

It is very ornamental in appearance and habit, the branching horizontal growths being somewhat fanlike in shape, or might even be likened unto the fronds of some species of fern. The pale pinkish-coloured berries, which are, as a rule, freely produced in this variety, lend a pleasant effect in autumn, also the beautiful bronzed and reddish tints which the leaves take on at that time when they begin to decay.

For the sake of the autumn tints alone this variety is well worthy of being grown, for, excepting in the most exposed and cold districts, the process of decay in the foliage is very slow, and the tints remain in great beauty far into the winter. Being of a rather vigorous habit of growth, plenty of room must be allowed for the extension of the branches, for if too much pruning or cutting back is resorted to its effective habit is somewhat spoiled, for a time at least.

CULTURE AND PROPAGATION.

Little need be said on this point, as Colonasters are very easily grown subjects, and once they are properly established they will thrive well enough without the slightest further attention. Ordinary garden soil, such as one would accord to the general run of hardy plants, suits their requirements very well.

If it is desired to increase the stock, this may be readily done by means of layering a few of the branches. With those varieties, as previously noted, where the trailing growths root in the soil unaided, all that is required is to lift some of the best-rooted pieces, and re-plant at once where they are wanted, or rooting may be encouraged by pegging down a few branches into the ground and covering over with some fresh soil.

BRIER BUSH.

Making Steel and Killing Men.

Continued from page 40.

And there are cars, cars carrying coke, cars carrying limestone, cars carrying ladles of liquid iron, cars carrying pots of hot slag, cars carrying ingots of red steel.

As things stand to-day, the men have come to expect the danger signs to be supplemented by face puffing and changing of the locomotive and by the cries of the engineer.

This point of view was admirably illustrated by a man who was injured not long ago, but who fortunately recovered. He described his accident succinctly as follows:—

"No choo choo! No ling ling! No God damn you out of the way! Just ran over!"

The only death-dealing force that exceeded the railroad in the Illinois Steel Company plant was the blast-furnace.

There are eleven blast-furnaces in the plant. Each of them is a fire-brick and cast-iron giant a hundred and fifty feet high and containing from six hundred to a thousand tons of tumultuous material. When you feed it at its top with coke, limestone, and iron ore, you cannot tell exactly what is happening inside it, until, from the tapping-hole at its base, you withdraw the pure iron and the refuse that is called slag. Its digestive tract is too long and too well concealed. A blast-furnace is like a human being. When it is in trouble you have to make a diagnostic guess from the outside.

On the ninth of last October, at about ten o'clock in the evening, Walter Stelmazyk, a sample-boy, went to one of the blast-furnaces to get a sample of iron to take to the laboratory. He stood at one of the entrances to the platform. The bright, liquid iron was running out of its tapping-hole and flowing in a sparkling, snarling stream along its sandy bed to the big twenty-ton ladle that stood behind the platform on a flat-car. Walter Stelmazyk stood still for a moment and gazed at this scene. It was well for him that he hesitated. Suddenly there came a flash, a roar, and a drizzle of molten metal. Milak Lazich, Andrew Vrkic, Anton Pietzszak, and Louis Furlant lay charred and dead on the casting-floor.

What was the cause of the accident? The expert witnesses, employed around the blast-furnace, all agreed that the hot metal had come in contact with water. And how did it come in contact with water?

Here, again, the expert witnesses were in agreement.

About two months before the accident, the keeper of the furnace had called the attention of the foreman to a little trickling of water around the tapping-hole. An examination was made, and it was found that some of the fire-brick at one side of the tapping-hole had fallen out. The foreman reported this fact to his immediate superior. But the fire-brick was not replaced. Patches of fire-clay were substituted for it. These patches were renewed from time to time. They wore out very rapidly.

On the night of the ninth of October, according to all the experts at the trial, the fierce molten iron ate its way through the fire-clay and came in contact with a water-coil. The union of the hot iron with the water resulted in the explosion and in the sacrifice of four human lives.

It is true that no similar accident had ever before happened. The company did not mean to kill those men. I am making no such foolish charge. But, as in the case of Ora Allen, I ask the question whether or not the company would exercise a stricter surveillance over the recklessness of its foremen and workmen if it had a stronger pecuniary incentive. In other words, if the company were offered a prize of a million dollars for getting through a year without one single fatal accident, would it then allow patches of fire-clay to be used as a substitute for fire brick around the tapping-hole of any furnace in its plant? Would it not find a way to prevent such makeshift methods effectually and finally?

I was standing one day on the platform of a blast-furnace. All at once, unexpectedly, I heard the four whistles that indicate danger. There was a "clang" in the furnace. The whirling, eddying mass of ore, coke, and limestone in the high interior of that furnace had got caught somewhere, somehow, and was refusing to come down. When it did come down, there would be a crash, and, perhaps, an explosion.

I ran and got behind a brick pillar. On coming into the plant that morning I had signed a piece of paper, just the same kind of piece of paper that every visitor signs, saying that I would not hold the Illinois Steel Company responsible for anything that might happen to me. I reflected that nobody would profit by my demise. But observe what the other men around that blast-furnace did!

I could see them as I peered out from behind my brick pillar. Those of them who were already in front of the furnace looked up at it with an expression of profound curiosity on their faces. Two other men who had been standing at the back of the furnace ran all the way around it and came out in front! There they all stood, hurling their mute interrogatories at the crafty, reticent volcano that might nevertheless the next moment hurl forth an indignant answer at their heads!

In a steel-works there is still another element besides recklessness to be considered. It is this:

Most steel-men have come up from the ranks. They have themselves risked their lives. They have become hardened to scenes that chill the blood of the fresh observer.

Most steel-men in the United States to-day (and I am talking of steel-men, not financiers) have themselves leaped those flaming streams of angry metal, have themselves dodged the red-hot, writhing steel snakes that hiss through the big cast-iron rolls of the rail-mill on their way to the straghtening beds, have themselves fallen dizzy to the ground with the gaseous breath of the blast-furnace stoves in their lungs.

Steel is War. When it is finished it brings forth, for the victors, Skibo Castles and Peace Conferences. But while it is in process it is War.

What happens to Steve Bragosimshanski's widow? What happens to his orphans, twelve years, ten years, eight years, six years, four years, two years, six months old? They do not evaporate. They do not comfortably disappear.

In eight cases out of ten, as I am prepared to prove by competent authority, the death of a Steve Bragosimshanski throws no legal money-liability on the company. What do the widow and the orphans do?

Ask the South Chicago Charitable Association. Ask the South Chicago Women's Benevolent Association. Ask the Catholic Aid Association. Ask the authorities at Gleewood, at Freshville, at the St. Charles Homes for Boys. Ask the superintendent at the Hurdston Home for Boys at Ewing. Ask the probation officers of the Juvenile Court. Ask the County Agent who distributes coals in winter-time. Ask the police officers of the Fifteenth Precinct station just off Commercial-avenue. Ask the officials of the County Poorhouse at Dunning. Ask the women who keep the houses of ill-fame which line the street that runs along beside the high white fence of the company's plant south of Eighty-ninth-street.

For these things society pays. For poverty, demoralisation, vice, and crime, the price is laid down by society either through the generosity of private individuals or through the expensive and cumbersome action of public officials.

Nothing is gained without its price. If it is cheap to kill Steve Bragosimshanski, it is expensive to support his wife and family. And since society, in the long run, supports that wife and that family, it is inevitable that society shall

seek to understand and to prevent the industrial accidents which encumber it with such burdens.

There are two remedies, therefore, that will certainly be applied to situations of the kind that we have been studying.

The first is complete publicity, including a report to the public authorities on every accident, fatal or non-fatal. And the second is the granting of power to the public authorities to supervise all machinery in all industrial establishments and to suggest and enforce such changes, within specified limits, as shall seem necessary.

When there is complete publicity with regard to all accidents, the manufacturing corporations will be more popular than they are to-day. One of the strongest fostering causes of class antagonism will have been eliminated.

I can give an apposite illustration of what I mean.

It is commonly believed in Chicago (and I have heard it given as a plain fact by scores of citizens) that the Illinois Steel Company conceals a large number of the deaths that happen in its plant, and that it buries its victims secretly in mounds of slag. It is also reported that in the Illinois Steel Company hospital the patients are barbarously treated, and that while still in the delirium of pain they are forced to sign legal documents releasing the company from all legal money liability for the accidents in which they were injured.

These stories are currently reported and implicitly credited. And they are absolutely untrue. The company does not, and cannot if it could, conceal any death in its plant. Its hospital is excellently appointed and superbly managed.

My last recollection of South Chicago will be the undertakers. They made a kind of raid last year on the Illinois Steel Company plant in order to get the trade that comes with the inquests that are held on the corpses from the Illinois Steel Company hospital.

Every corpse goes to the nearest undertaker unless the relatives intervene. It is desirable to have a location near the company's big gate. Hence the raid.

First, Mr. Finerty, from 345 Ninety-second-street, moved down to 168. That move gave him precedence. But it did not last long. Mrs. Murphy abandoned her original location, moved along the street, and settled down between Mr. Finerty and the mills. So far, so good. Mrs. Murphy was ahead of the game. But then came Mr. Adams, all the way from the outside of South Chicago, and swooped down on the corner of Mackinaw and Eighty-ninth. He is the final winner. He is closer to the plant to-day than either Mr. Finerty or Mrs. Murphy.

This comic interlude in the grim tragedy of South Chicago remains, firmly fixed in the memory of the spectator, like the antics of the grave-digger in "Hamlet." More essential incidents, more important facts, may fade away and disappear. But when you leave the cave of smoke on the north bank of the Calumet River; when you gaze at all that abomination of desolation in the foreign quarter of South Chicago, where no steel magnets, even though blessing a multitude of distant prairie towns with libraries, has ever left a single discernible trace of benevolence for the people who actually make the steel that pays for the libraries; when you send your mind back over the wonderful, gigantic machinery, the superhuman processes, hidden in the cave of smoke behind you; why, even then, even while all these things are pressing upon your attention, they suddenly slip away from you, and as you take your seat in the train the last image that is presented to you is the face of those undertakers on toward the great gate of the plant. You see them coming closer and closer. You see them settling down and waiting. And then you see the dead bodies coming out from the plant and being carried into the kick rooms and being lawfully viewed and having true presentment made as to how and in what manner and by whom or what they came to be what they are now.

Is the public concerned? If it says it is, then it is.

"A girl of 17 is always a matter of irritation to women who have turned 25." "An admirer is never entirely valuable if he would, by preference, have been some else's admirer."—"White Wisdom," by Bertie de S. Westworth-James, Everett, 2/.

SPECIAL NOTICE.



IF YOU WANT

REALLY GOOD BULBS AND SEEDS

AT MODERATE PRICES,

SEND TO

ROBERT SYDENHAM LIMITED, TENBY STREET, BIRMINGHAM, G.E.

No one will serve you better.

THEIR UNIQUE LISTS

Are acknowledged by all to be the Best, Cheapest and most reliable ever published

THEY CONTAIN

ONLY THE BEST VEGETABLES, FLOWERS AND BULBS WORTH GROWING.

Being the selections of the largest Seed Growers, Market Gardeners, and the most celebrated Professional Gardeners and Amateurs in the Kingdom. They also contain very useful cultural instructions.

The quality of their Bulbs and Seeds is well known all over the world as being equal to anything in the Market. References given if required.

THE BEST TOMATOES, 3d per packet of 100 to 200 Seeds

THE BEST CUCUMBERS, 6d per packet of 10 Seeds

THE BEST ONIONS—Especially of Allam Craig, 6d per packet of about 1500 Seeds

Please compare these prices with what you are paying. ALL OTHER SEEDS EQUALLY CHEAP AND GOOD.

SWEET PEAS A SPECIALITY.

25 VARIETIES, 25 SEEDS OF EACH, FOR 2/6

THIS FIRM HAS THE LARGEST RETAIL SWEET PEA AND BULB TRADE IN THE KINGDOM.

FULL LISTS ON APPLICATION.

A FEW OF OUR PRICES OF NARCISSI:—

Table listing prices for various narcissus varieties: ALBATROSS 1/6 per dozen, BLOOD ORANGE 1/6 per dozen, BULLFINCH 1/6 per dozen, HORACE 1/6 per dozen, LAVOISIER 1/6 per dozen, MADAM DE GRAAFF 1/6 per dozen, WHITE LADY, 7/6 per dozen.