

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

Their Burden Heavy

Women Workers Doubly Handcapped, Is the Assertion of an English Authority.

GOES DEEPLY INTO CAUSES

From Earliest Times the Weaker Sex Has Been the Victim of the Theory of Wife Maintenance—Low Level of Wage the Result.

The possession of the vote will not remove the sweated woman worker from our world, though it may be made one means toward the end. The lack of trade unions has not caused the industrial plight of women, and their institution alone will not abolish it. Women are not underpaid and overworked because they are physically and mentally on a lower level than men, who are comparatively well paid; they are physically and mentally on a lower level because they are underpaid and overworked. These are not new things, they are old. The burden of capital falls without regard to sex. At the best it is heavier upon men and women; at the worst it tells more cruelly, as with all burdens of this nature, upon those who are already handicapped. But this is not because of sex; it is because of the weakness which the first handicap has produced. It serves to make a bad condition worse, to increase an initial disability. The original handicapping of women, without which their present condition could not be, will be found to proceed from quite a different source.

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From this source has come the underpayment of women in the labor market. Wife maintenance is theoretically universal, and its full credit is counted to the man. Whether the wife who is "maintained" is a parasite or a servant makes no difference to the theory, which has suffered to its special sex burden upon women in the industrial world. The prevalence of this theory of wife maintenance has set a low level of wage return for women; it has decided their training and apprenticeship. It has committed them to the most casual and unpleasant employments, and it has provided excuse for the employers who sweat women and the public which permits this sweating.—Teresa Billington-Greig in the London Chronicle.

Last of the Pit-Women. The passing of the last of the pit-women of the old days recalls the times when the workers in coal were slaves. And this only 300 years ago. Mr. Thomson, in his "Wenvers' Craft," summarizes the old-time situation under ground: "The coalpits were, in these days of 300 years ago, worked and managed by men, women, and little children, too, who were the slaves of the mine-owners. The slaves were branded as the Americans brand their cattle with a hot iron—and colored with a nocket of iron carrying the name of the slave-owner. The owner of the mine, when he sold or transferred his holding, sold his slaves with his other goods and chattels."—London Chronicle.

Wages in Greece. There is a prevalent notion that the cost of living in southern Europe is very much lower than it is in the United States. The notion probably has its origin many years ago and was based upon superficial observation of the traveler. The fact that hundreds of thousands of emigrants leave southern Europe for America every year would seem to indicate that the economic conditions of ordinary life are easier in America than in southern Europe. The following statements of daily wages in the different fields of ordinary labor in Greece and the cost of

necessaries on the retail markets may be of interest: Clerks in offices receive up to \$40 and clerks in stores up to \$20 per month. Domestic servants, men, receive \$10 to \$15; and women, \$5 to \$8 per month. Wages per day follow: Street car conductors and drivers, 70 cents; messons, \$1 to \$2; carpenters and cabinet-makers, 70 cents to \$1.20; current packers, men, 75 cents to \$1, and women, 35 to 50 cents; stevedores, \$1.75; ordinary laborers, 70 to 90 cents; house painters, \$1 to \$2; boatmen, 80 cents; field laborers, in winter, 50 cents; in spring, 70 to 80 cents; in summer, 40 to 50 cents.

At All Events Don't Scold. It is better, of course, to do your own work and to dwell serenely in the consciousness of having performed what is required of you, and not to let any annoyance or irritation from outside penetrate this. But if this is impossible, then you will be the gainer by doing quietly and cheerfully what she has left undone rather than by scolding and nagging to get her to do it.

The same is true of one's employer or manager. If you nag him over one or more of the nagging, irritable kind, who keep every one about them in hot water. But if a girl works under such a one she should make for herself a little atmosphere of serenity and dwell in it. If she cannot, it is really better to seek a new position than to live in a constant atmosphere of fault finding and scolding.

If the fault is not in you, and you find you cannot get along where you are without constant friction, you are better change. For friction wears out the nerve force, and thence the physical energy, and sets on one more than harder but more congenial work.

SCIENCE NOTES

One of the largest sapphires looted in the world has been discovered in South Australia. The stone is of lavender, sprinkled about the shelves of a library, will prevent the books mildewing.

Fast constitutes about one-third of the fuel used in the central industrial districts of Russia.

A government institute for the promotion of the silk industry is to be established in Italy.

Brass bedsteads may be brightened by cleaning with sweet oil and polishing with a dry cloth.

Harvard claims to have the greatest number of living alumni of all American universities.

By the introduction of new presses the government printing office is able to turn out 3,000,000 postal cards a day.

Iron may be bleached in a bath of unslaked lime, bran and water, after which it should be rubbed with dry sawdust.

RULES FOR SUCCESS

NOT ALL NEW, BUT ALL CERTAINLY WORTH HEEDING.

Being True to Oneself! About the Surest Method of Climbing the Ladder to Earned Reward.

Do the routine things just as carefully each day as if you were trying a new and wonderful experiment. The only way to do a thing well is to do all the things before it well, so you will have a good foundation.

Don't wait for January 1 to turn over a new leaf. Any other day, as far as resolutions are concerned, will do just as well.

When the boss is away is the time to convince yourself that you are really worthy of the salary you are getting.

Be just as polite to the man who comes in to ask a question as to the man who is higher up, but because he knows more or he wouldn't be there.

Listen respectfully and with interest to the "man higher up," not because he is higher up, but because he knows more or he wouldn't be there.

Wasting Time and Money. Incident of an idle hour. No noise, no trouble, no nothing. Telephone rings violently. Voice at the other end: "The party that wanted you rang off."

"Did any one want me?" "Yes. The party rang off."

MEN HAD GRIEVANCE

LIGHT ON THE RECENT BRITISH RAILROAD TROUBLES.

Wages of the Workers Shown to Have Been Ridiculously Low, Compared With Earnings of Lines.

Statistics published by the board of trade in England shed a great light on the labor troubles that have recently agitated the United Kingdom. A royal commission is now wrestling with the problem. Its appointment ended what promised to be the most gigantic industrial upheaval in the country's history.

The figures, taken from the board of trade abstract of labor statistics, show that while the railroads' profits are steadily increasing, the wages of the men are ridiculously low and show no corresponding increase—hardly any increase at all.

The profits of the railways in one year, 1910, according to the authority, Chiswell Money, were \$23,000,000, while the increase in the pay of the men per week in 1909 over 1899 was only 1 1/2 cents each. In 1899 the men per week were \$4.45. In 1909 this had been advanced to only \$6.46. This included Sunday pay and overtime allowances.

These figures apply to the 400,000 workers of fifteen companies in England and Wales. In Scotland the average wage was lower. In 1900 it was \$5.72 a week and in 1909 it was \$5.25. Workers in Ireland were in a still worse condition. Their average earnings amounted to \$4.55 in 1900 and \$4.97 in 1909.

In the face of these figures is the fact that in the last few years the United Kingdom the cost of living has increased 10 per cent.

Two additional causes assigned for the discontent manifested by the workmen are shown in the following parallel:

The dividends of the railways kept on increasing. The working hours for the men are notoriously long.

The board of trade, according to an English financial expert, begins to table books as excessive only when they are more than thirteen a day. An inquiry that year showed that one-fifth of the workers were on duty for periods of thirteen hours or more on 29,369 occasions. According to this same authority, had the surplus earnings in 1910 over 1909 been devoted to wages, the average increase to the men per week would have been 6 1/2 cents.

The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants issues a census of wages. The same ground covered by this census applies to standard weekly wages, exclusive of overtime, and thus the returns are lower. A table prepared by the society shows that the wages of 113,800 of the 260,000 workers included in the returns average about \$5 a week.

If you can't get the position you want don't do anything else which may lead up to it. The job that is easy to get is generally not worth having.

If you don't like your job and have to keep it, be a good enough bluff not to let on about it until you have something else. It's a pretty poor specimen who will admit that he has to hold a job he doesn't like.

The man who is five minutes late in the morning is the same one who is all ready to leave ten minutes before "quitting time."

Of course your fingernails should be immaculate, but the time lost to attend to them is engaged in business conversation.

Don't ask favors "because you're married." The heads of the firm don't like much interested in your home life, and besides, you probably got married because you wanted to.

Listen respectfully and with interest to the "man higher up," not because he is higher up, but because he knows more or he wouldn't be there.

Wasting Time and Money. Incident of an idle hour. No noise, no trouble, no nothing. Telephone rings violently. Voice at the other end: "The party that wanted you rang off."

"Did any one want me?" "Yes. The party rang off."

A call is made. The speaker: "Number please?" "Give me Main two-nought."

"Two-noughts?" "Oh, yes—make it two-nought."

Pause of forty seconds. Then: "Chief operator."

"Chief operator, I understand some one who called for me rang off. Can you find out who it is that wanted me?"

"Yes, sir, I'll try. As soon as I find the party that called for you I'll call you."

"That's all. Nothing happens. No one calls. But it's charged up as business and goes into the expense account somewhere as 'service.'"

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

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FATE AND THE FLETCHERS

Intervention That Made It Certain Hour for Senator's Death Had Not Struck.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida sought his berth one night on a sleeping car on the way south from Washington. Pulling back the curtain of a lower nine, he saw that his bed was already occupied.

"Hi, there!" called the senator, shaking the sleeper by the shoulder. The sleeper awoke and protested angrily.

"My name's Fletcher," explained the statesman, and this was his berth.

"You've got nothing on me," answered the other. "My name's Fletcher. The senator elaborated: 'My full name is Duncan U. Fletcher, and this is my berth.'"

"So's mine," agreed the intruder. "Ah, I see," said the senator, politely. "There must have been a mistake in reserving the same berth for two men of the same name. I'll go into the next sleeping car."

The stranger by this time was fully awake, and proceeded to apologize, and to offer to give up the berth. This the senator would not do, but went into the car ahead and found a place to sleep.

An hour later the train was wrecked. The car in which the stranger occupied the lower nine fell through a trestle, and that Fletcher was killed. The senator's car was not damaged at all.—Popular Magazine.

Death Bed Jest. Among what may be called death-bed jests, that of the Duke of Orléans, of Stirling, one of the Covenanters, deserves a high place.

Lord Guthrie recalls the story in "From a Northern Window." Mr. Guthrie was executed at the Cross in the High Street, Edinburgh. The night before he asked for cheese for his supper. His friends wondered, for the physicians had forbidden him to eat cheese. But he said, with a smile, "I am now beyond the hazard of all earthly diseases."—Uncle Remus Magazine.

A practical joke is never what it's cracked up to be.

THE REASON.



Little Wallace—Pa, why does pop corn pop? His Pa—Because, my son, like me, it doesn't know any better.

Since Teacher Did Not Know. It was in the primary class of a graded school in a western city and the day was the 22d of February.

"Now, who can tell me whose birthday this is?" asked the teacher. "A little girl arose timidly."

"Well, Margaret, you may tell us," said the teacher. "Mine," was the unexpected reply. "Everybody's Magazine."

No Jury. "Didn't you give that man a jury trial?" replied Brooch. "Bob," there ain't a big lot of 'em in this settlement. We couldn't possibly get 12 of 'em together without starting a fatal argument about something that had nuthin' whatever to do with the case."

Had About It. "Thinks is just crazy about being up-to-date." "How does he show it?" "He is trying to get his parrot a wireless cage."

Marriage is a contract—and there are lots of contract jumpers.

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JUST BEFORE THE TROUBLE

How Could the Listener Know What His Friend Was Trying to Say?

If any man ever admired his wife, the man was Fowler. And why? Fowler asked Mrs. Fowler to get up and sing. "There is a Garden in My Face," the husband glowed with pride.

No matter that she had a face like a hippopotamus and a voice like an elephant, he sat beaming as she sang, and could not refrain from bending over to his neighbor and whispering: "Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?"

"What?" said his neighbor, who was a little deaf. "Don't you think my wife has got a fine voice?" roared Fowler.

"What?" "Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?" roared Fowler.

"Sorry?" returned the neighbor, shaking his head. "Can't hear a word you say. That awful woman over there is making such a frightful row singing."

The Happier Age. "If I was steel, I suppose you would dissolve me," he cried. Hereafter he rejoiced he didn't tire too late.

The Humor of It. Stella—Were you shopping, today? Bella—Yes, I got some things to exchange.

We Get a Slap

The big coffee trust, made up of Brazilian growers and American importers, has been trying various tactics to boost the price of coffee and get more money from the people.

Always the man who is trying to dig extra money out of the public pocket, on a combination, hates the man who blocks the game.

Now comes a plaintive bleat from the "exasperated" ones.

The Journal of Commerce lately said: "A stirring circular has just been issued to the coffee trade." The article further says:

"The coffee world is discussing what is to be the future of coffee as a result of the campaign of miseducation carried on by the cereal coffee people. We have before us a letter from one of the largest roasters in the South asking what can be done to counteract the work of the enemies of coffee."

"The matter should have been taken up by the Brazilian Gov't when they were completing their beautiful valuation scheme."

Then the article proceeds to denounce Portugal and the Brazilians ever made into a free frenzy, because we have published figures regarding the effect of coffee on some people.

The harrowing tale goes on. "Where a few years ago everybody drank coffee, several cups a day, now we find in every walk of life people who imagine they cannot drink it. (The interesting is gone.)

Burly blacksmiths, carpenters, laborers and athletes have discontinued or cut down the use of coffee; as there is not a person who reads this and will not be able to find the conditions existing among his own circle of acquaintances, it is not well for the Brazilians to sit up and take notice?"

Isn't it curious these "burly" strong men should pick out coffee to "imagine" about? Why not "imagine" that regular doses of whiskey are harmful, or daily slugs of morphine?

If "imagination" makes the caffeine in coffee oil the liver, depress the heart, and steadily tear down the nervous system, bringing on one or more of the dozens of types of diseases which follow broken-down nervous systems, many people don't know it.

But it remained for the man who has coffee, morphine or whiskey to sell, to have the supreme nerve to say: "You only imagine your disorders. Keep on buying from me."

Let us continue to quote from his article. "The enormous increase in population during the past three years, coffee shows an appalling decrease in consumption."

Then follows a tiresome lot of statistics which wind up by showing a decrease of consumption in two years of, in round figures, two hundred million pounds.

Here we see the cause for the attacks on us and the Brazilian sneers at Americans who prefer to use a healthful, home-made breakfast drink and incidentally keep the money in America, rather than send the millions to Brazil and pay for an article that chemists class among the drugs and not among the foods.

Will the reader please remember, we never announce that coffee "hurts all people."

Some persons seem to have excessive vitality enough to use coffee, tobacco and whiskey for years and apparently be none the worse, but the number is small, and when a sensible man or woman finds an article acts harmfully they exercise some degree of intelligence by dropping it.

We quote again from the article: "These figures are paralyzing but correct, being taken from Leck's statistics, recognized as the most reliable."

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan