

Their United Influence

A Story For Labor Day

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

John Bryan began to support himself at twelve years of age, doing odd chores in the Pollard Manufacturing company. Johnny was an ambitious boy and a bright boy as well. He knew that if he were ever to occupy one of the mahogany desks provided for the chiefs of departments he must get some education.

John Bryan was fond of machinery, which led him to study about machinery. This led him into fields with which machinery is connected. The metals and woods of which machinery is made naturally interested him, and he studied about these and the locations where they are found and the processes of obtaining them and fitting them for use.

The different steps by which Johnny during twenty years ascended to the position of general manager are not pertinent to this story. When he was twenty five years old he was general manager of the mahogany desks that he had regarded so long as the object of his ambition, but after he attained it he found the realization not what he had expected.

Indeed, he used it very little, preferring the more active work of superintending the department he managed. But as time passed and he mounted higher in the scale of the company's officers he found it necessary to remain where he could be readily reached—and could communicate with any and all who relied upon him for instructions.

Bryan, on being transferred from laborer to manager, was necessarily a changed man. Not that he ceased to sympathize with the workman, but he was now in a position to see both sides of the labor question. He was no longer angry and greedy, but dressed like a man of fashion. Occasionally on meeting men beside whom he had worked in overalls he fancied they regarded him as one who in becoming a manager had become also something of a renegade.

When John was placed in a position to take sides in labor contentions, knowing as he did both sides, he always placed himself in a judicial position, determined upon what was practicable—even if it did not coincide with abstract justice—and his mind was made up he was irrevocable.

John had not been general manager long before a demand was made for higher wages. There had been strikes, while he was manager of a department, but at that time he had not been consulted by the officers as to the stand they should take. They had been forced to yield in every instance—and now that a new demand was made it was suggested by one of them that they try John as their representative, and place the whole matter in his hands.

Miss Adeline Withers, a wealthy maiden lady of thirty who had interested herself in the welfare of laborers called one morning to see Bryan in his office.

the same. To make known the financial condition of this company would be to give our competitors points of which they might take advantage to drive us out of business. Indeed, to grant what the men ask or give a reason why it is refused would kill the goose that lays their golden egg."

This was not satisfactory to Miss Withers, and she told Bryan so, at the same time reproaching him for refusing to help his former fellow laborers. Upon this he informed her that he had nothing further to say on the subject, which statement she could not but consider a dismissal.

The strike continued, the mills were idle, the operatives suffered. One day Mary Boyd, one of the lands, a girl of twenty, visited Bryan in his office and said to him:

"Mr. Bryan, some of the children are literally starving. If the strike is not soon ended there will be many deaths among them."

"I grant the demands," replied the general manager, "I shall be doing the operatives an injury."

"Why not?" "I have refused to answer that question to others, but I will answer it to you on your promise not to reveal it to any one."

"Very well. We are barely making the dividends, and so far as we can look ahead will run behind for the next season's manufacture, and there will be no dividends at all. A trust has been formed to produce our goods, and their policy is to shut down half of the mills they can get into. They are now scheming to get possession of those works and as soon as they do will discharge every operative. Parties who hold the majority of the stock are debating whether to sell the control to the trust or hold on, hoping for a change in the market for our manufactures. If they sell the wages you have all been getting will be lost to you. Is it not better to keep what you have than get a little more for a time then lose the whole?"

"I understand," said Mary, "but since you have sealed my lips what am I to do?" "Only one thing is practicable, tell the leaders that you have seen me, that you have confidence in me doing the best for the operatives, as best as for the company."

"They will not believe me. At any rate they will not withdraw their demands."

"They will believe anything you say to them, that is they will believe that if you could tell them what you have told me, they would withdraw their demands for the present."

"I could not tell them all, and those who have engineered this matter do not happen to have my confidence. They would consider what I told them a bluff and would not keep the secret."

Bryan went to the safe, opened it and took out a package of bank bills.

"Take this," he said, "and make it go as far as you can in relieving distress, but do not tell that it comes from me."

"I wish," said Mary, "that they knew you as well as I. They would do any thing you ask."

Circumstantial Evidence.

The following instance of conclusive circumstantial evidence came to light in a case in which Lord Chancellor Eldon was employed on circuit. In later years he related it to one of his daughters in these words:

"I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder trials. I remember in one where I was counsel for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe."

"At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot a gunshot in the head and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court and as the blood was gradually softened a piece of printed paper appeared the wadding of the gun which proved to be half of a ball."

"The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged."

Death Record of a Monster Wave. The greatest waves apart from the true earthquake wave—are those caused by tornadoes or regular storms—in such a storm the barometer may be lower by three inches in the center of the storm than at its edge.

The consequence of this tremendous reduction of pressure is that the sea in the vortex rises high above the usual level and in this way are produced waves of appalling size and height.

It was a wave of this type which in the dreadful tornado of 1876, swept upon the mouth of the Ganges and drove in over an area the size of Devonshire. By marks upon the trees it was ascertained that this great wall of salt water rolled in forty five feet high. The damage done was appalling, and more than 100,000 unfortunate natives were drowned. —London Times

Hiding Places For Money. The woman who, as just revealed in the law courts, hid her savings on her mother's grave in Forest Hill cemetery, probably hit upon a unique method. But there is no saying. The person who mistrusts banks generally looks around for the most unlikely spot in which to deposit wealth, and more than one may hit on the same idea.

Old cannon, for instance, seem to form favorable depositories. Quite a quantity of jewelry was found some time ago in a solitary gun which stands in the fort at Shoreham, and about the same time a bag containing seventy sovereigns was discovered in an old cannon in Peel park, Bradford.

From one of the old Crusader cannon at Liverpool also some inequitable youngsters once brought forth a soldier's discharge papers and notes to the value of £100. —London Standard.

A Cow For A Life. The Ober Gabelhorn is a peak notorious for the dangerous conditions which beset its upper ridges. One of many accidents reported in connection with it perhaps the most remarkable says G. D. Abraham in 'Swiss Mountain Climbs.' Was the adventure which befell an amateur and his young guide in passing along the dangerous line of cornice. It suddenly gave way under the amateur, and he went flying through space to apparent destruction.

The guide at the other end of the rope seemed in hopeless plight, but with astounding presence of mind he flung himself down the opposite side of the ridge, thus saving two lives. The rock cut deep into the snow above, but the young guide's name was Ulrich Almer. His reward was a cow.

Queer Names of Flowers.

The games of some of our prettiest flowers are so queer that they seem amusing to us. Nasturtium, for example, comes from the Latin word meaning "twisted nose." Verbena is from the Latin for "twig," and lavender is derived from the Latin word lavare, to wash, and is really the same word as "laundry." Lavender probably got its name because it is put away with newly washed clothes.

Conflowers undoubtedly gets its name because it grows among the rows of corn. Goldlocks looks like a little yellow head. Honeysuckle is one of the sweetest blossoms and one of the easiest from which bees get their honey.

Anemone is our "wind flower." Its name comes from the Latin word anemos, which means "wind," and the anemone is really a wind flower, growing best in exposed, windy places.

Orchid is named for the Greek word orchis, which means "bag." Orchids always have curious little bags.—Kansas City Star.

Saved by a Cookbook. There is a story of a man, desperately ill, who, having passed the crisis of his ailment, needed only, so the doctors asserted, an incentive to recover.

He had dire misfortunes and had lost all interest in living. Neither his business nor his motorcar nor his children nor his wife sufficed to lure him back to the trials of temporal existence.

Then some inspired relative thought of the cookbook. She put it into the hands of the sick man as he lay withering on his pillow. He turned it over languidly, then he fluttered the pages with transparent fingers.

Presently he asked to be propped up in bed, he went long he was whispering feverishly of what he was going to eat when he got well; those pig hocks with dumplings, hot waffles and sirup, schmitt, bohnen with sour sauce. What were rissoles and rumpsteins and bananocks? And why had he never known about them in the hole? These were the sentiments that wooed him back to life.

As You View the World. The world in which a man lives shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men.

To one it is barren, dull and superfluous; to another rich, interesting and full of meaning.

On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience many people will wish that similar things had happened in their lives, too, completely forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental attitude which lent these events the significance they possess when he describes them.

To a man of genius they were interesting adventures, but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, everyday occurrences.

Schopenhauer.

A Lugubrious Race

By ALAN HINSDALE

A hearse drove up to the dock of the channel boat at Chalais, followed by a carriage, out of which stepped a man of somber countenance, dressed in funeral black.

Summoning a porter, he engaged him to bring assistants, and from the hearse an oblong box was removed and carried on to the boat. During the transit one of the men carelessly let go his hold, and the box came very near falling to the ground.

The mourner groaned, "Do be careful," he said. "That box containing the remains of my dear wife. She died a few days ago in Brussels, and I am taking her body to my home in Harwich, across the channel, to give it sepulture."

"Sorry, sir, that I lost my hold," replied the porter, evidently affected by the mourner's deep grief. "I won't do it again."

The mourner raised his handkerchief to his eyes to dry the tears that had started at the joggling of the dear remains and followed the bearers on to the boat, where he begged them to put down the box gently. They all seemed impressed by the exhibition of grief, and when the box touched the deck not a sound was to be heard.

Wiping his eyes with one hand, with the other the mourner gave each one of them half a crown, and they dispersed, walking away with soft tread as if fearing to wound him by unseasonable noise.

When the boat reached Harwich a customs officer came aboard. The mourner stepped up to him and, with trembling voice and difficulty in repressing his tears, said to him:

"My friend, I must ask your indulgence for some inauspicious. That box contains the body of my beloved wife, who died abroad. I beg of you to see that I am spared any delay or difficulty in receiving a permit to remove it."

The circumstances of my wife's death were extremely distressing. She died of a fever after a long and painful illness. Everything was done for her."

"All right, sir," replied the official. "I'll see that you're put to no trouble."

He put the customs mark on the box. The mourner, stilling his tears, slipped a sovereign into his hand and, turning to some dock hands, asked them to carry the box on to the dock. As the melancholy procession was passing over the gangplank a man stood on the dock scrutinizing these who came ashore. The mourner while passing him put his handkerchief to his face and sobbed.

A hearse stood near. It had evidently been spoken for, and the box was duly committed to it. The mourner entered a carriage, and the two vehicles were driven away.

He had sobbed started when the man who had stood by the gangplank entered another carriage and told the driver to follow them. Slowly the funeral cortege passed through the town and took a road leading to a cemetery. The mourner so far forgot his grief to turn and look through the glass in the back of the carriage and saw another carriage, not far behind. Presently the funeral vehicles turned off of the main road. The mourner looked again and saw that the carriage behind also turned. Lowering a window he said quickly:

TO THE HEART OF LEISURELAND

where woods are cool, streams alluring, vacations ideal. Between New York city (with Albany the gateway) and

Lake George
The Adirondacks
Lake Champlain
The North and West

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A Scotchman's Preference. Lord Strathcona was fond of stories of his Scottish countrymen. One that pleased him highly I have heard him often repeat, says Rev. Lewis Wilson in "The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal."

A Scot was once boasting that Scotch apples were far better than the Canadian variety.

"Really," exclaimed his friend, "you can't mean that?" "I do mean it," was the response. "But I must premise that for my taste I prefer them sour and hard."

One story told of his native town delighted him, although he professed incredulity. The superintendent of the Fort St. James school had prepared a list of questions for the junior class—name the strongest man, the wisest man, the meekest man. Only one child—a cynical little elf—was answered correctly. "Samson, Solomon, Moses." All the others wrote or printed opposite the queries the name of the hero of their hearts—Lord Strathcona. There might be stronger and wiser and meeker men, but the junior class was not "acquainted with 'em."

Why the Coconut Has Eyes. Who can tell why the coconut has three eyes? Luther Burbank explains it this way.

Coconuts generally grow at the edge of the sea or rivers. The nuts are surrounded with a thick husk with a waterproof covering, so that when they drop into the water they will float. In floating the three eyes are always on top.

Once in the water nature gets busy. From one of the eyes there comes a shoot, which develops broad leaves like sails. The wind catches the sails and wafts the coconut on a journey sometimes many miles long. As it sails the other two eyes develop roots, which at first grow among the fibers of the woody husk.

In good season the coconut is swept upon another shore, perhaps on another island. The roots embed themselves in the soft earth, the husk becomes the trunk, and a coconut palm is growing where none grew before.

The "Tired Business Man." Are not all business men tired? If not why do we hear so much about muscular convales and vaudeville performances that are constructed especially for the purpose of resting and refreshing the tired business man?

If there is any one claim that has been conceded for ages past it is this. Fatigue is much more fatal to a man than to a woman. We seldom hear of a tired woman or a tired housekeeper. Nobody ever wrote a musical comedy for tired schoolmarm. It has always been held that if a man has to work at night he must sleep in the daytime. But everybody knows that a woman can walk the floor all night with a sick baby in her arms and still be able to perform strenuous household duties next day. "Man's work is from sun to sun"—that being the limit of his endurance.—Southern Woman's Magazine