

# PAID IN FULL

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

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## CHAPTER I

"No; I'll not give 'em a raise of 3 cents an hour nor a raise of 3 cents an hour; nary a raise, understand. And I don't want you to come here thinking you can bulldoze me, because you'll find mighty quick you're mistaken. If any man thinks he can do that I want to see him."

The words, uttered in a wrathful bellow, came through the closed door of the president's room and were heard by every employee and visitor in the main office of the Latin-American Steamship company, which occupied an entire floor of a big building in Bowling Green, New York city.

Some of the employees smiled and passed the remark that the boss "had 'em bad" that day, but the smiles were of the sickly, apprehensive order for the fact that he was in execrable humor was perfectly well known to each and all, having been impressed upon them very forcibly at intervals from the minute the great man had made his appearance with his unruly punctuality as the clock struck 9 a. m.

Others scowled and kept their reflections to themselves. The voices of the other parties to the conversation were not audible to the listeners, but that of the president, with its all penetrating roar, burst forth again:

"I don't give a tin whistle what you or your unions do, understand. Let 'em strike, strike and be d—d. But you tell 'em this from me—that any man who's fool enough to throw up his job does so for good and all. He'll never work again for the Latin-American Steamship company in this or any other port. I'll take care of that. I'll show 'em who and what I am if they don't know."

The door opened, and two white faced, intimidated men looked, cap in hand. They were rough looking men, evidently laborers injured to the hardest kind of work. They shuffled quickly past the neatly dressed clerks and did not breathe freely until they found themselves in the cross streams of hurrying passersby on the street. There, as they mopped their brows and looked around for a saloon, something of the arrogant insolence with which they had demanded audience of the head of the company and which had been speedily cowed out of them by that formidable and choleric personage returned to them.

Meanwhile at the open door of the room in which they had been through the ordeal of their interview Captain Amos Williams, president and general manager of the line, glared after his departing visitors and round the office. There was dead silence, and every employee, from the highest to the office boys, imprudent and irresponsible there, as everywhere else, save when Captain Williams was high, became deeply engaged in his work.

"Call up Mr. Smith and tell him I want to see him at once," he growled to no one in particular. Then he reentered his room and slammed the door.

In a few minutes, however, his bell rang, and a boy responded to it with an alacrity not customary in any other office in all New York.

"Tell Mr. Brooks to come here," was the order he received.

The boy hurried out and approached one of the men behind the brass lattice screens.

"Mr. Brooks, the captain wants you," he announced.

Mr. Brooks did not reply, but he got down leisurely and with bad grace from his stool and moved with equal deliberation to the president's room.

"Brooks, has Fernandez & Co., that Pernambuco firm, been heard from yet?" demanded his employer.

"Check came today," was the laconic reply.

"Full amount?"

"Yes, four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five."

"All right. That's all."

Brooks went out, closing the door behind him, and returned to his desk. He was in a bad temper himself and made no effort to conceal it, for a sudden scowl marred his handsome and usually genial face. Not only was Joseph Brooks handsome, but a rather distinguished looking young fellow, whose clothes sat well and becomingly upon him, albeit they were somewhat shabby from wear and from ironing by inept hands at home. And if his collar and cuffs also were just a trifle the worse for wear at least they were immaculately clean.

"Cheer up!" admonished one of his fellow clerks, noticing his ill humor. Brooks' moods were never taken seriously, for with him fits of despondency alternated with a contagious cordiality and an optimism that knew no limit. Of late, however, his spells of gloominess had become wearisomely frequent, and usually they were accompanied by a nervous irritability.

"Cheer up!" he answered, with some heat. "I don't see any reason for cheering up, and I don't feel like cheering up. Did you hear how the brute received those delegates of the Longshoremen's union because they asked him to add a little to their starvation pay to help them keep skin and bone together? Why shouldn't he raise all us? He's reeking with money, doesn't know what to do with it, yet what does he do but grind us down—grind and grind and grind—grind us as a grain of wheat is ground to powder between the millstones—grind us with his heel, squeezing from us the very sap of brain and life that he may add to his pile."

this outbreak with amused surprise. "Well," said the man who had addressed him before, "I haven't noticed



"I hope the longshoremen do strike!" you sweating blood to any extent under the grinding process."

"Jenkins, you're a camel," retorted Brooks. "For a wisp of hay you'd let yourself be loaded till the last straw broke your back, and then you'd lick the hand that crushed you."

"Sure," said Jenkins enthusiastically. "Anybody can load me up that wants to."

"And I'll back his liquid capacity to equal that of any camel," chimed in another clerk, while every one within earshot grinned.

"Oh, you can laugh," grumbled Brooks, "but it doesn't alter the truth of what I say. It's men like him that have made our society today what it is, a soulless, heartless, oppressive civilization in which Croesuses walk roughshod over the men who are down and thrust them deeper into the slough with one foot as they climb higher and higher to the power that the possession of inconceivable wealth carries with it."

"'Twas ever thus!" sighed Jenkins. "But there is yet hope. Our Joseph hath received a call to uplift the downtrodden."

"How did he get it? What is his record?" went on Brooks, ignoring the interruption. "Why, he started out as a sealer or a south Pacific trader, which in those days was the same as being a pirate, and you know and I know that his name was a terror to sailormen from San Francisco to Australia. He made his first money by bullying and ill treating other men and killing them, too, on occasion. It's a matter of common knowledge. And he's been a buccaneer ever since. Didn't he bunko and sandbag my father-in-law out of control of this company? And what has he done since then but act the brutal tyrant over everybody connected with it, beating us down to the lowest wage a man can exist on that he may add to his dirty boot and rope end as though it were his lawless ship and we were his groveling Lascars crew. I hope the longshoremen do strike! They would be doing humanity a service if they'd fill him full of bullets."

"There's a lot of truth in what Brooks says," assented a youthful clerk in low tones, looking around cautiously as he did so.

"Well, after all, I don't see that you're got such a fierce kick coming," observed Jenkins to the disgruntled orator.

"You don't, eh?" sneered Brooks. "You think \$20 a week is big pay for an accountant and collector who's handled half the money of the line for five years, eh?"

"No; I mean that you are at least solid with the boss and sure of your job, which is more than anybody else here is, and that you stand to become an officer high up in the company one of these days. Williams is a friend of your family, isn't he? You yourself have boasted often that he visits you and your wife."

"That's just it. The swine takes advantage of his relations with my wife's people to keep me down and rub it in. Other people get their salary raised, but I don't. Do you call that a square deal?"

"It hardly seems so, but perhaps there's a reason. He may have some object that will appear in due course, and you'll go up several numbers at one sweep. In the meantime," continued Jenkins, lowering his voice, "I wouldn't let on like you have this afternoon if I were you, Joe. It can't do any good and might do you a deal of harm. You don't know who might hear you, and the boss somehow knows everything that goes on in the office."

"I don't care," affirmed Brooks outrightly. "I'd just as lief tell him to his face what I think of him, and, by gum, I will one of these days, daro him!"

"All right," laughed Jenkins. "I hope I'll be around at the time so that I can perform for you the last sad rite of gathering up your scattered remains. Ah, here's Jimmy Smith!"

CHAPTER II

JAMES SMITH, superintendent of the Latin-American Steamship company's docks, had arrived in response to the president's summons, conveyed to him by the telephone. Smith, known to his familiars as Jimmy, was a tall, gaunt, angular man, bearing all over him the stamp of westerner. He was, in fact, from Colorado, where he began his active

career by engaging in mining. Scant success attended his efforts in this direction, however, and after working with the dogged determination that was one of his traits until even his patience was exhausted he finally entered the employ of the steamship company in whose service he had risen to his present position, with headquarters in New York.

There was something about Smith that caused men, and women also, for that matter, to take to him on sight. The unbounded good nature, big heartedness and unselfishness beaming in his blue eyes and in his whimsical smile were written in every line of his clean shaven face. Another thing that made him remarked by all who came in contact with him was his absolute imperturbability. In all his thirty-seven years of existence he never had been known to "get a move on," not even when a premature blast in a mine had sent the diggers better skelter for safety and carried death and suffering to many. Smith had walked tranquilly away amid the rain of rock and earth until it was all over. Then he had returned and organized the work of rescue, his placidity causing the others instinctively to look to him for direction. Nor was his speech more hurried than were his movements. He spoke but little, and then his words came in a quiet, even, distinct drawl. But he "got there" as quickly as most men, and a good deal quicker than some whose nerves were highly strung and with whom rapidity of action was as necessary as breathing, for he was possessed of keen powers of observation and common sense, an earnestness of purpose that gave his utterances weight and an integrity as unshakable as the rock of Gibraltar. As a fitting, almost necessary, complement of such a nature he was endowed with a sense of humor that added not a little to the attraction he exercised for those who knew him. Scientifically well able to appreciate his qualities of heart and mind.

He took a calm, all embracing survey of the office as he entered, looked over to Brooks' desk and saluted him with a cordial motion of the hand and in structured a boy to notify Captain Williams of his arrival. He was ushered immediately into the chief's presence.

That worthy, who, like his superintendent, was clean shaven, was seated at his desk in his shirt sleeves, and the whole room, despite the wide open windows, was thick from the smoke of an old blackened corn-cob pipe at which he was puffing vigorously. He was a burly man, and the short, thick neck, the broad shoulders, the powerful, big jointed fingers and the muscles that stood out in bunches on the hairy arms disclosed by his rolled up shirt sleeves denoted that he possessed unusual physical strength. An ugly man to get into an argument with was Williams, one who, it needed no mind reader to judge, would be capable of following the word with a blow that would crush an ordinary opponent. For years, as Brooks had intimated, he had led the roughest life a man can lead, hammering by sheer brute strength a way to wealth by ways in which scruple had counted for nothing at all and expediency for a good deal, and his entrance upon a higher plane of civilization had not imparted much polish to his appearance, habits or speech, which were those of the old time sailing ship mariner, although of late years he had striven to conform more closely to the examples of refinement he witnessed in the only polite society he cared for, which was that of the family of his dead friend, Stanley Harris, who was general manager of the Latin-American line when he obtained control of it. He had a way of glancing at a person from under his bushy eyebrows with a scrutiny that seemed to read through and up and down him and made him most ill at ease under it.

He made his decisions promptly, authoritatively, after the manner of a man accustomed to command and to be obeyed without question, and he never changed them, at least in his business and administrative dealings. Add to all this a voice like a foghorn, the effect of which, when he raised it, was, as he knew full well, to make his subordinates quake and to intimidate others who had to do with him, and it will be realized that he lived up fully to his reputation of being a hard man.

For his quiet, unmovable and thoroughly capable dock superintendent he entertained a certain respect. He knew from experience that the man was not the least bit afraid or even disturbed by his bullying manner and his belittling and that his glare, always squarely met, had no more effect upon him than it would have upon the bronze statue of Washington which stands sentinel on the steps of the subway in Wall street.

Smith lowered himself slowly and easily into a big armchair beside the president's desk.

"Two delegates from the Longshoremen's union were here just now," announced the captain. "They say the freight handlers are going to strike."

"Ya-as?" said Smith interrogatively. "Yes, what do you know about it?"

"Nothing, except that they came to me with a demand for higher pay for the men. I referred them to you."

"Well, I didn't leave 'em any loophole for doubt as to my position in the matter."

"You turned them down?"

"Turned 'em down! Of course. What do you think? Suppose I handed 'em a raise on a silver platter and bowed 'em out of the door?"

"I don't suppose anything about it. I'm asking for information."

"Them two blatherskites came swaggering and blustering in here and said every last one of the men would quit tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock unless they got 3 cents more an hour. They wasn't swaggering when they went out of here, I tell you. I pretty soon took the starch out of 'em."

A faint smile flitted over the superintendent's face, but he ventured no remark.

"I told 'em," Williams went on, "that I wouldn't give 'em a cent a century more and to strike and be d—d. I also told 'em that any man who did go out would never get another job with this company, and, by Sam, he won't!"

The captain's voice had risen to a roar, and he brought his fist down on the desk with such force that pens and pencils went flying in all directions

and the ink splashed from the wells in their solid crystal stand.

"Them labor agitators ain't got no notion of the fitness of things. They ain't got a grasp on economic conditions for a cent. They got to do something to live without working, so every once in awhile they go to the men as pays 'em to be walking delegates, gives 'em some glib talk about their rights and advises 'em to strike for more money. Do they look around and try to find out whether an advance is warranted by the conditions? Nary a look. Do any of the men they hand out their advice to try to find out? Not on your life! They go ahead like a lot of sheep and strike and starve and blame the result on capital."

Smith nodded.

"If they carry out their threat and quit," continued the captain, "you will clear all the strikers from the docks, throw 'em off if necessary, knock their silly blocks off, but tell them as wants to work that full protection will be given. I'll arrange with police headquarters to have a sufficient force of bluecoats on hand to guard our property and will also notify our docks at other ports to be prepared. You will fix up accommodations for the strike breakers in the sheds here until the trouble is over and make arrangements to bring men from the inland cities. In this matter you need spare no expense. Understand?"

"I guess so," replied the superintendent.

"Then it's up to you."

"Anything else you want to see me about?"

"Not now. You can get in touch with me any time you want me. You know about where I'm to be found."

Smith drew in his long legs, raised himself from the chair and took up his hat to go.

"See here, Smith," said the captain, his voice rising gradually to its fearful some fellow. "It's nigh on to twoscore years since I took my first vessel, the Sally Moran, out of Frisco as master and owner, bound for the south sea islands to trade, and I've commanded my own ship every minute since and held my own against all sorts of lubbers as would have done me and done for me if they could. And do you think I'm going to be dictated to by any white livered gas bag of a crawling delegate who comes here holding a knife to my throat by threatening a turn-out without giving me a chance

to meet it if I don't give in to his demands on the spot? No, sir, not by an all fired sight! No, sir, not in a thousand years! I own this outfit from keel to main peak, and if I can't run it my own way I'll scuttle it and go down with it. Understand? And if any man's looking for a fight with me he'll find me quick enough, and I'll break him, no matter who or what he is. Yes, sir, by Sam, sir, like this!"

Seizing a thick ruler on the desk, he snapped it without apparent effort, and as he sat glaring there with his disheveled hair, his pugnaeous, massive underjaw protruding and his big fists tightly clinched on the broken wood, causing the muscles of his arms to bulge like knots on a gnarled tree, he presented the embodiment of might and ferocity.

"I don't know but what you're right, Cap'n Williams," drawled the superintendent with his unchangeable equanimity. "Anyhow, you sure are entitled to do what you like with your own."

He went out and on his way to the office exit stopped at Brooks' desk.

"Well, how's things, boy?" he inquired with an interest so kindly that one might have thought there was nothing else in the world with which his mind was occupied and never could have suspected that there lay before him for immediate solution the problem of preparing for a great strike that threatened to tie up the business of one of the most important steamship lines in the country, with ramifications extending from Boston all around the coast of South America to San Francisco.

"Oh, so, so," answered Brooks. "By the bye, I'd be awful glad if you'd come up to supper tonight. Emma was saying only this morning that we hadn't seen anything of you for a week."

"That's so. I've got to square myself with Emma, though it hasn't been my fault altogether."

"Then we'll expect you to supper?"

"I can't promise, because I've a deal to do between now and this evening, but I'll come if I can."

"So long, Jimmy."

"So long."

And Smith sauntered out to attend to one of the greatest emergencies he had ever been called upon to meet in his life.

(Continued Tomorrow)

A NARROW ESCAPE

Edgar N. Bayliss, a merchant of Robinsonville, Del., wrote: "About two years ago I was thin and sick, and coughed all the time and if I did not have consumption, it was near to it. I commenced using Foley's Honey and Tar, and it stopped my cough, and now I am entirely well, and have gained twenty-eight pounds, all due to good results from taking Foley's Honey and Tar." Sold by all druggists.

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