

A MONSTER INDUSTRY.

IMPORTANCE OF COKE MAKING IN THIS COUNTRY.

In Relation to Other Branches of Trade and Industry in This Country—The Extent of Its Production—The Importance of Its Employment—The Status of Labor in the Region.

URING the past fifteen years, the coke industry in the United States has assumed an importance in the industrial world, the history of any other branch of mining or manufacturing. This progress and development is all the more remarkable, from the fact that the amount of capital invested, the labor equipment and the scope of actual operations, are out of all proportion to those employed in kindred industries, where the returns are insignificant by comparison, under like conditions. Closely allied to the iron industry, controlling in a measure the coal output, and requiring the services of men dependent and permanently located, coke production affects with its prosperity or depression, the commercial, financial, agricultural, and industrial interests of a section vitally, and of the country at large to a considerable degree. Practically every iron manufacturing plant, by cutting down running expenses during a look-out, and when such occurs



A "BANK" OF OVEN.

a sufficiently large amount of money is withdrawn from circulation to seriously affect the regular routine of trade. There are eighteen States and Territories in which the manufacture of coke is made a feature, but the Connellsville district in Pennsylvania, outrivals all others in the quantity and quality of its supply. Here the industry has its center, and sufficient capital is massed,

CHARGING THE OVEN.



CHARGING THE OVEN.

natural advantages found, and the business conducted on a broad enough basis to admit of the utilization of the best mechanical means and the skilled labor where occasionally required, to claim pre-eminence as the banner coke district of the world. Here alone 13,511 ovens are located, employing some 17,000 men, at a daily pay-roll average of \$25,000, and all

three-quarters time. It is claimed that the coke industry began to appear, and the result was a second strike. This time success crowned the efforts of the workers. The effect was bad, however, for the tables turned and the upper hand gained by the majority, the operators seemed to be marked as victims for retaliation. Trifling affairs were magnified into important issues, the workmen demanded the discharge of this and that obnoxious foreman, they quibbled over numerous technical points, and day after day strikes were inaugurated, until three distinct advances in wages were secured.

In 1907 the dissatisfaction of the men culminated in a general demand for a 20 per cent advance. This was positively refused by the operators, who offered 5 per cent instead. The workmen declined to treat on this basis, and the matter was referred to arbitration. An arbitrator received the case, and finally the mine owners claimed that they had already allowed advances in wages aggregating 50 per cent, and the arbitrator decided in their favor. The men appealed, arbitration was discarded as a useless expedient for the remedy of existing difficulties, and a lock-out ensued. The struggle lasted two weeks, was a bitter one, replete with hard feelings, suffering, and loss of time and money for both capital and labor. Finally, the operators, however, proceeded on an independent basis, refusing to have any dealings with labor organizations or with union men.



A "BANK" OF OVEN.

It does not matter much to a boy whether he is madder-looking or the reverse. He is not obliged to ask for anybody to ask him to dance, and his matrimonial prospects don't appear to suffer in any way because of his looks. Shortages that would send a girl's stock away down below par, or even put her out of the market altogether. One never sees a man so modest or respectful as the handsome woman is ready to marry him, if he will only ask her; but men are less philanthropic, and so the ugly girls are generally left to rot to waste as unappreciated beauties. The "handsome" is as handsome does "theory" won't hold at all after we get out of the nursery, and a little experience soon convinces us that this is a fraud and delusion, like that other domestic fiction, about the drumstick being the choicest part of the fowl, with which our elders used to impose upon the unsuspecting simplicity of our childhood.



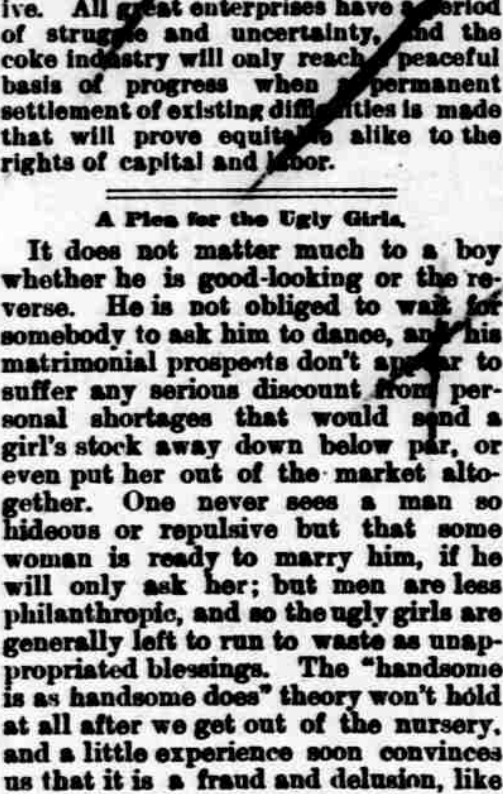
CHARGING THE OVEN.

more than at other mines, which latter statement was true, but although the Connellsville coal is easily mined and the men work with their hands, they accomplish much more than in mines in less favored localities. The history of the coke interest itself, in the Connellsville region begins practically with 1870. At that time there were only 3,650 ovens in blast, which were principally manned by natives, Germans, and Irish, the two former acting as miners and the latter as coke workers. Previous to that time, for several years, a great depression had existed in the industry on account of slack times in the iron trade, and consequently limited demand for the product. In 1879 the business took a decided "boom," however, the oven capacity was doubled and wages were in great demand. The consequent consequences were unable to supply laborers, and the Pittsburg employment agencies were resorted to by the mine-owners. This led to the introduction of large numbers of Hungarians and Poles. Popular error has accredited these men with dissolute English-speaking practices, which is not the fact—they simply sought the working force and filled a demand, rapidly acquiring American habits. The plants naturally extended to the men, and led to a centralization of principles. Affairs proceeded smoothly until 1885, when the Knights of Labor organized and sided the first general strike of the coke-workers for higher wages. The strike was unsuccessful, and after six weeks of idleness, work was resumed. Capital and labor seemed to agree on equitable terms during the second year, but in 1887, when the demand of 804, however, had a demoralizing effect on the men. Over half the ovens were idle, and those in blast put in only

THE MOORISH STORY-TELLER.

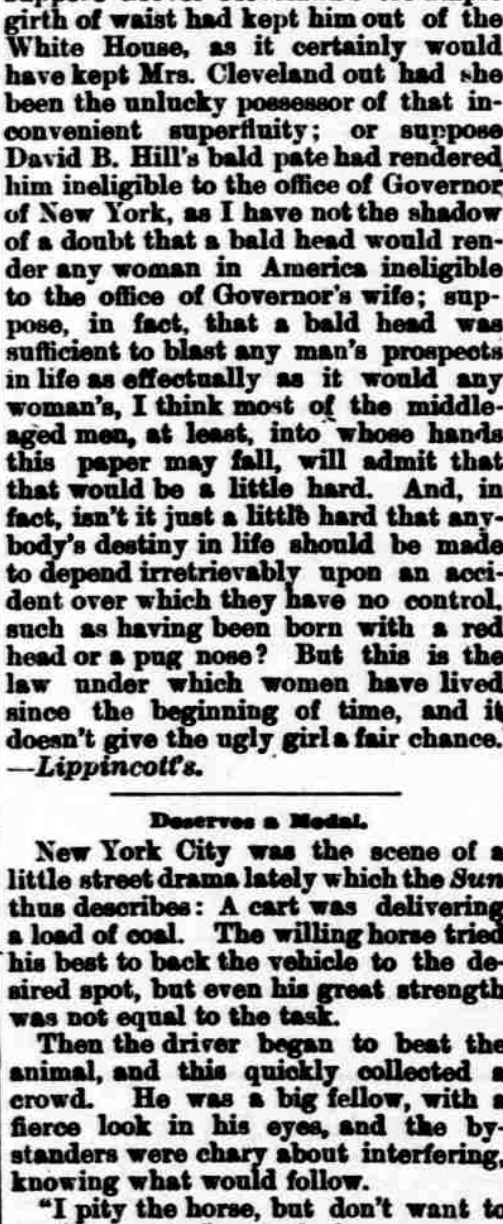
How He Entertains His People with Fantastic Tales of the East.

Wall City, Mo., Aug. 10.—The "Deemster" and other novels, has discovered in his travels a Moorish story-teller. The Moorish story-teller is usually a Moor, properly so-called, but of negro blood, and comes from beyond the Atlas. He is a familiar figure on the Mohammedan holiday, Friday, in the soil, or market place, of Moorish towns. Surrounded by two, three or four lines of listeners, in a semi-circle, he strums on a sort of a guitar, and tells his stories in gasps and spasms and with great fervor. His stories are not always of a kind that bear repetition, but some are harmless; and of that sort Mr. Cairne gives, as an example, a story which he himself heard in the soil at Tangier, and had translated by the aid of a native interpreter. Most of the oral literature of the market place seems to be a sort of apocrypha to the "Arabian Nights." "Once there was a good man, and his name was Ali. He owned a horse, and a beautiful English girl. Ali was willing to make her his wife if she would become a true believer. Praise the merciful Allah and his prophet the Lord Mohammed! She, on her part, was willing to be Ali's wife if he would become a Christian. One day Ali told her to go down to his stable to harness his horse and saddle his favorite horse.



MOORISH MINISTER.

"When she got to the stable the horse lifted both its forefeet and struck her down. For a time she was insensible, and when she recovered consciousness she took the blow of the horse as a proof of her unbelief in the true God and his prophet. Allah save and bless us! [All touch forehead.] She, on her part, was willing to be Ali's wife if he would become a Christian. One day Ali told her to go down to his stable to harness his horse and saddle his favorite horse.



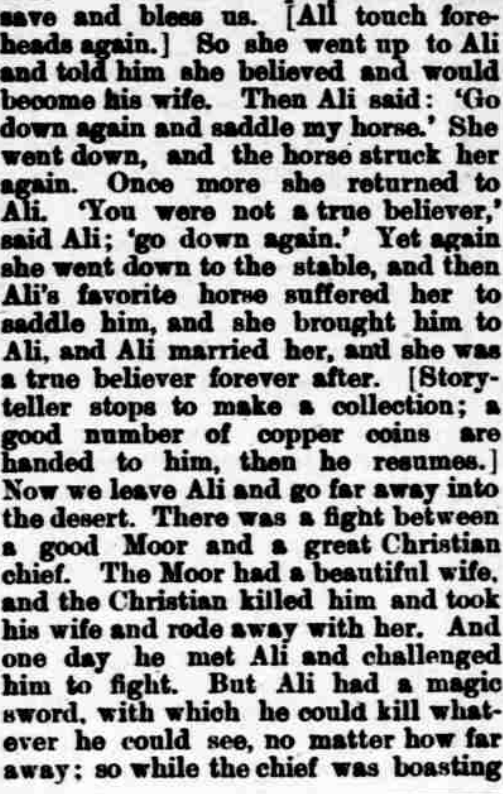
MOORISH MINISTER.

Ali drew his sword and swopt it in the air. And when the Christian chief cried, 'Come and fight me.' Ali answered him, 'You are dead already, turn yourself round and you shall see that I am the chief and you are the captive. He had been out so clean by Ali's magic sword that he did not know that he was dead. But he fell sounder as he twisted about and rolled off his horse into the sea. So the Moorish woman when he had made captive rejoiced, and she looked upon Ali and saw that he was a goodly man and offered herself to him to be his wife. But Ali had got a wife already, and she was a Christian. So he would not take the Moorish woman, but gave her to another, and thus all was well and everybody happy. Give thanks to Allah, the merciful and mighty. [More touching of foreheads and another collection.] Then a story of finer flavor, told with infinite and too obvious panache, amid shrieks of laughter from men and women, and little boys and girls.

THE MOORISH STORY-TELLER.

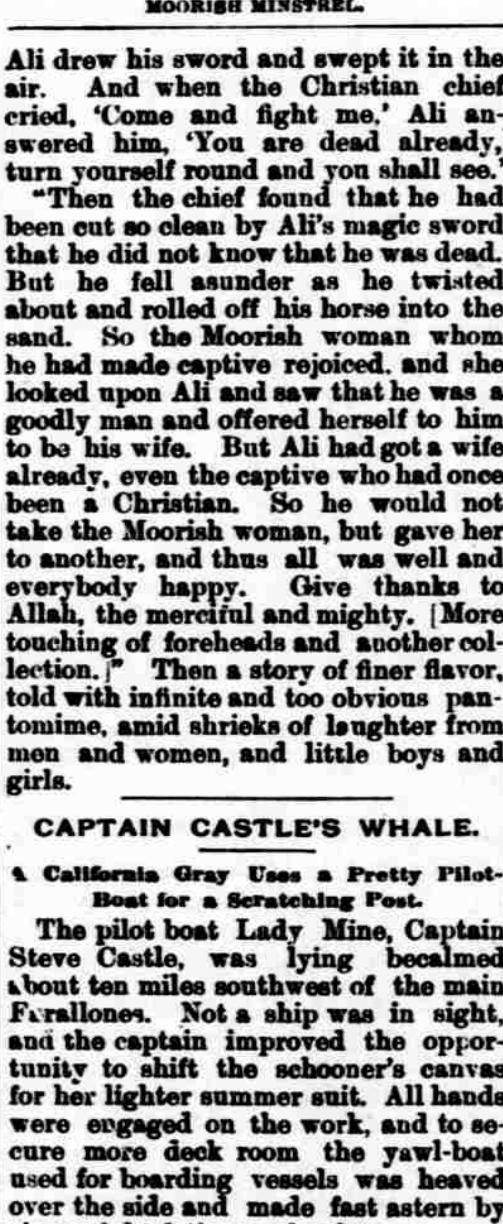
How He Entertains His People with Fantastic Tales of the East.

When he came up he touched the schooner, but did it very gently, not with a jar or a bump, but with a slow upheaval, that simply showed the vessel off sideways, and careened her over a little until her round bottom slid off the monster's back. The whole appeared highly delighted, and repeated the performance. For two hours he worked 200 yards from the Lady Mine, and half the time, when he was above water, the crew could have touched him by simply extending their hands over the side. A dozen times he repeated his performance, but always with the same gentleness that characterized his first contact, and often his huge fin protruded above the rail us big as a boat sail.



MOORISH MINISTER.

The crew did not mind the whale using the Lady Mine for a back-scratcher as long as he continued good-naturedly, but when he began to attack against the color, and finally made an attempt to drive him away. The boat-keeper provided him with a sharp-pointed spinaker boom just as he rose above the water, and he was seen to fluke caught the line, and as the several tons of blubber and whalemeat went down the yawl boat went, too.



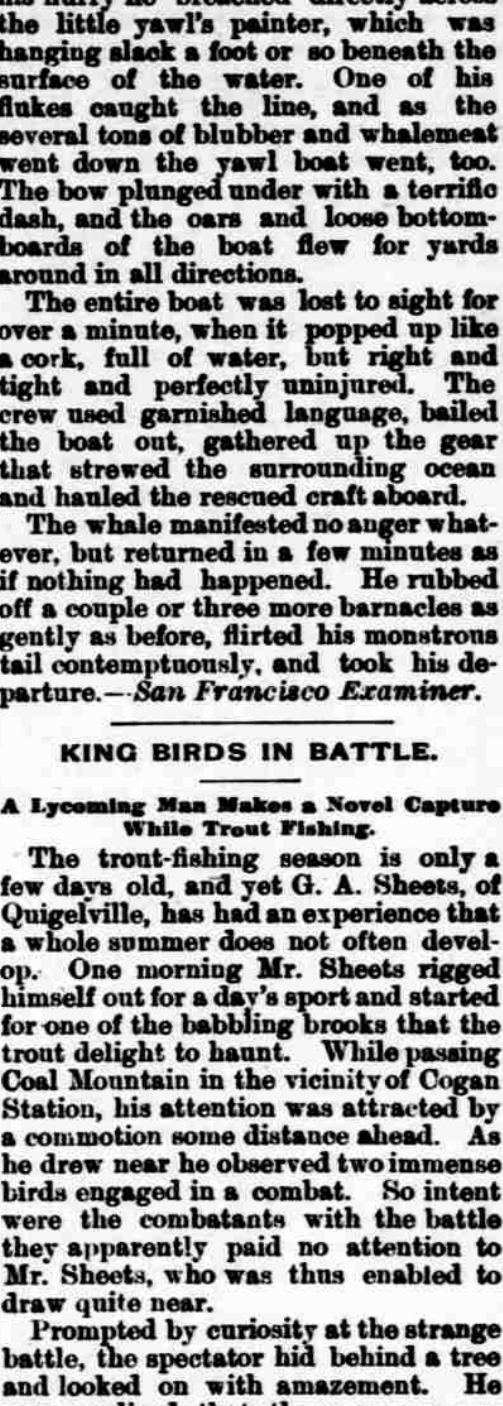
MOORISH MINISTER.

The whale was lost to sight for over a minute, when it popped up like a cork, and the crew saw the white light and perfectly uninjured. The crew used garbled language, bailed the boat out, gathered up the gear that strewn the surrounding ocean, and sailed on their way. The whale manifested no anger whatever, but returned in a few minutes as if nothing had happened. He rubbed off a couple of three more barrels as gently as before, fluked his monstrous tail contemptuously, and took his departure. —San Francisco Examiner.

PERSONALS.

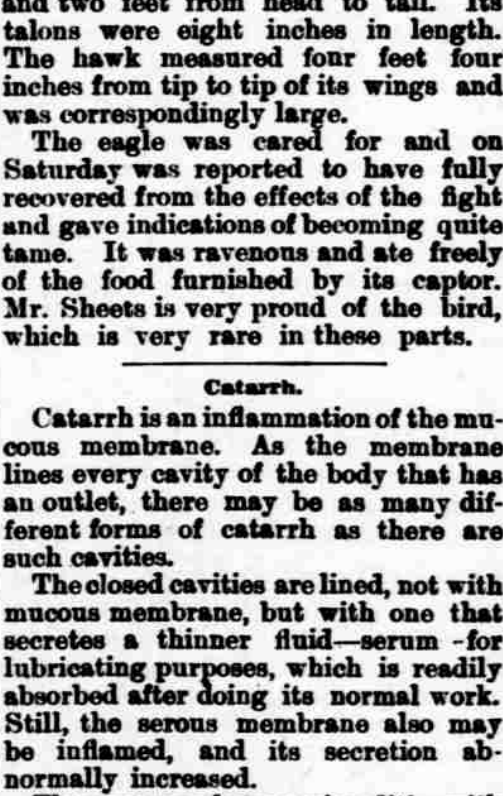
Mr. Van Derpoort, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.



MR. VAN DERPOORT.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.



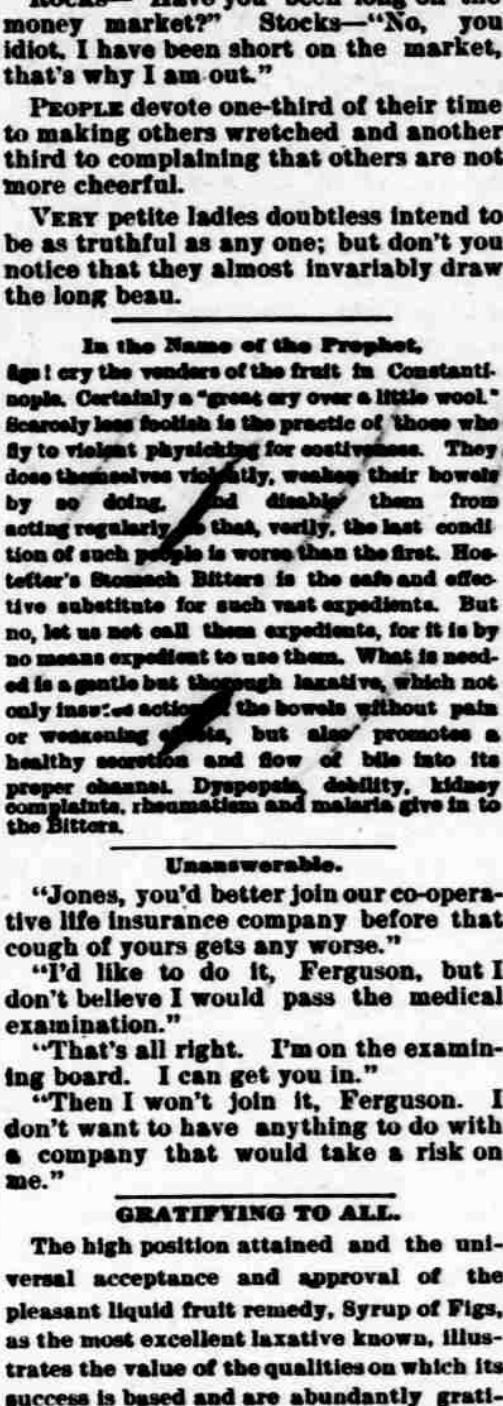
MR. VAN DERPOORT.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.

PERSONALS.

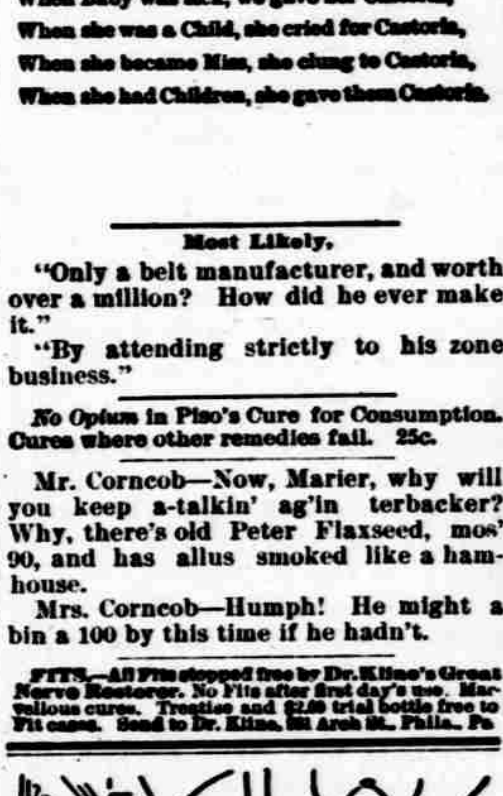
Mr. Van Derpoort, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.



MR. VAN DERPOORT.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.



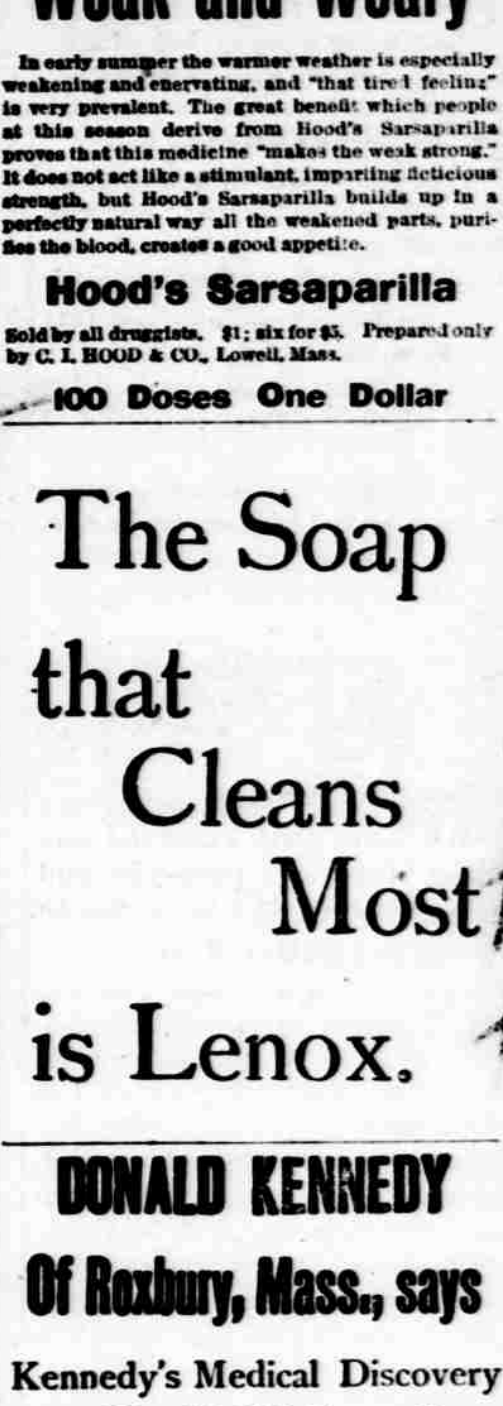
MR. VAN DERPOORT.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.

PERSONALS.

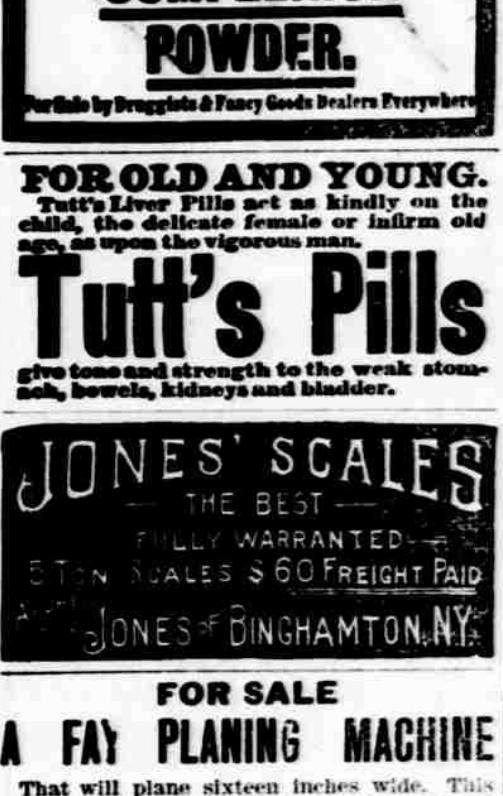
Mr. Van Derpoort, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.



MR. VAN DERPOORT.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.



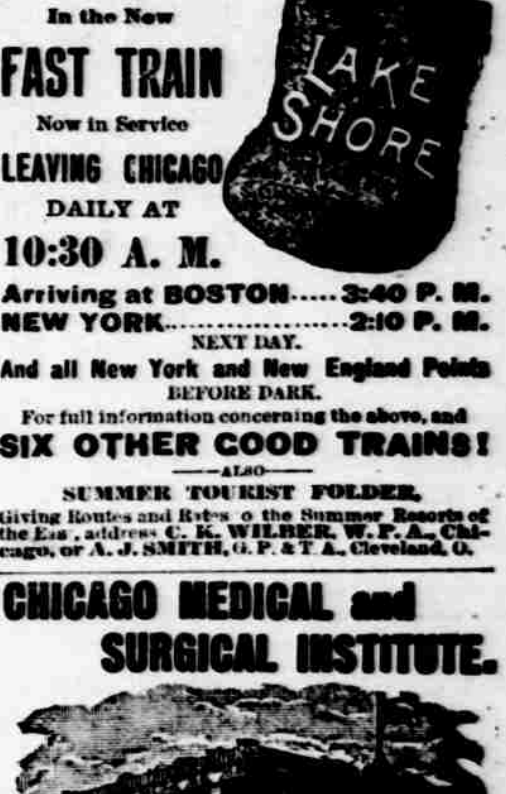
MR. VAN DERPOORT.

Mr. VAN DERPOORT, a Milwaukee grocer, can sleep ten days at a stretch. He has had a long and successful career in the grocery business, and his health is such that he can sleep ten days at a stretch.

"August Flower"

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, bolder-headed boys.

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, bolder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introduction, very serious we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it well. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'g. Woodbury, N.J.



AUGUST FLOWER.

What is it for? We continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introduction, very serious we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it well. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'g. Woodbury, N.J.



AUGUST FLOWER.

What is it for? We continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introduction, very serious we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it well. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'g. Woodbury, N.J.