RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

DULUTH & IRON RANGE R. R.

Leave	DULUTH	Arrive
*7:30 A.M.	Knife River, Two Harbors, Ely, Tower, Aurora, Biwabik, M'Kinley, Eveleth, Gilbert and Virginia	†11:30 A.M.
†3:15 P.M.		* 5:35 P.M.
*11:30 P.M.		†10:15 P.M.
		‡10:45 P.M.

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.
‡Sunday only.
‡Freight train carrying passengers.

Duluth, Missabe & Northern Ry.

	Leave	Arrive
Hibbing, Virginia, Eveleth, Coleraine †Mountain Iron, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl) Sparta, †Biwabik	*7.40 am	* 3.31 pm
Hibbing, Virginia, Eveleth, Coleraine, Chisholm, Sharon, (Buhl).	*8.50 pm	*10.31 am
Virginia, Chisholm, Hibbing	*7.55 pm	* 6.40 pm

†Daily. ‡Except Sunday.
Cafe Observation Car Missabe Range Points. Solid Vestibule Train.
Office 426 West Superior Street. Phone 969.

LABOR AND THE LAW.

A BIT OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 1)

might go to the Chancellor and say: "My neighbor threatens to steal my pigeons, and the regular judges won't head him of, nor punish him for stealing them until he steals them; is that according to the King's conscience?" And then the Chancellor could reply: "It is not according to the King's conscience; the King's conscience revolts at it. I will issue an injunction forbidding your neighbor to steal your pigeons; and then if your pigeons disappear I will punish him for contempt of court for breach of that injunction."

Again, except for that stipulation, the Chancellor might issue injunctions against libellous statements before publication, so as to make any kind of publication, no matter how lawful it might be nor how useful, a fearsome thing to venture, lest the Chancellor decide the case by the King's conscience, which was elastic, instead of the law of the land, which was rigid.

Again, except for that stipulation, the Chancellor might get to issuing ingenious injunctions against criminal conduct in labor strikes, when in the process of social evolution the time for them should come; or against innocent acts or words by strikers, such as asking other workers to join them in the strike; or against strikers themselves; and might, by thus subjecting strikers to arbitrary trials by himself with juries, so intimidate organized workers that they would not dare to go on with lawful strikes in lawful ways lest they get tangled in his web of judge-made law.

But this was prevented by that compromise between those old English chancellors and those old English judges. The compromise left the Chancellors, with their King's conscience, to deal with quarrels between property claimants over peculiar questions of property rights; but questions of human liberty, and of all other human rights except property rights outside of crime, were given up by the Chancellors.

America's "Downfall."

This is important to Americans. For our country was orginally a collection of British colonies, governed by the laws of England and when they seceded from the mother country in 1776, they retained the British laws at that time in force among them. So we had chancery courts, and law courts apart from chancery courts, with different groups of judges in each, and our chancery courts were not allowed to manufacture judge-made law affecting human liberty or freedom of speech or of the press, nor to try criminal cases on pretense of trying cases of contempt of court.

If we had continued this separation of chancery and law courts, it is probable that no Chancellor in our country would ever have ventured to grant injunctions, either creating crimes or forbidding those the law created. The judges of the other courts would have seen to that; for judges are pretty jealous of their powers, and this would have encroached upon the powers of the law judges.

But in course of time the distinction betwen chancery courts and law courts was abolished with us; not in form everywhere, but in fact, for the same men came to sit as judges in both courts. It was as if the King's conscience had been turned over to the law judges, so that if ready-made law wouldn't fit a particular case they could peer into their chancery powers and construct judge-made law for that case. After this there were no law judges to be jealous of chancellors, for they were themselves both chancellors and law judges; and in due course the chancellor in them usurped a good deal of their authority as law judges, without any protest. So Judge-made law for particular cases encroached upon the regular law for all cases.

Judges Are Fallible.

Many people approve this, because they think that justice is only a question of doing the right thing in each case. It might be if judges were infallible. But judges are mere men, and, like all the rest of us, they have their hearts chock full of all kinds of devils, as Mr. Chesterton says. The only way, then to do justice in particular cases is to apply the general rules. This may make misfits sometimes, but never with the dangerous consequences of judge-made law. For isn't it plain that business association, personal friendship and class prejudice are powerful influences in courts where judge-made law flourishes?

It certainly has been so in this country since the distinction between chancellors and law judges was abolished. None of the judges are interested now in holding any other set of judges in check, and we have "government by injunction." Its beneficiaries are business men when labor strikes are on, and its victim is organized labor.

Through injunctions forbidding lawless acts by labor strikers, judges usurp the power to try strikers for crime, without witneses or juries and to punish them at will—not for the crime, indeed, but for contempt of court in having committed the crime. And through injunctions forbidding lawful acts that are repugnant to the King's conscience, which is the Big Business conscience now, these judges get not only the power to act as juries in the trial of criminal cases, but also the power to act as legislatures in making criminal laws.

Court Made Law.

Please observe that there is no objection to punishing crimes by organized labor, nor to preventing them if you can. The objection is that judges forbid acts that are crimes and also acts that are not crimes, and then "try out" the question of guilt or innocence in their own way, without those safeguards which the experience of centuries has proved to be necessary for the protection of innocence.

This makes our judges dictators. Now a dictator on a judge's bench is just as bad as one on a monarch's throne, and that is the moral of this story about organized labor and judge-made law.—In Life and Labor.

SUCCESSFUL CO-OP. PLAN IN VALLEJO, CALIF.

VALLEJO, Cal., March 19.—The first annual report of the Association of Mare Island Employes shows that the navy yard workers have not only won their long fight against oppressive ferryage conditions, but they are now independent of the private ferry monopoly operating between this city and the Mare Island navy yard.

The fight started several years ago, when the workers attempted to maintain their own system. The courts held this was a violation of the state ferry franchise law. The State Federation of Labor assisted in having the law changed. Later the navy department objected, but this was withdrawn when Representative Baker presented the workers' side of the department officials at Washington.

At the present time the association owns three boats and has leased another steamer for five years at a rental of $250 per month. The report shows that insurance to the amount of $30,000 is carried on property, and the satisfactory condition of affairs has illustrated to workers the practical benefits that will follow co-operation.

TO ENLARGE LABOR TEMPLE.

TORONTO, Ont., March 19.—Board of directors of the labor temple in this city favor purchasing a new site. The present building is a magnificent monument to organized labor, and is a success financially, but the quarters are proving too small to accomodate the growing Toronto trade union movement.

THE STRANGE CASE OF WINIFRED COLLINS

A Combination of Events Not Likely to Happen More Than Once.

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

The ocean steamer Albert Corwith had passed the strait of Gibraltar coming westward and was standing toward the island of Madeira when the man in the crow's nest informed the third mate on duty at the time that something that looked like wreckage had appeared on the port quarter. The ship was put off her course a few points, and on drawing nearer a ship's boat was found wedged in between a portion of a mast, a spar and some cordage. Meanwhile the captain had come on deck and was looking through his glasses at the floating objects.

"Isn't there some one in that boat, Mr. Renshaw?" he asked of the third mate, who was also using his binoculars.

"It looks that way, sir."

"Lower a boat and find out."

The engines were stopped, a boat was lowered, and the mate was pulled to the wreckage. He returned bearing the body of a young woman.

"Dead?" asked the captain as the boat pulled alongside.

"I think not, sir."

The gangway was lowered, and the woman was carried on deck. The mate had taken a flask with him and had given her a swallow of brandy. The ship's surgeon took charge of her and gave her an additional stimulant and soon after taking it she opened her eyes.

"Bring some broth from the galley as soon as it can be prepared," said the doctor.

Fortunately the dinner hour was at hand and the soup was ready. The girl closed her eyes and had apparently relapsed into unconsciousness, but on being given a little of the broth she opened them again and this time seemed to take in the men bending over her. The surgeon directed that she be taken below and turned over to the stewardess to be put into a berth.

It was some time before the castaway was in condition to be questioned. Then the surgeon, Dr. Reeves, undertook the task. The examination was brief, for the girl remembered nothing back of lying on the ship's deck with a number of men looking down upon her.

On the return of the rescue party the captain had sent for the third mate, who had been in charge of it, and asked him if in the wreckage he had seen anything to indicate to what ship it had belonged. To this Renshaw replied that he had not. There was nothing that would have been likely to bear the vessel's name except the boat in which the girl was found, and this had been so battered by the surrounding wreckage that most of the paint had been rubbed off. The officer had looked for a name on the boat and had seen only parts of a few remaining letters on the starboard stern. They resembled a G or a C, an A and an M or an N and were probably the last letters of the name of the ship to which the boat belonged. The captain had reproved the officer for not bringing the boat with him, whereupon the latter excused himself on the ground that it had been so surrounded by the wreckage that to extricate it would have been very difficult.

The stewardess, finding the castaway's hair matted with blood, washed it and found that it had come from a contusion of the scalp. She intended to call the doctor's attention to it, but it did not seem to her to be of much importance and was healing over, so she forgot to mention it. There were other contusions on the body, but none that were serious.

Here was a case of a girl of twenty cut off from relatives, who were also cut off from her. If she had come to earth from another planet she could not have been a greater stranger. The ship on which she had sailed would either be reported missing or would make port, but neither of these happenings would be likely to give a clew to the girl's identity.

The Albert Corwith was bound for Boston and was due there about ten days after picking up the castaway. This did not give much time for a decision as to what to do with the castaway when the ship reached port. In a few days she was sufficiently restored to go on deck and before the voyage was ended was quite herself with the exception of memory. She was still oblivious to the past. The captain headed a subscription paper with a substantial amount, and it was passed through the ship. The amount raised was given to the poor girl who must go ashore to an unremembered world.

The girl was much moved when the money was given her and accepted it, hoping that some day she might benefit some one to a like amount. She must have a name since her own was lost, and she decided to take that of the ship whose crew had rescued her. She would call herself Alberta Corwith.

* * *

Two years before the resuce of the castaway a young man and a girl of eighteen were standing on an eminence near Portland, Me., looking out to sea. On the morrow they were to part, for the girl was going to Europe to study art.

"I don't like to think, Winifred" said the man, "that the broad Atlantic will be betwen us for so long a time. I shall scratch off every day on the calendar as it passes till I have you with me again."

"It will not be long, Tom," replied the girl. "A year is not so long as it was when we were children. A month isn't much more than a week was then, and it is only eighteen months between now and the time I return."

The next day Winifred Collins went by train to Boston and thence across the Atlantic to Havre. She studied both in France and Italy during a year and a half, as she had intended, then went to Genoa to sail for home. She wrote her lover that she would leave Genoa on a certain date in an ocean steamer the name of which she gave him. When the ship came in Tom Gilbreth was on the dock eagerly scanning the passengers who descended the gangway looking for his Winifred. The line grew thin and she had not appeared. The last person descended, but not the girl he was looking for. Running up the gangway, he sought the purser and asked him if the name of Winifred Collins was on the passenger list. It was not.

The mystery was not solved within a week or two, as Gilbreth supposed it would be. A month passed and there were no tidings of Winifred. Two months passed and her lover was in an agony of fear and suspense. Cablegrams to Genoa brought only the information that her name was on the register of a hotel there the day the steamer on which she was to have sailed left port. She had paid her bill and left the house two days later.

Gilbreth went abroad in search of his bethrothed, but, finding no trace of her, returned disappointed and in despair. He knew not which way to turn to continue his search. Thinking that she might have sailed by another ship, he searched the records of ships that had within that limit of time sailed from Italian ports and found that a small American owned ship, the Pelican, had sailed from Leghorn two days after the date Winifred was to have sailed from Genoa, but was overdue several months.

Here was a clew to information concerning Winifred, but undesirable information. If Winifred had missed the ship on which she was to have sailed and taken the Pelican instead she was probably lost. Tom hoped that the clew he had found was incorrect.

One day a friend of Tom's who knew of his trouble called his attention to an item that had been floating among the newspapers mentioning the rescue of a woman at sea. It included mention of the parts of letters on the boat from which she was taken. He inferred that they were C A N, the last three letters of the word Pelican. Then he knew that he was on the track of his betrothed.

All now depended on his finding Alberta Corwith, who had been merged in the millions of New York's inhabitants. There was but one medium by which she could be found. If that failed the task was impossible. If Alberta Corwith had remained in New York the chances were far better than if she had gone elsewhere. Tom laid out a system of advertising by which the New York field should be first covered, intending to extend the search throughout the United States if the New York field did not produce the desired result. His advertisement read, "Information wanted of Alberta Corwith."

Within a month after the insertion Tom receives a not from a dry goods firm in New York city informing him that an Alberta Corwith was employed in one of their departments. Tom took the next train for New York, went to the address mentioned and, on in inquiry, learned that Miss Corwith would be found in the cloak department. There he found Winifred Collins.

He sprang forward to clasp her in his arms, but she recoiled. He told her who she was and that he was her finance. She listened with interest to what he said, but did not remember ever having seen him before.

Winifred being found, the next question was, could her memory be restored? The case was submitted to physicians, who gave various reports. One medical man suggested that while knocked about in the boat among the wreckage the castaway might have received a blow on the head that had produced the amnesia. He examined Winifred's head and found a slight depression. This was the place from which the stewardess had washed away the clotted blood.

Soon after this discovery Winifred's skull was operated upon. Several person whom she had known before going abroad, including her betrothed, stood about her when she came out from the effects of the anaesthetic. Though suffering from it, her eye brightened, and on seeing her lover she attempted to hold out her arms to him.

The case of Winifred Collins excited marked attention owing to the strange combination of circumstances which composed it. She had taken a train from Paris which should have landed her in Genoa a couple of hours before the leaving of the steamer on which she had intended to cross the Atlantic. A railroad accident delayed the train four hours. The steamer having sailed on her arrival, hearing that the ship from Leghorn would sail the next day, she went there and boarded it.

The story of the shipwreck was clear in her mind up to a certain point. After that is was a blank. She remembered getting into the ship's boat with several of the crew and a few events after doing so. Then the mental record stopped. The doctors believed that at this point she received the blow which suspended her memory till the moment it was restored by the operation.

Sponge Cake, Orange Filling.

Mix well together three egg yolks, three-fourth of a cupful of sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, one cupful of sifted flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. When well beaten together add a little salt and the whites of three eggs beaten stiff Bake for 15 minutes in Washington pie tins. For the filling beat together the juice of one orange, with a little of the grated rind, one egg, one cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of warmed butter, and cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Spread between the layers of cake.

WHEN SOOT MEETS SOOT.

The lady was the owner of a small shop writes the London Telegraph, and her squire acquired the habit of seeing her home, and carrying the cash bag that contained the day's receipts. It was generally heavy.

"You must be doin' weel," remarked the gentleman, frequently.

Oh, ay," the lady would reply, "it's a guid bit business."

But she did not disclose that besides the moderate drawings the bag contained the counter weights. The canny lever only discovered that fact after marriage.