# HOW A UNION WORKS ITS WILL

## *AS SHOWN IN THE STRIKE AT WOLFF'S BOOK BINDERY.*

**"Putting Screws on" an Employer's Customers—Patrolling and Picketing for Over a Year—Question of Jewish Labor Involved—Injunction Hearing.**

A temporary injunction restraining the officers of the Book Cover Stampers' and Gold Layers' Union, Local Union No. 22, International Brotherhood Bookbinders, from interfering by intimidation, coercion or force with the business of Harris Wolff, bookbinder, at the corner of Leonard and Centre streets, has been granted by Justice Miles Beach of the Supreme Court. Wilder & Anderson are counsel for Mr. Wolff, and if the allegations made in the complaint on which the temporary restraining order are facts they expose as ugly an attempt to ruin a man's business under the cloak of unionism as has come to light in many a day.

Harris Wolff, the plaintiff, in his deposition, says that in his bookbinding establishment, one of the largest in the city of New York, he never, up to Jan. 1, 1900, employed help who were not members of the Book Cover Stampers' and Gold Layers' Union. On or about the first of last year he discharged from his employ his foreman bookstamper, William Germanhouser, because he was incompetent, insubordinate and intemperate.

He tried to fill Germanhouser's place without regard to union affiliations. He engaged a man named Brady, giving him $30 a week, which was $5 a week more than Germanhouser got.

Charles F. Weimar, President of the Stampers' Union, was dissatisfied with the employment of Brady because he was not a member of the union and notified Mr. Wolff that if Brady were not immediately discharged the union would interfere with his business and call out on strike the entire stamping department.

Mr. Wolff says that he refused the demand to discharge Brady, made simply because the new foreman was a non-union man. Thereupon all the stampers struck. Mr. Wolff was then waited on by President Weimar and other union men, who told him that the union had declared a strike.

They also told him that they had made arrangements with the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, which has branches throughout the United States and Canada, whereby the entire force of the Brotherhood would be enlisted against him and his customers. Threats were made to send circulars throughout the book trade that would injure Mr. Wolff's business, to circulate handbills of a derogatory nature and to form committees whose business it should be to call weekly upon the patrons of Mr. Wolff's customers to try to induce them to discontinue patronizing any concern having business relations with Mr. Wolff.

And according to the sworn statement made by Mr. Wolff these threats have been more than made good. He says that from that time, a little more than a year ago, up to the present he has been the victim of a malicious persecution. He says that the officers of the union have picketed and patrolled his place of business and endeavored, by threats, entreaties and bribes, to induce his employees to leave him.

They have followed his trucks in their round of delivering goods in order to ascertain the names and locations of his customers and have then tried by threats and other means to induce them to withdraw their trade from Mr. Wolff. Often, it is alleged, his employees have been attacked and beaten, and in many instances they have been terrorized into throwing up their jobs. Affidavits of men who say they have been brutally assaulted are submitted.

In the month of October last, it is asserted, the union began to send out circulars to the book trade, and every month since that date at least 5,000 of them have been distributed largely by means of the mails. Direct attacks upon Mr. Wolff would have been inconsequential compared with the method the union followed, which was the one of "putting the screws on" his customers to compel them, for the sake of self preservation, to withdraw their trade from him.

By means of this conspiracy Mr. Wolff says that the union has compelled many regular customers to withdraw part of their trade and refuse to send their books to him to be bound. These circulars, which have been sent out to the trade at a rate of 5,000 a month since the first of last October, alleged that Mr. Wolff asked his superintendent to reduce the wages of employees and made the following remark:

"I will squeeze these workingmen like a lemon and when they are dry I will throw them away and get others."

Mr. Wolff denies these statements under oath. That wages were reduced is not stated. No other real grievance against Mr. Wolff was raised than that he hired non-union men to work for him.

No question of wages or hours of labor was involved. Mr. Wolff believed that he had a right to hire a man whether he belonged to a union or not. On this question of an employer's right to choose his workmen the fight has been waged.

The circulars warned the trade not to patronize Mr. Wolff's customers whom the union had not been able to alienate. They were called "cheap publishers."

The damaging effect on Mr. Wolff's business by this method of "putting the screws on" is shown by letters to the bookbinder from his customers. On Jan. 25 of this year the C. M. Clark Publishing Company of Boston wrote Mr. Wolff:

> We will have to cancel order for the last 20,000 copies of "Blennerhassett," and will not be able to have you do any more work for us until you can in some way put a stop to the circulars that are being sent out by the binders' union, advertising our company as cheap publishers.

Jeffery M. Ruston, manager of the F. M. Lupton Publishing Company, since Feb. 1 the Federal Book Company, in a sworn statement made on Feb. 5 says:

> That the contract between the said F. M. Lupton company and Mr. Wolff expired on or about Jan. 1, 1902, and that, while deponent, personally, is not in any wise influenced against Mr. Wolff by the said circulars, at the same time the effect on the business of deponent's company is such that they have notified Mr. Wolff, that unless the placarding of deponent's company in the circulars referred to above shall cease, and the issuance and circulation of said circular be suppressed, they will be compelled to and shall discontinue dealing with Mr. Wolff, for the reason that they cannot afford to have it stated broadcast among the F. M. Lupton's company customers that they are having work done by a scab establishment, which does inferior work.

Edwin M. Gamble, in charge of the manufacturing department of the Fleming H. Revell Company, says in an affidavit that Mr. Wolff has always done good and satisfactory work, but they [the circulars]:

> Render the public at large unwilling to purchase books which are published by the houses thus designated and placarded, and that it is the intention of deponent's firm, unless the publication and issuance of the said circulars shall be suppressed, to withdraw their trade and patronage from the plaintiff in this action, for the reason that deponent's said company cannot afford to have the name of deponent's company placarded in this way.

The pressure brought to bear on those concerns to force them to this action is shown in letters written to them by their agents and salesmen to the effect that they were much handicapped in making sales because their houses had business relations with Mr. Wolff. Letters are also submitted by these publishing houses which they say they have received from branches of the stampers' union in various States, asking them to refuse to do business with the Wolff house while the strike was pending.

Much other evidence of the same nature is adduced, all going to show that the union's method of indirect attack was producing results toward the contemplated ruin of Mr. Wolff's business.

A sample of the publications made to reflect on Mr. Wolff's work is found in a letter in the *International Bookbinder*, the official organ of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, which was printed over the signature "F. C. Ramiew" (reversed reads "C. F. Weimar," who is President of the local union.) This communication said in part:

> Wolff has the reputation of being able to turn out cheap work in greater quantities than any other man in New York city; say, about an output of from 7,000 to 10,000 books per day, cheap books, cheaply bound, sold in department stores mostly, all the way from 10 to 30 cents per book. The ------ Company is the chief support and upholder of Wolff, giving him their work.
>
> The stamping is, of course, not by any means of the most difficult, and, after six months' time, the men employed by them have succeeded in breaking in to do the work after a fashion. But that it will ever be satisfactory to those people who want good work is impossible. A certain job which he did recently for ------, out of forty sets delivered, seven were only found that were fit and presentable enough to be sent out. This is about the average on all his work. We know for a positive fact that the average spoiled on covers throughout the past year has been 250 out of each 1,000 covers.
>
> We are keeping the place watched every day and will continue to do so for a year to come. One of our men, Paul Pritz, by name, has left us within the last two weeks to go in there and act as a scab instructor. We will deal with him as an organization later on, and we have no doubt he will see the error of his ways before long.
>
> In conclusion, one fact that comes home to us as an organization is this, that the Semitic races must be reckoned with in the bookbinding industry in New York city. If any one wants proof of that fact, he can find it by walking through the business streets of our city, or take the directory and find at least a dozen or more bookbinders who are of that race and who employ no others in their shops.
>
> We certainly have no feeling against them as a race only for the one fact, and that is that they generally work for less money than our men or men of other creeds receive for the same amount of labor. It certainly seems to me that in the near future the organizations, to protect themselves, must start out to organize them either in an organization of their own, as was tried some time ago, or to amalgamate them with the other organization at present in existence. It is a problem that must be met and solved and the sooner it is solved the better it is for the craft at large in our city.

Mr. Wolff contends that he has always been able to secured competent mechanics to do his work, except in so far as he has been prevented by the acts of the union. He says that the corporations and firms which were customers of his and on which the union "put the screws" are not "cheap publishers," as alleged in the union's circulars, but are publishers of the better class of literature. He also denies emphatically that his bindery is a "sweat shop" as the circulars and dodgers sent out broadcast by the union call it.

Among the defendants named, besides Charles F. Weimar, President of the local union, are the following, all of whom are connected with the stampers' union: Edward Renner, Vice-President, William Eitenbenz, Secretary, and John Dodd, chairman of the Executive Board.

Mr. Wolff was finally persuaded that relief could not be had in actions at law except through a multiplicity of suits, which would put him to great expense; also that if judgments were obtained they would be valueless, as far as the recovery of damages was concerned.

For these reasons be sought and obtained the temporary injunction from Justice Beach.

## *YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.*

**Kneisel Quartet Concert—A Song Recital.**

Last night at Mendelssohn Hall the Kneisel Quartet gave the fourth of this season's evening concerts. Of course, it rained. Nevertheless, there was a fair-sized and goodly audience present. The programme began with the Dvorak quartet Op. 96, known as one of the three American quartets. This work embodies, as does his New World Symphony, negro themes and rhythms heard during the composer's stay in this country, and it is one of his popular works. It is naïve and catchy, tuneful and pleasing; the second movement is sentimentally charming; yet it is questionable whether it is as praiseworthy a work as the same composer's quartet Op. 51, in which the national tang of the music is that of his own country.

Vincent d'Indy, who is remembered here principally for his symphonic poem, "Istar," was represented by a piano quartet, a very early work, an Opus 7. It is in general an unsettled mood which he has here written down—a reaching out after the indefinite something. He wavers between styles, and his own individuality is not yet assertive enough to carry the thing off successfully. The *Andante* sounds the most grateful, but of the deciding influence of César Frank there is little in it. Mme. Helen Hopekirk played the piano part dexterously and sympathetically. The top of the piano was agape and the too great volume of tone upset the balance of the other instruments.

The concluding number was the beloved Beethoven quintet, Max Zach playing the second viola. This is the early Beethoven and it is sheerly delightful. When he tries to growl and look surly, it is through the laughing mask of Mozart or the bland one of Haydn. These influences are plainly set forth, but the curves of the phrases are already twisted out of their placid lines; now and again hints of the later giant creep into notice only to be obliterated—the very next moment by a childishly innocent reminiscence of Mozart.

And the formal outlines are defined by the rules he had inherited and which at that time he had not found courage to upset. This early Beethoven is very beautiful—we hear too little of it—and makes the later master stand in even bolder relief by the contrast it affords.

In the afternoon at Mendelssohn Hall Miss Metcalfe gave her second recital here this season, singing an attractive list of songs attractively. Victor Beigel was her accompanist.

## *THINGS THAT CAN BE HIRED.*

**A Steam Boiler and Wreckers' Air Bags on the List in This City.**

There is scarcely anything that cannot be hired. Thus if he had occasion to use one temporarily only on some work, a man could hire a steam boiler, as he could hire a steam yacht or a piano, or what not.

Occasionally one comes across something to rent that does at first thought seem a little odd, as for instance wreckers' air bags. But, as in the case of everything else, this turns out to be simple enough when you come to know about it.

Wreckers' air bags are used for raising sunken vessels. They are placed in under the decks and attached to the frames of a submerged vessel, deflated, to be inflated when everything is ready by means of hose from above. They are big bags, each with a power of lifting twelve tons or thereabouts, or more, according to size.

Not everybody who might have occasional use for it would want to buy and keep on hand an air bag outfit such as would be required to raise a sizable vessel; he could rent it cheaper. And the owners of the bags keep them on hand and ready to send anywhere.

Of course wreckers' air bags are made to sell as well as to rent.

## *PRESIDENT TO GO FISHING.*

**Accepts Invitation to Garret County, Md. —Mrs. Roosevelt to Go Along.**

CUMBERLAND, Md., Feb. 25.—President Roosevelt has accepted an invitation to spend a week trout fishing in the brooks in the Alleghany Mountains in Garret county, Maryland, about sixty miles west of Cumberland. Mrs. Roosevelt will accompany him, the President having engaged quarters about twelve miles from Oakland, the county seat.

There are fine clubhouses on the streams. The President in declining an invitation to go turkey hunting in that locality last fall said he would come later to fish.

# CANCER IS ON THE INCREASE.

## *SO SAYS DR. LEWIS, STATE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH.*

**Two Towns South of Utica Where Many "Cancer Houses" Were Discovered—The Spread of Smallpox—Supplying Antitoxin for Diphtheria and Tetanus.**

ALBANY, Feb. 25.—Cancer as a disease is on the increase. This declaration is made by Dr. Daniel Lewis of New York city, the State Commissioner of Health in his annual report to the Legislature, who says that this conclusion is justified by returns from other State Boards of Health and foreign countries. A cancer laboratory has been established in connection with the University of Buffalo and a building erected with private funds to carry on this particular line of research. Here the State Department of Health will carry on its work in this line, and Commissioner Lewis urges the State to annually appropriate a sufficient sum to maintain the institution. The Commissioner believes that this branch of work must be continued until the means of reducing the great mortality from cancerous diseases have been discovered. The investigations at the State laboratory at Buffalo this year will include experiments on the treatment of cancer by the use of the Roentgen rays.

The East Central Sanitary District has shown the highest mortality rate from cancer in the State, and the town of Brookfield, located some miles south of Utica, stands preëminently first in its sacrifice of life to this disease. This town, during the fifteen-year period, 1886-1900, had a total mortality of 720 deaths from all causes, of which eighty-two were due to cancer. A special investigation in this town, now being conducted by Dr. Lewis, shows a large number of "cancer houses," so-called from their having had two or more cases of cancer develop in them. With this investigation only now well under way and far from completed, eleven such houses are known.

Near by, in the township of Plainfield, there has been discovered a special cancer centre, where nearly all of the houses within a radius of one-quarter mile have had from one to five cases each. Such a condition as here discovered, as well as the general high mortality rate for the town of Brookfield, with its numerous "cancer houses," lends support to the belief that cancer is an infectious disease, widely distributed in the world, but with definite endemic foci of the disease.

Commissioner Lewis recommends that he be empowered by law to require vaccination in every locality where perfect protection against smallpox required it. He insists successful vaccination is a perfect protection against this disease. From November, 1900, to the end of November, 1901, one or more cases of smallpox occurred in 110 places in the State. During that time there were 1,100 cases, with 19 deaths, outside of New York city, and 1,982 cases, with 426 deaths, in New York city and the maritime district.

At the end of the year smallpox existed in 16 localities, in all of which there was but one case except in New York and Buffalo, where it is declining in prevalence, at Binghamton and Watertown, where there are several cases, and in lumber camps in the vicinity of Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks, which region, from its exposure to the Province of Ontario, where it is widespread, and from which our cases have come, is our present chief source of concern. The records of the department show that last year there were 139,389 births, 131,788 deaths and 64,680 marriages. The birth-marriage records, however, are not as complete as they should be.

Commissioner Lewis says the State antitoxin laboratory located in Albany is doing good work. The laboratory has begun to place at the disposal of the department enough diphtheria antitoxin to supply the needs of the various State medical, charitable and penal institutions and will shortly be able to supply those entitled to receive the same under the ruling of the department. Active work upon the production of antitoxin for tetanus will begin during the coming month. The value of the use of the diphtheria antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria is generally accepted. Recent experiments in the treatment of Fourth of July pistol wounds, which commonly result in tetanus, have demonstrated that the use of tetanus antitoxin is practically a sure means of preventing this disease.

## *A CURTAIN POLE BOUND HOME*

**Well-Meaning Man Creates Alarm, but Happily Does Little Damage.**

"Up to yesterday," said Mr. Grizzleby, "I had always looked upon the rolled-up umbrella as the most dangerous thing to his fellow beings that a man could carry under his arm in a crowd, but I think very differently now, after seeing, as I did yesterday, a man carrying under his arm a curtain pole.

"Well-meaning man this was, too; and intelligent. Middle-aged, pepper-and-salt hair, spectacles. But here on a crowded city sidewalk, he was carrying under his arm, a curtain pole, with the end sticking out far behind, for people to impale themslves on, or to avoid if they were so fortunate, and this with never even the faintest notion that he was committing a crime; just thoughtless.

"And so he walked along for blocks; if not endangering the lives, at least destroying the comfort and peace of mind of all whom chance cast in his rear; until he was brought to a realizing sense of what he was doing, and so made to carry the pole properly.

"A horse went down suddenly at a point in the street right opposite where the man with the pole was on the sidewalk, and instinctively, as any other man would have done, he turned to look at it. As he turned so of course did that curtain pole, sweeping round through a wide area behind him.

"It just grazed the chest of a man who had been walking a little to one side of it, and watching it narrowly. As this man, a somewhat stately gentleman, wearing a tall hat, threw his body back to avoid the stick, his hat toppled off in front; and, throwing himself back he collided with a man, whose hat was sent tumbling in another direction.

"Then the pole swept four bundles out of the hands of a woman shopper making her way homeward. But it struck next into the hands of a watchful man who seized it firmly to prevent further danger, and who said to the now astonished carrier of the pole, when that well-meaning but thoughtless gentleman turned to see what was the matter:

"'Wonder you wouldn't have sense enough to carry that telegraph pole up and down alongside your body, instead of trailing it behind you like a stick of timber?' and then seeing that the carrier was plainly a respectable gentleman, who at least meant no harm, he let go the curtain pole, which the carrier now promptly raised into a proper perpendicular position.

"And he kept it there, faithfully, from that on holding it close beside him and rigidly upright; so that when he had passed on down the street, it looked in the distance like a guyless Marconi telegraph pole, seen above the heads of the people."

## *ST. GAUDENS'S SHERMAN.*

**Lies at a Brooklyn Wharf Awaiting the Chamber of Commerce's Will.**

St. Gaudens's heroic equestrian bronze statue of Gen. Sherman, recently brought here from Havre, is lying on a pier of the Atlantic Docks in Brooklyn, crated in two parts, awaiting disposition by the Chamber of Commerce. Eleven years ago a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, of which George Wilson was secretary, was appointed to raise money for the erection of the statue in one of the city's avenues or parks. Fifty-three thousand dollars was raised, 90 per cent. of which was subscribed by members of the Chamber of Commerce. Many of the members of the committee are dead. Secretary Wilson will call together those who are left and discuss the selection of a site and the mounting of the statue.

## *NO ACTION FOR CUBA'S RELIEF.*

**At Republican Caucus—Chairman Payne Speaks for Two Hours.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—No action was reached at the caucus held to-night by the Republican members of the House on the proposition presented by the majority of the Ways and Means Committee to make a 20 per cent. reduction on imports from Cuba.

Chairman Payne of that committee occupied the floor for nearly two hours explaining the provisions of the bill agreed upon and answering the questions and arguments which were put to him.

Representative Grosvenor followed with a speech in favor of the proposed bill and Representative Tawney of Minnesota in opposition.

## *MOSQUITO'S DEATHKNELL.*

**Jersey House Sentences It and Appropriates $10,000 for Its Execution.**

TRENTON, Feb. 25.—The House of Assembly was in facetious vein when it passed to-day the bill introduced by ex-Judge Hoffman appropriating $10,000 for the extermination of the New Jersey mosquito.

Mr. Hoffman spoke for the measure seriously, declaring that with the aid of science the mosquito could be exterminated. John G. Horner opposed the bill as a scheme to waste $10,000. Humorous speeches were made by several members.

## *LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.*

An unsophisticated person who happened to drop into pugilistic circles these days might easily guess that there were more prizefights being held in and around New York than ever before. Tickets for such events may be obtained for almost any night in the week at the usual places. It may be stated positively, however, that few of these events violate the law. They are merely fake fights that are part of an elaborate swindling scheme. This is the way that they are run: The tip is circulated that there is to be a fight in a certain hall and that tickets for it are now on sale. Every one who buys a ticket is sworn to secrecy and impressed with the consequences if the police should discover it. When the crowd is assembled and the fighters are just ready to enter the ring one of the fakirs raises the cry, "Police," and a stampede follows which leaves behind only the fighters and their confederates and the money paid by their dupes to see the mill. There have been scores of such fakes worked successfully and the promoters of them have found the scheme very profitable.

The story of W. D. Howells's belated reply to Carter Harrison's request for his autograph made twenty years ago, and Mr. Howells's story in connection with it of the boy who was sent for an armful of wood and who ran away to sea, returning fifteen years later with the wood, must suggest to old newspaper men in this town another similar story. The hero was looked upon as one of the best reporters in New York about twenty-five years ago, but he had one conspicuous failing. He was convivial. The city editor of his paper sent him over to Hoboken to interview the captain of a steamship that was to sail late in the afternoon for a South American port. The reporter and the captain found each other so congenial that they celebrated the fortuitous meeting by drinking each other's health, and the subsequent proceedings were of no immediate interest to the reporter. When he awoke the next morning in a comfortable stateroom he was many miles from Sandy Hook bound for South America, and the captain said that he was glad of it. The reporter spent nearly a year in South America and returned to New York. Just twelve months from the day that he had been sent over to Hoboken he walked into the office of his old newspaper. The same city editor was sitting at his desk. Walking up to him briskly the reporter said:

"Mr. Blank, I have investigated that Hoboken story, and there is nothing in it."

The city editor looked at him sharply and then replied: "All right. Here is something that we may want to print," and the incident was closed.

The signalling that was done on Saturday night by the ships of Admiral Evans's fleet off Tompkinsville reminded some of the men who were watching for the Prince's arrival of the experiences they had with this kind of signalling during the Santiago blockade.

"I noticed," said one of them, "after we had left our newspaper despatches with the commanding officer to be censored, that as soon as it was dark there was usually a lot of signalling from his ship. We thought at first that it was merely the routine signalling. One night as we were on the deck of our despatch boat watching the changing red and white lights we decided to learn what all this signalling was about. The code is simple. We made a record of the signals displayed and when we deciphered them we were surprised that the commanding officer was telling all the fleet of the news in the despatches which we had left with him to censor and O. K. Some of this news we thought that we had exclusively, and it was rather boring to find it published to all of the fleet."

At one of the best-known of the city restaurants a supper was given during the past week by a person who had frequently entertained there expensively in the past. The guests were late in leaving and it was nearly 3 o'clock when the first of them started to go home. The pioneers were soon followed by others.

As the guests departed after a supper that had cost hundreds of dollars, a group of waiters stood waiting to help them with their hats and coats. An empty saucer awaited any contributions that the party might care to give. But this was not the only intimation that anything additional was expected.

One waiter posing insolently did not assist his colleagues in their labors. He was helping them in another way. With one hand in his pocket, he constantly clinked some silver change in his pocket. He intended that the hint of the saucer should not be forgotten.

"I should like to see that man attempt such a thing anywhere else in the world," said one of the guests who had lived abroad much. "He would not be tolerated for a moment. But Americans are good natured enough to let him alone whereas he would be ordered out of the room in any other country."

## *SOCIAL DEMOCRACY DENOUNCED.*

**Bishop Quigley of Buffalo Says No Catholic Can Be a Social Democrat.**

BUFFALO, Feb. 24.—Bishop Quigley of the Roman Catholic diocese of Buffalo, has created a local sensation by the issuance of a notice addressed to all Roman Catholics in this city, in which he says that "any Catholic may be a union man, but no Catholic can be a Social Democrat."

The Bishop's notice was in the form of a circular letter, which was read in every German Roman Catholic church in Buffalo last night. The letter expresses the Bishop's sorrow concerning the alleged hold the Social Democratic teachings have obtained in certain German labor unions, and mentions the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, a local publication, as the official organ of these unions. This paper is denounced as an anarchistic sheet and the editor as an Anarchist, because of his alleged anti-Catholic teachings. Utterances from the paper in which references are made to Catholicism being a "harmful superstition" are quoted.

The letter concludes with the declaration that the sacraments and blessings of the Roman Catholic Church will be denied to all Catholics who do not renounce the doctrines of Social Democracy. All Catholics are forbidden to contribute, morally or otherwise, to the support of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and all Catholics, members of labor unions, are required to work toward securing the expulsion of Social Democratic doctrines from those unions.

# BUCKSKIN IKE'S LITTLE JOKE.

## *COWBOYS HAVE THEIR FUN, AND HE HAS HIS AFTERWARD.*

**Ease and Nonchalance on the Back of the Worst Bucking Bronco in Seven States—Tricks Not Learned Riding a Mule Back in Old Missouri.**

*From the Denver Times.*

The boys of the Carlisle ranch in southern Utah will never forget their introduction to Buckskin, or rather Buckskin Ike's introduction in the early 90s. Ike strolled up to a cabin of the Bar X ranch with a gunny-sack on his shoulder and a woe-begone expression on his face, and sought admission. He told a hard-luck story about a sick horse that died "down in the hills yonder," and he wanted to stay a few days until he found out "where he was at." Hospitality is one of the most pronounced features of cowboys and cattlemen in that part of the world, and as no wanderer's plea for shelter was ever in vain, therefore the invitation to come in was hearty and unqualified.

The man was about as long and loose-jointed a specimen of humanity as is generally given to mortal eyes to behold. Six feet and 4 inches tall and weighing but about 130 pounds he appeared, as he stood leaning against the doorway, to be much taller and slimmer than he really was. His hair was of a colorless, mildewed hue, rather long, and his sleepy blue eyes and general listless appearance indicated that he was not a character of much force. His long, thin neck and large ears gave one the impression that he had been carried around by the ears when a child and stood up in the corner out of the way to grow. His actions as he moved to the centre of the room and cast a gunny-sack he was carrying over his shoulder on the floor were slow and uncertain, and he wore an apologetic air, as though he felt there was some excuse necessary to offer for being alive. He was dressed in a faded and worn suit of overall goods and a soft gray hat, not of the style usually worn by cowboys. The only article of apparel which was in keeping with his location and the company he was in were his high-heeled boots, which were the regulation article of the range.

"Gosh, I'm glad to get somewhere," was his exclamation as he let his pack slide to the floor and looked around with a bewildered air.

"Where'd ye come from and where are ye going?" asked the boss of the ranch, Billy Madden.

"I come from Bluff City and I was goin' to the mines down on the river, but my horse took sick and died down yonder about twenty miles, an' I hoofed it all the way up here with the saddle and blanket on my back," replied the stranger, as he slowly looked around the crowd of cowboys gathered in the cabin waiting for supper. "An' I'm all-fired hungry," he added, with an appealing air, looking toward the cook, who stood, kettle in hand, listening to his story.

"Well, fall in; chuck's ready," said the cook. "It's a pretty big contract to fill you up, but you're welcome to all you can hold."

"Where are you from," inquired the foreman, after he had watched for a time for evidence of the truth of the stranger's assertion that he was hungry.

"From Missouri," vouchsafed the busy guest, between bites, "an' my name's Ike—Ike Jarvis."

"Been out here long?" continued Madden.

"'Bout as long as they make 'em, I guess," replied the lengthy Ike, as he glanced down at his toes.

"I guess that's a fact," replied Madden, with a grin; "but how does it come you're short?"

"Oh, that's a long story," said Ike, as he bolted a biscuit whole and reached for another chunk of beef.

"Say, you'd make a pretty good tie-rope if you're tough enough," remarked one chap down at the other end of the table.

"Yes, I've held a good many mules down in Missouri," assented Ike, in nowise perturbed by the intended ridicule.

After supper was over, the gang gathered around the newcomer to quiz him.

"What are you going to do now, since your horse is dead? You can't travel on them legs," said Jud Smith, a cross-eyed cow puncher.

"Guess I'll have to look around for a job."

"Can you ride?"

"Ride? Of course I can ride. Ever see a feller that couldn't ride?"

"Yes, I know; but what I mean is, can you ride wild horses, break 'em? We want a good buster here, as our string's getting thin."

"Well, I don't know about these pesky animals here, but I used to break mules and colts back in Missouri."

"How did you do it then?" asked Madden.

"Why, I'd wait till I worked a colt all day ploughing and then jump on his back in the ploughed ground and ride him to the barn. Sometimes they'd kick up and run away, but you bet I'd ride 'em."

"Well, that ain't the way we do it out here but I'll give you a trial if you think you can ride," said Madden, with a quiet grin at his head "buster," a man of considerable repute as a stayer.

"I'm your huckleberry. When can I begin?" shouted Ike, all excited over his good fortune, "and how much do you pay?"

"I pay $50 a month and board, and you can begin in the morning," said Madden.

"Will the job be steady—how long will it last?" persisted the lengthy Missourian, with a twinkle in his eye, which indicated he was not so green or unsophisticated as he appeared.

"That depends on yourself. It will last as long as you can stick on," persisted the foreman with a grin.

"Whoop! Hoorah! I'll ride 'em till the cows come home. I'll show you how they do it down in Missouri," cried the optimistic Ike, with a sudden straightening out of his lank body that somehow, in spite of its ungainly length, had lines of strength and activity and movements of gracefulness about it.

Turning-in time was now announced and a general movement took place, as the boys sought their beds.

Early the next morning all hands were called out to the corral to catch their mounts for the day, and Ike was the most active, if not the most successful, one in the gang.

"Catch that bald-faced sorrel there; he's your mount for to-day," was the foreman's instruction, as he winked at the boys, who knew what was coming and prepared to enjoy the fun of watching Ike ride old "Satan," the worst-spoiled bronco in Utah. This horse was known as the bronco-buster buster and had never been conquered. He had thrown every rider who had ever got on his back and was kept for the purpose of initiating greenhorns and testing the sticking qualities of the professed horse-breakers who travelled over the country breaking horses at so much per head. He was a powerful, rangy horse, weighing about 1,100, was 8 years old, and "so ------ poison you could scrape strychnine off his neck," as one fellow put it. He could rag a little livelier and hump his back a little keener and faster than any horse on the range. He knew every trick and crook of the business and was past master in the art of giving aspiring bronco riders a lift in the world.

Ike put in about an hour of good, solid work in an endeavor to catch old Satan. He was an energetic, persistent "cuss" and so was old Satan, who could dodge the rope with marvellous cunning. Jarvis tried hard and had the horses about crazy with excitement before the boys came to his aid, but somehow his rope never seemed to fly straight, or it would get tangled around his legs and trip him. Several times he caught the wrong horse. Whatever he might be as a rider, he certainly was not an expert with a rope, and his antics afforded much amusement for the boys who had caught their "string" and were standing around watching him.

To a friendly offer by one of the boys to catch his horse for him, Ike replied: "Naw, I'm going to try just one more throw. I think I'll get him next time."

By some backhanded fling he did actually catch his horse the next throw and straightened up as proud as a peacock.

After breakfast, when Ike brought out his gunny sack containing his saddle, and prepared to saddle old Satan, every galoot around camp, even to the cook, had business in that immediate vicinity. When he dumped out his saddle and they saw what sort of a rig he had, some of the kinder-hearted ones took pity on him and attempted to dissuade him from using it, offering him a good saddle.

"Why, that 'henskin' of yourn ain't fit to ride a mess wagon, let alone a bronk," said one.

"Nope," he replied to their kind offers. "I've rid this yere old postage stamp a good many years, an' it still sticks. I'd feel kinder lost in one of them big saddles."

By dint of much coaxing and exertion he got old Satan saddled and prepared to mount. Diving into his sack he produced a wicked-looking pair of Mexican spurs, with murderous rowels an inch in diameter.

His good nature and innocent mien had by this time gained for him the good will of the camp, and some of the boys felt really sorry for him and thought that it was little short of manslaughter to allow this poor country jake to continue further with the joke. Big Bill Williams, the biggest-hearted fellow in the crew, tried to tell him what kind of a proposition he was up against and to keep him from "crawling the man-eater."

But Ike would pay no heed and insisted that he was not going to give up a $50 a month job without having a try.

When he tried to mount, old Satan backed off and circled around, allowing Ike to get no closer than near enough to catch the stirrup in his hand. Occasionally he got one foot up to the stirrup and hopped around like a crow after the horse, who backed away with his ears laid back and a nasty look in his rolling eyes. Several times the horse gave a plunge and tried to break away, but the lanky Missourian managed to hang on, though ofttimes he was near to losing his feet. The entire crew was now gathered around in undisguised enjoyment, watching the circus.

"If you can ride as well as you can rope you are all right," was a jeering remark that brought a steely glint to Ike's eyes and caused a tightening of the lines about his mouth that bespoke a determination to do or die.

"Why don't you walk up, straddle of him and sit down?"

"Try the other side; mebbe he's a left-handed horse."

"Did your Missouri horses act like that?"

"Don't you wish you were back in Missouri ploughing corn?" And kindred remarks were showered upon the poor fellow's head, as he followed the vicious animal around, sometimes hopping with one foot in the stirrup or being dragged by the bridle reins. That this man was no fool and knew how to avoid getting hurt, despite his seeming awkwardness, was evident, and that he had grit was also plainly to be seen. Paying no attention to the jeers of his comrades, who were getting impatient waiting, as they could find no further excuse for tarrying, Ike seemed suddenly to conclude that he had fooled around long enough. He caught the stirrup with one hand and made a flying leap for the plunging horse's back. There he clung, holding the horse's head up with a tight rein, so it could not get free action to buck, flopping first to one side and then to the other, sometimes back of the saddle and sometimes before it. At each jump it appeared that he would go off, but by dint of mere strength, and apparently because he was so long, the horse could not jump out from under him in one leap, and he managed each time to avoid going quite off. Old Satan was doing some pretty stiff buck-and-wing work, but he could not get the rein for free action. He could not quite make out about that long, limber thing that flopped around so awkardly and yet was so hard to shake off.

"Stay with him, Missouri," cried the crowd.

"Wrap your legs around him and stick your feet in your coat pockets," suggested one.

"Lengthy, your time's growing short," cried another.

"The birds will build a nest in his ear before he lights, if old Satan ever gets him shook loose," remarked another.

"That's not the way we ride horses out here," yelled the foreman. "Sit up and give him his head or else get off."

"He'll get off fast enough," laughed one fellow, who knew the route, having been introduced to old Satan himself.

Ike glanced around and a quiet grin came over his face. He concluded he had carried his little joke as far as he could. Straightening up in the saddle, he threw the reins across the pommel and raked old Satan from neck to flank with a sweep of his long spur-clad leg. Thoroughly maddened by this time, old Satan ducked his head between his front legs and "went after" Ike in dead earnest. But the harder he pitched, the closer sat Ike, his long, lithe body swaying gracefully with the plunging of the frantic brute. Around and around they went, Satan straining every nerve and exercising every trick and effort of an accomplished renegade, but not a hair's breadth could he move his rider, who sat, centaur-like, grinning with ineffable sweetness upon the wide-eyed boys around him and encouraging old Satan to further contortions by exploring for unspurred territory with his long, limber legs. What manner of man was this who could ride old Satan, the terror of two Territories, and nonchalantly roll a cigarette while the furious beast was tying double bowknots in the air and coming down like a pile driver, without seeming to even receive a jolt? Never had the boys seen such riding as this.

When Ike got ready to dismount, old Satan had been ridden, and well ridden, and had been spurred from his ears to his tail. He was the meekest-looking horse in seven States, but looked no more sheepish than the boys who gathered around the calmly benignant Ike and asked:

"Who in thunder are you, anyway? You never came from Missouri!"

"Yes, I did—about thirty years ago. And my name's Ike—front name, 'Buckskin.'"

He was, indeed, the most famous rider ever known in Utah and Arizona. His fame, but not his face, was well known at the ranch he had duped. And it was due to this fact that the Bar X boys were the worst-sold gang that ever initiated a greenhorn into the mysteries of broncho riding. Buckskin Ike had travelled miles for his fun and had enjoyed it to the limit. It was a way he had.

## *HER MISTRESS'S HORSES.*

**How Mammy Managed to Get Them Back From Gen. Sheridan.**

*From the Washington Post.*

From Virginia comes the following story concerning Gen. Phil Sheridan, which is said to be both new and true:

Gen. Sheridan was resting from a raid during the war in camp near a fine old mansion in Virginia. The former master of the mansion had been killed in the battle of Manassas. "Mammy," who had been the mistress's chief comforter when this event occurred, had practically taken charge of the plantation and had run things pretty much to suit herself. Sheridan's soldiers had taken every sound horse on the place, including two carriage horses. After the raid was over, "Mammy" entered the house to find her mistress and the two children weeping bitterly. "Mammy" asked:

"Child, what in de worl' is de matter?" The lady replied between sobs:

"Mammy, they've taken the carriage horses, and an officer tells me we'll never get them again unless I take the oath."

"Den, chile, take de oaf. 'Tain't so bery bad, is it? You tuk ile widout puckering yo' mouf when yo' was a baby. I made you take many a dose, and now you brace up and take de oaf."

"Oh, Mammy," the lady wailed, "I cannot do it. I don't think Jack would like it."

"Can't see, honey, what Massa Jack's got to do wif it. He's dead and buried. But if you can't take de oaf, I'll go see if I can't do it fer you. Anyhow, I'se gwine to investigate Marse Phil Sheridan and git them carriage horses back, if I has to pretend to take pizen to do it."

"Mammy" put on her brightest bandanna handkerchief, a clean white apron, and started for the camp, which was about a mile distant.

In about an hour "Mammy" walked back into the large yard in front of the house, leading a carriage horse by each hand, each one wearing a brand new halter around his neck. The mistress saw her coming and met her at the front gate.

"How on earth did you get them, Mammy?" inquired the lady.

Mammy's black face was damp with perspiration and her fat chest fairly panted for breath. She said: "Lem me set down on de grass, honey, and cotch my bref. Set down by me an' I'll tell you all about it. I go to de campt and I asked two or three men in uniforms with muskets in dey han's to tell me whar I could find Marse Phil Sheridan.

"'What do you want with him?'

"'Dat's my business,' says I. After skirmishing 'round I foun' de General's tent. I walks in and draps my best curtsey. 'Sarvant, Marse General,' I says.

"'What kin I do for you, madam?' he says.

"'I ain't no madam, Marse General; I'se plain ole black mammy.' I seed a twinkle in his eye, and he says:

"'Well, Mammy, what kin I do fer you?'

"An' bless you' soul, honey, he said that 'mammy' jes as natural as if he had ben a born gentleman. Den I 'splained dat his soldiers had stole my mistis' carriage horses as well as ev'y othah good hoss on de place. I tole him he might keep the other horses if I couldn't git 'em out of him, but dat I must have the carriage horses, for my mistis was a lady and her foot wan't 'quainted wid de ground.

"'But your mistress is a rebel,' said Marse General.

"Den I says: 'I don' know nothin' a'bout no rebel, Marse General. I jes knows dat my mistis' foot ain't quainted wid de groun', and I'se boun' to hab dose carriage hosses back.'

"Wid dat, Marse General laugh and hollered to a man not very far off, all dressed up in blue clothes and brass, and says:

"'Come here, Major; here's somethin' fer yo' to hear.'

"But when Marse General said dat I seed a twinkle in his eye, and I knowed somethin' I'd said hit him in de right place. De Major come, an' I tole 'em bofe de same tale. As I got through the Major and the General laughed, and de General says:

"'Well, Mammy, if you recognize the carriage hosses you shall have them.'

"And dey riz up, bofe of 'em, to go wid me to the pen whar the soldiers had put the hosses dey stole. As we went 'long I says:

"'Marse General, of cose I knows my own hosses, but dem hosses gwine to recognize me de minute dey slap dere eyes on me.'

"An, 'fo' God, de minute dey saw me comin' twixt dem two fine white men dey pricks up dey ears an' trotted up to me jes as natural as if dey had been circus hosses. And, mistis, de General tole one of de soldiers to put brand new halters on dese horses' necks and han' 'em over to Mammy, and here dey is, and I ain't took no oaf nor nothin' else."

**No Better Authority Is to Be Found on Fashion**

and the latest "Matters of Interest to Women" than THE SUN and EVENING SUN.—*Adv.*

# REMEDY FOR LABOR STRIKES.

## *PROPOSED BY STATE LABOR COMMISSIONER MACKIN.*

**Education Along Lines of Mutual Confidence and the Establishment of Local Boards of Mediation or Arbitration—Statistics of Strikes in This State.**

ALBANY, Feb. 25.—State Labor Commissioner McMackin, in his annual report, says the department is forced to the conclusion that the system of annual adjustment of contracts or understandings between employer and employees should be fostered and encouraged, which will, he believes, result in eventually reducing the number of actual strikes to a minimum. In discussing the question of organization of capital and labor, he says:

> A somewhat new condition has developed in connection with disputes in this State by the organization of employers for the implied and often avowed purpose of resisting the demands of organized labor. Should necessity arise it will also be used to enforce conditions of employment. If wisdom and justice prevail and the two organized bodies recognize and realize their common interest in, and dependence on, each other, good rather than harm will come of this condition, as it eliminates what was frequently a barrier to the adjustment of a difference between the employer and employee by making conditions uniform.
>
> There are two classes of people who are always a menace to the stability of industrial prosperity. On the one hand is the arrogant employer and on the other the unwise or reckless labor leader. It is unjust and often criminal to cause an unnecessary strike. It is certainly true that such strikes occur and it is equally true that had the causes leading up to many of the strikes been dispassionately discussed they would never have occurred.
>
> The question of the recognition of labor unions is still a thorn in the flesh of the industrial world. It would seem to us that if the employer would concede the right to the employee to organize and use his influence toward securing the selection of reliable leaders, and the employee on the other hand would concede the right of his fellow workman to join or refrain from joining the labor union, and both employer and employee would take each other into their confidence and thoroughly discuss any difference that might arise, the antagonism to labor unions would soon disappear.
>
> This is the general plan upon which railway labor organizations are conducted and they certainly are not considered as a menace to industrial stability. In fact it is the rule rather than the exception for the representatives of the railway organizations to annually meet the general officers of the different railway systems to discuss and adjust any differences which may exist. The result is a feeling of respect and confidence in each other and a practical guarantee of stability to industrial conditions on railway property.
>
> While the time may come when incorporation of labor unions will be a practical solution, we believe that the most effective remedy at the present time is education along the lines of mutual confidence and the establishment of local boards of mediation or arbitration, and that upon the failure or inability to reach a satisfactory settlement before resorting to strike or lock-out the services of the Bureau of Mediation and Arbitration be invoked and that there be no stoppage of work through strike or lock-out until all available means to adjust the trouble have been exhausted.

The report says that the total number of disputes recorded in the nine months from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30 was 126, involving 649 firms or establishments and 44,823 employees out of 62,536, the number employed before the dispute. The number of active participants in strikes or lock-outs was 22,057, while 22,766 additional employees were thrown out of employment as the result of disputes. The duration of all disputes, measured by the aggregate number of working days lost by employees, was 815,079, of which 497,446 days were lost by those directly and 317,633 days by those indirectly affected. Of the 649 establishments involved, 504 suspended work for a longer or shorter period.

Of the 126 strikes and lock-outs, 45 were for an increase of wages and 81 for reduction in the hours of work, while 27 turned on the question of unionism. Only three disputes turned on a proposed reduction in wages, but they involved a good many workmen. The same may be said of four disputes concerning the method of payment of wages. Three sympathetic strikes or lock-outs involved fewer than 1,000 employees, but led to 60,000 days of lost time. Measured by aggregate duration in working days, the causes of trade disputes ranked as follows: For increase of wages, 136,278 days; for reduction of hours of work, 110,027 days; against reduction of wages, 85,558 days; sympathetic strikes or lock-outs, 58,926 days; method of paying wages, 48,608 days; trade unionism, 44,522 days; working arrangements or shop rules, 11,656 days; miscellaneous, 1,848 days; employment of particular persons, 23 days.

Of the 126 disputes, 48 resulted in favor of the workmen, 53 in favor of the employers and 25 were compromised. Of the 650 establishments involved, the workmen won in 389, lost in 111 and compromised in 150. Distributing the 22,057 employees directly involved, it is found that the victories of the employees were shared in by 9,952, their defeats 5,082 and their compromises 7,023. Measured by aggregate duration in days, the disputes resulting in favor of the workingmen involved the loss of 152,384 days, in favor of employers 166,946, compromised 178,116. But it is to be marked that the compromises were almost invariably partial victories for the workingmen, since a compromise of demands made by them leads to some gain upon previously existing conditions.

The employers won all of the disputes of the sympathetic kind and also those involving the employment of particular persons. But they were wholly or partially defeated in all the disputes primarily concerned with the manner of paying wages and in most of the strikes against the reduction of wages. The disputes about increase of wages and reduction of hours were largely settled by compromise.

## *IRRIGATION SCHEME GIVEN UP.*

**Million-Dollar Syndicate of Bonita Valley Company Abandoned.**

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Feb. 25.—The irrigation project of the Bonita Valley Water Company in the San Bernardino Valley of California, undertaken by Baltimore capitalists, has been abandoned. A $1,000,000 underwriting syndicate was formed to carry out this enterprise. This will be dissolved.

The explanation is given in the following letter sent by the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company, which was the syndicate manager to the underwriters:

"We regret to announce it has been found impracticable to proceed further with the organization of the Bonita Water Company. By the terms of our agreement with the parties introduced in the property, the water rights and lands located in San Bernardino county, Cal., were to be transferred to the Bonita Water Company free of all incumbrances. At the time we formed this syndicate a deed had been prepared of these rights and lands and was deposited in New York, only awaiting the payment of the incumbrances delivered to the Bonita company. We were convinced by representations made to us that the money would be paid and the deed delivered.

"Since that time, however, the parties interested in the property have failed to pay off the incumbrances, and have notified us of their inability to do so, and there is nothing left for us to do in order to protect your interests, but to dissolve the syndicate and return the money. The Bonita Water Company had an extensive development project in view, involving a total capitalization of $7,000,000, including $1,500,000 of bonds. Major Richard M. Venable was to have been President of the new company."

**All Intelligent Women**

should read the Knickerbocker Girl published Wednesdays and Saturdays in THE EVENING SUN. Society and fashion are leading features.—*Adv.*