SLIM, THE FINDER, TURNS UP A HOARD.

An Incident in Gentleman George's Career Which Should Have Left Him Rich for Life.

From the Literary Remains of William Smithers.

"D'ye believe in heridity, Jarge?" I ast wan day on retarnin' impty-handed from my perigrinatuns.

Gentleman George lukked up from the single on which he hed been playun "Napol'on at St. Heleny," with an impat'ence worthy of the great Costigan hisself.

"In bad luck, yis," he growled; "but I niver knowed good luck to last out wan gineratun."

"But take qualities," I urged, "like trottun in a hoss or p'intun in a dog. D'ye believe that breedun iver has a like effeck on human beins?"

"Why, yes," he said, "in a way. Swiss watchmakers, they say, inherit their skill, and I've heerd of nater'al bone-setters thet passed on their manipelatuns from father to son like an old bidstid. And as for noses and chins, why, it's a historical secrit thet they kem to a common p'int in the Spanish r'yal fambly from its bein' kep' sech a clus corporatun. But what of it? I'm too hungry and dry to rilish an abstrack discussun in psycological physiol'gy."

"Thin I don't believe Slim Jimmy is a fake," I answered. "He's a thief," I contìnnered in response to an angry glanct, "the son of a thief, the grandson of a thief, on bot' sides, too, and runnin' back to time immemor'al in an unbroken larcenous line. The clothes he was wrapped in, the cradle wat he lay in, hed all been nipped; for his mother was a confidence leddy who cud bring hum half a department store under her skuts and still walk like a queen. Why, the moment he began to take notice he started in to take everythin' else in sight. Talk about heridity; if Slim Jimmy's gift ain't genooine, the hull collidge of hiraldry oughter go into the hands of a deceiver and be done wit' it."

"His gift; what is his gift?"

"He's a finder, Jarge," I explained, solemnly. "He finds things thet are hid, intootively; goin' right to thim in the dark, in strange houses; some way feelin' them t'roo steel and oak; the keener his scint, the more valooable they are. It's beyond reason it is, but not beyond belief; for, as you well know, the two don't allus go togither. I've heerd it often from mimbers of the craft and to-day he verified it by word of mout'. He don't know how he does it, no more'n a Dutchman knows why he turns to the lift radder than the right, but he does it jest the same."

"Where is he?" cried Jarge, springin' to his feet and stumpin' the flure, in his agitatum, like the pendelum of a cookoo clock. "Why he's jest the man we want for the greatest job on eart'! God, if it is true; if it only kin be true——"

"It's true," I repeated, "but wit' the drag-off inivitable to human affairs. He's within reach, never fear, if we really do want him. He struck me, an hour ago, out on the street, for me lasht round-shot; a pore, wretched creetur', jest troo' with doin' t'ree year seven, with the skin and bones on him fairly fightin' for physical suprimacy. He told me his sing'ler fate, in a j'int nearby; and he'll never leave until he t'rown out, and never be t'rown out until he has nawthin' to leave. But——"

"But me no buts," says Jarge, as if talkin' to a goat. "Let him do the findin', we'll take care of the but whativer it is. Listen, Smithers. There's a half-mill'un in this graft, if there's a cent. You must have heerd of old Peter Milwain, who lives in that big place over beyond the park. No? Well, he's a public charakter for all thet, on account o' his wealt' and iccintricity, or radder he was up to a year ago whin he wint suddently and puminently daffy.

"Many's the good time I've hed in thet house," Jarge wint on, his eyes saftenin' wit' the ricollectun, "whin I tuk me soc'al fling on thet lasht ten-strike we med. Why, Miss Tabitha, the spinster sister who keeps house for Peter, cudn't do too much for me; it was the Captain's partic'lar chair, the Captain's espec'al bottlin' of wine, the Captain's volovont or marang panashay, all the time—I was the Captain, you know. And Dorcas, the granddarter, the prettiest little ti'ng, Smithers—sech eyes, sech a shape, sech sweet, winnin' ways—well, if I hedn't shown m' teet' too soon, if I hedn't let the sheepksin slip off jest a little in my eagerness for the mazooma, I might be settun' on thet broad verandy overlukkin' the river, king of hearts, and monarch of all I surwayed.

"But to make a long story short, I struck the old feller too hard and too quick. He suspicted somethin', and forbade me the house. The nex' thing I heerd, he hed gone to pieces all to onct, and in some way his fortun' hed gone wit' him; so, of coorse, I tuaned to richer fields, and drew the wail of obliv'un over the incident.

"Yisterday, howiver, I learned that the fambly lawyers were advertising a t'ousand dollar reward for the return of a big bunch of negotiable securities belongin' to old Peter; and this is the story I git from a sure source: The wery day the old man wint off his nut, he wisited the Safety Deposit in the city and tuk out his box. He must hev' wandered about town, thin, in a sort of a daze, for they tracked him to some leary places; but, whin finally his real conditun was diskivered by Miss Tabithy and Dorcas returnin' home for dinner to find him babblin' about green fields in a carner, his hands were as impty as his head was.

"The lawyers hev' gone on the t'eory thet he was robbed, and hev' raked the quarter of town into which he wandered wit' the finetoot' comb of the law. But they've found nawthin', and now in their desperatun offer this reward; practically admittun they've been wrong; for, of coorse, no wan who hed pinched the stuff wud give it up for a t'ousand.

"What I believe is thet the old feller lost his wits t'roo worryin' about me—lest I should git his granddarter and his ducats, you know. If so, what more nateral thing for wan in his unnateral state to do than to hide the gelt away; and where would he hide it except in his own house, of course, —where, accordin' to all accounts, he had been alone for two or t'ree hours.

"Thet's my jedgment, Smithers," concluded Jarge, "and I'm willin' to bank on it. We'll crack the house to-night, an easy task, and take this young finder of yours along. So go out and bring him in afore he drowns hisself in a pot of beer and the cheaper fashun of the day."

Presintly I returned with Slim Jimmy, who sat silent and stupid on the bed, while we med our plans and preperatuns. A strange lukkin' lad for a fack; as inspirin of confidence as a Chinese idol; with his great egg-shaped head a wobblin' on his pipe-stem neck, and his weazen hands restun on his knees like a set of claws as he kep' starin' at a bidpost wit' his big owl eyes. No wonder, Jarge whispered, whin he had lukked him over, "Why, he's nawthin' but an imbercile."

"P'raps thet explains," I whispered back, "why he allus finds things all right and thin finds hisself all wrong, in the pig, behind the bars——"

"You mean——"

"Yis, I mean, that he inwariably gits ketched. He's been doin' life, Jarge, on the installment plan; and thet's the slide under the snow, the fly in the beer, the speck in the eye, to which I referred."

"I don't keer," said Jarge. "So be he kin find things fust, we'll be able to take care of ourselves arterwards, niver fear. But he looks so dotty, I kin hardly believe——"

"Try him," says I, "put it to the touch, to win or lose it all. Let me see? You jest heerd me tell of givin' up my lasht round-shot, Jarge. I s'pose you haven't got annythin' needer; nawthin' stowed away on the side, agin the day of advarsity?"

"Not a soo markee," replied Jarge, with an oat' plum' from Flanders.

"How is thet, Slim?" I ast. "Is there annythin' awailable on the primises?"

"I've been feelin' and smellin' and tastin' of it ever since I kem in," answered the lad, rollin' his eyes most horrible. "Yis, yis, it is here!"

With thet, he lepped to the head of the bid, unscrewed the top of wan of the posts and drew out a roll of long greens. "Hi, hi," he yelled, a doin' the better part of a double shuffle in his j'y!

Jarge looked silly, as I thrust the roll in me clothes. "He'll do," says he, "and now to biz. We hev' no time to waste wit' chicking feed."

By midnight, we hed med our way into the cellar of the big house, and was perceedun' up the stairs; Jarge fust, with the gun and kit, Slim next, and me lasht, wit' the glim in wan hand, while I kep' tight holt on the lad's neck wit' the odder. Despite Jarge's brashness, I was leary of Slim, as leary as he was. It seemed unnateral to trust wan so eximpt from the ordinary limitations of the sinses, hevin' somethin' up his sleeve, as it wore; and I desolved thet there wud be no more "hi-hi-ing" if I had to choke his life out in its stead.

For the prisint, nawthin' cud be more eximplary than the conduck of the young man; he wint betune us like a slaughtered lamb. We slipped along the broad, cintral hall, into the parlor, the li'bry, the dinin' room, and niver a sign out of him excipt a bit of a trimble whin we drew near the plate on the boord.

Back we kem to the front, where the stairs corkscrewed up, leavun' quite a space underneat' for a hat closet; and there it was I felt the queer, uncanny knowledge a-throbbin' and shakin' of him. He lepped ahead of Jarge, he tore open the dure, he darted in; the nex' moment we t'ree stud in a bunch at the ind of the black and windowless little room.

Slim wasted no more time than the electric currint whin the dinnomo is at full blast. He was down on his knees, and scratchin' like a dog at a gas metre set in the wall. He swung the thing out, reached in his hand, and brought fort' a package, wrapped in yaller paper, and tied wit' pink tape. Wit' his teet' and claws he ripped it open; and lo, crisp and d'licious, there lay a stack of bonds and scrip like the bustin' of a bank's vault.

"It's the old man's pile," muttered Jarge; "the real stuff, all gilt-edged, and as negot'able as gold! We're med, Smithers, med for a life as long as Met'useiay's!"

I felt Slim's t'roat a-swellin', wit' a convulsive t'rill runnin' up and down; and I giv' him the full of me grip. Down he wint, wit' niver a peep out of him; but his fut, in its twitchin', beat a rat-tat-tat-too on the wall, like a postman in somethin' of a hurry.

"Hell!" muttered Jarge; "that sounds like the signal I used to make whin I was stringin' old Tabithy on the quite. Douse the glim, Smithers, and hold your breat'. She's as sharp as a cat in the night."

Mot'unlass we stud in the black darkness for the count of t'ree; and thin, from above, there kem the patter of slippered feet, the glimmer, the gleam of a light.

"Captain, oh, Captain," a cracked v'ice quavered; "if thet isn't you, Captain, I'll scream!"

"Of coorse it is I, me prec'us," replied Jarge, steppin' out into the hall to greet rapturously the old leddy as she descended, lamp in hand

I cudn't foller accurately all they said, they mumbled so arter the fashun of lovyers; but the gist of it at fust was reproaches on her part and explanatuns on his; the latter as shrewd as the former was silly. Accordin' to Jarge, he hed been prevented by the machinatuns of old Milwain's lawyers from prissun' his soot; and hince, forced to consale hisself in the house until he cud make his declaratun under kiver of the night. It wint, all right, but ravther too far. "You ducky darling," sighed the old leddy, "I'll be ready to fly wit' you in a minute," and she skipped up the stairs like a two-year-old.

"Come, Smithers," says Jarge, "we'll jest hev' time. That was better than blackjackin' the good soul, at all ewents."

I stooped to pick up Slim, lyin' like a log in the karner, whin again there kem a glimmer, a gleam, of light. Down the stairs, a wery angle from hiving, glided a young girl, her black hair hangin' far behind like the fretwork and lace of night; her great eyes shinin', startled, but not afeard.

"Jarge, Jarge," she murmured, "I heerd you in my dreams! Is it, can it be; hev' you kem back to me?"

I'm not sayin' thet Gentleman George in his relatun wit' women was not utterly heartless and false. He cud hardly hev' kep' up his record for sweethearts and wives, otherwise. But for all thet, he hed a vast amount of sinsibility, which cud pass for heart timporarily; witherin' away, like the seed be the wayside, whin the sun of his own selfish desires arose. Hince he was apt to do many unwise and imprudent t'ings under the inflooance of distrissed beauty, and certain to be mighty sorry for it arterwards. I was not surprised, thin, to see him and the young leddy a doin' the miltin' act like the Hug-or-not lovyers in the pictur'.

I was at me wit's ind. There was he puffeckly obliv'us, though the old dame upstairs must be packin' her duds like a travellin' man in a fire. There was me, in the black closet, wit' Slim Jimmy again beginnin' to twitch as if gittun' in line to find somethin'. There wud be doin's prisintly, for sure; but which way was they goin' to come?

They came from above! There was a scream, and the splash of a half-filled carpet bag in the hall; and down like the immissary of a cyclone dashed Miss Tabitha —a wild, leary creatur', screamin', weepin', beratun', entreatun', all in wan breat'.

"Oh, you scoundrel, you t'ief," she concluded; "don't think thet odders will b'lieve your story of bein' led into this house by your love for me, even if I did! You're a buggler, a criminal; and if I do me duty, I'll turn you over to justice!"

She sprang across the hall and laid her hand on a knob of the wall.

"Don't move," she commanded; "the p'lice statun isn't t'ree minutes away, and wan turn of this will bring the hull force to the house. Oh, thet you cud hev' so basely deceived a trustin', devoted heart!"

So they stud; Jarge, twistun' his mustache, uneasily; the spinster, wit' her finger on the trigger; and pritty little Dorcas, as white as a cloud wit' the moon behind it, her hands crossed on her buzzum, and the look of some awful vis'un in her eyes. T'inks I to mesilf, the air of the cellar is healt'ier at this prisint, and I bigan to move towards the dure.

Somethin' darted by me. It was Slim, the finder, if not fully restored to his outlandish sinses, at least fully possessed by them. He was feelin', smellin', tastin' valooables nearby; nawthin' more or less, be the same token, than the bunch of bonds and scrip which Jarge hed stuck in his side pocket. "Ki-yi," yelled the lad, as he snatched out the package and held its bewilderin' contints to view; and he cut a jig in the ecstacy of his j'y!

"My brother's fortun'," screamed Miss Tabithy; and the nex' minute she and Slim was a-doin' the Græco-Roman, wit' all the odds in her favor.

"Go, Jarge, for God's sake, go," cried thet dear little Dorcas, standin' wit' her back to the knob in the wall, like a female Romelus at the bridge; "there'll be no alarm sent in, never fear; but go, go, go!"

Jarge didn't wait, and needer did I. Down the stairs, into the cellar, out the coalhole, we flew, as if t'roo a newmatic toob. Prisintly we wus pausin' for breat' all safe and secure, in the raven of the Park.

"Well," says I, sulky like, "I hopes you hed your fill of thet cussed hoodoo of a Slim. I warned yer what to expict, remimber."

"Oh, I don't know," answers Jarge airily, "he finds all right, at all ewents, and there's risks in ivery business. I t'ink we'll try him again if he gits away."

'TWAS A COLD WORLD FOR HIM

ADVENTURES OF A HOBO IN SEARCH OF WARM SUNSHINE.

Go Where He Would, He Lingered Reluctant in the Lap of Winter—A Midsummer Night's Dream on a Madison Square Bench When Jim Scrunch Lit His Pipe.

A man who lives close to Madison Square found the night so hot that he couldn't sleep. After tossing about for a couple of hours and changing pajamas, and poking his head under the cold water spigot, all to no avail, he gave up, put on his lightest suit and went out for the air. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning. He strolled over to Madison Square and took a seat on one of the benches alongside a contented-looking hobo. The hobo was leaning back with his arms over the back of the bench, his right heel superimposed upon the toe of his broken left shoe. He was chipper and broad awake.

"Morning," said the man who couldn't sleep, panting and mopping his brow.

"Thanks," said the wayfarer. "Same to you."

"Warm," remarked the panting man.

"Um—well," replied the hobo, deliberately, "maybe it is. But I like it."

"Like it?" exclaimed the other, pausing in his brow-mopping. "You must belong to the salamander family."

"Nope—name's Scrunch—Jim Scrunch," replied the pilgrim. "But the weather suits me all O. K. Hotter the better. Y' see, I've had so many cool jobs in my time that now, when I'm taking it easy, I enjoy the heat—the sizzlinger the better."

"Cool jobs, eh?" said the other. "For instance?"

"Well," answered the hobo, dreamily, gazing at the rubbering cop at the end of the curved path, "the last time I was in France I held down for six months a job in a Rheims wine cellar. It was in the hetacombs or catacombs or what-d'ye-call-'ems—some kind of old ruins, anyway. They stored hundreds of thousands of bottles of new champagne in those cellars. The temperature had to be kept at an even 40 degrees, or the champagne bottles would ha' busted. It was my job to pass along the racks from morning until night, picking up the bottles and giving 'em a little joggle, so's the sediment wouldn't settle. Nice job, in some respects, too. Got twenty-five francs a week, and all found. But I couldn't get used to the chill of those catacombs or hetacombs, or what-d'ye-call-'ems. Made my bones ache. Gave me the fantods. I hankered for the sunlight all the time. Worst of it was, when I quit the job in December, there I was, face to face with winter, and I hadn't enjoyed any summer at all, for I'd put in most of my time down there in that temperature of 40 degrees."

"Yours," put in the man who was out for the air, "is a sad, sad story."

"Well, yes, it is, kind o'," admitted the hobo. "I figured, however, upon enjoying the heat of the next summer to make up for the summer I had lost, but it was not to be. When the following summer set in I found mysef in Persia. Persia's a right hot country, and I was just in my element. But I had to get some kind of a job, of course, to keep a-going, and, as luck would have it, the job that I nailed was one that kept me in a state of chill all the rest of the summer."

"And that job was——?" languidly inquired the other.

"Cold air pumper," replied the hobo, fishing a clay pipe out of his tattered garments and filling it with the fragments of a cigar butt. "You see, the Shah had had a plate-glass house manufactured for his use during the hot months. The plate-glass house was sunk in forty-eight fathoms of water in a lake near the palace. There was an apparatus for pumping air into this water-tight house of plate glass when it was lowered in the lake, but none of those Persian gazoobs knew the first thing how to manage the air pump. So they seized upon me, because I was an American—they correctly figured over there that an American can do any old thing —and virtually made me accept the job of cold-air pumper in ordinary to his sun-and-moonlets, the Shah. 'Twasn't such a bad job, at that, although it was mighty cold down there. The Shah seemed to enjoy the cold immensely—he and I were the only occupants of the submarine house— but I didn't, for I'd lost one summer in those Rheims wine cellars, and it kind o' made me sore to lose another that way. Temperature of that plate-glass house beneath the lake averaged about forty-two and three-eighths.

"However, I was well paid for the job. Got the equivalent o' forty scads per week in American money. I'd ha' suffered a good deal more from the chill if the Shah hadn't kept me pretty well boozed up all the time. Fact is, he had a pretty good edge on himself throughout the summer we spent beneath the water. But he was a rattling good fellow, at that. I don't s'pose you know it, but he talks Irish like a bird."

"Is that so?" inquired the other, who was beginning to feel fairly cool.

"Yep," said the hobo. "Talked Irish just like a Connemara man. Well, I was permitted to leave the Persian capital when the raw weather set in overhead, although the Shah kicked like a steer and wanted to appoint me a Brigadier-General in his army. He was so stuck on having me stay along with him, in fact, that I had to leave between two days. I was just bound and determined that I'd go to some place then to get good and warmed up, but luck was against me.

"I meant to make a swift jump for central India, but I didn't get away with it. I came to in Paris without a sou-markee, and of course I had to hustle right away for a job. On the level, the only job that I could get in Paris was in a cold-storage warehouse, packing eggs in lime. Fact. The temperature of that cold-storage warehouse was never above 25 or 30. I kept the job for a couple of months, and then, in the month of January, I hiked over here to the States and crossed over to California, so's to duck the snow and ice. Went broke in California, and the best I could do was to ship as bo'sun's mate on one of the internal revenue cutters bound for the Aleutian Islands to protect the seal fisheries. And there I rolled around on the deep, in the cold and fog, for a year and a half, until——"

"My friend," interrupted the man who had come out for the air, "you'll do. I have heard enough. I am as cool as a cucumber, and cooler. You have accomplished the seemingly impossible. Here's a dollar. I doubt not you know in which direction the barrelhouse lies. And if it's as hot as this to-morrow night, and you're sitting here about this time, there'll be another dollar for the continuation of your frosty reminiscences. Good morning."

A New Cereal in Kansas.

From the Kansas City Journal.

TOPEKA, Aug. 9.—Ex-Congressman Case Broderick of Holton, who owns an 800 acre farm in Jackson county, experimented this year with emmer (speltz), the new cereal of Kansas. He planted thirty-three acres of it. He has just threshed the crop. The output averaged thirty-two bushels to the acre. The grain had the appearance of barley, and is said to make a better feed for stock than oats, weighing about forty pounds to the bushel. The straw was heavy and will make better feed than oat or wheat straw, and is prolific in quantity. This grain, which is of Russian extraction, was first sown in the United States by Russian residents of South Dakota. Many farmers who have been watching its growth are pleased with the new feed. It stood the cold weather of spring remarkably well. Oats grown in the same vicinity "lodged" considerably, but emmer held its own, despite wind, and did not rust.

LABOR AND THE COAL STRIKE.

The Interesting Views of a Plain Business Man and Veteran Employer—Other Views.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The question of the rights of labor unions is probably commanding more attention, particularly from the thinking men of the industrial world, than any other, and it is well that it should be so. "In union there is strength," and there is no doubt that unionism has been a great benefit to the world; and it is not with unionism that the public is finding fault, but with the abuse of it.

It would be an ideal position if the managers of all industrial enterprises could deal with a responsible union of intelligent, reasonable men. But, instead of drifting in that direction, unions seems to be sailing away from it. The moment a body of men organize themselves into a union they take to themselves rights which they would not dream of assuming otherwise. In other words, they practically take the position that neither the public nor the employers have any rights that a union cannot down, whether reasonable or unreasonable. Until this is changed the fight must go on, entailing great waste of property and energy.

Certainly capital has learned and recognized the rights of others to a far greater extent than labor does. How to bring labor to a realization o' its lack of reason and fairness and to a recognition of the rights of others is the problem. We all know what conditions existed between labor and capital from fifty to seventy years ago, particularly in England, when capital practically recognized no rights in labor. It took years and years of bitter fighting and great waste of human energy and property to change this and bring capital to a realization of the rights of labor. Surely labor should profit by this experience and avoid the mistake then made by the other side, of ignoring the just claims to fair treatment, to which the employers also are entitled to. If men would only think for themselves and act accordingly, instead of being led by the teachings of oily-tongued orators and sensational newspapers, it would be a start in the right direction.

Irrational and illegal measures should be discouraged, for as certainly as the sun shines if labor continues to pursue its present arrogant course the people will rise in their might and stop it. It cannot be that 25 per cent. (estimated) of industrial wage-earners are to dominate and control the business of the country without regard to the rights of the supposed 50 per cent. tilling the soil, and the balance, or 25 per cent., who are intermediaries.

Do we hear of any complaints from the tillers of the soil, the people who provide all our food, and whose wages are probably less than those of any other calling? Or do we hear of any public sympathy for them, even when the prices for their commodities are very low? No, because the toiling millions who raise our bread and cannot combine and give us a tale of woe are too scattered. But, suppose they could, and suppose the farmers of Pennsylvania should get together when wheat is bringing only 50 to 75 cents per bushel, and say that the millionaires had no right to grind the poor farmers down to such prices, at which they would not have an income of over $200 or $300 yearly—not enough to live on or support their families decently. Let us suppose that they decided that the only way to correct it would be to keep the wheat from all the States bordering on Pennsylvania out of it, so that they could charge $1 per bushel. Let us suppose that for this purpose they should decide to picket the whole border and prevent any wheat from crossing into the State, telling the New York and Ohio farmers that the Pennsylvania market for wheat belonged to them, that they were scabs in trying to sell the product of their labor in Pennsylvania, making prices so much lower. What would the people say to this? Would they submit to it for a moment? Is not this just what the labor unions are doing? Do they not want to buy everything they require in an open market, and do they not want to sell their labor in a restricted market, which is all perfectly right when no illegitimate means are used to accomplish it? But, when they attempt to force every man in industrial centres into a union, whether he wants to or not, and when they even deny him the right to work without joining a union, they try to enforce restriction of public and individual liberty that must and will come to an end.

It cannot be that this state of affairs, with its boycotts and reigns of terror is to continue indefinitely. Men and women are beaten and even murdered because they want to work in their own way, for whom they please and for such wages as they choose to accept.

Millionaires and scabs, in the eyes of the union, are the great enemies of labor and should be banished from the face of the earth. Then the millennium.

I have been an industrial employer in a moderate way all my life. I may say for nearly fifty years, and with the exception of some trifling contentions during the past few years, —which I shall refer to later—I have never had a strike or even any trouble with my employees. The whole problem of employer or employed has always interested me very much. Hence, I have taken particular interest in the anthracite coal strike. Now, a person reading some of the newspaper remarks on the strike, who knew nothing about the conditions of the anthracite business, would suppose that this whole interest was owned by a few millionaires (of course, a millionaire has or should have no rights whatever), whereas, as a matter of fact, only about 25 per cent. of all the anthracite securities, stocks and bonds are owned by so-called millionaires and bankers, and the remaining 75 per cent. are owned directly or indirectly by tens of thousands of small investors, namely, widows and orphans, and elderly and retired men, who are dependent on the income of these savings for their income and support. At first I put this percentage at 50 and 50, but upon careful inquiry I find that 25 and 75 are nearer a correct estimate. Surely, these people have some rights as well as the miners, and should be protected in them. The money they receive for interest is just as important to those who have accumulated something for a rainy day as the money paid for wages to the miners.

Who is there to make the proper dividing line between the owners and the miners but the presidents of the anthracite companies? They are and should be the arbitrators—the only arbitrators. They know the whole business in all its ramifications and details, and they are not only capable men but fair and broad-minded in every way, and no disinterested person, I am certain, examining into the situation and condition of the anthracite matters can say that the miners have not been fairly dealt with, particularly during the past two years, and that there is real cause for the present strike.

I think I am right in saying that for thirty years previous to 1900 all the anthracite strikes were failures. But in that year, 1900, pronounced concessions were made to the miners that seem to have turned their heads.

The presidents went all lengths to prevent a strike and the mine leaders should have known—and I have no doubt they did know—that a strike would gain them nothing; yet they were powerless or seemed to be powerless to prevent it, even without any just grounds for going out. Hence, it must end in failure, and in time they must go back poorer, and, may be (but I doubt it), wiser.

No strike can succeed without the pronounced sympathy of the public, particularly the public immediately surrounding the home of the strike.

The talk about the low yearly average earnings of the miners is very misleading. It is true that the yearly earnings are not as large as they might be, but it is a well-known fact that the pay for the actual hours worked is as high, if not higher, than the hourly pay of men of any other like industry fully as hazardous. What makes their yearly earnings comparatively small is that in normal or dull times there is not enough work to keep all the men steadily employed. But the fascination for high pay when they do work is such that there are always more men in the region than can be employed on anything like full time. This, however, is not the fault of the operators.

As stated in the beginning of this article, labor unions have accomplished great benefits for mankind and they have come to stay, the same as the trusts. What interests us all is on what lines or in what way can the greatest good be accomplished by unionism? Certainly not by any wild talk of antagonism between capital and labor and by branding all millionaires and scabs as the great enemies of society.

In reality there is no antagonism between employers and employed, except among the unreasonable on both sides who represent the few, not the many. But, as a rule, the few have the "gift of gab" and lead the many to too great an extent. However, I have great faith in the average American, and when the emergency arrives he will assert himself for the right. If this were not true in the main the illegitimate teachings of the agitators would have resulted in anarchy long ago.

The outrages that have been perpetrated in the name of labor are a disgrace to a civilized and enlightened people and our great republic that is looked upon upon as an example to the world. Let us stop the cry that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, which every man and woman at all advanced in years knows of their own knowledge to be a lie.

Labor unions must first learn to recognize the rights of all and respect them and conduct their organizations on these lines. Let it be understood that every man is free to join a union or not. Then they must conduct the unions so as to attract the largest possible membership and particularly the best men. All intimidations must cease and strikes must be won on meritorious demands that have the sympathy of the public. Strikes won by brute force do not pay for the powder and never will. Right and reason will be found much better weapons than brute force.

Another thing that labor leaders should give great attention to is to prevent, as far as possible, the feeling or spirit of antagonism that seems to arise the moment that a man joins a union. This is one of the great curses of unionism. There is no reason why just as friendly feeling should not exist between employer and employed whether the latter is a union man or non-union, but as a matter of fact we all know it does not.

There is something about unionism under present methods of conducting it that tends to make a great gulf between employer and employed. As soon as a man joins a union he puts a chip on his shoulder and it becomes a fight immediately between him and his employer. Little by little and from time to time the employer yields until he can stand it no longer and calls a halt and asks himself —does this business belong to me or my employees? Then the fight is on in earnest, the men are out of work, and consequently the capital is idle, and, as is often the case, the employer is ruined and for that matter the men are, too.

Frequently these employers are among the most liberal and considerate, as is well known. We can all call to mind the case of the National Cash Register Company, in Ohio, which attracted so much attention a year or more ago, which was probably the most unreasonable and uncalled-for strike of late years. All iron and steel people know that Carnegie paid from start to finish the highest wages ever paid in this or any other country in the iron and steel line, yet the strike of 1892 resulted, but ended with a great blow to unionism. The coal people also know that there never was any more just or generous coal miner than the late Eckley B. Coxe, who during his life was one of the most capable and probably the largest individual coal miner in the world and a man who took great interest in the elevation of labor, yet he had to fight many bitter strikes, all, as far as I know, resulting disastrously to his men.

The press of the country contains almost daily accounts of strikes, boycotts, &c., ordered by walking delegates, that are simply outrages upon the rights of the community. Only recently we read of the calling out of the men working on the new Brooklyn Bridge employed by the contractors, to force the same contractors to comply with certain terms for their men in Philadelphia. The men rebelled, but they are the slaves of the union and must obey. In another case in a shipyard near New York some 200 men went out a few days since, because a new man had been employed who presented a card of a union that the men claimed was not in good standing.

My own experience as an industrial employer up to a few years ago led me to think that if men were treated fairly it did not matter whether they belonged to a union or not. Hence, some three years ago when, in a rather isolated establishment, in which I am largely interested, a lodge or branch of one of the national unions was organized by certain of our skilled men, we gave it little attention or thought. But, it was not long before trouble began. Our manager was asked to restrict putting on apprentices; then handy men who might become skilled workmen were objected to. The leaders gradually insisted upon less work or output for a day and our works were soon crippled and the fight began. First, one of the national leaders was called in and then another with whom we treated in good faith. We insisted, however, upon having an open shop. That is, we insisted upon the right to employ whom we pleased and that we would not discriminate against the union, but that union men should not interfere with non-union men. All of which we lived up to faithfully. But, there was constant inclination to restrict the work done and interference by the union men with non-union men. This continued until the threats and interference by union men with the non-union men became so pronounced that the non-union men were leaving. This finally resulted in the discharge of a union man and in consequence all the union men went out. But the shop is running, of course, somewhat restricted as yet in output, and it is still an open shop, but an open shop in reality, not simply in name, and will continue so.

We were all sorry for this, particularly our manager, who had insisted that labor unions were all right if they were properly treated, but he sees now that no management can get on with the unions without giving them the entire control, as regards wages, output, and who shall be employed. It is the old story again, "give a union an inch and they will soon want a mile." Rule or ruin only will satisfy them.

There is no doubt but what the bad and untruthful teachings of a part of the press of the country have had much to do with the bringing about of these conditions, and it might be said the only wonder is that they have not made matters worse. This only proves, as I have stated before in this article, that a large proportion of the people think for themselves and do not follow the doctrines which these papers try to inculcate.

One reason for this is that they so often read statements in them that they know of their own knowledge to be absolutely untrue. An instance of this came to my knowledge only a few days since. In conversation with a young man he told me he had just read in one of the papers an account of the anthracite coal strike in which it was stated that the strike had been instigated by the operators and would not end until all the great blocks of coal stored by the companies had been disposed of at high prices. It then went on to state where this coal was stored and by what companies it was owned. It so happened that two of the yards mentioned as containing a great many thousand tons of coal he was well acquainted with and knew of his own knowledge that every ton of coal had been cleaned up in these yards long ago. Of course, he then simply looked upon the whole article as a made-up and deliberate lie.

About the same time this occurred I happened to have a conversation with an officer of a company this large stock of coal was credited to, and he gave me a little account of the part their company took in preparing for the strike. The management was a good deal divided as to the possibility of a strike, and regarding the policy of storing or not storing coal. If they stored coal and there was no strike it meant a large loss, and if they did not store any coal and the strike came they would be censured for bad management. They finally concluded that they would be on the safe side, and did store all the coal they could by rushing their mines, of course, and, of course, much to their profit as it turned out, but that it was all gone now.

To show further how little the operators themselves knew whether the miners would strike or not, in conversation with the president of one of the large companies and one of the best informed men in the anthracite business, less than a fortnight before the strike was declared, he told me that he thought there would not be any strike. That the miners knew no more concessions could be made to them, and that they were having more steady work than ever before and better pay, and that he felt quite certain that their better judgment would prevail.

Now, this will show how far from the truth was the charge of conspiracy on the part of the operators to bring about a strike from which they would reap great profits.

I would add that the company charged with storing great quantities of coal and the company whose president told me he thought there would be no strike are entirely separate and distinct companies. All the same, we cannot stop the publication of such harmful stories, but we can use all the legitimate means in our power to counteract them.

There is no doubt that in times past some mine owners have abused their employees or allowed their abuse by unscrupulous foremen, and we all know the abuses of company stores. All this has been corrected in the main and the wages now paid are so good that no strike can command the sympathy of the public, hence this strike was doomed to failure in the beginning. Probably three-fourths of the miners knew this, and if an absolute silent ballot could have been taken probably not more than one-fourth would have voted in favor of striking. Yet this small minority controls through the present bad system of the unions. No progress to better the condition of the wage-earners by the unions can possibly be made until their policy is entirely changed.

First, the union should be so conducted that the employee be brought more in harmony with the employer, instead of the reverse. There is no reason why this should not be done. At present the moment a man becomes a member of a union, as before stated, he is expected to put a chip on his shoulder and say to his employer, "Knock it off if you dare."

Then they must learn to respect the rights of others.

This is the reason why the aggregation of capital succeeds while labor does not.

The Amalgamated steel strike of last year against the United States Steel Company should have been such a lesson as to prevent the present coal strike, which must end in the same way. No other ending is possible. Every thinking man in the union or out of it, capable of drawing a logical conclusion, knew this before these strikes were declared, yet they were powerless to stop it, and who are the sufferers in the main? The slaves of the union, they are the men who are responsible for it, and this is as it should be, of course. But, the public should have some rights and something to say against all the upsetting and interruptions due to the great strikes.

If capital was to put up the price of coal $2 or $3 what would the people say? But, when labor does it they quietly stand by and wonder how long this thing will last.

Stop the howling against the so-called trusts. It is the aggregation of capital that is doing more to give steady employment at good wages to-day than anything else. No individual can take a half million, or even a million dollars and build and run a steel plant to-day on railroad rails, structural steel, &c., paying the same wages that are paid by the United States Steel Corporation and succeed for any length of time. And between competition and the laws, abuses by the trusts will never be lasting or serious, even if a few owners were so disposed; *while the illegitimate interferences of the labor unions are now a terrible menace to our industrial progress.*

Another delusion is arbitration, which to many minds seems to be the only cure for all troubles between capital and labor. Think for a moment of the help that is employed in almost every household. Do you want a labor union committee or an arbitration committee to enter your own house and say whom you shall employ and how much wages must be paid? Don't you think you and your help, who know the conditions and details, are far better capable of settling all this than outsiders? Suppose Mr. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria had to submit to a union or arbitration whom he should employ and what wages he should pay, how long could that hotel be run to the satisfaction of his patrons? It would simply be an impossibility. This is only an enlarged household and the same rule applies to all the industries. Arbitration can never be resorted to unless it might be in the case of corporations holding franchises as common carriers, and I doubt the expediency even under these conditions, as there is no way to enforce a contract with labor.

Understand, condemning arbitration has nothing to do with kindly good offices in the direction of harmony between labor and capital.

In connection with this great question I must call attention to the sermon delivered a few Sundays ago by Archbishop Ireland. I should like to quote much of this sermon, but I must call particular attention to the following: "In no other country is there a Government so fair-minded, so willing to treat all classes with absolute justice, as that with which we are blessed in America."

Now, if the Government is just, surely the people must be just, for it is the people who make the Government in this country more than in any other, hence it must go without saying that employers in the main are just.

This is a pretty good world to live in, and the only lines for improvement rest with ourselves. So many men spend a great part of their energy in bewailing their lot, making their own lives and all other lives they come in contact with miserable, by finding fault with society and all business methods as grinding them down. If, instead of doing this, they would devote their energies to giving better service without regard to the pay or remuneration for the time being, they would find far more satisfaction, and recognition for ability and merit is bound to come in due time. Every successful man gave more than he got paid for in the beginning in order to reverse matters later.

The moral of this is not to belong to a union that puts all men on a level. Every man should be free to climb according to his merits. It is perfectly true that all men are born free and equal, but equal only in the eyes of the law.

The disparity of the intellectual and physical is beyond description, and must remain so to the end of the human race, and it is well that it should be so. Without disparity in the intellectual there would be no teachers in the world, no man wiser than another. Hence, it is more than illogical for the unions to attempt to bring all men and all women to a common level in earning powers.

It is strange and hard for us to understand the disparity in the earning powers of men; that they should vary from $1 or $2 a day to thousands, and that some men should accumulate millions while others remain comparatively poor all their lives. But this seems to be a necessity of modern civilization and is in reality a benefit to all. It is the great Captains of Industry with their millions that are moving the world and making life easier to live, with more pleasures and advantages within the reach of the masses. It is true that the rich are getting richer, *but so are the people.*

I have been a hard worker all my life and I am not a rich man by any means, but it is not because other men have made millions that I am comparatively poor. My own belief is that I am better off because of the great aggregations of capital in the hands of the few. Carnegie in making his enormous fortune undoubtedly added greatly to the wealth of the country. There are abuses in the use of capital, but in the main it must be used for the benefit of the many. Old Stephen Girard during his life was counted a hard task master and as grinding the poor, but all his accumulations went back to the poor in the founding of the greatest charity ever established from the surplus earnings of one man. Some 2,000 orphan boys will be fed, housed, clothed and educated by this trust as long as civilization stands, and still there will be money to spare.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27. EQUAL RIGHTS.

Public Sympathy for Laborers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Some time ago THE SUN explained to us "The Issues at the Mines." Now, there is but one issue at the mines primarily, and it is the same there as it is everywhere else—the amount per day or per given amount of work, which the employer gives to the employee as wages. All other issues and contentions are related and subsidiary to this. Labor unions stand for distrbution, diffusion, among the masses of the joint product of Mr. Carnegie's three-legged stool—capital, labor and business ability.

During the past few months THE SUN has dwelt frequently, and with great logic and force, upon the sacredness and majesty of the law, the inalienable right of the non-union workman to work, and the wickedness of the methods sometimes resorted to by members of labor organizations to prevent his doing so. I am not without reverence for the law, but I cannot avoid the conviction that there have been exigencies when the American people have thought it wise to ignore temporarily even the Constitution in order to carry out what were thought to be vital policies. Some laws are seldom or never enforced, some are only partially enforced, or enforced only in particular places and times, and some, which are of necessity and benefit to the mass of people, are generally observed and easily enforced. The great Constitutional right to take another's work for less wages, or during a strike, is not one which the average citizen is much concerned about, and he is not likely to tear off his coat and fight to vindicate it, however loudly THE SUN may call upon him to do so. The fact is that whenever a workingman strikes for money he has the open or secret sympathy of nineteen out of every twenty people in the community.

Most of us think we carry a few "inalienable" rights in our outfits, but it isn't easy to define precisely or illustrate an "inalienable" right; and a good many of us are willing to alienate or pool part of our inalienables if by so doing we can increase our wages or dividends or improve our conditions in any way.

The labor unions are a refuge and shield to American manhood and individuality, and in spite of their crude methods in some instances, they foster a spirit of broadest brotherhood and charity. The idea that the trust managers are to maintain the individuality and manhood of American workingmen by destroying trade unions is on a plane of brazen effrontery with Mr. Baer's notion that God gave him and his associates control of the coal mines and is with them in their struggle with the mine workers.

Destroy the independent spirit, the union spirit, the American sprit, which makes a man believe he is as good as any other in creation; substitute the dependent spirit, the obsequious, subservient spirit, the idea that he had better abandon all other devices and trust entirely to the wisdom and generosity of the master. Do this, and your captains of industry will have become enormous beings, indeed—and the history of the American Republic will be all in.

CHARLES H. BLOUNT.

DORCHESTER, Mass.

Strikes and Socialism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A strike is an expression of resentment from an exploited class. Strikes and labor troubles will continue as long as the question of the equitable distribution of wealth remains unsettled, and until transportation, fuel, light and the main necessities of life are as accessible and impartially bestowed as air and water.

The central government should guarantee to all full economic protection as well as political rights. It is even more necessary that a man live than that he vote. The political group that best formulates a platform of gradual and thorough extension of governmental control and ownership of telegraphs, railroads, mines, oil wells and the like, will be voted into power within the next ten years. The handwriting is on the wall. ARLAND D. WEEKS,

BEREA COLLEGE, Department of English Literature, McLean, N. Y., Aug. 28.

A $17,000 Crop From Two Acres.

From the Kansas City Journal.

R. E. Barnard of Houston, Mo., who is said to be the largest grower of ginseng in the country, is visiting his brother, Professor J. U. Barnard. From two acres of the valuable root Mr. Barnard says his sales last year netted him $17,000.

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from the columns of THE SUN and EVENING SUN. Readers of THE SUN find it the best of tonics.—*Adv.*

BATTLE WITH A BIG ADDER.

THE PRIZE OF A CONNECTICUT SNAKE HUNTER.

When He Had It by the Tail and Three Other Men Took Hold It Fought for an Hour and Then Threw Up the Sponge Only Because Its Skin Was New and Tender.

The largest adder ever caught in Connecticut has been taken alive by Otto Lehmann and C. E. Potter of East Glastonbury. It is ten feet and more in length and weighs twelve pounds. The captors are to exhibit the snake along with half a dozen rattlers at the county fairs about the State.

The East Glastonbury country is very wild. Cat House Mountain, where the adder was caught, has deep ravines in which the sun never shines. As years sometimes go by without a man entering them they are a paradise for reptiles. The mountain gets its name from a little log house where trappers lived years ago when hunting wildcats. No man had entered the particular ravine where the big snake was caught in ten years.

Lehmann found on Thursday a skin which measured eight feet in length. It had evidently been discarded recently. Knowing that snakes with new skins are tender and sore, he thought that the time had come for capturing the reptile. So on Tuesday he organized a party, which included Tax Collector Douglas, a farmhand named Kinnery Potter and himself. Along in the afternoon he spotted the snake in the scrub timber. It was just fifteen feet in front of him.

About the time that Lehmann discovered the snake the adder became acquainted with Lehmann's presence. It started to run toward the rocks ahead. "I thought he was going a mile a minute," said Lehmann. He made a wild dive and grabbed the adder about six inches from the tail. The snake didn't stop, though Lehmann, who weighs 170 pounds, held on. It pulled him right along to a stone wall and went through a crevice.

"I braced my head against a stone and got a new grip," said Lehmann, "and hollered for help. Potter is a bit deaf, but he came to my rescue."

Potter got a hold on the snake just below the head. The others of the party got a good hold, too. The adder squirmed and many times nearly got away. The four men were knocked over, but they held on. Potter kept a tight hold of the snake's wind and in time had him tuckered. The fight had lasted for an hour when the snake was put in a box.

"He hissed and screeched like a sky-rocket going off," said Lehmann.

"It sounded like escaping steam to me," said Tax Collector Douglas.

"We would never have got him alive in the world," says Potter, "but for the fact that his skin was tender and he couldn't stand being hurt like he could if his skin had been on a month's time."

"The snake is a fine buff color marked with black. He is remarkably strong and continually shows his resentment of confinement by hissing and spitting. All the scales of his nose are worn off by his attempts to push his head through a steel wire netting over his cage."

To make the day's sport complete the party brought in three rattlesnakes. One had nine rattles, another eleven and the largest twelve. These snakes were four and five feet long. Lehmann is an old snake hunter. He has captured 200 rattlers in the last four or five years, and all of them were taken on Cat House Mountain. Notwithstanding the great number he has captured, Lehmann believes the country is overrun with them yet. "They multiply very fast," he says. "I captured a rattler recently that had twenty-five young ones."

"It is common belief that snakes shed their skins once a year," added Lehmann, "but they shed them oftener than that. This discarding of the old skin always follows a hearty meal. Let a snake eat a rabbit, as they will, or a chicken, and they take them into their system with one bite, and immediately afterward they shed a skin. I've killed rattlers and opened them up and found a whole squirrel. I've tried to fathom it out how they could take so large a food morsel at once, but they can."

Several zoölogical societies have made offers for the big adder, as it is believed to be the finest specimen in captivity.

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