

GOMPERS DEFENDS UNIONS AND FLAYS VICTOR BERGER

President American Federation of Labor Visits Milwaukee and Tells People How Former Socialist Congressman Voted on Three Important Labor Bills.

BERGER SAID GOMPERS WAS TRAITOR, AND GRAND OLD MAN EXPOSES TAFT'S FRIEND

Advises Workers to Beware of False Friends—Urges Loyalty and Devotion and Warns Against Suspicion, Doubt and Separation—Warning One Another.

During the convention of the American Federation of Labor, Victor Berger, former Socialist congressman and editor of the Milwaukee Leader, attacked, in his paper, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, by declaring that Mr. Gompers was a traitor to the working class for advising certain unions not to be influenced by agents of foreign governments in calling strikes for short hours of labor or higher wages in plants where labor was employed in manufacturing munitions of war.

Mr. Gompers went to Milwaukee last Sunday at the invitation of several trade unionists and he gave the workmen of Milwaukee a view of Mr. Taft's personal friend, Mr. Berger, that they had heretofore paid little attention to. Mr. Gompers was accompanied by Ernest Bevin and Charles G. Ammon, fraternal delegates from Great Britain to the convention of the American Federation of Labor. The Socialists did not like the idea of Mr. Gompers coming to Milwaukee and they were conspicuous at the meeting by their absence.

Mr. Gompers devoted a large portion of his time to a discussion of the practical philosophy of the trade union movement. He related the early struggles of labor to lift itself from a condition of serfdom. He told of the achievements of the trade unions in America, and declared that much more would have been secured were it not for the obstacles set in the way by men who pretended to be friends of labor. He put it as follows:

"The only obstacle in the way of the toilers getting justice and the reward to which they are entitled for the service they are giving to society, are the workers themselves. We need have no apprehension of the hostility of employers or corporations if we stand united together. It is disunity, lack of co-operation, suspicion, doubt, separation, division, cessation—all that sort; fighting each other instead of standing shoulder to shoulder and making common cause for practical results—all these form the obstacles. While I have no doubt, I have my day dreams for the time."

"I build castles in the air. But I prefer to stand with my fellow workers in the movement that is going to make today a better day than yesterday, tomorrow a better tomorrow, and the day after better than the day before—each a better day than the day which has gone before."

Mr. Gompers discussed recent laws passed by Congress for the benefit of labor. Referring to the Seaman's Bill, he said:

"Becomes Law to Benefit Labor. You know the struggle we have made to secure the enactment of a law by which the seamen of America

and a guarantee of protection of the thirteenth amendment of the United States. It may be news to some of you that the supreme court of the United States decided that the thirteenth amendment to the constitution, which prohibited compulsory labor of any of the people of the United States, had no application to seamen. From the time of the galley slave until recent days, the sailor was tied to his ship, and each country where the sailor went the government of that country hunted the sailor and brought him back forcibly to the ship to work against his will or go to jail. For years we have struggled to remedy this; and finally, through the instrumentality of organized labor, the Seaman's Bill, the American Federation of Labor and the aid of the magnificent representative of Wisconsin in the senate of the United States, Senator Robert M. LaFollette, finally, on March 14, 1915, there was enacted into law the right of every seaman to own himself and to leave his vessel when that vessel was in safe harbor. For the first time, since prior to the galley slave, the seaman's right of ownership to himself was established by law. And let me say, too, that

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TWO GIANT TRADE MERGERS PLANNED

Dry Goods and Sugar Companies May Consolidate Into \$50,000,000 Firms.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Plans for two mergers, each involving \$50,000,000 are under discussion in New York. They provide for the consolidation of the United Drygoods companies, and the Associated Merchants' company, to be known as the Associated Drygoods company, and for the combination of a group of Cuban sugar properties, to take advantage of the embargoes on European sugar.

The drygoods combine, plans for which are only tentative as yet, still are to be presented to the executive committee of the two companies. Cornelius N. Bliss is said to be slated for the presidency.

J. and W. Seligman, New York bankers, are heavily interested in the Cuban merger, and Manuel Rionda, Cuban sugar producer, also is interested. The interests already have obtained options on Cuban lands, valued at \$35,000,000.

LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES FOR PUBLIC USE TO WHICH OLD ARMORY MAY BE PUT

The Shriners are a mighty fine bunch of fellows. With the Hicks they take the cake for whole hearted jollity, and for performing God-like deeds among men they are surpassed by none. We like the Shriners and we wish them well.

If the Labor World favored selling the Armory property, we would be pleased to see it pass into the hands of the Shriners, for it goes without saying they would make good use of it.

But the commissioners should not dispose of this property, not unless a trade can be made for other property equally as good.

In Chicago the city is paying millions of dollars to acquire property for public purposes it gave away years ago for a song.

The city fathers of other days had no vision. They did not dream that the city would want play grounds, public amusement halls, gymnasiums or anything of the sort. A city hall, a jail, a workhouse and a public library they thought would suffice, so they turned over to private parties most of the public property that came to them when the big city was laid out. Now the people of Chicago regret the course taken by their city officials when the city was scarcely larger than Duluth.

No amount of pressure should influence a commissioner to vote to sell the people's property, such as the Armory, for \$50,000, or for any price, unless the money to be secured therefrom is put back into other property.

Do not worry how the Armory can be used. It may be an exceedingly costly garage, blacksmith shop or storehouse for city property. It may be a trifle out of the way for public convenience to be used by the water and light department. If it is not expedient to use the big building for any of the above purposes there are other uses to which it may be put.

How would it do for a community center or a public forum? It would make a splendid public gymnasium. It would be an excellent place for public moving picture shows to be run in connection with the public playground work. The old boys, those who do not feel at home in some places we might mention, need recreation as well as the young ones.

An occasional municipal ball would not hurt, not unless such an event would too seriously affect the scruples of some very good people who think dancing wicked. However, they managed to take the frigidly out of every city where they have been tried out—Milwaukee and Rochester, for instance.

Then there is the migratory worker, who travels about from lumber camp to mine, and from railroad work to the harvest field, who has no place in the city where to lay his head. He is the fellow who makes Duluth's prosperity possible. Without him the grass would grow in our streets. There is an endless chain of them going

in and out of the city. We think of them only as transients, and then we stop thinking about them.

Wouldn't a room in the armory be a dandy club room for the migratory worker? In such a room, properly supervised, he could read and lounge, smoke and play games, just like any other mortal. And we should do this much for him just to show how we appreciate his labor in harvesting the crops, building the railroads, mining the iron ore and getting out logs for lumber, doing the work that makes it possible for Duluth to be such an important commercial center.

What the Lake Carriers' association is doing for the millers—the migratory workers of the lakes—the city can and should do on a larger scale for the lumber jacks, the miners, the farm hands and railroad construction workers. A visit to the lake carriers' headquarters will convince any observing person of the virtue of such an institution.

The armory may make an exceptionally fine club house for the Shriners, but it will make a much better club house for all the people, and particularly for a class of men who are practically homeless during their brief stay in the city.

By no means should the armory property be disposed of to private parties. It is the only available meeting hall in the city for general purposes. The militia boys should not be inconvenienced and their drill nights changed from time to time in the new armory to accommodate others who may desire the use of the building for dances or meetings. Keep the old building for these purposes.

Municipal activities should consist in something more than building sidewalks, streets, and sewers; providing for the public health and maintaining public safety. And public welfare should develop beyond overseeing "down and outs," collecting wages in small amounts due to laborers from reckless employers, maintaining public lodging house and work farms, and conducting play grounds and social neighborhood centers.

The tendency in American cities these days is to acquire property, and not to dispose of it. The majority of the commissioners are to be congratulated for the course they have already taken in preventing the passage of the armory property from the city to private parties.

If they should finally change their minds and conclude that it would be well to dispose of the property they should not do so without first giving the people the right to pass on the proposition through the medium of the referendum. No group of citizens desire to be put to the painful necessity of having to circulate petitions therefor.

It is not believed that either course will be necessary when the commissioners once recognize the limitless possibilities for public use to which the old armory can be put.

LUMBER BARONS AND LOGGERS MEET BEHIND CLOSED DOORS AND CONSPIRE TO REDUCE WAGES OF LUMBER JACKS IN WOODS

A group of lumbermen and loggers met last Friday evening at the St. Louis hotel and reached an agreement whereby the wages of woodsmen in lumber camps were to be cut from \$26 to \$20 a month.

The newspapers have printed considerable lately about the "large demand" for labor in the woods, and these stories have helped to flood the labor market to such an extent that the loggers have more men in the local labor market than they need.

Now that the supply is said to exceed the demand the loggers have combined to reduce wages. The agreement reached at the St. Louis

hotel meeting last Friday night is clearly a violation of the letter and spirit of the Minnesota anti-trust law.

The boys in the woods will be slow to learn of such a meeting at which it was voted to reduce their wages, and when they are informed about it they will be told that the cut is caused by Democratic times. It is the same old gag, but probably worked once too often. The lumbermen haven't very much use for the Democratic party for it was a Democratic congress that put lumber on the free list.

However, the spirit of organization is finding its way into the lumber camps, and this week we are in re-

ceipt of a letter from a mighty intelligent woodsman asking The Labor World to put him in touch with an organizer.

"The time was never more ripe," he writes, "for the organization of the woodsmen in northern Minnesota. I have talked with hundreds of the boys and they are praying for the time when organized labor will come to their help." Then he adds: "I belonged to a Woodsmen's union on the Pacific coast, and I know something about what organized labor can do for the lumber jack. The I. W. W. tried it out there first, but

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CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, SOCIALIST, JOINS JINGOES

Probable Socialist Party Nominee for President Sees War Ahead—Believes Germany, Animated by a Tremendous Ambition for World Power, Will Attack United States.

DON'T CARE WHO MAKES THE ARGUMENT JUST SO LONG AS NATION IS GIVEN GUNS

Plays Pacifists and Shocks His Followers by Declaring for Militarism—Fears Democracy Will be Destroyed Unless Americas Awakens to Meet the War Lord.

Charles Edward Russell issued a call for Americans to arm themselves and prepare for a death grapple with Germany at the close of the present war in Europe in an address delivered at Philadelphia last Sunday. Russell drew a vivid word picture of Germany reaching out to dominate the world, "an empire animated by a tremendous ambition for world power, bound by no treaties, keeping no faith, no morals except the moral of conquests," clashing with the United States over the Monroe Doctrine in South America, "with the inevitable result—war."

He arose to a height of impassioned oratory in his plea for preparedness. Then suddenly stopping, he advanced to the front of the platform, as if challenging his audience, and said:

"And I don't care who makes the argument. No man has written more or talked more about armament, kings, graft in the manufacture of munitions or denounced frauds and the trusts. I don't care if Charles Schwab or Andy Carnegie or anybody else makes the profit. I say to you, you have got to have guns, ships, fortresses. Let the government make them. Let it make all it can. But get it, get it, get it!"

He Flays Pacifists. Russell flayed the pacifists un-

STEEL MAKERS BOOST PRICES ON U. S. SHIPS

Increase Noted of 30 to 40 Per Cent in Prices Above Last Year's Bids.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—There will be no delay in delivery of steel for battleships Nos. 43 and 44, if the government undertakes their construction in navy yards.

Bids from 11 steel companies, opened recently at the navy department, all offered to begin delivery within six months and complete it within two years. Prices show an apparent increase of from 30 to 40 per cent over material purchased for the battleship California over a year ago.

Private bidders for the two ships indicated there would be delay in delivery of steel and conditioned their proposals on this circumstance. All private bids were rejected, exceeding the \$7,800,000 limit of cost fixed by Congress. All navy yards' estimates were well below that figure.

mercifully. William Jennings Bryan and Andrew Carnegie and Jane Addams were the victims of his invective. He called the Ford peace trip a "hitney expedition," and, in reply to a question, said he "would rather sit in the sun and bake mud pies than go abroad with him."

"I have opposed militarism in times gone by," he said. "But I say to you that if my country faced the fate of Belgium or Alsace-Lorraine, I would go out and fight first. Some people say they prefer the Germans to the Japanese. Well, I can't agree with them. There are plenty of steamships, and I wish them a pleasant voyage. From the dawn of my early consciousness democracy has been for me a religion. I am not willing to see democracy extinct in the world."

"The way events are now trending the United States stands to be involved in war. The American people will not suffer invasion without rising in their might, and they will not stand many more insults. They will demand the tools of battle, and if they do not get them, they will fight with bare hands, and their slaughter will be upon the heads of the pacifists."

Wants Democratic Army. "The Swiss military system has given them more democracy than there is in the United States. We need not fear a military autocracy. The American people will not consent to be ruled that way. As long as our country rests on its present constitutional basis there is no reason for fear."

"I'm for preparedness if you won't abolish the cause of war. The facts are, we are facing war. I didn't make this a reactionary age. I have talked against war until I was blue in the face. But talking peace platitudes won't save us from invasion, and we must recognize that we have gone back to the first century and not living in the twentieth. So arm, arm, if you do not want to become a province of Germany."

In answer to a question as to what would happen if the allies won, Russell said:

"If the allies win there is a chance for some kind of idealism and higher thought. England and France hate all this business and have suffered so terribly that if they win their dominance in settling and making terms will give them an opportunity to devise some means to prevent a recurrence of the war, and then there will be some chance for the renewal of civilization."

"Germany is already preparing for the commercial conquest of South America. The United States is conducting a similar campaign. This is the identical cause of the present war, the attempt of nations to get rid of their unconsumed surplus. They

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TERENCE V. POWDERLY REMINISCENT; TELLS OF EARLY LABOR BATTLES

(BY JAMES B. MORROW.)

The capitalists and the workingmen, Terence V. Powderly says, have changed greatly for the better during the last quarter of a century.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Powderly was the commander-in-chief of 1,500,000 Knights of Labor.

"I will tell you a story," he said, "about an illuminating experience of my own in Covington, Ky. There was a strike at a big establishment and I was called into the case by telegraph. "Once in Covington I went straight to the office of the employer. He was busy with some papers. I waited. "What do you want?" he asked presently.

"My name is Powderly," I answered—and—

"Before the sentence could be ended, Mr. Brown, I will call him, got out of his chair and came toward me with his hand extended. I supposed he meant to greet me in the conventional way and ask me to be seated.

Settling an Old-Time Strike.

"Instead, he caught me by the shoulder, rushed me to the door and pushed me into the hall. 'Get out of here and go to h—,' he bellowed. "I can't get out, I said, 'until you release my heel, which is caught in the door. Now will I go to h— this morning. I can be found for a day or two at the Grand Hotel on the river in Cincinnati. If you want to see me just send me word."

"Two hours later the hotel clerk handed me a letter when I asked for my room key. The letter was from Mr. Brown. He apologized for his conduct and said he would meet me at my convenience.

"I hurried back to his factory. Mr. Brown repeated his apology. 'Stop,' I said. 'We have never met before until this minute. I understand you, Mr. Brown, and I hope you will understand me before our business is over.' He agreed to receive a committee from his shop the next day.

"The men came together that night. 'What do you think?' they asked. "I seldom think out loud," I answered. 'Let me hear from the fellows sitting against the wall, the men who are always present on such occasions as this, but never say anything.' "So I heard the troubles, not from the officers of the union, but from the silent workers in the ranks. The shop committee, I said, near the close of the meeting, 'is all right, with the exception of Sheridan. He should not go along because he is too hot-tempered and rhetorical.' "I thought so," Sheridan growled. 'You have got it in for me because I am Irish.' "Shut up," I quietly answered, 'I am guilty of being an Irishman myself in the second degree.' "Sheridan was taken off the committee and his place was filled by a Greek named McQuire. We met Mr. Brown the following morning and inside of 20 minutes the foundation was laid for a settlement. Brown was not exceptional in the violence with which he began our negotiations. All employers in those pioneer days were bitter toward organized labor.

Organized First Miners' Union.

"Changes, too, have occurred among workingmen. John Siney, a tall, rawboned Irishman, brought the miners together in this country for the first time. One hundred and nine coal diggers were burned to death at Avondale in Pennsylvania. I heard Siney say, as he stood back against a huge rock: 'This tragedy happened because there is only one opening in the mine. Every mine should have two openings, I beg of you to see that the law of the State is changed.' It was changed and largely through the influence of this honest, courageous, kind and sensible man.

"But John Siney was abused and suspected by those to whom he belonged for tuberculosis, and a fine monument was raised over his grave, which was something of a mockery, I thought. He asked for bread and after he was dead they gave him a stone.

"One October day, when the sun was going down in the west, I visited John Siney's grave in the little cemetery at St. Clair, near Pottsville. By and by I heard voices and, looking into the street, saw seven miners going home from their work 'Who was John Siney?' I asked them through the pickets of the fence, but they were foreigners and couldn't understand. Other foreigners passed, nor could they understand.

"Then came three Irishmen, faces black, shirts open at the neck, lamps in their hats. 'Whose grave is that?' I inquired pointing toward the monument.

"'Can't you read?' a sawed-off chap inquired. 'That's the grave of John Siney.' "But who was John Siney? "Why, he was the miners' best friend." "You must have thought a great deal of him," I said.

Thought Powderly Had Died.

"We do, now that he is dead. But God forgive us, we abused him when he was alive and let him die in want. That is the way many of us treat our friends. We denounced Powderly worse than we denounced Siney, but since his death we have changed our opinions." "But didn't you tell the man of his mistake?" a friend asked me, when he heard the story.

"No," I answered. "That little Irishman is praising and praying for me daily. If he knew I were alive, he would be cursing me as hard as ever."

"You may be surprised to learn that I never took part while General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor in but three big strikes, and I called none of them in the first place. The Southwestern strike, as it was officially named, of railroaders, and

shopmen, 43,000 of whom were engaged, occurred in March, 1886. I had nothing to do with it in the beginning. The men voted it. Martin Irons managed it and was described as an ignorant, ruffian man, whereas he was moderate, honest, intelligent and sensible.

"A caller, when I was the United States Commissioner General of Immigration, asked my law clerk one day if Mr. Powderly is a man of any education. I happened to hear him, though I was in the next room. After he sat down at the side of my desk I said: 'I am a graduate of the Big University, the mighty institution of learning whose recitation rooms are out of doors in the open.' "My mother," I said, "was my first instructor. She taught me how to wash dishes, scrub the floors, keep the flies off the table when we had company to dinner, spit the garden, and grow onions, tomatoes, radishes, cabbages, potatoes and roses. She was a reading, thinking and working woman. Such was my mother."

Wouldn't Pass His Father Now.

"But my father," I said, "couldn't get past me now—I, the Commissioner of Immigration, and he, an immigrant from Ireland. I would send him back on the ship that brought him over. His was a sad case, I said. "Although he was six feet and two inches in stature and built in proportion, he could neither read nor write. Besides, he had only an English still in his pocket. Worse, still, I said, 'he broke jail and came to America. Married but a few months, he went forth one day and shot a hare on a rich man's estate. He was arrested on three charges. First, for having a gun; second, for trespassing on another's man's property, and third, for poaching. His punishment was to be three months in jail.' "Before he was taken away he told my mother to be ready; that he meant to escape and go to America, where a poor man might own a gun

and enjoy the blessings of liberty. He did escape, and, accompanied by his young wife, set sail for the United States. After three months at sea he landed in Quebec. A baby was born on the boat between Quebec and Montreal. This when he reached Ogdenburg, N. Y., he had a wife, an infant daughter and the equivalent of 25 cents in American money.

"It was fortunate," I told my caller, that he reached Ogdenburg early in the morning, because he found work before night and a place to take his family. Soon he moved to Carbondale, Penn., where, by the way, I was born, and became a useful citizen. He performed his duties faithfully, as a pump tender at the mines; was respected by his employers, who often took dinner at our house; stood well among his neighbors, as a kind and honest man, and never grew weary of telling about the love he had for America and the Stars and Stripes.

Powderly Taught His Son.

"Father," he said, "was my second teacher. From him I learned many things—truthfulness, for one thing, and steadiness of purpose for another. I'll go no further," I said to my caller, "except to state that I began my life as a bread-earner at 13 years of age. 'Yes,' I concluded, 'I think I am an educated man.' "I could have told him, also, that I did not make much headway at school because of poor eyesight and deafness in one ear. The deafness was caused by scarlet fever. One morning, four or five years ago, I awoke with my hearing restored. The man, possibly, might have been interested in knowing that my first job was as a section hand on a railroad. A shovel and pick were my tools, though, as I said, I was but 13 years old.

"Coal cars came down from the mines by gravity and soon I became a switch tender. Next I became a car inspector. When I was seventeen I

went into the machine shop of the Delaware and Hudson Railway at Carbondale. My introductory work there was to dismantle the Stourbridge Lion. That sounds fierce and hazardous, doesn't it? The lion, however, was a locomotive—the first one ever used on a railroad in America—and had been purchased in England. Pieces of it are now to be seen at the National Museum in Washington.

"From Carbondale I went to Scranton, where I built engines for the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad. By 1873 I was master of my trade and President of the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union. The panic that year closed our shop. Men looking for work traveled from east to west and then back again. I was one of them.

"I crossed the river at Detroit to Windsor in Canada, walking from the latter place to Buffalo, 251 miles distant. The last night of the year I slept in a railway freight shed at St. Thomas. I arrived at Buffalo February 22, 1874, with 5 cents, which I spent for a newspaper. A Scotch watchman let me sleep on the floor of the passenger station that night.

Without Food for Three Days.

"Got a match?" an Irishman asked me next morning on the street.

"If there is a match for me in Buffalo," I said, "I'll go down to the Erie Basin, cut a hole in the ice and jump in."

"What's the matter?" the Irishman inquired, peering kindly into my face.

"I haven't had anything to eat, I replied, 'for three days.' "Come with me," the Irishman said. "He took me to a saloon—it was the first one I had ever seen from the inside—and led the way to a room in the back. Likewise the Irishman ordered and paid for my breakfast. He was John Lawrence, who corresponded with him for years, and many times after that gloomy morning in Buffalo he was a guest at my home."

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Wouldn't Pass His Father Now.

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"Father," he said, "was my second teacher. From him I learned many things—truthfulness, for one thing, and steadiness of purpose for another. I'll go no further," I said to my caller, "except to state that I began my life as a bread-earner at 13 years of age. 'Yes,' I concluded, 'I think I am an educated man.' "I could have told him, also, that I did not make much headway at school because of poor eyesight and deafness in one ear. The deafness was caused by scarlet fever. One morning, four or five years ago, I awoke with my hearing restored. The man, possibly, might have been interested in knowing that my first job was as a section hand on a railroad. A shovel and pick were my tools, though, as I said, I was but 13 years old.

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"But my father," I said, "couldn't get past me now—I, the Commissioner of Immigration, and he, an immigrant from Ireland. I would send him back on the ship that brought him over. His was a sad case, I said. "Although he was six feet and two inches in stature and built in proportion, he could neither read nor write. Besides, he had only an English still in his pocket. Worse, still, I said, 'he broke jail and came to America. Married but a few months, he went forth one day and shot a hare on a rich man's estate. He was arrested on three charges. First, for having a gun; second, for trespassing on another's man's property, and third, for poaching. His punishment was to be three months in jail.' "Before he was taken away he told my mother to be ready; that he meant to escape and go to America, where a poor man might own a gun