

# A PAY NIGHT LOVE FEAST

BY C. E. DENIGWALL

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In the midst of a jumble of haphazard and jarring evidences of industrialism there nestled a little boxlike shanty. Long lines of shabby dump cars, a couple of diminutive narrow gauge locomotives, piles of T rails, rock cutting and moving machines and rough boarded and tar paper roof repair shops and storehouses hedged it in on all sides. It differed from the neighboring structures only in that its sides were of painted stuff and painted. In other respects it was as dilapidated and strictly utilitarian in appearance as any shack on the job. As a guide for those having business thereabout there was a black and white sign running the length of the peak of its shed roof that bore the legend, "D. McDonald & Co." Over one of the two doors was another which, simply, "Office." The facade of each of its two long sides was divided with mathematical exactness into seven equal parts by two windows and a door. One of these spaces was punctuated by a smoke pipe, which, with an abrupt turn, thrust up three or four feet and ended in a serrated edge that suggested a sudden separation of a rusted length during a high wind. The view from one side was marred by the intervening low, rambling buildings of the boarding camp in the near foreground, with rows of bright lined articles of wearing apparel strung on lines along the wall to dry. Up the right of way of the canal immensely tall steel derricks towered high in the air, and the spider web ironwork of ponderous rock conveyors stood in sharp relief against the sky when the day was clear. From the excavation the smoke from hoisting engines and, farther away, from overworked steam shovels hung in a cloud over the land. Now and then the dull boom of a blast was heard and a mass of rock shot up into the air—another step was made toward the completion of the contract for section Z.

Men innumerable—thousands of them along the twenty odd miles of the drainage canal—and \$2,000,000 worth of machinery worked hard in hand day and night. By night the immediate vicinity of the scene of operations was bright with the glare of electric lamps or powerful sputtering kerosene torches. By night, too, the vicinity of the boarding shacks was made lurid by the boisterous carrying on of rough workers. On pay nights that playful tendency overflowed, and a night's carousing ended in broken heads and bruised faces. Sometimes the inborn viciousness of a few guided the actions of the many, and the plant and belongings of the contractors suffered.

The McDonald outfit at the time had on their section nearly 300 men, as disreputable a lot of navvies as ever swung a shovel. Of these there were old hands to the number of perhaps forty or fifty, mostly Scotch, English, and a few common laborers who followed the company about the country from one job to another. Every land that breeds men that can do a hard day's work was represented. There were Italians, Poles, Lithuanians and other "hans" from the same garb and bearing, bright eyed, Scotch, English, and stone setters, Scandinavian riggers, handy with a rope; Irish drillers and foremen, Canucks from down Quebec way, and negroes. A few had dependent families in faroff homes and saved their money; the majority threw it up in the air by the second night after a night's work.

At the end of a wet, sloppy Monday in September the day shift was congregated in and about the little office, while the bookkeeper, behind a wire screen, pursued his welcome biweekly occupation of passing out the yellow pay envelopes to the men as they called off their numbers. Outside a continuing drizzling rain fell upon the crowd, and the moisture trickled from their clothing to the greasy mud pool on the floor in front of the railing.

And what to a young man should have been welcome and agreeable was all the more bitter and irksome by its order in the successive events.

A matter of two weeks ago he had stood at the gate of an old fashioned homestead in the neighboring village of Lemont and had asked the girl he loved to be his wife. It was in the gloaming of a summer evening, in the shadow of the house against the setting sun, a few feet from the picket fence, nestling in a cluster of half grown elms, was the home of Barbara Elwell. You can see from the top of the cantilever conveyors on the canal, or from the crest of the spoil bank, its white walls gleaming among the green of its surroundings. There, tremblingly, but with confidence born of hope, he had whispered the words that had lain on his tongue for a long time.

And she had given him his answer. He was forewarned by a laugh—a laugh apparently sincere, but what there was to afford merriment is beyond man's capacity for guessing. She was no more than a girl, and of a spoiled child. She drew away quickly in a fleeting moment of surprise at the unexpectedness of it, and then a ripping laugh sounded the deathknell of his hopes. He had better taken that as final, cutting thought it was. But he must know the why and wherefore, and she had given him cause to hope and all that, and was there another?

Miss Barbara Elwell was a very pretty girl of a breezy, fresh, western brand of prettiness, and swains of Lemont and of the neighboring big metropolis had told her so, in terms of varying frankness. Finishing school ideas still floated through her brain, and she looked upon worldly matters from the standpoint of a nineteen-year-old, novel reading girl. To her the good clothes of a man were the index of his worthiness, or at least such sentiment did in some degree at this period in her life mold her opinions of the other sex.

She put it this way to Iurie: "Marry a man whose duties require him to associate with those dreadful canal men? Oh, really, I could not think of it! And then your wife is so—well, dirty, you know. Besides, Mr. Iurie, I'm sure I do not love you. The last sentence was uttered with a marked effort to bring it out in a tone that would carry conviction with it.

Crushed and sore in heart, the unsuccessful suitor left her and wended his way to his lonesome and cheerless room in the hotel, there to make himself more miserable with bitter thoughts.

But do not allow the fact that she was prejudiced against her, for she is the heroine of this story and is a brave little girl.

So Iurie was furnished with one woman's view of his calling and spent many minutes in the following days in wondering whether he had been wrong in liking a trade that had railroad and canal men and such things as that, and required him to mix up with ill-bred, strong men who wore overalls ten hours out of the twenty-four. It being the only business he was conversant with and as he had been fairly successful at it for a man of his age, he did not contemplate change in his line of work, but the next day he did write to the home office asking to be transferred to another job, preferably the Memphis work, where the climate would not be so severe on his health. Such was the reason he offered, and nobody knew that he wanted to get away from the vicinity of Lemont, because it was the scene of his disappointment in a woman he had installed in his heart as an idol fit for his worship. He wanted to obliterate all recollection of her entirely, to forget her as though she had not been always in his thought ever since his advent on the canal. He wanted to forget her entirely, to forget her as though she had not been always in his thought ever since his advent on the canal.

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# A DROLL CHARACTER

'COUNSELOR' NOLAN WAS A WIT OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

Some of the Quaint Sayings of This Picturesque Legal Light, Who For Years Kept Gotham's Judges and Lawyers Laughing.

In a book entitled "The Barrister" Charles Frederick Stansbury has brought together the best of the anecdotes of Tom Nolan, who was known popularly among members of the New York bar as "Counselor Nolan." For many years the counselor kept judges and lawyers of New York laughing, and at political conventions he was one of the important, if not serious, attractions. The counselor was himself sui generis. His drollery was individual. Some characteristic stories from Mr. Stansbury's collection are here set down:

At a political convention a friend asked Nolan: "Isn't it strange, counselor, that your friend Croker, who is such a mighty power down your way, does not get a nice political job for himself?" The barrister drew himself up, looking his inquisitor over from the corner of his eye, and then replied, with severity: "Tis a peanut brain you have, Clancy, to ask me that. Is there any job he hasn't got?"

Judge Horace Russell told the following anecdote: Once had a client whose name was Mrs. Morality. After her case had been placed upon the calendar Mrs. Morality appeared every day in Nolan's office with her eleven witnesses. Finally the case reached on hand to try it. The opposing counsel asked for a postponement. Nolan fought the postponement with great eloquence, laying much stress upon the fact that Mrs. Morality had been put to enormous trouble and expense of coming every day to his office with her eleven witnesses. Judge Dugro, who was sitting, was not convinced apparently by Nolan's fervid oratory and granted the adjournment. Then the barrister arose: "Your honor," said he, "has seen fit to grant a postponement of the case, and, while I humbly submit to the ruling of the court, yet I would like to ask your honor to do me a personal favor."

"Certainly, counselor, with pleasure," replied Judge Dugro. "What is it?" "Go you to my office," thundered the barrister, "and inform Mrs. Morality that this case has been postponed."

Witty and keen as Nolan was, he once in awhile got the worst of an encounter with a witness, as the following incident illustrates:

The plaintiff, Mr. Foley, was suing Mr. W. for damages sustained by carelessness of defendant in allowing his donkey to escape from his stable and trespass upon plaintiff's lawn. Foley is in the witness box.

Barrister Nolan (for defendant)—You say that Mr. W.'s animal caused all this injury to your property? Foley—Yes, sir. Barrister—Where did you first see this donkey? Foley—Tied up in defendant's stable. Barrister—Where did you next see him? Foley—On me premises. Barrister—How do you know it was the same donkey? Foley (emphatically)—If I saw yet tied up in the stable, don't you suppose I'd know yet why he got loose? The barrister excused Mr. Foley. It was in the old superior court before Judge David McAdam and a jury, and the barrister was trying a case on behalf of the plaintiff in a negligence suit against the Twenty-third street crossroad railroad, which was controlled by Jacob Sharp, who afterward gave the name of "boodie aldermen" to the world. On rising to sum up on behalf of his client Nolan launched forth into an attack upon Sharp, who had in no manner appeared in the case. Raising his voice to a pitch that could be heard by citizens in the City Hall park, he concluded his peroration as follows: "And you, gentlemen of the jury, is Jacob Sharp? I will tell you, gentlemen. He is a man so lost to all his sense of ethics and the rights of man that for the sake of paltry prospective dividends he would run a railroad up your spine and make ties out of your ribs!"

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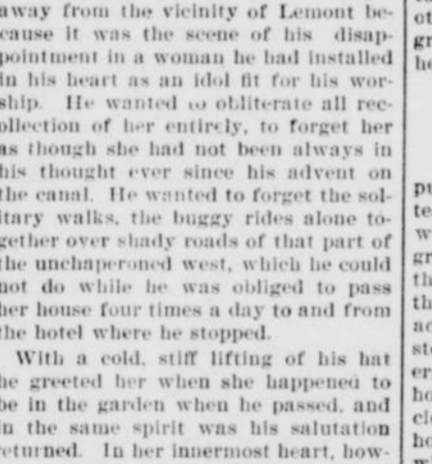
always felt ye about desecrating between the gud and the bad. Night and day the deTs abroad on the highway, ye'll mind.

"And no one knows it better than you, Stewart, for you have met Lim off-street a succumbed," said Iurie, with a laugh.

"If he don't meet him tonight, I don't know," began Cusack, "with the coin in his pocket an' his bowels cryin' out so you can hear their sufferin' cries, for a little drop that they have 'n' had since last pay, an' the beautiful!" He continued on in a low, mumble, getting no attention to his words and expecting none and perfectly satisfied thus.

"Weel, gudly and gud luck to ye," he blurted out at last, pumping Iurie's arm again.

"I'm not going for five or six days, Stewart," said Iurie. "Weel, gudly if Ah don't see ye again." Considering that he was liable to see the superintendent every time he cared to look up from his work during the ten hours of a working day, the remark was superfluous.



"Weel, gudly and gud luck to ye."

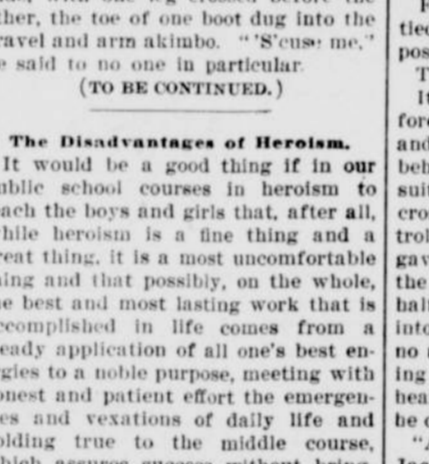
always felt ye about desecrating between the gud and the bad. Night and day the deTs abroad on the highway, ye'll mind.

"And no one knows it better than you, Stewart, for you have met Lim off-street a succumbed," said Iurie, with a laugh.

"If he don't meet him tonight, I don't know," began Cusack, "with the coin in his pocket an' his bowels cryin' out so you can hear their sufferin' cries, for a little drop that they have 'n' had since last pay, an' the beautiful!" He continued on in a low, mumble, getting no attention to his words and expecting none and perfectly satisfied thus.

"Weel, gudly and gud luck to ye," he blurted out at last, pumping Iurie's arm again.

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# We Were Too Late.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Upon hearing that Charles A. Newton, the pharmacist of the Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento, had a certain case of Diabetes, the business men who were investigating the Factory Hospital, went to him, asking him to take it; but they were late, as had already heard of it, as per his letter in answer as follows:

SACRAMENTO, July 21, 1911. "Dear Sir