

# The Scrap Book

### Knocked Out in One Course.

A quaint story about a guest who had been invited to sup with Mr. C. H. McCormick, the inventor of the reaper, is told in the book "Cyprus Hall McCormick."

A very dignified and self-centered military officer was taking supper with the McCormick family. The first course, as usual, was cornmeal mush and milk. It was served in Scotch fashion, with the hot mush in one bowl and the cold milk in another. The practice was so to co-ordinate the eating of them that both were finished at the same time.

The officer planned his spoonfuls badly and was soon out of milk.

"Have some more milk to finish your mush, colonel," said McCormick. Several minutes later the colonel's mush bowl was empty, at which McCormick said, "Have some more mush to finish your milk." And so it went, with milk for the mush and mush for the milk, until the unfortunate colonel was helplessly incapacitated for the four or five courses that came afterward.

### Faith.

Better trust all and be deceived  
Than doubt one heart that it believed  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubling friend o'ertakes your youth  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.  
—Frances Anne Kemble.

### One of the Lost Ones.

The father of Senator Dolliver of Iowa was a Methodist circuit rider in the early sixties in northern West Virginia.

One Sunday morning he was on his way to preach at one of his several appointments when he met a young fellow trudging along with a mattock on his shoulder. Mr. Dolliver, anxious to do good at any time, stopped his horse and said: "Good morning, my son. Where are you going this fine day with a mattock on your shoulder?"

The young fellow answered: "I am going over here to dig out a fine groundhog. Where in thunder are you going?"

"I am out looking up some of the lost sheep of Israel," replied the minister.

The young fellow's face lighted up, and he exclaimed, "There's a big buck over here at Uncle Billy's, and I'll bet that's one of them!"—National Monthly.

### His Fast Friends.

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

### He Draw the Line.

Old John was a lawyer's confidential clerk, and he had the pernicious habit of going to a neighboring saloon every morning at 11 o'clock and taking a small glass of whisky. He was not proud of this habit; hence after the whisky he always took a clove.

But one morning it happened that there were no cloves on the bar, and John, after having considered the matter, ate a small raw onion from the free lunch tray. That would destroy the telltale whisky odor, no doubt, as well as the clove had always done, and, so thinking, he returned to his desk.

It was a double desk. At it he and his employer sat face to face. John on his return was soon aware that his employer noticed something. The man's nostrils quivered, he sniffed, and finally, with a grimace of disgust, he broke out:

"Look here, John; I've stood whisky and clove for nineteen years, but I draw the line at whisky and onions!"

### Her Bargain.

A man who was detained at the house for a part of the day handed his wife, who was going downtown, a quarter of a dollar and requested her to get him three cigars for it. When she returned she handed him the package, remarking exultantly:

"That shows that women can beat men all hollow when it comes to making purchases. I found a place where I could get eight for a quarter instead of three. Isn't that going some?"

And the poor man, as he took his medicine, merely remarked:

"It certainly is, dear."—Oil City Blade.

### Dessert Was Expensive.

A business man asked a young woman of his acquaintance to lunch in a department store lunch room. Pulling out his watch in the middle of the meal, he suddenly remembered that he had an important engagement and had only a few minutes to catch a train.

"Order what you want for dessert," he told the young woman as he handed her a ten dollar bill, "and you can give me the change when I see you this evening."

He kept his appointment, and in the evening the young woman handed him an envelope. "Here's your change," she said. He placed the letter in his pocket and didn't open it until the next morning, and as he did so 85 cents dropped out.

He is still wondering what the young woman had for dessert.—Philadelphia Times.

## HOTEL SPOOF.

Harry Lauder's Joke on an English Newspaper.

"I'll tell you a story about Arthur Roberts and me," said Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian. "The pair of us were in Manchester when we saw on the sporting page of the Guardian a paragraph that said:

"In consequence of the number of unsupported challenges recently forwarded to this paper we give notice that in future only genuine challenges can be accepted for insertion in our columns. As a proof of good faith each challenge must be paid for at the uniform rate of 1 shilling."

"Arthur," said I, "here's a chance for a joke."

"How?" said he.

"I read the notice to him, and then and there we concocted a challenge of which I shall never cease to be proud—a hotel spoof challenge. Of course there is no such game or sport as spoof. Spoof is a word very few people have ever heard of. To spoof is to get off impromptu nonsense on the stage. Well, our challenge ran:

"Hotel Spoof.—Harry Lauder, hearing so much talk about A. Roberts being the champion spoof player of England, will play Roberts a game of hotel spoof for £500 a side, catch-as-catch-can, over eight flights of hurdles, bath-room barred. Address, money and man, H. Lauder, Comedy Theatre, Manchester."

"That was the challenge, and we had no idea what it meant after we had drawn it up. Nevertheless we carried it boldly to the Guardian office. The clerk read it in a dazed way.

"One insertion, please," said Roberts, plinking down a shilling.

"Excuse me," said the clerk, "but what is spoof?"

"Roberts glared at him.

"None of your nonsense with me, young man," he growled. "What is spoof? You'll be asking what chess or whist is next."

"And the following morning, directly under the editorial notice that 'only genuine challenges could be accepted for insertion,' appeared our little paragraph about hotel spoof."

### She Gave Him an Answer.

A business man said to his wife at dinner: "Here is a riddle for you, my dear. Why is a husband like dough?"

The answer to this riddle was, "Because a woman needs him." The business man expected his wife to give the riddle up or else to guess that answer. But his wife said calmly:

"Why is a husband like dough, eh? Well, I suppose it's because he's so hard to get off one's hands."

### His Treat.

In the course of a railway journey one day Queen Helene visited a small wayside station, where she was met by the mayor and corporation in all the glory of their robes of honor. An elegant luncheon had been provided.



BOUGHT FOR A HANDKERCHIEF.

but the queen, wishing to hasten on her journey, requested a member of the deputation to get her a glass of wine. This was promptly brought, but while drinking it a drop fell on her traveling dress. Her majesty at once opened her hand bag and sought for a handkerchief to remove the stain, whereupon the worthy mayor, misunderstanding her action, murmured humbly: "Ah, no, your majesty! I assure you it's all paid for."

### Anticipation.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George Macdonald.

### Wanted All of Them.

Rivers had been detained by a business meeting at the club, and the hour was late when he reached home. "So it's you, is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers, who was wide awake. "You've got some plausible excuse, too, of course. You were detained downtown by some necessary, indispensable, important, unavoidable, unescapable, urgent, essential and absolutely compulsory and inexorable business! Of all the flimsy, transparent, diaphanous!"

"For heaven's sake, Lena," interrupted Rivers, whipping out his notebook, "wait a minute and let me jot down those synonyms. I don't know where you got them, but I can use every one of them. Now go ahead again, dear, but please talk a little slower."—Chicago Tribune.

### A Sweet Singer.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning as Mr. Younghusband crept slowly up the stairs. Everything was peaceful in the house. Opening the door to his room noiselessly, he stepped upon the tail of the family cat. Naturally a penetrating yowl resounded through the night. "John," said his wife, awakening, "don't you think it's rather late to be singing? The neighbors might complain."

## SLAVERY AT BETHLEHEM.

Men Required to Toil Eighty-four Hours a Week.

Out of every 100 men 29 work seven days every week, 43, including these 29, work some Sundays in the month, 51 work twelve hours a day, 25 work twelve hours a day seven days a week and 46 earn less than \$2 a day.

These are the grim figures which the United States bureau of labor gives us of the working shifts of the Bethlehem Steel company as drawn from the company's own books, says the Survey. They are not figures which would help enact a high tariff or would give a man, say of Lincoln's intelligence, much assurance as to what civilization or prosperity are to mean for the people of the United States of America. The pay is that of single men, the hours are those of lodgers rather than of fathers and husbands who can participate in household living; the weekly schedule is that of a work engrossed citizenship, which must leave to the leeching and loading elements in the community the responsibility for carrying on town and county and state.

These were the conditions we are told which provoked the strike at the Bethlehem works which started Feb. 4. The men with shorter hours, higher pay and more intelligence claim that they feared that the encroachments of overtime and Sunday work were leading to a twelve hour and seven day schedule for the whole force, therefore they protested, therefore the protesting committee was discharged, therefore the strike. There is evidence, then, not only of bad working conditions, but of despotic repression at the bottom of the Bethlehem situation.

The government's inquiry, begun by direction of Secretary Nagel March 17, was made by Ethelbert Stewart, special agent of the bureau of labor, one of the most experienced economic investigators in the country, whose findings will carry conviction.

The part of the report dealing with wages, taken from the January payroll, shows that a large percentage of the laborers working twelve hours a day seven days a week earned only 12½ cents an hour. This is 4 cents an hour lower than that paid by the steel corporation mills in Pittsburgh and lower even than by Jones & Laughlin, the chief independent competitor in the Pittsburgh district. Those working for 12 cents and under 14 cents in January numbered 2,640, or 28.7 per cent of the total number on the payroll, while 1,528, or 16.6 per cent, received 14 cents but under 16 cents an hour. The total number shown as receiving less than 16 cents an hour (not including apprentices) numbered 4,221, or 46 per cent of the total number on the payroll, while 5,383, or 58.6 per cent, received less than 18 cents an hour.

Commenting on the report, Commissioner Neill said: "These are conditions of labor which may be termed shocking, but they are not confined to the Bethlehem Steel works. Blast furnace work is necessarily a continuous process, requiring operation twenty-four hours of the day every day of the week, and for this reason three shifts of eight hours each offer the only plan of relief. Three shifts of workers would not only give reasonable working hours to those employed, but would by rotation of shifts leave workers free the greater part of the day two Sundays in three."

### Unionism or Socialism.

The American people may well consider whether trades unionism is not the conservative movement of labor in contrast to and as a bulwark against the political program of socialism. Again, at a sharp crisis in the destiny of the American Federation of Labor, organized workmen feel shut up to choose between the alternatives of protecting and promoting the trades unions against the legal and other efforts to destroy them and the resort to a radical political movement to control legislatures and courts, which is more than likely to end in a class conscious socialist party, such as is steadily gaining power in Germany, France, Italy, Australia and England. Between these alternatives we may all have to choose by turn, as some or others of us must decide upon industrial and public policies which tend to develop either of these attitudes of the working majorities.—Graham Taylor in Survey.

### Home For Pressmen.

Following the lead of the International Typographical union, the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' union will erect a home at Royveter, Hawkins county, Tenn. The referendum vote taken in September last empowered the international officers and board of directors of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' union to proceed with the arrangements for the establishment of a sanitarium for sufferers from tuberculosis and a home for the superannuated. The site is a tract of 519 acres, beautifully situated in the Allegheny mountains. It has been famous as a health resort for fifty years.

### Indorse Union Labor.

At the meeting of the southern textile conference, composed of manufacturers, women's clubs and representatives of organized labor, held recently at Memphis, Tenn., the constitution was amended, making it mandatory on all officers to use the union label on all printed matter issued by the conference. This will include reports and literature to be distributed at the sessions of the legislatures of the southern states. This is probably the first instance that a convention where manufacturers with an equal voting strength with the representatives of organized labor have ever declared in favor of the labor union.

## My Double

A Girl Graduate Sees Herself in Another Body on Three Occasions.

By DONALD WALLACE.

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I remember well the night I received my first shock. I received another later that affected me more than this one, but in a different way. The first was in the nature of a surprise; the second was a terror.

I was but eighteen at the time and was going home to my aunt, with whom I lived, having just finished my education. The journey was a long one, and I had somewhat broken down my nerves from hard study. I did not like to stay overnight at a hotel alone, but did not feel like taking a sleeping car. I was rather a timid girl anyway and had not been used to going about without a protector.

I reached the hotel about 9 o'clock and went immediately to bed and to sleep. I was awakened in the night by a noise in the hall. Several persons passed hurriedly and were talking rapidly. I have always been afraid of fire, especially in a hotel. I got out of bed, went to the door and opened it. At that moment I received my first shock.

Standing in the open door of the room directly opposite mine stood a girl in her nightdress peering out anxiously, just as I was doing. The corridor was lighted, and I could see her plainly. The marvelous feature was that she was myself. There was not the slightest difference between us. We were both in nightdresses, the hair of both was worn in a braid hanging down the back, and her face and figure were replicas of mine.

Both gave a little scream of surprise, and both drew back into our respective rooms. I shut my door and groped my way to my bed. All thought of danger was put out of my head in this remarkable apparition of my other self.

The physician in charge of the sanitarium I had attended had warned me that if I did not give up study I would break down. But, desirous of being graduated with the class as well as at the head of it, I had disregarded his warning. Now, it seemed to me, I was paying the penalty of my obstinacy. My mind must be giving way. It was long past midnight when I bethought myself that on opening my door I must have looked into a large mirror.

I would have got out of bed and satisfied myself of this, but feared to find the contrary, and if I did I would not get any more sleep. So I comforted myself with the assurance that I would in the morning find a mirror opposite my door and dropped into slumber.

I was called early for the train, and when I left my room looked for the mirror. Alas, there was no mirror there, but a door just as I had seen it in the night. I had no time to make investigations, needing to go down to breakfast and to the station.

By the advice of my physician I spent July and August that summer at the seashore. By September I was much improved and spent the month in the mountains. This restored my health, but did not relieve me of an uncanny feeling at having seen myself or my other self at the hotel during my homeward journey. Two years passed during which I had gradually driven the matter out of my mind when I saw the vision again.

Singularly enough, I saw it under circumstances somewhat similar to those connected with its first appearance. It was the second summer after the one during which it had first appeared to me, when I was at Springs. I had a room in an extension of a hotel, facing another extension. One morning on arising I went to a window, and there at another window in the other extension stood my double. We were both, as before, in nightdresses and wore our hair plaited on our backs.

Nothing could have induced me to remain at that hotel for another day. I was with friends and surprised them by announcing that I would leave by the next train. They wondered, expostulated, pleaded, but to no purpose. One of them, a girl of my own age, with whom I was very intimate, begged me to tell her why I was leaving and what was the matter with me, for it was plain that I had received a shock of some kind. I would not have told her for the world. I declined to tell any one but my physician, and I wished to consult him as soon as possible. I was sure that I suffered from some kind of mental breakdown, and I only hoped that he would find means to arrest its progress.

On reaching the city I sent for him to come to me at once and told him of this second vision of myself. He tried to reassure me by telling me that I had seen some one who looked very like me. I refused to be comforted. I had seen myself or my exact counterpart. I told him that only one of my own flesh and blood could so closely resemble me and that I had no sister or even cousins so far as I knew. Besides, if this vision were a real person I would see her in a different dress from my own. The doctor explained this by saying that as I had seen her at night and in the early morning I would naturally see her in the dress I wore myself, both of us wearing nightgowns. I tried to consider this within the limit of coincidence, but it was impossible for me to believe that two persons could be so identical in appearance

that they should meet twice and both times see each other in a nightdress. No; I had seen this vision first at a time when my physician had warned me that I was breaking down. I had been overstrained. What had I been straining? My mind; therefore it was my mind that had been giving way. This reappearance of the vision would naturally denote that my mind was again giving way. I shuddered. I saw myself confined in a lunatic asylum, a mental wreck.

My friends to whom my malady became known used every argument to disabuse my mind, some of them assuring me that my vision was a real person closely resembling me. Others averred that people in a disordered state of the system were liable to see all sorts of things. A theosophist declared that I had seen my spiritual self at moments when it had been lifted out of my bodily self. To this person I replied that when I had seen the vision I was very well fixed in my own body. I consulted two specialists in brain diseases, one of whom told me a great deal about the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the dura mater and other substances of which the brain is composed and their reciprocal relations, nothing of which I understood. The other told me that I was myself producing an image of myself. He admitted that the first vision might have been caused by a disordered system. His advice was for me to drive the matter out of my mind. Occupation and amusement would assist me to do this.

Young Dr. Penrose did more to reassure me than any one else. While he did not claim to explain my trouble, he told me that it was of no importance. He pronounced me in excellent health and assured me that a time would come when I would look back on my fears as entirely uncalculated. It was not so much his words that reassured me as his personality. He had such a cheerful and at the same time sympathetic manner. He evidently believed what he told me. Since he was the only person who could reassure me I made frequent visits to his office and found every excuse to call for him to come to my home. The result was a love affair. Whether his reassurances affected me because the little god had from the first wounded me or whether I loved him because he gave me comfort no one else could give I don't know.

I engaged myself to Dr. Penrose in the spring, and that autumn I came of age. I knew I was to be paid some money when I was twenty-one which had been in the hands of a trust company. Whether it had been left me by my father or my mother I did not know. I had no remembrance of either of my parents. I had lived with my aunt ever since I could remember anything and had understood from her that both my father and my mother had died when I was very young. I had arranged to be married as soon after I came of age as I could get possession of my property. My fiancée was a struggling physician, with nothing but his income from his practice, and we needed my inheritance.

A few days before I was twenty-one I was notified by the trust company that any time I would call on or after that date, prepared to sign receipts, my property would be turned over to me, but they would like me to name a day and hour I would be there that they could have present such persons as might be necessary. I replied that I would call at the bank at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the day I came of age.

I had come to rely on Dr. Penrose for matters of importance, and as we were to be married within a few weeks after getting possession of my fortune I asked him to accompany me to the bank and see that nothing was done that should not be done. On the day appointed we went together to the trust company. We were received by one of the officers connected with it and shown into a room where we were asked to wait a few minutes. Presently we were ushered into an apartment in the center of which was a long table. There, standing on the opposite side of the table, was the apparition I had seen twice before. I staggered. Dr. Penrose caught me and steadied me.

"My double!" I moaned, shutting out the apparition.

The doctor saw what I saw—a girl the exact image of myself, but dressed differently.

"Good!" he cried. "If that is your double you have been frightened at a real person."

A gentleman present said: "I am told that you two young ladies need to be introduced. You are twin sisters and inherit share and share alike in the estate of Wilbur Langford, both being his daughters and heirs."

My sister on seeing me had shown the same evidence of shock as myself. We looked at each other for some moments; then both started with one accord around the table and met in an embrace.

Of that domestic trouble which separated our parents, one taking my sister, the other myself, of their subsequent early death—our mother of a broken heart—it is not necessary that I should give an account here. My sister and myself having been brought up separately, the trustees were instructed to bring us together when we came of age and received our inheritance.

It was some time before my twin and myself could be torn apart in order that we might sign papers spread out on the table to receive our signatures. The business having been finished, we left the bank with our arms about each other's waist, telling of our experiences after our former meetings. She, too, had suffered, but nothing like myself, since she felt sure I was a real person.

At my wedding my only attendant was my sister.

## FREE LABOR WINS

Problem of the Convict Worker Nearing Solution.

TO BUILD PUBLIC ROADS.

Recent Legislation in Several States Does Away With Prison Factories. Movement For Reform in This Direction Spreading.

The problem of convict labor—that much vexed question which has been so fruitful a cause of controversy—is finding a solution at last. Before long the prisons of this country will cease to be factories, competing industrially with citizens, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Free labor has won the fight.

No longer will the jailbirds of Virginia devote their activities to the making of boots and shoes at Richmond, as hitherto, being hired out at so much a day to a big company engaged in that branch of industry. Henceforth they will crush rock, with the help of machinery, and build public highways.

Such is the new law. In Georgia likewise, in obedience to recent legislative decree, all convicts have been withdrawn from competition with free labor, and their employment will be restricted in future to the making of roads.

Convicted evildoers in the south are used largely for farming on tracts acquired for the purpose by the states, the produce being sold and the proceeds turned into the public funds. Thus in Georgia and elsewhere in that section of the country the agricultural malefactor has been accustomed to compete with the citizen farmer, to the considerable detriment of the latter. From this time on, however, he will not be permitted to do so in either of the two states above mentioned.

These are merely steps in a movement which is rapidly spreading all over the United States. Illinois and Washington have recently adopted the same radical measure of reform, and it is beyond a doubt that a majority of the other states of the Union will follow their example before very long.

Illinois has been using her convicts to make furniture, shoes, brushes, baskets and stove hollow ware. From this time on, however, they will operate rock crushing plants which have been established at Joliet and Chester, where quarries are located conveniently in the neighborhood of the penitentiaries.

In the state of Washington the principal employment of criminal offenders has been in the manufacture of jute bags for wheat, but under the new law their activities will be applied wholly to solving the good roads problem.

Meanwhile many other states have the same problem under serious consideration, the question at issue being whether the prisons shall continue to be operated as factories for the production of various kinds of merchandise competing with the output of free labor.

The penitentiaries of many states within the last few years have been equipped with improved machinery, thus converting them into first class factories. But the prison manufacturer, employing what is in effect slave labor, at an extremely low cost, is easily able to undersell all competitors, either driving them out of business or forcing them to reduce prices and wages.

The seriousness of this competition may be judged when it is considered that an army of over 50,000 workers is regularly employed all the year round in prison factories of the United States. These operatives will produce \$33,000,000 worth of goods during the present year.

Among the most obvious effects of prison labor are loss of employment by large numbers of people, a serious reduction of wages and a lowering of the quality of goods produced by citizen workers. Incidentally dreadful hardships are inflicted upon laborers of that class which deserve the greatest sympathy and consideration, being made up principally of widows, orphans and other almost helpless individuals who can earn only a pittance at best. Convict labor has thrown them out of work by thousands.

It has taken a long time to work out this convict problem. Experience has shown that enforced idleness demoralizes prisoners. The nonproductive labor of the old fashioned treadmill, now happily obsolete, was equally objectionable. As for the modern practice of leasing malefactors to contractors at so much a head per day, it is a system that gives rise to many abuses. At best it is modified slavery, the convicts being sold to the highest bidder.

The true solution of the problem seems to be found under the system known as "public account," by which the labor of the convict is employed exclusively for the benefit of the state or its civil subdivisions. The movement to carry this idea into effect is rapidly spreading, and before very long it is certain to be adopted in one shape or another by every state of the Union.

### Home For Marble Workers.

A home is to be established in California for the aged and infirm members of the International Marble Workers' union. President Frederick McGlade of the San Francisco union has been selected to report upon an eligible site. It is considered probable that the home will be located in the vicinity of Monterey.