#### A TRIUMPHAL MARCH

LABOR'S GREAT ADVANCE DESPITE ATTACK AND OPPRESSION.

How the Right to Organize Has Been Won Through Centuries of Opposition-Men Jailed For Daring to Meet to Consider Wages,

From the statute of laborers, pass ed in 1351, and the statute of apprentices, passed in 1563 and repealed as tate as 1813, no fewer than thirty express statutes were passed in England down to 1825 which, among other things, made the association of work tagmen criminal.

The very circumstance that so much legislation intended to be suppressive was deemed necessary may well indicate that the processes began early by which England was to become the mother of labor unions. Who e the thirty statutes of suppression were written in vain in those year. long past, there were at the close o. 1902 more than 1,900,000 organized workingmen in 1,183 unions.

It is claimed that the union membership in the United States largely exceeds that of the United Kingdom now. In proportion to population, however, industry in Britain is much more thoroughly organized.

Following the English speaking na tions in the number, membership and importance of their labor organizations come Germany, 800,000 members; France, nearly 500,000; Austria, more than 157,000; Denmark, nearly 100,000; Hungary, over 64,000; Sweden, about 60,000; Norway, 24,000; Switzerland, about 50,000; Belgium, between 60,000 and 70,000; Spain, more than 41,000.

The figures given are gathered from the book "Methods of Industrial Peace," by Dr. Nicholas Paine Gilman, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Dr. Gilman has aimed to treat the subject of industrial peace more comprehensively than other writers have done and to make up in part for what he considers "a surprising lack of books" on this vital matter. He traces in brief detail the history of combination among laboring men and gives an Interesting reference to the times preceding the unions, when masters were usually their own helpers. In such times in the duchy of Magdeburg, for instance, there were (year 1784) 27,050 masters to 4,285 assistants and appren-

At present in this country labor is better organized than capital. It is Dr. Gilman's philosophical view that an adjustment of the balance in organization must be one of the methods of providing for the permanent settling of difficulties-for securing the reasonable and fruitful conduct of 'collective bargaining."

Borrowing a figure of speech, the author says. "As long as one side is as well disciplined as a regular army and the other more like a home guard there will probably be no permanent adjustment of the difficulties between them.

The antiorganization laws were supposed to affect employers as well as employed, but "the law had a very poor vision for employers acting together, and employers were never fined, much less imprisoned."

As late as 1817 ten delegates of the calico printers of Bolton were jailed for meeting to consider the question

In 1812 the central committee of the Scottish weavers went to prison for directing a strike to secure wages fixed by a justice of the peace and re-

fused by employers. It is well, indeed, that we are far away from such misuses of power and

For our own country Dr. Gilman confronts us with the story of a meeting in Boston in 1832 at which merchants and shipowners subscribed a \$20,000 fund to fight the movement for a ten hour day. Horace Mann, Robert Rantoul, James G. Carter and Wendell Phillips sided with the workpeople Mr. Rantoul defended the journeymen bootmakers in an important case which was decided for them in 1842 and finally established the right of workingmen to combine.

"Trade unionism may have a great future before it," says Dr. Gilman after devoting chapters to the various as pects of industrial peace and war, strikes, lockouts, arbitration, concilia-"I would fain see that future marked by a deep sense of responsibility for large power and by a temperate employment of it for the good of all classes,"-New York World.

#### Farm Labor In Demand.

It is estimated that in seven states out west 45,000 men will be needed this summer to harvest the wheat crop. Crops are increasing faster than labor to secure them can be bad, and this, too, in the face of the fact that nearly 1,000,000 immigrants a year are coming to America. Last year college students were attracted to the west by the offer of \$2.50 a day and board and lodging, but so many fell by the wayside in the hot sun that scarcely enough remained to marry all the daughters of the rich farmers. Harvesters can find employment from May to nearly October, moving up from Texas to Canada. Wages are high, and there is plenty to ent. With a foreign war now in progress and the regular demand for foodstuffs in the countries in Europe which always buy from Americans on the increase, the outlook for a great business in exporting agricultural prodacts is excellent.-Baltimore Herald.

In 1812 the central committee of the Scottish weavers went to prison for di- ductive efforts were valued at £1.540,recting a strike to secure wages fixed 445. by a justice of the peace and refused by employers. It is well indeed that sons drew old age pensions amountwe are far away from such misuses of Ing to \$1,057,970. The total cost of adpower and the law.-New York World. ministering the act was only \$19,025.

PROFIT SHARING SYSTEM.

Statistics Prove That It Is Steadily

It is an admitted fact that the profit sharing system has not proved so successful in practice as its early advocates predicted. Whatever advarages this plan appears to offer in the way of inciting the workers to greater industry, establishing identity of interest between employer and employed and improving the general status of the working class, its practical work-

ing has been often disappointing. According to the "Annual Abstract of Labor Statistics," the number of persons em-loyed in profit sharing concerns in Great Britain is decreasing. On June 30, 1901, It was 53,254, and on June 30, 1902, it had fallen to 47,271. During four years-1889 to 1892-the profit sharing movement was at its height. Previously to 1889 the largest number of profit sharing schemes started in any single year was seven; in 1889 twenty were put into operation; in 1890, thirty-two; in 1891, fifteen; in 1892, seventeen. It is a signifi-cant fact that of the eighty-four profit sharing enterprises started during this four year period forty-nine have come to grief.

The table giving the causes of the abandonment of profit sharing is instructive. Twenty-six were abandoned owing to dissatisfaction of the employees with the results and eighteen owing to losses or want of success. Among the other causes are: Apathy of employees, disputes with employers and decrease of profits. Certainly this record of profit sharing experience in Great Britain does not warrant any expectation that the plan will ever become a general substitute for the wage system.-Boston Transcript.

#### POWER OF ORGANIZATION.

Transforms the Slave Into a Man and Makes the Weak Strong.

Organization transforms the slave into a man. It gives a voice to the dumb and a vote to the disenfranchised. It makes the helpless irresistible. It gives authority to those who have been despised. It straightens the bent back of the hireling and the drudge and enables him to look his employer in the face without revenge or fear. It enables a common coal miner like John Mitchell, who was kindergartened in the breakers and educated in the pit, to do more for his fellow workers than could be done by all the presidents of all the universities in America.

find out the magic of organization. Thousands of years ago he discovered that a hundred well drilled men could defeat a mob of thousands of undisciplined warriors. A century ago the great French thinkers, Fourier and Saint Simon, proclaimed the fact that organization should be applied to industry as well as to war. Our American capitalists were the first to realize this, and the result has been the piling up of enormous fortunes and the form-

ing of corporations and trusts. The working people realized the benefits of organization at about the same time as the capitalists; but, being so much more numerous, they could not organize so quickly as their employers had done. When they are organized completely their numbers will give them such a political and industrial power that the future of the re-public will be in their hands.—Herbert

The San Francisco System. Frank Buchanan, international presint of the bridge and structural workers, in a recent speech called attention to the much criticised control the labor unions have in San Francisco. He says it has the best system in the country. No union is allowed to demand improved conditions without giving three months' notice and it is positively laid down that no new demands can be made from the time desk and wrote: work has commenced on one building until it is concluded. Further, the president says, when reports reached there of depression in the east the central body of all unions at the Golden Gate ordered that no unions ask for improved conditions until all evidences of this depression had disappeared.

Labor Peace For Pittsburg. Pittsburg stands in a fair way to present an example to other cities by not having a single labor dispute of consequence for the rest of the year. In the recent settlement of the sheet and tin plate scale the last doubt was removed. It is almost positively assured that there will be no trouble in the building trades this year. The miscellaneous trades, including the machinists, structural ironworkers, boilermakers, etc., have agreements that do not expire until next spring or, at the earliest, the latter part of this year. The miners are agreed, and the glassworkers, while baving small disputes. are likely not to see any serious trouble.

#### LABOR NOTES.

Engravers of the country are organizing an international union. Children engaged in labor in the

United States reach the enormous figures of 1,850,000. Congress sidetracked until next ses-

sion both the eight hour and the antiinjunction bills.

Co-operation is flourishing in Scotland. At the quarterly meeting of the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale society recently it was stated that the total business done for 1903 amounted to £6,395,487, an increase of £336,368, equal to 5.5 per cent., while the pro-

In New Zealand last year 12,481 per-

# Gregory of Hampton

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON

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"Madge, didn't you spend half an hour in Mrs. Gifford's conservatory

"Yes-her orchids are marvels," replied the girl quietly. She returned her father's keen scrutiny without flinching. Miss Marsden was a worthy daughter of the great political leader.

"Mr. Gregory was with you-and I happen to know that he is not interested in orchids."

"Gregory of Hampton!" The words had become the scorn of the political headquarters over which Mr. Marsden presided. In truth, Greggory of Hampton was a thorn in the wire puller's flesh. He was unapproachable, unbribable and, from Mr Marsden's point of view, hopelessly unreasonable.

The apportionment bill was strictly framed by Marsden to give his party better control of the state legislative branches. It was not a vicious measure, but knowing that his heart was set upon it the younger element, who had begun to murmur against the iron rule "the boss," had vigorously opposed the bill.

Its defeat meant the dethronement of Marsden and the assumption of party leadership by one of the younger men. Gregory had entered the fight under instructions from his district leaders-staid, back country farmers to whom newfangled politics did not appeal. Self reliant and gifted with the faculty of dominating others, he had unconsciously assumed the leadership of the opposition and was already spoken of as Marsden's probable suc-

All this was passing through Marsden's mind as he watched his daughter run through her morning's mail and wished she would speak. But clearly she was not in a communicative

"I suppose you help receive at the governor's reception this afternoon Well, go where you like, though I don't care for that daughter of his. Only remember one thing, there is to be no nonsense between you and this young Gregory. The apportionment bill gives us almost complete control, and it's The military general was the first to got to go through. Gregory by his ob stinacy encourages the opposition. I've started to put it through, and I'll do it if it takes my last dollar."

"I hardly think it is worth while for you to waste money on Mr. Gregory He's not that sort." Margaret had risen and now stood

pale and tense, before her father whose face had turned livid. "Don't tell me it has gone as far as that! Would you stand by this man

in preference to your father? Think, child, think. You're all I have in the world since-since your mother's gone.' The lips of the political leader twitch-

ed. The girl, who was the living, breathing image of her mother, occupled the one soft spot in his callous, scheming heart.

At mention of her mother's name Margaret turned swiftly and twined her arms around her father's neck "Father, dear, you make it so hard. You don't know how I love him. Can't

you two agree and make me happy?" Her father did not reply, and with a ped from the room, closing the door gently behind her.

her bedroom watched her father climb into the waiting brougham. She noted the increasing stoop of his shoulders, the languor of his step. When the carriage turned the corner, she sat down at her

My Dear Mr. Gregory-I have thought and thought all night long, and still I cannot give you the answer you want. It is useless for me to make false the is useless for me to make take pre-tenses, useless for me to deny my love for you. And yet—I am my father's all, and, no matter how happy we might be I should always feel that I had robbee him of the reward for his faithful care nim of the reward for his faithful care of me. Can't you understand? He has been so good to me always—and 1 owe him everything. You must make my answer for me. This afternoon, I under-stand, they take another vote on the bill which stands between me and happi Your vote will be my answer. If it is "No," do not see me again. It will be easier for us both, and surely you ow my love that much consideration. Faithfully yours, MARGARET MARSDEN.

The ladies' gallery of the assembly chamber was thronged with brilliantly gowned women. The fourth day of the deadlock, and rumor had gone forth that there were prospects of a break. Members on the floor bowed to acquaintances in the gay array of butterflies. Gregory of Hampton sent but one long, searching glance in their direction, but in that look he caught a vision in the background, a slender, gray growned figure. A chiffon veil hid her features, but under the drooping brim of her hat he caught the glint of bronze gold hair. For an instant the hard, set look died from his eyes, and a tender smile rested on his lips. Then he glanced toward Marsden's desk. A group of men fawned upon the leader, who seemed not to notice them. His face was gray white, his eyes a steely blue. But Gregory of Hampton read behind the look of grim determination-to the years of interminable struggle, to the home life sacrificed, the wife love neglected, all for political power. And this same power lay within his own grasp if the apportionment bill failed. Leadership of men or life companionship and the love of a pure woman? The plaudits of the public or the caresses of a love for which he hungered as he had never hungered and longed and yearned for anything in all his busy, success-

the life? The house was called to order. Cold perspiration bathed his motionless figure. His arms were crossed on his breast. His eyes were fixed on the speaker.

Sudden slience fell upon the floor

and the crowded galleries.

The clerk cleared his voice and nervously adjusted his glasses. Marsden sat with the tabulated vote of two days before in his hand. To Margaret it seemed as if the alphabet held a thousand letters. Would the "G's" never come

"Finch!" "No!" Faint applause.

"Garrity!"
"Aye!" Mingled hisses and cheers. "Gorman!" Gregory's eyelids quiv ered just a trifle, and his glance shift-

with its glint of bronze gold. "No!" Increased applause.

ed for an instant to the bent head

"Gregory!"
For one brief second Margaret's heart stopped beating. "Aye!"

Every reporter at the tables above the speaker's head took a fresh grip on his pencil. There was a sensation. Consternation spread over the faces of the men who had been following Gregory's lead. The machine element cheered, and the speaker rapped for

Marsden folded his arms and glanced at the gallery, where Margaret had suddenly risen and was now making for the entrance. Just what part had she played in this little drama, he wondered. With Gregory on their side victory was assured. When he finally made his way through the crush after the vote was concluded neither his daughter nor Gregory was in sight. The former had entered her coupe, said the doorman, and another man told him that some one had seen Gregory swing into a back, and the driver had started the horse up at a terrific

But Gregory had not followed Margaret. It was dark before his ride ended, and he came back to town a trifle white in the face, but with eyes serene ly happy.

Marsden came upon them in the l

brary and extended his hand with awkward attempt at cordiality.

"I am glad you could finally se things our way," he commenced. The words died on his lips.

Margaret and Gregory turned toward him, and there was that in the latter's face which stilled the voice of the political leader. He gazed dumbly at this young man, born to lead, whom no amount of wire pulling, no offers of political preferment, no bribe, however alluring, could move and yet who for love of this slip of a girl had deliberately turned his back on a brilliant political career.

Would he have done as much at the same age for love of this girl's mother? He looked up suddenly, and his glance met the eyes of his wife gazing at him wistfully from a large oil painting. How often her eyes had met his in real life just that same way!

For the first time in years something like a prayer of thanksgiving welled up from the heart of the "boss." apportionment bill turned miserably Insignificant. Without a word he turned mon his heel, but at the door he looked back, and a smile of real happiness not triumph, rested on his thin, bloodless lips. His daughter's head rested confidingly on the shoulder of Gregory of Hampton.

Rat Cunning.

intelligence. Perhaps the best known sive. instance is that of the rats which, robbing a poultry vard, could conceive of no better way of carrying off the eggs than by getting one of their number to lie on his back and clasp the eggs on his stomach. Then several rats pulled their recumbent brother's tail, while others pushed his shoulders. Thus egg after egg was safely hidden in their burrow.

A rat has been known to cross swollen torrent in Scotland seated on a swan's back. Other rats have made friends with dogs and fed from the same platter. When the dogs were absent they would never feed, knowing that the presence of their canine friends meant safety.

Although when driven desperate with hunger they will devour one another, in times of plenty their affection is almost human.

A Sussex clergyman has told how he saw a number of rats migrating from one district to another, and in the middle of the company was an old blind rat with a twig in his mouth, by which he was being safely led by a younger

Instances of rats leading blind com rades by the ears to feeding places and placing food close to their muzzles have been observed more than once. This is more than many human beings will do for their weaker brethren. London Express.

Gluttonous Englishmen. Bluffkins wandered in at the club the other night and drew his chair close to the fire.

"I wouldn't be an Englishman for anything!" he ejaculated. "They have the most gluttonous appetites on rec ord."

"You cawn't prove that, bah Jove! said Mr. Algernon Hawkins, who lived on chops and swore by his majesty. "I can," replied Bluffkins, with un

ruffled composure, "and here is the proof. I was riding home in an electric last night. Two Englishmen sat wext to me. 'I 'ave just bought a stove,' said one. 'So 'ave I,' said the other. 'But mine is the best on earth. It cooks my breakfast in 'alf an hour,' said the first. 'Jove,' said the second, 'that isn't anything. I can 'eat my

stove in five minutes." And even Mr. Algernon Hawkins ac knowledged that the Englishman did have a pretty solid appetite.

## How Stumpy Learned to Subtract ..... By ALEC BRUCE

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In Munkersville everybody agreed that Stumpy Dent was silly; not very much off, but off. Pa Dent himself did not deny it. Of course ma was an exception to the rule and vigorously denied everything and anything that touched on the softness of Stumpy. And toward pa, because of his sittin' on the fence attitude, she assumed a frigid front.

"Silence is jes' the same as consent, Dave Dent," she complained bitterly, eying her spouse with a shrewish look. 'Shame on ye, an' him your own flesh an' blood!"

But Dave paid no heed to these outbursts. As a matter of fact, pa was past speaking to Stumpy. He had fought the good fight and failed. In time perhaps, he allowed, intelligence might penetrate to Stumpy's brain.

Good humored, fat and flabby, Stumpy had seen nine healthy summers. His eyes were blue and watery, his cheeks dimpled and red. Rain or shine he wore a havseed hat two sizes too small for his abnormal crown, kept in place by an elastic so tight that it puckered and reddened his skin. His pants were drawn up three inches above his knees, and, though ma tried hard to prevent it. Stumpy's kneecaps were always exposed, for Stumpy had a weakness for curbstones and marbles, and rather than stand on his feet he hustled along on all fours.

In school work Stumpy was disappointing, two grades behind the times. Yet he could read, spell, add to the thousands and would attack millions if he dared. But, oh, subtraction, subtraction - not even a standing blackboard example could enlighten Stumpy's mind!

His long suffering teacher, like pa, was nearing the exasperation point, when suddenly a happy thought occurred to her. She had observed Stumpy on the curbstone playing marbles Sure! He must have marbles in his pocket. He did have them, a bulging pocketful, jealously guarded, and after a struggle she successfully extracted three. But it was all she could do to get them, and for days her soft, white hand retained evidence of the getting.

"Stumpy Dent," she cried, with blazing eyes, "now tell what I have done."
"Cobbed ma marbles," wailed the outraged pupil, with streaming eyes and waggling toes.

"Hush, hush, sonny. I'm going to give them all back to you. I'm only trying to show you what subtraction is. Now, how many marbles had you when you came to school?" "Twelve," shouted Stumpy.

"How many have you now?" One by one Stumpy counted them and considered.

"How many?" repeated the teacher. "Twelve when ye give 'em back t'me," calmly announced the hopeless

From pent up forms a roar of boyish laughter made sensitive Stumpy tearful and tight as a clam, and away went hope like the filmy wake of a

Of course Pa Dent soon heard the story and looked sadly at his son. He himself had tried the practical illustra-The rat has often demonstrated his tion scheme, but the lad was unrespon-

"Stumpy," he demanded, shaking the boy's fat hand a little roughly, "do you

like school?" "Yis," was the glib reply.

"Then you must do better or I'll take vou away." Now, Stumpy spoke the truth. He

really loved his teacher. School was his heaven, and in his clumsy way he had tried hard to catch subtraction. But it wasn't pa's threat that awakened Stumpy. To Darby Peck, the town's

leading grocer, must be given the credit. Darby had a way with him, such a way that for every customer his rival, Bollinger, boasted, Darby could set up four, and Darby had just opened a branch near Stump's school.

"Naw, the laddies' trade ain't much," he admitted, "but A'm a-caterin' t'em test the same."

Here hitherto Bollinger had held full sway. But Bollinger was mean, hard as nails; he didn't give marbles away with every five cent purchase. But Darby did, so Darby corralled the school. Bollinger tried hard to get it back. At half price, as a lure, be advertised squeakin' balloons and sticks of candy, the chowchow kind. Who vanted squeakin' balloons and chow chow candy? And again Darby went him one better:

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Five dollar bill to the boy or girl who guesses nearest the num-ber of peas in this bottle.

His store was besieged. The school playgrounds were deserted. Troops of madly excited boys and girls flung frantic guesses at the delighted grocer. Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Validy, across the way, the janitor swung his bell high above his head, then down to his weak old knees, and the brass gave

out its utmost. "No, no, no; every guess must be written, and I will take none till 3 p'clock this afternoon," cried Darby,

dismissing the disappointed mob. But one boy, regardless of the janitor's peremptory mandate, remained glued to Darby's window, mumbling to himself, his chubby fists clutched tightly at the crimson sill, as he dumped his toughened knees against the freshly painted panel. It was Stumpy Deat, and he was thinking-yea, he

was reasoning. Where had he seen bottle just like that one with the pens? Ma had one just the same down in the cellar. Sure!

Suddenly, when the white aproned assistant peeped out of the door, Stumpy melted. Hookey? Fine he knew what hookey meant, and ma mustn't see him get the bottle-naw. nor the peas! And she didn't.

At 2 o'clock that same afternoon Pa Dent came unexpectedly upon his offspring. Pa seldom disturbed the stable loft till the evening, when he brought the horses in, and therefore had Syum-py chosen it as a fitting place for his operations. A newspaper spread length-wise, the French prune bottle, a pyramid of peas, Stumpy carefully counting every pea he dropped into the bottle, and on the white margin of the newspaper a record of red chalk strokes-that was what pa saw when his head topped the open trap.

"Stumpy!" he cried sharply. "What are you doing? Why are you not at

Taken in the act and breathless from the shock, Stumpy did not reply at once. Under such strong incriminating circumstances the grand impulse of the ordinary boy would have been instant confession and "take the consequences." Not so with Stumpy. A splendid evasion loomed up before him.

"Subtractin', pa," he gurgled, dabbing his finger on the last chalk mark so as not to forget his total.

"Ah, I see!" said pa. Certainly the excuse was a feasible one. He had told the teacher to send Stumpy home if he became too dense, Left to himself, pa said, subtraction might come in a flash, but the jeering of his companions would make him worse. Sensible Miss Marlow had acted on his advice. Yes, that was it, and pa, quite satisfied, descended the ladder from the loft. When he disappeared Stumpy smiled and went on

adding. Came 3 o'clock, and Darby was again besieged. Every boy and girl in Munkersville had a guess to give in, and every slip had to be carefully examined. At last, amid breathless silence, Darby, beaming like a harvest moon, mounted a chair and in loud

"Nine-two-two is the winning number, boys, and Stumpy Dent guesses nine-two-one! Stumpy gets the bill!"

Wild was the scene in Darby's. Up and out went Stumpy on the shoulders of the fifth grade gang. And pa, driving home in his buggy, felt a lump in his throat when he heard the loud cheers for Stumpy.

"How dld you do it, sonny?" he naked when the demonstration was over and the boy safe at home.

"Jes' this way," whispered Stumpy. "I fetched ma's prune bottle from the cellar. Darby's was jes' the same in size an' wi' the same wee rid label on the neck. So I filled ma's bottle neat wi' peas, emptied 'em out on the newspaper an' counted 'em as I filled it up ag'in. That gave nine-two-

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed jubilant pa. "Come, Stumpy, lad," he cried, counting out five shining silver dollars for . the bill; "come an' we'll put your money in a bank!" It was a miniature iron bank, a pen-

ny in the slot affair, and the silver rattled and rang as it dropped to the little vault below. "Now, Stumpy," said pa proudly.

interest at 5 per cent in one month."

But when the month was up and pa pried open the lid only three shining dollars demanded 5 per cent. Stumpy

Applicant In the Wrong Roc During the excitement of a physical examination of candidates for places on the police force in city hall a mild mannered man wandered into the room and somehow got mixed up with the aspirants for places on the force. He was instructed to remove his clothes partly, and in a few minutes was bard at work with the other men in the room, raising dumbbells, inflating his chest and undergoing a general physic-

al examination. "Run around the room," he was com manded, and, on a trot, be made the circuit of the room a dozen times. Almost out of breath, he stopped then and inquired:

"Look a-here, what else have I got to do to get my license?" "What license?" queried the surgeon,

in surprise. "Why, my marriage license, That's what I came in for," was the reply. "Say," said the surgeon, "you're in the wrong room. I thought you wanted to be a policeman. The license bureau is downstairs."—Philadelphia

### A Frightful Accident.

A laborer was on his way to his work one morning as a through train was about to pass a little station where a crowd had assembled for the A child who had strayed to the edge of the platform seemed about to lose her balance in her effort to get a good view of the oncoming engine,

Quick as a flash the workman tumped forward, tossed the child back to a place of safety and was himself grazed by the cylinder, which rolled him over

on the platform pretty roughly.
Several people hastened to his assistance, but he rose uninjured, although with a face expressive of grave

concern. "Confound it! Just my luck!" he exclaimed, drawing a colored handkerchief, evidently containing luncheon. from his pocket and examining it rue-

"What is it?" inquired the onlookers "Why, the salt and pepper's all over the rhubarb pie, and the eggs-well, I kept telling her something would happen if she didn't boll 'em harder!"