

MEN WHO DEFY DEATH FOR GAIN

Daring Strike-Breakers Fight Organized Labor in Interest of Capital.

FARLEY, THE KING OF A NOTED TRIO.

Behind This Leader Stands Frank Curry. "Buster" Ready and Their Forces Ready to Crush Unionism at Call of the Employers.

Character Study of Curry, Who Is Conducting Battle of Chicago Business Men on Teamsters—New Occupation Born of Industrial Strife.

Chicago.—"Vested interests" have put the stamp of approval upon one comparatively new industry in the United States—strike breaking. There is a species of freemasonry that obtains in this Ishmaelite class, but thirty-third degree honors only have been conferred upon three men—the Big Three of the industrial strife world—James Farley, by reason of his long experience, easily leads this trio in the public eye. Not to have heard of "Farley's Own" is to argue yourself ignorant of great labor troubles. Frank Curry, the pugnacious, audacious, shrewd and withal fearless bundle of nerves and muscle who is defying unionism in the vortex of Chicago's riotous teamsters' strike, has pushed himself into second place. The third of this group of men who pour out organized capital's wealth to pour into the units of fighters who move freight, turn wheels and push commerce on her way, is well known on the Pacific coast—"Buster" Ready.

These are the superiors in the modern and approved plan of battle that capital uses to crush defiant unionism. They are not particular, are these generals, as to the make-up of their brigades of workmen, but they demand one thing from every man they lead—courage. "No time for streaks of yellow, be they in the black man or in the white man," is the statement you will hear from the strike breaker when he lines up his men for the first duty.

Farley the Mysterious.
"Farley's here—he will have 2,000 negroes at his back and Chicago's business will be resumed," was the message that went through the room where were gathered the chiefs of the teamsters' joint council. The name Farley was one to conjure with on the streets. A people who had no knowledge of Farley except what was gained from the press wondered in Farley wore a coat of mail, slept with his head on a Winchester and had a jody-guard of cowboys.

Yes, Farley was there. We saw him—we who were watching for the man whom the millionaire merchants expected to help them out of their stagnation. But the Farley who came into strike-ridden Chicago unannounced, incoherent and almost dragging himself into his hotel room was not the intrepid Farley who had put his horny fist into the hand of the executive head of New York's Interborough and promised with the grasp of friendship to break the strike of 6,500 employes inside of 40 hours.

Leader Broken in Health.
Farley did not lead a body of riflemen in the Employers' Teaming company caravan guard. He did not get into any of the riots with the strike sympathizers. Instead he slipped out of the city as quietly as he had come in—a sick man. Down in a health

resort in North Carolina this greatest of geniuses the labor troubles of the country has produced is coughing. The harsh, frame-racking cough that he has means that there is a great strike going on in his anatomy that even his indomitable courage cannot "break." It will break him. And when this is done a black wagon will traverse the streets of Pittsburgh to a hillside where men who wear even the ubiquitous union button will uncover their heads and mutter: "Well, he had the nerve."

Curry the Silent.
If Curry is studying to simulate Farley he is a poor student. Farley never talked that much to anybody. The skill of Farley, who had 3,000 employes rushed up the East river to the Interborough power house on the steamer C. H. Northam, ready after midnight that might have been reaped by Farley are left to Frank Curry to reap. He began his harvest by getting arrested and having his eyes blackened by the "caress of a pair of brass knuckles." Fretting over the orders of a physician that he remain in a darkened room, the strike-breaker showed his impatience to his few callers. "I've only got a cinder in my eye," said Curry. "But it don't make me want to duck these poor colored fellows I have to break this strike with."

Defies Death for Gain.
It's money—only money that Curry is working for. He nonchalantly tells you that. "If the strike lasts 30 days," said Curry, as he dropped some medicine into his inflamed eye from the blade of a knife—disdaining to use the little rubber syringe that his doctor has left for him—"I'll slip out of the city \$30,000 richer than I was when I came in."

Must Please Men of Wealth.
"The young man who has a few ounces of brains, a carload of grit and enough brawn to not know he has a stomach needs that capitalists' money. He can't win, taking it from the rich man—he must please him to get it."

Fat Checks Salve Wounds.
"No physical pain you can get in a riot lasts long. The nice cneck that

Farley never forgot a man's name if he passed scrutiny and got his description on his little red book that he kept in a safe in his office in Pittsburgh. Those names were a fund that he drew upon for the railway and street transportation chiefs when they needed strike-breakers. But Curry has no list. He would not be bothered with a book. He will take the leadership of the biggest and most—description of nonunion men, black or white—and black preferred—that any employment agency ever hustled into day coaches for a long train ride.

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How Curry Defied Strikers.
The first thing that Curry did when put in command in Chicago was to march 300 colored strike-breakers through crowded streets to "teach them the lay of the land." It was only a picnic for Curry. The marchers were tired and footsore. Not so with Curry. A call went out: "We have lost a wagon. Who will find it? It has a federal injunction placard on it, but that means some one will lead the mob to make kindling-wood of it."

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1865-1905.

MEMORIAL DAY AGAIN

Plan for Proper Observance of This and the Other Holidays That Make for Patriotism.

It is to be deplored that so many of our national anniversaries become mere holidays on which so many sports are entered into that the chief significance of the day is in danger of being largely overlooked. And because of the meaning of such a holiday as Memorial day is impressed upon the minds of the children while they are still quite young. And nothing will serve to deepen an abiding sense of what Memorial day means more than to take the lad, and the lass also, and let them witness the ceremonies at some large cemetery and at the soldiers' monument in the park or square and then, perhaps, best of all, have them hear the oration in the afternoon by some eloquent speaker, who will send ineffably home the deep lesson of what the day commemorates.

Years ago, in the late sixties, when "Declaration day" as it was then styled, was first inaugurated, and when those whose hair is now turning gray were young, it was a privilege and a charm to repair to the cemetery and see the services that were carried on with military precision, and to hear the oration delivered then at the graveside of some hero of prominence who had fallen during the war, or had rendered special service during the sad conflict. In later years the oration has in many places been given in a hall, perhaps because of the fatigue or the infirmities of many who wish to hear it.

The same soldierly precision no doubt marks the ceremony to-day; the oration may seem quite as eloquent delivered in the public hall. But how changed, alas! is the aspect of the comrades who march now, dressed in the simple uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic. When the small detachment of the post acting as decorators hear the command "Halt! Uncover! Decorate!" it is no longer a few stalwart, middle-aged men, who step forward to do honor to the dead; no, they are men decidedly elderly, if not old in years, slow of tread, and with the sedate faces and thoughtful mien of rapidly aging men. The "Sons of Veterans" even are beginning to look like men who have reached and passed the high noon of life's brief day.

We are even optimistic as regards the patriotism of the sons of this grand republic. Born and bred into bone and sinew of most true men is love of country, and not only a willingness, but a desire to defend one's flag and the soil whereon one was born. And the very atmosphere of freedom which lurks in every fold of the Stars and Stripes makes a liberty-loving man of the boy who sees Old Glory streaming out from the flagpole of the schoolyard, sees it over the engine house, the public buildings and high aloft over the vessels lying in the harbor.

Troops and the Strike.
"When you find the union men are just plain law haters—not high-class men—you learn that they do not fear the police as much as they should. And I guess the bluecoats do not want to get the union men down on them. I was arrested for picking up a brick that a union sympathizer hurled at me, while the latter was not caught. While two policemen held me a thug used his brass knuckles on me. That's not fair. If militia were on guard lawlessness would cease and we strike-breakers would have a chance to put through the teams as directed."

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FOR ONE'S COUNTRY.

At the Celebration of This Great National Holiday It Is Well to Consider Victories of Peace.

At a time when warfare generally has become a struggle for land or for commercial advantage it is not hard to find one reason for the sentiment of pride and veneration with which the public looks on those who took part in the civil war. That great conflict was brought on and sustained not by the mandate of rulers or leaders, but by the people themselves. The men of 1861 were not unthinking units of military power ordered out to do battle for reasons of which they knew nothing and cared nothing. They were freemen deliberately and intelligently fighting for principles which they believed to be right. It was not the men in control of the federal and the confederate governments, but the people of the north and the south who gave the word for the war to proceed and kept it in progress through years of anguish and sorrow.

In recent years there have been wars in which a principle was also at stake. There have been conflicts in which feeble nations have struggled against aggressive powers in quest of land. The present war in the far east between nations which believe that certain land is necessary to their national existence and advancement has given additional proof that bravery and the willingness to make sacrifices are traits common to all great nations. In none of these conflicts, however, has the impelling motive on both sides been a great movement of popular sentiment such as that which animated every section of the north and every section of the south during the civil war. The soldiers of that war fought not for land or advantage, but for principles and it was upon their own deliberate judgment and in accordance with their own will that the orders to fight for those principles were issued.

As each succeeding Memorial day passes by and the events of that momentous period are seen more clearly in their proper perspective it is not surprising that the people should look back with increasing reverence upon the men who took part in it.—Chicago Daily News.

The Last of the G. A. R.
Col. C. F. Ainsworth, of the war department, has figured it out that the Grand Army of the Republic will disappear in the following way:

Year Survivors
1905 829,587
1910 628,231
1920 211,727
1930 77,625
1940 349
1950 9

THE BIG ALASKAN BEAR.
His Skin Highly Valued by Sportsmen of the World as a Trophy.

Alaska is particularly rich in bears; and most of them belong to a group known as the Alaskan brown bears, of which the Kodiak bear is one. So wide is his reputation that sportsmen from all over the world spend thousands of dollars in order to add a skin to their collection of trophies, says J. Alden Loring, in Recreation. The weight of a well-known Kodiak bear is not known, although specimens have been killed that were estimated to weigh between 1,500 and 1,800 pounds, and some hunters claim that they will go as high as 2,200. I learned at Kodiak several summers ago, while the skin of one of these huge animals which stretched the tape nine and a half feet from the nose to the tail, and ten and a half feet across the out-of our soldiers of the crucial sixties will be forgotten even when the last war veteran shall have passed to "the eternal camping grounds."

Petroleum in Romania.
Large oil wells have been discovered in the northern part of Roumania and petroleum is now being exported to many parts of Europe, where it takes the place of American and Russian petroleum.

THE GOLDEN PLOVER

LONG FLIGHTS TAKEN YEARLY BY REMARKABLE BIRD.

Winters in South America and Summers in the Regions of the Arctic Circle Where It Rears Its Young.

Just think of traveling 16,000 miles a year every year of one's life. It would mean the equivalent of a trip from San Francisco to New York, two voyages across the Atlantic and back and a run down to Florida afterwards. Even with the assistance of express trains and ocean liners, one who did this amount of traveling year after year would hardly be termed a "stay-at-home," but if he had to do it with the aid of his own good muscles alone, he would need no other business to give him steady employment.

When we say that the golden plover "winters" in Argentina, we mean that it there passes the months which constitute our winter. As a matter of fact, it is the summer of the southern hemisphere, and when the plovers arrive there in September, they find the native birds either nesting or preparing to nest. But this activity has no effect upon the migrants from the north, which have already reared one family, and after a flight of 8,000 miles are inclined to take things easy for a time. Until March they are chiefly occupied in providing themselves with food, but in the early part of that month they hear the call which summons them once more on a long and perilous journey. Giving up their life of comparative ease, northward they start, through Bolivia, western Brazil and Peru. Then, whether they continue on through Ecuador and cross the Gulf of Panama, or whether they follow the isthmus, no man is sure; all we know about it is that later in the month they appear in Guatemala and Texas, reaching the latter place by flying straight across the Gulf of Mexico. In



THE GOLDEN PLOVER.

April they are found crossing the prairies of the Mississippi valley, and before the 1st of May they are going over our northern borders into Canada. By the 1st of June they have reached their destination, the inhospitable "barren grounds" above the arctic circle, or even hundreds of miles further north, where they take up the duties which they came to perform. Though the lakes are still ice-bound, and the ground still frozen hard, these plucky birds make their simple nests in the moss, and lay their four buffy eggs. In two months after their arrival, they have reared their families, and the homeward journey is begun. But they do not go home by the same route. First they pay a visit to Labrador, where they may be found at this season, in company with turnstones and Eskimo curlews, feasting on the crowberry, a juicy, black fruit borne in profusion by a species of heather, which grows where the rocks and treeless slopes of this bleak coast. The birds are very fond of this fruit, and eat such quantities of it that the flesh of the curlews becomes stained dark purple with the juice.

The plovers now become very fat and very strong, and are ready for their great journey to the southward. They leave the land of Nova Scotia and strike straight out to sea. They now have 1,800 miles of ocean between them and the first of the Antilles, and 600 more to their objective point on the mainland of South America.

Perhaps they stop occasionally on the way, for these plovers are good swimmers, and are sometimes seen resting on the surface of the ocean. But probably the voyage does not fatigue them very much, for when they reach the first land, and might alight easily as not, they prefer to continue their flight, sometimes for hundreds of miles. Well is it for them that they lay on so much fat before leaving Labrador, for the voyage to the Antilles is a trying one, and they arrive lean and hungry. Here, or upon the northeastern coast of South America, they make a stop of three or four weeks, perhaps, to recuperate. Then they suddenly disappear, whither, no man knows exactly, but later they reappear at the same time in southern Brazil and in the prairie region of Argentina, almost to Patagonia, and their long annual vacation begins once more.

How they find their way no one knows; no one knows even why this great journey is taken each year. What we do know is that the golden plover is one of the greatest travelers in the world.

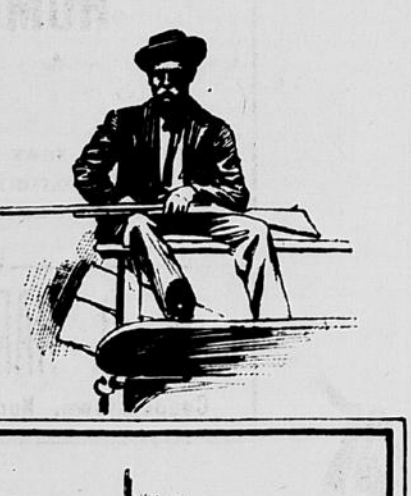
ERNEST HAROLD BAYNE.

Queer Lot of Names.
Miss Death was brought to the German hospital in Philadelphia to be operated upon for appendicitis. She was a daughter, she said, of an undertaker. The name of the surgeon who was chosen to perform the operation was Dye—Dr. Frank Hackett Dye. When the operation was over Miss Death was placed in charge of two nurses. Miss Payne is the day nurse. Miss Groene is the night nurse. The patient recovered rapidly, and in a short time bade good-bye to Dr. Dye, Miss Payne and Miss Groene.—Fuel.

A Home Sarcophagus.
At Padham, England, a householder named Howarth possesses a unique wall paper. It is made up of 14,000 packets of cigarets, all of one brand. If he smoked all these himself it is appropriate that he should surround himself with his own coffin.



JAMES FARLEY



FRANK CURRY



resort in North Carolina this greatest of geniuses the labor troubles of the country has produced is coughing. The harsh, frame-racking cough that he has means that there is a great strike going on in his anatomy that even his indomitable courage cannot "break." It will break him. And when this is done a black wagon will traverse the streets of Pittsburgh to a hillside where men who wear even the ubiquitous union button will uncover their heads and mutter: "Well, he had the nerve."

comes at the end of your work will make you forget a few bruises and scars. And this from a man whose eye was bandaged, whose head was swollen from club wounds and whose body bore bruises from the brick shower he had defied. Look for the cynic's smile when he concludes his epigrammatic talk and you will be disappointed. Curry has a new science—he will master it and have a bank account that will take him far from the madding crowd, as it were. Some day he may have a sheep ranch and extend an invitation to some old and broken former labor chief to come and be his herder.

Considerable brute strength was an asset used by Curry in the street car strike. Farley used his brains more and directed brute strength along lines of least resistance. The strategy of the Pittsburgh office went into effect wherever Farley struck his "live wires" without a hitch. Curry, after all, was a strike-breaker who needed a general manager or a superintendent to help plan for the trips. Then there was the ice wagon drivers' strike in St. Louis. Farley did not aspire to "breaking" that. Maybe he was not asked to help. But Curry bobbed up. He gave his opinion of the situation three hours after view-

ing it. "Plenty of good police—a chief who knows the department will do as it is told—union men who have a reverence for the law that Chicago teamsters do not possess"—and he said to the millionaire leaders who conferred with him: "It's a cinch."

In that strike Curry coined an expression that only one man heard. It was: "Negroes have a blood-nerves and a desire to work. I'll fight to put them at par with the same stocks of the white men." And it was Curry who saw in his throngs of big, loose-jointed, silent, powerful, though not altogether cleanly, colored recruits from St. Louis and the south a force that could break the warfare that International President C. P. Shea, of the Teamsters' brotherhood, had precipitated in Chicago.

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