

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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RALLY AROUND THE BALLOT-BOX.

Where can nations find redress
From every pain and wrong,
When over them oppression holds
Its monopolistic throng?
Where should the voice of suffering men
So eloquently plead
For human rights and everything
In life that they need?
Where stood our noble ancestors
When tyrants them pursued;
When hand to hand and heart to heart,
They fought still unsubdued?
What was the bulwark of defense,
The shield no one could pierce,
When round them English tars reared
So heavily-like and fierce?
When clashing arms and cannon's roar
Had left the battle field
And hoisted British strength was forced
To God and right to yield?
When few came up with trembling hand,
And set the famous seal
That caused the old uprising throne
In its rottenness to reel?
What was it but the ballot-box
That all the world respects,
On which is laid our country's shield
And her brightest intellects?
Then rally round the ballot-box,
Every name and man,
And let us see what energy
And will united can.
Press closer brother, as you go,
Leave not a space between;
That we are earnest let it be
To all the world seen.
We can, we must, the hallways tread
That let our Order in
To chambers where for right they plead,
And we are sure to win.
There's freedom in the ballot-box,
'Tis mightier than arms;
And more than all that riot can,
Our government alarms.
They'll listen to our humble cry,
Our standard rally round,
When we have fought our honest way,
And gained our vantage ground.
Then rally round the ballot-box,
When open for your vote;
'Tis this will make the wealthy bow
And of our cause take note.

FAY'S TROUBLES.

"Make them look as neat as possible," said the pleasant foreman, placing the bright silk in Fay's lap. "The salesman is so particular about having orders well-made that it is almost impossible for learners to please them. And if any are soiled while being made the silk must be paid for by the one who finishes them. Here is one and a half dozen. We pay fifty cents a dozen, and you can easily finish them to-day. Now, be very, very careful!"
With a beaming smile of encouragement for the young newcomer, she hurried away, intent upon the business with which her days were pressed full to overflowing.
Fay bent over her work with trembling eagerness, almost afraid to touch the beautiful piece, which seemed like drifts of charmed beauty from fairy-land.
Naturally deft with her needle, the gossamer bits grew into graceful bows beneath her skillful fingers, and her heart sang an accompaniment of glad praise as the shining needle flew in and out.
Seventy-five cents in one day! It was quite a fortune! What a happy impulse that led her to inquire here for employment! The money was already spent in imagination as her thoughts went rapidly back with her heart, to the low bed on which her little brother lay, weak and faint from privation—"almost starvation," she told herself with a shiver of terror. Farther on into a blissful future, free from unpaid rents and accumulating bills, ran her hopeful fancy. She would have a room with a large window in it, at which Eddie could sit—with his hand clasped in his quaint, old-fashioned manner—watching the coming night, and asking odd questions in a sweet little voice hushed by the awe of the gathering darkness, and wondering at the solemnly appearing stars, that to him were so many tiny glimpses into a bright beyond, that held dear papa and mamma in its mysterious realms.
Something in the young face, with its patient, unspoken sorrow, drew Miss Carroll's sympathy to Fay, and she encouraged her by warmly praising her work, which was really well done.
Fay thanked her with a glance from which she could not keep the grateful tears, and bent over the hot pressing-table with renewed hopes and dreams.
Already she saw Eddie's dear little face lighting up with pleasure, and his little hand held eagerly out for the much-needed nourishment.
"No more hungry days now for sister's pet," she murmured, fondly. "No more cold nights, nor the darkness that frightens him so. How can I be thankful enough—"
"Remember to be very careful about the pressing," suddenly cautioned Miss Carroll at her elbow.
Fay gave a swift, upward glance, startled by this abrupt breaking in upon her dreams.

In that slight delay the iron rested an instant too long. When she raised it, the dark print of the broad tip soiled the delicate lavender beyond any hope of remedy.
"Oh, my dear!" cried Miss Carroll in sharp disappointment, "how could you do it! Your whole day's work for nothing. The silk must be paid for. I'm so sorry, but I'll see what can be done about it."
She hurried forward to meet an advancing gentleman, whose eyes had been many times directed to Fay's preoccupied face during that busy day.
But his momentary interest in her vanished, and the angry lines between his brows grew deeper with each step, as he listened to Miss Carroll's story. He panted before Fay, an ugly, uncomplaining scowl disfiguring a usually pleasant face.
"So 'No. 6' burned it, did she?" he said, sourly, unmindful of Fay's shrinking terror. "Well, I suppose 'No. 6' knows the rule—whatever is burned or lost must be paid for. One of the finest silks too! Seventy-five cents for that piece of carelessness, and a cheaply bought experience you will find it, if it saves you from spoiling goods for another house; we have no more for you to play such tricks with. No need of words, Miss Carroll"—as she attempted a vindication. "If you had paid proper attention it would not have been done."
Thus silenced the kind-hearted woman could only look pityingly at Fay, who received her hard sentence with stolid silence. At any other time Mr. Barry's harshness would have been softened by such evident suffering.
But alas! Mr. Barry, who was only human, had made a poor sale! And this sudden fresh annoyance was too much to be borne with equanimity, so he turned impatiently away from its mute reproach, to the long rows of faces bending wearily over their work.
"Now, girls," they all looked up, "take this case of 'No. 6' for an example, and be doubly careful. Who ever spoils silk, pays for it. All treated alike, no favors shown."
The long rows of faces looked down again. Some comparatively new in that saddest phase of human experience—a city workshop for girls—looked pityingly at poor Fay's despairing face. Others with feelings blunted and hardened by years of hard toil and scanty pay, worked mechanically on, undisturbed by the too usual sight of a fellow worker's misery. Fay's pitiful story was quietly circulated among the sympathizing few, and a small sum was spared from their own pressing necessities, that they might help to relieve hers. She was scarcely conscious of it. The entire loss of her expected good fortune was almost too much for her reason to endure bravely.
Mr. Barry, attending with bustling importance to the "getting out" of large orders, secretly congratulated himself upon his firmness that could not be turned from its purpose "by a lot of crying girls," though he felt that firmness to be sorely shaken by the pale, slender girl who gazed softly by him, down the broad staircase, out into the bitter cold of the busy streets.
Insensibly, to Mr. Barry's extreme distaste with himself, a feeling of remorse for his treatment of Fay, and a deep sympathy for her sorrows, learned from Miss Carroll's regretful remembrance, troubled his thoughts as he walked home a night or two after, though he tried to reason himself into thinking that he had acted right.
"The firm is young and rising, just making its name," he mused, "and its interests must be protected in every way. 'Tis the small leaks that sink the ship."
It was a questionable relief from sorrowful thought to meet a friend whose face reflects the line of one's own feelings; still it is a diversion, and Mr. Barry called the name of a former employee with greater cordiality than he had shown to anyone for two weeks some days.
"With what new troubles are you threatened, Tom?" he asked. "Are you carrying such a long face? Lost your situation or your family? Which or what is it?"
"None of them, sir," answered Tom, gravely. "It's not of mine or myself that I have worrying to do, thank God. It's the bad case in our house; if you like to hear it, sir!" in an apologetic tone.
"Of course. Go on," said Mr. Barry, carelessly.
"It's very sad," resumed Tom. "A girl—a young bit of a thing, too—in such want! And too proud to ask for help. She had a little brother who actually starved to death! Died yesterday, while she was out looking for work. And the sister—" Tom's voice failed him.
"Dead too!" cried the listener, hoarsely, deep in the shadows of that dread which coming events cast before.
"Crazy sir!" answered Tom, brokenly. "Clear out of her head, sir, since she came in and found the little one gone. Does nothing but all for 'Eddie—Eddie!' all of the time. 'Tis fit to break your heart, sir."
More than the darkness of the fast

gathering night shut Tom's face from Mr. Barry's view, as the conviction that this was Fay forced itself to his mind.
"Well?" he questioned at last—coldly it seemed to Tom—who replied curtly:
"Well, sir, I'm going to the undertaker's. The child must first have Christian burial. It's not much that the poor can do for each other, but that little is done cheerfully. Where the heart is to do more, the means are waitin' to do it with." Commencing to walk.
Every word was an unconscious rebuke to Mr. Barry's now thoroughly-awakened conscience.
"Wait, Tom," he cried at last, as Tom walked on. "I'll go with you; or stay, you can do that part of the business, and I will go to the house, if you will give me the number."
Tom gave it willingly, then proceeded on his mournful errand, wondering greatly at Mr. Barry's sudden interest in anything or anybody apart from his business.
As that gentleman left the wide, clean thoroughfares to find the obscure street given him, and found it reeking with over-crowded tenements and filth in every form, he felt the utmost what it was to be poor. Yet of even this poor shelter, his ill-judged justice would have deprived poor Fay and her baby brother.
The house was soon found, then up long stairways, until turning a sharp angle in the cold attic, under the low eaves, a scene met his gaze that turned his dread speculations into painful certainty.
In one corner, by a low bed, knelt Fay, talking heartily to something she held closely to her breast, unmindful of the kindly faces looking in at the open door, and of the stifled sobs that answered her grief; while with one hand she vainly pressed a piece of bread to the little pale lips.
"Oh, Eddie, darling!" she moaned, "open your eyes and eat the bread. You were so hungry this morning. Open your eyes—do open your eyes, pet, you are breaking sister's heart."
Sobbing drearily as she rocked the little unconscious form backwords and forwards in her arms.
"That's the way she has been going on ever since yesterday," whispered one of the awe-stricken spectators.
"She was out lookin' for something to do, and he took worse and died before she came in. It struck her all in full swing. Our manufacturers have helped to bolster up an obnoxious competitive system, and now you are foolish enough to think we ought to help them out of the trouble they have brought about by their own greed. They alone have reduced the workers' pay, let them bring it up again. Are we going to starve ourselves at their bidding, and help to swell their boodle at the same time? It is the system we are condemning, and not the individuals who are living by it, unless they should make themselves particularly antagonistic toward us. The capitalist who sees us honestly and above board will have the pleasure of knowing that in difference and greed are neither profitable nor consoling, and the kicker will pay for his experience, he will partake of the bitter bread that we are tasting now, and if he does not turn into a dyspeptic, he will be fortunate indeed. You cannot break up the Order of the Knights of Labor. You may retard its progress, but while you are doing it, you are placing yourself in a worthless and profitless position. The producers cannot be kept on the verge of starvation much longer, you must give way to the inevitable; for the signs of the times are with us; to-day is not twelve months ago, our march is upward and onward, but should we be forced to make a retrograde movement, who will venture to foretell the end.—Clarion."

is almost idolatry, and of whom the girls whisper as she comes among them, winning all their hearts by the tender, understanding sympathy she has with their lives and loves, joys and sorrows:
"Sometimes I am almost tempted to think—she so much resembles the young girl whom Mr. Barry discharged for spoiling a piece of silk—only that it could never be, you know; for someone said she turned crazy and died in an insane asylum. Though I imagine it was never rightly known what did become of her—poor thing!"
The Signs of the Times.
Our world is running round, and everything is running at high pressure, but the blundering masses are awakening and are making a new departure. The burdens under which they suffer have at last become unbearable. With one voice they are crying out: There is no famine in the land; give us food, and give us comfort. We are the workers, we have produced both of them. Give us justice; give us that which is our own and yet there will be found individuals who are blindfolded in spite of all their knowledge, placing themselves in conspicuous places, to thwart the present lawful and progressive movement, which is presented and supported by the producers throughout the country. Now the capitalists are combining for safety and protection, but their efforts must terminate in their own discomfiture, and some of them will pay dearly for their experience. Beware of the black list, an instrument of your own invention. This panorama confronts us: On the one side, organized capitalists shouting, what I have and what I take, is my own; without my money you cannot live; I feed you all; I have certain rights that must naturally be denied to you; we will have nothing to do with you. On the other side the toilers, struggling onward, though deprived of their necessary comforts, wavering as they advance, assailed on every side, but still they are moving onward, the order is heard all along the line, close up, close up.
Hunger is a dangerous neighbor. Under the existing state of affairs respectable society sanctions and approves as a rule, the methods our capitalists resort to for the purpose of bringing us to their knees. In this city of Troy to-day you have the starvation plan in full swing. Our manufacturers have helped to bolster up an obnoxious competitive system, and now you are foolish enough to think we ought to help them out of the trouble they have brought about by their own greed. They alone have reduced the workers' pay, let them bring it up again. Are we going to starve ourselves at their bidding, and help to swell their boodle at the same time? It is the system we are condemning, and not the individuals who are living by it, unless they should make themselves particularly antagonistic toward us. The capitalist who sees us honestly and above board will have the pleasure of knowing that in difference and greed are neither profitable nor consoling, and the kicker will pay for his experience, he will partake of the bitter bread that we are tasting now, and if he does not turn into a dyspeptic, he will be fortunate indeed. You cannot break up the Order of the Knights of Labor. You may retard its progress, but while you are doing it, you are placing yourself in a worthless and profitless position. The producers cannot be kept on the verge of starvation much longer, you must give way to the inevitable; for the signs of the times are with us; to-day is not twelve months ago, our march is upward and onward, but should we be forced to make a retrograde movement, who will venture to foretell the end.—Clarion."

THE RIDDLE OF THE AGE.

PULPIT SUGGESTIONS REGARDING WORKINGMEN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

Labor and Capital's Interests Identical.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' Church, West Forty-eighth street, yesterday preached the fourth and last of his series of sermons on "The Present Aspect of the Labor Problem" to a very large congregation. "The Way Out" was the topic of the morning.
The sermon was a most timely and prophetic survey of the route by which we are to reach the promised land of our industrial civilization, he said, he is doomed to disappointment. We must make for the points that are in sight, and trust that when we shall have won them we shall see further ahead, and thus grope our way out. The social problem is so vast and complex that no one but a charlatan will pretend to have found its complete solution. Our system of education, our burdensome taxation, our political corruption, our municipal mismanagement—these and a host of other defects in government tell mightily upon the problem.
Our labor organizations have much to do toward the solution of the problem. The associations which these organizations bring, the discussions they open, the reading and study they stimulate, all foster education. They can develop, in various forms, the principle of co-operation; leading into loan and building societies through which the workers may become owners of their homes; co-operative stores, through which they can cheapen the necessities of life and secure the best quality in them, and ultimately co-operative productive associations through which the savings of labor can be capitalized and labor become its own employer.
Our great manufacturing and trade and commercial associations have something to do toward the solution of the problem. Very much that needs to be done for the better regulation of the business world can be far better done by these associations than by the clumsy hands of legislation. Were our great business associations bent on putting a stop to the gambling of our exchanges, they could soon do so by the force of public opinion generated by these bodies.
The Church has a part to play in working out this problem. No legislation can determine what constitutes a just distribution of the rewards of industry between profits and wages. Let the desire to do justly really work in the consciences of employers and some way will be found to reach a rude equality of equity. It is the Church's business not merely to preach, as of old, the duty of generosity in the use of wealth, but the duty of justice in the accumulation of wealth. Let the Church say to capital, keep back your gifts and pay your debt of justice to your fellow men.
The State has much to do in pushing forward a practical solution of the problem. Our older school of political economy taught us that the State could do nothing in this problem except to muddle it. As a matter of fact the State is being steadily pushed, by the unconscious action of the social organism, into the development of new functions, and these thus far are working well. We need to make our law Republic a real Republic; to reform and develop our municipal, State and national government, to the end that there shall be a government of the people, for the people and by the people.
The State can foster the education of thrift, the lack of which we have seen to be one of the causes of the lowering of the profits of capital and the diminishing of the resources of labor. The more that the bones of our poor fail to penetrate this virtue the more shall the State see that the common school train it. The State can carry on this training in thrift among its adult citizens. No greater incentive to thrift can be devised at present than the introduction through our land of the postal savings system. The State can reform her system of taxation so as to lighten the burdens which it now imposes upon industry and to undo the artificial restrictions with which it cripples trade. In many ways a wise system of taxation could favor a better distribution of wealth, while increasing production. The State can control transportation in the interests of the people at large. Exchange needs to be as free as production—to have no artificial restraints imposed upon it in the interests of the few. Modern transportation, from the necessity of the case, tends to become a monopoly. The State should follow the example set by several countries of the Old World and either own our railroads or superintend their direction in the interests of the Commonwealth.
The State should regulate our foreign immigration. We have received between twelve and thirteen million immigrants in a half century and over

four million in the last decade. This immigration has tended largely toward our great manufacturing centres, which it has still further clogged with surplus labor, depressing wages, lowering the demand on which production depends, and thus leading to the shrinkage of profits. Plainly, we need either to restrict our immigration or to organize its distribution in the interests of the nation. Europe has found our country a free almshouse for her paupers and a Botany Bay for her criminals, costing her nothing. It is time that the law already passed two years ago by Congress, prohibiting the importation of cheap foreign labor under contract, be strictly enforced. It is a monstrous wrong that unscrupulous capital should be allowed to rake the cheapest labor markets of the Old World for the material with which to fight our American workmen. The State should facilitate emigration from our overcrowded centres in every possible way. It should, therefore, have had as a sacred trust our magnificent domain of public lands which has been so recklessly upon speculative railroads. It is estimated that one hundred million acres are reclaimable to-day by our national government from railroad companies which have failed to comply with the conditions on which their grants were made. Here is a clear case for legislation.
The State should hold all mineral resources heretofore as the property of the people at large. If it were not for our conventional custom how monstrous would seem the notion that the natural resources of the earth should be monopolized by individuals. A few years ago in our city a coal magnate was asked what the price of coal was to be for the coming winter. He replied with a smile, "As high as Providence will permit and as low as necessity compels." During the past winter a company of estimable gentlemen over a supper table in a Murray Hill mansion settled between themselves the amount of coal that should be mined during the coming season. Do you, with childlike innocence, imagine that this quantity was determined by the needs of their fellow beings? Round them a few hundred thousand people were buying coal by the basketful, paying at the rate of from \$15 to \$20 a ton. But these excellent gentlemen had no eyes upon this aspect of the case, but were simply considering how to gain the largest dividends for their companies. The State has thus left in the hands of a few individuals the power of imposing an oppressive taxation upon a prime necessity of life—of lowering the real wages of labor and shrinking the profits of capital through the depression thus caused in the general demand. Copper, lead, iron, oil—indispensable all to industrial life—are thus the monopolies of individuals instead of the common wealth of the people at large. The natural resources of the earth in very form need to be held in the interests of the commonwealth. Land is the prime factor in the production of wealth. Land is a limited quantity. It does not, therefore, come under the regulation of competition. As every other monopoly, it demands therefore the control of the State, that the monopoly may be that of the people at large and not that of individuals. It would seem that the time had already come for us to control speculative dealing in land and at least to raise the question of regulating the normal rate of rent as we now regulate the normal rate of interest.—N. Y. Herald.

Keep The Ball Rolling.

The movement for shorter hours of labor is by all odds the most important of the immediate reforms which we seek to accomplish. It should not be lost sight of. In every case where working men have the option between an increase of pay or a shortening of the hours of work, they will, if they are wise, choose the latter. Shorter hours means employment for all, and when all are employed the capitalist cannot get men to fill the places of those on strike. This means that in the great majority of cases there will be no strike at all, for the capitalist will not risk it. It is the only way to secure the positions of the workingmen that induces capitalists to resist the demands of labor. It is a pleasing and hopeful feature of the numerous isolated contests which have occurred since the great eight-hour movement this spring, that the shortening of the time of labor has a prominent place in the demands of the toilers. The man who voluntarily works long hours is not only selfish but shortsighted.
Just now there are indications of increased business prosperity in this province. The ablest financial authorities assure us the conditions are favorable for an industrial revival. As soon as it sets in the manufacturers, in their anxiety to make hay while the sun shines, will want to work overtime. Inducements will be held out in the shape of extra pay to persuade the laborer to keep on working late into the evening, and no doubt some will be foolish enough to congratulate each other on the chance afforded them to increase their earnings. Let them remember that the extra time of day means half time or no time a year or two hence. If workmen engaged in production would firmly refuse to work overtime, and tell the employer if he wants more work to hire more men, the periodical glut in the market would be avoided. Production would be more evenly distributed, and instead of its being either a feast or a famine, the supply would be regulated in proportion to the demand. There would be no "booms" and no bad times, but steady employment at fairly good wages for all.—Palladium.

Law Once Vindicated.

Jay Gould and his legal and scab strays came to grief in Texas last week. They had procured by bribery the indictment, trial and conviction of two railroad men, under the penal code, for willful destruction of property, they being charged with having invalidated one of Gould's locomotives. The judge that Gould had bought for the occasion had sentenced his victims to be imprisoned for three months and to be fined \$100 each; failing to pay which they were to be yet longer incarcerated, until they had languished in jail a day for every dollar of the fine. (By the way the State pays no better wages than Jay Gould.) The case went up on appeal to the highest court, which has just set aside the convictions on the ground that they were unjust, being without authority of law. That will put a stop to the jerking up of honest men by Jay Gould's minions whenever they venture to express a desire for fair treatment.
If the President had possessed one spark of manhood—if he was not bound hand and foot to the car of capital—he could have taken a workingman as entitled to any more consideration than the beast of burden which the tyranny of capital would make him, the poor fellow now in jail in Texas for feeling a contempt for Judge Pardee, would also now be free to provide for their wives and little ones, left to the charity of comrades, because a corrupt judge chose to exercise an arbitrary power, where there was no legal way of executing the behests of his employer and master, Gould.—Labor Union.

His Best Girl on Strike.

"More trouble about capital," said the train-boy, diving into his chest for a last summer's Sunday magazine to sell to a granger. "What now?" asked the brakeman, putting back a daily paper and lifting a kill-dried orange. "Best girl's on a strike," replied the news agent, "demands shorter hours Saturday night, eight to ten, with fifteen minutes intermission to take breath and listen for the old man at nine o'clock, extra caramels for overtime, no new girls to be taken on without consent of the present force of employees, and a half day off for the matinee every time a new dude comes to town."
"What's capital going to do about it?" "Hard telling," said the news agent with a weary smile; "I'm holding out just now, an offer to take her back and sign the old schedule and no questions asked, but there's a surveyor's party camped right outside of town, a Mikado company makin' a four night stay at the opera house, and a Salvation Army storming the town, and the girl holds the key to the situation. Reckon I'll have to give in and sign the new scale."
—The American Railroadier.

Where can nations find redress From every pain and wrong, When over them oppression holds Its monopolistic throng? Where should the voice of suffering men So eloquently plead For human rights and everything In life that they need? Where stood our noble ancestors When tyrants them pursued; When hand to hand and heart to heart, They fought still unsubdued? What was the bulwark of defense, The shield no one could pierce, When round them English tars reared So heavily-like and fierce? When clashing arms and cannon's roar Had left the battle field And hoisted British strength was forced To God and right to yield? When few came up with trembling hand, And set the famous seal That caused the old uprising throne In its rottenness to reel? What was it but the ballot-box That all the world respects, On which is laid our country's shield And her brightest intellects? Then rally round the ballot-box, Every name and man, And let us see what energy And will united can. Press closer brother, as you go, Leave not a space between; That we are earnest let it be To all the world seen. We can, we must, the hallways tread That let our Order in To chambers where for right they plead, And we are sure to win. There's freedom in the ballot-box, 'Tis mightier than arms; And more than all that riot can, Our government alarms. They'll listen to our humble cry, Our standard rally round, When we have fought our honest way, And gained our vantage ground. Then rally round the ballot-box, When open for your vote; 'Tis this will make the wealthy bow And of our cause take note.