

Labor Must Now Have the Opportunity to Enjoy the Good Things of Life

By LORD SHAUGHNESSY, Canadian Pacific Railway



I have just returned from England. There the situation of labor is a cause of anxiety. Nominally the problem between labor and employers is a question of hours and rates of pay. To my mind, and it will be so here, there is something beyond that now.

It is not only a question of hours and rates of pay, but of the actual status of men who are performing such a large portion of the work of building up industries and making themselves as strong an influence as the capitalists and employers. It is a question of what their social status is to be in the future. We may take it for granted beyond question that the working man of the future, the working man of today, must be permitted and enabled and assisted, he and his wife and children, to lead quite a different existence to that of the past.

They must not be confined to the narrow, sordid lives that have been theirs hitherto.

They must have the opportunity to enjoy the good things of life that those in higher positions have enjoyed.

Paternalism Is Sure in Time to Kill Spontaneity of Human Intellect

By DR. FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, Columbia University

The intellectual life can prosper only where liberty of conscience and of thinking are cherished. It has seemed to some among us that of late our American life has drifted too strongly toward paternalism. Possibly this drift has been caused in part by the inconvenience and dangers of social disorder and anarchistic propaganda.

But let us not in our war upon these perils forget that, while they may violently destroy, paternalism will inevitably stifle and in time will kill all spontaneity and outreaching of the human intellect.

Americanism then at last comes down to this: We want an Americanism that will produce men and women that are not only self-reliant in the practical sense, but who also are self-reliant, strong, outreaching, fearless, creative in the spiritual sense, and such men and women can live and do their part in the world if we have a particular kind of law and a particular kind of liberty, a liberty-making law and a law-abiding liberty.

Like the Pilgrims and the Puritans who created our institutions, like the patriots who made us an independent nation, like the men who saved and consolidated our Union, and like the men who now have given their lives to save the whole fabric of civilization, we must continue to make and to safeguard such law and such liberty.

Personal Issue to Every American: The United States Constitution

By JAMES M. BECK, Former Asst. U. S. Attorney General

Unless the present tendency to change the Constitution of the United States by amendment, interpretation or usage is checked by a sound public opinion, it will one day become a noble and splendid ruin like the Parthenon, but, like the Parthenon, useless for practical purposes and an object of melancholy interest only. Let all patriotic Americans take up the cry: "Save the Constitution!"

This nation has spent its treasure like water, and the blood of its gallant youth to make "the world safe for democracy." The task is accomplished, but in the mighty reaction from the supreme exertions of the war it is now apparent to thoughtful men that a new problem confronts mankind—and that is to make democracy safe for the world.

Kaiserism has been haled to the bar of civilization and has been convicted and sentence of execution pronounced.

And now the world is slowly perceiving that democracy is also on trial, charged by its foes with unduly restraining the will of the majority to inflict their will upon the inalienable rights of the individual, and, by its friends, with inefficiency.

In this period of popular fermentation, the end of which no man can predict, the Constitution of the United States, with its fine equilibrium between efficient power and individual liberty, still remains the best hope of the world.

If it should perish the cause of true democracy would receive a fatal wound and the best hopes of mankind would be irreparably disappointed.

The Bravery of Mother Love Knows Not Age, Race, Creed or Social Degree

By JOHN KENLON, New York Fire Chief

Bravery—and who are the bravest of the brave? Forsooth how can one say who is the bravest when all firemen are brave? But if one is to talk of the bravery of a woman fighting flames and smoke and falling rafters and glowing, crumbling walls to rescue her young—ah! there is something to talk about!

Men are brave, certainly. Bravery from the soldier or the fireman is quite an ordinary thing. It is expected of him just as earning a living for his dependents is expected of the head of a family.

But a woman will cheerfully wade through all the flames of the seven circles of hell to save her baby the pain of a scorched thumb. She is capable of looking with clear, understanding eyes into the blazing mouth of certain death and then walking into the flames if she thinks that by so doing there is one chance in a thousand of her protecting her children from death by fire?

A man is, after all, only an ordinary mortal, even when his own are in danger, but a mother becomes a superwoman when her little ones are in peril. Hers in such a case is the bravery that will suffer crucifixion, the faggot and the stake with only a smile for the pain.

The same spirit is manifested throughout the races of the world. It knows not age, race, creed or social degree.

MICE AND MISERS

Two Would Seem to Have Some Sort of Affinity.

And Uncle Sam Is Frequently Called Upon to Make Good the Depredations Made in Hidden Hoards by the Rodents.

Uncle Sam is so broad-minded that he goes out of his way to help the miser. The treasury in Washington often receives wads of greenbacks or banknotes that misers have buried or otherwise hidden in places where they rotted or were chewed up by mice, and in such cases the money, if enough is left of it to be recognizable, is repaid to the owner in crisp new bills.

It is a curious fact about misers that nearly always they do not hide their money in one place, but scatter it about in all sorts of odd spots—the idea doubtless being that in case of theft only a minor fraction of the hoard is likely to be discovered by the robber.

Thus it has happened many a time that a miser's house, after his demise, had to be literally torn to pieces in order to recover his wealth. Indeed, in such instances it is often found expedient to break up the furniture and rip the seams of every article of clothing and bedding.

The miser is popularly supposed to entertain a marked preference for gold. But gold is hard to get nowadays; and, anyway, misers in these times would rather have paper money, which is more easily and safely hidden.

Unfortunately, mice think highly of banknotes and greenbacks for nest-making purposes, tearing them into tiny scraps, the putting together of which (for identification and redemption at the treasury) is a task surpassing in difficulty the most complicated picture puzzles. Paper money, by the way, cannot be so torn by human hands as to imitate successfully notes, chewed by mice. Their work cannot be counterfeited—a fact that has revealed a number of attempted frauds on the government.

The really up-to-date miser, however, does not hide his money at all, but puts it away in savings banks, where it cannot be stolen and draws compound interest. He scatters it among a number of such institutions, the bank books doubtless furnishing satisfactory material for those "gloats" in which the miser is supposed privately to indulge.

Jewelry Reveals History.

Increasing demand for all-American jewelry, designed from ancient models fashioned by the Aztecs and Toltecs of Mexico, has brought to light a striking similarity between them and those of the contemporaneous Roman empire.

The characteristic features of Roman jewelry were its broad surfaces, massive construction, use of large stones and open-work ornament. The same features are equally true of the aboriginal American jewelry, and of that of the restoration now in vogue.

Betokening strength and luxury, they both differed radically from the jewelry of the Greeks and Etruscans, especially in that the latter was chiefly distinguished by its delicate beauty and minutely cunning workmanship. Comparatively, it is the difference between the imposing canvas and the miniature. Montezuma and the Aztec nobles—and their Toltec predecessors—wore this magnificent, colorful jewelry, and so did the emperors and nobles of Rome, while both great empires were flourishing at the same period.

In the Days of "Seventeen."

"What's the matter, your girl turn you down?" asked a sympathetic friend of John, whose long face indicated such trouble.

"She told me that she and her folks were going to the country one Sunday to see some relatives," replied John, without answering the direct question. "I didn't know what to do myself, so I went to Broad Ripple swimming. I was standing near the pool and heard a loud smack, as a girl made a high dive and instead of going into the water head first hit too flat. It knocked all the breath out of her. A guard picked her up and got her to the bank, and as I was the nearest person I helped her out. She looked at me and I looked at her. Then she said, 'Hello, John!' and I said, 'Hello, Mary!' and she hadn't gone to the country at all. Then I walked away."

"Well, how you and Mary making it now?" asked the friend a few days later. "Oh, I go out to her house 'bout every night," said John with a smile.

Figured Out a Profit.

Colonel Kolb is telling the tale of a colored speculator who was an incurable optimist.

The anecdote was in answer to the pessimism of one of his friends who hoped that America would do as well in these piping times of peace as she had done in war.

It seems the colored man, who was a farmer, had bought a hog for which he paid \$10. Then he had to invest \$5 in corn to feed his porcine majesty.

"When market day at last arrived he received but \$11.50 for the animal. One of his friends poked fun at him. 'You didn't pan out wid dat hawg, did you, Rastus?'"

Rastus grinned from ear to ear, as if he had made a handsome profit.

"Ah didn't do so well on de corn, man," he answered, "but on de hawg I've done cleared a dollar an' a half!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

QUAINT OLD FINNISH TOWN

Everything in Borgia Seems to Go Back to About the Earliest Period of History.

The first glimpse of Borgia from the water is a cluster of old wooden buildings carelessly assembled along the skyline. You gather that the town is red, owing to the bulky, crimson-painted packhouses in the foreground, but upon climbing up the steep, cobblestoned street to the town, you change your mind, and decide that it is going to be yellow. For all the funny, old-fashioned houses are painted that color. A little farther on, however, it comes upon you suddenly that Borgia possesses a color scheme—that all the red and yellow is just a background for the splendid, solemn grayness of its ancient cathedral, which completely dominates the town from the depths of a walled courtyard of the type that was popular in the early fifteenth century.

Borgia began about thirteen hundred and something, and must have reached its height about the seventeenth century, for it contains very little of a later date than that. The cathedral contains nothing more modern than an organ, for example. Its white and gold, carved in the sixteenth century, and its wall sconces and wonderful crystal chandeliers are centuries old. Other Finnish towns have replaced their marvelous chandeliers with less beautiful but more practical fixtures of the current century, but Borgia proudly upholds the past. The Borgia cathedral still measures time by means of a quaint old hourglass filled with sand.

It was in this cathedral that the emperor of Russia, Alexander I, received the oaths of allegiance of the newly conquered Finns, a few days after he had signed the constitution which gave them their freedom. The house in which the constitution was signed—a modest, little, frame structure with old-fashioned, blue-painted blinds—is also pointed out with reverence to the traveler, and if you are duly sympathetic, the Borgans will then lead you up to the site of an old fortress reported to date back to an obscure period, even before the cathedral, when the Finns were heathens. It must be admitted that this site is anything but impressive now. There are some peculiar ditches, which, one is assured, are moats, and several barbed-wire fences which are supposed to inclose the ancient and venerable embattlements. Nevertheless, the place must have atmosphere, if you can only find it, for it was here that Walter Runeberg, the great Finnish poet, used to find the inspiration for so many of his splendid songs.

Prehistoric Skull.

The bureau of American ethnology has made public the discovery of a human skull "in concrete," filled with hard breccia, which was found on the coast of Florida.

The skull, collected by Samuel L. King of Bristol, Tenn., from Demere Key, off Fort Myers, is believed to be of prehistoric origin, because, like other human bones discovered by scientists, it is so placed in a strata of earth and pebbles that the age of the bones can be ascertained geologically.

Other bones mineralized by age and believed to be from 20,000 to 40,000 years old have been discovered in Florida, Peru and California, giving proof of the existence of prehistoric man, as well as the prehistoric huge beasts; but man, it would seem, were not so much larger than those of today.

Students of these fossil remains believe that some of them were men who died during the glacial period, and that since then the shifting of the earth buried them under from 75 to 150 feet of gravel which water partly eroded, which makes it possible to estimate that at least thousands of years have elapsed since the man died.

Cold Electric Light.

Electric lights heat up, and an inventor, William L. Barnard, comes forward—that is to the patent office—with a scheme for making your electric lights cold. Heat is cumulative. You turn your lights on. They brighten immediately, but it takes them a few minutes to grow warm. This inventor purposes turning off the light before it has had time to develop any great heat. That is, he provides an incandescent electric lamp with numerous filaments, instead of the usual single one. These filaments are connected with a rotary switch which turns each filament on and off at intervals, but the periods of luminosity of the filaments are so spaced that a continuous illumination results. In other words, when one is switched off others are switched on, so that there is no discontinuity.

Just the Same.

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."—London Tit-Bits.

Shoot Him on the Spot.

Some Connecticut chump is about to enrage the people of that state by recalling that roe shad were once obtained for 20 cents each, instead of \$2.50 as now. A man who would recall such things in a time like this ought to be put in stocks.—Houston Post.

HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

Wisconsin Now Has a Greta Green in Waukegan

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—"Do you want to get married?" This is a salutation common to the ears of couples strolling along the streets of Waukegan. For Waukegan has come to be the Greta Green for Wisconsin. Three hundred marriages in June is the record.

Competition for business has become so heated at the Chicago, Milwaukee and North Shore Electric Railway station that some score of solicitors for the marriage ceremony frequently come near to fistfights over the patronage of a couple that step off the train, J. P. ward bound.

It seems that the justices of the peace, the doctors and the jewelers all contribute a dollar each to the taxicab drivers and others who bring the couples to them. The J. P. unites the pair, the jeweler supplies the ring, and the doctor examines the men from Wisconsin, who fear a conflict with the eugenics law of that state.

Waukegan ministers are complaining because the civil authorities are taking away their trade, and Waukegan youths are complaining of being accosted on the street at all times when in company with girls by "agents" of the marriage mart.

Meanwhile Wisconsin couples are evading their home state law, which necessitates a five-day notice before marriage.

The enterprise of the solicitors may be embarrassing at times, but it is recommended to bashful swains.



Grateful Woman Tips Off Bank Robbers to Police

CHICAGO.—One bitterly cold night last February Patrolmen James Coleman and Peter Vernacchi made this entry in the blotter of the South Clark street station: "Found woman in doorway. Hungry and almost frozen. Fed her. Gave her night's lodging."

The other night the telephone bell at the South Clark street station rang and a woman's voice asked the desk sergeant: "Is Coleman or Vernacchi there?" She was told that Coleman was on a tour of duty. She reached him after two hours' effort.

"Listen," she said, "you rescued me from certain death last winter. I promised myself to requite you sometime—and I never forget. On June 14 five men tried to hold up the First State bank at Tolleston, Ind. They didn't get anything, but they killed Herman W. Uecker, the cashier. I'm going to tell you who they were."

She did. And Coleman and Vernacchi, with Patrolman John Lannon and Lie Michael Hughes of the detective bureau, arrested Lee Spiers, 6035 South Morgan street, and James Harry (Red) Parker of 6515 South Fairfield avenue. They made admissions which led to the arrest of Thomas and Albert Batchler, 755 West Seventy-ninth street; and Daniel and Nicholas Trkulja of Gary, Ind.

All have confessed participation in the attempted bank robbery save Nicholas Trkulja, who had knowledge of it but was not involved. Batchler admitted he fired the bullet that killed Uecker, when the latter made a motion as if to ring a police alarm. The men fled without obtaining anything. They used Daniel Trkulja's automobile—a stolen flivver. They have also admitted that, when not robbing saloons and groceries and holding up pedestrians, they engaged in stealing automobiles, specializing in flivvers. These they would deliver to the Trkulja brothers in Gary, who would sell them. They estimate they stole 20 cars in six months.

After the attempted bank holdup Daniel Trkulja, in his role of sympathetic mortician, conveyed the widow of the cashier, Mrs. Herman W. Uecker, and other mourners to the cemetery.

Batchler, Parker and Daniel Trkulja were found guilty within 24 hours after confession and will die in the electric chair.

"On That Beach at Waikiki" Romance Never Ceases

HONOLULU.—"On that beach at Waikiki" romance never ceases. The latest spell woven by the magic sands enmeshed Paul Stuart Winslow of Auvergne Lodge, River Forest, Ill., and Miss Ruth Anderson of Honolulu. Winslow met her in February. Moonlight, palm trees, the beach, and the soft strains of Hawaiian music followed. Their engagement is now announced.

Winslow met Miss Anderson while he was the guest of her brother at the Anderson home in Honolulu. Both men were officers in the same air squadron in France.

When the war ended the two men, who were very close friends, planned to visit each other. Lieut. Robert Alexander Anderson, the girl's brother, spent a month with Winslow at the latter's home in River Forest. Then they sailed for Hawaii, the beach and romance.

Winslow stayed three months. Three minutes, he said, was long enough to convince him that he had found the "only girl" there on the beach at Waikiki. Soon he is coming back to Honolulu to be married. The couple will live in River Forest.

Winslow and Anderson were attached to the Fifty-sixth British squadron. Anderson was shot down over the German lines and made prisoner. He escaped, however, the first American to free himself from a prison camp. Winslow is credited officially with two planes. His brother is Lieut. Alan Francis Winslow, famous aviator, who lost an arm in a battle with a Hun plane.

Miss Anderson is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Anderson. Her mother was born in Hawaii. Her grandfather is Alexander Young, famous as an American pioneer in Honolulu. She was educated in Honolulu and San Francisco.



Business and Professional Women Now Organized

DENVER.—Miss Lena Phillips, an attorney from New York city, the only honor graduate from the law department of the University of Kentucky that that institution ever had, has been here in the interests of the National Federation for Business and Professional Women, of which she is executive secretary.

"This is the biggest thing that has ever been launched for the business women of the country," says Miss Phillips, who started the movement in New York city, where clubs have already federated. "The movement is spreading all over the country and behind it are some of our most prominent women. The movement has begun last February and has progressed rapidly, covering nearly the entire country; it is strange that it did not begin before, inasmuch as there are at least 12,000,000 working women in the United States, of which at least half are engaged in business or the professions. These form a large army of women who can work together for the promotion of legislative measures which will promote women in business—one of the great purposes of the federation. It is our object to bring about a solidarity of feeling among women throughout the country and to gather and give out information relative to vocational opportunities. We will publish a magazine and a series of bulletins which will keep all the women of the United States in touch with each other, thus broadening their visions."

"As a federation, we ask equal opportunities with the men and equal pay. We do not ask for the privileges of women and the rights of men." Miss Phillips, who has traveled in all the larger cities from coast to coast, was astounded to find women engaged in occupations which are ordinarily reserved for men.

