

## ENGLAND'S UNEMPLOYED

### A WINTER OF GREAT DISTRESS IS PREDICTED.

#### Thousands Parade Streets and Serious Outbreaks are Certain to Come.

England is face to face with the most serious condition of unemployment in her history, and unless relief is provided on an unprecedented scale during the coming winter, bread riots may be expected in many of the principal cities, writes a London correspondent. Already the mutterings of discontent have been heard and in Glasgow, at least, bloodshed was only prevented a few days ago by the prompt action of the authorities in yielding to the demands of the workless men and starting relief works. Unemployment has been growing in England for many years and about three years ago it reached such a point that Parliament passed a bill in a hurry, empowering local authorities to levy a tax for the purpose of providing work for their unemployed. The amount of the tax, however, is strictly limited and it must have the approval of the local government board, the head of which is a member of the cabinet, before it may be levied. This met the situation.

#### FOR THE TIME BEING.

The procession of unemployed disappeared from the streets, and in the parks and other public places groups of men could be seen doing a very little work for rather large pay provided by the taxpayers.

This year, however, the situation is so bad that the unemployed act has broken down. It is clearly evident already that the powers conferred on the local authorities under the act will be totally inadequate to relieve the immense number of unemployed workmen who are clamoring for work or food and whose numbers will be increased as the weather becomes more severe.

The following are the approximate numbers of unemployed reported in some of the principal cities in the middle of September:

London	200,000
Leeds	3,000
Liverpool	25,000
Glasgow	20,000
Bristol	2,000
Manchester	11,000
Belfast	10,000
Dundee	5,000
Sheffield	12,000
Sunderland	13,000

In addition to these every industrial town in the kingdom has its quota of unemployed and the number is being steadily increased. It is evident how little the making of new parks and roads can do to provide employment for this great army.

#### SOCIALISTS ARE BUSY.

The most dangerous feature of the situation is the bold attitude adopted by the leads of these idle men. Socialism has made great strides in England of recent years and the English workman is no longer contented "with that station of life to which God has called him." He no

longer accepts starvation and cold as acts of God. He now demands the right to work and the right to live and if he is denied them he is developing a very ugly temper toward those whom he holds responsible for his plight.

A few days ago a mob of 15,000 unemployed men in Glasgow, led by well-known Socialists and singing revolutionary songs, started on a midnight march from the centre of the town to the district inhabited by the wealthy citizens. Their avowed object was to call at Lord Provost's house and force him to do something for their relief, but many of the orators, who had arranged before starting did not hesitate to advise them to raid

#### THE HOUSES OF THE RICH.

The procession was ridden down by mounted police and dispersed before it got half way, and if the police had not been able to deal with the mob, the King's Own Scottish Borderers were awaiting with bayonets fixed and rifles loaded at their barracks ready to be called on. Since the procession two Socialists have been sent to prison for advising the mob to use bombs of red pepper against the police and the Lord Provost has traveled post-haste to London to secure the consent of the local government board to a plan for providing work on an extraordinary scale.

In Liverpool, a few days ago, 12,000 unemployed dock laborers marched to the city hall and demanded work. Their leaders did not hesitate to predict that if work or bread were not forthcoming they would loot the city. The mayor and councilors promised at once to appeal for power to relieve them and a truce was declared. Practically the same thing has occurred at Belfast where a large number of shipbuilders and linen workers are unemployed. Their leaders threatened, and the municipal authorities promised.

#### SUBSTITUTES FOR TOBACCO.

Some of Them are Very Injurious to the Health.

The Indians along the Alaska coast have a very curious substitute for tobacco, which is composed of wood shavings saturated with a strong solution of pepper. The practice, however, is extremely injurious, the strong fumes acting on the mouth and eyesight.

Among the farmers of the West it is no uncommon practice for them to smoke the leaves of tomato and potato plants. While these plants both contain a narcotic poison, the smoking of leaves in moderation is harmless. Excessive use, though, produces a heavy stupor, from which the smoker awakes with a terrible headache and a feeling of utter exhaustion. Insanity and suicide have often been caused by the immoderate use of these two weeds. Rhubarb, beet, and even garden sage leaves are all smoked by farmers, but are perhaps the least harmful substitutes for tobacco.

Indian hemp is smoked by nearly all classes in Jamaica with terrible results. It is supposed that this weed was used by the leaders of the Indian Mutiny to unbalance the minds of the Sepoys and to excite

## Pastimes of Nan and Dan

"I DON'T believe you care one little bit, Dan, as to how my Halloween party will turn out," exclaimed Nan, half petulantly, half smilingly. "Cause you haven't offered a teeny, weeny idea for making it altogether 'different'—and you know that's the only party I care to give."

"Oh, yes, I have, Nan," Dan replied; "and I have a scheme that I think you'll find rather attractive."

Here Dan went to his workbox and

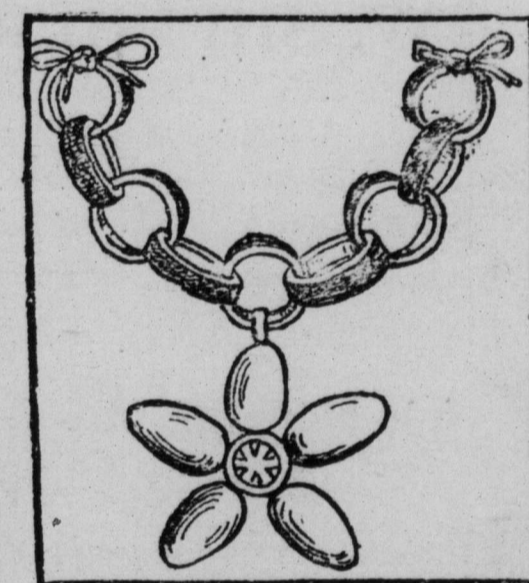


AN ACORN TEA SET

drew forth a little tray, upon which were several tiny articles.

"A tea set, as I live! And everything, teapot, cups, saucers and all, made from acorns! Dan, you're positively wonderful. But what has this to do with my party?"

Nan's big brother smiled. "Don't you see?" responded he. "I'm going to get you a number of acorns that are still soft, and you'll have an acorn party. Your guests will be provided with keen knives, and then they must make all the little fancy articles they possibly can



COLLAR, WITH PENDANT

them into the terrible passions of raving mania which they exhibited during that campaign.

In Great Britain we hear of people who, unable to get the real article, procure substitutes of their own manufacture. Rustics in out-of-the-way places in the British Isles largely use "coltsfoot tobacco." It is simply a powdered form of the leaves of the common coltsfoot, a plant found growing wild in chalky soil. The smoke causes no terrible after-effects, although some say that it is injurious to the eyes. Because this tobacco relieves difficult breathing, it is known as "the finest remedy on the earth for catarrh."

Among the least harmful of substitutes for tobacco will be found dried holly leaves, the bark of the

from the acorns. The one who does the very best will receive this tea set for a prize."

"That will just be lovely!" cried Nan, jumping up and down in her glee.

It really was a good idea for a party. The girls and boys whom Nan invited enjoyed themselves hugely, and they had no end of fun. Some of the articles were so crude and looked too funny for anything; while others were made very, very skillfully. Baskets, necklaces,



OTHER ACORN MANUFACTURES

cradles, watch charms, earrings, pendants, rings, bracelets—most everything they made.

And when, at the close of the evening, the first prize was awarded, and lots of other acorn souvenirs which showed Dan's clever workmanship were distributed, the girls and boys voted it the most entertaining Halloween party they had ever attended.

Following Custom.—Edith (playing "house")—"I'll be mamma, and Willie, papa, while little Sue and Charlie will be the babies. Will you (a moment later)—"It's about time to whip the children, ain't it?"

#### DOG FRIEND OF WOMAN.

In Manchuria, Dogs are Given as Dowries.

Everywhere is the dog the friend of man, but in Manchuria he is more strictly the friend of woman. There the dowry of a young woman does not consist of hard cash as in Europe, but in a certain number of sleek dogs with thick or silky hair. The girl's status may almost be guessed by her wedding portion of dogs. If she receive six she is poor; if a dozen, her parents are in easy circumstances; and if twelve dozen, it may be taken that she comes from a rich family. They are carefully fattened for their savory flesh, and their skins after death become coverlets, pelisses, vests for hunters, or bedside carpets which scarcely ever wear out. Even to its for the devotion of the dog is warm and lasting.

willow tree, and leaves of the stag's horn sumach, which are all smoked by the Manchurians.

Quack—"So you prefer me to Dr. Fall?" Mrs. Mulligan—"Och, indeed, doctor, dear; ye're a dale better than the other ould humbug."

"You want me to tell you the whole truth?" asked the witness. "Certainly," replied the judge. "The whole truth about the plaintiff?" "Of course." "Might I ask how long this Court expects to sit?" "What difference does that make?" "It makes a lot of difference. I couldn't tell the whole truth about that scoundrel inside of a week, talking all the time."

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

### Gossip About Some of the World's Prominent People.

The Marquess of Stafford, who is in his twentieth year, is heir to the most extensive domain, if not the largest rent roll, enjoyed by any subject of King Edward. More than a million acres in England and Scotland are under the lordship of his father, the Duke of Sutherland, while the Marquess of Breadalbane, who is probably the next largest proprietor in the kingdom, does not own half that amount of land.

The German Emperor is never without his revolver, and he is extremely skillful in the use of the weapon. It is inspected and freshly primed every morning, so as to make sure it is in perfect working order. Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the hand of an Anarchist—this fate having been prophesied for him long ago—he is determined to make a stern fight for his life, and to have, at any rate, the satisfaction, if he falls, of inflicting some injury upon his assailant.

Princess Louis of Battenberg shares with Lord Charles Beresford man in the Navy. He is a strict disciplinarian, but not a despot; and he is, perhaps, the best and most thoroughly up-to-date officer in the Royal Navy to-day. Everything new to science, so far as it affects his profession, he has at his fingers' ends. His knowledge of mechanics is that of a skilled expert, and many of his inventions and improvements are in daily use in the Navy at the present moment.

Apropos of the fact that the German Emperor has a well-equipped pottery, which brings him in £10,000 a year, it is interesting to note that the King of Wurtemberg owns two large hotels, which yield him a yearly income of some £8,000. The King of Saxony owns the famous porcelain factory at Meissen, and the Regent of Lippe Detmold runs a large model farm, from which he sells butter and milk and eggs. The King of Serbia is said to own a barber's shop and an apothecary's shop, in addition to which he holds an agency for motor-cars.

To fresh air and exercise Mme. Patti attributes the preservation of her marvellous voice. "My golden rule in singing," she says, "is to spare myself until the voice is needed, and then never to give it all out. Put it in the bank. I do not push my voice for the pleasure of the moment. If you are prodigal of your powers at such times, the next time you wish to be generous you cannot. Fresh air and plenty of it is of vital importance to the singer. Every day that it is not too inclement I take from two and a half to three hours' exercise in the open air, driving and walking. To this regimen I attribute in great degree my good health and powers of endurance. There is nothing like fresh air and exercise for keeping the voice in good order."

Whereas absolute quietness and peaceful surroundings are found to be essential when working by many of our best-known authors, Sir Gilbert Parker confesses that he can write anywhere. "There are times," he says, "when absolute silence is

painful, and then a hand-organ under the window is a positive relief. Usually I write with comparative ease and facility, and if a thing does not seize me I drop it for a time. Once absorbed in a novel, and I can write under almost any circumstances. One of the concluding chapters of 'The Trail of the Sword' I wrote in a railway train; two chapters of 'The Translation of a Savage' I wrote between London and New York. Some of my short stories have been written among crowds of people; one was written at a railway-station when I was waiting for a train."

According to the report of one who has spent the last four years at the Dutch Court there is no foundation whatever for the stories of bitter differences between the Queen and her Consort. The only thing which mars the happiness of the young couple is the lack of an heir to the throne. As is well known, Queen Wilhelmine married the man of her choice, and she is quite satisfied. It is said that when one of the ladies of the Court, before Her Majesty's marriage, suggested that a certain Prince would make an eligible husband, she received the curt reply, "If you think so, why don't you marry him yourself? The man I marry I must respect enough to call him my lord and master, except during the times when I am consulting with my Ministers. Then I shall be the Queen and he will be my subject."

A story of a scientist's trouble was told the other day by Professor Milne, the earthquake expert. When in Canada, at the meeting of the British Association, he was invited to give a lecture one evening. The clock struck eight as he started, and he went on all right. At a quarter past everything was going splendidly, and he talked till he got to the last sentence. He then looked at the clock and saw that it was pointing to twenty minutes past eight. He was horrified, and, looking at the serried ranks in front of him, determined that they should not think that a man who had come from England had said all he had got to say in twenty minutes. So he began a story to spin out the time. He saw that Lord Kelvin was looking a bit puzzled, but he went on with the yarn till someone hit him on the back and muttered in his ear, "Shut up, Milne; you have been talking an hour and a half. The clock has stopped."

#### ADVICE FOR BOYS.

Now, you lads who are leaving school, don't be in such a hurry to be earning something. Think of the future prospect rather than the present advantage. The man who can do something really well, whether it be the making of a table, the building of a house, or the writing of a book, will very seldom be unemployed. It is the boys in a hurry who are "little millionaires" on two dollars a week at fourteen, and "big loafers" on nothing at eighteen, with no trade in their fingers, and no prospect but the life of a day laborer. Go slowly, boys—you'll go farther. Hurry is a dog that often goes off on a wrong scent. Patience and foresight are two dogs which hunt together; they are slow at "finding," but they are always "in at the death."

## FIZZBOOMSKI, THE ANARCHIST—HE BUNGLES THE JOB AGAIN

