

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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TWO PICTURES.

LOOK ON THIS ONE.

Around the gay and festive board
With song and laughter loud;
A reckless, free, carousing horde
Of magnates, rich and proud,
Assembled there, in all their might,
From wine and liquor mad.
The cry, "to us the world is bright,"
We care not who is said.

"Fill up and drink! Here's to your health!
No laboring slaves are we,
But masters—strong in power and wealth,
Who laugh at poverty.
Though paupers cry, in deep despair,
We heed not what they say,
Their sufferings bring us no care,
So long as we are gay."

AND ON THIS.

Near a dying child, who's sleeping,
Kneels a mother worn with care;
And her eyes are sore from weeping
And she upward looks in prayer,
Watching, waiting and entreating,
But no friendly help is near
For a heart that's quickly beating
With its anguish and its fear.

Then the noise of great carousing
Breaks upon the sleeper's rest;
And the frightened child, arousing,
Nestles close to mother's breast.
"Oh! I am dying, mother, dying,
Give me just one crust of bread."
Then the mother ceased her crying,
Through the open doorway fled.

Soon we find her standing, sobbing,
There before a lonely home,
And with pain her head is throbbing,
For its last bright hope is gone.
"What care we for want or sorrow?"
This was what she heard them say,
"So let others beg and borrow,
Just so long as we are gay."

Homeward, on her way returning,
With a slow, unsteady tread,
And her cheeks from fever burning,
Burning for the want of bread.
When at last the door she reaches—
Read the balance of our tale,
In a mother's frantic screams,
In a widow's piercing wail.

HER "ROBIN ADAIR."

BY HARRY ROCKWOOD.

"And that is Amy Ross—your Amy
you used to call her last winter. She
is quite different from the ideal I had
formed from your description. Very
pretty and modest, to be sure, but so
artless."

Miss Blanche Chetwynde arched her
pretty brows quite critically, and her
soft tones betrayed just the suspicion
of disapproval. And somehow, Charlie
Hayden could not speak up for Amy
as he would have done if someone else
had spoken those words; indeed Amy
did not look to him to night so beautiful
as he had anticipated. Perhaps it was
because Blanche seemed so regally
lovely and flashed upon him such bewil-
dering smiles.

Yes, Amy Ross was artless, he had
called her so many a time, and had
prized the quality above all others. So
it was not the remark itself that made
him close his lips when he ought to have
uttered words of praise. No, it was
the tone, and the expression, and
because Blanche Chetwynde had said
it.

For Blanche was a belle, and an
heiress, and she had the loveliest face
of any woman in the metropolis, with
eyes that outshined in brilliance the
diamonds flashing upon her bosom.

Amy Ross was a heiress also, and
she was as pretty, in a modest, unpretentious
way.

Charlie Hayden had known and
loved her for a long time, and they
were soon to be married, it was said.

The previous winter had spent in
New York, and through a business ac-
quaintance he had met Miss Chet-
wynde. In the course of the season
they had become exceedingly good
friends, and he had felt highly com-
plimented by the evident preference of so
great a star in the social firmament.

Charlie and his brother dwelt in the
picturesque little town of Argyle, under
the shadow of the Alleghenies.

Of course he invited Miss Chetwynde
to include Argyle among the stopping
places of the next summer's trip; and
so it came about that near the first of
September Blanche Chetwynde became
a guest of the Hayden residence, there
to remain until her friends should come
for her.

Mr. Chetwynde was recalled to the
city by business interests, and could
not return for his daughter for two
weeks. But Argyle was a delightful
place in which to spend the interim.

It was a bright, cool evening, with
fresh mountain breezes, and the air
ringing with the songs of the night-
birds outside. And within all was light
and music and gaiety.

It had been only a croquet party to
begin with, but the air was too chilly
to admit of playing after sunset, and
so the entire party repaired to the
drawing-room.

"You must not infer that I do not
think Miss Ross very charming, for no
doubt she is. She is very unlike you,
however; pardon me—but she seems
to me less brilliant than I should ex-
pect your choice to be."

The young man bit his lip, and did
not reply at once.

"Perhaps not brilliant," he returned
at last. "But she is a true hearted
little woman, and I have known her for
a long time—from childhood in fact.
We were sort of plighted to each other
when we were children, and our en-
gagement came about as a matter of
course. She calls me her Robin Adair;
because she says I have been true to
her so many years. Sometimes a few,
of late, that I am not so true at heart
as I ought to be."

He spoke in a half soliloquizing tone.
Miss Chetwynde placed one white
finger upon his arm, and her words
and glance thrilled him strangely.

"Do you believe, Mr. Hayden, that
we should be bound by duty to anyone
before marriage? I would not marry
one whom I did not love, if we stood
at the altar. Duty makes more un-
happy unions than any other cause, in
my opinion."

"There is much truth in what you
say, Miss Chetwynde. At times I fear
that I have been too hasty. But why
am I saying this to you? It is a trifle
out of place, is it not?"

She smiled in her bright way again,
and returned in her most velvety
tones:

"Perhaps it is out of place. But
you know you told me something
about it when you were in New York.
I think there is no danger of betraying
each other's confidence. But here
comes your Amy again, and we must
not give her grounds for jealousy.
Remember the first waltz is yours!"

She arose and walked away as Amy
came up. Her last words came to the
ears of the latter, and she looked up
into Charlie's face with a slight expres-
sion of surprise.

"I thought you always claimed me
for the first waltz, Charlie," she ex-
claimed.

His face flushed with the first pang
of anger he had ever felt toward her.

"And is it necessary that I should
never deviate from that rule because I
did not before? She is a guest, Amy,
and she requested the favor. I thought
you would not care."

His tone softened toward the last
part of the remark, for he noticed a
sensitive tremor of the pink lips.

"Of course I shall not object. For-
give me for speaking of so little a
thing. But you know I came too late
for the croquet, and I have scarcely
seen you to-day. I'm silly, I suppose,
but I do not quite like Miss Chet-
wynde!"

She spoke hesitatingly, and he gave
a quick glance of surprise.

"Not like Miss Chetwynde, Amy!
And what, pray, can you find in her to
dislike? I find her a very charming
woman indeed."

Amy Ross only turned away her face
to hide the look of disappointment that
flashed across it.

"I received a letter from papa this
morning, and he is to come for me to-
morrow. And it may be a long time
before I see you again."

Blanche Chetwynde's soft tones
sounded very regretful, almost tremu-
lous, and they caused Charlie Hayden
to face her in his impulsive passionate
way.

Happy! Yes, he thought so, too,
in that hour of his blind intoxication.
And they separated with the promise
to meet in New York twenty-four hours
hence.

The next day came, and with it Mr.
Chetwynde. And the twin left for the
great city upon an afternoon train.

Charlie Hayden had hardly seen her
that day, and as for Amy, he had not
the courage to meet her, for he had re-
solved to leave without informing her
of his object. Once in New York he
would write her a letter, telling her all
about it.

Those were his plans; and so, with-
out speaking of his destination to any
one, he packed his valise and went to
the depot.

The train was a little late, and he
had to spend half an hour in the wait-
ing room.

While there he overheard two gentle-
men, evidently residents of New York,
conversing together, and he was sur-
prised to hear them mention the name
of Blanche Chetwynde.

"I wonder what new devilry she
has been getting up in this quarter.
She tries something new in her line
every year. It is not generally known,
even in New York, but she married a
young banker in Detroit two years ago,
and he got a divorce from her lately, I
have heard, but upon what plan I could
not learn. But her father's millions
will cover a multitude of sins."

This and much more came to the
ears of Charlie Hayden as he awaited
the coming of the train. And when it
at last arrived he turned his back upon
it and returned to his house, half wild
with shame and self-reproach.

Now that the glamor cast by her
presence was gone he remembered many
inconsistencies in the behavior of
Blanche Chetwynde during her stay in
Argyle, and he felt devoutly thankful
that he had been warned ere it was too
late.

The next day he went over to see
Amy Ross. She met him with one of
her arch smiles, and upon the instant
he wondered how he could have been
untrue to her even for a moment. That
he loved her now he was certain, far
better than he could ever have loved
Blanche Chetwynde. That other sen-
timent had been but a rash infatuation,
which served to teach him a lesson.

He did not confess all to Amy, for
he dared not then. But he told her a
few things which he and Blanche had
said to each other.

And she forgave them all, and called
him her "Robin Adair" as of old.

Friends of the Workmen.

Another one—the professor from
college. By him no truth is appreci-
ated, except it be loudly and musty
with age, endorsed by the faculty and
written down by a duly trained and
harnessed scholar of books. The present
"discontent and irritation" caused by
"uneducated agitators" among the
lower classes hurts his refined and cul-
tured mind. He approaches the sub-
ject of social economy with the "scien-
tific method" and is bristling with
"hard, stern facts." Human misery he
measures by the metric system and di-
vine truths he weighs in scientific
scales. He is a true believer in the al-
mighty dollar and has unshaken faith
in the immortality of interest. To him
human misery is a disagreeable and in-
convenient fact, to be cured by "Ricci-
ardo's iron law" and—death. Inven-
tions and machinery have made mil-
lions of human beings useless and suf-
fering, and "they ought to organ-
ize" and consider the best way to get
out of the world of trouble and tears.

"These are hard lines." The strong
are fit to survive, and the weak will
have to suffer and die. He is one of
the strong! He disagrees with the
teachings of the carpenter's great son
of Nazareth, as dangerous, sentimental
and socialist, and as opposed to the
teachings of Adam Smith and Ricardo.

He agrees with Robespierre, that we
ought to have a religion. His "re-
ligion of ethics." He, as high priest,
to teach the workmen humility, self-
sacrifice, economy, and to worship with
reverence in the gilt temple of capital,
the stuffed and tinsel idols of mam-
mon. His advice to the laborer: Work,
pay interest, pay rent or—death. And
the laborer! the creator and sustainer
of all social life—just come to con-
sciousness—how much he can learn
from his enemies! For friends he has
none but himself—The People.

The New York World, in a keen and
incisive article upon the Chicago affair,
says: "The Chicago anarchists are not,
as a rule, American citizens, and are
not workmen. They never did a day's
honest labor in their lives and they
have no sympathy with the labor move-
ment of the present time. They do
not want eight hours for a day's work,
nor any work at all except that of riot
and bloodshed. They do not want four
dollars for a day's wages; they prefer
to take their chances of plunder in a
general overthrow of law and in the
horror and confusion of burning cities.
Labor creates; they destroy. Labor
brings life and happiness, while they
spread death and misery in their track.
They hate government, police, law and
property."

MR. POWDERLY VS. WALL ST.

LABOR'S REPRESENTATIVE VIGOROUSLY CRITICISES A BROKER'S CIRCULAR.

THE GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN'S VIEWS ON
MARGINS—HE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY OF
SPECULATION AS AN ANNEK TO "REGULAR
BANKING"—STOCK BOARDS AND THE GRAIN
CROSS—THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR ARE NOT
ANARCHISTS—AN INTERESTING LETTER.

I have before me the "Monthly
Financial Circular of Henry Clews &
Co.," bankers and stock brokers of New
York. Expressing disappointment that
the hopeful tone of the last circular
has not so far been realized," it gives
as one of the reasons "the retention of
agricultural products at the interior
owing to their unprecedentedly low
prices." Men not accustomed to the
manner in which "agricultural prod-
ucts" are brought to market may say
that the agriculturist is responsible for
that, and that he is simply holding
back for a rise in wheat or corn.

The reader has only to turn to the fourth
page of the circular in question and he
will find one of the keys which when
turned in the lock shuts off the supply
of wheat and corn as effectually as
though a blight had fallen on the
crops. That part of the circular says:
"In addition to our regular banking
business we are prepared to execute
orders for investment or on margin in
stocks, bonds, grain, provisions, cotton
and petroleum."

Grain and provisions are counted
among the things to be put up and
kept up until the gamblers in the neces-
saries of life have realized a handsome
sum on the investment secured for
by the firm of Henry Clews & Co.
The workmen of the United States
have not complained of the unprece-
dentedly low prices of agricultural prod-
ucts; they are not to blame for the
retention at the interior of these prod-
ucts. The farmer, whose labor goes
to bring forth the grain, is by the aid
of labor-saving inventions, prepared
and can sell his produce at a profit for
less money than formerly; he may be
willing to sell the grain that is yet to
grow, but that which grew last year is
no longer in his possession. The
granary of the agriculturist is not now
the repository of last year's grain! If
you visit "the interior" you must gain
access to the inside of a grain elevator
if you would find the grain. Before
the agricultural product leaves the "in-
terior" it is bought and sold a half
dozen times. It dances to the tune of
speculation through the hands of a
myriad buyers, each of whom must have
his "margin." In Europe, in olden
times, it was a prison offence to buy
what to sell again, and the man who
violated the law was mobbed and im-
prisoned. Times have changed since
then.

Adam Smith said that wheat was
less liable of all commodities to be
absorbed "by a few great capitals
which buy it all up," for the reason that
"its owners can never be collected in
one place." But such an institution as
the Chicago Board of Trade gathers
the grain in from the farms, and "own-
ers" give way to owner. It is no
longer necessary to collect the owners
in one place; to collect the grain is
quite sufficient. That can readily be
done to-day.

The house that "in addition to its
regular banking business" buys and
sells grain and provisions without han-
dling them should not constitute itself
a censor of the action of others, as is
done by the firm of Henry Clews & Co.
when they say: "The Knights of Labor
have undertaken to test, upon a large
scale, the application of compulsion as
a means of enforcing their now enlarged
demands." That statement is false.
The Knights of Labor have not under-
taken any such test, and it comes with
an ill grace from any business house
to make that statement when it is a known
fact that over four thousand Assemblies
of the Knights of Labor have volun-
tarily pledged themselves not to press
their demands at this time in order
that business may not be further de-
pressed. The circular throughout
classes the Knights of Labor with the
Anarchists. If Henry Clews & Co.
were firm believers in the truth of the
assertions made in their circular, they
would not think of inviting the wrath
of over 500,000 Anarchists and their
"sympathizers." The statements made
in their circular do not bear the im-
press of sincerity, and the business
men to whom they are sent must not
be misled by them. The Knights of
Labor are in no way identified with the
Anarchist element. The organization
has not applied compulsion as a means
of enforcing "their now enlarged de-
mands," nor have the demands been
enlarged.

The strikes now progressing in
many places for shorter hours did not
originate with the Knights of Labor or
with any of the trades unions of the
United States. The "Federation of
Trades" at its annual convention
recommended the first of May as a
suitable date on which to begin to put
the eight-hour plan in operation. That
body did not vote to hurry the project,
nor to spring it upon the country, nor

yet to strike for it. It was the intention
to begin on the first of May to put
the eight-hour plan in operation,
and to continue the work peaceably
and lawfully until it became universal.
Few men object to the reduction of
the hours of labor; on the contrary,
every thinking man, every man who
has watched the rapid advances made
in labor-saving machinery, will admit
that a reduction of working hours is a
necessity. The employment of muscle
in the world's development is rapidly
giving way to the use of machinery
with its tenfold powers of production.
The mental capacity of man is now
so great that the brain-worker cannot
stand the strain of long hours of toil.
Does it not seem strange that such
men as Herr Most, Jay Gould, August
Spies and Henry Clews should unite in
condemning the Knights of Labor? One
party denounces the Order because its
members will not submit quietly to
every injustice or imposition that may
be practised on them. The other con-
demns the Knights because they are
too conservative. Let me quote the
language of the Anarchist who spoke
at the meeting in Chicago last Monday:
"Quit the Knights of Labor, they will
never do any good. * * * Anarchy
is the only way for the workmen to
break the chains of slavery in which
they are bound by the capitalist. * *
With revolvers in one hand, your knife
in the other and bombs in your pockets
march on to revolution and freedom."

That speaker did not voice the senti-
ment of the Knights of Labor or of any
other labor organization in America.
He would as readily use his revolvers
and bombs upon the workmen whom
he addressed as Jay Gould would
wreck a railroad or swindle the honest
capitalist who might be deceived by his
recent long talks upon public morals.

The honest, stalwart American work-
man, whether native or naturalized, is
no more to be compared to this short-
sighted villain than the darkest night
is to the brightest day. The Knights
of Labor are an army of peace and
good will, and those who quote them
as anything else grossly misrepres-
ent our order.—World.

Signs of Progress.

It is very refreshing to see workmen
to follow the change of ideas which
is taking place in the minds of various
men. Not many years ago the profes-
sors in the collegiate establishments
of the country joined with the teachers
in the pulpits in asserting that there
was no such thing as a labor movement
in the United States, that such a thing
was unnecessary, and, furthermore,
that it is impossible.

We have seen with what diligence
the divines of all denominations, in all
sections of the country, have lately
applied their inactivity to the "labor
question," that is, to the very question,
the existence of which some years ago,
they pronounced an impossibility.

We have an instance of collegiate
gentry taking the question in hand,
and, of course, we shall surely find
something new—something that the
workers have never conceived of—in
what they have to say upon the ques-
tion. Since the professors possess the
"superior minds" of the world, we
must listen in all veneration and all
submissive deference to their oracular
expressions.

The Phi Beta Kappa chapter of the
college, New York, met and listened to
a paper on "trades unions." Mr. Mac-
Adam took the ground that the trades
union question was above everything
else. It was the embodiment of the
idea that land and capital take more
than belongs to them, and labor conse-
quently receives less. If trades unions
were combinations against organic law,
then they must fail, since organic laws
were immutable. The points in dis-
pute are: First, wages; second, hours
of labor; third, workmen's rights. The
speaker then referred to the burning of
the round-house in Pittsburg during
the railroad riots of 1877 and to the
strike of the Western Union employ-
ees in 1883, and briefly stated his posi-
tion as follows: The trades union is an
organized resistance against the en-
croachment of capital. The strike is
its weapon of last resort, without which
appeals, protest and denunciations
would be an empty waste of matter.
The measure of the efficiency of the
strike is the injury which it inflicts upon
the capitalists. And when men over-
leap the bounds of law and order, and
work destruction with clubs and fire-
brands what is there to say but injus-
tice breeds violence? Many political
writers advise workmen not to strike,
but to resort to arbitration. Arbitration
amounts to nothing unless backed up
by a threatened strike. Trades unions
are objected to by those with trade
privileges; but although mistakes are
sometimes made, yet the unions had
their uses, and as such deserved to be
encouraged.

Now all this is of course entirely
new to workmen, and we think
these "professors" for having bestowed
such a vast amount of elucidation upon
our dull and benighted minds. Truly
are they "second Daniels" come to
do it.—Budget.

judgment!" What a gigantic amount
of elucidation do these professors not
enjoy! Could ever such a superb
array of knowledge be displayed by
workmen—who said all this, and far
more, over a century ago? Truly, as
the professors say, "knowledge is pow-
er."—Laborer.

Throw Off the Party Collar.

God never intended that the honest,
intelligent workmen of America
should be the slaves of any masters,
whether corporations or politicians. It
was never designed that they should
wear a political party collar. They are
not to be divided into parties, and
should think and act for themselves.

The K. of L. recognize this truth in
their platform of principles. So far
as the public knows, all K. of L. mem-
bers are instructed to keep out of party
politics as an organization, but it is
their duty to study and learn all they
can of true political matters, that is,
the science of government. No man
in connecting himself with the K. of L.
is asked to abandon his old party rela-
tions. If he is a Democrat, a Republi-
can, or a St. John man, he becomes
none the less such by becoming a K.
of L. member. But he may honestly
desire to change some of the laws now
in force, and to have new and better
laws enacted, and this case he must
study politics. He should study what
is for the best interests of the people
and act accordingly. Party politicians
do not always make laws for the good
of the people, and it is the duty of
every good citizen, whether he belongs
to any organization or not, to go to
the ballot-box at every election and
select the best man to carry out his
political views, without the slightest
regard as to the political name he is
called by, or the party he has acted
with.

All good citizens should shake off
the political collar and all the prejudices
that go with it, and be men, acting in
an independent, honorable and fearless
manner for the greatest good to the
greatest number. Let men and not
party be what is voted for and sup-
ported. What do we care what the
color a man's hair is, to what church
he belongs or what political party he
affiliates with, if he is an honest, up-
right, sturdy friend of justice, equality
and the rights of labor? Let us be
men and support all such, entirely re-
gardless of political predilections.

What love can any true friend of
labor have for either of the old political
parties? What has the Republican
party, in its role of twenty-four years,
ever done to ameliorate the condition
of labor? What more than that it has
done have any reason to expect will
be done by the old Democratic party?
There is precious little difference that
can be seen between the principles,
leaders or rank and file of the two
old parties. If one has had its Belk-
naps and Robersons, the other has also
had its Floyds and Tweeds. If one
has been smirched with army contracts
and star route scalplings, the other has
had its Pan-ethnic scandals and whis-
key ring control. If there have been
Democratic rebel brigadiers in the
South, there have been Republican
thieves in the North. Southern Demo-
cratic tissue ballots have been offset by
Northern Republican corruption in-
timidation and open vote-buying. In
matters of principle, there is also but
the slightest difference between them.

Both are divided on the money ques-
tion, the tariff and everything else that
is of popular concern. The chief ob-
ject of both is simply spoils, spoils,
spoils, and all their efforts for supren-
acy have degenerated to a mere scram-
ble for place and official pap.

The Budget puts this question to
every candid, thinking workman in
the country: "Now, honest injun, isn't
this so?" Then, how can you justify
yourself in longer following them,
blindly, like a sheep led to the slaughter,
a bull with a ring in his nose, or a dog
with a collar on his neck? Shake off
that collar. Do your own thinking
and voting. Don't vote for any man
at another's dictation. Don't vote for
him at all, unless he is an honest, fair
and upright man and a true friend of
labor whom you know will stand right
with a good, stiff backbone and fight
the labor battles twenty-four hours
every day of his life. When you find
such a man as this, give him your vote
and your whole solid support, and for
God's sake don't to ask whether he is
a Republican, a Democrat, a St. John
man or an old-line Whig. He is the
man you want, and you can elect him
if you give him your solid vote.

It is the duty of all workmen to
act as a unit of force to repeal the ag-
gressions, to punish the injustice, and
to prevent the atrocity of organized
capital, as represented in corporations
which are practically above the law,
and which are notoriously omnipotent
in every legislative convolve, from
Congress down to the Council Chamber
of the petty borough. They can only
do this effectively by throwing the
party collar to the dogs, becoming men
and supporting good men and true
principles at the ballot-box. In this
way they can easily win a bloodless,
grand and everlasting victory, and sur-
prise will be occasioned if they do not
do it.—Budget.

Henry George On Eight Hours.

The movement for the reduction of
the working day to eight hours deserves
earnest support. It is a step toward
securing to the benefit which advanc-
ing civilization ought to bring and
making human life fuller and higher.

That a creature so wonderfully en-
dowed as man, placed in a world so
well stored with all the material his
needs require, should spend the greater
part of his conscious life in the effort
to maintain existence is a thing so mon-
strous that only long habit blinds us to
its folly and wrong. The highest quali-
ties of humanity can only develop when
the material wants are satisfied, the
most precious flower of existence can
only bloom in leisure, and yet, to the
great majority of men in our highest
civilization, real leisure is a thing un-
known, for the few hours of the work-
ing day which remain to the man
whose faculties have been on a strain
for ten or twelve hours are not at leis-
ure; nor yet is there leisure in the days
and weeks and months of involuntary
idleness which the vicissitudes of our
industrial organization force upon hun-
dreds of thousands idleness accompan-
ied by wearing uncertainty and racking
anxiety more exhausting than toil. For
true leisure the faculties must be fresh,
and care must be absent.

According to such authorities as
Prof. Therves Rogers, the working day
in England six centuries ago was only
eight hours; yet, even in the absence
of all the inventions and improvements
that since that time so enormously in-
creased the productive power of labor,
the working class enjoyed a rude com-
fort and an exemption from the harass-
ing dread of not being able to make a
living, which despite the low level of
civilization in all the essentials of
healthful and happy human life, far su-
perior to that of millions of their
descendants in this wonderful nine
teenth century.

What, indeed, we may well ask, has
the material progress of which we are
so boastful, really done for the masses
of men, if to get what is after all only
a bare living, they must work longer than
their fathers, six centuries ago? Surely
it is time that the great body of people
should, in increased leisure and lessened
care, begin to get some advantage of
all that the generations have done to
render matters plastic and force obedi-
ence to human will.

Without this our civilization is but a
delusion, our advance but a toil of
Sisyphus. Aye! it is worse. The ten-
acity of the minute division of labor,
in its role of twenty-four years,
ever done to ameliorate the condition
of labor? What more than that it has
done have any reason to expect will
be done by the old Democratic party?
There is precious little difference that
can be seen between the principles,
leaders or rank and file of the two
old parties. If one has had its Belk-
naps and Robersons, the other has also
had its Floyds and Tweeds. If one
has been smirched with army contracts
and star route scalplings, the other has
had its Pan-ethnic scandals and whis-
key ring control. If there have been
Democratic rebel brigadiers in the
South, there have been Republican
thieves in the North. Southern Demo-
cratic tissue ballots have been offset by
Northern Republican corruption in-
timidation and open vote-buying. In
matters of principle, there is also but
the slightest difference between them.

Both are divided on the money ques-
tion, the tariff and everything else that
is of popular concern. The chief ob-
ject of both is simply spoils, spoils,
spoils, and all their efforts for supren-
acy have degenerated to a mere scram-
ble for place and official pap.

The Budget puts this question to
every candid, thinking workman in
the country: "Now, honest injun, isn't
this so?" Then, how can you justify
yourself in longer following them,
blindly, like a sheep led to the slaughter,
a bull with a ring in his nose, or a dog
with a collar on his neck? Shake off
that collar. Do your own thinking
and voting. Don't vote for any man
at another's dictation. Don't vote for
him at all, unless he is an honest, fair
and upright man and a true friend of
labor whom you know will stand right
with a good, stiff backbone and fight
the labor battles twenty-four hours
every day of his life. When you find
such a man as this, give him your vote
and your whole solid support, and for
God's sake don't to ask whether he is
a Republican, a Democrat, a St. John
man or an old-line Whig. He is the
man you want, and you can elect him
if you give him your solid vote.

It is the duty of all workmen to
act as a unit of force to repeal the ag-
gressions, to punish the injustice, and
to prevent the atrocity of organized
capital, as represented in corporations
which are practically above the law,
and which are notoriously omnipotent
in every legislative convolve, from
Congress down to the Council Chamber
of the petty borough. They can only
do this effectively by throwing the
party collar to the dogs, becoming men
and supporting good men and true
principles at the ballot-box. In this
way they can easily win a bloodless,
grand and everlasting victory, and sur-
prise will be occasioned if they do not
do it.—Budget.

The shorter the working day the greater
the power.

In the attempt to limit the working
day to eight hours the labor associations
are taking the most hopeful step they
ever yet attempted.