

LABOR ABROAD IS SUFFERING SADLY

Industrial Depression World-Wide, But is Passing Here.

AMERICAN OUTLOOK IS BRIGHT

While Manufacturing Establishments in the United States are Increasing Their Payrolls, Distress Among the Unemployed Prevails Throughout Great Britain and the European Continent.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Oct. 13. That the recent financial panic from which the United States is now recovering was not the result of local conditions is indicated by the fact that a severe business and industrial depression for months has prevailed throughout the world.

The United States has suffered less than any other country. In fact, the situation in this country is not to be compared to that abroad. Official reports recently received by the department of commerce and labor furnish an accurate index to the business conditions of foreign countries. These reports show that the imports into the United Kingdom for home consumption and the exports of domestic manufactures have declined greatly. The situation there grows worse.

Many Unemployed Abroad.

Pauperism has increased enormously in the United Kingdom this year and the number of persons receiving indoor relief is the greatest since the records began in 1858.

A census of the unemployed, taken by the newspapers, shows an extraordinary number—over 22,000 in Glasgow alone. The London Times says that the outlook is "the worst that the younger men have faced," adding: "The dominant fact is that there is no life in shipbuilding, and no prospect of any revival. The railway shops have cut down their staffs; 50 per cent of the masons are out of work, and 25 per cent of the plumbers."

Many Seek Charity.

A Blue Book of the British government shows that nearly 1,000,000 persons were receiving relief on Jan. 1, which number has greatly increased since that time. In London alone 149,000 persons were securing relief—a great number over the previous year. Wages have declined greatly.

The London Financial Times, a high authority, of Sept. 19, says: "For the greater part of the year we have been passing through a very acute phase of commercial depression, and we have seen both imports and exports decline at a rate that has been anything but unusual. A review of the business of the principal foreign countries and colonies shows that practically everywhere business is in a very lethargic state. The board of trade returns of the commerce of foreign countries furnishes the necessary figures showing the condition of business in those countries.

"The imports for home consumption of Belgium for seven months show a decline of nearly \$25,000,000. Those of Canada show a decline of 23 per cent, or nearly \$40,000,000; France \$25,000,000; Germany, \$15,000,000, and so on with other countries. The domestic exports from those nations also show large declines. The greatest is that of Egypt, which for the seven months shows a decline of over 19 per cent, or nearly \$13,000,000. France shows a decline of nearly \$35,000,000, or over 6 per cent. Germany's decline in exports is less, but reached a total of about \$10,000,000. Japan shows a decline of 12 per cent, or \$12,000,000, and Switzerland a decline of 10 per cent, or over \$10,000,000, and so on with other countries.

"The decline in the domestic exports of the United States is very much less than those from the United Kingdom, and the relative decline was very much less than that of Switzerland, Japan, Egypt, British South Africa, and some other countries. The average decline shown in imports of all the countries was over 12 per cent, and in some exports over 8 per cent. The later returns show even worse figures. Generally speaking, therefore, we have abundant proof of the widespread nature of the present depression in trade, and we need not alarm ourselves that we are experiencing any special chastisement in the hands of fate."

"The Thunderer's" Tale of Distress. The London Times in a recent issue, speaking about the condition of affairs in Scotland, says: "The present generation does not recall such slackness in all industries, and, of course, in commerce which depends upon the activity of workshops and factories."

"The outlook for the winter is the worst that the younger men have yet faced. One shipbuilding yard has not a vessel on the docks, and another large one is employing only a third of its full complement of workmen. The dominant fact is that there is no life in shipbuilding, no prospect of any revival, no orders in sight of any considerable magnitude. Therefore it is feared that the winter will be a very hard one. Cautious estimates put the total number of men, including laborers, out of work in Glasgow at from 20,000 to 30,000. Yarrow's is the only shipbuilding yard that is fully employed. The largest forge has reduced its staff from 4000 to 2500. The railway shops have cut down their staffs on account of economies. Fifty per cent of the masons are out of work and 25 per cent of the plumbers.

"In the textile trade most of the factories are on short time or keeping down their output, so that women's wages are in fact reduced from 18 shillings (\$4.37) a week to 10 shillings (\$2.43). Half of the 4000 dockers are unemployed. The provident societies tell rather doleful tales. Life policies are lapsing all around, in short, work is scarce and threatens to become scarcer. Following the example set by the Glasgow Herald, the lord provost has opened a distress fund, and liberal response is being made by the citizens."

The New York Journal of Commerce, in its issue for Sept. 23, reviewing American and British foreign trade, states:

Home Conditions Not So Bad.

"The falling off in American exports in August amounted to only 13.2 per cent, while on the British side there was a decrease of 18.7 per cent. Our own export figures for the eight months as compared with the eight months ending with August, 1907 show a decrease of less than 9 per cent. The British figures for the corresponding period show a decline of 10.5 per cent."

From this it will seem that the situation is much worse in the United Kingdom and in some other countries than it is in the United States. The British board of trade returns for August show the largest aggregate increase in trade for any month of the year. The imports fell over \$30,000,000 in that month, and the exports about \$37,000,000. This enormous decline in trade, the London Times says, "is of much importance to the working classes owing to the enormous number of unemployed." A dispatch says: "With the trade declining in the alarming manner shown by the above figures, the outlook for the workers during the coming winter is very gloomy. The most serious feature in the point of view of the workingman is the falling off of exports of manufactured goods."

The situation in Germany is much the same, although not quite so bad as in the United Kingdom. The Canadian government, owing to the trade conditions, has adopted regulations to prevent immigrants from coming to that country unless well supplied with funds. At the recent session of the Canadian Manufacturers' association in Winnipeg, the parliamentary committee reported as follows:

"The one outstanding feature of the year has been the pinch of hard times which all of us have suffered in a greater or less degree. The London labor bureau of the association has been closed as a result of the industrial and financial depression."

ENGLISH TITLES.

Why Inferior Honors Are Sometimes Refused by Commoners.

Although it costs money to be made a peer, no sum can actually buy a British title, as may be done in some European countries. Honors of this description are in the giving of the king, or, rather, his majesty bestows them on persons at the recommendation of the prime minister, who really has the final say in the matter. Titles are conferred either directly or indirectly by the prime minister. No third person recommends a candidate for royal recognition, and indirectly when a third person brings a candidate's name forward, he having good and valid grounds for doing so. The former method, however, is the one which is usually adopted. It is the duty of the prime minister to distinguish a name celebrated in politics, science, art or literature and to decide whether in the merits of any given prominent person deserve recognition at the hands of the king.

If, in the opinion of the prime minister, such a given person deserves elevation to titled rank, before the minister takes any steps in the matter the favored individual is apprised of the prime minister's intentions by a personal letter, in which is conveyed the degree or title it is proposed to confer on him, subject to his approval. In four out of five cases the approval is given. The fifth person who may have been offered a knightship or peerage a baronetcy, refuses, because his refusal may increase his chances of obtaining at a later day a higher title still—a peerage. Armed with the person's approval, the prime minister now takes the next step—that is, obtaining his majesty's sanction, which is rarely refused.

It is seldom that a plain "Mr." blossoms straightforward into a "lord" unless the circumstances are very unusual, such as the reason why a peerage was conferred on Mr. Morley or honors conferred on successful generals in the field, as in the case of Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener. As a general rule a plain "Mr." is transformed into "Sir"—that is, knight or baronet—and one who is already a "Sir" and has done some signal recognition finds his reward in his ultimate service to the state entitling him to royal elevation to the peerage.—Chicago News.

AIRSHIP INSURANCE.

Farmer Asked For Flying Machine Clause in His Policy.

Jacob Weiner, a farmer of Nepaug, Conn., went to Winsted, Conn., recently to buy fire insurance. He insisted on there being a flying machine clause in the policy, saying he had read how Orville Wright had perfected his aeroplane, and he thought there was as much danger of a flying machine striking and wrecking his building as lightning if aeronautics keep pace with the development of automobiles.

The farmer wanted a five year policy, but when informed by Justice James Smith, the insurance agent, that he was ahead of the insurance companies, which have not yet begun to insure against loss by flying machines, he said dejectedly: "I want you to insure my buildings for one year only. Perhaps the companies will be up to date by the time my policy expires."

NEW HEALTH PROJECT

National Reform Movement Is Started in Boston.

TO ATTACK EVIL AT ITS ROOT

Miss S. J. Hughes Wants Vacancy Commissions Established in Large Cities—Each Empty House to Be Inspected Before Occupancy and All Danger of Disease Removed.

A movement to lay the foundation of a national reform in all large cities was recently started in Boston with the object of promoting health in a new and original way, which starts at the root of an evil and is generally combated effectively.

Miss Sarah J. Hughes of the Back Bay section of Boston, a woman of extraordinary energy and intimately acquainted with those perplexing questions and conditions which are a constant source of anxiety to boards of health, has conceived a plan for the establishment of vacancy commissions in Boston, New York and Philadelphia as the starting points of a national work. These vacancy commissions are to be composed of a physician at the head, a trained nurse of high standing, a public spirited and practical lodging house keeper and a real estate woman of philanthropic character, says a Boston correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. Their powers, to be conferred either by city or state, will be such as to give them authority to enter all vacant houses, inspect them and order them put into a condition before occupancy that will preclude all danger of disease.

Miss Hughes has discovered that landlords are in the habit of giving only a superficial cleaning to vacant tenements and houses, that new layers of wall paper are laid over the old layers, that germs are so thick on the inside of the rank paper that they can be seen with the microscope and that crannies and crevices where disease lurks are utterly neglected, not being given even a hot water and soap treatment when bichloride is an absolute necessity. No less than ten layers of paper have been found by Miss Hughes in Brookline, Mass., the richest town in the world, while five and six layers are common all over Boston in homes supposed to be far better than lodging and tenement houses. Observation has proved, according to Miss Hughes, that disease and death have their origin in such conditions, where the parsimony and shortsightedness of landlords permit only superficial cleaning that looks well to the eye at first, but which covers only a whitened squalor.

Miss Hughes has found that the two most prevalent diseases arising from these insanitary methods are consumption and diphtheria. She has kept close track of houses where the landlords would neither make the necessary changes nor permit new tenants to make them, with the conclusion formed in an array of astounding facts and figures proving that disease has followed almost invariably and inevitably; hence the advocacy of vacancy commissions. Mayor George A. Hibbard of Boston has lent a willing ear to the propaganda, while aldermen and councilmen are greatly impressed. Others have joined in the new movement, and the plan is to follow the Boston work with similar establishments in New York and Philadelphia, finally making it national in character.

Miss Hughes would have all the halls painted from attic to coal scuttle. She would tear off the layers of paper to the plaster and have it carried off in barrels. She would have the walls treated with hot water and soap, followed by bichloride, until there could be no chance for germs to remain, and in this way she claims a vast proportion of sickness would be prevented. Miss Hughes is a sister of the celebrated physician and surgeon, Dr. Laura A. C. Hughes, who delivered two addresses before the American Medical association at Chicago last June and who won distinction in the Spanish-American war.

Truck Patch Literature.

No longer the animal literature gets the public's regard. Feature books by E. B. Curtis, which have all the habits peculiar to civilization. The fox that builds rocks into four sided blocks to hold his a bobcat proof lair is gone by the board with the tales that record the catch of the fly fishing bear. And with eager delight all the genres that write of nature have whetted anew their pencils and deal with unquenchable zeal with the things that the vegetable do.

"The Onion That Moved Half a Million to Tears" is the name of one popular story; Another relates of a cantaloupe's traits that led it to win fame and glory; "The Pumpkin That Bit" is a neat little skit of a fight in a ten acre lot. Where a cabbage grew gray with the pumpkin one day and got what it ought to have got.

A tale to divert is "The Scape of the Dirt," which tells of a thoughtful potato which got in a row with a New Jersey cow, concerning the teachings of Plato.

For now it is known that not varnished alone, but garden truck also, can think.

There dwains a big chance in a field of romances that has not yet grown down with ink.

What Seton can find in an antelope's mind or under a buffalo's atarch can also be found if one only looks round in some handy asparagus patch. And who knows but perhaps when these book writing chaps have ceased to make magazine features.

Of the beasts, bugs and plants they may find some romance in the doings of plain human creatures?—James J. Montague in New York American.

A Painful Dilemma. Willie—What a dilemma? Johnny—Well, it's when you can't sit down because your dad licked you for going swimming and you can't stand up because a crab bit your toe.—Illustrated Bits.

It is said that the average man can get along with 200 words, but unfortunately he generally hands him more than that.—Puck.

Visiting Card Fad. The newest visiting card fad is to have a little plan showing the residence and the adjacent streets printed on the back.

FLEETS OF AIRSHIPS.

British War Balloon Expert Says Time For Them Is Near.

In the opinion of Colonel James Templar, former superintendent of the balloon factory of the British army at Aldershot, who talked at the Waldorf hotel in New York the other night on military aeronautics, it will be only a comparatively short time when the United States and other countries will have large fleets of large dirigible balloons for emergencies of war.

The colonel went to New York after witnessing the tests of Captain Thomas S. Baldwin's war balloon at Fort Myer, Va. He said countries like the United States and England, instead of having only two or three little dirigibles, carrying two or three men each, would ultimately be content with nothing less than several hundred war balloons.

"I was delighted," said the colonel, "with Captain Baldwin's balloon, as it was just the right shape and size efficiently to train men, and it certainly was a great personal success for Captain Baldwin—who, by the way, is a splendid chap—as hitherto that size balloon had never been made so that it could be both dirigible and buoyant. The fact of its taking up two men rendered the ascent made by Captain Baldwin and Lieutenant Lahm very surprising to me and a most unqualified success."

"I am delighted to think that it is under consideration that Captain Baldwin is to receive instructions to build a larger dirigible balloon for your war department as soon as the money can be obtained. This matter should be pushed with all possible facility."

"I am delighted with my reception. I am delighted with the country. Unless I get orders I shall stay here until the Wrights' aeroplane tests are over. I want to see those, not that I have any doubt as to the Wrights meeting all the specifications of the war department, but because I believe they can do even more. I spent one whole day with Orville Wright, and I cannot tell you how favorably he impressed me. The Wrights are, in fact, the best up to date with aeroplanes. They have the best heavier than air machine that I have yet seen or read of. We have a man in England, Cody by name, who will really surprise people with an aeroplane that he will soon test for the British army. Then—ah, but I mustn't say anything about that—no, not a word," said the colonel seriously.

MAY CUT BRYAN IN GRANITE.

Amateur Sculptor Has Carved Fifty-four Faces on Small Block.

Elmer Burkett of Wayne, Pa., mine owner and amateur sculptor, who arrived at New York recently on the Cunard Lusitania with a small piece of granite in his pocket, is looking for William Jennings Bryan. He met Mr. Taft abroad and managed to get the impression of the Republican candidate's head on the granite rock and is now in pursuit of Mr. Bryan for a sitting.

Mr. Burkett has chiseled some crowned heads on his talisman, and, although the stone is only 8 by 7 by 7 inches, he has carved upon it the faces of fifty-four persons of note he has met. Mr. Burkett said that many years ago, before he became wealthy, he was walking along the tracks of the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad and found the piece of granite. A few days later fortune smiled upon him, and no amount of money, he said, could tempt him to part with it. He has a set of small, sharp steel tools, made especially for him, and they are always wrapped up with the rock and guarded more carefully than his purse. While on his way to Liverpool a year ago on the Cunard the sculptor received an offer of \$10,000 from an art collector for the rock of many heads, but he refused to sell it.

USE OF AEROPLANES IN WAR.

Could Drop Shell From Them Into Ship Funnel, Says Orville Wright.

The chance remark of a sergeant of artillery at Fort Myer during the recent aeroplane flights of Orville Wright, the famous aeronaut, was the basis for a discussion of one of the most important features of the government's interest in aerial craft for purposes of war. The discussion took place at a dinner tendered to Mr. Wright by naval officers. Said the sergeant, "Airships aren't any good to launch a shell from because you can't get the centrifugal force that is necessary to hit an object."

The idea which the noncommissioned officer intended to convey was that the whirling motion given by a shell by the modern steel bore guns could not be accomplished in dropping an explosive shell from an airship.

The main facts brought out in the discussion of the aeroplane as an instrument of war were that a machine such as that of the Wright brothers would be practically invulnerable as a target for the enemy's guns, that with a little target practice an explosive could be dropped on a war vessel with damaging results and that the aerial war craft could be launched from the deck of a battleship.

Mr. Wright said that he had made experiments with a swinging weight to see how closely he could hit objects over which he was flying.

"I found that after a little practice it became comparatively easy to put the weight just where I wanted to," said Mr. Wright. "One allowance which must be made is the effect of a wind striking the course of the airship at right angles."

"On your present machine how much weight could be added in the shape of a gun?" Mr. Wright was asked by Lieutenant Sweet, the naval officer detailed to observe the Fort Myer aeronautical tests.

"One hundred and fifty pounds," Mr. Wright replied.

The merits of launching an explosive from a gun were then discussed. Mr. Wright said there would not be sufficient "kick" to cause the aeroplane to diverge from its course. A shell could be dropped into the funnel of a warship, causing terrible damage to the machinery and completing its work of destruction by bursting the boilers.

FOREIGN CAPITAL IS CONCERNED

Europeans Will Make Investments Here if Taft Wins.

An argument against Bryan that is growing in importance, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, is that which deals with the sentiment said to be held by some voters, that the Democratic candidate would not be in a position to do much harm as president because of the fact that the senate would still be Republican. A New York banker, Mr. Jules Bahe, is back from Europe with reports that financial interests over there are taking much interest in the canvass and that if Taft is elected foreign investments will increase. He explains that the great fear would be of the men with whom Bryan would surround himself. Roosevelt, he says, has always had first-class business men in his cabinet.

Mr. Bryan's surroundings, on the contrary, have been of the opposite character, and the principal danger, in the event of his election, would lie in the fact that a large number of vacancies in the United States courts would have to be filled during his incumbency. We can judge the future only by the past, so we must assume that Mr. Bryan would take the same class of men for those offices that he has taken for his political advisers.

While it is true that as president Mr. Bryan could not force through laws against the judgment of the Republican senate and thus could not be much of a menace to the country in that way, at least for two years, he could play havoc with it through his appointments. Not only could he revolutionize the supreme court by inviting to the bench, but he could upset the treasury and upheave the departments through a radical change in policies.

Suppose a Haskell to be called to the treasury department? We must either continue the principles of Roosevelt by the election of Taft or submit to the exploitation of a lot of theories for the next four years by Bryan. There can be no compromise. It is one thing or the other.

PARIS CABBIES.

The War of Words That Comes When They Block Each Other.

There is no more entertaining way to spend an idle hour in Paris than to get into a taxicab and instruct the driver to go along some street where you will be reasonably sure to get into a jam or to bump against another cab. The charm of the experience is, of course, enhanced by your ignorance of what the cabbies say.

Should your driver merely graze the wheels of another cab he will turn on his seat and yell mellifluously at the other driver, who in turn will shout back an assortment of vowels. But the best is a quarrel between two cabbies obstructing each other's way. The conversation, translated as nearly as possible, goes in this wise: "Sacred name! Why do you?" "Holy blue! I do not!" "Stomach on the ground! You have the face of an ox!" "Blue stomach! Are you in chains?" "A ha! Name of a dog!" "Mon Dieu! Name of a pig!" "Wow (or words to that effect)! Name of a name!" "A thousand deaths! Name of a name of a name!" Now you begin to expect some doings. While you have not fully understood, you are satisfied that nothing but pistols and knives will wipe out the insults.

Unfortunately about this time the jam is untangled and you are allowed to drive away, but the other driver yells after you:

"Aha! You are a little piece of brown soap!"

It seems that this expression is the "fighting name" in Paris. Were it not that your cabby owes a duty to you and must convey you to your destination you know by his facial expression that he would climb down and get that other cabby and muss up the city with him.

He contents himself with turning about and making a face in the direction of his enemy and of going through the motion of spitting at him.

Then he says "Voop!" to the horse, and the war is over.—Chicago Post.

HOOKESS WAIST.

Hoboken Inventor Shows Dressmakers Labor Saving Device.

While fourteen young women of various sizes and styles of architecture tried on corsets for the benefit of the 400 delegates to the convention of the Dressmakers' Protective association in Masonic temple at New York the other night official announcement was made that hereafter it will be unnecessary for any woman to call for assistance in buttoning her waist in the back.

A public benefactor who lives in Hoboken, N. J., submitted for the approval of the dressmakers a small metal device which, he said, would soon take the place of buttons and hooks and eyes throughout the civilized world. More than a dozen men who did not know that admission to the dressmakers' convention was limited to women spent the evening in the corridor, where the man from Hoboken explained the beauties of his discovery.

According to his optimistic prediction, his device, consisting of a chain running between two lines of sockets with a ring at the top, will soon be in general use and will bring succor of care to thousands of husbands.

"One pull on the ring," said the orator from Hoboken, "and the dress is buttoned or unbuttoned, hooked or unhooked, as the case may be. Any child can operate the device." "Give me \$5 worth," said one of his admirers, and others also purchased.

A New Danger.

Knicker—Let's sit out the dance in the conservatory. Stella—But they say that plants have eyes and memories.—New York Sun.

AN AMERICAN HERO.

He Used His Own Body to Stop a Leak in a Ferryboat.

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson river ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in midriver. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams. The women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V shaped gash. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would have headed long below the ice.

Within 200 yards of both boats and free of the heavy ice steamed the wrecking tug Reliance of the Offshore Wrecking company, and on her deck forward stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferryboat he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilothouse of his own boat and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath pushed the nose of the Reliance along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer halfway up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets and snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's outwater.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searching over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall calking he had so carefully built up and before the engineer could protest forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages: "Wuz any of them babies hurt?" A month passed before he regained his strength and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the Reliance.—Everybody's Magazine.

LAST OF THE PASCAGOULAS.

An Indian Legend From the Shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

An Indian legend of the Pascagoulas is told by the fishermen and oystermen down on the shores of the gulf of Mexico.

A point reaches out into the gulf near the mouth of the Pascagoula river. The pine trees on it come almost to the water's edge, and between lies a strip of white sand, across a marsh, a border of light green swaying and rustling grasses and beyond a gray cypress swamp the hanging moss of the trees swaying in the wind. To the south the blue waters of the gulf stretch away, with little waves lapping on the chalk white clam shells of the shore.

There, in the evening during the short twilight one hears soft music, as if it were the notes of a violin, insistent, changing, sweet. It is the song of the Pascagoulas.

Long years before the Pascagoula Indians had lived upon this point. The white men, the Spaniards, came in numbers, and with them the hostile warriors of other tribes, to make war and to drive the Pascagoulas out of the country. Coming from the inland, the enemy took away all chance of flight and hedged them in on the point. The Pascagoulas fought for days and nights in the dark pine woods against outnumbered foes. Then they saw that all was useless, that they could not overcome, and starvation stared them in the face.

The Pascagoulas called a council of the tribe and talked long together. To give themselves up meant lives of slavery or death, and to fight to the last man was to leave the women and children to the mercy of the white men and their allies.

The next morning the Pascagoulas put on all their paint and trappings and burned their wigwams. The men, women and children slowly, deliberately, unflinchingly backed step by step into the water behind them, singing. Not one faltered. They died with their faces toward their enemies, brave and free, and now in the evening when the wind blows over the marshes the pines and grasses sing the song of the Pascagoulas.—New York Post.

A FROHMAN JOKE.

Brother Daniel Springs It on the Theatrical Managers' Meeting.

Daniel Frohman, the theatrical manager, exploded this at a recent meeting of the Theater Managers' association in the Hotel Astor, at New York city: The managers were discussing Randall's new play, "Chanticleer," in which Coquelin may appear in the United States. It is a play of birds, symbolic of human emotions. The discussion aroused much interest.

"In what language do the birds speak?" asked a facetious manager. "All French except the chanticleer," said Mr. Frohman quickly, "and he speaks cockney."

"On my knee I begged her for a kiss." "And what did she say?" "Told me to get up and be practical."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GOMPERS CAN'T CONTROL LABOR

President of United Mine Workers Speaks Out Plainly.

HE DECLINES TO BE CATS' PAW

An Official Declaration Which Spreads Consternation Among Men Working in the Interest of Bryan and Which Shows the Temper of the Leaders Who Seek Only to Promote the Cause of Labor and Not Advance Celfish Ends.

(Special Correspondence.)

Indianapolis, Oct. 13.

Samuel Gompers, who has been trying to swing the labor vote to Bryan, got a severe jolt when he read an official circular issued by T. L. Lewis, the national president of the United Mine Workers of America.

The Bryan managers have been claiming a big following among the mine workers, but President Lewis has made it clear that this organization shall not be used to pull the chestnuts out of the fire of men who seek to work union labor in politics to advance their own aims.

In this letter, sent out a few days ago by President Lewis, among other things says:

"We are in the midst of a political campaign. Every method known to political managers will be used to secure votes for their respective candidates. This is especially true in the attempt to obtain expressions from those holding official positions in labor unions."

"I am in receipt of hundreds of letters from men of all shades of political beliefs and from all parts of the United States, asking for my opinion of the different candidates, or my views upon the issues involved in the political campaign."

"The United Mine Workers did not elect me international president to influence your political preferences, or how you should cast your vote on election day. You have elected me to direct the affairs of the United Mine Workers and the welfare of its members has and will receive my first and only consideration as long as I have the honor of representing you."

Not Taking Sides.

"I am not responsible for interviews appearing in the newspapers, alleged to be from me, that I favor any particular candidate. I have declined to express or to give any statement politically for or against any candidate or issue, nor do I intend to do so. This letter will be my answer to all who ask me for any advice along