The spokesman for the men indignantly denied the charge.

"You only employ union labor when you want work done?" queried Doerner.

"Sure! We wouldn't employ 'scabs' at any price," declared the men.

"Well, boys," said the old man, "if every one of you has got on union-made clothing I will sign the agreement. Now show up."

Less than half the men could show the label in their coats.

"Well, if all of you have on union-made shoes I'll sign the agreement."

Investigation showed that only two or three had on union-made shoes, and, from a list in his pocket, Doerner proved that about half of the men had on shoes that were penitentiary made.

"Well, that's too bad, boys," said Doerner. "But I'll give you one more chance. If every man who uses tobacco has got union-made tobacco in his pockets I'll sign the agreement."

Not a man had that kind of tobacco.

"Boys, it ain't fair to ask me to do something you won't do yourselves. Now, I'll postpone signing that agreement for a while. I'm in favor of unions, but the employes ought to be willing to keep step with the employer. When you men can come here, every one with union-made clothing, union-made hats, union-made shoes and union-made everything else that is made anywhere by men of your class, I'll sign the agreement, and I won't sign it until then. If you want to strike, all right. But if you do I'll publish to the world the truth about this conference, and I guess the rank and file of the unions will stand by me."

The men did not strike. They pondered on the lesson and discussed it among themselves. A month later they again appeared before Doerner and stood the test. The boss signed immediately, but declared that if they broke their implied contract with their fellow-unionists he would feel at liberty to break his contract with the machinists' union. The shop is still unionized, and the men are consistent trade unionists yet.

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UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: I notice your women, a few of 'em, are pushin' for female suffrage. Might as well grant it. You'll have to come down soon or late. There's not a mite of use standin' up agin a reform the Lord's shoulder's behind. I did it about slavery and mighty nigh got throwed. I'm not eager yet about female suffrage, but I'm amovin' a little, and I ain't much afraid of it. I notice the Quakers gave equal rights to their women two hundred years ago. It worked all right. Yes, sir, they can't do any work in their meetin's unless the women agree to it, the Quakers can't. If you have any doubts about women voting, talk it up with a Quaker and see how much it scares him. It won't worry him none. Try it!

The thing that works me strongest is the executin' of women under my old laws that nobody has manhood enough to change. Capital punishment of women is the poorest business, a leetle the poorest, a government ever went into. It looks so to me. Every time a woman is to be executed I take to the timber. Because why? I know I'm a murderer; all my boys that agree to it are murderers,—and all that don't agree, and all the women that don't raise a row about it and keep it up until the accursed thing is stopped. For don't you see, John, they have no say in the law, never did have. Taxation and execution without representation; the same old proposition you and I argued from Bunker Hill to Eutaw Springs. You mind that time, John, don't you, and you know who was right? Pardon me, I'm not rubbin' it in, but I'm right so infrequent of late that I'm a little proud of the times I scored.

How am I getting along? Well, I hardly know. Politically, I think somethin' is a-brewin', but I can't say what.

Oh, parties they grow old,
And pulls and hauls decay,
And the little boys under the g. o. p.
Had better get out of the way.

Allan the King.

Allan the King sat sullen on his throne,
Wide lands he owned, and all men bowed the knee,
And many a fat, gem-laden argosy,
Plied him from tribute zone.
The King sat moody in his state alone.
The lands he owned from verdant shore to shore;
But now, alas! the King had seen and wanted more—
The happy smile a glad child cast its father,
Beside a hovel door.

UNCLE SAM.

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OUR PRIMARY SCHOOL SYSTEM.

An Editorial in the Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat of November 16, 1906.

The query of the small boy is always, "What makes the wheels go round?" The child is an animated question mark. It wants to know. On the other hand the child is a creature with a marvelous memory. Children do have marvelous memories. Every parent knows that a child can remember even the most trivial things. The only person who does not know that children have memories is the wise educator of to-day. According to our present practical educational system the childish memory needs braces; it must be strengthened by constant exercise. As a result of the lack of faith in the childish memory the primary work of our schools has become to a large degree memory work.

This memory work departure seems to be founded on the idea gathered from experience in the school room, we are told, that it is so "hard to teach children anything." Teachers apparently find that children do not have marvelous memories. In fact, to a teacher the childish memory is a sham and a delusion.

However, it is a fact that children are marvelously retentive. But the child does not remember the things it does not notice, neither does it remember the things that fail to interest it. Attention with the child, as with the adult, is the thing that brings memory to a focus. Attention and interest are the rays that do the printing on the plate. To a great degree, to be sure, the childish mind lacks discipline. It cannot by mere mental effort force attention and interest. It is hard for it even to

simulate interest. Nevertheless, the road to the childish memory lies through interest.

The task in the schoolroom is, therefore, not one of strengthening memory, but of creating interest—and of maintaining it. Moreover, the ends of discipline do not lie in repressing natural impulses, but in cultivating them.

The present system upon which the work of the primary school is based studiously ignores the childish query, "What makes the wheels go round?" Instead it says to the child, in effect: "Some day you will know what makes the wheels go round. Today it is sufficient for you to know that seven wheels go round one way and six the other." "Children, how many wheels go round one way?"

"Seven, not six."

"Children, how many the other way?"

"Six, children, not seven."

"Now, again, how many one way?"

"How many the other?"

"Wrong, we'll have the same lesson to-morrow."

And the pedagogue actually thinks he can compel the child to remember how many wheels go round each way, when the youngster is thinking of nothing else except why they go round at all.

One of the first things that is crammed down the little toddler is mathematics done up in memory tables. "Six and seven are how many?" asks the teacher, and after days of patient effort the child answers automatically, "Thirteen." And the poor little thing is taught all of the "combinations" in that way. The child is taught to add before it knows what addition means. Absurd as it may seem the child is instructed in mathematics according to the system that would first compel a pupil to memorize Virgil, and then after the original text could be repeated would go back and teach the meaning of Latin words. In following out the memory system months are spent in teaching the beginner of six or seven things that the child of eight or nine would master in a week. The aim of the present day pedagogical expert seems to be to convert live children into phonographs that repeat and repeat, but never know anything. The present day teacher, it would seem, is attempting to secure an attention by means of discipline that would be given spontaneously under wiser methods.

The child, while it hangs on to curious odds and ends of information, has a way of arranging facts, of making comparisons and of drawing conclusions all its own. For instance, the country boy who cannot remember what the figure "four" looks like, never forgets when told that it looks just like the sticks that hold up the box of Brother Bill's rabbit trap. In the modern system the child just must remember what the figure four looks like and do it without the aid of any comparisons whatever.

Every parent would do well to take a day off and visit the schools of this or any other city. Few parents would recognize their own little Willie if they saw him in his classes. The poor little fellow is repeating without rhyme or reason some disjointed, disconnected sounds that mean nothing and all the time he is wondering, "What makes the wheels go round?" And yet the teacher wonders why Willie does not make greater progress in his class work.

THE GUEST.

With books and beetles till the dawn is twilight
From care he finds release;
And on his face there falls from heaven's wide skylight
The raptured glow of peace.

I can but guess the mysteries he masters,
Too deep for idle speech,
The wisdom of the daisies and the asters,
The willow and the beech.

Sometimes I see him where the shadows lengthen
Among the clustered trees,
Gazing upon the nests where young birds strengthen,
Or watching flower-caught bees.

Sometimes the beauty of a blossom blowing
I show him for his praise,
And to the warmth that in his cheek is glowing
Its cool soft leaves he lays.

"But still," he says, "the beauty of the lily
Is not so fair and fine
As is the thought that works within it stilly,
A birth of love divine."

And sometimes when a bird sings past, a flashing
Of red or brown or blue,
In sweeping curves that make it seem a dashing
Of grace within our view.

He says, all rapt: "That airy flight wide-winging
Is not so strangely sweet
As is the subtle harmony of singing
Wherever song may beat.

"In peopled lands and desert isles of ocean
One law and purpose sway,
One bond for man and plant and circling motion
Of planets on their way;

"The law of growth, of change, that seeks the newer
And casts the old aside,
That leaves the true for hope and sometimes truer,
The dawn for noon's high tide."

And sometimes when the day is dying slowly
The mellow voice of flute
From out his chamber breathes so soft and lowly
That all my soul is mute.

And sometimes when a withered leaf before us
Falls flutteringly down,
A sudden silence of dimmed eyes comes o'er us
And hides the misty town.

"There is," he says, "but one thing finer, fairer,
More beautiful than death:
The life that from it grows to being rarer,
Informed with sweeter breath.

"For life that is and was but shapes the morrow;
The birth of each new day
Is gladdened through its sadness by the sorrow
Of old things passed away."

And sometimes when the wind is in the beeches,
And clouds have crossed the sky,
He lifts his eyes beyond the spirit's reaches,
As rooks go clamoring by;

And in the tender smile that chides my seeing,
At last I surely know
That he has caught the inmost soul of being,
He feels and loves it so.

—Lewis Worthington Smith, in The Critic.

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I propose that no man shall drag me down by making me hate him.—Booker T. Washington.