WHITE SLAVES.

MODERN INDUSTRIAL FEUDALISM AND ANCHAITED SLAVERY

Land Monopoly Reduces the Landless Population to a Condition of Servitude

DR HENRY S. CHASE writes to the Herald on the subject of the "White Slave." He says: I have watched the political events and the actual tendency of this country very closely since 1865. I saw years early in life drawn into the whirl, being fifteen years old when I witnessed a mobbed in the streets of Boston. That alarming event made me conscious of such a society. Never during the last fifty nine years have I seen so sad a picture of industry as the present. Negro slavery was bad enough, horrible enough and no longer to be endured, after 1865. Slavery was demoralizing to the whites as well as to the Blacks. It is a question whether the blacks are any better off to-day than they were before emancipation. They are still industrial slaves. Although the Northern States had neither life nor white slavery in 1865, yet it was gradually introduced about 1840, and has continually increased in a rapid and more rapid manner until now the North is full of industrial slaves.

THE COTTON MILLS COMMENCED IT

Then the example was soon followed by the cotton mills and woollen mills, and now it has spread through every department of labor, whether in the mill or on the farm.

In old times the negro could run away. The white slave cannot find a place of refuge, and so cannot emancipate himself from serfdom. The negro could die by the bullet the hound or the swamp. The white slave of to-day finds refuge in an out. Few negroes emancipated themselves or even tried to. The white slaves are so but are invariably thrust back into living hours, a "hard living" or starvation. Monopoly to-day is as blind, is as hideous, as cruel, as "pig headed" as it was before 1865. For many years before 1865 there was perfect equality among the people of the North. Garrison, the Liberator, awakened the country. Previous to 1860 both the North and the Southwere steeped in the drunkenness of prosperity. Was awakened the whole country to the wickedness of industrial slavery and monopoly. Henry George is the second liberator. As the abolitionists of old were everywhere preaching the gospel of freedom, "in season and out of season," so the abolitionists of to day are doing the same thing. In 1855 it looked as though

ONLY BULLETS AND BAYONETS

would remove negro slavery. So in 1890 it looks as though "the Australian system" and toil will abolish industrial slavery by the year 1900.

The former came in ten years and the latter will come in ten years. Look at these monopolies, "protected" manufactories, trusts, national banks, etc. The tariff is the mother of some of them, and private ownership of land the mother and the grandmother of others. Every one is a descendant of land monopoly. How proud she is in her assumed ownership of the world. The earth was made for her and not for the people. Land monopoly wants the decrees of nature, as utterred "a hundred years ago by Jefferson in these words: "The earth belongs to the living generations of the people." Every monopoly is a robbery of the people. These Others have taken from the wives of the people thirty thousand million of dollars, and locked them up in the private vaults of twenty no thousand men. Good men and bad men it is true have committed robberies and criminal robbers. But all are robbers. Our present industrial system is a thing but a system to rob labor. The people are calling a halt on this man-made despotism. And they will have it

THE PEOPLE ARE THINKING

and the people think that the fifteen hundred millions of dollars that they now pay every year to the owners of land owners is wrongful, in justice, go into the public treasuries, and thereby pay all the public expenses of the people. Thus could taxation be abolished, of every nature. By the adoption of this measure, not known by the name of the single tax, all speculation in land would be destroyed. This would result in compelling the holders of land, or national opportunities, to improve their holdings, and thereby employ all the labor of the country, without regard to quality, for the more laborers the higher the rent and the more need of their labor to pay the rent. Thus has the God of Nature made the law of rent and the law of population to perfectly correlate or harmonize. For it can be demonstrated that the price of land always corresponds to the number of inhabitants in the State, and it very nearly approximates to $200 for each man, woman and child. The people begin to ask if a wonderful reign of prosperity would not be inaugurated for the human race, if every species of taxation could be abolished. In homes, shops, pulpits, they are asking if

THE REMOVAL OF POVERTY

from the masses will not thereby direct abolish drunkenness. For they say that poverty is a fruitful mother of crime and vice, and the people begin to ask each other if railways, telephones telegraphs and similar franchises shall not be made to pay a fair per cent of their earnings into the people's treasury for the use of the earth, monopolized by them. And when they think further on these subjects they ponder all gold, silver, lead and other metals, and particularly coal and petroleum. When they think of the kindness of God in storing up in the bowels of the earth fuel needed by the coming generations of men, they cannot believe that any man or combination of men shall own, or dictate to the people how much they shall have, or when they shall have it. The labor which produces the wealth of the world is now demanding freedom of exchange in products.

A MARRIAGE BUREAU.

A NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE PROMOTION OF MATRIMONY

The Choosing of Life Partners Brought down to a Business Basis. How the Scheme Works

Partners do not tell you all about it but let them our paper could, and the pleasant little woman who interviews husband seekers of a select and exclusive kind, one matrimonial bureau, where a thriving business has been carried on for a sometime in New York.

"Eight hundred marriageable people are registered on our books. They come from every class and rank. They belong to all occupations religious and nationalities. They are both young and old and rich and poor. We have the names of those in the public and high walks of life, names known all over the land and names familiar only in their own neighborhood. We have farmers, farmers widows and daughters, country girls and city girls, heiresses and servant girls, seventy five clergymen, several hundred lawyers, four Congressmen and a dozen bank presidents and judges in the higher courts. These are the classes we can introduce, but it does not follow that a marriage will always result from an introduction, we simply use our best judgment in introducing people who will be mutually pleased with each other.

HOW THE MACHINE WORKS

"Then you do not always please those you introduce?"

"Oh, no, not always. A failure in the first introduction, however, simply means continued introductions until success is attained.

"Do you have many people from the higher walks of life?"

"Yes, three ladies, two of them young, with fortunes in their own right and all members of a noted millionaire's family of New York, with every social opportunity that social position in New York could give them, have married men we introduced. Why do such people come? Because we investigate so thoroughly the characters of those we introduce. We know whether they have a legal right to marry, their dispositions, income, health—everything. You cannot deceive us. Many come to us who are living alone in this big city and have no opportunity to meet congenial companions.

"Do the marriages resulting from these introductions prove happy and enduring?"

"With but very few exceptions yes. We know more about the parties and they know more about each other than people who just meet casually or accidently in social gatherings, boarding houses and even in private homes.

"They certainly seem to have an opportunity for knowing, if one may choose for a life partner, and the system

A FOOTBALL GAME.

HOW THE PRESS WRITES UP SOME OF ANCIENT SPORT. MASSACHUSETTS MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPT

I REMEMBER very well how I came to attend, as a spectator, my first game of football out at the Polo Grounds. It was when I made my debut in New York some years ago.

I happened on Thanksgiving afternoon to be walking on Fifth avenue, my object being to gamer an appetite for the accommodation of the approaching turkey, when my eyes were riveted in their sockets, as it were, by a passing lady. The maid was painfully distended with jewels, wearing caps overcoats and the ruddy hue of health the latter on their cheeks. The dome of the vehicle was likewise thickly encrusted with the same rich material.

I learned that they were college students whose minds had been temporarily warped over a game of football, which is made the preliminary excuse for painting the town red once a year, but which is not regarded as a cardinal sin by the New Yorkers. I made up my mind to see a game of football, no matter what the expense might be. So on the ensuing Thanksgiving Day I borrowed a dollar and car fare from a friend and went to what was very properly called "hard grounds" and got a place in the grand stand, where I had to sit down.

I was a little late in arriving at the abattoir, for noting had already begun. A brindle legged student whose cerebellum had been driven into his medulla oblongata was being carried to an ambulance, a friend of the sufferer bringing up the rear of the procession with a few folds of the sufferer's left ear which had been scrunched off on the ground. I observed another young man coming in the earth, which he was ploughing up with his nose, the motive power being supplied by three or four other young men whose stockings did not correspond in color with those of the first mentioned victim, who was being propelled over the surface of the planet in a wheelbarrow.

SOME CENTERS OF THE GAME

But the principal fracas was where the students seemed to have to run together in one spot and coagulated, as it were, in a mass of a twenty acre ball game, and the man who was in the middle of it found it very difficult to keep from being squeezed out of the game. I have been pressed and flattened like a sardell sufficiently to feel in touch with the inner workings of a tight boiler. Yet I was not the man who left Anna Rosen's, and that is the man I am.

ENVY.

A Vienna newspaper says that the Czar goes on his way to driving the Jews out of Russia, that nothing is gained by this measure, that all the property of the people is in their hands. If this is a valid reason for banishing a race of people from the land they love, it is a fitting reason in the world that could not be banished, in the same charge.

According to the teachings of their bible, neither Jews nor Christians can lawfully take interest. Every abiding, the world to be saved, and Christian usurers are running an ignoble race with the Jewish usurers. The Christian usurers inaugurated the anti Semitic war in Germany and Russia, not because they hate the interests of the people, but because in so far than the Jewish usurers have, but because the latter were distancing them in the race in the legal stealing of other people's property.

It has been reckoned that the compound interest on one dollar, calculated from the time of Adam to the present, would require more than the known wealth of the world to pay.

Interest, while doing no work itself, will eat up in a few years, more than an industrious man can earn in a lifetime of hard toil. While sufficient security should be given for the loan of money, its use should be free, and the rate should be the only one allowed to exist. It should be made a penal offence to loan money on interest for usury leads to beggary, and beggary leads to universal degradation.

Universal hypocrisy.

TALK THE EVANGELIST

(AS REPORTED BY STRAWY GRIER, HIS COUSIN.)

I was on the drive in eighty, working under Silver Jack,
Which the same is gone to Joliet and ain't now expected back.
And we had a chap amongst us there by the name of Robert Waite
Kind of rotten an glib and tongety guess he was a graduate
He could gab on any subject from the Bible down to Hell,
The words just flowed from Robert kind of smooth and sick like oil
He was what they call a Sceptic, and he liked to set and wave
Hifalutin words together telling what he didn't believe
One day while we were waiting for a flood to clear the ground,
We not a smoking nigger head and hearing Bob expound
"Hell, he said, "was humbug, and he knew it for a certain
That the hole was a fable, an we lowed it looked that way
Miracles and sich like was too thin for him to stand
As for Him they call the Saviour he was a common man
"You're a liar, some one shouted and you've got to take that back
Then everybody started, 'twas the voice of Silver Jack
An he cracked his nuts together an he chacked his out and cried
Twas in that that religion torn, my mother lived and died,
And although I haven't allus seen the Lord exactly white
When I hear a chump abuse him in sarcast fashion
Now this Bob he wasn't no coward, and he answered bold and free
Stack your dollar and I'll cover, there ain't no flies on me
And they fought for twenty minutes and the lads would hit and shift
When Jack kept up a tooth and two or fish he lost an eye
Till at last Jack got Bob under and slugged him once or twice
When Bob confessed, calling quick to divinity of Christ
And Jack kept reasoning with him till the sun began to yell
And lowed he'd been mistaken in his views concerning hell.
So the verse discussion ended and they rose up from the ground
Some one brought a bottle out and kindly passed it round
And we drank to Bob—conversion in a quiet sort of way,
And the spread of infidelity was checked in camp that day

THE DAY WAS HONORED

THEY say the real old Christmas spirit is dying out but I don't see it, observed the gentleman from Dead Horse Gulch. And "Now, our town was a quiet, conservative sort of place, and up came a tired boom just now. And yet we had a lively, pleasant and general sort of Christmas.

"First off, Dick Carver undertook to clean out the town—before nine o'clock in the morning, an' he made cullenders of three men before we put him to bed. Then we tarred and feathered the Sheriff he had gone back on his election pledges, and the general sentiment of the community was aroused. Then Jim Fowler had a dog that had just gone mad, and he let him loose in the street, and he was sore too than a goat if he was not, so Fowler before that dog was shot. Then we ran a temperance lecturer out of town, and on the evening Bill Hawes offer made a bonfire of his own barn, just for a show for the boys. He's a thoroughbred, Bill is, if he was a Dutchman.

No sir, the Christmas spirit ain't dying out, no, while there's any sort of society left in Dead Horse Gulch and you can tell anybody I said so. Christmas Peace

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