THE NEW SUPER'S TROUBLES

By E. F. Stearns.

This all happened five years ago—yes, it's just five years this month that Otis died.

Say, he was the man to run an acid works. He was super here in the acid works for 12 years running, and there wasn't one fault found with him by the boss or by the men, which is just about as important, if not a little bit more so.

One day about two weeks after the death of Otis, the boss turned up with Rigby, a mean little boy, maybe 22 or 23, narrow-chested, hatchet-faced, green from college, and with an opinion of himself that would have broken down an ordinary man's constitution to carry.

"Mr. Rigby," the boss announced to the men, "represents the younger generation of chemists. He has all the newest wrinkles in acid manufacture at his command, and I think he'll make some improvements here."

"They know their work well," said the old man to Rigby, "and properly handled they'll do it well. But they're a rough lot."

"I know, I know," said Rigby, with his nasty little smile. "They need a firm hand that's all."

Next Monday morning Rigby came in for business the first time.

Say, it would have made your heart ache to see that strut! First he'd stride through the whole place with his hands behind his back and a superior smile on his wizened little face, looking this way and that way, like a bantam rooster out for a fight. Then he'd stamp upstairs to the office Otis had had so long, and throw papers around for a while.

Shortly after he saw a boy coming in with a cargo of beer, and downstairs he flew to Brown, the shipping clerk and general manager of the office.

"Brown," he said, "there's beer drinking going on here!"

"Can it be?" said Brown.

"It is!" announced the boy. "I'll put a short stop to that. Tonight, Brown, you will discharge any man you know to be a chronic beer-drinker."

"What will we do for men?" asked Brown.

"Oh see here!" cried Rigby, very sharp and impatient, "how many men out of the 30 will you have to discharge?"

"Thirty," said Brown.

"Ah-hum," murmured Rigby. "Then I'll take another course. Make a sign Brown: 'Beer drinking positively will not be permitted in this factory.' That ought to stop it," he said, looking tickled to death over the terrible downrightness of the words.

It did stop it, too. After that whenever a man wanted a little liquid nourishment he just stepped outside the door and took his kettle with him. Wasn't a bad scheme either—they could conform with the rules and get a breath of fresh air at the same time.

Well, the boys began to study the art of making things pleasant for little Rigby, but it would take from now to midnight to tell you half the little plans the boys thought out for the gentleman's diversion.

One day the engineer, Danny McCarthy, had more steam than he needed, and got the harmless notion of letting it off through his whistle.

She started to blow at 12 o'clock and at five minutes past she was still blowing, and there isn't a whistle this side of Halifax with a throat like her.

Ten minutes after 12 Rigby dropped the paper he'd been trying to read and went raving crazy.

"Brown," he screamed down the speaking tube, "send that engineer to me!"

"McCarthy!" he shouted, when Danny came in, "what under the sun is wrong with that whistle?"

"'Tis jiggin'," said Danny, solemn as an owl.

"What do you mean by—" said Rigby, before he caught himself. "Why don't you stop it?"

Danny looked injured.

"Well, now, Mr. Rigby, ye know as well as I do what a job it is to fix a jiggin whistle."

"Certainly I do—certainly," said the boy. "I understand all that, but not knowing the precise kind of whistle you're using, I can't give you specific directions for repairing it. Can't you stop it—er—jigging yourself?"

"Well," said Danny, considering the matter, "of course, the best way is to let it blow till it stops and then soak it in a pail o' soapy water till 'tis thoroughly cool and the ile out o' the bearin's. That takes about three weeks. Then, agin, I can stop it to wunst by unscrewin' the governor, only that you run a risk o' hurtin' the injector."

"Never mind the injector," said his highness. "Unscrew the governor, and for heaven's sake do it quick!"

And after Danny went out Rigby connected himself with the speaking-tube again.

"Make a sign, Brown," he said, "telling the men that our whistle is jigging—what a word!—and that for the ensuing three weeks, until our own is thoroughly cooled, they will listen for the whistles of adjacent factories. Put it on the same post."

"There's no room," Brown chuckled.

"Then take another post. There's plenty of posts," said Rigby, going back to his newspaper.

Danny got another little idea, too.

His fireman had to cart out ashes and bring the coal from the pile in a big sheet-iron wheel-barrow, and the way lay over the cobblestones under the window of little Rigby's office.

Just before Otis died he bought Danny a fine new wheelbarrow for the purpose, for the old one was loose in the joints and pretty rickety generally, and when a man was pushing her she sounded more than anything else like a carload of tinware being struck by lightning.

But two or three days after the whistle stopped work, Danny—he's a tender-hearted feller—Danny got a sentimental feeling for the old wreck and dragged her out of the old scrap heap and set his firemen wheeling ashes, back and forth, back and forth till the din sent Rigby to the speaking-tube once more.

"Brown," he cried, "what on earth ails that wheelbarrow?"

"Ripe old age," answered Brown.

"Well, does it have to make that noise?"

"The poor thing can't speak and tell us," chuckled the old gentleman. "I presume it does."

"Well, it's enough to drive a man mad," said Rigby. "I'll have it stopped, except when I'm out of this office. Listen! You make another sign, reading like this: 'Workmen are positively prohibited from carting coal and ashes without obtaining permission from the superintendent.' Nail it up."

"Another sign!" muttered Brown.

"Yes, another sign!" shouted Rigby, who heard him. "I'll make these men understand that they're to do as I like and not as they like! And I'll get this infernal place whacked into shape if I have to plaster the walls inside and out with signs, from the ground to the roof!"

Rigby didn't come back that noontime, but he sent a boy to Brown with a note saying that he had a severe headache, and would the factory kindly try to run without him till the following morning.

He took his time getting there the following morning, too, and by the time he finally did arrive the boss had come in in a fury.

"What under the sun is the matter? Why is the factory shut down?" he demanded of Brown.

"Too many signs," snickered Brown. "The last of them being the most responsible."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, to put it another way, want of coal is keeping us from running."

"Coal! Great Scott!" shouted the boss. "You had sixty tons last week. What's Rigby doing with it? Eating it?"

"I haven't seen him at it," said Brown, speaking slowly and distinctly and enjoying every word. "But he forbade any man to touch the pile without his permission, and he hasn't been here since yesterday noon. The boilers were cold at six o'clock."

"Brown, Brown, Brown!" groaned the old man. "Had you no more sense than to follow fool orders like that?"

"Why, bless me!" said Brown, looking at him squarely with his innocent eyes, "isn't it one of the new notions? One of the latest wrinkles in acid manufacture? I'm doing my best to co-operate."

The boss looked back at him for a full minute, and he had to smile at last, but it was a smile as hard as flint.

"And what wretched idocy is this?" he said, pointing to the new sign, and then to the others with his cane. "What are they doing here?"

"Mr. Rigby's orders."

"Well—" said the boss. And there he had to stop, for the situation was too much for even his extended vocabulary.

When he got his breath he said:

"There's another sign in your hand, Brown. What is it?"

"Well—oh, that?" stammered Brown, growing red.

"Let's see it," said the boss. "Whatever it is, heaven knows it can be no worse than the others."

And with that he took it and read this:

In Memoriam
RIGBY
"A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament."

Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.

"And is this by Rigby's orders, too?" asked the boss, with a grin.

"Hardly," said Brown.

"Brown," said the boss, "you have a prophetic soul. Tack up your own little contribution to this galaxy of asininity. It'll be highly appropriate within the next five minutes. Tack it up so it'll stick, Brown."

Then he made for the stairs. From that day to this not one of us ever laid eyes on Rigby; and some of the boys still say that the old man, in the frightful wrath that possessed him, killed and ate the boy, blood, bones and all, right there in Otis' office.

Anyway, Rigby never came back for his pretty white handkerchief, and in the course of events the office boy constituted himself executor of the estate, waited a reasonable time for heirs to appear and finally adopted the bit of linen for his own personal uses.

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A delightful at-home was given at Leinster Hall, 40 Leinster street, Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Irvine. Musical selections, songs and recitations constituted the programme, which was thoroughly enjoyed. A feature of the evening was a number of Scottish ballads sung in a pleasing manner by Robert Ross. A collation was partaken of and the gathering dispersed after singing the National Anthem.

At the C. M. B. A. picnic yesterday, Frank O'Regan, son of John O'Regan, sprained his ankle while competing in hop, step and jump. Dr. S. H. McDonald attended him.

KUROPATKIN'S SON WORKED ON STREETS

Vancouver Story States Son of Famous Russian General Was Discovered There by a Compatriot.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 16.—One of the most distinguished gentlemen in the employ of the city has severed his connection and left for Seattle. He was none other than a son of the Russian general, Kuropatkin, and himself an ex-captain of the Russian army. He was here under an assumed name, having made his way here from Vladisvostok. The young man was broke when he got here, and finding nothing else to do went to work on the streets under an assumed name. A young Russian, who is employed in a local iron works, was passing along the street the other day when he heard two men conversing in Russian. Glad of the rare opportunity of a conversation in his native tongue, the young man approached, and as he did so he heard one of the men bewailing his hard fate and looking at his hands, blistered and raw from unaccustomed labor, say that it was hard for a Russian naval officer and son of General Kuropatkin to come down to peasant duty. The Russian took an interest in the two exiles and through friends got him to Seattle where there is a society for such as themselves who will assist them to get employment better fitted to their mental and muscular capacities.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

The next Opera House offering is this delightful sentimental play, from the pen of William B. Gray, so well known to our theatre goers. It possesses the power to appeal to that which is good within us and adds yearly legions to its multitude of admirers.

It is without such time-worn melo-dramatic elements as a deep-dyed villain, a persecuted heroine, an old will and a murder, and, a peculiar fact, it is constructed out of a popular song. The story it tells is of every-day people in a New England hill town, with the sentiment and homely humor abounding in this community. The sermon it preaches is that of temperance in physical indulgence and liberality in religion. The danger of alcoholic intoxicants, the wickedness of hypocrisy and the saving grace of sincere religious professions and strictly moral conduct are all properly shown.

The wonderful church scene, pronounced by experts to be the exact replica of the sacred edifice, in conjunction with the gifted choir boys, who in this scene sing the beautiful solos, "The Holy City" and "The Palms," seemingly live its beholders into the realms of the most holy.

The cast comprises in its roster such notables and New York favorites as Elizabeth Mulvey, John E. Gorman, Douglas Flint and twenty others, equally as favorably known.

TROLLEY WARFARE SUBSIDES

New York, Aug. 16—Acting Mayor McGowan today issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens to refrain from further disturbance along the lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company leading to Coney Island, assuring the people that their rights are to be fully protected under the rebate receipt plan, which has been adopted for those who pay the double fare now in dispute.

For the third time since the two fare dispute began, William Newbury, district superintendent of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit, was arrested tonight, charged with assaulting a passenger last Monday. Earlier in the day, Newberry, together with John Calderwood, vice-president, and Dow S. Smith, general traffic manager of the company, had been held in $1,000 bail on a charge of inciting to riot.

Two other inspectors were also arrested tonight on warrants charging assault.

All was quiet in Brooklyn today.

A PLEASANT TRIP

The week of Sept. 1st to 8th will be a memorable period in the city of St. John. The St. John exhibition will be open during that period, and already in every part of New Brunswick and the adjoining provinces are the people arranging their affairs so that they may be enabled to visit the city sometime during that week. They realize the benefit derivable from such an occasion, and they are confident that every pleasant anticipation will be abundantly realized. Every facility for attending is offered in the exceptionally low rates provided by the railways and steamship lines in all directions. A one-fare, return rate is arranged by the I. C. R. to all coming to the St. John exhibition. The amusement features in connection with the exhibition are the most comprehensive ever presented in the provinces, and are literally a reproduction of the best New York has given its citizens. A visit to the exhibition this year will be more than a passing delight.

OBITUARY

Saltsprings, Aug. 14—A gloom was cast over this community on Thursday, July 19, when Etta, third daughter of Peter and Elizabeth M. Reid, died of consumption.

The deceased was twenty-two years of age and leaves beside her sorrowing parents, four sisters, who are Mrs. D. J. Floyd, of Clover Hill; Misses Melissa, Ada and Tilley, at home, and one brother, Frederic, of Vancouver (B.C.), and a large circle of friends and relatives.

Miss Reid, though ailing for a year, looked well until the last few weeks, so few realized the end could be so near. She was a member of the Presbyterian church, and bore her suffering with Christian fortitude, her only anxiety being that the members of her family be guarded against contagion. Miss Reid's early demise is mourned alike by young and old.

SENT TO REFORMATORY

Bathurst, Aug. 16—Information was laid by John Robinson, chief game ranger of the province, before John E. O'Brien, J. P., against L. Azore and Joseph Hachey for hunting moose in the parish of Beresford, Gloucester county, in the month of July. The cases were tried yesterday and resulted in the conviction of both men. They were fined $50 and costs each. R. A. Lawlor, K. C., for the prosecution.

Solicitor-General Jones is in town to resume the investigation into the charges brought against the liquor license inspector and commissioners.

The two boys, Albert Evans and Alex. Glasier, thirteen and fourteen years respectively, charged with breaking into Adams, Bruns & Co.'s store on Sunday, 5th inst., were brought before Judge McLatchey yesterday and were sentenced to two years each in the Boys' Industrial Home, St. John.

The currency of kindness is cash in any country.

SUSSEX RIFLE MATCHES

Sussex, N. B., Aug. 16—In the Ladies' Cup Match, shot this afternoon, Seth Jones, of this town, and S. W. Smith, of Mount Pleasant, Carleton county, tied the score being 61. There will be a shoot-off tomorrow, also a shoot-off between Captain Arnold and T. T. Price in connection with the Provincial Match. The scoring in the Ladies' Cup Match follows:

Seth Jones, Sussex R. C.	61
S. W. Smith, M. P. R. C.	61
Bomb. Archibald, 3rd R. C. A.	60
B. Stewart, M. R. A.	60
Capt. R. H. Arnold, Sussex	59
F. A. Dustan, St. Stephen R. C.	59
Sergt. Chandler, 74th Regt.	58
Lt. Langstroth, 62nd Fusiliers	58
J. C. Sampson, St. A. R. C.	58
Captain S. B. Anderson, 74th	58
Corp. T. Russell, 62nd	57
H. H. Bartlett, St. Andrew's R. C.	57
Col. Sergt. E. S. Wetmore, 62nd Fus.	57
H. H. Hagerman, F. C. R. A.	57
Sergt. Maj. Lamb, 62nd Fusiliers	57
Pte. Daigle, 74th Regt.	56
Major O. S. Wetmore, 74th	56
Sergt. Campbell, 74th	55
W. Balmain, Woodstock R. C.	55
Capt. H. Perley, 62nd Fusiliers	55
A. R. Jardine, M. R. A.	55
Capt. W. E. Forbes, 73rd	55
S. J. Burlock, M. P. R. A.	55
A. B. Maggs, Sussex	55
J. W. McFarlane, F. C. R. A.	55
Capt. E. A. Smith, R. L.	54
Maj. G. S. Kinnear	54
R. T. Mack, F. C. R. A.	54
A. S. McFarlane, F. C. R. A.	54
Maj. McRobbie, 8th Hussars	54
Sergt. W. W. Dole, 74th Regt	53
N. J. Morrison, St. John R. A.	53
Capt. J. Manning, R. O.	53

WEDDINGS

DeBoo-McLean.

Sussex, Aug. 15—Today, at 2 o'clock, the marriage of Miss Vera MacLean, daughter of Alderman J. R. MacLean, and Frank R. DeBoo, son of I. DeBoo, of Newcastle, took place at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Rogers. The bride was becomingly attired in a Princess dress of cream crepe de chene with trimmings of all-over lace and silk ribbon; and carried a bridal banquet of carnations and orange blossoms. After the ceremony the guests were served a delightful luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. DeBoo left by C. P. R. for Fredericton, where they will spend their honeymoon. The bride's going-away dress was navy blue broadcloth with hat to match.

Wolfe-Cornfield.

Miss Sarah A. Cornfield, daughter of W. J. Cornfield, of Carleton, was married at her father's residence Thursday to Wm. E. Wolfe, by the Rev. Le B. McKiel, in the presence of a large number of invited guests. Miss Lena Inglis and Harry Cornfield were the attendants. A reception was held immediately following the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe will reside in Milford.

McAllister-Wilson.

Miss Clara Wilson, daughter of James Wilson, of Lorneville, was married last Wednesday to Milford McAllister. The ceremony, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, was conducted by Rev. Lachlan McLean. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss May Wilson, while his brother, Mr. William J. McAllister, supported the groom. A becoming gown of white lawn, lace trimmed, with lace hat to match, formed the bridal costume. Numerous handsome wedding gifts were received by Mr. and Mrs. McAllister, who will reside in Lorneville.

The committees in charge of the Foresters' picnic and blueberry excursion at Welsford tomorrow are sparing no pains to make it pleasant for all who attend. Carpenters have just completed the erection of a large pavilion for dancing, which is now in the hands of the decorators. This, when finished, will present a fairy-like appearance.

Lieut. C. W. Weldon McLean, R. H. A., and his sister, Miss Ense McLean, who are returning from England on the Empress of Britain, are expected to reach St. John tomorrow. Lieut. McLean will leave with his regiment for India in October.

An optimist is a man who never stops to open a sandwich.

Suspicion is the substitute of the slothful for vigilance.

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