THE STORY OF A STRIKER

Mrs. Mullenix kept a short order house, let that be admitted at once, but her husband was long a West End engineer. Dennis Mullenix went into the Peace with Hailey and Ed Preeto and Durden the night of the big June water on the West End. The company did't treat her just right. I was a strong company man, although I went out with the boys. But I say, and I've always said, the company did not treat Mrs. Mullenix just right. A widow, and penniless, she bought the eating house at McCloud with the few

hundreds they gave her. There were five young Mullenixes, and they were, every one, star children, from Sinkers, who was foxy, to Kate, who was not merely fine, she was royal; twenty, and straight, and true, with a complexion like sunrise hair like a sunset. Kate kept the cottage going, and Mrs. Mullenix ruled personally in the eating house and in the short order annex. Any one that has tasted a steak grilled swell in Chicago or in Denver, and tasted one broiled pain by Mrs. Mullenix in McCloud, half a block from the depot, can easily understand why the boys behaved well. As for her coffee, believe it or not, we owe most of our world-famous West End runs not so much to the Baldwin Locomotive Works nor to Mr. George Westinghouse, but to the coffee drawn by

Mrs. Mary Mullenix. Mrs. Mullenix's coffee for many years made the boys hot; what now makes them hot is that she can't be persuaded to draw it for anybody except McTerza, and they claim that's way he holds the Yellow Mail with 808; but all the same McTerza is fast stuff, coffee or no coffee.

They were none of them boisterous men, those Reading engineers who took our jobs after the strike; but Mc-Te za was an oyster, except that he couldn't be swallowed. The fact is he was diffident, owing, maybe, to a hesitation in his speech. It was funny, the bit of a halt, but not so odd as of a grizzly. He had impudence and indifference and quiet - plenty of

It was pretty generally understood hat in the strike the short order aguse was with us. Mrs. Mulenix had reason to feel bitter toward the company, and it became speedily known that Mrs. Mullenix's was not a healthy place for the men who took our engines; their money was not wanted. In fact, none of the new men exer tried to get service there except Mc-Terza. McTerza one morning dropped

into the short order house.
"Coffee." said he: he always cut things short because he was afraid he would get hung up between stations in remarks. Kate was looking after things that day at the restaurant, and she was alone. She looked at Terza chillingly. Kate had more than from the Brotherhood type. She turned in silence and she poured a cup of coffee, but from the night tank; it was the grossest indignity that could be perpetrated on a man in the short management. She set it with little of civility and less of sugar before McTerza, and pushing her girdle down, coldly walked front half perched on a stool, and looked listlessly out

'Cool," ventured McTerza as he his purchase. Kate made no comment on the observation.

"Could I have a little c-c-condensed ilk?" inquired McTerza presently.
"This sc-sceream looks pretty rich." he added, stirring thoughtfully as he spoke at the pot of mustard, which

was the only liquid in sight. Kate Mullenix glared contemptuously at him, but she passed out a jug of cream-and it was cream. From the defiance on her face as she resumed her attitude she appeared to expect a protest about the cold coffee. None McTerza drank the stuff very slowly blowing it carefully the while, as if it was burning him up. It vexed

much?" asked McTerza humbly, as he swallowed the last drop before it froze to the spoon and fished for a dime to square his account.

"Twenty-five cents." He started slightly, but reached again into his pocket and, without a word, produced a quarter. Kate swept it into the drawer with the royal indifference of a circus fakir and resumed her stool. "C-c-could I get another c-c-cup?" asked McTerza patiently. It looked like a defiance; however, she boldly poured a second cup of the cold coffee and McTerza tackled it.

After an interval of silence he spoke 'Do you sell tickets on c-coffee here?" She loked at him with a questioning insolence. "I mean, c-could a fellow buy a chance-or get into a raffle—on the h-h-h-hot tank?" asked McTerza, throwing a sad glance on the live coffee urn, which steamed cozily beside its silent companion. "That tank is empty," snapped Kate Mullenix tecklessly, for in spite of herself she was getting confused.
"If it is," suggested McTerza, peer-

ing gravely underneath at the jet of ras that blazed merrily. "you ought to draw your fire; you're liable to b-byour c-c-crown sheet."

"What's the matter?" demanded Kate angrily: "is your coffee cold?" "Oh, no," he responded shaking his head and waiting for the surprising disclaimer to sink in. "Not exactly

"We don't serve Reading men here," retorted Kate defiantly. "Oh, yes. you do," responded Mc-Terza, brightening at once. "You serve them like t-t-tramps." Then after a pause: "Could I get a cigar?"

"How much is that kind?"



AND TOILET USE.

on't rick imitations on Baby's delicate skin.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MERS.

"Fifty cents!" snapped Kate, glancing into the street for some friendly striker to appear.

"I want a good one."
"That's a good one." Fifty cents a b-b-box?" Fifty cents apiece."

"Give me a small one, please." He put down a dollar bill as he took the cigar. She threw a half back on the case. At that moment in walked two of our boys. Curtis Rucker and Ben Nicholson. McTerza had a great chance to walk out, but he didn't improve it. Rucker and Ben were Reds, both of them. Ben, in fact, was an old terror at best. Curtis Rucker was blackish, quick young fellow, as silk in a cab, but a devil in a strike, and what was more, a great admirer of Kate Mulenix, and the minx knew it. As McTerza bit off the end of his eigar and reached for the gas lighter he noticed that her face lighted wonderfully.

With a smile the newcomers called for coffee, and with a smile they got McTerza, smoking quietly at the cigar case, watched the steaming liquid pour from the empty tank. It was a dispiriting revelation, but he only puffed leisurely on. When Kate glanced his way, as she presently did, disdair fully, McTerza raised his finger and pointed to the change she had thrown

at him.

"Migtake." The strikers pricked up their ears. "There isn't any mistake, sir. I told you the cigars were 50 cents each, replied Kate Mullenix. Rucker pushed back his coffee and sliding off his stool walked forward. "Change isn't right," persisted Mc-

Terza looking at Kate Mullenix. "Why not?" "You forgot to take out 25 cents more for that last cup of c-c-coffee,"

stammered the Reading man. Kata took up the coin and handed a quarter back from the register. "That's right," put in Rucker promptly, "make the scabs p-p-pay for what they g-g-get. They're sp-p-pend-ing our money." The hesitating Reading our money."

ing man appeared for the first time aware of an enemy, interested for the first time in the abuse that had been continually heaped on him since he came to town. He returned Rucker's You call me a scab, do you?" he

said at last and with the stutter, all "I belong to a labor order th out. counts thousands to your hundre Your scabs came in and took our throttles on the Reading - why shouldn't we pull your latches out Your strike is beat, my buck, here? and Reading men beat it. You had better look for a job on a threshing

Rucked jumped for McTerza, and they mixed like clouds in a cyclone. For a minute it was a whirlwind, and nothing could be made of it; but when they could be seen McTerza had the best man in our camp pinned under a table with his throat in one hand like the latch of a throttle. Nicholson at the same moment raising an oak stool smashed it over McTerza's head. The fellow went flat as a dead man, but he must have pulled up quick, for when Neighbor, rushing in, whirled Nicholson into the street, the Reading man already had his feet, and a corner to work from. Reed, the trainmaster, was right behind the big master mechanic. Rucker was up, but saw he was outnumbered.

'Hurt. Mac?" asked Reed, running toward the Reading man. The blow had certainly dazed him; his eyes rolled seasick for a minute, then he stared straight ahead.

"Look out," he muttered, pointing over Reed's shoulder at Kate Mulenix, "she's going to faint." The trainmaster turned, but Kate was over before her brother Sinkers could reach her as he ran in. Rucker moved toward the door. As he passed McTerza he sputtered villainously, but Neighbor's huge bulk was between the two

"Never mind," retorted McTerza, "next time I get you I'll ram a billiard c-c-c-cue down your throat.' It was the first intimation our fighting men had that the Reading fellow could do business, and the affair caus-ed McTerza to be inspected with some interest from behind screens and cracker boxes as he sauntered up and

down the street. The Reading men were hated; Mc-Terza was slated for the very worst of it. Everybody on both sides understood that — except McTerza himself. He never understood anything, for that matter, till it was on him, and he dropper back into his indifference and recklessness almost at once. He even tried the short order house again. That time Mrs. Mullenix herself was in the saddle. There were things in life which even McTerza didn't hanker after tackling more than once, and one was a second interview with Mrs. Mullenix. But the fellow must have made an impression on even the redoubtable Mrs. Mary, for she privately asked Neighbor, as one might of an honorable adversary, for peace's sake to keep that man away from her restaurant; so McTerza was banned.

Oddly enough, McTerza had one friend in the Mullenix family. On the strike question the house of Mullenix was divided against itself. All held for the engineers except the youngest member, Sinkers. Sinkers was tele-graph messenger, and was strictly a company man. He naturally saw a great deal of the new men, but Sinkers never took the slightest interest in McTerza till he handled Rucker. After that Sinkers cultivated him. Sinkers would listen just as long as Mc-Terza would stutter, and they became fast friends long before the yard riots.

The day the carload of detectives was imported the fight was on. Scattering collisions breaking here there into open fights showed the feelbut it wasn't till Little Russia went out that things looked for the company property at McCloud. Little Russia had become a pretty big Russia at the time of the strike. The Russians had spread up and down the line like tumbleweeds, and their first cousins, the Polacks, worked the company coal mines. At McCloud they were as hard a crowd after dark as you would find on the steppes. The Polacks, 400 of them struck while the engineers were out, and the fat went

into the fire with a flash. The night of the trouble took even us by surprise, and the company was wholly unprepared. The engineers in the worst of the heat were accused of the rioting, but we had no more to do with it than the homesteaders. Our boys are Americans, and we don't fight with torches and kerosene. The company imported the Polacks; them settle their own accounts with them, said our fellows, and I called it right. Admitting that some of our Reds got out to mix in it, we couldn't

in sense be held for that. It was Neighbor, the craftiest old fox on the staff of the division, who told the depot people in the afternoon that something was coming, and it was strange no one else saw it. They had been out three weeks, and after no end of gambling turned silent. Men.

Constitute the second of the s

that talk are not so dangerous; it's when they quit talking.

Neighbor was a man of a thousand to act on his apprehension. All the afternoon he had the switch engines shunting cars about the roundhouse; the minute the arc lights went on the result could be seen. The old man had long lines of furniture vans, box cars, gondolas and dead Pullmans strung around the big house like para-pets. Whatever anybody else thought, Neighbor was ready. Even old John Boxer, his head blacksmith, who operated an amateur battery for salutes and celebrations, had his gun overhauled; the roundhouse was looking

It was barely 8 o'clock that night when a group of us on Main street saw the depot lights go out, and pretty soon telephone messages began coming in from the company plant up the river for the sheriff; the Polacks were wrecking the dynamos. The are lights covering the yards were on a different circuit, but it didn't take the whiskered fellows long to find that out. Half an hour later the city plant was attacked; no one was looking for trouble there, and the great system of ares lighting the yard for miles died ike fireflies. We knew then, everybody knew, that the Polacks meant business.

Not a man was in sight when the blaze sputtered blue, red and black, out; but in five minutes a dozen torches were moving up on the in-freight house like coyotes. We could hear the crash of the big oak doors clear down on Main street. There, again, the company was weak; they hadn't a picket out at either of the freight houses. There wasn't so much as a sneeze till they beat the doors then there was a cry-the women were taking a hand, and it was a loot with a big L. The plunder maddened them like brandy. Neighbor, who feared not the Polacks nor the devil, made a sortie with a dozen men from his stockade-for that is what the roundhouse defenses looked like-to try to save the building. It wasn't men to do it. The gutting was done and the kerosene burning yellow before he was half way across, and the mob, running then in a wavering black line from the flames that licked the high windows, were making for the storehouse. Neighbor saw in a minute that nothing was left for him to protect at the east end, and before he could cut off the constantly lengthening line of rioters they were between him and the long storehouse. It was there that the first shooting occurred. A squad of the detectives reinforcing Neighbor's little following ran in on the flank of the rioters as the master mechanic caught up with their rear. They wheeled on his command to disperse, and met it with a cloud of stones and coupling pins. The detectives opened with their Winchesters, and a yell went up that took me back to the Haymarket. Their answer was the torch to the storehouse and a charge on the imported guards that shool their front like a whirlwind. The detectives ran for Neighbor's breastworks, with the miners hot behind and a hail of deadly missiles on their backs. Half a dozen of

gine house, with the thing laid below like a panorama. Far as the blazing freight house lie the vards we could see the rioters swarming in from the bottoms. The railroad officials gathered upstairs in the passenger depot waited for the moment when the fury of the mob should turn on the unprotected building. The entire records of the division, the dispatcher's offices, the headquarters of the whole West End were under that roof, with nothing to Two intensely active leaders rose

us stood in the cupola of the fire en-

out of the crowds. Following the shouts of the pair, which we could just hear a great body of strikers dashed up the yard. "By the Cods," cried Andy Cam-eron at my elbow, "they're going for

Before the words were out we could hear the dull strokes of the picks sinking into the cleated doors. Buckets were passed in and out from the house tanks. Jacketed cans of turand varnish were hustled pentine down the line to men drunk with riot: in a moment 20 cars were ablaze. top the frenzy they fired the oil house itself. Destruction crazed the entire population of the bottoms. The burning cars threw the front of the big brick depot up into the sky. As the reflection struck back from the plate glass windows the mob split into two great waves. They crossed the coal spurs brandishing torches and sledges and bars. We could see em plain as block signals. Every implement that ever figured in a yard showed in their line, but their leader, a youngish fel-lew, swung a long, tapering stake. As foremost Polack climbed up on the last string of flats that separated them from the depot the storage tanks in the oil house took fire. The roof jumped from the wall plates like one vast trapdoor, and the liquid yellow spurted flaming a hundred feet up into the black. A splitting yell greeted the burst, and the Polacks, with added fury, raced toward the long depot. I made out then the man with the club.

It was Rucker. The staff of the superintendent and the force of dispatchers, a handful of men all told, gathered at the upper windows and opened fire with revolvers. It was just enough to infuriate rioters. And it appeared certain that the house would be burned under the defenders' feet, for the broad platform was bare from end to end. Not a ghost of a barricade, not a truck. not a shutter, stood between the depot and the torch, and nobody thought of a man, until Cameron, with a quicker eyes, cried: "For God's sake! There's

McTerza!' Sure as payday, there he was walking down the platform toward the depot, and humping alongside -

Sinkers. I guess everybody in both campe swore. Like a man in his sleep he was walking right in the teeth of the Polacks. But that was just McTerza -to be where he shouldn't when he shouldn't. Even had there not been more pressing matters, nobody could have figured out where the fellow had come from with his convoy or where he was going. He was there; that

was all-he was there. The dispatchers yelled at him from The cry was echoed back from a hundred Polack throats. It was plain they were mad for blood. Even didn't greatly feaze the fellow, but in the clatter of it all he caught another cry-a cry sent straight to McTerza's ear, and he turned at the voice and the word like a man stung. Rucker, leaping ahead and brandishing the truck stake at the hated stutterer, yelled, "The scab!" The Reading engineer halted like &

hated hear Rucker's cry was enough-in that time and at that place it was enough. McTerza froze to the platform. There

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-more between those two men than scab and brotherhood, strike and riot, flood or fire; there was a woman, We knew it so well there was hardly a flutter anywhere, I take it, when men saw McTerza stooping, grasp Sinkers, shove him toward the depot, slip like a snake out of his pea jacket and turn to front the whole blooming mob. There wasn't any fluttering, I take it-and not very much breathing, only the scab, never a tremendous big man, swelled bigger in the eyes, then straining his way than any man in Mc-Cloud has ever swelled before or since. Mobs are queer. A minute before it was the depot, now it was the scab

-kill him. The scab stood. Rucker stumbled across a rail in his fury, and went sprawling, but the scab stood. The line wavered like tumbleweeds. They didn't understand a man fronting 40. Then Ben Nicholson-I recognized his whiskers-began blazing at him with a pistol. Yet the scab stood and halted the Polack line. They hesitated, they stopped to yell; but the scab stood.
"Stone him!" shouted Ben Nichol-McTerza backed warily across the platform. The Polacks wavered; instinct of danger unsettled them.

Mobs are queer. A single man will head them quicker than a hundred guns. There is nothing so dangerous as one man. McTerza saw the inevitable the steady circling that must get him at last, and as the missiles

him from a score of miners he crouched with the rage of a cornered rat, one eye always on Rucker. "Come in, you coyote!" yelled Mc-Terza tauntingly. "Come in," he cried, catching up a coupling pin that struck him and hurling it wickedly at his nearest assailant. Rucker, swinging his club, ran straight at his enemy.
"Kill the scab!" he cried and a dozen bristling savages, taking his lead, closed on the Reading man like a fan. From the windows above the railroad men popped with their pistols; they might as well have thrown firecrackers. McTerza, with a cattish spring, leaped through a rain of brickbats for Rucker.

The club in the striker's hands came around with sweep enough to drop a steer. Quick as a sounder key Mc-Terza's head bobbed, and he went in and under on Rucker's jaw with his left hand. The man's head twisted with the terrific impact like a Chinese Down he went, McTerza, hungry, at his throat; and on top of Mc-Terza the Polacks, with knives and hatchets and with Cossack barks, and they closed over him like water over a stone.

Nobody ever looked to see him pull out yet he wormed his way through them corkscrew fashion. hacked at one another, and sprang out behind his assailants with Rucker's In his hands, it cut through club. guards and arms and knives like toothpicks. Rucker was smothering under toppling Polacks. But others ran in like rats. They fought McTerza from side to side of the platform. They harged him and flanked him-once they surrounded him-but his stanchion swung every way at once. Swarm as they would they could not get a knife or a pick into him, and it looked as if he would clear the whole platform, when his dancing eye caught a rioter at the baggage room door mercilessly clubbing poor little Sinkers. The boy lay in a pitiful heap no better than a dving mouse. McTerza, cutting his way through the circle about him. made a swath straight for the kid, and before the brute over him could run he brought the truck stake with a fullarm sweep flat across his back. The man's spine doubled like a jackknife. and he sunk wriggling. McTerza made but the one pass at him; he never got up again. Catching Sinkers on his free arm, the Reading man ran along the depot front, pulling him at his side and pounding at the door. But every door was barred, and none dared open. He was clean outside the breastworks. and as he trotted warfly along, dragging the insensible boy, they cursed and chased and struck him like a

hunted dog. At the upper end of the depot stands a huge ice box. McTerza, dodging in the hail that followed him, wheeling to strike with a single arm, when the savages closed too thick, reached the recess, and throwing Sinkers in behind, turned at bay on his enemies. With his clothes torn nearly off, his shirt streaming ribbons from his arms daubed with dirt and blood, the scab held the recess like a giant, and beat down the Polacks till the platform loked like a slaughter pen. While his club still swung old John Boxer's booined across the yard. Neighbor had run it out between his parallels and turned it on the depot mob. It was the noise more than the execution that dismayed them. Mc-Terza's fight had shaken the leaders and as the blacksmiths dragged their gun up again, shotted with nothing more than an Indian yell, McTerza's

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was more—and we knew it, all of us assailants gave way. In an instant cil has adopted a progressive housing tory and antiquities, arts and crafts;

—more between those two men than he disappeared through the narrow policy. It builds municipal dwellings, also its municipal theater, where good has been added a progressive housing tory and antiquities, arts and crafts; he disappeared through the narrow passage at his back and under the shadow of the depot made his way along the hig building and up Main street to the short order house. Almost unabanged he got to the side most unobserved he got to the side door, when Rucker's crowd, Rucker again on his feet, spied him dragging Sinkers inside. They made a yell and a dash, but McTerza got the boy in and the door barred before they could reach it. They ran to the front, baffled. The house was dark and the curtains drawn. Their clamor brought Mrs. Mullenix, half dead with fright, to the door. She recogized Nicholson and Rucker and appealed to them. "Pray God, do you want to mob me, Ben Nicholson" she sobbed, putting

her head out, fearfully.
"We want the scab that sneaked into the side door, Mrs. Mary!" roared Ben Nicholson. "Fire him out here!" Rucker pushed her back and crowded into the door after her. The room was dark, but the fright was too great for Mrs. Mullenix, and she cried to McTerza to leave her house for the love of God. Some one down the curtains; the glow of the burning yards lit the room and out of the gloom, behind the lunch counter, almost at her elbow, pant-ing, bloodstained and torn, rose Me-Terza. His fingers closed over the grip of the breadknife on the shelf

beside him. "Who wants me?" he cried," learning over his breastworks.
"Leave my house! For the love of God, leave it!" screamed Mrs. Mullenix, wringing her hands. The scab, knife in hand, leaped across the counter, but before he could spring again

there was a cry behind. "He shan't leave this house!" And Kate Mullenix, her face ablaze, strode forward. "He shan't leave this house!" she cried again, turning on her mother. "Leave this house, after he's just pulled your boy from under their cowardly clubs! Leave it for who? He shan't go out! Burn it over our heads!" she cried passionately, wheeling on the rioters. goes we'll go with him. It's you that want him. Curtis Rucker, is it? get him. you coward! There he stands.

Take him!" Her voice rang like a fire bell. Rucker, burnt by her words, would have thrown himself on McTerza, but

Nicholson held him back. "Come away!" cried the older man "It's not women we're afhoarsely. ter. She's an engineer's wife, Curt; this is her shanty. Come away. I say,' and saying he nushed Rucker and their coyote following out of the door ahead of him. Mrs. Mullenix and Kate sprang forward to lock the door. As they ran back McTerza, spent with blood, dropped between them. So far as I can learn that is where the courtship began, right then and there-and, as McTerza says, all along of Sinkers, for Sinkers was always Kate's favorite brother, as he is now McTerza's.

WELL-GOVERNED CITY

Dusseldorf, Where the Government Owns Nearly Everything.

Apart from the special attractions of this year, Duseldorf is always an exhibition in itself. It has been well deribed as "the garden city of the Rhine," and no town has carried municipal housekeeping to a greater extent about the maximum of government which it is possible to obtain in Dusseldorf, also the extreme amount of restrictive action and control which it seems possible even to live under. To enter or leave the city visitor must travel on the state railway, and he is put down at a ndsome station. He will find that all the public service monopolies are manby the city council, beginning aged with the water supply. He will have the choice between gas and electricity for light, but in each case he will have to patronize the municipality. He will ride on a splendidly equipped electric street railway, which serves not only the city, but runs into the suburbs, and is owned and operated directly by the municipality. He will have to go to the state for his telephones, and the postoffice will deliver his parcels as well as his letters. He will find an up-to-date harbor and docks on the Rhine, and warehouses and elevators alongside with the latest electrically driven appliances, all in the possession of the municipal authorities. All the markets are owned by the city, which also model municipal slaughter

There are several sets of municipal baths, including Turkish and Russian, and a free bathing station on the Rhine. There are no slums in the city and not likely to be, as the city coun-

what are known as foundation dwelllent on easy terms from the social rance funds to help workmen build their own houses. There is a municipal savings bank ready to receive the savings of the thrifty, another munipublic; there is a poor man's bank in the municipal pawnshop, ready to ad- takes part. vance money on personal property and goods at something like 12 per cent.

year and give a Shakespeare season ings, let at low rentals, and money is every year.

In the sphere of education the muni-

cipality does everything-runs common schools, colleges, gymnasia, technical schools, libraries, etc. There is a stars system of insurance against old age. bank in which are deposited the and sickness, universal pensions floating balances and profits of the werkmen and a provincial fire insurance system in which the municipality takes part. When one is disabled of There are beautiful parks, a people's old and impoverished there is the mungarden in the suburbs, a botanical garden and to garden and garde garden in the suburbs, a botanical garden, a zoological garden, and ten miles away on the slopes of the Grafenburg Hills is a municipal forest—the furth—the might die, but even in death he does est terminus of the street railway ser-vice. A number of the parks contain ity, for he will have to patronize the r enicipal restaurants. In the educa- municipal undertaker—the only one-tional field the city has, of course, its and be burned in the municipal cemeart galleries, museums of natural his- terv-there is no other.



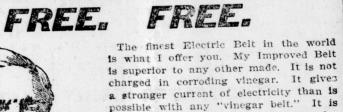
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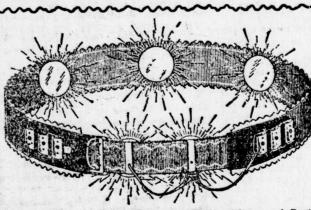
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