

BY ROBERT BARR.

the Story of a Labor Union. A Tale of Present Day Problems. With Episodes from Real Life.

Oh, yes, I saw Sartwell, and had a talk with some of the men-with the-ah-ring-

"You mean the leaders, Harnard"
"Yes, something of that sort. I don't pre-

'Indeed?' It never occurred to me to place

at the hearth rug now, resting his weight on his toes and then coming down on his

"I haven't the least idea what you are talking about, Barnard."

"I am talking about the proposed strike, mater; about the demands of the men."
"Requests my son. The men request an audience with Mr. Sartwell, and he refuses to the control of the men."

it, as if he were prime minister."

"That's just what I said to Sartwell.

"Sartwell," said I, 'you're high-handed with
the men." He admitted it, but held that if
he had a conference with them, no good
would be accomplished unless he acceded to

their dem-requests."
"He could compromise—he could make

some entressions, and then everything would no smoothly again. He has no tact."

"Quite so, quite so. But you see the men want only one thing, not several. They are perfectly logical about it. I had a

talk with them, and they were very much gratified to hear that you were on their

side. There will be no trouble with them in future if Sartwell is only reasonable. They look at it like this: They work ten hours a day and get on an average a pound

a week-or-sh-semething like that-I for

and Monston work four or five hours a day-not very hard either-and go to Switz-

erland in the summer and Alglers in the winter, yet they draw [20,000 a year each

out of the business. This, the men claim, is unjust, and, of course, I quite agree with them. It's outrageous, and I said so, Well,

he men are prepared to do the most gen-

hopelessly wrong about the proposition.
"Five hundred pounds a year!—to me!

Barney looked reproachfully at his mother

"That's just the way Sartwell talks, and I

150 a year, an elderly pair with but one

painting, could get along on ten times that

Oh, I've no patience with you. Barnard.

"And then Sartwell says, look at the capt-al invested..."

one with a grain of sense would see that. There are thousands and thousands expended

"Certainly. He is perfectly right, and any

a the buildings and in the development of the business. The workmen never think of

hat nor you, either, it appears."
"You see, mater, it's out of my line. But

Think!" exclaimed his mother, with

withering contempt.
"Yes," continued Barney, placidly, "so I went to the workmen to see what they had to say about it. They said at once that the capital had been refunded over and over again. I went back to Sartwell to see if this way true, and it was true. Well then,"

Under the circumstances it seemed to me

that the workmen had made a most mag-nanimous proposal. If a man would paint a picture for me which I could sell for 5500

and he was content to take £50 for it an leave me the other £450. I should think hir

the most generous of men."
"Stop talking nonsense, please. Is Sart-

ity and tell him he is to do nothing of the

"But, mater," protested the young man

"Don't talk. You've done enough harm

saw that Lady Mary had slipped away un-

aiready. Try and undo it."
"But, I say! It's rather rough on me

mater. When you promised me a check for 1300, I didn't imagine I would have to secold Sartwell a second time and take back

"He thinks it aiready. But it doesn't mat-ter what he thinks. It is what he does that you have to deal with. You must see him

t once and stop this nonsense about a con

"I don't see how I can face him again mater. I'd rather lose the \$300 check."

"The check has nothing to do with the juestion. I should hope you are not attending to this for the \$300. But I'll write

you a check for £500, if that will satisfy you

Then I hepe to hear no more about \$500 ;

request did not seem to displease her

car. Be consistent, at least, Barnned."
"Thanks mater, I'll try. And while you se writing out the check I'll have a word

When the young lady came in Barney was wooderfully bright after his long discussion. "I was aftaid I was in the way," said Lady Mary, modestly, "I don't know much

"The labor question," said Barney, "Is an exceedingly intricate one, and I'm afraid I don't quite understand it in all its bearings myself; but it's most interesting, I assure you, most interesting. I'm a laboring man

myzelf, now. I've got my studio all fitted up, and I work like a det's see, is it a Turk,

or a nigger?"
"I think a nailer is the simile you want."
"Very likely. I don't suppose a Turk works if he can help it. Oh, by the way. I ady Mary, I have 'At Homes' at my studio every Tuesday from 3 till 5. I wish you would come. Get your father to bring you. I want a real live lord don't you know, to-

well," sald his mother, rising. The

Blarney shook his head dolefully.

with Lady Mary!

bout work people.

you must instantly go back to the

well going to receive the men?"

were true, and it was true. Well, then-

withering contempt.

Sartwell said about investment made

cried Mrs. Hope, at last.

ple exist on five hundred a year?"

here in shillings and pence.

et the exact amount, although they had i

Now father

(Copyright, 1986, by Robert Barr) I We all have our duties toward the working From Wimbleton to Surbiton is comparalively but a step. An enterprising train, sent on accomplishing the feat, can do the "So you saw Mr. Sartwell, Harnard?" tively but a step. An enterprising train, bent on accomplishing the feat, can do the listance in seven or eight minutes, and even the slowest of "locals" takes but twelve. Barney was an energetic young man, and, leaders, don't you know, where a check was concerned, knew the dangers of delay; so he resolved, being in tend to understand the bally workingmen, the neighborhood, to go to Surbiton, see his mother and suttle the business. The young man often reassured himself by saying inman often reassured himself by saying inman of the business. The young and Mr. Sartwell obdurate?"
"Did you and Mr. Sartwell obdurate?"
"Oh, bleas you, no, mater. Sartwell's the wardly that he was no fool, and the few most reasonable of men. minutes be had to meditate on the situation as he paced up and down No. 3 plat- him in that category.

cess by which he arrived at any plan of procedure. The great thing, my boy, "he used to say, "its to know exactly what you want dene, after all is said and done, Its one object was success—the kind that succeeds. Having attained that, he was careless of the means.

In this instance what he wanted was to prevent any interference with Sartwell, and he knew, if he boldly opposed his mother's scheme, such opposed his mother's scheme, such opposed his mother's scheme, such opposed his mother's action, and at the same time place himself on the hearth of the noxious air in Ross Careles of the means.

In this instance what he wanted was to prevent any interference with Sartwell, and he knew, if he boldly opposed his mother's scheme, such opposed his mother's scheme, such opposed his mother's to be avoid, and at the same time place himself on the hearth of the noxious air in Ross Careles of the ment of the noxious air in Ross Careles of the ment of the noxious air in Ross Careles of the ment of the noxious air in Ross Careles of the means.

Wigner that the waster of the curr, and threw its rays under the arche the court, and threw its rays under the arche the court, and threw its rays under the arche that he was supplemented by a gas jet over the botter it? Wyou take no more interest in your condition than that how can you expect to be curr, and threw its rays under the arche the court, and threw its rays under the arche the court, and threw its rays under the arche the court, and threw its rays under the arche the court, and there we supplemented by a gas jet over the botter it? Woll is the curr, was supplemented by a gas jet over the court, and threw its rays under the arche which was supplemented by a gas jet over the court, and threw its rays under the arche which was supplemented by a gas jet over the court, and threw its rays under the arche which was supplemente

"It will take a bit of thinking," said Bar-

"It will take a bit of thinking." said Barncy to himself, thus showing that he correctly estimated the difficulties of the situation, and realized the shortness of the
distance between Wimbleton and Surbiton.
Surbiton is a most attractive Surrey
suburb with an excellent service of trains.
The houses are large, detached, and of the
class known in estate agents' vocabulary as
"desirable." Stock brokers in the city are
attracted thither as much by the rapid train
service as by the desirable residences; thus
many of them live there. The rich and remany of them live there. The rich and re-tired tradesman and the manufacturer in a large way have given the place an exclusive-ness which it could never have attained if it had been a mere resort of noblemen, or a place for the housing of the working classes. It is the rich and retired tradesman who has given England its reputation as a cold and dignified nation. Nothing can compare with a first-class compartment from Surbi:on—"Vauxhall and Waterloo, only"— for rigid exclusiveness. Sometimes an unortunate duke or marquis, coming from his estates in the southwest, chances upon the Surbiton contingent, and makes an innocent and friendly remark. He is frozen into slience by the icy stare of the other five occupants of the compartment. .

Surbiton, to a stranger, has the look of a seaside place. Some of the streets are broad and divided by narrow railed-in parks. There are benches here and there. and trees everywhere, while an assembly hall in the center of the town, and a sort of marine parade along the river, and a band stand and military cenerit every Wednesday evening during the number, give to this charming suburb the air of a coast resort, lacking only the long, spidery, east from pier, which Surbiton may yet build over the river into the Hampton Ceurt grounds, where in spring the waters lie like a broad, yellow ocean. When that pier is built the charge for admission will doubtless be 4-pence—double the Brighton price, for Surbiton is prome to attest its exclusiveness, in a manner that appeals to the financial imagination. It is proud of the fact that its local rates are high (the Surbiton improvement committee being elected to attend to that matter), and that band stand and military except every Wednesday evening during the summer, give timid sirviety from one to the other. There seemed to be a sweet reasonableness in the elected to attend to that matter), and that first class season ticket costs (2 more than to any other place an equal distance

The Hope residence was a large, square, yellow house, rather old-fashioned—'an imcosing mansion" was the phrase that caught Hope's eye in the Times before she induced her husband to buy it—and it stood in extensive, well-wooded grounds. Barney drove up to it in one of the open victorias which stand for hire at the station, a class of vehicle that adds to the seaside appearance of Surbitor

He was evidently hurt, Telling the man to wait he spending so steps and knocked, for there was nothing so steps and knocked, for there was nothing so Telling the man to wait, he sprang up the suppose he thinks I'm a fool, too, merely be-cause I'm trying to understand the labor found his mother in the drawing room, and problem. It seemed to me that if a workman



BARNEY ON HIS MOTHER'S HEARTH

with her Lady Mary Fanshawe, who had driven over from her father's country place in the Dorking direction. Lady Mary was a nice girl, rather shy, who blushed prettily when Barney came in, and had a great admiration for the young man's hitherto unappre-riated artistic talents, liking a painter better than a manufacturer. Her father, having ascertained definitely that Barney's possessian of a studio would in no way interfere with his ultimate coming into the proprietorship of the renumerative factory, made no objection to the acquaintanceship between

"How-de-do, Lady Mary," cried the young man, shaking hands with her. "How are you, mater?" he added to his mother, kiasing her on the cheek

Barnard," said the elder lady, with a touch of severity in her tone, "I did not ex-pect to see you in Surbiton so soon. I thought you would attend to the business I spoke

'It's all been attended to, mater. I don't the grass grow under my feet-not that It's a good day for grass either," continued the young man, cheerfully, warming his bands at the fire. "Beastly weather," he remarked to Lady Mary, who assented to the

erse statement. 'Yes, ma'er, my motio is, what is worth loing is worth doing quickly-speedily done is twice done-I think there's a proverb to

that effect, you know. If there's not there pught to be." Lady Mary rose to leave the room, as

mother and son had evidently something to discuss together.
"Sit down, child," said Mrs. Hope, "It is nothing private. The men at the works' talk of going on strike. The manager is a stubborn, unyielding man, given even to

browheating his employers—"
"Bullying, I call it," interrupted Barney,
who now stood with his back to the fire, his

feet well apart on the hearth rug. His mother went on calmiy, without noticing her son's interpolation: "So it seems to me that such a man, ut-berly lacking in fact, might not, perhaps, be

mindful of the feelings of these under him.

"Be sure you go at once to Sartwell," she monoint opposite the "Rose and Crown," and naid, "and see that you don't bungle the nodded to some men who were lounging business a second time." Inconsistency of woman. He kinsed her on shoulders; it was evident at a glance that none of them find any interest in the meet-

CHAPTER VIL In almost any other country than Eng-land the name by which the evil-amelling land the name by which the evil-amelling cul-de-sac off Light street was known might be supposed to have been given it by some cynical humorist. It was called flose Garden court. As there is a reason for almost everything in this world, the chances are that once upon a time a garden stood there, and that roses probably bloomed in it. The entrance to the court was through an archway, over which, on the Light street side, was the name of the court. At the right hand of this tunnel stood the "Rose and Crown," locally known as the "pub," and the door of the jug and bettle department opened into the passage, which department opened into the passage, which was convenient for the inhabitants of the court. On the left of the archway there was a second-hand clothing shop, the wares, exceedingly second-hand, hanging in tattered festoons about the door.

A street laws asset to the court of the passage, which sten is the court of the passage, which have "Oh repeat terred festoons about the door."

never in a studio since I had my portrait conduct had to be particularly flagrant to painted. I'll ask my lather; but he doesn't bring upon them this last resort of the force.

Along Light street came Marsten, with the clastic. springy, energetic step of a pounds.

In the hall his mother handed Barney a check.

The sure years to Sarraell' about the conduct had to be particularly flagrant to bring upon them this last resort of the force.

Along Light street came Marsten, with the clastic. springy, energetic step of a young man in good health, who takes this thing to be done in it. He paused for a thing to be done in it. He paused for a which was, indeed, the case. Joe drew the

And yet the poor boy had merely pre-tended that her former orders had been car-ried out! Barney made no remark about the One shook his head, another shrugged his One shook his head, another shrugged his

ing while the 'pub' remained open. said Marsten. "The committee reports tonight, and 'strike or no strike' will likely be put to vote. You are not in favor of a strike, surely? Then come slong and vote against it."

"I dunno 'bout that," said one, removing his pipe, "Strike pay is as good as master's pay, an' less work to get it. I could do with a bit of an 'oliday."

"Strike are voted. When they disliked the police, it seemed that now, if ever, their aid should be invoked.

"If he'd tried to break every bens in my man's body. Mis. Scrimmins." said one bulky woman, "I'd a 'ad 'im by the 'sir."

"I dunno 'bout that, 'Sarah," said Mrs. Scimmins, who did not wish to rest under the impuration of net doing all she could

"Strike pay may be as good as master's while it lasts, but it won't last," rejoined

Marsten "When it gives out we'll go back to ork" returned the man. The others laughed.

"Some of you won't get back," said Mar-sten. "That's always the way after a strike. Better keep a good job while we have it."
Oh. I could do with a bit of an 'oliday, of the "outh" repeated the spokesman of the "pub" crowd, indifferently. erowd, indifferently, "My Godf" cried Marsten, indignantly,

MARSTEN URGING BRAUNT TO ATTEND THE MEETING

Court. "Come out," the gale from the Survey hills might cry, as it whishled merrily over the houseteps. "Come out and give the people a chance to breathe;" but there was no answering rustle in the court—the air there was silent and sullen, so if it had there was silent and sullen, so if it had 'is impidence, I do. Tork 'bout muddlin'; tken its temper from the inhabitants of

Sometimes, in early spring, the insistent ast wind roared bolstcrously through the down quietly in the court, collect its odor

young man's argument, and yet something The court was a property that paid handsomely. No one residing there knew who owned the buildings or the ground. The "Well-to father, technically-same thing, of course." nan who collected the room rents did so promptly in advance, and he had once told the landlord of the "Rese and Crown" that "Five hundred a year! Barnard, if any the court was more lucrative as an invest-ment than if it had been situated in the one had told me an hour ago that you were a fool I-five hundred a year!-how can peo-Prosvenor Square district. The owner was sopularly supposed to have farmed the operty to a company, and the rent col-ctor represented this organization. The ompany could not be expected to spend noney on repairs, the owner could not be eached, and aside from all that the rooms were in constant demand, so if a tenant lid not like the arrangement he could get with twelve children to support can live on nt-there were a dozen others ready to child, and he about to make a fortune in

ake his place. The people who lived in this human waron were not eriminals. Most of them did mething useful for the living they recived. Criminals when convicted are noused in a much more sanitary manner, and they are sure of enough to eat-which the denizens of the court were not. If any prison in the kingdom were us fetid as Rose Garden court the great heart of the nation would be stirred with indignation and some wretch in authority would feel the lash of righteous public scorn. The ourt was merely airly representative of the home of the British workingman, in the wiscat, largest, proudest, most wealthy city in the world, at the end of the nine teenth century, after a thousand years, moror less, of progress. Some homes of the workingmen are better, but then some are vorse, for we must never forget that we have the "artisans' improved among us. The occupants of the "improved dwellings" are hedged about with restric-tions, but in the court was freedom-freedom to come and go as you liked; freedor to get drunk; freedom to loaf or work reedom to starve.

The personal predilections of the courtities were much the same as those of habitues of first-class West End clubs. They liked to drink and gamble. The "pub" was at th entrance, and there or at the barber shell they could place a little on a horse they knew nothing of. One of the advantages a free country is that a man can get quit uneasily around the room and and at much less cost. The results are wondardy Mary had slipped away untik. You've done enough harm of the control of the cont on Waterloo road is to a man in moleskin Rose Garden court had little trouble with the police, although the court—especially the feminine portion of it—looked somewhat askance at the force. All a policeman asked of a drunken dweller in the court was that if he wanted to fight he should fight in the court and not on a busy thoroughfare like Light street. In the court the wives of the combatants usually took charge of them be fore the battle had been fought to a finish and sometimes a tall policeman watched over the separation of temporary foes, saying little unless one of the fighters resisted the wife who was vociferously shoving him toward his own doorway, when the office would sav:

"Come now, my man, none of that whereupon, strangely enough, it was the woman who resented the officer's interfer ence for her protection, though when her man proceeded to abuse a member of the force also, she quickly told him to "shut his — mouth," using an adjective that was at once sanguinary and descriptive. Often a stalwart policeman would take by the scruff of the neck an inhabitant of the court staggering along Light street, filling the air with melody or defiance, and walk him rapidly down the street, the man's legs wabbling sout uncertainly, as if he were a waxwork automaton, until they were op-posite the entrance of the court; then, haying received the required impetus from the officer, the man shot under the archway and was presumably taken care of when he got inside; anyhow, once in the court he could not get out again except by the way he entered, and few ever became drunk enough to forget there was always a policeman in the neighborhood. The thrust under the archway was merely the kindly Light street way of doing the Piccadilly act of placing a little effect when the masses do nothing but laugh or applaud the criminal. well to give tone to the gathering."

Lady Mary laughed.
"I should like to go very much. I was rested in the Light street district, and their

'is impidence, I do. Tork 'bout muddlin' we'll show 'oose muddled." This was unanimously agreed to as illu-

minating the situation. It is, perhaps, a pity that Marsten did not know the result of his unnel, extelling the meanitic atmosphere that Marsten did not know the result of his inawares, and flinging it headlong over the brief conversation with his fellow workmen. roofs, filling the court with a biting whirlwird, scattering loose bits of paper and
rags skyward, but the inhabitants of the improving one's condition is not at all unicourt didn't like it. They closed their versal and that even where there may be the windows, shivered, and wished the gale germ of a desire people do not wish to be dragooned into bettering themselves. Tact as Mrs. Hope might have told him, once more, and then everypody felt that further than good intentions. A drop of beer things were as they should be. have got him several votes against the strike As it was, he had merely strengthened the arms of "that ass Gibbons," by making the mistake of supposing that the average human being is actuated by reason.

Meanwhile the young man had passed un der the archway and up the court, until he came to doorway No. 3. The hall and the five pairs of grimy stairs were only less public than the court, which in its turn was only less public than Light street, because fewer feet trod thereon. He ascended the first flight of stairs and paused at one of the doors at the landing. From within ame the droning notes of a harmonium, and Marsten forebore to kneck as he listened to the sound. A slatternly woman came down the second flight with a water jug in her hand. She stopped, on seeing a stranger standing there, and listened to the unusic also. The dirge being played did not soothe whatever savageness there was within the breast of the woman, for she broke out

ugainst the inmates of the rooms. "Oh, yes," she cried. "Fine goin's on for the likes o' them. A harmonyum, if you please. Gawd save us! We ain't good enough for the likes o' 'im. A harmonyum! n Garden court. No good can come o' strav-orance like that. Wot's 'e, I'd like to know?

The woman, with a wave of her hand, expressed her contempt for such goings on and departed down the stairs with her jug. Her husband spent his spare cash at the "pub," se a man should, and not in such anities as a second-hand musical instru-She had, very properly, no patience with extravagance. Marsten rapped when the playing ceased,

and Joe Braunt himself came to the door. "Come in, my boy," he said, cardially, and Marsten went in. A tall girl, who might have been 14 or 16 or 18, rose from a chair at the harmonium. She was pale and thin, with large, pathetic

eyes that gave a melancholy beauty to her face. Shaking hands with her, "How are you, Jessie?" said Marsten. "Is the cough "I think it's always about the same,"

answered the girl. "It is hard to get better in this hole." said her father, gruffly.

Braunt spoke with the accent of a York He was a man who in stature and ouild did credit to his county, and it was hard to believe that the slender girl was his laughter. However much Joe Braunt's seighbors disapproved of his putting on airs and holding himself and his slim, useless daughter above their betters, they took good care not to express their opinions in his hearing, for he was a rough, masterful man, taciturn and gloomy, whose blow was readier than his speech; not only prompt. out effective. The whole court was afraid of him, and it acted on the principle of let-ting sleeping dogs ite. The woman with the jug in her hand had good cause for resent-ment against Joe Braunt. She had been getting her "man" home one evening from the "pub" with difficulty, and, in spite of many reakings away on his part, she had suc pushing and hauling his as far as he first landing, when he, overcome by a udden realization of her unnecessary ruelty in dragging him from the brilliantly lighted public bar, filled with jellity, gin and good contrade hip, to the damal back room two flights up, with nothing but her own bitter tongue for company, clenched his lst and felled her to the floor, the back of her head striking against Braunt's door as

she went down. Braunt, pulling open his door, found the usband walking over-or perhaps it would be more accurate to say staggering overhe prostrate body of his wife. Jce clutched drunkard and flung him sirily over the anding rail. The ill-used man rolled down the stair and out into the court, where he lay in a heap and groaned. Braunt lifted the woman and carried her up to her room. She had a dazed idea of what had happened. and at once, rather incoherently at first, began to give her rescuer her opinion of him. Who was he, she would like to know, to interfere between man and wife, great, strong brute that he was? If her man had been sober he'd have given him what for for takin' advantage of a man wot 'ad a drop too much. Braunt went down, down the stairs and picked up the "pore" man who had certainly had one drop too much, car-

Which was, indeed, the case. Joe drew the loor shut behind him and left them to fight

It out if they wanted to.

Mrs. Scimmins had much sympathy from the court when she related the incident The women were more indignant than the men. It was a fine state of things if a great bulking, sulky brute like Braunt was to in terrere in the little matrimonial discussion that bappen in all well regulated familia Much as they disliked the police, it seems

under the circumstances for her husband l under the circumstances for her nusuand in his comparatively helpless state. "Wort with bein" 'It the 'ed, au' the face, au' one eye as I couldn't see out o', an' yer 'usband a-trampin' of yer, yer wouldn't 'ave bleath Mrs. Selmains pressed tenderly the bruised and etill swellen portion of her face under the eye and felt that she had made out her case; in fact, her defense was ac-

cupted as a strong plea that only made Braunt's inhuman and uncalled for conduct stand out the darker by comparison.

The men were astonished, of course, but not so emphatic in their denunciation of

Bot so emphate in their denunciation of Braunt as the wives had been. Scimming bore no particular malice against his assailant, aithough what he had thrown him over the stairs for he expressed birnsoft as unable to conceive. In answer to sympathetic inquiries from his pals at the public bar of the "Rese and Crown" he informed them that although shaky, he was still in the ring. "Gawd 'elp us!" he went on, more in nor-

Gawd etp us: he went on, more in nor-row than in anger, "wot's this world a-comin" to? If you askis me I gives it up. Wor with Braunt an' the police both on a chap's shoulders. If he raises 'is 'and to 'is own wife, the court's no fit place for a pore 'art workin' man to live in."

But nobody ventured to remonstrate with the Yorkshirman least of all Sciencias at the Yorkshireman, least of all Scimmins, al-hough the court as a community held more

doof from him than ever "Are you coming to the meeting tonight, Mr. Braunt?" asked young Mansten, when e had greeted father and daughter.

"Why not?"

Well, you see, Mr. Braunt, there is a risks on. The committee is to report. Mr. Sartwell has refused to meet them and this ill likely anger Gibbons and the other Strike or no strike will be put to vote and for one don't want to see a strike—at

more do I," said Braunt. "Then come on to the meeting and speak against a strike."
"I'm no speaker. You speak."

"They wen't listen to me, but they would bay attention to what you would say."

"Not a bit of it, my lad, But it doesn't inter to me, not a haporth." 'What doesn't? Whether there is a strike 'I'm not going to strike. They can do as

aey've a mind."
"But if the union orders us out we'll have 'Not me."

"Supposing the strike succeeds, as it may the union's very strong-what will you do

'Stick to my work and mind my own "But the union won't fet you. If the trike falls you'll merely get the ill will fall the men; if it succeeds they'll force you out of the works. There's no use run-ning your head against a brick wall, Mr.

"You speak; you've got the gift o' the b," said Braunt. "I'm too young. They won't listen to me now. But a day will come when they will-aye, and the masters, too. I'd willingly levote my life to the cause of the working-

Marston spoke with the fire of youthful esthusiasm, and was somewhat disconcerned when the other took his pipe from his mouth and laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" 'I'm laughing at you. I'm glad to kno here's some one who believes in us, hou says, thou art yoong; thou'll know

'Don't you believe in yourself and your ellow workers?" "Not me. I know 'em too well. By the

weat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy read. Them's not the right words, happen out that's the meaning. It has been, is now and ever shall be. Amon "I don't object to that, Mr. Braunt," cried he young man, rising and pacing the floo in his excitement. "Don't think it. But i want to see everybody work. What I object to is earning your bread by the sweat of the hired man's brow, as some one has aid. Bless me! look at our numbers. W utnumber the loafers ten to one; yes bundred to one in every country in the world. All we need is an unselfish loafer." The elder man looked at him with a quiz

ical smile on his stern lips. "Look at the number of the sands on the caside. Will any leader make a rope out f them? Numbers are nething, my lad. Take care of yourself, Maraten, and never mind the workers; that's the rule of the world. You may pull yourself up, ou can't lift them with you. Th world. roken the hearts, aye, and the heads, too of many a one that tried to better them You think you have only the masters and apital to fight. The masters won't hur or; it's the men you are fighting for that vill down you. ich above the crowd, then you'll catch com the sticks of every rotten one of the hat thinks he's got as much right as you have to be in command. It isn't mone hat helps the masters; it's because they've he senze to know a good man when the see him, and to stand by him when they've see him, and to stand by him when they've got him. Don't be deluded by numbers What's the good of them? One determined man who doces't need to bother about his backing—who knows his principals will back ilm through thick and thin— will beat any nob. Why can a small company of soldier out down a riot? It's because they're com manded by one man. When he says, 'Jump.' they jump; when he says, 'Shoot,' they shoot. That's the whole secret of it.'
Braunt resumed his pipe, and smoked vigorously to get back to his usual state of taciturnity. Marsten had never heard him talk so long before, and he stood ponering what had been said. Braunt was the

first to speak.
"Play the 'Dead March,' Jessie," he said. The girl hesitated a moment, evidently oath to begin when Marsten was in the room. A slight heetic color mounted to her cheek, but obedience was strong in her her father was not a man to be disobeyed She drew up her chair and began Chopin's 'Funeral March,' playing it very badly, but

enough to have his opinions fixed, and to be impervious to argument, so Braunt's remarks troubled him. He hoped they were not true, but feared they might be. The mournful cadence of the music, which seemed to soothe the soul of the elder man wound itself around the younger's thoughts and dragged them toward despair; the indifference of the men in front of the pur house flashed across his memory and pressed him. He wished Jessie would stop

she did stop; "that's the grandest piece o music ever made. It runs in my head at The throb of the machinery at the day. works seems to be tuned to it. It's it roar of the streets. Come, my lad, go with you because you want me to, not that it will do any good. I'll speak if you like, not that they'll care much for what I say-not hearken, very like. But come along, my lad

We'll Give You

(HRISTMAS is coming-and do you know any one who wouldn't like a Camera for a Christmas present? Anybody can take a picture now-adays and everybody would like to if they only had a camera. You can get more real pleasure out of it than anything you own. You can take snap shots of your friends-you can photograph your pets-you can get pictures of beautiful scenery. A A A A A

a Camera For Nothing

"THE COMET" is a small but perfect pocket magazine Camera, carrying sufficient film for four pictures without reloading. The film can be developed and

pletures printed at a cost of about 20 cents per dozen. The illustrations will give you

an idea of the size of picture of taken with "The Comet." If desired they can be enlarged at a very small cost.



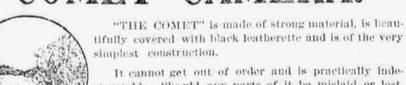
YOU BRING OR SEND US

Four new subscribers for three weeks each-Two new subscribers for six weeks each-One new subscriber for twelve weeks-

to The Omaha Bee, prepaid at the rate of 15 cents a week, paper to be delivered in Omaha, Council Bluffs or South Omaha by carrier, or sent elsewhere by mail-

WE WILL GIVE YOU A _____

COMET CAMERA



It cannot get out of order and is practically indestructable. Should any parts of it be mislaid or lost, they can easily be replaced, as all parts are made inter-

changeable, and duplicates can be obtained, "THE COMET" will take a picture one inch square

or a round picture one inch in diameter. The directions are so simple a child can successfully use it. The operation of taking a picture is simply to

point the camera and press a button. Its small size enables it to be carried with no inconvenience when a person would hesitate about being

burdened with a more unwieldly instrument. Size of "The Comet" is 14x14x2 inches; weight three onnees

YOU BRING OR SEND US

Eight new subscribers for three weeks each-Six new subscribers for four weeks each-Four new subscribers for six weeks each-Two new subscribers for twelve weeks each-One new subscriber for twenty-four weeks-

Prepaid at the rate of 15 cents a week, paper to be delivered in Omaha, Council Bluffs or South Omaha by carrier, or sent elsewhere by mail-

WE WILL GIVE YOU A_

CRESCENT CAMERA.



use in the "Crescent," at least to start with.

class camera is not only a surprise but a delight to the thousands now using them in preference to all others. It takes a photograph three by three inches, the size of the accompanying picture. The size of the comera is 69, by 4 by 4 inches.

The "Crescent" is warranted to be

first-class in every particular and equal to any \$10.00 hand camera on the mar-

The "Crescent" is the latest thing out in the camera line. They were first introduced in October, 1896, and the enormous sale of more than 20,000 the first month lilustrates the great demand for a p-pular high grade camera.

The "Crescent" is equipped with an achromatic lens ground from the anest imported optical glass, made expressly for the "Crescent" camera and warranted to give equal if not better results than the lenses found in instru-ments costing from \$5.00 to \$12.00. The "Crescent" shutter is probably the most perfect ever used on a hand

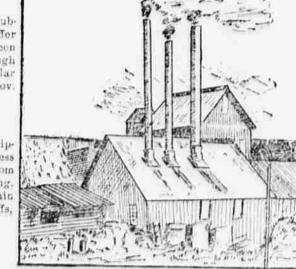
amera. It is adapted to instantaneous or time exposure, and can be changed from one to the other in a second. The "Crescent" is adapted to either plates or films, but as better results are invariably obtained from plates at a less expense, we recommend their

20, 20, 20, 20,

N. B .- A new subscriber under this offer ss one who has not been taking the Bee through our office or it's regular agents later than Nov. 25, 1896.

20,20,20,20 Bring in all subscrip-

tions to the business office of The Bee, Room 100, Bee Building. Omaha, or No. 16 Main Street, Council Bluffs, la, or address



CAMERA DEPARTMENT. Omaha Bee,

Omaha.

Peace seemed to come over Braunt as he listened to the dirge. He sat back in the chair, his eyes on the celling, smoking steadily. Marsten sat down, meditating on what Braunt had said. He was not old

playing.
"Ah." said Braunt, with a deep sigh when

(To be Continued.)

The Calumet ship yards, near Chicago, have orders for lake vessels worth \$3,000,000, the construction of which will give employment to about 3,500 men. The orders for these vessels show that these who make them anticipate a revival of business, and when they are completed the sailing of them will give employment to a large number

of persons. There is no better dinner wine than Cook's imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It helps digest your food