

Their Representative

A Story for Labor Day Showing a New Way of Ending a Strike

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911

"I'm sorry, miss, to have to tell you that I'm going to leave you."

A girl of twenty, whose red and white complexion bespoke Irish blood, stood before her mistress, frowning her brows with evident embarrassment.

"Why, Maggie, what have I done?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Then why are you going to leave me?"

"Well, miss, the truth is, why, miss, I'm going to be married."

"Oh, I see. Who are you going to marry, Maggie?"

"Jim Doolan, that works in the Ainsworth factory."

"The Ainsworth factory?"

"Yes, miss."

Margaret Eberidge, the girl's mistress, was interested in the Ainsworth company as a stockholder and through its president and manager, Richard Ainsworth.

"I'm sorry to lose you, Maggie," said Miss Eberidge, "but if you are going to be married, you can depend upon me to give you whatever you will need for the way of clothes, household linen and other things, to enable you to set up housekeeping."

"Thank you, miss."

Maggie was married and went to live with her husband in a small suite of rooms. Jim's wages were not very large, but the couple made them do very well till the first child came, when they were obliged to take a backward step financially by incurring a considerable bill for medical attendance. Then Jim was taken sick, and that increased the indebtedness.

Meanwhile Richard Ainsworth had been pressing an unsuccessful suit with Miss Eberidge. He had greatly increased the output of the Ainsworth company since he took the management and to the book value of the stock 10 per cent had been added. Now, Richard Ainsworth had come to be considered one of the smartest young business men in the state. But there were differences between him and Margaret Eberidge that prevented her from accepting him. These were the qualifications for which the world applauded him did not appeal to her. She did not understand the methods by which that silent partner, capital, was made to absorb the lion's share of the profits of a business. She saw the operatives—men, women and children—going to the works early in the morning and, having worked hard all day, return in the evening to their shabby homes to repeat the process day after day. They were working to pay dividends on her stock, while she, who did nothing, lived in affluence. It seemed to her that there was something wrong. She appealed to Richard Ainsworth for an explanation, but his explanations were not satisfactory. If you do I shall decide to act for his reasons convinced her, but her heart, her sense of justice, were unmoved by them.

"Why can't you pay your operatives enough to enable them to live more comfortably?" she asked Mr. Ainsworth.

"Because of competition."

"Explain."

"Other concerns would be able to undersell and we would be forced out of business."

"Why not appropriate a portion of the dividends, which are enormous, to the operatives?"

"Because of several reasons, the most pertinent of which is that the stockholders would object."

"I am a stockholder. You may cut my dividends in half, giving one half to the operatives."

"You are among hundreds, the vast majority being willing to give their dividends, are willing to give to the operatives, you don't understand such things."

"Does anybody understand them?"

"Yes, one—Providence."

One day Maggie Doolan sent a pitiful message to Margaret, scrawled in pencil on a bit of paper, saying that she was ill, her husband was away at the work all day, the children had no one to take care of them, and Jim's wages were pledged for debts. Besides this, there was nothing to eat in the house. Margaret immediately called forth with a well filled purse and, stepping at the provision shops by the way, hurried comfort to the distressed. As she was coming away, Jim came in with a rueful countenance and, throwing himself into a chair, dropped his head in his arms on a table.

"What is it, Jim?" asked his wife in a frightened tone.

"The strike is on," was the mournful reply.

"The leaves!" cried Maggie in dismay.

"What are the hands striking for?" asked Margaret Eberidge.

"Ten per cent advance all around."

"And do you mean that you will have no income whatever till the matter is settled?"

"I do."

"How much do you earn?"

"Twenty-one dollars a week."

"Very well. Every week pay day I will send you a check for that amount."

Margaret left, leaving a relieved and thankful household behind her.

The strike proved to be a prolonged one. One evening while it was in

progress Richard Ainsworth and Margaret Eberidge were sitting in her home discussing the matter.

"Why do you not give the men what they demand?" she asked.

"For a number of reasons—first, if I do within six months they will make another demand, and so on until we pay them so much that we can't manufacture at a profit. This will drive us out of business and them out of employment."

"Why can't a compromise be effected?"

"The question is a difficult one to answer. If these men were represented by one of their own number a compromise might be effected. But they are represented by one or more persons whose interest I do not consider their interest. The questions between the laborer and the capitalist are those constantly arising between partners in business. Whenever the interests of persons and peoples are intertwined there can only be loss to both in a suit of law. When the capital is unjust to the laborer he in the long run injures his business. When the laborer is excessive in his demands upon the capitalist he injures the business in which he is a partner."

Ainsworth had solemnly spoken the last words when there was evidence of commotion without. Some one cried "Hurray for the strike sympathizer!"

Ainsworth and Margaret looked at each other wonderingly.

"Where's the lady?" came out.

There was a ring at the door bell. Margaret chose to answer the summons herself. A workman stood at the door, who, pulling her carefully the rim of his tattered hat, said to her:

"There's a lot of us here, miss, that hasn't yet been contributed to the strikers' fund by paying Jim Doolan's family his weekly wages have come to thank ye. Would ye mind showing yourself on the porch?"

Margaret went out and saw a crowd of upturned faces lighted only by a street lamp.

"Three cheers for the laddy strike sympathizer!" cried the man who had brought her out.

The cheers were given with a will, and when quiet was restored Margaret said:

"I can't say exactly that I am a strike sympathizer, but I can say that I am a sympathizer with you and your families. I am a stockholder in the Ainsworth company, and if by throwing off all my dividends except what I need to keep body and soul together could end this strike I would do so."

"Good for you!" "Let the other stockholders do the same!" "For God's sake, end it!"

"How would you like to make me your representative to confer in my name with the management of the Ainsworth company with a view to a compromise?"

"Bully!" "Go ahead!" "Do it!"

Margaret's introduction held up his head for silence and said:

"All in favor of Miss Eberidge representing us say aye."

There was a wild shout of aye. No one was called for or given.

"Very well," said Margaret. "Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock I will be ready to receive a committee of men who are workers, men who have been supporting their families by their labor in the works of the Ainsworth company. Don't send any one else. If you do I shall decide to act for his reasons convinced her, but her heart, her sense of justice, were unmoved by them.

She withdrew, followed by wild shouts from isobers delighted with the novel plan of endeavoring to secure their demands through a stockholder and a woman. In ten minutes more the neighborhood was deserted.

The next morning Richard Ainsworth was at Margaret's home some time before the appearance of the committee and was shown into a room by himself, ready to decide upon any proposition that might be made. When the committee arrived they were placed in the drawing room. Margaret entered and said:

"Make your demand."

"Our only demand," replied the spokesman, "is for 10 per cent advance."

"If the raise is granted, how long before a demand will be made for another raise?"

The committee conferred and finally agreed to pledge themselves that no new demand should be made within two years.

"How is the management of the company to be assured that you will keep this pledge?"

After another consultation the spokesman said, "Every operative will sign a written pledge to you, and you can give your word to the management."

"Very well. Wait here."

Withdrawing, Margaret went into the room occupied by the manager and made him the proposition.

Now Richard Ainsworth had a shrewd head in no opportunity when it presented itself, and he saw one now.

"Margaret," he said, "the terms are accepted on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you make an additional pledge."

"To become my wife."

Margaret was not ready to give a definite answer. She tried to satisfy him with an evasion. All to no purpose. He stood firm as a rock. Either the stipulation must be introduced into the agreement or the strike must go on. Finally she put out her hand and turned away her face. Ainsworth took the hand and sealed the contract with a kiss.

That night there was a demonstration about Margaret Eberidge's home, and nothing would satisfy their representatives in a chair on their shoulders around the factory and home again.

AN ARBITER OF FATE

Gamaliel Swallows, an Ancient Superstitious

By CLARISNA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911

"Here comes Aunt Alvaretta," said Elsie, looking from her seat in the bow window. "I wonder what has happened. She's got her hat based on over her sweeping cap, and she's running across the orchard."

Mrs. Parsons leaned over her daughter's shoulder and peered at the tall angular figure hurrying through the orchard that divided the two houses. Maybe Gamaliel had had another of those fits and flinky ways, she worried over him half the time. "I'll open the door for her," she went to the side porch and awaited her sister's coming.

Alvaretta came up the narrow path between the rows of chrysanthemums her pruella shod feet flashing to and out of the dead leaves and her faded face quite pink with excitement.

"Is it Gamaliel?" called Mrs. Parsons eagerly as her sister drew near.

Miss Lee stopped short and stared.

"Is what Gamaliel?"

"I thought perhaps that cat had an other fit," returned Mrs. Parsons sharply. "he always cutting up some sort of diabolical."

"Gamaliel's all right," assured Alvaretta calmly as she followed her sister into the warm sitting room. "How are you, Elsie? Haven't you finished those pillowcases yet?"

"This is the last one," answered Elsie, rising to offer her aunt a rocking chair. "When we saw you running, Aunt Alvaretta, we thought something had happened." She resumed her own seat and bent her ear toward the moulin pillowcase.

"Something unusual did happen," avowed Miss Lee with mysterious nods of her head. "I'll have to take off my knit hood in a bottom all get out in this room. For the land-I'll have it all in the story of what happened when I was 'baning the garret this morning."

"What happened?" queried Mrs. Parsons impatiently as she picked up her needles and lilted furiously at some white lace she was making for her daughter's trousseau.

Miss Lee removed her sweeping cap and twisted it thoughtfully on one long finger, her keen black eyes watching Elsie's downward face as she told her story.

"As I was saying, I cleaned the garret this morning, or I was just beginning to when I decided I'd clean out that little closet under the rafters. There was a little hair trunk that belonged to grandmother Lee, and it had all sorts of truck in it. I worked away till the stuff there was tumbled away in that trunk. Some rainy day you can come, Elsie, and we'll look it over. But among other things there was a little pasteboard box and inside of it was a little scrap of lace marked 'Ann Lee's wedding veil.' That was your great-grandmother, Elsie. There was a scrap of the wedding gown and then screwed up in a little piece of paper was his bit of grandmother's wedding cake." Alvaretta triumphantly held up a twist of yellowed paper, which she carefully unfolded to discover a morsel of dark, fruity cake with a few flecks of icing clinging to it.

"I'm going to give it to Elsie to dream on," said Miss Lee slowly.

Elsie's pale face flushed hotly and she shrank back in her chair with a protesting gesture of her hands. "You needn't laugh at me, Aunt Alvaretta," she said tremulously. "You know I don't have to dream on wedding cake—my father's been decided for me." She shot a bitter glance at her mother's averted face.

Mrs. Parsons arose and went to the plant stand in the window, where she proceeded to pluck the dead leaves from the geraniums with quick, nervous gestures that betrayed her inward perturbation.

"I didn't know Elsie had decided," she was going to marry Jerome Barclay. I thought she was sort of teetering between him and Rob Harris."

Blurted Miss Alvaretta, getting upon her feet. "I've never taken much stock in your notion of having Elsie get her wedding clothes ready before she'd made up her mind."

"I never did I wanted to marry Jerome Barclay. I—I—can't bear him!" flashed Elsie, with unusual spirit.

Mrs. Parsons turned a cold face toward her daughter. "I thought it was understood," she said severely, "that you was to marry Jerome. He said he wouldn't take 'no for an answer, and he says you can keep hired help if you needn't do a stroke of work if you don't want to. He can afford to have you live like a lady. He left a diamond ring for you to wear, and he told me to fire ahead and get the clothes ready. He says he knows you will be ready. I don't want to influence you, Elsie, but I've had to work so hard all my life it seems as if I couldn't have you let such a good chance go by." She looked appealingly at the mutinous face of her daughter.

"I wouldn't mind working hard for some folks," half sobbed the girl, turning her eyes away.

Mrs. Parsons sighed and returned her picking of the dead leaves from

the geraniums. "I didn't know that Rob had given you a chance to say yes or no," she said at last.

"Fiddlesticks!" snorted Miss Alvaretta, with a toss of her head. "I guess Rob and Elsie know a better 'they want to marry each other without any highfalutin talk about it. Rob Harris is poor, but he's smart as a whip and bound to make his mark in the world. He's got more ginger in his little finger than Jerome Barclay has in his whole body. I don't believe in interfering with other folk's business, and I shan't influence Elsie either way, but I think it's only fair she should have a chance, and here it is."

Mrs. Alvaretta held out the bit of wedding cake in its twist of paper and dropped it in her niece's outstretched hand. "Elsie Parsons, you take that cake and put it under your pillow to-night. If you dream about Rob Harris you can take it that it's your fate to marry him and nobody else. If you dream of anybody else I reckon it's your duty to marry them whoever they are. There! I've got to be going. Gamaliel will be wanting his milk."

With a pressure of Elsie's hand and a defiant glance at the thin disapproving back of her sister Miss Alvaretta marched out of the room.

When she had disappeared through the aisles of leafless trees Mrs. Parsons turned around. "I hope you're not going to take any stock in that foolishness Elsie."

"Mother, I'm going to have my chance," she said quietly. "I'll promise to abide by whatever I dream about tonight. If I dream about Jerome Barclay I'll tell you the truth."

"I'll do the best I can by you, Elsie, whatever you happen to dream," said Mrs. Parsons after a long pause.

"Thank you, mother," said Elsie, and then they talked of other matters, and Elsie's lovers were not mentioned again that afternoon.

After supper there came a scratching and moving at the side door. It was Gamaliel, said Elsie as she arose to admit Miss Alvaretta's big black cat. "I suppose he's come over to spend the night."

"The most ungrateful critter that ever lived, remarked Mrs. Parsons as she placed a saucer of milk for the unexpected guest. "Alvaretta waits on that rat hand and-foot and five nights out of the week he runs over here to sleep. I shouldn't think you'd want him sleeping in your room, Elsie."

While she undressed Elsie thought of the wedding cake and of what she might dream while its magic lay so near her head, but she forgot it after, all until she was about to step into bed. Then she groped in the darkness and found the twisted bit of paper on the bureau and tucked it under her pillow.

She thought persistently of Jerome Barclay while she tried to banish him from her mind, and so she fell asleep and dreamed of him—clear, vivid, dreams of automobile rides around the surrounding country and into the adjacent cities as Jerome Barclay's wife, dreams that were so real that she remembered every detail of each one, when she awoke to a realization that her rest had failed to grant her heart's desire. Not once had she even thought of Rob Harris in the misty land of dreams.

Gamaliel yawned sleepily on his cushion and bounced off indignantly as the door was cautiously pushed open and Mrs. Parsons' face was thrust in.

"Well, Elsie, what did you dream?" she asked, with assumed lightness.

"Elsie sat up in bed and swept the fair hair back from her dejected face. "I dreamed of Jerome Barclay, mother," she said heroically. "So I'll marry him just as I said I would."

Mrs. Parsons advanced into the room and picked up a scrap of paper from the floor. "What's this?" she asked.

"What did you do with the cake, Elsie?"

The girl stared and then slipped her hand hastily under the pillow and drew forth a screwed up piece of paper. "Here it is—no—why, mother, I made a mistake and put a curl paper under the pillow instead of the wedding cake." The color came into her cheeks and her eyes danced as they had not done in months. She was getting some of her old time spirit back. "There isn't any charm about dreaming on a curl paper, is there, mother?" she asked demurely.

"No, there isn't," said Mrs. Parsons shortly. "Elsie, I believe that Gamaliel ate that cake. See, this is the paper with a few crumbs left in it. I found it near his cushion. There! See him eat the rest of it!" She looked resentfully at Gamaliel as he swallowed the remaining crumbs and licked his lips appreciatively.

"I forgot to say, Elsie, that Rob Harris is downstairs waiting to see you. He says he can't go till he does. I expect your Aunt Alvaretta had something to do about getting him over here. He looks powerfully worried. He's got a little automobile to attend to his business with. I've asked Rob to stay to breakfast. You better hurry." She opened the door and stumbled over the active Gamaliel.

"Drat that cat! Thieving old reprobate!" she scolded, departing. "I'm glad you dreamed what you did, child," she called back.

Elsie snatched Gamaliel to her heart and kissed him rapturously. "You're the dearest old thing, and you shall wear a white ribbon," she whispered in his perky ear. Then from below there came a prolonged and familiar whistle that was echoed in her heart. She crept to the window and answered it happily, tremulously.

From across the orchard Aunt Alvaretta's voice sounded, calling: "Gamaliel! Gamaliel!"

ARTISTIC in Design DURABLE in Quality LOW in Price

As in the Highest Grade, so in the Lowest Price—The Best Values Possible for the Money



\$8.95
for this
Pillar Extension Table
IN 8-FOOT SIZE ONLY

Solid Oak Square Pillar Polish Finish Scroll Feet

We believe this to be the lowest price asked anywhere for an extension table in solid oak.



\$1.47 for this
BOX SEAT DINER

Cane Seat Good Finish Full Box Seat Construction Frame Securely Screwed to Seat 4 1-2-Inch Quartered Oak Trunk

SAMPLE FLOORS SHOW

227 styles of Hardwood 247 styles of Parquet 43 styles of China Cabinets Dining Tables in great variety

LOW PLAIN FIGURE PRICES

H. B. GRAVES

70 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FINISH FURNISHED FURNITURE TO ORDER

THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

DETROIT CLEVELAND BUFFALO NIAGARA FALLS

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR GERRICH ALPENA ST. IGNACE

THE LUXURY OF A LAKE TRIP

Where will you spend your summer vacation? Why not enjoy the charms of our inland seas, the most pleasant and economical coasting in America?

WHERE YOU CAN GO

Daily service is operated between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo, four times weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way points three times weekly between Toledo, Cleveland and Put-in-Bay.

A Cleveland to Mackinac special service will be operated two times weekly from June 15th to September 15th, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goodrich, Ont., every other trip. Railroad tickets available on Steamers.

Special Day Trip between Detroit and Cleveland, during July and August. Second class stateroom for illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map.

Address: L. C. Lewis, C. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Philip H. McMillan, Pres. A. A. Schanz, Gen'l Mgr. Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company

They insisted on Erivity. The Spartans were distinguished for the brevity and conciseness of their speech. On one occasion during a terrible famine the inhabitants of an island in the Aegean sea sent an ambassador to Sparta who made a speech imploring its aid. He had hardly finished before the Spartans sent him back these words: "We did not understand the end of your speech and have forgotten the beginning."

The poor, starving people chose an other spokesman and impressed upon him to make his request as brief as possible. He therefore took with him a quantity of sacks, opened one before the assembly and said simply "It is empty, fill it."

The sack was filled as well as the others, but the chief of the assembly said as he dismissed the ambassador, loaded with meal "It wasn't necessary to inform us that the sack was empty. We saw it ourselves. Neither was it necessary to request us to fill it. We should have done it on our own account. Be less long winded next time."

Just What He Wanted.

The superintendent of the capitol, and its grounds at Washington was waiting along one of the corridors in the house office building one day when a greenhorn congressman, stewing with rage, grabbed him by the sleeve.

"What's the matter?" asked the superintendent, observing the man's emotion.

"Matter?" shouted the congressman. "Why, when I went into my office last evening there was a brand new typewriter on the desk. Now it's gone. You've got a lot of thieves around here."

The official walked into the office and without a word lifted the trap cabinet of the desk and brought the typewriter into view.

"Fine!" commented the congressman. "Now, have you got a place like that in here for my use when troublesome constituents knock on the door?"

—Washington Star.

Punctuation in Piano Playing.

A joke is going the rounds of the press about the girl whose music teacher wished to compliment her, but of whom he could only say that she played the rests excellently. This is, however, real praise of a sort, for it is not every young student of music who is careful about playing the rests well. Indeed, a great many players seem to forget that the rests are just as much of the piece as is the punctuation in a sentence. Nowadays people do not put in so much punctuation as they used to do, but the pauses in the voice are there just the same and are readily understood by good readers and always regarded. The rests in music are like the pauses in reading that are needed to give expression to the sentences. If the player slights the rests or extends them too long the whole effect of the musical sentence is spoiled.

—Christian Science Monitor.

Feet Versus the Pen.

In speaking of personal recollections of Dion Boucicault, Henry Miller dwells upon his superb skill as a stage director and tells of the following incident, which occurred during his first rehearsal under Boucicault:

"I went to him direct from Augustin Daly's management. Daly caught his players to cross and recross the stage during the progress of the play, with the idea that this continual moving about of the actors created dramatic action. During my first rehearsal I made a 'Daly cross' as I spoke one of my lines.

"Why did you do that? Boucicault asked in his quaint, quizzical manner.

"I explained that I imagined it would keep the scene moving.

"Thanks, my boy," said Boucicault dryly, "but if I cannot interest the audience with my pen I don't think you can with your feet."

Found a Way to Help.

Worthy old Quaker who lived in a country town in England was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The townspeople wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe toward an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed and such and such steps taken toward the construction of a new one.

"That was right," the Quaker said, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didn't they not say something about pulling down a church? They may't put my name down for a hundred pounds."—Martvale's "Historical Studies."

Gautier's Superstition.

Theophile Gautier, the critic, novelist and poet, like many another great man, was superstitious and believed in the evil eye. Offenbach was his aversion, and in this respect a Paris contemporary tells us that one day the son and father were walking together. The son, for wickedness' sake, started a conversation about Offenbach, and his father gave him to understand that the subject was disagreeable. Nothing daunted, the lad led Gautier to a shop window where was exposed a photograph of the composer.

As they resumed their walk the son observed, "Well, you see, father, after all, nothing has happened through looking at the photograph." At that moment they were turning the corner and the son preceded his father. In full view of the passerby Gautier administered to his tormentor a paternal kick, observing, half in anger and half in humor, "Well, something has happened."

Buildogs and Bulls.

Buildogs is so called because of his native antipathy to the bull. A thoroughbred bull first time he beholds a bull will run at the head, which is his favorite point of attack, and seizing the horned beast by the lip, tongue or eye, bang on despite every attempt to detach him. The dog will even suffer himself to be killed or dismembered rather than relax his hold.—New York Telegram.

"I beg pardon," said the new arrival, "but it seems to me it's exceedingly warm here."

"Oh, what?" snorted Satan. "Evidently you forget where you are. This place is meant to be warm."

"Quite so, but there's such a thing as overdoing it,"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Eager For Information.

An American took a friend, an Englishman, to a theater. An actor in the fare, about to do the dying act, exclaimed, "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers."

The Englishman turned to his friend and said, "I say, old chap, what are you after?"—Everybody's.

The Usual Result.

"Yes, Charlie is as brave as a stack of lions. Did you hear about his daring a policeman to arrest him?"

"Not Gee, what happened?"

"He was arrested."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disgusted.

Thief (who has snatched a lady's bag)—Two transfers, a powder puff, a recipe for head wash and a sample of milk! An' I ran two miles wild! I'm agin votes for women!—Puck.