

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1893.

NUMBER 3257.

LESSONS OF THE DAY

Samuel Gompers Tells What They Are and Why Applicable.

WRONGS CAUSE OUR PAINS

Metallic Politics Concerning Money Are of Secondary Importance in Comparison With Wages.

Never, in my opinion, have preparations for the fitting celebration of Labor day assumed the proportions of this year's commemoration of the workman's festival. Not only in such metropolitan centers as New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and so forth, in which on September 5th, will be witnessed the most impressive gathering of toilers ever witnessed, but in such comparatively obscure places as Grand Rapids, Mich., and thousands, equally unknown, are workmen preparing to honor the day that is set apart for themselves. In the last-named little city the trades unions have been for some time cooperating energetically for a Labor day demonstration. Gov. John T. Rich is to be one of the orators of the day, as well as the local congressman, while business men, religious bodies, municipal organizations and benevolent orders have been invited to participate. This is as it should be. It is but an earnest of the workman's well founded belief that his prosperity is so indissolubly connected with that of the community that he being well to do everybody else is highly likely to be so as well.

The significance of Labor day seems, from my own observation, to be more realized this year than ever before, yet the outlook is not disconnected even with error. For instance, the financial question, at present uppermost in the minds of Americans, is of secondary importance compared with the condition of the toiler. I don't hesitate to say that the condition of our country, panic-stricken and uncontented as we see it, has nothing to do with national financial policies. The entire present state of affairs is the result purely and simply of the straits to which workmen are reduced. If legislators, thinkers and citizens generally could be brought to perceive this and to unite in some general plan to better our toilers every vestige of panic would disappear as if by magic and the folly of the present agitation over pecuniary standards would be seen in its true colors.

What then is responsible for the present lack of prosperity among all classes except some favored few? First,



SOME MEN ARE DENIED THE RIGHT TO LABOR ALTOGETHER.

the reduction of the amount of human labor necessary to be expended in the production of those things which satisfy human wants, and secondly the unjust regulation of hours of labor which gives to one toiler more work than a single human being can perform with benefit to mental and physical well being and denies to another that opportunity to earn his bread which would seem to be guaranteed to every man by every law both human and divine. I repeat, let these two mal-adjustments of human society be rectified and paucity will become matters of history alone.

At first sight the multiplication of machine power, the great general application of electricity to every kind of human industry, the improvement of tools and the benefits accruing from the exercise of inventing genius, may be deemed ungrudging blessings to the whole community. The cheapening of products, says the political economist, "but brings them within the reach of all." The assertion involves a fallacy. The "cheapening of products" is often but a thinly disguised expression for the cheapening of labor. The workman has not the slightest objection to the cheapening of products. He has the greatest possible objection to the cheapening of his own labor.

Again, to say that cheapening products brings them within the reach of a larger class than ever does not necessarily mean that good will result therefrom. I might cheapen cigarettes and whisky without doing an appreciable amount of good. I might even cheapen coal and cotton, and do a positive amount of harm. If one thousand miners earn three dollars a day, their wages would be reduced to two dollars a day in consequence of a reduction in the price of coal from six dollars to five dollars and fifty cents a ton. Indeed I have known of wage reductions far more sweeping as the result of exceedingly trifling reductions in the price of commodities. Now each of these miners receives six dollars a week less than he did formerly—the price of one whole ton of coal. Therefore, to supply the millionaire, the city man, the homes of the people, in a word, with coal at fifty cents a ton less, one thousand men must go without coal entirely, or at least cut down their rate of living to that equivalent. Now the miners are glad enough that coal is cheaper to the people but they feel that the cheapening has been very dear to them. The burden instead of being equitably distributed has fallen upon one class alone. It is as if a parent were to divide his estate into six equal parts for each of his children and afterwards, remembering his determination, increase

the shares of five of them by taking all away from one.

This case is typical of the wrongs of labor, and it is only due to organization that the employer is not more serf and slaver of the employer than he is at present. That the workmen themselves fully understand this is evidenced by their zeal and interest, never greater than at present, in all labor orders. The American Federation of Labor has not in all its history been more prosperous, more earnestly aggressive in its efforts to help the working masses. On this Labor day the members will be found shoulder to shoulder sustaining each other like patriots and honest men.

There is no lesson of Labor day more impressive than that which its peacefulness affords. We see men who cannot look upon social adjustments of today as equitable to themselves, who feel that their share in the distribution of the world's wealth is not as generous as it should be, yet who, like good citizens, make their appeal to reason



TO SUPPLY THE CITY MAN WITH COAL THE MINERS MUST GO WITHOUT IT ENTIRELY.

and the enlightened fair-mindedness of their countrymen. The man or woman who will feel no interest in the proceedings of this coming holiday deserves, in my opinion, to be stigmatized as un-American. For there is this great difference between workmen and other classes. Workmen are at the foundation of society. Show me that product of human endeavor in the making of which the workman has had no share and I will show you something that society can well dispense with. The grandest artistic conception, the loftiest work of human genius presupposes the workman's co-operation. This would be a platitude but for the necessity of bringing out the fact that the wealthy, the luxurious, the leisure classes, the many who need have no material care for the morrow, owe that state of affairs to the labor of the working thousands. How common should they be, therefore, in all that has to do with the well-being of toilers! Instead of holding themselves aloof they should be a party to every effort for better industrial conditions. When theories that seem false and ideas that are declared dangerous find favorable acceptance among workmen how can the so-called "upper classes" have any influence to correct them when there never seems to exist any sympathy between the rich and the poor? I do not admit that workmen have faith in fallacies. I would simply remind well disposed persons who have the good of the workman at heart that they must not come upon the scene at the last moment and expect to influence men with whose condition and grievances they can have no possible acquaintance. This accounts in my opinion for that conspicuous lack of influence with the working classes exhibited on all occasions by thinkers and teachers.

Another significant Labor day lesson may be learned in the discernment with which the toilers dispose of the twenty-four hours given over to them. They are not employed in dissipation, but in healthful exercise and intellectual improvement. Every organization endeavors to have some man of eminence deliver an address on the questions of the hour. There are debates, readings, conversations on matters of importance in the labor world. In fine the workman wants to learn and (I assure the doubter) can and frequently does teach. No feature of Labor day is more to be commended than its thoroughly American tone. The republic's workers have consecrated this one day in the year to their



THE MERE THINKER WHO HAS NO INFLUENCE WITH THE LABORING CLASSES.

cause and need will they voluntarily have it associated with anything that is not thoroughly patriotic, elevating and inspiring. If every citizen of our country will devote but a few minutes of his time to a consideration of the merits of this new born holiday and of what he can do to make it as pleasant as possible to those in whose name it was set apart, one good at least will be reaped from the lessons of Labor day.

Samuel Gompers

President of the American Federation of Labor.

Not His Specialty.

Distracted Wife—What is the extent of his injuries, doctor? Young Physician—His nerve-centers are highly distracted, madam. Give him one of these powders every hour until— "But his leg—is it broken, doctor?" "As to that, madam, my advice is that you consult a surgeon. Fee for prescription and advice, five dollars." —Chicago Tribune.

How Come Heady?

Mr. Schorb's (reading)—Chinese father means if the baby is not a boy. Little Johnny much interested—Da they have been mothers over there? Good News.

NOT ALL ARE VILE

Paul Bourget Defends the Analytical Novel of Passion.

ITS ALLEGED IMPROPRIETIES

The Psychological Study, Wherein "Mme. Bovary" and Books Like It Are High Types of Art.

When numbers of distinguished minds unite in publicly manifesting antipathy for a certain tendency in art it may be that they secretly despise each other—and this seems to me to be the case with reference to the last to certain detractors of French fiction—but their opinion, even when erroneous, is not to be disregarded; and that is why, without reviewing epigrams too evidently partial or reproaches by far too unjust, I wish to attempt a reply to two or three of the objections most frequently raised against the analytical novel of passion over and above any objections to its production.

That very old form of romance in French literature styled by our forefathers the analytical story—a very simple, very clear and very definite classification—is now known under the far more pedantic and more equivocal name of psychological novel. I say equivocal because this term seems to restrict the study of the human heart, and mind within the limits of a special school or particular cult, whereas that study is of necessity within the province of all literature—and all literature M. Taine has wisely defined as a living psychology. Is not even the freest description of natural scenery a mere transcript of a mental state, a condition of the soul with reference to the observer, and similarly does not the most complicated romance of adventure have to do with some degree of sentiment and experience and, in consequence, does it not form an analysis of the mind and of the soul? Balzac in page after page of analytical writing which still remains too little known—for the pages are of tremendous interest, like all the

view the opponents of the analytical novel of passion seem above all convinced that the various qualities which give to a fictitious narrative the atmosphere of reality are irreconcilable with accurate analysis. They reason about like this: "You pretend to depict passion. Now the primary attribute of the passions is to render out of the question on the part of those whom they dominate any psychological analysis of self. A man who really loves thinks of the object of his passion and not of that passion itself. It was often said to psychologists of the school of Jouffroy, and it can be said with even greater truth to psychologists of fiction: 'We do not stand at the window to see ourselves pass by in the street.' When you set forth so minutely the conditions of mind and soul which lead up to the actions of your characters you substitute yourself for them, without perceiving it, since you depict in them that which they themselves can neither declare nor discern. Life is made up of a semi-obscure, so to speak, of heart, a dumb and unceasing action of blind instinct, a spasmodic self-assertion and spontaneity of movement incompatible with that mental anatomy that is your end and method. For everything that one dissects is dead."

I do not suppose I have lessened the force of the objection in formulating it. It is very specious. Its great defect is its applicability to every form of literary expression as well as to the analytical process. A writer of the impersonal school—Flaubert, for instance, as the least indisputable of all—depicts scenery as a background for the actions of his characters. Mme. Bovary and Frederic Moreau. Does he not exhibit this scenery as he sees it with his artist's eye? Would it have been possible for him, except in the wildest hypothetical case, to have narrated anything but that which had actually come under the notice of the young man and the young woman? Every narrative of an external circumstance is never anything else than the transcript of the impression produced upon ourselves by that circumstance, and invariably a degree of individual interpretation is insinuated into every picture, real or imaginary, however objective it may be. It is indeed the effectiveness of this degree of individual interpretation which is the measure of the success of every artist who aims at presenting an undistorted picture of things as they are. Let us



PAUL BOURGET.

theoretical masterpieces evoked by this great mind whose philosophical gifts equal his imaginative one—has happily denominated stories of analysis "novels of ideas," signifying thereby that their authors were above all concerned with the phenomena of inner life—the interior mental and spiritual existence of men as distinguished from their exterior lives. Even here, however, there is something vague, for this term "novel of ideas" (or of mental phenomena) would seem to be equally applicable to whatever call in French the livre a these. However, it is the older expression, the one with which Sainte-Beuve was satisfied, seems to me the most accurate, especially as it places this sort of books in the series of corresponding works in other departments of literature. This is, for instance, a drama of analysis, of which Racine in tragedy and Marivaux in comedy, to cite only classics, are masters. There is also the poetry of analysis, which has been produced by this very Sainte-Beuve in his admirable "Joseph Delorme," by Baudelaire and by Sully Prudhomme. There are even autobiographies of analysis, among which the "Confessions" of St. Augustine are the venerated type and the "Somnival" of M. Renan form the satirical kind. All these works possess the common characteristic of being especially devoted to the recording of the little facts of consciousness in the psychological sense, the ensemble of which is manifested externally by the shape of passion, determined will and definite action. The intellects of these writers, very unequal and very diverse though they are, seem alike endowed with the faculty of reflective analysis, permitting them all to see in minute detail the entire hidden operation of mental processes. Perhaps the revelation, the unmasking of these obscure recesses of the mind, interests them more than the results of what transpires within these recesses. The chiming of the clock recovers less of their attention than does the action of the mechanism which has brought about the chiming, which has brought about the phenomena of moral and sentimental manifestations that they excel in and delight in without even wishing it—like the great African hunter whose sole desire was to humiliate himself in extinction of a single pest, and not to astonish worldly readers with the subtlety of his mental processes.

even admit that all subjects are not equally worthy of being treated and that all characters are not equally desirable as subjects for treatment in the novel of analysis. But does the fact that an evident limit in this respect exists render advisable the exclusion of forbidden themes under given circumstances? If life in certain human beings and in certain crises manifests itself now as an instinct and again as a spontaneous impulse it also manifests itself in others through phenomena entirely different. It is life none the less on that account. When Phedre is consumed with a criminal desire he dare not acknowledge, when Adolphe is torn by the contention between the fierce impulse of his unbridled youth and his pity for Ellenore, when Amaryllis at twenty-two hesitates amid the suddenly revealed world of action, between faith and love, when Mme. de Morsant soothes the sorrow of her still-living dream in the sweetness of an ever fatal and ever jealous friendship, these people continue to be human beings notwithstanding—their emotional crises all have to do with human life of which the novel of analysis can alone depict the phases and describe the complications. If criticism were entirely just the first question it would put with reference to works of this character would be: Has the instrument been put to a proper use? And it would reject that there is a restrained type of art—effluence in spite of restraint when treated by a competent hand—to reproduce the thousand silent and secret tragedies of the heart, to study the rise, the climax and the wane of certain irrepressible emotions, to recognize and set forth exceptional situations, unusual characters—in fine, every detail of an almost dangerous phase of human nature. This is impossible to the mere novel of morals and manners, or Roman de mœurs, as the French have it. That species of fiction, to be true to itself, must avoid precisely the domain of the psychological and develop its type of humanity through individualities—demonstrate great general laws by means of particular instances. The latter kind of fiction is to the other what a fresco is to portraiture.

Paul Bourget.

GAVE A NEAT PARTY

Miss Harriet Brooks Entertains a Party of Friends.

OTHER LATE SOCIETY EVENTS

Movements of Persons Into and Out of the City—World's Fair Visitors Going and Coming.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brooks of No. 40 North Union street gave an entertainment last evening in honor of the fourth birthday of their only child, Miss Harriet E. Brooks. Mrs. H. D. Minchin assisted Mrs. Brooks in entertaining. Miss Harriet received the gift of a handsome Everett piano from her father and mother. The invited guests were: Jay Fred Lynch of Hannibal, New York; Hazel and Howard Tracy, Mabel and George Reed, Martha Wagner, Ora Clewett, Anna Gatter, James Forbes, Allie Greenwood, Frances Seamon, Maude Herrington, Jennie Goosen, Bessie Smitten, Stanley Smith, George Shepard, Sadie Hunt, Belle Gogon, Grace Barrows, Adah Wade.

Cobweb Party. Miss Clara B. Smith of North Union street gave a cobweb party Thursday night from 8 until 11 in honor of Miss Rose Scavell of Groton, South Dakota, and Harry Pennycuik of Warren Springs, Florida. The webs were woven out and in through the banks of crimson asters in the reception hall and took devious ways through the parlors and the vines of the lighted porch. Miss Lottie Mansour was the first to untangle her web and received in reward a decorated bonbon basket. George Shepard being less dexterous, was consoled with a very green cucumber ornamented with a knot of satin ribbon of the same shade. Some of the other guests were: Miss Louise Hoyt, the Misses Mamie and Kate Baldwin, Maude Haynes, Clarence Shepard and Stanley Smith.

North Park Party. A party of dancers spent the evening at the North park pavilion Tuesday. The company was composed of the Misses Julia Minton, Myrtle Mead, Stella Davis, Dorothy Gertrude Meach, Edith Meach, Nettie Schrouder, Mamie Waters, Amanda Voigt, Myrtle Barkley, Josephine Dykema, Bertha Kutsche, Louise Kutsche, Bessie Walker, Messrs. Bert Voigt, Ernest Clark, Charles Hovey, Lon Ashley, Harry Fairchild, Ben Schrouder, Will Fieboing, Ed Zimmerman, Charles Garrison, Walter Drew, Forrest Loomis, Frank Dykema, Otto Kutsche, Clifford Walker and Mr. Corl.

Complimentary to Miss Steele. The Misses Lily of Cherry street gave a picnic party Monday night in honor of their guest, Miss Steele of Iowa. The guests were: Miss Dexter of Detroit, Miss Coon of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Boltwood, Miss Maggie Strahan, Miss Louise Fitch, Dr. Daniel S. Sinclair, Charles Boltwood, George Fitch and Will Gilbert. Miss Strahan and Dr. Sinclair won the prize, while Miss Steele and Will Gilbert captured the consolations.

Complimentary Supper. In honor of Miss Mamie Bliss of Ann Arbor, Mrs. E. J. Leonard, Miss Mirabel Marsh gave a supper at Reed's lake Tuesday evening. The Misses Mamie Bliss, Elda Lewis, Myrtle Marsh, Gertie Jackson, Mattie LaGrange, Carrie Winans and Messrs. Oberlander, Burns, Drost, Hammond, Dr. Booth and Dr. Winans and nearly twenty others were present.

Mrs. Paddon's Dinner. Mrs. James Paddon of South Union street gave a dinner at her home Thursday afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. Paddon of New York City. The guests were: Mesdames Felling, Stein, Putnam, Virgil, Belcher, Ort, Wilson, Wood, Fox, Stuart and Besancon.

Hill Picnic. About thirty of the residents of the "Hill" held a picnic at Reed's lake Wednesday night. Among the party were Messrs. and Mesdames George Felt, H. M. Reynolds, J. M. Himes, A. H. Knowlson, Claus Orth, A. C. Adair and the Misses Orth.

MATRIMONIAL. Van Valkenberg-May. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. May of No. 58 Lake avenue at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. J. F. Smith married Miss Clara Louise May to Elmer F. Van Valkenberg of Escanaba. Miss Edna Holcomb of Ann Arbor was maid of honor and Alfred Credo of Escanaba accompanied the groom. The bride was attired in cream white albatross and carried a bouquet yellow nasturtiums. The maid of honor was gowned in pale heliotrope. Mrs. Jennie Pacey of Plymouth was present. Mr. and Mrs. Van Valkenberg are now in Chicago, and after October 1 will be at their home in Escanaba.

Clement-Graves. Elmer H. Clement, a young lawyer of Detroit and Miss Florence E. Graves were married by Bishop George D. Gillespie Wednesday evening. The bride is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. B. F. Graves of the Soldiers' home and the wedding was celebrated in the parlors of the residence of that party, Mr. and Mrs. Clement lived Thursday for Detroit, where they will live.

Ring-Id-Thompson. Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. H. V. Daines, No. 150 Jefferson street, the Rev. James Smith married Henry J. Ringold and Miss Carrie L. Thompson. The wedding was attended by relatives and a few intimate friends. The young couple are now in Chicago.

Golden Wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Ryan of No. 75 First avenue were married August 29, 1843, and Tuesday night a large number of their friends and relatives in the city and from abroad assembled at their home to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

Wedding Announcements. Charles E. Richmond and Miss Nellie M. Dodge will be married Thursday, September 14, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Richmond, No. 379 South Lafayette street. Mr. and Mrs. Burley Smith of Attica, New York, have issued invitations to

ANOTHER AVALANCHE FROM OVER THE SEA!

Shiploads of Woolen Dress Goods Taken From the Custom House by Spring & Company.

Last Week's Exhibition of New Fabrics Supplemented by Another Richer, Grander Exposition, Beginning Monday Morning, Sept. 4.

Increased Quantities, High Art Novelties, Retrimmed Windows, Second Invoice of Wraps.



Expectation cannot be set too high regarding the present condition of our store. If other merchants have followed our ideas on buying the looms and mills of the world will sing the merriest song known for years. Isn't this the whole solution of the mooted question? The new goods received during the past few days, and which will be on exhibition all this week, are marvels of the weaver's art.

INSPECT OUR WEST WINDOW.

It has been refilled—yes, flooded, with fresh new novelties to delight lovers of the artistic and the beautiful. Come in and glance down the long aisles walled with the products of Parisian skill and labor, yet the beautiful dress patterns are low priced; not because they are cheap in quality, but because there isn't a manufacturer in the world that would duplicate the goods at a third more than we paid them. A dozen reasons for this, in which you are not interested. Cheapness is not the goal aimed at in our buying, because mere cheapness robs the buyers, cutting the price out of the quality. Our purpose is to distribute only guaranteed goods at the very smallest margin of profit. Harbor these truths in your mind when the hour for purchasing arrives.

THE AUGMENTED CLOAK STOCK

The styles for fall are now in and they make an exquisite ensemble to gaze upon. The garments are more elaborate and richer than ever.

THE INFANTA CAPE

A charming wrap in colors of eminece, tan, green, black and brown, made with umbrella back, 3/4 length, wide collar, mammoth sleeve, edged with seal.

PLUSH MILITARY CAPES.

These beautiful Capes have large, full collars and are edged with Astrachan and stone martin.

A LA PARIS JACKETS.

An exquisite black French cloth Jacket, double breasted, tailor made, lined with changeable silk.

PLAIN JACKETS.

Lined throughout with satin, large collars, pearl buttons, tight fitting, umbrella skirts, edged with velvet, etc.

Price has not been considered in the making of the new styles, even the really economical kinds are elegantly tailored, stylish in appearance and jaunty in every particular. There are hosts of new things in Ladies' outer wraps that cannot be mentioned here. Visit the Cloak stock, first floor rear. Notice display of Fall wraps in east window.

SIDE LIGHTS.

TOILET DEPARTMT.

Kirk's Shandon Bells Soap, worth 25c, at 15c. Kirk's Juvenile Soap, worth 25c, at 15c.

American Bouquet Soap, four cakes for 10c. Four ounces Farina Cologne, per bottle, 25c. Household Ammonia, 7c; four bottles for 25c.

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