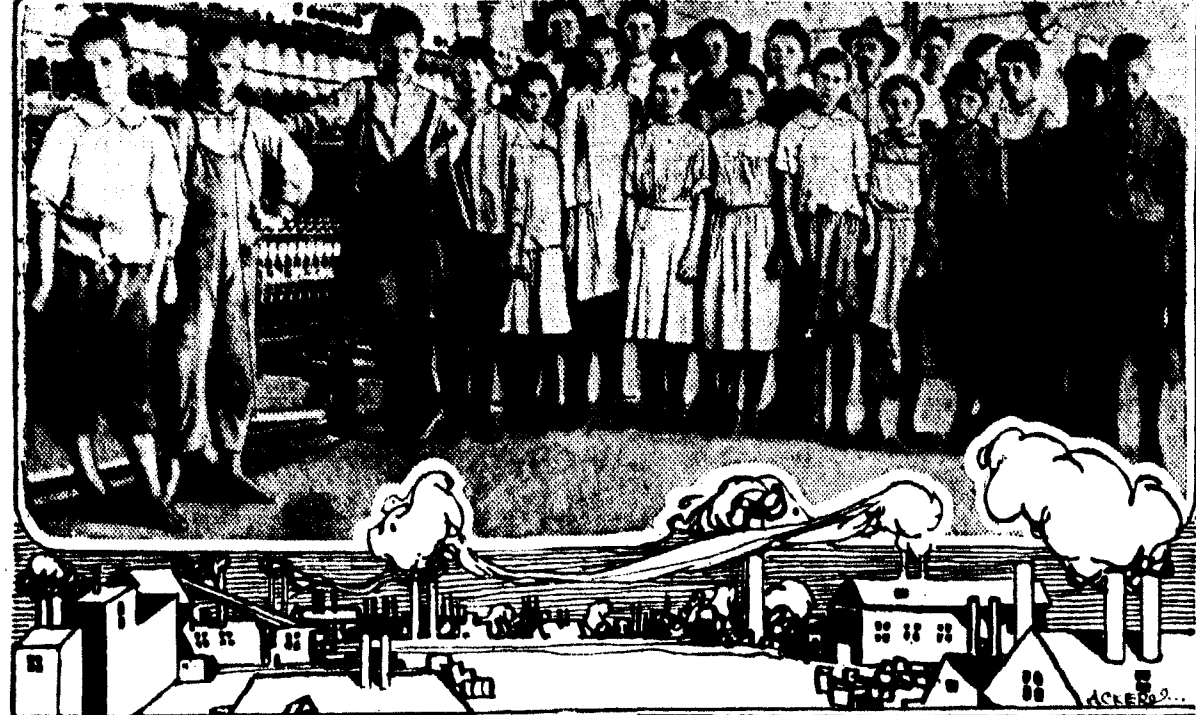


PROTECT THE CHILD

A LABOR DAY POEM BY JAMES A. EDGERTON
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THE cause of Labor! He who claims
To utter forth its soul
Must have the vision of its aims
And see its promised goal.
It is not benefit of class,
But elevation of the mass
And progress of the whole—
Its purpose to uplift and bless
And add to all men's happiness.

TO share the fruits it brings to birth
And gain a living wage;
To keep the soil of Mother Earth
A common heritage;
To guard the health and save the lives
Of those who toil; to break the gyves
From limbs of tender age;
To gain the time for rest and thought—
These are the ends by Labor sought.



COTTON SPINNERS

PROTECT the child. Its dimpled hands
Are fashioned but for play
And not to drudge at Greed's commands
From day to weary day;
Its lips are formed to laugh and shout,
Its tender feet to run about
Upon their happy way
And not the road of toil to press
At the behest of Selfishness.

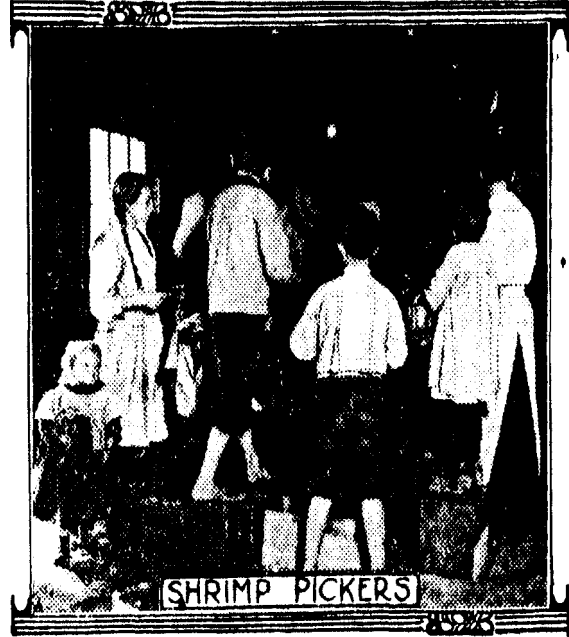
THE little ones the Master blessed
Cry out against this age
That robs them of their school and rest—
Pathetic slaves of wage—
That leaves them dwarfed in health and mind.
What verdict will the Future find
That reads this blackened page?
What can we offer in defense
For sins against their innocence?

THE childish fingers that in trust
To mother hands have slung!
The childish bodies vilely thrust
The dregs of life among!
At this the brute would hang its head
In shame; no beast or bird is fed
By labor of its young.
This deed remains to man alone
That God and Nature both disown.

TO man is left this Nameless Thing—
To man, the glorified,
Who walks the earth a sceptered king,
For whom the Saviour died.



BREAKER BOYS

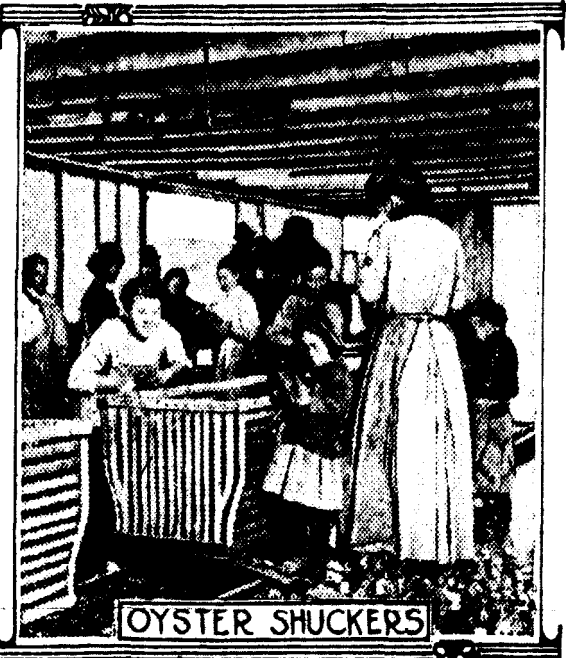


SHRIMP PICKERS

Man coins the bodies into gold
Of children prematurely old.
Forgive him in his pride,
O Master, Lover, meek and mild,
Who likened heaven to a child.

SOME souls there are in every age
To bear the torch along,
Some stalwart arms the war to wage
Against the rich and strong.
And such will crush this infamy.
Wherever men love liberty,
Wherever men hate wrong,
Arise the valiant Sons of Light
To lead again the age long fight.

MAY Labor's leaders prove that they
Are of this knightly breed
In our world battle of today
Against the hosts of Greed;
Protect the children, mothers, wives,
The welfare, safety and the lives
Of those enslaved by Need,
And bring the better time to birth
Of social justice on the earth.



OYSTER SHUCKERS

MAY they have courage in this age
To stand, as Lincoln stood,
Against the hosts of Privilege
And for the common good.
May they have spirit to decree,
Like him, the end of slavery,
The dawn of Brotherhood,
When, free in body and in soul,
The race arrives at Labor's goal.

PRESIDENTS' CONTRIBUTIONS

Many Indirect Requests For Money Received at the White House.

It might be supposed that the president of the United States is surrounded with so many barriers preventing close approach unannounced that the ordinary solicitor for money would obtain little chance of asking the chief executive personally for cash. Such is the case ordinarily, but this does not prevent many men and women engaged in philanthropic and other enterprises gaining the presidential ear to press their claims for cash recognition.

Very frequently have all of the presidents contributed toward something that has been placed specially before them. Naturally a large number of requests breaking through the ordinary barriers are turned down. They have to be. News that the president has contributed just once is an invitation for hundreds of additional solicitations. A check that President Grover Cleveland drew for \$250 in favor of a lodge project deluged him with applications from almost all the fraternal orders.

Many of those soliciting contributions from the president do not approach him directly. They seek an entry by way of his household. It has been so under a number of administrations, says the New York Sun. It does not seem to be so much of a "holdup" when the administration ladies are approached by a worthy charity first and break the news gently at the White House breakfast table.

AUTHORS TAKE BACK WORDS

Some Have Been Made to Eat Their Books.

Some authors have been compelled to destroy their books in a singularly unpleasant fashion, according to the London Chronicle.

When Bernard the Great, duke of Saxony learned that he was criticised in some pamphlets, he had the author arrested and after putting him in the pillory for an hour, with one of the objectionable works between his teeth, made him swallow it.

In 1688 Philippus Oldenburger, a German jurist published a description of his travels through Germany. A passage in this offended his liege lord, and Oldenburger was soundly flogged and then ordered to eat a copy of his book. It was only a duodecimo, but he found the task beyond his powers and after five pages pleaded successfully for a remission.

Cases have also been known of voluntary book eating. Ogier de Busbecq states that the Tartars used to eat books in order to acquire knowledge, this being the only way in which they were capable of assimilating printed matter.

Indian Proverbs.

When a fox walks lame old rabbit jumps.
A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

An Indian scalps his enemy; the pale-face skins his friends.

When a man prays one day and steals six the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.—Boston Transcript.

Scientific Note.

According to experts, the force of the rotation of the earth on the geosopic compass which has been adopted by the United States navy is 291 times as great as the force of magnetism on the magnetic needle.

Diamond Pickups

By "ROOTER"

Celebrated Hits.

Hans Wagner's four base swat in Pittsburgh broke the wind shield of an automobile standing outside the grounds.

Chief Wilson's drive which landed 320 feet from the St. Louis Cardinal park home plate.

Gus Williams' drive over the right field wall of the St. Louis American league park. It also was a 320 footer.

Alva Williams' heartbreaking homer which sailed over Buddy Ryan's head and won a game for Washington, which the Naps seemed to have sewed up.

Big Bill Lange's homer over the center field fence in Cincinnati. It smashed through a plate glass window of a saloon and broke up a pinocchio party.

Bud McLean's peculiar wallop made on the coast. The ball went through the only knot hole in a short right field fence.

Jake Stahl's homer at Hot Springs. It sailed over a tree fifty feet from the fence and splashed into a creek.

Billy Alvord's homer at the old Cleveland ball park. It knocked three bricks off a chimney near the fence.

Home Run Baker's world series' drive that broke Christy Mathewson's heart.

Red Ames' four bagger at the Polo grounds. It was one of about four hits he made during the season.

Helnie Zimmerman's two homers made over the left field fence in Cincinnati. He was the only player who ever put the ball over that wall.

Koney Not a Pole.

Ed Konetchy, first baseman of the St. Louis Nationals, is not a Pole, as generally supposed, but a Bohemian.

"Chief" Wilson Square Player.

Umpire Bill Klem says Chief Wilson of the Pittsburgh Pirates is one of the squarest ball players in the game. He relates an anecdote of a game in Philadelphia when he left a decision to the chief. There was a question as to whether a long smash was fair or foul, and Doolin protested Klem's ruling of the latter sort. Klem asked Wilson, and the Pirate spoke honestly, though against his own team, saying it was fair.

Joe Sugden's Story.

Joe Sugden tells a story on himself of which Tim Hurst is the hero.

"It happened while I was with St. Louis," says Joe. "I didn't like the heavy masks that were supplied by the club, so I went out and bought one of my own of light construction. One day Hurst, who was umpiring behind the bat, picked it up and used it instead of his own.

"Tub Spencer had just reported to us, and he looked like one of the best young catchers in the business. That was before he began to fight the bouze, and he could throw like a shot, hit well and was an excellent receiver.

"Hurst was stuck on him and used to call him Herr Krupp on account of his great pegging. Well, on the occasion mentioned I walked up to Hurst as I came in toward the bench from the coaching lines and said: 'Who gave you permission to use that mask? It is my private property, and I am

not anxious to have everybody making use of it and spoiling it.'
"So this is your private mask, eh?" said Tim. "Well, my boy, from the way Herr Krupp here is throwing, I don't believe that you will have many more chances to use it, and somebody else might as well get the good out of it."

Dick Rudolph's Career.

Richard Rudolph, crack pitcher of the Boston Nationals, is of medium stature and throws and bats right handed. The twirler is twenty-five years old.

There's an interesting story about the way Rudolph broke into professional baseball. As a youngster play-



Photo by American Press Association. Richard Rudolph, the Boston Braves' Pitcher, Who Has Made His Mark.

ing with the Morris High team in New York city he was umpiring a sensational twirler.

He went to Fordham college when he was a trifle over fourteen years old and immediately was made the first string pitcher. He was the sensation of the Fordham team in 1906, winning two shutouts over Holy Cross, Fordham's closet baseball rival, at a time when the mighty names of Barry, Carrigan, Hoey and Flynn appeared on the Holy Cross batting order.

Ever since 1907 he had been with Toronto without a break, save in the fall of 1910 and in the early spring of 1911, when he was given a tryout by the New York Giants.

From a Cheerful Viewpoint

Egotism.

"What made you jilt Harold Hicolor?" asked Maud.

"I didn't," replied Mamie. "His conceit misled him. I said I wouldn't marry the best man alive, and he thought I meant him."—Washington Star.

What's the Use?

"Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mandolin?" "No, but another fellow came along and brought her out with an auto horn."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Between Friends.

Cynthia—Dear me, I'm growing old! Just think, twenty-one today!
Muriel—Oh, don't bother! You'll be younger next year.—Judge.

Nothing Doing.



Clark (looking for a ralse)—I am thinking of getting married next month and—
Employer—You are lucky. I'm going to see you tomorrow, and you can't!

Hardly Likely.

"Didn't Oliver Goldsmith once live here?" asked the tourist.

"I don't remember the name," said the janitor. "Who was the gent?" "He was a poet." "Then it's hardly likely that he ever lived here, sir. We always demand the rent in advance."—Washington Times.

An Excuse.



Mrs. McAngler—It's funny you didn't catch anything after tellin' me there was a big school of bluefish in the bay.
Mr. McAngler—It was a correspondence school, an' only the faculty was there, an' they was too wise to bite.—Chicago News.

Already Convinced.

He—As I was saying, Miss Marynne, when I start out to do a thing I stay on the job. I'm no quitter.
She (with a weary yawn)—Don't I know it!—Baltimore American.

Out of the Frying Pan.

"When she married ten years ago she stated freely that it was simply to avoid working for a living."

"What does she do all the time?" "Takes care of seven small children."—Judge.

In the Alps.

"What gown shall you wear today, Grace?"

"My pink one. Mont Blanc will harmonize with that all right, don't you think?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Perspicacity.

Mrs. Eze—Some husbands win their wives by sheer audacity.

Mrs. Wye—Yes, and many others by sheer mendacity.—Boston Transcript.

His Vocation.



Young Timmeed—This term I am going to undertake the study of Latin and Greek.
Old Hardstar—H'm! I suppose these dead languages does need an under taker.—Boston Globe.

A Valuable Suggestion.

My dear Mr. Editor: I am writing you this letter to tell you that I am

Under Great Pressure.

I am writing you this letter to tell you that I am

Authoritative Information.

I am writing you this letter to tell you that I am