

WORKMEN'S ADVOCATE,



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NOBLE SCIENTISTS.

INDOMITABLE SEARCHERS FOR PRECIOUS TRUTH.

Unappreciative Garbage Eaters—Un-sightly Children of Shapeless Women—Eagle Eyes See Mountains a Hundred Miles Away.

How pleasant it is, as one sits in his cosy study, surrounded by all the luxuries of our advanced civilization to read of the new achievements made each day, nay, one might say, each hour, by our unwearied searchers after new facts, the *scientists*.

Some who, owing to a lack of enterprise or ability, are not surrounded by all the "luxuries" of our advanced civilization may exclaim at the facts which absorb the attention of our scientific men. But what of that?

We have noticed that diet has a great deal to do with people's views of things.

Thus, a man who, owing to his incapacity, is obliged to live on the garbage of the market, takes a very unsatisfactory view of the estimable gifts of scientific research. Such people are continually calling attention to the gaunt poverty which they say oppresses them.

How inconsiderate. Yes; and not content with attracting notice to their personal destitution, they must needs parade the deformity of want in all the ugliness of their various aspects.

Thus do they, heedless of our refined sensibilities, persistently present to our gaze their unsightly young; the weazen-faced, hollow-eyed and corpse-lined children of the very poor. Then again, we must needs be made uncomfortable by the sight of careworn women, with faces lined with trouble and flushed only with the hectic hue of the consumptive; eyes which speak only of the "curse-God-and-die" feeling at heart—the hopeless, shapeless, unlovely women of the toiling class. But why should they not keep their misery to themselves, who alone are to blame?

How very inconsiderate! That these people should find no charm in the victories of science is not strange; they are too much wrapt up in their own petty necessities to note the onward march of the trained thinkers of the world. Is it not deplorable?

On the other hand, people who have, by the insensate process of evolution, attained the proud eminence of quail on toast, charet punch and gold-mounted eye-glasses, feel their hearts beat faster as they read with joy unspeakable that:

"A discussion is going on among European savants concerning the distance at which large objects on the earth's surface may be visible. Emil Metzger mentions that he once saw, with some difficulty, Keiserspick in Sumatra, when distant 110 English miles. From Pizurraun, near Dissentis, E. Hill has seen Mont Blanc, the intervening space measuring 110 miles. J. Starkie Gardner states that Mont Blanc is visible from Piz Langard, though distant about three degrees, and from Marseilles Zech saw Mount Conigon at a distance of 158 miles. The whole range of the Swiss Alps has been looked upon by J. Hippisley when 200 miles away; while Sir William Jones has affirmed that the Himalayas have been seen at the great distance of 244 miles."—*Scientific Notes*.

How can any one, properly fed, but feel the flush of admiration mounting his face, when reading of the noble devotion of these trained thinkers?

Surely, he must be made of the

cross found in the make-up of the chad-hopper only, who does not feel that life is worth living when facts like these are presented to this notice. Think of the terrible strain upon the eyesight of these daring men, as they scan the horizon for distant mountain peaks! Then consider the terrible fatigue they must undergo as they proceed, on foot to be sure, to measure the distance with a ten-foot pole, swimming across broad streams and plunging through mountain torrents, letting nothing deter them until they reach the goal!

Is this not grand? Think of the indomitable pluck and perseverance of these illustrious men as they plod along under the scorching rays of the noonday sun, or the drenching rain of a vigorous sou'easter, until they have definitely settled the distance of some far away huckleberry patch!

Is it not sublime? Then reflect how, after the "hair-breadth" escapes by flood and field—these noble men must needs discuss, to the end that "truth may prevail" and that we, in our cosy studies, etc., may know a thing or two.

Perhaps some boor of a workman, improperly and insufficiently fed, of course, for which he alone is to blame, may object that all this is a useless waste of energy; this boor "kicker" may intimate that if a little of this trained intellect devoted itself to the solution of social problems there would be less hunger and misery in the world. Indeed, considering the degeneracy of the times, we should not be surprised if some low-born churl should intimate that this measuring of distances is all clap-trap, and a direct symptom of the prevailing academic idiocy.

Peradventure one of these misguided, and we may say, depraved persons, will prepare an article full of badly constructed sentences, for one of the many uneducated labor papers, wherein he will endeavor to ridicule our scholarly savants.

Such a person will have the bad taste to throw any quantity of mud at our pure-minded savants, and insist that they devote their bright intellects to the solving of problems concerning sewer gas in tenement houses, bad ventilation in our mines and factories, and the like sort.

But we are proud to know that these assaults will come to naught, and the pigmy missile of this degraded proletarian will recoil harmlessly from the bright armor of our illustrious great.

Yes, and they will continue their unwearied search for truth though it leads them to the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas.

BIRMINGHAM.

There are few new developments in the great strike. The official boycott was placed upon the Derby Silver Co's goods on Monday, and its effects will be far-reaching. The strikers are as firm as ever, and every man is determined to fight to the bitter end. One failure has been reported among the business men of the town, and more are anticipated. Another strike has occurred among the grinders in the Silver Plate Cutlery Co's shop, involving about twenty-five men, but if continued, a hundred or more may be forced out of employment.

BRANFORD.

Great preparations are being made for a grand concert and ball by the Knights of Labor. The ball will be a good, old-fashioned calico affair.

The Noble Order is in fine condition in Branford, and the members enjoy a sort of calm feeling of contentment and complacent satisfaction.

A shoe peddler, who has lately made his appearance here, was suspected of selling Brennan & White's boycotted goods, and the people gave him a cool reception as he went from house to house. He could not understand the meaning of the coolness, but when it was explained, he proved his innocence of the crime of selling boycotted goods, and all is right again.

A little Sôituate girl ended her evening prayer recently with, "God bless Sadie and May and the whole business." Comprehensive and terse.—*Old Colony Memorial*.

A SQUEAKING RAT.

WEALTHY SPECULATORS CRY FOR MERCY.

They Brag Still They Are Not Happy. Four Squeaks Answered Justice Demands It—Labor Sleeps Not On to Victory.

As is known to our readers, Organized Labor is putting the rat *News* through a course of sprouts for the unjust reduction of the price of composition on that waning luminary by the wealthy men who own the sheet. 'Twas but a repetition of the oft-practiced scheme to rob the laborer of his reward. While the *Union* and *Register* were paying forty cents per thousand ems for night work, the wealthy nabobs of the *News* enforced a reduction of five cents per thousand ems, and filled the places of the union men (who, in obedience to their pledge of honor left the office) with rats—creatures without principle or proper intelligence, miserable and degraded tools of avaricious capitalists, scorned and loathed by honest workmen. The bosses, with the bold effrontery of their kind, would listen to no argument, but stubbornly asserted their "right" to conduct their business as they saw fit. This they have done for the past fifteen months with indifferent success to the best of our knowledge, but, if we may take the word of their mouthpieces, with very satisfactory results to the Morning News Company. So, then, the nabobs conducted their little speculation to their entire satisfaction, and the printers and their friends began to let the *News* severely alone; in other words, it was boycotted.

LABOR SLEEPS NOT.

Time flew swiftly on, and in its flight brought new cares and new joys to the people of this city and vicinity. The wealthy men who owned the *News* found the paper sinking into oblivion, and their agents began to drum up trade, and incidentally endeavored to create the opinion among the honest sons of toil that the difficulty with the printers was all settled, and actually succeeded in gaining a little of their lost prestige. But Organized Labor slept not. The local assemblies of the Noble Order of Knights of Labor, who recognize the fact that "an injury to one is the concern of all," gave public notice to their friends that the *News* was still under the ban of honest Labor, and requested a continuance of the boycott. The brotherly sympathy of the workmen was aroused afresh, and they busied themselves to acquaint their friends, the merchants, with the danger that threatened their business interests, should their advertisements be found in the objectionable sheet, and many of them heeded the friendly warning. It was not the intention of the workers to injure their friends who ignorantly allowed themselves to be cojoned into advertising in the columns of the disgraced newspaper.

THE RATS SQUEAK.

For some reason or other the very wealthy and speculative owners of the *News*, through their hired servants, sought out one of the committees who were appointed to hear the squeaks and wails of the condemned, and vicariously squeaked to this effect:

Squeak 1.—For every subscriber lost we have gained two.

Squeak 2.—You ought to admit the men in our employ into the Union, if we pay them the price.

Squeak 3.—You should not require us to pay for the boycott.

Squeak 4.—Why can't you leave this to arbitration?

To which Organized Labor:

Answering Squeak 1.—Then why do you squeak?

Answering Squeak 2.—We are not contending for the benefit of rats, but that honorable union men should receive fair wages; nor can we reasonably ask the union to take traitors into its fold.

Answering Squeak 3. We have not sought any settlement you brought this trouble upon yourselves and others. You must be taught that Organized Labor is not to be insulted with impunity. The small sum of money you are required to pay represents only a portion less than a third of the costs of the boycott provoked by your own avarice.

Answering Squeak 4. This matter has been arbitrated by competent authority. Again, we remind you that we have no desire to have any dealings with you. You gave Organized Labor to understand that you could conduct your own business. You are at liberty to do so. The friends of honest Labor also have the privilege of letting you alone, and that is all that is being done in this case.

JUSTICE.

Thus it will be seen that the workmen with unerring aim are simply enforcing what Justice demands, namely, that the wages of workmen must not be reduced to meet the exigencies of speculative capitalists.

OUR MERCHANTS.

In contending for good wages Organized Labor is indirectly assisting the dealers in commodities, for when wages are low, business is dull, and many a merchant has succumbed to the hard times consequent upon the greed of powerful capitalists who prey upon the labor of the people. Therefore it is but natural for the merchants to take sides with Organized Labor; and they are sure to receive the benefit of Labor's victories in the long run.

BRIDGEPORT.

Over eight hundred persons attended our Labor Lyceum yesterday afternoon. Sum and substance of the many speeches, all of which were in favor of the eight hour work day, were:

1. The producers are the pillars of our Republic.

2. We cannot afford to see these living pillars reduced to tramps and coolies by overwork in one part of the year, and consequent lack of employment the other part.

3. When there is not work enough for all at ten hours a day, the hours of labor should be reduced in a proportion as to give those who are willing to work employment.

4. An eight hour normal work day, if carried out simultaneously by all labor organizations would not necessarily be accompanied by a proportionate reduction in wages, as the rates of wages are not decided by the employer or wage-workers, but virtually by the army of unemployed. The smaller the supply of the "commodity," labor, the larger the remuneration of its owner, the wage-worker.

5. Those workers who in their stupidity and avarice are willing to work ten and sixteen hours a day, while their comrades are starving for want of employment, are a danger to true democracy, and it is better that these few should be deprived of their liberty to do harm to the many, than that the country should become a land of paupers and millionaires.

6. The living capital, Labor, should not be the slave of the dead capital, machinery.

7. The introduction of an eight hour normal workday enforced by organized Labor and the state legislation would diminish our so-called overproduction by increasing the purchasing power of the consumers, it would enable the workers to study their own conditions and to discuss the means for the total abolition of wage-slavery.

8. As laws for the benefit of Labor will always remain a dead letter when left in the hands of either of the capitalistic parties, the organized workers must grasp the political control of the country and send *tried men* out of their own midst into the legislature to execute the will of the people.

9. While the reduction of the hours of Labor will not solve the labor question, it would be the first and most important step toward the Cooperative Commonwealth.

When the chairman invited those who were in favor of an "Eight-Hour Workday" to stand up, the whole audience arose.

In reply to some malicious allegations of local papers against Socialism, the chairman read the platform of the Socialist Labor Party and repeated applause.

K. of L.

A LONDON LETTER.

IRISH POLITICS AND WORKMEN'S POLITICS.

English Politics at the Mercy of an Irishman Professional Workmen Shrewd Radical. The Cause Advancing in England.

By the courtesy of the secretary of the executive committee of the Socialist Labor Party, we are privileged to print a letter from Mr. Edward Aveling, son-in-law of Karl Marx, and one of the brain-workers in the English Labor movement.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Jan. 9. The excitement about our parliamentary election is over, and the one question that all politicians are asking, and none of them answering, is "What is to be done with the Irish?" The sight is at once interesting and instructive. English politics practically at the mercy of an Irish dictator! It is a delightful outcome of the infamous treatment of Ireland in and out of parliament, those eighty-five years past.

It is very difficult to say what either of the two "great parties" will, or even can do. Lord Salisbury, I think, dare not hunt at home in any form, and although Mr. Gladstone has been trying to sound the feelings of his party on the matter, he has found this fishing in very troubled waters. The journal that is supposed to know rather more of Mr. Gladstone's mind than he knows himself, *The Daily News*, has boldly and unblushingly declared for a partial home rule for Ireland. I say, "unblushingly," as this journal has steadily opposed the idea of any concession to the Irish, until within the last few weeks. Now it has completely turned its coat and is writing in favor of home rule as if it had advocated the principal all its life.

This boldness of *The Daily News* is a little premature. Scarcely any even of the radical papers have followed the lead and it seems fairly evident that the liberal party is as afraid as the conservatives are of granting anything like parliamentary freedom to the Irish. Mr. Gladstone's bid, therefore, even after its endorsement by *The Daily News*, has, instead of uniting his party and giving them a watchword, only divided them and given them a bone of contention. If any proof of this were needed it is furnished by the significant fact that the journals that were a week or two back full of home rule projects, are now discussing nothing more serious than the rules of procedure in parliament.

It is thus altogether impossible to forecast what will happen when an open parliament assembles. Indeed, one may reasonably doubt whether even the leaders of the three parties are very clear as to the course events will take. Probably only one of the three feels quite certain in respect to the line of action he will pursue. His certainty of feeling is due to the fact that he knows exactly what he wants. The conservative government are said to be at work on a scheme for local government in Ireland, but not even the conservative government believes that the Irish will be satisfied with such a small sop to such a large Cerberus.

One very delightful thing about the new parliament is that the increased numbers of the National Irish members will enable them practically to do away with all the rules for coercion in parliament that were passed in the winter of 1882. To checkmate the obstructionists, eighteen rules in all were framed. But whilst they were all framed with an eye to Mr. Parnell and his party, they were framed by a house of commons that never dreamed of that party numbering over eighty mem-

bers of parliament; forty is the general number required to prevent the closure in the two or three different forms devised by the liberal party. Of course Mr. Parnell will now have as a rule, twice that number at his disposal, without the necessity of enlisting the services of any of the conservative gentlemen, who naturally expect payment for those devices.

Another point on which we may be quite certain in the new parliament is that the workingmen representatives will be of little or no use to workingmen. In the first place, without being too harsh a critic, one may say that the majority of the very small minority of the working-class members, have no intention whatever of serving the class they are supposed to champion. It is doubly necessary to say this, because my friend, Lawrence Gronlund, in a recent letter to you, unintentionally misled your readers. He spoke of Mr. George Howell as a genuine labor candidate. The mistake is in a sense excusable for one who has been in England so short a time as Gronlund. Had he been in this country a little longer, or had he taken counsel of any of the actual workingmen of London, he would have learned that Mr. George Howell is, of all the workingmen that have sold themselves to the masters and betrayed their fellows, the most notorious. As one slight example: the last time that the present writer met Mr. Howell in public was at a meeting in the East end of London. Mr. Howell, on that occasion, lectured in the place of Sir Thomas Brassly, the railway capitalist and owner of the yacht *Sunbeam*. He not only took the place of this man—he used his arguments. The meeting of workmen and women for the most part, carried by an overwhelming majority a resolution in the teeth of the lecture Mr. Howell had given. At that same meeting he was challenged to a debate on the wage question by myself. The challenge was repeated in print, but has never been accepted. For most of your readers it will be enough to say that Mr. Howell was a member of the International; that he deserted it when the Paris commune broke out; that in the capitalistic press he afterwards misrepresented the organization whose chief misfortune was the connection with it of Mr. Howell and his like.

As to the rest of the workingmen members, they are for the most part of the same stamp. In the horrible atmosphere of the House of Commons they would be seduced from any allegiance they might have to the workers, even if they had not undergone a preliminary preparation for their debauching by the patron of the masters.

One sign of the times is that Mr. Bradlaugh, whom, for justice sake, all socialists wish to see in parliament, threatens, if he gets in, to ask for statistics of the relations between capital and labor. Every one knows that the statistics will be of no value and that one death by starvation is worth more as evidence of the state of things than all the figures in the world. But it is something to see one of the most shrewd of the radicals playing this particular card.

I suppose your readers will want to know what is thought in this country of the action of certain members of the Social Democratic Federation in obtaining money from the Tories under false pretences at the last election. The subject is an unsavory one. Let us hasten over it. The condemnation is universal. Even the bourgeois press, whose morality might have prevented them from understanding the nature of the ill action, condemned. Socialist organizations and journals have protested and disclaimed. Many branches and private members of the Federation have done the same. In these last cases, all reports and letters adverse to the receivers of the money have been suppressed in *Justice*. Yet in the face of this and of the unanimous expression of opinion of your paper, of the *Social-Democrat*, of *Le Socialiste*, of the

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