



LABOR AND INDUSTRY

The Four Votes on Election Day.
The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
Today alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot box my throne.

Who serves today upon the list
Revered the served shall stand;
At the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloves and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.
Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has no wealth to buy
The power in my right hand.

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust;
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man today!
—John G. Whittier.

When Work Becomes Toil.

Like animals, man eats, sleeps, loves, reasons. How like a young animal is the baby, and how unlike in this—the play of the young child and the play of the young animals. The young animal's play is purely physical diversion. The play of the child is physical diversion, plus creative activity. The child is creating something. Its very dreams are constructive. There is method in the madness of its riotous imagination. Even in infancy it weaves and fashions and forms—creates something. We call it play. It is work, tremendous, intense work. It is not toil. Toil comes later. The child is father to the man. As is the child, so should the man be. A creator, a worker, never a toiler. Work becomes a toil, when there is no pleasure, no purpose, no creation in it. A friend declares that there are no lazy men. The sluggish is only a man doing something he doesn't like. Give him the thing he likes, and instantly he is awake. Just here is the curse of the development of the factory system of doing the world's work. The piece-work system is enough to bring up a race of sloths or imbeciles. Apparently there is no escape from piece-work. The more the pity. In dollars and cents it is unquestionably the cheapest way of making things. In intellect and manhood, its cost is terrific. Just now I am merely H 171 in a great factory of well on to 5,000 workers. All or nearly all doing day by day and year by year just one process in the making of a well-known product. The men are not, or need not be, machine-like—only machine tenders. The thinking has all been done by the inventors of the machines and of the product to be fashioned or formed. As H 171, I am a truck hand, delivering shop orders to and from the store room to the men at the machines. The machine tender gets \$2.50 a day for ten hours' work. He earns it not so much in what he does, as in what he sacrifices. All the creative activity of childhood is sacrificed. It isn't hard, muscular work to tend and watch a machine turn or bore, or finish something, but the horror of it is that there is a man the Lord God made, to have dominion over land and sea, getting smaller every day. The law of life is use or lose. I see a great many young men, many not over seventeen. It's a big thing for a young fellow to make \$2.50 a day. I'm not so sure. The odds are he is bigger the day he began that he will be in a year, a decade or a lifetime. He has laid down in a prostrate bed, that cuts off the growth of the mind. To a young man, with a machine, "What's that you are making?" "That's more than I know." "How long have you been making them?" "Two weeks." "What is it used for?" "Search me if I know." A truck hand has many compensations for his smaller pay. His work is so varied that he can not rest. In handling the various products I work up all sorts of muscular combinations, that are nearly as good as gymnastic exercises. But there is one thing in the truck business that is too much for me. I can't count. Teachers' certificates and a college diploma I have had, but I can't count—a meaningless mass of pins or pistons or coupling studs, screws or bolts. To sit for an hour and a half, saying six, twelve, eighteen, is of all hard things the hardest. My mind plays hockey. The other day I got lost and all muddled up. The man who had made these same things—a little brass bushing—was very mad and disgusted. He called to the boss in great disdain and sarcasm to send a man with that fellow to help him count. I was duly humiliated. After I had a chance to pull

myself together and reflect I ceased to be sorry and became thankful, thankful that I can't count. I'm truly sorry for those who have been dwarfed until they can count right. The soul of man is like acetylene gas, very harmless and useful when not compressed, but along about 143 pounds pressure it becomes unruly, blowing up at the slightest pretext. I do not wonder (I'm not excusing, only explaining) the madness of men. The man whose soul has been kept under daily pressure of meaningless toil in as dangerous as dynamite. Some day there will be an explosion. The most natural, the most logical thing for a man, who for ten hours exists but doesn't live, who makes, but does not create, the natural thing is to go and get drunk; to take something that in the moment of intoxication will make the dwarfed soul feel big. I'm not excusing, only explaining, when I say that dissipation is natural reaction from unnatural contraction of the native powers of a man. Apparently there is no help for the piecework, patchwork system. I say apparently, for I'm not so sure. One of the most intelligent men in the factory, who has an easy job of testing gauges, tells me that he can't test as many in a day as when he began. This man is an exception to the rule. He has been rotated, and can do many things, sometimes for a couple of days he works at a lathe. Then, when he comes to his gauges, he says that he can dig in and do better, than where continuously doing the same thing. I know of one very successful factory that, as a matter of policy, rotates all its men, giving to each one widest experience and mental development. The truest thing that Froebel ever said—the core of his philosophy, the magical secret of the kindergartens—is this: "The human organism develops by creative activity." If there is no better way than the minute subdivision of labor, then there is an added responsibility for some one or ones to do something to save the man from mental and moral decay. In cases of poisoning it is customary to keep the patient waking to shake off sleep. Sleep were death. Something must be done to shake off mental sleep, the sleep of death. Happy is the man who has a hobby. There is one cardinal consideration, ten hours of such meaningless toil precludes doing anything for the toilers. Eight hours is the maximum. I have in mind a man who for years has sat with several thousand iron handles at his side. He takes one up, drive a drift through the eye, simply that and nothing more. How meaningless the creation prelude. "In our image." How mocking the memory of childhood's divinely creative play. "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." Can the world's work be done in such a way, that we all may come to the "fulness of the stature of a man?" The problem of social evolution is to crown the common man with the glory and honor of manhood, as God planned it, as the baby reveals it—Geo. I. McNutt, in Indianapolis News.

Compulsory Arbitration Law.
Speaking of the compulsory arbitration law of New Zealand the *Shoe Workers' Journal* says: "Because it has proved to be successful in New Zealand it does not necessarily follow that such a measure would be beneficial to the unionists in this country. Many mistakes have been made by jumping at conclusions. If such a measure were introduced in a legislative body in this country we have no assurance that when it was referred to a committee we should be able to recognize it when it comes from the committee. It is likely that any effort along that line would result in giving us a law which would render the conditions of the worker far more intolerable than they are now. There are two sides to the question of compulsory arbitration as well as to all other questions. Not a single prominent American trades unionist has advocated the New Zealand compulsory arbitration method, only a few so-called reform papers and a few labor papers, whose editors lack practical knowledge of industrial conditions, are praising it. We see no reason why under the plan of voluntary arbitration the principle of arbitration will not be advanced as rapidly as the intelligence of all parties will permit. Under no circumstances does organized labor care to have its hands tied, and least of all by those who profess to be its friends."

Textile Workers' Low Wages.

E. C. Havens of Jamestown, N. Y., was in Chicago, recently seeking aid for the striking textile workers of that place. The strikers were employed in the worsted mills of Hall & Co., and asked for an increase of 5 cents a day in wages. They were receiving from 65 to 85 cents a day. The increase was refused and the strike followed.

Only Union Mill Mill.

W. C. De La, a member of the executive board of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, reports that the steel mill of the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago is the only union mill in the United States.

How about that diary you started in to keep last January?

How about that diary you started in to keep last January?

YOUNG REFORMERS.

CHINA'S HOPE LIES IN NEW GENERATION.

Reform Must Come—Such Men as Wu Ting-Fang Can Bring About New State of Affairs in the Ancient Empire.

"Some have a tendency to say that the present troubles in China arose out of the missionary question. This is an extremely narrow view, and it indicates that the one who holds it knows nothing back of what has occurred during the past year. The present troubles are the last efforts of the old Conservatives to preserve the conditions which have existed in China for four thousand years. I have a number of friends among the young scholars, first, second, third and fourth graduates. They are young men who have studied English, and who have started English schools. Their schools have been destroyed by the Conservatives, and for the past two years they have been out of employment. All of them, so far as I know, are still pursuing the same line of study, confident that conservatism is a thing of the past, that reform must come, and when it does come they will be ready for it. Such men are of the class of Minister Wu Ting-fang, Lo Feng-lo and Mr. Yu, minister to France, who called upon me a few days before he sailed for France. During our conversation I alluded to the attempt he had made to entertain some foreigners on New Year's day, and to serve them with tea, coffee, wine and cakes. 'The Conservatives of the

Tsungli Tamen would not allow you to entertain the foreigners on New Year's day as you wished?' I said, 'No,' he replied, 'but this thing will not continue. The world is rapidly slipping out from under these old men's feet. There are not any strong men among the young Conservatives. They are simply hangers-on, and when these few old Conservatives die, China can easily be reformed.' The wife of Mr. Yu is a Eurasian woman. His two daughters dress in European clothing when they go calling in Peking. They converse freely in Japanese, Chinese, French and English, as do also his sons. On one occasion some of the old Conservatives went to the Empress Dowager and said to her: 'Do you know that the man whom you have had as minister to Japan, and whom you are about to appoint as minister to France has a foreign wife?' 'Has he any children?' the old Dowager asked in return. 'Yes, indeed, he has grown sons and daughters.' 'Then it is late in the day to report him to me. Why did you not report him before?' We cannot separate a man from his wife and family even though she is a 'foreign devil.' It could not add much interest to the readers of this paper to describe in detail the other leaders of the Conservative party. They are Prince Tuan, Li Ping Heng and Tang Fu-hsiang. Prince Tuan is the son of the fifth prince—that is, the son of the fifth brother of the husband of the Empress Dowager. This husband was never heard of until his son was selected to be the successor to the son of the Empress Dowager instead of Kuang Hsu. His greatest virtue is his conservatism, which is a vice. Also his ability as a warrior has been greatly over-estimated.—I. T. Headland in *Ainslie's*.

Ex-Empress Eugenie

PATHETIC REMINDER OF THE GLORIES OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE

In a little village in Surrey, Eng., as remote from the great world as a desert island, the ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of the third Napoleon, is spending the evening of her days. Her home, Farnborough Hill, is so closely hidden by trees that at no point can the all-pervading tourist gain a glimpse of the quiet gabled house. The empress, a sad, white-haired woman, almost crippled with rheumatism, spends her time chiefly in prayer. Close to her home she has built the pure white mausoleum, with its dome and many spires, that can be seen from all points of the country for miles around. There black-robed Benedictines pray constantly for the good estate of the souls of Napoleon III, and the prince imperial. The empress is too infirm now to sit, as she used to, in the sanctuary of the great white church; mass is said, generally by the prior, at her own house. Under the church, in the crypt, are two great sarcophagi in red granite, covered with wreaths of immortelles

and cards signed by many royal hands. The empress who, even at the height of her glory as a sovereign and a beautiful woman, was renowned for her charity, is now a benefactress to the poor roundabout Farnborough. She often drives in the very plainest of black broughams with servants in deep mourning, and when she is in better health it was no uncommon sight to see it drawn up at one or other of the humble cottages in the neighborhood. She entirely supports and has endowed the monastery attached to the church. There is a private way from Farnborough Hill to the mausoleum. A small wooden gate with a peculiar catch used to connect the two properties, but the empress is hardly ever able to use it now. The anniversary of the prince imperial's death is a day of great anguish to the empress. Hers is one of the saddest faces it can fall to one's lot to know, and compared with the radiant portrait of her by Winterhalter, for instance, its pallor is tenfold increased.

Russia's Corner on Sugar

The Government Fixes the Amount to be Produced, Also the Price.

Each year the Russian minister of finance fixes the amount of sugar which shall be produced in the empire and sets the price at which it shall be sold. The average domestic consumption is about 1,000,000,000 pounds. This is announced as the legal limit of production which shall be put upon the market during the year. In addition to this, it is allowed to manufacture 180,000,000 pounds more, which is placed in storage. The 1,000,000,000 pounds, as it is sold, pays an excise tax of 24 cents a pound. If at any time through increased demand sugar

becomes worth more than the price fixed by the government, the 180,000,000 pounds in reserve are allowed to reach the market free of excise duty. If this does not supply the market at the legal price the government itself will buy from foreign countries enough sugar to supply the need for a year in advance on the price. This has been done in Russia twice during the past ten years. This system, of course, precludes any export business in sugar, but the Russian government does not believe that the exporting of sugar from Russia can be made profitable or advisable, so it does not encourage it.

WHAT A DOLL DID.

Plaything Had Soothing Influence Upon Warlike Apaches.

A strange story is told of how a child's plaything once had a soothing influence upon a warlike Apache tribe and was the means of avoiding a serious war. It happened that Mr. Bourke was in Arizona with Gen. Crook. The general was trying to get a band of Apaches back on the reserve, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not want to do. One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her black beads of eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed just as any white child would have done. They tried in vain to comfort her, and then Mr. Bourke had an idea. From the adjutant's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the young Apache was made to understand that it was hers to keep her sobbing ceased, and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day and apparently all thought of ever getting back to her tribe had left her. Several days passed and as no overtures about the return of the papoose had been made by the tribe, they sent her, with the doll still in her possession, back to her people. Mr. Bourke had no idea of the effect his benevolent act would have upon the Indians. When the child reached them, with the pretty doll in its chubby hands, it made a great sensation among them, and later on its mother came back to the post with it. She was kindly received and hospitably

treated, and through her the tribe was soon afterward persuaded to move back to the reserve.

The Balloon Burst.

The most dreadful aeronautic position, perhaps, which it is possible to conceive is that described in "Memoirs of Sir Claude de Crespiigny," Burnaby, a noted aeronaut, was making an ascent from Cremona with two Frenchmen, one of whom was the inventor of the balloon in use. When they were about a mile and a half high, the appalling discovery was made that the neck of the aerostat, which should have been left open to allow the gas to escape, was still tied up with a silk handkerchief. The balloon was now quite full, and the atmospheric pressure was rapidly decreasing as the aeronauts ascended, while the gas, having no exit, continued to expand. It was impossible to get at the neck and to loosen the fatal handkerchief, and to make disaster doubly sure, the valve-line was out of reach. The only thing the men could do was to sit still and await the bursting of the balloon and the fatal dash to earth. Within a few minutes the balloon burst, and instantly began to rush earthward with increasing velocity. But by a piece of wonderful good fortune, the resistance of the air in such a way as to form a huge parachute, and the happy aeronauts landed unhurt in a field just outside the city.

Mother Eve may have invented curiosity, but she is the only woman on record who never turned around to see what the other woman had on.

WOOLING SLUMBER.

SHAH SLEEPS WHEN PATTED ON THE BACK.

Greek Brigand Who Was Sent to Sleep by a Gold Piece Drapping from the Roof of His Cave to a Carpet Beneath.

Sleep, Oh, gentle sleep, how have I frightened thee?" asked the distracted king in Shakespeare's play of "Henry IV," and it is a question which thousands of weary mortals both before and after that sovereign's time have been in the habit of framing, though no answer has been forthcoming. That several ingenious persons have, however, solved the problem of inducing sleep, the following peculiar methods of counteracting insomnia will clearly demonstrate: His imperial majesty, the Shah of Persia, was a martyr to insomnia for a long time, until in a happy moment of inspiration, one of the court physicians hit upon the extraordinary notion of patting the aurocrat on the arms and back until sleep weighed down his eyelids. So admirable was this specific found to be that it was immediately adopted by the shah, and it is stated that the suite which accompanied him to Europe contained among other functionaries, two "patters," whose sole occupation took the form of helping to send their master into the realms of the drowsy Morpheus. At the Paris exhibition there is shown the model of a cave once occupied by a famous Greek brigand, who was in the habit of being sent to sleep by the dropping of a piece of gold from the roof of the cave on a carpet beneath. The gold thus dropped presented some of the booty that had been acquired from passing travelers, and how dear had the sound

of coin become to him that nothing but the clink upon the ground would soothe his eyelids to sleep. Of all the methods of inducing drowsiness the foregoing would certainly seem to be the queerest. A gentleman who resided for many years in the town of Worcester was unable to drop off to sleep unless half a dozen peaches were placed under his pillow, as he averred that the perfume of the fruit brought with it a certain degree of drowsiness. Somewhat similar to the device of this worthy was the plan of a Parisian merchant, whose only remedy for sleeplessness was the insertion beneath his pillow of a sachet of lavender, the smell of which, he declared, would send him to sleep in less than five minutes. Very peculiar was the following: A middle-aged engineer who had lived for many years close to the beach of a seaside town had grown so accustomed to the lullaby of the waves that when business took him to Manchester, where he was thenceforward compelled to live, he found that the absence of the sea murmurs robbed him of sleep. He therefore fitted up in his bedchamber an apparatus which was so constructed that the sound of the waves as they broke upon the shore was most cleverly simulated. Aided by this fictitious appliance, the engineer was enabled to sleep perfectly and the apparatus continued in constant use until the day of his death, some years later. In some oriental climes the natives who find themselves unable to sleep by natural means prevail upon their friends to administer to them very sound floggings with bamboo canes. The pain thus sustained is supposed by the natives in question to induce a sensation of drowsiness, followed by sleep. All the same, there are few insomnia patients in this country who would resort to so drastic a measure for curing their complaint.—London Tit-Bits.

Disappearance of Gold

In All Countries the Precious Metal is Soon Lost Sight of.

For various reasons, gold disappears quickly in all countries but nowhere else does it pass out of sight so rapidly as in India and China. So rapidly does the precious metal vanish in these two Oriental lands that they have come to be known as gold graveyards. It is estimated that in the regency of Bombay alone there are 12,000,000 gold sovereigns hoarded. Hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars lie in the hiding place of the famine-stricken land. All classes are afflicted with the incurable habit of hoarding gold. The splendid Maharajahs are shrewd enough to use banks of deposit, but there is still barbaric display of jeweled idols in the strongrooms and of golden vessels in the princes' apartments. But India and China are not the only countries which absorb gold without ever giving it back again. As a matter of fact, in all countries there is a tendency on the part of coined

gold to get out of sight and stay hidden. Of the vast amount of gold that is annually mined and put into circulation, there always remains a heavy balance unaccounted for, even after all allowance has been made for use in the arts, for loss by friction and for what would seem a fair amount to charge to loss by fire, by being sunk in deep waters and by hoarding. Since the resumption of specie payments in 1873, treasury officials estimate that \$300,000,000 in gold has disappeared from circulation in the United States. The Bank of England is said to be poorer by \$100,000,000 in gold than it was in 1871. France reports an immense decrease in gold coined and in reserve and other countries have similar stories to tell. Where all the vast missing treasure is stored no one can tell, but it is probably disseminated in innumerable places from which it never emerges.

TOO MUCH TO LEARN.

Merchant Knew Country Boy Would "See" the Town.

The carefully reared young man had left his native village and gone to the city to find a situation and a career. His acquaintance was small, and because of that he simply went about from place to place, seeking whatever fate might throw in his way. He wanted to get into a wholesale grocery house, and of course he only visited houses in that line. He was almost rudely turned away from the first three or four places, but he finally found one where the proprietor himself received him with courtesy. He stated his case briefly and clearly, as he had read in a guide book to young men starting out in life, and the merchant looked him over. "Um," he said, thoughtfully, "you have had no experience in this business?" "No, sir," responded the applicant, "but I want to learn it." "Yes, I see. Do you chew tobacco?" "No, sir." "Do you smoke?" "No, sir." "Do you play poker?" "No, sir." "Do you bet on the races?" "No, sir." "Do you drink?" "No, sir." "Do you run around at night?" "No, sir." "Um—ah," hesitated the merchant, "and you have had no experience in this business?" "No, sir, but as I said, I want much to learn it." "I'm sorry," said the merchant, shaking his head, "but I'm afraid you won't do. You see, your early education has been neglected, and you are handicapped now with so much to learn that the Lord only knows when the business would have a chance. Stay in town a year, and then come and see me. Good morning."—New York Sun.

Wireless Telegraphy at La Paine.

Parents who want their children to be polite must have good manners themselves.

Wireless Telegraphy at La Paine.

Wireless telegraphy at La Paine. Parents who want their children to be polite must have good manners themselves.

Mrs. Booth's Care for Discharged Convicts.

There are about 80,000 prisoners in the state penitentiaries of the union, whose average term of service cannot be over three or four years. This towers back upon the community from 20,000 to 25,000 hopeless criminals yearly. A few of them learn some of the simpler trades. But at the expiration of their sentences they naturally find the world aspitious of their most sincere professions of reform. Mrs. Mand Ballington Booth has taken their needs upon her heart, and the only fear is that she may break down under the strain before being able to make permanent provisions by endow-

ment for her "Hope Halls." Two of these are now in operation, one in New York and one in Chicago, the former having been opened four years since, and the latter only two. Between 8,000 and 9,000 men have been received, sheltered and encouraged to begin life anew by means of these institutions. Seventy-five per cent of those thus befriended have done well after obtaining employment. The present expense of conducting the two halls is about \$4,000 a year. All of this sum Mrs. Booth has personally solicited and obtained year by year.—Chicago Interior.