

AN AWKWARD SUBJECT FOR MR. TAFT

Secretary Taft's program of indefinitely deferred tariff revision, "until after the next presidential election," has not won him the favor of that stalwart janitor of protection the American Protective Tariff League. Far from being conciliated, it posts him in its organ, the American Economist, as a republican who is weak in the faith and unworthy of countenance as follows:

"By his official record regarding free trade in the competing products of the Philippines and free trade in Panama canal materials and supplies, and by his public utterances at Bath a year ago and at Columbus a few days ago, Mr. Taft stands plainly in view as a presidential aspirant whom protectionists can not consistently support."

And yet Mr. Taft should have been forgiven when he said as he did at Columbus, that the tariff should "at least equal a difference in the cost of production in this country and

abroad and proper allowance should be made in this difference for the reasonable profits to the American manufacturer." Not even the American Protective Tariff League would declare for unreasonable profits.

For his trouble in getting into line with the standpatters and going as far in his definition of protection as a prudent man should go Mr. Taft finds himself proscribed and branded by the organ of protection. At the same time he has lost standing with the conservative revisionists by modifying his bold Bath pronouncement. In electing as a candidate to be an echo of his chief Mr. Taft can not shout for himself. Tariff revision is not one of "My Policies." No one has heard Mr. Roosevelt say anything about the inequalities of the Dingley law for some time. It is a subject that "My Candidate" will have to handle gingerly.—New York Sun.

SPINNERS IN DARK

The labor conditions of men and women carry many wrongs. But the crowning wrong is to allow defenseless little ones to be wasted and workworn before they are hardened, to allow them to be robbed of the opportunities of this earthly life that means so mightily for the eternities, to allow them to be quenched and trampled for a few pitiful pennies that would not keep a child of the rich in money for bon-bons, nor pay for the fringe on the embroidered blanket for my lady's pampered dog.

We have over 8,000 children working in our silk mills. In her output of silk America vies with Europe and the Orient. But let this be no boast, for across the lustrous fabrics piled in bright bolts on the shelf and counter, or hung in shimmering, flower-hued garments in our show windows, stretches the gaunt shadow of the little child.

In the hard coal regions of Pennsylvania, following the anthracite mines, wherever the coal breaker rises against the sky to suck in the boys out of school and sunshine, there also rises the silk mill to draw in the girls from play and school. Because of the greed of the dividend seekers, because of the indulgence or the indifference of parents, because of the ignorance and innocence of the children concerning the great gift of youth, because of the forgetfulness of the public that permits this waste of the most precious stuff of exist-

ence—for all these reasons the children, daily and nightly are sold to the Setebos of the silk mill.

The anthracite coal commissisoners astonished the nation with their revelation of child labor. They found a typical case in little Helen Sissack of the Cambria silk mills of Dunmore, Pa., a girl of eleven who had for a year worked nights in the mill, beginning at 6:30 in the evening and staying till 6:30 in the morning. Haggard, hungry and faint after the night's work shifting and cleaning the bobbins, this child had an hour's walk in the chill of the morning over the lonesome fields to her home.

What did the mill baron give this girl for her pitiful effort? Three cents an hour! Three cents she got for her surrender of sleep and strength, play and study, at the very time of her life when she most needed every budding force to make her a fit vessel of honor to carry on the gift of life to generations to come.

Chances of being marred or maimed, of contracting tuberculosis and all the long train of diseases that send a girl into womanhood depleted and defeated—these are the burdens we add to the labor weight laid out upon the little maidens that work in the silk mills. But worse than all these hurts of the flesh are the injuries imposed upon the soul. Incessant drudgery at day work robs a girl of play, of rest and often makes her feverishly eager to rush into coarse evening pleasures, which too often are the only pleasures her training fits her to enjoy. But the girl who works nights is under still more dangerous influences. The moral evils that stalk in darkness dog her path.—Edward Markham in Cosmopolitan.

HARD KNOCKS

Jim Johnstone, the famous baseball umpire, said recently in New York that baseball crowds were far kinder to umpires than they used to be.

"This is true of theater crowds, too," said Mr. Johnstone. "Why, with provincial touring companies in the past, maltreatment was regularly expected. In fact, the companies profited by it in more ways than one.

"I know of a company that was playing 'The Broken Vow' in Paint Rock, a one-night stand. The audience didn't like 'The Broken Vow,' and eggs, cabbages and potatoes rained upon the stage.

"Still the play went on. The hero raved through his endless speeches, dodging an onion or a baseball every other minute, and pretty sore from those missiles that he hadn't been able to dodge.

"But finally a gallery auditor, in a paroxysm of rage and scorn, hurred a heavy boot, and the actor, thoroughly alarmed, started to retreat.

"Keep on playing, you fool," hissed the manager from the wings, as he hooked in the boot with an umbrella. 'Keep on till we get the other one.'—Minneapolis Journal.

TOO HIGH FOR THE BARBER

"I heard something new in the barbering business this morning," said the gray-headed man. "I am occupying a room on the top floor of a skyscraping apartment hotel. This morning I sent for a barber to come up and shave me. He came, but when he saw what an altitude he had attained he looked uneasy.

"Would it inconvenience you to come down to the regular barber shop?" he asked.

"I answered that it would not particularly put me out, but that I would like to know the reason for his request.

"The fact is," he said, "I never like to shave anybody at this dis-

tance above the ground. No barber likes to. We seem to be particularly sensitive to height. It makes us nervous. Most barbers will not undertake a job above a certain number of feet in the air. Of course, if you insist, I will shave you here, but you would probably get a better shave ten floors below this one."

"Well, just out of natural cussedness I refused to humor the fellow's whim. As a consequence he nearly cut my throat. Whether he did it through nervousness, as he claimed, or pure cussedness of his own, I don't know. Whatever it was, that is a peculiarity of barbers that I'd like to have explained."—New York Sun.

THE GREEN INN

I sicken of men's company—
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win;
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But silence waits within the gates,
And peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet
The four winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea,
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,
Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High-swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the house of strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn.
—Theodosia Garrison in Scribner's Magazine.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS

Allen Updegraff, Yale poet and ex-janitor of Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall colony, was talking in Baltimore about his long tramping expedition to the Fiji Islands.

"Crossing the continent," said Mr. Updegraff, "I shall fraternize with the tramps I meet on the way. I find tramps interesting. In many things they are learned, and they are often intelligent and witty.

"I once had the acquaintance of a witty tramp in New Haven. He told me one day of a passage at arms he had just had with an old philanthropist.

"Stopping the old man, the tramp said piteously:

"Kind friend, will you give me the price of a loaf of bread? I have not tasted food for two days."

"The old man at once gave the tramp a nickel. Then he proceeded on his way. But at the next corner he saw the tramp come forth from a saloon wiping his lips on his coat sleeve, and he said indignantly:

"You are a pretty fellow! You told me you hadn't tasted food for two days, and when I give you a nickel you go and spend it on beer."

"But, boss," said the tramp, "I hadn't tasted beer for two days and a half."—Washington Star.

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