

Let's see; isn't this about winter time?

Europe doesn't like cranberries. O, well, we can use them!

A successful author is a good writer plus a good press agent.

Now there's talk of a bread trust. They must raise the dough first.

A French scientist has made a dead dog bark. But what's the good?

Women do not need hot air, says a telegram. But they like "hot air."

Aeroplanes are quite as dangerous for amateurs to fool with as unloaded pistols.

And now, it appears, Chicago university professors are fighting about the moon.

It wouldn't do any particular harm to put the snow shovel where it is easily accessible.

An airship flight is described in music. Probably there are plenty of sudden drops in tones.

The automobile holdup man has arrived. The airship holdup man evidently is not far away.

A Chicago bachelor has died, leaving two widows. What does the Chicago married man leave?

A century hence nothing but a strike in factories of the aeroplane trust will interrupt traffic, maybe.

Autolists are competing for the high-speed record. Too bad they're not as ambitious after safety records.

Pity the poor farmer! His output during 1909 was worth only \$8,760,000,000, a gain of \$869,000,000 over 1908.

The discovery that chemistry can convert sage brush into valuable products is in line with the progress of the age.

Debutantes must not imagine they have cornered the world's happiness, but let all rejoice that they have laid in a good winter supply.

A man there was who sat as a guest at a dinner. Then he tried to spoil the dinner by figuring out a possible motive for the dinner.

A scientist declares that the most perfect engine ever devised is the human body. Still, perfect though it may be, it often jumps the track.

Another date has been set for the world's postponed on account of the weather. So ordinary business plans can be continued.

Citizens of the United States who behave themselves will always be protected. Those who do not have no cause to complain when they get just what is coming to them.

The Kansas publisher who offers a prize of \$400 for the best offerings in prose and poetry on the subject of "Father," will get "When Father Carves the Duck," of course.

Millions of dollars are being raised in China for a great university at Hongkong, but whether or not arrangements are under way for a football team to go with it we are not informed.

The aeroplane is making height as well as speed and distance records. Latham has risen 1,345 feet, Paulhan 1,161. After all, a mishap at such altitudes would be no more serious than at 300 feet.

A London dress reformer has announced the principle that women should dress according to their temperament and moods. Does she want them to spend all their time in the dressing rooms?

A New Jersey scientist says that the ordinary household costs the country billions of dollars and ought to be exterminated. But all the brave talk of how this is going to be accomplished is carefully postponed until after fly time.

Evidently Halley's comet is getting nearer the earth. The observatory at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., reports having seen the comet through a three-inch telescope the other day. That famous periodical visitor seems to keep close to its schedule time.

The news that 48,000 eggs were seized on the Fall River line pier at New York by officers of the department of agriculture, who booked them for destruction, will appal many housewives until they learn that the eggs were ancient hen-fruits in a liquid state and destined for use in bakeries. Then the housewives will be appalled to think of what pastry can be made to hide. A liquid egg sold in angel's food brings a higher price than the egg that is warm from the nest.

These titled and indebted foreigners find it an extremely easy matter to fall in love with an American fortune. After the marriage their treatment of the bride suggests that to them the girl is a necessary evil.

A city official in New York has requested his salary reduced, as he declares he is getting too much. Such instances, which occasionally occur, raise a question in the minds of the thoughtful as to whether insanity is really approaching or whether insanity is on the increase.

A judge of the supreme court of New York has come out as a champion of the long-suffering mother-in-law. Now to condemn that victim of ancient wit is to commit contempt of court.

The meanest man is a Gotham candy merchant against whom a suit for breach of promise was decided. The rejected fair one won her case, but the faithless swain immediately became a bankrupt, which proves again how completely base man will deceive confiding woman.

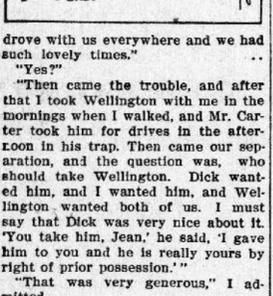
WHEN WELLINGTON PLAYED FATE

By PHILIP KEAN

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"Is this Barnes of Bloomington?" asked the lady in silver gray. "I am Barnes of Bloomington," to the silver vision in the chair. "It is a rather singular errand upon which I have come," said the lady with hesitation. "Kindly state it, madam," I said, for I am no waster of words. I drew a chair to the other side of my desk and sat down. As I did it, something soft flopped down on my foot. I looked and found that it was the tail of a dog. He was a thoroughbred from his head to his feet, and he looked up at me from under the desk with bright eager eyes. "Is that your dog?" I asked. "Yes," said the lady in silver gray, "and it is with him that my errand is connected." "You see," she went on, "I am Mrs. Carter—Mrs. Dabney Carter. I am separated from my husband." Her voice trembled. "I do not think I need to tell you the reasons of that separation, Mr. Barnes. It is sufficient to tell you that his offense was unforgivable, and my decision to see no more of him irrevocable."

Her tone had grown high and excited, and I soothed her by complete acquiescence. "Certainly, Mrs. Carter. He, no doubt, deserves your anger." She looked at me doubtfully. "Well, he acted dreadfully," she said, "but he is a gentleman." "And the dog?" I suggested, to get her back to her subject. "Yes, the dog. He is Wellington II, son of Wellington I, the champion. Dick—Mr. Carter, gave him to me the first year we were married. We are both devoted to dogs—devoted, and Wellington was the dearest puppy." "Can I imagine it?" "Well, of course, we both pelted Wellington—awfully. He walked and



drove with us everywhere and we had such lovely times." "Yes?" "Then came the trouble, and after that I took Wellington with me in the mornings when I walked, and Mr. Carter took him for drives in the afternoon in his trap. Then came our separation, and the question was, who should take Wellington. Dick wanted him, and I wanted him, and Wellington wanted both of us. I must say that Dick was very nice about it. 'You take him, Jean,' he said, 'I gave him to you and he is really yours by right of prior possession.'"

"That was very generous," I admitted. "Yes, but you see the trouble is that Wellington doesn't see it that way. Every evening he goes down to the club for Dick. Then he comes to me and puts his paws on my knee and looks so wistful that I can't bear it." Her lips trembled. "And then it is most embarrassing. Now and then we meet Mr. Carter, and we could pass with a mere bow of civility, but Wellington rushes back and forth and barks and we have to stop for the sake of appearances." I interrupted her. I could not see just what I had to do with these intimate details. "And you wanted me?" I asked.

Mrs. Carter stood up and leaned over the desk. Her silver gray fur swept across my papers and her big muff lay like a light cloud on my blotter. The fragrance of violets at her belt pervaded the atmosphere. Her voice was supplicating; her face pleaded. "Please, dear Mr. Barnes, everybody knows that you like dogs—that's the reason I want to trust Wellington to you." "And so I became possessed of a blooded bull pup. At first I endured him for Mrs. Carter's sake, but gradually he wormed himself into my affections, and in six months we were inseparable. But he was still true to his first loves. When Dick Carter's red car rounded a corner Wellington would be after it like a flash, and if we even entered the shopping district I would miss my dog, to find him comfortably curled up on the seat of the electric coupe of his former mistress. They were not a happy-looking pair—these young people—and it seemed a pity that they should not be getting out of life all there is in it. I said as much to Mrs. Carter as I rescued her one day from Wellington's caresses.

"Why shouldn't he concede things?" was her demand. "It was on a crisp October evening that the little drama was finally played out. Mrs. Carter called me up by telephone. 'I want to borrow Wellington,' she said. 'It's my second girl's evening out and the cook's mother is ill, so I'll be alone—and I thought Wellington might keep me from feeling afraid.'"

I took the dog over and left them together by the roaring fire in the library. Mrs. Carter was looking especially attractive in a clinging white gown with a bunch of violets in her belt. "When I reached home again I was lonely. I missed Wellington—and I missed more than that. I seemed to feel, for the first time, my great need of a home—a wife—a woman like Mrs. Carter. But in spite of their separation she still belonged to Dick. I had gradually conceived a great affection for the young fellow who held his head so proudly and hid the pain in his heart. I decided to go to him for the evening. I found him in a mood for talking. And when I told where I had left Wellington, he confided to me the story of his disagreement with his wife. 'She was wrong,' he said. 'A man can't give in always.' 'But if he loves her,' I said, 'isn't it worth while?' 'I—I did make a concession,' he confessed. 'I wrote to her a day or two ago, and—and I told her that if she would send me any token—bunch of violets—a ribbon—anything—I would accept it in lieu of a personal apology.'"

"She is proud. She will never send you even a violet in apology." But even as I said it, there was a patter of steps in the hall, and a familiar white at the door. "It's Wellington," Dick said. "Hello—" he began and stopped short, and I, turning in my chair to know the reason of his sudden silence, saw the big dog, his head held high, a bunch of violets held tightly in his jaw. And even as I looked he dropped the flowers at his master's feet.

Dick snatched them up quickly. "Barnes," he cried, triumphantly, "she has sent them. Jean has sent them." Wellington barked as if he knew he was the carrier of good tidings. "I must go to her," Carter said, and away he went, and I sat there with only Wellington for company and thought of their happiness and of my lonely life. Well, they made it up and lived happy ever after. "I didn't send him the violets," Jean told me, long after. "They dropped from my belt, and Wellington played with them, and all at once he took them in his mouth and boited through the open window, and I laughed a little and forgot it entirely until Dick came back with the violets in his hand and his face radiant—and, of course, I had to give in then, dear Barnes of Bloomington."

Wellington divides his time now between the Carter residence and my bachelor apartment. And he divides his heart among four persons instead of three, for there is a little Jean with eyes like her mother's, whose gentle affection for old Barnes of Bloomington fills with joy my quiet days.

Two men were talking together. One said of a third person. "He's a dirty dog." It is quite common for people to speak in this epithetical way of others and to ascribe to them some low qualities that usually fit animals, scoundrels or devils. It is a very poor habit and reflects more upon the men who are guilty of the habit than upon those against whom the bad names are directed.

If one would go to the bottom of this habit and see what it really means he would, for his own sake, endeavor to extricate himself from it. He would easily see that it was an expression of prejudice, spite, ill-will, hatred, and not of candor, good will or justice. It must not be implied from this that a man must not hold a bad opinion of another. It simply means, if there is room for a good opinion, take that, and if there is not, disparage and denounce the offense, which calling a man names does not do.—Ohio State Journal.

Edison's Practical Joke. Edison, the great inventor, was always a great practical joker. One night when a lazy operator in the office in which he was employed thought his day's work was over, and was getting ready to go home, Edison slipped around to the switchboard, made a connection with the weary Willie's telegraph key, called him down to the table and, supplied with an old newspaper, proceeded to send him a bundle of presumably Associated Press stuff from New York. Edison was a lightning sender, as well as receiver, from almost the beginning of his career, and the way he made that follow work for two solid hours was a joy. After tiring him out completely, making him receive and copy the equivalent of about three or four newspaper columns, Edison suddenly came from behind the switchboard, exposed the joke to the poor fellow and wound up by pelting him with the newspaper from which he had been sending the messages.

Still in the Family. "Don't you think Couemp's remark was twisted that he had a pedigree in his family?" "I don't know. He has a dog with a screw tail." Avoiding Trouble. Some women say that the only way to get along with a man is to believe all he tells you even when you know it isn't true.

Letter in the Rivet Keg.

There have been romances and romances, but the latest undoubtedly is the romance of a keg of steel rivets. The outcome of this is being eagerly awaited by 150 men employed at the plant of an iron company at Conshohocken.

The keg arrived at the plant yesterday. When the head was off the top of the commonplace rivets an envelope addressed in a pretty, girlish hand, "To the one who opens this keg."

The ironworker called a comrade or two and they opened the note and read, written on a dainty bit of paper, a few sentences which asked the finder to communicate with the writer. A girl's name was signed at the bottom, above an address in a Massachusetts town.

The finder of the note told others about it and they in turn spread the news until nearly every one at the plant heard it. One hundred and fifty men wrote to the fair correspondent last night, some sending letters and others picture postcards.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Increased Price of Elk Teeth. During the last five years the value of elk teeth has more than trebled, said a western traveler at the Frederic, according to the St. Paul Dispatch. "In 1904 you could get any number of fine specimens in Idaho, Montana, Washington and bordering states for \$2.50 apiece. Now you will pay from \$7.50 to \$10, and they are hard to get for even that. The Apache, Sioux, Comanche and Chippewa Indians used to have dozens of them in their possession and traded them for trinkets. But the redskin got wise to their value, and you can buy them from a regular dealer cheaper now than from the Indian. The passing of the elk and the great demand made by the members of the Elk lodge for teeth for emblems have boosted the price."

The traveler related an incident of an Oklahoma who bought a robe covered with elk teeth from a Wichita Indian for \$100. He cut out the teeth and cleaned up \$2,200 on the deal.

Happiness in marriage would be more prevalent if a man would handle his wife as tenderly and carefully as he does an old briar pipe.

Boy's Lucky Find.

A remarkable book found by a poor Jewish youth in Whitechapel, London, England, is reported, which argues an eye for books and a business intelligence of a high order. He bought for a cent from a barrow in Mile End Road a copy of Goethe's poems, enriched with Thackeray's signature and crest and a number of his thumb-nail sketches scattered throughout the book. The covers were in bad condition, but the pages were clean. The youth had the shrewdness to make the most of his find himself, and after many negotiations he has now sold the volume for about \$100.

French Taxes. According to statistics of taxes while there were 94,123 billiard tables in France in 1892, in 1906 there were only 89,230, whereas if the game were holding its own the number should have increased as the children grew to billiard playing age. The decadence of the game, which has had famous votaries, is ascribed to the success of outdoor sports, and especially to the intense and widespread interest now taken in motoring.—Vogue.

A Lesson in Economy. "I notice you always find the driver your purse when we take a conveyance," said the heroine of the historical novel. "I do," admitted the hero of the same. "How do you expect to support a wife? Give her the exact fare hereafter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Novice. (To your young partner)—Did you see that old moneybag's wife? Young Partner—Yes, sir; and so tight that all the relatives in the world cannot break it. Old Lawyer (with some disgust)—The next time there is a will to be drawn up, I'll do it myself!—New York Sun.

And Mother Officiates. Eddie—Do you have morning prayers at your house? Freddie—We have some kind of a service when father gets in. Occasionally we meet people who spend half their time telling what they are going to do and the other half explaining why they didn't do it.

Don't Weep At The Ice House.

Some people swell up on "emotion" brewed from absolute untruth. It's an old trick of the leaders of the Labor Trust to twist facts and make the "sympathetic ones" weep at the ice house. (That's part of the tale further on.)

Gompers et al sneer at, spit upon and defy our courts, seeking sympathy by falsely telling the people the courts were trying to deprive them of free speech and free press.

Men can speak freely and print opinions freely in this country and no court will object, but they cannot be allowed to print matter as part of a criminal conspiracy to injure and ruin other citizens.

Gompers and his trust associates started out to ruin the Bucks Stove Co., drive its hundreds of workmen out of work and destroy the value of the plant without regard to the fact that hard earned money of men who worked, had been invested there.

The conspirators were told by the courts to stop these vicious "trust" methods, (efforts to break the firm that won't come under trust rule), but instead of stopping they "dare" the courts to punish them and demand new laws to protect them in such destructive and tyrannical acts as they may desire to do. * * * The reason Gompers and his band persisted in trying to ruin the Bucks Stove Works is because the stove company insisted on the right to keep some old employees at work when "de union" or "de gang" put out.

Now let us reverse the conditions and have a look. Suppose the company had ordered the union to dismiss certain men from their union, and the demand being refused, should institute a boycott against the factory where members of an "unfair list," instruct other manufacturers all over the United States not to buy the labor of that union, have committees call at stores and threaten to boycott if the merchants sold anything made by that union. Picket the factories where members work and slug them on the way home, blow up their houses and wreck the works, and even murder a few members of the boycotted union to teach them they must obey the orders of "organized Capital!"

It would certainly be fair for the company to do these things if lawful for the Labor Trust to do them. In such a case, under our laws the boycotted union could apply to our courts and the courts would order the company to cease boycotting and trying to ruin these union men. Suppose the union, the company should sneer at the court and in open defiance continue the unlawful acts in a persistent, carefully laid out plan, purposefully intended to ruin the union and force its members into poverty. What a howl would go up from the union demanding that the courts protect them and punish their law-breaking oppressors. Then they would praise the courts and go on earning a living protected from ruin and happy in the knowledge that the people's courts could defend them.

upright citizens. The noisy, violent ones get into office and the leaders of the great Labor Trust know how to mass this kind of men, in labor conventions and thus carry out the leaders' schemes, frequently abhorrent to the rank and file: so it was at the late Toronto convention.

A few days ago the delegates would applaud and "resolute" as Gompers wanted, but now and then some of the real workers insist on being heard, sometimes at the risk of their lives.

Delegate Egan is reported to have said at the Toronto convention: "The officers of the federation would only adhere to the law we would think a lot more of them."

The Grand Council of the Provincial Workmen's Ass'n of Canada has declared in favor of severing all connections with unions in the U. S., saying "any union having its seat of government in the U. S. is an enemy of the international in its scope, must fight industrial battles according to American methods. Said methods have consequences which are abhorrent to the law-abiding people of Canada involving anger, misery, riot, bloodshed and murder, all of which we have learned as a result of the practical war now in progress in our far provinces and directed by foreign emissaries of the United Miners of America."

This is an honest Canadian view of our infamous "Labor Trust." A few days ago the daily papers printed the following: (By the Associated Press.) Washington, D. C., Nov. 10.—Characterizing the attitude of Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison of the American Federation of Labor in the District of Columbia in connection with the Bucks Stove and range company, as "a willful, premeditated violation of the law," Simon Burns, general master workman of the general assembly, Knights of Labor, said for a severe condemnation of these three leaders. Mr. Burns expressed his confidence in courts in general and in those of the District of Columbia in particular.

APPROVED BY DELEGATES. This rebuke by Burns was in his annual report to the general assembly of his organization. He received the hearty approval of the delegates who heard it read at their annual meeting in this city.

"There is no trust or combination of capital in the world," said Mr. Burns, "that violates laws of men. The labor trust organization, which resorts to more dishonest, unfair and dishonorable methods toward its competitors than any trust or combination in the country." Mr. Burns said the action of "these socialist leaders" would be harmful for years to come whenever attempts were made to obtain labor legislation. "The Labor Digest," a reputable workman's paper, says, as part of an article entitled "The beginning of the end of Gompersism, many organizations becoming tired of the rule-or-ruin policy which have been enforced by the president of the A. F. of L." "That he has maintained his leadership for so long a time in the face of his stubborn clinging to policies which the more thoughtful workmen have seen for years must be abandoned, has been on account partly of the sentimental feeling on the part of the organizations that he ought not to be deposed, and the unwillingness of the men who were mentioned for the place, to accept a nomination in opposition to him. In addition to this, there is no denying the shrewdness of the leader of the A. F. of L., and his political sagacity, which has enabled him to keep a firm grip on the machinery of the organization, and to have his faithful henchmen in the positions where they could do him the most good whenever their services might be needed."

Tomato Bread.

Bakers are not perhaps generally aware that up to a certain point tomatoes can be used with advantage in the manufacture of a bread that has the fine flavor of the fruit, with its stimulating and nourishing properties; while besides, the bread will keep longer and moister than ordinary bread. The bread has the characteristic color of the tomato. All that is required is that the tomato mash, after being submitted to a sterilizing process, should be carefully screened through a sieve and then used as part of the mixture.

Woman Would Be Legislator. Miss Gina Krog, of Christiania, has been nominated by the radical party of Norway for deputy in the parliamentary elections now pending. Miss Krog visited the United States last spring on her way to the International Council of Women in Toronto. She delivered several lectures to suffrage societies in New York and spoke to the Norwegian women in Brooklyn. She is said to have had more to do with obtaining the ballot for the women of Norway than any other individual, man or woman.

Knowledge Enough. At the moment of their fall Adam and Eve, being innocent, were used to doing things in an unconscious manner. That is to say, they didn't Fletcherize. With the result that they failed of getting the full effect of the apple—all the proteins and carbohydrates. However, in their blind, blundering way, they attained to a rough knowledge of good and evil to make them terrible bores to themselves forever after, and to all their descendants likewise unto the present generation.—Puck.

His Business. "You see that man across the street? Well, you can always get cut rates from him for his work." "What is it?" "Trimming trees and hedges."—Baltimore American.

Where Pepsys Won Fame. "Who was this fellow Pepsy, and what is his claim to fame?" "His claim to fame is well founded, my friend. He's the man who kept a diary for more than a year."

Interesting Information. In an interview published in the Kieler Neueste Nachrichten, Grossadmiral von Koster says many interesting things about his visit to New York, among them the following: "In the absence of President Taft, who was away on a trip to the Mexican frontier, the place of honor was taken by the vice-president of the United States, Secretary of State Sherman of New York."

Graphic Variations. "Civilization," remarked the cannibal king, "promotes some strange ideas." "To whom do you especially refer?" inquired the missionary. "Among you the ultimate consumer is regarded with sympathy. Here he is considered very lucky."

Mistakes Will Happen. Lady (to her sister, a doctor)—There—I cooked a meal for the first time to-day and I made a mess of it. "Well, dear, never mind; it's nothing. I lost my first patient!"

If you see a fault in others, think of two of your own, and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment.

excite a wave of sympathetic enthusiasm for him, which would carry the delegates of their feet, and result in his re-election. "That his long leadership, and this apparent impossibility to fill his place has gone to his head, and made him imagine that he is much greater a man than he really is, is undoubtedly the cause of the present situation, which he has adopted in dealing with questions before congress, where he has unnecessarily antagonized men to whom organized labor must look for recognition of their demands, and where labor measures are often opposed on account of this anti-socialism, which would otherwise receive support."

"There is no doubt but what organized labor in this country would be much stronger with a leader who was more in touch with conditions as they actually exist, and who would bring to the case an anti-socialism, which he has adopted in dealing with questions before congress, where he has unnecessarily antagonized men to whom organized labor must look for recognition of their demands, and where labor measures are often opposed on account of this anti-socialism, which would otherwise receive support."

We quote portions of another article, a reprint, from the same labor paper: "Organized labor, through its leaders, must recognize the mistakes of the past and endeavor to correct them. It must organize or to develop the movement which they head. No movement, no organization, no nation can develop beyond the intellects which guide these organizations, and if the leaders are not of a caliber to guide the movement, they will be replaced by a more capable organization, which will have a spirit of selfishness, which has never appealed to mankind in any walk of life at any time since history began."

"It can be said in extenuation of certain leaders of organized labor that their precarious position which they occupy as leaders, has a tendency to cause them to lose sight of the real cause behind the organization. The natural instinct in man for power and position is in no small measure responsible for the mistakes of the leaders, not necessarily in labor unions alone, but in every branch of society. This desire for power and leadership is a personal aggrandizement causes men who have been earnest and sincere in their efforts in the start to deteriorate into mere politicians whose every act and utterance is tinged with the desire to attain to the baser passions of the working majority of the people, and organizations and this is undoubtedly true when applied to the present leaders of the Federation of Labor. We mention the Federation of Labor particularly in this article, because that organization is the only organization of labor which has found itself in direct opposition to the interests of the land. There are other organizations of labor whose leaders have made mistakes, but they have always kept themselves and their organizations within the bounds of the law and respected the rights of every other man in considering the rights of themselves and their constituency; whereas, the motto of the Federation is just the reverse, and unless the leaders conform themselves and their organization in accordance with the laws of the land, they must be disintegrated as a mass into the hands of a few unscrupulous men of the earth, and the people, who are the court of last resort in this country, will never allow any system to develop in this country which does not meet with the approval of the majority of the citizens of the country."

This must have forced itself upon the leaders of the Federation by this time. If it has not, the leaders must be eliminated. The organization which they head has done some meritorious things in times past and the people are always ready and willing to acknowledge the benefits which their efforts have brought to their constituency as a whole, but at the present time labor organizations in general, and the Federation of Labor in particular, stand before the bar of public opinion, having been convicted of selfishness and a disposition to rule all the people of the country in the interest of the few. The people are patient and awaiting to

see if the object lesson which they have been forced to give to these leaders is going to be recognized and if they are going to conform themselves and their future work and actions in accordance thereto.

Let the people remember that comment, "The Federation of Labor in particular stands before the bar of public opinion, having been convicted of selfishness and a disposition to rule all the people of the country in the interest of the few."

The great 90 per cent of Americans do not take kindly to the acts of tyranny of these trust leaders openly demanding that all people bow down to the rules of the Labor Trust and we are treated to the humiliating spectacle of our Congress and even the Chief Executive entertaining these convicted law-breakers and listening with consideration to their insolent demands that the very laws be changed to allow them to safely carry on their plan of gaining control over the affairs of the people.

The sturdy workers of America have come to know the truth about these "martyrs" sacrificing themselves in the noble cause of labor but it's only the hysterical ones who swell up and cry over the aforesaid "heroes," reminding one of the two romantic elderly maids who, weeping copiously, were discovered by the old janitor at Mr. Vernon.

"What is it all you ladies?" "Taking the handkerchief from one swollen red eye, between sobs she said: "Why we have so long revered the memory of George Washington that we feel it a privilege to come here and weep at his tomb." "Yes'm, yes'm, yo' shore has a desire to express yo' sympathy but yo' are overflown' at de wrong spot, yo' is weepin' at de dece house."

Don't get maudlin about law-breakers who must be punished if the very existence of our people is to be maintained. If you have any surplus sympathy it can be extended to the honest workers who continue to earn food when threatened and are frequently hurt and sometimes killed before the courts can intervene to protect them from the Labor Trust.

Now the Labor Trust leaders demand of Congress that the courts be stripped of power to issue injunctions to prevent them from assaulting or perhaps murdering men who dare earn a living when ordered by the Labor Trust to quit work.

Don't sit silent and allow the organized and paid men of this great trust to force Congress to believe they represent the great masses of the American people. Say your say and let your representatives in Congress know that you do not want to be governed under new laws which would empower the Labor Trust leaders with legal rights to take to work, wherever they want, for whom? What? What? What? Buy! What not to buy! Whom to vote for! How much you shall pay per month in fees to the Labor Trust! etc., etc., etc. This power is now being demanded by the passage of laws in Congress. Tell your Senators and Representatives plainly that you don't want them to vote for any measure that will allow any set of men either representing Capital or Labor to govern and dictate to the common people, who prefer to be free to go and come, work or not and vote for whom they please. Every man's liberty will disappear when the leaders of the great Labor Trust or any other trust can ride rough shod over people and mass their forces to prevent our courts from affording protection. There's a Reason." C. W. POST, Battle Creek, Mich.