

Lincoln on the Rights of Labor



I AM glad a system of labor prevails under which laborers can strike when they want to—where they are not obliged to work under all circumstances; and are not tied down and obliged to labor whether you pay them for it or not. I like the system which lets a man "quit" when he wants to, and I wish it might prevail everywhere.

I do not believe in a law to prevent a man getting rich; that would do more harm than good. So, while we do not propose any war upon Capital, we do wish to allow the humblest an equal chance to get rich with everybody else.

I want every man to have a chance to better his condition; that is the true system.

I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer.

From a speech at New Haven, Conn., March 6, 1862.

UPLIFT! THE MOTIVE

Fuller, Purer and Happier Lives for Toilers Through the Strength of Organization.

THE climax of the spectacular is the parade. The culmination of the anniversary or celebration is the long train of marchers rejoicing over victories. The most impressive tribute to a man is the march with him to his tomb.

Labor has victories to celebrate, gains to rejoice over, tribute to pay. The work of the labor movement has been mainly along three lines: influencing of public opinion, legislative effort, and the direct improvement of the labor conditions of its members. This last line of work has absorbed most of its time and energy, and its success has been gratifying, though not so great as it might have been had its efforts been directed against the causes instead of the effects, writes Henry Sterling, in Joe Chapple's News-Letter.

Nearly every humane measure on any statute book in any land is the outcome of intense, protracted struggle. Each was suggested first by laboring men and women, generally in a labor union. Churches have prepared men for another world, but labor unions have sweetened life in this. The press, the politician, the court, the philanthropist have all worked in their own way for the uplift of humanity; the unions have taken millions of children from blighting toil and sent them to school, and that is the only effectual means of uplift.

Low wages, and fear of idleness and want, drive men to long hours of labor that exhaust them physically, morally and spiritually. Again, fear of losing a job induces a species of servility, a submission to petty tyranny and exactions, that is wholly foreign to a manly spirit. Ready, prompt, cheerful obedience to proper orders is a virtue that becomes a man, but he whose necessities compel submission to indignity and imposition is a pitiable object indeed.

Better wages, hours and labor conditions are the things essential for a better civilization. The union makes no mistake when it demands them.

The unions have said that wages are too low to live properly; the result is an increase of a million dollars a day. They said that the working day was too long, that we lacked time for education or recreation. The hours of labor are being rapidly reduced, not only for union men, but for all men.

The conditions, sanitary and otherwise, under which humanity toiled, always inhuman, often indecent. Labor's protest has brought about some improvement, and promise of more. Laws to protect labor, especially child and woman labor, and to promote its welfare, now fill volumes. Fifty years ago a small pamphlet would afford space for them all.

This year we have made provision for the care of every man injured at his work, and for the support of his family. When we consider that there is at least one worker killed in Massachusetts at his labor every day, and nearly two hundred injured, we conceive that we have done a great work in assuring them against want.

These are some of the things which we have accomplished, and it is fitting that we should set aside a day to celebrate victories, rejoice over our gains, and gather renewed strength and cheer for future battles.

But all these achievements are small compared to one now becoming more and more apparent. We are conquering public opinion, awakening the conscience of the people to the justice of our demand for greater means, more leisure and better conditions of labor,

In order that we may enjoy larger, fuller, broader, happier lives.

The largest, freest opportunity for the humblest worker to bring out the best that is in him, absolute justice, the full product of his labor, equality of opportunity—these are some of the aims of organized labor, and Labor day, with its parades and rest, celebrates their partial attainment.

May the Labor day soon come when those who live without labor shall realize that they live upon labor!

FIRST PARADE IN 1882

Knights of Labor of New York inaugurated the March, as a Celebration of the Day, in the Eastern Metropolis That Year.

UNLIKE other holidays that are observed by the American people, Labor day did not have its beginning in the commemoration of any great event in the world's history and for that reason there is considerable doubt as to who was responsible for its birth.

There are many who lay claim to being the originators of Labor's national holiday, and there have been many chronological tables produced in support of each one's claim. Authorities, however, are almost unanimously agreed that the celebration that has now become one of the national holidays was given its first impulse by the Knights of Labor in New York in 1882.

Those who took part in this first movement did not, they say, at that



Along the Line of March.

time dream that what to them was merely an outing for the toilers of the metropolis would in the not distant future assume world-wide proportions.

It is a coincidence that the men who laid the foundations for Labor day selected the first Monday in September. Why they did so they do not know except for the fact that at that time of the year most of the industrial institutions of the country are either about to resume operations or have done so, and with a year of steady work and good wages as the prospect the toilers felt more in a mood to jubilate.

The first celebration in New York took the form which has been the accepted one for years, namely, a parade of the union forces of the city. Following this another feature, speeches by leading labor orators, was also found on the program.

Following the New York outing in 1882, the same organization, encouraged by the success of the first affair, held another one two years later. The wage-workers in other parts of the country started celebrations of the same kind.

In 1886 the American Federation of Labor went on record as favoring a day of this kind and instructed the delegates to work among their constituents and secure as early as possible legislative approval of it. This gave the movement its real start.

To Colorado belongs the credit of first putting the stamp of executive



Forming the Parade.

approval on Labor day. On March 15, 1887, the bill which had passed both houses unanimously received official sanction. Following closely after came New Jersey, on April 8 of the same year, while New York fell in line a month afterward.

The trade unionists of Pennsylvania observed the holiday some years before 1889, when the legislature of that state made it a legal holiday. The act of 1889 merely set the date as the first Monday in September in conformity with that of other states.

Every state in the Union except Arizona, Mississippi, North Dakota and Louisiana has adopted a law setting this day apart.

WITH POPULAR GAUZE BUTTERFLY



NOW that it is a little too late to want a straw hat, and considerably too early to buy a velvet or winter felt, a between-seasons idea has been launched in that dear Paris. It is the black or white satin hat and it is trimmed with a gauze butterfly. The "gauze" is fine maline, of course, but "gauze" goes better with "butterfly."

The satin hat and the gauze butterfly have made an instantaneous success. Already the manufacturers are getting daily telegrams from all points of the compass, and are laying wagers with each other as to which particular satin hat with a butterfly is ordered in said telegram.

These hats usually have soft crowns and somewhat flexible brims. They fit close to the head and are worn without a hat pin.

The liking for black is a reaction after the riotous vogue of riotous colors which is passing with the summer.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PRETTY IDEA FOR MILLINERY

Hand-Painted Effects Are Among the Season's Novelties and Have Been Received With Favor.

The application of aniline dyes in hand-painted effects to millinery of the season is an entirely new device, and the result is unique. White ostrich feathers, long and thick, are decorated in flower designs in natural colors. The design runs upward with the quill and spreads out on the flues.

Another fancy is to paint the straw hat directly, just in the design the flowers would make, or fruit, were it placed upon it. On the brim or on the crown, or partly under the brim, or on its upturned edge. Here the pattern is traced in brilliant tones. White straw and "natural" straw are the only shades so decorated. Any surface or quality may be used. Garden hats are really pretty done in this way. A design of cherries in red with green leaves and gray twigs of stems is, for instance, especially odd.

NEW STREET GOWN



Model of Rose-Colored Charmeuse, Showing a New Arrangement of Pleats—Trimming of White Tulle.

Suede Belts.
Wide suede belts of soft color to match the predominant shade in the printed design are worn with children's frocks of figured muslin. A usual trimming for such frocks takes the form of frills of white lawn scalloped in the color of the belt with mercerized cotton. These frills sometimes extend from neck to hem on each side of a tucked panel of white muslin. The belt buckles over the frills and the panel, and is held in place by narrow straps of the printed muslin.

Gloves Held Up.
I was considerably annoyed by my long gloves slipping down my arm after they had been washed once, writes a contributor to Good Housekeeping. But I have relieved the trouble by ripping a short place in the hems and running in narrow elastic and hemming down again.

WHY SERVE CAKE WITH TEA?

Writer Criticizes Hostesses for Their Penchant for Serving Inappropriate Combinations.

Anyone who serves wafers with tea is lacking in gastronomic imagination. Drinking tea and eating a wafer is like having a picnic in the woods, or wearing an Easter hat with goshes, declares a writer in the Atlantic Monthly.

It is a hueless compromise where there might be a vivid delight. Many otherwise excellent hostesses fail to perceive the relation between afternoon tea and its edible accompaniments. They will serve you a hard, obstinate biscuit that you break, red-faced, on the rim of your saucer, sending, as likely as not, your cup bouncing over the other edge, and your tea splashing into your neighbor's lap; or they generously provide you with a huge, gelatinous cube of cake that adheres to your saucer, and renders you temporarily web-fingered, the while you attempt to formulate an epigram on Henry James, or discourse glibly as to why women like men.

There is yet another type of hostess who passes with your tea a dribbling sandwich, oozing salad dressing at every pore and containing, half concealed, a malicious, indivisible lettuce leaf. People who thus fail of maintaining the fitness of things at the tea hour have no genuine appreciation of the drink which they dispense.

Upward Strokes of Beauty.

When my little girl was born the old colored nurse I got for her told me that if I brushed her hair the wrong way it would make it curly, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Whether that was what did it or not I do not know, but her hair, while it never really curled, has always stood away from her head in a soft, pretty way. Mammy's instructions set me to thinking. I realized that all faces fall as they grow old, and I wondered why it wouldn't be wise to wash and dry the face up instead of down. I not only taught my little daughter to do this—she always wipes upward—but I began on myself. Today, at forty-seven, not a muscle in my face has fallen; there are no droopy lines in it, and no sagging shows at my chin. My eyelashes are always noticed because they curl upward so prettily (they didn't before I began the upward treatment), and my daughter's are just like them.

Best Use of Scent.

The best way to use scent, if you care to use it at all, is to put a delicate extract in an atomizer and spray yourself with it. Strong scents are offensive and the most subtle and elusive odor is that obtained from a generous use of sachet bags laid among one's lingerie, in the drawers with one's handkerchiefs, gloves and veils, and possibly fastened in the front of one's stays or in some inner fold of the bodice. One can buy many different kinds of powder for sachets, but whatever you choose, heliotrope, violet, rose or carnation, remember that the addition of a little orris powder will add to its strength and make it more lasting.

Touch of Black.

The black lorgnette ribbon is a feature of this season's dress. The narrow black ribbon of moire silk has tiny gold or jeweled slides, and from it may depend, in lieu of a lorgnette or monocle, a locket, watch or any other trinket. The narrow line of black against a white bodice is particularly smart and effective. These ribbons are seen in navy blue, crimson, even in green and pink; but black is the correct monocle hue, and a sautoir ribbon of any other color is not correct form.

HOME OF MAD KING MOTHER

Place the Most Enchanting of Fairy Castles.

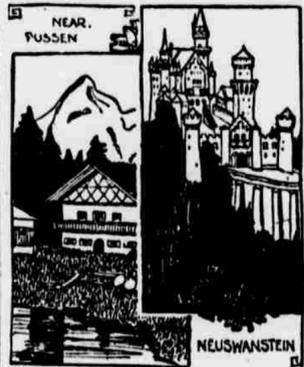
Residence of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria is Grand Court But Withal is a Very Sad and Lonely Place.

Berlin.—Neuschwanstem is a dream tale, a fairy tale castle of the most faultless kind, the only thing lacking is the memories of the beautiful princess, the knights and ladies and the court fool, for no one ever lived here but a lonely, sad prince, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, called the Mad King. Although he was so lonely, he loved solitude and it was very seldom that he ever had guests and then they were mostly men, for Ludwig hated all women except two, one his cousin, Elizabeth of Austria, who was shot in Geneva a number of years ago, and the other was Marie Antoinette, to whose memory Ludwig was devoted.

We left Munich early in the morning and we arrived at Fussen at noon. The distance was not great, but the train goes in a circle instead of on a direct line. It was a wonderful ride and all the way along we saw the Bavarian Alps sometimes on one side of the car window and sometimes on the other, for they switched about like magic.

Fussen is a funny little village situated at the foot of the mountains. Here we hired a rig that was to take us to Hohenschwangau, where the castles of Hohenschwangau and Neuschwanstein are situated. Our driver was a mountain peasant with a huge goller on his neck. This disease is very common in all the highland regions of Bavaria and Switzerland, and comes from the water of the country. Our rig was not exactly dashing. It was intended for two horses, and as our driver only possessed one horse he hitched it on one side and the horse had to walk sideways to keep the rig from tipping over.

The country from Fussen to Hohenschwangau was perfectly flat, and we



crossed over several little streams and passed several beautiful lakes. The driver explained everything to us in a language that even a northern German could not understand, and he flourished his whip around and tossed the feather in his Alpine hat.

When we came near Hohenschwangau we caught our first glimpse of Neuschwanstein, standing white and dazzling against the green of the mountains. It is a much smaller looking castle than one would think from its pictures, but it looked so complete, so compact that it seemed exactly the right size.

We lunched at the inn before starting up the mountain and our waiter told us that he did not think we could get into the castle as it was an off season. However, we determined to try and we started up the little zig-zag foot path up the mountain. After we had climbed and climbed we came to a fine boulevard, which led directly to the castle gate.

Looking over the wall built at the castle gate we got a splendid view of all the surrounding country. It was a flat country dotted over with shining lakes and small villages. The castle of Hohenschwangau looked old and faded besides the glory of Neuschwanstein. Away in the distance we could see the faint outline of the Alps.

We sounded the castle bell several times before we got an answer, but finally a spruce looking young German opened the gates and explained that we could not be admitted. But a five mark piece made him change his mind and he said that he would show us part of the castle, the part that Ludwig occupied during his three years' residence there.

We went through one splendid room after another, and everywhere we saw swans, and nearly every room was done in blue—royal blue. This blue was Ludwig's favorite color and he always had his bed chamber hung in it no matter where he lived. It is so rich a color, it affects the senses like the sound of music. The swans were woven into the most intricate patterns, on the ceiling, on the draperies, and carved on the chairs. In the center of the state dining table was a great white swan, that was meant to hold fruit and flowers.

Men Should Wear Short Skirt.
Madison, Wis.—"Men should be compelled to wear short skirts over their bathing suits," declared H. D. McChesney, swimming instructor at the University of Wisconsin, who thinks that women are unjustly criticized for their attempts to discard the bathing skirt.

SO POORLY

Could Hardly Care for Children—Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bovina Center, N.Y.—"For six years I have not had as good health as I have now. I was very young when my first baby was born and my health was very bad after that. I was not regular and I had pains in my back and was so poorly that I could hardly take care of my two children. I doctored with several doctors but got no better. They told me there was no help without an operation. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me wonderfully. I do most of my own work now and take care of my children. I recommend your remedies to all suffering women."—Mrs. WILLARD A. GRAHAM, Care of ELSWORTH TUTTLE, Bovina Center, N.Y.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 35-1913.

HOW TRAGEDY WAS AVERTED

Farmer Saw His Predictions Verified If Train Had Only Come Through His Land Sideways.

In a Tennessee backwoods lived a farmer who, although he had never seen a railroad, yet had his opinion of them and the mischief which he understood they might cause. According to his notion, a train was as much to be dreaded as a cyclone itself. Great, then, was his consternation upon learning that a right of way for a railroad was wanted through his farm. He swore "by hickory" that no money could buy it. Finally land enough for the purpose was condemned and the road built. The day the first train was to pass, the neighbors, knowing of the old fellow's opposition, persuaded him, nevertheless, to go with them to see it. As the train disappeared, some one said: "You see, Bill, it didn't hurt anything, after all." Bill was surprised, but hated to abandon his contention that a train would ruin things. "Wal, yass," he said, "I reckon that ye might say so, but ye see the gosh-durned thing come through here endways. Ef it hed come sideways, it would a busted the daylight's outen of every cow in the place."

Thoroughly Enjoyable.
"How was the picnic?"
"A great success. More people came near getting drowned than on any other similar occasion I ever heard of."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

New Woman.
Mrs. Knicker—Are you going to take a course in a business college?
Mrs. Bocker—Yes; I want to find out how to get more money out of Jack.—Judge.

Like a Pleasant Thought of an old friend—

Post Toasties

with cream.
Sweet, crisp bits of white Indian corn, toasted to an appetizing, golden brown.

A delightful food for breakfast, lunch or supper—always ready to serve instantly from the package.

"The Memory Lingers"

For a pleasing variation sprinkle some Grape-Nuts over a saucer of Post Toasties, then add cream. The combined flavour is something to remember.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Michigan