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WILLIAM J. RYAN
Editor and Proprietor
RICHARD L. METCALFE
Associate Editor

CHARLES W. RYAN
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"He is born to serve but few, who thinks of the people of his own age. Many thousands of years, many generations of men are yet to come; look to these, though for some cause silence has been imposed on all of your own day; there will come those who may judge without offense and without favor."—Seneca.

IF SANTA CLAUS WERE POOR

I'll bet when Mister Santa Claus was just a kid like me
He got his reg'lar presents off a reg'lar Chris'-mas tree;
I'll bet he had a big, fine house to stay in through a storm,
An' shoes an' overcoats and clo'es that kep' him good an' warm;
Because, if he had been like me, I know that he'd be sure
To make a visit every year to children that are poor.

If he could see our baby now that never had no toys,
Perhaps he'd hold some presents out on other little boys
That get so many every year, an' leave just one or two
To give the kid a chance to play like other babies do;
But I don't s'pose he'll do it, 'cause he never knowed the way
Things are with kids whose Chris'mas is like any other day.

That drum I seen downtown today I do not need so bad,
An' it's the same with other things that I ain't never had,
But gee! my little sister! it is tough to hear her cry,
Because she can not have no doll, an' I can't tell her why;
I guess it's no use worryin,' fer that don't help at all,
Because this feller Santa Claus was rich when he was small.

He never had to stand outside a great big lighted store,
A kind of holdin' back the tears an' feeling mighty sore,
To see them guns an' trains o' cars an' thinkin' 'bout the fun
That other kids was going to have while he was havin' none;
I wouldn't wish a man bad luck, but when I'm blue an' cold,
I wish that he was poor like me when HE was nine years old.

—James J. Montague, New York American.

The Slavery of Child Labor

Said Angelina, six years old, one of the child workers in New York City who were questioned for the factory commission: "I never play on the street, but sometimes in the hall. My father licks me if I do not work."

Said another Angelina, eight years old: "When I go home from school I help my mother to work. I help her earn her money. I do not play at all. I get up at 6 o'clock and I go to bed at 11 o'clock."

Said Giovanna: "I get up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Then I work with my mother. At 9 o'clock I go to school. I have no time for play. I must work by feathers. At 10 o'clock I go to bed."

Miss Watson, an investigator for the commission, found babies of three and four years at work upon the dresses of dolls that children more softly reared in homes less pressed by want are to fondle and caress. They "turn doll dresses right side out after their mothers and sisters have finished working on the seams. That would be their regular and constant share of the work."

At a thousand points the sweat-shop work of the tenements touches the lives of more fortunate with a threat. A woman sits working at willow plumes with a board of health diphtheria notice on her door. Tuberculosis is a common, typhoid an occasional visitant in the stifling rooms where dolls are dressed, or nut-meats picked out for Christmas dainties, or plumes willowed, or embroideries stitched. In one poor home Dr. Anna Daniels tells how a child lay dying of infantile paralysis, her mother unable to attend to her. The woman had to work. One employing contractor told the commission how his own child had died of a disease brought back

from a tenement workroom in infected merchandise.

How many child workers are there in such homes? It is possible that there may be 100,000. Of women and children in tenement trades the estimates run all the way from 125,000 to 300,000. A single trade, embroidery, employs 61,000 home workers, perhaps half of them children. There is no law of the state of New York limiting the number of hours that even a child of six may work at home. The dreary toil goes on all the year, and year after year.

This is a condition that menaces the public health. It menaces public morals. It menaces the public welfare. It handicaps labor itself and drags it dangerously close to servitude. It lowers the standard of wages and makes it harder for the kindest and most well-meaning parents to live without the labor of their children. So the evil perpetuates itself and grows ever worse.

It may be difficult to end the abuse and restore to the childhood of New York the right to play and the boon of sleep. But difficulty yields to necessity. It can be done and it must be done.

New York can not continue to take from the tired and aching fingers of little children the goods in its luxurious shops. It can not permit many thousands of its future citizens to grow up dwarfed and stunted in mind and body, broken in spirit and enfeebled throughout adult life by an infancy of protracted toil.

December is the children's month. To what better use can it be put, with this damning revelation before us of unattended but keen cruelty to children which the alleys of the tenements have long hidden, than to resolve that it shall be stopped so far as legislation and government can stop it? No more peremptory duty faces the city and the state.—New York World.

Senator Rayner's Defense of Admiral Schley

The speech delivered by the late Senator Rayner in defense of the late Admiral Schley is described by a writer in the Nashville (Tenn.) Democrat, in this way:

It was in 1901, while he was holding the office of attorney general of Maryland, that Mr. Rayner undertook the defense of Admiral Schley before the court of inquiry that investigated the naval campaign of Santiago. For this great task he would accept not a dollar as a fee. He volunteered his services because he thought Schley unjustly accused.

The sudden death of Judge Jere M. Wilson, senior counsel for Admiral Schley, threw upon the Baltimore advocate the entire burden of the case.

When the crucial moment came he was saturated with his subject. Laying down his copy of the specifications he talked with alluring facility in pleasant tones, until, becoming warmed up with earnestness, he sneered at entangled witnesses, scoffed at tricky memories, lashed as with "scorpion whips" the alleged traducers of the man whose fame rang around the earth.

The climax came quickly. And such a climax! For a full half minute the big room was hushed as a forest on a sultry day. Then, like a hurricane came the applause. The tension had been remarkable. The stillness was awing. With the reaction came the thrilling outburst of cheers.

It was a triumph worthy of the forum. During the afternoon women had fainted from excitement. Applause had grown in volume and frequently the speaker swept on from satire to tenderness; from merciless criticism to passionate appeal.

More convincing still was the surging of the three grave admirals, in common sympathy of feeling, from their places on the bench of the counsel table. Moved by the same impulse they hurried to congratulate the speaker and his client, their fellow sailor fighter.

His peroration in that remarkable address was as follows:

"I have now briefly presented this case as it appears to me in its general outline. Such a trial as this has never to my knowledge taken place in the history of the world. It seemed to my mind that this case had hardly opened with the testimony of Captain Higginson before it commenced to totter, and from day to day its visionary fabric dissolved from view.

"It has taken three years to reveal the truth.

There is not a single word that has fallen from the tongue of a single witness, friend or foe, that casts the shadow of a reflection upon the honored name of the hero of Santiago. He has never claimed the glory of that day. No word to this effect has ever gone forth from him to the American people.

"We can not strike down his figure standing upon the bridge of the Brooklyn. There he stands, his ship almost alone receiving the entire fire of the Spanish foe, until the Oregon, as if upon the wings of lightning, sped into the thickness of this mortal carnage.

"'God bless the Oregon!' was the cheer that rang from deck to deck, and on they went, twin brothers in the chase, until the lee gun was fired from the Cristobal Colon and the despotic colors of Spain were swept from the face of her ancient possessions.

"'Well done; congratulate you on the victory,' was the streamer that was bent from the yard of the Brooklyn, and from that day to this no man has ever heard from Admiral Schley the slightest whisper or intimation that he has usurped the glory of that imperishable hour.

"The thunders of the Brooklyn as she trembled on the waves have been discordant music to the ears of envious foes, but they have pierced with a ringing melody the ears of his countrymen and struck a responsive chord at the fireside of every American home.

"Yes, we can not strike him down. Erect he stands as the McGregor when his step was on his native heather and his eye was on the peak of Ben Lomond. His country does not want to strike him down nor cast a blur upon the pure escutcheon of his honored name.

"For three long years he has suffered, and now, thank God, the hour of his vindication has come. With composure, with resignation, with supreme and unfaltering fortitude he awaits the judgment of this illustrious tribunal, and when that deliverance comes he can, from the high and exalted position that he occupies, look down upon his traducers and maligners and with exultant pride exclaim: 'I care not for the venomous gossip of clubs and drawing rooms and cliques and cabals and the poisoned shafts of envy and of malice. I await under the guidance of divine Providence the verdict of posterity.'"

One of Senator Rayner's latest oratorical accomplishments was his speech in behalf of a pension of \$125 a month for Mrs. Annie R. Schley, widow of Rear Admiral Schley. The senate committee on pensions, in passing on Mr.