

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother Bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jostle each other in the blackness of heart—that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

THE BLUE-CALICO LADY.

The town in this generation did not know much about her. She lived two miles down the river from the red mill, in that that distance are reckoned from the mill, and in a house so old that the unbewh logs were quite gray with moss.

Sometimes the young clerk in the company store—the one who was the first in town to sing "Sweet Marie," and also the first to wear a ring on his neck—sometimes he laughed and made funny speeches when the Blue Calico Lady left the store with her basket of groceries.

At eleven she put the book away and went out into the "lean-to" they used for a summer kitchen. From a shelf she took two shining dinner plates. Preparing dinners in pails was a science with Mary.

On the top of every half dollar dinner can is a tin cap that fastens down tight; the theory is that it is from this the owner drinks his coffee. No mill hand takes such an absurd thing. He lifts the can high up over his head and drinks from that. It is into this cap that the "saucy" goes.

John had the saw-mill blood. His grandfather was head sawyer in the first mill in the Green Bay Country. John's father snook by the same mill until the timber was all out in the surrounding country and the mill shut down; then they had gone north into the heavier woods up toward the Canadian border.

They migrated farther west, leaving Wisconsin behind them, and settling in another saw-mill town west of Duluth. The "Gopher State Banner," published weekly at the county seat, showed in its fearless illustrated editorials the members of the company that owned this particular mill bedecked with horns and tails.

Mary's eldest boy stood with a cant-hook at the bottom of the skid and pushed the logs from the jam in the water at his feet on to the sharp-toothed climbing-chain. One day a log became loosened when half-way up to the saw, and Mary's eldest boy was killed. Some women give up their sons to die for their country; Mary gave up her sons to the mill.

live, red thing in the midst of it. He did not resent it. It just seemed strange to him that the mill should be running on that particular day. He wished there might be some other way to the cemetery; this going right by was pretty hard on Mary. He reached over to hold her hand.

In a logging town the destinies of all the young girls are the same: they marry men who work in the mill and bear sons to succeed their fathers in the work. Marie married a sturdy young fellow who made four dollars a day filing the saws. Just before her baby was born they brought her husband home horribly mangled.

Other women went with their men cold dinners; not so Mary. No dinner came with John or Rob of an evening. She carried the good things hot and steaming to them every night just in time for the half-hour rest at midnight.

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The next Monday at seven the whistle blew just the same. Out of the high, black funnel came the smoke, filling the earth and the sky. It was one of the summer days when Nature with a million voices lures her children to green fields; but more potent than Nature's call was the low hoarse buzz of the saws. Even John, whose father and grandfather had stared in stupid wonder at the lumber yard and the squall,

During the years after that Mary lived alone. It was during those years that they called her the Blue-Calico Lady. It was during those years that the neighbors wondered what she did with the provisions she bought. Sometimes they met her alone on the meadow road at night. One man went even so far as to say she had been carrying a dinner pail when he saw her.

Everywhere you go in the logging town, even if it is to church to be married or buried, you must pass the mill. Mary passed it this time in a carriage with a handsome young doctor at her side. She called him John sometimes, and then again she called him Rob. She patted his hands and said to him things that the old Irish woman in the Conemaugh patch would never dream of saying to her gentleman son.

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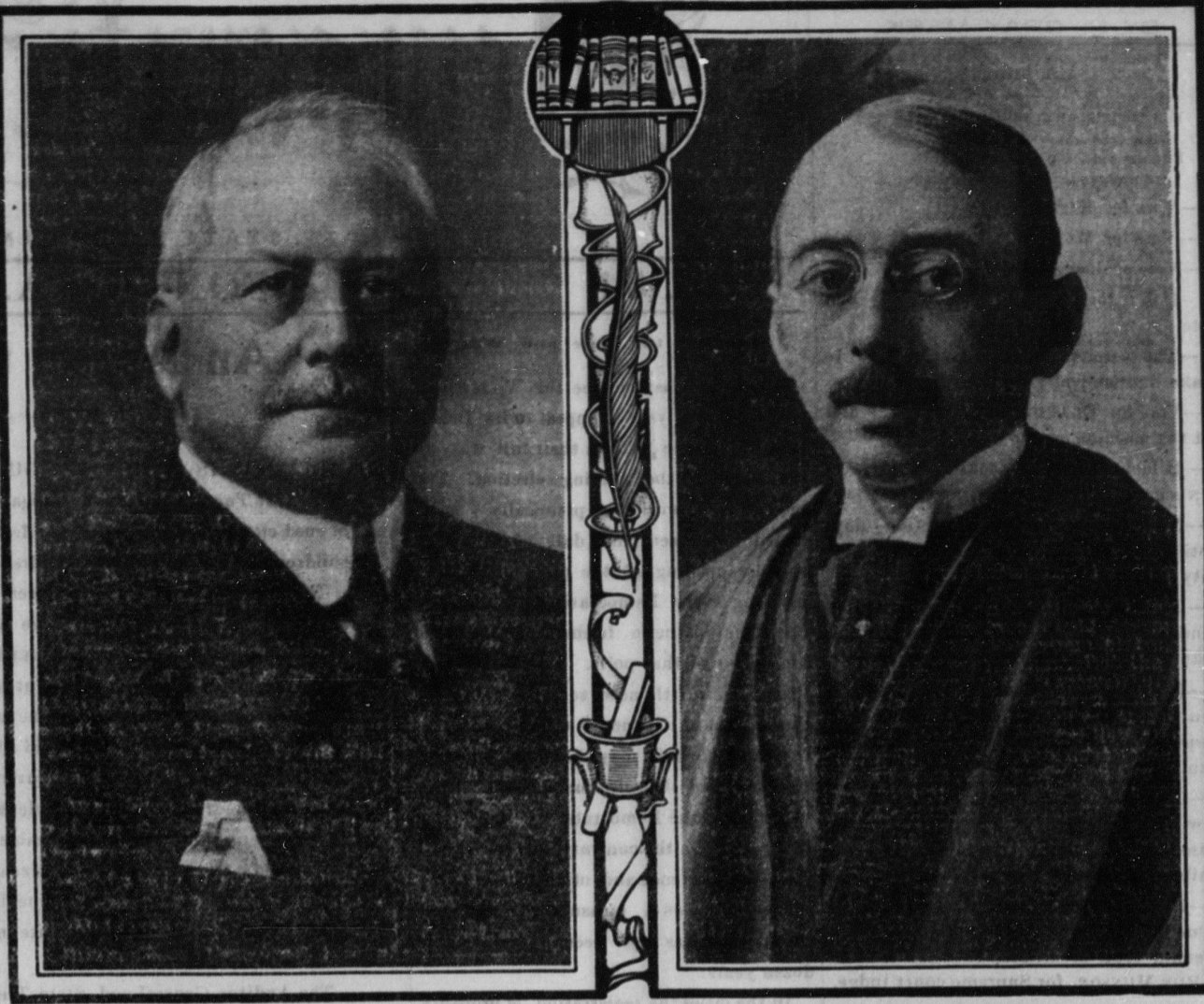
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THE TWO CANDIDATES FOR JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT



CYRUS LARUE MUNSON, ESQ. OF WILLIAMSPORT. Nominee of the Democratic Party, supported by the non-partisan movement.

ROBERT VON MOSCHIZKER OF PHILADELPHIA. Nominated by the Republican Party at the dictation of Philadelphia bosses.

awoke and took matters into her own hands. She seemed to notice none of them but the doctor.

She smiled very prettily just as though she expected him.

"Rob," she said, "there wa'n't no pie, but I baked a layer cake. Ye mada me eat that long time to-night, Rob," she scolded him lovingly.

Right before them all he said it,—they tell about it even now,—right on load so they all could hear:

"Little sweet-heart mother," he said.

One by one the men, with puzzled faces, went away, talking with them the important one with the big feet, and leaving the young man and the old woman alone.

The doctor spread his coat for her to sit on; then he began with the appetite of a country boy on the biggest slice of bread and butter.

It was midnight, and for half an hour the mill would be quiet while the men ate. Across the river, in the swamps, frogs took advantage of the silence; from the lumber pile came odors of pitch pine; sometimes from the meadow there blew in a sweet breath of growing things. The river ran with gold in the moonlight.

And on the bank in the shadow of the mill the little Blue Calico Lady urged her son to eat the third piece of chocolate cake, just as she had done during uncounted happy nights before.—By Florence Moloso Rice, in The Century Magazine.

What His Neighbors Say.

The Williamsport Merchants' Association, in endorsing the candidacy of its townsman, Mr. Cyrus LaRue Munson, for Justice of the Supreme Court, urges upon the merchants of the State the importance of electing Mr. Munson, and says:

"We know Mr. Munson as a splendid lawyer, whose thirty years of practice has given him a wide experience in the law and a varied practice before the Courts of our own and neighboring States and those of the United States; as a good business man, actively engaged in the management of a number of the city's most successful industrial establishments, employing large numbers of men; as an employer of labor, Mr. Munson's influence and action have been on the side of equitable adjustment of the matters at issue, whereby he has personally prevented several strikes or lockouts, which would have been costly to our merchants; as one of the foremost citizens of our city, ready and willing at all times to do his full personal and financial part toward her advancement, and as a man intimately associated with every cause having for its object the moral, educational and industrial advancement of the people among whom he lives. It affords this com-

mittee pleasure to thus testify to the sterling character and worth of Cyrus LaRue Munson and to tender him our support.

The Justice of our Supreme court must go either to Robert Von Moschizker, a man whose early and later affiliations have been with the notorious Philadelphia Contractors Combine, or to Cyrus LaRue Munson, of Williamsport, a gentleman of scholarship and culture, a lawyer of wide and successful experience at the bar, a business man actively engaged in the management of large labor employing industrial establishments, and a public spirited citizen, active in the solution of the great moral and civic questions that must be met and solved. A vote for Mr. Munson will be a vote for a competent lawyer, a trained business man, and a good citizen.

To vote for Cyrus LaRue Munson, of Williamsport, or for Robert Von Moschizker, of Philadelphia, is your only choice on election day for Justice of the Supreme court: which shall it be? The one, a busy, bustling lawyer and man of affairs, keenly interested in the questions of the day, nominated without solicitation and in his absence, who will come to the bench of our highest court, if elected, untrammelled by promise, interest or faction; the other, a man trained in the Philadelphia school of politics, who has come up through the pull that goes with those in the favor of the machine, whose nomination was unforeseen and unsuspected by a majority of the delegates assembled in convention a few hours before it was announced as the "late."

One who has had no great experience in the great business world, from which a majority of the issues that come before that court are recruited, and whose every act must necessarily be tinged with the bias that comes from representing a party, interest or clique, and not the general good.

The friends of Cyrus LaRue Munson, the Democratic, non-partisan candidate for Justice of the Supreme court, are most sanguine of his election on November 2nd. From all parts of the State comes the "good word" that the people are aroused over this matter of electing a Justice of the Supreme court, and propose to be heard in their own defence on election day. The people may be patient and long suffering in matters political, but ever comes the last straw; and, if the indications are to be believed, the people are again ready to rebuke those who would make a pack horse of them, and November 2nd will see another political whirlwind scattering the well-laid plans of those who would be masters of the political fortunes of the Commonwealth.

The Berry campaign of '05, promises to be repeated in this year of grace, by the election of Cyrus LaRue Munson, of Lycoming, over Robert Von Moschizker, of Philadelphia. The one is the free-will nominee of his party, and comes unpledged and unbiased; the other is a nominee of boss dictation, and comes with all of the implied pledges that go with boss domination, and biased by a life-long training in the rank of the workers of an unscrupulous machine, to which he owes his every advancement, to which he owes his every advancement. A vote for Mr. Munson will be a vote to save our Supreme court from further boss desecration.

When the Republican convention turned down that distinguished jurist, Chief Justice Rice, of the Superior court, who was unquestionably the choice of a majority of the members of the bar of the State and of the great mass of voters, and nominated Robert Von Moschizker, a Philadelphia gang-trained judge, the eyes of the people should have opened to the iniquity of the situation, and they should see that the

nomination of the unknown one could be for but the one purpose—and that not the interest of the people.

Its this way: If the ticket nominated by the Philadelphia Contractors Combine is elected this fall, without too close a shave, the ticket nominated next year will be of their own sweet choosing; and there will be no Sturges, Younger or Shear's on it, either. If Von Moschizker, Steiner and Sisson, or any of them, should be defeated, then we may expect better things from them in the way of nominations. This was true after the defeat of Plummer in 1905, resulting in the election of the present Governor, State Treasurer, and Auditor General, men hardly to be classed as the voluntary selection of the same men who forced the nomination of Von Moschizker. The election of Cyrus LaRue Munson for Justice of the Supreme court will be a start toward bettering the nominations to be made next year for the important office of Governor.

The committee of seven leading lawyers of the Lycoming County Bar Association, who were appointed by their fellow members to assist in the candidacy of Mr. Cyrus LaRue Munson for Justice of the Supreme court, are in earnest in their non-partisan efforts to elect him, say:

We believe that the character and abilities of C. LaRue Munson, together with the fact that his nomination was entirely voluntary and without any dictation, entitle him to the votes of the people of Pennsylvania.

Nominated when abroad, without solicitation or promise on his part, Cyrus LaRue Munson, if elected, will take his seat upon the bench of the Supreme court, unimpeded by promise or obligation, and unbiased by any interest. It will be his privilege to pass judgment upon the facts and the law. A vote for him will be a vote for your own interests.

May we ask who are supporting Cyrus LaRue Munson for Justice of the Supreme court, and we answer: Many if not the most of the lawyers of the State, who know both candidates, large numbers if not a majority of our people, who believe that the election of Justice of the Supreme court is not a perquisite of the machine, who nominated its own man, and that, too, in the face of a strong sentiment throughout the State in favor of a jurist of the highest character and long public service. We divulge no secret when we say that the friends of Mr. Munson throughout the State have a firm belief that his election is not only possible but more than probable. Why not join the procession for good government and a non-partisan Supreme court by voting for Cyrus LaRue Munson?

Pray, who brought the election of a Supreme court Justice into politics? Not Mr. Munson, whose nomination came unsought, and whose campaign, so far as he personally is concerned, was taken over by the Non-partisan Committee of the Lycoming County Bar Association, who have conducted a dignified campaign for their fellow townsman upon purely non-partisan lines. On the other hand, may we ask, how was the nomination of Von Moschizker procured? Who is asking you to support Von Moschizker for Justice of the Supreme court on the ground that Senator Penrose was instrumental in raising the duty on history, etc.? Yes, who brought this important question of the election of a Justice of the Supreme court into politics? What the friends of Mr. Munson have done, we have no hesitation in saying, is to bring the matter home to the people of the Commonwealth, and thus prevent, if possible, the election of the wrong man to this high position, and that too on a high tariff argument.