

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## THE IDEAL LABOR UNION.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University.



There might be a union of great help to its membership and to business. I believe in labor organizations as I believe in corporations. But let it be a union upon principles of mutual benefit and helpfulness both to the laborer and to the manufacturer, both to the workman and to the contractor.

Let it be for the purpose of securing to the employer the greatest proficiency, insisting upon only skilled mechanics for mechanics' pay. Let it consider the interests of the business and how to serve them. Let it compel its wage, not by excluding those who choose to work for less or to work when the union men will not work, but by furnishing the highest type of man and workman, so that business men will say: "If you want the most skilled and reliable mechanic or laborer, you must get them from the union. They will have no one in the union but a first-class man."

Let the union have clubrooms, and discuss thrift and temperance and home sanitation and ways and means of getting the home and furnishing it with books and periodicals for mental improvement, and spend some of the time in amusements and healthy games now spent in the saloons. Let the energy now being put into opposition to capital be used in self-improvement and furnishing a higher class of mechanic.

## TRAINING THE FACULTIES FOR SUCCESS.

By John A. Howland.



Concentration of mind in harmonious relation with bodily activity is the greatest active force in civilization. There are human activities which are effective without concentration in the mind, but somewhere in the harnessing of this force some broad scheme has been evolved without which this aimless force in the individual would be wasted. Concentration of mind is not a faculty; it is an acquired ability to command the faculties of mind and of body, and for the best results this acquirement must insure a harmonious relation between brain and brawn. Advice to a man, "You must concentrate yourself in your work," is about as ineffective as to suggest to him that he grow four inches taller than he is. If he has come to maturity without learning concentration, he is not likely ever to appreciate the need sufficiently to undergo the training necessary to get it.

Concentration of the faculties not only is a safeguard against errors, but it is an assurance that when a move has been considered and determined upon the move will have all effectiveness and accomplish the maximum in results. There is no work in life where this attentiveness does not render assurance to the worker and to everyone interested in that work. This concentration is a visible evidence of dependableness in the man. It is

evidence of the quality of brain which the worker possesses. It reflects the faculties which education and experience have developed harmoniously. Without this power of concentration every one of these faculties must prove a poor, broken reed instead of a lever that might move a world.

## ENJOY BEAUTY WITHOUT ANALYZING IT.

By G. Santayana.



To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be.

When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses you wish you might understand him. Yet reflection might have shown you that the word of the Master was but the vague expression of His highly complex emotions. It is one of the attributes of God, one of the perfections which we contemplate in our ideas of him, that there is no opposition in His will and His vision between the impulses of His nature and the events of His life. This is what we commonly designate as omnipotence and creation.

In the contemplation of beauty our faculties of perception have the same perfection; it is, indeed, from the experience of beauty and happiness, from the occasional harmony between our nature and our environment that we draw our conception of the Divine life. There is, then, a real propriety in calling beauty a manifestation of God to the senses, since, in the region of sense, the perception of beauty exemplifies that adequacy and perfection which in general we objectify in an ideal of God.

## PEOPLE, NOT THE BOSSES, RULE.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.



GOV. HUGHES.

You may say all you please of the cunning of political maneuvering and of the resources of chicanery. All schemes will prove as child's play if the people set out to deal with a real issue of popular government and the supremacy of the constitution of this State over race track gamblers. It is well that there should be organization to advance party principles. It is well that it should be effective; vigorous and skillful leadership is required. But it is the duty of an elected officer to serve the people and not any particular man, and no party leader has a right to assume the role of dictator, or so to violate the manhood of elected officials as to parade them before the people as subject to his domination.

only for a flash. Something in them that she could not altogether make out caused her to turn her head with a swift heartbeat.

"Of course, it interests me," she said with a rush of enthusiasm, recollecting her role, "I thought you were sure of that—always."

He straightened himself then, and with a gesture of determination broke precipitately into the subject. "It's about some one I love," he said, speaking rapidly, "someone, I want to be my wife."

Viola colored furiously; the leaves all about her quivered gently. But she pulled herself together and said in a very matter-of-fact tone:

"You want my advice about her? Well, then you will have to tell me something about her; her disposition, her hair, her eyes—everything, you know."

The minister contemplated her with a fatuous expression.

"Why—as to her disposition," he replied earnestly, "that is all that could be desired—perfect. Her eyes," he scrutinized her with surreptitious anxiety, "her eyes are splendidly, wondrously brown—" He paused. Viola listened movelessly. "Her hair is brown, too—and—most beautiful."

A queer silence followed his words. When Viola looked up she was pale, but valiant, and she seemed all at once thousands of miles away.

"She must be very, very lovely—this girl," she said, dreamily. "Do I know her?"

The minister looked somewhat inscrutable as he made reply:

"I am not sure—perhaps you do not." She returned his gaze with absent eyes.

"Well?" he prompted with an enigmatic smile.

"Well, I really don't see what I'm to tell you except that I'm delighted to know you are so—so happy and that—that—" she bit her lips, "to congratulate you and—"

"But it is not time for congratulations," he interposed thoughtfully, "you don't understand."

"No," said she, shaking her head. "No, I'm afraid I do not."

"It's this way," he pursued eagerly, bending near to her, "I've been called to Cloverdale. I don't want to go without first finding out whether she will go with me." He reddened and broke off, keeping his hands locked to the limbs on which they were resting.

"The only thing," remarked Viola with sage eyes and a sinking heart, "is to tell her that truth and get it over quick." She caught her breath. "Maybe you have told her?" she suggested tentatively.

"Not just as I should like to." "Then you will, at once? Put your fate to the test, as they say in tire-some love stories."

"Do you consider them tiresome?" "Other people's."

"Then we'll not waste any more time discussing other people's." He bent farther, till his warm breath fanned the loose gold about her temples. "Viola," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh," she said, "I don't—"

"You don't love me!" with swiftly clouding eyes.

Viola met his look with a wonderful little smile breaking through the shadows of her face. "But—but my hair isn't brown at all," she said bewilderingly, "and my eyes are unmistakably blue."

"And mine," laughed he, with his arms about her, "are color-blind. Shall I go to Cloverdale?"

"We mustn't think of it," she said.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## He Forestalled Fate.

Josiah Quincy, assistant secretary of state under Cleveland, was famed for the energy he showed in getting jobs for his constituents.

One day a laborer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A congressman who happened to be near when the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the congressman, "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing, so he put in an application for the job by telephone."—Saturday Evening Post.

## Cool.

"Edith!" the old gentleman bawled from the head of the stairs, "You just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's near bedtime."

"Very well, pa," replied the dear girl in the parlor; then, after a pause, "Jack says yes, if you're sleepy, go on to bed, by all means."—Philadelphia Press.

The talk of a good many people sounds as if they had begun in the middle.

## Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's** SARRAPARILLA PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

## Sorry, but—

"Gumbolt and I have made a bet and agreed to leave it to you. He says a drowning man gets his lungs full of water, and I say he doesn't. Which of us is right?"

"What are the terms of the wager?" "The loser is to pay for a dinner for the three of us."

"H'm—I never knew Gumbolt to pay a bet. You lose."—Chicago Tribune.

## Side Lights on Poesy.

Scott was writing the "Lady of the Lake."

"If you were to tell the truth about her," he said, "I should say that she is awfully seasick, but expects to feel better when the boat gets to St. Joe."

Thus it is, in all ages, that the poet has to sink the Real in the Ideal.—Chicago Tribune.

## Limited Knowledge.

"Paw, have you ever been east?" "Yes; I spent a year in New York City when I was considerably younger than I am now."

"Well, what is the 'eastern question'?" "The only one I ever heard was, 'How much is he worth?'—Chicago Tribune.

## Her Idea.

"Stocks were all down a few points to-day," remarked the broker.

"The idea!" exclaimed his wife. "It's a wonder they didn't advertise it as a bargain day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the caddy, "Caddy, your horse has hemorrhage." "It's 'is tongue's too large for his mouth," said the caddy and added sententiously, "Like some young ladies."—London Globe.

## Same Station.

The Cook—Plaze, ma'am, Ol want t give yez notice. Ol'm goin' to be married nixt month.

Mrs. Suburbs—Well, Jane, I'll be sorry to lost you, but I hope you will be happy. I suppose you are going to wed to a man of your own station, and not below it?

The Cook—Indade Ol am, ma'am. Ol'm goin' t be married to Dennis McGuire, who lives at Bixby's Station, where me folks live, ma'am.

## Danger Ahead.

"Good-by, old man," said Wilkins at the church festival. "I guess I can see my finish."

"What's up?" queried Bilkins. "Why, I'm to judge the prettiest baby at the show."

"Oh, that's easy. You should have my job."

"And what are you going to do?" "Why, I am at the fortune-telling booth and have to guess girls' ages."

## a-r-revenge.

Chiropodist—Yes; that's a corn, all right.

Col. Gore—What is a corn, anyhow? Chiropodist—It's a thickening of the skin, usually caused by pressure. In other words, it is nature's protest against a tight shoe.

Col. Gore (getting hot under the collar)—Blank dash its protest! I haven't worn a tight shoe for two months, and that infernal corn knows it! Yank the dash blank thing out!

## Something Saved.

"Was everything in your house destroyed by the fire?"

"Everything but the gas meter. When we got down to that we found it clicking away, apparently uninjured."

## The Old, Old Story.

Eva—Did you ever see those delightful old prints that represent the colonial belles winding yard around their beaux' hands?

Jack—Yes, and it always reminds me very forebly of one thing.

Eva—And what is that? Jack—Why, even in those days the girls knew how to string the men.

## Practice vs. Preaching.

Returned Statesman—You can't deny, anyhow, that I have always been in favor of conserving our natural resources.

Constituent—Have you? In all the years you have been in Washington you haven't done anything but spout natural gas into the atmosphere.

## THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket,  
That's the thing!  
To scurry in the grass  
And to have one's fling!  
And it's oh, to be a cricket  
In the warm thistle-thicket  
Where the sun-winds pass,  
Winds a-wing,  
And the bumble-bees hang humming,  
Hum and swing,  
And the honey-drops are coming!  
It's to be a summer rover,  
That can see a sweet and pick it  
With the sting!  
Never mind the sting!  
And it's oh to be a cricket  
In the clover!  
A gay summer rover  
In the warm thistle-thicket,  
Where the honey-drops are coming,  
Where the bumble-bees hang humming—  
That's the thing!

## Meeting the Question

Viola met the postman at the front door. He gave her two letters; one was addressed in Diana Colvert's absurdly angular hand, and was bulky, with a fortnight's accumulated effusion; the other bore her name in the familiar calligraphy of Eustace Vandiver, who had proposed to her quarterly for half a dozen years.

She went out and sat down on the veranda steps and broke the seal of the first one with eager fingers; Diana's letters were interesting, if rather voluminous. She consumed the first eight pages avidly, then suddenly the sheets fell from her hands and fluttered to the ground. The roses, the hollyhocks, the snapdragons, the violets and jessamine, nodding and drooping in the sun-warmed air, melted swiftly into a hideous rainbow of impossible color, the matutinal chirping of the birds grew harsh and mocking, the blue of the sky turned black. At last she stooped and gathered the letter into her trembling hands and went on with her reading.

The minister, their minister, going to be married and move to Cloverdale! Billy Colvert, Diana's brother, had had a letter from him, so there could be no mistake about it. And she—what a little simpleton she had been to waste her affections on someone who was going to wed another girl. Surely, in

their intimate relations of the last year he must have guessed her mortifying secret; probably he was taking this very step to get clear of her. Burning tears sprang to Viola's eyes and dripped over her throbbing cheeks. But she dashed them away in fierce self-scorn, and read on to the end, her lips compressed, the blood scorching her temples.

There were his exact words, quoted from Billy's letter: "I am seriously considering making a change in my residence. I hope soon to marry the dearest girl in the world and bring her with me to Cloverdale. But, of course, it will rest with her whether I shall accept the call or not—that is a woman's prerogative, isn't it? However, let us see you in Brookwood whenever it suits your convenience to come, etc."

Viola folded up the closely written sheets and returned them to the envelope. Then she opened young Vandiver's letter with mechanical fingers and glanced wearily at his twenty-fifth declaration of love, accompanied by an impassioned plea to marry him and sail for Europe in June, whither he was going to complete his course at Heidelberg. Go abroad—away from it all—



HE GAVE HER TWO LETTERS.

show him that she had not given her love unmasked, and that . . . She flung back her head with a quick accession of pride, and excitement a smile to her lips, a glow to her eyes. She would do it; yes, she would accept Eustace Vandiver and go with him to the ends of the earth if need be—anywhere away from this.

## II.

She went to her room and sat down at her desk, but something seemed to dull her brain and numb her hands;

she could not write a syllable. In despair she took her portfolio under her arm and returned to the veranda; the shade of the orchard beyond enticed her and she ran down the steps and past the flower beds to the gate on the other side. Entering, she sought her favorite retreat in the fork of a gnarled old apple tree. A lazy breeze was blowing, stirring the leaves about her with a vague, musical rustle, and cooling the hot blood in her cheeks. She took up her pen and selected a sheet of note paper. A twig cracked sharply, and she sat up alert. The paper slipped from her fingers.

"Did I startle you?" inquired a deep voice under the apple tree.

"Not the least," said she, disposing herself with studied primness against the knotted limb at her back.

The minister vaulted the lower limb easily and picked out a comfortable seat opposite, tossing his hat on a network of branches.

Viola regarded him first with coldness, then with assumed indifference, finally with a friendly smile that was the hardest thing she had ever accomplished in her twenty-one years. But he must never, never guess—unless he had already done so. And if he had she must set to work to prove to him that he was altogether wrong!

"Viola," he began in his straightforward way, "I've come to you with a confession. I hope you are not going to—to disapprove?"

For a second the girl said nothing. He looked rather young for his age, she thought. He must be at least 38, but his black hair was full of waves, his eyes bright and clear, his face ruddy with health.

"I'm considering a somewhat important step," he went on musingly, his glance sweeping the sky, the ground, and settling at last upon her slightly flushed face, "and I want your—your advice."

"Mine?" she queried, a tiny furrow wrinkling the bridge of her nose. She crossed her hands at the back of her head and stared past him at the rows of apple trees in the distance.

The minister regarded her solemnly for a moment, opening his lips twice to speak, then closing them again uncertainly. A shadow drifted across his good-looking face. "Perhaps," he suggested with a downward inflection, "the affair does not interest you?"

Viola could not suppress a smile at the lugubrious countenance before her, and steadying her breath, she gazed straight into the minister's eyes. But