OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

A STUDY OF RURAL SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Methods of Farm Life Contrasted with Those in Vogue When Pioneers Held Sway—Seed Time and Harvest, Marriage Bells and Funeral Marches.

Then and Now.

Spring in the country is an uncertain season, and as a rule the more uncertain it is the more profitable will be the months that follow it, writes a Plymouth, Ind., correspondent in the Chicago Herald. One of the best years in a farming way here in Northern Indiana was in 1884, and it was a year which opened full of persistent discouragements. In the first place winter remained as long as there was a ghost of a welcome, filling the trees with sleet as late as April, and then succeeding with frequent rains till the soil seemed like a saturated sponge, and highways were simply quagmires. As June wore away and the time of harvesting drew near farmers began to see they never could drive their heavy reapers into the fields, and they began that demand for the old-fashioned cradle which had been abandoned twenty years before. Factories set their men at work on the obsolete instrument, once common in the harvest field, and implement dealers everywhere were supplied. Farmers bought mighty few twine binders in 1884, but they carried home through the intermitting rains many cradles, and swung them through the standing grain as July opened. Yet, 1884 was more than an average good year. Corn that was guiltless of plow but owed its cultivation to the primitive hoe was heavier than ever before; and as to fruit, it was plentiful and of the finest flavor. To be sure, incessant rains are discouraging. If they trouble you in the city, whose convenience alone is assailed, how much more annoying they must be to farmers, whose very living depends upon their absence at times as much as on their presence at other times.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE.

IN NATURE'S GYMNASIUM.

Remembering Former Days.

But rains are not the only qualities of the country. As one wanders about fields familiar in boyhood, and mingles again in the scenes so long neglected, so long exchanged for alien ways, the past comes back and all the farm region is invested with the habit and the beauty of thirty years ago. In these old times the seasons seem always to have been fair. Plow land was broken for corn as soon as the frost departed and the soil settled. After the plow came the harrow, pulverizing the clods and mellowing the earth for the gracious reception of seed. Meantime the warmth of spring was in the tree tops, and tiny leaves were slowly opening. Corn must be planted when oak leaves were the size of squirrels' ears. That was usually the middle of May, though some farmers discounted the prophecy a little and planted earlier, while still others waited—through choice or compulsion—and put in their crops as late as the first of June. In either case much depended on the season, and it was as likely to prove the early or the late man wise as to follow the average rule. In those times, after the harrowing was done, the hired man "laid out the land." He had a timber twelve feet long supported on three legs at equal distance apart. In front was a pair of thills, between which the steadiest horse on the place was hitched. The hired man drove forward across the mellowed field, his "marker" scraping three shallow trenches in the earth. Coming back, his right-hand "leg" ran in the outer trench made in the preceding trip, and the two remaining marking new lines on the face of the field.

MARKING OUT POTATO LAND.

This back-and-forth process was repeated till the field was marked with parallel lines from side to side. Then the cross marking began, cutting the surface into little squares of four feet, and into the intersections of the trenches was dropped the corn.

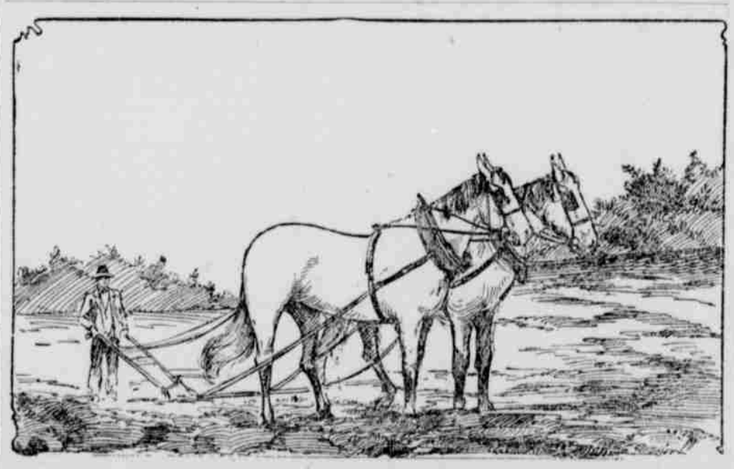
Boys and girls worked as droppers, carrying half a peck or so of selected seed corn in a shallow basket and plumping down three or four grains as they walked forward. Behind them came the "coverers," men with hoes, who heaped the finest and softest earth over the bright grains of corn, and patted the little mound gently with the flat of the hoe as they passed on to succeeding hills. Droppers were paid 25 cents a day for their work, while coverers received from 75 cents to $1.25, depending on the scarcity of adult field hands. There were always plenty of children. When the field was planted—and of the merry hours that passed while that was doing no farmer boy needs to be reminded—the formal quitting of the field was celebrated by the "king hill." This was the last remnant of fetish worship in the country. A hill was prepared, perhaps a yard in diameter, and upon its surface was thickly scattered the remnant of seed in the baskets. Mellow earth was piled on top, and the king hill was done. It was in essence an attempt to propitiate the season, and win for the field fair days and warm nights. Of course the corn in the king hill never matured. It stood too thick for that. But no one asked it to mature. If it only grew rank and set a happy pace for the earnest stalks in the field, that was all that was required of it.

IN THE BARNYARD.

The Machine Is Quicker.

Corn planting nowadays is done with a machine, on which sit two men. One drives the horses in a right line across the field, the other, sitting sidewise, pulls a lever at each four feet of progress, and drops four grains of corn into two hills at a time, covering them and dismissing them with a metallic, mechanical command to multiply and replenish the earth. But there is no sentiment in a check rower, and there are no king hills when it is driven from the field.

Harvest of wheat comes about the Fourth of July. Our patriotic fathers, sitting up there in the hall at Philadelphia, never knew how wide a land their law would cover, or they would have hurried the sessions somewhat and set the nation's holiday in June or made heavy their wheels so that firecrackers and patriotism might come in August. As it is now the fervid orator always loses some of his best auditors through their allegiance to a wheat crop and the desire to see it safely shocked before the impending thunder shower. For a heavy rain on standing grain will do a deal of damage. The slender straws, drooping with the weight of filled golden heads, are easily beaten down and crossed and made impossible of cutting.



AT THE PLOW.

Harvest time in the old days was by the cradle. The good cradler was a much more valued man than the able lawyer. The former was a bread-maker, a necessity—since life must be sustained; the latter would have no occupation if each man rendered to all others their due. There was rivalry among the cradlers. Four of them in the field made a charming sight. The rhythmic swing, the step eight inches forward as the empty cradle swept back, the stoop and power of the reaping stroke, the gentle rise and graceful tilt as 16,000 severed stalks were laid in perfect order—all this was the poetry of industry. Usually two men were required to "take up" after a cradler. They worked with a rake, rolling the even grain into a bundle and binding it with a bolt of twisted straws. Now and then one man could be found active enough to take up alone after even an expert cradler, and he was paid accordingly.

Gathering in the Sheaves.

Boys came after the reapers—though they didn't want to—and carried the sheaves into clusters of a dozen each, the butts together, the heads radiating in all directions. At a little before sundown all the men fell to and "shocked" the wheat. That is, they set up each dozen sheaves in a compact bunch, covering their heads with a thatch of the same, artistically spreaded and broken, the better to turn untimely rain. The harvest field was, despite the labor, one of the pleasantest scenes in farm life. The neighborhood wit flourished, the local athlete was tried in the pauses of the work or at the noon hour, or in the still of evening, when men less rugged would have tumbled breathless to bed.

Harvest now is a different thing. A farmer drives into the field with his twine binder and guides four horses over more ground in a day than forty men could have covered in the ancient way. The machine attacks the standing grain, cut it, binds it in sheaves, and tosses them aside with a finished, impatient motion. A still later development has come with improved machinery. Wheat, which used to require cutting before it was fairly ripe in order that the last of the field might be finished before it became too ripe, may now be permitted to grow yellow and rich with the filled grain before a sound of the sickle is heard. Thus matured it may be thrashed at once.

From Sickle to Thrashing Floor.

The thrashing machine is set in readiness at the barn and the harvester is driven into the field while the fire is building under the boiler in the engine which is to drive the separator. If the field be large the reaper is adjusted with an elevator or endless belt that carries the fallen grain up over a roller and drops it into the broad bed of a wagon driven alongside. When the wagon is full it goes to the thrashing machine and another wagon takes its place under the elevator. The grain in the straw is pitched to the table of the separator and fed into the cylinder by a careful man. Wheat that was standing and waving in the morning sunshine is heaped in tint at evening—a visible, golden answer to the prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Harvest time used to be a season of terror for the women who must cook for a crowd of hungry men none too tender of speech, none too slow to complain. What ravenous eaters they were! And what a wreck they made of a loaded table!

Courtesy Among Housewives.

Women in the country borrow a good deal one from the other. They are a long way from market, and if need be they can school themselves to get along with very little. But when social skies are clear each housewife can find plenty of excuse for "running over to the neighbor's house."

"I haven't any right to come without I bring home something of yours—I know that," protests the visitor; "but I wanted to use a colander, and wondered if you was using yours."

Of course the woman visited has no thought of ever needing the colander, and in the granting of requests the time of visit is extended till approaching dinner hour compels return. It isn't much, but it is social life for the country woman.

There is less formality in the domestic life of the countrymen. Brown takes his family to spend Sunday with Jones and "his folks." Mrs. Brown assists in washing up the dinner dishes, exchanging gossip the while, and trading recipes for graham bread and sweet pickles. If the doctor be called upon in case of sickness, and he needs a tumbler or a spoon, or a bit of sugar, he goes to the cupboard and finds it. "Helps himself," say the neighbors, and they like him for it. Of course, the younger doctors take no such privileges, but it is doubtful if they win more patrons or heal the sick more readily than do the old men who jog along behind inferior horses, and hum a lullaby while patiently treading muddy roads in the gloom of a starless night.

Had to Borrow Fire.

But the muddy road is becoming a thing of the past. Tile draining is reclaiming the low places in fields, and successive contributions of gravel are raising the highways above the quagmires and quicksands of an early day. Good roads bring the farmer nearer town. He supplies his household with all things needful, and markets his produce with the minimum of trouble. Time was when the pioneer dreaded the ten-mile trip to the store, and avoided it in all seasons. He found little enough there to buy at best. It is wonderful how little he had to keep the bond of civilization. Even matches were a rarity. If the fire went out on the hearthstone he must walk for miles through the woods to a neighbor's place and borrow a lighted coal. Mrs. Stevens, straight in spite of her 70 years, who lives at the border of the lake, tells how "he,"—meaning her husband—went clear to "the forge" one time, a distance of seven miles, that being the nearest neighbor, and borrowed a bit of fire. It came near going out as he walked home through the woods, and he stopped, gathered some logs together, fanned his feeble coal into a flame, built a fire, and when that provided coals, went forward with the recruited fire. But generally the pioneers kept the coals covered on the hearth and provided against disaster with punk and tinder box. Nowadays they buy a thousand sure matches for a dime and cook their dinner on gasoline stoves. But that suggests the old Dutch oven. It was a round-topped little house of brick and stone with a door in front and solid walls all around. The housewife made up her bread in loaves, and while it was "raising" built a fire in the oven, which always stood out of doors. The thick walls gathered heat, and when the loaves were ready the fire was withdrawn, the bread was slid into the glowing vault and the door was closed. In an hour they came out browned as no modern oven can brown them and baked through with the gentle, steady heat. One seldom sees the outdoor oven now and one never sees better bread than the pioneer housewives used to make in them.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

Fruit Seems to Be Failing.

The orchards are going these late years. Before the war northern Indiana was unapproachable in the production of fine fruit. Apples, in particular, were plentiful and fine. Peaches was grown readily, while cherries and pears were equal to anything in the West. But either the seasons changed or departing forests carried the spirits of fruitage with them; for the day of excellence departed. Small fruits grow readily, but the farmer is conservative, and he has tried year after year to raise an orchard where his father raised one before him. He has lost lots of time. May be the nurseryman has fooled him. May be the winter has killed his trees. The result is the same. Orchards will not grow and bear as they once did.

The public sale is a country institution that the city man knows nothing about. The good man dies and his widow presently sells off that personal property with which he battled for a living. She cannot drive the plow or run the thrashing machine, and she sells off at auction a wrack of enumerated goods "and other articles too numerous to mention," as the handbills announce. All the neighbors come to the sale and an auctioneer gets the best prices he can. It is a place for the politician, and he always improves his opportunities. For the day the widow's home is a place of bustle and confusion, and when night comes she comforts the children while strange hands lead away the favorite cow or the yearling colt, or tumble into wagons the farm tools with which "his" life was interwoven. "The day of the sale" is always remembered by the children. And the widow remembers it, too, for she has in hand a package of promissory notes, some good, some bad, some simply indifferent. On half of them she must enter suit to enforce collection, and on half of the balance she never hopes for a penny. On the remaining quarter she realizes face value after waiting ten months or a year.

Courtship in the Country.

When the course of true love does run smooth in the country it runs very smooth, indeed. Darby loves his Joan, and has loved her ever since they went barefoot to school in the distant seasons when he was 8 and could play "blackman," while she was 6, and danced in the center of that circle of girls, who contented themselves with "Ring Around the Rosey." Darby gathers his personal belongings together and secures paternal approval not often expressed but none the less certain. He goes home with Joan from preaching Sunday night, though she came without escort and could go twice the distance unattended. He leaves her at the gate, just saying "good-night," lest watching comrades should suspect a serious intention. They have few hours together, but those few are enough. Joan is making bed quilts, knitting comforters and sewing rag carpet with suggestive industry. When they marry the young men and women "wish them much joy" to their faces, but prepare a charivari at night. This charivari has come to be pronounced "shivaree" in Indiana, but no change has come over the spirit of the sport.

ROOSTER AND RAINY DAY.

The house in which the bride and groom find shelter that first night is almost sure to be surrounded by a crowd of stealthy young men, who at a signal inaugurate a din of jangling bells and beaten tin that would drive to bedlam any but the healthiest of nerves. After perhaps a half hour of exercise in which all the neighborhood is informed of the celebration, the groom appears and "treats." He may have provided against this visit and stored up cakes and cider if he has chosen autumn for his nuptials. But as a rule in these later years he surrenders money, 81 being generous ransom. And after that the charivari ceases.

But if marriage is looked upon with noisy mirthfulness, the somber side of life is fittingly adorned in the country. It makes small difference who the man or woman may have been in life. In death he is regarded. He may have been rich, he may have been generous, he may have been kindly, or he may have simply lived long in the neighborhood. When his home is in mourning the best people leave their tasks and gather to mark their homely tribute to his worth. They are hushed in the house of death; they sit or stand about in reverent silence while the service is in progress; they follow the coffin to the graveyard and walk in sadness all the way. There is no hurrying to the tomb, no trotting of horses, no halting at wayside saloons, no sinister scheming by official or aspirant. There is the genuine sorrow for a man who has gone; for a man who was with them in the fullness of life but yesterday, and is now senseless, something they cannot understand and can only bid farewell to with sobered faces, covering with great, strong, gentle hands the clay that used to know them.

There is a genuineness after all in the country life which rests one mightily after the wearisome insincerity of the years in town.

Character Makes the Man.

The man of character is always the man of iron nerve; he may not be a great statesman or politician; he may be humble in his associations and his aspirations; but with all these exceptions, if he has character his heart is right, his integrity is unshaken. He looks on truth with a clear vision, acting in accordance with its glorious dictates; he does not fear nor shun the face of his fellow-man, for his heart is white with integrity, and he looks humbly and trustingly up to the source of truth, and his fellow-beings, in a lower sense, look up to him because he is trustworthy, and, in short, has character—good and staple character. Character is the corner-stone of individual greatness—the Doric and splendid column in the majestic structure of the true and dignified man, who is at once a subject and a king.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The First Christian Church.

The lesson for Sunday, July 17, may be found in Acts 2: 37-47.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the sermon which introduces this lesson we have a glimpse of how the Spirit influences man. Peter's language is swift, sharp, strong. He is suddenly transformed into a plain, direct and fearless preacher of the gospel. Simplicity of utterance, fullness of scripture thought, grasp of the central principle of the religion of Jesus Christ. Mark his speech. Is not this the way the Spirit always expresses himself?

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Now when they heard this. Greek: present participle, hearing. The very hearing was pricking.——Pricked or pierced through, of sharp compunction.——Men and brethren, what shall we do? In the Greek the order is reversed: What shall we do, men and brethren? An agonized cry.

Repent. Meaning, a change of mind (meta-noeo).——Be baptized. As active a word as repent, signifying personal acceptance.——In the name of Jesus Christ; Greek, upon the name, i. e., resting upon the name and character of Jesus.——For the remission; Greek, into the remission, to be connected with the word name, which had direct reference to sins forgiven, i. e., given unto this end.——The gift of the Holy Ghost, i. e., the Holy Ghost as a gift (objective).

The promise. The promise of the Holy Ghost, in answer to faith and obedience.——To your children. To the children or descendants, on the same grounds as unto them, i. e., individual faith and fealty.——All that are afar off. Ourselves; all coming in at the same gate.——As many as the Lord our God shall call. Modifying the word children as well as all that are afar off.

Testify. The word means to bear solemn witness, as if in deep earnestness.——Exhort, or beseech.——This untoward generation. Literally, this crooked generation.

Gladly received. One word in the Greek, to receive heartily or fully.——Added. Or gathered in.

They continued steadfastly. The word means to hold on strongly. Bible Union: Were constantly attending. Which is strictly literal. ——And fellowship. Rather, and the fellowship. Not simply of the apostles, but of all.

Fear. In the sense of reverence.——Wonders and signs. So producing fear.

Together. Greek: At the same.——Common. Belonging equally to all.

Parted, or divided.——As every man had need. Or, any man. Supplying the necessities of the weak.

Continued daily. Same word as in v. 42 ("continued steadfastly").——Gladness, or exultation. The verb means to celebrate, or praise.

Such as should be saved. Greek: Those that were being saved. So Revision.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Now when they heard this, they were pricked to the heart. The secret is plain. Peter preached what he was told to preach, and he received the reward it was promised such preaching should receive. Some one has suggested that we spend an undue amount of time studying God's promises as compared with God's laws. Fulfill the command and the blessing will follow, perforce. Here it is illustrated. My friend says to me, "Do you catch the key to Peter's preaching at Pentecost? It is in this one word, obedience." True, indeed. Peter put everything else aside and did precisely what he was enjoined to do (Luke 24: 47), and he got precisely what was prophesied. And the same God reigneth. In the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins. We need to be careful in our phrasing. Some people seem to be inclined to connect for the remission of sins with the word be baptized, so implying baptismal regeneration. It is not so in the Bible, it is not so in fact (see again Luke 24: 47). It is Jesus who is given for the remission of sins; his name includes it—"for he shall save his people from their sins." All we do is to accept of that name. Taking the name of Jesus upon us by voluntary choice, we take all that is comprehended in the name—a name that reaches forth and forward unto the remission of sins. Take the name; trust the name.

They that gladly received his word were baptized. And so some have been discouraged from going forward in the Christian life and doctrine because they were not conscious of any gladness in receiving the word. But we may omit the "gladly;" it is not in the original. It is simply, they who fully or readily received the word. Gladness comes later. With a clear mind and an open heart accept the record and obey. Then comes joy. But accept, intelligently and consciously. This one can do at any moment. Wait, then, for nothing else. The Spirit is here, appealing and pleading. Say yea to his testimony and summons. He has something else to say to you after that.

Next Lesson—"The Lame Man Healed."—Acts 3: 1-16.

Whoop!

Young America does not like to be beaten. After a very patriotic speech before a youthful debating society, a small boy of twelve wound up with the following peroration: "Not only, fellow citizens, did we beat, rout and utterly annihilate the British in our glorious war for independence, but we, too, have a 'sun that never sets,' although they think they are the only fellows which have that proud distinction. For when it is 6 o'clock at Atto Island, Alaska, it is 9 o'clock the next day at Portland, Maine. Hurrah for the red, white and blue."—New York Tribune.

MAUD—What a beautiful new gown Jane is wearing. Did she bring it from abroad? Clara—No; it's her last season's dress; the dressmaker turned it inside out, and now she says it's from the other side.—Cloak Journal.

IT is well enough for the politician to be an early bird, but it is a good thing to be careful and not come across the worm at its proverbial turning-point.—Kate Field's Washington.

NEWS OF OUR OWN STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Mike's Hair and Whiskers—Alpena Tired of Sawdust Paving—Holly Hotel Burned—Saginaw's Masonic Fair Successful—Miner Law Repealed.

From Far and Near.

JUDGE MOORE held a brief session of court at Pontiac, and Mitchell, Britton and DeGroat, chicken thieves, pleaded guilty and were sentened to ninety days each in the Detroit House of Correction.

THE necessary steps have been taken by H. M. Duffield to advance the Miner election law matter to the Federal Supreme Court. On Thursday Chief Justice Morse granted a writ of error upon which the cause will be advanced.

H. F. PALMER, of the Union Literary Society at the Agricultural College, has been elected editor of the Speculum, the college paper, for the ensuing year; E. Hale, of the same society, business manager, and L. A. Wilson, of the Eclectic Society, assistant manager.

THE National Hotel was burned at Holly and both building and contents are a total loss. Nothing was saved, the occupants barely escaping with their lives. The general belief is that the building was set on fire. Loss about $3,000; building insured for $1,000, contents $700.

THE Masonic fair at Saginaw was a big success, the receipts being $6,656.52, which, together with the $7,000 received from the sale of tickets, made up the handsome sum of $13,656. The $100 American flag, which was donated by E. A. Armstrong, of Detroit, realized over $900, an exciting contest taking place among the various organizations for its possession at 10 cents a vote, the Saginaw Light Infantry winning the prize.

JACKSON has a living curiosity in the shape of a two-faced kitten, the property of Ben Wood. It was born Tuesday morning along with two others, but the others are all right. The body of this kitten is perfect from the head back, but it has two noses, two mouths, and four eyes. It has, however, only two ears. Both tongues are grown to the roof of its mouth and it has to be fed with a spoon. Its mother does not take kindly to it.

PRINCE MICHAEL'S hair and whiskers have finally been disposed of, and the proprietors of Detroit's Wonderland are now the owners of them. The price paid was $750, and they are to be used in fitting out a wax figure of the Prince, to be placed on exhibition in the museum. They were sent by American Express, labeled "E. W. Higgins, the Wonderland, Detroit, Mich." Meanwhile the Prince only grieves over the cuts published, which are said to be like him, but which bear no similarity.

WHEN Alpena began to aspire to be a city it naturally wanted to get out of the mud, and began looking around for paving material. It was found in an abundance that amounted to profusion at their very doors, or rather at their sawmill doors. Streets were macadamized with bark, chips and sawdust, principally sawdust, and it was a vast improvement on mud. If the sawdust went down into the mud, more was hauled in; if the sawdust rotted away from beneath, a top-dressing of sawdust was put on. But now the fine timber is gone and the supply of sawdust is limited; the few remaining sawdust streets have become reeking beds of decay, and there is a demand that the mass be removed and stone substituted, and this will probably be done.

RUST has laid hold of the wheat at Dearborn and is doing considerable damage.

THE United States dredge Saginaw is at work deepening the channel to the harbor at Onekema.

THOMAS CARNEY, Judge of Probate for Otsego County, died of diphtheria at Gaylord Saturday morning.

REV. W. P. MILLER, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church at West Bay City, has resigned.

ADA SOUNER, aged 7 years, swallowed a pin at Saginaw, and, after several hours' hard work, the larynx was cut open and the pin removed.

AT Williamston, as Mrs. Dell Smith was at dinner a piece of beefsteak lodged in her throat and she commenced to gasp and strangle. Medical aid was summoned, but before it reached her she was dead.

A WEST BAY CITY woman named Ada Hough was hit by a stray shot from a revolver while standing in a crowd viewing a procession Monday morning. The shot took effect in her hip, producing a painful although not serious wound.

AT the celebration at Elkton several men became intoxicated and several fights resulted. Among those engaged in battling were Rufus Edmonds and Wm. Erb. In the melee Erb struck Edmonds a heavy blow on the head with a beer glass, and he lay unconscious for some time. It was feared the blow was fatal, but he will recover. About half an hour after the affray an excursion train from Bay Port to Bad Axe came through, and Erb was arrested by Sheriff Buchanan, who was on the train, and taken to Bad Axe and lodged in jail to await developments.

THE weekly crop report issued by the Michigan weather service shows a mean temperature for the State below the normal, while the average total rainfall was above. In the northern counties the last week has been a generally favorable one for all kinds of crops, except in low places where excessive rains and low temperature have prevented the cultivation of corn. Wet weather has caused considerable loss in the central and southern counties, where grains are reported lodged and farm work much retarded. Corn is at a standstill in some places. Oats and barley are in good condition on well-drained lands. Fruit it is expected will be a light crop in all but the northern portion of the State, where it promises to be abundant. More sunshine and warm weather are needed.

THE Chippewa County Agent Society's fair will not be held until the pumpkins are ripe, Oct. 11 and 12.

WILLIAM LEE, of South Saginaw, was seriously injured while bathing at Wenona Beach. He dived off a platform, but the water was shallow and he struck his head on the bottom. His recovery is doubtful.

THE union stevedores at Tawas City refused to load the barge Buckeye State unless paid an extra ten cents per hour, claiming this in payment of a grievance of last fall. It is now reported that a lot of scabs are at work, and union men will go there and stop them.