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Cupid and the Committee.

By CARROLL GORDON.

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"Do you draw up resolutions and things?" asked Kate Masters eagerly. "No," scorned Matie. "You send a committee to the boss and tell him we won't work any more."

"I'd rather write," declared Grace Kelso. "I'd be scared to death to go in there and talk to him."

"Writing isn't half so good," declared Matie. "You just tell him what the matter is and that we'll go on strike if Bromley isn't dismissed, and that's all there is to it."

"All," repeated Kate. "I should think it would be enough. The idea of going right in to Mr. Temple and telling him that we're not going to work any more unless Bromley is sacked. I'd be so scared I couldn't speak."

"I'm not afraid," said Matie disdainfully.

"I vote that we make Matie Lester a committee all by herself," suggested Grace, and the motion was unanimously carried without the formality of a seconding.

"No, you don't," cried Matie. "I'll do the talking, but we want a lot of girls for the committee. It has a good effect."

In the end a committee of five was appointed, and it was agreed that the noon hour the next day would be the proper time for making the demand. Matie lay awake half the night thinking what she should say, and her argument was continued in her dreams.

The room was all excitement the next morning, and as the noon hour approached the excitement grew more intense. Every girl in the room left her lunch untouched to accompany the committee on its errand of protest and left them only at the beginning of the short hall at the end of which was Edward Temple's office.

The departure of the escort seemed to have a bad effect on the others, for, as Matie rapped on the door and a deep voice responded, the other four girls right about faced as by common impulse and fled down the passage-way.

For a moment Matie watched them, dismayed. Then with a firm hand she turned the knob and entered the room. In place of the gray haired man she expected to find the room was tenant-



"I beg your pardon," she stammered, ed only by an alert young fellow, who looked up expectantly as she approached.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered. "I thought that this was Mr. Temple's room."

"So it is," he responded briskly, "and this is Mr. Temple. Only it happens that my father did not come down this morning. Anything I can do for you? I am Frank Temple."

"I don't know that you'll do," she said dubiously. "You see, I'm a strike—I mean a strike committee," she corrected.

"A single committee is rather unusual," he smiled. "Do I understand that you represent the factory?"

"The finishing room," she explained. "There were five of us, but the rest ran away."

"I see," he said gravely, though his eyes twinkled. "And may I ask the nature of the demands to be made?"

"It's that horrid Jim Bromley," she exclaimed. "We don't want more money or anything, but we want a new foreman. He's just as mean as can be. He wouldn't have Bess Bradley's machine fixed the other day, and when it broke down and hurt her hand he docked her for the time she was away. He's always fining us for every little thing, and he's that mean!"

Matie's pause spoke volumes, and her eyes added to the story. Temple grinned.

"I shall have to look into this," he said. "Take a chair, please." He left her to herself, but presently he came back with another young man as clean cut as himself.

"Mr. Everett will look into the matter," said Temple. "Just tell him about the mean Mr. Bromley."

"Now you're laughing at me," said Matie indignantly.

"Far from it," he denied. "Grievance committees should be treated most seriously."

"And this is serious," she declared, turning to Everett. Her sense of wrong sustained gave her eloquence, and her eyes snapped as she recited a long tale of Bromley's wrongs. Everett listened attentively, though at times he and Temple exchanged sympathetic glances as some quaint turn of speech caught their sense of humor.

"This is a matter that most certainly should be looked into," he said. "I do not believe in fines except as a last resort. Suppose you help us get at the bottom of the trouble."

"I'm telling you all about it now," she cried.

"I know," he agreed, "but to get Bromley right we shall have to wait. Now, if you will explain to the others that the matter will be properly settled if they will go on as they have been doing for a week I think we can hand a very unpleasant surprise to the enterprising Mr. Bromley. It appears from the books that few fines have been turned in. On account of the number of employees the envelopes are made up several days ahead, and the foreman of each department takes out the fines. Now, on Saturday make a note of all the fines, bring the envelopes to me, and we will have the matter straightened out."

Matie looked him squarely in the eye. "Do you really mean that?" she demanded.

"Most certainly," he assured.

"Shake hands on it," she demanded. Everett blushed as his fingers closed over the smaller hand—and lingered there.

Matie went back to the room with a sense of importance. Word was passed along that it was all right and to meet on the corner after the factory closed. There was a babel of voices as the plot was unfolded, and when at last the impromptu meeting adjourned Everett was lingering there.

"I saw the crowd forming," he laughed as he fell into step beside Matie, "and I waited to hear the outcome."

She tucked her hand through the proffered arm, and together they went down the street.

The next night Everett was waiting again, and so on until Saturday, when at the noon hour the girls were paid off. There were the usual heavy fines marked on the envelopes, and Matie formed a line and marched off to the office. Bromley had already turned back to the cashier the fines he had collected, but a rapid computation showed that the envelopes and the statement to the cashier developed a discrepancy of more than \$10. The foreman had been detained in the office on a pretext, and when he left the building it was in company with a blue coated official, and the girls lingered on the corner to hold a jubilee over the downfall of their enemy.

"Who's going to be cashier now?" demanded one of the celebrants. Matie grew red.

"I'm to be in charge for a little while," she said. "Mr. Everett arranged that last night."

"That's too bad," said one of the girls.

"Why, please?" demanded Matie hotly.

"We won't have any one to speak for us when we want to go on strike against you."

"That's so," laughed one of the others. "All the other girls on the committee ran away."

"I guess I shall not be in charge long enough for you to get sore on me," said Matie importantly. "I'm to be married in a month."

This was news indeed, and the girls crowded eagerly about her. For a moment she fought off their questioning, but at last she faced them defiantly.

"I'm going to be married to Mr. Everett, if you have to know," she said.

"That's what you get for being on the committee," said one of them enviously.

"Well," reminded Matie, "there's four of you that can't say you didn't have a chance, and I don't mind telling you that I'm glad you didn't take it. Jim Everett is worth interviewing the president himself for."

Dumas' "Camille."

Dumas' famous play "Camille" is a dramatized novel. The book is called "The Lady With the Camellias," and the author, Alexandre Dumas, Jr., based his central character on Marie Duplessis, a Parisian actress, to whose kindness and patronage he owed much of his early success. He stopped one day, through missing a train, at a common little inn at St. Germain, frequented by laborers and carters. The idea of the story struck him while there, and he began it, writing on a corner of the inn table. He remained there three weeks, at which time it was finished. The first publisher of the story gave the young author \$240 for the privilege of printing two editions, aggregating 2,700 copies. When Dumas proposed a third edition he was told to go about his business, which he did, making an immense sum for himself and his next publisher.

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Tide Table for August

AUGUST, 1907,				AUGUST, 1907,					
High Water.	A. M.	P. M.		Low Water.	A. M.	P. M.			
Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.	Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.		
Thursday	1 6:42	6.4	7:01	8.0	Thursday	1 0:51	1.8	12:43	2.2
Friday	2 8:00	6.0	7:58	8.0	Friday	2 3:02	1.0	1:42	2.2
Saturday	3 9:18	5.9	8:52	8.0	Saturday	3 3:10	1.2	2:48	2.2
SUNDAY	4 10:26	6.1	9:47	8.1	SUNDAY	4 6:09	0.8	3:53	2.5
Monday	5 11:18	6.4	10:34	8.3	Monday	5 6:00	0.4	4:50	2.5
Tuesday	6 12:01	6.8	11:15	8.6	Tuesday	6 6:43	0.0	5:28	2.5
Wednesday	7 12:37	7.2	11:51	8.4	Wednesday	7 7:19	-0.2	6:19	2.4
Thursday	8 1:08	7.1	12:13	8.3	Thursday	8 6:42	-0.4	6:54	2.3
Friday	9 0:30	8.0	1:37	7.4	Friday	9 7:22	-0.4	7:28	2.0
Saturday	10 1:05	8.6	2:08	7.6	Saturday	10 7:50	-0.3	8:02	2.7
SUNDAY	11 1:42	8.4	2:38	7.9	SUNDAY	11 8:20	0.0	8:28	2.4
Monday	12 2:20	8.2	3:12	8.1	Monday	12 8:51	0.3	9:12	2.1
Tuesday	13 3:02	7.8	3:46	8.3	Tuesday	13 9:23	0.8	9:54	1.9
Wednesday	14 3:48	7.4	4:14	8.3	Wednesday	14 10:00	1.3	10:45	1.7
Thursday	15 4:44	6.9	4:44	8.3	Thursday	15 10:46	1.9	11:46	1.5
Friday	16 5:49	6.2	5:08	8.3	Friday	16 11:23	2.6
Saturday	17 7:04	5.8	5:33	8.3	Saturday	17 0:23	1.3	12:26	2.3
SUNDAY	18 8:35	5.8	6:00	8.5	SUNDAY	18 1:10	0.9	1:43	2.5
Monday	19 9:52	6.0	6:15	8.5	Monday	19 2:25	0.4	2:04	2.6
Tuesday	20 10:54	6.0	10:18	9.1	Tuesday	20 4:30	-0.2	4:30	2.3
Wednesday	21 11:45	7.1	11:13	9.4	Wednesday	21 6:25	-0.7	6:23	2.9
Thursday	22 12:22	7.1	11:29	7.6	Thursday	22 6:13	-1.1	6:16	2.9
Friday	23 0:05	9.6	1:10	8.1	Friday	23 6:58	-1.1	7:07	1.9
Saturday	24 0:54	9.5	1:50	8.4	Saturday	24 7:40	-1.0	7:53	1.6
SUNDAY	25 1:43	9.2	2:28	8.6	SUNDAY	25 8:20	-0.5	8:40	1.2
Monday	26 2:28	8.7	3:08	8.7	Monday	26 8:58	0.1	9:26	1.2
Tuesday	27 3:15	8.1	3:49	8.6	Tuesday	27 9:37	0.8	10:15	1.2
Wednesday	28 4:05	7.5	4:30	8.3	Wednesday	28 10:18	1.5	11:08	1.4
Thursday	29 5:01	6.8	5:12	8.0	Thursday	29 11:07	2.3
Friday	30 6:07	6.1	6:09	7.8	Friday	30 0:10	1.6
Saturday	31 7:25	5.8	7:08	7.6	Saturday	31 1:15	1.5	1:00	2.4

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