

# of Labor.

by H. Taft in Leslie's Weekly.

THE employer and the employee never differ, except in a division of the joint profit of labor and capital and wages. This must be a constant source of friction between the employer and the employee, as are the other terms of the employment. To give to either their proper position in such a controversy, to enable each to maintain himself against employers having great capital and employees who are helpless, and without it, labor and employees would be helpless. The promotion of such union when intelligently conducted. There is a large number, however, skilled and unskilled, who are not organized into unions before the law are exactly the same as those of the union who are protected with the same care and watchfulness. In order to bring their employer into a compliance with their request for changed employment, workmen have the right to strike in a body. They have the right to use such persuasion as they may, provided it does not reach the point of duress, to lead their reluctant co-laborers to join them in their fight against their employer, and they have a right, if they choose, to accumulate funds to support those engaged in a strike, to delegate to officers the power to direct the action of the union, and to withdraw themselves and their associates from dealings with, or giving custom to, those with whom they are in controversy.

# The Ultimate Lie.

By G. K. Chesterton.

THEY have tried to set up the preposterous pretense that those who are rich in a state are rich in their own merit, and that those who are poor in a state are poor by their own fault. Mr. Kipling, in his swan song of suicide in the Morning Post, speaks of the unemployed laborer as the man "whose unthrift has destroyed him." He speaks of the modern landlord as the man who has holed, who has striven and gathered possession. Now there are some occasions upon which a blasphemy against fact renders unimportant even a blasphemy against religion. It is so in these cases in which calamity is made a moral curse or proof of guilt. It becomes quite a secondary fact that this new Tory theory is opposed to the Christian theory at every point, at every instant of history, from the boils of Job to the leprosy of Father Damien. It does not matter for the moment that the thing is un-Christian. The thing is a lie; every one knows it to be a lie; the men who speak and write it know it to be a lie. They know as well as I do that the men who climb to the top of the modern ladder are not the best men, nor the cleverest, nor even the most industrious. Nobody who has ever talked to poor men on seats in Battersea Park can conceivably believe that they are the worst men of the community. Nobody who has ever talked to rich men at city dinners can conceivably believe that they are the best men of the community. On this one thesis I will admit no arguments about unconsciousness, self-deception or mere ritual phraseology. I admit all that and more most heartily to the man who says that the aristocracy as a whole is good for England or that poverty as a whole cannot be cured. But if a man says that in his experience the thrifty thrive and only the unthrifty perish, then (as St. John the Evangelist says) he is a liar. This is the ultimate lie and all who utter it are liars.

# The Torture of Clothes.

A Courageous Reformer Who Has Discarded Underwear in Summer. By Ernest Flagg.

SUPPOSE no two instruments of torture have ever produced so much suffering in hot climates as the undershirt and drawers. Some years ago manufacturers of underwear began to make summer undershirts without sleeves. After wearing this kind for several years it occurred to me that if the absence of sleeves made so much difference in my comfort I had better leave the whole thing off. From that time on I ceased to dread hot weather so far as the upper part of my body was concerned, but we are such creatures of habit that two more years passed before I plucked up enough courage to emancipate myself from the nether garment. Now I am clad in a single layer. Hot weather no longer has any terrors for me; indeed, I enjoy hot days quite as much as cool days. I have discovered it is the double layer that causes the suffering. It makes no difference how thin the layers are, the effect is the same. Underclothing as thin as a cobweb will cause almost if not quite as much discomfort as the thicker kinds. Delighted with my discovery and reveling in the comfort it afforded me I naturally sought to impart its benefit to others; but I soon found that the wearing of underclothing is regarded by most people as if it were a sort of religious obligation, and my advice was generally received with a species of horror. Most of those to whom I spoke said they could not possibly do without underclothing, for it was necessary to absorb the perspiration, and the kind they wore was so thin that it made no difference anyway. Almost all turned a deaf ear to my assurance that if they would only try for a day they would find there would be no need to absorb perspiration, for what little there was would evaporate fast enough to keep them cool. High and low, rich and poor, all alike are slaves to this superstition and appear to prefer suffering rather than discard one of the envelopes in which they swathe themselves. Now, after my experience, I have of course no notion that any great number of people will adopt my suggestion, but I am sure that the few who do so will rise up and call me blessed.

# Under the Surface We Find the Best in Life

By John K. Le Baron.

MAN is too much inclined to base his opinions upon false impressions. A closer intimacy with our fellows often reveals undreamed-of virtues and unsuspected strength. It was a part of the philosophy of Comenius, the famous Moravian educational reformer of the seventeenth century, not to beat into the young a mass of words and opinions gathered out of books, but to open their understanding through things themselves. This was the beginning of the object-lesson idea so successfully elaborated and given impetus by Froebel two hundred years later. It is quite possible that we owe to this movement more than we realize for its influence in having made the nineteenth century the wonder epoch of history. It set in motion that tremendous idea of learning by observation rather than absorption; of judging by things themselves, rather than by some other person's opinions of those things. It made men self-reliant. Had it not been for this faculty of observation, highly developed, we should still believe that the earth was flat and that thunder was the rumbling of Jove's chariot wheels. It was intimate personal acquaintance with nature that made the works of Audubon ornithological law. He did not base his writings upon what others had written, but upon his own close relationship with the birds. Maeterlinck found, upon close association with the bees, that there was much to be learned from them besides honey. The stick is the impression we get from chance acquaintance with the bee. Upon close contact we discover the honey. It is largely the same in our intercourse with men. Basing our opinions upon casual acquaintance, we often do ourselves an injustice by misjudging those who, upon closer observation, we find to be people well worth knowing. We flatter ourselves that the injustice is done to those we misjudge; it is ourselves to whom we do the injustice. Few men worth knowing are apt to favorably impress one upon first acquaintance. Beneath the cloak of reserve, the shell of modesty—we find the best material. Addison, one of the most intellectually profitable of companions, was utterly deficient in the art of parlor conversation. First impressions of him were never favorable. Once beneath the cloak of reserve, his social hospitality was the delight of his friends. To meet Addison casually was to misjudge him "Mediocrity can talk," says Disraeli. Genius is generally reticent. Dryden, second only to Shakespeare in the intellectual wealth of his epigrams, was dull and almost stupid among strangers.

## THE RAGE IN REAL ESTATE

Randolph Augustus Malcolm Taft thought he'd invest in real estate. Of course he wouldn't speculate. He'd buy at the prevailing rates. And then, no doubt, would have to wait for some time indeterminate to sell at what he'd estimate would be a gain commensurate. Randolph Augustus Malcolm Taft got in the game a little late. He swallowed all the offered bait at prices quite inordinate. And thought his bargains really "great." But at no very distant date Randolph Augustus Malcolm Taft in business was unfortunate. He failed, and it is sad to state some people were importunate. And Randolph got it sur la tete (Which means in English "on the pate"). In vain did he expostulate. They said he must "get on a goat." Then did this most ingenious Taft resolve to sell his real estate. Alas! land will depreciate. And this misfortune fell on Taft. He went to Brown, his intimate—Brown smiled—he was in real estate! He thought Smith might commiserate. Smith wept—he was in real estate! Jones, Robinson, strange to relate, both of them deep in real estate! His lot they could appreciate. To help him they'd not hesitate. But they were poor in real estate. Randolph Augustus Malcolm Taft swore life was now inadequate. He chose a suicidal fate. And friends were so considerate as on his tomb to put this plate, "In memory he still owns real estate." So you had better meditate In Randolph Augustus Malcolm Taft—La Touche Hancock in the New York Sun.

## Aunt Hephzibah's Tramp.

By Grace Agnes Thompson.

We had asked for a story and gathered expectantly around grandma's chair—a tale of true love when you were a lassie in the days of auld lang syne," as Kathie put it. Grandma smiled and looked dreamily into the fire. "It shall be a story of the good days when Boston was many years younger than it is today," she began. Grandma, by the way, is nearly 100 years old. "You must picture a large, old-fashioned farmhouse standing among great elm and maple and surrounded by broad acres of field and pasture and woodland, only a mile from Harvard College and not many more from Boston, where I passed my childhood and youth until I married your grandfather. "At the time of my story I was about 17. Our family then included two very quaint people—Simon Greggs, the hired man, and Miss Hephzibah Jones, I could not remember when Aunt Hephzibah did not live with us. She was an 'old maid,' spare and angular and silent, though always good to the children. We could never gain the faintest clue of her age, nor any idea of where she had lived before she came to us. "There was really nothing about Aunt Hephzibah to which one might pin a romance unless it was this mystery, yet my sister Kate and I, who were just at the sentimental age, wove all manner of romances around her and often held long consultations about her possible lovers, until we came to believe she was the heroine of some extraordinary love affair which had ended in disappointment. "One day while we were at dinner father remarked: 'I found a strange looking man asleep on the haymow when I went into the barn this morning. I saw him off the premises and told him to keep away, but you can't tell anything about these vagabonds.' "On Thursday afternoon, as Kate and I walked up the road to Squire Baxter's, two miles away, a man came out of some bushes beside the road. We felt sure the 'tramp' had appeared to us and were a little frightened, but he did not accost us, though he stared as he passed in the direction of our home. That evening while Kate and I washed the supper dishes, discussing our afternoon adventure, as we considered it, Kate suddenly gave a start and whispered excitedly to me to look out of the window. There was the tramp stealing stealthily along by the barnyard fence. It was rather dusky out, but that couldn't deceive us. Whatever he could be seeking around our house we failed to guess. Kate was about to call someone, but I suggested that we wait and watch developments. "Aunt Hephzibah was in the dairy putting away the milk. The window was open and the tramp presently appeared before it. We girls tiptoed to the door and peeped through the crack to see what would follow. The tramp was saying something in a low, mumbled tone that we did not understand. Aunt Hephzibah turned and stared in amazement for a moment, and then we were convulsed with laughter, for she suddenly caught up one of the newly-filied pans and dashed its contents over the astonished man. "Now, git out! Git this instant, or I'll give you another dose! Clar out, and don't dare show yer face on these premises agin,' she screamed. And the man did 'clar out' in a remarkable hurry. "Half an hour later Simon Greggs came in chucking to himself, as he often did when anything amused him. 'Auntie,' he said, as Miss Hephzibah came out of the dairy, 'did you ever have a beau?' "Beau!' she exclaimed contemptuously; 'no, I never did and never want to, neither!' "Well, well,' chuckled Simon. 'I ject see a poor feller out by the barn. Looked's if he'd been takin' some kind o' shower bath. I sez to him, sez I, 'What you ben doin' round here?' And he sez, sez he, 'I was goin' to see my old friend, Hephzibah Almry Jones, an' this is the kind o' welcome she give me.' And now, Aunt Hephzibah, if that man wa'n't your beau, who was he?" "Aunt Hephzibah seemed a little confused for a minute, but quickly regained her composure, and looking Simon sternly in the face, said very stiffly, 'Simon Greggs, do you know a tramp when you see one? If you don't, it's time you learned.' "But matters came to a climax next day at noon, when the 'tramp' boldly knocked at the kitchen door and asked for Miss Jones. "Father invited him in, and then we discovered that he was not really bad looking, and certainly no tramp. "Presently Aunt Hephzibah appeared from the cellar, but in the middle of the floor she stopped, almost dropping the dish she was carrying. Then she collapsed into a chair. Mother signed to us to leave the room. It was a full hour before dinner was announced, but father said we could afford to wait. Aunt Hephzibah introduced her visitor as Mr. Samuel Brown, whom, she added, she had known when a girl more than 40 years ago. "Mr. Brown apologized for his strange behavior during the past three days. He said he had been a sailor and told a thrilling story of his exile in the frozen regions of the north, where the whaling vessel on which he sailed had been wrecked. Most of the crew perished, but two others with himself had at last succeeded in reaching Boston. He had come at once to seek his former sweetheart, Miss Jones. After tramping about all day he had yielded to the temptation of seeking shelter in father's barn, little thinking he was so near the object of his search. In the morning he started out again and chanced to meet someone who informed him of Miss Hephzibah's whereabouts, and he had returned—that was how we girls happened to meet him—and then when he tried to obtain an interview with her that worthy lady had sent him away drenched. Disappointed, he had gone to beg a night's lodging in Squire Baxter's barn, intending to set out for the docks in the morning, but the thought that Miss Hephzibah might not have recognized him had caused him to make one last attempt. "Well, you can guess the ending—that in a few weeks Aunt Hephzibah moved from Maplewood into a neat little farmhouse of her own, for, as she said, it was the best use she could make of the bright gold pieces that had been accumulating in her chest for so many years, and it did not matter whether her Samuel had any or not. One thing puzzled us girls—why had Mr. Brown chosen to see his lady love for the first time through that dairy window, and not properly through the door? We questioned old Simon, but he would only shake his head and look wise."—Boston Post.

Long Ordeal for New Boy at Rugby—The "Kish" at Marlborough. J. L. Paton, head master of Manchester Grammar School, in a speech at Rochdale, referred to a custom at Rugby School which forbids a boy of less than three years standing to turn up his trousers and insists on his doing so after that period. The custom is only a minor instance of the quaint practices that exist at all the great public schools, and are maintained with religious care, though in many cases their origin is obscure or unknown. The Shrove Tuesday tossing of the pancake at Westminster School, with its ensuing scramble for the largest fragment, which gains for its possessor a guinea from the dean, is, perhaps, the best-known among them. A curious custom at Marlborough requires every boy to bring to school with him a cushion, technically termed a "kish"—with the "i" long. This article is his inseparable companion in school time, and in addition to the ordinary functions of a cushion is employed to carry books from one form room to another. At Shrewsbury School at the beginning of each term "hall elections" are held for the posts of hall crier, hall constable, hall postman and hall scavengers. The genial brutality of youth often selects for the position of hall crier either the most nervous boy in the school or one who is afflicted with a stammer. The new boy in the schoolhouse at Rugby is early called upon to take his part in "house singing." At this function, which is held in one of the dormitories, he has to render a song to the satisfaction of his audience, the penalty being the swallowing of a mouthful of soapy water. Another ancient school custom is the parade of the Christ's Hospital bluecoat boys before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on St. Matthew's Day, when the "Oreclans," who correspond to "sixth formers" elsewhere, receive a guinea each and the rank and file of the school are presented with new shillings.—London Daily Mail. To Change Umbrella Handles. Sometimes a person would like to change an expensive umbrella handle to another umbrella and fasten it on solid. This can be done by cleaning out the hole left in the handle from the old rod and filling the hole with powdered sulphur. Place the handle in a solid upright position, and after heating the umbrella rod red hot push the rod down into the hole containing the sulphur. The hot rod fuses the sulphur and when cold it will hold the rod solid. This method may be applied to fastening rods into stone, iron or wood.—Popular Mechanics.

## With the Funny Fellows



The Baby Stare. A widow may wear The baby stare. It's a pretty thing and it goes. Down deep in her heart. She is playing a part. For she knows that you know that she knows. —Over the Nuts and Wine, in Lippincott's. The Goods. "We live in exacting times." "As to how?" "One must deliver the goods, and get not be caught with them."—Louisville Courier-Journal. No Chance. "I think it's wrong for a married man to gamble." "It's worse than wrong. It's idiotic. His wife gives him fits if he loses, and confiscates the proceeds if he wins."—Louisville Courier-Journal. Seemed So. Ella—"Fred is always in her wake." Stella—"Is she a dead one?" Ella—"What do you mean?" Stella—"She must be, to have a wake."—New York Times. Undecided. "Did you ever have appendicitis?" said the insurance man. "Well," answered the skeptic, "I was operated on. But I never felt sure whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity."—Washington Star. A Miffling Estimate. "Does your son know the value of a dollar?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "he has some idea of it. He knows better than to invite the scorn of the waiter at whose table he dines by offering him one as a tip."—Washington Star. More Information For Rollo. "Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?" "My son," answered the cynical parent, "appendicitis is something that enables a good doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."—Washington Star. Castles. "A man's house should be his castle," said the patriot. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "that sounds well. But a lot of the castles I observed while traveling abroad were distinguished by the big mortgages they carried."—Washington Star. How About Them? The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits. "And children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring." "Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"—Everybody's Magazine. A Beneficent Rule. "So you are ninety-four years old! To what do you attribute your long life?" "A good many things have contributed to it, the most important, I think, being the care which I have always taken not to get into a fight with a bigger man than myself."—Chicago Record-Herald. Out of the Ordinary. Geraldine—"Why did you ask for an introduction to me and why do you now, knowing so little of me, ask me to be your wife?" Gerald—"I decided, the day that I saw you alight from a street car and noticed that you did not get off backward, that you were a remarkable woman."—New York Times. The Doctor Explained. The doctor had brought a patient to the hospital. The operation was not to be a complicated one. "Was it really necessary for the patient to go to the hospital," asked somebody. The doctor nodded. "Yes," he replied. "It means a roof for the new house I am building."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Higher Mathematics. A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train, upon looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment. "Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"—Everybody's Magazine. An Offended Artist. "There's no use o' talking," said Farmer Cornstossel as he sat down on the horse trough. "I can't git along with some o' these here summer guests." "What's the trouble?" "I have jes' been lectured by that good-lookin' young woman with glasses fur sp'illin' the color scheme of the garden by puttin' paris green on the vegetables."—Washington Star.

Proverbs and Phrases. A well-wisher sees from afar. The wife is the key of the house. When one sheep leads the way the rest follow.—Chinese. A good heart overcomes evil fortune.—Don Quixote. He that rebuketh the wicked getteth a blot.—Bible. Gain has off with treacherous hopes led men to ruin.—Sapheles. Too much speech and too much silence belong to the fool.—German. He Finally Won Out. "Nettie," cried the enamored young man, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you." "Oh, no, you wouldn't, James," retorted the sweet girl graduate. "The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, therefore it has no end." "Yes, I know," continued the young man, "but what I meant was that I'd do anything to please you. Ah, dearest, if you knew the aching void—" "Now I am surprised, James," interrupted the s. g. g. "Nature abhors a vacuum, and there is no such thing as a void but admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be void if there was an ache in it?" "Oh, well," replied the young man, "at least I've got the cash and property amounting to nearly \$100,000, and I want you to be my wife. So there!" "James," replied the fair one without a moment's hesitation, "since you put it in that light, I haven't the heart to refuse you. Let the wedding bells ring without unnecessary delay."—From the Chicago News. Bible in 418 Tongues. London, Sept. 5.—According to the 105th report of the British and Foreign Bible Society the Bible will soon be printed in every language and dialect known throughout the world. Complete Bibles or portions of the Bible were issued last year in 418 different languages. During the year six new translations were added to the list. Besides these languages, there are complete Bibles or portions of the Scripture made in embossed type for the blind in thirty-one different languages. The number of Bibles issued by the society last year was nearly 6,000,000. Of complete Bibles there were 894,195; New Testaments, 1,116,674, and portions of Scripture, 3,993,842, making a total of 5,934,711. The colporteurs employed in the work of distribution have an adventurous life. Last year some of them were arrested as spies in Nicaragua, robbed in Burma, bitterly mocked by Social Democrats in Germany, driven out of villages in Peru by priests who burned their books, stoned in the Philippines and beaten by Moslems in Baluchistan. So. 38-'09. Snapshots of Thought. By T. M. Sullivan. The man who can sculpture a stumbling block into a stepping stone has done more than most sculptors ever accomplish. The unaided eye can discern the beauty of virtue, but no microscope can discover the comeliness of vice. When Women Vote. "What will happen when women vote?" "I suppose, among other things, one won't be able to get a Democratic cook to work with a Republican housemaid."—Pittsburg Post. Better on a sound boat than a leaky ship.—German. PRESSED HARD Coffee's Weight on Old Age. When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others. A superintendent of public schools in North Carolina says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach. "Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. "I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely. "I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach, that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us. "I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.