

strike, Mayor Coughlin, of Fall River, sent a letter to the manufacturers' association directing attention to the destitution resulting from the strike, and asking that the mills be opened. A few days later a compromise was offered to the spinners and the mills were opened.

The State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation figured in the New Bedford strike, attending the Mayor's conference at his invitation, and later calling a conference on its own account, which the manufacturers again did not attend. But separate conferences were held, and as a result the Board issued a letter of advice calling for a settlement upon lines in part similar to those adopted. In the direction of conciliation the Board did good service.

It is generally conceded that good, other than the beneficial effect upon the market, has resulted from these strikes. For one thing, it is believed that notices of reduction will hereafter be more definite. The opinion has recently been expressed by prominent representatives of both sides that there would have been no strike, in New Bedford at least, if the representatives of the operatives had been called in by the mill officials, and in open and candid conference told that a reduction was to be made, its extent, and its cause. This is probably a step further than is likely to be reached at once in most mills, but there is every indication that notices so indefinite and trouble-making as those hitherto used will not again appear. Another good result is that some at least of the manufacturers will confine their efforts hereafter to opposing the passage of legislation objectionable to them, and will not again consent to nullify the laws of the State. The worst feature of such action, from the standpoint of the public good, is that its tendency is to increase indifference to law, and to excuse and encourage such sentiments as that of a good-hearted fellow who said to the writer: "When a poor man defies the law, it is anarchy and the jail; but when a mill treasurer does it, it is all right." Still another good result is that some of the mill officials whose reputation for treatment of the operatives is bad are being frowned upon by the other manufacturers not less than by the operative; for it is coming to be recognized, as one mill agent expressed it the other day, that "it is our own black sheep who bring upon us a large part of this trouble."

In pleasant contrast with the friction recently so abundant are the existing conditions in six of the New Bedford mills—those under the direction of Mr. William D. Howland. Mr. Howland was absent when the decision to reduce wages was arrived at, and the notices were posted in his mills as in the others. On his return, believing the cut-down to be unnecessary, he had them withdrawn, and the mills continued to run. When the strike settlement was reached, the operatives offered to have the five per cent. reduction take effect in his mills as in the others. Mr. Howland told them that no reduction would be made for the present. It is a novelty for an employer to refuse to reduce wages, even temporarily, at the suggestion of his employees; but it is in line with the general policy of this mill-treasurer, who, by building model tenements for his operatives and in many kindred ways, has shown it to be his belief that the proper relation of employer and employee is that of associates in business enterprise, from which the best results can be achieved only when each is considerate of the other's interests. Mr. Howland disclaims any philanthropic intention in the conduct of his enterprises, and the newspaper notoriety which his action has recently occasioned is very distasteful to him. He believes it is simply good business policy to treat the help as liberally as possible. The results seem to justify his opinion. There have never been any strikes in these mills, and, if the present temper of the employees indicates anything, there are not likely to be any.

It is not the man with a motive, but the man with a purpose, who wins.—*Dallas News*.

To judge human character rightly a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.—*Bulwer*.

The Charioteer

By Amos R. Wells

O God, take the reins of my life!
I have driven it blindly, to left and to right,
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's despite,
Where the brambles were rife,
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest black of the night.
O God, take the reins of my life!

For I am so weary and weak.
My hands are a-quiver and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the tear-drops to start,
And the worn horses reek
With the anguishing pull and the hot, heavy harness's smart,
While I am all weary and weak.

But thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.
Thy hand on the reins and thine eye on the way
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to stay,
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into leading, and rest when it comes to obey;
For thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!
While eyes can look up and while reason remains,
And my hand yet has strength to surrender the reins,
Ere death stamp my brow
And pour coldness and stillness through all the mad course
of my veins—
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield thee my place, which is thine.
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;
Yea, appoint me to lie at thy feet, and no more,
While the glad axles shine,
And the happy wheels run on their course to the heavenly
door,—
Now thou hast my place, which is thine.



Camping Out in Asia Minor

By Ida W. Prime

Mount Argæus, the highest mountain in Asia Minor, 13,000 feet high, is situated near Cæsarea. The main peak is continually covered with snow, and is surrounded by smaller ones and little hills on all sides. There is a legend that the giant who built this mountain intended building it much higher, but, while carrying the earth in baskets, the bottom of the basket fell out, and the contents formed the smaller peaks. Another explains why snow remains on it throughout the year. When Noah was sailing in the Ark, the keel struck against Argæus, which shock caused great commotion among the passengers and so enraged Captain Noah that when he saw the rock beneath he cursed it with everlasting snow. And the people of Cæsarea have no wish to have the curse removed, for this great mountain is their pride and glory, supplying them with cooling streams and offering grateful respites among its hills from the intense heat of the city.

Mount Tekir, one of the "droppings" of the giant's basket, 8,000 feet high, was our chosen camp-ground, and on a hot July day the party emigrated from Cæsarea. The procession was led by a horse so highly packed with bedding that he might have been taken for a walking bed; two women servants found a comfortable mount on two such laden horses, and for a long ride they were better off than those in saddles, as they enjoyed the freedom of a divan.

Everything needful to housekeeping could be found in this caravan, from a load of wood to a kitchen stove and cooking utensils. The several hostlers acted as engineers in increasing the speed or whistling down brakes, and an old Turk acted as rear guard in charge of several heavily

laden donkeys. The freight was immediately succeeded by the passenger train of ten saddle-horses. The gentlemen had saddle-bags overflowing, and the ladies numerous satchels and baskets tied to the pommels. A father had a sling of stout cloth about his neck in which he carried his baby; and a very comfortable journey the baby had, sleeping all the way. The older children rode fore or aft of some one, as the construction of the saddles best suited.

Our journey continued up one barren hillside and down another, at all possible angles of ascent and descent, and all degrees of roughness; but the horses of the country, so often maligned for their bad tempers and gaits, are extremely sure-footed, and never slip. When a narrow path led around a steep mountain-side, with precipice beneath, we wondered why the horses persisted in walking on the extreme edge rather than hugging the mountain-side. The reason was that they were pack-horses, and, when packed on both sides, the inner pack compelled them to walk on the very edge.

After six hours' riding at a very slow rate, we reached the camp at sunset, with the afterglow still on old Argæus. Between the settlement of six tents ran a most fascinating brook, which served no end of uses. The first and uppermost use was the drinking-water supply; below, it was widened into a dish-pan and wash-tubs, and further down were many individual wash-basins lined with white stones. No water was ever more sparkling and clear, and, no matter what was taking place in the laundry, a shout to suspend work being given, in five minutes the water was running in your private lavatory clean and clear. By the kitchen tent, in open air, stood the stove, a sheet-iron one made expressly for this purpose—the pet and pride of the camp—and it produced the most appetizing food, with the help of the Armenian cook, in a big American straw hat which displaced the fez in this mountain-top open-air cooking. He was a hard-worked man, as appetites increased with the altitude.

The one lack was the absence of trees, and the only vegetation visible was a low growth of tragacanth tufts, which the people gathered for fuel. And yet the days were not hot in this shadeless spot, owing to the cold air from the snow above us. Our views were not extended, as we were mountain-bound on all sides, except as we looked at Argæus five thousand feet above, and still further into the boundless depths of blue sky, with its white airy clouds.

The gentlemen were all requested to explore Argæus one day, so that the ladies might try the native way of washing with the feet. A large, smooth stone was so placed that the water ran over it; the clothes were placed thereon, and, instead of washing with the hands, the dirt was danced out with the feet. The wash-step was very difficult—a heel and toe, with roll and toss movement. The practice necessary to acquire it, retain one's balance on the slippery stone, and do the work satisfactorily, proved too difficult for Western ladies, and made them quite contented with modern laundry appliances of the Occident.

The exploring party brought a favorable report, and a party of five started the next morning for a climb up Mount Argæus. The climbing was hard; there were no paths, and our route lay over loose, rolling stones.

The scouts told of a fine stream they had seen the day before, where we could quench our thirst and gather wild flowers. We found the flowers, but only the empty bed of the stream; where was the water? Several conjectures were given—a volcanic eruption or cracks in the river-bed. As we stood wondering, we noticed a tiny stream of water appear, which increased each moment, and in ten minutes it became the roaring, rollicking mountain stream we had heard of from the spies.

The mystery cleared up with the sun; there had been no convulsion of nature, but only the daily conflict between the Ice King and the Queen of Day, in which the Queen conquered in half a day's battle. We called the stream the "Twelve O'clock River," and followed it to its source and saw where its many rivulets ran from the regions of ice. We were now in the crater, with quantities of

pumice-stone and lava lying about—for Argæus has a large extinct crater.

The ladies remained here, quite contented to snowball each other 10,000 feet up in Asia Minor, while the gentlemen pushed on for the summit, which they did not reach, as the climbing became too dangerous from falling stones. A fine lump of ice was broken off with our Asiatic alpenstocks, and a train of thought connected it with a lump of maple sugar in a trunk in camp; the result was a "sugaring off" in the evening by a camp-fire, and we found the combination of New York State maple sugar waxed on Asiatic ice very fine.

As we cracked the amber crystals and told of our day's tramp, we listened to a tale of Mount Argæus which made us thankful for a safe return. It was said that a very rare plant grew only on Mount Argæus, guarded by a watchful serpent who slept only one hour out of the twenty-four. A traveler, hoping to find it in the sleeping hour of the dragon, failed in the attempt and was destroyed.

As we sat by the camp-fire of tragacanth bushes, Ali, a Turk, told of witches, and how they jumped through fire unharmed; and in the weird light he told stories which sound much funnier in Turkish than in English.

A donkey brayed, and reminded him of a story of Narred-din-Hodja, who is the celebrated Turkish wit.

A man came to borrow Narred-din-Hodja's donkey, and was told that the donkey was away from home. Just then the donkey brayed.

"But you said he was away, and I hear him bray," said the man.

"My dear sir," said the Hodja, "do not demean yourself so low as to believe a donkey rather than myself, who am a fellow-man and a venerable Hodja with a gray beard."

This story was so good that we asked for another.

When Narred-din-Hodja taught school, he told his little boys that whenever he sneezed they were to clap their hands and say, "God grant you long life, Hodja." One day he fell in the well; the boys showed great presence of mind, threw him a rope, and began pulling him up, but just as he reached the top of the well he sneezed, and the obedient boys, thinking of the letter of the law and not its spirit, dropped the rope in clapping their hands as they shouted "God grant you long life, Hodja," and down he went to the bottom of the well. The second attempt at rescue was successful, and the angry Hodja could only swallow his wrath, as his teachings had been strictly followed.

Our camp was increased by an American Consul and his cavass, who pitched their tent across the brook. The cavass was the only well-dressed person among us, and he looked with constant disapproval at our poor clothes. The Consul lost his respect the moment he donned his camping costume, and the dejected cavass spent the days polishing his sword and brass buttons and brushing the Consul's good clothes.

The patriotism of this American camp on the heights of Asia Minor waxed warm as we read aloud "Our Country," which had just been published.

Two weeks of this delightful mountain life passed too quickly, and we descended to the city with "our souls squeezed," as the Turks say when they wish to express the deepest regret and sorrow.



Hints for Readers

Will you kindly suggest a few best books to read as a preparation for visiting England and Scotland? Also the same as to France and Germany. Please do not give a long list, but a few of the best.

P. G. K.

Baedeker's Handbooks, Freeman's "Primer History of Europe," Turner's "Short History of Art," Mrs. Oliphant's "Royal Edinburgh," Emerson's "English Traits," Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "English Cathedrals," Hare's "Walks in London," De Amicis's "Studies of Paris," Granville Murray's "Round About France," Baring-Gould's "Germany, Past and Present," and Sidney Whitman's "Imperial Germany."

