

PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play ... By JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the door had closed behind the visitors Mrs. Brooks and Smith sat down and gazed at each other in silence for some minutes.

"Well?" exclaimed Emma, interrogatively, at last.

"Well," he replied, "between you and me, Joe came as near getting skinned alive as any one I ever saw."

"It was terrible!"

"It was terribly true. You saved him."

"I know."

"The captain must like you. I never did think he could like anybody."

"I hate him!" she declared, with a grimace of disgust. "Ugh, what a beast!"

Smith reflected.

"Maybe, and maybe not," he mused. "I can't just make him out."

"At this juncture the front door opened and Brooks entered.

"I saw them drive off," he said, dropping into a chair. "I hope they will stay away in future. That mother and sister of yours make me tired! I can't stand for them, and, what's more, I won't! They'd drive a saint to drink, and I'm no saint and don't purpose to be, either."

His wife began to reproach him for his attack upon Captain Williams and for his general ill humor during the evening, but he cut her short sharply:

"We won't talk about that! Not a word, you understand? Not from you or any one else. That's final!"

"Very well; it's dropped," she said and, angry at last in turn, rose and went to her room.

Indifferently he watched her go, then turned to Smith.

"Got anything to smoke, Jimsy?" he demanded.

"No," he replied, fumbling in his pockets, "as usual, I'm just out, but I'll run around to the corner store and get some cigars."

Left alone, Brooks began to give way to the uneasiness and apprehension that had followed upon his scene with Captain Williams.

"I wonder if Williams will fire me," he muttered. "If he doesn't it's on account of Emma. He acted as if he'd go a long way for Emma."

He was anxious to know what had happened after his brusque departure. He went into the bedroom and found his wife in tears.

"Don't cry, Emma," he said soothingly, going to her and taking her in his arms. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I know I've got a fierce grouch on tonight, but I can't help it. So would you have one if you'd had to put up with what I have today?"

Mrs. Brooks was one of those sweet natured women who could not suik for more than five minutes if they tried. It needed but his caress and apparent contrition to dispel her resentment.

"You certainly have had cause to worry, dear," she assented.

"After what's happened tonight I'll have to hunt another job," he said. "But I don't care. I'm glad I told the beast what I thought of him. Some day somebody'll tell him what they think of him and plug him, too, as sure as he's born."

"You'll not have to hunt for another job yet awhile," she told him. "The captain said he would overlook it and that it wouldn't make any difference."

Her husband looked at her in astonishment, half incredulous.

"He said that?"

"Yes, and I'm glad it's turned out as it has, for how we'd manage if you were out of work just now goodness knows. I don't!"

"Just how did he put it?"

"He said he was mighty sorry for what had occurred, that he knew he had been hard at times and that as far as your place and we were concerned there would be no change."

Brooks' relief showed in his face.

"Well, that knocks me," he commented. "Nobody else ever bucked up against him and got off scot free. I can't understand it. Did your mother put in a word for me?"

"No."

"Then it's you who must have a pull. He did right down when you spoke to him. I never would have believed such a thing. If you had been a man standing there in front of him he'd have smashed you. Darn it, I wonder who's ringing now? Can't be Jimsy; he hasn't had time to get to the street at the gate he goes."

He went to the head of the stairs and met a messenger boy who was bearing a letter and had received instructions to wait for an answer.

"Sure!" he exclaimed joyfully as he perused the missive. "Tickled to death! Go and get your things on, Emma. It's from Beatrice Langley and Willie Ferguson. Willie's giving a sort of theater party, and they want us to go with them. There's going to be a little supper afterward."

She shook her head.

"Tell them we can't go."

"Can't go! Why not?"

"I simply can't."

"I don't see why."

"Well, then, I won't; so there! You'd better make some excuses."

"Write it yourself, then," he said, irritated and deeply disappointed. "I'm not going to lie to them."

Without another word she fetched some writing material, indited the note and sent it off by the messenger.

"What's the matter? Are you sore over what happened tonight?" he demanded sulkily.

"No, I'm not sore, Joe."

"Then why can't you go?"

"Because I can't. That's all!"

"I think you might. If you didn't want to go yourself you might have accepted for my sake. I never get any amusement, and you're always complaining."

"When do I complain, and of what?"

"It's the selfish way you act, I mean, for once we get a chance to go and see a decent show and afterward have a supper party, you get sore. You simply don't want to go. You haven't any consideration for me."

Burning with indignation, she went up to him and forced him to look her in the face.

"You say I have no consideration for you!" she said. "You know as well as I do why I can't go. I haven't had a new dress in a year. My gloves are all worn out. I've skipped and struggled and economized until I can't do any more. I'd go to the theater if I could go alone or with you or with Jimsy and hide somewhere in the corner, but do you think I want to go to a party looking like a kitchen maid? My shoes are cracked. Everything is secondhand and old and ugly. And look at me! Do you know what's happened to me? I've grown common and coarse and cheap. Sometimes when I look at myself in the glass it seems as though I could see the dirt, and the grease and the horrid nastiness of it all staring me right in the face. Why don't I go? I'm ashamed, that's all. And you make it harder. It has almost reached my limit of endurance."

She turned from him, tears of vexation and humiliation in her eyes.

As she did so Smith, the peacemaker, entered. He had arrived in time to hear the last part of the confession that had been forced from her by her husband's injustice and selfishness.

"Emma," he said soothingly, "there ain't no use in making Joe feel worse than he does. He works like the devil, but somehow Joe wasn't built exactly lucky. He is one of those fellows like I used to know in Colorado who spend all their lives looking for a gold mine and never quite find one. But Joe's all right, and just to make this eventful sort of evening end up nicely I'm going to hike to the best show in town, and you two are going to hit my trail while I dig up the necessary spandulics to defray any and all expense incurred, including a slight and select grub stake after the entertainment. Now, what do you think of that?"

Brooks, who had been listening to his wife and friend sullenly, was filled with a sudden resolve.

"No, you won't!" he said tempestuously. "I ain't going to be an object of charity. I'm as sick and tired of this whole business as she is. Emma, you put on the best dress you've got and fix yourself up the best you can, and I'll take you to a show, and if Jimsy wants to come he can come as my guest. I'm still a man, and it's just as right I should take care of my wife and let her have a little fun as it is for the Astors and Vanderbilts and all of them to spend money on their families. I'm going to do it, and I don't care whether I can afford it or not. I can find a way all right. Hurry up, Emma!"

Mrs. Brooks would much rather have stayed at home. She was worn out with the constant quarrelling and exciting happenings of the evening, but she did not want to be accused of contrariness. So she said:

"If you think we can really afford it I'd like to go. I haven't seen a show in nearly a year. Do you think I'd better go, Jimsy?"

"Why, surely, my girl," was Smith's reply. "There's no use of sticking around here all the time and getting into more rows. Go ahead!"

"Then I'll hurry and get ready," she said, hastening to her room.

Brooks had seated himself and was gazing before him with a determined expression, his hands clasped between his knees. Smith went to him and tendered a bill to him.

"Joe," he said kindly, "you'd better let me slip you the ten that will be necessary to pay for this business. You know Emma don't need to know, and you ain't got the coin to blow in."

"Yes, I have," he asserted, pushing the note from him, "and I'll pay for it myself."

"All right, Joe. But, take my tip, when you go into the borrowing business you'd better borrow from the fellow who knows he's giving it to you and ain't in a hurry to get it back."

"Look here, Jimsy!" exclaimed Brooks hotly, jumping up. "Don't you butt into my business! It's none of your affair! And, by the way, it might be just as well to remind you that Emma's my wife—my wife, you hear? She married me, no one else—just me—although I've been told she had other chances at the time."

Smith gazed at him without any trace of offense, but with a look of pain in his eyes.

"I'm sorry you said that, Joe," he answered in his slow, quiet voice. "Yes, I know Emma's your wife and that she chose you after I asked her to be mine, and it is just because I do know that that I don't want you to go wrong, and for just that same reason I want you to understand that if you ever get into a tight hole you can gamble on me for help, and I—I ain't always been a spendthrift. Good night!"

"You're not going, then?" inquired Brooks as his friend moved toward the hall, but there was nothing in the

tone of the query designed to encourage the great hearted fellow to accompany them.

"No; you two had better go together," he replied as he passed out.

When he had gone Brooks drew quickly from the inside pocket of his waistcoat the pocketbook containing the collections in checks and bills that he had not had time to turn in to the company, extracted a bill of \$10 and returned the wad to its hiding place.

Emma emerged from the bedroom with her hat and jacket on.

"Why, where's Jimsy?" she asked.

"He went home. He said he guessed he'd better not come, as he wanted to get up early, or something or other," lied Brooks.

"I wonder why he changed his mind so suddenly," she said.

It was 9 o'clock when they found themselves in the street, and Brooks decided on a vaudeville show as being the only possible place of entertainment they could go to at that hour. It had been so long since they had permitted themselves the extravagance of a night out that Mrs. Brooks enjoyed the change to the full. Watching the actors and laughing at their jokes and antics, she forgot for the time her worries, and the painful impression of the early evening was completely dispelled. As the performance progressed Brooks also underwent a change of mood, and by the time the curtain fell he had softened to something of his old self and was tender and attentive.

When they found themselves outside again she was for going straight home.

"No," he said gayly, squeezing her arm that she had passed under his and patting her hand affectionately; "we are out for a good time for once, and we're going to have it."

She demurred feebly, wanting to go, but feeling that scruple on the ground of expense which, from the necessity of exercising strict and unrelenting economy, entered into all her household expenditures, but he brushed aside her cautious calculations, and soon they were seated in a restaurant of quite imposing aspect, and he was ordering broiled lobsters and wine with the air of a man to whom money was no object. He was in rare high spirits and gallant with a tenderness he had not manifested toward her in many a moon. He chattered and chattered, and his animation communicated itself to her, so that her eyes sparkled, her pretty face was wreathed in happy smiles, and she returned his glances of love and admiration as in the happy days of their early married life, when they were all in all to each other and there was none so handsome and so noble minded as he in all the world.

CHAPTER VII.

SOMETHING untoward was happening or impending at the extensive piers and docks of the Latin-American Steamship company on South street, Manhattan. This had been evident from an early hour, for when as whistle sounding time approached the workmen trooped toward the docks and warehouses to begin their daily toll they found groups of policemen stationed about the approaches to the Latin-American line's property. On the faces of the men who entered its gates was an expression of expectancy and determination.

The earliest man to arrive saw the tall, gaunt form of Mr. Smith, the superintendent, standing at the door of the office building. He had been working hard while they slept, but there was no evidence of his all night labor upon his cheerful visage, nor was any sign of anxiety or of the knowledge of any unusual situation had arisen discernible in his phlegmatic demeanor. He appeared to be enjoying the morning air and his cigar without a care in the world. His presence there at that hour was the only indication that he expected trouble. He had not allowed one policeman to remain within the gates. Hardly a man passed in but saluted him verbally or with a touch of the hat, and not a salute was given without being acknowledged. To some he responded with a genial smile and a "Hello, Tom!" or "Howdy, Bill!"

When they had started their work, which was to be stopped completely at 10 o'clock, he vanished upstairs, nor was he seen again until the hands of the clock approached that hour and the strike leaders began to go among the restless men. Then he sauntered out, ordered work stopped, and, mounting a crate of merchandise, assembled the men about him.

"You boys," he said in his slow, distinct voice, "have made up your minds to quit at 10 o'clock because somebody told you you ought to be getting more pay and a raise was refused. Well, this is a free country, and every man's right to sell his labor where he likes and at what price he likes is guaranteed him by the constitution. If you want to walk out of here you are free to do so, but if you take my advice—"

"See here," interrupted one of the leaders roughly, pushing to the front, "we ain't askin' no advice from you nor no one else. What we want is money. Do we get that raise or don't we? If we do, all right; if we don't, we quit here and now, and that's all there is to it."

A murmur of approval greeted this ultimatum.

"No," answered the superintendent. "I ain't going to leave you in doubt about it for a minute. You don't get it."

"Then shut up!" ordered the man. "We ain't goin' to lose our time listenin' to no cheap talk. We've voted to quit and all talk is off."

"All right," retorted Smith. "Consider you've all quit. Now, that being the case, you have heaps of time on your hands and are likely to have for

an indefinite period unless you have provided jobs for yourselves in anticipation of this. I've got something I'd like to say to you. Those who don't want to hear me don't have to. As I said, this is a free country."

"Go ahead, Jimsy!" cried a voice in the crowd. "You're all right! You've always given us a square deal."

"I hope so," he replied, "and one square deal deserves another."

"Aw, come on, fellows!" admonished the leader. "We're not kids. A strike's a strike. This ain't no 'Lebatin' hee-aw' and we don't belong to no mutual admiration society."

Some of the men turned away, but others voiced the view that a hearing ought to be given to the superintendent since he wished to speak to them, and, seeing that their fellows remained, the others soon returned.

"I haven't got a lot to say, and I'm no preacher," he continued. "What I want to give you is not a lecture on what you've got to do—that's your business—but an explanation in your interest. I want to tell you things other people haven't told you and that you evidently don't know. Please let me get through, then you do as you like. I don't have to tell you that the rate of pay is governed, like everything else, by the law of supply and demand. What is the situation today? We have had rush work for several weeks, and the docks here and all along the water front are choked up with freight. But back of this, although you may not know it, the rail-

roads everywhere are laying off freight cars, mills are laying off men, and signs point to a serious slump in business all over the country, which will reach here soon. The indications are that in the natural course of things during the coming winter there won't be work for more than half of you and that you'll need badly all the spare coin you can save now. Yet you chose this very time to demand an increase from the company and give it eighteen hours' notice, including twelve nonworking hours, in which to think it over. I don't call that a square deal, whatever you may think about it. Now, the country towns are full of men anxious to get jobs, and the company, notwithstanding the short notice, is fully prepared for a strike. In that shed yonder are 3,000 cots, put there during last night, and provision has been made to feed 3,000 men for several days. Captain Williams—"

An outburst of curses and yells greeted this mention of the president's name, with cries of "We know Williams!"

"Captain Williams," went on the superintendent calmly, "says that any man who goes out on strike now will never enter the employ of the line again in this or any other port. And I'll see personally to it that he doesn't. This man here said a strike had been decided on, but anybody who wants to stay and work instead of making a fool of himself by quitting will be taken care of, I'll promise that. That's all. It's up to you."

Amid dead silence he got down from the crate and returned to his office.

The men remained assembled for consultation, and in the crowd were many doubtful faces. It was clear that Smith's calm, drawled harangue had made a profound impression. Just as in private life he attracted the warmest friendships, so in business, to which he gave strict and intelligent attention, he earned the respect of all with whom he had to deal.

The strike leader mounted the crate and, amid the applause of the hot headed and discontented, delivered himself of a fierce denunciation of the company as a greedy, grasping, oppressive corporation and of its dock superintendent as a "four snaber" and a dispenser of "con" talk, meaning thereby of words intended to deceive. But there were too many who knew that Smith was neither.

"For my part," one of the laborers said, "I've got a wife and six kids, the eldest of which is nine. I move that we take another vote on this here strike."

The motion was adopted with acclamation. The result of the ballot was overwhelmingly in favor of remaining at work.

While delegates appointed to inform the superintendent that there would be no turnout were waiting upon him in his office, the other men passed the shed indicated by Smith, pushed open the door and gazed in, while others

crowded up behind them. Arranged all around the vast space were neat, white cots, and in the center were long tables and benches.

"Say," remarked one of the men. "Jimsy Smith ain't no bluff, is he? For a slow speakin' and movin' man he's the liveliest hustler I ever seen."

Half an hour later Smith once more lowered himself into the chair beside the president's desk.

"Well," said Captain Williams gruffly, "I understand the strike's off."

"Yep," was the reply.

"How did you do it?"

"Told 'em the truth."

The captain regarded him from under his bushy eyebrows, brought together in his usual frown.

"I guess you don't often lie, Smith."

"Not more than I have to."

"What preparations had you made for trouble?"

"Three thousand hired army cots in No. 2 shed, with tables and benches. Then there's these."

He laid before the president a number of bids for supplying rations three times a day to from 500 to 3,000 men and telegrams from various towns worded something to this effect:

On terms offered can ship 200 men within forty-eight hours.

Williams read each paper carefully.

"A strike at this time would have meant heavy loss to the line," he observed.

Smith nodded.

Then the captain gave utterance to the highest compliment he had ever made to a man in his life.

"I put it up to you," he said, "and you've made good. I guessed it was likely you would. Have a cigar."

MARK OF A THOROUGHBRED.

He Will Keep Going When a Common Horse Will Quit.

As an old horseman who has bred and handled horses of many types, says a writer in Outing, I have frequently been surprised at the answers given by the majority of people when asked the question: "What constitutes the most striking difference between the thoroughbred and the common horse?"

Nineteen out of twenty will name the beauty or the speed of the thoroughbred; but important as are both of these qualities, neither answer is correct. It is simply that the thoroughbred when he is tired will keep on with an undiminished courage and ambition, while a common horse under the same circumstances will quit.

Even the Snail.

The "muck snail" is a new specimen which will have to be added to the collection of strange things served by restaurant keepers. The edible snail is disappearing from the vineyards and gardens of Burgundy, where formerly it existed in countless thousands. The scarcity and consequent dearth of the escargot has caused some unscrupulous proprietors of restaurants in Paris to invent the muck snail. It is made out of veal. All that is required is a quantity of empty snail shells and veal fat. The fat is cleverly cut into spirals and worked into the shell. The disappearance of the real snail is taken so seriously in France that the county council of the Cote d'Or has suggested that a law should be passed giving the escargot a close season, from April 15 to July 15 in each year.

Nov. 21st, 1909.

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Paul's Story of His Life. II Cor. xi:21 to xii:10.

Golden Text—He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. II Cor. xii:9.

Verses 21-22—Do you know any person in all history who had a better right to boldly tell of his sufferings than Paul?

Verses 22-23—Is there any lack of modesty, or good taste, in Paul, or any other true man, giving a full account of his qualifications and his sufferings for Christ's cause?

What advantage is it to be born of good stock?

What advantage was it to Paul that he was a Hebrew, an Israelite, and of the seed of Abraham?

Is there any higher privilege, or greater honor than to have labored and suffered, for the cause of Christ, which is the cause of humanity?

Does a true ministry, then and now, always imply much suffering and self denial?

Verses 24-27—What is the best word picture you can give, of the noble hero who, at the expense of life-long and unparalleled suffering, gave himself up to the service of others? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Read until the story of this bitter and prolonged suffering is burned into your memory, and then read the story of Paul's great work and of the wonderful love and grace of God to him, and then think of the sumptuous lives of the chief priests who were, in great measure, responsible for Paul's suffering, and then say, after all, which got the more aggregate joy out of life, Paul or they?

How many of these cruel sufferings, to which Paul here refers, are mentioned elsewhere in the New Testament? Give chapter and verse. (See Acts ix:24-25; xiv:19; xvi:22 et seq.)

Verses 28-33—Is Paul an exception, or is it the duty of all of us to have a great care for all the churches, and to be in sympathy with everybody, weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who rejoice?

Which is the greater man, the one who excels in education, in science, in oratory, in statesmanship; or the one who excels in his love for the churches, for the poor, for sinners and in a heart that sympathizes with all mankind?

Chapter xii:1-6—What is the logical or scientific value of Paul's experience of heaven?

What is the only real proof of God, of immortality and of the wisdom of the spiritual life?

Is it probable, or possible, that persons to-day may have similar experience of the unseen world as Paul?

Verses 7-10—What was Paul's "thorn in the flesh?"

What is the greatest "thorn in the flesh" that strong and healthy spiritual men have to-day?

Lesson for Sunday, Nov. 28th, 1909. Paul on Self Denial. (World's Temperance Lesson). Rom. xiv:10-21.

How They Shoe Geese in Poland.

Three million geese are brought regularly to the October market in Warsaw, Poland. Often coming from remote provinces, many of these geese have to travel over long distances upon roads which would wear out their feet if they were not "shod." For this purpose they are driven through tar poured over the ground, and then through sand. After the operation has been repeated several times the feet of the geese become covered with a hard crust.



"I put it up to you, and you've made good."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson for Rev. Dr. Linscott for the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

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