

look after the numerous cowardly thugs of the U. M. W., who did their dirty cowardly work not in the open, but in the dark, and in lonely places. We are further told the strikers were arrested in scores on frivolous and trumped up charges. Evidently in Jimmie's opinion dynamiting and bloody rioting are frivolous affairs. After comparing the Dominion Coal Co. to Nero and Nana Sahib (What will Keir Hardie say to this sneer at Nana) we are told, in tearful tones, that in the dead of winter the cruel company evicted from their homes hundreds of mothers with crying, clinging, trembling little children, and they were not only evicted but thrown on the streets. Horrible—if true. But, say, go easy Jimmie. Don't you see the reflection you are casting on your brothers. They surely are not all bigamists. Hundreds of mothers mean anywhere from three to five hundred mothers. Now, if there were hundreds of mothers thrown out and not a hundred evictions your brothers, Mr. McLachlan, must be bigamists with at least three wives each. Things we know, were hot during the strike; McLachlan is the first to show they were hellish. With fine heroics he further declares that the strikers were filled with the spirit which preferred "a freemans grave to a coward's job." That's fine—coming from one who wolf like is fattening on lambs. Then we are told the men would not go back to work "on promises which appeared to them little airy nothings." And yet, and yet, they went back on a promise which was neither picturesque or pretty, but which emanated from a concealed place on McCulloch's person. On that promise unsubstantial, lighter than air, the men went back; and are waiting for the fulfilment of that promise and if it does not come soon some heads may come off. We are promised that every mine in Nova Scotia will be tied up if a settlement is not effected in a few days. Alas for human hopes. There has been no settlement, the men at all the collieries are at work, and the U. M. W. house of cards has fallen. But listen to where Jimmie caps the climax: "Hundreds of the men imported were the discontented of the capitalist countries of Europe. The writer visited a shack where sixteen of these men were. They were told I was an officer of the U. M. W. They grinned and nodded. Then they were told I was a member of Glace Bay socialist local. That did the trick, in a moment they were round me shaking my hand and the grins gave place to beaming faces." Jimmie's candor is almost confusing. How quickly these imported strike breakers, thugs, and discontented of European countries recognized in him a friend and brother.

- Rubs by Rambler.

Though New York, the greatest city in America is a comparatively short distance from Nova Scotia, but few of us have an idea of its greatness. Though I have visited New York many times I was startled at some thing I read in an article the other day and it may be pleasing to many to give extracts.

'New York is a city in America,' said a New York publisher the other day, 'but no one can say that it is American city.' It is the Jewish capital of the world,

In New York to-day one man in every four is a Jew. In its greatest days Jerusalem contained less than one-sixth of the number of Jews who now live in the metropolis of America. The population on the lower east side of New York is almost entirely foreign. Russians and Hungarians, Syrians and Turks, Italians, wild-looking folk from Roumania and the Balkan States—they pour into New York in their thousands, and each nationality takes possession of its special district. And thinking men are beginning to face the fact that the immense majority of immigrants are now coming from these countries that are most backward in civilization, and they are asking what is to be the outcome of it all.

New York is to-day one of the most amazing cities in the world—sleepless, relentless, bewildering. Just over 280 years ago the whole of the Island, the Indian's hunting-ground, was sold to Peter Minuet, of the West India Company, for a handful of paltry trinkets—worth less than £5. Some years ago a site at the corner of Wall-street and Broadway was sold at over 16s. per square inch. The building plans for one year represent an outlay of nearly £30,000,000.

The parks of New York cover fourteen square miles and occupy some of the most valuable land in the heart of the city. They could be sold for a sum large enough to pay the national debts of Holland, Switzerland, Sweden and Turkey. Last year New York paid over £7,000,000 for public school education, whereas in 1907 London spent only £4,000,000 for the same purpose. Of all the money in circulation in the United States, one-third is in the vaults of the New York banks. The streets of the city extend to almost exactly the distance between New York and London. The population of New York is equal to the combined populations of Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans and Washington.

In 1895 there were 15,000 telephones in New York; to-day there are 369,000. London has only about 140,000 telephones. Paris has only 65,000. The New York telephone service requires 39 buildings, 56 central offices, and nearly 17,000 employees. The Underground telephone wires would go round the world 40 times. There are 215 hotels in New York, with 42,000 employes, and rooms for 53,000 guests. It takes 10,000,000 pounds of food per day to feed the vast population. There are about 1,300 churches, but nearly 10,000 saloons.

The people of New York, judging by the statistics, are the greatest travellers in the world, and one is not surprised to learn that the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroads are each spending more than £20,000,000 to improve their facilities for handling traffic at the city terminals. Four hundred passenger trains come into the Grand Central Station every day, and four hundred go out. Over 50,000 people find employment on the city railroads alone. On these railroads 5,000,000 fares are collected every day. Even on the Underground alone more than a million fares are taken in one day. A Londoner makes 188 trips a year on the street cars; a New Yorker makes 375. Restlessness seems to be a national characteristic, for I am told that Pres. Taft has travelled more than 23,500 miles since his inauguration.

Every second two telephone calls are answered in New York, twenty-five letters and cards go through the post office, and 3,750 gallons of water are consumed