## THE BANNER SERIES OF SELECTED SHORT STORIES

see the new men undismayed, defying the scowling faces and insulting gestures. The others had bleached faces and hang-dog eyes, and slunk together. They must have raked the slums," thought Martin. What surprised him very much was the gulet of the crowd: they scratched their wrists and yelled. "Black sheep!" and "Scabs!" here and there, in scattered volleys of abuse; but for the most part they looked on in glowering silence. Last of the men, just in front of the police, a man walked alone. He was a man of another sort. Any one who knew steelworkers could tell at a glance that he was a veteran steelman. He had taken off his hat tell at a glance that he was a veteran steelman. He had taken off his har to wipe his face and his bald head, which the August sun beaded with moisture. The face was round, florid, and in spite of the discomfort and peril of his plight, had a kind of grin on it. His leather-guarded trousers and bluschecked shirt made the heavy gold watchchain dangling over his chest look incongruous. There were gray hairs in the scanty, red-brown fringe and stubby mustache, but his small gray eyes were sparkling, and he walked as lightly as a boy.

No sconer did this man come in full view of the crowd than an indescribable uproar broke out, one long, furious yell, "Scab!" "Scab!"

"Scab!" "Scab!"

He retained the same unruffled composure. The air was full of threats and caths. Why this one man was singled out more than the others Martin could not tell. More out of curiosity to know than for any other reason, he turned on his heel and followed the he turned on his heel and followed the procession. The new men had a short distance to go—only to their boarding house, which was behind a stockade and patrolled by a policeman. But this one man, at a turning, slipped away into the streets. Not unobserved, for a dozen men left the crowd to follow him, offering no violence, but shouting "Scah" and "Traitor!"

At the same moment the striker with whom Martin had talked and another man, a tall man in a red shirt, ran past the others and joined the cause of the cries.

man, a tall man in a red shirt, ran past the others and joined the cause of the cries.

"No swiping!" called the man in the red shirt, who showed to Martin a flushed, black-hearded face and a huge swinging fist. "You let him alone!"

The words were addressed to two or three of the crowd who had picked up stones and were in advance of the others.

The first of the crowd hurled a brick, calling that he'd kill a scab as quick as a mad dog. Instantly the big fist was in his face.

"And you know the orders. Drop it you foot!"

"And you keep off!" shouted the other staker, his companion, to the next assailant.

"Aw, lat 'em both come on and see how I can fight," said the pursued man, who had faced about and was putting us his fists with a cheerful air.

The two men fell back sullenty. "Scab! seab!" they cried in the rear.

"Tis only a word," said the man! I don't mind it."

The men, still yelling and jeering, fell back. But a woman, who had run shreast of the crowd, pushed herself into the van the was a wild figure, with dishevoled dress and flying hair;

ruin your reputation." The irony in the last words was the only sign he gave that Tom's jeer had out.

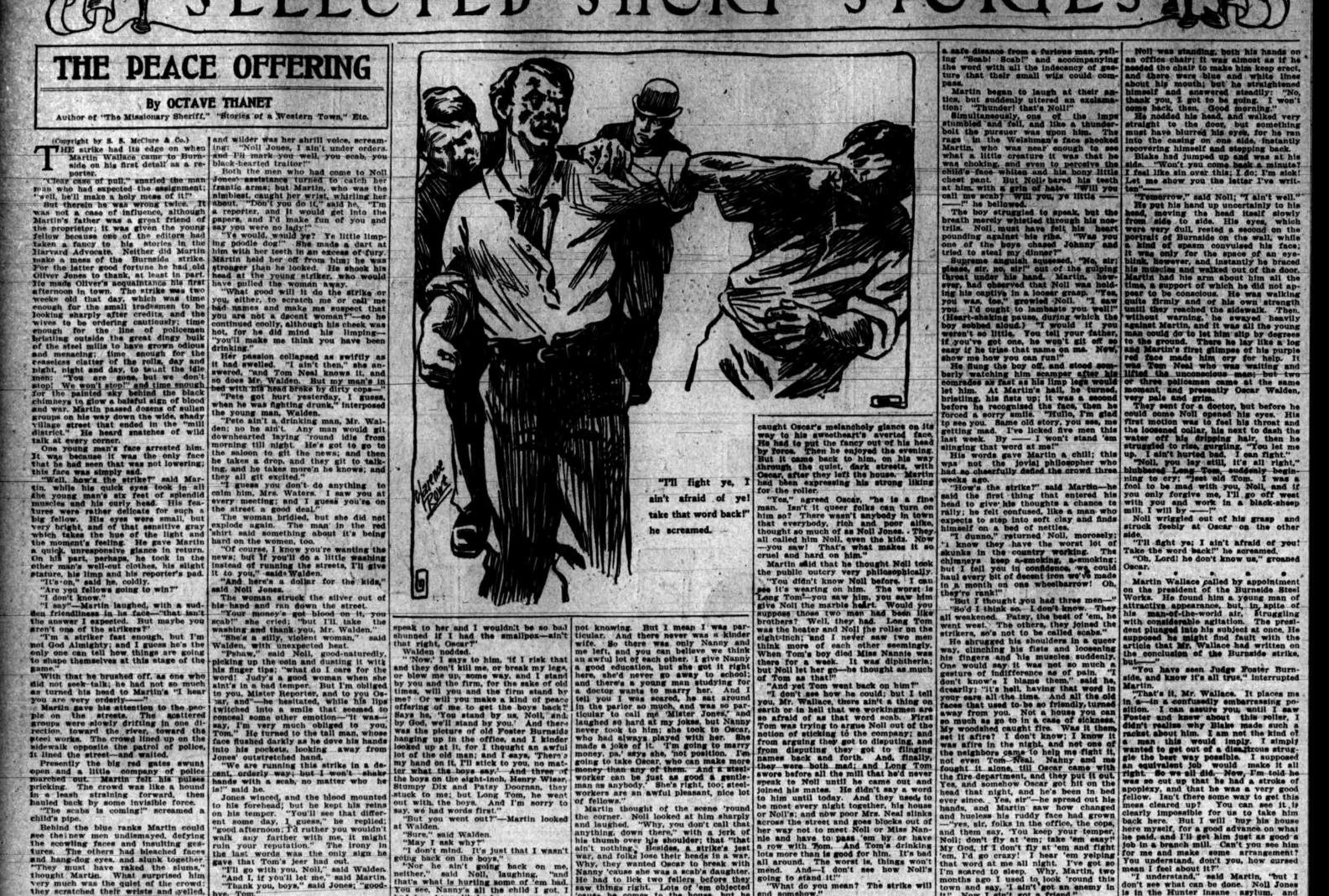
"I'll go with you. Noil," said Walden "And I, if you'll let me," said Martin "Thank you, boys," said Jones; "goodbye, Tom."
But Tom's back was swinging down

"And I. if you'll let me," said Martin.
"Thank you, boys," said Jones; "good."

But Tom's back was swinging down in the street. He made no response.

Jones and the others continued their may, and Martin began to ask questions, prefacing them with an apology, which way, and Martin began to ask questions, prefacing them with an apology, which he didn't mind talking about the strike. They used the only roller at the shurnside Steel works, the only roller who didn't strike. They used to call me a good fellow, now they call me a traitor and w bloody, black hearted the said." How did you come to stick to the Burnside people when the others went who unaccountably sighed.

"How did you come to stick to the Burnside people when the others went with any own head yet. It wasn't exactly because the boys are making old kinder too big demands—though I guess they are still. I got a good-sized pile laid up, and I can afford to lay by a street, and sure to git back when the strikes over and nobody feelin' hard. Noil Jones he want! In none of the young, and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young, and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and it would be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and the wold be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and the wold be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and the wold be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and Name of the young and the wold be friendly all you. And 'nuff sight sanier for me and t



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he paid, and I'll get him just as good a job in a branch mill. Can't you see him for me and make some arrangement? You understand, don't you, how cursed mean I feel about it?"

"I understand," said Martin, 'but I don't see what can be done. Noll Jones is in the Hunter insane asylum, and God knows whather there asylum, and

("In the Valley of the Shadow." by Josephine Dodge Daskam, is the next in The Journal banner series of short stories.)

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From the Saltimore American.

A tale of romance, mixed with sorrow, comes from Saundersville Rhode Island, where on Sunday Charles Hudson was married to Miss Florence Edwards beside the dead body of his mother.

Mrs. Sarah H. Henry, Mr. Hudson's mother, had long been a sufferer from rheumatism, and Miss Edwards, whose home was in Scituate, had been for some time helping her with the housework, Mr. Hudson, who is 39 years of age, is the head of the house and kept a home for his mother at the Hudson homestead. Some time ago he became smitten with the charms of Miss Edwards, who is only 17 years 'old, and the sentiment being reciprocated, the couple had planned to be married the past week.

In the meantime, however, Mrs. Henry was not as wen as usual, and though not considered dangerously ill, required so much care and attention that the securing of the license was put off a few days. Finally, however, one day last week, Mr. Hudson, with his young bride-to-be and his prospective mother-in-law, presented himself at the home of Town Clerk Henry H. Potter and secured the license. On the following day Mrs. Henry suddenly died.

The funeral was held, and after the service had been performed by Rev. Gideon Burgess, the two principal mourners, Mr. Hudson and Miss Edwards, arose, and, taking their places beside the casket, were united in marriage.