

CZAR OF HIS SHIP

The Captain of an Ocean Liner
Is a Real Autocrat.

HIS WORD IS ABSOLUTE LAW.

He May, if He Deems It Necessary,
Put a Passenger in Irons or Clap
Him in a Cell, and in Cases of Emer-
gency Is Empowered to Take Life.

Imagine a mayor or a judge of a circuit court or a county sheriff or a town marshal of a village of 3,800 population stepping out into the street and on general and self imposed authority picking up a citizen, ordering him to a cell and clapping irons on him for safe keeping!

Wouldn't the bird of American liberty set up a scream? Wouldn't the old and badly cracked Liberty bell resonate in discord?

After one of the great transatlantic passenger steamships leaves the three mile limit of New York the passenger is in foreign territory on the high seas. English, French, German—whatever the flag at the masthead—the ship is a section of its fatherland, floating in the high seas, where only maritime laws regarding its transit in times of peace may hold check upon the czardom of the ship's commander, on or off the bridge.

No czar has more power within his territory than has the captain of the great Atlantic liner on the high seas. He is on an island of his country's ownership—a floating island, having a population of 800 employees and looking after the welfare and safety of perhaps 3,000 passengers. He is practically the administrative, executive and judicial single individual, such as exists rarely on the map of present day civilization. Aside from his authority over mankind, he may have \$7,000,000 of vessel under him, to say nothing of the international mails and millions in gold in transshipment.

"There's the captain," is a whispered bit of comment made a million times a year in the beginning of the passages of great ocean steamships. And generally the captain looks the part.

It is not so much his uniform either. Ordinarily the captain is not young. There is gray in his hair, mustache or beard. That young man in his twenties, no matter what his schooling for beginning the work, isn't called at a moment's notice to the captain's bridge. He must have his maximum of training for six or seven numbers below before he is called to the foot of the ladder.

On the British passenger vessels most of the beginners at navigating an ocean vessel of the first class will have had a lieutenant's commission from the navy. It is from the royal navy reserves that the lowest officer's vacancy is filled. Filling it, he has his chance to rise to the position of captain.

As to the captain's authority: One midnight, when in a fog the White Star Baltic struck the German oil steamship Standard, the Baltic needed its captain, and he was there. His ship carpenters were rushed to the bow of the vessel and began the work of patching up the hole in the Baltic's steel sheathing.

Suppose that in a stampede of the Baltic's crew its employees had rushed up to fill its boats? It was within the captain's power to have shot down the leader—to have brought about war to the knife, revolver and rifle in the interests of his vessel and its passengers. Or had some passenger or passengers become panic stricken and against orders menaced the welfare of the majority on the ship death would have been dealt with the same rigid

discipline which requires of the captain that he be the autocrat at his post.

There are no forms of writs or warrants necessary. There is no court at which the passenger or the seaman may give bond. In that instant of sudden great emergency which arises the captain's word is more than written law; it is the unwritten common law of the high seas. In the spirit of which the vigilance committee of the wild west of the United States rose, lawlessly lawful.

Today the captain of the great liner may step into the palatial cabin and command order. He may go into the smoking cabin and stop the game of cards at which the sharper is playing for his stakes. In case of refusal that ancient land right of "no deprivation of liberty without due process of law" becomes a farce. The cell room or even the iron manacles of the captain's authority may be used upon the individual who has paid \$500 or \$1,000 for his suit of rooms and his passage. On the high seas the captain's ship becomes an autocratic democracy. The individual in the first cabin and at the captain's table must share with the immigrant far below those equities that are granted to each in his place.

"Don't buck the captain," said an official in the offices of a great steamship line. "He is all there is of authority. He is the supreme entity of his ship. He is dressed for it; but, more than that, he is trained to it. He is empowered to take life if he must, and on land this is the most serious of all things in the statute books."

"Commodore of the fleet" is one of the offices toward which the old sea captain looks, not enviously, not with disdain. It is a naval number in the passenger service which marks the age of retirement. There is honor in the title. It does not descend to his children. He gives half his life to the gaining of it, and it means that his activities and powers are at an end.—Chicago Tribune.

PLAN LABOR COURT.

New York Commission Thinks Such a
Body Would Avert Strikes.

The congestion of population commission of New York city in its consideration of the varied topics over which it is dividing its attention has evolved a plan for the establishment of a municipal commission for the arbitration of local labor troubles. The author of the plan is John J. Flynn, chairman of the commission's subcommittee on labor and wages. Mr. Flynn outlines his plan as follows:

"If high enough wages are not paid to enable workers to maintain a good standard of living in New York city the worker and his family are apt to become charges upon public or private charity. The total estimated cost of public and private charity in New York city is now about \$35,000,000 annually, of which the city spends about \$15,000,000. To provide enough hospitals and institutions and to furnish proper relief to the poor the city should spend \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 a year.

"Most of the poverty in the city is caused by low wages, lack of employment, lack of training on the part of the workers and insanitary tenements and work places. The city has to pay the cost resulting from these conditions.

"Only about one-fifth of the workers in the city belong to unions, the great majority of the clerks, employees in department stores, recent immigrants and casual laborers not being members of any union. It is important from the city's point of view—that is, to conserve the health and efficiency of the workers of the city—that all should be protected in respect to their conditions of labor.

"The labor unions of the city have accomplished great good in securing better conditions for their members. It has been proved throughout the civilized world that the individual workman cannot secure these conditions by himself and that unions or the principle of collective bargaining is necessary to protect the workman from exploitation. Most of the strikes in New York city have had the object of securing recognition of the union or the closed shop, a living wage, reasonable hours, proper sanitary conditions in workshops and immunity from unjust discrimination and harassing treatment of workers.

"To secure what government should insure to the workers, whether organized or unorganized, the workers have gone on strikes, which have every year been costly in the loss of human life, bodily injury to hundreds, interruption and dislocation of business and loss of wages and business aggregating many millions of dollars every year in the city, besides engendering bitterness between employers and workers.

"This has been inevitable with the present lack of an authoritative body to act as intermediary between the workers and employers and to give adequate publicity to the actual conditions—a publicity which would be a great corrective of existing evils."

THE WHITE NILE.

Mr. Roosevelt's Description of Night on
the Great African River.

We had come down through the second of the great Nyanza lakes. As we sailed northward its waters stretched behind us beyond the ken of vision, to where they were fed by streams from the Mountains of the Moon. On our left hand rose the frowning ranges on the other side of which the Kongo forest lies like a shroud over the land. On our right we passed the mouth of the Victorian Nile, alive with monstrous crocodiles and its banks barren of human life because of the swarms of the fly whose bite brings the torment which ends in death. As night fell we entered the White Nile and steamed and drifted down the mighty stream. Its current swirled in long curves between endless ranks of plumed papyrus. White and blue and red the floating water lilies covered the lagoons and the still inlets among the reeds, and here and there the lotus lifted its leaves and flowers stiffly above the surface. The brilliant tropic stars made lanes of light on the lapping water as we ran on through the night. The river horses roared from the reed beds and snorted and plunged beside the boat, and crocodiles slipped sullenly into the river as we glided by. Toward morning a mist arose and through it the crescent of the dying moon shone red and lurid. Then the sun flamed aloft, and soon the African landscape vast, lonely, mysterious, stretched on every side in a shimmering glare of heat and light, and ahead of us the great, strange river went twisting away into the distance.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

A DUKE'S LOVES.

The Force of the Attacks Were Measured
by His Appetite.

In the late eighteenth century a Dr. Moore was tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton of those days, whom he accompanied on the usual continental tour. The duke was then eighteen and was susceptible to feminine charms. He had just fallen a victim to the black eyes of a married lady when Dr. Moore made this report to the youthful peer's mother:

"This is the third passion the duke has had since we crossed the sea. They generally affect his appetite, and I can make a pretty good guess at the height of his love by the victuals he refuses to eat. A slight touch of love puts

him immediately from legumes and all kinds of jardnage. If it arises a degree higher he turns up his nose at fricassees and ragouts. Another degree and he will rather go to bed supperless than taste plain roasted veal or poulets of any sort. This is the utmost length his passion has ever come hitherto, for when he was at the court with Mlle. Marchenville, though she put him entirely from greens, ragouts and veal, yet she made no impression on his roast beef or mutton appetite. He fed plentifully upon those in spite of her charms. I intend to make a thermometer for the duke's passion with four degrees—(1) greens, (2) fricassees and ragouts, (3) roast veal and fowls, (4) plain roast mutton or beef—and if ever the mercury mounts as high as the last I shall think the case alarming."—Argonaut.

Pawning Bank Bills.

"Pawnbrokers don't think much of ten dollar bills as pledges," said the city salesman. "I saw a man pawn one the other day for \$6.50. When asked why he didn't spend his \$10 instead of soaking it for a little more than half the amount he explained that he wanted to keep that particular bill. Twice before he had tried to keep a certain bill by giving it as security to a friend who had so many bills that he wouldn't need to spend that particular one, but both times the friend got his money mixed and the keepsake was lost after all. This time he depended upon the pawnbroker to tide him over. To pawn money struck me as a very curious proceeding, but the broker assured me that it is frequently done by people who attach a sentimental value to a particular bill or coin."—New York Sun.

His Choice.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."—Lippincott's.

Kept His Head.

"Miss Gidday," began Mr. Timmid, "I thought to propose"—

"Really, Mr. Timmid?" interrupted Miss Gidday. "I'm sorry, but"—

"That we have some ice cream"—

"Oh, I should be delighted to take"—

"Some evening when the weather is warmer."

Its Purpose.

Howard—That's a bad cough you've got. Do you do anything to cure it?
Coward—Nope. It's this cough that wakes our cook in the morning.—Harper's Bazar.

In Boston.

"Say, I'm a stranger in this town. Can you tell me a good place to stop at?"

"Yes, sir. Stop just before the 'at.'"
—Cleveland Leader.

Every man holds in his hand a rock to throw at us in our adversity.—George Sand.

A Law of Life.

It is a law of life that men of one occupation or calling seldom improve any calling but their own. This will be found true of labor. College presidents and others have the weakness of thinking that they know another man's business better than he (the other man) knows it himself, but the truth is that all advance that has been made for the working masses has been accomplished by labor unions.