

A SYSTEM'S VICTIMS.

MADE HUMAN WRECK BY SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

One of the "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization"—Men Become Tramps Because They Are Denied the Most Priceless of All Rights.

The workings of our industrial system have created a vast and increasing tribe of pariahs—a despairing, degraded, unutterably miserable nation of outlaws, of whom it may truly be said "every man's hand is against them"—a people whose very existence we ignore, but who, by sheer force of numbers, must sooner or later obtrude themselves upon public attention. The most reliable authorities place the number of tramps in the United States at 1,200,000, and admit that the number has been constantly increasing during the last decade. In New York city the number of persons who sleep in station and lodging houses, and are thus always on the borderland of trampdom, is estimated at 25,000, and those who have no sleeping place but the public parks and squares, the docks and streets, at 10,000.

How does society account for the existence of this nation of outlaws in its midst? For the presence of over a million of idle, homeless, despairing men would, even in the eyes of the ruling classes, furnish an indictment against the present social order before which its most zealous supporters would shrink back dismayed. They must be satisfactorily accounted for or our civilization must confess itself a failure. Therefore society has constructed what I regard as the most ingenious and misleading theory in regard to them of any of "the conventional lies of our civilization." It has invented and fostered the popular fallacy that tramps are a distinct species of the human race, whose distinguishing characteristics are a hatred of work and a most unaccountable preference for hunger, cold and privation of all kinds. Children grow to manhood and womanhood cherishing this delusion—that a tramp is an outlaw of society, for whom it would be mawkish sentiment to feel either pity or self reproach; that it may be allowed occasionally to exhibit some degree of pity for even the worst class of criminals, but any one who would be considered sane must show no consideration toward a tramp.

Well has this lesson been learned. They are universally set apart as legitimate objects of execration. Writers, speakers, newspapers and even otherwise tender hearted women make their keenest sufferings the butt of ridicule. In New York city we have an army of police whose principal business is to drive them into byways and dark holes and corners where they may not offend the sensitive sight and smell of respectability; but every year the horde grows larger, and although tractable with the apathy of despair the police find greater and greater difficulty in keeping them entirely out of sight.

Passing through Madison square one evening I saw a policeman clubbing a man for the heinous offense of falling asleep on one of the benches. When I remonstrated with him he defended himself by saying, "If we allowed them to sleep here there would be hundreds here every night; respectable people could not go through the park after dark."

"Are there so many tramps, then?" He looked at me in surprise and said: "Enough to fill to overflowing every public park and square of the city if we allowed them to come out. But we keep them in the dark corners and alleys, by the docks and unfrequented parts of the city."

I decided then that I would find out something of this strange multitude—this army of skulking shadows whose very existence seemed to be an imperiousness to the powers that be, their manner of life and the causes that had led them to join this fraternity of misery.

Now what is a tramp? The Rev. Mr. Kugler, of Hoboken, says, "All we owe a tramp is a funeral." The Chicago Tribune remarked: "The simplest plan probably, when we are not members of a humane society, is to put strychnine or arsenic in the provisions furnished to tramps. This produces death in a comparatively short time and is a warning to other tramps to keep out of the neighborhood."

A New York newspaper thus tersely disposed of him: "The best meal that can be given to a tramp is a leaden one, and it should be supplied in sufficient quantity to satisfy the most voracious appetite."

And finally a woman, Mrs. Mary Livermore, says: "Tramps have no claims on human sympathy. When they invade my house and ask for bread I bid them begone without ceremony. The hand of society must be against these vagrants, they must die off, and the sooner they are dead and buried the better for society."

I am sure that Mrs. Livermore would have had sympathy and aid for almost any other class of society she had only the harshest condemnation, for she too thoughtlessly accepts the popular prejudice in their regard. She is undoubtedly a good woman, but she has been badly educated in political economy.

Now I contend that in the vast majority of cases a tramp is only a man or woman out of work and more or less demoralized by such an unnatural condition. It is true that a man may be born with a constitutional dislike of work, just as there are other defective members of society—idiots, cripples, blind or deaf—but in no greater proportion.

The increased invention and use of labor saving machinery without a corresponding decrease in the hours of labor, the growing employment of women and children, the saving of labor by the centralization of business and industry are the prime causes which are yearly swelling the ranks of trampdom in this country.

There are intermediate stages between the condition of the workman and the tramp. First comes intermittent

employment, then the odd job period and finally the permanently unemployed.

It is estimated that there is a class of 5,000,000 unemployed in the United States. From the ranks of this class are recruited the last hopeless battalion—the tramps. These people are popularly classed as "a danger and menace to our civilization." But I hold that the present civilization is a danger and menace to the whole working class of this country, for no workman, however prosperous, who depends upon the sale of his labor in the competitive market can be sure that the veriest chance may not make him a tramp tomorrow.

The police and the tramps seem to be natural enemies. Seldom, by any chance, do they speak well of each other. No matter how kind hearted a policeman may be he has no mercy or pity for a tramp. For the tramps the policeman represents the society which hunts them down and proscribes them, and they shiver and cower before the power of its representatives. Nothing human could be more abject than the manner and attitude of a tramp in the presence of a policeman. At his slightest word or move they skulk off and need no command to "move on."

A new and one of the saddest features of tramp life is the large and increasing number of woman tramps. The policeman in charge of Paradise park states that between seventy and seventy-five women sleep nightly on its benches. Anything more inexpressibly degraded and repulsive than these women tramps I have never seen. "And still," this policeman added, "these tramps were once all hardworking people."

At 9:30 p. m. I met my police guide at the music stand in Battery park for the purpose of making a tour of the park and interviewing its lodgers. It is one of the most picturesque of the city parks, and on this clear, starry night one could not have looked upon a more beautiful scene than the park and bay, or one more typically American. Above the background of trees arose huge warehouses and exchanges, churches and manufactories; before us stretched the beautiful bay dotted with vessels bringing and carrying the wealth of the world. Peace and prosperity seemed to brood over all, but it was only seeming. In the midst of all this apparent prosperity and content there was a dark undercurrent of human misery and degradation. In the shadows of the lofty buildings, under the clumps of beautiful flowery shrub and tree—aye, even in the nooks and crannies of old Fort Clinton, which reminded us of the glad beginnings of our national existence, when we proudly proclaimed to the world that "all men are created free and equal"—lurked hundreds of human beings to whom the words "equality, liberty and happiness" were but a bitter mockery, and who furnish the most damning evidence that already our young civilization is rotten to the core.

We wended our way toward the old fort, formerly inclosed and used as a part of Castle Garden. Here from every one of its twenty or thirty portholes projected two pairs of feet, belonging as we found to its two lodgers, who with a stone for a pillow and a newspaper for a covering had settled themselves for the night. Selecting them by chance, I interviewed several of these tramps, and their stories, in many cases corroborated by the police, proved my assertion that in most cases a tramp is only a workman unable to find employment.

One was a waiter out of work for many months—a young man still in his twenties, with a boyish, good natured face. He said: "I don't think I shall ever find a job again, for my clothes are getting too ragged and dirty. No one would take me now. I have walked fourteen miles today and have eaten nothing. I went out into the country to look for work in some of the summer hotels, but I look like a tramp. No one would hire me."

Another was an old man of sixty-five years—a soldier in the civil war—who had walked a long way to New York to procure an order for admission to a soldier's home. He had no money, and had been kept many days while the interminable "red tape" of a military bureau had been gone through with. He had evidently seen better days and was in the last stages of consumption; still he had been sleeping for several nights upon the damp ground of Battery park. He was an American.

There were half a dozen others whose sad experiences had been similar in a general way to these. The last one I interviewed was an educated Swede, who had been employed as bookkeeper and clerk in the barge office, and also as interpreter of the Scandinavian languages in the immigration bureau. He also spoke fluently French, German and Italian. For his services, which required such varied acquisitions, the government paid him the magnificent sum of sixty dollars per month. When he fell sick five years ago, and became by partial paralysis of the brain unable to work, he had no resources, and after being discharged from the hospital drifted back to his old place of employment—Castle Garden—as a tramp.

When I saw him he was not talkative. The little he said I will give in his own words:

"Do not believe any one who tells you that a tramp is one from choice; no one could choose this life; it is so horrible, so horrible. The summer is not so bad, but the long, cold rains of fall, the fearful cold of winter"—Here a shudder ran through his frame. "When I first came here I rebelled against it—I could not believe that it was I who had come to this. But you do not know how differently you feel after a few weeks of half starvation; you become, oh, so listless; you lose all hope, all ambition, all touch with the world; everything seems unreal; the days come and go, the sleek, well fed policemen are the only link between you and the world. I remember the horror with which I saw the first vermin—then I became used to it, and no longer recoil from even that."

"What is the dearest part of the day? The morning is to me indescribably dreary. To wake up in the gray

light of a new day and in the borderland between sleep and consciousness to struggle back to the horror of the reality is horrible, most horrible. To enter once more upon a day which contains no pleasure, no hope—to feel that in the bustle, activity and brightness of the morning you can never more have any share. On Sundays you hear the church bells ringing—sometimes you see happy families passing through to parks—these are like sights and sounds from a faroff world—you know that henceforth you can never have a part or lot in them."

How powerless are words to express the stories of hopeless, awful misery which I heard one evening from the policeman and fireman who accompanied me through Battery park! I had read of the sufferings of Jean Valjean told by the powerful pen of Victor Hugo, the tortures of the Inferno pictured by the poetic fervor of Dante, still these stories told in the matter of fact, unexaggerated manner of a common policeman were more horrible than either. So accustomed do the policemen become to sights and sounds of misery and suffering that they are usually unmoved by them. But even they now seemed touched by their own recital of them, as though the sight of horrified listeners made them realize the infinite pathos of the stories. Could it be possible that we call ourselves a civilized, even a Christian people, and allow such horrors to exist in our midst? It was not alone the frightful physical suffering, but the still more horrible mental and moral degradation, and yet there are good people who quiet their consciences by the fallacy that these outcasts prefer this life to a life of honest, happy work, not recognizing the fact that our present social order denies to thousands of men the most priceless of all rights—the right to labor.

A system of illiterate children in its shops and factories, and as a natural complement has created an army of over a million of despairing, demoralized tramps cannot be an ideal system; neither can the society in which it exists be in a healthy state.

The last ditch into which society drives the unemployed is not pleasant to contemplate. The words of Ruskin come to one's mind, "That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." From this view of riches, how poor is our country with its thousands of toiling children and its hordes of starving, wretched tramps!—Ida M. Van Etten in New York Herald.

The Dangerous Strikers.

The most marked of the great economic changes which are taking place in this wonderful country is the daily formation of combinations of capital and industry. They, and not the combinations of workmen, form the real danger to the community. What more dangerous thing has there been lately than the consolidation of the coal interests? I undertake to say that about nine-tenths of the coal lands east of the Allegheny mountains are controlled by about half a dozen men. That half dozen men could starve New York next winter if they chose. The military should have been called out against this coal interest, and not against a few workmen who struck for an hour's pay for an hour's work. They have struck a blow at every industry that makes wealth. By controlling the fuel necessary to make steam they control everything requiring steam. Who will say that these are not the strikers most to be feared?—Erastus Wiman.

The Cigar Makers' Home.

A committee representing the Cigar Makers' International union has been inspecting points in Colorado recommended as suitable for the erection of a home for superannuated and indigent members of the union, such as the printers have at Colorado Springs. The committee consists of A. Strasser, ex-president of C. M. I. U.; W. Carmon and Charles Broderick. Favorable offers were made by citizens of Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Monte Vista and Colorado City. Sites in the suburbs of Denver were also visited by the committee. A report will be made by the committee without special recommendation, and the membership at large will decide upon the location of the home.

Storage Batteries for Dwellings.

A company has been formed in Vienna with the idea of serving charged storage battery cells to the houses, in the same way in which milk, ice and other commodities are served. The wagons for supplying these accumulators make regular trips through the suburbs of Vienna daily, distributing their cells fully charged and taking away others whose energy has been exhausted.—Exchange.

A Plausible Explanation.

"Ethel jilted that magnificent creature Ponsoby, and now she is the center of attraction for about twenty-five miserable dudes." "That's all right. She simply turned her first love into small change. It takes about twenty-five dudes to make a man."—Harper's Bazar.

The late Samuel McDonald Richardson, president of a savings bank in Baltimore, had a wonderful memory of faces. He personally knew, and could call by name, over 40,000 depositors, most of them people of small means.

In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Pliny tells us that any plant gathered by a river before sunrise by a person, if unseen, tied on the left arm of an acute patient, without his knowing what it is, will cure the disease.

In the executive mansion at Raleigh is a card table presented to Governor Barrington by King George II about the year 1755.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR TRIBUNE.—The following question has been sent to me by some kind "protectionist" friend with the request that I "put it in my pipe and smoke it." Just why it was given to me I do not know, but I think the answer is easy and simple:

"Free traders claim that trade is an advantage—that it is so to both parties to the trade—that the greater the advantage to the one, the greater it is also to the other. Now, if that be so, is it not more advantageous to a nation to have its citizens trade with each other and thereby make two profits instead of trading with a foreigner, thereby enriching the foreign nation?"

For example: If an American trade with a Canadian, the American nation makes but one profit, where if the trade was between two Americans, the nation would have two profits. Now, Mr. Editor, the fallacy of considering the above an argument is found in the failure to apportion effort and capital. If one American trades with a Canadian, there is only one effort and one capital expended and one profit made. If two men trade there are two efforts and two capitals expended and two profits to the nation. If only one trade is made and one profit to the nation, the other effort and capital are saved to the nation, and can be used to advantage in other directions—it matters not where.

Now the question of profits depends upon the number of men engaged in the trade—the more men trade, the more profits are made. I trust the above will satisfy my friend and help remove the cob webs from his inner chambers. But I trust the next argument (?) of my friend will be of a more substantial character. J. F. S.

Cleveland to Be Done in Coal.

A solid block of anthracite, five feet square and weighing nearly five tons, has been taken out of the Bennett vein at No. 2 shaft, Plymouth, and will be sent in a few days to Nebraska.

It will be chiselled into an enormous bust of the next president of the United States. It is intended to exhibit the bust in the anthracite department of the world's fair at Chicago.

Railroad Men Have Grievances.

For the past few days grievance committees have been calling on H. Stanley Goodwin, superintendent of the Lehigh Valley division of the Reading system. On Friday twenty men went down from Packerton, Pa. number also came from Easton. They met and together went to Goodwin's office in Bethlehem, where a long consultation was held. Their mission was not divulged.

PERSONALITIES.

P. J. Kelly, of Audenried, was a visitor here yesterday.

J. J. Brislin, of Treskow, spent a few hours here on Friday.

Patrick McLaughlin is at Tamaqua today attending the funeral of a relative.

Willie Boyle and Frank Cannon, of Hazleton, were in town yesterday afternoon.

B. McClennan and daughter Mamie, of Oneida, were among the visitors here on Friday.

Hugh Dugan and family left this morning for Providence, Lackawanna county, where they intend to reside for the future.

DEATHS.

McHEGHER.—At Latimer, October 23, Annie McHugh, formerly of Freeland, aged 22 years. Funeral on Tuesday at 2 P. M. Interment at St. Gabriel's cemetery.

ULRICH.—At South Heberton, October 20, Arthur John Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ulrich, aged 2 years, 8 months and 13 days. Interred yesterday at Freeland cemetery. Bachman.

ZEISTLOFF.—At Drifton, October 18, Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Zeistloft, aged 3 months and 2 days. Interred on Thursday at Freeland cemetery. Bachman.

PLEASURE CALENDAR.

October 24—"The Social Glass," by the Pioneer Dramatic Company of Audenried, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 25 and 35 cents.

October 31—Ball of St. Patrick's corner band, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

November 18—First annual ball of Freeland Company, No. 29, Military Rank, Knights of the Mystic Chain, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

November 23—Third annual ball of the Progressive Literary Club, of Jeddo, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

FOR SALE.—Two lots situated on east side of Washington street, between Luzerne and Carbon streets, Five Points. Apply to Patrick McFadden, Eckley, or T. A. Buckley, Freeland.

FOR SALE.—A new two-horse truck wagon, one set of light double harness and one set of heavy harness. For further information and prices apply to John Shigo, Centre street, Freeland, where the articles can be seen.

ESTATE of Richard R. Griffith, late of Upper Lehigh, deceased. Under the will of said deceased, all persons entitled to said estate are required to make immediate payment of those having claims or demands to present the same, duly authenticated, without delay to the undersigned, at his office, in Freeland, Pa. G. L. Halsey, Esq., attorney.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne county, or one of the law judges thereof, on Saturday, October 29, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1854, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "St. Virgilio Beneficial Society of Freeland, Pa.," the character and object of which is the maintenance of a society for charitable and benevolent purposes for its members from funds collected therein, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and its supplements. John D. Hayes, solicitor.

J. C. BERNER'S EMPORIUM.

We Are Now Ready With Our Fall Stock of Dry Goods.

Canton flannels, from 5 cents a yard up.
Calicoes, from 3 cents up.
All-wool dress goods, double width, from 25 cents up.
We have the room and the stock.

Ladies' Coats, Capes and Shawls
In Fall and Winter Styles.

Mens' Heavy and Light Weight Shirts.
The Most Complete Line of Underwear In Town.

Blankets, Quills, Spreads, Etc., Etc.
Wall Paper, Stationery and School Books.

Furniture, Carpets and Beddings.

A good carpet-covered lounge for \$5.00.
Ingrain carpet 25 cents a yard up.
Brussels carpet, 50 cents to \$1.50 per yard.

Boots and Shoes.
Ladies' kid shoes, \$1.00.
Children's school shoes, Nos. 8 to 10, 85 cents; Nos. 11 to 2, 95 cents.

Groceries.
All fresh goods.
Flour, \$2.35.
Ham, 15 cents.
Tobacco, 28 cents.
Cheese, 12 1/2 cents.
Scim cheese, 8 cents.
3 pounds of raisins, 25 cents.
5 pounds of currants, 25 cents.
6 pounds of oatmeal, 25 cents.
3 bars white soap, 25 cents.
3 bars yellow soap, 10 cents.

Thousands of Other Goods All Guaranteed.

Queensware.
We sell Deite's Lantern, 38 cents.
Milk and butter pots, a complete line.

Tinware.
Washboilers, with lid, 90 cents.
Blue granite ware, a complete line—is everlasting.

Call and see our stock and be convinced of our assertion that we can save you 25 per cent on any goods you may need. Terms, spot cash to one and all. All goods guaranteed or money refunded.

Yours truly,
J. C. BERNER.
Corner South and Washington Streets.

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Three per cent interest paid on saving deposits.
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German Practical Watchmaker.
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The cheapest and best repairing store in town. All watch repairing guaranteed for one year. New watches for sale at low prices.

Jewelry repaired on short notice. Give me a call. All kinds of watches and clocks repaired.

ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN WATCHES.
Complicated and fine work on watches a specialty.

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And Hardware of Every Description.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

We are prepared to do roofing and spouting in the most improved manner and at reasonable rates. We have the choicest line of miners' goods in Freeland. Our mining oil, selling at 20, 25 and 30 cents per gallon, cannot be surpassed. Samples sent to anyone on application.

Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods.

BIRKBECK'S,
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To-day! To-day!

NEUBURGERS BEGIN THEIR

Fall Opening in Dry Goods

Department, which is more complete in variety and quantity than ever.

We Are Offering During This Week:

Very fine 4x4 unbleached muslin at 5 cents per yard; would be cheap at 8 cents.
Good tea toweling at 4 cents per yard.
Good apron gingham at 5 cents per yard.
The very best apron gingham, namely Amoskeag and Lancaster, at 7 cents per yard.
Good canton flannel at 5 cents a yard.
The best cheviot shirting at 7 cents a yard.
Out-door cloth, in the newest dress designs, at 10 cents a yard.
It will pay you to inspect our handsome assortment of Bedford cords, chevrons and Henriettas, which we are selling at 25 cents per yard; cannot be bought the world over under 40 cents.
Extra fine black Henrietta, 46 inches wide, 60 cents per yard; actual price should be 85 cents.
A large assortment, comprising all the newest shades, of extra fine 54-inch all wool habit cloths at 60 cents per yard; sold elsewhere at 90 cents.

MANY OTHER BARGAINS

Too numerous to mention, as our stock is more complete than ever, therefore giving you better opportunities to make your selections. Prices are astonishingly low.

OUR - BLANKET - STOCK - IS - COMPLETE.

Call and examine it and be convinced. See the fine silver gray 10x4 blankets, which we are selling at 75 cents a pair; just one-half what they are worth.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

We can give you the biggest bargains you ever carried home. We are now selling children's good school shoes, with heel, or spring heel and sole leather tips, sizes 8 to 11 and 12 to 2, at the astonishing low price of 75 cents a pair; their actual worth is \$1.25.

In Overcoats and Clothing

We carry the largest stock in the region and sell at prices on which we defy competition. Bring your boys and secure one of \$1.00 OVERCOATS for them, as they are stunners for the price. If you want anything in the line of

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Underwear and Notions,
You will find our stock the largest and most complete and prices far lower than elsewhere.

Jos. Neuburger's Bargain Emporium,

Corner Centre and Front Streets,

P. O. S. of A. Building, Freeland, Pa.

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TINWARE, STOVES, Heaters,

And Hardware of Every Description.

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We are prepared to do roofing and spouting in the most improved manner and at reasonable rates. We have the choicest line of miners' goods in Freeland. Our mining oil, selling at 20, 25 and 30 cents per gallon, cannot be surpassed. Samples sent to anyone on application.

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