THE LABOR HERALD.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLIES 84 AND 92, KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

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

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BROTHER EYER.

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophratus Brown,
And its organ was the biggest and the finest in the town,
And the chorus—all the papers favorably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath day in singing with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking and his heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old, and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward, always left him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue an hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud bursted, and the church was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign!

Then the pastor called together in the vestry room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who that winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbing of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style;
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
For to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

And so the motion carried, and one day a coach and four
With the latest style of driver rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a creaked voice and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation;"
"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus,
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't wan't any singing except that what we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided—are you listening Brother Eyer?
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurrytotes the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, as sige that he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the Psalms of David nearly eighty years," said he;
"They've been my staff and comfort all along life's dreary way;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet—
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up high'r,
If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,
And the Master, dear, had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon forgot,
A few church-goers watched the door; the old man entered not;
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sang his heart's desires,
Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs!

Baltimore Free Press.

GODFREY BELTON'S FORTUNE

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"You will go with us to the fair, Godfrey?"

"Fairs are a dreadful bore!" said that gentleman, lazily stretching his six feet of manhood, comfortably seated in an arm-chair.

Miss Melvina Belton, called in the bosom of her family Vina, looked sternly at her cousin.

"Do you know, Godfrey," she said, "that you have altered greatly in the last five years, and for the worse?"

"Now, Vina, don't scold."

"You went away a frank, pleasant fellow, always ready for any pleasure that offorded, my best escort wherever I might be going. You have come home a perfect misanthrope."

"Because I say fairs are a bore?"

"No, because you dawdle through life, as though existence was a burden. You, young, rich, well born, well educated, traveled, and not bad-looking."

"What a falling off! Why couldn't you cap the climax with handsome, Vina?"

"Because nobody looks handsome with an expression of having been fed upon sour apples and persimmons!"

"Oh, come, Vina! I'll go to the fair with you, if you will spare me the rest of it. What is the money for?"

"Church debt. I will be ready at seven."

"All right."

Having gained her point, Vina was content to leave her cousin in peace, while she went to prepare a dress; to storm the hearts of the Summerville beaux.

"I wonder what does ail Godfrey?" she said to Bessie, her sister, as the two stitched bows upon a new dress, "he does not talk much about his mother, and it is nearly two years since she died, but he seems nearly heart-broken."

"In love, perhaps," said Bessie, who read poetry and novels, and was inclined to take a romantic view of life.

"Perhaps! I wonder if Miss Gilroy will be at the fair?"

"I don't know. I heard Mr. Jones say her house would be ready for her to-morrow. I wonder if she will give a party?"

"Oh, wouldn't that be splendid! Did you tell Godfrey about her?"

"Yes. He asked me if she was about eighty, and a great invalid, and said that described the only Miss Gilroy he ever knew."

"Did you tell him?"

"Only that she was young and very handsome. He did not seem interested in the subject."

"Nor in any other. I never saw a man so changed. And he is only twenty-seven!"

The only hall in Somerville was well filled with patrons for the pretty tables when the Belton party arrived. Vina's description of her cousin, with the additional information that he had just returned from a five years' residence in Europe, must account for the fact that he was decidedly the lion of the little village for the time. Many a girlish heart fluttered as his tall figure, faultlessly attired, passed up and down the hall with one cousin or the other upon his arm.

"We must have our fortunes told," Bessie said, halting before the pretty tent, with the words, "Fortune Teller" over the entrance.

"Only one at the time," the young lady at the entrance said, and with a smile Godfrey paid for his ticket and passed in.

The light was dim, and he saw an old woman in a quaint Gipsy dress, seated upon a platform. She trembled, but whether with age or cold he could not determine. In a cracked voice she asked:

"Would you know the future or the past?"

"Suppose you tell me something of the past," he said, carelessly, "and then I can determine your power to read the future."

"The past! Shall I tell you of three years ago, when you were in Paris?"

The young man started and looked keenly at the wrinkled, spectacled face, half hidden in a crimson hood.

"You were in Paris," said the cracked voice, "and someone else was there. Fortune tellers always tell of love. You loved then!"

The keen, attentive gaze did not waver, as Godfrey said, in a low tone:

"What can you tell me of that time?"

"I can tell you what broke your love-dream! I can tell you why Ethel Blake left Paris!"

"Tell me!" he cried, in an eager tone.

"You had told her you loved her, and she believed you. She was very happy believing that. She was very poor—companion to a fretful, aged invalid—and her life had little sunshine until you came to brighten it. But you said you loved her."

"Ah, how deeply!" he sighed, scarcely above a whisper.

"She loved you. But only one day later your mother went to her, and told her——"

"What?"

"That you were betrothed to your cousin, and that you would be a beggar if you offended your only living parent. She threatened to leave you penniless, and told Ethel Blake you were but trifling."

"Oh, mother!" whispered Godfrey, "could you do me such wrong?"

"So the next day Ethel persuaded her mistress to leave Paris. They left no trace, for the old lady made few friends. And Mrs. Belton never received the note left for her. It was destroyed."

"And then? Where did they go then?"

"To Italy. They lived in Florence in quiet seclusion till the old lady died, six months ago. Ethel came home then."

"Home?"

"To this country. She stands alone, as she may have told you, orphaned years ago. Her employer was her second cousin, and nearest relative."

"In this country. Where can I see her?"

"Not so fast! I have not said you could see her. Where is your cousin?"

"Will you carry a message for me?"

"I will."

"Tell her, for we will not speak harshly of the dead, that my mother was mistaken about my betrothal to anyone. Tell her my mother is dead."

"Dead! I did not know that."

"And I have wealth. It is a burden to me, but if she will share it, I will make our home a Paradise for her."

"You love her still?"

"I have never ceased to love her for one moment. I have sought her since we parted, a heart-broken man, wearying for the sight of her face, the sound of her voice. And now that I have found her, I will never let her go again."

And Godfrey lifted the old fortune-teller to his arms, pushing back the crimson hood, and stooping to press his lips upon the wrinkled face.

She suffered his caresses for a moment, then said:

"You know me too soon! But you do love me, Godfrey?"

"You are my only love, Ethel. But how came you here?"

"Let me sit down again and pull up my hood. Now," as she again ajusted her disguise, "if anyone comes in, I am only telling your fortune."

"Tell me of yourself. Tell me how you have fared since we parted. Tell me you will be my wife to-morrow, and know loneliness no more."

"Tell you of myself? Listen, then. When my employer died, I came to New York, and staid with an old friend till June. Then there came a craving upon me to see the home where you had lived, the cousin to whom I had heard you were betrothed, and I came to Summerville. I have been playing the organ in the church this summer, and when the fair was proposed, I said I would give what aid I could. So I am here."

"But I have been at home a week, and I have not seen you nor heard of you."

"You have not seen me, but you may have heard of a lady who has purchased a house not very far from your aunt's, and sent the furniture from New York. A lady, who has a hundred thousand dollars of her own, and is something of a heroins in Summerville, in consequence."

"Miss Gilroy!"

"Miss Gilroy. When my cousin, whom you must remember well, died, she left me her fortune, begging I would take her name. So though you parted in Paris from Ethel Blake, it is Ethel Blake Gilroy you meet in Summerville."

"Come, Godfrey," said Bessie, coming into the tent, "surely you must have heard your fortune by this time."

"I have," was the emphatic reply. "I have heard the best of fortunes, Bessie. Have you come to hear yours?"

"No; I have been here once this evening. It is getting late, and Vina is looking for you."

"Say good night!" said the fortune-teller. "To-morrow, Mr. Belton, try the charm I have given you, and seek the lady you love!"

And Godfrey Belton promised obedience, and escorted his cousin home, returning hurriedly, only to find the hall closed for the night.

But he had found his fortune, and he lost it no more. There was a quiet wedding a few days later, and when Miss Gilroy took possession of her new home she was Miss Gilroy no longer, but had solemnly promised for her whole life to share Godfrey Belton's name and fortune.

Jay Gould, with the aid of the Associated Press and his Western Union telegraph, is manufacturing public opinion, so he thinks, in regard to the strikes in the Southwest. The Associated Press, under the manipulation of Jay Gould, has become such a confirmed liar in regard to labor matters that nobody will believe it in regard to the same, even though it should happen to tell the truth.—*Ex.*

ENFORCE THE THURMAN ACT,

SEND GOULD TO THE PENITENTIARY AND RECLAIM HIS STOLEN MILLIONS.

The People Have the Law and the Right and Let Them be Enforced.

The iron is hot and now is the time to strike.

Jay Gould and his corporate confederates are guilty of crimes and violations of law which, if enforced, may land them behind iron bars, and take from them the millions they have stolen from the government and the people.

The Pacific system constitutes the backbone of our dangerous railroad monopoly.

It is the keystone to the great arch of the confederated corporations which control the national and state governments, and if it can be broken down the balance will be but rubbish which can be washed away by the swift current of public opinion and popular indignation.

As but comparatively few persons are conversant with the law which has for several years existed, but which has never been enforced, in regard to the obligations of the Pacific management, and its gross and repeated violations by Jay Gould and his management, it may be well at this crisis to turn on the light.

On the 7th day of May, 1868, Congress passed an act entitled "An act to alter and amend the act entitled 'An act to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean, and to secure to the government the use of the same for postal and military purpuposes,' approved July 1, 1862."

This act, among other things, applied to the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, including the Southern Pacific, besides divers other Pacifics and other railroad corporations consolidated with the Central and Union.

To these companies was granted a vast area of the public domain, besides, by way of a loan, over $64,000,000 of United States bonds, the companies guaranteeing to pay the interest when due.

These companies have also issued and disposed of an amount of its own bonds equal to the amount loaned to them by the government, which are paramount to the lien of the government, on its second mortgage.

So far the companies have paid no interest, the same having been paid by the government out of the public funds, and at this writing their liabilities to the government exceed $105,000,000.

To secure the United States its great indebtedness, which could not be provided for without further legislation, the act above cited passed.

It provided:

1. That the net earnings of these roads should be ascertained by deducting the expenses actually paid from the gross earnings, respectively for operating and repairs within the year.

2. That of the net earnings not less than twenty-five per cent., including compensation for postal and military service rendered for the government, should be applied, one half to the payment of interest heretofore paid and to be paid by the United States, and the other half turned into the United States treasury as a sinking fund toward the liquidation of the principal.

These obligations on the part of the corporations have never been complied with.

No part of the net earnings has been paid over to the government, and no sinking fund has been deposited. But this is not all.

To evade the law, by making the net earnings as small as possible, these corporations, owning and operating connecting railroads and Pacific steam ship lines, have given to these connecting lines the bulk of the charges, notwithstanding the trunk lines have made respectable semi-annual dividends to stockholders.

Section six provides that no dividend shall be voted, made or paid for or to any stockholder or stockholders in either of the said companies at any time when said companies shall be in default in respect to payment of either of the sums required as aforesaid to be paid into said sinking fund, or in respect of the payment of the said per centum of the net earnings, or in respect of interest upon any debt, the lien of which, or of the debts on which it may accrue, is paramount to that of the United States.

And any officer or person who shall vote, declare, make or pay, and any stockholder of any of said corporations who shall receive, any such dividends, contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be liable to the United States for the amount thereof, which, when received, shall be paid into said sinking fund.

And every such officer, person or stockholder who shall knowingly vote, declare, make or pay such dividends, contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof *shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and by imprisonment not exceeding one year.*

SEC. 11. That if either of said railroad companies shall fail to perform, all and singular, the requirements of this act, and of the acts hereinbefore mentioned, and of any other act relating to said companies to be by it performed for the period of six months after such performance may be due, such failure shall operate as a forfeiture of all the rights, privileges, grants and franchises derived or obtained by or from the United States.

"And it shall be the duty of the Attorney General to cause said forfeitures to be practically enforced."

This is what is known as the Thurman Act, and for the part which Senator Thurman took in its passage the honest old Roman of the Democratic party was forced into political exile, where he has ever since remained, and will remain until liberated through the enforcement of this act by the people.

It is now eight years since this law was enacted, and although it has been openly violated sixteen times it has remained a dead letter ever since its passage.

Sixteen times can they be convicted of misdemeanor and imprisoned one year on each conviction.

On either of sixteen convictions can their corporations be annulled, and all their chartered rights, grants and privileges be forfeited.

And sixteen semi-annual dividends they can be made to yield up and turn over to the government.

This will break the backbone of the railroad monopoly, and demoralize its power and influence in Congress and State legislatures.

It will be a death blow to monopoly generally, and inspire the people with hope and confidence in final emancipation from corporate despotism. But to accomplish this, the people must put their shoulders to the wheel.

Let Liberty leagues be formed in every school district in the nation, and let each member contribute a small sum to a fund for the employment of Gen. B. F. Butler, and Hon. A. G. Thurman to prosecute this hydra headed tyrant. A central organization should be formed in Chicago, with which, all local organizations should attach themselves for close consultation and united action.

Gould has thrown down the iron gauntlet, and dared the people to pick it up.

The Knights of Labor, 500,000 strong should co-operate with this Liberty league, as it will be a powerful flank movement in the war they are prosecuting against the same common enemy. The iron is hot and now is the time to strike and strike to kill. Let this be the first siege of the war, and when this powerful fortress is battered down, as it surely will be, then go to the polls like free men, elect your candidates and demand from them affirmative legislation in favor of human rights, laid down in the platform of many labor organizations.

Remove from your organizations all the brute force, European ideas against political discussion and action.

The bullet is a despot's ballot, the free citizen's bullet is his ballot. Use it, and our revolution will be bloodless, and the labor population for the first time in the world's history will obtain, not equal, but equitable rights of person and of property, each according to the intellectual and manual service he or she may have contributed to the public good and general welfare.—*Chicago Express.*

Smoke "Labor Herald" Cigars, 5c. Made by Knights of Labor.

Justice.

All persons desiring a nice, clean shave at the hands of skilled artists, should call at the MODEL PALACE of J. Guvernator, No. 10 N. Seventeenth st. Cupping and leeching perfectly done.

Smoke "Mullen's Pets" Cigars, 5c. Made by Knights of Labor.

Rich Judges Who Start With Monopoly.

Judge Galt is apparently anxious to get on the list as a sympathizer with monopoly in the struggle with labor. He delivered an address to the grand jury at the opening of the Criminal Assizes in Toronto touching on the case of the street railroad striker, Matthew Maloney, in which his bias against labor organizations was strongly apparent. He had bitter denunciation for the strikers, but not a word of censure for the heartless and despotic corporation which drove the men into a strike to defend their right. Pampered sycophants like Galt, who draws a salary of $5,000 or about $100 a week, can't put themselves in the position of men who work twelve or thirteen hours daily for less than a tenth part of the sum. And there are some idiots who talk about our poor underpaid judges and want to see their salaries increased. For our part, we should like to see these pompous, inflated humbugs brought down to mechanics' wages for a while, anyhow so that they would know what it was to be poor.—*Ex.*

Vicar-General Conway.

Referring to the report that Archbishop Tascherau, of Montreal, had issued a mandamus forbidding Catholics to become Knights of Labor, as being one of the dangerous societies condemned with Free Masonry, Vicar-General Conway, of Chicago, speaking for Archbishop Feehan, said to-day:

"The Knights of Labor is not one of the societies condemned by the Church. It is not to be placed in the same category with Free Masonry and similar secret societies. There is a wide difference between their purpose, as well as their influence on the religious life of the individual members. The Knights of Labor is composed of laboring men, having no ulterior object other than to receive just compensation for their labor. If there has been bloodshed in any place, accompanying existing strikes, it has rather been caused by starvation wages given by monopolies than by malice or ill-will of workingmen. The Knights of Labor, as a society, I do not believe responsible for this shedding of blood. The workingman has the right to receive just compensation for his labor. The wives and children of employers live sumptuously and dress finely, while the laborer's family barely has the necessary food to keep away actual want. I am perfectly willing to publish my views of this question, so far as they relate to better pay for workingmen. And because the society has but this one object, and does not interfere with the religious belief of its members nor assume the position of religious teaching, the Church has not and does not forbid Catholics from joining it.—*Champion.*

Smoke Sunbeam Cigars.

Our Rights.

With what gusto and relish do those who wish to uphold monopoly in its warfare upon the people argue in favor of "the right of the case." Absolute right is brought down to its finest point when applied to a body of workingmen, but when applied to corporate monopoly it is as elastic as rubber. The workingmen have no right to organize, to strike, to boycott, to hinder others from taking their places, to protect their families from wrong. In the name of God what rights has the workingman got? Only the right to work or starve, for it is so nominated in the bond. Perhaps, if we look a little closer into this question, we may discover a few rights which even the common people have. In the first place, from whence do rights emanate? Primarily, in Christian countries, the decalogue is a bill of rights.

Behind each edict which thundered from Sinai commencing with "Thou shalt not," there was an understood "Thou shalt." When "Thou shalt not steal" was adopted there was an implied command to prevent others from stealing. When "Thou shalt not kill" was given to the people there was a duty imposed upon mankind to prevent the taking of human life. How has monopoly observed these commands? Is not this giant robbing and stealing and killing day by day, and no word is raised against these unholy acts except when raised by the poor victims of organized greed and corporate selfishness?

Later on in secular history we find society organized for mutual protection. When this protection is denied the rights revert to the people individually to protect themselves and those near to them. Individual rights are surrendered to society for general good, but when society delegates these rights to monopolies, which use them to oppress the people, the people individually should resume them for their own protection. A right presumes also a duty. Capital has rights; it also has duties. Let it perform the latter if it would be protected in the former. What duty does a starving man owe to society, which has deprived him of all his rights? None whatever. He is a law unto himself.

Have workingmen a right to organize into unions? Some years ago this was answered in the negative, for unions were in the minority. Now the consession is made that men have such rights. Yet truth is eternal, and does not change. Their rights are now recognized because organized labor is in the majority, and the majority rules. Yet this does not alter a question of abstract right.

We hear it thundered forth from the platform and the pulpit that labor has no right to do this or that. It should suffer long and be kind, like charity, and not attempt to protect itself from absolute wrong for fear its methods are not right in the abstract according to the standards set up by bigots.

We believe that organized labor should do nothing but what is right; but we do not propose to accept the standard set up for us by those who are interested in our enslavement.

If organization of labor is right in the abstract it is wrong to oppose it; if wrong, then what hypocrites are those who are flocking under our banners and breaking their necks to be first at the feast!—*Workman.*

Ten Commandments Laid Down by Monopoly.

The Monopoly opened his mouth and spoke unto Labor these words, saying:

I.—I am thy landlord and thy boss. Thou shalt acknowledge no other master before me. I own the land, the water, the air, the light and the heat. I also own the mines, the railroads, the telegraph lines, the telephones, and all labor-saving machinery which I have secured from thy labor and skill, so that I might be enabled to give thee employment and keep the from starving.

Thou shalt not make or purchase any image or likeness of any labor agitator [illegible] crank to have in preference to mine, for I am a fierce and jealous master, visiting the sins of parents upon their children, unto the thirteenth and fourteenth generations of those that oppress me; but only showing my contempt for those that fear me and keep my commandments.

II.—Thou shalt not take the name of Monopolist, thy master, in vain, nor speak derogatory of him or of any of his fawning parasites who do his bidding; for he will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

III.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and not read labor books or papers; nor attend any meetings held by labor agitators to talk about raising wages and cause thee to doubt thy master's justice and generosity. Six days thou shalt labor and have a slight interest in the product of thy toil, but on the seventh day thou shalt sing my praise, read my commandments, and woe be unto him who dares to raise his voice against me on that day.

IV.—Honor thy father and mother if they join no labor union and teach thee to do likewise, that thou mayest be acceptable to thy master as a servant.

V.—Thou shalt not kill any of my swine or cattle, or anything that is mine; neither shalt thou hunt game in my forests, nor fish in my lakes and rivers without my permission and paying me therefor.

VI.—Thou shalt not associate or mingle with Knights of Labor or other herities who dispute my authority, resist my power, and seek to corrupt thee and win thy allegiance from me.

VII.—Thou shalt not steal any of my property, nor take part in strikes, cooperating or boycotting; neither shalt thou vote for any candidate or measures that are opposed to my interests, for all these things are an abomination in my sight and I will not hold him guiltless that engages in them.

VIII.—Thou shalt not be a witness against me in any court, and if thou art called to testify in any case in which I am interested thou shalt, if necessary, swear falsely for my sake, and let "the public be damned," and great shall be thy reward.

IX.—Thou shalt not covet thy master's horses, carriages, furniture or luxuries or comforts of any kind, for thou wert born inferior to him and hast no right to any of these things.

X.—Thou shalt not covet any of his profits by trying to raise wages; or try to better thy condition by joining a labor organization, but thou shalt take whatsoever wages he chooseth to give thee, and any refractory movements on thy part will meet with a jog from the spurs that fortune has put upon his heels.

He is the principality and the power. He bribeth the judges, controlleth the courts, and the decisions of the highest tribunals are the works of his hands. Thou shalt bow down before him and worship him for if thou dost not he will discharge thee from his service, black list thee and starve thee and thy family to death.—*Ex.*

Smoke "Labor Herald" Cigars, 5c. Made by Knights of Labor.

Fraternity, Not Antagonism.

The various organizations—Unions and Assemblies—in the labor movement are similar to so many battalions in a great army—each having its *esprit du corps* and all moving together the more harmoniously, just in proportion as that *esprit du corps* is developed.

Trades Unions are a large wing of the Labor Army. They are organized on the automatic basis of trades lines, for trade objects; they have a historic basis that insures their permanency. By no means are they ephemeral. As in the past in their embryo they advanced in industry, and protected commerce through the Guilds, so in the future they will become the corner-stone of a Co-operative Commonwealth.

It is a mistaken notion to imagine that "Trades Unions have failed" in America. In fact it is only within the past decade that they have ever had a fair trial. The old time organizations of 15 to 20 years ago, started simply in the flush of good times to get a raise of wages, or in bad times to resist a reduction—have "failed" and are passing away. Trades Unions are now being organized as they should be—on a permanent basis—as social institutions, with high dues, trade benefits and insurance features.

Of necessity as in all other business bodies, the deliberations of Trades Unions are private, and they "mind their own business" fully as well as if they were secret organizations. They have accomplished a world of good by their efforts, and there is no reason why they should be destroyed, nor can we see any signs of their "disintegration," as some are wont to think. In America they have been the Pioneers of the labor movement; out of them have sprung all other industrial movements of wage workers in America.

A Trades Union is distinctively an organization of wage workers—it eschews politics until such time as the workers, through association and acquaintance with one another have [illegible] ence in concert politically. Being organized on special trades lines, they can act on trade matters all the more intelligently and practically—as well as speedily than if in a mixed body. This is demonstrated again and again by the Locomotive Engineers, Cigarmakers, Printers and several other leading National Trades Unions.—*Carpenter.*

A Senator's Enlightened Views.

Among the speakers at the great labor demonstration held in Washington on the 14th inst, was Senator Eustis, of Louisiana. That he is in hearty sympathy with the aspiration of organized labor will be seen by the following synopsis of his speech as given by the *Craftsman* in its last issue:

"The Senator began by stating that we could not truthfully deny that all present rights, rights which nations had struggled, fought and died to achieve, had been secured to the people of this Republic. In that sense this was now the land of the free, the home of only sovereign citizens. Yet co-existing with this state of perfect personal independence there has come about a system of political economy which pushes to the verge of despair millions of men who from every consideration of Right and Equity should largely enjoy the extraordinary natural advantages with which our country is favored. The few have become richer than Croesus, more powerful than Napoleon, more despotic than Eastern potentate, while a large portion of the American people are discontented, even to the point of desperation.

"And that this discontent was warranted the Senator concedes by the admission that were it not for the organized resistance offered by labor to the over-crowding encroachments of the giant corporations of the nineteenth century, we would now be but degraded white slaves, bound hand and foot to the Juggernaut of Capital. There must be found a remedy. The problem must be solved, if it should take the entire power and all the resources of the Government of which the American workingman is the corner stone. And in the settlement, says the broad-minded Senator from Louisiana, the monopolies and corporations must be placed subordinate to the welfare of the people at large. This stand, it will be remembered, is precisely the position taken twenty-five long years ago, by Abraham Lincoln. He foresaw the insatiable greed, the never ceasing demands of capital, and he gave solemn warning that in the best interests of the nation the fact must be borne in mind that of the two, labor must be the first considered; that capital, the creature, must be subordinate to its creator, labor. How completely has this injunction been disregarded."

Smoke "Mullen's Pets" Cigars, 5c. Made by Knights of Labor.

The Stetson Boycott.

When the Stetson Company secured the contract for supplying helmets to the police force it was through misrepresenting facts to the Mayor and his officials. The son-in-law of Mr. Stetson, who conducted the arrangements with the police department, told a deliberate lie to the mayor, in the presence of Chief of Police Stewart and John Shedden, when he said that no trouble existed between Mr. Stetson and the Knights of Labor, as the following announcement, taken from the *Journal of United Labor*, which is the *only* official organ of the Order published, will show:

The boycott on John B. Stetson & Co., hat manufacturers, of Philadelphia, Pa., was issued by Local Assemblies 3535 and 3560, with the approval of D. A. 1, and is genuine, although not formally endorsed by the General Executive Board, inasmuch as it was issued prior to the change in the laws which became operative on January 1, 1886. Previous to that date any District Assembly could issue a general boycott but since that date all boycotts outside of the jurisdiction of a District or Local Assembly must be approved by the General Executive Board before they can be issued.

His Honor can now see how the agent of John B. Stetson falsified, in order to obtain the contract. We hope soon to see an ordinance passed by Councils which will debar any firm or contractor from securing municipal work of any kind unless he employs Union workmen. With such a law, which could be consistently endorsed by every labor organization and by every fair business man, we would soon be free from such men as Stetson and Goodwin.—*Tocsin.*