



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

Friendship

When the sun is bright and the sky is blue,
And calm is the wind and weather,
Then plenty of friends will stick by you
And walk down the ways together,
For easy the path where the flowers grow
And the grass in the wind nods to and fro,
So many a friend with you will go
On the way o'er the sunlit heather.

But if clouds grow dark and the way grows steep
And the harsh wind blood is chilling,
But few you'll find at your side will keep
With hearts that are warm and willing.
For hard is the path where the sharp thorns hide,
Where the rough rocks hinder on every side,
And you see the wraiths of the loves that died
When your life with woe was filling.

Fair weather friends by your side will run
When yours is the path of pleasure;
But cloudy the sky and obscured the sun
Their love lacks the needed measure.
For love like theirs is mere selfishness
That withers away in the storm and stress.
For 'tis rooted in pleasure and takes no less
Than a self-willed meed of pleasure.

So here's to the friend who stands by you
Tho' foul be the wind and weather;
Whose eyes look love and whose heart beats true
As you tread dark ways together.
For he lends you strength from his strong right arm.
And you build new faith on his heart-beats warm,
While you laugh at fate and its threats of harm
On your way o'er the storm-swept heather.

An Echo of Labor Day

When Mr. Workem came home on the evening of Labor day he was tired and happy. Throwing his uniform to one side, and pinning his badges on the wall, Workem dropped into a chair with a sigh of satisfaction and exclaimed:

"That was the biggest celebration labor ever had in this man's town!"
Mrs. Workem said nothing until she had picked up the discarded uniform and hung it in the closet. Then she took a chair and replied:
"Yes, it was about the longest parade I ever saw on Labor day."
"About the longest?" shouted Workem. "It had all other parades skinned by not less than twelve blocks. We had two thousand more men in line today than we ever had before."
"I guess so," replied Mrs. Workem, who had a far-away expression in her eyes.

"Ain't supper about ready, ma?" asked Workem. "I'm as hungry as a bear."
"Supper will be ready in a few minutes, pa. I'm just waiting for the potatoes to boil."

Mrs. Workem went into the little kitchen and after briskly moving about for a few minutes announced that the evening meal was ready. Workem hastened in, not forgetting

to give the baby a kiss he as passed his high chair. During the ensuing fifteen minutes Workem said very little, being very busy with knife and fork. Mrs. Workem ate her meal in silence. Finally Workem shoved his chair back, reached into his upper vest pocket and pulled out a cigar. When the cigar was going to his satisfaction he leaned back in his chair and said:

"Ah, but we made a magnificent showing this day. Labor showed its strength today in a way that will make the bosses sit up and take notice. We own the world, I tell you. The sight of this grand army of toil marching proudly shoulder to shoulder is one that will—"

"Rats!" exclaimed Mrs. Workem.

"What's that, ma?" shouted the astonished Workem.

"Look here, husband," said Mrs. Workem, a steely glitter showing in her eyes and the lines about her mouth settling deeper. "Look here! I've been thinking all day today. I had to stay at home and take care of the baby while you paraded, and I had plenty of time to think. I've been thinking on this problem of organization. I'm a good union woman, my dear, and your working card is as dear to me as it is to you. I'll suffer anything with you, too, to stand by the union's principles. But I'm rafaidd you unionism is merely a veneer."

"Why, ma! How can you say that? Why, I'd die for my union if necessary. I've gone ragged and hungry rather than go back on the boys, and I'd do it again. Why, my unionism is as deep as any man's can—"

"All right, my husband. I'll admit it for the argument, and then make my indictment. Didn't you carry a banner today saying something about the peril of Chinese cheap labor?"

"Yes, ma; I did. The importation of Chinese cheap labor to compete with American work—"

"O, stop, husband. I've heard that till my ears ache. And all the time you are howling against Chinese cheap labor you have been voting the ticket put up by men who have been importing cheap labor from the slums of Europe by the hundreds of thousands. You've been foolish enough to let the Baers and Morgans keep you howling about Chinamen so loud you couldn't hear the tread of the hundreds of thousands of criminals and paupers being imported by contract to work in the mills and the mines of the east."

"Why, look here, ma; I wouldn't get—"

"And last campaign you spilled grease all over your best coat carrying a torch in a parade and holding it so everybody could see the words on a banner your marching comrade carried. It said 'Protection to American Workingmen,' didn't it?"

"Yes, ma; and I—"

"Well, the men who paid for that banner and who contributed the expenses of that and other parades, have raised the price of their meat and flour and sugar and clothing a half-dozen times since then. Now tell me where we come in? Has your wages been increased. The landlord has raised the rent. The coal dealer has added a dollar on the ton. We get three pounds less sugar for a dollar. We pay as much for a round steak as we did for a tenderloin. The trust managers furnished the parade money and the workingmen furnished the votes—now tell me who is getting the worst of it? Show me your share of the 'protection' you talked about."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Workem.

"You wouldn't have me voting against these sweat shop slaves?" the grand old party that freed the slaves and—"

"Freed the black slaves, yes;" interrupted Mrs. Workem. "But how about some white ones? The girls in Gouge & Grind's overall factory could not parade today because Gouge & Grind wouldn't allow them a holiday and the girls couldn't afford to lose the time. What have you done to emancipate

"Now look here, ma; there ain't no use o' your—"

"Last campaign you hollered yourself hoarse for Senator Smooth. He went down to Washington and hasn't been heard of since. Last week he took his family to a sea shore resort, riding in a special car furnished by the railroads. You and me and the baby have been to the park one Sunday afternoon so far this summer. Ain't I right?"

"Yes, ma. But I had to support Senator Smooth because he was my party's candidate, and—"

"And who made him your party's candidate? Why the men who are putting up the price of everything we have to buy and keeping down the price of your labor by importing white men through New York city while you are hollering about keeping the Chinaman from coming in through San Francisco."

"But I ain't a goin' back on my party, you bet. I'm goin' to stick to it, 'cause it is the greatest—"

"Of course you'll stick to your party, husband. I don't expect you to quit it. It's been so long since you done anything for yourself that you couldn't do it. I done a bit of figuring while you were parading. Every time you stepped while keepmg time to the bass drum Mr. Rockefeller made as much as you make by half a day's work. And he makes it because you and your fellow unionists have been voting for the policies that Mr. Rockefeller advocates—policies that make him the richest man in the world and you a workingman earning \$2 a day. Every time your right foot struck the ground Mr. Carnegie was making more than you make in a day, and making it because your 'protection' vote let him fix the price on his product as well as the price of your toil. While you were taking one step Mr. Baer issued an order and raised the price of coal 25 cents a ton. It made his company \$20,000,000 in less time than it took you to march a half a block. And your vote, together with the vote of others like you, made it possible for Baer and his crowd to make that money by compelling you to pay it."

"Why, ma; you're talkin' kind o' crazy, ain't you? What's got into your head, anyhow?"

"Something that don't seem to have got in yours, husband—sense. What's the good of parading on Labor day and letting the oppressors of labor run things every other day? If the two million union men of the country can march together on Labor day, why can't they vote together on election day? You've been doing the marching and the voting all these years, husband. Now we are going to divide up. You are going to do the marching just as you please, but I'll attend to the voting. You'll have to cast the ballot, but it must be as I say. And I'm going to vote thoughts instead of prejudices."

"But women don't know nothing about politics, ma."

"Nothing about your kind of politics, thank goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Workem. We women can't see where we get any protection under a system that increases the expense of housekeeping without adding something to the pay envelope. We can't see the difference between having our husbands thrown out of work by a Chinaman and having them thrown out of work by a contract criminal from Hungary. We can't see the sense

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in getting together to assert the dignity of labor on the first Monday in September, and then getting apart on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November simply because political bosses have their orders from the trust magnates. We can't see the sense of hollering for 'protection' and then submitting to being robbed on everything from the cradle to the coffin."

"I don't know what's got into you, ma," said Workem sorrowfully. "I'm sure I'm doin' the best I know how."

"Of course you are, pa; but you don't know how very much! That's what I'm complainin' about."

"Well, what can I do, ma?"

"That's easy. Get your fellow unionists to vote as solidly for their interests as they march to display the dignity of labor. Vote for us women and the babies instead of the wives and babies of the men who are getting richer and richer every day off

RHEUMATISM

ABSORBED

FROM THE BLOOD

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