

**GAME WORTH THE CANDLE.**

There was never a rose without a thorn,  
Never a cake that we ate and had,  
The cow and ever a crumpled horn  
To toss the maiden all forlorn  
Until she was yet more sad.

The apples over the farmer's wall  
Were probably grafted from Eden's  
tree,  
But when we had eaten them, after all,  
Trespassing somewhere about nightfall,  
They commonly failed to agree.

And love, my Phyllida, love the rose,  
Love, the apple that tempted Eve?  
Because of the thorn that about it grows,  
Because of the greenness that nothing  
shows,  
Apple and rose shall we leave?

No, my Phyllida, come what may,  
Bleeding fingers or broken hearts;  
Live and love for our little day,  
Tear off armor and cast away  
Shields against Cupid's darts!  
—Westminster Gazette.

**Pete's Bride.**

**R**OSALIND stood laughing and chatting with an old schoolmae she had run across in the waiting room, while her husband was seeing about their baggage. Presently, a little old lady came in and sat down near them. Her small, faded face wore a slight frown, and every now and then a fleeting smile would break across it. The dress she wore was rusty but neat, and the occasional furtive glance she bestowed upon it was a bit apprehensive, though her eyes were sparkling with anticipation.

"Dear me, I—I believe I've lost it!" She started and looked about her in a half-frightened way.

As her friend was just then boarding the train, Rosalind turned to the old lady with a quick smile. "Can I help you in any way?" she asked.

"I don't know," she said, flushing and trembling with sudden awkwardness, "if you've got one of those—time tables I think it is."

"Certainly I have. Which road?" The little woman flushed again, more deeply. "I couldn't tell you to



PROBABLY THAT 10:20 TRAIN IS THE ONE.

save my life," she replied, an anxious look springing to her eyes. There was a wistful, half-appealing expression upon her face as she went on, gazing timidly at the richly dressed young woman before her: "Maybe, though, you could tell me. I guess you've been about a good bit. I'm such a stay-at-home myself."

"Were you going somewhere? Expecting someone?" Rosalind interposed kindly.

"My son and his wife are coming," she answered with a touch of pride. "They were married last week in New York. They don't expect me here," she went on. "We live a good piece out. But I just thought I'd give 'em a little surprise."

Rosalind opened her satchel, and selecting a time table, ran her eye rapidly through the schedule list. "The next train from New York," she said, "is due in about a half-hour. There is one at 3 o'clock, one at 5:30 and another at 9 to-night."

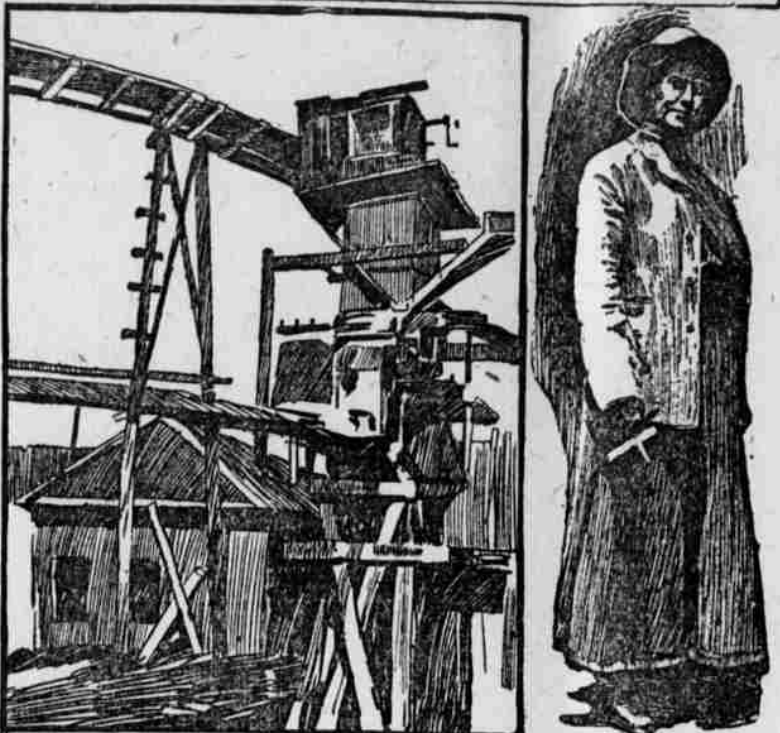
"But he said they'd be here this morning," she said, palling a little.

"Then probably that 10:20 train is the one. I don't think you need worry about it."

"Thank you." The little old lady smiled again, in sudden relief. "I don't go about much you see," she explained, "and when I do, I'm apt to get a bit muddled." She cast an apologetic look into the young woman's fresh, animated face, wondering inwardly at the beauty of the furs that enveloped her slender, graceful neck. Then she looked down at her own worn serge with the flimsy, flapping capes and her lips twitched. For the instant, a spasm of nervousness possessed her. What if, after all, Pete's bride should object to her?

Rosalind stood for a moment longer, then took a seat beside the little old lady. "May I sit here?" she asked. "I want you to tell me about them—your son and his bride. I should awfully love to hear." She rippled on, a pretty flowering of roses in her cheeks. "You see—I am a bride myself." Her inflection softened on the last sentence.

**WIFE OF FIGHTING CHARLIE MANAGED MINE WHEN HUSBAND WENT TO JAIL**



The pluck and energy of the women of the great West who have gone down into the mines with their husbands and helped lay the foundations of fortunes which afterward enabled some of them to attain high social position in the East and hobnob with royalty abroad was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Mrs. Charles L. Geyman, wife of one of the independent mining operators of Butte, Mont., who donned male attire and took the entire management of the Yankee Boy mine while her husband served a sentence of forty days in jail for contempt of court, arising out of numerous mining controversies which have arisen there between the owners of adjoining claims.

When released Geyman again took control of his property, but found that during his absence it had been conducted with as much judgment as it had ever been before, and Mrs. Geyman has been so pleased with her success that she will probably take a greater interest than ever in the Yankee Boy.

Geyman, who had been prominent in mining and political affairs for some years, was sent to jail by order of a judge of the United States Court for contempt for mining in territory which his neighbors said was outside his claim, but which he believed and still believes was in his own property. The engineers for the other party to the dispute were able to convince the court that he was wrong and so Geyman got a term of forty days in jail and served the full time.

Meantime, his mine, the Yankee Boy, was not idle a minute. The place of general manager, which otherwise would have been vacant during his imprisonment, was taken by his wife. And she ran things just as smoothly as her husband could have done, or as he had done.

Around the machinery of a mill and in the wet depths of a mine; woman's skirts are either not safe to wear or inconvenient to work in. So Mrs. Geyman put on overalls and a jumper and wore boots when she had anything to do about the mine or the mill. She can push a car or run an engine or do any of the other things that go with the profession of mining. It isn't absolutely necessary that she should do these things. But she took to doing them just to find out how they should be done, and when Mr. Geyman was around to look after things himself. During his absence she found her knowledge of things pertaining to mine and mill handy.

The genuineness of her manner drew the little woman's eyes to her in a gleam of gratitude. She lifted them flutteringly from the hard, ungloved hands in her lap and let them rest for a moment on Rosalind's face. "There's not much I can tell you," she began in her thin, gentle voice, "except that Pete and his wife, it is—now," she corrected herself quickly. "His father died when he was a baby"—she paused to brush away, a involuntary tear. "Since then, it's been a struggle for both of us—the boy and me. But by pinching and scrimping here and there, I've managed to put by enough to give him his law education. He's got a good one now, too, and with Pete's push, he'll be sure to make his mark."

"And his wife?" Rosalind leaned toward her suddenly, her breath coming in a rapid little fashion between her parted red lips. The color in her cheeks changing.

The other did not speak at once. She smiled, but felt that, in some way, her smile was dull and awkward. Presently she said: "That's what's troubling me some. I reckon everything'll be all right. It's not likely Pete would love anybody that wasn't—well, good and sensible. But she's lived always in a city, with everything she wanted and all that, and"—she checked herself abruptly. "What do you think?" she asked eagerly.

Rosalind laid one of her slim, daintily-gloved hands on the old lady's thin little arm. "I think," she said kindly, "that everything will be all right, if she's a real gentlewoman, and if she really loves her husband."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," the other remarked with a little burst of feeling, "for she can't help loving my boy. I know, and" this with a new shade of dignity slipping into her voice. "Pete wouldn't marry anybody but a true lady." Two points of color glowed for an instant in her faded cheeks as she finished speaking. "Only," she commenced again, after a pause, "I'm not so sure she'd be exactly contented in a little country town, with nothing livelier than sewing bees and things like that occasionally."

Rosalind laughed. "That ought to be just darling!" she exclaimed. "After a ceaseless round of cotillions and luncheons and bridge parties—and things," she added, half to herself.

"Do you think so, sure enough?"

"I do, indeed."

Rosalind, looking thoughtfully at the little old lady, saw her eyes widen

all at once, then contract and widen again, while the blood pulsed up to her withered cheeks.

"My boy!" She started up from her seat, tears glittering between her eyelids, and the next instant a stalwart form was holding the frail, shabby one close to his breast and kissing away the tears of joy.

Rosalind sat still for one breathless second; then she got up, too, and stood beside them, an exhilarant red spot burning in each cheek. Into her eyes had come a look of unutterable relief. Thank God, there had been no shrinking, no hesitation, no wavering!

"Am I not to come in for a tiny share?" she asked brightly, with the luminous smile that belonged to her.

The little old lady turned suddenly, all other expressions swallowed up in that of blank astonishment. "You, Rosalind!" she cried, a great gladness breaking over her face, "and here we've been talking for the longest time, and neither of us dreaming—"

Rosalind interrupted her with a little rippling laugh. "I knew it all along," she said.—Home Magazine.

**Are We Getting Darker.**

No one could have attended the class day of Columbus College, says the New York World, without being struck by the prevalence of dark young men. Out of 120 or so there were two with hair of fiery red and three with flaxen locks—five blondes in all. The rest were either decidedly dark-looking in their black gowns like young priests in Rome, or were darkish brown of hair and eyes.

A study of names and faces revealed French, Welsh, Flemish, Spanish and Jewish derivation in many cases, but perhaps a majority were native Americans by many generations, and of the native American tint, dark-brown.

The professors, older men, show a much larger proportion of blondes. Gladstone used to say that during his long life the average English complexion visibly darkened. Is the same process going on here more rapidly? By A. D. 2000 will the "sandy-complected" American be a rarity?

**Champion Tract Distributer.**

A. E. Eccles, of Chorley, England, who has just celebrated his 75th birthday, claims to be the champion tract distributor of the world. He has circulated no fewer than 40,000,000 publications relating to temperance, hygiene, politics and religion.

Time is of no value to a man who fails to use it.

**DESPOTISM OF POWER**

Avery C. Moore, editor of the Weiser (Idaho) World, delivered the principal address at the Portland Labor Day exercises, September 4. The address in part follows:

"Each American, whether he works with his head or his hands; whether he is an employer or a wage earner; no matter where he was born or what creed he professes, is entitled to be judged by his fellows on his worth as a man. In return he is bound in honor to do his best to give to every man a fair deal, for no man deserves more and no man should receive less."

Mr. Chairman, and friends; I have chosen these words from a recent public address of a prominent member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—Theodore Roosevelt. In their spirit it will be my endeavor to speak to you today.

It is in the nature of man to follow example when he will not give heed to precept, and it rejoices me today to know that the American citizen has continually before him—a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—the life and character of the noblest among living men—the president of the United States. He it is who says, "Each American is entitled to be judged on his worth as a man." He it is who says, "Every man deserves a fair deal—neither more nor less." These are the truths that power is denying in practice, but which over a million American workmen are banded together to defend.

It was the "Bard of Avon" who said: "Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." The power which gold confers does not possess the character of benevolence. True, there have been instances wherein men have acquired power and used it gently, but they are rare—and as refreshing—as the showers that come in summer. The abuse of power is the rule, and it is the abuse of power which is giving the people concern.

The quarrel is not so much with the man who has power as with the conditions which bestow it. The system which makes the happiness and well being of thousands subject to the caprice of an individual, or an association of individuals, is wrong, and to diffuse this power among the people should be the ambition of every man, whether in private or in public life.

My brothers, I have not come to you with a message of pessimism. One cannot breathe the free air of Idaho's glorious valleys and not catch the sunshine in his life; so when I say to you that there are great wrongs to be righted in this land we love so well, I would have you know that I believe they can be and will be righted—righted by the genius, and in the wrath if need be of him who is greater than all the crowned sovereigns that have been or are—your brother and mine—the American citizen.

Ours is a government designed to establish man in the fulness of liberty, and its people will not be shackled in mind or in industry, because shackles strong enough for that purpose have never yet been forged.

But they are a patient nation, the American people. Conscious of the strength of a race of giants, they have elected to remain gentle under provocation to strike, and strike hard. But he who says they are afraid does not read their history aright.

There are five men in this country today who, acting in concert, could stop the wheels of industry and bring about the desolation that follows panic. True, they don't do it—it wouldn't pay in dollars and cents just now; but the power is theirs—the power that the people must regain. It does not alter the condition any to say that one of these men is a prominent member of the Baptist church; the church long ago found him a burden. It does not subtract anything from the danger to say that another of these power enthroned men is erecting free libraries of marble and granite. In the eyes of labor these are but the monuments offered by a stricken conscience to the martyred toilers of Homestead and Lattimer—martyrs to the despotism of power.

From servile courts they have wrung the brutal injunction, and with the fruits of labor's toil purchased legislation to keep themselves in power—then asked applause for erecting schools that the children of the poor are not permitted the leisure to attend, and for filling libraries with books that they do not know how to read.

I rejoice that the despotism of power does not rest so heavily upon the men and women of the golden west as upon the toilers of the eastern states. Life in this Eden-land gives an interpretation to liberty that they have not experienced and therefore cannot understand; but in the great struggle that engages them they have the right to expect help from you.

And the time will come, and come quickly, when you will need their help to preserve America for the American people. It has long been one of the unholy ambitions of the despotism of

power to throw open the portals of the republic to the pagan hordes of the Chinese empire.

You all have reason to know what that would mean to American labor and to American institutions. Yet under the hypocritical pretext that to continue to exclude Chinese from this country will be to forfeit our trade with China, the despotism of power declares that the bars must come down.

It spoke through a national gathering here the other day—spoke cowardly and to the shame of the states represented.

But the time will soon be at hand for American labor to speak and when it comes it will say in thunder tones that will reverberate through every corridor of the nation's Capitol, that the republic's sacred soil shall never become a haven for a race of men who do not want to call it "home;" that because manhood, and not the dollar, is the standard of value in measuring greatness—we do not want, and will not have, the trade of China, if it must bring the labor of China with it.

Do you ask me how the despotism of power must be overthrown? Brothers, I believe in the ballot—the easiest weapon to use, and the one weapon of which power stands in deadly fear. Use it, workers of Oregon, but first join hands.

And I believe that the ballot should be in the hands of every American woman. There is no phase of existence that woman has not brightened, and the American political system will become free from tarnish and take on lustre whenever woman is established in the elective franchise. Years ago we struck the word "man" from the constitution of my state, and every election day since then has seen the husbands and wives, the fathers and mothers of Idaho traveling hand in hand in the steadfast ways of citizenship. And we would not return these wives and mothers of Idaho to subjection any more than we would take the other steps backward into barbarism. The happy experience of the past few years has rendered us proof against ridicule—and the false doctrine of the superiority of man. When men say to us that that the ballot degrades womanhood—but they don't say that to the men of Idaho; it wouldn't be well with them if they did.

Yes, the workers of this country will come into their own through the ballot box, and through the ballot box alone. They will obey the laws as they find them but change them when they are wrong. Power prefers to obey the laws it pleases to obey—and break the others at will. But examples set by power will not remain very long. Each day is developing strong men in the public service—men so strong that they are demanding obedience to the law alike from the hovel and the palace. The proper employment of the ballot will develop more of them. Then the despotism of power will pass forever. This is the last word of counsel that I would leave with you today: Do not let the superficial things of life blind your eyes to the things substantial. Men with the reins of power in their hands will try it, either directly or through their minions in congress. Don't be deceived. When your congressman talks to you about a larger navy or the dual tariff, remind him that a national employer's liability will be on the calendar as "unfinished business" the coming session and ask him what he intends to do about it. He may be endeavoring to keep a sinking bark afloat on the comfortless ocean of political eminence by stopping the leaks with the doctrine of class hatred. When he lies to you about your home being in danger of Mormon invasion, tell him that you are quite willing to take care of your own homes—and remind him that he will find a national 8-hour measure pending in congress which is designed to give you two hours more each day in which to do it. Then if he fails to perform your will, replace him with some one else. There are men among your citizens who are brave enough and eloquent enough to stand up on the floors of congress and fight the battles of the people; send them to represent you.

Shall I add a word of testimony regarding the institution of labor unionism? During the years that I have held membership in organized labor I have always found patriotism to be its invigorating principle. It delights me to contemplate the splendid work for human society that it has done and is continually striving to do. In every struggle to place the race of man upon higher ground labor unionism has been in the vanguard, battling with courage and devotion as honor shows the way. It has not always won—but all of its victories have been for civilization and for peace, and the good that it is doing today we can neither measure nor comprehend. We do know that it is speeding the coming day when the despotism of power shall be "as a tale that is told" and the rights of man forevermore established.

This is the whole of the mission of man and the only excuse for government. It may not be in our generation, but we will live in the faith that the time will come when the citizen shall be judged, not by his goods, or his lands, or his dollars, but "on his worth as a man." And when that day comes, a review of the ages that have gone, or a forecast of those that are to be, shall not tell of a people so righteous in their practice of justice—so happy in their homes.