

up into the air out over the lake. Having worked up the readers' sympathy for the distracted mother to a satisfactory point, I proceeded to illustrate the peculiar advantage of rifle practice by telling how the father, with his unerring aim, picked off one balloon after another until the weight of the baby just overbalanced the buoyancy of the remaining ones, and the little chap floated gently down into the arms of a man in a boat.

Some ten years later I was the proprietor of a newspaper 1,000 miles distant from Chicago. My correspondent in that city was a lively young chap, with such a nose for news that my paper often contained information of happenings in Chicago which were utterly overlooked by the press associations, news bureaus and other special correspondents.

One morning at breakfast I was running my eye over my paper, when I came upon a report of the annual schutzenfest at Chicago, and there, in the midst of it, was my yarn, word for word.

That day I called up my Chicago office by wire.

"Was that story about the baby and the balloons a true one?" I asked.

"Yes," said the correspondent; "I witnessed the incident myself."

"I wish to congratulate you on the excellent manner in which you handled it. It was charmingly written," I said. "Glad you think so," he answered, "but I thought it was pretty bum. I could have done it a whole lot better if I hadn't been so rushed."

I tell this story now merely to illustrate the wisdom of the proverbial remark that truth crushed to earth will rise again.—Brooklyn Eagle.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: Don't you always feel a little warmer towards rich folks than poor? I believe I do. It has always seemed to me that little peccadillos by the oil trust, or coal trust, don't count—boys will be boys, you know,—but that labor ought to be decent and honest and law-abiding. It surprises me yet to see labor a playin' the trust game just like good citizens—a shovin' up the rates, too, like a railroad or a meat trust. Maybe the old man was wrong.

I don't favor trusts yet, John, but I've caught on to this—it's the great distinction to be kep' in mind: Capital goes into combines for more dollars; labor, generally, for the wives

and children at home. Both are doing unlawful things; both are dead wrong; but how is labor a goin' to help it, held up on all hands from milk to coffins by the present system of stolen monopolies and special privileges? Capital can't quit combinin' and exist on three per cent.; but labor can't quit and exist—anyway till capital begins it. That's the way it looks to me; and so I have these riots on my hands.

Now what am I a goin' to do? I might clear the streets with artillery. I might stamp out the riots. I might use troops, but America ain't Europe, John, at least I've always, up to now, thought so—and I don't think much of troops. The children are a fightin' but, darn it, John, they are all mine! I can't kill 'em to make 'em behave. How kin I? And it's my fault a lettin' things get into this shape.

It's irksome, I know, and it does make trust capital so blamed mad to see labor—just common labor—a doin' unlawful acts. It feels like fightin' (by proxy) and sheddin' the last drop of imported or soldier blood on the altars of orderly behaviour for common folks; but troops—well, I dunno. There's lots of people a shoutin' for troops that are in no good shape for troops themselves. They'd be the first to see trouble if a civil war should come; and that's what troops may mean where the majority are agin the troops. Of course the shouters mean for the other fellows to get shot, but that notion is catchin'. The proper use for troops, in the spring, is to muster them into the cornfield, before the weeds get too much start; and, John, I've learnt one thing: Troops are the last thing to call for in a civil war. I'd like to yell so all could hear: "Keep it civil, all you with lives or property or hearts—keep a civil war civil!"

Oh, yes, I know the way of managin' mobs of citizens with Cossacks; but it don't work so well with me as in Russia. I mind how they tried the Cossack business in the railway riots in Pittsburg years ago. There was rioting. Labor was excited, the home troops not reliable, and the wise ones imported foreign troops, militia from Harrisburg or somewhere, who would "shoot to kill." Well, they came, lickety split. Got there one morning—trainloads of them. Two regiments unloaded, shiny muskets and bayonets and white leather straps, ready to make all manner of widows and orphans; and they fired into the mob. It's unlucky for troops to fire into a

mob in America because the mob is America; but the most unlucky thing in Pittsburg was that they killed some of 'em. Did you ever stir a hornets' nest? Then you were in Pittsburg that morning.

There was a foolish old French king who said: "The State, I am the State." 'Twasn't so. He was only the vermiform appendix; but the kings did not know it till later. Well, those railway magnates thought that with the State troops behind them they were the State. But what were two thousand men with guns, against fifty thousand mechanics who could make guns, or anything else—trained of eye and hand and the balancing of forces and mad clear through? The killing of comrades was all that was needed. An eye-witness told it to me. They had wanted to shoot before. The mob rushed for guns. They opened fire on the troops from the hills. You know Pittsburg; there are hills all around. Relatives of the slain stood out in the open and picked off the militia with magazine rifles. It grew warm. The militia took refuge in a round-house, and sought protection from bullets in the depression for the locomotives. They were besieged there all day and all night, and the next morning were allowed to escape, and got away and home, the worst scared troops since Bull Run. The moral in strikes is, John: Don't be a fool! Don't shoot! Don't hire any violence, nor do it. There may be a little property destroyed, but the police and the sheriff can look after it best. The troops to the cornfield; the workman to his bench!

UNCLE SAM.

LABOR'S SOLACE.

A portion of a sermon delivered at the Vine St. Congregational church in Cincinnati, May 21, 1906, by Herbert S. Bigelow.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

There is no merited rest without useful labor.

The ploughman goes to the field when the dew is heavy on the grass. All the day long he follows the furrow. The furrow is narrow and the field is wide. Up one side and down the other. One round completed and another begun. The tearing of the sod, the grating of stones, the breathing of the horses, the straining of the harness, the caws of passing crows, the rumble of distant thunder—these are all the sounds he hears as the shadows lengthen and the sun goes down behind the woods.

The man looks at his work and de-

cides he will make one more round. But, no, he hears the ringing of a bell. The horses know what it means and stop. Then comes the walk up the long lane to the barn, the evening songs of birds, the lowing cattle, the generous meal, the family group on the porch or under the trees, talking of homely matters and not unconscious of the stars.

Then sleep—the sleep of a mind at peace and a tired body. The owl may screech, or the lightning may flash, or the windows rattle with the thunder, but the ploughman hears nothing of it all. In the great commonwealth of labor he has done his part and Nature has said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Labor is a sacrament. To make labor free, labor for all and for all free labor, that all may know the joy of work and none may wear the yoke of drudgery—this is humanity's noblest prayer.

If none were idle, if none had the power to live by the sweat of another, what health there might be, what flowering of the spirit of man, what beauty of life might grace the multitude!

When wealth is unearned and labor despised and desire vitiated and want a constant dread, humanity, weary and heavy-laden, will find no rest. To mankind the voice of Justice speaks and says: "Your heart is hungry and your soul is without peace. In a hundred ways your life transgresses my law. Come to me. Do justice on the earth. Then your heart-hunger will be satisfied and your soul will find rest."

The yoke of the world is hard. On the stock exchange, on the board of trade, in the lobbies of senate chambers are frantic hands reaching for the glittering gold. To these driven slaves the voice comes: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me. It is not gold you need, but love."

Even now in Eastern seas, those hostile fleets may have come together and the brains of Buddhists and of Christians may be scattered on opposing decks. Because kings have grudges, or princes itch for gully glory, or some one covets the lands of another, the wretched peasants are sent to kill each other and mothers weep in Japan and hearts break in Russia without knowing why.

There is another and easier way of life. There are those who do not lust for riches or power. Their lives are filled with the dignity of honest labor. Their friendship is golden. In their silent example is virtue and strength.

They do their work. They speak the truth. They pity the sorrowing. They are the friends of peace. They dream of justice and good-will. Their yoke is easy and their burden is light.

THE CANNIBAL AND THE MISIONARY.

THE DAWN OF TRUTH IN THE SOUTH SEA. IN MANY ACTS.

For The Public.
ACT II.

The Misionary: What are you doing, Sam?

The Cannibal: Watching that over there.

M.: What, one of the Hinchokoes again? But what ails him?

S.: Dying, I think.

M.: Sam! Have you—

C.: No, I did not. I never raised a hand against him. I was sitting here when he came up, and all of a sudden a rock fell down from up the cliff side and hit him in the back. I was amused, though, to see the way that rock landed him;—just as pretty as a whistle,—couldn't have done it any better myself. I am awaiting results now, and hoping.

M.: May the Lord have mercy on your soul for such talk. Hurry after some water, Sam. Perhaps we can bring him to, yet.

C.: What's the use? Why not let him die? We didn't kill him. And then we can have the first square meal since you landed here. He would only be a cripple if he did live.

M.: Sam! No more talk about square meals off living beings. Crippled, or not, is of no consequence. The man is endowed with life from God, and if we can revive him and thus prolong his life on earth, we may redeem ourselves with our Lord.

C.: But can't we eat anything that we have not killed ourselves?

M.: No. By eating a being dead from other causes than your own hands you have made yourself a murderer in your heart, and have killed him times without number, with your passion for things to eat.

C.: Does God sit in judgment over our thoughts also.

M.: Aye, verily. It is not your deeds that condemn you, but your thoughts and your motives.

C.: Is it not enough, then, not to kill?

M.: No. "Live and let live," was the law in the olden time. Now the command is, Live and help to live. By so doing will God's will be done. The supreme law of the universe is, Love, love for all created things.

C.: What is love?

M.: Love is the eager abandonment of self in the service of the beloved.

C.: Abandonment of self in the service! And who the beloved?

M.: The entire universe, embracing all created things.

C.: That is great.

M.: It is glorious.

C.: And that includes, of course, your own white people. Are they ever in trouble?

M.: Yes, everlastingly. There is strife without end.

C.: Why don't you help them?

M.: There was a time while I was still a lad that I resolved to enlist in the service of my brethren at home. But when I had prepared myself and the time came for me to enter the field, almost insurmountable difficulties arose. There were so many things I would have to give up, and the work hard and without a future. I then entered the missionary field and do not regret the change. Better here, a thousand times, than in the poor quarters of our large cities.

C. (to himself): Eager abandonment of self in the service of the beloved—It must be that you don't love the white people as well as you do us?

M.: Oh, yes. But I don't know why one should not keep out of trouble and hard work, if possible. And, besides, I am doing some good here.

C.: We were getting along fairly well before you came. Got our three squares a day right along without a hitch.

M.: I have partly succeeded in making one conversion here.

C.: Do you serve the beloved when you avoid them and their troubles?

M.:—No.

C.: Then should we not, to live up to your own glorious teachings, go right out amongst the greatest trouble and abandon our own selves in the service?

M.:—So it would seem.

C.: By so doing will God's will be done.

M. (after a thoughtful silence): Sam, child of God in spite of your errors, listen! I came to teach, yet have I been taught life's first lessons by an intellectual infant. Verily, when my contract is up I shall return to the land of unceasing trouble and consecrate my life to the cause of humanity in distress. Next after life itself the most sacred thing on earth is that true spirit of love that embraces all things, and to preserve it wherever found and to kindle wherever absent shall henceforth be my aim. I have reached the very gates of heaven to-day and heard