HOW THE STRIKE WAS SETTLED.

"She's stuck on herself," said the girl with the black hair. "She thinks she's too high-toned for the rest of the push. Don't you think so, Ag ?"

"O, I don't know," answered Agnes, a tall young person, with a large quantity of blonde hair done up like an aureole about her head. "Maybe she's just daffy. You'd have thought so if you'd heard her talking to the chef this noon."

Four of the waitresses in Season's Hurry-Up lunch counter were discussing the latest addition to their number. The girls in their uniforms of black waists and skirts, with white aprons and cuffs, were leaning up against the wall between the tables. Each of them had a couple of artificial flowers in her hair, while a more or less soiled napkin hung from her apron strings.

"She gets a short order from a guy about 11 o'clock this morning," Agnes went on, "and I heard her turn it in to the chef. 'A rare beefsteak,' she says, 'a slice of peach pie, and a cup of coffee without cream,' she says."

The girls giggled.

"The chef, he looks at her and grins," Agnes continued. "Then he says, "What'd you say you wanted, little girl,' he says.

" 'Cut a peach, one in the dark and slaughter in the pan is what she's after,' I says, and the chef says 'O, now I understand.'

"But she turns on me and looks me square in the face and says, 'Thank you. I can tend to my own orders,' she says.

Ever since the new waitress had come "on" at the lunch counter there had been all sorts of trouble. John Season, the proprietor, had seen it coming with a troubled mind. He was a busy little man, with a red mustache and red hair that persisted in growing in the pompadour style in spite of all his efforts to keep it "slicked down." His lunch counter was doing a prosperous business. Between the hours of 11 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon the place was always crowded and the cries of "take it away" and "draw one" sounded a continuous chorus in his happy ears. Most of the waitresses had been with him from the beginning. He knew that everyone of them was a good girl and that it would be hard for him to get together another "crew" who would do his work as honestly and as carefully as did they.

He had employed the new girl because he liked her looks and because though she admitted she had no experience, she appeared quick and bright enough to pick up the "ropes" in a few weeks' time. He had not been disappointed in her. From the beginning she had taken hold with a will. Everybody, customers and fellow-employes alike, she had treated with a certain cool and uncompromising dignity which had its effect even upon him. As a matter of fact, though he would not have admitted it himself, John Season was a little bit afraid of the "new girl."

Meanwhile the relations between the new girl and the rest of the waitresses grew continually more and more strained. It was not that she was rude or that the other girls were "looking for trouble." They simply couldn't get along together. The new girl's name was Ethel Simpson, and even after she had been at work for a month there wasn't one of the other girls who would venture to call her by her first name. Without meaning to be so she was distinctly "offish." The other girls talked it over many times, and they could find no excuse for her. Finally the crisis came. A meeting was held and a committee was appointed to lay the case before John Season. Agnes was at the head of the committee and was to act as spokeswoman. Perhaps she had a little personal feeling about it, because she had noticed that the chef, who had formerly been rather "sweet" on her, had developed a strange fondness for the new girl, though she had certainly never given him the slightest reason to smile upon her.

As for John Season, he had found himself a dozen times recently watching the new girl as she moved quietly about the tables, when, as he afterwards reflected, he should have been busy showing people to the vacant seats. In more ways than one the new girl was interfering with business. At the same time there was no possible reason for finding fault with her. She was always promptly on hand when her "watch" went on duty, she was always spotlessly neat, and not once had she made a mistake in punching the checks which the customers paid to the cashier.

Well, after the "rush hours" were over one day, the committee appointed by the waitresses with Agnes at its head walked into his little office behind the cigar counter, John Season knew what was coming and feared to face it.

"It's like this, Mr. Season," Agnes began, "We girls are not knockers and we haven't got anything particular against this Simpson girl. But we just can't stand for her. She treats us all like we wasn't in the same class with her. She's offish with us and she made Mayme cry the other day all because Mayme up and called her 'Ethel.' Next thing she'll want us all to call her Miss Simpson, I suppose. Now we don't want to do anything foolish, Mister Season. We like you and we like our jobs. But if the Simpson girl stays we quits—all of us—and we're willing to wait till a week from Saturday for her to get another joy. That's all."

John Season promised the committee he would see what could be done, and would let them know in a few days. Then he sat down to think it over. Plainly there was no good reason for discharging the new girl. Even when he had good reason for taking such a step the little man always dreaded the necessity. Now he was powerless to act. Then as he thought it over it seemed to him that the lunch counter would not seem the same without Ethel Simpson there. But he could not afford to lose all the rest of the girls. He knew that perfectly well, and he rather sympathized with the feeling which made them uncomfortable in the presence of the "new girl." Certainly he was "up against" a hard proposition. After the lunch counter closed for the night he sat for an hour thinking.

He was 36 years old; unmarried, with nobody dependant upon him for support. His restaurant business was worth $3000 or $4000, and he had as much more in the bank. There was no reason why——

John Season got up from his chair, straightened himself to the top of his five feet four, and drew a long breath. His face wore a smile. Then another thought came and the smile gave way to a frown of perplexity.

Before he left the office he made a few notes from the little book in which he kept the addresses of all his employes. Then he got on a car and started west. If people had been watching him they would have discovered that he rode beyond his own modest boardinghouse and walked up the steps of a house in the suburbs with the air of a man who was greatly daring.

Next day Ethel Simpson did not "show up" for work at the regular time, and the girls commented on her absence. The evening Mr. Season called Agnes into his private office.

"Agnes," he said, "you may tell the girls that I have discharged Miss Simpson. That is, she won't work here any more. I don't suppose you'll mind my getting her another job."

"O, no sir," said Agnes, "we'll be glad of it, I'm sure." Then with the assurance of old acquaintance, mixed with lively curiosity, she asked: "What's her new job, Mister Season ?"

"She has accepted a position as my wife," he said.

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A Matter of Course.

The simplicity of the moral law is sometimes more apparent to the very young than to those who have learned by experience the difficulty of walking in the narrow path. The New York "Times" tells this story of a Sunday school which Bishop Potter often visits, and of which he is very fond:

At one time a little girls' sewing class was organized, and a medal offered the child who showed the best record for punctuality. At the closing exercises little Alice was called forward, as having been neither absent nor late, and presented with the medal, but she refused it.

"I did not have a perfect record," she said. "One day I was late." And she explained the circumstance.

Afterward Bishop Potter found an opportunity to question her.

"Why didn't you take the medal, Alice ?" he asked.

"It would have been telling a lie," was the answer.

"Would your teacher have known it ?"

"No, sir. She didn't see me come in that day."

"Would your mother have known it ?"

"No, sir. I didn't tell her about it."

"Well, who would have known that you were telling a lie ?"

Alice's face grew pink. "I should," said she.

The bishop was so delighted with the child's delicate sense of honor that he had a beautiful medal made, and sent it to her. In reply he received this letter:

"Dear Bishop—Many thanks for the pretty medal. It is so much nicer than the one I didn't get. I do not understand why you sent me a medal for telling the truth, when you have always told us in Sunday school that we should never tell lies. I thought you expected us to be truthful.

"Your little friend, Alice."

To The Letter.

All Oriental servants put a strict construction upon orders. Perhaps the Hindus may bear off the palm for excellence in this matter. At any rate, the experience of an American woman with her native servant in India last year shows a praiseworthy readiness to follow instructions to the letter.

The mistress had instructed her servant alway to put a napkin in the bottom of the fruit dish or of the cakebasket whenever any of these dishes were to be brought to the table. From that time the napkin was never forgotten.

One day a tureen of tomato soup was placed before the woman at the head of the table. She began to ladle out the soup when something like the corner of a rag was brought to the surface. Investigation revealed more of the disquieting material with the hint of a fringed border.

The servant was called. "What is this?" he was asked. "That, mem-sahib," he explained, "is the napkin, which you told me always to put in the bottom of dishes of this kind before bringing them to the table."

Too Short for his Purpose.

A report turned in a few days ago by the engineer of a local switch engine that figured in an accident rivals the famous "off again, on again, Flannagin," report.

The engineer lost control of a train of freight cars on a short spur track, and two of the cars went over the end and into a ditch. When the wrecking crew had taken charge of the derailed cars the engineer sat down to fill out the accident report blank. He got along all right until he came to the "Cause of Accident" query. Long and hard thinking failed to show him how he could answer this without involving himself. Fnally he put down:

"Track too short."—[Memphis Scimetar.

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Here is a favorite ancedote which Abraham Lincoln was in the habit of relating: James Quarles, a distinguished lawyer of Tenessee, was one day trying a case, and after producing his evidence rested, whereupon the defence produced a witness who swore Quarles completely out of court, and a verdict was rendered accordingly. After the trial one of his friends came to him and said: "Why didn't you get that feller to swar on your side?" "I didn't know anything about him," replied Quarrels. "I might have told you about him," said the friend, "for he would swar for you jest as hard as he'd swar for the other side. That's his business. Judge, that feller takes in swarrin' for a living."

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Dr. Chase's Ointment

Professor William Clark, D. C. L., in his very entertaining papers on "People and Places I Have Known" in the "Westminster," recalls many amusing stories of celebrities. Of Charles Kingsley, Professor Clark writes: In spite of a slight stammer, which he nearly overcame, he was popular in the pulpit and on the platform. He once lectured in Toronto, but with no great success. In seeking to stimulate the Toronto youth, he recommended every young man to make it his ambition to "have a bust in Westminster Abbey." The young gentlemen had their own notion of a "bust," and broke into fits of laughter, which were redoubled when Mr. Kingsley repeated with still greater emphasis—"I say a bust in Westminster Abbey."

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