-
way advocates please, they built up a
great monopoly and crushed out an
independent trade. They were con-
ceived in favoritism and dishonesty,
brought forth with the aid of corrup-
tion and conspiracy, and in full growth
are a curse to the independence and
integrity of the nation. . . . The
wealth of the Standard represents the
reward which can be obtained by se-
curing the favor of the railways to
crush out open competition; by bribing
legislators to prevent equitable legisla-
tion, and by employing all the powers
of corruption and intimidation which
immense hoards of money possess, to
maintain arbitrary power and illegal
monopoly. . . . When gigantic
dishonesty meets with gigantic success
what wonder is it that more ordinary
forms of the same evil prevail? In all
its direct and indirect results, as the
wrecker and destroyer of legitimately
earned prosperity, as a monopoly of
essential industry, and as a corrupter
of public and business morals, the
Standard Oil Company is an unmiti-
gated evil and a public curse."

The Standard has the reputation of
owning one State Legislature, two
United States Senators, and a Cabinet
officer at Washington. How long will
it take an unscrupulous monopoly,
that can make over \$100,000,000 an
investment of \$300,000 in fifteen years,
to own half the Legislatures of the
country, a majority in both Houses of
Congress, with, perhaps, a President
of the United States!

The railroads which nurtured and
gave the strength to this octopus—this
devil fish—to stretch forth its arms,
grasp an industry, crush it and swallow
it, have a like history, of fraud and
robbery. The New York Central and
Hudson River Railroad and the Erie
Railroad issue more than \$300,000,000
of securities, of which not less than
\$116,000,000 represent no property
whatever. Of the \$175,000,000 capital
stock of the two companies, over
\$110,000,000 is fictitious.

Nearly twenty years ago, the treas-
urer of the New York Central testified
that the expenses pertaining to the
Legislature for one session were
\$60,000, and that, during two or three
years preceding that period it had been
\$205,000. To what amount it has
swelled by this time can be imagined.
Jay Gould, who has recently been
smitten with a desire to be the guar-
dian of public interests, admitted that
the funds of the Erie road, while he
and other honest men had charge of
them, were used to elect members of
the Legislature who would support
their schemes.

Note the full significance of this
fact. A great railway manager publicly
admits that the funds of others, trust-
ed to him, were used by him to corruptly
elect men to the Legislature whom he
new would be guilty of perjury the
moment they had taken their oath of
office. Could the vilest tramp, or the
lowest thief, be guilty of anything
more shameless than this? God help
us, if men of this character are to rule
us through bribery! And yet, about
one-fourth of the members of the
United States Senate belong to the
railroads. Enough of these sickening,
gloating facts could be told to fill
thousands of pages. The railroads in
the United States, West and East,
South and North, whose histories are
not made of just such robbery, fraud,
tyranny, bribery, perjury, defiance of
law and public opinion, could be
counted upon the fingers of one hand,
and leave a finger or two to spare.

And the other corporations—land, fi-
nancial, commercial, manufacturing—are
like unto the railroads. With a
few exceptions, the press and pulpit are
dumb—they mention not these iniqui-
ties. Their interests and their fears
keep them silent. The destruction of

morality, honesty, justice, liberty, goes
on, and the press and the pulpit are
dumb. They give no warning.

Men! corporations are sapping the
foundations of commercial integrity,
destroying respect for honesty and
purity, levying tribute upon the food
you eat—and often, very often, adulter-
ating it—the clothes you wear, the
furniture you use, the apartments you
occupy, the fuel you burn. With re-
gard to the fuel, a month has not
passed since a combination was formed
by which all the coal of Pennsylvania
is held, and the price of coal has al-
ready been advanced. Not because it
costs any more to mine it or carry
it, but because the members of the
syndicate want to add to their wealth
by robbing you, whom, in this respect
at least, they have fully enslaved. It
is not the amount they thus filch from
you, so much as the fact that you can
not help yourself; you are forced to
pay it to them. Are you free? Answer
the question yourself.

The barons of the middle ages levied
tribute at the point of the sword, and
risked their lives for their booty. The
sneak thieves of the nineteenth century
are wiser in their generation, and do
not even risk their respectability or
their church membership to obtain
their tribute.

If ever destructive social revolution
fall upon this country—which God for-
bid—it will not be the working masses
upon whom the responsibility will rest,
but upon those who by oppression, in-
justice and theft have driven the de-
spairing to revolt.

Let every one who wishes clearly to
understand the dangers that threaten
our country through the encroach-
ments of corporations upon the public
liberties read the book here referred to,
just published by Harper & Brothers,
and especially the chapter entitled
"Corporations in Politics."

If vigilance to preserve the liberties
of a country was ever needed it is
needed now. Let us not despair, but
act. There are yet such things as
votes and ballot boxes in this country.

"Through all the long, long night of
years
The people's cry ascended;
The earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek suffering endeth.
The few shall not forever sway,
The many will in sorrow
The powers of Hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow."
THOS. J. HYATT.

Air is not wealth; water is not wealth;
fire is not wealth; earth is not wealth.
What is wealth? Wealth is that which
labor—intellectual and physical—creates
out of the elements of nature, as things
of beauty, utility and art.—R. F. Tre-
vettick

Unprincipled speculators, already
having in their possession more of this
world's goods than they can possibly
use, and yet, filled with the demon of
greed, are employing sharp and shrewd
unprincipled lawyers to act as
agents to go into a State, select loca-
tions where the farms are held by men
of small means, then quietly purchase
from each farmer his farm, so fixing up
the contract that the sale is to be kept
from his neighbors for a certain number
of days, giving the agent ample time
in which to secure all he wishes. Then
it is learned that some money-bags
have become the owner of a large number
of farms, which will go to swell the
number of tenant farmers. Limit the
number of acres which one man can
hold.—National View.

Mr. Frederick Turner, the General
Secretary-Treasurer of the Knights of
Labor, lately said: "Capitalists are be-
ginning to understand the principles
of our organization, and are ready to
consult and treat with us." "The em-
ployer," said Mr. John Foley, Master
Workman of the Chicago district of the
Order, "is gradually being brought
down from the high horse he has ridden
so long to the workingman's disadvan-
tage, and is evincing a disposition to
arbitrate with the union's representa-
tive; both sides were apt to take hasty
and unduly steps, but the tendency
is strongly toward peaceful de-
liberation." "There seems to be a dis-
position to arbitrate all labor difficul-
ties," said Mr. Thomas A. Armstrong,
the editor of the *Labor Tribune*, of
Pittsburg. "Co-operation on a rather
broad scale is now under consideration
by a number of worthy capitalists,
which, I think," said Mr. William Mar-
tin, the Secretary of the Amalgamated
Iron and Steel Workers, "will be
adopted and applied as the key that
will ultimately aid in solving the labor
problem." Finally, we have from Mr.
John Delaney, of the New Orleans
Knights of Labor, the true remark
that "we have come to know each
other better, and have more respect
for the other than in the past"—
meaning, of course the employer and
the employed. These expressions from
prominent members of the labor asso-
ciations, it will be seen, are all in the
best spirit, and without a trace of the
maligancy and vindictiveness displayed
by radical Socialists from Europe, like
Most and Schwab.—Free Press.

POWDERLY SUSTAINS THE KNIGHTS.

He Thinks, Under the Circumstances,
the Strike Had to Go On.

General Master Workman Powderly
was in his office to-day for the first
time since he came home sick. As the
room in which he does all his work is
in his house, he was not obliged to
come out of doors. His throat was
still very sore and the injury to his
left side still troubled him, but during
the half hour that the correspondent was
with him he talked as readily and en-
tertainingly as he always does, but in
a low tone.

"I presume you are familiar with
the condition of affairs in the South-
west?" said the correspondent.

"Not thoroughly. I have got more
information I could this morning from
the newspapers and from a number of
letters, and I have just telegraphed to
Mr. Turner for more facts."

"Do you regard the Executive
Board's order for the strike to go on
as a judicious and wise one?"

"The Executive Committee could
not very well have done otherwise than
they did. They have endeavored to
meet Mr. Hoxie, and have tried to get
a chance to arbitrate the difficulties,
and when the officials refused to recog-
nize them and to talk with them, of
course they were obliged to let the
strike go on. The strike is virtually in
the hands of District Assemblies 101,
93, and 17."

"Had these assemblies the right to
order the strike in the first place?"

"There was no law in the order pre-
venting them from doing it without
first consulting the General Executive
Committee, but at the next General
Assembly I shall be in favor of making
a law taking the power of ordering a
strike from the local assemblies and
placing it entirely in the hands of the
General Executive Board. Such mat-
ters properly belong to the superior
authority, before which all the facts of
disagreements between employers and
employees should be laid before a strike
is ordered."

"Does the public fully understand
the real cause of the Southwestern
troubles?"

"No; neither do I know the bottom
facts. Whoever makes the strike ter-
minate shall be in favor of having a
committee of good men go over the en-
tire system and find out the real cause
of difficulty. Then if the committee
decides that the corporations are to
blame, let the blame rest on them. If,
on the other hand, it is decided that
the Knights of Labor are at fault,
we will take the blame like men. I
want it to rest where it belongs."

"Do you think the Knights will be
successful in this strike?"

"I cannot tell from what I know of
the situation. It is very difficult to
say. I am confident, however, that
this will be the last great railroad
strike in this country. It will result
in a vast amount of good at any rate.
Thousands of people will have to suffer
more or less while the strike is in
progress, and that is that a strike is the
last thing that they ought to have."

"Will it be the means of breaking
up the order all over the country?"

"Not in the least. The order is in
splendid condition everywhere. Scores
of difficulties have been settled by ar-
bitration since the first of the year, and
in only one place besides the South-
west are there any differences. That
place is one of the Western States,
where an employer, who had received
a threatening anonymous letter, dis-
charged a number of Knights of Labor
because he thought one had written
the letter. When he learned later that
a former bookkeeper wrote the letter, he
wasn't man enough to acknowledge his
mistake and take the men back, and
we have got to look after that affair."—Ez.

They Did Right.

There is a great deal of comment on
the fact that the strikers when ordered
to return to work by Mr. Powderly did
not