

## What Is to Be the Attitude Toward Labor of Leaders of Industry?

By JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr.



As the leaders of industry face this period of reconstruction, what will their attitude be? Will it be that of the "standpatters" who take no account of the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the minds of men, who say, "What has been and is must continue to be. With our backs to the wall we will fight it out along the same lines or go down with the ship," who attempt stubbornly to resist the inevitable and, arming themselves to the teeth, invite open warfare with the other parties in industry, the certain outcome of which will be financial loss, inconvenience and suffering to all, the development of bitterness and hatred, and in the end the bringing about through legislation, if not by force, of conditions far more drastic and radical than could now be amicably arrived at through mutual concession in friendly conference?

Or will it be an attitude, in which I myself profoundly believe, which takes cognizance of the inherent right and justice of the principles underlying the new order, which recognizes that mighty changes are inevitable, many of them desirable; which, not waiting until forced to adopt new methods, takes the lead in calling together the parties in interest for a round-table conference to be held in a spirit of justice, fair play and brotherhood with a view to working out some plan of co-operation which will insure to all those concerned adequate representation, an opportunity to earn a fair wage under proper working and living conditions, with such restrictions as to hours as shall leave time not alone for food and sleep but also for recreation and the development of the higher things of life?

## Why the British Seaman has Boycotted the German for Seven Long Years

By CAPT. EDWARD TUPPER, Sailors' Union

When the war broke out and the authorities took 8,000 German sailors off British ships in British ports we insisted that they should not be treated as prisoners or as enemies. These men had been our shipmates. They were members of our union, many of them five, ten, fifteen years' standing. Well, the authorities turned them over to us with ill grace. We went surety for them and made them the guests of our union. We housed them, clothed them, fed them better than ever before in their lives. I was on Lord Kitchener's recruiting committee, and wherever I went to speak I was challenged as a pro-German.

Then came the sinking of the Lusitania. These Germans broke forth in cheers. Then they began to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Deutschland ueber Alles," and—well, they kept the celebration up all night. There could not have been a wilder celebration in Berlin.

Well, sir, we were awake at last. The next morning we went to the authorities and said, "Take these creatures off our hands." So we were rid of their care and company.

All this time we were of the opinion that by treating these German sailors as men and brothers we would assure our own poor fellows decent treatment in German prisons. We did not. We soon learned that our men were being treated worse than any white man would treat a dog. The full story of their treatment can never be told in a newspaper.

But even then we were not bitter. We began to plumb it when reports of U-boat outrages began to come in. All the world knows how the crew of the Belgian Prince were lined up on the deck of a U-boat and left to drown when she submerged. It does not know all the horrible stories of men shelled in open boats, of men and women and children, too, for that matter, cast adrift without food or oars or water. We ourselves do not know of all. We know of the orders "sink and leave no trace," and we know full well how thoroughly those orders were carried out.

About this time we decided on the boycott. Two years was the term we fixed, and we gave solemn warning that for every additional outrage we would add a month. Seven years is the total now—the price we demand for the 17,000 of our members we know the Germans murdered.

The sea is a hard life, yet those who follow it love it. It is a clean life and a free life. It is a life for men and not for dogs, and so far as lies in the British seamen's power, it will not be polluted by Germans.

The boycott is not of our choosing. Would to God we never had to consider, much less apply it. But it was forced on us when, against our wills, we were forced to realize that, come what may, go what may, a Hun is only a Hun.

## It Was When the Prodigal Was "Broke" That He "Came to Himself"

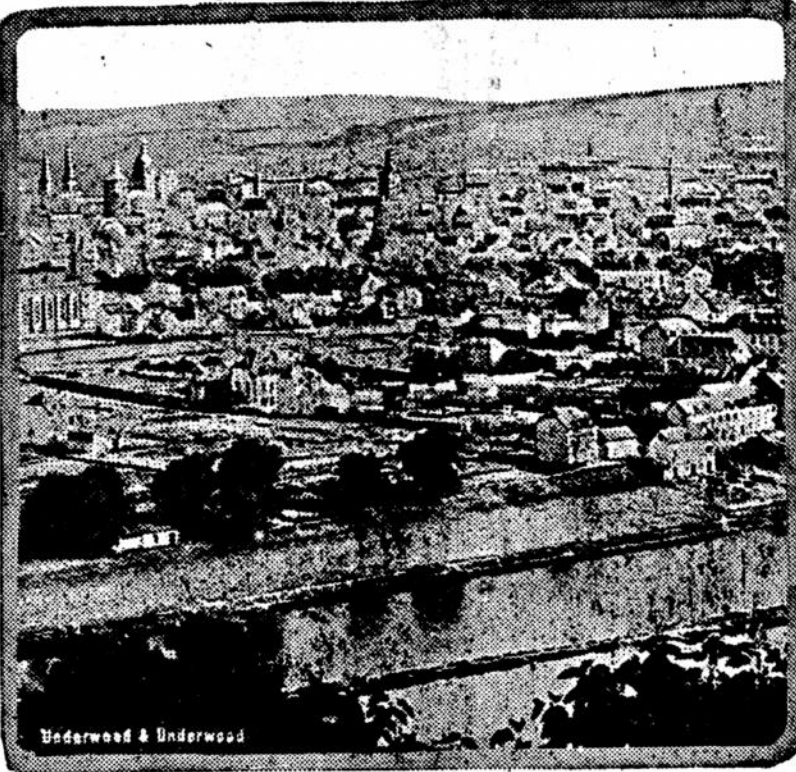
By the REV. GEORGE E. VOSSBURG

It is to be hoped the work at the peace conference will be short, sharp and to the point, free from ambiguity. That it will settle territorial boundaries and the question of the colonies and fix indemnities and adjourn, leaving an ample military force in Germany to see to it that the terms of the peace are complied with. This conference is not a place for speech-making or Utopian propaganda. The delegates meet there for business purposes only. They are not there to settle the business of the world for all time to come. They must leave something to future generations and incidentally to the Almighty.

The best preventive of future wars at this time is the sight of a nation being made to foot her war bills. To pay just and righteous indemnities for all her unrighteous despoliation of other nations. Let the nations see that war is not only hell but bad business that leads to bankruptcy. Remember we are dealing with a nation without a conscience and whose entire social edifice is reared on a substructure of economic interests. Money is the only key that fits the lock of the German problem. She is long on cash and short on conscience. It was when the prodigal was "broke" that he "came to himself" and returned in penitence.

People easily forget treaties, but taxes jog the memory. Years from now, when the passion of the hour has passed and Germany has had time to eat and inwardly digest some of the crop of her own sowing, and incidentally, let us hope, to repent and "to bring forth fruit meet for repentance"—then it will be time for the nations to meet at The Hague and talk about a league of nations, but not until then.

# TREVES



View of Treves.

It is an odd coincidence that the most modern occurrence in Prussia—its occupation by American troops—should begin with its oldest city, observes a writer in the Kansas City Times. Treves, or Trier, as the Germans call it, into which the Yanks marched recently, is older than history, which begins for it half a century before the birth of Christ. Then, as the capital of the Celtic Treviri, one of the most powerful Belgian tribes, it was captured by the Romans under Julius Caesar. It was made a Roman colony under the name of Augusta Treverorum and was strongly fortified. By 14 B. C. it had become the most important northern outpost of the Roman empire. It was an imperial residence early in the Christian era and the administrative center from which Gaul, Britain and Spain were ruled. The poet Ausonius described it as "Rome beyond the Alps." Constantine the Great lived there about twenty-five years. He and his successors beautified it with public works and magnificent private villas dotted the hillside all around. Some of the finest Roman relics north of the Alps remain to this day in Treves.

From the earliest times Treves, because of its strategic position and the rich country surrounding it, was an object of warfare. The Franks particularly desired it and they made many expeditions against it. They continued their attacks after the Roman occupation. Three times they sacked it and held it for short periods. About the middle of the fifth century they gained permanent possession and made it their capital. The Frankish kings gradually transferred their power to Metz, however, and Treves became the seat of a powerful religious empire.

Treves had a bishop at a very early date. Four great saints of the fourth century are connected with the city. It was the scene of the first banishment of St. Athanasius; St. Ambrose was born there; St. Jerome first became seriously interested in religion while studying there, and St. Martin of Tours went there in 385 to plead with the tyrant Maximus for the lives of the heretic Priscillian and his followers. The great bishop, St. Nicetius, built a splendid castle for himself at Treves in the sixth century. The see became an archbishopric soon after the beginning of the ninth century and its temporal power was founded in 898, when Radbod acquired the rights of the counts of Treves. Throughout the middle ages the city abounded in religious foundations and was a great seat of monastic learning.



American Troops in Treves.

Changed Hands Many Times. With the transfer of the Frankish capital to Metz began a long era of changes for Treves. The city passed to Lorraine in 843 and to the east Frankish kingdom in 870. It was sacked by the Normans in 981 after it had become a permanent part of what is now Prussia. It became a free city toward the close of the sixteenth century. The French held it briefly three times in the seventeenth century and

of the tenth century, and the Faust and Gutenberg Bible of 1450. The manufacturing interests of the city include tanneries, iron foundries, dye works, furniture and piano factories and glass painting works. An extensive trade in wine, fruit and wood was carried on before the war. There are many lead, copper and tin mines in the vicinity. The population before 1914 was about 65,000.

Got the Wrong Leg. This little story without a claimant has come up from Florida: An elderly Hoosier who has been spending some time in Florida has been giving his leisure to fishing. There is a fine lake near where he has been sojourning, and every day he has been in silent meditation, for he is a thinker, casting his line into the clear water, apparently with success. This Hoosier is known for his kindness and consideration of the feelings of others.

One day while absorbed in his fishing an alligator slipped up to him, snapped off one of his legs, and was making off with it. "Here!" cried the fisherman, "come back. You've made a mistake. You've taken the wrong leg!"

And so he had. The fisherman wore an artificial leg, and this it was that the alligator had taken.—Indianapolis News.

# HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

## Gettysburg Sees Something Different From Battle

GETTYSBURG, PA.—Can the post office and the schoolhouse be linked together in a successful co-ordination of producers and consumers of food? The people of Park View district, Washington, D. C., have a flourishing community center. The community secretary is a postal station agent.

One of the motortruck routes from Washington leads to Gettysburg, Pa. In this region hundreds of tons of vegetables, fruit, and so forth, have rotted simply for lack of a market.

The route passes through Mount Joy township, Adams county, Pa., which is on the edge of the historic battlefield of Gettysburg. The producers gathered in the Two Tavern schoolhouse and formed the Mount Joy Community association. The teacher was made the community secretary and a postal agent of the motor transport service of the post office department. The motortruck stops each morning at the schoolhouse and picks up the crates of eggs, containers of butter, boxes of poultry, etc. These goods are delivered the same evening at the Park View schoolhouse in Washington and there distributed to the people of the community.

The list of prices is sent each week by the Mount Joy community secretary to the Park View community secretary. Orders are sent out and the goods shipped as desired. Payment is made by check weekly, and the community secretary at Mount Joy keeps the records of the shipments made by each farmer and makes payments accordingly.

It is the first direct communication between rural and urban communities by means of the motor transport service in American history. It is but the beginning, for already the Washington community is demanding more than the entire output of the township and other organizations are being formed to meet the demand.

At Gettysburg 55 years ago was fought the greatest battle of American soil. There, on the site of battle where men went through blood and fire because of disunion and secession, has begun a movement for unity and co-operation.

## Children and Soldiers in a Red Cross Canteen

CHICAGO.—Kenneth, eight years old; Keith Bernard, seven, and Dimples Barbara Hayes, "five and one-half, goin' on six," spent a day at the Red Cross canteen, 309 South Michigan avenue. Kenneth and Keith and Dimples

arrived that morning from Montesena, Wash., on their way to join their grandma, Mrs. C. C. Hayes, who lives at Norris, Ky. Just a month ago the three children lost their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hayes, who died of the influenza. Then Aunt Ida, who "didn't have no other name," took the three under her wing and gave them a home. A week later she, too, was dead of the malady.

Neighbors took counsel and a collection. Kenneth and Keith and Dimples were bundled up in their warmest clothing, tagged through to Norris, given \$3, and started on their way. From the time the big train pulled out of Tacoma, their life was a round of pleasure. For four days they delighted their fellow passengers, who took up a collection that raised their currency from \$3 to \$38.

A passenger agent at Union station called up Mrs. Joseph T. Ryerson, who sent her car for the children. In the canteen were soldiers who seemed to be homeless also. Dimples introduced herself and got the history of each one.

Kenneth sat still and stately as becomes a man and managed the other two as best he might. Keith's ulcerated tooth—it didn't pain much and kept him in the limelight—was lanced. At supper Kenneth said "grace."

When a reporter was assisting the lady in straightening her clothes for a picture she confided in a whisper that her "bloomers was red, too, and they run red water when they was washed."

The children resumed their journey at 9:20 that night, three in a berth.

## Cupid and Cupidity at Indiana's Marriage Mill

CROWN POINT, IND.—Forty-odd miles south by southeast, as Cupid flies, lies Crown Point, Ind., famous as a "lovers' leap," where marriage is made easy while you wait. Intrenched deeply in the affections of the town is an institution known as the "marriage mill" that grinds out the daily bread of a number of Crown Point's influential citizens.

And Crown Point is sore! And Crown Point is sore at Chicago. And Crown Point is sore at Chicago because the Chicago newspapers have published the statement that with the approval of Governor Goodrich of Indiana solons of that state were preparing to pass a law requiring a residence of one year in the state on the part of one of the applicants for a marriage license. The repeated declarations of Chicago divorce judges that "quick and easy" marriages cause most matrimonial mismatching prompted the proposed action.

There were 4,028 marriage licenses issued in Crown Point last year. Practically all of the applicants were wed in the town, and practically all by two justices of the peace. The standard fee is \$5.

Up to November 4, election day, Justice of the Peace Harry B. Nicholson had been performing the "Bless you, my children," act at \$5 and up per scene. He was defeated and he retired to Florida for the winter with his family. He is declared to have performed 18,000 marriages in office. Village gossip places the number much higher.

Herbert Wheaton, clerk of Lake county, has declared war. "We'll fight to the finish any attempt to pass a law to stop marrying in Crown Point. I don't see why Chicago wants to butt in on our affairs. It's none of Chicago's business what goes on in Indiana."

## Where Names and Business Fit; It Is to Laugh

NEW YORK.—Among the features of this cosmopolitan city that furnish amusement without cost to many observant residents are names over stores and business establishments. The appropriateness of the nomenclature to the calling is sometimes startling and generally amusing. Here are a few of the most striking of the names found in singular juxtaposition to businesses and callings and which seem almost like humorous fiction:

Fodder, hay and oats; Vamp, shoe-maker; Klene, laundry; Tieman, haberdasher; Goodman, pastor; Elsemann, optometrist; Piper, orchestra leader; Jim Rub, Chinese laundryman; Berry, undertaker; Lott, real estate; Rapper & Klingwell, cloaks and suits; Holder, trunks and bags; Ketcham, private detective agency; Takhme, photographer; Dare, steeplejack; Sterling, silversmith; Burns, kindling wood; Tinker, the smith; Stitches, cobbler; Healin, physician; Ricker, liquor dealer; Smokana, cigar dealer; Black, blacksmith; Korn, chiroprapist; Pullen, dentist; Waver, hairdresser; Waters, milk dealer; Brakehue, stocks and bonds; Swift, Noyes, pressman; Smashitt, moving vans; Lighter, electrician; Glem, lamps; Noyes, boiler-maker; Smith, horseshoer; Keys, locksmith; Dyer, cleaning and dyeing; Goodshowe, theatrical manager; Skinner, taxidermist; Snow, ice dealer; Sharpe, cutlery; Bright, illuminated signs; Pyle, dock builder; Shipman, stevedore; Taylor, tailor; Feeder, restaurant keeper; Kohlers, paints and varnish; Baker, baker; Sweetman, confectioner; Pennypacker, toy bank; Pain, glazier; Hammersmith, hardware; Wright, public stenographer; Figgers, public accountant.