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Nothing If Not a Priest.

Dr. McGlynn at the Auditorium in Chicago last Friday night said in part:

I am nothing if not a priest. The ideal of my earliest childhood was to dedicate myself to the service of the Most High, and I have never had the slightest temptation to tear myself away from the aspirations of my youth. Some of you may have come here out of mere curiosity to see a preacher on a political platform. If the principles for which this party is contending were the same as those ordinarily contended for by the old political parties I would agree with anyone who should criticize that I was entirely out of my place. But this is not a mere political party. It stands for something higher and nobler than we have contended for by mere politicians. The religion within me will not allow me to sit still when I see the great wrongs which are being done against God's people by others of his creation.

I was for many a year ministering before the altar to Christ's poor and knew the ills of poverty with which they have to contend. While I preached to the of Christ's mercy I was constantly aware of the poverty and degradation by which they were surrounded on all sides.

I have been besieged by women and children as well as men begging me not for bread or even money, but for my assistance to secure them work that they might earn their bread, and have been compelled to turn them away empty handed of this right which they regarded as a boon. Seeing this terrible condition of affairs on all sides I was compelled to ask myself, Can this be God's law that this advance civilization which we call progress must be attended by so much poverty, suffering and degradation? It is the law of civilization that the higher culture shall be at the expense of the lives and happiness of the poor, the needy, and the oppressed? If such be the truth, civilization is a bad and not a good thing.

My religion would not permit me to believe that this was a law of God. No, the misery and the poverty, the pressing out of human lives, are not the result of God's law. Knowing these things and feeling the injustice and iniquity which had been propagated in the name of law I was impelled in spite of myself to come forth from the pulpit to say to my brother men who would not come to hear me from the pulpit: 'Whatever else you do, have no quarrel with the verities revealed by true religion.'

I am glad to be here to-night in behalf of the important essentials of the People's party platform. The previous and eloquent speaker has told you of the two old parties. Their differences seem to me to be the differences between tweedledee and tweedledum. I am glad that I shall never have to ask the forgiveness of God for having had anything to do except in the humble way of a voter, with the mistakes which they have made. I am here to demand in the name

of sweet religion, not charity, but justice for man. We are charged with trying to expunge that most important among the commandments: "Thou shalt not steal." We are not here to steal, but to put a stop to stealing.

PEOPLE'S RIGHTS STOLEN.

I am not here to cry out against the stealing of geese when men are stealing the great rights of the common people.

The essential principles of the People's party and of the United labor party come nearer to those great principles enunciated in the preamble to our constitution than those enunciated by any other of the parties of the day. Those principles have been declared inalienable and they are because the gift of the Creator. We are essentially equal, because members of one family and children of one father. Take away the great law of the golden rule and how hollow human life is; the mere competition of the animal for the necessities which sustain life, a mere brute scramble; instead of the grand principle each man for his brother and God take us all, we have every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Take away these fundamental laws of justice and what more is natural than the big fish shall eat up the little fish. It is only by asseeting the brotherhood of man which rests upon the fatherhood of God that the workingman has any standing in this world. In behalf of the toiler and the weak and the oppressed I am here to assert these fundamental truths which are based on revealed religion.

It is only a century after the beginning of our country in which these great principles were enunciated, that we find ourselves breaking the shackles of 4,000,000 chattel slaves. It was a great honor and credit to us that we did break the chains of these slaves, although we were long in doing it. But there is another form of slavery which is more galling than the bungling ownership of the human being as a chattel. It is industrial slavery, that kind of slavery which holds the toiling masses down to a mere pittance which will barely keep body and soul together. What can we mean by the pursuit of happiness which is guaranteed by our constitution if it does not mean the freedom to labor, to seek the higher life which labor should make possible? But as long as we are composed of bodies as well as souls, as long as we need elbow room in this world, it follows that we must have equal to those natural boons, the air, the sunlight, in a word, the natural fountains which God created as his storehouse of nature for the human race.

The People's party in its platform declares against the giving away of these natural resources to any man unless he makes an adequate return for the privileges he enjoys. This is the doctrine of the single tax as enunciated by that courageous man Henry George Society, civil government, the power to direct, to build up the power of law to protect the rights and liberties of all come from God. The immediate deduction from these principles is that all law must be from, of, and by the people for the good of the people, who God's creatures.

Our Country's Need.

Prof. Frank Parsons, the author of "Our Country's Need, or the Development of a Scientific Industrialism," is well known to students of law and lawyers in the East as a very successful counsellor-at-law and lecturer on law and jurisprudence in the Boston university. But he is one of the fine spirits of our time who burn with a zeal for the cause of humanity, and this book will introduce to Western readers not a crabbed, dried-up pragmatical maker of legal brief, but a keen, forceful thinker, a poet, and a man who dares to unmask the respectable humbug of our commercial life. In this work he deals with effective logic and knowledge of every phase of the subject, with the two momentous defects of the reigning political economy. One is, it busies itself with formulating the laws of industry as they are, instead of seeking to discover, as a science and philosophy should, the laws of what they ought to be in conformity with the physical and unalter-

able laws of nature. The second defect of the old and reigning political economy is, it is based on the total misconception of values and of the purposes of industrial institutions.

The author has attempted in this work to outline the essential and fundamental principles of a new political economy. It contains in a handy compass a mass of useful information for all readers who are studying our social problems—as all men are to-day as never before in all our social history. "Our Country's Need" is published by the Arena Publishing Company, of Boston, but we can supply it to our readers direct for study and campaign work at 25 cents a copy.

A Whopper.

The following is from the Chicago Inter Ocean:

RENSSELAER, Ind., Oct. 16.—Special Telegram.—The largest and most enthusiastic concourse of people yet assembled in this campaign in Jasper county gathered in this city to-day to hear Gen. Thomas H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, speak on the Republican issues. By noon there were fully 5,000 visitors in town.

Is there any excuse for such false statements as the above? How can we expect the reading public to have any confidence in our newspapers when men will report such uncalled for falsehoods.

On the balloon ascension day—October 16—there were present not to exceed 300 or 400 people, besides our own town folks, with the town all out and right in the middle of the street it made a very respectable appearance, but to say 5,000 visitors came to Rensselaer to hear Gen. Thos. H. Nelson, is a "whopper" poorly told. The party that sent that dispatch, for ought we know, is the same one who says Squire Spriggs is the first man on the Iroquois ditch petition, and who also says our county levies in '93 were 44 cents and in '94, 43 cents.

The People's Party Campaign Song.

The following is sent to us from Remington. It is the effusion of an Irish poet. We print it by request.

Air: "Wearing of the Green."

We are a band of working men, Resolved to serve no more, Republican or Democrat. As we have done before.

For while we fought and bled for them, And they got all the gain.

They called us honest working men. They say we're now insane.

Chorus.
Come then, brothers, will you stand With the People's Party band, And give up the two old parties That have made us long their slaves. And beneath our starry banner, boys, The emblem of the free, We'll make every man a brother, boys, As well as you and me.

Since we started for ourselves,
This People's Party strong, We have resolved the ballot box Shall settle all our wrong. Our country's constitution, And her laws we will defend, And woe to the slave or knave, Who dares our flag offend.

Since we left they call us reds,
Anarchists and such names; They taunt us to war with foreign flags; And all such cowardly games. But never mind, my Shanese twins, Your union won't last long, For soon 'twill burst up in a row, Then we will right our wrong.

There is no use in striking, boys
And boycotting won't do. For Cleveland's troops are at their back, And the militia too. But the ballot is our weapon, boys, To use election day, Where every man is equal In the light of freedom's ray.

Our party is an honest one;
It's young, but growing strong, And when its principles are known, It will surely right our wrong. To every honest working man, We do extend a hand Of universal brotherhood, Throughout this glorious land.

Political MacIstrom at Marlboro.

Over in the northern part of Jasper county there is a railroad station named Marlboro. It consists of a depot, post office, general store and a few houses. All the country surrounding is owned by a prominent citizen of Rensselaer, a man who is esteemed by all who know him, and whose heart is filled with charity and Republicanism. He is a man of wealth and brains, but never attempted anything in

the way of political oratory.

He recently conceived the idea of going to Marlboro and giving the people the benefit of his abilities in that line. Satisfied that he would deliver an oration that would paralyze the people of Rensselaer, who had known him so long yet never dreamed of his powers as an orator, he went to the railroad agent in his town and said: "Every man, woman and child that wants to go to Marlboro when I speak there must be passed free; send the bill to me when it is over." Well, the day arrived, and about one hundred and fifty citizens of Rensselaer, lured by the liberal excursion rates and a curiosity to hear their fellow citizen, went to Marlboro. The little station was alive to the honors thrust upon it, and the country round about was well represented, so that when the speaker was escorted to the stand by two prominent Rensselaer attorneys, he faced a good-sized audience. Drawing up his magnificent proportions—5 feet 5 inches horizontally and 6 feet north and south by four feet east and west, he launched out:

"Fellow Citizens: I consider it the duty of every man in this country to beat the d—n old democratic party. Two years ago you set around like a lot of blear-eyed toads on a chunk and let the democracy whip hell out of you. Fellow citizens, I am a Republican and believe in—er—oh, shoot!—(brightening up) the democrats have got things in such a cussed bad shape that it ain't necessary for a man to explain why he is a republican."

That ended the speech and the rally at Marlboro. But the road of admiration that marked its close made every tussick in the Kankakee bottoms quiver with approval. If the democratic rooster at Marlboro has a single pin feather after Nov. 6th, oratory is lost upon its inhabitants.

Milk Church Conference.

The services at the McCoy milk church Saturday were well attended. Crowds came in early—the first arrival being the Marlboro class on the milk train. By noon the town was alive with people, business houses were closed and everybody repaired to the grand stand in the court house yard where an address of welcome and a hearty invitation to dinner was given by Deacon McCoy. Several beautiful songs were sung by the milk church choir—songs composed for the special occasion.

The students from St. Joseph's Catholic college headed by their excellent band and bearing aloft the stars and stripes, at 12 sharp, came marching in to the grand stand, these were followed by the Simoroon club, lead by Yeoman's martial band, and bearing over their stately forms the democratic red, white and blue parasols, kept at Fendig's drug store to be used only on extraordinary occasions and Democratic jolifications.

After music and address and music again the feed was thrown into the troughs, and the hungry multitude without ceremony and without regard to table manners, devoured every thing in sight. This large and enthusiastic milk church gathering Saturday, more than anything ever before gotten up by Mr. McCoy shows in what esteem this gentleman is held by the people of Rensselaer and vicinity. No other man in the country, by his own effort, could have succeeded in bringing out such a crowd as Mr. McCoy had here Saturday. Many people in many things may not agree with "McCoy," but everybody is his friend and will do much to please him.

Rev. Paradis, pastor of the Presbyterian church, now occupies the R. S. Duggins property across the river.

Our Honor Roll.

The following persons have our thanks for the amounts following their names, subscription to the PILOT, since our last issue.

Henry Beaver, Wolcott	\$1.00
Jacob Owens, McKinley, Oklahoma	1.50
A. C. Robinson, Monon	1.00
John Halnes, Foresman	1.00
Perry Washburn, Earl Park	2.00
George Cooper, Blackford	2.00
W. H. Barlow, Lee	2.00
Wm. P. Michaels, Rensselaer	1.00
J. W. Cooper, De Motte	1.00
Gertude Welsh, Terre Haute	50
John Humes, Blackford	50
Ellis Jones, Kemington	1.00
Henry Eigesbach, Rensselaer	1.00
Wm. Venting, Buckeye City, Ohio	1.00
Henry Hochbaum, Aix	1.00

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

D. R. Benson, Foresman	10
Joseph Hall, Rensselaer	15
J. C. Norman, Blackford	50
Sherman A. Havens, Shelbyville	10
John Simonin, Foresman	10
G. B. Runkle, Decatur	10
Ella Welsh, Rochester	50
James Babcock, Rensselaer	25
Mark Yeoman, Rensselaer	10
Fred Hochbaum, Fair Oaks	10

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Don't forget that I make new tariff prices on oil stoves and the rest of this list.

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