

# A PEG-LEGGED HERO.

BY JOHN A. HILL.

SOME men are born heroes, some become heroic and some have heroism thrust upon them; but nothing of the kind ever happened to me. I don't know how it is, but some way or other, I remember all the railroad accidents I see or hear, and get to the bottom of most of the stories of the road. I must study them over more than most men do, or else the other fellows enjoy the comedies and deplore the tragedies and say nothing. Sometimes I am mean enough to think that the romance, the dramas, and the tragedies of the road don't impress them as being interesting as those of the plains, the Indians, or the seas—people are so apt to see only the every day side of life anyway, and to draw all their romance and heroics from books.

I helped make a hero once—no, I didn't either; I helped make the golden setting after the rough diamond had shown its value.

Miles Diston pulled freight on our road a few years ago. He was a medium stature, dark complexion, but no beauty. He was a manly-looking, well educated enough, sober, and a steady-going, reliable engineer; you would never pick him out for a hero. Miles was young yet—not 30—but somehow or other, he had become a hero. I guess he had never had time. He stayed on the farm at home until he was 18, and then went west so that when I first knew him he had barely got to his goal—the throttle.

A good many men, when they first get there, take great interest in their work for a few months—until experience gives them confidence; then they take it easier, look around and take some interest in other things. Most of them never hope to get above running, and so sit down more or less contented, get married, buy real estate, gamble or grow fat, each according to the inclination of his own conscience or the inclinations of his make-up. Miles figured a little on matrimony.

I can't explain it; but when a railroad man is in trouble he comes to me for advice, just as he would go to the company doctor for kidney complaint. I am a specialist in heart troubles. Miles came to me.

Miles was like the rest of them. They don't come right down and say, "Something's the matter with me; what would you do for it?" No, sir! They hem and haw and laugh off the matter until you come right out and tell them just how they feel and explain the cause; then they will do anything you say. Miles hemmed and hawed a little, but soon came out and showed his symptoms—he asked me if I had ever noticed the "Frenchman's" girl.

"The Frenchman," he said, "was our boss bridge carpenter. He lived at a small place half way over our division—I was pulling express—and the freights stopped there changing engines. I knew Venot, the bridge carpenter, very well; met him in the lodge occasionally, and once in a while he rode on the engine with me to inspect the bridges. His wife was a Canadian woman and good looking for her forty years and ten children. The daughter that was killing Miles Diston, Marie Venot, was the eldest, and had just graduated from some sister's school. She was a very handsome girl, and you could read the romantic nature of her being through her big, round, gray eyes. She was vivacious and loved to go; but she was a dutiful daughter, and at once took hold to help her mother in a way that made her the more adorable in the eyes of practical men like Miles.

Miles made the most of his opportunities. But, bless you, there were other eyes for good looking girls beside those in poor Miles Diston's head, and he was far from having the field to himself; this he wanted badly, and came to get advice from me.

I advised strongly against wasting energy to clear the field and in favor of putting it all into making the best show and in getting ahead of all competitors.

Under my advice, Miles disposed of some vacant lots, and bought a neat little house, put it in thorough order, and made the best of his opportunities with Marie.

Marie came to our house regularly, and I had good opportunity to study her. She was a sensible little creature, and, to my mind, just the girl for Miles, as Miles was just the man for her. But she had confided to my wife the fact that she never, never could consent to marry and settle down in the regulation, humdrum way; she wanted to marry a hero, some one she could look up to—a king among men.

My wife told her that kings and heroes were scarce just then, and that a lot of pretty good women managed to be comparatively happy with common railroad men. But Marie wanted a hero, and would hear nothing less.

It was during one of her visits to my home that Miles took Marie out for a ride, and (accidentally, of course) dropped around by his new house, induced her to look at it, and told his story, asking her to make the home complete. It would have caught almost any girl; but when Miles delivered her at our door and drove off I knew that there would be a "For Rent" card on that house in a few days, and that Marie Venot was bound to have a hero or nothing.

Miles took his repulse calmly, but it hurt. He told me that Marie was hunting for a different kind of man from him; said that he thought perhaps if he would enlist and go out to fight Sitting Bull, and come home in a new brass-bound uniform, with a poisoned arrow sticking out of his breast, she would fall at his feet and worship him. She told him she liked him, better than any of the town boys; his calling was noble enough, and hard enough, but she failed to see her ideal hero in a man with blue overclothes on and cinders in his ears. If any of Miles' competitors had rescued a drowning child or killed a bear with a pen-knife, at this juncture, I'm afraid Marie would have taken him. But, as I have indicated, it was a dull season for heroes.

About this time our road invested in some mogul passenger engines, and I drew one. I didn't like the boiler steeking back between me and Dennis Rafferty. I didn't like six wheels connected. I didn't like eighteen-inch cylinders. I was opposed to solid-end rods. And I am afraid I belonged to a class of ignorant, short-sighted, bull-headed engineers. I didn't believe that a railroad had any right to buy anything but fifteen by twenty-two eight-wheelers—the smaller they were the more men they would want. I got over that a long time ago; but at the time I write of I was cranky about it. The moguls were high and short and jerky, and they tossed a man around like a rat in a corn porcupine. One day, as I was chancing time over our worst division, holding on to the arm rest and watching to see if the main frame touched the driving boxes as she rolled, Dennis Rafferty punched me in the small of the back and said: "John, for the love of the Virgin, leave up on her a minute. Ol does be chasing that durn for the last twenty nights, and dang the wanst has I hit it fair. She's the devil on the dodge."

Dennis had a pile of coal just inside and just outside of the door, the forward grates were bare, the steam was down, and I went in seven minutes late, too mad to eat—and that's pretty mad for me. I laid off and Mrs. Diston took the high-roller out next trip. Miles didn't rant and write letters or get angry or marry someone else to spite himself, or take the first steamer for Burrage or Equatorial Africa, as rejected lovers in stories do. It hurt, and he didn't enjoy it, but he bore up all right and went about his business, just as hundreds of other sensible men do every day. He gave up entirely, however; rented his house, and said he couldn't fill the bill—there wasn't a hero in his family as far back as he could remember.

Miles had been making time with the Black Maria

for about a week when the big accident happened in our town. The boilers in the cotton mill blew up and killed a score of girls and injured hundreds more. Miles was at the other end of the division, and they hurried him out to take a carload of doctors down. They were given the right of the road, and Miles tested the speed of that mogul—proving that a pony truck would stay on the track at fifty miles an hour, which a lot of us "cranks" had disputed.

A few miles out there is a cooling station, and at that time they were building the chutes. One of the iron drop aprons fell just as Miles' with the mogul drew up to it. It smashed the headlight, dented the stack, ripped up the casing of the sand-box and dome, cut a slit in the jacket the length of the boiler, tore off the cab, struck the end of the first car, and then tore itself loose and fell to the ground.

The throttle was knocked wide open and the mogul was flying. Miles was thrown down, his head cut open by a splinter, and his foot pretty badly hurt. He picked himself up instantly and took a look back as he closed the throttle. Everything was "coming" all right; he remembered the emergency of the case and opened the throttle again. A hasty inspection showed the engine in condition to run—she only looked crippled. Miles had to stand up. His foot felt numb and weak, so he rested his weight on the other foot. He was afraid he would fall off if he became weak, and so Dennis took off the bell cord and tied it around his waist, throwing a loop over the reverse lever, as a measure of safety. The right side of the cab and all the roof were gone, so that Miles was in plain sight. The cut in his scalp bled profusely, and in trying to wipe the blood from his eyes he merely spread it all over himself, so that he looked as if he had been half murdered.

It was this apparition of wreck, ruin and concentrated energy that Marie Venot saw flash past her father's door, and she belonged to the relief of the victims of a worse disaster, forty miles away.

Her father came home for his dinner in a few minutes from his little office in the depot. To his daughter's eager inquiry he said there had been some big accident in town and the "extra" was carrying doctors from up the road. But what was the matter with the engine he didn't know; it was the 170; so it was old man Alexander, he said—and that's the nearest I ever came to being a hero.

Miles knew who was running the 170 pretty well; so after dinner she went to the telegraph office for information, and there she learned that the special had struck the new coal chute at Coalton, and that the engineer was hurt. It was time she ran down to see Mrs. Alexander, she said, and that afternoon's regular delivered her in town.

Like all other railroaders not better employed, I dropped around to the depot at train time to talk with the boys and keep track of things in general. The regular was late, but Miles Diston was coming with the special, and came while we were talking about it. Miles didn't realize how badly he was hurt until he stopped the mogul in front of the general office. So long as the excitement of the run was on, so long as he saw the absolute necessity of doing his whole duty until the desired end was accomplished, so long as he had a reputation to protect, his will power subordinated all else. But when several of us engineers ran up to the engine we found Miles hanging to the reverse lever by his safety cord in a dead faint. We carried him into the depot and one of the doctors administered some restorative. Then we got a hack and started him and the doctor for my house, but Miles came to himself and insisted on going to his boarding house and nowhere else.

Mrs. Bailey, Miles' boarding house keeper, had been a trained nurse, but had a few years before invested in a rather disappointing matrimonial venture. She was one of the best nurses and one of the

"crankiest" women I ever knew. I believe she was actually glad to see Miles come home hurt, just to show how she could pull him through.

The doctor found that Miles had an ankle out of joint; the little toe was badly crushed; there was a bad cut in the leg that had bled profusely; there was a black bruise over the short ribs on the right side, and there was a buttonhole in the scalp that needed about four stitches. The little toe was cut off without ceremony, the ankle replaced and hot bandages applied and other repairs were made which took up most of the afternoon.

When the doctor got through he called Mrs. Bailey and myself out into the parlor and said that we must not let people crowd in to see the patient; that his wounds were not dangerous, but very painful that Miles was weak from loss of blood, and that his constitution was not in particularly good condition. The doctor, in fact, thought that Miles would be in great luck if he got out of the scrape without a run of fever. Thereafter Mrs. Bailey referred all visitors to me, talked with the doctor and the nurse, and we all agreed that it would stop most inquisitive people to simply say that the patient had suffered an amputation.

That evening, when I went home, there were two anxious women to receive me, and the younger of them looked suspiciously as if she had been crying. I told them something of the accident, how it all happened, and about Miles' injuries. Both of them wanted to go right down and help "do something," but I told them of the doctor's order and of his fears.

By this time the reporters came, and I called them into the parlor and then let them pump me. I detailed the accident in full, but declined to tell anything about Miles or his history. "The fact is," said I, "that you people won't give an engineer his just dues. Now, if Miles Diston had been a fireman and had climbed down a ladder with a child, you would have his picture in the paper and call him a hero, and all that sort of thing; but here is a man crushed and bleeding, with broken bones, and a crippled engine who stands on one foot, lashed to his reverse lever for forty miles, and making the fastest time ever made over the road, because he knew others were suffering for the relief he brought."

"That's nerve," said one of the young men. "Nerve!" said I. "Nerve! Why, that man knows no more about fear than a lion. And think of the sand of the man! This afternoon he sat up and watched the doctor perform that amputation without a quiver; he wouldn't take chloroform; he wouldn't even lie down."

"Was the amputation above or below the knee?" asked a reporter. "Below." (I didn't state how far.) "Which foot?" "Left."

"He is in no great danger?" "Yes. The doctor says he will be a very sick man for some time if he recovers at all. Boys," I added, "there's one thing you might mention and think you ought to—and that is that it such heroes as this who give a road its reputation; people feel as though they were safe behind such men."

If Miles Diston had read the papers the next morning he would have died of flattery. The reporters did themselves proud, and they made a whole column of the "iron will and nerves of steel" shown in that "amputation without ether."

Marie Venot was full of sympathy for Miles; she wanted to see him, but Mrs. Bailey referred her to me, and she finally went home, still inquiring every day about him. I don't think she had much other feeling for him than pity. She was down again a week later, and I talked freely of going to pick out a wooden foot for Miles, who was improving right along.

Meanwhile the papers far and near copied the article about "The Hero of the Throttle," and the item about the road's interest in heroes attracted the attention of our general passenger agent; he liked the free advertising and wanted more of it; so he called me in one day and asked if I knew of a choice run they could give Miles as a reward of merit.

I told him, if he wanted to make a show of gratitude from the road, and get a big free advertisement in the papers, to have Miles appointed superintendent of the Spring Creek Branch, where a practical man was needed and then give it out "cold"; that Miles had been rewarded by being made superintendent of the road. This was afterward done, with a great hurrah (in the papers).

The second Sunday after Miles was hurt, Marie was down, and I thought I'd have a little fun with her, and see how she regarded Miles.

"There's quite a romance connected with Diston's affair," said I at the dinner table, rather carelessly. "There is a young lady visiting here in town—I hear she is very wealthy—who saw Miles when we took him off his engine. She sends flowers every day, calls him her hero, and is just crazy for him to get well so she can see him."

"Who is she, did you say?" asked my wife. "I forgot her name," said I, "but I am here to tell you that she will get Miles if there is any chance in the world. Her father is an army officer, but she says that Miles Diston is a greater hero than the army ever produced."

"She's a hussy," said Marie. "I don't know whether you would call that a bull or a bear movement on the Diston stock, but it went up—I could see that."

A week later Miles was able to come down to our home for dinner and my wife asked Marie to come also. I met her at the depot, and after she was safe in the buggy I told her that Miles was up at the house. She nearly jumped out, but I quieted her, and told her she mustn't notice or say a word about Miles' game leg, as he was extremely sensitive about it.

My wife was in the kitchen and I went to the barn to put out the horse. Marie went to the sitting room to avoid the parlor and Miles, but he was there, I guess, and Marie found her hero, for when they came out to dinner he had his arm around her. They were married a month later, and went to Washington, stopping to see us on the way back.

As I came home that night with my patent dinner pail and with two rows of wrinkles and a load of responsibility on my brow, Marie shook her fist in my face and called me "an old story teller."

"Story teller," said I. "What story?" "Oh, what story? That leg story, of course, you old cheat."

"What leg story?" "Oh innocence; that amputation below the knee—you know."

"Was it below the knee?" "Yes, but it was the little toe."

"John," said Miles, "she cried when she looked for that wooden foot and only found a slightly flat wheel."

"That's just like 'em," said I. "Here Marie only expected a part of a hero, and we give her a whole man, and she kicks—that's gratitude for you."

"I got my hero all right, though," said Marie; "you told me a big fib just the same, but I could kiss you for it."

"Don't you do that," said I; "but if the Lord should send you many blessings, and any of 'em are boys, you might name one after me."

She said she'd do it—and she did.

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## WHY ADE DOESN'T MARRY.

The Hoosier Aesop Had One Narrow Escape.

(New York Sunday Telegraph.)

Gloom austere and darkling sat upon his brow and tintured the forced and mirthless smile with which he gazed into vacancy.

He made no other answer to my question than an embittered and reproachful gaze which wandered far away over the dimpling Hudson and lost itself among the purple Palisades of Hoboken, Weehawken, Cumminpaw or whatever place dots the map on the opposite side of the river.

"He is George Ade—happyest of Indiana Aesops, and most openly successful of Hoosier playwrights, and he had just confided to me the happy fact that his wife, the daughter of a year, had exceeded the salary of the president of the United States."

"Good gracious! Why don't you get married?" I asked, and then the gaze of gloom fixed itself on his features.

He glanced furtively toward the door, as one contemplating flight, and hands of perspiration broke out upon his brow.

Identically he was unhappy. Indisputably, also, he was frightened.

He stirred uneasily in his chair, and

tried vainly to evade my cold inquiring gaze.

"Er—well—er"—he began, avoiding my eye and staring vacantly toward an indistinct light tinge about vigorously emitting brunette clouds from its saucy smokestack.

"Er—ah"—then as one who gathers inspiration from smoke, in a tone that rang with something like triumph, he cried: "I am wedded to my art."

This sounded so much like Maude Adams and Olga Nethersole that I hesitated to frown upon it as frivolous and, besides, there was something so ingenious, so loftily serene and guileless in the candid smile with which it was uttered, that I set it down in my notebook without comment or contradiction.

"It seems an awful waste of environment," I murmured.

"Environment?"

Mr. Ade's tone was distinctly guarded, and—if one might employ so fastidious a term to a timid voice—it was hostile.

"I mean that it is too bad that Brooke farm should have no mistress. Flying soldier in Blagdon-on-the-Rhine. There is lack

of woman's tenderness and death of woman's tears, and all that, you know," I quoted vaguely.

Mr. Ade ordered a Sultan of Sulu cocktail with the ineffable and resigned air of a man who can do well, than you without a woman and her tears, and said nothing.

Brooke farm, where the Indiana Aesop will write his future plays—already he has under contract to deliver two comedies next year—is by no means an ascetic and vegetarian regime, like that Brooke farm where Emerson, and Alcott, Margaret Fuller and other apostles of the cult, whose creed was "low living and high thinking," tried to argue down the voices of the flesh and lead the higher intellectual life in Concord almost a century ago.

On the contrary, Brooke farm, purchased with the royalties of "The Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy From Paris" and "The County Chairman," strikes the last note in advanced architecture and modern plumbing, and stands a quarter of a mile from the city, surrounded by miles of Hosier prairies as a trumpeting triumph of luxurious, up-to-date home making.

There are hints of yesterday in the Elizabethan exterior of Mr. Ade's farm house, and in the old Dutch and English silver that glitters on the Grand Rapids buffets, and the old mahogany chairs and crystal chandeliers in the dining room; and there are prophecies of tomorrow in the ultra modern heating and plumbing appliances that gleam as new and untried as the manuscript scenarios and librettos that rustle pleasantly in the pigeon holes of the author's new desk in his library.

From the Philippines, where the "Sultan of Sulu" was begotten of experience and surroundings, amid which Mr. Ade wrote his maiden libretto to the music of war and conquest, from the old quarter and the newer streets of the gay French capital, where "Peggy From Paris" first stirred her pretty, fluffy petticoats before his gaze; from the far east, where "The Shogun" was born, and from the shores of Italy and of Mesopotamia, Mr. Ade has brought home beauty for his big new house.

There are bits of eastern draperies, of brass and silver, and there are arms and legs, and there are legs from strange and savage shores; there are artistic things from old European towns and show that the Hoosier author has a warm feeling for the decorative and beautiful in interior decorations.

It was amid all the inspiring newness and oldness and beauty of this home that Mr. Ade's latest challenge for dramatic fame, "The College Widow," was written.

## HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.

Do Not Become Excited and Plunge Madly About.

(Chicago Post.)

Nine persons out of ten who drown do so because they become excited and plunge madly about in a vain effort to save themselves. The first thing to do when you find yourself in the water is to keep your head above the surface, and to breathe through your nose. Do not, under any circumstances, open your mouth to breathe through it, while you are in the water. If you do, you will take water into your lungs, and thus lessen the air space, which is so important in the emergency.

If you go completely under, hold your breath until you rise. You will be under only a few seconds, although you may seem an eternity; but no matter how long you are under, hold your breath. Young sailors bring home tales of men who have held their breath for an hour. Even though your temples and ear drums seem about to burst, hold your breath.

When your head shoots out of water, perhaps your body down to the waist will come out; do not, I implore you, release all your breath. Exhale as slightly as possible. You will get sufficient relief, and at the same time not empty your lungs, which you must not do so long as you are in danger. Follow exhalation by taking in all the air you can. By this time you will be settled in the water, so do not speak, or your nostrils, protruding above the surface, and you can proceed to help your self by blowing up the buoyancy of your body to keep you afloat.

Do not hold your body straight up in water. Get on your right side, in what is known as the "prone" position. Your feet will then be about three-fourths of your height below the water's surface.

As you are falling into the water, and as long as your head is above the surface, avoid it if you can, through the nostrils. Do not, under any circumstances, open your mouth to breathe through it, while you are in the water. If you do, you will take water into your lungs, and thus lessen the air space, which is so important in the emergency.

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Do not hold your body straight up in water. Get on your right side, in what is known as the "prone" position. Your feet will then be about three-fourths of your height below the water's surface.

Then steadily, and without any hurry whatever, reach out straight and as far as possible, with your right hand, and bring it down almost to the hips. At the same time work the left hand on the surface of the water, gently reaching out from and pulling in toward the body.

When you are thus employing your hands, tread water with your feet. Treading water is as easy as rolling off a log. It corresponds to the mark time of a soldier; it is, in fact, the swimmer's way of marking time. Bend your right leg a little more than slightly at the knee; draw up the lower half about six inches, and then thrust the leg down gently until it is straight. Repeat with the left leg, and alternate, making at the most sixty movements to a minute. Be sure that you tread gently. This is highly important, for if you thrust down hard you will kick the water and send yourself into it and under.

When you are thus employing your hands, tread water with your feet. Treading water is as easy as rolling off a log. It corresponds to the mark time of a soldier; it is, in fact, the swimmer's way of marking time. Bend your right leg a little more than slightly at the knee; draw up the lower half about six inches, and then thrust the leg down gently until it is straight. Repeat with the left leg, and alternate, making at the most sixty movements to a minute. Be sure that you tread gently. This is highly important, for if you thrust down hard you will kick the water and send yourself into it and under.

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To the Point. (Philadelphia Ledger.)

"Is there anything you don't need that I might take?" asked the slovenly old junk man, watching Subbuss packing his goods on the moving van.

"Yes," snapped Subbuss. "A bath."

## PEACE IN BRITISH INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN MITCHELL.

Cardiff, Wales, Aug. 14.

THE most remarkable feature of British industry during recent years has been the comparative absence of strikes. During the last ten years especially the number of strikes has been small, and in 1902 there were only three conflicts of any time during the last ten years. Not only the number of strikes, but the number of men affected, the number of working days lost, and the amount of money expended by both sides have been gradually diminishing.

The principal cause of this comparative peace in British industry has been the recognition and the freest way of the trade unions and the creation of boards of conciliation and other machinery for the settlement of disputes. These boards of conciliation grew up as soon as the unions were recognized, and now exist in most of the important trades of the kingdom. In 1902 there were fifty-seven of these boards which were known to have settled controversies and almost 1,500 cases were brought before their attention. Of these cases one-half were settled either by conciliation or by arbitration, and the other half were withdrawn or were settled by private agreement independently of the boards. It is interesting to note that, as in America, the two parties when left to themselves usually agreed. Of the cases settled by the boards, over three-fourths were arranged by the parties themselves, and in only one-fourth of the cases was it found necessary or advisable to call in an arbitrator. The importance of the settlement of 1,500 possible disputes cannot be exaggerated, and this settlement could only have been effected after a full and free recognition of the unions.

There was a time in England, as in America, when the unions were not recognized and when war and not peace was the chronic condition of industry. Within the limits of an article of this size, it is of course, impossible to trace the growth of the general movement toward recognition and peace in all industries, but what has occurred in one industry, as, for instance, the coal industry, is more or less true of others.

In a large measure the prosperity of Great Britain has always depended upon its coal mines. Until three years ago the output of coal in Great Britain was greater than that of any country in the world,

and, although she has now been outstripped by the United States, the number of miners in the United Kingdom is still far greater than in any other country in the world. In the year 1902 there were considered about \$30,000 men employed in the mines of the United Kingdom. These men are for the most part well organized, and their organizations in recent years, there being about a quarter of a million men organized in 1897 and over half a million men, or over a quarter of all the trades' unionists in the kingdom, organized into miners' unions in 1901.

It was the miners who, among others, led in the movement towards conciliation and arbitration, but for many years they met with the greatest difficulties. Before 1840 the condition of the miners was unrespectably bad, and during the thirty years from 1842 to 1871 the miners of Northumberland struggled continuously for recognition. It was in the latter year that the Northumberland miners were finally recognized, and the experiment was so successful that recognition was gradually followed in the other mining counties of Great Britain, and general agreements were everywhere made with the miners' organizations.

In casting about for a basis upon which to form agreements, the unions accepted the principle of the sliding scale. The sliding scale is based upon the idea that wages must follow prices, and that when the price of coal rises, wages must rise, and when prices fall, wages must fall. Although this sliding scale was highly praised at first and was joyously hailed as the solution of the whole labor problem, it soon began to show defects. In bad times the sliding scale led to price cutting of the most reckless sort, and wages fell below a point at which it was possible to maintain a decent standard of living. The miners, especially in Yorkshire, demanded that, sliding scale or no sliding scale, a certain minimum wage must be guaranteed, and it was claimed that prices could not and should not regulate wages. The miners asserted, and this is now the contention of trades' unionists throughout the world, that wages must regulate prices up to the point of guaranteeing a minimum living wage and that no industry or business that cannot guarantee this living wage has a moral or economic right of existence.

This principle has now been adopted, at least in

a qualified sense, throughout the mining industry of Great Britain, and it has been taken up and accepted by other industries. There now exist in the various mining counties of Great Britain joint boards of conciliation, whose duty it is to regulate wages according to the state of the industry. The important thing, however, is that a maximum and a minimum wage are established, so that the employer knows that he will have to pay above a certain amount, and the workman is assured that wages will not fall below a certain rate. Between these two points the rate of wages may oscillate according to the state of the industry, wages rising in good times and falling in bad, but the normal average state of the industry seems in the past to have given the miners something like 15 per cent above the guaranteed minimum.

In these arrangements for joint agreements between the mine owners and the mine workers everything is done to insure peace as far as possible. The agreements are made for indefinite periods, subject to termination upon thirty days' notice upon either side. The joint committees are made up of an equal number of representatives from each side, usually amounting to fourteen or fifteen. Wherever possible, the agreements are made without the intervention of an arbitrator or outside person, but permanent arrangements exist for the appointment of a fair-minded and disinterested chairman, whose services may be called upon in the event of a failure to agree. The manner of selecting this chairman is worthy of notice. Both sides attempt to agree upon the selection of a chairman who will act permanently, but if they are unable to do so, the chairman is determined in advance by the rules of the joint board that upon failure to agree upon a chairman, the speaker of the house of commons will be requested to appoint a man who will act in this capacity. This system has worked admirably, both the miners and the operators appearing to place implicit confidence in the justice and fair-mindedness of the man appointed, even where they have failed to agree, and the selection has been made by the speaker of the house of commons.

The tendency in Great Britain is for the functions of the permanent chairman to become ever more important. When first called upon he seeks to conciliate the parties and to bring them to a common agreement; but upon failure to accomplish this purpose he has the right to decide the case absolutely and to fix

the wages at some point between the maximum and minimum. From this judgment there is no appeal. There is always a danger that an arbitrator will weaken the powers of the representatives of the two sides, and encourage them to persist in unreasonable demands in the hope that the arbitrator may give them something, but it is noteworthy that in the British coal mining industry the great majority of the cases have been decided, not by the arbitrator, but by common agreement between the parties.

Even after a general agreement has been arrived at many questions remain to be settled. The joint board cannot, of course, determine the wages of each individual man, but can merely fix general wages and conditions of labor. In order to obviate any possible causes of dispute under the agreement and to interpret fairly, agents, or in other districts, joint boards are selected in each county for the settlement of disputes arising out of the interpretation or application of the general agreement. These boards of conciliation have been highly successful and have been renewed from year to year. The representatives of both sides appear to have great confidence in one another, and in spite of the fact that questions are often very technical, the board of conciliation will sometimes leave the settlement of a problem to the award of a single man, who may be the representative either of the operators or of the miners. This board of conciliation is usually small, consisting of only six members on each side, and arrangements are made for arbitration by a permanent chairman in case the representative of the two sides cannot agree. Only one case in ten, however, is settled by arbitration, the other being settled by agreement, or voluntarily withdrawn or dismissed on account of lack of jurisdiction.

The above description is true of the conditions as they have existed in the British coal mining industry during the last ten years