

Bellefonte, Pa., October 16, 1908.

IT IS COMMON.

So are the stars and the srching skies, So are the smiles in the children's eyes; mmon the life-giving breath of the spring So are the songs which the wild birds sing-Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green ; So is the water's glistening sheen nmon the springs of love and mirth ; So are the holiest gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June : So is the generous harvest moon, So are the towering mighty hills, So are the twittering, trinkling rills,

So unto all are the promises given. So unto all is the hope of heaven ; Common the rest from the weary strife ; So is the life which is after life-Blessed be God, it is common. -[Anon.

THE EXECUTORS.

Since the announcement of his engagement to Helen Trask, Wallace Stillwell Hamilton, or "Wallie" Hamilton as he was affectionately, and almost universally known, had become little better than a stranger to his numerous friends in town. Almost without exception, now, the late afternoon found him on his way from his office to the Grand Central Station, and his recently acquired knowledge of "expresses" and "locals" between Rye and Forty-second Street was worthy of the oldest commuter. On rare occasions he made his mother very happy by dining with her at her home in the country and going over later to the Trasks, but more often he dined and spent the evening with Miss Trask, and on such occasions Mrs. Hamilton was rewarded only by a fleeting glimpse of her son on his arrival from town and a hearty kiss just before he turned in for the night. "Wallie" Hamilton had always been accounted a good son and now he was cheerfully admitted to be the true type of the perfect lover and husband-elect, and this, in spite of the fact that he and Helen Trask had been neighbors and playfellows as far back as either of them could remember anything.

Neglectful as he may have been of his other friends and acquaintances in town, Hamilton's engagement seemed only to have brought him the nearer to his most intimate friend-Lloyd Druce. The two had grown up together as boys, gone to the same New England preparatory school, graduated at the same university, and later, now more like brothers than friends, had returned to New York to work as well as play together. Formerly, when neither of them had been dining out, they had generally spent their evenings together at their club, or more often at the theatre, but now. on the rare occasions when Hamilton remained in town, the two men dined quietly at some restaurant and afterward went to Hamilton's apartment, where they filled the cosey sitting room with slowly drifting gray clouds of tobacco smoke and talked a little of the days to come and a great deal of those that had gone.

The wedding was but a week distant, the details had all been arranged, the gifts, for the most part, had been received and acknowledged, and for the last time Hamil-

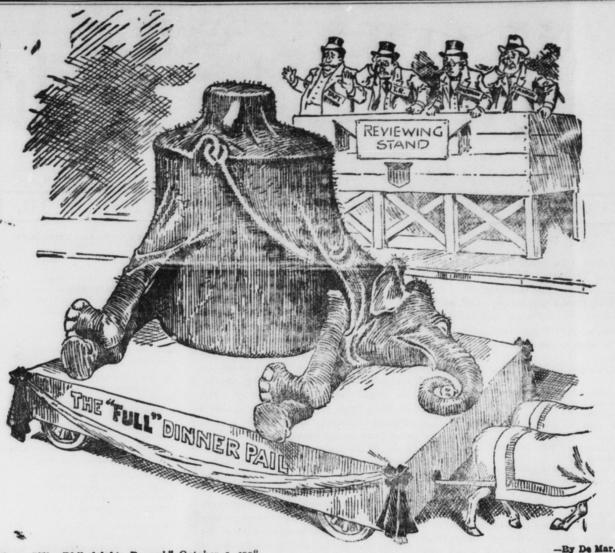
the memory of these decorations, and the worst of it is that to every one but your-self they are usually such foolish baubles— only tawdry pieces of junk that mean lit-tle or nothing to many. And yet in our hearts we are forever turning back to them and the moment we won them. Do you suppose a man who won the Victoria Cross ever had the memory of that one brave act crowded out by any life of domestic happiness on the biggest estate in Great Britain? When I was a kid, I knew a boy who lived in a little town down on the Jersey coast, where I spent my summers, and he was the freshest, most uppopular boy in the vil-lage. He went to Princeton afterward and learned to race on one of those old-time high-wheeled bioycles. When he graduated, he went back to his native town and entered the mile biovole race at the Spring Fair and licked the life out of all of his old enemies. He afterwards became mayor of the town and bred the best race horses in the country and married a rich woman. But he told me that often when the family had gone to bed he used to get out the dinkey medal he won at the Fair grounds aud sit in front of the fire, and, by looking into the flames, he could see the boys on the other bicycles, with their matted hair and the sweat running down their white cheeks, and he could see the banks of faces of the crowd on either side of the track and hear them curse him as he crossed the line. I knew another man-about the best cor poration lawyer here in town today-he showed me once an old revolver that had been given him as a fee for his first case in the town out West where he was born. His client was a murderer and things looked altogether hopeless, but my friend, the lawyer, made a wonderful speech, and the jury voted for acquittal. The murderer had no money, so he gave the lawyer the revolver he had killed the man with. That man's rich and famous now ; but when he showed me that old gnn, his eyes softened and he handled it as tenderly as if it had been some living thing that had been wounded. Whenever he looked at it, he said that his mind went back to the little, stuffy, crowded court room out West and the lean, sorrowful looking face of the judge on the bench sitting all alone and the line of the twelve jurymen standing up, and at the end of the line the moon-faced foreman grasping the rail in front of him and saying 'not guilty.' That was his decoration ; but what has it to do with the domestic life of the present great corporation lawyer? And yet, that was the best moment of his life. What do you suppose he would trade for that moment now ?'

There is nothing that can ever crowd out

"I can't imagine," Druce said ; "go abead.'

"Aud then," Hamilton continued, 'there is another kind of decoration. Suppose a woman-I mean the one woman you remember when you are very ill, or when you have been in the open and away from civilization for a long time. Suppose just once she had put her arms about you-I don't mean, necessarily, pink and white, well-rounded arms, with dimples at the elbow, but arms with nerves in themnerves that not only go down to the heart but up to the brain too. Or, suppose a woman had never put her arms about you, but had just written you a line of three words, 'I love you,' and suppose she had no right to write you that line, and the discovery of it would mean her finish, but she wrote it because it was the real thing in her life, and because she wanted to show you she trusted you. That's another kind of deforation-of honor or dishonor, which Mrs. Hamilton recognized him and came memory and my love for him, which is the ever you choose to call it. You can't for-

get it, and I don't believe it's human nawent with it, because that is always good for one real thrill." Hamilton got up and walked over to the



From "The Philadelphia Record," October 5, 1908. A FOUNDERED WEAKLING FLOAT

heavy with the odor of stale tobaccosmoke, and the coal grate was half filled with gray cinders. It was evident that the room was just as its late master had left it. He closed the door, and walking very softiy. as if afraid of disturbing the loneliness of the cheerless room, went over to the desk and sat down before it. For a moment he glanced about at the things on the desk he knew so very well-a small photograph of Helen Trask in a ridiog habit and a broad round sailor hat, and a larger photograph of Hamilton's mother ; the old-fashioned silver ink-well and the green leather rack filled with the familiar note paper. On the broad blotter there lay a pen, just

where Hamilton bad left it, and Druce hesitatingly picked it up and then quickly put it back just as he had found it. The young man seemed to become sud-denly conscious of the chill in the air, for the room was very cold, and he at once set about his task. He tried the little drawers of the desk until he had found the one that was locked, and then taking the keys from his pocket, inserted the smaller one in the lock. And, as he did so, he heard the a life without blame, and that there was rustle of a portiere opening behind him, followed by a low cry, and turning he saw the mother of his friend and Helen Trask standing in the doorway. Unconsciously he rose to his feet, and at the same moment

ton was spending the night in town as a ture to want to destroy the insignia that yon. We had no idea any one would be the life that he gave to me." Druce put his arm about her, for she had

To the Editor of the Democratic Watchman

"Unopened ?" "Naturally-unopened."

"I don't know that they are papers. All know is that he asked me to destroy omething in that drawer. I am simply trying to carry ont the last request of a friend. I do not believe that the papers, if they are papers, are of any great value to any one except to the man who left them." "Value !" the girl repeated. "Has a name no value, has a memory no value? Wallie Hamilton gave his life to me-and gave mine to him-and now all I have

writer is valued so highly as Richards, who, in political economy, was the strictest of the strict, a Pharisee of the Pharisees. wonderful learning and skill."

who can or will buy and then-the whole thing begins over again. Any machine which broke down period-

ically as this machine of capitalism does, would not be tolerated for a day.

Poverty and panics, Robertus declared, will not cease until the laborers are guaranteed a share in the social wealth which increases with increasing production. This can only be done by an organization of all can only be done by an organization of an social labor. Then an estimate can be made of all production, of the market de-mand and of the time it takes to supply that demand. Then the value of a commodity can be measured by social-labor-

time, and labor receive its just share. Karl Marx was born in 1818. In 1847, in company with his life-long friend, Frederick Engels, he published a manifesto of the Communist party, which tells the workingmen that their interests are the same in all nations ; that they have nothing to lose and everything to gain by standing together, and ends with the words, "Workers of the world unite."

In 1848 Marx was banished from Germany, and with his family spent the remainder of his life an exile, in London.

In 1864 he founded The International Workingmen's Association. This and his book entitled "Capital," are his great contributions to socialism.

Capital has been called the Bible of the Socialists and as professor Ely says, "It defends their doctrines with acuteness of un-derstanding and profandity of learning, and certainly ranks among the ablest politico-economic treatises ever written."

Marx's name is associated with two great doctrines, of which he gave clear expression, although they had been in the minds of some of his predecessors. They are call-ed Surplus-value and the Materialistic Conception of History. By Surplus-value Marx means the differ-

ence between the cost of the production of a commodity and the market value. This is represented by profit, rent and interest, and goes to those holding in their private possession the means of production-land, factories, railroads, etc.

Marx's statement of the second doctrine s, "In every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis

upon which is built up and from which alone can be explained the political and Speaking of German socialism, professor Ely says: "One of its leading characterintellectual history of that epoch." is, that our development is shaped by the istics is its thoroughly scientific spirit. Sentimentalsm is banished, and a foundaway in which we carry on the production and distribution of the things by which we tion sought in hard, releatless laws, resulting necessarily from the physiological, psy-

The only point at which Marx is considered vulnerable, is in his definition of value. That is that the value of a commodi-Coldly, passionlessly, laws regulating wages and value are developed, which ty is measured by the amount of social labor necessary for its production. This is not original with Marx. Both Ricardo and Robertus had declared labor the sole measure of value. It was not until the political economists saw to what logical conclusions this led, how it struck at the very foundation of capitalism, that they turned their to sustain every separate and individual proposition. Mathematical demonstrations minds to weaving new definitions for value. These involve so much p-ychology and as logical as problems in Euclid take the metaphysics that they are unintelligible to place of fine periods, perorations and ap-peals to the Deity. Political economy is the average mind.

The efforts of these supporters of capitalnot rejected, but in its strictest and most ism remind one of those learned schoolmen, orthodoxy form becomes the very cornerwho, after Abelard had stormed their stone of the new social structure. No stronghold, rushed to the defense of the mother church and spent much time in computing how many angels could stand on the point of a needle.

Marx also pointed out how a surpluslabor population was necessary for capitalism. After a crises, when a large number of laborers are thrown apon the communiwent before and those who came after, that ty, the employers are in no way responsiby the society at large, until the employers are ready to start again. There being then so great a demand for work, wages are low and production can be carried on at less cost to the employers. The aim of socialism is to establish a social system in which the interest of the individual will be for the interest of all. Capitalism has divided society into two hostile camps where the advantage of one is to the disadvantage of the other. Profound as was the learning of Robertus, and painstaking and logical as was that of Marx, there was needed a man of different type from either, to call into being the Social Democratic Party of Germany. This was done by Ferdinand Las-He clothed the thoughts of Marx salle. and Robertus in burning words, which at last moved the minds of the German working-men and in 1863 social Democracy took its rise in a political party called the "Universal German Laborer's Union." Lasalle was killed in a duel in 1864, at the age of thirty-nine, but his work was carried on, at first, hy his friends, and later under von Schweitzer, the Union became strong and compact. In 1875 this Union together with the "German Laborers' Unions" formed the "Social Democratic Lubar Party," under the leadership of Liebknecht and Bebel.

"And what are you going to do with these

papers ?" she asked. "Destroy them-of course," he said. For a moment the girl closed her eyes and brashed her forehead with the back of

her gloved hand. "I'm afraid." she said, "I don't quite understand Why should he ask you to destroy these papers? Why should you try to deceive me about them !" Druce clasped his hands behind his back

and looked the girl evenly in the eyes.

left is that memory. I believed that it was no secret he held from me, and yet you would destroy that memory? I am to go back to my grief with that suspicion al-ways before me⁹ Do you think that it is fair to throw up this barrier between his its logical and consistent conclusion with

toward him. "Ob, Lloyd," she said, "I'm so glad it's the rights of a friend-I claim the rights of influence has so far exceeded those who

The History of Socialism in Germany

chological and social constitution of

show that in our present economic society

the poverty of laborers and their robbery

by capitalists are as inevitable facts as the

motions of the planets. Histories, blue books and statistical journals are searched,

and facts are piled on facts mountain-high,

and his physical environment *

bachelor. He and Druce had dined late, and now Hamilton was sitting before his desk in the little study, and his friend was stretched out in a deep leather chair before the open hearth. The two young men had talked but little, and during a long silence, Hamilton opened a small drawer of the desk, fumbled among some papers, and took out a silver key ring from which there was suspended a single key. From the keys, which he always carried, he bunch of took another key and twisted it on to the silver ring. Then he swung his chair around so that he could see his friend.

"Lloyd," he said, "the lease of these rooms doesn't run out until May, and I don't want to sublet them. They're no good for Helen and me, so I think I will give you these duplicate keys. It might amuse you to run in here once in a while to borrow a book or-or just for old-times sake, and -"

Druce looked up and smiled. "Why, of course, I'd like to, very much." He held out his hand and Hamilton tossed him the

"The larger one," Hamilton said, "is for the front door and the little one is for a drawer here in the desk. It's the lower one on the left-you can tell it because it's the only one that is ever locked."

Druce dangled the deys from his finger and looked up at his friend; interrogatively, as if he expected him to go on talking, but for a few moments there was silence. while Hamilton sat staring ahead of him, his brow wrinkled and his expression that of a man who was trying to reach a definite decision.

"Lloyd," he said at last, "if anything should happen to me-oh, I know," and he threw up his hand by way of protestof course nothing is going to happen-but I say if anything should happen, I wish would come here and let yourself in and open the drawer that is locked and destroy apything you find there and-and don't waste any time about it."

Druce continued to twirl the key ring about his finger and then looked up suddenly and caught Hamilton's eye. "Oh, I don't know, Wallie," he said,

"it doesn't seem good enough to me. If crowded. It was late in February, but the you've got anything to destroy, why not do it now ? You -'

"You don't understand," Hamilton interrupted.

'I khow I don't understand. But I know that you, like every other man about to be married, are starting all over againturning over a new leaf-not that the old one was damaged, at that. But for Heaven's sake, if you've got any closets with skeletons in them, now is the time to clean them out. At least, that's what I think. Hamilton nodded and slowly rolled the end of his cigar between his lips.

"That's the trouble, Lloyd. That's what yon think-that's pretty much what any one would think. Skeletons in my closets -bah ! I never had any skeletous about me-I don't like them. I may have a decoration or two locked up, but no skeletops.

"What kind of a decoration ?"

"Well, according to my ideas, there are them as well as to the person who gives them, and there are decorations that reflect

fireplace and looked down at his friend. "I tell you, Lloyd, there are a whole lot of different kinds of decorations, and pretty much every man has one. You can's al ways see it because it may be at home in his desk, or it may be that there was no emblem that went with it : but believe me he knows it's there-banging on his chestnot very far from his heart either."

Druce stretched his arms above his head and blew a long cloud of gray smoke to-ward the ceiling. "All right," he said. "I'll keep the keys, but it's only because it's you.'

Hamilton smiled. "It's only because you're you that I gave them to you."

Five days later, and two days before the date set for the marriage, a farmer driving vegetable cart to town in the gray light of the early morning, found what there was

left of Wallace Stillwell Hamilton and his racing car. The accident had taken place near Rye at the bottom of a steep hill, half way between the young man's own home and that of the girl he was soon to have mar-

ried. Hamilton was known as an occasion ally careless, always feariess driver ; the road had been rather slippery and the machinery of the car was demolished beyond the possibility of finding out the condition of the brakes at the time of the accident that is, if it had occurred to any one to look at them, which, as a matter of fact, it probably had not.

Druce returned to town after the funeral more genuinely depressed than he had ever felt before. Hamilton had been the best part of his life, and how much this friendship meant to him, how great was the void that no one else could fill, had begun to strike home. He wandered aimlessly into the club, but whenever be came near, the men drew long faces, and their words of sympathy only hurt him the more ; and so he went out again and walked slowly along the streets that seemed the least air was warm and damp and there was heavy mist ; the sidewalks were wet with melting snow, and the streets and gutters ran deep in mud and slush. With no heed as to where he was going, Druce walked

aimlessly on, occasionally nodding back to faces that smiled and nodded to him. The mist turned to a light drizzle and a little later the drizzle to rain, and the warm drops blowing against his face brought him back to his surroundings. It was quite dark now and the street lamps were lit and the sidewalks crowded with men and women going home from work. For a

few more blocks he jostled along with the crowd, and then seeing an empty hansom pass, he bailed it and gave the driver the address of the apartment house where he lived. It was on his way there that he remembered the silver key ring and Hamil-ton's last request and his friend's injunc-tion not to "waste any time about it." He

found the keys at his rooms and set out for Hamilton's apartment at once, because he all kinds of decorations. There are deco- knew that the servant of his late friend was rations of honor to the person who wins almost sure to be away at that hour and on this visit he wished to be alone and undisturbed. As a precaution Drnce rang the honor on the person who wears them and bell, but as no one answered, he opened of dishouor on the one who awards them, the front door and passed on into the sitting and vice versa. Sometimes there is no tang ible emblem—just a quarter of an hour— and found that the shades of the windows that long, perhaps—but it's the quarter of an hour that means most in your life. which opened on the street were down and the curtains drawn. The air was damp and

always been much like a mother to him, and led her to a big arm-chair at the side of the desk.

"I'm afraid it's very cold for you," he said. "I'll try to start a fire."

He turned, and as he did so he saw Helen Trask standing before the desk, her eyes resting on the key ring dangling from the locked drawer. For a moment the girl's He was, I think, the best son a mother ever face, white and as expressionless as marble against her broad black veil. remained unmoved. Turning toward Druce she inclined her head very slightly, her colorless tired, and you have suffered a great deallips moved in words of an unbeard greetng, and then her eyes turned back to the locked drawer.

He went over to the fireplace, but there was neither coal nor kindling of any kind. "I'm sorry. Mrs. Hamilton," he said, "hut I fear a fire is impossible. It's really very cold. Do you think you ought to stay

"It's only for a minute. Helen and I were so terribly lonely out there in the country that we thought we would come to town and spend the night with my sister. And then Helen wanted to come here-we thought the servant might be in, but the caretaker says he has not been back since -that is, for several days-and so he opened the door for us."

Helen sat down in the chair before the desk and turned her colorless face toward Druce. There was a certain questioning look in her eyes, which seemed to ask, even demand some sort of an explanation. He walked over to the desk, and taking the key from the lock, dropped it into his coat pocket. Then he went back to his former stand before the fire.

"Mrs. Hamilton," he said. "I feel that ought to tell you why I am here. Some time ago Wallie told me if anything should ever happen to him that I should come here and look for some papers, in a partic-ular drawer in his desk, and destroy them. I suppose they were some business papers --probably notes from people to whom he had loaved money which he did not wish ever to have collected. You know how Wallie was always doing something for people and never wanting to have it known ?"

The mother smiled at him and nodded her head. "Wby, of course," she said, "I've no doubt that's what it was. Wallie was so good to every one and he never spoke of his charities even to me."

Miss Trask was looking away from Druce, her elbows resting on the desk and her chin between her palms. "Did you say, Lloyd," she asked, "that it was long ago that he told you this? Before-before Wallie and I were engaged, I mean ?"

"Oh, yes, long before. Probably a year

"I can't understand that," the girl said without looking up, "because this is a new desk; I remember the day he got it; we all came here to supper that night. Don't you remember. it was not more than a month here to supper that night. Don't you or so ago ?"

The older woman looked up questioningly at Helen and then at Druce. After all, what difference could it make now-her boy was gone and a few papers more or less, could not matter very much. For some moments there was silence and then it was Druce who spoke.

were together." good."-Philadelphia Press. The girl turned and looked at him.

The girl rose from her seat at the desk, knee. The older woman gently brushed a

loose strand of hair from the girl's eyes. Robertus found two chief evils in the "I was his mother," she said, "his blood was my blood, and I am his legal executor. had, and yet to mother could know all her son's life. My child, you are very young in the ways of the world and you are very more, I hope, than you will ever suffer again. I think you had better let me take you home."

The girl buried her head in the older voman's lap and cried softly to herself. Druce turned away, and, resting his hands before him on the shelf over the fireplace, looked down on the cinders in the cold grate. For the first time he saw resting on the gray coals the charred remnants of a piece of paper-the fragile, twisted form in ashes of a burned letter-a breath would have blown it into a thousand flakes. He went over to where the girl knelt and touched her gently on the shoulder. "Very well, Helen," he said, "I think it is better that you should have your way. You will probably find that the drawer is emptyhe had no secret from you. Wallie always

loved a joke." He took the keys from his pocket and pressed them into the girl's hand. Then bowed to the two women and went out and left them to their empty legacy.

When he had reached the street he stopped to look up at the familiar windows. On how many nights during the past years, on his way home had he glanced up at the same windows to see if the lights were still

burning. "Poor dear old Wallie," he said half aloud, still looking up at the dark, forbid-ding house front. "Poor old Wallie-I did the best I could for you. And now that it's all over, I wonder who is the proper executor for a man's secret !"-By Charles Belmont Davis, in Scribner's Magazine.

The path of motherhood is a thorny one to many women. They have barely vitality enough for themselves, and the claims of another life on the mother's strength reduces them to a pitiable condition of

weakness and misery. Prospective moth-ers will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a "God send to women." To quote the closing paragraph of a letter rom Mrs. T. A. Ragan, of Morris, Wauga Co., N. C.:

medicine has done for me. I am well and hearty, can sleep at night, and do a good day's work without feeling tired. 'Favor ite Prescription' will do all that is claimed for it-prevent miscarriage and render childbirth easy. I cannot say too much in praise of it. I think it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God for my life and Dr. Pierce for my health."

Thousands of other women support the testimony of Mrs. Ragan.

Sizing Him Up.

marked the self complacent man, "that I in the world's history, when it is possible have only one fauit, and that's a small to produce enough to keep all in comfort, have only one fauit, and that's a small

"You're quite right, Helen," he said. "He gave me the keys very recently. It was just the other night—the last time we were together." " small hole, but it makes the nickel no

"Heleo," Druce said, "you are making they can be taken as representatives of soit very hard for me. I only want to do my duty as I see it." cialism, not only in their own constry but throughout the world. These three men throughout the world. These three men are Robertus. Marx and Lasalle. Karl and going over to Mrs. Hamilton, sat at Robertus lived from 1805 to 1875. He was her feet and rested her head against her known and honored for his character and learning.

> economic life, and considered these the cause of most of the others. These evils are nanperism and financial crises. He further declared that pauperism and crises result from one and the same circumstauce. viz : "That when economic processes are left to themselves in respect to the distribution of goods, certain relations, connected with the development of society, bring it about that as the productivity of social labor increases, the wages of the laboring classes constitute an ever-decreasing portion of the national product." Rob rtus does not mean that the wages of the laborers necessarily become less, but that rea wages- that is, wages measured by what they will buy-decrease relatively to the increase of the productivity of social labor. Society, from the economic point of view is divided into laborers, capitalists and landlords. This is because of the division of labor and because laborers produce more than they consume. Landlords receive rent ; capitalists, profits and interest, in either case, an income derived from private possession and not from labor. Land and

capital constitute the instruments of labor and their possessors can refuse their use, by the laborers, unless a share of the product is guaranteed. The laborers are dependent on the instruments of production.

They are being hurled together by their ever increasing numbers, and, at the same time by their displacement through machinery, so that labor is treated as a commodity to be bought and sold in the market. Its value depends on its cost-that is, the cost of enabling the laborer to live and support a family. Now labor produces more than it consumes but Robertus proves "from the income returns in England since 1800 and from the division of the national product of England into rent, wages and profits, that the increased production of

machine power, estimated as equal to the labor of five hundred and fifty millions of men, has benefitted wholly and entirely landlords and capitalists."

Poverty is relative. It is not what a man has, but what relation his possessions hold to those about him, that causes his discontent. It is therefore the relative decrease of labor's share in our increased productivity, which Robertus claims to be the cause of pauperism. Crises also he proves,

result from the same cause. The products of labor are the necessities, the comforts and the luxuries of life. When the supply of these fall short of the demand, capital uses its wealth to build new factories, railroads, etc. Protuction increases while labor's relative share diminishes, and as the laborers have not enough to buy back all that they have produced, and the capitalists cannot consume more than a certain amount of necessities and do not care for more comforts and loxuries, the demand diminishes, the market is stocked with undesirable merohaudise "I believe I can truthfully say," re- the great anomaly--that, at the first time

rium is not again restored until these glut-ted markets have been consumed by those

The introduction of universal suffrage, by the North German confederation in 1867, and by the German Empire in 1871, enabled the Social Democrats to enter poli-

In 1867 they had eight members in the parliament of the German Confederation, and in 1871, two in the Reichstag of the Empire, with a popular vote of 101,000. In 1898 they had increased their members in the Reichstag to 56, with a total vote of 2,000,000. In 1903 their total vote was 3,010.000 and their members in the Reichstag 81. In 1907 the socialist vote was 3,251,000, that is, an increase of 241,000 votes, but their membership fell to 43. This was because of the fact that the whole conservative vote was consolidated against them and because of the inequitable apporsionment of votes. Although the Socialists polled more than one-fourth of the votes of the Empire, they have less than one ninth of the members of the Reichstag. The districts in which the socialist vote is greatest have the least representation. In proportion to their vote, the Socialists should have 110 members in the Reichstag.

Of the two original leaders of the Social Democrats, Bebel is still living and has the distinction of being the first German Artisan in the Imperial Parliament.

ELIZABETH M. BLANCHARD.

There are people who still carry a potato or a horse chestout in the pocket as a charm against rheumatism. But for the most part men and women have been educaled to believe in the scientific fact that rheumatism is a blood disease and must be cured through the blood. The many cures of rheumatism credited to Dr. Pierce' Golden Medical Discovery are due to the fact that it is probably the greatest blood medicine of the age. It cleanses the blood from contaminating impurities, increase the blood supply by increasing the activity of the blood-making glauds, and pours through vein and artery a supply of rich, pure blood, which is like a river of health to the diseased body.

----Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

"I cannot tell half that Dr. Pierce's