

THE LABOR WORLD.

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SABRIE G. AKIN, Editor and Publisher.

Letters and articles relating to the social problem are solicited.

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Emil Zola is a socialist and that is the reason the French government is prosecuting him. He is a man of much wealth and stands one of the foremost literary men of the world. Some ignorant person will denounce socialism because, he says, it will not pay brains enough. But brains like Zola's are not afraid that it will not get justice under socialism.

The trial of Sheriff Martin, of Lattimer fame, opened in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 1. The action of the authorities, however, in allowing the case to come to trial, was not caused by their desire for justice. "The action was prompted," say dispatches, "by the reports made to Austria, Italy and Germany, which governments will demand indemnities." Just wait for this free and glorious government of ours to demand damages for its citizens.

The evidence in the Lattimer massacre investigation with remarkable consistency continues to show that the killing was the most cold blooded and unnecessary of the many official slaughters that have disgraced the American plutocracy. Pennsylvania has been the theater of more of these massacres than any other two states in the union, and if, with all the evidence before it, public opinion does not compel the severest punishment of these law-clad assassins, the lives of workmen in that state hereafter will be less valuable than a masterless cur.

It takes an incident like the De Lome letter to remind the average citizen how far the civilized world has wandered from the Washington standard of "I can't tell a lie." The coming hero will be the man who, as a boy, "couldn't tell the truth." Diplomacy nowadays consists entirely in telling falsehoods without exciting suspicion, on one side, and on the other in finding out by the methods of the sneak and the eavesdropper what the other fellow really thinks. "All's fair in love and war," says the old saw, and to make the proverb fit our day, we should add, "and all is either love or war."

The Maine disaster is another of the terrible calamities that appall the civilized world and show how feeble is man's grasp on the forces of nature once he loses control of their logical relation. In the absence of certain information as to its cause conjecture would be foolish, but it does seem to the lay mind that this continued construction of war engines which experience proves are dangerous to none so much as to their own operators, is worse than nonsense. The governments of the world are a good deal like small children playing with fire. They may think they are having lots of fun, but the Lord only knows what they won't do to themselves.

George C. Findley, who has been employed on the editorial staff of the LABOR WORLD for the past year and a half, leaves for the Klondike the latter part of next week. Mr. Findley is a member of the Typographical union and a delegate to the Trades Assembly. In the departure of Mr. Findley, the labor cause in Duluth loses a substantial and thoroughly conscientious worker. He is a man who has a lofty idea of right and follows it to the letter. Mr. Findley has many friends in Duluth who regret to see him go and hope the change will prove a beneficial one. The LABOR WORLD loses a faithful and capable employee and our best wishes go with him in his new field.

The Labor World congratulates the management of the Industrial Bazaar upon the success of its undertaking. We also greet the patrons of the Industrial Bazaar and hope that they may not only find an hour's pleasure, but that their minds may broaden with a more comprehensive understanding of the importance of labor in the building up and maintenance of our nineteenth century civilization, and that, at the same time, they may also be inspired with a more perfect appreciation of the innate dignity that attaches to honest toil. You can catch a glimpse of the processes at which workmen spend many weary hours; you can get some idea of the toil, of the intelligence, of the painstaking and faithfulness which are a necessary part of the competent workman's equipment; and we trust that you will be inspired with that higher appreciation that is the forerunner in every land and age of both material and social development. You can see that labor's efforts and labor's ideals tend to promote the general welfare; that its skill and enthusiasm is at the foundation of industrial and commercial success, and if among the new ideas that may come to you you may also begin to understand that prosperity, labor's development, labor's welfare is not inimical to the prosperity, the development, the welfare of the whole country, its object will have been attained and the management of this Exposition will feel fully repaid for their labors.

A Plea for the Union Label.

We ask that you support the UNION LABEL. And make its humane virtues manifest by lifting up, so far as you are able, your fellow men, by trying to oppress. We offer you a simple method, neighbor: We ask for neither alms, nor sacrifice. But only that you sanction honest labor by purchasing the goods with this device.

This signet guarantees to every buyer the product is the work of Union men. Whose daily wage and mode of life is higher. Than that of those who, in hovel pen, toil for a pittance, and with eager prayer, pray for relief from the bondage worse than death. From sweatshops where the very air is mephitic. And stenches come to stifle every breath.

It lies with you to keep from such condition. Your fellow men, who striving to be free, issued the Label as a mere petition. For those they love and all humanity. If you be heedless of these brave seceders, in after years you surely must atone. For history proves that bondage for the plowmen. In time will bring enslavement for your own.

You rob yourselves while stating those that labor. For they but take what little pay can buy. You limit trade by limiting your neighbor. And when you're poor you curse and wonder why.

Production all depends on our consumption—Consumption on our wages, you'll agree—And it requires but very little gumption To bring about a fair prosperity.

When we would build we start with the foundation. The workingman is such, and as they fall. So bonds and sways, and finally falls the nation. Until the ruin of avarice covers all. "God helps the man who helps himself," my brother.

But here's a higher version, good and true: "God helps the man who bravely helps another." And does by him as he would have him do.

We ask that you support the UNION LABEL. And make its humane virtues manifest by lifting up, so far as you are able, your fellow men, by trying to oppress. We offer you a simple method, neighbor: We ask for neither alms, nor sacrifice. But only that you sanction honest labor by purchasing the goods with this device.

—Ellis B. Harris, West Superior, Wis.

Nomenclature of the Months.
The Roman year originally began with March, and September, October, November and December were the proper names for the last four months, as the year had but ten. When January and February were added, however, the names became entirely inappropriate, but nevertheless have by general custom been retained in spite of the error implied.

LABOR'S BIG SHOW.

(Continued from first page.)

manent institution. Thursday evening Supt. Denfeld delivered the address of the evening from the stage, being introduced by President McEwen. Mr. Denfeld's subject was Education's Relation to Labor, and his address was well received. The musical entertainment was provided by Miss Palmer and Miss White, who were also given an enthusiastic reception.

BAZAAR NOTES.

Thursday evening's attendance reached almost two thousand.

The match factory at the bazaar, contrary to a somewhat natural presumption, is not a matrimonial bureau.

The plumbers' booth, among other things pertaining to their trade, possesses a counterpart of one of the Mosaic miraculous manifestations in a pile of wood that burns continually "and yet is not consumed."

The boiler-makers' booth contains an excellent portrait of that sturdy advocate of fair conditions, Joseph Rufangue. When the boys in this booth get their working clothes on they are said to make more noise than any other gang in the hall.

In the allied printing trades exhibit all the union job offices in the city are represented either by machinery, sample jobs or advertising matter, and from the way the crowd throngs thereabout the display is one of the most popular in the bazaar.

On every side are heard congratulations and praise for the management of the bazaar. And no suggestion has been repeated oftener for more varied sources than the hope that the labor bazaar may be made an annual mid-winter feature by organized labor.

After Bishop McGolrick's address Thursday evening a meeting of a number of labor representatives selected Messrs. Cobb and Lounsbury as a committee to take part in a meeting at the Bishop's residence for the purpose of issuing a directory of local manufacturers with a view to booming home industry.

The ball by the Duluth City Band Thursday evening in the drill hall was another grand success. Over eight hundred people were in attendance; the balconies were crowded with spectators and there were nearly 200 couples on the floor. The full band of 30 pieces furnished the music for the round dances while for the square, Flaaten's full orchestra officiated.

It took the boys who have had charge of the bazaar arrangements about three days to get onto the big success they had scored. Duluth, heretofore, has never had an entertainment of any kind that sprung with such velocity into public favor. And as organized labor is not afraid of too much of a good thing, the management has finally decided to continue another week.

The labor bazaar is all right but for one thing. The printery is a fake. A Labor World reporter who carries a typographical card and a tie pass good over any railroad in the country, and who alleged that he hadn't had anything to eat for six weeks, struck the shop for a handout the other evening and didn't get it. Boys, you may fool the public, but the "protest" 'll get on to you.

The Bazaar News, issued at the exhibit of the allied printing trades council, is another popular feature of the exposition. B. C. Ferguson's name appears as editor and C. J. Hector as business manager. The News is an all round hustling up-to-date newspaper in miniature, but its editorial bow is in the initial number smashes all newspaper traditions with iconoclastic hands. It is, we believe, the first journal in the annals of newspaperdom that did not come "to stay" or "to fill a long felt want."

CONTINUE NEXT WEEK.

Having reached a decision to keep the bazaar open another week several new exhibits will be put in place.

"Say, stranger," said a man to an almanac agent out west, "I'll take a thousand of yer almanacks if yer'll sell 'em to me cheap."

"All right! All right!" almost shouted the agent, jumping at the chance of his life and wondering what in the world the man wanted with so many almanacs.

"Yer see," continued the man, "I had one of yer almanacks last year and every time the almanack said one thing I knew it would be the other way, so I raised a powerful good crop. What I calculate on is to distribute the almanacks through the country so the people will raise their crops by them, and I'll put in a whopper of a crop and go ag'in in the almanack. Then them folks will fail in their crops and I'll have a good crop and sell it at my own price."

The agent came near collapsing then, but sold the almanacs and heard the farmer say: "Much obliged. I expect to make my fortune out of these."—Little News.

ORIGIN OF PINK LEMONADE.

How a Thoughtful Circus Clown Met a Texas Emergency.

"The origin of pink lemonade," said an old circus clown the other day, "has long been shrouded in mystery, like some other beginnings in history. But here is the true story: In 1857 I was traveling in the south with Jere Mabie's big show. I was doing a tumbling and acrobatic act in the ring and had not yet begun to aspire to the cap and bells. One afternoon, just before the doors were opened, Mabie came to me in great distress and told me that the clown had 'jumped the show.' A circus without a clown would be a serious affair anywhere, but in Texas in those days it meant destruction to our property and possibly bodily harm to ourselves. You see, those Texans didn't have much else to do, and so they found time to study the bills carefully. They insisted upon getting their full money's worth and wanted everything promised on the bills. Some of our best printing couldn't be put up in Texas at all, because, you know, there are things on circus posters which are beyond the possibility of fulfillment. We showmen look upon those pictures with the artist's eye, and we go to feeling sorry to think what the Texans were missing.

"Well, to come to the point, I went into the ring as clown and made a hit. I kept it up for a couple of weeks, doing my other act as well, and all for one salary.

"One morning I went to the manager and told him that I would have to have some extra sequins if he wanted me to play clown any more. He answered that I was getting enough and if I wasn't satisfied I could quit. He thought he had me there, for Texas was not the kind of country a man would enjoy being left in. But I was a youngster then and didn't mind taking chances. Besides, I had saved about \$40, and I felt rich. I quit the show right off, bought a couple of mules and an old covered wagon and had just enough left to invest in some peanuts, sugar, tartaric acid and one lemon. Talk about good friends! Why, that one lemon stuck to me to the end. I followed the circus with my wagon and pair, and every time the tents were pitched I would mount a box and sing out:

"Here's your ice cold lemonade,
Made in the shade
By an old maid!
Stick your finger in the glass.
It'll freeze tight fast.
The deeper you dip
The sweeter it grows,
Just like honey from a rose.
So good, so sweet, so sour,
It'll give you joy for half an hour!"

"The lemonade sold splendidly, and I couldn't wait on the negroes fast enough. One day, while I was surrounded by a mob scrambling for the liquid refreshment, I noticed suddenly that my water supply had about run out. There were no wells or springs in sight, so I rushed into the big tent to get some water. The elephants had just been fed and watered, and all the tanks were empty. In the excitement of the moment I invaded the dressing tents. Fannie Jamieson, the old time queen of bareback equestrianism, was standing in front of a tub, wringing out a pair of pink tights that she had been washing. The aniline dye had stained the water a deep pink. I didn't stop to ask any questions, but grabbed the tub and ran. As I mounted the box I threw in some acid and the property lemon and called out to the customers to come up quickly and buy some fine 'strawberry lemonade.' My sales were doubled that day, and since then no well regulated circus is without pink lemonade.

"It's not easy to get the better of showmen," continued the old clown. "They're pretty well up to the tricks of the average community and have a few of their own. I was with the first steamboat show that ever sailed down the Mississippi, and it was almost swamped by the big licenses demanded whenever we landed. Finally at Memphis the thing culminated. The merchants were up in arms against the show because they said we would take too much money away from the city. We were notified that no license would be issued and that we would not be allowed to give our show at the wharf. So we steamed out into the middle of the river, started our calliope piping and had our little tug ply back and forth between the shore and the steamboat. The idea of a circus on board of a steamboat hit the Memphis people hard. That night we were crowded to the guards, and we played three 'midstream return dates' in the neighborhood within a week."—New York Commercial.

Case—I suppose you think I'm a fool?

Case—That's what troubles me. If your supposition is correct, then you are a mindreader, and therefore you cannot be a fool, and yet—well, you understand. —Boston Transcript.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark." "How does she do it?" "She makes me get up and look at the clock." —Chicago Record.

Big Reduction Sale

ON ALL

Overcoats

Also on all

CHILDREN'S Suits and Reefers.

First Come First Served.

REMEMBER: We live up to what We Advertise.

C. W. ERICSON.

219 W. Superior Street. THE CLOTHIER.

MEDORA.

BY JOEL BENTON.
[February 14.]

One little maid across the street
Seemed never of her glances shy,
But when today we chanced to meet,
And knew that date in February
When birds and woods are wide awake

And all the earth to spring is turning,
I saw her smile—'twas no mistake—
And our two hearts with love were burning.

II.
A dimpled cheek, a soft blue eye,
A figure like a wood born fairy,
Long locks of hair that vagrant fly,
A manner not too vain or airy,
Rose lips that put the rose to blush,
And do not lack the rose's sweetness,
Are hers. Words fall into a hush
That try to paint her form's completeness.

III.
I only know she has such grace
As prompts the passion of a lover,
A beaming glow illumines her face
That nowhere else can you discover.

MRS. E. H. FISH & CO.

207 West Superior St.

Bread—Delicious, moist and sweet.
Doughnuts—Brown and good.
Cakes—The kind children cry for.
Cakes—Every kind—
Angel food a specialty.
Dinners—We are confident you will come again afterwards.
Telephone 310.

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Duluth, Minn.

Vaudevilian.
"I saw Jones this morning," said the gentleman with the pea green whiskers, "with an awful out on his head that his wife had given him. He was hurrying as fast as he could to the doctor!"
"To the doctor?" interrupted the gentleman with the bald wig.
"Naw; to the barber's to have it put right."
The riotousness of the ensuing business was perhaps the most realistic presented in any place of entertainment at the price.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Origin of Popular Proverbs.

Sam Weller ("Pickwick Papers") did not originate the expression "wheels within wheels," as many supposed. He used it, truly, but the idea is from the Bible (Ezekiel x, 10). Another Biblical expression, which would hardly be recognized as such at first sight, is "the skin of my teeth" (Job xix, 20). We are indebted to Cervantes for the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy" ("Don Quixote," part 2, chapter 33), while the familiar phrase, "Diamond out diamond," is due to Ford, the author of "The Lover's Melancholy" (act 1, scene 1).

Although Sheridan's well known character, Mrs. Malaprop, did "own the soft impeachment" ("The Rivals," act 5, scene 3), we must credit Shakespeare with the origin of the saying that "comparisons are odorous," so frequently attributed to that estimable lady, as he puts these words in the mouth of Dogberry ("Much Ado About Nothing," act 3, scene 5). Ben Jonson ("Tale of a Tub," act 4, scene 8) and Butler ("Hudibras," part 1, canto 1, line 821) both "smell a rat," and to Tupper, the author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," the truism "Better late than never" is due.—Chambers' Journal.

The Weights of Children.

The weights of children and their stature are topics of interest to mothers. Supposing at birth the baby weighs 8 pounds, then its length should be 1 foot 8 inches; at 6 months, the length is 21-2 inches, and its weight 16 pounds; at 1 year the length is 2 feet 5 inches, and the weight 24 pounds; at 18 months, the length is 2 feet 8-1-2 inches, and the weight 28 pounds; at 2 years it has increased to 3 feet in stature, and to 32 pounds in weight; at 3 years to 3 feet 4 inches, and 36-1-2 pounds in weight; at 4 years the stature is 3 feet 6 inches and the weight 41 pounds, and at 5 years the height is 3 feet 8 inches and the weight 45 pounds.—New York Ledger.