

RUNNING THE WORKS

By DONALD ALLEN.

Things were at sixes and sevens at the cement works, a mile and a half from the village of Clydesdale.

The works had not been making money for several months, and the stockholders were disgruntled. At a called meeting to discover what was wrong one of the biggest stockholders had said:

"The thing is plain enough to me. None of the men do three-quarters of a day's work. They are paid too much. There is a spirit of extravagance prevailing. There is waste everywhere. The manager seems to coddle everybody. I think we have got the wrong man."

"But can we find the right man, Mr. Barnes?" was asked.

"Not a doubt of it. I have a nephew who has just finished at college who can take hold of this thing and make it pay. He has a head for business. There will be no loafing and no coddling under his management. You will see everybody toting the mark."

"He is a young man, I take it?" said the one who had spoken before.

"Twenty-three years old, but got the brains of a man of forty."

"He might be willing to serve as assistant for a year, to get a fair grasp of the business."

"No, sir. He can take the position tomorrow and go right ahead. I have every confidence in him, and he has all confidence in himself."

What Mr. Barnes said had to go. Young Denton Carlisle was the son of his widowed mother and the nephew of his pompous uncle. He had scraped through college. He knew the college yell, but very little beyond it.

He had been in a campus "rush" or two, and had twice been arrested for creating a disturbance in a theater. What the young man rather thought would fit him was the managership of a national bank, but after being turned down at half a dozen of them he was resting his business head when his Uncle Barnes arrived.

"Denton, I am going to make you manager of the Crescent Cement works."

"Bully for you."

"You know about cement, don't you?"

"I read that they used millions of barrels of it on the Panama canal."

"We have 140 men at work. Do you feel yourself competent to manage them?"

"Do I? Do I? Well, I rather guess yes!"

"Most certainly he can manage them," added the fond mother.

"Outside the office force they are what is called Dagoes, and are said to be rather hard to manage," observed the uncle.

"That don't worry me a cent's worth. They'll get on to my style in about twenty-four hours."

"We are not making a dollar."

"I shall make a cut of the pay roll the very first thing."

"I hope that won't bring on a strike."

"If it does then let 'er come. I can fill every man's place in two days. I am going to take hold with a strong hand, uncle."

For two years Miss Nettie Clarkson, daughter of a widow living within half a mile of the works, had filled the place of bookkeeper and cashier at a salary of \$10 per week. Aside from a boy to act as messenger, she constituted the "office force." She was a fair-looking girl and her work had been well done.

Young Mr. Carlisle walked into the office on a Monday morning, and without giving his name, proceeded to say:

"I presume you have heard that playing at work is over with around this shop?"

"I have heard that there was to be a new manager," she replied.

"And one that is going to drive business. You have been getting \$10 a week, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"O shall cut it to eight. That is all your services are worth. What is the boy getting?"

"Five a week."

"He can take three dollars or go!"

Miss Nettie was the sole support of the family, and she decided to take the cut and stay on, though the boy walked out. Nothing was said about cutting the wages of the men. It was expected there would be a cut, and at a secret meeting every man pledged himself to strike if the pay roll was meddled with. There were some bad men among the laborers and at least half a dozen who intended to make something out of the row.

When the Saturday pay day came Miss Nettie asked the new manager who was to go to the village bank after the money. She and the boy had always gone for the money, taking a short cut through the woods. During the week Mr. Carlisle had spoken to her only three or four times, and then on business matters.

"You need not worry about the finances," he sullenly replied; and then wrote out and posted up a notice to the effect that the next week the men would receive double pay.

There was a storm of indignant protest, but the new manager met it. "There is the notice. If you don't like it you can quit," he said.

"Will there be a cut in wages?" was asked.

"There ought to be. None of you are earning your wages."

"Did you think we were so short that we had to skip a pay day?" asked the girl after considerable hesitation.

"As you seem inclined to worry about that which is none of your business I will accept your resignation," replied the manager.

And while the humiliated girl was putting away her books and putting on her hat he wrote out a check for her week's salary and threw it on the desk. She left it there as she walked out with burning cheeks and tear-filled eyes. The money was sadly needed at home, but she'd go hungry sooner than touch it.

It was the noon hour. As she walked slowly homeward unable to realize as yet what a change an hour had made in three or four lives, she turned aside into the woods to have a good cry and to plan what she should do. She sat down under a tree beside a great boulder and had come to the crying part when she heard the tramp of men not far away—one-two-three-four they came into sight and then turned to the left and sat down on the other side of the rock. They were laboring men from the works. They had come there to talk things over.

Miss Nettie had not come in contact with the foreigners every hour in the day for two years without getting a pretty good understanding of their language. What she listened to chased the tears from her eyes and made her gasp for breath.

It was all right to skip a pay day. There would be a double amount of cash to be brought from the bank the next week. They argued that the manager would bring it himself. The four would be on hand to meet him on the path, and he was to be assailed and robbed. Further than that, his body, living or dead, was to be carried to the old hut of a charcoal burner half a mile up the mountain. They would rob him and thereby rob their fellow-workmen, but avarice has no conscience. After three or four days they could slip away from the works and divide the money and make a safe getaway. In case the blow of the club did not finish the manager then and there he was to be left to recover or die, as the case might be. When they had sworn a solemn oath of loyalty they moved away and left the girl at most too weak to walk home.

What was her duty in the case? It was plain enough. It was to give Mr. Carlisle notice of the conspiracy, that he might defeat it and save the funds and his life.

She would return to the office at once.

No, she wouldn't!

The manager had insulted her and humiliated her! He had forced her to resign when there was not enough food in the house to last three days. He had cut down her salary. He was a prig—a cad—an insufferable egotist.

If she returned he would sneer at her story and say that she had cooked it up in the hope of getting her place back. He would ask her if she thought him a child to be thus taken in. And then he would swagger around and declare that he could look out for himself against a hundred Dagoes.

No, she would not go back to be insulted over again.

The mother said yes, but the daughter said no.

It was not for either one of them to decide. Next morning the girl woke up with a fever and partly delirious. She had worried for hours. The days came and went. The mother took no steps, and when Saturday came again the patient was not able to lift her head. So Sunday, and so a part of Monday. Then news came to the house that Mr. Carlisle and the funds he was bringing were missing. They said he had absconded.

Just after noon, while the mother had run into the house of a neighbor to glean further particulars, the sick girl left her bed and dressed herself and disappeared. After a long hunt they found her in the old hut on the mountain. The manager lay there with a fractured skull and raving, and the sick girl had his head in her lap and was weeping. The money was there.

Occasionally a circumstance may change a man's whole nature!

Mrs. Carlisle insists that that marriage was a shocking thing, and that society will never receive her son's wife, but among those who don't care a copper whether it does or not are the bride and bridegroom.

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Left Name in History.

Rufus King, soldier, diplomatist and journalist, was born 100 years ago in New York city. He was a son of Charles King, president of Columbia college, and a grandson of Rufus King, the celebrated statesman. He graduated from West Point in 1833 and served in the army three years. For a while he engaged in newspaper work in Albany. In 1845 he moved to Milwaukee, where he became editor of a newspaper, and was a member of the convention which framed the state constitution in 1847. At the beginning of the Civil war he was commissioned brigadier general of Wisconsin volunteers. He assisted in the defense of Washington, was promoted to the command of a division of McDowell's army and distinguished himself in the battles of Groveton, Manassas and Fairfax Courthouse. After the war he served several years as United States minister resident in Rome. In 1869 he retired from public life. His death occurred in New York city October 13, 1876.

Worth Knowing.

Humphrey Davy, a poor apprentice to a country chemist, was born at Penzance, England, 1778. He became the most eminent scientist of his day. He made the safety lamps now used in coal mines. Davy made his first experiments in candle light. Today the light known as Baretgat Light, off the New Jersey coast, is equal to 30,000,000 candles.

Jet-Trimmed Hats for Early Wear



THE great variety in hats made of jet combined with other materials, gives reason to think that the jet-trimmed hat is destined to usher in the spring and remain throughout the summer. Already hats made of jet and maline, or jet and lace, with a touch of velvet in their composition, have appeared, and, while appropriate for present wear, they are airy enough for summer. The jet hat does not belong to one season but to all of them. It is a good investment in millinery.

Many of the new hats are quite high. The shapes themselves are moderate in height, but the trimming gives the effect of very high crowns. This phase of the new styles is liked for the combination of jet with maline or lace. Two hats of this kind are shown here, both of the prettiest of the latest models.

In one of them a turban shape is developed with a band of jet covering the brim and a soft puffed crown of maline. Over and around this crown there is a standing ruffle of maline (doubled) supported by fine wires. No other trimming is used. Such a hat is useful at any season. Thanks to the recent discoveries of manufacturers, the maline is not as fragile as it looks. It has been made waterproof. The jet is one of the few millinery materials that have lasting qualities.

The model of jet and lace is also a turban shape. It is somewhat elongated and has a soft crown of silk and

maline. Handsome black Chantilly lace is wired to stand up about the crown. It is slashed at each side and outlined near the edge with a line of jet spangles. A beautiful coronet of jet extends about the brim, rising to a point at the front. Small bows of black velvet ribbon are poised at each side. Little bouquets are often placed in this position, instead of bows. They are made of little, fine flowers or little fruits.

Quite the reverse of high, one of the small close-fitting caps of straw braid is shown with a band of jet about the edge. Nothing could be simpler in shape. It is trimmed with jet ornaments, one at each side, consisting of a flat cabochon into which a spike of jet is apparently thrust. In spite of its simple shape and construction, this model is smart and almost startlingly novel.

There is no doubting the favor with which these hats of jet have been received by those who are the first to buy spring millinery. They will be worn during the whole season, but as no one is content to own but one hat, after holding the center of the stage for a while, they will be relegated to second place, with flower and ribbon-trimmed millinery taking precedence.

A black hat should always be among the belongings of the well-dressed woman, for there are times when it is needed and nothing else will do quite as well.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

VESTS AND GIRDLES FOR ELABORATING THE COAT SUIT

IN ORDER to change the appearance of your dressy coat suit, or for the sake of elaborating your toilette upon occasions that demand it, the separate vest is a thing of beauty and a source of comfort. It is made of the handsomest and most brilliant of fabrics; bits of rich, highly colored brocades, gold embroidered satins, and ribbons which cost more than their weight in gold. But the little vest is small and takes only a short



length to make it. It is a touch of gorgeousness meant to brighten up and lend lustre to the quiet garb.

If one owns a coat suit of a good velvet or satin or any other of the popular suit fabrics, the separate vest and girdle will tone it up to fit the most exacting of occasions. For the afternoon tea-dance, the matinee, the formal call, the club reception, in

fact, for functions to which one wears a hat, the little brilliant vest and the smart girdle make the suit impressive.

It is a happy idea to have a bit of the same coloring in the hat worn with these chic accessories. The small black velvet hat has made opportunities for the addition of trimming to harmonize with colors worn in the costume. Crowns covered smoothly with the same rich and showy fabrics that are used for making vests, will be found effective.

The small waistcoats are embellished with handsome cut steel, jet or rhinestone buttons. Jet and rhinestone combined are in great favor just now. They are the last word in the matter of brilliance and look well on any color or mixture of colors.

Besides the little vest there is the girdle of brilliant silk ribbon or piece goods, and the specially good wide velvet ribbon. Plaids and Roman stripes in such fascinating color combinations that one instantly falls in love with them, furnish many of the girdles. Brocades are liked, but to be worn at the same time as a brilliant vest, the girdle of plain velvet ribbon furnishes about the best choice.

These girdles appear to be adjusted loosely about the figure and extend somewhat below the waist line. But think not that this is easily or carelessly done. They are carefully placed, the wearer adjusting them in front of her mirror and pinning them with the smallest of tiny safety pins on the under side. The pins do not show, of course. The girdles, if of ribbon, are nearly always "crushed" a bit. The effort these days is not to make the waist look "trim" and small, but to suggest ease and freedom.

The effect of a handsome, harmonious girdle in toning up a gown can hardly be overestimated. "That girdle makes the gown" is a comment one is apt to hear when a successful girdle lifts an ordinary gown to its own elegant level.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Flower Powder Puffs.

Small wonder that the heart of the silk velvet rose or whatever fabric flower Madame Modish elects to adopt as a corsage ornament is of generous proportions. It needs must be capacious, for it holds a tiny ribbon-tied silken bag and within the bag is a powder puff—infinite, to be sure.

Watch Carefully the Child's Diet

Start Them Off Right With a Good Laxative and Then Watch Their Food.

Mothers are often unconsciously very careless about the diet of their children, forcing all to eat the same foods. The fact is that all foods do not agree alike with different persons. Hence, avoid what seems to constipate the child or to give it indigestion, and urge it to take more of what is quickly digested.

If the child shows a tendency to constipation it should immediately be given a mild laxative to help the bowels. By this is not meant a physic or purgative, for these should never be given to children, nor anything like salts, pills, etc. What the child requires is simply a small dose of the gentlest of medicines, such as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, in the opinion of thousands of watchful mothers, is the ideal remedy for any child showing a tendency to constipation. So many things can happen to a constipated child that care is necessary. Colds, piles, headaches, sleeplessness, and many other annoyances that children should not have can usually be traced to constipation.

Many of America's foremost families are never without Syrup Pepsin, because one can never tell when some member of the family may need it, and all can use it. Thousands endorse it, among them Mrs. M. E. Patten, Valley Junction, Iowa, who is never without it in the house. Mrs. Patten



RALPH M. PATTEN

says that Syrup Pepsin has done wonders for her boy Ralph, who was constipated from birth but is now doing fine. Naturally, she is enthusiastic about it and wants other mothers to use it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, the latter size being bought by those who already know its value, and it contains proportionately more.

Everyone likes Syrup Pepsin, as it is very pleasant to the taste. It is also mild and non-gripping and free from injurious ingredients.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

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NOTHING TO BOTHER WITH

Possibly Uncle Cal Clay's Rebuke to Pastor May Have Had Something Behind It.

Booker T. Washington told at Tuskegee a Christmas story.

"Old Uncle Cal Clay," he said, "invited the parson to eat Christmas dinner with him. The parson accepted, and the spread was magnificent—sweet potatoes and celery, cranberries and mince pie, plum pudding, and a turkey so big and yet so tender that the parson had never seen the like before."

"Uncle Cal," the parson said, as he spread the pink cranberry sauce on a great, pearly-white, succulent slice of breast, "Uncle Cal, where did you get this wonderful turkey?"

"Pawson," said Uncle Calhoun Clay solemnly, "when you preached that wonderful Christmas sermon dismawin', did I ax you whah you got him? Nuh, no. Dat's a trivial matter."

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

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A Provision. "Do you think there will be a shortage of ice this winter?" "Well, not if we have any winter."

Even the high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on the wages of sin.

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400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says: "The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

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