

MEN WHO DEFY DEATH FOR GAIN

Daring Strike-Breakers Fight Organized Labor in Interest of Capital.

FARLEY, THE KING OF A NOTED TRIO.

Behind This Leader Stands Frank Curry, "Buster" Ready and Their Forces Ready to Crush Unionism at Call of the Employers.

Character Study of Curry, Who Is Conducting Battle of Chicago Business Men on Teamsters—New Occupation Born of Industrial Strife.

Chicago.—"Vested interests" have put the stamp of approval upon one comparatively new industry in the United States—strike breaking. There is a species of freemasonry that obtains in this Ishmaelite class, but thirty-third degree honors only have been conferred upon three men—the Big Three of the industrial strife world. James Farley, by reason of his long experience, easily leads this trio in the public eye. Not to have heard of "Farley's Own" is to argue yourself ignorant of great labor troubles. Frank Curry, the pugnacious, audacious, shrewd and withal fearless bundle of nerves and muscle who is defying unionism in the vortex of Chicago's riotous teamsters' strike, has pushed himself into second place. The third of this group of men who pour out organized capital's wealth to pour into strikes the units of fighters who move freight, turn wheels and push commerce on her way, is well known on the Pacific coast—"Buster" Ready.

These are the superiors in the modern and approved plan of battle that capital uses to crush defiant unionism. They are not particular, are these generals, as to the make-up of their brigades of workmen, but they demand one thing from every man they lead—courage. "No time for streaks of yellow, be they in the black man or in the white man," is

in—a sick man. Down in a health resort in North Carolina this greatest of geniuses the labor troubles of the country has produced is coughing. The harsh, frame-racking cough that he has means that there is a great strike going on in his anatomy that even his indomitable courage cannot "break." It will break him. And when this is done a black wagon will traverse the streets of Pittsburgh to a hillside where men who wear even the ubiquitous union button will uncover their heads and mutter: "Well, he had the nerve."

Curry a Man of Nerve.
When the planet is "wobbling in its orbit" the satellite must endeavor to keep up the equilibrium. The honors that might have been reaped by Farley are left to Frank Curry to reap. He began his harvest by getting arrested and having his eyes blackened by the "caress of a pair of brass knuckles." Fretting over the orders of a physician that he remain in a darkened room, the strike-breaker showed his impatience to his few callers. "I've only got a cinder in my eye," said Curry. "But it don't make me want to duck these poor colored fellows I have to break this strike with."

brawn, brains and grit to help them in their troubles.

Must Please Men of Wealth.
"The young man who has a few ounces of brains, a carload of grit and enough brawn to not know he has a stomach needs that capitalists' money. He can't win, taking it from the rich man—he must please him to get it."

"Please the capitalist by showing him that law and order will spread out before you if you fight disorder and lawlessness and you will get more from the rich man than a bookkeeper could earn in 50 times your period of work.

"If you are breaking a strike don't ask what kind of a union button the assailant wears—give him a quick-rising one on the forehead for nothing, if he assaults you. He'll keep his dues paid then in the university of experience."

"Think of the chances you have in life with money earned quickly and in large sums. Be mercenary, if you will, but get it by giving your best work for the man who employs you."

Fat Checks Salve Wounds.
"No physical pain you can get in a riot lasts long. The nice check that comes at the end of your work will make you forget a few bruises and scars."

And this from a man whose eye was bandaged, whose head was swollen from club wounds and whose body bore bruises from the brick shower he had defied. Look for the cynic's smile when he concludes his epigrammatic talk and you will be disappointed. Curry has a new science—he will master it and have a bank account that will take him far from the madding crowd, as it were. Some day he may have a sheep ranch and extend an invitation to some old and broken former labor chief to come and be his herder.

Demands Only Courage.
Farley never forgot a man's name if he passed scrutiny and got his description on his little red book that he kept in a safe in his office in Pittsburgh. Those names were a fund that he drew upon for the railway and street transportation chiefs when they needed strike-breakers. But Curry has no list. He would not be bothered with a book. He will take the leadership of the biggest and most nondescript throng of nonunion men, black or white—and black preferred—that any employment agency ever hustled into day coaches for a long train ride.

"Is he a man? Can he drive a team and fight?" Those are the only queries Curry puts to his recruits after they are turned over to him. He will talk of the rich merchants of St. Louis putting rifles on their shoulders, shutting themselves up in their Washington street barracks and fighting the mobs of unionists. He will say that their hands trembled when their fingers pulled the triggers that sent messengers of death to rioters. But his sically smile follows his conclusion: "It's a cinch."

"It's what guns were made for—to shoot. I shot at men lots of times. They had me tingling with pain when I did it and, may it please the court—ha! ha! ha!—I think my aim was bad—very bad—worse than that of a woman. You see it's better to hit a striker than a lad playing a block away and you can afford to shoot into the ground once in awhile."

Farley, the Silent.
If Curry is studying to simulate Farley he is a poor student. Farley never talked that much to anybody. The skill of Farley, who had 3,000 employees rushed up the East river to the Interborough power house on the steamer C. H. Northam, ready after midnight to man New York's cars that the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees had deserted, never was menaced by garrulity. Union men, richer than other workmen, haughty because they had powerful and rich unions behind them and ignorant of the true strength of Farley as a strike breaker, scoffed when the Northam left her Jersey City anchorage.

"Her decks are deserted," they said. "This man Farley has a baker's dozen of curs in the hold." Farley never spoke except in a low tone to a lieutenant of "Farley's Own." He had made trips to the principal cities of the country, selected his men and had brought them to New York's portals. A few hours later he put them in charge of the cars and one day later had the unions suing for peace. There was scarcely an interview with Farley in a Manhattan paper that was bona fide. Capital spent no time in foolish praise of the man who gave it the weapon to humble strikers whose ultimatums to the company imposed impossible conditions. It paid him and filed his name for future use.

Curry Once a Motorman.
Curry learned the use of the motorman's controller handle. He could stop a trolley car at a street crossing so that a passenger could alight at the same spot every time. He knew also the way to use the Westinghouse air brake. He could mend a "blown-out fuse." He could climb onto a car roof and cut a live wire or fix a twisted trolley. In short he was of the world of "front enders"—motor men. And it was not surprising that a great street railway strike brought him into his largest prominence.

We watched him guide a car through a mob, dodge missiles and defy the stockyards thugs in the City railway strike. "I'll take a car through to the terminal and back if there is only a platform left," said Curry.

Strikers visited his home and pleaded with his wife to teach him fear. She knew that he was fearless even to the death struggle. She also knew that his goal was the dollar sign—that he had no specific fight with unions. Mrs. Curry realized that the

current of his ambition could not be grounded and pleaded with her callers for justice for her spouse. "Frank's got the nerve—he has a right to work for his living and if he gets the reporters to call him a hero, a bruise on his head will hurt just the same," she is reported to have said.

Brains vs. Brawn.
Considerable brute strength was an asset used by Curry in the street car strike. Farley used his brains more and directed brute strength along lines of least resistance. The strategy of the Pittsburgh office went into effect wherever Farley strung his "live wires" without a hitch. Curry, after all, was a strike-breaker who needed a general manager or a superintendent to help plan for the trips.

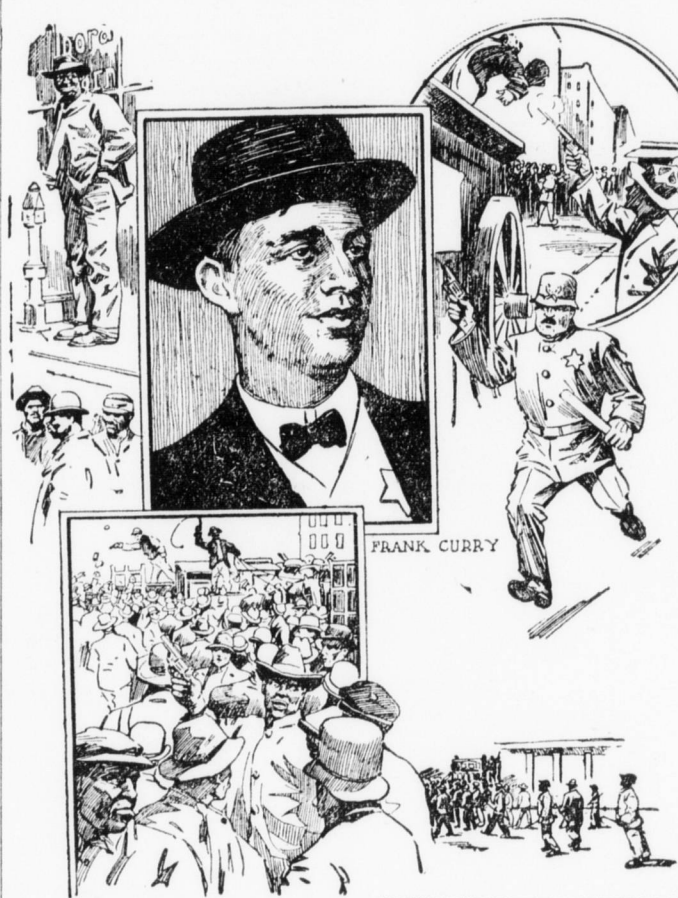
Then there was the ice wagon drivers' strike in St. Louis. Farley did not aspire to "breaking" that. Maybe he was not asked to help. But Curry

men—you learn that they do not fear the police as much as they should. And I guess the bluecoats do not want to get the union men down on them. I was arrested for picking up a brick that a union sympathizer hurled at me, while the latter was not caught. While two policemen held me a thug used his brass knuckles on me. That's not fair. If militia were on guard lawlessness would cease and we strike-breakers would have a chance to put through the teams as directed."

"Then the presence of troops would not make your own leadership futile?" Curry was asked.

"Troops might have to fire a few volleys and then the peaceful stage would begin. A short time of this and I would fit."

Out in the street a rich man drove his automobile up to the department store. Fifty policemen were guarding a caravan of wagons manned with the



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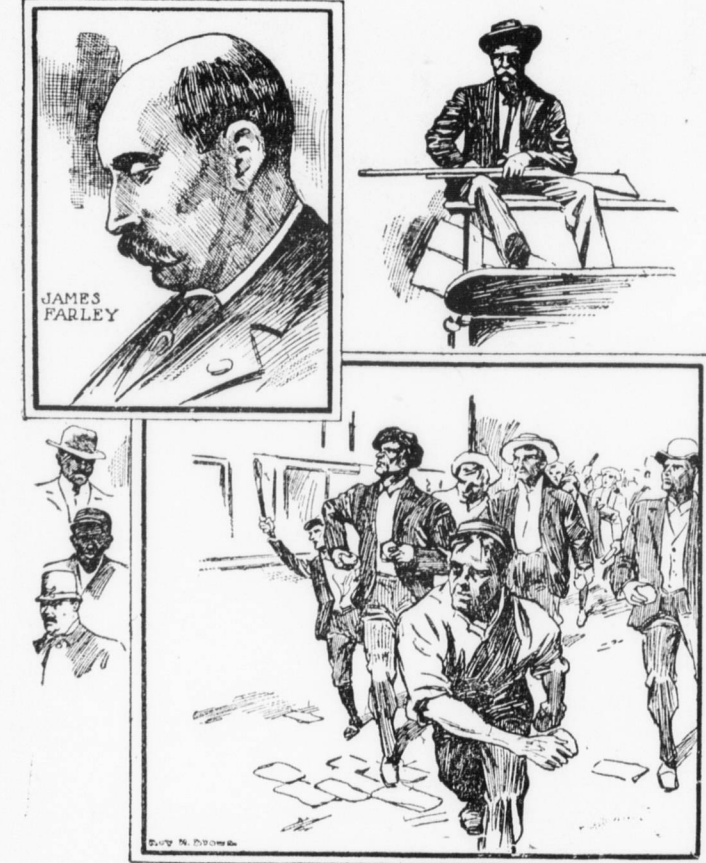
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the statement you will hear from the strike breaker when he lines up his men for the first duty.

Farley the Mysterious.

"Farley's hers—he will have 2,000 negroes at his back and Chicago's business will be resumed," was the message that went through the room where were gathered the chiefs of the teamsters' joint council. The name Farley was one to conjure with on the streets. A people who had no knowledge of Farley except what was gained from the press wondered if Farley wore a coat of mail, slept with his head on a Winchester and had a bodyguard of cowboys.

Yes, Farley was there. We saw him—who were watching for the man whom the millionaire merchants expected to help them out of their stagnation. But the Farley who came into strike-ridden Chicago unannounced, incognito and almost dragging himself into his hotel room was not the intrepid Farley who had put his horny fist into the hand of the executive head of New York's Interborough and promised with the grasp of friendship to break the strike of 6,500 employees inside of 40 hours.

Leader Broken in Health.

Farley did not lead a body of riflemen in the Employers' Teaming company caravan guard. He did not get into any of the riots with the strike sympathizers. Instead he slipped out of the city as quietly as he had come

far short of Farley his capacity for executive ability falls. Homestead's iron works cooled the mold in which Farley's spirit was shaped and then the mold fell into the Allegheny river.

Curry had his fighting spirit case hardened in a struggle of less importance—he seems to have some molten material in the interior that needs the reverses of conflict to harden.

Defies Death for Gain.

It's money—only money that Curry is working for. He nonchalantly tells you that. "If the strike lasts 30 days," said Curry, as he dropped some medicine into his inflamed eye from the blade of a knife—disdaining to use the little rubber syringe that his doctor has left for him—"I'll slip out of the city \$30,000 richer than I was when I came in."

"But haven't you any animosity— isn't there some of that hatred that the correspondents have written about that impels you to fight unions?" Curry was asked.

"Look here," was the quick reply. "Put down in your note book these few things, and when I'm a back number study them:

"A man who would not take a chance against a mob for money is not a person to look for the future."

"Capitalists play golf, count their coupons, lean on bright young men to pilot their great enterprises and write essays for their club parties on the 'growth of union tyranny.' They need