

"I was punished," said the wageworker; "I had no money, no friends and no job. I stole a loaf of bread to keep my family from starvation."

ELLIS O. JONES.

\* \* \*

## THE WORLD TO-DAY NEEDS MEN.

From the Obermayer Bulletin, Cincinnati, for September and October, 1906.

The world to-day needs Men—

Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd—men of character and will.

Men of courage, men who are larger than their business, who put character above wealth and whose word is their bond.

Men who have the courage to do their duty in silence—who are not afraid to stand for the truth when it is unpopular, and who can say "no" with emphasis, although all the rest of the world says "yes."

Men who are true to their friends—through good report and evil report—through adversity as well as prosperity.

Men who would "rather be right than be president."

\* \* \*

## THE SORBONNE'S FIRST WOMAN PROFESSOR.

The academic year of the University of France may be said to have opened with the lecture by Madame Curie on electricity,\* writes Theodore B. Noss in the Journal of Education. The occasion was unique in the history of the Sorbonne. Never before has a woman had an appointment as professor there.

The rector of the university and other prominent officials were present. The minister of public instruction, M. Briand, who appointed Madame Curie to this professorship, made vacant by the accidental death of her husband, had promised to come, but his presence was required at the opening of parliament at the same hour.

Madame Curie's course of lectures is one of the so-called "open" courses, to which access is free. Long before the lecture began the outer gates were closed against those seeking admission. Several hundred of those who filled the corridors were unable to get into the hall of physics. I was one of the last who succeeded.

Standing behind the highest tier of seats in the hall, I looked down on three or four hundred people, of both sexes and of all ages above twenty. Back of the long table at the opposite end of the room stood the modest, self-possessed woman who has made the civilized world her debtor by her discoveries.

It was not such a spectacle as the soldiers of France being led into battle by an uneducated peasant girl clad in the armor of a man. Here were the scholars of France sitting at the feet of a cultured woman, still young, a widow and a mother, who has a message in science to deliver, and who delivers it with rare but unconscious skill.

While her husband lived, Madame Curie worked

lovingly by his side; since his death she continues heroically, even if sorrowfully, the work to which both of them devoted their lives. Her appointment to his vacant chair was not so much an expression of sympathy as a recognition of ability.

Madame Curie's quiet, straightforward, and conversational manner of speaking put her audience at perfect ease. Her voice is not strong, but sufficient. She speaks rather rapidly, moving from one piece of apparatus to another. The attention of her audience was soon turned from her to her subject. As some one remarked, "it was no longer a woman that stood before us, but a brain." She held the attention of all for more than an hour. Three or four expert assistants aided in the handling of the apparatus.

From time to time, as the lights were turned off and some interesting illustration was given, the audience would show their appreciation by hearty applause. An assistant brought her a small box, which she opened as if she were about to take from it some precious jewel. The lights were turned off, and the tiny grain of radium in the speaker's hand shone like a faint star in a black sky.

Professor Bergeret, the colleague of Madame Curie, remarked to a friend after the lecture: "This is a great victory for women that we celebrate here to-day. For, if women are admitted to give higher instruction to students of both sexes, where will be the boasted superiority of the male? In truth, I tell you, the time is approaching when women will become human beings."—The Woman's Journal.

\* \* \*

## A TRADES UNION STORY.

Will M. Maupin in The Commoner.

Peter Doerner was the proprietor of a machine shop in—well, no matter where. It is not necessary to give the name of the city. Suffice it to say that this is a true story, even to the names of the participants, so the name of the city may be omitted. Doerner employed twelve or fifteen men, and one day an organizer for the machinists' union appeared in their midst and persuaded them to organize a union. The charter was secured, and then an agreement and a scale of wages were drawn up and presented to Doerner.

"Well, boys," said Doerner, "I have nothing against unions, but I think you ought to give me a little time. Suppose you let me think it over for a week."

The men agreed to this, and Doerner spent the week in making some investigations. At the end of the week he called his employes before him and said:

"Well, boys, do you still want me to recognize your union?"

They declared that they did.

"And you want me to support union principles?"

They insisted that the boss was correct.

"And if I stand by union principles you will do the same?"

The men said they would.

"Well, boys," said Doerner, "I have been investigating, and I find that you are asking me to do what you don't do yourselves. You ask me to agree to employ only union labor, but you employ men you call 'scab.' Ain't I got as much right to employ as you have?"

\*November 5, 1906. See The Public of November 10, page 753.