

Ministers Turning Socialist

That Christian ministers are fast turning to Socialism is no insignificant indication of the trend of public thought. The Rev. M. A. Smith, member of North Texas Conference, M. E. Church, South, supplies the following food for thought to his fellow ministers and fellow church members. Lack of space compels us to print only in part, omitting various biblical references.

All wealth is produced by labor, and yet labor is in poverty and rags. A M. Dewey, Special agent U. S. Department of Labor, says: "At the present time statistics show the wealth products of the United States, measured in dollars, to be about twelve hundred dollars per annum per capita of population, or about six thousand dollars per family of five persons." Under the righteous, scientific, and practical economic system which we advocate, the laborer would get the full product of his toil or its equivalent in anything produced in the nation. An industrial system, under which the laborer would receive the full product of his toil, would be such a guarantee of "daily bread," that he could literally obey the injunction of Christ: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat."—Matt. 6:25. The trouble is, we have an industrial system that robs the toiler of a majority of what he produces, and enables a set of idlers, parasites and vagabonds, to roll in luxury. One creates wealth, while another "acquires" it; one produces it, another "accumulates and amasses" it; one makes it, another takes it. While the children of laboring men are growing up in ignorance, and in thousands of instances suffering for bread, the poodle dogs of the idle rich are lapping milk from golden saucers, served at dog and cat banquets that cost fabulous sums of money.

The injustices, wrongs, inequalities and iniquities of our capitalist system are not mere accidents. They are the natural and inevitable outgrowth of the system. It breeds wars of conquest. It divides society into millionaires and tramps, into workers and shirkers, makers and takers, toilers and spoilers. It makes factory slaves of little children, and tramps of their fathers. It forces 200,000 miners, while producing fabulous wealth, to endure the hardships of a strike against starvation conditions. It forces the industrious producer to "divide up" with the idle non-producer, giving him the lion's share. It allows the few to own and control the means upon which the many are absolutely dependent for existence. It clothes the children of workmen in rags, and the poodle dogs of idlers in gold lace. It forces little children hardly past the stage of infancy, to perform long hours of death-dealing toil in the heated air of a sweat-shop, while it sends the cats and dogs of rich loafers in Pullman palace cars to the seashore to spend the hot weather. It produces 10,000 suicides annually in the United States. It lays an embargo in many of our colleges and universities, so that they dare not teach the truth concerning economics. It advocates the doctrine that might makes right. It transforms society into a bunch of swine, where the strong crush out the weak, eat all the swill they can, and then lie down in the trough. It stifles every instinct of humanity, crucifies the sentiment of brotherly love, fosters the spirit of selfishness, avarice, and greed, and renders the observance of the golden rule an utter impossibility. It arrays the interests of every man against the interests of every other man, makes the success of one man depend upon the downfall of another, and forces society to be continually clutching at each other's throats. It is a system of grab, cheat, lie, defraud, rob, steal, swindle, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. It is the natural parent of bribery and corrupt legislation. It muzzles the press and stifles free speech. It defies state and federal constitutions, drags laboring men out of their beds at the dead hours of night without warrants, and forces them into mines at the points of bayonets. It defies all law, and establishes a military despotism when it suits its pleasure. It forces tens of thousands of working girls to barter their virtues for bread. It prostitutes our holy religion to unholy ends, perverts the gospel of Jesus Christ, whose mission was to the poor, defies our sanctuaries, corrupts our pulpits, enthrones the mammon god and subordinates man to money. And yet, oh my God! it humiliates me to confess it, some men who claim to love God, will stand in the pulpit and try to defend this damnable, villainous, murderous system of thievery, robbery and oppression! And they will sneer at the co-operative system of production and distribution, which would bring happiness, joy, peace and plenty to the toiling millions, as a "meat and bread question," unworthy to be advocated in the pulpit. Such a man ought to be able to swallow the doctrine of "Economic Determinism" bodily, without a wry face; and I can assure him there is much truth in it.

The social system under which we live would be a disgrace to savages. Every winter the press dispatches tell of poor and sick women in our large cities being evicted into the streets from the shacks that had been furnishing them a partial shelter, because they were not able to pay rent to some idle, loafing vagabond millionaire; and how these same women and children are found frozen to death next morning under the awning of some factory or warehouse where they had sought shelter from the bitter cold. There is not a tribe of savages on the face of the earth that would treat one of its members that way, and you know it.

Over against this damnable system of selfishness and greed, I would erect the co-operative commonwealth with its doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. For the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," which is the law that governs the capitalist system, the jungle of the tiger and the den of the rattlesnake, I would substitute the divine law of love "which seeketh not her own."—1 Cor. 10:24 and 15:3; which causes each man to "look not only on those things which are his own, but also on the things of others."—Phil. 2:4; which causes every man to realize that he is, in a very large sense, his "brother's keeper."—Gen. 4:9, and that "the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."—Rom. 15:1. Instead of the doctrine of the capitalist, the crocodile, the panther, the wildcat, the rattlesnake, the grizzly bear, which teaches that "the weaker members must perish," and "the longest pole knocks the persimon," I would substitute the philosophy of heaven which advocates a social system under which "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."—

Ecol. 9:11.

The church has done much good in the past, and we love it as the apple of our eye. But our deliberate conviction is, unless it throws off its conservatism, abandons the habit of pandering to the rich, ceases to concern itself only with moribund issues and theories, and takes a more progressive and righteous position in regard to the great moral, social and civic questions which are convulsing the world, its day of usefulness is well nigh past.

Under a just industrial system the economic question would speedily solve itself, and involuntary poverty be unknown; for "In all labor there is profit."—Prov. 14:23. The trouble, however, with our industrial system is, that gives the profit of labor to drones and idlers.

Christ was a workman and took a special interest in his class. He made a direct appeal to the working class in Matt. 11:28, when he said: "Come unto me all you that labor." Christ was a carpenter and always espoused the cause of the laboring man. When the poor and oppressed needed his help, he never hesitated. He never truckled to public opinion, nor swerved from the path of duty for fear of disturbing "business and commercial affairs," when questions of moral and civic righteousness were involved. With a whip of cords he scourged the capitalists—the traders and bankers—from the temple—John 2:15; and would have healed the afflicted tomb-dweller of Garara, if it had caused the destruction of the entire hog business of the country. He estimated human life and human happiness above commercialism and business greed. He urged the doctrine of brotherly love. He taught the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man.

Smell of the Earth

Rev. Edward L. Mills of the Helena Methodist church has issued a card announcing a series of religious meetings, now being held. In this announcement Mr. Mills said:

"It is perhaps timely to suggest that religion should have first place in our thoughts and lives. We pay constant attention to business affairs and social pleasures. Frequently we burn incense at the shrine of politics. But no one of these interests, nor all of them combined, can equal in importance the question of religion. They all smell of the earth. They stop at the sky-line. They leave a man to his own devices and a man without God is a man without Hope.

Now these meetings are chiefly for the man who so far has ignored or forgotten the fact of religion. They will give him an opportunity to consider the matter—to get the proper point of view—and in some measure to see things as they are. The speakers are intelligent, honest, earnest men. They seek to tell the Truth about Him who is the Truth. It will be worth while to hear them, not because they are important, but because their message is."

We desire to know what religion is if it does not "smell of the earth"? What did Christ teach but Brotherhood among men on earth? Rev. Mills says the strivings of mankind "stop at the sky-line". What has the sky to do with the hope and moral aspirations of man? The promise of a trustless, thiefless life in some other world does not alleviate the wants of man on or in this sphere. Human association requires the machinery of organization for the accomplishment of social desire. The eyes of society must be kept on the earth. Upon the earth man builds his character and passes it on to his children as a heritage to improve. Generations of men add to the social structure their combined accomplishments. It is on this terrestrial sphere the results are seen and tested by the perception of earthly reason. Certain functions are necessary to the development of social and individual aspirations, requiring social and individual responsibility. To avoid this responsibility by turning to the sky is cowardly. Through political action men move toward the object desired. Political action is the machinery of social action. Men live and produce wealth from the soil, this wealth must be exchanged and this exchange is called "business." Members of society should participate in political and business affairs. There is no doubt about the existence of corruption in business and politics, but is it not the duty of men to correct these evils? The sky offers no solution. It occurs to me that the application of good common sense would solve the difficulties. The teaching by the church of true Christianity might help immensely. The church pretends much love for righteousness—right action. What constitutes right action? As applied to the production of wealth and its exchange, righteousness dictates that the producer of that wealth shall possess and enjoy it all. That he shall own the tools of production and that in exchanging that wealth with other producers the agent of exchange shall retain that portion only, which is agreed upon in advance by the producers. As it is now the agent of exchange, the "business man", keeps 80 per cent. That is not righteous, Mr. Mills, it is plain unadulterated stealing, and from it comes all the corruption, immorality, ignorance, murder and war existing to-day. The church seemingly upholds the system which is the cause of this Christless condition. The church advocates war, for does it not train soldiers at its Wesleyan University in Helena? Does it not advertise its cooperation with the Montana State Militia? Does it not supply chaplains to the army and pray for its victory over the armies of other "Christian" countries? If not opposed to this condition, why does not the church direct its guns toward it? If "God" exists anywhere he should be brought into close touch with the daily life of the people to eradicate the evils by a social action and system that will not propagate crime, but will purify human life.

The church has been doping the people for 1500 years with sky dust as an antidote for earthly ailments and the people have lost faith in both physician and medicine. All this time the church has not failed to appropriate a large chunk of things earthly. We suggest that Robert Hunter's book "Poverty" be read in the churches, as a substitute for hysteria. —B.

The Negro Again

A letter from J. H. Thomas, member of Co. C, 24th U. S. Infantry, appeared in the morning capitalist paper of Helena last week berating the leading Southrons for their treatment of Bob T. Washington, the eminent educator of the South. The letter was interesting and well written. It was in a good cause, and it disclosed little appreciation of the fundamental reason for this attitude of the white leaders, the capitalist element toward the negro, represented by Mr. Washington. Historically and relatively, the negro is an inferior race. He has, for centuries, been made to serve a master. A slave, he was bought for barter. A slave, he was an animal to pull the cart of capitalism. Politically free, he is the butt of hatred and persecution because he was a slave and has a black skin, therefore he cannot escape into the great human throng, there to have his misfortunes forgotten. He is isolated and marked. He cannot enter the industries, except as a common laborer. Educated, he is ostracised. Seven millions strong, they count as naught. Is he at fault? No. He is the child of misfortune. He is the victim of centuries of wrong. Out of it all, what?

The answer is Socialism. Meaning, economic brotherhood; economic equality. Equality of opportunity in education, wealth production and its full enjoyment by the producers. Socialism cannot remove the black skin but it will remove the black cloud overhanging the lives of the negro. Mr. Thomas belongs to the army. He is taught to shoot. To shoot wild animals? No, to shoot his black brother, or his white brother, as ordered, and for whom and for what? for capitalism. For the masters that they may perpetuate their mastery over the slaves of production. Study Socialism, Mr. Thomas. It is simple and easily understood. Socialism is the remedy for your ills. Under it the negro may enter into his own.

Well he may cry: "Watchman, tell us not of the night, tell us of the dawn. Tell us of the orb of light that shall drive from us the shadows of night. Tell us aright, O' watchman! Tell us of the right." —B.

London Talks Revolution

Jack London was University speaker at the students' weekly rally, Friday, January 20th, 1905. The rally is a University function. The University called Mr. London, and President Wheeler occupied the chair, as usual, during his speech. There were probably 3,500 people present, 2,500 of whom were students. It was the biggest rally known. Mr. London's speech was as follows:

Yesterday morning I received a letter from a man in Arizona. It began, "Dear Comrade," and ended, "Yours for the Revolution." I answered that letter this morning. I began, "Dear Comrade," and I ended, "Yours for the Revolution."

There are 500,000 men in the United States beginning and ending their letters as our letters were begun and ended. There are 1,000,000 men in France, 3,000,000 men in Germany and 6,000,000 men in the world beginning and ending their letters as ours were begun and ended.

Now, what do these facts mean? They mean that the Revolution is here, now. We are in it. It goes on every day. No man can escape it. Oh, it is great! There has been nothing like it in the world before. Its battle cry is: "Working men of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain." Our Revolution was a merely local thing compared with this. The English Revolution was a merely local thing compared with it. And so was the French Revolution. This Revolution is as wide as the earth. Its men clasp hands around the globe. The Japanese Socialist hails the Russian Socialist, and the German Socialist hails the French Socialist with the same word we California Socialists them unceasingly to work for the Revolution; to go to prison, to hang, to die, the noble word, Comrade.

WHY THERE ARE SOCIALISTS.

But why are these men Socialists? What is it that drives for it, to go into exile for it, to die for it?

When I was in London writing my book, "The People of the Abyss," I went down to Kent with a London cockney to pick hops. One night, when going to bed, I stripped. My chum looked in wonder at my brown body glowing with health, and then at his own scrawny body, white and lifeless. He said, holding out his arms and legs: "They are so because I hadn't enough to eat when I was a boy." But this man is only one of millions. In London, 1,800,000 people live on the poverty line and below it, and another 1,000,000 with one week's wages between them and pauperism. In Europe, 60,000,000 people suffer from hunger and want.

Here is a statement from the celebrated English scholar, Frederick W. Harrison: "To me, at least, it would be enough to condemn modern society, as hardly an advance on slavery or serfdom, if the permanent conditions of industry were to be that which we behold, that 90 per cent of the actual producers of wealth have no house that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except as much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages, which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed, for the most part, in places that no man thinks fit for his horse. * * * If this is to be the permanent condition of modern society, civilization must be held to bring a curse on the great majority of mankind."

THE POVERTY STRICKEN MILLIONS.

Here is a book about our own land, written by a man who left his home of wealth to live among the poor. He is a University man, and a trained investigator. His name is Robert Hunter. His book is called "Poverty." It has just been published by the Macmillans, and costs \$1.50. Read it.

Mr. Hunter says: "There are probably in fairly prosperous years no less than 10,000,000 persons in poverty; that is to say, underfed, underclothed and poorly housed. Of these about 4,000,000 persons are public paupers. Over 2,000,000 working men are unemployed from four to six months in the year. About 500,000

(Continued on page 4.)

2
THE MONTANA NEWS.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

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THE BALLOT AS A SAFETY VALVE

The capitalists have begun a campaign of disfranchisement. They have opened the engagement in Maryland and other southern states to take from the negro the ballot and soon the firing line will extend to the propertyless class of the entire country.

The ballot is the safety valve through which the high pressure of discontent escapes, and we now give warning that tampering with the ballot will force the proletariat to adopt a substitute, more drastic and less considerate of "vested rights." Capitalism may as well learn now as later that the workers of the world propose to take what belongs to them, ballot or no ballot, bayonets or no bayonets. That every blow struck by the Socialists will be followed by another till the battlements of robbery are razed to the level of eternal right, and the foundation of capitalism totally and completely destroyed. When Socialists speak of equality we mean not "equality before the law," but equality as the law, and equality of opportunity is the rock upon which the great superstructure of human association shall stand. Disfranchisement and the militaryism are the last spasms of dying capitalism. The tensile strength of the social boiler is fixed and known to the proletariat. Its limit has been reached and an explosion must come because capitalism is blind, ignorant and selfish and will force it. The Dick military law cannot save the face of its parent, for the army is recruited from the proletariat will turn against capitalism. So capitalism is destined to soon retire into history with few mourners and no laurels.

Comrades J. H. and Mrs. Walsh have been having great success in Madison county during the past two weeks. There stereopticon show is a drawing card and Comrade Walsh' vigorous advocacy of Socialism is bearing rich fruit.

Word has come to the News that William Graham, brother of our esteemed state secretary, James D. Graham, died in the hospital at Missoula of typhoid fever, on November 4, 1905. Comrade William Graham was an estimable young man. He had learned the machine trade and was entering life full of hope and promise. All Socialists will sympathize with our secretary and his family in their loss. Secretary Graham had builded great hopes on the development of his brother for whom he had done much. We call attention to resolutions passed by the National Park lodge, No. 168, I. A. of M. of which the deceased was a member.

Wealth and idleness produce poverty, idleness and crime.

When one meets in a street a man encompassed with all the paraphernalia of wealth, and a tramp loaded with disease and weakened by starvation, the questions involuntarily arise; Is this a Christian community? How many churches does it support?

GLORIOUS NEWS.

Just before going to press, news came that the Socialists of the state had voted by a big majority to take over the Montana News. Glorious. There will be a salute in next week's News in honor of the occasion.

The Socialist Sunday school, comrades, what do you say to it?

The evening capitalist paper of Helena has again sloughed its management and taken on another. A new broom with the same old handle.

The price of woolen clothing, all cotton and a yard wide, is rising. Wages are falling.

There is a terrible struggle precipitating throughout the world. No quarter will be asked, none given. In it neutrality will not be recognized. Those not with us shall be against us. This struggle is between Socialism on one side and capitalism on the other. Camp followers shall not be tolerated, only the class conscious shall be recognized. Traitors shall be marked and driven beyond the line. Recruits are gathering to the cause of Socialism by the thousands; they are being drilled in the truths that make good fighters. Capitalism—that rotten hulk of piracy—is firing rockets of distress and no succor in sight.

Socialists ring the tocsin.

It will be noticed that the Socialists are the leaders in the Russian revolution; and so they are in all the civilized countries of the world. The reason for this is obvious. Socialism represents the ideal of the human race. It is pure democracy. It develops the highest attributes in man. It inspires hope where despair before held sway. It is Brotherhood pure and simple. When Socialism invades the slums, the bogs of the world, the poor miserable creatures found there take on new life and aspire to better things. It does things ascribed to early Christainity.

Push along the Socialist Sunday schools. Organize them in your neighborhood. Send for our lesson leaflets. Teach the children Socialism. Tell them why their parents are hard pushed to provide food and clothing for them. Tell them about little children working in the mines and factories, and of the misery lying in store for them if Socialism is not inaugurated. Teach them to be honorable in their dealings with each other. But above all, teach them their rights and how to secure them by standing shoulder to shoulder in the grand fight for Socialism. More can be done for Socialism through Socialist Sunday schools than in any other way. But membership in these schools need not be confined to children, the grown folks should attend. Organize a corps of teachers and lecturers to spread the grand old truth about the rights of mankind and you will soon witness many marvelous things.

Let your war-cry be Socialism, and cry it aloud in all the land through the Socialist Sunday school. Organize! Organize! Organize, you Socialists!

The Russian revolution is the French revolution over again and then some. The French revolution wiped out the awful domination of nobility and the church of Rome but the capitalist class, the class of profit, of graft, the enemy of the workers of the world, came into power and enslaved the worker for these one hundred and more years. The masses were then ignorant of their rights, they knew nothing but slavery; it is different now, the Socialists have taught them the truth and how and when to fight and they are fighting and fighting as only Socialists know how to fight. What a glorious thing Socialism is. The Socialists in Russia will not stop till they have mopped the earth with the awful Russian priesthood and princes, princelets and grand dukes.

In America, Socialism will do things to the enemies of the plain, common people; it will not leave a

vestage of rotten capitalism, and its aiders and abettors who stalk the land in sheeps clothing. No, they shall all go and keep on going.

A capitalist paper of Montana said: "Russia's trouble is catching." So it is. Russia's trouble is the same where 'ever capitalism holds sway. That trouble is starvation and oppression of the masses by the classes. The Socialists of Russia have planted the seed of revolt in a well prepared soil, and, the soil of all other countries of the globe, is in pretty fair tith and there also is the seed being persistently and steadily sown by the Socialists, and nowhere does the seed of Socialism germinate and take root more quickly than in America.

The state secretary, Comrade Graham, is doing great work in behalf of Socialism in Montana.

Comrade Graham is well grounded in the principles of Socialism and possesses a judgment of men and motives that is X-rayic, and he copes the moves of enemies of the Socialist cause in a manner disconcerting to them, to say the least. He deserves great credit and more pay. His official duties demand his undivided attention, requiring the exercise of great discretion and tact, and the News favors paying him a salary in keeping with his responsibilities. To the latter has been added the management of the party paper, This is not small, as anyone knows who has shouldered the burden. He is now receiving \$25 per month and he should be paid at least \$75. The Helena or some other local should initiate a referendum for that purpose.

Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. Its foundations are laid far back. The child feels; he grows into a man, and thinks; another, perhaps speaks, and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society.

The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of a mighty republic, fills the gulf, and divides a continent. Wendell Phillips.

Wealth beyond that of fairy tales, and poverty all bare and starved at its side.

Food everywhere except in the producers' stomachs.

Stagnant times have been when a great mind, or powerful institution, built upon wrong, might snag the current of change. Not so now. The spirit of revolution is abroad. It has entered the byways leading to the proletariat—the common people, the oppressed of the world, and it will sweep from its path the accursed class of privilege, of profit, of luxury.

Tropical plants do not thrive at the north pole. No more can mankind mature in poverty.

"Depend upon it," Said Daniel Webster, "that between these two rival powers—the autocratic power, maintained by arms and force, and the popular power, maintained by opinion—the former is constantly decreasing, the latter constantly increasing." Amply illustrated by the great world movement called Socialism.

The democratic and republican branches of the capitalist party, in San Francisco, have fused for the purpose of defeating the candidate for mayor of the laboring men. Prominent members of the two branches of the capitalist party in Washington, D.C., are advocating the nomination of Roosevelt for a third term by the same combination. They all see the big cloud. The masses are moving one thousand million strong.

Socialism has the universe for a sounding board, and the heart of every hopeful and oppressed man for an audience.

Capitalist Promises

Versus Realization

From time beyond the memory of man, each recurring year has brought forth an election of some kind and somewhere to choose men to legislate for us; to choose men to determine what laws are "constitutional" and to apply laws to the every day life of the people; to choose other men to impartially execute those laws as between man and man and not between class and class; to represent the people collectively, having human interests dependent each upon all and all upon each and so blended that a line of demarcation may not exist. The capitalist party—represented by its various branches—the republican, the democratic, the populist, the prohibition, the silver republican and gold democracy—has held its conventions, nominated its candidates and emitted its promises. On election day the people have been marched in droves to the polls to vote for its candidates. Millions of dollars have been spent in these elections, and never once has the capitalist party failed to elect its candidates (with a few scattered exceptions) and to exercise absolute control of the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments of every division of government in the land. Beginning with the first English settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, till today, the capitalist party, under one name or another has had no opposition and, therefore, may reasonably be held wholly and completely responsible for the results. It has promised anything and everything, that the masses might be kept quite. Its promises were kaleidoscopic changing so rapidly and with such brilliant effect the people were appeased and continued in their progress toward the economic abyss. At last the larder became empty; the meat had disappeared from the bone; the masses grew hungry and dangerous and then it was the versatile Mark Hanna, as national republican chairman, played the last trump card of capitalism—"the full dinner pail."

After two hundred and more years of uninterrupted control, political religious and economic; after two hundred and more years of complete and uninterrupted ownership of every joint and bolt in the machinery of production and distribution of wealth, and, after the creation of untold, measured in billions of dollars, capitalism offered through the medium of the republican branch of the capitalist party—what?—"A full dinner pail." But even this promise it did not keep. The capitalist party never was known to keep but one promise and that was to "turn the rascals out," made some years ago. However, that was unavoidable as only rascals were in, then they put in Grover Cleveland and another set of rascals.

McKinley was elected and re-elected, was killed and Roosevelt chosen, but the "full dinner pail" cometh not; the millions of wail producers are hanging over the ragged edges of absolute want, women are forced into manual labor and prostitution, and children are made to toil in mines and mills and starve.

No crime however vile but is due to capitalism. No war however terrible and destruction of life but is the direct result of capitalism. No revolt but is forced by this awful capitalism.

Throughout the centuries of capitalist rule and promises, the church has been a hand maiden of capitalism, the function of the church being to promise a long stretch of unadulterated happiness in some visionary existence hereafter as a reward for requiescent quiescence during the reign of capitalism on this earth. This promise of the church is the last promise of capitalism and it can only be fulfilled after death.

Rising out of all this capitalist devastation is—Socialism, grand and beautiful Socialism, under which will develop the best in man.



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Wisconsin Notes

The Social-Democrats of Milwaukee have a justice of the peace among their elected officials. This too they have used in the interests of the working class as well as the other offices which they have captured. The following case is an interesting example of how this has been done. A certain young man one of our comrades, had been working for an institution in the enameling department. The company insisted upon his working on Sunday as well as all the rest of the week. He protested, and they refused to pay him his wages unless he worked. The case was taken into court. The law states that "unnecessary" work on Sunday is illegal. The company's attorney undertook to show that this work was necessary. The enameling ovens must be kept going on Sunday, for if they were not it would require three days to get them properly heated up again. The Social-Democratic justice of the peace, Comrade Carl P. Deitz, held that it might be necessary to keep the firemen at work in order to keep the ovens heated, but that it was not necessary for the company to put anything in the ovens. Hence the enameler's work was not necessary and therefore illegal. The company must pay the wages and allow the workman to rest on Sunday. The case was appealed, but the position taken by Comrade Deitz was so far sustained that the company settled with the working man and furthermore, took him back to work. It pays to have Social-Democrats on the bench as well as in the city councils and state legislatures.

A disgraceful scene was enacted at the last meeting of the Milwaukee

city council. The heating franchise was granted, amid winks and signs passed between the promoters and the republican and democratic aldermen, to teach the "city fathers" just how to vote. This open and shameless dickering was severely rebuked by Alderman Seidel (Social-Democrat) in an able and earnest speech. True, the boodle aldermen turned the deaf ear to his arraignment, but the people will remember these things.

E. H. THOMAS,
State Secretary.

The Montana Club

About two weeks ago the "Montana Club"—in other words the "Parasite Club," was formerly opened to the public. Some time ago the "Morning Independent Grafters" edited by an imported alcohol samplers from Chicago, reverently said: "Everybody who is anybody belongs to the Montana Club."

The grand opening was a sumptuous affair. It was one of the famous debaucheries of the "anybodies". In times past when the Club held some of its noted reveries by night its fame, or rather infamy spread across two continents. Then as now, its membership was composed of parasites. There isn't anybody in the Montana Club but parasites. If everybody who is "anybody" belongs to this parasitic institution then according to the booze sampler who inhabits the sanctum of the Independent all the "everybodies" who are engaged in the production of wealth, namely the working class, "are nobodies."

The great rank and file of the Socialists are workers in either forest, field, mine or factory. No working man is or can be a member of the Parasitic Montana Club.

Down through all the ages the honest toiler has been considered a "nobody." The parasite despise the worker as the mistletoe does the mighty oak which feeds it.

How long does the worlds workers submit to the humiliation of being called "nobodies?" Is the Helena Independent right when it calls all the parasites "anybodies?" When will the "nobodies" rise up in the power of their might and declare themselves "somebodies?" They have produced and manufactured all the luxuries of the Club, but they are not permitted to stain or even view the handiworks of their genius. They are "nobodies." Every member of the Club is their economic enemy, every member of the Club shuns them on the

social plane. It is only at election times that the parasite condescends to be their equal.

Capitalism tends to inequality and social caste. Under capitalism the Montana Club parasite has power to exclude the toiler from participation in the luxuries of club life. Capitalism is the "Old Man of the Sea" that bestrides the neck of the man who produces the wealth of the world.

It is only under Socialism that the "nobodies" of labor can be made the real "somebodies" of society. He who will not work neither shall he eat. Under Socialism, the parasite who nestles in the cozy nooks of the Montana Club would either starve or work. Drive the parasite out of society and the nation will be Socialistic. It's easy. The votes of the united workingmen can do it.

"Workers of the World unite
For this is freedoms holy fight."
M.

Capitalist Power

Ever since John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil company took possession of the United States government matters have gone from bad to worse. While they allow Theodore Roosevelt nominally to run our public affairs, theirs is the guiding hand.

When they say dance, or cough up, all the people have to do is to dance or cough up. If they want a supreme court decision, they have it. If they want kerosene to advance, up jumps kerosene. If they want crude oil to decline in price down it goes. They control the law of supply and demand with a scratch of the pen. Uncle John D. Rockefeller is far more potent than your Uncle Samuel when it comes to high finance. Our Uncle Samuel has fallen into very bad company indeed, into that of robbers, thieves and pick-pockets and he is learning their infamous tricks.

In early times people thought they could turn to the government for redress and protection when they were wronged; not so now. The time has passed as governments as constituted are carried on to safeguard popular interests, rather are they organized to promote private interests and in the interests of grafters and hoodlums. Public sentiment is roused only once in four years. The balance of the time the secret orders, the saloons and the churches run the social or political machine.
J. M. N.

IN SAVINGS BANKS.

Remances That Come to Light in Their Everyday Business.

A ragged little newsboy entered a Pittsburg bank one day and boldly invaded the private office of the president.

"Say, mister," he said, "can I put some money in this bank?"

"Certainly you can," the president answered. "How much do you want to deposit?"

"A quarter!" exclaimed the youngster, pulling a handful of pennies and nickels out of his pocket. The banker took him over to the receiving teller and introduced him with all the deference that he would have shown to a millionaire.

The boy left the city soon after opening the account, but he kept adding to his deposit from time to time, and as he was naturally bright and shrewd everything he undertook prospered. He is back in Pittsburg now, the head of a successful manufacturing concern, and one of the bank's most valued customers.

A year ago a proud young father out in Michigan sent \$25 to open an account for his first born son, then less than a week old. "The boy'll need it some of these days," he wrote, "and we may as well begin to save for him right off." Six months later a tear dimmed letter came asking to withdraw the money to pay the little fellow's funeral expenses.

A working woman in a little town in New York sent a dollar bill in the name of her daughter, six years of age. "She'll be marrying by and by," she said, "and ought to have something to start life on." That was nearly two years ago, and almost every week since a dollar bill has been added to the account. There'll be a snug little marriage portion for the young lady some day if nothing happens.

Not long ago a woman living in Illinois sent \$5, with explicit instructions not to let her "old man" know about it, as "he'd be after spending every cent of it for drink."
—William S. Power in Success Magazine.

A Cigar Story.

A few of the friends of a Broadway cigar dealer enjoy at times high priced smokes for very little money.

The dealer in question carries several lines of one and two dollar cigars as well as one brand selling for \$2.50. These are naturally made of the richest Havana leaf and are especially attractive to an insect which burrows into the cigar, making a hole as large as the head of a pin and perhaps a quarter of an inch deep. The insect does not spoil the flavor of the tobacco. But in the higher priced grades it is impossible to offer for sale a patched wrapper, and so these cigars are laid aside to be sold to the favored ones.

They are grouped with regard to the number of perforations, those with a couple of holes selling for 35 cents each, while others go for as low as 15 cents. A bit of cigarette paper wetted and placed over the hole preserves the draft, and the cigar is every bit as good as those in the case.—New York Press.

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A Good Tonic.
Ordinary sour buttermilk is a better tonic and is a better food than was ever bottled or boxed up by the chemist or doctor. Many a farmer drives miles away to see a doctor, to get a bottle of pepsin or cod liver oil or beef extract when at the same time he is feeding to his calves good, rich, nutritious buttermilk, a thousand times better for him than the stuff the doctor will give him.—Medical Talk.

Kitchen Utensils.
Kitchen utensils of iron and steel can sustain a high temperature without cracking or melting, and these metals are therefore desirable for frying and omelet pans, soup kettle and so on. They should never be used for cooking fruits or acids. Ironware grows smoother and more valuable with use. It retains heat, and for this reason is desirable where a slow, regular temperature is desired.

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London Talks Revolution.

(Continued from page 1)

000 male emigrants arrive yearly and seek work in the very districts where the unemployed are greatest. Nearly half of the families in the country are propertyless. Over 1,700,000 little children are forced to become wage earners when they should still be at school. About 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work and about 2,000,000 are employed in factories, mills, etc. Probably no less than 1,000,000 workers are injured or killed each year while doing their work, and about 10,000,000 persons now living, will, if the present ration be kept up, die of the preventable disease, tuberculosis.

I might go on for a long time quoting Huxley, Alfred Russell Wallace, Mill, Spahr, Brooke, Rowntree and others. It is the facts cited and those found in the books of the men above, and the glorious ideas of Socialism that keep the revolutionists unceasingly at work—that keep them ever young.

THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM MUST GO.

About three years ago I went into the Klondike. I saw there a body of Indians, called the Innuits. There is an immense difference in time between them and us. They are still in the Bone Age. Yet those men are all, in good times, well provided for; in bad times they suffer, but they all suffer together. How is it with us? We have, as I said before, a body of 10,000,000 men, women and children in poverty always—we who are the greatest producers the world has ever known; we, who by machinery, make one man produce cotton cloth for 250 people, woollens for 300, and boots and shoes for 1,000. What do we call the industrial system we are under? We call it the capitalist system. What do we call its managers? We call them capitalists. I say then that the capitalist system which has so grossly and criminally mismanaged our industrial life must be swept away, and the Socialist system put in its place.

But you ask me: "What are the Socialists going to do? What are your ideals and ideas?" I answer: "We propose to destroy present day civilization, that is, capitalist civilization, with its brutal struggle of man with man for life—by the ballot, where it is free, be it forever remembered—and replace it by a better civilization, a civilization whose principle shall be 'each for all and all for each.'"

THE ONE THING WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

My friend, George Sterling, speaking at the Ruskin Club to the Round Table, "Why Am I a Socialist," said: "I am a Socialist because Socialism is the one clean, noble and live thing in the world today worth fighting for." Now, mark you, Mr. Sterling did not say that Socialism is the only clean and noble thing in the world today; there are many clean and noble things in the world today. He said: Socialism is the only clean, noble, and live thing in the world today worth fighting for."

And yet as I look over the universities of my land today, I see the students, asleep in the face of the awful facts I have given you, asleep in the greatest revolution that has ever come to the world. Oh, it is sad! Not long ago, revolutions began, grew, broke out, in Oxford. Today Russian universities seethe with revolution. I say to you then: University men and women, you men and women in the full glory of life, here is a cause that appeals to all the romance in you. Awake to its call. Line up! Line up! All the world despises the coward. Read our books. Fight us, if you do not agree with us. But, by all that is brave and strong, show your colors! Line up! Line up! I say.—From the "Socialist Voice," Oakland, Cal.

Livingston, Mont., Nov. 5, 1905.

To all machinists: We, the members of the National Park Lodge, No 168, I. A. of M., learning with deep regret of the death of our beloved brother, Wm. Graham, wish to express our deep sympathy with his relatives and friends, and our sense of loss as his untimely death. Brother Graham was of a genial and sunny disposition, and his death will be felt by all who knew him.

H. E. NORTH,
GEO. MACKENZIE,
LOUIS BRANDT,
Committee.

A Mixture of Colors.

"Funny thing happened in my town last week," said the man from up the creek.

"What was that?" asked the man from down the way.

"Black, a white man, and White, a black man, thought a fellow named Brown was pretty green and tried to sell him a gold brick. But Brown was well read, and he bluffed them both. In fact, he got all the money they had."

"And now?"

"And now Black and White are blue."

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The Coming of Christ

Socialism is leavening the masses to a degree never recorded in history of any movement of the human race. Being the logical result of general enlightenment, it bursts spontaneously from a thousand points of the compass to rouse the oppressed. It seems like the second coming of Christ, for, after 1,500 years of paganism, alias "Christianity" and suppression, by murder, torture, and rapine, of knowledge necessary to human progress, it comes bearing the light of truth to drive away darkness from the lives of downtrodden mankind.

The disciples of Socialism are being persecuted and crucified upon the cross of Want because of the truth that is in them, just so Christ and the early Christians were crucified because of their espousal of the under dog.

Paganism is now reaping the whirlwind as did paganism in the days of the Caesars. But this new resurrection rests upon a general and growing knowledge of man's economic possibilities and individual rights, and is destined to establish a social system beyond the power of ignorance, avarice and superstition.

They Dare Not Meet Us In Debate

A week ago, Comrade Lee, the Socialist candidate for mayor of New York, sent to Mr. McClellan, the democratic candidate, to Mr. Ivins, the republican candidate, and to Mr. Hearst, the independent candidate, an invitation or challenge to meet him in fair public debate upon the issues of the campaign.

Not one of the three capitalist candidates has accepted. They have not even had the courtesy to reply and decline.

Although copies of the challenge were sent to all the daily papers in the city, none of them have seen fit to print the news. The republican papers did not care to expose the fact that the democratic candidate sneaked, and that would reveal the fact that the republican candidate also sneaked and visa versa. And of course the Hearst paper did not care to publish the fact that their proprietor, the fake "people's candidate," was afraid to meet a Socialist in debate.

It is a noteworthy fact that no defenders of capitalism—republican, democratic or independent—except some conceited know-nothing like Davenport, can be got to meet a Socialist in fair discussion.

They are wise. We do not say that the spokesmen of the Socialist party are wiser or more eloquent men than those of the old (and new) parties of capitalism. We do say that the Socialist party has facts and reason on its side and that we could afford to put up a very poor Socialist speaker against the best republican or democratic or Hearstian speakers, and would put him out of the running in fair debate before the public.

Through The Worker, the Socialist party now reiterates this challenge. If Mr. McClellan and Mr. Ivins and Mr. Hearst are "too busy" let them send substitutes. Let them send any of the "silver-tongued orators" of their respective parties—if they dare—to meet representatives of the Socialist party in debate, with a fair division of time and every courtesy on the side of our opponents.

But they won't dare. They know better.—New York Worker.

Her "Panes" Accounted For.

An American woman underwent an operation in Paris, but as her health did not improve she submitted to another operation in Germany. Still she was not well and returned to Paris, where at the third operation the surgeon discovered in the depths of the operation wound a pair of eyeglasses.

The patient, who is fully recovered, does not know whether she should return the eyeglasses to the French or the German surgeon. The German surgeon, says the Medical Record, is in an embarrassing position, for either he lost the eyeglasses or he failed to find them when he operated.—New York Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

An Impatient Speech of a Quaker City Schoolteacher.

Good humor was restored to a schoolroom in one of the public schools of the city the other day by an impatient speech of the teacher, says the Philadelphia Press.

The young woman who had charge of the class had become exasperated to the last degree by the mischievous tricks of some of the boys. She was at the point where hysterics were to be safely predicted if some relief did not come.

She looked up from her book and saw one of the largest girls in the class crouched in an ungainly attitude over her desk. Her feet were stretched over into the aisle, and, worst of all, she was chewing gum. It was the last straw. The teacher sprang to her feet and snapped out:

"Maria, sit up! Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!" The shout of laughter from the pupils cleared the atmosphere, and the rest of the session was one of the pleasantest of the term.

In the Scotch.

City Editor—Here, cub, what's this stuff you just turned in?

Cub—A very swell Scotch wedding.

City Editor—Well, you want to learn how to spell it first. You say here, "The groom entered with his bony bride." I suppose you mean "bonny."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How She Dressed.

Calvert Junior—There's a young woman who dresses just to suit me.

Balty Moore—I don't see that she is such a much of a dresser.

Calvert Junior—You don't know. She can get ready to go some place quicker than any other girl I ever took out.—Baltimore American.

Chauffeur's Fate.

"Jack, you see, was getting on so finely as an amateur chauffeur that father promised him a much larger machine."

"Oh, how splendid!"

"Wait! And put him in charge last Monday morning of one of the firm's big auto trucks."—Puck.

Rough Criticism.



The Artist—This is a portrait I did of my fiancée, old man.

His Friend—And you say she still loves you.

Heroism.

"Not all the courage in this world is displayed on the battlefield."

"No," replied the inveterate bachelor. "I've known men who had been married for years and still kept on doing their best without a word of complaint."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Resourceful.

Julia—Why are you going on with your trousseau after your engagement is broken?

Katherine—Oh, because the name of my next eligible begins with the same letter, and it really doesn't make any difference.—Detroit Free Press.

A Born Detective.

Little Johnny—I know what the baby is going to be when he grows up. He's going to be a detective.

Mother—Of all things! Because he's so smart?

Little Johnny—No'm. Because he never sleeps.—New York Weekly.

Discriminating.

"Don't you think it is disgraceful to go to jail?"

"Dat depends," said Plodding Pete, "on what jail you pick out. Some jails is right luxurious."—Washington Star.

No Other Alternative.

Miss Wearyun—Do you like singing?

Mr. Borum—Yes. I'm completely carried away with it.

Miss Wearyun—Then I will sing.—Chicago News.

Right.

Teacher—Tommy, spell "wrong."

Tommy—R-o-n-g.

Teacher—That's wrong.

Tommy—That's what you asked me to spell.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A VERSATILE TRADESMAN.

The thriftiest man in the United States lives in Louisville. He has trades that fit any climate, season or time of the day. As an example of his wonderful versatility, a friend tells the following story of an average day in the life of this strenuous man:

One morning last week he started out with a rug to sell on commission for an installment house. He sold the rug and then came back and took out a clock, which he also disposed of. About noon he was called by an undertaker to embalm a body, which he did. Another undertaker sent for him to drive a hearse to the cemetery, and after he had disposed of this errand satisfactorily he preached a short sermon at the grave.

He drove the hearse back to town and filled in an afternoon for a candymaker who was taken suddenly ill.

In the evening he worked from 6 until 8 o'clock in a barber shop and from that hour until midnight set type on a daily newspaper.—Louisville Post.

A Universal Alphabet.

A movement is on foot for the calling of an international conference on the adoption of a universal phonetic alphabet. It is suggested that the Roman alphabet should serve as the basis, but that slight modifications be made in the forms of the letters, which would not interfere with their legibility to any one familiar with them in their present shape, in order to indicate the precise sounds for which they stand. Such an alphabet, it is maintained, would enable any one to pronounce correctly at a glance the words of a foreign language, because the spelling, apart from a few special sounds, would be the same as in his own language. There is said to be no language so hindered by its spelling as the English.

One Who Had Enough.

Baron Rothschild, the head of the French branch of the family, recently received a curious legacy. This was the fortune of an ancient beggar named Abraham Fidler, who died in a garret at Nice and was found to possess 1,250,000 francs. He bequeathed it to the other millionaire on the plea that "money must seek money." Baron Rothschild was not of the opinion, in this case at any rate, and he proceeded to hunt up the lamented Fidler's poor relations, three of whom were found at Odessa and a fourth at Brooklyn. The legatee divided the million and a quarter among them with absolute contempt for the wishes of the pious testator.

Ireland's Great Orator.

Mr. Healy has really wonderful gifts of oratory. He is today the most brilliant speaker in the house of commons. He has not Mr. Redmond's grace and polish. He has nothing indeed in the nature of either. But his attack is cruelly effective. He never spares either his nominal opponents opposite or his real ones sitting around him. He is the only sardonic speaker in the house. There is a grimness, a constant ring of challenge that is repellent or attractive as you are the object of his uncharitable attention or merely the delighted detached observer.—London Saturday Review.

The State of Maine.

A really curious question has been raised by the Boston Herald. Why, it asks, does a Maine man always speak of his part of the country as "the state of Maine" instead of calling it simply "Maine," as a New Yorker would say "New York" or a Nebraskan "Nebraska?" As an adequate answer to the inquiry, it says: "Maine was not one of the original states, but up to 1820 was a part of Massachusetts. It was then known as the District of Maine. In 1820 Maine achieved her independence and became a separate state of the Union."

Odd Railroad Accident.

There was a queer railroad accident in South Africa recently. Instead of running into something the train threw something out. The object thrown out was a white child. The baby was sitting on a table in one of the saloons of an express train. In rounding a sharp curve the child was shot out of the window. The distracted mother quickly stopped the train. Search being made along the line, the youngster was found little the worse for its experience, but crying vigorously.

The Smallest Dictionary.

The University of California has received what it thinks is the smallest dictionary in the world. The book is a French-English dictionary one and an eighth inches long by three-fourths of an inch wide. It was printed first in large type and then reduced to its present size by photographic methods. Each page contains about 110 words, the book containing 630 pages.

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