HOLIDAYS FOR WORKERS.

What the Operatives and Laborers in England Get in This Way.

A recent letter from a London correspondent of a New York daily paper contains the following:

The demand for an "eig't hours' day," which just now in some thirty-five or forty constituencies is causing much more commotion than the home rule question, is only one of the many indications of the change which has of late years come over the English working classes.

Until the Amalgamated Society of Engineers inaugurated the nine hours' movement on Tyneside, nearly twenty years ago, the ten hours' day was the rule, and artisans and day laborers worked until as late as 5 or 6 o'clock on Saturday evening. The nine hours' movement, however, quickly extended itself to other industries than that of engineering, and before it had been in force five years with the men whose action had brought it about fifty-four hours had almost universally come to be regarded as the working week; wages were fixed upon that basis and overtime paid at extra rates on all time worked beyond that limit.

When the change was first brought about work was usually continued until 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoons; but by a series of rearrangements things have been so adjusted that in nearly every industry work now ceases at noon on Saturday. It is while this movement toward a shorter working week and to the Saturday half holiday has been going on that the bank holiday has firmly established itself with artisans and day laborers, and ceased to be what it was in the earlier years of the operation of the Lubbock act—a holiday mainly with the business and clerking classes. Nor has the holiday movement among the industrial classes ended with the adoption of the bank holiday act.

As the evidence which has been given before the labor commission has shown, the midsummer vacation has extended itself beyond the counting room to which it was confined up to ten years ago, and in many industries now applies to the humblest of workers. Mr. Livesey, who is the general manager of the South Metropolitan Gas company, stated in his evidence last week that it was now the rule with that company to give every laborer in their employ one week's holiday in the summer at the expense of the company.

The same rule applies with most of the railway companies and with many of the wholesale dry goods concerns; and in London it is common in the composing rooms of many of the newspaper offices. In all these cases the men are paid their week's wages before they go on their holidays. Even where this generosity is not extended to the rank and file of the work people, it is now a growing practice to stop work in the summer time for a week in order that the work people may have a holiday and that the machinery may be overhauled.

In the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire and Derbyshire these summer holidays for work people are recognized institutions. Their coming is looked forward to with pleasure, and a week's stoppage does not always mean the loss of an entire week's pay. Overtime is usually worked for two or three weeks before the stoppage to clear out the orders, so that the overtime and the extra pay received for it about equalize the loss from the week's cessation of work. It is an arrangement which works well for both employers and employed and never seems to give rise to any friction.

In Manchester and many of the neighboring cotton manufacturing towns and villages work is at a standstill for a week, and the cotton operatives betake themselves in their thousands to the watering places on the Lancashire and Welsh coast and also to the Isle of Man.

Workingmen in the House of Commons.

Mr. Burns began life as a miner and has a practical knowledge of every side of the labor question. That is why the house listens to him with profound attention and respect. It will also listen to a farceur, but not exactly in the same spirit. As a matter of fact, labor is very strongly represented in the house of commons, if not in point of numbers, certainly in ability.

Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Wilson are both men of considerable intellectual power. Both were working colliers. Mr. Howell is a good writer as well as a good speaker, and a man who has had the courage to risk a quarrel with trades unions and with his constituents when he believed that he was right and they were wrong. He was a working bricklayer. Will any one who knows the house allege that the most respectful hearing is not always accorded to these members?—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Successful Union.

The Pacific Coast Seamen's union, with headquarters in San Francisco, was organized in 1885, and its present membership is 4,000. The union now maintains an employment office, thus doing away with blood money to boarding house runners. Before the union was established the wages of a seaman on the coast were twenty-five dollars. The wages are now from thirty-five to fifty dollars a month, an increase of 25 per cent. Since 1887 it had been required of every sailor desirous of joining the union to be an American citizen or to declare his intention of becoming one.

A Strong Organization.

The Cigarmakers' International union has issued its annual statement of the finances and condition of all local unions. The bona fide membership is placed at 24,221. The income was $423,588; the expenditures $384,711. The surplus funds in the affiliated bodies amount to $121,950, and the outstanding loans to $60,764.

The Central Labor union of New York has recently come into possession of evidence showing that the law against foreign contract labor is being violated in a wholesale manner.

A Battle with a Bee.

An observer writes us that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of life, and describes a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland garden, where a humming bird with an angry dash expressed its disapproval of the presence of a big bumblebee in the same tree. The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the tree. He dashed back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the humming bird in close pursuit.

Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned. In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of their bodies more quickly and more accurately than he could control the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it has taken to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up the whole chase and alighting on a twig.—Portland Transcript.

The Stomach of a Fish.

Mr. Hyman Herman, who has been fishing in Keg creek, near Sandersonville, Ga., during the past week, has returned. He had most remarkable luck in the piscatorial sport, and brought to some of his friends large assortments of fish. He gave one string to Mr. Mack Duggan, and while the cook was cleaning a large channel catfish she was dumfounded by discovering two brass buttons in the fish's stomach. On close inspection the following inscription could be discerned on one of the buttons: "Gen. Wheeler, 1864." The other button contained these words, "Sherman bound for the sea."

They were scratched on the under side of the button by some sharp pointed instrument.

It is an historical fact that during Sherman's raid through Georgia he camped one night on the banks of Keg creek, on the same ground which General Wheeler had occupied the night before, and soon after a freshet washed the buttons in the creek. Mr. Duggan has the buttons and intends sending them to the World's fair. He has been offered twelve dollars for them, but refused the offer.—Atlanta Constitution.

Summer Dress of Congressmen.

Visitors to congress are not struck by the dignity of attire affected by senators and representatives in these warm days. True, the atmosphere of both chambers is almost unbearable lately, but that need not deter the senators from maintaining a little care in assuming negligee. To see a great legislator strolling around in limp trousers that would aptly costume a Joshua Whitcomb is not edifying. The absence of waistcoats is not a crime; indeed, it is a sensible fashion if proper care is bestowed upon the arrangement of the garments that remain. In this connection the fashion bulletins for congress should advise gentlemen who lay aside their waistcoats to supply themselves with ample belts, or even the despised "Gordon sash," if they wish to preserve the admiration of visiting constituents. It is very hard to have any veneration for a body of men costumed with the lack of care displayed by the senate for the last few weeks.—Mrs. McGuirk in Kate Field's Washington.

Pope's Villa for Sale.

Another historic house is in the market. This is Pope's villa, Twickenham, which once belonged to the great poet, and was the scene wherein he composed many of his works. It has been occupied for nearly a quarter of a century by Mr. Henry Labouchere, M. P., and was some 30 years ago associated with the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by a company of amateurs and professionals, which formed quite an epoch in the history of pastoral plays.

The grounds are extensive and run down to the river's edge. The show place in them is the grotto which is supposed to have been Pope's favorite resort. The villa is prettily situated in a nest of trees and faces toward Ham house, the residence of the Earl of Dysart.—London Star.

Motors for Hot Weather.

It is not merely an aggravation when a pedestrian, with pleasing expectancy, seeks the sidewalk shaded by great buildings, to find, instead of the coolness belonging to shade, outrushing volumes of hot air through grating and basement window. How much more comfortable it would be for the occupants were the hot furnaces and boilers allowed to go fireless through summer, and to grow cool, frigid—until the latter sort of weather came again! This could be accomplished by bringing in a cold electric motor or two and a few cold wires. It would not only conduce to the bodily comfort of all in the vicinity, but be a profitable change for power users.—Practical Electricity.

A Big Project.

The government of Holland has a project on hand to drain the Zuyder Zee. It is a vast lagoon of some 700 square miles superficial area and is useless on account of its shallowness for purposes of navigation, while as agricultural land it is estimated to be very valuable. The cost of the dam is estimated at £3,675,000 and of the draining at £13,000,000. It is estimated that thirty years will be required to complete the whole.—Paris Letter.

The rose crops in Bulgaria and France have been so seriously damaged by hoar frosts and cold rains that there is scarcely enough to supply the demands of the manufacturers.

Rubber heels, to facilitate marching, are to be attached to the shoes worn by French soldiers. Experiments with them have given decided satisfaction.

AN EMINENT AUTHORITY.

The Financial Editor of the New York Sun Has a Monopoly of Knowledge.

The gentleman who for many years has written weekly letters on economics for the New York Sun's Monday editions, signing his articles "Matthew Marshall," has never been expected to see clearly labor's side of those questions. A quarter of a century in Wall street as a speculator and as the chief journalistic representative of the street is not calculated to fit one to see the things of this life with the eyes of the honest and industrious producers. Matthew Marshall certainly has not been so influenced. In the five years that I have been closely reading his weekly contributions to The Sun I have never once seen the slightest evidence that he could discern any but the side of capitalism, though he frequently pretends to look at an economic question in all its bearings. Yet this man is quoted as a reliable authority by half of the business men in New York when the labor question is under consideration.

In his article published two weeks ago Mr. Marshall made some statements which go to show what I mean. Referring to the mayoralty election of 1886 in New York, he says of Henry George and the voters who supported him at the polls:

> Mr. George had never held office and had absolutely no political experience and no reputation for administrative ability. His sole recommendation was the vigor with which he had portrayed the miseries of the poor and the confidence with which he proclaimed his single land tax scheme as a panacea for them. On this ground alone he obtained 68,000 votes in this city from people who to save their lives could not have explained in what respect they were worse off than the rest of mankind, nor how the election of Mr. George as mayor of New York would result in the slightest benefit to them.

It has been very generally agreed that the greater part of the vote received by Mr. George was cast by the poor, "whose miseries he had so vigorously portrayed," and that it was the miseries which made them "worse off than the rest of mankind." But Mr. Marshall does not believe this, for later on in his article he says:

> The truth is, unless I am greatly mistaken, that while American workingmen are not perfectly happy they are as nearly so as the rest of their fellow men, and deserve no more commiseration than others.

And of course he cannot be mistaken, for he has, according to his own declarations, been a close student of industrial matters for many, many years.

The editor of the evening edition of the journal that prints Mr. Marshall's letter is one of the mistaken observers. During the week in which the article I have quoted from above appeared there was an editorial in the New York Evening Sun about "Tramps in the Parks." I make the following extract from that article:

> But there are also many unemployed persons at large in New York during the summer months. In some of these cases the idleness is enforced because of the slackness of trade. In other cases these persons have simply taken the first serious step that leads to the gutter, but are still reclaimable. It is conceivable that both these classes may be temporarily in want of money to pay for a night's lodging, and on the whole it is better for them and for their self respect that they should pass the night in one of our public parks rather than that they should meet the degradation of a police cell or accept the city's charity.

There are a few soft hearted people in the world who believe that the victims of "enforced idleness" are deserving of "commiseration" if nothing more, but of course those of that mind have not the advantages of a discrimination constructed after the Wall street pattern.

Mr. Marshall not only knows that the working people of the towns and cities are well off or undeserving, but he also refuses to be imposed upon by the grumbling of the "calamity howling" farmers. He settles their case in a few words:

> What the western farmers and southwestern planters suffer from is debt voluntarily incurred, which no coining of silver or printing of bank notes will ever pay.

The state of being in debt is so enjoyable that our farmers have voluntarily entered it. They were not compelled by their necessities to buy on credit. They had the money to pay in cash, but they longed to revel in the delights of the debtor at from 8 to 20 per cent. It never occurred to Mr. Marshall that the farmer went into debt for the same reason that the Missouri negro ate the groundhog—there was no other meat in the house. It was a "groundhog case" with the farmers. But Mr. Marshall should not be expected to know anything about the farmers. He lives on the lower end of Manhattan island, and is one of those highly amusing individuals one meets on every hand in New York. These very wise and impatient denizens of the great metropolis believe that the sun rises just off Rockaway beach and sets in the Hackensack meadows.

Under an appropriate heading the New York Press reproduces the following paragraph from The New England Magazine for the purpose of showing "what the free traders seek to introduce here:"

> The English journeyman has an unattractive life. Starting out to his work, perhaps miles away, at 6 o'clock in the summer morning, with a heavy basket of tools and food ever his shoulder, he often works until 8 absolutely breakfastless; then an hour and a half is allowed him for his cheerless meal of cold tea and bread and fat bacon; at noon he has an hour or less for what dinner he has brought with him and at 4 o'clock ends his day's task, he sometimes taking a light lunch in the middle of the afternoon.

Leaving out the tariff and free trade claptrap The Press attempts to work in. What is there in the condition of the English journeyman that makes him so much worse off than his American brother? He starts to work at 6 o'clock a. m. and gets through at 4 o'clock p. m., ten hours, with one hour and a half deducted for meals. That is, he works eight and a half hours a day. Of course we all understand that he is not allowed to arise in time to get his breakfast before 6 o'clock, as nearly all the workers in this country do. If the Englishman did that he would be able to devote that half hour at 8 o'clock to reading and resting, which he is not permitted in tyrannical England. It is surprising that the hard hearted "free traders" allow their workmen to rest as much as five times during a day of ten hours.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Voiceless.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet waiting singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them!
Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes swept
O'er Sappho's memory haunted billow,
But where the glistening night dews wept
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and faded tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropp'd from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Janette's Hair.

"Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet"—
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet!

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet;
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round, white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet;
They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette;
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet;
When the spring is young and the roses are wet
With dewdrops in each red blossom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette;
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle a bondage my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

• • • • • • • • •

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette;
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.
—Miles O'Reilly.

Purpose.

The uses of sorrow I comprehend
Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
Why and wherefore it has to be.

Only after the dark wet days
Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
Than the sated gormand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music to friendship's tone.

So, better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Lament.

My brother Will he used to be
The nicest kind of girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea sets then,
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone—
Will's turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts;
And Will he was so pleased I b'lieve
He almost jumped for joy;
But I declare I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit or win;
And leapfrog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank or Roy.
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
Since Will has turned a boy!

I have to wear the frocks he left,
And, oh! they're awful tight;
I have to sit and just be good,
While he can climb and fight;
I have to keep my dresses nice
And wear my hair in curl,
And worst—oh, *worstest* thing of all!
I have to *stay* a girl.

And maybe he'll be president
Or emperor or king;
For boys can do just what they please,
But girls can't be a thing.
It's awful dull to sit and play
With Nelly, Lill and Floy;
Why was I choosed to be a girl
And Will to be a boy?
—Harper's Young People.

Life's Pity.

I think the pity of this life is love;
For though my rosebud, thrilling into life,
Kissed by the lovebeams of the glowing sun,
Meets his fond gaze with her pure, tender eyes,
Filled with the rapture of a glad surprise
That from his light her glory shall be won;
Yet, when into her very heart he sighs,
Behold! she puts away her life—and dies.

I think the pity of this life is love;
Because to me but little joy has come
Of all that most I hoped would make life's sun;
For though the perfumed seasons come and go,
The spring birds warble, e'en the rivers flow
To meet some love that to their own doth run,
My bud of love hath bloomed for other eyes,
And I am left—to sorrow and to sighs.

I think the pity of this life is love;
For from our love we gather all life's pain,
And place too oft our heart on earthly shrines,
Where we would kneel—but where, alas! we fall
Beneath a shadow ever past recall;
We seek for gold, when 'tis but dross that shines.
Then if we may not turn our hearts above,
I know the pity of this life is love.
—Overland Monthly.

Usually the Case.

Help a man out of trouble, and though he'll forget
Your kindness as soon as his trouble is o'er—
If ever again in a hole he should get,
Ah! then he will think of you kindly once more.
—Puck.

A Dreamer Lives Forever.

Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

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