

A. F. L. TO WORK FOR 8-HOUR DAY

Convention Urges All Laborers to Fight for Principle

WILSON PRAISED FOR HIS STAND

Delegate Says President "Sensed Feeling Better" than Union Men

Baltimore, Nov. 25.—All workers, organized and unorganized, were strongly urged to concentrate their efforts to win an eight-hour workday at the earliest possible time in a committee report adopted by the American Federation of Labor convention to-day.

The report pledged "the unwavering support of the American labor movement to the eight-hour principle." It recommends that a special committee be appointed to confer on the subject with the organized employers of the transportation companies and report before the next annual convention of the federation in Buffalo.

Three resolutions for a universal eight-hour day by both industrial and legislative action had been referred to the resolutions committee, whose report was submitted as a substitute. Mayor-elect Thomas Van Lear of Minneapolis, Minn., an international organizer for the Machinists' Union, in urging that the convention commit itself to legislative action, declared that "the President of the United States has sensed the feeling of the workers better than we have."

The federation unanimously re-elected the following officers: President, Samuel Gompers; vice-presidents, James Duncan, James O'Connell, D. A. Hayes, Joseph F. Valentine, John R. Alpine, H. B. Perham, Frank Duffy, William Green; treasurer, John H. Lennon; secretary, Frank Morrison.

British Unions Protest Against Colored Labor

London, Nov. 25.—Trade unionism, which has been growing informally at the prospect of the introduction of colored labor in Great Britain since the proposition was first mooted, has now made a formal protest. The National Transport Workers' Federation, one of the largest unions, has passed a long resolution condemning certain proposals of the government affecting labor. The resolution says in part: "The federation's executive hopes that the authorities will not be so ill advised as to attempt the introduction of any class of colored labor on the docks or other waterside places of employment. In the existing crisis to think of employing colored labor would mean the recrudescence of all the trouble and discontent experienced by the increased employment of Chinese in the mercantile marine."



Sensible Footwear

Footwear that is smart-looking, built on long lasts, perfect fit and serviceability with each pair—That is the footwear we sell. Color effects and combinations now the vogue in welted or turned soles; leather or Louis XV. heels. \$5.50 to \$8. The Century Girl—style and serviceability in gray suede. \$8. Spats, now most fashionable, in desirable shades, 98c. to \$3.

Match your holiday attire now while color combinations and size-ranges are complete! Bloomington's 102th to 106th St. Lex. to 3d Av.

Hunger and Suffering Make Germans Desperate

have no difficulty, but I am told to report again the day before leaving Berlin. My police visits, in themselves, make a story. At each new city you must pay these officials a visit. These gentlemen vary in their interest. Sometimes they want your life history, at others ten minutes suffice. The visit of departure is always more trying than that of arrival. Then you must state where you are going, to what hotel and what your plans are. There is no chance for elopements. A single lady is perfectly chaperoned.

From the police I proceed to the American Embassy. American embassies in war time are discouraging places. Their attitude usually is, "Why are you here? You'll only make us trouble. You'd better go straight home." However, I have a young friend in the embassy. I impress upon him the fact that I am not going home. "I shall," I declare, "visit the police regularly, break no rules, cause no trouble, but I'm in search of the truth, and as a free American citizen I mean to talk to every one I can from the Kaiser to Liebknecht." He thinks the Kaiser safer than Liebknecht. "You'll be watched every moment," he says, "and the authorities won't let you see anything they don't want you to."

As I leave the embassy I hesitate. The idea of spies is disconcerting. The first person I want to visit is a woman who is a member of the Social Democratic party. My errand is harmless; she speaks English and I want her to act as interpreter and teach me German. I pursue a zigzag course, and, having doubled on my tracks, take a taxi to her home.

Spies Are Unmistakable On this occasion I elude pursuit, but to do so continuously is impossible. The funny thing about German spies is that they dress for the part. They are as unmistakable as Sherlock Holmes. They nearly always wear gray clothes, a soft gray hat, are pale-faced, shifty-eyed, smooth shaven, or have only a slight mustache, and carry canes.

One night my friend and I lead them a chase about the city until midnight. We jump from one car to another. It proves an exciting new game. Once we go up to a gray-clad man and ask him if he isn't tired. But spies grow angry when spoken to. German officials have no sense of humor. If they had I wonder if there would have been a war.

I feel very sorry for one spy. He stands on the street corner in the rain one day from 3 in the afternoon until 9 in the evening. I go out periodically to see if he is there. I simply cannot take him seriously. My friend and I get into gales of laughter. I want to go out and invite him in to tea. He looks so miserable. But he would never understand. My friend lives in an apartment house. He probably still doesn't know who I am. I insist on relieving his mind. I get my friend to walk with me to the Adlon so she can be exhibited. She thinks it is dangerous, but we are doing no harm, and surely one cannot be arrested for talking to a Social Democrat. My friend's husband goes ahead to see what fate befalls us. He sits on a bench under a big tree directly opposite the hotel entrance.

Sure enough, there is a gray-clad spy waiting to the hotel porter. As my friend and I approach the porter jerks the spy's arm. "Here she comes," he says. It is terribly exciting. I feel as important as a heroine in a dime novel. I am almost tempted to enter into some plot. It must be so disappointing to these gentlemen to find me vibrating between the German Red Cross, the poor and plans for feeding German babies!

But before I leave Germany the spies get on my nerves. What was at first amusing becomes a nuisance. I feel exactly as though I am in prison. I acquire the habit of looking out of the corner of my eye and over my shoulder. These spies are as annoying to their countrymen as to me. The people detest them. They grow restless under such suppression. Free conversation is impossible, except behind closed doors. Between German spies and the spies of other countries supposed to be at large, public conversation is at a standstill. Everywhere are signs: "Soldaten"—"Vorsicht bei Gesprächen spionagefahr."

For several days I wonder about Berlin, letting my impressions sink in. There is, as I have said, activity, but it is the activity of a bygone day or a country town. Nowhere are there shining new taxis, prancing horses and laughing people. The taxis are the refuse from the front. They toss and bump you about. The carriages have been resurrected from the past. The horses are chiefly German, and are at a standstill. Poor things! I often gave in their dinner pails. They never had anything but chopped straw.

People Have Too Little to Eat As for the people, there is a sombre grayness about them. They are thin. I didn't see a big girl anywhere. Germany is stomachless. It isn't that people have nothing to eat, but all except the very rich have too little. The food they have isn't the right kind. During the summer there seemed to be plenty of vegetables, fruit and a fair supply of black bread, but this without grease, sugar or meal does

not satisfy digestion. It's like trying to run a wagon without oil. It begins to creak. The German race begins to creak. As a whole it is pale, thin and supple-eyed. Sooner or later a crisis is inevitable. Whether when it comes the desperate people will join the von Tirpitz group and it will be one of ugly retaliation or an internal awakening and evolution depends on the attitude of the neutrals and on the civil population suffer. The front line trenches may be well fed, but the men home on leave or in barracks are noticeably thin. They are pale, weary and without appetite. They also have no stomachs. There is a popular saying among them: It goes as follows: "Dorgermeise, Trocken Brot, Marmelade, Heidekraut, which translated reads: Dried vegetables, dry bread, marmalade and a hero's death. Soldiers are everywhere in Berlin. They are always coming and going. The cripples are not allowed upon the streets, but nervous wrecks are plentiful.

Farewell Scenes Harrowing In spite of the concealment of the wounded the population begins to understand its loss. One night I go to the station to see a big detachment leave for Wilms. They had all been in war before. Their uniforms are dirty and patched. They sit on benches clinging to a loved one's hand or stand in listless groups. No one talks. They are like tired children. They need food and bed. The scenes of farewell are harrowing.

Here is a young boy saying goodbye to a mother and three aunts. He is all they have—their whole life. Here a father is saying farewell to a wife and three sons under seventeen. Or a mother in deep mourning taking leave of her last son, or a young wife with a baby in her arms giving a last embrace. As the train moves out of the station there are no shouts, no cheers, no words of encouragement. Instead, there is a deadly silence. The men lean out of windows stretching despairing hands toward loved ones. As the train pulls away the little groups break into straggling mobs. They are shaken as by a mighty tempest, nervousness of grief rend and tear them. They know the end has come. A man may go once into battle and return, but not twice and thrive. Life holds no hope. As I come away I step before the big building which conducts military affairs. It is known as the "House of Sorrow." On its rear wall is posted the list of dead and wounded.

Study Death Lists at Night The night is dark and still, but by the rays of an electric arc a few stragglers are running anxious fingers down the long lists. I stop to count the number. The report covers five days' casualties (from August 17 to August 21). By mistake, names are occasionally repeated, drop out several thousand to allow for repetitions. Even then the total of dead, wounded or missing is 44,000—a city almost as big as Binghamton wiped out in five days. The Socialists estimate that two and a half to three million men in Prussia alone have been killed, wounded or are missing. No wonder the soldiers are desperate.

When the men march to the station on the way to the front bands play gay national airs to hide the depression. But music cannot cheer the populace stands silent on the sidewalk. Occasionally a tear trickles down a cheek. The soldiers keep eyes front, faces set and rigid. There are no comforting smiles, no cheers, no waving hands. One evening at midnight as I cross the Tiergarten I pass a small procession of new recruits. Midnight, my friend tells me, is the favorite hour for seizing fresh food for cannon. There is something sinister in choosing dark hours, when the city sleeps, for this deed. On this occasion the recruits number a hundred or two. Their eyes vary. They might be fathers and sons.

Women at Work Everywhere Such is the fate of the men, nor is life any better for the women. They are to be seen everywhere; in the streets digging and cleaning sewers; on the road with pickaxe and shovel, helping Russian prisoners carry rail-road tracks in the suburbs, clad in bloomers, acting as train starters; on the trains, wearing husbands' motor coats and coats. At night they come home to hungry children and empty stoves. Their tiny savings go for bread and potatoes.

The day laborers cannot frequent city feeding kitchens. They cannot afford it. Berlin prepared to feed 35,000. Last winter 13,000 died at the grounds are not half filled. Everywhere are vacant tables, when formerly it was a privilege to secure one. Little family groups in black sit silently before a lonely glass of beer. Sand-floes are a rarity. The ices seemed to be made of colored frozen perfumes, and were distressing internally.

In the iron cages there are still a few animals. Whether they have degenerated in number I cannot tell. But they, like the people, suffer from a scant diet. The monkeys have grown contentions. Their tempers suffer. They raise a most terrific racket, and continually bite and claw and fight each other. Ironic laughter seized me. They are so human. I fall to wondering whether mankind is copying them or they mankind.

The two or three lions in the outdoor cages are lean and restless. They crouch and growl or pace feverishly up and down. There is none of the lazy indifference seen in circus fed creatures. In a flash they revealed Germany. Before the war, under a benevolent paternalism, the people grew round of girth. Replete with good food and flowing steins of beer, feet and brains cleared in a most terrific racket, and progressive when the stomach is full and the land flows with milk and honey. But suffering has come and a new race is emerging—a lean race, with active minds that begin to question German autocracy and militarism.

Boasted of Piece of Fat As I leave the Zoological Garden a small boy passes me. In loud tones, boastfully and with unctious, he declares to two young listeners: "And I had a piece of fat for dinner." Raising his fingers to measure, "It was so big, and juicy."

To an observant person three things are everywhere in evidence telling an unmistakable story: The fat stomachs, the empty chocolate slots, and the empty chocolate slots. The German race is surely slipping into a decline. What shall the world do? Shall it stand idly by, or shall it stretch out a hand of sympathy and understanding to these troubled people and help them free themselves from the domination of a military group they begin to despise? The people do not wish to be ugly. They do not believe in a war. Tirpitz insists on smashing and crushing the German nation, where is their hope? What is left but ugly retaliation? We are not yet angels!

Gifts Asked for Marines Red Cross Urges Americans Not to Forget Forces on War Footing Washington, Nov. 25.—The American Red Cross, which recently began collecting Christmas gifts for soldiers at the border and in Mexico, issued an appeal to-night asking that in their Christmas giving the American people shouldn't forget "the 3,000 marines who for nearly a year and a half have been scattered throughout Hayti and Santo Domingo in small detachments, which are continually on a war footing and living under tropical conditions which are peculiarly trying."

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WHEAT FOR BEER BARRED Board of Trade in London Restricts Uses of Grain London, Nov. 25.—An official announcement by the Board of Trade to-day says: "It has been reported to the Board of Trade that in consequence of the scarcity and high price of barley, purchases of wheat for use in their breweries have been reported to the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade has accordingly made an order the effect of which is to prohibit the use of wheat in the manufacture of beer and similar liquors. The order is effective next Monday."

AMERICANS IN NEED OF FOOD Consol General at Berlin Reports on Supplies Required Washington, Nov. 25.—Consul General Lay, at Berlin, is working, with the consent of the State Department, to help the American residents suffering from food shortage. He has informed the department of the amount and kind of supplies needed, but so far had not reported the number of those who must be supplied.

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Going Home for Thanksgiving?

If your home is in or near Philadelphia you can begin and end your journey most pleasantly by making the trip via the New Jersey Central. The rail ride from Jersey City through beautiful country, in steel coaches which are the last word in car equipment, makes the journey an added cause for thanksgiving.

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Of course he has—plenty of them—but what do you care for an inventory of his stock?

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