

## How Jimmy Captured a 2,000 Ton Tramp

By PERCIE W. HART

"THESE are very nice, my boy," remarked the old merchant, as he handed the charter-party copies back to young Jimmy Evans. "I like to see them done so neatly and ruled so correctly. Little things like that add greatly to the reputation of our office. Keep on as you're doing, and we'll see if we can't make a first-class ship broker out of you."

The lad's face flushed crimson with mixed pleasure and embarrassment, and, saying nothing, which was a very good answer under the circumstances, he hastened back to his tall desk.

"Gee-whillikens!" ejaculated Ralph Connor, after Mr. Grenhard had left the office. "I've been here over a year now, and the old man has never given me any such dose of taffy in the whole time."

"Good reason why," growled the elderly office manager, who could not help overhearing the conversation of the two lads. "You take a whole day to make one set of copies, what with tearing up expensive blanks and beginning again, and even then they're so smudgy and blurred that it's all one can do to read, let alone admire them. The trouble with you, Ralph Connor, is that you don't understand the meaning of what you are writing. You go at it just as if you were a parrot. Young Evans has pretty nearly bothered the life out of me by asking questions, but I will say that he seems to profit by what he is told."

"I'm sure, I'm very much obliged, Mr. Waldron, for all your kindness to me," said Jimmy. "I know that I owe a great—"

"Oh, it's all right," interrupted the manager. "Come over here and check off these commission accounts with me."

At the close of this lengthy task, young Jimmy fidgeted about a moment or two, and then said:

"Mr. Waldron, may I ask—"

Ralph Connor, over at the next desk, commenced to snicker and work one arm like a pump handle. The office manager turned on his high stool to glare at the humorist, and then back to Jimmy, merely saying: "Well?"

"Er—may I ask," repeated the boy nervously, "may I ask why Mr. Grenhard is so excited about not getting this 2,000-ton steamer charter?"

"Can't get the steamer," replied the office manager, without turning around.

"But there are lots of them in the harbor," persisted the youth. "Why, I saw dozens, when I came over in the ferryboat from Jersey this morning."

"Yes, I dare say; but they're all either liners or ready chartered," said Mr. Waldron, frowning with some documents as he spoke. "You see, the war in South Africa has made a great scarcity in tramp steamships at New York, as well as other ports. The British government is using a great many in its transport service. I'll venture to say there are a dozen firms ready to snap up just such a ship as we want the moment she arrives. I don't suppose you really know what a tramp steamer is."

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "I do not. I've always lived inland until we came here, and am not posted on any kind of shipping, very much; but now that I'm in the business, I'm going to learn all I can about them."

"That's right," returned the manager, admiringly. "Here's a little pointer for you, now. A tramp steamship is one belonging to no regular line, but seeking cargoes from one port to another, wherever she can get them."

"And we have an order to charter a 2,000-ton tramp steamship, and have not been able to find one as yet?" inquired the lad.

"Just so," assented Mr. Waldron; "but what makes the thing worse is, this order comes from our biggest customer, and he declares that unless we can secure the charter for him by to-morrow morning, he will take his business to another ship brokerage concern."

"Whew!" whistled Jimmy, dolefully.

"So I shouldn't wonder if we lost our biggest account," went on Mr. Waldron, sardonically.

"But such a tramp steamer may come into the harbor by to-morrow morning," spoke up Jimmy, eagerly. "Yes, but if it should, how can we be sure of getting her? The maritime exchange serves us all alike in the matter of reporting arrivals. Other brokers have the same show as we do," observed the manager. And he concluded by nodding his head, significantly, over toward the piled-up work on the junior clerk's desk.

Late that afternoon, Jimmy left the office and hastened toward his suburban home. In going to the

ferry, he had to pass along a portion of West street, and became very much excited on noticing a certain craft in the North river. The vessel was heading inshore, and, evidently, was about to come alongside of a dock. Any longshoreman, and half of the city landlubbers, could have told at a glance that she was a private yacht, but Jimmy never asked. He was possessed with the insane idea that she was a tramp steamer just arriving. The question of her probable tonnage bothered him.

"I'm sure I can't guess whether she is of two or ten thousand tons," he muttered, desperately.

But, putting this detail aside for a moment, the lad dodged his way across the street, in and out among the recklessly driven teams, entered the freight shed, very much out of breath, and waited for the craft to make her landing. This was accomplished in short order, and scarcely had the gang plank touched the wharf before Jimmy was running up it, very nearly bowling over a portly individual who was about to commence the descent.

"Well, young man," began the latter, a trifle brusquely, as he staggered back from the shock of the encounter; "what are you trying to do? Knock me—"

"Please, sir—er—captain—excuse my haste, but you are a tramp?—er—that is, your vessel, I mean—is she a tramp steamship?" interrupted the excited youth.

"Hey!" snorted the other, wonderingly.

"Because, if she is, I can offer you a fine charter," went on the guileless Jimmy, "that is—er—if your boat does not run much over 2,000 tons."

"What is the name of your firm?" queried the other, commencing to be interested by the lad's combination of ignorance and earnestness.

"Grenhard & Co., one of the oldest and the best in our line," declared Jimmy, proudly.

"And what share may you have in the firm?" questioned the elderly man.

"Me? Oh, I'm only a junior clerk, the lowest in the office. I suppose I really ought to be called the errand boy, but Mr. Waldron—"

"If the office boy of the concern runs around hunting up steamships for charter, I wonder what duties the head of the firm reserves for himself?" commented the portly individual, much amused.

"But you have not answered my question yet," put in Jimmy, fearing that he was not making a good impression. "I don't mind telling you that it is a very important matter for us. Unless we make this charter by to-morrow morning, we shall lose our biggest customer."

"Dear me, dear me," cried the other; "that's too bad!—after all your exertions, too."

"Then you're not a 2,000-ton tramp steamer?" queried the boy, with a falling inflection in his voice.

"No, only a \$200,000 steam yacht," replied the portly individual, gravely; "but I like your spirit, and I'll tell you what we might do. We might help you to find what you're looking for."

"Capt. Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side; "this young man is in search of an incoming tramp steamer of about 2,000 tons, that may be open for charter. See if you can help him out. I won't need the yacht again till late to-morrow."

And away he went to a waiting cab, with an attendant valet and two sailors loaded down with small luggage. After having followed the suggestion of the thoughtful yacht owner, Jimmy returned aboard, the gang plank was taken in, hawseers cast off, and the little steamship departed upon her odd mission, steaming directly down the great New York bay, and into the open sea.

On the following morning the senior partner of Grenhard & Co. showed some anxiety in his face as he entered the office.

"Where's Evans?" he demanded, looking over at the unoccupied desk. "Not here yet, sir," chirped Ralph Connor.

"Sick, I guess," growled the office manager.

"Well, well, I hope not," returned the kindly old man. "Mr. Lawson has not been here yet, Waldron, has he?"

"No, but he telephoned that he would be, in a few minutes. Here he is, now."

"Good morning, Mr. Grenhard," cried a thin, under-sized personage, with bright red hair, entering at the moment. "I hope you've got that charter all fixed for me."

"My dear Mr. Lawson," commenced the old broker, in an evidently apologetic manner, "I trust you—"

"I am a man of my word," interrupted the newcomer. "If you haven't that steamer for me I'll transfer my custom elsewhere. Grimshaw has cut in ahead of me twice now, and if you can't supply the vessel—"

While Mr. Lawson was delivering this tirade Jimmy Evans had come in, looking very white about the face, but with excitement glistering in his eyes. Hastily scribbling a few words

upon a scrap of paper, he stepped forward and presented it to his employer. He returned to his desk immediately after doing so.

Mr. Grenhard glanced carelessly at the little memorandum, started, read it again, and then stared over at the now busily-engaged junior, in open-mouthed amazement.

"I'll simply have to do as I said," continued the would-be charterer, "and make a new connection."

"I would remind you that I also am a man of my word," replied the head of the firm, throwing back his head, "and I never promise unless I can fulfill the obligation. I must confess that I really did not think that I could fill your last order, but, by a lucky chance, here is just what you wanted—the Cecilia, 2,100 tons, is in my hands for charter at a lump sum within your limit. This vessel is just entering the harbor, light, and will be ready to load at once."

Indications point to the lowest of the junior clerks of Grenhard & Co. as one of the coming successful merchants of the great city.—Success.

### Steamer for Yaguina.

There is pretty loud talk of putting on a steamer to run from Yaguina to San Francisco. As an inducement one responsible firm agrees to place 200 tons of freight every four days at Yaguina to be carried to San Francisco—a good starter, certainly. Now if the return freights can be secured averaging fairly up to the down freight, a steamer may be secured.—Toledo Post.

If the C. & E. will build across the mountains there will be no difficulty in obtaining down freight, or any other kind for that matter. With the untold tons of freight that is brought into and out of this great inland empire it seems strange that this road has not long ago been built across the short stretch of mountains that intervenes between here and Detroit, the present terminus. There certainly must be something wrong in the make-up of the stockholders or they are bought off by some other road. Given two salt water terminals and we would be in an enviable position so far as freight rates is concerned, but when will we have them is the burning question?

### Panama Route Impracticable.

Senator Mitchell says that investigation that he has made regarding the Panama canal convinces him that it is thoroughly impracticable, and that, if the government should purchase it, it would have endless litigation on its hands and many difficulties to encounter before all the claims and contentions could be settled. The thorough investigation which the inter-oceanic canal committee is giving to all positions is such that he believes all lawyers of the senate will be convinced that a great mistake would be made to accept the offer of the Panama Canal Company, and that, even if no money were involved, other complications are sufficient to condemn the acquisition of the canal property by the United States.

An educational convention will be held at the Willamette University at Salem in the early part of February by the Methodists of Oregon. Hon. N. M. Newport, of Albany, will deliver an address on the "Alumni of the University."

### Address Changed.

To all those concerned: I have changed my postoffice address from Cross Keys to Hay Creek, Oregon.

J. H. GARNETT.

### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that my wife, Missouri A. Barnard, having left my bed and board against my will and consent, I will not be responsible for any bills or expenses she may hereafter contract or incur.

J. D. BARNARD.

The Journal and Oregonian \$2.50 a year in advance.

The Bee Hive.



The Place To Save Money.

We thank the consumers of Crook County for the liberal patronage during the year 1901.

During the dull months of January and February we shall run a 5 and 10c Bargain Counter where odds and ends, which are always forgotten, can be picked up very cheaply.

Mens, Ladies and Childrens Mackintoshes are sold at a greatly reduced price.

Random Wool Drawers for men while they last, reduced to 50c a pair.

A splendid variety of Mens and Boys Duck Leggings. Will keep out snow and keep you warm. Boys, 40 and 50c a pair; Mens, 75c and \$1.00 a pair.

Don't forget that we keep the Celebrated Klontike Plug Cut Smoking Tobacco always on hand, and no other house has it. OUR OWN BRAND, a comfortable smoke and wont burn the tongue, 1 lb tins 50c, full weight; 1-2 lb tins 25c, full weight.

If you want a good 5c smoke we have a big variety to choose from. Every known brand is kept here for sale.

A share of your patronage respectfully solicited.

MICHEL & KISSER.

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Gentlemen and Ladies Shoes, former price \$2.50, now selling at \$1.50. \$2.00, now at \$2.10. \$4.00, now at \$2.75. \$5.50, now at \$3.90. \$6.00, now at \$4.00.

### For 30 Days Only.

Ladies Heavy Fleece Lined Vests, special at 30c.

Ladies Dress Skirts at \$1.10.

Ladies Silk Flowered Handkerchiefs 17c each, 3 for 50c.

Misses Mackintoshes at \$1.35.

We have 300 pairs of Ladies Shoes. Your choice for 50c per pair.

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### Deputy Stock Inspectors.

Notice is hereby given that I have appointed the following named persons deputy stock inspectors:

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| J. P. Cartwright, | Hay Creek.  |
| Sam Hamilton,     | Ashwood.    |
| E. Sparks,        | Sisters.    |
| A. Morrow,        | Haysick.    |
| F. M. Smith,      | Paulina.    |
| Roscoe Knox,      | Post.       |
| T. C. Seain,      | Bear Creek. |
| J. S. Bogue,      | Rosland.    |
| Alex Melatosh,    | Harlin.     |
| J. P. VanHouten,  | Hay Creek.  |

Joe Hinkle,  
Stock Inspector Crook County.