

# PAT MCGUIRE.

By Hubert McBean Johnston.

In defiance of the fact that he was a union man and always had been, when the strike came Pat McGuire stuck to his job. He felt he owed it to Murphy. As urehins they had lived with only a board fence between them; had ridden the same goats, and had fought many pitched battles with one another. Later they had worked together on the same jobs, but when Murphy went into business for himself McGuire went to work for instead of him. On the start Murphy dug cellars, but as his capital increased he also built foundations, and thereafter fair estimates might have been made of the growth of his bank roll by observing the advancing points reached by the limits of his successive contracts. Ultimately he built whole buildings, and the thickness of his wall was then discernible only in the size and value of the structures he erected. In fact, he was an all-round successful man.

To say that McGuire believed him to be perfection would be to do him poor justice to the depths of Pat's devotion. He simply set the man on a

argued his brother: "but I'd think you'd be ashamed to be takin' the bread out o' honest men's mouths. That's what it amounts to." "Amounts to nothing," answered McGuire, derisively. "It's them that's tryin' to just that. If they'd let the niggers earn an honest day's pay, there wouldn't have been no strike, so there you are. As for their throwin' me out o' the union, well, I've got to take my chances on that."

But the effect of the strike on Murphy did not cease here, and two other jobs shut down for lack of engineers. He managed, however, to get four non-union men and with McGuire and these, made shift to carry on the Consolidated Trust work. Some reorganization was necessary, but after the first day or two, things were running more smoothly than might have been expected. For a time, the strikers approached the new men on their way to and from work and arguments were put to them to induce them to join the union. Murphy anticipated this by giving a higher rate of pay and everybody stood firm. Although the strikers hung about the works, no offers of violence

he said, "you can't think that I stayed just for that?" "Murphy did not understand. "You always were a bit cracked in that sentimental way, Pat. There is no reason on earth why you shouldn't take it. God knows you haven't any too much and still you sit there and tell me you're afraid of what the man will say. The trouble with you is, you aren't independent enough, and you're too much afraid of what people will think; you never consider what others would do under similar circumstances. Will you take it?" "No, I won't. When I stayed, all the gold in the world wouldn't have kept me. You must see it my way this time, Johnny, and not be offended. If you like to make me the offer some time when things are different, I'll be right glad to take it, but I can't look at the others in want and do it now. I can't, you know I can't."

Circumstances among the strikers were rapidly growing worse. Two or three of them had found situations but the season was a poor one in the building line and steady jobs were few and far between. A crisis in matters was near at hand and still Murphy, who, in the meantime, had started work on another job, showed no sign of weakening. The caisson work was finished and the original cause of the trouble was consequently gone. No union men had gone back to work, though, for that matter, the contractor had all the engineers he needed.

Ultimately, affairs reached such a pass that a meeting to discuss the situation, was held in the back room of McAvoy's saloon.

The debate was brief, but stormy.

urged that ultimately it was going to be necessary for the contractor to return to union labor, and now when the opportunity offered it would be best to accept. He made no threats. He was too shrewd for that, and his hearer might take them as implied or not, as pleased himself. Murphy lay back in his chair, absently fingering a paper-knife. He gave no sign that he heard and finally Askin paused and looked at him. "Well," demanded Murphy for the third time. "Well," replied Askin. "That's all." "And you expect me to throw out the men who are working for me for a lot of fellows that deserted me, and are as likely as not to do it again?" Askin hesitated. "The union is willing to make some concessions," he answered suavely. "It will not be necessary to drop them all at once. You can discharge them as you are through with them, and when you take on others, take union men."

Murphy remained silent. "There is one thing more," Askin was manifestly ill at ease. He had been fighting shy of what he knew to be the danger point, but now there was no way of avoiding it. "There is one man you'll have to fire right away. We won't go back to work with that Pat McGuire."

Save for the ticking of the clock on the wall, the room was silent. Then the contractor swung in his chair and started turning over some papers on his desk.

"I believe that is all, gentlemen," he said decisively. "Good morning."

"I suppose," Askin expected to hear from you in a day or two," said Askin. "Good morning."

Murphy did not answer him. On the contrary, he did some hard thinking. The men were in a position stronger than they knew. Not only on the Consolidated Trust, but on another building and the fellow ready to put up ironwork, and he realized that he was almost certain to have another sympathetic strike on his hands. A further delay would be thought of for already the strike had held him up too long, and more waiting would necessitate an extension of the contractor's time.

Then the tempter whispered to him that he might avoid any trouble by simply ridding himself of one man. To do this, however, he was struck by an inspiration. Would it not be possible to save the engineer's feelings through his pocket? The idea was simple, would have appealed to himself, and he felt he could put it to McGuire so it would appear all right.

"McGuire," he said to the engineer that afternoon, "you've heard what the strikers say?"

"That if you fire me, they'll come back. Never for an instant had it occurred to the honest fellow that Murphy would dream of doing it, and in order that the contractor might be under no loss in his account, he had already resolved to quit."

"That's it," said the contractor, relieved that McGuire had heard and that he was saved the necessity of explanation. "But don't you worry. I'll make it square with you and you won't lose anything by it."

McGuire looked at him in astonishment. At first he did not understand. Then it dawned upon him that this was his discharge, and had a bomb exploded in front of him he could not have been more astounded.

Murphy drew a slip of paper from an inside pocket and handed it to him. "That ought to square us up on this deal," he said.

McGuire glanced at it. It was a check for \$500!

Holding the check at arm's length he looked at it with a queer smile. Then he handed it back to Murphy.

"Thanks," he said quietly. "I'll not need that."

## WINNIFRED ARTHUR JONES.

Sketch of the Talented Daughter of the Famous English Playwright and Her First Attempt at Acting.

Miss Winnifred Arthur-Jones is the daughter of Henry Arthur Jones, whose name she has hyphenated because of the fame that ornaments it and because the hyphen certainly dignifies the name of Jones. Her father, next to Mr. Pinero, is the foremost of English playwrights and a man honored all over the English-speaking world for having the personal courage of his professional convictions. These convictions have to do with the most vital interests of the art of acting and the art of play-making—indeed, with the best interests of the art of the stage in its every department. His daughter adores him, and as a player she may



MISS WINNIFRED ARTHUR-JONES.

be accepted as the living expression of his ideas on the art of acting. She recently made a neat little hit in London as Douce Kennett in her father's play, "Charles, the Idiot," at Wyndham's Theatre. Her acting is said to be marked by great freshness and naturalness. Her first attempt to delineate character was made when she was a little girl. Her father was entertaining a dinner party. Attention was attracted by a noise proceeding from the room set apart for the games of the children, and the guests were not a little amused when, following their host's lead, they discovered Miss Winnifred mounted on a table and posing as Macbeth, brandishing a poker for a sword and violently scolding her sister because of her futile attempts to represent the three witches rolled into one. Miss Arthur-Jones has studied under the great Coquelin, and is regarded as one of the coming women of the London stage.

AS THE OIL RUBS IN, THE PAIN RUBS OUT—Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body, the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under brisk friction, and the patient obtains almost instant relief. The results of the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil surprised many who were unacquainted with its qualities, and once we are well not rejected. Try it.

# Have You Tried The Marvellous Remedies of the Eminent Professor Dr. COLLINS

Of the Great University of New York, President of the New Medical Institute, 140 West 34th Street.

## Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



Dear Doctor, Milwaukee, May 8. The very first remedies you sent were sufficient to cure the catarrh of the throat of the most intense kind. I cannot sufficiently thank you. MRS. DUTHEIL.

## Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



Mr. Professor, I began your treatment immediately. I never believed you could cure me of such a chronic catarrh. But the evidence is here: I am completely cured. REV. PAUL LETAILLER.

## Piles



Dear Doctor, Grand Rapids, May 9. Your remedies for piles are marvellously efficacious. I have recommended them to all my friends. For myself I am infinitely thankful. MISS LEPIC.

## Deafness



Mr. Professor, Kountze, May 4. After in vain trying all other remedies I at last found in yours what I required. After 12 days with your remedies I recovered use of my hearing which I lost for so long. I can't tell you how happy I am. JULES MATHON.

## Diseases of the Womb



Mr. Professor, Buffalo, March 19. What a happy inspiration it was when I wrote you. Without an operation you cured me of a horrible womb disease. Two of my friends are writing you today. Do not delay answering them. MRS. LEFLON.

## Catarrh of the Nose and Throat

Would that we could convince the great number of sufferers that if they suffer they alone are to blame. Pretending they have neither money or time to seek the advice of a specialist, they go on suffering until their malady becomes incurable.

## We Can Affirm

That a very simple remedy is found in the remedies of Dr. Collins. Write a simple letter, or still more simple answer the questions given below, and the following morning you will receive a letter, with the treatment to follow.

## Dr. Collins Cures

All diseases, no matter of what kind. Science and his experience help him in making the most marvellous cures where others have failed.

## At a Distance

Without even seeing the patient, and simply by an examination of the symptoms sent him. Thus, he diagnoses the case, and never makes a mistake in deciding what treatment is to be followed, and which is certain of success.

## By the Most Simple Methods

He causes the disappearance of the sufferings, replaces the organs in a healthy condition, in a word, re-establishes order. In all the diseases which are ordinarily operated on, Professor Collins, M.D., treats by means of gentle and simple remedies.

## TRY THEM

## We Strongly Recommend You to Do So.

And after a few days you will be truly thankful, when you see the marvellous relief you have obtained.

## What Is Your Malady?

Are you getting thin?  
Are you constipated?  
Are you troubled with nausea?  
Do you cough at night?  
Is your nose stuffed up?  
Are you nervous or feeble?  
Have you lost sense of taste?  
Is your sight obscured?  
Have you headaches?  
Have you pains in the forehead?  
Are you troubled with flatulency?  
Is your tongue coated?  
Is your skin dry and hot?  
Do you get giddy?  
Are you easily tired?  
Are you irritable?  
Are your eyes dull and heavy?  
Is your throat dry in the morning?  
Is your urine black and thick?  
Does your nose irritate and tickle you?  
Do you spit yellow mucus?  
Is your saliva thick?  
Have you diarrhoea?  
Are you troubled with cold shoulders?  
Is there a deposit in your urine?  
Have you palpitation of the heart?  
Have you pains in your sides?  
Have you catarrh of the nose or throat?  
Have you rheumatism?  
Have you colic in the stomach?  
Have you internal pains? If so, where?  
Have you pimples and boils?  
Have you pains? Where?  
Are you troubled with pains all over your body?  
Are your hands and feet inflamed?  
Is your cough dry and short?  
Have you pains in the temple?  
Do you find you are losing strength?  
Have you pains after eating?  
Do you feel oppressed after your meals?  
Have you pains in the kidneys?  
Have you swollen feet too heavy?  
Have you a bad taste in the mouth?  
Does your throat irritate or tickle you?  
Have you a tickling of the palate?  
Do you feel sick after meals?  
Do your limbs feel too heavy?  
Do you feel a pain at the small of the back?  
Do you have heavy fits of coughing?  
Do you feel oppressed after eating?  
Do you have pains in the joints?  
Do you have blotches before your eyes?  
Are you troubled with flatulency?  
Have you pains?  
Are you troubled with heart disease?  
Does your digestion work satisfactorily?  
Have you any kind of venereal disease?  
Are you deaf?  
Have you any tumours? If so, where?

If you find you are suffering from any of the above symptoms, you may be certain that something serious menaces your health, and sooner or later your life will be in danger. Then write to—

## PROFESSOR COLLINS

President of the New York Medical Institute, 140 West 34th Street New York.

Reply with care and exactness to these questions, by putting yes or no at the side of each. Clip out the piece in this paper and send it by post to above address. Write here plainly your name and address.

Name and Surname, .....

Place of Residence, .....

County, .....

Province, .....

Mr. Professor, Uniontown, May 12.

The troubles have ceased and I no longer have the flow of matter which I have been so long vexed. After following your advice for 4 days I was cured. My health is good.

LOUIS SIBOUR.

## Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



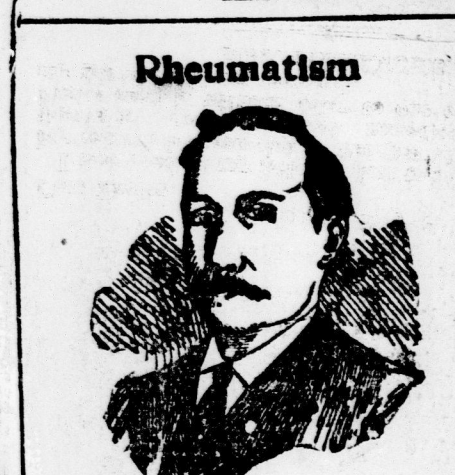
Dear Professor, Philadelphia, May 7. For the last day or two I have felt myself completely cured. There is not a trace of catarrh left, of which I suffered so long. I shall continue your treatment. PIERRE LEBAS.

## Catarrh of the Nose and Throat



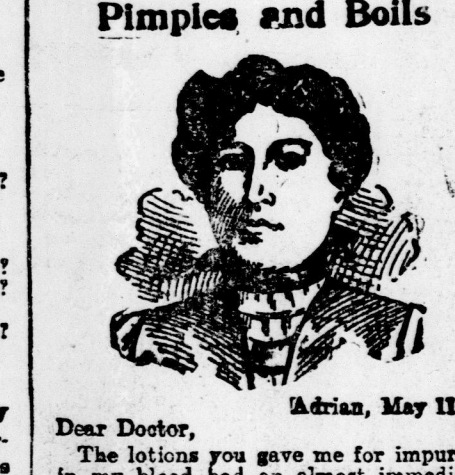
Dear Doctor, Boston, May 4. I now confirm my letter of last week. My catarrh has completely disappeared, thanks to your excellent remedies. Please send it without delay to one of my friends, address enclosed. MRS. LECTANCHIEZ.

## Rheumatism



Mr. Professor, Dover, May 12. I went out to-day for the first time after being confined for six months; when I suffered very much. Now I walk without pain or fatigue of any kind in my limbs or joints. ADOLPHE LAMBIN.

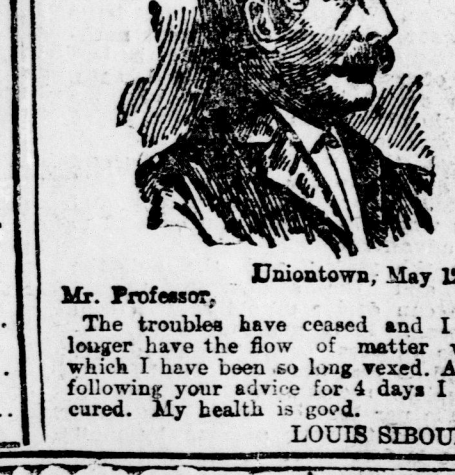
## Pimples and Boils



Dear Doctor, Adrian, May 11.

The lotions you gave me for impurity in my blood had an almost immediate effect. The pimples have all gone. Not a trace is left of the pimples which so disfigured me. SOPHIE MADOU.

## Barache



Mr. Professor, Uniontown, May 12.

The troubles have ceased and I no longer have the flow of matter which I have been so long vexed. After following your advice for 4 days I was cured. My health is good.

LOUIS SIBOUR.



"One day he was sitting in the engine room thinking it all over when he became aware of a shadow across the floor."

pedestal and worshipped him. The work in hand at this time was the erection of an addition to the Consolidated Trust Company's office building, a skyscraper, which required a very solid base and pneumatic foundations. Now, not being a believer in the divine rights of unions, when a deputation waited upon Murphy and told him he must cease employing colored labor for his compressed air work he very promptly consigned his visitors to a certain warm spot reputed to lie considerably deeper than any of his caissons had yet penetrated.

The Sand-hog Union—the compressed air workers—went on strike. As this work, however, did not call for labor of a highly skilled variety, Murphy was not badly handicapped. Then the engineers struck in sympathy. That is, they all did with the exception of McGuire. With anyone else under the sun he would have walked out with the rest, but with Murphy it was different.

"Taint as if Johnny was only an ordinary boss an' a fellow was only workin' for what there is in it," he explained to his brother Jim; "but me an' him has been together on one bit o' work or another night on these 30 years, an' I ain't agoin' back on him now, no union or no union. He never threw me down an' an' I tell you it wouldn't be a square deal."

Jim McGuire was strongly in favor of the union's side of the case, and looked sympathy with what he called "Pat's foolishness."

"Yes," he sneered, "you been with him for 30 years, an' all that time what's he ever done for you? Ain't you an engineer yet just the same as you was when you started? I tell you you don't owe him anything, and you leave quit with the rest."

But McGuire's Irish was up, and he would have stuck it out no matter who the contractor might have been.

"I guess I know what I'm doin'," he replied heatedly. "Course I hate to go agin' the boys an' all that, an' I know they'll feel a bit sore, but I sort o' think they ought to see how it is. Anyhow \$3 a day is better 'n two an' a 'af, and that's what anyone else 'ud be givin' me."

"It ain't all in what one's gettin'."

were made, and with the single exception of what was said to McGuire, no hard names called. Against him the feeling ran high.

One day, he was sitting in the engine room thinking it all over, when he became aware of a shadow across the floor. Murphy was standing there, smiling quizzically.

"Well, Mac," said he, seeing himself discovered, "what do you think of it now? The game's not worth the candle, eh? I suppose you could back out yet, couldn't you?"

McGuire looked at him. Had he not understood just how much and how little the contractor meant what he said, he would have been hurt. As it was, he was merely put out that Murphy should refer jokingly to what, to him, was so serious a matter.

"Back out?" he said. "Crawl d'ye mean? What d'ye think I'm made o', Johnny Murphy? Sure, I've worked with you long enough for you to know me better than that."

"Tut, tut, man," laughed Murphy. "You mustn't lose your temper so easily. Now, I appreciate all you've done. And I want to let you know it. What's more, I'm goin' to show it to you in a way that you'll understand."

"Ah, sure it's nothin' answered" McGuire, flushing with pleasure. "It's no more than you'd 'ave done for me if I'd been in your fix. Any old friend would 'ave done as much for you."

"Never you mind what any old friend would 'ave done," retorted the contractor, shaking a putty forefinger at him. "It was you as did do it, see?"

"I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to have your rate changed to \$3 a day an' give you straight time."

McGuire started to speak, but Murphy cut him short, thinking him about to refer to his own unworthiness.

"You needn't say anything; more about it, man. You deserve it an' you've got to take it."

But it was not this that was playing in McGuire's mind. What would Jim and the boys say, if he accepted?

"No, no, Johnny," he replied. "I can't take it. If you think a bit, you must see that yourself. The boys would all say I'd sold myself to you son of a gun, and that was only a question of a few cents in my pocket, no matter what they had to stand for it. Shure."

"It ain't payin' to keep it up any longer," said the contractor, with the sentiments of the older men. "The best thing we can do is to drop it. Those that are able to get back can go in then and say nothing."

Younger blood was hotter and more impetuous. "What!" cried one, taking the floor. "Go back to work with Pat McGuire there? I'm willin' to stand for the union losin' the fight, an' all that, but I'll not go back so long as that fellow's here."

And so, instead of being a debate on sustaining the union's dignity, it resolved itself into a question of whether it would be possible to force out McGuire. The odds were about even. Murphy was in a position to keep up the fight indefinitely without much personal loss, but there must come a time when the union would be a necessity to him, and when union labor could not be done without. Even as it was, he would not be under the same difficulty in securing steady, reliable men, if the strike were declared off. The case appeared to be about as strong now as it ever would be, and the ultimatum finally reached was that a delegation should be appointed to put the case to Murphy and hear his decision.

The committee on this occasion was mostly less confident of its powers and importance than the one which had sought to influence the contractor before the strike. When they were shown into the office, it was less a question of who should go first than who should bring up the rear. Askin, the chairman of the meeting, acted as spokesman, and though at first somewhat nervous, once he started to talk he got himself well in hand.

The contractor looked at him sharply. "Well," he said at last interrogated.

Askin shifted from one foot to the other. "Well," repeated Murphy.

Then, recovering his voice, Askin explained the situation. He pounced on every detail and reviewed each feature from its most favorable aspect. He did not hint that the strikers were finding it necessary to come to terms. He glided over that and brought out the statement that there was now no reason for prolonging the strike.

The non-union men would have to go, but that was to have been expected. He urged that ultimately it was going to be necessary for the contractor to return to union labor, and now when the opportunity offered it would be best to accept. He made no threats. He was too shrewd for that, and his hearer might take them as implied or not, as pleased himself.

Murphy lay back in his chair, absently fingering a paper-knife. He gave no sign that he heard and finally Askin paused and looked at him.

"Well," demanded Murphy for the third time. "Well," replied Askin. "That's all."

"And you expect me to throw out the men who are working for me for a lot of fellows that deserted me, and are as likely as not to do it again?"

Askin hesitated.

"The union is willing to make some concessions," he answered suavely. "It will not be necessary to drop them all at once. You can discharge them as you are through with them, and when you take on others, take union men."

Murphy remained silent.

"There is one thing more," Askin was manifestly ill at ease. He had been fighting shy of what he knew to be the danger point, but now there was no way of avoiding it. "There is one man you'll have to fire right away. We won't go back to work with that Pat McGuire."