

# Tragedy of an Unloved Woman

PARIS—Here is the tragedy of a heart starved for love. This is the tale of love scorned until, coiled like an emerald-eyed serpent, it drove its death-dealing fangs into the heart of a recreant lover. Rather in the progress of a phantom-love, such as a starving heart might rear, even as a starving man dreams of food not set before him. And always with this phantom-love walks death, until at last they clasp hands over the body of an innocent victim.

In 1909 there was employed at the Magasin du Louvre a saleswoman named Marie Bourette, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York World. She was regarded as a most exemplary employee, quiet and demure of manner, regular and punctual in reporting for duty. It was known, too, that she possessed a small income, the interest of which added to her salary yielded 1,500 francs, or about \$1,400 a year—in Paris a liberal income for a single woman. And Marie had none dependent upon her. Near relatives had died. None asked aid or proffered intimate companionship. She lived quite alone in a most desirable little apartment on the Boulevard Voltaire. Neighbor and colleague, tradespeople and fellow-workers, all admired the regularity of her habits and envied her freedom from domestic responsibilities and caring cares.

Little did they dream that in her orderly apartment this woman of thirty was eating her very heart out in loneliness. Marie was not then a homely girl, and certainly her little fortune was not to be despised, but

she had never felt nor aroused she built the hideous phantom that was destined to lead her into dangerous paths. And yet the world saw only a quiet, unpretentious old maid going to and from her work!

Six months passed and there came to M. Doudieux's desk a letter signed "Lareauden," reproaching him for unfaithfulness to the little blonde friend of two years back. Ah, more than one little blond friend had crossed the gay Parisian's path in those youthful days. How could he dream which one had written the letter? He did not worry! If he had worried—perhaps—but it may have been Fate!

She wrote again, warning him of the price of forgetting a woman he had once wooed, advising him to secure a divorce. But he tossed these anonymous letters, like their predecessors, into the fire.

Finally, she boldly signed her name. Doudieux, mystified at first, reads the name over and over, and finally recalls the little shop girl of the Magasin du Louvre. Really, it is all too absurd. Not for six years has he seen that impossible young person. Of course, there is but one thing to do, ignore her and her letters.

Makes Open Threat.

But this is not so easy. Marie follows up her letter with a personal call. She comes again and again. Her demands are more insistent, her words more violent. Finally she announces with bitterness which should carry its hideous warning—"If ever any one made me miserable, I would poison him. It would not be difficult."

"That is abominable. Never come to see me again," is M. Doudieux's stern response.

And the now prominently respectable husband returns to his home, dismissing Marie from his mind. But Marie, though unseen, is still very much in his life. And Marie is plotting, contriving, scheming.

In November M. Doudieux receives a basket of mussels, sent, according to its tag, from an old friend, M. Larue of Caen. For several years the two friends have not corresponded, and M. Doudieux turns suddenly alarmed, turns suspicious just in time to save his life. He communicates with M. Larue and learns that the mussels were not sent by his friend.

The gift is taken to the city laboratory. Each mussel is found to contain enough arsenic to kill a man.

Now it is time for M. Doudieux to summon the police. They trace the parcel to a messenger office in the Rue St. Petersburg, where it was left by Marie Bourette. Marie Bourette's apartment is searched and yields up all sorts of poisons, in papers, bottles and boxes, treatises on the administration of poisons, and scraps of anonymous letters, hideous thoughts which only an abnormal mind could conceive.

And, caught in the web of circumstantial evidence, Marie Bourette faces trial for murdering a man who has never crossed her path. All through that trial she denies every allegation, every statement made by every witness. She has an answer for every question hurled at her by the presiding justice. That these answers contradicted each other matters nothing to her. And always she smiles, smiles, the broad, placid, empty smile which for years has cloaked the rioting of the blood beneath her calm exterior. She is fat now, with the pasty fatness of oncoming old age. Her small eyes seem lost in her pudgy cheeks, her tip-tilted nose is coarse, her mouth is a perpetual smile.

At the End of It All.

Life imprisonment at hard labor is the sentence, and 100,000 francs are awarded to the heirs of her victim. Marie's small estate amounts to 70,000 francs. Mme. Godard will have it all. And Marie Bourette, at forty, goes to face her sentence of life imprisonment at hard labor, still starved for love.

The trial has been the criminal sensation of the year in Paris, not so much because of the prominence of the victim, M. Godard, but because of the curious psychology developed by the cross-examination of the murderer. Hers was not revenge. Her crime did not spring from jealousy of an individual, but from jealousy of all who had tasted happiness. She did not love Doudieux. He had never professed to love her. But he represented the one man who had come into her life, the one man who might have given her the happiness she saw all around her. And because he had not, because her heart was starved and no hand fed it, she plotted the unhappiness and the death of all who had tasted the joy that was denied to her.

Delicate Irony.

Makart, the great Viennese painter, was tactful to a fault. It is related of him that once at a dinner party he sat next to Mme. Gallmeyer for a whole hour without uttering a syllable. When his fair neighbor playfully nudged him with her elbow and said: "Come, Herr con Makart, let us change the conversation?"

Roused Demon of Jealousy.

Not so Marie! She had come so near quaffing the cup of love that she became more and more embittered with each passing day. From the love

of birth. It is impossible to regard this as an isolated phenomenon. It is an part of a logical sequence. By 1950 the population of France will have fallen to 25,000,000, where it was in 1870; unless, indeed, some drastic efforts are made to encourage larger families. History has never yet seen a nation self-consciously set itself to multiply its numbers. The French have no ambition to make a good census showing. They never colonized for the sake of colonizing, but only for the glory of conquest. Save for a few expansions of the Delonze type, they would gladly abandon all their foreign possessions and live happily within the borders of their beautiful France. It is only a question of years when Indo-China ceases to be French. They depend on their national thrifit to make them not only the richest but the most contented of peoples. They make a virtue of thrifit just as we make a virtue of hustling. And thrifit is killing their population. The worst of race suicide is that it is such a pleasant death. "As long as we last," they say, "we shall be prosperous; and as for the destruction of

our race, the French will not be the sufferers thereby, because they will be dead." But the rest of humanity will suffer by the loss of the witliest, most artistic and most liberty-loving people in the world. The Frenchman is a slave neither to monarchy nor to money nor to social conventions, and that is more than we can say even for ourselves. What a bore it will be in 2050 A. D. to find all the shopkeepers in the Rue de la Paix talking German, and the Richard Strauss of the day conducting at the Opera Comique and every pathway in the Bois marked "Gang Verboten" by a German park commissioner.

Hot Box Alarm.

A novel alarm for hot bearings consists of a small tube and bulb containing mercury, so arranged that rise of the mercury with temperature closes an electric bell circuit and attracts the attention of the attendant. The apparatus is attached to the bearing in a box two inches square. When many bearings are being watched, an ordinary electric bell indicator can be used.

**ODD FISH FROM THE DEPTHS**

Strange Marine Forms Brought Up With Deep Sea Cable Sunk for Ten Years.

Strange monsters the like of which have seldom been seen by man were dragged from a depth of 8,500 feet by the crew of the cable ship Burnside when they repaired the Alaska cable off Mt. St. Elias last month.

The Burnside is moored at its buoy in Elliott bay after two months of repairing and relaying the cables of the U. S. army signal corps system. On board were a score of huge flasks filled with alcohol. In them floated strange shapes which it was hard to believe were once living creatures.

Balls of red hair which looked like touched human heads proved upon dissection to be strange kind of deep water crab. Flesh colored round masses were found clinging to the cable by minute tentacles. One creature was shaped like the diabolo toy, narrow in the middle with big concave white disks at either end by which it catches hold of any object.

Another strange marine creature is shaped like an octopus but has at least two dozen tentacles instead of eight. Many octopuses were found clinging to the cable, but they were thought too common to preserve.

While sections of the cable pulled up for inspection were found covered several feet deep with strange plants and animal life, seaweed, black instead of green, sponges and sea urchins predominated.

Probably the strangest creature found on the cable was a flesh colored fish not more than four feet long, voted. They say that everything he makes goes on his wife's back.

Mrs. Geirichs, her eye fixed on the gov-'s terrible V, said with a smile: "Well, he must be making very little, then."

Practical Matching. 6

What the little girl with the 15 cents in pennies wanted was some red ribbon of a particular shade for her mother. She knew the shade, but she couldn't explain it and all she could say was, it wasn't that, no, nor that; it was deeper than that, and not so

deep as that, and so on.

The mission was looking hopeless when suddenly she darted from the shop and seized a passing gentleman by the hand.

"Will you please come into this shop with me?" she asked innocently.

"Certainly, my chickadee," he replied, "if I can be of any use. What is it?"

The little girl replied not, but led the wondering stranger to the counter.

"There, miss!" she said, triumphant. "Mother wants some ribbon the color of this gentleman's nose."

value and exploit him in novels or plays where a "southerner" is a necessary part of the stage machinery.—Everybody's Magazine.

Wasted Sarcasm.

The Philadelphia milk dealers who recently raised the price of their product to nine cents a quart and then lowered it again to eight appear to have been the subjects of a great deal of unjust censure. They announced at the time of the raise that milk could not be sold at eight cents without loss. Finding that the consumers would not pay the new price, however, they are continuing to sell at the old, thereby qualifying as genuine philanthropists. Every purchaser of milk at eight cents a quart will doubtless hereafter feel that he is an object of charity.



Solitary in Her Little Flat Marie Was Eating Out Her Heart in Loneliness.

no lover come to woo. Day after day she went to and from her work alone. Night after night she came home to her shadowy, silent apartment.

Shunned Woman Associates.

Perhaps she might have formed an intimate friendship with a fellow-worker and asked a woman to share her apartment. But Marie was sensitive in the extreme. No woman should know of her loneliness, of the emptiness of her life, of the fact that no man came to woo!

With every freezing the very blood in her veins she watched other workers in the Magasin du Louvre display, first, the betrothal ring, and then the wedding ring, and finally take their departure for the new home furnished by a young husband. Marie looked at the hand on which no man had ever placed a ring. Ah, there was a wrinkle! She glanced at her mirror. Another wrinkle in her face answered. Then the implacable mirror showed her a silver hair.

When a small clique of men put up a scheme to harness the clergy of America and induce the ministers to turn "hit up" the members of the churches, we should all take notice.

They couldn't harness the preachers in a bad cause except by deceiving them.

Ministers of the gospel are essentially and fundamentally honest but, like all men who work for the public good, they are at times misled by false statements.

Trust them when they have exact truth to speak from.

Now for the story which should interest every one for we are all either receivers of wages or we pay wages earners and the freedom of each individual is at issue.

In various papers the following statement has been printed. Read it carefully at least twice.

"Interest in Labor Sunday.

"Labor Sunday—the Sunday preceding Labor day—will be observed generally this year and in future years throughout the United States. This is the organization of the American Federation of Labor for the observance of that day. The numerous letters recently received at American Federation of Labor headquarters from ministers is an assurance that interest in the idea of giving special attention to the cause of labor from the pulpit one day in the twelve months is widespread. Our readers are urged to try to bring about an understanding in their respective districts with representatives of the church so that ministers will make addresses to the churches in large numbers for the day. Ministers should say what they think on the occasion in order that their trade union hearers may put their estimate as to where the church stands on the question of the organization of labor. The more the subject is discussed the better will it be for labor. Union ethics are sound.—American Federationist."

"Observe that 'Labor Union' men 'are urged' to induce ministers to make addresses that will attract trade unionists to the churches 'for the day.' 'Ministers should say,' etc., and winds up with 'Union ethics are sound,' observe the hidden threat.

This is clipped from the American Federationist the organ of Sam Gompers, et al.

This clipping has been sent to the Typographical Union men in the newspaper offices instructed to "urge" that it be printed.

That is one of the ways of the "machine."

It looks harmless so the papers print it.

But! Let's lift the cover and look under.

The hidden motive is as dangerous to the peace and liberty of the citizens as a colled rattlesnake in the grass.

Organization by workmen to peacefully and successfully present their side is necessary and most commendable.

There are such organizations now rapidly winning the way to universal confidence without strikes, dynamite or killing fellow workmen.

(Some facts on this matter a little further along in this article.)

We see here a demand on the ministers of God, that they endorse and help bring about the strike-proof, boycott-proof and violent American Federation of Labor.

Think of the man of God who teaches brotherly love being covertly ordered to praise and help get new members for an organization with a record for violence, crime and murder done by its members the like of which the world has never seen.

Think of the thousands of women made widows and the increasing thousands of children left fatherless by the pistol, club, dynamite and boot heel of members of this Labor Trust.

Any one who recalls the countless murders done in the multitude of strikes in the past few years will agree this is no exaggeration.

Take just one as an illustration:

There were some thirty men murdered and over 6000 bruised and maimed in the Chicago teamster's

There is seldom a day passes but somewhere in our country from one to a score of our fellow men are assaulted or murdered by members of this band.

Then remember the homes blotted or burned. The families hounded, the rioting, burning of street cars, wrecks of trains and attempted or successful killing of passengers.

The general disturbance of industry and the thousands of dollars forced from tax payers to pay extra police, sheriffs and militia to protect, even in a feeble way, the citizens from the mobs of members of the American Federation of Labor.

Then you will realize why the great peace-loving majority of over 80 million Americans protest against the growth of this crime-tainted organization comprising perhaps one and one-half million men, of which it is estimated at least seven-tenths are peace-loving citizens and are members by coercion and are not in sympathy with the three-tenths who have gained control and force their methods.

We find that a few designing men have seized control of the American Federation of Labor, just as some shrewd capitalists have secured control of the agencies of other interests and are now twisting and turning them into machines for personal profit and fame.

These men cunningly plan to force workmen to join and pay 25 to 75 cents a month in fees.

Various methods are used to "induce" workmen to join members.

First, they talk of the "tyranny of capital" making slaves of workmen.

Then they work up enthusiasm about the "brotherhood of man" and other talk which experience has shown excites the emotions of workmen and they are induced to join and pay fees to the leaders.

The 5000 workmen in Battle Creek are, as a rule, free from the dictates of the great Labor Trust and still get the highest wages in Michigan. If they had yielded to the smooth talk of the agents of the Trust, they would pay in fees from \$1250.00 to \$2000.00 a month to the big trust and be subject to strike orders any time.

Now they save that and put the money into homes and family comforts.

But the managers of the American Federation of Labor have worked hard and long to harness them.

The trust has sent small baales of money and last winter 18 "organizers" to tie up Battle Creek. They hired balls, gave picture shows, smokers, etc., as an investment, looking to rich returns when they succeeded in having them tied hand and foot.

But they failed and the last of these "organizers" left Battle Creek on May 1st saying "it's no use."

The workmen knew the record of this great trust and formed their own association to protect their rights and also to protect them from the big Labor Trust.

In Philadelphia some 4000 independent street car men, who mainly had families, had their own union and refused to join the big trust, preferring to be free to work or not as they pleased.

But the trust planned to force them into the fee-paying ranks, so a strike was ordered to compel the traction company to kick out these men and hire only Labor Trust members.

It was not a question of wages or hours but to push the free men out of their positions where they were earning good money to support their families. The strike was ordered, not to raise wages or reduce hours, remember, but solely to throw out members of an independent union and make places only for Labor Trust members, and thus show the independent men they could not earn a living unless they first paid fees to the trust managers.

Incidentally the people of Philadelphia must submit to no car service, rioting and bloodshed with millions in losses while these fee-bumting, notoriety seeking trust leaders were teaching the world that industry cannot be carried on except by workmen who first bend the knee, bow the head and pay fees.

How these men as strike leaders love to see their names in the papers

each morning! It's meat and bread to their souls.

Then think of the lordly power, and don't forget the steady flow of money squeezed from the workman's hard earned pay envelope.

But when these leaders "tie up" any industry no man can hold a job who refuses to pay fines even on trumped up charges, and steadily pay fees whatever they are.

The workman is absolutely at the mercy of this band of men who have secured and hold control.

Many and many an honest workman has raised his voice and appealed to his fellows to rise and throw off the yoke of Gompers, et al. But, as one writes, "At every convention of the American Federation of Labor, strong opposition comes up but at the critical moment the impassioned orator appears and most dramatically puts the spot light on the leader and covers him with a mawkish film of 'martyrdom' and the emotional delegates yell in delight, forgetting the instructions of the peaceful workmen at home who desire to free themselves from the odium of membership under the great advocates of strike, boycott, violence and hate."

So we see the unequalled violence with which these trust leaders propose to "induce" ministers to pull their chestnuts from the fire by preaching modern aggressive and violent labor trust methods.

There is a better way to secure justice for workers, as will appear further along.

Just a little diversion here.

I am charged with having first brought to the attention of the public some years ago, the name "Labor Trust."

A trust is a combination of men or organizations for the purpose of selling their product at a profit and restricting production to effect it.

We will say a large Oil Company gathers in smaller ones and thus controls production.

The Labor Trust "gathers in" local trade organizations and thus has power to say how much work each man shall do.

The Oil Company then fixes prices. The Labor Trust does likewise.

The Oil Company may "use methods" to force an unwilling dealer to join.

The Labor Trust men go further and slug the independent man if he tries to sell his labor without paying fees to "obeying orders." They are both exactly alike in purpose, which in both cases is entirely selfish to gain power and money for the leaders.

Certain Labor Trust members do not hesitate to use violence, dynamiting of property, burning homes of independent men and even murder to force obedience.

The Oil Company doesn't go so far. Both are extremely dangerous to the welfare of people and communities, for power placed in the hands of a few men either representing Capital or Labor is almost always abused and the public suffers.

Remember, reader, that your safety lies in strenuous opposition to all trusts which try to ride over and dictate to the people.

Only by opposing their growth can you retain your personal liberty.

Now to ministers.

The average congregation is made up of about 90 per cent of free citizens and much less than 10 per cent of members of the Labor Trust.

The free citizen wants to hear words defending the rights and independence of the common man, free from the arbitrary dictates of any self-seeking organization either of Capital or Labor.

The merchant, lawyer, school teacher, doctor, clerk, farmer and workmen rebels against any forcible stopping of trains, boats, street cars, or factories, for the prosperity of the community is entirely dependent on steady continuance of these things. Men don't like strikes, boycotts, hunger, rioting workmen or burned cars and factories.

A famous divine says: "These men may hate capitalists but their hate for other laboring men burns like a flame, eats like nitric acid, is malignant beyond all description."

Then we remember cases of acid throwing, eyes gouged out, children pursued, women stripped, homes de-

stroyed, men murdered and the long list of atrocities practised by Labor Trust members on other human beings who cannot agree with the trust methods.

Now for the better way.

Workingmen are now organizing in the old fashioned trades union or "gild" way, affiliated with the National Trades and Workers Association whose constitution provides arbitration of differences with agreement for no strikes, boycott, picketing or hateful coercion of any kind.

This Trade Association has evolved from the experience of the past and is the highest order of Trades Unionism at the present day.

Under its laws it is not possible for the Hod Carriers Union or the Street Sweepers Union to order the school teachers or locomotive engineers to quit work in a "sympathetic strike."

If any craft finds injustice, the case is presented to properly selected arbitrators, testimony taken and the case presented to the public through the press. Thereupon public opinion, that greatest of all powers, makes itself felt and curiously enough a fair settlement is generally the result.

There is no strike, no loss of wages, no loss to the community and yet the faithful workers get their just treatment.

There are many details which have been worked out by men skilled in labor matters.

It will recompense any interested man to know these details which can be secured by postal request for constitution and by-law, written to the National Trades and Workers Association, Kingsman Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

Reader, look carefully into this great question of the relations of Capital and Labor. It is a successful solution. The new plan works and brings results for the members.

I became so favorably impressed with the trustworthiness and practical ability of the leaders of this new labor movement that I gave the Association a sanatorium at Battle Creek worth about \$400,000 and with about 300 rooms, to be used as a home for their old members and the helpless babies, sometimes made fatherless by the pistol, club or boot heel of some member of the violent "Labor Trust."

Suppose you attend church Labor Sunday and hear what your minister has to say in defense of the safety and rights of the common, everyday man.

Let me ask you to read again a portion of one of my public articles printed a few years ago.

"The people of this world have given me money enough to spend in these talks through the papers in trying to make better and safer conditions for the common people, whether the Postum business runs or not.

Scores of letters have come to me from work-people and others, some from unknown men recounting their sufferings from union domination and urging that their case be laid before the public.

It will not answer for us to only sympathize with the poor, the oppressed, those who haven't power enough to drive off tyrants. In present oppression, we must help them tie the hands of the oppressors. Americans must act.

Some of my forebears in New England left comfortable homes, took with them a few tools, slept on the ground in rain and from hunger, footsore, and half clothed they grimly pushed on where the Eternal God of Human Liberty urged them. They wove for me and for you a mantle of freedom, woven in a loom where the shuttles were cannon balls and bullets and where words were used to pick out the tangles of their yarn.

These old, sturdy granddads of ours stood by that loom until the mantle was finished, then, stained with their life blood it was handed down to us. Shall I refuse to bear it on my shoulders because it is wearing costs me a few dollars, and are you cowards enough to hide yours because some foreign labor union anarchist orders you to strip it off?

Have faith that the blood of 1776 still coursing in your veins will tingle and call until you waken. Then Americans will act."

There's a new sou.

POST.

**FRENCH RACE SEEMS DOOMED**

National Thrift Is Year by Year Depleting the Population of the Republic.

The destruction of the French race confronts us. For at least a generation the steady decline of the birth rate in France has been the talk of sociologists. But it was impossible to grasp any vital interest in the subject so long as the returns showed that the figures of the population were at least stationary. No one ever pays much attention to a food until the cellars are under water; nor does the conservation of natural resources excite the feelings of the people until most of the mineral wealth absorbed by private owners.

In the case of France the doom is already announced, an article in the Metropolitan says. From 1850 down to 1907 the excess of births over deaths slowly but surely decreased. In 1908 for the first time the death toll tallied 25,000 more than the list.