POOR DOCUMENT

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Greatest Gain in Insurance in Force

in 1908

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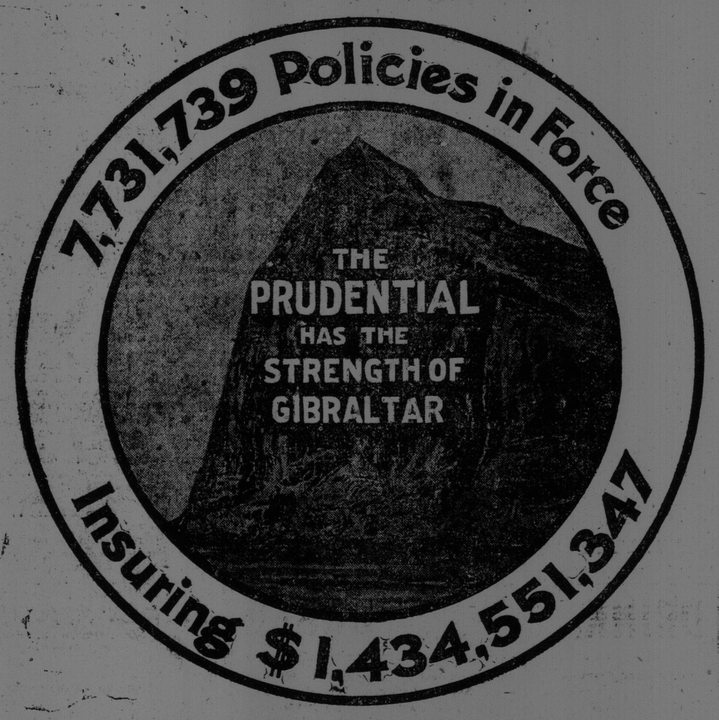
Giant Strides of a Giant Company:

Gain in Llfe Insurance in Force in 1908, over - - - - - 97 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders, during, 1908, over - - - - - - 19 Million Dollars
Insurance Issued and Paid For in 1908, on over 1½ Million Policies, over 309 Million Dollars
Dividend Fund to credit of Participating Policies, Dec. 31, 1908, nearly 15 Million Dollars



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Ordinary and Industrial policies Ages 1 to 70. Both sexes, Amounts $15 to $100,000.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA
Incorporated as a stock company by the State of New Jersey.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Agents Wanted to Write Industrial and Ordinary Life Insurance
Good Income--Promotion--Best Opportunities--Now!

Branch Office in St. John—T. R. McARON, Supt., 3rd Floor Royal Bank of Canada, Cor. King & Canterbury Sts.
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Prudential Agents are now canvassing in this vicinity. They have a most vital story to tell of how Life Insurance has saved the home, protected the widow, and educated the children. Let them tell it to you.

STRIKING EXAMPLES OF FIERCE LABOR CONFLICTS

VOTERS STRIKE AT POLITICAL CROOKS.

STRYKERS STATION, Pa., June 12—Voters of this town have declared a strike against their political bosses. They have quit the old occupation of voting the organization ticket and declare that they will not go back to work until reforms are made. The strikers demand:

That taxes be reduced.

That the voters' union be recognized.

That all political gamblers be ousted from office.

That all decrepit jackasses be turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

John M. Chestnut is the organizer of the strike. He says he is convinced that the people are not getting their rights and that the strike is a righteous one. Instead of the voters refusing to cast ballots, this strike is being conducted along new lines and the men who are out are using inuependent ballots.

The bosses declare they will not compromise with the men. Instead of reducing taxes they say they will raise them. They will also retain the political gamblers because these, as well as the jackasses, are necessary in keeping the machinery going. As for recognizing any spirit of union or independence on the part of the voters, the leaders say they will die first.

STRIKER HANDS OUT FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

QUITUS, Pa., June 12—One of the most noted strikers in this part of the state is now engaged in preparing a biographical sketch of his life for use in the magazines devoted to sociology. He is Jack Spratt, long famous in all the uplift movements in the state.

"I do not mind saying," said Mr. Spratt, "that I am the only original and blown-in-the-bottle striker in the country. A few years ago, when I belonged to the local baseball team, I held the record for striking out. My best record was, I think, eight strikeouts in one game.

"No man ever struck me for the price of a meal and went away disappointed. To all such unfortunates I pass out an argument which gives them much food for thought. But I do not give them too much of this rich food, since it might cause indigestion.

"I have always preached the doctrine of 'Strike for your country.' Any man who strikes for his country and his fireside can never make a mistake. Another of my beliefs is, never to strike a man when he is down—use your boot."

CLUB SANDWICHES SUCCOR THEIR FORES.

OUTLOOK, Pa., June 12—When the United Hammer Heavers went out on strike last Thursday and left their tools on the benches, Peter SchraCmm, proprietor of Schramm's hammer factory, thought the trouble would be over in a few hours and the men would return to work.

The hammer heavers, beink skilled laborers, realized their strength however, and knew that their places could not be filled on short notice. Within twenty-four hours not a machine was moving and the whole vast industry was silent.

Then the owner sent for Eugene McGuckin and George Graham, two famous strike breakers. They agreed to supply hammer weavers to take the places of the strikers. Violence at once followed. Two non-union men were beaten to death with unfair hammers.

A number of the scabs finding it impossible to purchase food in the neighborhood, were compelled to quit work. Fortunately they fell into the hands of the hammer heaver pickets, who succored them with club sandwiches. They were so enthusiastically succored that all are now in the hospital.

POLICE HEAD HAS GRIP ON SITUATION.

UNIONVILLE, Pa., June 12—"We have the situation well in hand," said Director of Police Tom Murray, when asked by your correspondent to give a slight sentiment on the strike of the Balloon Inflaters' Bund. Director Murray, being an unfortunate speculator in the stock of the Balloon Trust, has given his promise that the strike shall come to a speedy end.

"Yes, I can assure you that we have the situation well in hand," said the director as he hit up his gait on the turn-pike leading out of town, "and I assure you that we intend to keep it. Do you see those men back there armed with dornicks? Well, if they catch up with me they've got to do some tall Marathon work."

Before getting a good firm grasp on the situation, Director Murray issued orders to his men that they must not permit crowds to collect during the strike. His swift action today proved his ability, for instead of the mob collecting at one point, it was tonight scattered over two townships hunting the director.

This astute official says he will continue to keep the situation well in hand even if it becomes necessary tohand out high ball cartridges to his men.

HIRED GIRLS GO OUT; WANT TO ARBITRATE.

POTTS GROVE, Pa., June 12. — Dan McAllister, field representative of the Amalgamated Association of Atrophied Servant Girls, reached this town late last night, and this morning he will order every servant girl out of the kitchen.

"Never before in my life have I beheld such intolerable conditions as prevail here. Living wages are not paid the girls, and they are compelled to work long hours, and they are striking examples of the evils of swing shift.

"First of all, I am going to demand a flat wage scale of $5 a week. Then I am going to insist that eight hours shall constitute a day's work. Finally, we will abolish the swing shift. No girl who is working in the kitchen should be compelled to mind the door or sweep the floor.

"Unless the employers surrender at once, I shall call out the iceman, and that failing there will be a general strike of the milk delivery men, the butcher boys and the bakers' understudies.

"At first we were on the point of insisting that the lady employers should be compelled to dry the dishes, but we magnanimously dropped this vital issue.

"We are not adverse to arbitration, and would recommend that Chief Burgess Hotburn, a sterling advocate of the principle of mediation, be selected as umpire.

EVERYONE IN WALL ST. IS ASKING:

Will Henry H. Rogers, jr., Take Sire's Chair? Can the Young Son of His Father Fill It.? Yes They Say; He Will, He Can.

FUNERAL OF HENRY H. ROGERS.

HENRY H. ROGERS, JR., AND H IS MOTHER LEAVING CHURCH. MARK TWAIN, AS HE APPEARED AT FUNERAL. E. H. HARRIMAN WATCHING CASKET.

NEW YORK, June 12—Will young Henry Rogers II rule over the domains of Rogers, or will a regent be appointed until he reached his financial majority? This is one of the first questions Wall-st asked when it learned of the death of H. H. Rogers, the elder.

The general belief is that the new king will take the scepter himself.

Henry H. Rogers, Jr., is the first of the circle of second generation oil-copper-steel millionaires to be tested. The Rockefellers, Morgan, Stillman, Perkins are still in the harness. The elder Rogers' death is the first break in the old crowd which has made itself dominant in finance within the last 30 years.

But it can't be very many years before they are all gone. What after? Will the second oil-copper generation follow the example of the Astors and go in for foreign titles, leaving business to managers and clerks—and new millionaires rising from below? Or is there another Cornelius Vanderbilt in Standard Oil to follow a commodore.

Henry H. Rogers, Jr., has been best known in the world through his ambitions to be a military man, via the national guard route. He figures in the court marital of Col. Dyer while he was a captain in the Twelfth regiment of the New York militia.

Otherwise Wall-st knew him only as the son of his father, a nice young man who spent considerable time at the Standard office learning the business. He was not taken very seriously until 1907, when the elder Rogers staggering under the burden of building a Virginia railrway single handed in panic times, collapsed physically and the younger man had to take charge. He showed real generalship and financial ability, and earned Wall-st's respect.

The elder Rogers, pleased at his son's showing in 1907, crowded more and more responsibility on him. Previously he had intended to turn the management of his properties over to Urban Broughton, a middle-aged mining engineer who had married his daughter. Now Broughton, it is said, will be a lieutenant under Henry II.

Among the corporations the younger Rogers is already stockholder and director in are: Amalgamated Copper Co., Anaconda Copper Co., Brooklyn Union Gas Co., National Transit Co., United Mines Selling Co., and the new Virginia Railway.

Henry H. Rogers, Jr., is the first of and a graduate of Columbia.

CASKE TCARRIED TO CHURCH.

Sir Thomas Lipton is worth $50,000,000 and has 420 stores all over the world. He employs 10,000 people, and is constantly pushing business.—Advertising World.

A Crazy Affair.

(By Stuart B. Stone.)

It was in front of the great, red-brick, wall-inclosed building that Clayton, searching for Col. Palmer's country home, encountered the prettiest girl he had seen in his young life. She sidled away from him and it seemed to Clayton that she smiled. In quick, irresistible impulse he bounded to her side. Then it was that she shrank back, with a look of pretty alarm, and said, coaxingly, as if pleading with a spoiled child:

"There, now—be a good boy and go inside!"

"Go inside?" repeated Bob Clayton, puzzled. Then, glancing up, he saw the words, "Central Asylum for the Insane" over the big wagon gate.

"Oh!" he murmured, his heart sinking at the discovery. "So you belong inside. You're one of 'em?"

She took a half step from him, glancing cautiously back. "No—that is, yes," she answered, hesitatingly. "I'm one of them of course. But you'd better go in—maybe they'll have plum pudding for supper, or something else very nice."

"Poor girl!" murmured Clayton, touched at the sight of unbalanced loveliness. "You see, my automobile's broken down," he added aloud. "I have to get it fixed before I can go on."

"Yes—yes," she answered, "you'd better get inside first, though. They fix automobiles in there—it's an auto factory."

"It isn't," corrected Clayton; then reflecting, "that is, it is, of course."

"Better go in," urged the girl again. "They'll just have time to fix your machine before supper."

Then, eyeing him carefully, she started down the road. Clayton, aroused to her defenseless, unprotected wandering, started after her.

Her only answer was shriek after shriek, and Clayton, greatly alarmed for her, raced madly on, finally overtaking the girl. She drew back, frightened at his approach, but became calmer as he spoke in soothing tones.

"Come—let's go to the nice auto factory. "I'll take you, and maybe we can find a big balloon or a pretty airship!"

She yielded readily to his coaxing. "Will you go, too?" she asked, in her beautiful, simple way, "if I go along?"

"Yes," assented Clayton, "come on."

Hand in hand, each eyeing the other, like bashful school children, they retraced their steps up the dusty road. At the big wagon gate the girl drew back.

"Now," she said, "you go in. It won't be necessary for me to go farther."

"Oh, yes," persisted Clayton. "Come on—before the plum pudding is gone."

Still hand in hand they sought the superintendent's office. To Clayton's nervous knock a cheery voice called, "Come in!" of the rosy, rotund man within, Clayton winked and whispered, "I've brought in one of your patients. I saw her wandering aimlessly outside and she attempted to escape."

The man stared at him, open-mouthed. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

Then the girl communicated with the superintendent, not so low but that Clayton heard. "I found this poor man strolling outside in the road. He chased me for a hundred yards."

The superintendent seemed threatened with apoplexy. "You're not—he's not cra"——he began.

Then a door opened and a very familiar figure entered.

"COME—LET'S GO TO THE NICE AUTO FACTORY."

"Why, Clayton!" exclaimed the newcomer. "You here? Allow me to introduce my daughter, Miss Lynda Palmer, and my friend and neighbor, Capt. Hyatt, who is superintendent here. They're looking for you at the house."

"Miss Palmer," bowed Clayton, reddening, while the superintendent sniggered.

"Mr. Clayton," acknowledged the rosy-cheeked girl. Then, in an undertone of delicious confidence, she added: "We'll go have the auto fixed now—before the nice plum pudding is served."

GOULD RAILWAYS MAY HAVE GENERAL STRIKE

TEXARKANA, Ark., June 11—A call for a general strike on the Gould system of railways in the southwest is believed not an improbable outcome of the meetings of the general committees of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen in session heard discussing controversies with the Texas and Pacific Ry.

Timothy Shea, Vice-President of the organization, who is presiding over the sessions, says efforts to adjust the several disagreements, involving a demand that a discharged employee be re-instated and the right of the organization t orepresent its members in disputes be recognized, give but small prospects for an amicable settlement.