



Hot Spring, Ark., August 17.—The fifty-third annual convention of the International Typographical Union of North America has passed into history. Delegates and visitors have packed their grips preparatory to returning home, the last goodbyes are being spoken, promises to meet again in Boston next year are being made, and the souvenir fiends are making their last desperate dash. It has been a great convention. The Hot Springs Typographical Union has covered itself with glory by the way it entertained the visitors. This local union has only sixteen members, and how they accomplished it is a miracle. They must have taken something to keep them going twenty-four hours a day for the last three weeks. From the time the delegates and visitors landed here until the last one took the train for home, there was "something doin'," and the local committee was responsible for it. Receptions at the Arlington, "mulligans" in the pine woods, barbecues at the park, watermelon feasts at the race track, drives through the Ozarks, the "Pirates" Reunion, and a score of other things—all kept the bunch going some.

Besides which, we posed for our picture.

Just about the time we got steadied down to enjoying something along came the photographer and made us pose for a picture. Then, next day, he came around and gently separated us from a dollar for a copy of the photograph. And when you were not posing or paying for a photograph you were digging up for souvenir post cards and such like. This souvenir fad is becoming something awful to contemplate.

Wednesday afternoon the writer and his wife, accompanied by Frank Kennedy and wife and Mrs. Ingalls of Omaha, chartered a three-seated rig and drove out into the Ozark hills and visited the southern negro in his native lair. Being a native of southern Missouri, the writer was not greatly surprised at what he saw, but the others will never forget the trip. Whenever a negro cabin was sighted the driver was ordered to stop, and the tourists would then raid the premises on pretense of wanting a drink. At one cabin an iron kettle was found bubbling over a chip fire.

"Making soap?" queried the tourist.

"No, sah; dat ain't soap. We do make soap, sah; but dat is liniment. Ain't dat lin'ment, Mandy?"

"No, dat ain't no lin'ment," was the scornful reply of the negro woman. "Dat's sah've fo' ring-wo'ms."

"How can human beings live in such poverty and dirt?" asked one of the women of the party.

Bless her innocent heart, amidst all that seeming poverty and dirt live the happiest people on earth. The fuel problem has been solved for them by nature, for the woods surround them on every hand. They rent their little farms on shares, and the owners thereof guarantee them enough corn meal and bacon to keep them fat. And as for clothing, they get along somehow, caring nothing at all for appearances. Some of the

half grown children were clad in a way that made the women of the party look sideways. But every dark face lined up in front of the cabins was smiling, everybody was happy, and courtesy marked every word and action.

"We's got a mighty good school neah hyar," said one negro man. "Ouah chilluns go right reg'lar. Take youah fingah out'n youah mouth, boy, an' say youah lettahs fo' de vis'tors."

And the grinning little boy removed his fingers and repeated the alphabet with a proud air.

"He's only eight y'ears ol' sah," said the proud mother. "An' th' teachah says as how he's gittin' along mighty peart."

A half dozen cabins were visited during the afternoon, and the trail was marked by the smiling faces of pickaninnies clutching in their moist hands the pennies the white folks left behind.

The vast cottonfields, bright with bloom were a treat to the northern visitors who had never seen cottonfields before. This has not been a good year for cotton, owing to the drouth and the heat. The cotton is blooming out while hardly a foot high. Natives assert that it will make the highest grade of cotton, but that the yield will be light. This section is a little too far north to see the "share cropper" in all his glory, a great many of the natives owning their own farms. But the negroes are all "share croppers." With land that might have been had almost for the asking a few years ago, they have been content to "crop on shares," and their share has always been small enough.

The timber industry is the big thing in this section. Such a prodigal display of pine and oak timber would be hard to excel. And as the train winds through the Ozark hills one sees a sawmill in operation every two or three miles. Down here is where the country finds its supply of material for oak barrels and bridge timbers. One runs by ricks of "bolts" ready to be cut into barrel staves that seem to be miles in length. Railroad ties by the million are piled up along the right of way, and the sight of them leads to the inquiry, "Why don't the railroads use some of them and replace the rotten ties that are still doing service?"

The folding tin cup industry is a big one in this city. The first thing the visitor is told to do is to buy an individual drinking cup. An hour's stroll along the streets will convince the visitor of the need thereof. Every few feet along main street one strikes a spring that has been properly piped. And the water is so hot one can scarcely hold the cup. But it is good to drink and said to be wonderfully healthy. At the arch approaching the government reservation is a "hot air" hole from which a volume of hot air rushes forth with considerable force. But we haven't needed any hot air or hot water so far. It has been beastly hot all week. The press agent who wrote that we would "need blankets every night" certainly will not need blankets when he arrives at the final

destination of all prevaricators. Blankets, indeed! What we have yearned for is ice, frost, electric fans, refrigerator beds.

The "Pirates Reunion" was held in a gorge away up in the pine woods, and it was worth going miles to enjoy. The "mulligan" was boiled to a turn, and the liquid refreshments up to the advance notices. And yet it was pleasingly different from the old days. Well dressed, prosperous old "pirates" sat around on the dry pine needles and retold the experience of other days, and when darkness fell a happy and temperate crowd returned to town. The printermen have outlived the old criticism that used to be made every time the craft was mentioned.

Next year we go to Boston, and here's hoping that all who have met here in Hot Springs will be alive and able to foregather in the historic city. But big as Boston is, she will have to hustle if she shows the union printers and their wives a better time than was shown by this little city nestling in the Ozarks.

But here comes the 'bus, and we'll have to hustle 'out the grips and catch the train. Then back home to the old grind—a grind made easier by a week among the comrades of the old days, and the fellow craftsmen of the newer days. Every time the writer returns from a convention of his fellow craftsmen the prouder he feels that for a quarter of a century he has carried a card in the oldest trades union in the United States. —W. M. M.

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

I am certain it is safe to prophesy that the time will come when hospitals for infectious diseases will be empty and not wanted. I also look forward to the time when it will be as anomalous for persons to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria as it will for a man to die of a wolf's bite in England. Very little, however, can be done by the legislature, but everything by the progress of medical science, and in a much larger degree by the intelligence of the people. We must recognize that the saying that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies is erroneous, and see that dirt is undesirable. Preventive medicine is founded upon hard fact, prudence, and common sense. The mystery of the ancient doctor, his use of long names, and his extraordinary prescriptions are passing away. Multitudes of shelves full of bottles which surround doctors are also passing away, and being replaced by simple living, suitable diet, plenty of sun, and plenty of fresh air. The fight of the present day is against millions of microbes, and the weapons are sanitary regulations, municipal government, the sanitary inspector, and the medical officer of health.—Sir Frederick Treves in American Magazine.

PAPA'S GOOD STANDING

"I've got a wonderful boy said the father of five. "My oldest, I mean. He came to me the other night with a subject for composition. He asked me off hand to write it for him. I put down my paper and wrote it. I flattered myself that I did rather well with that composition, it having been some time since I had occasion to write one, but I hardly expected the encomium I got from him. The next day at dinner time he came rushing home, hurried up to me and slapped me on the back.

"'Hurrah for you, Pop!' he cried. 'You are all right. You stand third in the class.'"—New York Press.

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