PART V.
EIGHT PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

SUMMER RESORTS AND FINANCIAL.

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1906.

"CONFIDENTIAL" NO ASSURANCE OF SECRECY.

Opposite of Talleyrand's Motto in Regard to Burning Letters Necessary if Privacy of Communications Be Secured.

General André's course in publishing in the Paris newspapers day by day a series of the letters which he received from the chief magistrate of the republic, from his colleagues in the Cabinet and from statesmen and officers of every degree during the years which he spent at the great building in the Rue St. Dominique, at Paris, as Minister of War, has excited not merely a storm of indignation, but likewise a considerable amount of discussion as to the impropriety, to use a mild term, of his conduct in the matter. The manifest purpose of André in communicating these letters to the press has been to embarrass not merely the present government, but likewise ex-President Loubet and those members of the Combes administration who compelled him to retire from their councils. In one word, the publication of the correspondence is prompted not by a desire of justification but merely by spite.

The general contends that letters are the property not of the writer, but of the person to whom they are addressed, and that the latter is in no sense bound by the fact of their being marked "Confidential." He asserts that the word in question is of an advisory rather than of an inhibitory nature, and that it is not in any degree binding, unless the recipient of the communication chooses to regard it as such. An agreement between both the writer and the recipient is necessary to endow any letter with a confidential character. Moreover, the general points out that the mere annotation of a letter as "confidential" is not sufficient in the eyes of the law to invest it with the immunities of a privileged communication. Thus, a superscription of this kind would not exempt a slanderous letter from the penalties of the libel laws.

General André's arguments are not of a nature to commend themselves to people possessed of any sense of honor, or even of equity. True, a letter becomes the property of the recipient, but only in a restricted sense. The writer retains an interest in the document, and has a perfect right, not only from a moral but likewise from a legal standpoint, to object to its publication. There can be only one plea put forward in behalf of this misuse of letters, namely, when their publication becomes indispensable to clear the reputation of the recipient, and even this view is discountenanced by many men, who would prefer to suffer rather than to exculpate themselves by means of what they regard as a disgraceful violation of the unwritten laws of honor.

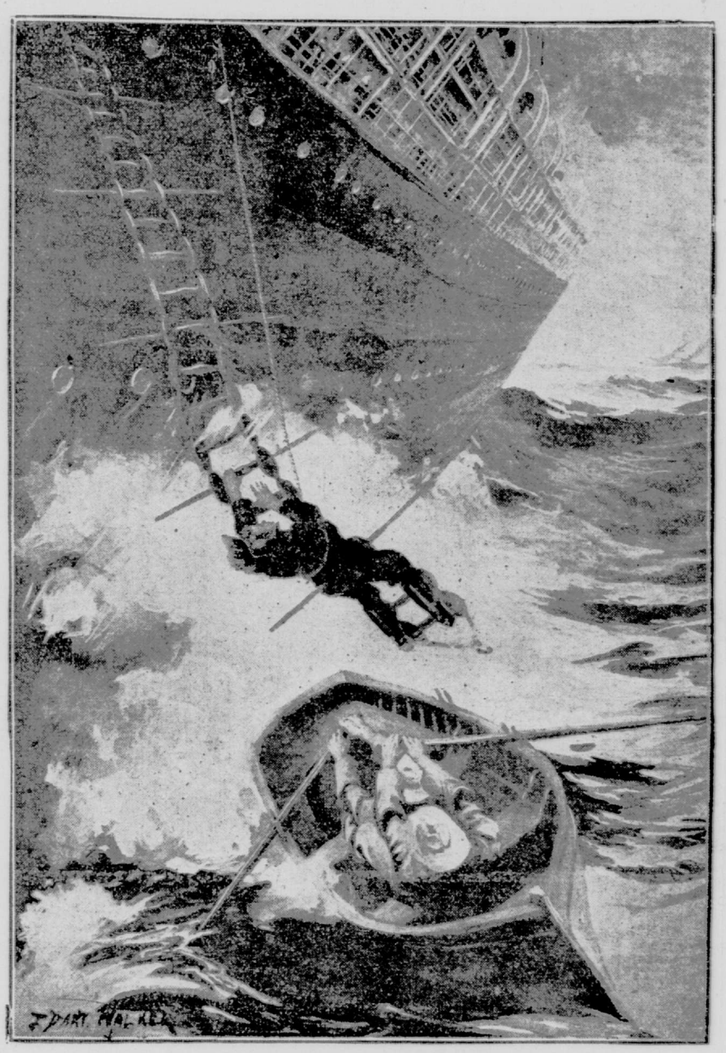
Of course, the temptation of a man when attacked to confound his adversary by publishing letters of the latter of a more or less compromising nature is very strong. That is why so many persons make a point of destroying all the letters which they receive, so as to protect themselves from being led by a fit of momentary exasperation into making what they at other times would regard as a dishonorable use of confidential correspondence. It is a good rule to follow, and one which would go far to restore the art of letter writing to its former excellence. For nowadays people have become so much afraid as to the possible use that might be made of their epistolary communications, and so alarmed lest they should pass out of the possession of those to whom they are addressed into the hands of strangers, that they write as little as possible, restricting themselves to what is absolutely necessary, and refraining from the expression of those opinions which contribute to make correspondence interesting. Of course, breaches of confidence such as those perpetrated by General André are apt to furnish much material of an extremely interesting character to the press, throwing light, as they do, on the inner workings of the administration of the government. But it is a pity, on the whole, that newspapers lend themselves to such revelations, which do not conform to notions of fair play, and have more in common with the practice popularly known as hitting below the belt. In the general's case, the offence, which he could not have perpetrated without the co-operation of the newspapers, was doubly great. For he not only violated the ethics of an officer and a gentleman, but also rendered himself guilty of the betrayal of secrets which can only be regarded as official. Indeed, the attitude of the present government in refraining from taking any action against him in this connection has given rise to the belief that, as in the case of Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of ex-President Grévy, the authorities are afraid to proceed against him lest he should make still more embarrassing revelations. Daniel Wilson, it may be remembered, not only kept every letter which he received while chairman of the Budget Commission of the National Legislature, but likewise availed himself of his position as son-in-law of the Chief Magistrate, and of his residence as such at the Elysée Palace, to secure from the Department of the Interior and from the Prefecture of Police copies of the "dossiers" of all the leading public men in France. When indicted on charges of fraud in connection with what is now known as the Legion of Honor scandal, he managed to escape all punishment, owing to his threat of publishing the letters and the dossiers of the men then at the head of affairs in France.

Some years ago the wisdom of destroying all the letters that one receives was brought home with peculiar force by the publication of a book on the Second Empire, bearing the name of "M. de Lano" as author, and containing a quantity of confidential letters and notes addressed to the Marquis de Massa by Princess Pauline Metternich, the Countess Edmond de Pourtales, the Marquise de Gallifet, the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild and other women. The marquis, now president of the ultra-smart Parisian club known as the Epatant, was the playwright, dramatist and stage manager of that brilliant troupe of amateur actors and actresses that was wont to occupy the stage in the private theatres of the imperial palaces of Compiègne, St. Cloud and of the Tuileries. The letters, innocent enough as far as they went, related almost exclusively to the roles which the fair correspondents of the marquis were to fill in this and that piece. But they were characterized, one and all, by a mode of expression as well as by evidence of a train of thought which can be excused only on the ground that the refinement of the great ladies in question was temporarily blunted by the peculiar atmosphere of the imperial court. Some of the letters, moreover, contained most uncomplimentary and unfriendly references to Napoleon III, and especially to Empress Eugenie, and, altogether, their publication presented in a somewhat annoying light to the public women whom old age, bereavement and infirmity had invested with a halo of sympathy and respect bordering on veneration. The printing of these letters naturally had the effect of bringing down a regular hornets' nest upon the shoulders of the Marquis de Massa in the shape of bitter reproaches from those who had formerly interpreted the various roles of his plays, and who demanded how it was possible to be guilty of such a shameful breach of confidence as to place their correspondence at the disposal of the most scurrilous of all the many scurrilous writers concerning the court of Napoleon III. M. de Massa at once replied that he was entirely innocent, in so far that he had never given away to any one the letters in question. He added that they had disappeared from his chateau in Touraine soon after the war of 1870. In the course of the war the chateau had been occupied by the Germans and subject to a considerable amount of pillage and devastation, so much so that on the restoration of peace the marquis decided to get rid of the place, and sold it. Whether the correspondence in question was appropriated by the Germans or whether it was forgotten at the time of the sale and was permitted to fall into the hands of the purchaser the marquis declared it impossible to say. But with the view of clearing himself in the eyes of his once fair friends of any suspicion of voluntary participation in the printing of the letters he brought suit against both the author and the publishers of the book and succeeded in stopping its sale. This was, of course, not sufficient to appease the wrath of the women in question, who had just cause for complaint of the carelessness that the marquis had displayed in reference to their correspondence. The latter, I need hardly add, had never been intended for publication. The letters had been merely dashed off in the impetuous, impulsive way so common to women, especially to those of France and Austria. But indiscretions of the pen are by no means confined to the weaker sex of these two countries. There are few people in this world who can boast of never having written anything that they regretted afterward. Hasty utterances are quickly forgotten and pass into oblivion. But hasty writing remains, unless we adopt special measures with a view to the destruction of those hurried notes, those mere scraps of paper that are liable to develop into such a source of trouble, worry, and even misery, later on in life.

Few people exercise a more commendable caution with regard to their correspondence than King Edward, whose experience as a man of the world is probably superior to that of any other reigning monarch. He seldom writes, save to the most favored and most trusted friends, while he adopts the most elaborate safeguards to prevent any kind of papers concerning himself falling into the hands of strangers. He is prompted in the matter by a vivid recollection of the vast sums of money which it cost Queen Victoria to recover possession of letters calculated to affect the memory of her father, the Duke of Kent, and of other of the older members of the reigning house of England. Among the precautions adopted by the King is a sort of rule that members of the royal household should invariably appoint colleagues to take charge, as executors in case of their death, of the disposal of their papers and property, with the object of preventing anything calculated to compromise their master and mistress from falling into bad hands. Thus, when General Sir Christopher Teesdale died, some years ago, after having been an equerry of the King since the formation of the latter's household, before his trip to the United States, it was found that the will contained directions that all the private papers, and especially those having reference in any way whatsoever to the affairs of the then Prince or Princess of Wales, should be destroyed, or else placed in their hands. And with the object of providing for the fulfilment of these directions, the general named as his executor Lord Carrington, a nobleman who is one of the oldest friends of the King, and who for nearly thirty years was a member of his household. Tyrwhitt Wilson, another of King Edward's equerries, who died some years ago, was likewise careful to appoint Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, as executor of his will.

When one reflects on the dangers that are risked by the possibility of confidential papers falling into hostile hands, when one recalls the dismay and distress caused to Queen Victoria by the frightfully indiscreet publication in Germany of all the confidential letters which her husband, the Prince Consort, had addressed during the twenty years that elapsed between his marriage and his death, to his only brother, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, and when one remembers the vast sums which the reigning houses of almost every country in Europe have been compelled to pay to avert the publication of confidential correspondence of a similar character, it will be readily seen that no precaution can be too thorough and complete. Of course the most efficacious protection of all is that required nowadays by the laws of chivalry and of honor—namely, to burn all such letters.

EX-ATTACHE.



SAFEGUARDING THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.
A perilous moment in a pilot's career—climbing aboard a vessel entering New York Harbor in a rough sea.
(Drawn by T. Dart Walker for "The Illustrated London News.")

RECALLS EARLIER WRECK.

Central's Pacific Express in Accident at Same Place.

The recent disaster to the New York Central's Pacific Express, which ran into a landslide a mile south of New Hamburg, causing the death of the engine crew, recalls a much more frightful wreck which occurred to the same train at the same spot more than thirty-five years ago. On the night of February 6, 1871, an oil train of twenty-four loaded tank cars, was approaching the New Hamburg station when an axle on the tenth car snapped and the body of the car was thrown across the down track on the bridge over Wappinger's Creek before the train could be stopped. The Pacific Express was then due (it was 11 o'clock, within twenty minutes of the present schedule for that train), and before it could be signalled to stop it rushed into sight (it consisted of eight sleeping cars and a combination baggage and smoker), and crashed into the oil car lying in its path. An explosion followed, according to the accounts of some eyewitnesses, and the oil in several of the tanks was ignited. The beams of the bridge caught fire and presently broke, dropping the locomotive and two coaches through the ice into the river below.

A more horrible accident can scarcely be imagined. It combined, said a Tribune editorial, all the worst forms of railroad slaughter—death by collision, by fire and by drowning. Nearly fifty lives were lost, and although bodies were recovered from the river they were so mutilated that identification was impossible. Sickening details are plentiful in the accounts of the accident, and, as always, a few plainly stated facts. For example, the body of the engineer was found in the cab of his locomotive, where it lay on the river bottom. Both his legs had been severed and his head had been crushed in, but one of his hands grasped the throttle, which he had thrown back. His name was Edward Simmons, "but," explained the fireman who had saved himself by jumping, "we generally called him 'Doc'." A mother, holding two children in her arms, was recovered. She was frightfully burned, but the two children scarcely at all, although they had been drowned, for the mother had wrapped her clothing around them.

It is related that "a competing road bought copies of the 'extras' describing the horror, and posted them on its office window." There was no mention, however, of a similar advertisement when the same train came to grief, on the same spot, a few days ago.

CUT DOWN FLAGSTAFF.

Excursion Boat Is Deprived of This Feature by Accident.

"Who did, who did, who did, swallow Jonah?" the popular college song, might be paraphrased, "Who did, who did, who did hit the freighter?" and the same reply, "Whale did, whale did, whale did," would be appropriate for an incident on a recent evening off the Battery.

As the iron steamboat Cetus came into Pier 1 her bow ran so close to the big Hamburg-American freight steamer Prince Waldemar that the flagstaff on the bow of the Cetus was bent far out of perpendicular. As Cetus, whence the word cetacean, is the Latin for whale, the appropriateness of the quotation "Whale did" is obvious.

Before the excursion boat resumed her voyage down the bay there was a colloquy of her officers in regard to what should be done with the flagstaff. The decision was reached to dispense with its services, lest it had been so much injured that it might fall and do injury to some one. So the passengers thronging the upper deck of the Cetus were hurriedly ordered back to leave a clear space at the bow. Some of the deckhands of the big Hamburg-American freighter, just in from Colima with a cargo of bananas, the unloading of which had left her high out of water, threw a rope from their deck about the middle of the pole, which was about thirty feet long, and a man on the Cetus, with a handsaw, undertook to cut off the six-inch pole. But the swaying of the vessel made the task so difficult that when a spectator suggested, "Get an ax," the suggestion was speedily followed, and with a short-handle ax a deckhand began to chop. In ragged fashion the chips flew from both sides as the hacking went on, until an onlooker suggested that it must be the Hackensack boat.

Finally a warning cry from above told the chopper that the pole would fall, and he sprang down as it cracked and splintered off. Held by the rope, the severed pole was lowered into the water, where it floated alongside the pier as the excursion boat went down the bay without a flag flying to the fore.

A TUSKEGEE FOR WHITES.

Appeal Made for Funds to Aid School in Alabama.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: May I call the attention of your readers to the work of the Camp Hill (Alabama) Industrial Institute for the education of white youth? There are doubtless many of your readers who would be glad to assist enterprises of this character if they knew more about conditions at the South. According to the census of 1900 there were 415,802 white men of voting age who could neither read nor write. This constitutes quite two-thirds of the white voting illiteracy of the country. There are also upward of 500,000 illiterate white women in the old slave states. It is almost beyond belief that nearly one million of our race south of Mason's and Dixon's line can neither read nor write.

In Alabama 85 per cent of the people live in the country. This includes both races. The average number of persons throughout the state to a square mile is thirty-five. With these sparsely settled communities and the great dearth of money and the maintenance of separate schools it were well-nigh impossible to develop anything like an effective school system.

Having studied the situation and realizing in some degree the pathos and tragedy of it all, I established in the fall of 1898 an industrial school for white youth of slender means on the Hampton and Tuskegee plan, hoping in small measure to meet a real need. We give practical instruction in English branches and provide various productive industries, such as farming, dairying, gardening, fruit raising, brickmaking, sawmilling, carpentering, cooking, sewing and laundering. The first money was given by the people of the community where the school is situated. They gave $4,000, and $4,000 additional has been given by friends living more remotely at the South. We have now four hundred acres of land, with two large buildings which were erected entirely by student labor. These, with tools and apparatus, constitute a plant worth nearly $28,000. Upon this there is a debt of $10,000, which Herbert Welsh, of Philadelphia, has set himself the task of raising. The school is undenominational and has helped upward of three hundred youth during the eight years of its history. During this time more than seven hundred youth have been refused because of the lack of means.

Last year there were eighty-six students and seven teachers. Many more students could have been taught had there been more room. One of our large buildings is used for classroom purposes and the other as a girls' dormitory. Through the kindness of a friend in Philadelphia our students are now erecting a second dormitory for girls. The boys are lodged in several small buildings. We need a suitable building for boys, costing $10,000. We need also for our current expenses for the year ensuing $10,000. Checks may be made payable to our treasurer, H. C. Woodby, or to myself. The school is indorsed by I. W. Hill, State Superintendent of Education at Montgomery, and by Booker T. Washington.

The question is often asked if the students do anything to help themselves. Two years ago two boys came to us from North Carolina on $50 scholarships provided by friends of the school. This summer they have both notified me that they will be able to take care of themselves next year quite independently of any outside help. They have brought this about by working vacations and the practice of great economy. These are not isolated cases.

LYMAN WARD, Principal.

Camp Hill, Ala., July 28, 1906.

EVEN STRIKES HAVE THEIR HUMOROUS SIDE OCCASIONALLY

It May Not Be Apparent to Employer or Employe but It Is There—Some Instances That Prove the Proposition.

Strikes are usually serious things. They mean financial loss to employers and men, destruction of life and property, higher prices to consumers, industrial anarchy that sometimes rocks the state. But even gravedigging has its cheerful side, and the American people, who were cracking earthquake jokes a week after San Francisco's fall, delight to scan the ridiculous features of strikes. Personal inconvenience or peril seems to add zest to the national propensity. Who did not get off a vegetarian pun during the last meat "famine," and what New Yorker failed to extract a jest from a ride atop of a streetcar in the subway mix-up?

The ways and means of strikes are more irregular, therefore having a larger by-product of humor. The employer does not know what sudden whim or passing fancy might cause his men to march out. A hot day, the arrival of the circus, the words of a horny handed Demosthenes who has been on a spree, may shut down the works. To strike or not to strike is often debated in uproarious council and often decided by the flip of a coin. Foundrymen have thrown a shovel in the air and made an omen of its fall on the sand.

But such things happen more rarely to-day than they used to. The machinery for declaring industrial war threatens to become as complex and slow moving as the legislative system of the country. Now there is often more debate and negotiation than fighting, as witness the recent coal miners' affair. If a grievance develops, the shop officer reports to the president of the local union, who appeals to the business agent of the district. If the business agent and other district officers fail to secure an adjustment, the local union votes a tentative strike. But the national organization must give a sanction, after having failed in turn to make a settlement. The national officers often deny approval, and, siding with the employer, compel the local union to go back to work, under penalty of losing their charter. Thus the desires of individual hotheads are checked by the cool judgment of national leaders, who aim at the general welfare of the trade.

Music lovers found some profit and amusement in the strike of chorus singers at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, when golden prima donnas and costly tenors took the places of $18 a week choristers. Herr Conried tore his hair. Mme. Eames made an impassioned appeal to the recalcitrant warblers. It did not add to the Herr Direktor's repose to think of a similar mutiny of opera choristers in Amsterdam, who, protesting against Sunday rehearsals, got the theatrical cobblers to quit in sympathy. But the audience held it an improvement to have an all-star cast, and perhaps would have developed a luxurious taste that would have ruined the management if the strike had lasted. Richard Wagner, strolling in the Elysian Fields, is said to have remarked:

"At last they are giving me an adequate performance."

A WAITERS' WALKOUT.

A mysterious walkout of waiters occurred recently in Brooklyn at the hotel where three hundred Methodist ministers met in an annual conference. The waiters, paid at the usual rate, asked for extra money, and, not getting it, departed in a body. A second force was engaged, and very shortly they, too,

Folded their aprons like Arabs
And silently stole away,

leaving the clergy in imminent peril of famine. Did the waiters happen to be Presbyterians? Was a physical plague or a spiritual contamination feared by the garçons, who hesitated not to serve saloonkeepers and tainted money kings? The ministers felt hurt. Neither theology nor experience seemed able to indicate the cause of this unjust discrimination. A hundred years ago it might have passed for a Popish plot or the entrance of numerous devils into the tray jugglers' bodies. A waiter, however, made everything clear and simple by saying:

"The preachers never give us tips; see? That's the trouble."

In the St. Louis car strike several hundred spectators were delighted to see the home discipline which a non-union motorman received. He had been a member of the union, but had withdrawn from it, while his tall and athletic wife remained true to the principles of the closed shop. The man went to work, undeterred by threats and missiles. He made one trip and was starting on the second from the car barns when his wife, armed with a barrel stave, called out:

"Don't you scab it any more, Jim."

"Guess I have a right to work," said Jim, iterating the maxim of abstract moralists.

Without more words the irate wife seized him by the collar, jerked him from the platform and applied the barrel stave vigorously in the place where a child gets the slipper. Jim saw a light and reformed, while his wife was elected an honorary member of the union.

Women are ever coming to the front as able and ingenious strikers. On the East Side some time ago a body of girl toilers, armed with hatpins, charged and routed the police force. England reports a hundred feminine clothing workers who, failing to persuade the men to go out in sympathy, stood guard at the factory entrance and let none but the clerks enter. One man tried to get in, and in a jiffy his face was clawed and his clothes were torn from his back.

Appeal to the goddess of chance was revived in a hodcarrying difficulty in Hudson County, N. J., this spring. The arbitration committee of the union and employers could not agree on the use of the wheelbarrow and endless belt. Although the higher wage scale of $3 a day for hodcarriers and $3.25 for plasterers' assistants had been practically conceded, the wheelbarrow versus the hod made a deadlock. An umpire was decided to be necessary, and a coin was flipped to select the umpire. The employers won the toss. Unfortunately, the men did not regard the head-and-tail decision as sacred, and forthwith went on strike. It is not known whether the national officers approved this welching conduct. Perhaps they thought that the coin was loaded.

STRIKE FOR LEMONADE.

It is reported that a force of Pittsburg carpenters and builders quit work because the boss refused to supply any more lemonade. "I gave you lemonade once," said the employer, "and you drank yourselves sick. Next thing you'll be calling for ice cream soda and Havana cigars. No, sir, I won't arbitrate—except on ice water." The officer of the union searched the bylaws diligently, but, not finding any reference to lemonade, ordered the men back to work on a plain diet of ice water.

That blind men can see their way to strike was shown in Philadelphia, when 150 sightless broommakers walked out on a demand for higher wages. They had a street parade, led by a one-eyed member, the proverbial monarch among the unseeing. It is said there was no trouble about picketing the shops, because the blind have naturally acute ears, and the tip-tap of non-union walking sticks was detected a block away. Public sympathy happily brought about arbitration before unseemly combats could occur between "them that walk in darkness."

The blind strike might be compared with an alleged deaf and dumb imbroglio in Australia, where unionists give the password on their fingers and riotous language was used without the utterance of a syllable. One may imagine a court injunction against violent wriggling of the thumb and unlawful crooking of the little finger. "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" says a Montagu partisan in "Romeo and Juliet."

A dozen New York schoolboys employed by the Edison Electric Company to turn on the arc lights from the Battery to 8th street quit work the other day because their wages were not raised from $2.50 to $3 a week. Under the leadership of spokesman Jack Healy they argued that it was no cinch to "switch on the glims" at 6 p. m. and get up at 3:30 o'clock in the morning to turn them off. The corporation stood firm, and hired others, whereupon the dauntless lads, unafraid of police and the plunging of a great city in darkness, followed the non-union force and turned off each arc light. It is not commonly known that each one of a thousand street electric lights has to be separately attended. The old method of a central switch at the power house imperilled the lighting of an entire district in case of a break anywhere.

A factory owner in Cleveland averted trouble with his girl employes by the exercise of wise and uncommon diplomacy. They were in a hot state of dudgeon over some grievance, and nothing would satisfy them that the owner was minded to yield.

"This office is too warm for a conference," said the wily man; "let's go over to that ice cream parlor, and I'll treat you while we talk it over."

After the second plate of vanilla and strawberry cream, the girls voted that the boss was too nice a man to quarrel with. An agreement was reached quickly.

CAIN THE FIRST STRIKER.

George F. Baer, the coal and railway magnate, had a bright thought the other day, when he said that "Cain was the first striker, and he killed Abel because Abel was the more prosperous fellow." A unionist replies that Jacob, who cheated his brother, fooled his father and swindled his father-in-law, was a fair type of the early capitalist.

The official executioners of Canton, China, once had a grievance that threatened to paralyze the industry of separating the heads of criminals from their bodies. They threw down their swords, saying that a man could not support his family decently at the rate of 25 cents a head. It was all right, sometimes, but there was a dull season when cases were appealed, and few beheading crimes were being committed. The choppers asked for a higher minimum for piece work, or a regular salary computed on the basis of average busy weeks. The mandarin to whom they complained replied that if they did not get back to the block he would guarantee immediate activity in the trade. Smiling with an effort at his amiable jest, the headsmen said no more, and went back to work.

The alleged reason why the stokers mutinied on an American steamship is that the cook set forth boiled potatoes instead of mashed potatoes. An equally slight cause is recorded for the walkout of four hundred miners in Ohio—a well beloved mule named Jim was arbitrarily transferred from the pit where it had toiled many years. The mule and the men were victorious.

When the machinists called a general strike for shorter hours in 1901, the owner of a shop in Atlanta congratulated himself that there were no unionists in his employ. But there happened to be just one out of several hundred, and this man, after holding a meeting in his varied capacities as steward of the chapel, president of the local and walking delegate of the district, appointed himself a grievance committee, marched to the office and delivered an ultimatum.

"I guess we'll have to grant your demands as a reward for nerve," said the employer. The solitary union man in fact had his wages raised 25 cents a day.

EMPLOYER WALLED UP.

Artistic in a different way and recalling Balzac's story of "La Grande Breteche," in which a husband immures his wife's paramour, was the action of fifty-four Paris masons who had quit work because their wages were overdue. The men were lounging around the unfinished building when the boss appeared. "Let's wall him up," cried some one, and seizing the unlucky man they hustled him into the temporary office and proceeded to fill all openings with bricks and mortar. Half a hundred gendarmes came to the rescue, but made no headway against a vast crowd of sympathetic spectators and the angry masons armed with trowels and hoes. After the employer had been imprisoned nine hours without food and water the men's wages were paid and the wall came down.

Moulders employed in an iron foundry near New York went out in a peculiar way about a month ago. They had been in the habit of quitting on hot days, circus time or when the spirit moved, but signed an agreement last year not to continue this irresponsible course. However, through force of habit they began to loaf one hot morning recently, and while waiting the expected permission to quit, an ex-soldier moulder put the apprentices through a military drill, with skimmers for rifles. The foreman came and reproved the drillmaster, who chose to fancy that he was discharged. The entire force of men walked out in sympathy, stayed out two weeks and only returned on the threat of the national union that their local charter would be taken away. This case of stubborn foundrymen is matched by another, where all hands in despite of union rules stopped work because of the introduction of Italian laborers.

An apparent non sequitur was the temporary extinction of the newspapers in Cork, Ireland, when the stokers at the gas works went on strike. The simple reason was that the newspapers were set by linotype machines, which depend on gas to heat the melting pots.

The employes of a large factory in Dayton, Ohio, placed an odd embargo on the main entrance of the establishment because it was provided with non-union locks. The several hundred men refused to pass the tainted portal and for some weeks went in Indian file through a narrow side door at considerable expense of time and trouble.

Australia, Holland and Italy have faced anomalous situations in great strikes when the militia, composed of socialists and working men, has been called out to guard the public against their own violence. A librettist might find inspiration in this theme of strikers suppressing themselves.

The humorous possibilities of a general strike of chauffeurs, leaving people stranded in mountain solitudes and backwoods villages, remain to be developed. But perhaps the quitting propensities of motors already furnish all the chagrin to owners and amusement to spectators that could reasonably be expected.

AN AID TO LONGEVITY.

It is well known that the average length of human life has been considerably prolonged in the last century owing to a better understanding and better fulfilment of private and public hygienic conditions. Few, however, attain old age, especially that of 100 years or more, and among these very few enjoy all their physical and mental powers. Professor Metchnicoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, shows the causes of decreptitude, of premature weakening. He demonstrates that certain cells constituting the human organism become mutinous and devour the nobler cells of the body. He points out a special danger, the intestinal germs and the poisons or toxine elaborated thereby, which penetrate the system and cause the hardening and degeneration of tissues. The professor goes further and says that man can educate and improve these intestinal germs and their toxins. The most practical and easy way is, said he, to drink a beverage which contains the germs of lactic acid fermentation, whose antagonism to the bad germs he has demonstrated.