

THE TOILER TELLS THE FAIR FEARLESS FORCEFUL TRUTH OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ORGANIZED LABOR

52 WEEKS 50 CENTS

labor during the centuries and low are we taking industry today? Is there the faintest shadow of an effort to ascertain its justice or injustice?

Does labor today enjoy the full fruit of its efforts? Not by a great deal. We ask you to look carefully at the present arrangements of society.

There are workingmen among the paupers of these places, and they should be marked by their fellow-workers and unmercifully roasted for helping to bring down white labor to a level with such conditions as are here with portraiture.

The Firemen's Union. The obituary notice of the Firemen's Union was read at the meeting of the Fire and Light Committee yesterday afternoon.

Why should landlordism receive either mercy or consideration? It is the parasite interest which sucks the life-blood of the nation. It is the drone in the social hive of the country. It takes not, neither does it spin; yet it gathers millions annually where it never scatters a shilling's worth.

The attitude of the Socialist party toward the trade union movement, broadly endorsing and commending it, but stopping there and allowing it to manage its own internal affairs, is, without doubt, the correct one.

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JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

VII.—The Wizard in his Magic Attic

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"Well, here is something you won't understand and probably won't believe when you hear it. There is but one force in this world and but one particle of matter. There is only one element, which is the basis of everything.

"Then why object to making your discovery public?" "In the first place, because there are still a thousand things and more to be learned along this line of investigation.

"What! You don't mean the Keely motor man?" cried Jennie, laughing. "That's a different matter! Why, all the papers in the world have exposed his ridiculous pretensions. He has done nothing but spend other people's money."

"Yes, the newspapers have ridiculed him. Human beings have, since the beginning of the world, stoned their prophets. Nevertheless, he has liberated a force that no gauge made by man can measure. He has been bonafide, if you like, and has said that with a teaspoonful of water he would drive a steamship over the ocean.

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"The room is sealed up," said the director, "and nothing will be touched until I arrive there. What is the nature of this instrument?"

"It is of a nature so deadly and destructive that if it got into the hands of an anarchist he could alone lay the city of Vienna in ruins."

"Good heavens!" cried the horrified official, whose name was the anarchist, and Jennie, in mentioning this particular piece of criminals, had bulled better than she knew. If she had told him that the professor's invention might enable Austria to conquer all the surrounding nations, there is every chance that the machine would have been carefully preserved.

"The explosion in the treasury vaults," continued Jennie, "was accidentally caused by that instrument, although the machine at the moment was in a garret half a mile away. You saw the terrible effect of that explosion. Imagine, then, the destruction it would cause in the hands of one of those anarchists."

"I shall destroy the instrument with my own hands," asserted the director fervently, mopping his pallid brow. Jennie then went on, to the increasing astonishment of the princess and the director, and related every detail of her interview with the late Professor Carl Seigfried.

"I shall go at once and annihilate that machine," said the director, rising when the recital had been finished. "I shall see to that myself. Then, after the inquest, I shall give an order that everything in the attic is to be destroyed. I wish all the scientists on the face of the earth could be safely placed behind prison bars."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do much good," said Jennie, "unless you could prevent chemicals being smuggled in. The scientists would probably reduce your prison to powder and walk calmly out through the dust."

Mr. Hardwick had told Jennie that if she solved the Vienna mystery she would make a European reputation for The Daily Bugle. Jennie did more than was expected of her, yet the European reputation which The Bugle established was not one to be envied. It is true that the account printed of the cause of the explosion, dramatically finished off with the professor's tragical sudden death, caused a great sensation in London.

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VIII.—The Robbery in the Sleeping Car

(Copyright, 1920, by Robert Barr.)

Jennie had promised Professor Seigfried not to communicate with the director of police, and she now wondered whether she would be breaking her word or not if she let that official know the result of her investigation when it could make no difference, one way or the other, to the professor.

"What! And give up the hope that my name will descend to posterity?" "Professor Seigfried, when once this machine becomes known to the world there will be no posterity for your name to descend to. With the present hatred of nation against nation, with different countries full of those unimprisoned maniacs whom we call jingoes—men preaching the hatred of one people against another—how long do you think the world will last when once such knowledge is abroad in it?"

"The professor looked longingly at the machine he had so slowly and painfully constructed. "It would be of much use to humanity if it were but benevolently employed. With the coalfields every where diminishing, it would supply a motive force for the universe that would last through the ages."

"Professor Seigfried," exclaimed Jennie earnestly, "when the Lord permits a knowledge of that machine to become common property it is his will that the end of the world shall come."

"The professor said nothing, but stood with deeply wrinkled brow, gazing earnestly at the mechanism. In his hand was the hammer head which he had previously given to the girl. His arm went up and down as if he were estimating its weight. Then suddenly, without a word of warning, he raised it and sent it crashing through the machine, whose splintering glass fell with a musical tinkle on the floor.

"What are they?" asked the director of police cautiously. "To tell you that they are is to tell part of my story. You must first promise blindly and afterward keep your promise faithfully."

"These are rather unusual terms," Miss Baxter, said the chief, "but I accede to them, the more willingly as we have found that all the gold is still in the treasury, as you said it was."

"Very well, then, the first favor is that I shall not be called to give testimony when an inquest is held on the body of Professor Carl Seigfried."

"You amaze me!" cried the director. "How did you know he was dead? I had news of it only a moment before I left my office."

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"Oh, no," said several other members of the committee. "Yes, it would go on to the Council," said Ald. Fleming. "The Council gave the chief his instructions and he should report to it."

"Why the committee should try to smother it down," said Ald. Spence. "The result will be that when an officer is asked to report to the Council he will have to send his report to that body."

"So far as I am concerned, and as a matter of indifference to me whether it goes on to Council or not," said Fire Chief Thompson. "So the obituary was quietly laid on the table, and all the important documents in the city archives for years to come—The Telegram.

It will be seen by the above that Miss Spence's axe was not entirely unused, and he was desirous of doing a little more on the job, by sending the matter on to Council. His satirical smile may not be so apparent as when he had the election next January (which rumor says he will not), and he will not be the only one of the unlucky thirteen, either, that will find his life flung away so deeply in the archives but that it will rise up to confront them when the electors have their lining.

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his chair and fell rather than sat down in it. A ghastly pallor overspread his face, and the girl in alarm ran again to the cupboard, poured out some brandy and offered it to him, then tried to pour it down his throat, but his tightly set teeth resisted her efforts. She chafed his right hands, and once he opened his eyes and slowly shook his head.

"Try to sip this brandy," she said, seeing his jaw relax.

"It is useless," he murmured with difficulty. "My life was in the instrument, as brittle as the glass. I have—"

He could say no more. Jennie went swiftly down stairs to the office of a physician, on the first floor, which she had noticed as she came up.

The medical man, who knew of the scientist, but was not personally acquainted with him, for the professor had few friends, went up the steps three at a time, and Jennie followed him more slowly. He met the girl at the door of the attic.

"It is useless," he said. "Professor Seigfried is dead, and it is my belief that in his taking away Austria has lost her greatest scientist."

"I am sure of it," answered the girl, with trembling voice; "but perhaps after all it is for the best."

"I doubt that," said the doctor. "I never feel so like quarrelling with Providence as when some noted man is removed right in the midst of his usefulness."

"I am afraid," replied Jennie solemnly, "that we have hardly reached a state of development that would justify us in criticising the wisdom of Providence. In my own short life I have seen several instances where it seemed that Providence intervened for the protection of his creatures, and even the sudden death of Professor Seigfried does not shake my belief that Providence knows best."

She turned quickly away and went down the stairs in some haste. At the outer door she heard the doctor call down. "I must have your name and address, please."

But Jennie did not pause to answer. She had no wish to undergo cross-examination at an inquest. Knowing that if she told the truth she would not be believed, while if she attempted to hide it unexpected personal inconvenience might arise from such a course. She ran rapidly to the street corner, hailed a fiacre, and drove to a distant part of the city; then she went to a main thoroughfare, took a tram car to the center of the town, and another cab to the palace.

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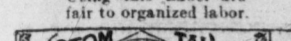
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ONTARIO

By an Act passed at the 1903 session of the Ontario Legislature a Bureau of Labor has been established for the purpose of collecting, ascertaining and publishing information relating to Employment, Wages, Hours of Labor throughout the Province, Co-operation, Strikes, or other labor difficulties: Trades Unions, Labor Organizations, the relations between Labor and Capital, and other subjects of interest to workmen, together with such information relating to the commercial, industrial and sanitary conditions of wage workers and the permanent prosperity of the industries of the Province, as the Bureau may be able to obtain.

For which purpose the co-operation of Labor Organizations and others interested in the general prosperity of the Province is invited.

F. R. LATCHFORD, Commissioner of Public Works

B. GLOCKLING, Secretary, The Labour Bureau

Unioin Men

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