



**SOCIALIST TICKET.**

For President,  
EUGENE V. DEBS, of Indiana.  
For Vice-President,  
BEN HANFORD, of New York.

**PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.**

At Large—Robert H. Jackson, Indianapolis; James O'Neil, Terre Haute.  
First District—C. B. Bristow, Evansville.  
Second District—John Gray, Seltz City.  
Third District—John Barsha, Jeffersonville.  
Fourth District—John O. Cooper, Columbus.  
Fifth District—John H. Adams, Brazil.  
Sixth District—Otto A. Lauck, Richmond.  
Seventh District—Gus Hoffman, Indianapolis.  
Eighth District—John Armstrong, Alexandria.  
Ninth District—Wm. Blenko, Kokomo.  
Tenth District—Fred S. Ralt, Lafayette.  
Eleventh District—Ed G. Nix, Huntington.  
Twelfth District—Peter C. Keely, Garrett.  
Thirteenth District—Wm. J. Walters, Elkhart.

**STATE TICKET.**

For Governor—Matthew Hallenberger, Evansville; carpenter.  
For Lieutenant-Governor—Harry H. Hart, Indianapolis; metal worker.  
For Reporter of Supreme Court—Wm. Barrett, Indianapolis; clerk.  
For Secretary of State—Elliott T. Anderson, South Bend; printer.  
For State Auditor—Winfield S. Silvers, Bluffton; farmer.  
For Attorney-General—Peter LaBelle, Anderson; merchant.  
For Superintendent Public Instruction—John W. Newburn, Richmond; teacher.

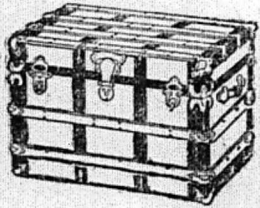
**VIGO COUNTY TICKET.**

For Congressman, Fifth District, Indianapolis; metal worker.  
For Joint Representative, Vigo and Vermillion Counties,  
Clarence E. Kingery, Terre Haute.  
For State Senator,  
Arthur Shellhouse.  
For Representatives,  
Wm. W. Anstead and Everett Kibbey.  
For Sheriff,  
Richard J. Barrett.  
For Treasurer,  
Samuel H. Harris.  
For County Surveyor,  
James C. Thompson.  
For Commissioner,  
Charles E. Abert.  
For Coroner,  
William Parker.  
For County Surveyor,  
James C. Thompson.  
For Commissioner,  
Charles E. Abert.  
For County Councilmen, at Large,  
John J. Davis, John F. Shepherd and Tillman Sheward.  
Harrison Tp.—Councilman,  
John C. Hoagland.  
Sugar Creek Tp.—Councilman,  
James Steeds.

**HARRISON TOWNSHIP TICKET.**

For Trustee,  
John F. Kingery.  
For Assessor,  
Lee Wall.

SEE OUR \$10, \$12 and \$15  
BUGGY HARNESS.



**You Can  
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in Our Trunks**

with the assurance that  
you are getting the best  
that man can make or  
your money can buy.

**OUR \$3 TRUNK**

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for the money—better  
ones, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$1  
up to \$25. People who  
know how and where to  
buy Trunks, Bags, Suit  
Cases, Telescopes, etc.,  
come to us. We have  
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**OBSERVATIONS.**

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

**A \$25,000 BALL AND A CHARITY FEED FOR  
POOR CHILDREN.**

Though comparisons are often odious, we will allow ourselves to make them in order to show the workers how under this capitalistic system of ours the money that has been stolen from us is spent in riotous living and licentious vulgarity by our masters.

Fall River and Newport are not very far apart, but what a difference in the condition of the people inhabiting the two places.

In Newport the idlers congregate and have a fine time. Here there are great mansions, with glass-covered verandas, upon which lie, amid luxurious cushions, men and women who do not know the meaning of the word want.

Here not long ago Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, a member of the Upper Ten, gave what she called a bal blanc, "a ball of the powdered hair," wherein men in white satin knee breeches, silk coats, silk stockings and diamond buckles disported themselves with women dressed in very costly lace and silks. This ball took \$25,000 of the workers' money with Mrs. Oelrichs as the spender.

On the very same day a "charity feed" was given at Fall River for 600 or 700 children of the poor. We quote the following description from Franklin H. Wentworth, who has recently been speaking in the mill towns of Massachusetts:

"There were great cauldrons in the alley outside, cauldrons full of meat and potato stew, with fires under them fighting the chill of the driving rain. The children were wet, and were huddled into room too small for them. The odors were foul. It was hard to breathe in the room, but the faces of the children were happy. They were going to have something to eat. In another room were three long tables, with tin dishes set so near together that only children waist-high could squeeze into them. The dishes were filled with the potato soup, and before each dish were two slices of bread. The door of the room was opened and a file of children passed through to the tables. They were so hungry that they would stop at the first table, all of them, if the attendants did not shove them along. Some of them had brought pails to carry away home what they could not eat. They were allowed to do this.

One little boy, five or six years old, so little that he scarce could reach the lower table, ate nothing at all. He emptied his soup into his pail and put the bread on top of it. Then he stood silently and watched the others eat. He had a baby sister at home. Only little children cry for food. He was nearly six, quite a man, old enough to starve without a tear.

"In Mrs. Oelrichs' kennel at Newport the dogs were sleeping beside dishes of food they had not emptied. Oh, the joy of being a dog! Dogs have enough to eat. They do not have to go hungry to feed their little puppy sisters. No one lets a dog go hungry."

**HENRY G. DAVIS' PALACE AND HIS MINERS' SHACKS.**

Henry G. Davis, the democratic party's vice presidential candidate, lives in palatial splendor befitting a multi-millionaire while the poor miners who delve in the bowels of the earth and bring forth the wealth that pays for the Davis splendor are housed like cattle. In fact, no dog or horse owned by Mr. Davis would be allowed to dwell for a day in the miserable shacks where the miners of his coal camp live. The home of Mr. Davis is a place fit for an emperor, and surpasses in magnificence every dwelling house in West Virginia except the home of his son-in-law, the republican United States Senator, Stephen B. Elkins. Shades of Jefferson simplicity! What will a vote cast by the workingman for Parker and Davis do for the interest of the wage-slave class?

**THE CRAZY GYMKHANA AT LENOX.**

"Sassiety" must have its fun though the heavens fall, a degenerate aristocracy of wealth plung downward to its doom or a mob of malcontents gather momentum for an earthquake-crash of revolution—from a hell of poverty which blood-

red shall some day tear with bitter wail of awe-inspiring terror the mask of hypocrisy and the crown of nuptial conquest from the brow of economic might.

One of the things which "sassiety" at fashionable Lenox is amusing itself with these days is the gymkhana games, imported from India, by way of England and France. Five hundred of the wealthy dwellers in and around Lenox saw the strange race in which men and women, dogs, horses, sheep, goats, turkeys, pigs and geese, strangely intermingled, and which, amid screaming and laughing, barking, neighing, cackling and grunting, was won by a goose. The games took place at Tanglewood, the picturesque villa of the Richard C. Dixey estate.

The following were entries for the race:

- "Miss Kate Carey, white turkey.
- Mrs. Arthur Cummock, white goose with pink ribbons.
- Miss Juliana Cutting, white goose with pink harness.
- Miss Helen Alexander, gray goose.
- Miss Averill, white goose.
- Miss Rosamond Dixey, white pig.
- Miss Rodman, gray goose.
- Mrs. C. S. Haight, tandem of white pigs with blue gingham ruffles and pink ribbons.
- Miss Nora Insigni, black pig with pink harness.
- Miss Franks, black pig, pink ribbons.
- A Plymouth rooster, two goats and a two-year-old colt were in the lists."
- Miss Alexander's gray goose won this "silly" race.

Tradition has it that a cackling goose at one time saved Rome, and it may be that the degeneracy of the rich manifesting itself through this animal worship and the better housing of their pet dogs, cats, geese, goats and pigs than a human wage-slave will have something to do with waking up such slave some day to the fact that he is better than such animals and should be given more of a show to the good things of life than such pet animals of the ultra-fashionable rich. When that time comes let the world welcome the Socialist commonwealth!

**"REGGY" VANDERBILT ENJOYS HIMSELF WHILE HIS SLAVES EARN WEALTH FOR HIM TO SPEND.**

The following news item is only one among a number culled from newspaper of a recent date:

"Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt, scion of the railroad family, played roulette one night at Mr. Caulfield's gambling house in Forty-fourth street, in the city of New York, and lost a large sum of money, estimated as high as \$125,000. He arose with a smile of good-natured indifference."

Yes, who wouldn't rise from the table with "a smile of good-natured indifference" if he knew that all his gambling debts would be paid by tens of thousands of one dollar and a quarter day wage-slaves who are working for him and earning wealth which he could fritter away in pleasure? But when the workingman really knows that these scions of our rich families gamble away in a night the muscles, bones and sinews of 'heir fellow-men, the very life-blood of members of their own class methinks there will be an accounting and a just debt paid.

Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 25, 1904.

Now Vice Presidential Candidate Davis is quoted as saying: "The platforms of the two parties are identical. Both are equally satisfactory to the business interests of the country. The election is merely a question of persons."

The old gentleman did not bother about whether or not the two platforms are "equally satisfactory" to the labor interests of the country. As a union-smashing mine operator he never believed that labor deserved any more consideration than a slave or dumb animal and he is of the opinion still. The "business interests" have always taken good care of the "labor interests," so well, in fact, that the plutocrats of the Davis stripe have piled up billions of wealth, while labor, although it produced all that wealth, is still the drudge that sweats and toils to produce still more for the idle master class. However, the frankness of these plutocrats pleases us,

**ROOSEVELT'S ACCEPTANCE.**

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

In his letter of acceptance, which contains 12,000 words and required three months to prepare, President Roosevelt makes it clear that he is the capitalist candidate by extolling the virtues of the equitable distribution of wealth which has accumulated under his administration. The present basis of distribution is doubtless satisfactory to the millionaire trust owners that are furnishing Mr. Roosevelt's campaign funds and to whom both himself and Judge Parker are mortgaged to their full official value, but the millions of wage earners engaged in the daily battle for existence and doomed to die in the treadmills and trenches will not concur in the president's claim unless it be by the dull stare and passive nod that denote the pathetic acquiescence of a dead brain.

The statement of Mr. Roosevelt that the wealth of the country is being equally distributed among all the people is a bold one for even a rough rider to make, but he thinks he can afford to take the chances for it will please the plutocrats immensely, while there is no great danger that any exception will be taken by the millions of unthinking victims who vote the wealth they create to a set of parasites and are content with their lot as long as they can pay the rent and keep out of the poorhouse.

Mr. Roosevelt could have said nothing to commend him more heartily to the gracious favors of the purse holders of his party; nothing that would more certainly loosen their strings and let the coin of the realm roll into Cortelyou's outstretched palm.

How Rockefeller and Morgan, Vanderbilt and Gould, Carnegie and Schwab must have smiled when the statement of the president was pointed out to them. This would atone for any petty indiscretions of the past in showing his teeth to the trusts. After all it is the distribution of wealth that is the vital issue and upon this issue Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself to be sound and safe by pledging himself to the continued and uninterrupted distribution on the present equitable basis so highly satisfactory to every parasite in the land.

To the intelligent person the claim of Mr. Roosevelt will appear not only monstrous, but he will marvel that any man, saying nothing of the President of the United States, would dare so grossly and so palpably falsify the facts.

The idea of wealth being equitably distributed in the United States! Look abroad and see the private fortunes mounting skyward, the Pikes Peaks of stolen dollars, and then behold the vast stretches of lowlands where millions are poverty-stricken and miserable and then talk about equitable distribution!

Is the president trying to perpetrate a ghastly joke, or is he stark mad? Certainly no sane person would seriously utter so profane a perversion, such a shocking blasphemy in the presence of the cruel and horrifying facts.

This sentence in Mr. Roosevelt's letter should open the eyes of every workingman in the land. According to this the workers are receiving all they deserve and all they will ever receive so far as Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican party are concerned.

It is hard to understand how any man who works for his living can vote for Millionaire Fairbanks and Millionaire Davis and against Workingman Hanford. Yet many of them will do it and a few days later they will pass resolutions denouncing government by injunction and condemning military despotism in Colorado.

All their lives Fairbanks and Davis have exploited labor and never once have they associated with workingmen. All their interests are opposed to labor, for they are capitalists and their great fortunes were wrung from the class that toils and produces, but may not enjoy in the capitalist system.

On the other hand Ben Hanford is a self-developed workingman and all the years of his life he has been loyal to his class, a beacon light in the darkness and a help and inspiration to his fellow-

workers, and they should with joy rally about him and support him in the struggle he is making to break their fetters and give them freedom.

Many, very many are waking and in good time the change will come.

**NOTES BY THE OFFICE BOY.**

BY W. L. OURY.

Truth is the star of hope that will eventually lead humanity to civilization.

Knowledge is power, before which the ignorant cower.  
To those who diligently seek the truth all light is given;  
Tis on the wings of thought we mount to heaven.

No nation is truly great whose people are bound by the fetters of ignorance, hence you owe it to posterity that you teach your children nothing but the truth.

Don't raise more children than you can send to school, feed, clothe and educate. Every ignorant man and woman is a menace to the well being of a community; an educated being wants pay for his or her labor; an ignorant being becomes a scab.

Roosevelt and Parker, the gold dust twins, have prepared for the people a "gold brick" platform. If the workingman votes for it and gets it where the bottle gets the cork (as they have done in the past), who's to blame?

George Stevens, of Omaha, secretary of the meat butchers' union, was fined \$250 and costs by United States Judge Munger for alleged violation of an injunction. That's just as it ought to be. The capitalists own the courts and the judges deliver the goods. Now, why don't the workingmen own the courts by electing workingmen to control them? Then decisions will be in favor of the workingman.

Sam Gompers has let a little light in his cranium (just a little), he has at last concluded that the labor unions ought to go into politics, just to the extent of asking the various candidates for office how they stand on labor measures, to exact promises of support for labor laws. Now, wouldn't that get you? Haven't they been promising long enough? The trouble is, these smooth ducks will promise anything, but what does their promise amount to? There is always a majority that can be brought to defeat any labor measure, and there always will be until labor puts up and elects workingmen on a working class platform. The workingmen are ten to one of the capitalist class and they can carry any election they want to if they will only unite instead of allowing the old party politicians to divide them on issues that don't concern them. There is only one issue that concerns the workers, and that is: "Shall labor receive the product of his toil, or shall he divide up with the capitalist?" and until the workingman recognize this fact and votes to own what his labor creates by voting for Socialism, he will be in industrial bondage, and he does not deserve any better, for he has the power to change it if he will.

One fellow put it to me this way: "I am tired of this fussing, fighting, organizing, striking, cussing and raising hell—364 days of the year and voting to continue in the 365th. I am going to vote as I organize, strike and see if that will not change conditions." Now this man realizes that he must get the whole of the working class to vote as he before permanent good can be accomplished. Help him on election day.

Under our present system one man's misfortune means good fortune for another. To illustrate this: The cyclone at St. Paul meant loss to some, but it gave employment to over 600 idle men at good wages. You see you can only make under the present system as someone else loses.

As Ruskin says: "There is involved in the science of getting rich the further science of keeping your neighbors poor." As your neighbors are poor, as they are in hard luck, as they lack, so can you accumulate riches and become rich. Darn hard luck on the other fellow, and YOU ARE ALWAYS THE OTHER FELLOW. Vote to be independent.

THE OFFICE BOY.



POLITICS IN THE TRADE UNIONS.

The Attitude of Mr. O. P. Smith and Other So-called Labor Leaders and the Reason for Their Opposition to Socialism.

Of the various matters that came before the recent convention of the State Federation of Labor, held at Terre Haute, none was fraught with more significance than the question of socialism and politics. Like Banquo's ghost this question makes its appearance at every labor convention and creates considerable discussion and some ill feeling; and it is with the purpose of explaining the marvelous persistency of Socialists in pressing this question into the arena of discussion and the cause for the vigorous opposition they encounter that the subject is dealt with at this time.

Before the convention assembled the newspapers contained an alleged interview with O. P. Smith, organizer for the American Federation of Labor, and likewise for the State Federation, in which he was reported to have said that there would be no Socialist resolutions introduced in the convention this year, giving the impression that he had taken some care to investigate the matter. In his report to the convention he made a savage attack on the Socialists, charging them with interfering with his work as organizer. This created a protest from several prominent trade unionists, who are advocates of socialism. When Mr. Smith undertook to substantiate his charges, he not only failed to furnish the facts but he showed that there was back of his movements and words an ulterior motive which has since developed.

A resolution, setting forth the adverse experience of the trade union movement during the past year and the dismal prospects of the future, and calling upon the trades unionists to adopt the ballot as a new and improved weapon to obtain labor's rights, was introduced, and it provoked a storm of opposition from Mr. Smith, Mr. Perkins and various other self-styled "labor leaders." Of course, the resolution was voted down and the opponents of it felt triumphant.

After the convention adjourned Mr. Smith charged that he had been threatened with bodily harm and that he had gone to Socialist headquarters to meet his would-be assassins, but failed to find such. He then charged that Socialists resorted to character assassination and that he expected a like attack on his person.

A few days after Mr. Smith returned home to Logansport, he stated through the public press that "the trade union leaders had decided to make a determined fight on socialism," and that he had been chosen as the champion of their side and that he did the best he could.

Now comes the report that Mr. Smith has resigned all his offices in the trade union movement and has been appointed a Republican spellbinder. "He does not want to drag the union into politics." Well done good and faithful servant. You shall now receive your thirty pieces of silver as a reward for your service to the capitalists and the politicians.

Mr. Smith, in whatever capacity he may be, is not worthy of much attention; but for the purpose of this article his career serves as a fine example. A few years ago he was an obscure individual, plodding away at the cigarmaker's bench, and while he was fair and even friendly to the Socialist principles, he made no secret that he was an anarchist. After he became an organizer for the American Federation of Labor and while at Marion, Ind., trying to adjust the trouble at the National Sweeper company, about a year ago, he told me that he believed that the only way to settle the labor problem was by the rifle and bullet, and that he was an anarchist. I told him then that his ideas were as dangerous as they were foolish, and that as a labor organizer he was the wrong man. However, he said he esteemed the Socialists as the only element that made for the enlightenment of the working class and kept the spirit of independence awake.

Shortly after the above mentioned conversation, Mr. Smith assumed a hostile attitude towards those trade unionists who are trying to get the unions to adopt independent political action. Those of us who have come in for his malignant attacks have been waiting for his culmination—the final act in this tragic drama—and now our patience has been rewarded. For his faithful service in fighting the only real vital and dangerous foe of plutocracy Mr. Smith, the anarchist, is out of the trade unions and is using his prestige as a "labor leader" to ensnare the workers into the shambles of the capitalists. What a spectacle! Parry, Peabody, Bell and a host of other trade union smashers and labor crushers in the same breath with "labor leader O. P. Smith." Politics, as well as poverty, makes strange bed fellows. But Mr. Smith's philosophy and his politics are in strict and logical accord. I never met an anarchist yet that did not support either the Democratic or Republican parties, as they explain that the workers will all the sooner be goaded into the destruction of the entire social fabric. This explains Mr. Smith's "grand stand play" at the convention, as one of the local newspaper editors terms it.

Thus we see the most vigorous opponents of working class political action upon independent lines are usually out for political favors at the hands of our masters, and they know if the trade unions should make a stand for socialism those august "leaders" would cease to be of importance in the capitalist parties. These "leaders" do not want us as union men to set together in a working class political party, but they want to ride into a soft berth on their record as "labor leaders." What a sight for the gods! Smith and Sargent and others fighting the political battles for Parry and Peabody, while Severeign and others are doing the dirty work for Injunction Davis, of West Virginia, and the Wall Street gang of corruptionists. So much for our labor (mis)leaders. Let us turn to the real question at issue.

The great mass of us workers live by the sale of our labor power. We sell ourselves each day for enough to maintain ourselves

and those who may be dependent upon us. We cannot employ ourselves and must obtain employment from those who own and control the opportunities to labor. With this situation the masters of the opportunities are our masters. Out of our necessities and our helplessness to employ ourselves we must struggle against each other for a job. This enables our employer to dictate terms to us.

In order to restrain the death dealing competition among the workers for a job we have formed trade unions, which are designed to maintain a certain equilibrium between the number of jobs and the number of workers. Various methods have been employed to accomplish this end, but no effective one has been found. By restraining learners and by shortening the hours of labor some good results have been obtained for a few. In times of activity we have been able to extend our organization, but when a dull period comes we are laid off. Improved machinery and improved methods of wealth production come along and destroy our skill and turn us into the ranks of the unskilled, unorganized and unemployed. When we strike our masters recruit a new force from the unemployed army, as occurred in Chicago and other points during the great butchers' strike, and then our unions decline in strength.

Recent decisions of the courts in matters of injunctions and damage suits growing out of strikes show that we are hopelessly at the mercy of the capitalist or employing class. They enjoin us from making a move to win a strike and then they make our union funds and our private property liable to our employers.

We have tried for years to have an anti-injunction bill and an eight-hour law passed, but all to no purpose. The few laws we have had passed in the interest of labor were declared unconstitutional. In some states the blacklist has been declared legal, while the closed shop and the boycott have been pronounced criminal and illegal.

In the face of these facts some of us trade unionists who have paid dues into the unions and have fought for unionism for years, but who are not "leaders," realize that we must resort to a new weapon to solve the labor problem. We can see very plainly that the reason we are helpless is because the opportunities to work are owned by a class of individuals who have us at their mercy; and we believe that the land, the mines, the shops, the machinery and the means of transportation, etc., have become too great for any class of individuals to own and should be the common property of all the people.

We believe there is plenty for all, but we must have a different system of wealth distribution if each is to get his just share. We think every one should have an equal opportunity and should get the full proceeds of his labor.

We think the ultimate aim of the trade unions should be to make this change so that the labor problem would be solved for all times. As the trade unions are organized at present there are millions who will not support nor sympathize with them, because they can not be reached by the narrow principle at present recognized; and upon the principle that all the means and opportunities of wealth production shall be made common property for the purpose of giving a free and equal opportunity to all, every one who works for a living will be a supporter of the new trade unionism because it aims to emancipate the entire working class.

I would ask whether there is anything wrong in trying to have this demand incorporated into the trade union movement. This change can be accomplished only by uniting those who work into a political party whose mission it is to obtain control of the powers of government and use them to convert the privately owned means into public property.

If private ownership in the opportunities is the cause of our dependency and poverty, no man has any more right to scab at the ballot box by voting to uphold it than he has to scab at the shop; and to claim that one has the right to vote for whom he pleases is no more valid than to claim that one should have the right to work for whom and for what he pleases, regardless of its ill effects on others. No one has a moral right to injure another.

No One But Yourself if You Don't Get Well When Sick.

All we can do is give advice. Of course that's easy. But our advice is really worth a little more to you than most people's, for we offer to give you the first bottle of our medicine free, if it fails to help you.

FREE Write us and we will mail you a Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank for our Specialist to diagnose your case and tell you what is wrong and how to right it. Absolutely Free. Address: DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

and whether you help the master by "scabbing" at the shop or at the ballot box you are equally deserving of condemnation.

The Socialist Party is composed primarily of trade unionists and sympathizers, and each year thousands are flocking to the movement. It is a party made up of the working class for the emancipation of the workers. It is controlled by the working class and it will neither compromise nor fuse with any party that supports the right of a few men to own the earth and make slaves of the workers. There is no secret or dark methods in the Socialist movement. It deals purely with industrial or material affairs, and the charge that it employs unfair or violent methods is a dardarly falsehood. Of course the trade unionist who is a Socialist and knows where the real trouble lies does not miss an opportunity to discredit a traitor to the working class whenever the chance occurs, and whether it be Mr. Smith or some one else he must pay the penalty of his perfidy. Mr. Smith has furthered the Socialist cause by illustrating the oft repeated charge of the Socialists against the labor leaders who oppose political action. His brief career exhibits most flagrantly the time-serving self-seeking motives that actuate them and clearly demonstrates to the rank and file of the trade unionists that such men are unworthy not only of confidence but of respect. We should give politicians to understand that no "labor leader" carries out votes in his vest pocket by making independent political action in the interest of the working class a part of the organic law of the new trade unionism.

W. MAHONEY.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Driven in With a Bayonet.

Comrade Allen, of this city, visited Chicago last Sunday, and while there attended an open-air meeting held by the Socialist party at the corner of Western avenue and Madison street.

A strange feature of the meeting was a tough-looking kid who stood in front of Comrades Huggins, Henry and Hoedlke while they advocated Socialism. The tough-looking western kid wore a very conspicuous Roosevelt button. Comrade Allen, noticing that the wearer of the republican badge listened to Socialism and applauded, turned to the kid and asked: "Why are you so much in sympathy with Socialism and yet the wearer of a republican button?"

"Well," replied the kid, "I was born of a republican father who was a good man personally but a jackass politically. They arrested me in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and fired me into the bull pen, and the reason why I wear this Roosevelt button right here on the lappel of my side is because I was jabbed there with a republican bayonet in the hands of one of Peabody's hirelings. Teddy Roosevelt is backing Peabody. Socialism was driven into me at the point of a bayonet. Do you catch on?"

JAMES ALLMAN.

LOCAL SOCIALIST NOTES.

The Socialists of Terre Haute have rented the Coliseum for the night before election, when Eugene V. Debs will close his work of the campaign. It is expected that the meeting will be in the nature of a final rally and a big crowd will be present from surrounding cities.

S. M. Reynolds will leave within a few days for the gas belt and other points in Eastern Indiana on a speaking-tour in the interest of the Socialist party. Before returning home he will visit several Ohio cities and deliver speeches.

Speer's Wine and Brandy.

The excellence of Speer's wines and brandy is becoming popular in elubs and wealthy families and attested by physicians throughout America and Europe.

Queer Snuffboxes.

In the days when a snuffbox was considered a necessary attribute to the perquisites of a beau or a belle much ingenuity was brought to bear upon the manufacture of these dainty trifles. The results were often very novel. Those with a taste for the morbid could buy boxes made from the wood of scaffolds, chairs that murderers had sat upon or parts of their houses.

Encouraging Him.

"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think that I have experienced every kind of misfortune except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," rejoined the optimist. "It is always desirable, you know, to remember the old adage, 'While there's life there's hope.'"

A Part Never Is the Whole.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake."

"What is it?"

"Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

Better be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

Plato.

The Happy Home

Is the one furnished from FOSTER'S Carpet and Furniture House.

Fall stock is now in, and many are the exclamations of delight as the ladies look it over. Everything is new, price to everybody. You're safe at FOSTER'S.

GORGEOUS MALE ATTIRE.

Laws Against Sartorial Excesses in the Seventeenth Century.

Considering the way women are maligned in these days for their fondness for purple and fine linen, it is rather a shock to find that the sumptuary laws of the past were directed mainly against male excesses in the matter of raiment. There is, for instance, an ordinance issued by the lord mayor and common council of London in 1611 with regard to the dress of "prentices, who were in many cases the sons of wealthy city merchants, gaining 'freedom of the city' by apprenticeship. It was ordained in the proclamation, among much else, that they should wear 'no hat lined, faced or tufted with velvet, silk or taffety, nor any lawn bands nor lace edged collars nor any puka-dillie or other support about the collars of their doublets nor breeches or doublets of any kind of silk nor gloves garnished with silver or gold lace, velvet or silk nor girdles or garters or shoe ties of silk or ribbon nor any rose or such like toys at all upon the shoes or garters nor sleeves held out by a framework of wire nor silk stockings nor Spanish leather shoes nor any shoes with high heels nor the hair done with any tufts or locks, but cut close in decent manner."

LINCOLN TO YOUNG MEN.

He Urged Them to Bear Their Share in Political Life.

Abraham Lincoln's belief that young men should get up and show what they can do, without waiting to be sought out by older folk, is set forth in the following letter written to William H. Herndon, then at Washington, under date of June 22, 1848:

As to young men. You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do you suppose that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men? You young men get together and form a "Rough and Ready club" and have regular meetings and speeches. Take in everybody you can get. Harrison Grimsley, L. A. Enos, Lec Kimball and C. W. Matheny will go to begin the thing, but as you go along gather up all the shrewd, wild boys about town, whether just of age or a little under age—Chris Logan, Roddick Ridgely, Lewis Zwifler and hundreds such. Let every one play the part he can play best, some speak, some sing and all "holer." Your meetings will be of evenings; the older men and the women will go to hear you, so that it will not only contribute to the election of "Old Zach," but will be an interesting pastime and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged. Don't fail to do this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MUSHROOMS ON TREES.

The Method by Which They Are Cultivated in Japan.

Mushrooms grown on trees form quite an important article of export from Japan to China. Shikoku island, where much camphor is produced, is the chief home of this industry. The method employed is as follows: Oak trees about thirty years old are felled in the autumn, and incisions are made with axes at intervals of three or four inches. The trees are then cut into logs four or five feet long and are left in dark, secluded parts of the forest.

After three years mushrooms make their appearance in the incised portions, and when the crop shows signs of growing thin fresh logs are provided. These mushrooms will grow at every season of the year, but in winter and spring artificial stimulus is needed, which is supplied by steeping the logs in water and striking them with mallets or axes to prepare the beds and facilitate the growth. The autumn crop is the largest. The mushrooms after being collected are dried by the sun or by artificial heat.

Picturesque Padua.

Padua, in spite of its flat surroundings, is one of the most picturesque cities of upper Italy. And the seeker after gardens will find many charming bits along the narrow canals or by the sluggish river skirting the city walls. Indeed one might almost include in a study of gardens the beautiful Prato della Valle, the public square before the Church of St. Antonio, with its encircling canal crossed by marble bridges, its range of baroque statues of "worthies" and its central expanse of turf and trees. There is no other example in Italy of a square laid out in this parklike way, and the Prato della Valle would form an admirable model for the treatment of open spaces in a modern city.—Century.

Where Sisters Dress Alike.

In Yucatan, Central America, sisters dress precisely alike, even to the tying of a bow, the turn of a button or the flower in the hair. In the tropics large families are the rule, and any day you may see in the country girls in groups of from three to a baker's dozen, who belong to the same family, as their clothes will show. It is easy thus to distinguish the members of a family anywhere, and not infrequently the sisters are called by their favorite flower or color.

What a Baby Can Do.

Friend—I don't understand why you and your husband should have separated so soon.

Mrs. Aftermath—It was all owing to the baby's temper.

"Mercy on us! How could that be?"

"We couldn't agree as to which one of us the baby took after."—New York Weekly.

His Grand Present.

The Bridegroom—You said you were going to give me a grand present on our wedding day. How about it? His Father-in-law—Didn't I give you my daughter?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Nothing Tamer Than This.

What a man can do depends a good deal upon how much faith some good woman has in him.—Orem.

TWO BITS OF LUCK.

An Incident in Which the Good and Bad Tragically Mixed.

The late Senator Vest of Missouri used to tell a story of good luck and hard luck without a counterpart, according to the Buffalo Commercial. One day, while he was a member of the Confederate congress, he lost a month's pay somewhere on the streets of Richmond. Just as the woman in Scripture who lost a piece of silver called together her friends and neighbors and sought diligently until she found it, he called his friends and went with them on what seemed a hopeless search through the snow covered, dimly lighted streets of Richmond. The chances were a thousand to one against success. "We hadn't been out fifteen minutes when a young lieutenant in our party stooped down and picked up my lost roll. I was in high glee and wanted to treat. We were piloted to a cafe which, pending some repairs, had a ladder of about a dozen rungs instead of stairs. We all climbed up, considering it a great lark, all the while talking about what a lucky fellow the young lieutenant was and predicting great things for him. As we climbed down again the young lieutenant fell from the ladder and broke his neck."

GUILDS OF THIEVES.

Organized Bodies in China That Thrive on Fees.

China is the country of guilds, and the guild of thieves in any district might almost be described as a recognized body. It is treated with by all householders until it has become a kind of insurance agency against theft. All gatekeepers and night watchmen pay a small monthly fee to this guild in order that no thieving may take place on the premises over which they have control. Then if anything does go wrong it will be due to a free lance who would be promptly murdered if captured by the guild thieves themselves.

A recent writer on China states that a friend of his who employs many hundreds of coolies pays a regular monthly salary to the head of the thieves in that district. The man comes to the office on pay days like other employees to draw his wages. If, however, anything has been missed from the factory during the month the value of it is deducted from his salary until the article is restored, which is invariably done within a short time, and in full.

KAFFIRS AND SNUFF.

A Grave Breach of Manners to Take a Pinch Standing Up.

In South Africa among the Kaffirs snuff taking is universal, and it is a grave breach of manners to ask your host for a pinch when you are standing up.

The reason for this is found in the treacherous practices of former times. When one man wished to kill another a favorite device was to ask him for a pinch of snuff, and then, while the unsuspecting victim was fumbling for his snuffbox, the murderer had a splendid opportunity. As this trick for taking a man at a disadvantage became familiar it naturally grew to be a point of good manners to make your request when squatting on the ground, when clearly you were intending no evil.

The Kaffir snuff is made from crude tobacco grown at every kraal, which is powdered up and mixed with the ash of the aloes, carefully ground on a stone and damped. It is always etiquette to ask for snuff, and the donor grants your request grudgingly, lest he should be suspected of pressing upon you bewitching medicine with it.

Suspicious.

Dr. Sloan of Ayr many years ago said that a friend of his had gone not long before to see the parish minister of Craigie, near Kilmarnock, and finding him for the moment engaged, had turned into the churchyard, where he sauntered past the sexton, who was at work digging a grave. As the clergyman was detained some time, the visitor walked to and fro along the path and at length noticed that the sexton's eyes were pretty constantly fixed upon him. At length he stopped and, addressing the gravedigger, asked: "What are ye staring at me for? Ye needna tak' the measure o' me, if that's what you're etlin' at, for we bury at Riccarton."—Reminiscences of Sir Archibald Geikie.

An Oddly Placed Church.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells, England, stands partly in Kent and partly in Sussex; but, more than that, it also stands in three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry he comes out of the parish of Frant, in Sussex, and if he is going to officiate at the altar he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon he walks from Frant into the parish of Speldhurst.

One of Man's Blessings.

When a man talks too much his wife pulls at his coat for him to sit down, and it is not until she is dead and he makes a fool of himself that the world recognizes how much of his past good record was due to this coat tail censor.—Aitchison Globe.

Reasonable.

Smith—I am the most reasonable man on earth. Jones—Then why do you always insist on having your own way? Smith—Because it's the most reasonable one.

"De worst nuisance on earth," said Uncle Eben, "is de man dat keeps huntin' around to see how many nuisances he kin find to kick about."—Washington Star.

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE. OLD BURGUNDY WINE. And \*\*\* Climax Brandy. GRADE HIGHEST. AGE OVER NINE YEARS. ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST FOR RESTORING INVALIDS TO HEALTH. Excellent for aged and weakly persons. Sold by Druggists and Grocers who keep first class wines.

SPEER'S PORT GRAPE WINE. NINE YEARS OLD. THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards, and left hanging until they shrivel and partly raisin before gathering. It is invaluable Tonic and Strengthening Properties are unsurpassed by any other wines in the world, being produced under Mr. Speer's personal supervision, at his own vineyards, the past forty years. Its purity and genuineness are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. It is particularly beneficial to the aged, debilitated and the weaker sex. In every respect it is A WINE TO BE RELIED ON. (See that the signature of ALFRED SPEER, Pasadena, N. C., is over the cork of each bottle.) Speer's (Socialite) Claret. Is held in high estimation for its richness as a Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use. Speer's P. J. Sherry. Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the high qualities of the grape from which it is made. Speer's \*\*\* Climax Brandy. IS A PURE distillation of the grape, and stands unrivaled in this country for medicinal purposes, and equal in every respect to the high wine Old Cognac Brandy of France, from which it is not to be distinguished. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS WHO KEEP FIRST CLASS WINES.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE. Before You Purchase Any Other Write THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, ORANGE, MASS. Many Sewing Machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the "New Home" is made to wear. Our guarantee never runs out. We make Sewing Machines to suit all conditions of the trade. The "New Home" stands at the head of all High-grade family sewing machines. Sold by authorized dealers only. FOR SALE BY J. S. EVANS & SONS, 820 Main Street.

Big Four Route \$5.00 St. Louis to Return. On sale EVERY DAY, commencing Sunday, September 18 to December 1, 1904 inclusive. Tickets good SEVEN DAYS. GOOD GOING ON ALL TRAINS. EIGHT fast trains daily. E. E. SOUTH, General Agent.

HUNTER Laundering and Dyeing Co. LARGEST IN INDIANA. EMPLOYS MORE PEOPLE. OPERATES MORE WAGONS. DISBURSES MORE MONEY. This plant has attained its standing and popularity through Perfect Work. Prompt Attention to its Patrons. Decent Treatment of its Employees. The building is the best lighted, best ventilated and most sanitary laundry building in the state. SIXTH AND CHERRY

God's Children A Modern Allegory. THIS new book by JAMES ALLMAN will delight every socialist reader and will jar the non-socialist reader into doing some thinking for himself. It is by all odds the cleverest socialist novel ever published in America. Read it and laugh over it, then lend it and see the converts it will make. There is no socialist label on it (only a union label), and you can get a man to read it who would turn up his nose at anything marked socialist. Extra cloth binding, handsomely printed in large type. Fifty Cents, Postpaid. CHARLES H. KEEB & COMPANY, Publishers, 54 FINE AVENUE, CHICAGO. You three-month subscriptions for \$1.



# THE PRESSING NEED.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: We are in the heat of the greatest Socialist campaign ever waged in the United States. The conditions of the country all combine to give us our long sought opportunity to organize our propaganda on a national scale and build up a militant national party of the working class.

Now has the time arrived. The workers everywhere are moving toward Socialism and the people of all classes want to hear what Socialism is and what it proposes to accomplish.

The crowds that attend our meetings are enormous and the enthusiasm intense, and at these meetings many new supporters are won to the party and the movement.

The party is in excellent working order, the members in excellent spirit and the outlook is all that could be desired.

There is but one element of weakness in our campaign.

**WE LACK FUNDS!**

The harvest is ripe for the reapers but they come not.

Comrades, there ought to be a thousand speakers in the field from now until election day.

The people are hungering for the message of Socialism.

Now, right now, is the time to bring it to them in all its splendid meaning and awakening power.

To fail at this time is to turn our backs upon the supreme opportunity and set back the movement instead of pushing it forward with our united energy.

Comrades, the insignificant campaign fund of less than five thousand dollars is not creditable to us as a national party, nor is it eloquent of the fealty of our membership to the International Movement.

There are a million Socialists and sympathizers in the United States who will average a ten-cent contribution to the National campaign fund.

This would give us a fund of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS and this is what we should have, and with such a fund, we could attack the capitalist strongholds all along the line and arouse and enthuse our rank and file while striking terror to the capitalist enemy and the army of political mercenaries.

Comrades, the money can be raised. It is simply a question of making a thorough canvass of every cross-road, hamlet, village, town and city in the land. **DO IT NOW.**

Appoint a committee or go at it single handed and give every socialist, semi-socialist and sympathizer a chance to chip in a dime or more to the campaign fund to be used to send our speakers and spread literature to arouse the people and strike capitalism a body blow in November.

Comrades, everyone of us must count this year. Let not one stand back or wait for another to take the lead. If ever the time was when the best we had and all we had was needed by the Socialist movement, that time is now.

The badge we wear is not a decoration merely. It represents an obligation and no true comrade will shirk it in the hour of battle.

Every fibre in our bodies, every particle of our energy, every atom of our united capacity must be strained this year.

The battle is raging as never before and we must rally with our combined power for the assault upon the bulwarks of the enemy.

Let each and every comrade be a volunteer in the service of the campaign fund. Send what you can to the National Secretary, collect what you can and send that and then collect and send more, and for every penny you manage to turn in the propaganda will be strengthened and you will have added to the great working class victory awaiting us in November.

*Eugene V. Debs*

Approved by the National Quorum, Sept. 17, 1904.

Note:—All remittances should be sent direct and made payable to William Mailly, National Secretary, 290 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Contributions acknowledged in the Socialist Press.

## MAILLY'S REPORT

Weekly Socialist Bulletin of National Secretary.

The first issue of the Socialist Party official bulletin has been sent out from National Headquarters either direct to locals or through the state secretaries. Each local secretary should see that he gets his share for the local members. The bulletin contains a lot of information of value to party members.

The reports from all the speakers traveling under the direction of the National Headquarters are of the most encouraging nature. This holds good no matter what part of the country the particular speaker may be in. There is no apathy in the Socialist campaign.

The October issue of the party official bulletin will contain a complete list of electoral and state tickets.

Party locals should take action looking to the placing of watchers at each polling place on election day, November 8. Reliable comrades should be selected and those who can stay on ground all day and then watch the counting of the vote at night. An increase in the Socialist vote is generally conceded and experience shows that the old party hacks who will have the counting in charge will not hesitate to defraud if the chance is given them. At least one comrade should have charge over each polling place and he must be prepared to firmly uphold and protect the party's rights. And other comrades should be present to back him up if necessary.

The amount of campaign literature being sent out by the National Headquarters caused one of the overworked Chicago postal clerks to exclaim the other day, "You Socialists must be expecting to elect Debs President!"

The campaign lithographs of Debs and Hanford are going fast. Comrades write in and say they have succeeded in interesting workers in the party through these posters whom it was impossible to interest before. Every local should have some before the campaign closes.

**NATIONAL CAMPAIGN SPEAKERS.**  
Dates for national campaign speakers traveling under the direction of the National Headquarters for the week ending October 15 are arranged as follows:  
Eugene V. Debs—October 9, Omaha, Neb.; 10, Des Moines, Iowa; 11, Minneapolis, Minn.; 12, St. Paul, Minn.; 13, Dubuque, Iowa; 14, Hook Island, Ill.

Ben Hanford—October 9, Indianapolis, Ind.; en route; 11, Saginaw, Mich.; 12, en route; 13, Huntington, Ind.; 14, Peoria, Ill.; 15, Milwaukee, Wis.

Franklin H. Wentworth—October 9, Cincinnati, O.; 10, en route; 11, McMechen, W. Va.

James F. Carey closes his work in Jersey City, N. J., October 9, under the direction of National Headquarters and goes back to Massachusetts to close the campaign.

John Spargo—October 9, Minneapolis, Minn.; 10, Milwaukee, Wis.; 11-15, Chicago, Ill.

John W. Brown—October 9-15, Milwaukee, Wis. Comrade Brown returns to

New York state to close the campaign after his Milwaukee engagement.

M. W. Wilkins is under the direction of the state secretary of Massachusetts.

The continued illness of Comrade Chas. G. Towner made it impossible for him to fill the dates arranged for him in Indiana, and Mrs. Gertrude Breslaw Hunt has been engaged to take his place. Mrs. Hunt speaks as follows: October 9-15, Knox, Ind.; 14-15, South Bend, Ind.

John M. Ray—Louisiana.  
Ida Crouch Hazlett—Pennsylvania.  
Geo. E. Bigelow again resumed work at Yankton, S. D., October 7. Enough dates have been contracted for to keep him busy in North and South Dakota until election day.

Geo. H. Goebel, after filling a number of dates in Wyoming and Nebraska, will work home in New Jersey.

Comrade Dan A. White closed his work in Milwaukee, September 30, and spoke en route east at Cincinnati, O.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Ashtabula, O.; and Erie, Pa., beginning his work in western New York, October 8.

Chas. Pergler, Bohemian, Oregon—October 9-11, New York City, N. Y.; 12, en route; 13, Alleghany, Pa.; 14-16, Cleveland, O.

Teofilo Petriella, of Newark, N. J., Italian speaker, began his work in Chicago with three meetings, October 5-6-7.

## DEBS' GREAT TOUR.

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist Party candidate for President, continues his record breaking tour around the country, arousing great enthusiasm and searing the old party politicians by the size and character of his audiences.

At Pine Bluff on Saturday, September 17, he addressed an immense audience in the court house square. Comrade Nelson writes: "It was a demonstration to be long remembered. Cheer and cheer interrupted the speaker as he landed his sledge hammer blows that roused the 'brother to the ox' from his hypnotic slumber."

Comrade Palmer reports that the Kansas City, Mo., meeting was "the biggest thing of the kind we ever undertook. Hundreds of young men made the statement at the close of the meeting that they would have the honor of casting their first vote for Debs." The Kansas City Times reported that 4,500 persons were present and they cheered for several minutes when Debs was introduced. The Journal said, "The crowd was a tremendously enthusiastic one, and several times, both before and during his speech, cheers rang through the big building."

The Wichita, Kan., meeting was conducted by the capitalist press to be the political event of the season. The Wichita Beacon stated: "Socialists found it necessary to hang out a 'S. R. O.' sign at their first meeting of the campaign held at the Toler Auditorium last night. Eugene V. Debs, candidate of the party for President addressed the meeting. He spoke to an audience that taxed the standing capacity of the Auditorium, the stage, and put standing room at a premium. Evening trains brought delegations of Socialists from many of the nearby counties."

The Wichita Eagle said: "The audience paid close attention to every word of the speaker and was very enthusiastic. At times the speaker was forced to wait for

the cheering to subside before he was able to proceed." The press dispatches also reported the meeting to be "the biggest political gathering of the year, though both the Democratic and Republican parties held rallies in Wichita."

From Wichita Comrade Debs had to jump to Los Angeles, Cal., in order to reach there on September 23. In response to a request from comrades at Albuquerque, N. M., he consented to speak at that point on his way through. Comrade Debs writes: "On arrival of the train a big crowd was there and I spoke to them from a truck on the platform. The train stops twenty minutes but the engineer had some trouble in getting the engine in working order and the train stopped there an even hour, so I got in a full speech at Albuquerque to a crowd of plutocrats and proletarians. The whole train joined in the crowd and the railroad men were full of enthusiasm."

Comrade Metcalf reports from Albuquerque, "Debs got here on time yesterday, 10:30 a. m., and spoke for nearly an hour from a baggage track, while repairs were being made on the engine. Many of those present were old railroad men who were visibly affected at meeting their old comrade. The striking machinists are 'injected' from going on the station grounds or they would have all been there. Debs said when he was here ten years ago the detectives shadowed him all the time to prevent him from organizing the A. R. U. and he was much pleased at his present reception. We presented him with a basket of native fruit and were awfully sorry to see the train move out."

The Los Angeles meeting was a great success. Comrade A. J. Stevens reports: "We expected a large attendance, but the Pavilion was filled beyond seating capacity and it seats 4,000. The audience was large, workingmen, with now and then a bonnet interspersed and the most appreciative audience that ever listened to a Socialist speech. As soon as the chairman (myself) introduced Debs the audience cheered and cheered for several minutes. The Times (Gen. Otis' scab paper), which maligns Debs so five years ago, was very respectful this time, so much so that there was not a word in this morning's issue concerning his speech."

A heavy rain interfered somewhat with the San Francisco meeting on September 24 and alone prevented an overflow. The Bulletin reported: "Before an immense gathering of 7,000 Eugene V. Debs made a stirring address last night. The speaker was frequently interrupted by applause. Just as the last sentence passed his lips the audience rose and greeted the speaker with a round of cheers."

The Examiner said: "An enthusiastic crowd of six thousand persons gathered in Woodward's Pavilion last evening to listen to the campaign address of Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President. The nominee spoke for two hours, holding the close attention of his audience. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. At the close of his speech he was cheered for several minutes."

Ben Hanford, Vice Presidential candidate, has been addressing successful meetings in New York and New Jersey. Arrangements for his tour are now completed. After the great Chicago meeting on October 17, where he speaks with Comrade Debs, Hanford proceeds as follows:

October 18, Beloit, Wis.; 19, Superior, Wis.; 20, Minneapolis, Minn.; 23, Helena, Mont.; 23, Butte, Mont.; 25, Spokane, Wash.; 27, Seattle, Wash.; 28, Tacoma, Wash.; 29, Portland, Ore.

The last eight days of the campaign will be spent in California, beginning at Sacramento October 31 and closing at Los Angeles, November 7.

WILLIAM MAILLY,  
National Secretary.

## Cando at Otto.

Nabb, Ind., Oct. 4.—Comrade Cando of Marion, Ind., spoke here in a country school house Monday night, October 3, and a very enthusiastic meeting was held. He is possessed of a very earnest delivery and his hearers are interested with him from the start. He began his address with a sweeping reference to the economic influences, which, working through all ages, have brought the relative positions of man to man to their present character.

He spoke for two hours, dealing with almost every economic question at present before the public. Cheer after cheer greeted him when he paused, and cries of "Go ahead; don't stop; give us more," was heard on every side. We had a drum corps and it made our hearts glad to know that we are doing good. We need more like him. Men listened and cheered whom I hardly thought would come to hear him.

FRED HORN.

## Society's New Game.

"Trail" has taken society by storm. It is something new, something different. "Trail" as the name implies, is founded on a popular hunting sport, is played with fifty-three fine cards in four colors, representing a fox to be chased and caught, and four packs of hounds of thirteen each.

"Trail" has a constantly recurring interest for players as they perfect their playing from evening to evening, in marked contrast to certain recent boisterous games that bore the players at the end of an hour.

With the one pack six other splendid, new, copyright games can be played. Two educational games, and two games of fun, making it suitable for all members of a family.

"Trail" can be had of dealers or sent post-paid 75c, gilt edge; plain 50c. Rules for the seven games free. Combination Card Game Co., Atlanta, Ga.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Saturday Matinee and Night, October 8.

"FLOODTIDE."

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Dodge and Bowerman Amusement Company.

## THE CUNNING FOX.

Indian Legend of Why He Is Hated by the Wolf.

The wolf hates the fox. According to the Iroquois Indians, this is why: One cold, wintry day a fox who was prowling about looking to see where he might steal his dinner saw a wagon coming. It was loaded with fish and was driven by some fishermen who were taking home their day's catch. "Ah, ha!" said the cunning fox. "Here comes my dinner." And he fell down and pretended to be dead. The fishermen, seeing him, picked him up and threw him into the wagon among the fish. Then the fox slyly threw out some fish and when the fishermen were not looking jumped off himself and made off with the fish he had thrown out. Pretty soon afterward he met a wolf, who said, "I am hungry, and I guess I will eat you for my dinner." But the fox said, "Would you rather not have fish for dinner?" The wolf replied that on the whole he thought he would prefer fish. Then the cunning fox told him of the trick by which he had just got his own dinner and advised him to try it. The wolf was pleased with the idea, so he ran through the woods and headed off the team which the fishermen were driving, falling down in the road before it and pretending to be dead. But the fishermen, who had by this time discovered the trick the fox had played upon them, instead of taking him into the wagon, beat him with clubs so that he barely escaped with his life. And on a hillside near by sat the fox, who laughed and laughed.

## LIGHT WAVES.

Different Kinds Brought Into Connection Produce Darkness.

Every light wave, as a wave of the sea, consists of two portions, in one of which the water is lifted above the general average level of the surrounding ocean and in the other is depressed below it. These two portions form the "crest" and the "trough" of the wave respectively.

If two or more sets of waves are caused to traverse the same surface, as by dropping stones into still water, for instance, a complicated network of ripples is produced. At certain points the crest of one wave will coincide with the crest of another, and the two will combine to form one crest of double the height, the trough also being twice the depth.

At other points the crest of one wave will fall on the trough of another, and as the same particles of water are called upon by equal forces to move in opposite directions at the same time they will remain stationary, and the surface will not be disturbed at those points.

Similarly, as light consists of waves in the ether, it has been shown by Fresnel that if one ray be caused to fall half a wave length behind another the troughs of one set of waves will combine with the crests of the other set to neutralize one another, so producing still ether, or dark patches, at those particular points in the midst of the surrounding light.

## A Helpful Spirit.

There had at first been six names on the list of candidates to be sent by popular vote from the little seaport town to the great fair, but gradually the list had dwindled, for two of the candidates went so far ahead of all the others that it became a farce to retain the other names.

It was when affairs had been at this point for three weeks, and within twenty-four hours of the time set for counting the last votes, that Miss Mattie Hawley met one of the candidates on the street.

"I don't know what to do," said Miss Mattie with a distressed look in her eyes. "I want you to go, and I want her to go, so at last I bethought me how I could help you both. So I went into Jones' and bought ten dozen cakes of soap and put half the coupons in for you and half for her."—Youth's Companion.

## Spreading Gloom.

No accusation is commoner among intimates than that of spreading gloom. Each member of a family privately feels how cheery he or she would be if only the others would make an effort to be cheerful too.

"I am naturally of a gay disposition," said a young man to his friend as they walked sadly along together, "but I require an echo."

"And I can be very gay, too," said the other, "but I also require an echo." They continued their walk in dreary silence.—London Outlook.

## The Poetical Farmers of Korea.

The Korean, who is a poet before he is a cultivator, speaks of his rice as "the golden sand." When it sprouts it is "the bright green field." It then becomes "the blue green plain." When it begins to ripen it is "the mottled jade wave;" when ripe, "the yellow gold wave." When cut it is "the yellow ice," and when harvested it is "the home of the golden child."

## Capable Both Ways.

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim? Her Father—No. He appears to be capable of nothing. Pretty Daughter—But what objection have you to George? Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.

## Sarcasm.

He—if I had known how sarcastic you were, I never would have married you. She—You had an opportunity of noticing it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after a three years' courtship?

"If" in an offer to give something, is generally a padlock with the key in the river.—Atchison Globe.

# High-Class Men's Wear at Low Prices

Don't buy your goods of firms selling high price today and low price tomorrow. We have only one price to all. Everything we sell we guarantee.

## Foulkes Bros., Hatters and Furnishers.

CHRIS. REINKING, Proprietor

## GERMANIA HOTEL

Good Accommodations for the Public. Bar Supplied with Fine Wines, Liqueurs and Cigars. Southeast Corner Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

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Holder is made of the finest quality hard rubber, in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size 14k. gold pen, any flexibility desired—ink feeding device perfect.

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NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT. (No. 7745.) State of Indiana, Vigo County.—In the Superior Court, September Term, 1904. Dora Thompson vs. Elias Thompson.

Be it known that on the 15th day of September, 1904, said plaintiff filed an affidavit in due form, showing that the defendant, Elias Thompson, is a non-resident of the state of Indiana and a necessary party defendant to the complaint herein, and that the object of said action is divorce. Said non-resident defendant is now, therefore, hereby notified of the pendency of said action against him, and that the same will stand for trial on the 16th day of November, 1904, the same being the 63d judicial day of the September Term, 1904, of said court; and unless said defendant appear and answer or do so by said complaint at said date, the same will be heard and determined in his absence. Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 15th day of September, 1904. DAYID L. WATSON, Clerk.

W. W. Ramsey, Plaintiff's Atty.

Patronize Your Patrons COLUMBIAN LAUNDRY

Phone 329. Eleventh and Main



# THE TOILER.

Exclusively a Labor Paper.

Published every Friday in the interest of labor in general and organized labor in particular by

THE TOILER COMPANY

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## LOCAL LABOR NOTES.

Plumbers Local 150 wish to thank the different locals throughout the city for the support and general assistance that has been rendered in their strike, and wish to inform them that the strike is still on. They only ask for the moral support of all unions.

This local last Monday night elected the following delegates to the C. L. U.: Harry Herrin, Fred Von Ente and Louis Jantz. We are glad to know that this union is in a prosperous condition, despite the setbacks received in the past, and are hopeful of bringing things to a successful issue in a short time.

John Whitmore, a carpenter, aged 52, living at 902 North First street, dropped dead shortly after 1 o'clock Tuesday, while at work in a new barn at the rear of the residence of Edward Hoach, 483 North Fourth street. He had lived in Terre Haute for a number of years and was well known. He is survived by his wife and two daughters.

Messrs. S. M. Reynolds and Max Ehrmann have been appointed delegates to the Federation of Clubs' meeting at Fort Wayne, which will be held this month. Mr. Reynolds may be unable to attend the meeting, and if he cannot go President Wisely will select another member to represent the club with Mr. Ehrmann.

John Rykhoff, 1409 South Second street, a carpenter, while at work repairing a flue on the roof of the house owned by C. A. Clark, 912 South Second street, lost his balance Monday morning and fell to the ground, receiving injuries which caused his death at St. Anthony's hospital late in the afternoon. Rykhoff suffered internal injuries, and though conscious failed to rally from the shock of the fall. He was born in Holland and came to this country in 1879. He had been a resident of Terre Haute since 1880.

Work at the MacBeth-Evans chimney plant at Elwood, Ind., is about at a standstill and the locked-out union workmen are rejoicing over the fact that they have induced enough men to leave the employ of the company to stop the operation of the machines. A large number of men came there from Marion and Alexandria, but turned back after the union men had explained the situation. Local dealers have been materially helping the strikers the last few days, and wagon-loads of provisions for the families of the men who are out of work have been contributed.

Lawrence Digges, a brakeman on the Vandalia, who fell from the pilot of an engine near Marshall, and had both legs badly mangled, died from his injuries at St. Anthony's hospital. The remains were shipped to his former home at Indianapolis. His mother and sister were at his bedside when death came.

That the union is in a better financial condition than it has been since its organization four years ago, was shown in the report of the auditing committee at the regular meeting in C. L. U. hall Monday night of the local Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' union. The newly elected officers were installed at the meeting Monday night. Contractor D. White, who is employing non-union lathers, was placed on the unfair list.

F. E. Smith, of the local Lathers' union, is attending the convention of the International Lathers' union in East St. Louis.

Vice President Philip Walters, of the mine workers, has returned from Nyesville, where he signed the agreement with Operator Harrison to run the mine on the double-standard basis, thus ending a strike which had existed since April 1. Thirty-five men were employed in the mine, and for some time past these have been dependent on the district treasury for financial assistance.

President Boyle was at Linton yesterday, where he met with Vice President Lewis, of the national office, in an endeavor to settle the Summit mine difficulties. District Board Member O'Connor again visited the Zeller mine, where some trouble was experienced over the loading of cars. He rendered a decision in the case, which was carried to President Boyle, who sustained it.

[The following verses are published at the request of several comrades of Odon Local, and were indited by Comrade John H. Meyer, a stone cutter and a member of Odon Local. They are upon a subject in which we are all interested, and the effort is entirely too good to be lost.—Ed.]

An Address by the Devil to Governor Peabody and David M. Parry. [With apologies to the shade of Robert Burns.]

Long life and health, dear sirs, be yours,  
Unscathed by hungered Union Boors.  
Lord grant no dirty, desperate beggar  
With bomb, or knife or rusty trigger  
May rob the nation of two lives  
It likes—like lambskins like the knives.  
Faith, you were right, but you were bold  
To give the union cause a jolt;  
I doubt not, they would know no better  
Then once they've shaken off the fetter  
Of superstition, ignorance blind  
To make the laws to suit their kind.  
'Gene Debs, as eloquent as Franklin,  
May set their sluggish blood a-rankin,  
And with the words of Marx to teach them  
Class-consciousness at last may reach them.

Then God knows why may be effected  
When by such heads and hearts directed:  
Those union rowdies whom we spurn  
May even ask for all they earn.  
And should the new enlightened brood  
Refuse to shed each other's blood  
In bloody wars, and strikes as well,  
Where will your gallant Sherman Bell  
Get troops enough to man defenses  
And bring the rascals to their senses—  
To cow the rebel generation  
And save the honor of the nation?  
They all be damned—what right have they  
To better wage—eight-hour day?  
In fact, to any sort of living  
Save what their masters feel like giving?

But hear, Peabody—Parry hear,  
Your hand's too light on them I fear.  
Your worthy, doughty General Bell  
I cannot say but he does well,  
He lays aside all tender mercies  
When so-called justice he dispenses,  
But while they're only starved and worried  
You'll never break their stubborn spirit.  
No! Thin the ranks with leaden hail,  
And let the leaders rot in jail,  
And if they will not keep your rules  
Drive from their homes the stubborn fools.  
The wives and children left behind  
Let work and hunger tame their mind;  
And if any of the ragged train  
Dare to the courts of law complain,  
Call out your thugs and make them track  
With all their hirelings at their back.  
Go on, dear sirs, I long to meet you,  
And in my house at home to greet you.  
With common folks you shall not mingle,  
The choicest nook beside the eagle,  
At my right hand, shall be your place,  
Far from the other low-down race.  
An easy chair is waiting there  
For your old friend and enemy, Baer.  
None else in hell are fit to tarry  
Near such as Peabody and Parry.  
This honor you are well deserving,  
And till you come, your humble servant,  
THE DEVIL.

Then God knows why may be effected  
When by such heads and hearts directed:  
Those union rowdies whom we spurn  
May even ask for all they earn.  
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## TEAS THAT ARE WORTH FORTUNES

Twelve Hundred Kinds Are in China's Show at the World's Fair—The Most Populous Nation of the World For the First Time Makes an Exhibit Worthy of Her Greatness.

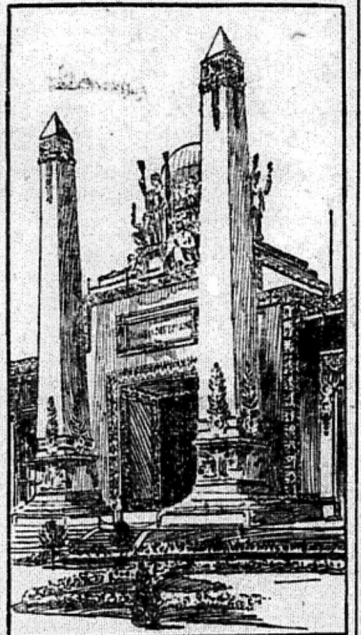
Many expositions of stupendous character make up the World's Fair of 1904. Each part is a vast and distinct show. Each building shelters many acres of wonderful things—wonderful because they are the choicest of their kind. Every nation on the globe is represented. Every state and territory is here with its best and making the most of its greatest opportunity.

The fact that China has not been a large exhibitor at world's fairs gives to her great exhibit here a prominence quite exceptional. It is a wonderland of ingenious productions. We know China best by reason of her extensive exports of teas, which have found a vast market in the United States for generations. Her commercial interests therefore prompted her to make a display of teas that we should not forget.

In sealed glass jars China displays in the Liberal Arts Palace some 1,200 kinds of tea. Young Hyson and Old Hyson have a string of tea relations longer than the genealogical chain of a Plymouth Rock. They are neatly selected "chops," in the language of the tea farmer, and these classes do not embrace medicinal teas, which are quite another lot in the rather modest number of 400.

The teas exhibited vary in price from a few cents a pound to some rare and exclusive kinds that are worth their weight in gold, the tea in the latter cases being placed on one side of the scales and pure gold on the other—that is to say, the tea of this expensive kind is worth about \$20 gold an ounce. Only a very small quantity of this exclusive leaf is exhibited, and it is grown in carefully guarded tea plantations or gardens right under the shadows of the great wall of China. Its cultivation is prohibited for any use save for the imperial family of China and a few of the favored high officials.

Mention has been made of the word "chop" in connection with tea, and it may be interesting to the everyday reader to know what the word actually signifies. The tea leaf is grown in various districts of the Chinese empire on



NORTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY, WORLD'S FAIR.

large areas of ground which are often mistaken for single plantations. This is hardly ever the case, as the large tracts are very often owned by hundreds of different men, whose individual plots of ground bearing the tea plants are carefully mapped out, so that each individual owner may cultivate and pick his own crop of tea. Each owner likewise markets his own tea and puts his own special mark, or "chop," on the packages. Hence the term "chop" signifies an individual growth or picking of tea by one owner. In an area of tea land of, say, a thousand acres, all apparently under one ownership, there may be some forty, fifty or more owners of the plantation and consequently a like number of "chops" of tea.

It must not be imagined that all these different owners of the tea get the same price for their commodity—far from it, as each of these individual tea growers has his own secrets for improving the quality and flavor of tea. Take, for instance, the Amoy and Fuchau districts, whence most of the tea for the United States comes. The owners of "chops" of tea varying from 10 to 200 chests of 56 pounds each bring samples of their goods to the various foreign merchants for sale. These latter turn the Chinese tea growers over to the good offices of the foreign or American professional tea taster, who passes on the goods as to price. The tea taster has the samples infused, not boiled, in his presence and passes upon the quality, flavor, twang and manner of curing, fixing a price accordingly, from which there is never any variation and which the tea grower must accept or go elsewhere to dispose of his wares. In a single tract of tea land like the one cited above the price has ranged from 14 cents, the lowest, to 48½ cents, the highest, per pound among sixty-one different tea producers. A matter of great moment that also figures in the price of tea is that very often tea from the same district will have the various "chops" blended together in order to produce special flavors.

## PHILIPPINES AT WORLD'S FAIR

Complete Exhibition of Island People and Industries Covers Forty-seven Acres and Is Independent of Larger Show.

Not even in the heart of Manila city could there be found forty-seven acres of Philippine territory as interesting as that amount of space covered by the islands' display at the World's Fair. Here is an exposition within an exposition, a little wheel that revolves independently of the larger one encompassing it.

Scores of buildings are filled with exhibits, native life is depicted by as many different villages as there are tribes on the islands, military drills are given by Philippine troops, and concerts are rendered by native bands. For its amusement features the Philippine exposition has the humorous Igor-



SOUTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS, WORLD'S FAIR.

rote, who dines on dog meat, and visitors are entertained by Visayan actors and actresses. Nothing is lacking to make the show complete.

The Administration building is a replica of the government offices in Manila, while the Art and Education building reproduces in miniature the cathedral within the walled city, even the mellowed tints of age being faithfully rendered. A section of the ancient but still serviceable town wall has been reconstructed to serve the double purpose of a gateway to the show and a museum of arms and war relics. The other main edifices are types of Filipino homes, being built of undressed timber, bamboo and rattan, with thatched roofs and broad verandas.

Then there are the tribal villages nesting under the trees, some of the houses perched high up among the boughs, others on piles above the waters of the Arrowhead lake, all of them actual dwellings fashioned of native materials by native workmanship and illustrating the manners, customs and pursuits of their occupants. Here are women weaving a coarse cloth on a rude hand loom, others making baskets, others tending irrigated fields of rice. One group of men are in village council, trying an offender according to their tribal laws; others are slowly moving in a circular dance to the thump of tom-toms and the clang of brass gongs; others, again, are smelting iron by the aid of a primitive but most ingenious bellows, the constituent parts of which are a bamboo tube and an airtight mop of feathers working therein like the piston of a syringe. And these are but a few of an almost endless variety of life pictures.

The ethnological problem is a somewhat complicated one; but, although there are no fewer than sixteen races represented among the village dwellers, the scouts and the constabulary, each race speaking its own dialect and following its own customs, all may be roughly classified into four groups—the true aboriginals or non-Malays, the pagan Malays, the Christian Malays and the Mohammedan Malays.

The first are the dwarf Negritos, with dark skins and woolly heads, wearers of scanty raiment, proficient in the use of the bow and poisoned arrow, a race of nomads and forest dwellers, pagans pure and simple. They live in their own stockaded village.

Next to them are the Igorrotes, whose origin is traced back to the first wave of Malay invasion. Here, again, we have scanty clothing, amounting almost to nudity, but copper colored skins, long wavy tresses, pleasant featured faces and fine physiques, even though the stature be small. Among these pagan Malays are the head hunters and the dog eaters. They are savages, yet have their code of laws and a knowledge of several primitive industries.

The Christian Malays, produced by the second wave of invasion, are represented by the Visayans, a tall and handsome race, dressing well, living in pretty homes, skilled in weaving, dyeing, basket making, hat making, wood carving and other handicrafts, musicians of no mean merit, the one group of natives who came early and thoroughly under the influence of the early Spanish settlers.

Very different are the Moros, who swept into the islands from the Malay peninsula last of all, bringing with them their Mohammedan religion, also a knowledge of gunpowder acquired with the Koran from the Arabs—fanatics like their teachers, pirates, blood-thirsty, treacherous and vindictive

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GEO. E. FARRINGTON, Gen'l Agt.

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## DAUNTLESS COFFEE

A GENUINE JAVA AND MOCHA DELICIOUS FLAVOR

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The Specialty Cloak and Suit House.