A REUNION

A LABOR DAY STORY

By ARTHUR PRICE

The Labor day procession was coming down the street. The first man in it was six feet four inches tall, with a bearskin hat on his head that raised him to seven feet. He was the drum major of the band and was twirling his big silver headed staff and throwing it into the air with fine jugglery. Behind him came the band and then the man of most real importance, the grand marshal, followed by his aids. Then came the different unions marching in line, every man looking happy on this clear September day that he could lay aside his hammer or his trowel or whatever tool best represented his trade and step out to the inspiriting strains of martial music.

Among those who lined the sidewalks, occupied the steps of the buildings and climbed the lampposts along the line of march was a certain Mrs. O'Toole, who had recently come over from Ireland. With her was her son, Daniel, six years old. The mother was standing with the crowd on the curb, but Danny was perched with a leg on each side of a horizontal piece of iron under the lamp, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of sunlight that would strike the brass horns of the band.

"They're comin', mother!" he shouted, wild with excitement. Every eye within hearing of the boy's voice was turned in the direction he was looking. True enough, a line of mounted police wheeled around a corner, and in another moment the strains of music were heard in the distance. Danny kept his mother informed of each appearance as it was revealed to him and was not a little proud to think that there were those in the crowd directly beneath him who were benefiting by his information.

"Oh, mother, there's a giant with a woolly dog on his head throwin' up a big stick. Reckon he's runnin' the whole business.

"Oh, mother, you'd oughter see the man on a horse with a whole lot o' other men on horses. They've all got broad white things over their shoulders and hold round sticks in their hands with ribbons round 'em."

The big horns grew hoarser, the bass drum pounded louder, the piccolo shrilled harder, as the columns advanced. When mounted police riding abreast came a man on the sidewalk interested in Danny's description and his eagerness that his mother should see it all handed her a soap box on which he had been standing and bade her mount it. She thanked him and, stepping up, had a fine view of those passing in the street, much to Danny's satisfaction.

The drum major passed, the band passed, the grand marshal and his aids passed. Then came the Carpenters' union, the Plumbers' union and the Masons' union.

"Oh, Danny," cried Mrs. O'Toole, "there's your father!"

Now, Danny O'Toole had known ever since he was old enough to know anything that his father had left him and his mother in Ireland when Danny was a baby to come to America. He was to send money home and when he got enough together to send for his wife and boy he would do so. For awhile letters had come from him; then they had ceased. His wife had come to America to look for him.

"Which?" cried Danny.

"The man on the far side, him with the red head. Call him."

Danny, knowing only one way to attract his parent's attention, shouted "Red head!" with all the power of his little lungs. The man heard him and, turning his head, saw a kid on a lamppost waving his hat at him. Then, lowering his eyes, he saw his wife looking in his direction. Leaving the ranks, he came across the street, elbowed his way through the crowd to his wife, and she fell into his arms.

Meanwhile Danny, feeling that he was not getting his share in this family reunion, dropped down on to his father with one leg on each shoulder. His father pulled him down into his arms.

"The child?" asked O'Toole.

"Yes. It's Danny."

Danny got a hug that made him cry out, and, drawing off as far as he could, he punched his hugger with his little fist.

"Don't you hurt me that way ag'in!" he said fiercely.

"Oh, Danny," said Mrs. O'Toole, laughing through her tears, "your father's so glad to see you."

That ended the O'Toole family's interest in the Labor day procession. O'Toole went with his wife and boy to their rooms, where he explained his long silence. He had been suddenly taken ill and attacked with loss of memory. It had partially returned to him, and he had written his wife, but she had already left Ireland for America.

O'Toole was getting on his feet again when his wife and boy were restored to him, and it was not long before he was able to make them comfortable.

That was a number of years ago. Since then Danny O'Toole has grown to be a stalwart young fellow, has learned his trade and can swing a sledgehammer with any man. And when labor processions march down the street between admiring crowds Danny is sure to be among them. And he takes a greater interest in the day because it is the anniversary of his first meeting with his father in America and of the family reunion.

If He Knew!

He sent her lovely roses
When roses, too, were dear.
She thanked him in a letter
That breathed a heart sincere.

The perfumed pages folded
Beneath her finger tips
He pressed with tender longing
Against his bearded lips.

He muses in his chamber
When shines the evening star
Of all her girlish graces
And smokes a good cigar.

But would he dream so fondly
Above her scented note
If he knew she pinned his roses
To another's fellow's coat?
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Showing the White Feather.

"Why didn't you come back last night when you were leaving? Didn't you hear me call you?" said the sweet young thing.

"Oh, yes, I heard you."

"Well, why didn't you come back? Papa wanted to see you."

"Yes, I know. I always think it unlucky to go back to a house after leaving."—Yonkers Statesman.

Summer Resort Episode.

Miss Flirt is causing talk today—
Fell off the pier.
The gossipy old ladies say
That it looks queer.

There were some lovely men in sight.
She gave a yell,
And they soon got her out all right,
As things befell.

The ladies wonder what she meant—
They talk a lot—
Was the affair an accident,
Or was it not?
—Kansas City Journal.

How to Campaign.

"Why do you take such violent dislikes to young men for no cause at all?"

"Just for fun, ma."

"And why do you show your dislikes so plainly?"

"It's the quickest way to get 'em interested, ma."—Louisville Courier Journal.

His First Case.

"I went to court," the lawyer said—
"To court a maid entrancing.
She seemed to like to hear my plea,
Which sent my hopes a-dancing.

"I pressed my suit with honest zeal;
I practiced no deception.
She heard me to the very end
And made not one exception.

"Her father was to be the judge.
I saw him for a minute.
My suit he quickly did throw out,
And I, alas, was in it!"
—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Rival.

Madge—How was it you didn't have a nice time out yachting?

Marjorie—It was so very stormy that Charlie had his hands full with the sails all the time and could do nothing but hug the shore.—Judge.

Lines to a Lady.

I'm glad I do not have to wear
Pink feathers on my hat
Nor paper shoes with four inch heels.
I should not care for that.

But now the sultry days have come
I envy you, my dear,
Your cool, untrammeled frontispiece,
Cut low both front and rear.
—New York Evening Sun.

Generous Theory.

"Two rude men stared at me!" exclaimed Mrs. Flimgilt.

"Perhaps they didn't mean to be rude," replied Miss Cayenne. "Maybe they were assessors trying to estimate the value of your jewelry."—Washington Star.

Nursery Rimes Revised.

I had a little doll,
The classiest ever seen.
She dolled up in gay togs
And kept me broke clean.
She went in for style,
No matter how bold,
And wore such sheer goods
I thought she'd catch cold.
She tangoed by night,
She X rayed by day,
That chic little doll
Who snitched all my pay!
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Diplomatic.

College Professor—You've asked permission to go buggy riding with this young man. You know the rules of the college. Is he a relative?

Girl Student—No, sir.

College Professor—Are you engaged to him?

Girl Student—No, sir; but I expect to be before we get back.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Poor Guesser.

One year I bought a summer park.
I wasn't very brainy.
That summer half the days were dark
And most of them were rainy.

Next year the fall of rain was nil.
The outcome was alarming.
My lack of luck pursued me still—
That year I took to farming!
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why Didn't He Let Her Stare?

"From the way you are staring at me, madam, I conclude I look like some one you know." "So you do. You remind me so much of my dear old English bull terrier."—Baltimore American.

An Animal Act.

Little Bo-Peep she took her sheep
And taught 'em how to dance.
They learned to dip in manner flip,
To tango and to prance.

And now Bo-Peep proceeds to reap
A harvest from their skill.
The agents burn to book this turn
In current vaudeville.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Recommended by Last Employer.

"I hear you married Thompson's divorced wife."

"Yes."

"How did you come to do that?"

"Thompson recommended her highly. He said his only trouble was she snored and you know I'm deaf."—Boston Transcript.

SIRES AND SONS.

Emil Piehs, twenty, of Cleveland, weighs 385 pounds.

A. T. Davidson has been appointed organist of Harvard for life.

Dr. E. F. Gilpin recently walked barefoot from Philadelphia to St. Louis on a bet.

I. M. De Varona has retired after serving thirty years in a New York water department engineership.

Dr. Martin D. Foster, chairman of the house committee on mines and mining, is a doctor and a congressman.

J. Ross Stevenson, new president of Princeton Theological seminary, is a former Baltimore Presbyterian pastor.

M. Raghbeen, a newly elected deputy of France, who has been a news vendor for many years, still continues to sell newspapers in the streets of Paris.

For the last fifteen years N. E. Swanson of Denver, Colo., has been working over the construction of a cube puzzle consisting of thirty pieces of wood which interlock. He asserts that no one can solve his puzzle in less than twenty-four hours' work.

Recent Inventions.

An ash can to which a handle can be attached to convert it into a lawn roller has been patented.

In a new incubator the eggs are so supported that the movement of a lever turns all of them at once the proper distance to produce the best results.

A German invention is a jointed lamppost, the upper portion of which may be lowered with a rope for trimming street lights without the use of a ladder.

For fastening metal to wood there has been patented a galvanized steel nail with a lead head, the latter spreading to exclude moisture from the hole the nail makes.

Pert Personals.

London has 19,000 policemen, and Sylvia can back them all off the board. —Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Now that its brief run is over we may refer to Huerta's as the glory that was greased.—New York World.

If he does not win one this year Sir Thomas Lipton may conclude to buy him a cup of his own.—Chicago News.

William Waldorf Astor is understood to be willing to sell his London papers, the Pall Mall Gazette and the Observer, because the newsboys can't.—Boston Globe.

Fashion Frills.

Present fashions are described as possessing Grecian characteristics. The Greeks are in no position to resent the assertion.—Washington Star.

The Designer says that American men are the best dressed in the world. This will please those who wear wrist watches.—Detroit Free Press.

Maybe the world really is growing crazier, but the move to do away with the cuff on the trouser leg shows increasing sanity.—Chicago News.

The hoop skirt is the latest. That's edifying. We were beginning to fear that they were going to do away with skirts altogether.—Portland Oregonian.

The Royal Box.

King Alfonso, says a Madrid dispatch, smokes twenty-four cigarettes an hour.

King George of England and the czar of Russia look so much alike that one could almost pass for the other.

Prince Abdul Mejid, who is a fine artist, was kept in confinement during twenty-eight years by Sultan Abdul Hamid, obtaining his release only when the latter was dethroned. It was during this long incarceration that he took up the study of painting to while away the time.

The Home Doctor.

Keep your children away from other children who are sick, at least until you are sure that the sick child has no contagious disease.

If respiration were always through the nose, it is said, there would be an enormous decrease in consumption, pneumonia and influenza.

The advice to cauterize with carbolic acid is only for doctors. No layman ought to attempt to use carbolic acid. It is far too dangerous. Iodine is absolutely safe.

French Fancies.

Murder trials in Paris are not only dramatic, political and social sensations but literary as well.—New York World.

President Poincare's visit to Russia is said to irritate Germany. Then the visit is even more successful than had been planned.—New York Sun.

Hereafter the French army will wear blue-gray instead of fiery red trousers. Now they'll be able to cross a field without being chased by the bull.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Three Strikes.

About the most reasonable thing about some umpires is the fact that they still live.—Washington Star.

A team in the Southern league dropped twenty-eight games in a row. So Cleveland isn't the worst team in the country after all.—Detroit Free Press.

The ballplayers didn't strike, but if they had done so there are plenty of fans who could go out and play the game better. They announce it from the bleachers every day.—Philadelphia Press.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Virginia Tubes of Chicago acts as public chaperon on an excursion boat.

Annie Alexander, age thirty-six, of Pittsburgh, has spent twenty-six years in prison.

Miss Dorothy Dickson of Chicago is out to break the world's tango record of 25,000 miles in a year, made by a New York girl.

Mrs. Fanny Rottenberg, Boston, receives $750,000 from her deceased husband's estate on condition that she shall never remarry.

Dr. Annie Hubert has been appointed resident physician in the workhouse on Blackwell's island, New York, at a yearly salary of $1,800.

Miss Reynolds of Providence, R. I., has completed her second year in the State Normal school. For thirteen years she has not missed a session or been once tardy in her primary, grammar, high or normal school course. This record is all the more striking since it has been made in three states, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Flippant Flings.

Germany is reported to be planning to supervise Holland. But she'd better not be in too big a hurry to get "in Dutch."—New York Sun.

The department of agriculture angrily announces that the cow's food governs the color of the butter; but who ever saw any green butter?—Washington Herald.

Sylvia Pankhurst says no woman should pay her rent till she is allowed to vote. Well, there are men who are better able to pay the rent after having voted.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An old time American song ran "Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride." Americans are not waiting for the wagon now. They want the 1914 model of automobile.—New York World.

Short Stories.

There are 1,903,289,600 acres of land in the United States.

That Esquimaux have two more ribs than any other human race has been discovered by an English scientist.

The proportion of suicides in the United States in the last year revealed about the same, being 8,608 males and 4,504 females.

The human hand from the wrist to the end of the middle finger is one-tenth of the total height of a man of perfect proportions.

The average height of Englishmen is five feet seven and one-quarter inches, Scotsmen five feet eight and one-half inches, Irishmen five feet eight inches, and Welshmen five feet six and one-half inches.

Town Topics.

New Orleans is at present roughest on rats.—Wichita Eagle.

Great! Let the uplift go on. Cincinnati has ordered individual drinking pails for horses.—Wall Street Journal.

St. Louis is justly proud of its cleanliness, but then there are not many people there to muss it up.—Chicago News.

When it comes to gun fighting crooks New York does not seem to have a great deal on Boston.—Worcester Gazette.

Chicago is said to be fast becoming noted as a city of fortunes. Well, that's one reason why people may be willing to live there. — Washington Post.

Train and Track.

Missouri Pacific railway is to be practically rebuilt this year between Omaha and Kansas City.

The Hungarian government will spend $4,000,000 on the Szeged station, which is next to that of Budapest, the most important railway center in the country.

Twenty-four driving wheels, each sixty-three inches in diameter, feature a locomotive recently completed at Philadelphia which is the most powerful yet built.

Renewed efforts are being made to build the long discussed direct railway from Madrid to Valencia, which, it is believed, would make Valencia the first seaport of Spain.

Current Comment.

Current advertisements are getting more embarrassingly personal than ever. "Think of your face," roars one we noticed recently.—London Globe.

The baby carriage has one advantage over the automobile; no one was ever known to mortgage his home in order to acquire one.—Birmingham News.

With the population of the country growing at the rate of seven million in four years it is no wonder that production has to do some tall sprinting to keep up with consumption.—Indianapolis News.

Industrial Items.

Last year in the United States 133 men lost their lives in the manufacture of explosives.

To keep up with the match consumption of the earth the services of 60,000 work people are constantly required.

After extensive tests it has been found that goggles made of yellowish green glass are the best to protect the eyes from ultra violet rays and the injurious light encountered in steel and iron working.

Irritable Old Man—Say, does this car always make this racket?

Chauffeur—No, sir; only when it's running.—Buffalo Express.

[illegible]

—Judge.

Willie—Paw, is a woman as old as she looks?

Paw—She is a whole lot older if she is a chorus girl, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Everything comes to him who waits.
I can't quite see that plain,
Because procrastination is,
They say, the thief of time.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Was the prisoner drunk? Did he appear to have more than he could carry?"

"No, sir, but he might have done better had he gone after it twice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The joys of swimming who'll compute
To youthful lives and nimble?
But don't forget your bathing suit.
(It's in your grandma's thimble.)
—Atlanta Constitution.

She—What is a dairy lunch? He—It's the only kind of a restaurant where you can sit opposite to a lady without paying for her food.—Harvard Lampoon.

At picnics I am sure to be
The saddest of the bunch.
I hate to sit beneath a tree
And eat a shoe box lunch.
—Detroit Free Press.

Brooks — Why aren't you wearing your patent leathers?

Franklin—The patent expired.—Penn Punch Bowl.

"I love the new soprano," said
The tenor to the preacher.
"I don't care if her hair is red.
She is a glorious screecher."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Newlyrich—My dog is wonderfully trained.

Miss Caustic—Will he eat from your knife?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Old Hercules through stables vast
A river caused to flow,
But where's the Hercules who's cast
To clean old Mexico?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What kind of an apartment house are you living in now?"

"Very poor. You can't borrow enough stuff in the entire building to give a respectable tea."—Pittsburgh Post.

Men call a horse man's faithful friend,
And yet some gloomy people say
That you will find him in the end
The sort that shies and runs away.
—Washington Star.

Bill—That man Sing has quite a repertoire, hasn't he?

Jill—Oh, yes; he has six children.—Yonkers Statesman.

Man wants but little here below.
He should be satisfied.
That is exactly what he gets,
As cynics long have cried.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Wife—Ta-ta, dearie. I shall write before the end of the week.

Husband—Good gracious, Alice! You must make that check last longer than that.—Boston Transcript.

A woman's mighty queer, you'll find.
Of her you can't keep track.
Her clothes are always on her mind,
Though they are on her back.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teacher—What do we learn from the long sleep of Rip Van Winkle?

Tommie—The value of alarm clocks.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Man is a worm," the preacher saith,
As often we have heard.
Ah, yes! And he might also add,
"Woman's the early bird."
—New York Sun.

"Are they making any changes in that broom factory?"

"Oh, yes; sweeping ones."—Baltimore American.

"Mother, may I go out and trot?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Trot till you're hot, all over the lot,
But don't trot in the water!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Will you spend your vacation abroad?"

"No. My means are too narrow."—Baltimore American.

She dropped his money bridge playing,
And that is what led to strife.
'Tis hard for a breadwinning husband
To have a dough losing wife.
—Boston Transcript.

"This community has some blue laws, hasn't it?"

"Yes. But when it comes to enforcing them most of us are color blind."—Washington Star.

A woman argues from her throat,
The deaf and dumb on fingers neat,
While bankers use the green backed note
And versifiers use their feet.
—Judge.

"Was the hollow square formation applauded?"

"Yes, it got a full round."—Baltimore American.

"How calm it is this summer
And yet how treacherous!" said she.
"Yes," he replied, "I'm free to say
'Tis very full of craft today."
—Atlanta Constitution.

"Does your chauffeur ever run down pedestrians?"

"No, but he's great on running up repair bills."—Motor Journal.

We had a friend.
He lived next door.
We traded mags—
Must we say more?
—Yonkers Statesman.

ACETYLENE GAS.

[illegible]

GUARDING THE DIAMONDS.

Thousands of Miles of Barbed Wire Incloses Kimberley's Mines.

Machinery and barbed wire have supplanted the rude methods of bringing up diamond bearing blue earth and protecting the valuable finds [illegible] twenty years ago in the South African [illegible]

The depths of the [illegible] shaped hole in which the [illegible] diamond bearing earth is [illegible] now penetrated by shafts, reaching hundreds of feet down into the earth, with forty foot levels. The [illegible] earth is removed in closed trucks to the surface, where, after a season of exposure to sun and atmosphere [illegible] on the ground, it is hauled to the [illegible]

Here pulsators finally locate the diamonds on grease covered [illegible] to which the diamonds adhere, while loose sand, earth and gravel are washed away by water.

Acres of ground covered by [illegible] earth brought up from the [illegible] contain possibly millions of dollars' worth of gems, and these treasure [illegible] protected by high fences of barbed wire, with [illegible] at the corners and at the gates. [illegible] 4,000 miles of wire are used in the fences about the Kimberley [illegible]—New York Press.

Plane Trees of Cashmere.

Not least among trees which have become celebrated are five giant plane trees at Chinnar, near Srinagar, the "pearl of the Adriatic." [illegible] walk of Bagum, on an [illegible] above the Chinar set, like the [illegible] garden of Count Odino, [illegible] landing place a path [illegible] between olives and [illegible] and oleanders to the [illegible] where the two colossal trees [illegible] from time immemorial. [illegible] of the larger tree upon a [illegible] standing beneath it is [illegible] whelming. It takes twenty-five [illegible] merely to walk slowly round the trunk, while the spreading branches [illegible] horizontally for from thirty to [illegible] paces and then bend upward and [illegible] A good sized public meeting could be held in the shade of either of these immense trees.—Wide World Magazine.

Get Away From the Odd One.

A curious story comes from the people of the Niger. A very rich man died, leaving the vast fortune (for Nigeria) of 20,001 cowries. It fell to the lot of the king to divide them among three sons, and he was at his wits' end to know what to do with the one cowrie. A wizard was called in, who gained boundless credit by doling out the cowries one by one until only six remained. These he divided into three lots of two each and gave a lot to each son. The king to this day attributes this very satisfactory outcome to conjuring.—Independent.

Food of the Chickadee.

The food of the chickadee is made up of insects and vegetable matter in the proportion of seven of the former to three of the latter. Moths and caterpillars are favorites and form about one-third of its food, while beetles, ants, wasps, bugs, grasshoppers and spiders make up the rest. The vegetable food consumed is composed of seeds, largely those of pine, poison ivy and weeds.

Sky Effects.

"This scenery isn't what it was," complained the artist.

"I can't see a bit of difference," declared the old farmer. "What do you miss?"

"I'm looking for a cloud like the one I painted last year."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Work That Blinds.

Many of the workmen in the Venetian glass factories begin to lose their sight after they have passed their fortieth year and soon become totally blind. This is caused by the excessive heat and also by the glare of the flames from the glass furnaces.

The unfortunate thing about good resolutions is that they are so often made too late.