

The Weather To-day:

Local showers Sunday and probably Monday; moderate south winds.

HEARST'S SUNDAY AMERICAN

Atlanta Edition of The American. Consists of the following sections: Local News, Real Estate and Wants, City Life, Sports, Auto, Society and Fashion, and Foreign. BE SURE TO GET THEM ALL.

VOL. I, NO. 7.

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ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1933.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

JAPS DEMAND FULL RIGHTS WITH WHITES AS CITIZENS

Meeting at Tokio Condemns Efforts of Agitators To Start Complications.

U. S. REPLY IS PREPARED Wilson Takes Charge of Statement Following Long Conference With Bryan.

Special Cable to The American.

TOKIO, May 17.—Representative Tetsuro Hinata and Kenzo Hayashi protested against the discrimination shown by the white race against the bill and condemned the lack of land and agricultural leases in the existing treaty.

U. S. Reply to Japs in Wilson's Hands. WASHINGTON, May 17.—The complete reply of the United States to the protest of Japan against the California alien land law...

This status of the strained relations between the United States and Japan was announced after a prolonged conference between Secretary Bryan and the President...

Irish M. P. Prosecutes Militants in Court. Suffragettes Attack Home of John Dillon...

Special Cable to The American. DUBLIN, May 17.—John Dillon, member of Parliament, appeared in the police court today...

Washington to Bar 'September Morn'. Canvas That Shocked Bathhouse John Must Be Suppressed, Declares Morals Committee.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—After viewing Chabaz's "September Morn" from the pavement in P Street, looking into an art dealer's window...

SIXTY PATIENTS, MENACED BY FIRE, SAVED BY NUNS. MANCHESTER, N. H., May 17.—Sixty patients were thrown into panic at the Notre Dame de Lourdes hospital in West Manchester...

Strikers Threaten To Wipe Paterson Off Map if Beaten

I. W. W. Agitator Says Judge Knows as Much of Law as Pig Does of Electricity.

PATERSON, N. J., May 17.—"We will win this strike or the city of Paterson will wipe off the map," said the agitator who was convicted last week...

Mrs. Lincoln's 'Bitter Letters' To Be Sold

Collection Reveals Resentment Toward Congress for Not Providing for Her.

NEW YORK, May 17.—What are known as Mrs. Lincoln's "bitter letters" will be sold at auction here next week.

In another letter, dated December 20, 1862, Mrs. Lincoln writes to the president of the Grant family as conspired with her own, and declared that "she was certain not to appear in his country, were he to appear to her husband."

Irish M. P. Prosecutes Militants in Court

Suffragettes Attack Home of John Dillon. Many Are Arrested. Special Cable to The American.

DUBLIN, May 17.—John Dillon, member of Parliament, appeared in the police court today against the militant suffragettes who were arrested after attacking his house early this morning.

Washington to Bar 'September Morn'

Canvas That Shocked Bathhouse John Must Be Suppressed, Declares Morals Committee. WASHINGTON, May 17.—After viewing Chabaz's "September Morn" from the pavement in P Street...

KIPLING'S HERO SUES TO RECOVER \$1,250,000 GEM

Action Against Indian Nizam Is Sequel to Amazing Diamond Transaction of the New Age.

STONE FINEST IN WORLD. Plaintiff, Now Poor Man, Once Was the Rich "Uncrowned King of Simla."

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE AMERICAN. LONDON, May 17.—One of the most sensational and romantic lawsuits ever heard in India will be tried in Calcutta shortly.

The diamond, one of the finest in the world and worth a fortune, was the subject of a sensational transaction...

Mr. and Mrs. Hearst Guests at Dinner of Gov.-Elect Slaton. Party of Sixteen Entertained at Beautiful Country Place in Honor of Publisher and Wife.

Gov.-Elect and Mrs. Hearst. Governor-elect and Mrs. Hearst, Governor and Mrs. Joseph M. Slaton, and Mrs. Albert Howell...

Great Fire in Budapest Leaves 6,000 Homeless. Special Cable to The American.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY, May 17.—Eight thousand people were made homeless, one child was burned to death, many persons were injured and heavy financial loss was caused by a great fire in the center of the city today.

SHRINERS FETED ON RETURN Start Preparations for Meet Here Adair Maps Record Entertainment

Potentate Forrest Adair, of Yaarab Temple, on his return from his victorious campaign in Dallas. Mr. Adair was given a tremendous reception at the Terminal Station...

Continued on Page 4, Column 2.

BROWN OPENS WAR ON LYNCH RULE IN STATE

Gov. Offers Reward of \$100 For Conviction of Persons Behind Death of Negroes.

"LAWS MUST BE ENFORCED" "Anarchy Shall Not Supplant Officials of Georgia," Declares Chief Executive.

Determined to make lynching a most unpopular crime in Georgia, Governor Brown offered a reward Saturday of \$100 for each and every person against whom evidence could be furnished sufficient to convict him of participating in the unlawful lynching and assaults upon the dignity of the State...

Continued on Page 4, Column 2.

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Continued on Page 4, Column 2.



BUSINESS HALTS FOR TECH PARADE

Students in Night Shirts Celebrate Baseball Victory With Snake Dance in Streets. "We've Got to Get Busy; They Are Coming in Groves," Says Atlanta Potentate.

Planned by the fact that for the past two weeks he has averaged less than six hours' sleep a night, Forrest Adair, potentate of Yaarab Temple, A. O. U. M. W. E., had been in town fifteen minutes Saturday afternoon before he had dozed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and plunged into the work of planning for the entertainment of the Imperial Council when it meets in Atlanta in 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. Hearst Guests at Dinner of Gov.-Elect Slaton

Party of Sixteen Entertained at Beautiful Country Place in Honor of Publisher and Wife. Gov.-elect and Mrs. Hearst, Governor and Mrs. Joseph M. Slaton, and Mrs. Albert Howell...

GREAT FIRE IN BUDAPEST LEAVES 6,000 HOMELESS

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE AMERICAN. BUDAPEST, HUNGARY, May 17.—Eight thousand people were made homeless, one child was burned to death, many persons were injured and heavy financial loss was caused by a great fire in the center of the city today.

WHITEWASH OF FIRE CHIEF IS SCORED BY WOODWARD

All Charges of Mismanagement and Craft Against Cummings Proved, Declares Mayor in Scorching Message to Council.

Will Gladly Furnish the Proof to the Grand Jury if That Body Should Desire It, He Adds—To Veto the Vindication Report.

Controversy Over Fire Engine Bid Recalled—Tells of Rebates Formerly Given on Hose Which Were Turned Over to the City.

Mayor Woodward Saturday made public a scorching message to council on what he terms the "whitewashing" of Fire Chief W. B. Cummings and the conduct of the fire department.

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Wild Flowers I Have Met

By Mike Chesterfield.
THE DAISY.
FARMERS do not like the daisy. They call it "poverty weed" and say it ruins their hay crop.

But they haven't met the real daisies. That's why they are farmers.

The daisy has a pale complexion with a peroxide crown or heart. But the daisy I met was pink and white, and when I in-sinuated that her hair was peroxide she promptly became a wild daisy.

Daisies dot the fields and meadows in the country, but the daisy I met did nothing of the sort; she got me dizzy, however. I used to sit under the great elm trees with this daisy and talk and talk and talk. We picked the field daisies, pulled out their petals and murmured, "She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me," etc., etc.

And when I caught daisy cheating by pulling out the last two petals at once so as to make it come out "He loves me," she once more became a wild daisy.

That was the day she carried a red parson, and as we wandered through the meadows a gentleman friend of the cows on that farm caught sight of the daisy just as she opened the parson.

He was certainly polite, for he apologized profusely by bowing and scraping his front feet and moaning, then he hurried up to meet daisy.

Did daisy run? She did not. She just closed her red parson, slipped the beast across the face with it and then poked it in his eye.

Believe me, she was some daisy, that girl—just then, in fact, she was a bull-eye daisy!

One day we started to make a daisy chain. I decorated it with laurel leaves. At least, I thought they were laurel leaves. But later the doctor looked us both over and said they were poison ivy leaves.

Talk about your wild daisies! This daisy was the wildest one on record. In fact, she never got so wild before, and only once after that did she become as wild.

That was when I left her and picked a modest little violet. I'll tell you about violet some day.

This Suffragette Had to Go Back to the Kitchen

NED MATTHEWS is a candidate for Mayor. Opposing him is a dark horse—a suffragette, who is known only as Elsie Smith. This Elsie Smith is none other than Ned Matthews' wife, she choosing to conduct her campaign incognito lest her husband make trouble.

Confidently expecting her election, Mrs. Matthews fits up one of the rooms in the house as her headquarters. Mr. Matthews comes in.

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MRS. MATTHEWS—I would like to know what that deek and that banner are doing in my house and in my very library?

MR. M.—Well, let them stay here. But answer one question, who is that old hen up there?

MRS. M.—Old hen is she? Let me tell you that Elsie Smith and Mrs. N. Matthews are the same.

MR. M.—What! You are this Elsie Smith? Well, I'll be blotted! My own wife my political rival! The woman who swore to love, honor and obey me.

MRS. M.—Yes, that's just it. The women of this town have come to the conclusion that matrimony is not their true destiny, and they decided to be first in the affairs of the nation.

MR. M.—Why, it's contrary to the law of nature. Wasn't a man made first?

MRS. M.—He was, but the experience gained in making man was applied to making a much better and finer being, woman.

MR. M.—If you woman hadn't been made at all it would have been a lot of money in our pockets.

MRS. M.—But when woman first met man he didn't have any pockets.

MR. M.—No, he didn't need them then. He didn't need anything but a smile. Then, dear, sweet woman came along and took that away from him. Then woman invented pockets—so she could tell where the poor man carried money. Now I suppose you have another rotten apple you want me to eat? Well, I don't care for fruit. But tell me, you don't think you have got a chance to win?

MRS. M.—Why, of course I do! And in twenty-five minutes from now the polls will be closed and the results known, and then we'll see.

MR. M.—Yes, then we'll see your political ambitions vanish, like the dew before the morning sun. Passes—Bang—All over.

MRS. M.—Well, you have been reading Laura Jean Libbey.

MR. M.—Look here, young lady, I'm not a plagiarist!

MRS. M.—No, you're worse, you're a politician.

MR. M.—What are you, a saloon keeper? Why you women, you're fighting against yourselves. You're fighting the tariff on hats, shoes and silk stockings. Why don't you let us men fight that? We buy most of them and then give them to you.

MRS. M.—Yes, that's just what we want to do. We want to pay for our own hats, our own shoes, our own diamonds.

MR. M.—And will you pay the rent?

MRS. M.—Why of course I will!

MR. M.—Why, I'll vote for you myself! I suppose you think you can do any old thing a man does?

MRS. M.—Yes, I'll tell you why. We have been told that we are the weaker sex, haven't we? Yet we have to bear the most pain, the most slander, the most abuse. Are there not in foreign countries women who have ruled and still rule successfully? If we own property we are treated the same as men, yet we are given no voice in the affairs of the country. Now is this the time for us to show you that as surely as our forefathers rebelled against taxation without representation, so will we have a say, and we'll vote.

MR. M.—I've got to leave here. I can see that. I'm going home to mother. But before I go I'll sell out. Do you want to buy my deak for a nickel? You're all right, Emily, but tell me, where are you going to get all these votes from?

MRS. M.—I suppose you forgot that all my former sweethearts are going to vote for me.

MR. M.—And I suppose during these election times you love your former sweethearts just to get their votes?

MRS. M.—Why, certainly.

MR. M.—Now I know why you came home so late last week. You were out getting votes! But you women, you don't know what you want.

MRS. M.—I tell you we want land reform, school reform, domestic reform.

MR. M.—And I suppose during these election times you love your former sweethearts just to get their votes?

MRS. M.—I tell you we are serious in this matter, and some day a woman will be Speaker of the House.

MR. M.—Can you see a good looking lady policeman coming down the street about 12 o'clock Saturday night. Instead of a club she has a hat pin in her hand. She walks up to a crowd of boys standing on the corner and she says: "Now you get out of here. If you don't get out of here I'll stick you." Now, gentlemen, are you going to stand by and do nothing about the point?

"Then she walks up to another crowd of boys standing on the corner and says: "Now, look here, boys, if you don't go home I'll take the whole crowd to the house with me, and they all go to the house with her. Why, I'd go myself.

to say anything he goes out in the back yard to say it.

MRS. M.—Well, speakers like you ought to go out in the back yard to speak.

MR. M.—What's the matter with my speaking?

MRS. M.—Why, I stood down here on the corner the other day.

MR. M.—Look here, now. You've got to keep out of the corner. I'm your husband and won't stand for it.

MRS. M.—And I was ashamed of you as my

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A Funny Scene from "The Suffragette," by Franklyn Ardell, as Played by Himself and Ann Walters.

(Stage Rights Reserved by Mr. Ardell.)

"Lady letter carriers! They don't need to carry the letters. Just call them to the window and whisper the news. Make it strictly confidential. Why, I'll travel quicker and farther than the mail could take it in a month!

"Lady soldiers! Well, it's true ladies would do all right for the infantry, but can you imagine all the powder they'd use up before they started in to fight! But that's not the worst of it. When they got into the thick of the battle some rude person on the other side would holler 'Rats!' and they'd lose the whole war!

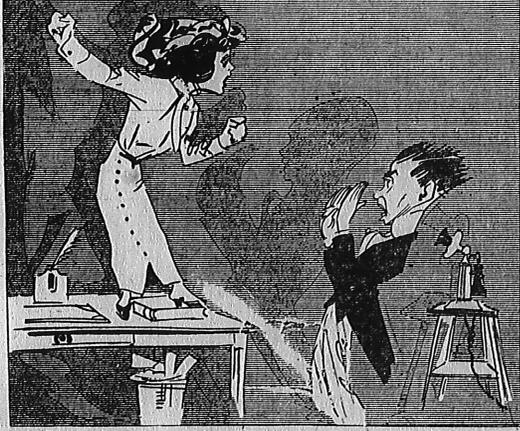
"But a poor, kind natured, nice little man comes home Saturday night with his little salary in his pocket, and he's wandering along a little street, as men sometimes wander, and he goes into his house and lies down for a little necessary sleep, and as he lies there as innocently as a lamb, dreaming of the angels, the door opens and a woman enters with a murderous intent and like a thief in the night, she creeps not toward the sleeping man, but toward his pants, hanging over a chair, and with one of her woman's rights she quietly extracts ten, thirty or twenty-five cents. Now, gentlemen, I'm speaking from experience. I've been touched, but the question I place before you is this, that if this candidate for mayor would take thirty cents out of my pocket when I am sleeping, how much would she grab out of your city treasury when you are all sleeping?"

MRS. M.—Well, many nights when you're some home you haven't had thirty cents left in your pocket.

MR. M.—How do you know that?

MRS. M.—There goes the tickler. Now tell me who wins here. Here you are, Election Reports, District 7—Smith, 3,000; Matthews, 28. District 4—Smith, 3,000; Matthews, 17. District 12—Smith, 2,000; Matthews, 9.

MR. M.—Let me see that tickler. And here you are. They're off. Elsie Smith gets a good start, she's doing nicely at the first quarter, now at the half, King Lee by head, Elsie Smith, neck and neck. Elsie Smith she wins by a head. Why that's a horse race. Who put that in there? You're not a horse man, that report from headquarters. Ned Matthews wins by a majority of 8,000. Smithy, go back to the kitchen.



MRS. M.—I tell you we are serious in this matter, and some day a woman will be Speaker of the House.

MR. M.—Why, a woman has always been speaker of a house! When a poor man wants to say anything he goes out in the back yard to say it.

husband. Why, you couldn't put up a decent argument for your own campaign.

MR. M.—I'll show you what kind of a speech I can make. (Laughs on table.) Friends, Fellow Citizens, Townsman and Poor Misguided Woman: Do you realize that if this candidate for mayor is elected what will happen? Well, we have a lady fire department, lady letter carriers and lady policemen, will we not?

MRS. M.—Can you see a good looking lady policeman coming down the street about 12 o'clock Saturday night. Instead of a club she has a hat pin in her hand. She walks up to a crowd of boys standing on the corner and she says: "Now you get out of here. If you don't get out of here I'll stick you." Now, gentlemen, are you going to stand by and do nothing about the point?

"Then she walks up to another crowd of boys standing on the corner and says: "Now, look here, boys, if you don't go home I'll take the whole crowd to the house with me, and they all go to the house with her. Why, I'd go myself.

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Mickey and the Golden Rule

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TEACHER told us golden rule at school.

"To observe de Golden Rule—"
"Do to others as we'd have 'em do to us." But I wants to tell y'.

No such rule ain't go' w' me. Any time I'm done de p's 'goin' to be a fust.

I wants to say right here, I licked fifty kids dis year.

An', fudermore, no gink kin bully me. While I ain't a pickin' gink, I stands up for all de rights.

Our fathers' fathers' won in history.

Dat rule may be alright. Fer a gink dat's scared to fight.

But I'm a scrapper, wid a lawful punch! An', if I should wait to see,

Wot some guy'd do to me. I'd lose me reputation wid de bunch.

Teacher can't make it go down. In dis end of de town.

"De gink dat smiteth my cheek," like she said, Ain't goin' to be no "brother."

Ner have me "loin de other." Not me! I'm goin' to punch his bloomin' head.

Youse here heard about de way I put Tomy Schmidt away.

Everybody talks about dat scrap. He was twice as big as me. Weighed a hundred fifty-ree—

Cheer! I pushed dat heavy-weight clean off de map.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR

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THE Newspaper Humorist was very busy trying to fit a laugh to the latest item of news when his door opened and in breezed an individual of girth, baldness and apparent jollity.

"Name's McFee," said the stranger. "Ought to be a funny name with such a funny name. Think I am, too; that's why I'm here. I want to hear if you think my stuff's worth getting into print."

The N. H. held up a hand in protest. "I don't pay for help; have a hard enough time getting money for myself."

McFee laughed. "Don't want your money; just your opinion. For instance, in Boston now the rooters are called 'rats' instead of fans. That's not so, of course, but I'm telling a joke. They're called garters because they support the Red Sox."

The N. H. groaned.

"You think," continued the visitor, "I'm like the tattooed man—have designs on myself, eh?"

"Not quite, but—don't you know that to be a successful humorist you must have plenty of talent, outside talent, friends who are funny and who are willing to relinquish their goods to you?"

"Oh, I have. There's one fellow I know who's funny without knowing it. I went to a doctor the other day because he always awoke with a headache. Doctor told him to take a pickle just before going to bed. If he could keep it on his stomach he'd wake up feeling fine. My friend tried it, but said the pickle insisted on rolling off his stomach just as soon as he fell into a dose. Good year, eh?"

Again the N. H. groaned.

"But," said McFee, "I've got a keen sense of humor myself. Was chewing a clove the other evening when it dawned on me—fairly took my breath away—that I didn't like 'em."

"What's the joke?" asked the N. H.

"Clove—look my breath away."

"Some men are born humorists," paraphrased the enfeebled N. H., "some men read humor, and others have humor thrust on them. Every man thinks he's a humorist—that's why there are so few."

"Don't you find it easy to write jokes?" thundered McFee.

"Very; but not to think of them. That's harder to do than to shove the back of the neck or to talk away to the wife."

Just for Fun

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Unlucky Hans
A WAITER in a certain cafe has forewarned nightshirts for pajamas, and thereby hangs a tale.

This waiter, Hans by name, was for a long while accustomed to come home at night with his pockets full of silver, his "tips" for the day, and his wife, when he had fallen asleep, would raid the silver supply.

Hans, of course, was quite aware of this unkind proceeding on his wife's part, but he said nothing as he racked his Teutonic brains for a scheme that would put an end to this sort of thing.

One night he waited until his spouse had sunk in slumber. Then he got up, took all the silver from his pockets, crept silently back to bed and tied all the money in a corner of his nightshirt. He congratulated himself on his cleverness, figuring that he had devised a means to stop the raids.

His surprise the next morning may, therefore, be imagined, when his wife addressed him thus: "Thank you so much, Hans, for the present."

"What present?" "Why all that money tied in my nightshirt."

Historic Girls.
THE Queen of Sheba was a maid of pronounced views, and yet no history ever said that Sheba was a Suffragette.

Misunderstood.
FAT OLD LADY—Could I get a seat near the stage, please, Box Office—Why certainly, what row do you want? Fat Old Lady—Don't get fresh, young man.

Unwritten Law.
A ALWAYS wears pretty low cut dresses, doesn't she? "Yes, seems, to think self-revelation is the first law of nature."

At the Boarding House.
NEW COOK (anxiously)—There are thirteen more to be served Ma'am, and we've nothing but dirty dishes. Landlady—Hey, George, get the gravy!

Budding.
SHE used to wear a high-necked dress. The proper thing, no doubt? But now her dress is décolleté. She's slowly coming out.

Caustic Criticism.
JIMMY DE MUTT—Say, Billie, y'd oughter read the Evening Howler. It's de best paper on the island. Bowersy Billie—Aw, say, wotchu givin' me? Wot 'ell do you know about Heterachur?

Crushed.
WHEN Mrs. Hiffaline divorced her first husband she told him, ere long, that the first was a model, and yet there was no sign of strife!

Joshing the Diplomatist.
THERE is a certain youth attached to one of the foreign missions at Washington whose habit it is, shortly after introduction to some fair lady, immediately to turn, the conversation into channels favorable for the discussion of the tender passion.

"Observe," said he, on one occasion, when he had just been presented to a charming young woman, "like you, wear a most attractive jacket. Tell me, does it contain the tokens of some past affair of the heart?" "Yes," smiled the lady, who had been warned of the diplomatist's weakness, and who thought to have a bit of fun with him. "It does contain a love token—a lock of my husband's hair."

"A widow!" exclaimed the susceptible foreigner, as he edged closer. "Why, some one told me your husband was alive."

"He is," answered the young woman, "but his hair is gone."

The late King Edward was noted for his marvellous memory for faces, and he rarely forgot a name.

One day he was taking a stroll in the park, accompanied by an equerry. A tall, well-dressed man, in passing, gravely bowed. As he held his with hat level with his knee he stopped to one side to allow the King to pass.

"Good morning, Your Majesty," he ventured.

The general King halted and looked at him a moment, apparently at a loss to put a name to him.

"I seem to know your face, sir, but I regret your name has escaped me."

"Oh! I made your breeches, Your Majesty," the court tailor humbly answered.

The King smiled and held out his hand.

"Ah, yes. Good morning, Major Breeches."

IN some places meat and drink has given way to meat and drink.

IN Sunday school teacher had discoursed long and eloquently upon the wonders of heaven, the glories of the tropical foliage in the garden, and the angels with their beautiful white wings walking up and down the marble steps.

"Now, I want one of you little girls to ask a question about the Heavens which I had described to you," he concluded.

There was a long pause. Finally after a lot of coaxing, a little girl rose from her seat and asked:

"Please sir, if the angels have wings, why do they walk up and down the steps?"

The teacher was considerably taken aback. In sheer desperation he turned to the boys of the class and invited them to answer the question.

Presently a small boy stepped up with a grin on his face.

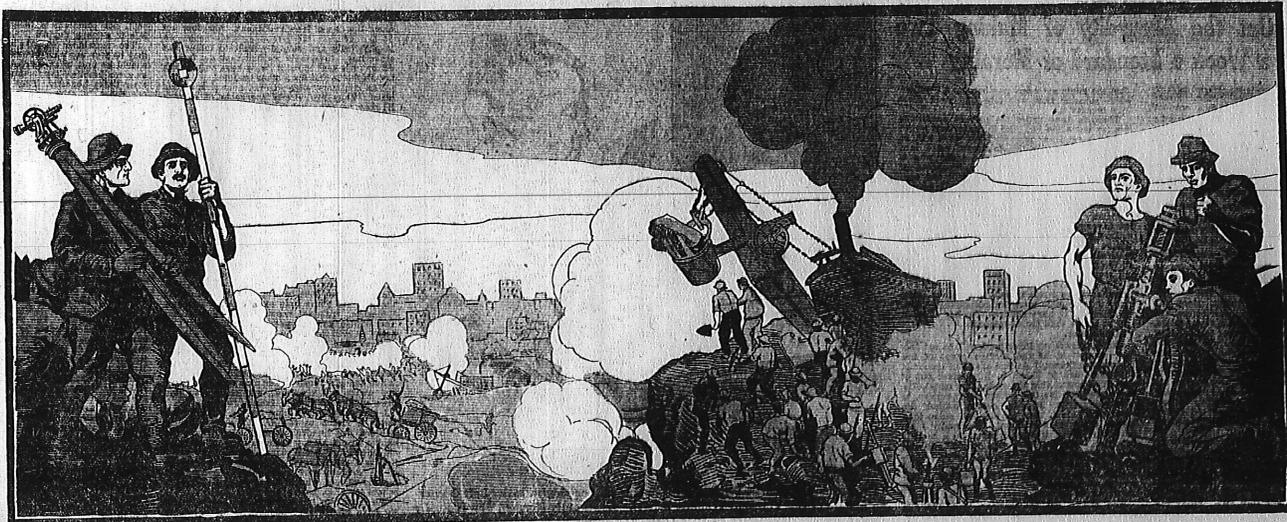
"I know, teacher."

"Well, my little man. Speak out now the class can hear you."

"I guess they was molting," came the instant reply.

PLAYS with short runs give the players long walks.

Man Makes Nature His Slave



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FRED DANA MARSH, one of whose paintings we reproduce here by permission, has succeeded in putting on canvas the real battle and the real triumph of men in our century.

That is to say, he has painted the battle against Nature, and the triumph over material difficulties.

Such pictures as Marsh paints should be hung up in every school, in every library, to make children and grown people realize what the real fight of men is today, AND WHAT THE REAL GLORY OF THE HUMAN RACE IS TO BE IN AGES TO COME.

This painting shows one of many giant steam shovels at work, digging out a great railroad excavation in the city of New York.

It shows the leaning monster of steel ripping up rocks, dirt and sand, every mouthful filling a wagon, every groaning and grunting of the engine deepening the hole and hastening the task.

Only yesterday the work done by this giant of iron and steam must have been done painfully by the feeble hands of men.

Until our day all the work of the world has been done painfully by men, miserable slaves attached to the soil, stunted by labor, bodies merely fed and worked, and then worked and fed again, and at last put away in a shallow grave dug by some other working body.

Where a hundred men, getting in each other's way, bending their backs and wearing themselves out, would have worked throughout an entire day with picks and shovels, ONE MAN now sits in the big steam shovel slave, directs the work of the monster with a slight movement of his hand, and in a minute pulls up from the earth's depth into the wagon huge rocks that men could not lift. Every minute this monster does a day's work of half a dozen men. And no one suffers, no one is tired, no one is driven—science that found men slaves of each other and afraid of nature is setting men free, free of slavery, free of superstition and terror—AND MAKING NATURE AND HER POWERS SLAVES OF MAN.

That is the great accomplishment and glory of this age.

This Reproduction of a Painting by Fred Dana Marsh, Illustrates as No Other Artist Has Done Man's Conquest of Nature and Man's New Power.

The Great Engine Doing Without Pain or Fatigue the Work That Men Did Slowly and in Sorrow Is the Greatest Triumph and Hope of the Human Race Today. Here You See Men BEGINNING to Do Their Work in the Right Way.

You See in the Slave That Works for Them With the Power of Steam the Agent That Will One Day Conquer the Globe and Set All Men Free.

Man uses Nature's forces and conquers Nature. Only a short time ago Nature's forces frightened man.

Civilization must progress in the years ahead of us with a rapidity inconceivable. FOR THE MINDS AND THE BODIES OF MEN ARE SET FREE TO THINK.

While men were physical slaves real thought was impossible, except to the rare man.

Athens was the intellectual centre of the world twenty-five centuries ago, because the Athenians employed slaves in great numbers. Every Athenian citizen learned to think because he had leisure. The citizens thought and developed a national intellect that no nation of our day pretends to equal. The greatest Greek thinker, Aristotle, said that civilization and progress could not exist without slavery—and he was right.

But he did not dream that men one day would use the giant slave of steel and steam that you see on this page in Marsh's painting.

This century and centuries to follow will surpass the Athenians in intelligence and in the possession of slaves.

Our slaves will be of metal, without nerves. The power of the lightning, of steam, of the tides and of the great sun itself will be the power of these slaves of civilization.

Slave women spun and wove slowly the clothing of the Athenians and of the Romans.

Our clothing is made by slave fingers of steel. Great machines, gigantic looms, turn out in a day enough to clothe every citizen of Athens.

The slaves carried their masters in palanquins in Roman days. Steam and the lightning are the slaves that carry us to-day.

Huge fair-skinned captives from Gaul and Germany did the digging twenty centuries ago.

The slave on this page digs for us to-day, and those that worked tied to the shovel and the pick until yesterday will soon be free to stand straight AND THINK, AND BE MEN.

It was glorious in the old days to see a strong nobleman's tower on a hill protecting the serfs and slaves at work in the valley below. That tower meant that the poor toilers were protected and kept free from marauders and from murderers.

It is infinitely more glorious to see a great factory above a waterfall in our day, to see the huge power building of Niagara sending over copper wires the invisible electric slaves that work with fearful force in cities miles away.

The old tower of the baron freed the slave from murder and the fear of sudden death.

The modern industrial tower, and such servants of man as the great shovel in this picture, WILL FREE THE HUMAN SLAVE FROM HIS SLAVERY.

And that wonderful accomplishment of the human brain, that conquest of Nature and her powers, that dominion over the earth accomplished purely by man's intellect, is the great glory and hope of the human race.

Go to the great steel mill at Gary, in Indiana, and there you see in wonderful

perfection man's use of Nature as his slave.

The great ships bring the ore down the lakes. No man's hand has touched it. Jaws of steel have torn it from the ore bed and dropped it into the ships.

At Gary other steel jaws lift it and carry it to the furnaces.

It is melted and great machines pour it out. It is divided into huge ingots, and these, white hot, are carried to the first part of the rolling mill. Still no man's hand has touched that iron. No slave has toiled under its weight.

The ingot is squeezed by one machine, made longer and narrower, squeezed again and made still longer and narrower.

It starts on its journey along the rollers of the mill, squeezed, pressed, handled, turned over, and shaped as it travels hundreds of yards—no hand touching it.

It arrives at last, a red-hot steel rail, the right shape, cut the right length. Machinery turns it over, slides it on an incline. It has made the journey, changing from a shapeless ingot to a finished rail, handled by machinery, the machines guided and controlled by one or two mechanics sitting aloft, pressing levers or buttons, AND WATCHING.

Finished at last and almost ready, the rail slides down the incline, and for the first time a man deals with it. He is a young Scandinavian giant, six and a half feet tall, with yellow hair and a clear gray eye. With huge pincers he turns the rail, and, standing at one end, runs his eye along it. He is no slave, but a well-paid worker. Ten dollars a day is his pay for the use of that true eye. As he looks along

the rail he sees the defects, moves the left or the right hand, and another man controlling the straightening machine straightens the rail as ordered.

And there you have side by side ten rails perfectly straight, and more always coming down the incline to meet the glance of that gray eye.

Do tired, hard-worked men come now to lift these heavy rails and stagger under their weight?

Not at all. They are turning black, but still too hot for any man's touch.

A man sitting in his little tower touches a button, and along overhead rails there comes gliding a great electric magnet—on a giant scale—the same as the magnet with which you used to draw little tin ducks across the water.

The magnet slides along, drops down upon the ten rails that weigh thousands of pounds, the electrician presses a button, turns on the current, and man's electric slave glues the rails to the magnet. The ten are lifted at once, as easily as a child would lift a pin; they are carried to a flat car, lowered on to the car, the current is turned off, releasing the rails, and the magnet travels back to get another load.

To realize what progress the human race has made, remember that the race lived for more than two thousand centuries not knowing how to use iron, and then see that giant magnet at Gary loading a car with steel rails, brought from an ore bed one thousand miles away, changed from the ore into the finished rail, AND NEVER TOUCHED BY A MAN'S HAND EXCEPT AS THE MAN WITH THE CLEAR EYE TURNED THE RAIL AND ORDERED THE MACHINE TO STRAIGHTEN IT.

There is SLAVERY, and the ideal slavery that will free the whole human race, by making Nature's power MAN'S SLAVE.

When you see the picture on this page, when you know what man has done since the days when slaves toiled to build the pyramids under heavy loads and under the lash, you cannot doubt that man's conquest and freedom will be absolute.

You cannot doubt that man on this earth will be the absolute ruler of his planet, shaping it, remoulding it as he will, free and powerful—and the poverty and the horror of to-day will have become a memory as dim and as distant as the stone age is to us.

With the Corseted Suffragettes of 3000 Years Ago

Interesting Discoveries in the Ancient City of Hercules which Seem to Prove the Legend of the Greatest Strong Man's Slavery to Lively Queen Omphale only a Memory of Woman's Oldest Conquest of the Ballot



An Effigy of the Snake-Goddess of Tiryns, the Ruler of All the Gods.



A Woman Leader of Ancient Tiryns

This remarkable wall painting, the first complete picture of a woman of the advanced Cretan civilization of 3000 years ago, has recently been discovered on one of the ruined palace walls of ancient Tiryns. The corset and flounced skirt are astonishingly like our fashions of yesterday. Women ruled in Tiryns, it is

believed, and this ancient lady is seen carrying an offering to the Snake-Goddess, the dominant deity of this vanished civilization. The legend of Hercules and Omphale is thought to be a record of a militant suffragette uprising of the women of the city and also those of old Crete.

THE German society now digging among the ruins of the ancient civilization of Crete has just unearthed evidence of a successful militant suffragette movement at least 1200 years before our era, and probably 2000 years before it. The discoveries which lead the Germans to the conclusion that women on that distant date strove for their rights, and got them, were made at Tiryns, on the Greek mainland. Tiryns, in its heyday, was one of the greatest cities of the Cretans. It has been famous for centuries as the birthplace of Hercules, the greatest strong man and most vigorous demi-god of legend. Tiryns is now, and has been for centuries, a mass of ruins, mostly deep in earth. The sheep of the Greek shepherds have grazed above its palaces and temples for ages.

The conclusions of the scientists throw a strong new light on this legend of Hercules and his city. The famous story of his enslavement by Queen Omphale is only, they say, a fanciful presentation of the important fact that a great woman's suffrage movement which swept over and conquered Crete began and was first successful in Tiryns. The method is one perfectly familiar to all students of legend and mythology.

The Cretan or Minoan language has never yet been read. No Rosetta stone, by which the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were first deciphered, has been found to give the clue to the Minoan character. But at Tiryns there was uncovered a mass of wonderful wall paintings, jars and vases and mosaics, most of which bore in pictures the story of this women's uprising and its consequences so plainly that there can be little doubt that the German scientists have read their meaning rightly. These were not Greeks who built Tiryns and who erected the magnificent palaces now being uncovered. The builders had come from Asia Minor, they were of the same old Minoan race as the Trojans. It was the might of the barbarian Greek city of Argos, a neighbor, which brought about the destruction of the Minoan cities, and with them Tiryns, about, perhaps, 500 B. C. The very ancient Greeks did not hold women in very high regard, and so they felt that it would never do to admit that woman had ever ruled, or there might be danger of the Greek women setting up their "rights" to dominate the State and society. Thus came about the peculiar twist in the Hercules legend which none has been able to explain hitherto.

It has been recognized as a Lydian part of the story, which means that it comes from Asia Minor, and this adds to the value of the new interpretation. As the story goes, the hero Hercules is entrapped by Queen Omphale, and devotes himself to pleasures, losing himself in the society of women so far as to put on feminine attire, while his lively lady Omphale takes up his lion skin, puts it on, and with the club of Hercules in her hand flaunts herself before the degenerate hero, and proves herself the real hero.

Even though according to the legend Hercules does break forth from his effeminacy at times and vanquishes the Cyclopes, the goblins who used to waylay travelers and slew oxen, who compelled all travelers to die in his sinners, women is still the dominating power. Queen Omphale has

him completely at her mercy. In the astonishing wall paintings at Tiryns the signs of the mastery of the women in all the religious rites first aroused the interest of the scientist. Upon one wall is a whole row of women bearing their offerings to the great patron goddess of the city and the sex—Juno, or Hera, as the Greeks called her. She was symbolized both in Tiryns and in Crete as the great snake-goddess, the patroness of marriage and the ruler of men, for in her hand is always shown the sceptre of dominence. Juno was known in later times even as Juno Regina, the Queen Goddess, a relic of the age in which the primeval woman of the older stock ruled all mankind, and she is always depicted with that prominent chin which betokened power and determination, and the high forehead, expressing great intellectual powers.



Queen Omphale Making Hercules Spin Cloth. Copyright, Geo. Barrie & Sons.



The Little Pet Dog of a Fashionable Lady of Ancient Tiryns

