



In the Shadow of the Mountains
 In the shadow of the mountains whose
 uplifting peaks of gray
 Pierce the misty clouds that hover
 o'er the vista day by day;
 In each grim and rocky fastness
 where the purling waters leap
 And the sighing, cooling breezes lull
 the senses into sleep;
 Where eternal snows of winter deco-
 rate each rocky crest
 And the balmy scent of pine trees
 comes with magic healing blest—
 In the shadow of the mountains whose
 gray peaks shall never nod,
 Pointing upward to the heavens like
 the sentinels of God.

In the shadow of the mountains
 wrought in wonderful design
 By the deft and ready fingers of a
 master hand divine;
 Where each peak and crag and can-
 yon, while the countless ages roll,
 Tells to man a wondrous story that
 shall glorify his soul;
 In the grim and rocky presence of
 these great Titanic walls
 Where the arms of nature welcome
 and the voice of nature calls—
 In the shadow of the mountains
 whose gray leagues are yet untrod
 One can read creation's story in the
 handiwork of God.

In the shadow of the mountains whose
 gray peaks are limned in gray
 And the cloud-drifts float and hurry
 like some giant folk at play;
 Where, while standing in the pres-
 ence of a work so great and grand,
 Man can get a glimpse of power of
 the great Almighty's hand.
 And across his soul there stealeth,
 like the shadows o'er the peaks,
 Awe that stills him into silence while
 the Great Creator speaks—
 In the shadow of the mountains, grim
 gray peaks that never nod,
 Man stands face to face in silence with
 the sentinels of God.

A Labor Day Incident

Mr. Bings arose on the morning of
 Labor Day with a glad smile on his
 face.

"This is labor's great day," he said
 to himself as he donned his clothes.
 "This is the day that American labor
 shows its freedom, its independence
 and its prosperity. I'll march with
 my union in the parade and show my
 independence and strength."

Mr. Bings then started down stairs,
 whistling a merry tune. When he
 reached the dining room Mrs. Bings
 remarked:

"Well, going to march today, are
 you?"

"Sure, my dear. We free Ameri-
 can laborers must show our strength
 and independence. This is our day."

"Uhuh!" said Mrs. Bings. "I've
 been noticing this strength and inde-
 pendence for some time."

"My dear, you talk as if you had
 doubts about it."

"Well, it strikes me that it would
 be better if your boasted independ-
 ence were scattered out a little more
 over the whole year."

"What do you mean?" queried Mr.
 Bings.

"Oh, nothing much. Only I heard
 you growling a few months ago be-
 cause Judge Grubberly issued an in-
 junction prohibiting your union from
 picketing the factory when you went
 on strike against a reduction in
 wages."

"Yes, and it was a most infamous in-

junction too. It was a disgrace to—"

"Disgrace to whom, Mr. Bings?
 You voted for him because he was
 the nominee of your party, and when
 you did it you knew that Grubberly
 was the choice of all the capitalists
 in town. But you whooped for him
 and wore a Grubberly button and
 swore that every workingman ought
 to stand by the g. o. p. because it
 protected the workingman."

"Well, that was a mistake. I'll
 not—"

"That reminds me," interrupted
 Mrs. Bings, "that the legislature re-
 fused to enact into law that bill that
 was endorsed by the unions last win-
 ter."

"Yes; the members sold us out on
 that bill. The corporations bought a
 lot of them. The workingman can't
 get a thing from the lawmakers these
 days."

"That's funny! I heard you say
 during the campaign that the g. o. p.
 nominees were all friends of the work-
 ingman. You carried a torch and
 whooped it up for Jones and Brown
 for state senators, and you called those
 who opposed them enemies of the
 cause of labor. Yet Jones and Brown
 led the fight against your bill."

"I know it. They were traitors."

"The same thing happened two
 years before, and four years before,
 and every two years since I can re-
 member. Yet you keep right on vot-
 ing the ticket the bosses name for
 you."

"Now look here, Maria; I ain't
 goin'—"

"Yes you are, Mr. Bings. I'm going
 to observe Labor Day myself, and in
 my own way. And my way is to
 tell you a few things you ought to
 know. I can't vote, but I'm a part
 of this family, and my part is going
 to insist on a change. You joined the
 union because you said it would help
 you enforce your right to have some
 voice in the disposition of your labor.
 You said the employer had no right
 to arbitrarily fix your hours of work
 and your wage. That's all right. But
 at the same time you sit right down
 and let a lot of cheap skate politi-
 cians name the men you think you
 have to vote for, and when you get
 a snub from the legislature or an un-
 just injunction from a judge you hol-
 ler your head off. But you don't
 strike on your party. Not much!
 You'll go on strike to uphold a union
 principle, and you'll let me and the
 children go hungry. But you wouldn't
 strike against your party, even when
 you know it's giving you the worst
 of it."

"But you don't understand, my dear,
 about—"

"Well, if I don't understand it your
 way I'm glad of it. When your em-
 ployer gives you the worst of it you
 swell up and go on strike. When
 your party gives you the worst of it
 you shrivel up like a piece of bacon
 killed in the dark of the moon and
 don't dare strike against the party
 bosses. You throw out your chest
 and march like a free and independ-
 ent workingman on Labor Day, and
 on election day you jump when a
 party boss cracks the whip, swallow
 any old political dose mixed for you,
 and then think you are a free man.
 You are going down town now to
 parade with your union, and you'll
 talk loud about 'workingmen stand-
 ing together.' In a couple of months
 the whole bunch of you will be pulling
 and hauling against each other and
 calling it 'politics.' And while you
 are doing it a lot of jim crow politi-

cians will be getting all the cream and
 leaving you the skim milk. Mr.
 Bings, you make me tired."

"Mrs. Bings, I'll not listen to such
 foolishness. I'm a free—"

"Free, nothing; John Bings! You're
 a slave—a slave to your party. If
 you had sense enough to vote as you
 parade you wouldn't have to swear at
 traitorous legislators and servile
 judges. Now hike out for the union
 hall and get ready to parade. You
 think you'll be parading your strength
 and independence. A lot of cheap
 politicians who stand on the curb and
 applaud you will be laughing in their
 sleeves because they know you are
 parading your ignorance and your
 weakness. Yes, the children and I
 will be there. The children will think
 their papa is all right and I'll not tell
 them any better. They'll find it out
 soon enough."

Logical

The employe had been asked by the
 employer to vote the ticket always
 voted by the employer.

"We must have protection for Amer-
 ican industries in order to be able to
 compete with the world," said the
 employer.

"Does a tariff on wool make wool
 more profitable to the sheep raiser?"
 queried the employe.

"It certainly does."

"And does a tariff on woolen goods
 cause local competition and thereby
 cheapen the price of the woolen goods
 we buy?"

"That's the idea exactly," said the
 employer. "You catch on beauti-
 fully."

"And why doesn't a tariff on raw
 wool induce competition and make the
 price of raw wool cheaper?" queried
 the employe.

"Look here!" shouted the exasper-
 ated employer. "If you are going to
 be one of them blamed socialists you'll
 have to look for another job."

Wonderful

Upon opening the railroad folder the
 tourist gave one look therein, then
 shrieked and fainted.

Instantly all was confusion.

"What was the cause of it?" queried
 the spectators.

A little investigation revealed it.

The folder was actually gotten up
 so that the ordinary traveler could
 actually understand when all trains
 arrived and departed.

Some Labor Day Musings

Solid marching on Labor Day will
 not accomplish as much in the way
 of good results as solid voting on
 election day.

Union labor that marches for itself
 and votes for the other fellow has no
 grounds to complain if it gets the
 worst of it.

A vote in the box is worth a mile
 of parade.

A man is known by the candidates
 he votes for.

The best labor parade is straight
 home from the cashier's window.

Brain Leaks

The sweaty dollar is the easiest
 kept.

The world loves a good loser more
 than it does a poor winner.

One of the most pleasant things
 about a vacation is the recollection
 thereof.

The only right way to eat a water-
 melon is to thrust your face squarely
 into the melon's heart.

A man who plays crooked politics
 would play crooked business if he
 were not afraid of the sheriff.

If we had all the money that has
 been sunk in gold mines we wouldn't
 care to have all the money that has
 been taken out of gold mines.

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