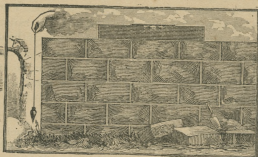
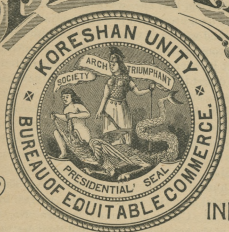


THE PLOWSHARE AND PRUNING HOOK

INDICATOR OF COMMERCIAL EQUATION.



Vol. 1. No. 10.

San Francisco, Cal., July, 25. 1891.

Five Cents a Copy.

The Plowshare and Pruning Hook.
1891.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE
BUREAU OF EQUITABLE COMMERCE.
212 & 214 Front Street, - San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone No. 200.

KORESH, - - - - - Founder and Director.
C. J. MACLAUGHLIN, - - - - - Editor.
Address all communications to the Editor.

One Year in advance, - - - 50 cts. | One Month in advance, - - 10 cts.
Six Months, - - - 25 " | Single Copy, " - 5 "
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If you do not receive your paper regularly let us know. Make your letters of inquiry to the Editor short and to the point. Contributions invited touching on live issues. Subscription price can be remitted by registered letter, postal note and post-office or express money order made payable to C. J. MacLaughlin. One month's trial subscription may be paid in postage stamps.

We will send THE PLOWSHARE AND PRUNING HOOK on trial for one month on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps. Do not let such an opportunity slip to receive for that length of time the most outspoken and fearless weekly paper published in America. Mail us the names of any of your friends whom you think would like to investigate our Matchless System of Commerce. We will send to all such two issues of this paper free. No financial obligation is incurred by those receiving the same. When you have read your paper hand it to some one whom you think its contents would interest. Thus do your part towards consummating the Revolution in Commerce.

LABOR TO SEND US SUBSCRIPTIONS.

There is no system of economy extant that contains the elements essential to a proper solution of the financial problem as does the Koreshan system of Commercial Equation, conceived by its founder for the sole benefit of an oppressed and starving humanity. It is simple, comprehensive and adequate to meet all the requirements for feeding the people and establishing an equitable method of commercial exchange. Its adoption by the people, because of its adaptability and simplicity is inevitable, and the destruction of money and of monopoly will speedily ensue as the result of its triumph.

What Can be Done With the Great Surplus of Potatoes With Which the San Francisco Market is Glutted?

A Noble Cry for a Civilized Christianity to Offer.

I made observation and discovery. Where I found the glutted market I met also the glutted stomach and coffer of the banker and merchant. This was at one yard of the balance. At the other I heard the wail of the starving thousands crying for these potatoes, but the ear of the divinity to which the prayer was offered was deaf to every entreaty. No glutted stomach where I heard that wail. It was the cry of the hungry christian child accompanied with the groans of the christian mother watching over that starving babe while the death pallor was spreading before her disconsolate gaze of grief. The other christian had the glutted coffer, the glutted market, the glutted stomach, but could not hear the wail. He was in his cushioned pew on Sunday listening to a flowery discourse glutted with theoretical flour, searing the conscience of the Christian brother with a dissertation on the achievement of civilization under the influence of the lowly Nazarine who came to save the soul. A Christian age, a Christian people, and starving thousands! Glutted coffers and stomachs; purses pléthoric with gold; scanty stomachs where I heard the wail!!

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For God's sake, gentlemen, for the sake of the rich merchant, for the Railroad's sake, to hasten the tardy progress of the impending revolution, dump them into the bay! Be careful that they do not fall into the empty cavities of those hungry people whence the wail originated. That would be utterly heathenish and disastrous to the interests of the commonwealth. The integrity and reputation of business and financial circles, demand that those potatoes go into the bay.

The ocean is too large; fill it up with potatoes, let the sharks have them, bridge the two continents with potatoes, but gentlemen, christian gentlemen, see to it that they do not find their way to these hungry clamoring multitudes to impoverish the souls that your christ came to save!

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God speed the impending crisis! Let railroad monopolists, and rich merchantmen make another turn of the wheel of fate, take another reef in the straight-jacket of commercial enterprise; one more twist in the knot of human despair and contraction, and hasten the strides of the imminent revolution, but don't give the people relief; we prefer revolution.—K

THE financial situation in Spain is extremely critical. Events are everywhere culminating. Just a little while and then the crash—and then the masses will direct their attention to the solution of the social question.

THE anthracite miners of Wilkesbarre are about to go on a strike, and, as usual the companies are preparing to substitute a large force of foreign laborers, lately arrived. The monopolist and the foreign laborer will precipitate the social revolution. It is almost upon us.

ANDREW Carnegie thinks there is "danger ahead" and hence has about concluded to shake off the dust of America and seek safety among the Scotland hills. He is said to be in search of a castle in that country, where he may be secure from the wrath of an oppressed people. Perhaps Scotland will be in a condition similar to that of America ere long; the mania of radicalism is spreading rapidly.

IF MEN wish to use tobacco, notwithstanding, that it is injurious to their health, it seems reasonable to demand that they should not insist upon others—who do not use the same, and to whom its fumes are distasteful—inhalating the odors that issue from pipes, cigarettes and cigars. Smoking should not be allowed on public conveyances unless the smokers are shut off by themselves like the patronizers of opium joints. The number of cars provided by the cable lines is inadequate to provide for all the passengers, so that the open portion of the cars should not be resigned to or ruled by smokers. Ladies are frequently compelled to ride in the disenclosed part of these cars and must take all the smoke, ashes, and misdirected saliva that are frequently sent their way by lovers of tobacco. The thing is an outrage and an imposition on the public. If men wish to smoke—a habit which will at first sicken most any one to acquire—let them betake themselves to their offices or dwellings, or else, let them gratify this appetite in the open air where those, not in love with the vice, need not be compelled to partake of its fumes. Gentlemen, at least, should endeavor not to render themselves obnoxious by thus forcing non-tobaccoists upon public conveyances to partake of their noxious exhalations.

The Large Number of Suicides and Their Cause.

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Thousands of young women are driven, through want and despair, to lives of shame and thence to self-destruction. With agonizing soul did Hood well explain in his "Bridge of Sighs"

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Weary of breath
Bashfully importunate
Gone to her death.

He voiced but the mournful tune which rises above the sombre mists of night that hover over our busy, heartless cities. If no other argument were adduced to consign the present system of sociology to oblivion, that one, we believe, which involves the fate of our sons and daughters, will prove potential enough to arouse the good men and women of this Commonwealth to a realization of the folly of competition, and cause them by united, co-operative action to effect its overthrow. There is no other alternative for the people but to desert this cavern of iniquity if they have any love left for their sons and daughters. How many young men might be leading useful, brilliant lives, who, having become discouraged and disheartened by the exactions and meagre gratitude of grasping merchants or the fierce struggle of salesmen to drive a trade, have sought solace in wine and women and been caught in the drag-net of ruin.

It is but human that they should do this. The commercial pressure is fearful, and the strain on the nerves intense. Who does not know it? Can it last much longer? No, for if it did, three-fourths of the population would find their destiny in suicides' graves, toward which so many are already tending. The vast majority of young men and women are to-day debarr'd from matrimony on account of their financial status. As humanity is, at present constituted, a union of the sexes, must unavoidably occur either legally or illegally and hence the reason for the startling and ever augmenting conditions of the public morals. The streets of our cities are nightly crowded with young men and women whose main object in frequenting the same is for the doing of sexual crime. Look at their faces, particularly those of the women; to one skilled in the study of human nature they are not bad faces. Many of them give evidence of generosity, honesty and good breeding, but one and all bear the stamp of recklessness born of despair. What care they for a world which would leave them to starve? What comfort hope or joy can they find in a social system which exacts from them long hours of labor and grinds their aspirations to powder? They seek what pleasure they can find; and pleasure men and women must have and will get, if not of the proper kind, then of the improper kind. Women aim to procure by sin at night what they cannot get by hard work during the day. Great God! What a social crisis!

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The affairs of the Bureau are directed by a Board of Mutual Confidence consisting of seven members, three of which represent the Koreshan Unity and the other four the patrons of the Bureau, and as fast as profits accrue pro rata dividends will be declared to the stock and certificate holders. The Bureau is incorporated under the state laws, and its constitution and by-laws are for mulated upon the simplest and most comprehensive plan. The people will patronize our system because of its equity, simplicity and clearness, and our friends, the enemy, (for by their opposition they will be our most assiduous advertisers) may as well be resigned to the fact that the Bureau of Equitable Commerce has come to stay. It will not only stay but it will rapidly spread until its arms extend to every city and town in the United States and our admirable plan of certificates and checks, as substitutes for U. S. currency—which no law of the country can interfere with because they simply represent an agreement between two contracting parties—will gradually displace from the different avenues of trade fiat money and then the people of the new Commonwealth will say to the smart banker and the funny politician: "Hang up your fiddle and your bow; and you, Congress, take a back seat as we have no further use for you."

American Justice.

Chauncey Depew and his fellow-directors have been found guilty of complicity in the killing of the six people in the tunnel disaster. The law was violated, says the verdict, and violated by the company. Chauncey and the others were the company; but it was the company in its corporate capacity, not the members of it in their individual capacity, that violated it. Consequently, though Chauncey and the others taken collectively are guilty, yet he and they taken separately in their individual capacity are innocent. We are not sure that we make it plain; we are not sure that it can be made plain. Indeed, to fully understand the why and wherefore of it, it is necessary to take into consideration something that by proper rights ought to have nothing to do with it; the wealth of the accused, for example. The verdict will not surprise any one, says the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, because every one like Chauncey himself looked upon the whole proceedings as a huge farce. They say he did not delay his preparations for his annual European trip at all, and was not the least concerned about the "trial." Why should he? True, when the Coroner's jury indicted him, some of the great organs of public opinion declared that the indictment was evidence that the majestic laws of free America were no respecters of persons, that in the eye of glorious American justice all men were equal, and much more of the same kind of buncombe; but Chauncey smiled and joked and dined. True philosopher he, he knew that America's goddess of justice is not by a good deal as blind as she is pictured. He looked on the indictment as a joke. If he had any fault to find with it, it was that it was not a good, well-conceived joke—was rather a clumsy, gruesome joke, and at his own expense, too. He seemed to think the joke not exactly in good taste. At the dinner of the Federal Club, given on the same evening upon which his bail bonds were signed, at Delmonico's, Chauncey made merry over the indictment. He was not only merry himself, but the cause of vast merriment in others. The relatives of the victims were mourning their dead while Chauncey and his merry companions dined and wine and laughed and quaffed. A man with a heart, being a director of a railway on which a fatal accident had just occurred—an accident

the horror of which had been intensified by the failure of himself and his fellow-directors to comply with the law—would have been filled with sorrow. As Chauncey had no heart, but a stomach only, he was filled with wine and rare viands, and out of the fullness of his stomach his mouth spoke. He jeered the Coroner's jury that had presumed to indict him, heaped ridicule upon the notion that railway directors should be expected to do the things they accept pay for doing, instanced a gentleman who was a director in so many roads that it kept him fully employed drawing his numerous salaries, and was altogether hilariously, uproariously merry and witty. Then when the time came that Chauncey usually prepares for his summer pilgrimage among the nobles and big-wigs of Europe, and the counsel for the people was not quite ready, he was given to understand by the judge that he had better hurry up, for, ready or no, the case must be disposed of in time to let Mr. Depew sail in accordance with his arrangements. And so the "trial" took place, and the verdict was rendered so as, in more senses than one, to suit Mr. Depew's convenience. The farce had ended. Great is law. Let us give thanks for the majestic impartiality of American justice.

A Difference Between Theory and Practice in Economics.

The world has been treated or ill-treated to theorism on a new system of sociology for two or three hundred years. Kant, the great German thinker is probably the prince of economic theorists, and there is La Salle who really can claim the authorship of the land system which Georgeites lay so much stress upon, and Proudhon, whose pen has given inspiration to modern individualism, and Rosseau, Bellamy and a host of others. Herbert Spencer has spent the best years of a long life discussing sociology on paper, and, by a large class of thinkers, he is looked upon as the bright and shining light of economic philosophy. These men have written book after book and pamphlet upon pamphlet, upon the social problem, which, with each succeeding decade has come more prominently into notice by reason of the fact that its discussion has been forced upon the people as the result of the gradual collapse of the existing social structure which entails misery and poverty upon the masses and which is gradually developing the people in its ghastly and deathlike embrace.

When the tocsin was sounded several hundred years ago—almost simultaneous with the establishment of the Bank of England which is founded upon the same principles whereby the people to-day are being robbed by its daughters, the National banks, of this country—marking paid no heed to the ringing warning, and the words of La Salle and his coadjutors fell flat upon a people whose powers of discrimination were not sufficiently acute to perceive the misery that would be entailed upon their children and their children's children through an acquiescence in a monetary policy formulated for the purpose of bald, insolent theft. The years have rolled on and the direful days predicted by these philosophers have at last dawned upon us. The short sighted supposed that with the foundation of the American Democracy, humanity would at last find a haven of repose and that the nations of Europe would finally be compelled to pattern their governments, through popular demand, after this one. We fought and won the bloody battles of the Revolutionary war and supposed then that we had settled forever the question of human sovereignty. England was both vanquished and victor in the fight; vanquished, in that she lost her kingly power on American soil; victor, in that her money power, which, in reality, is behind the British throne, gained ascendancy here and is to-day dictating the policy and ruling the destinies of the American Democracy. If proof is required for this statement it should only be necessary to mention the fact that silver was demonetized in this country in obedience to the mandate of the Rothschilds, who sent their agent over here to see that the scheme, which they had concocted, was properly executed. Shylock had but to pull the string, the doors of Congress flew back and he entered and took possession. British capital is to-day buying up great manufacturing plants on our soil, and when the financial crash comes—as come it soon will in London—like an electric flash the financial centres of America will be touched, will

ties but we will destroy the system which affords the personalities adhering to the same an opportunity to cheat their fellows. We shall offer no excuse for our doings, but the eternal law of justice, which shall be enforced in the commercial relations of men. We invite all to join us and become common sharers in the profits of the Bureau, but if some do not join us let them clear the way, for the triumphal car of commercial equation, which means value for value, is rumbling along and it will ride over every obstacle that stands in the way of effecting justice in the interchange of products.

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The affairs of the Bureau are directed by a Board of Mutual Confidence consisting of seven members, three of which represent the Koreshan Unity and the other four the patrons of the Bureau, and as fast as profits accrue pro rata dividends will be declared to the stock and certificate holders. The Bureau is incorporated under the state laws, and its constitution and by-laws are for mulat-ed upon the simplest and most comprehensive plan. The people will patronize our system because of its equity, simplicity and clearness, and our friends, the enemy, (for by their opposition they will be our most assiduous advertisers) may as well be resigned to the fact that the Bureau of Equitable Commerce has come to stay. It will not only stay but it will rapidly spread until its arms extend to every city and town in the United States and our admirable plan of certificates and checks, as substitutes for U. S. currency—which no law of the country can interfere with because they simply represent an agreement between two contracting parties—will gradually displace from the different avenues of trade fiat money and then the people of the new Commonwealth will say to the smart banker and the funny politician: "Hang up your fiddle and your bow; and you, Congress, take a back seat as we have no further use for you."

American Justice.

Chauncey Depew and his fellow-directors have been found not guilty of complicity in the killing of the six people in the tunnel disaster. The law was violated, says the verdict, and violated by the company. Chauncey and the others were the company; but it was the company in its corporate capacity, not the members of it in their individual capacity, that violated it. Consequently, though Chauncey and the others taken collectively are guilty, yet he and they taken separately in their individual capacity are innocent. We are not sure that we make it plain; we are not sure that it can be made plain. Indeed, to fully understand the why and wherefore of it, it is necessary to take into consideration something that by proper rights ought to have nothing to do with it; the wealth of the accused, for example. The verdict will not surprise any one, says the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, because every one like Chauncey himself looked upon the whole proceedings as a huge farce. They say he did not delay his preparations for his annual European trip at all, and was not the least concerned about the "trial." Why should he? True, when the Coroner's jury indicted him, some of the great organs of public opinion declared that the indictment was evidence that the majestic laws of free America were no respecters of persons, that in the eye of glorious American justice all men were equal, and much more of the same kind of buncombe; but Chauncey smiled and joked and dined. True philosopher he, he knew that America's goddess of justice is not by a good deal as blind as she is pictured. He looked on the indictment as a joke. If he had any fault to find with it, it was that it was not a good, well-conceived joke—was rather a clumsy, gruesome joke, and at his own expense, too. He seemed to think the joke not exactly in good taste. At the dinner of the Federal Club, given on the same evening upon which his bail bonds were signed, at Delmonico's, Chauncey made merry over the indictment. He was not only merry himself, but the cause of vast merriment in others. The relatives of the victims were mourning their dead while Chauncey and his merry companions dined and wine and laughed and quaffed. A man with a heart, being a director of a railway on which a fatal accident had just occurred—an accident

the horror of which had been intensified by the failure of himself and his fellow-directors to comply with the law—would have been filled with sorrow. As Chauncey had no heart, but a stomach only, he was filled with wine and rare viands, and out of the fullness of his stomach his mouth spoke. He jeered the Coroner's jury that had presumed to indict him, heaped ridicule upon the notion that railway directors should be expected to do the things they accept pay for doing, instanced a gentleman who was a director in so many roads that it kept him fully employed drawing his numerous salaries, and was altogether hilariously, uproariously merry and witty. Then when the time came that Chauncey usually prepares for his summer pilgrimage among the nobles and big-wigs of Europe, and the counsel for the people was not quite ready, he was given to understand by the judge that he had better hurry up, for, ready or no, the case must be disposed of in time to let Mr. Depew sail in accordance with his arrangements. And so the "trial" took place, and the verdict was rendered so as, in more senses than one, to suit Mr. Depew's convenience. The farce has ended. Great is law. Let us give thanks for the majestic impartiality of American justice.

A Difference Between Theory and Practice in Economics.

The world has been treated or ill-treated to theorism on a new system of sociology for two or three hundred years. Kant, the great German thinker is probably the prince of economic theorists, and there is La Salle who really can claim the authorship of the land system which Georgeites lay so much stress upon, and Proudhon, whose pen has given inspiration to modern individualism, and Rosseau, Bellamy and a host of others. Herbert Spencer has spent the best years of a long life discussing sociology on paper, and, by a large class of thinkers, he is looked upon as the bright and shining light of economic philosophy. These men have written book after book and pamphlet upon pamphlet, upon the social problem, which, with each succeeding decade has come more prominently into notice by reason of the fact that its discussion has been forced upon the people as the result of the gradual collapse of the existing social structure which entails misery and poverty upon the masses and which is gradually developing the people in its ghastly and deathlike embrace.

When the tocsin was sounded several hundred years ago—almost simultaneous with the establishment of the Bank of England which is founded upon the same principles whereby the people to-day are being robbed by its daughters, the National banks, of this country—marking paid no heed to the ringing warning, and the words of La Salle and his coadjutors fell flat upon a people whose powers of discrimination were not sufficiently acute to perceive the misery that would be entailed upon their children and their children's children through an acquiescence in a monetary policy formulated for the purpose of bald, insolent theft. The years have rolled on and the direful days predicted by these philosophers have at last dawned upon us. The short sighted supposition that with the foundation of the American Democracy, humanity would at last find a haven of repose and that the nations of Europe would finally be compelled to pattern their governments, through popular demand, after this one. We fought and won the bloody battles of the Revolutionary war and supposed then that we had settled forever the question of human sovereignty. England was both vanquished and victor in the fight; vanquished, in that she lost her kingly power on American soil; victor, in that her money power, which, in reality, is behind the British throne, gained ascendancy here and is to-day dictating the policy and ruling the destinies of the American Democracy. If proof is required for this statement it should only be necessary to mention the fact that silver was demonetized in this country in obedience to the mandate of the Rothschilds, who sent their agent over here to see that the scheme, which they had concocted, was properly executed. Shylock had but to pull the string, the doors of Congress flew back and he entered and took possession. British capital is to-day buying up great manufacturing plants on our soil, and when the financial crash comes—as come it soon will in London—like an electric flash the financial centres of America will be touched, will

quiver and then collapse. We are tottering financially and only await this signal from London ere we fall. Thus England, though apparently vanquished in her conflict with our forefathers, with the sabre of her financial policy will yet cut our throats.

The scarcity of bread and butter, the result of the application of a monetary system emanating from British brains, has forced upon the people the importance of the social question, and, amid the seriousness of the times, when they ask for the bread of practice in sound economies they are given merely the stone of theory. Every man has a plan and an ism, and each one thinks that his will work the best in formulating a new system. As a consequence we have books, tracts, newspapers and periodicals without number, which begin and end in talk. If all the money expended, in publishing reform papers, books and magazines, looking to a solution of the social question, were invested in one great *practical* enterprise that would feed the people at a nominal cost upon a basis of common sense, the money power, with its iniquitous system of currency—its gold, its silver, its copper and its paper, differently graded in order that it might speculate upon the same at the people's cost—would long since have found that oblivion which finally awaits it.

Herein lies the inherent weakness of *theorism* and the potentiality of practice. A class of thinkers who in 20 or 25 years cannot, through the discussion of pet theories effect their practice, had better lay down their arms and join another army. A lack of co-operative, practical effort on the part of the social economists of this age is a fatal confession of the inadequacy of their systems to meet the present exigency. The child which they desired to bring forth was never properly conceived, or else, by this time, it would have been a thriving, bouncing baby. Nationalism, it is true, had its birth as a materializing effort here in California, not long since, but soon disintegrated and died, and sterility has been the result of its endeavors; nevertheless it still talks. What is commonly termed communism has been tried as the outgrowth of theory and it has failed. Now, what is left? There are several small colonies in operation in different parts of the country, but none contain those principles of organic unity that are essential to ultimate success, progress and perpetuity. They possess no broad and comprehensive doctrine which can stand the test of conflict or spread out until it embraces the whole human race. Nothing short of this can aggregate to itself the multifarious phases of character of which humanity is composed. That system alone can guide the destinies of the race which is cosmopolitan, simple and fundamental; and in order to contain these elements it must appeal to the rational, inspirational and affectional tendencies of human nature. Furthermore, no system will answer the purpose which cannot, simultaneously, with the promulgation of its theory, *apply* the remedy. The skill of a marksman is only demonstrated by his ability to hit the mark. None of these theoretical gentlemen in the field of economics have hit the mark, although they have occupied the field for many years. We are therefore forced to one conclusion; that they lack the capacity which their professions would seem to indicate. Starving men and women would like to see these theorists GET DOWN TO BUSINESS and demonstrate the practicality of their plausible theories; but they have nothing more substantial to offer than wind puffing.

Now the Bureau of Equitable Commerce invites the people to investigate its methods and see if in them are not found all the requirements for the solution of the financial problem, the building up of industries, the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked. This Bureau is prepared to do all that it says, and, as a proof of its potentiality, it is the result of but a few months instead of many years, of theory. It has illustrated the difference between theory and practice in economics by the *application* of theory. It has tested the soundness of its theory by blending the same with practice, and by selling goods at less than retail prices, it must ultimately cement the support of the wage worker, dispose of the numerous retail stores and middle men and firmly establish—independent of a farcical government—an organic, economic unity and an equitable financial policy for the people.

Closed all day on the Fourth—Little Johnnie's eye.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Commercial Insanity.

By A. M. Miller.

No one in the world to-day is *perfectly* balanced mentally. Among people who are called sane there are all degrees and variations of unbalance in every line of mental activity; yet the degree that virtually amounts to *insanity* is not reached until the mentality leans so far over that it entirely loses its equilibrium and falls, bringing destruction upon itself and injury to others with whom it is related. A tower can lean considerably from the vertical and still be able to stand; but, when it leans beyond a certain angle, it must fall and be destroyed. So a mind, if it leans beyond a certain amount of unbalance, becomes insane and must fall, because insanity throws away the inherent wisdom of self-preservation, which is the balancing power of the mind, and ultimates in self-destruction. Such an advanced and tottering state of unbalance have the great commercial minds of to-day reached that they are virtually insane. If they were not insane in their insatiable grasping for more and more money or money-power, their schemes would not result in ultimately reducing their source of power; the laboring classes, the producers, either to a state of absolute slavery and degradation, wherein they are unfitted for performing the best work; or to a state of open rebellion against their oppressors—either state inevitably ruinous to the interests of the capitalists. No sane person would so undermine his own house and bring its ruins crumbling down upon his own head. If capitalists had not passed the Rubicon of self-preservation they would want to "live and let live."

We can calculate, that, if no power more potent than the present labor and reform organization rises up and institutes a balance in the relations of labor and capital, in twenty-five or fifty years, more or less, the present proud civilization of the world will fall, devoured, like the Kilkenny cats, by the rapacity of its two factions, capital and labor, and savage hordes will pour into their places and devour even the remnants that are left—the tails.

History repeats itself. We have only to look back to the fall of the mighty Roman Empire to realize the ruin that threatens this great so-called Republic, as well as the other great nations, from the almost universal oppression of the masses by a greed-insane plutocracy. We know that the money-power is on the road to its own destruction, and if left to its own gait will in time reach its destination—but it will lead all civilization to ruin with it. The safety of civilization depends upon speedily widening the breach between capital and labor, which capital has already begun to make, and hastening capital on to its destruction *alone*.

The only power that can effect this result; is the power involved in the system of Equitable Commerce. This system, by at first supplying the uses of the capitalist to the laborer, and, by teaching him, through methods of co-operation, to work without the capitalist, directs and accelerates the efforts of the laborer to free himself from his tyrant. The laborer is grasping—in a way—from being so long defrauded of his just earnings. But this greed can be cured by instituting commercial equity and giving him his dues. But the greed of the insane capitalist is past all cure. The ring-leaders of capitalistic power, who are so out of balance as to be impelled by but one faculty—that of money-accumulation—are past restoring to any degree of normal balance. The *moderate* capitalist may be reformed in harmony with a just commercial system. The money-kings know that with the emancipation of labor all their power vanishes. The mere threat of such a condition is sufficient to rouse all their ire and opposition, and they have declared that they will fight labor to the bitter end before they will relinquish any of their power.

When this Commercial system begins to show by its mobilization and direction of the labor forces, that it is diverting labor from the dominance of capital, this will be good enough to speed the money-kings to an open issue with labor. But, whatever mode of procedure they may institute, it will but lead them to the destruction of their power; for labor *united* under one plan and direction can stand against any other human power. In mercy to suffering humanity, and, in mercy to the oppressor that he heap up his burden of sin no higher, speed the day of equity!

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A BRILLIANT RECEPTION!

MRS. A. G. Ordway of Chicago Tendered a Right Royal Welcome by her Sisters in San Francisco.

The home of the San Francisco Koresban Unity at 218 and 220 New Street, presented a scene of gayety and brilliancy last Thursday evening which would have surprised the outside world if some of its people had stepped in upon the scene. They would have found there rational, entertaining and happy folks who gave no external evidence of holding "peculiar" views. It was the occasion of a reception but it differed from affairs which usually go under that head in that there were no liquors consumed and no coquetry apparent. "What a strange reception it must have been," says some one, "for I never attended a *soiree* where the latter quality if not the former article were not present." Well, it was a strange reception in that sense and also in one other: it was a gathering together of people of all classes who harmonized and affiliated through the comprehension and acceptance of one principle: that of centrality as the key to the solution of human woes. Every walk of life was represented and the greatest cordiality among all was manifest. It was a great democratic gathering, typifying the day when mankind shall be blended in one universal brotherhood. There were no silly simperings nor senseless sallies. It was not an assemblage of shallowness bedecked with diamonds and backed by enormous bank accounts but a galaxy of solidity, substantiality and brilliancy such as no San Francisco reception, though held in the greatest mansion, could boast. It was the coming together of minds, young and old, witty and sedate, including the beautiful of face and the strong in purpose, if less marked in comeliness; a people with one love, and that, for a common humanity, and one aim, and that, a personal sacrifice for the redemption of the race.

Mrs. Annie G. Ordway, President of the Society Arch-Triumphant of the Koresban system, from Chicago, paid a visit to the Golden Gate Assembly and was made the recipient of this entertainment. The parlors of the Koresban Unity were gayly decorated with flowers, ferns and greens, and the lady in whose honor the reception was given was literally loaded with flowers such as only the balmy air and rich soil of California can yield.

The President of the Society Arch-Triumphant is a tall, stately woman of strong, yet winning face and pleasing voice, who has consecrated her life to the cause of womanhood and her freedom from the curse of sex slavery, and in this personage woman has found an able and aggressive advocate. She is a born leader of her sex. Miss Wass, the President of the Golden Gate branch of the Society, made the speech of welcome in neat and appropriate sentences, to which Mrs. Ordway responded in words fraught with heart-felt gratitude and love. Mr. Geo. C. Ludington presented the program for the evening which was varied and entertaining. There was rendered as a piano overture, Rossini's incomparable "Semiramide" by Mrs. J. T. Coan and Miss Daniels, followed by the dedication to the official visitor by Mrs. Ludington, a handsome and charming woman, in middle life, with a head of fine, snow white hair artistically dressed, and a most pleasing visage. Mrs. Aime Jackson rendered a piano solo, and Mrs. Mills a song. Then Dr. Cyrus R. Teed gave a masterly and spirited exposition of some of the tenets of Koresbanity—particularly as they embraced the greatest question of the age—that of woman upon whose solution, alone, rests the hope of the world—and the admirable commercial system which he has just launched upon a starving world. His utterances were listened to by the assemblage, composed of many not associated with the Unity, with wrapt attention and interest. The founder of a system of ethics destined to revolutionize the world was, upon this occasion, certainly, at his best. Mrs. Renew Benedict, on the part of the Society Arch-Triumphant at large, gave a greeting to its President filled with deserved encomiums and couched in choice rhetoric. Mrs. Currie gave one of her inimitable recitations in the Irish dialect, succeeded by "Love's Request," a song happily rendered by Mrs. Coan. The event was a pronounced success and yet only a type of the many enjoyable, genuine and soul refreshing reunions which Koresbans, with their rapidly augmenting numbers, will give in the future. The happy company broke up at about 11 o'clock.

A TITLED ANIMAL.

The position of the Prince of Wales at present may justly be described as critical (writes "Cockaigne" in the *Argonaut*). To say such a thing of the heir-apparent to one of the great thrones of Europe, and to be able to say it, shows the unquestionably democratic tone of popular opinion and feeling in England. The fact is that the people are simply disgusted with their future king, and the rankest Tories give free expression to opinions which you would expect to hear uttered only by the most advanced Radicals. How he must curse the baccarat case, for it has been the last straw on the backs of a long-outraged, long-enduring, long-forgiving people and the finishing touch to a career which has been little short of a downright disgrace to the nation.

No one knows exactly the number of acts unbecoming a gentleman, let alone a prince, which his royal highness can have laid at his door. And you may be sure that they are all raked up now with determined vigor. Away back in the early sixties he began, when, a short time before his marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, he was stationed at the Curragh, in Ireland, with a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to which he was attached as a subaltern. He was sent over to the Curragh camp to teach him what soldiering was, in a mild, peaceful way, and, had he been like other young men, he would have gone through the work with a genuine military interest and passed his time in studying his profession. Not content with flirting with the pretty Irish girls who abound in those parts, he must needs go and marry one of them. Of course he did not really marry the girl. According to the rules established upon the settlement of the crown upon the House of Brunswick, it was impossible for one of the royal family to marry a subject without first obtaining the consent of Parliament, and this he knew as well as anybody—better, in fact, than many. Yet he went through the form of a marriage with her, and I believe she lived for some time as his wife near the camp. At last it was time for him to return to England. His battalion was ordered home and he with it. And so, thereupon, the fat was decidedly in the fire. He could not take his "wife" with him to England, and all sorts of excuses had the prince to make—but the right one. However, it finally leaked out, and then the whole business became one of the most absorbing, startling scandals and was the talk of society for many a long month. But, at length, the affair came to be forgotten, and the prince's new exploits on his native heath drew away attention from the poor girl left all forlorn. I forget her name, but she was a lady, at all events. What became of her eventually I do not know, but my recollection is that for a long time she lived in the country under the name of "Mrs. Albert."

This little episode would have been enough to ruin the reputation of most young men. But Princes have no reputations to ruin. From then on up to his marriage, the Prince of Wales treated himself to a benefit whenever occasion offered, and, for princes, occasion offers very frequently. He was not always allowed so much pocket-money as he thought essential. One day he wanted some, and not finding the requisite sum in his purse, he quietly slipped out and went to a pawnbroker's in a back street, and unknown as he thought himself, pledged one of his rings for the needed amount. Next day, the pawnbroker, who had recognized the prince, put the ring in his window and stuck up over his door, directly under the three golden balls, "Pawnbroker to the Prince of Wales." It was a clever dodge of the Jew. He knew he was quite safe. Instead of being arrested and punished for the disrespect, his shop was soon visited by a court equestrian, who paid whatever he asked for the ring and the removal of the obnoxious sign.

Then came the marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark. A sweet, pretty, unsophisticated, simple girl she was. But how her life has been embittered! First the Lady Mordaunt case. All the world must know it, or, at all events, has known it, for its events transpired some twenty years ago. There may be some, however, who are not aware of the incidents of that case and to whom all reference to it may consequently be the veriest Greek. For that reason a few—and a very few—of its facts will be in order. Lady Mordaunt was one of the Moncrieffe sisters, daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, a Scotch baronet, and all beauties. They were the

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The home of the San Francisco Koreanish Unity at 218 and 220 Noe Street, presented a scene of gaiety and brilliancy last Thursday evening which would have surprised the outside world if some of its people had stepped in upon the scene. They would have found there rational, entertaining and happy folks who gave no external evidence of holding "peculiar" views. It was the occasion of a reception but it differed from affairs which usually go under that head in that there were no liquors consumed and no coquetry apparent. "What a strange reception it must have been," says some one, "for I never attended a *soiree* where the latter quality if not the former article were not present." Well, it was a strange reception in that sense and also in other: it was a gathering together of people of all classes who harmonized and affiliated through the comprehension and acceptance of one principle: that of centrality as the key to the solution of human woes. Every walk of life was represented and the greatest cordiality among all was manifest. It was a great democratic gathering, typifying the day when mankind shall be blended in one universal brotherhood. There were no silly simperings nor senseless sallies. It was not an assemblage of shallowness bedecked with diamonds and backed by enormous bank accounts but a galaxy of solidity, substantiality and brilliancy such as no San Francisco reception, though held in the greatest mansion, could boast. It was the coming together of minds, young and old, witty and sedate, including the beautiful of face and the strong in purpose, if less marked in comeliness; a people with one love, and that, for a common humanity, and one aim, and that, a personal sacrifice for the redemption of the race.

Mrs. Annie G. Ordway, President of the Society Arch-Triumphant of the Koreanish system, from Chicago, paid a visit to the Golden Gate Assembly and was made the recipient of this entertainment. The parlors of the Koreanish Unity were gayly decorated with flowers, ferns and greens, and the lady in whose honor the reception was given was literally loaded with flowers such as only the balmy air and rich soil of California can yield.

The President of the Society Arch-Triumphant is a tall, stately woman of strong, yet winning face and pleasing voice, who has consecrated her life to the cause of womanhood and her freedom from the curse of sex slavery, and in this personage woman has found an able and aggressive advocate. She is a born leader of her sex. Miss Wass, the President of the Golden Gate branch of the Society, made the speech of welcome in neat and appropriate sentences, to which Mrs. Ordway responded in words fraught with heart-felt gratitude and love. Mr. Geo. C. Ludington presented the program for the evening which was varied and entertaining. There was rendered as a piano overture, Rossini's incomparable "Semiramide" by Mrs. J. T. Coan and Miss Daniels, followed by introductions to the official visitor by Mrs. Ludington, a handsome and charming woman, in middle life, with a head of fine, snow white hair artistically dressed, and a most pleasing visage. Mrs. Annie Jackson rendered a piano solo, and Mrs. Mills a song. Then Dr. Cyrus R. Teed gave a masterly and spirited exposition of some of the tenets of Koreanishity—particularly as they embraced the greatest question of the age—that of woman upon whose solution, alone, rests the hope of the world—and the admirable commercial system which he has just launched upon a starving world. His utterances were listened to by the assemblage, composed of many not associated with the Unity, with wrapt attention and interest. The founder of a system of ethics destined to revolutionize the world was, upon this occasion, certainly, at his best. Mrs. Renew Benedict, on the part of the Society Arch-Triumphant at large, gave a greeting to its President filled with deserved encomiums and couched in choice rhetoric. Mrs. Currie gave one of her inimitable recitations in the Irish dialect, succeeded by "Love's Request," a song happily rendered by Mrs. Coan. The event was a pronounced success and yet only a type of the many enjoyable, genuine and soul refreshing reunions which Koreanishans, with their rapidly augmenting numbers, will give in the future. The happy company broke up at about 11 o'clock.

A TITLED ANIMAL.

The position of the Prince of Wales at present may justly be described as critical (writes "Cockaigne" in the *Argonaut*). To say such a thing of the heir-apparent to one of the great thrones of Europe, and to be able to say it, shows the unquestionably democratic tone of popular opinion and feeling in England. The fact is that the people are simply disgusted with their future king, and the rankest Tories give free expression to opinions which you would expect to hear uttered only by the most advanced Radicals. How he must curse the baccarat case, for it has been the last straw on the backs of a long-outraged, long-enduring, long-forgiving people and the finishing touch to a career which has been little short of a downright disgrace to the nation.

No one knows exactly the number of acts unbecoming a gentleman, let alone a prince, which his royal highness can have laid at his door. And you may be sure that they are all raked up now with determined vigor. Away back in the early sixties he began, when, a short time before his marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, he was stationed at the Curragh, in Ireland, with a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to which he was attached, as a subaltern. He was sent over to the Curragh camp, to teach him what soldiering was, in a mild, peaceful way, and had he been like other young men, he would have gone through the work with a genuine military interest and passed his time in studying his profession. Not content with flirting with the pretty Irish girls who abound in those parts, he must needs go and marry one of them. Of course he did not really marry the girl. According to the rules established upon the settlement of the crown upon the House of Brunswick, it was impossible for one of the royal family to marry a subject without first obtaining the consent of Parliament, and this he knew as well as anybody—better, in fact, than many. Yet he went through the form of a marriage with her, and I believe she lived for some time as his wife near the camp. At last it was time for him to return to England. His battalion was ordered home and he with it. And so, thereupon, the fat was decidedly in the fire. He could not take his "wife" with him to England, and all sorts of excuses had the prince to make—but the right one. However, it finally leaked out, and then the whole business became one of the most absorbing, startling scandals and was the talk of society for many a long month. But, at length, the affair came to be forgotten, and the prince's new exploits on his native heath drew away attention from the poor girl left all forlorn. I forget her name, but she was a lady, at all events. What became of her eventually I do not know, but my recollection is that for a long time she lived in the country under the name of "Mrs. Albert."

This little episode would have been enough to ruin the reputation of most young men. But Princes have no reputations to ruin. From then on up to his marriage, the Prince of Wales treated himself to a benefit whenever occasion offered, and, for princes, occasion offers very frequently. He was not always allowed so much pocket-money as he thought essential. One day he wanted some, and, not finding the requisite sum in his purse, he quietly slipped out and went to a pawnbroker's in a back street, and unknown as he thought himself, pledged one of his rings for the needed amount. Next day, the pawnbroker, who had recognized the prince, put the ring in his window and stuck up over his door, directly under the three golden balls, "Pawnbroker to the Prince of Wales." It was a clever dodge of the Jew. He knew he was quite safe. Instead of being arrested and punished for the disrespect, his shop was soon visited by a court equestrian, who paid whatever he asked for the ring and the removal of the obnoxious sign.

Then came the marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark. A sweet, pretty, unsophisticated, simple girl she was. But how her life has been embittered! First the Lady Mordaunt case. All the world must know it, or, at all events, has known it, for its events transpired some twenty years ago. There may be some, however, who are not aware of the incidents of that case and to whom all reference to it may consequently be the veriest Greek. For that reason a few—and a very few—of its facts will be in order. Lady Mordaunt was one of the Monierfelle sisters, daughters of Sir Thomas Monierfelle, a Scotch baronet, and all beauties. They were the

sensation of society some twenty-odd years ago, and their great beauty did great things for them, one of the greatest being that it was so irresistible as to overcome the fixed aversion of the British male aristocrat to marry where there was not money, for the Moncreiffs were poor. That is to say, poor for people in their position, and there was a large family. However, one of the girls married the Earl of Dudley, another the Duke of Athole, another Sir Charles Forbes of New (known as Charley Forbes in the Prince of Wales's set, a dozen years ago), another Mr. Mackenzie, another Sir Charles Mordaunt, and so on. The prince, who has ever kept whatever of his droop-lidded eye he let stay open for the observance of feminine good looks, was not long in discovering faces and forms to his taste in the Moncreiffe girls. It used to be said that he tried to bring on a flirtation with Lady Dudley. But she pretty soon snubbed him into keeping a respectful distance, and even went so far as to turn her back upon him at balls. Her sister, Lady Mordaunt, was, however, a weak character, and—well, Sir Charles Mordaunt eventually brought a suit of divorce against her, making correspondents of Sir Frederick Johnstone, Viscount Cole (the present Earl of Enniskillen), and some others. The Prince of Wales was not included in the party; but I think nearly everybody who remembers those days, and was in a position to know the talk and opinion of London society, will admit that it was commonly thought that he ought to have been. Well, he got out of it by the skin of his teeth.

But he has gone on—I was going to say, with the same dashing effrontery; but there is nothing dashing about Albert Edward. His worst enemy could not accuse him of that. So I will characterize his goings on as dull and common-place, but, nevertheless, placidly vicious and methodically continuous. His little escapades with the Duke of Beaufort, when his grace went on a periodical "tear," were at one time the talk of the town; but there was nothing brilliant about them, nothing excusable from a sentimental point of view. The lower qualities of the animal, and nothing else, showed themselves throughout. Everything was tainted by a fixed principle of brutish sensuality, which cared for nothing but the gratification to satiety of his propensities. In an ordinary man—I mean a man in an ordinary sphere—these things might be borne with. But, remember, this man is a prince and the heir to the crown of England.

A WAIL OF WOE

There are sixty-five thousand sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn, (says a writer in *The Ladies Home Journal*). Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces—pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked, blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, three aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street in New York at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast, except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs that they chew on their way through the street. Here they come—the working girls of New York and Brooklyn. These engage in head-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, in paper-box making; but most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-woman. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the 5 cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work, and she will tell you—6 cents for making coarse shirts and furnishing her own thread!

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