Millions of Business Transactions in a Hallway

HOW THE PORTLAND PUBLIC IS DISCOMMODED AT THE POSTOFFICE

UNCLE SAM is not generally regarded as a niggardly personage. On the contrary, he is usually liberal and generous to a fault, broad-minded and open-hearted. As a rule, his employes are better treated and better paid than other wage-earners. In other words, people who work for the United States Government receive more compensation than would be given them by corporations or private individuals. The Nation's laborers have shorter hours, easier work and better pay than they earn, usually, and their facilities for work are the best. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule. But all this is another story.

Uncle Sam permits and even compels the 100,000 people who live in Portland to do each year a business aggregating over $7,000,000 in a little, dirty, dingy, smoky, ill-ventilated, poorly-lighted, foul-smelling, germ-laden, close, funky hallway, about 15 feet wide and not over 50 feet long. And this, too, occupied by two flights of stairs, four rocky, rickety desks and a "lookout" box, often mistaken by rural guests for an ancestral corner cupboard. This 750 square feet of floor-space constitutes the grand reception-room that Uncle Sam provides for the people of the metropolis of Oregon. It is where the postal business, or nearly all of it, of Portland is transacted. When it comes to comparisons, a can of sardines is roomy, empty and vast, placed by the side of the departments and compartments in the Portland Postoffice building. The business of the Portland Postoffice, as far as the public is concerned, is transacted in the hallway spoken of.

If the great volume of business that is yearly done in this hallway consisted of big transactions; if the $7,000,000 represented the passing from one clerk to another of a number of checks and drafts written in four and five figures, the operators might find elbow-room, but it must be remembered that while business men occasionally buy postage stamps in lots of $10 and $5 worth, the weary clerks spend hours in dealing out 10 cents' worth of twos and single postal cards, giving back the pennies in change. It would require some time for even a brisk bank clerk to count out $1,000,000 in two-bits and 5-cents' worth of 2-cent stamps. This is what the Portland Postoffice clerk is up against, but that is not half so interesting or anything like so vexatious as what the Portland public, the people who patronize the Postoffice, have to contend with.

As one enters the Postoffice from the Morrison-street door he finds himself, along with a multitude of other people, in this main hallway, 15 feet wide and about three times that length. On either hand is a flight of stairs leading to the apartments of the Federal Court above. On the right is the window of the registry clerk, who is cooped up in a box barely big enough to turn around in. The people must stand in line, waiting for their turn. As part of the hall is used by those standing in line in front of the stamp window and the money order den, those waiting to register letters must form in line on the stairs, and often tired women are compelled to walk up nearly to the top of the stairway and slowly come down step by step, as the clerk registers a letter. As the mailcarriers get the registered mail they distribute on their routes from this same window (there is no back entrance to this apartment for the carriers), the mix-up between the brass-buttoned and gray-uniformed carriers and the conglomerate mass of humanity in the civil walks of life is, to say the least, a little confusing. Charwomen often take their babies to the Postoffice and Chinamen are sometimes accompanied by huge baskets of laundry. These and the smoke-sodden atmosphere, allied with tobacco juice on the tessalated marble floor and the frequent profanity of some boorish and impatient waiter, do not tend to make this busy mart very attractive to some of the more fastidious people who are compelled to frequent the place. There is another hallway in the building, extending from the center to the Fifth-street entrance. This is even smaller than the other, but all the people who get their mail at the general delivery windows have to stand in line within it. True, on some days in the week overflow meetings are held and the line of waiters often extends for many yards along the Fifth-street sidewalk, but as a usual thing the little pent-up hall accomodates all who come to ask for a letter. All the people go to the Postoffice some of the time and some of the people go to the Postoffice all the time, and Postmaster Croasman is singing paeans of praise because all of the people do not go to the Postoffice all of the time. Because, if they did he would not have anywhere to put them. One often hears of street brokers, curbstone lawyers and open-air preachers, but Mr. Croasman is perhaps the only hallway Postmaster in Oregon. But this is not his fault.

DAILY SCENE AT THE STAMP WINDOW OF THE PORTLAND POSTOFFICE

Three decades ago, or more, when the present Postoffice was erected, Portland was a town of not over 15,000 people. In all Oregon there were not over 80,000 human beings, counting the Indians, who do not burden the mails with their correspondence. This building was commodious and entirely adequate then. But since that time the population of Portland has increased six times and that of the state has grown five fold. The reduction in postal rates and the growth of newspapers and periodicals has caused the postal business of Portland to magnify a dozen or 20 times, yet the clerks are crowded together in the same old quarters and the public, the thousands of people who daily do business at the Postoffice, rub elbows in the one little pen which faces the stamp, money order and registry windows. The marble floors in the halls are worn by the footprints of thousands and the great stone steps at the doors are honeycombed with holes, under the tread of the mighty, never-ending throng.

Every inch of space in the Portland Postoffice is utilized. There are desks and pigeon-holes wherever it is possible to place them. Mr. Croasman has fitted up in the dark, ill-ventilated cellar, a reception-room for the letter-carriers, where they may dry their clothes and keep out of the rain, while waiting to go on duty. This place is entirely unsuitable and is positively dangerous, but it is the best that can be done. In the cellar, also, the Postmaster has arranged a storeroom, where are kept goods belonging to the Government worth $100,000. Stamps, envelopes, mail pounches, ink, mucilage and blanks of every description are piled away in this musty place, exposed to the ravages of the damp air, the rats and any burglars who may choose to enter. There should be a vault for these stores on the ground floor, but there is no room for it.

In the mailing department 60,000 letters are started out and handled several times each day. In addition to this tons of second, third and fourth-class matter is disposed of. Ten men are constantly at work in a room that would not properly accommodate five.

The Postmaster will very soon have to ask for more clerks, and he does not know where he will put them. The force of letter-carriers will also very soon have to be augmented and just where the new men are going to stand is a poser to Mr. Croasman.

In order to ease the congestion the Postmaster will soon ask the department to establish two additional branch offices in the city—one on Nob Hill and the other down town.

Some time in the course of human events, provided the events last long enough, an addition will be made to the Portland Postoffice. The Oregon delegation in Congress is now wrestling with a bill asking for an appropriation for $250,000 for this purpose. Postmaster Croasman says this is entirely inadequate and that to make the addition of stone and in keeping with the present structure, this amount will only build one wing, which will probably be erected on either the Fifth or Sixth-street side of the house and which will interfere seriously with the light and ventilation and will not provide sufficient room. However, Mr. Croasman has written to Senator Mitchell to go to the Treasury Department and ask that the plans be prepared, so as no time may be lost. The Postmaster believes that there should be two wings placed to the present structure. One on the Morrison-street front, extending to the curbstone, and another addition on the Yamhill-street side, of the same size. The present stairways should be removed and the hall extended the entire length of the building, from Morrison to Yamhill streets. This would make a lobby large enough for the transaction of all the postal business by the public for many years to come, and the two wings would give the clerical force sufficient room in in which to turn around. To make these additions of the same materials as the present structure and in architectural harmony with the old building will cost about $400,000. Mr. Croasman greatly desires this to be done and thinks it will be almost useless and entirely out of place to attempt to make the necessary improvements with an appropriation of $250,000.

The Government is actually losing business by the inadequate facilities in the Portland Postoffice, because at the money-order window, where the crowd is most congested, many people turn away in despair and disgust, and others do not come at all, but go to the express and telegraph companies, where the frantic rush is not so great and the rates are almost as low.

The architects and builders of the Government, like the mills of the gods, do not fall over themselves in their mad haste to arrive at their destination. Many moons may wax and wane, glad Springtime, happy Summer, bright Autumn and drear Winter may come and come again and again. There will be births and deaths, marriages and giving in marriage and the Lewis and Clark Centennial may pass into eternal history before the additions to the Portland Postoffice are completed, but in the meantime all the business of the Portland Postoffice, that the public cares a rap about, will continue to be done at the old stand, the little foul-smelling hallway with its checkerboard floor.

J. W. HEADEN.

MR. DOOLEY ON PRINCE HENRY'S COMING

HE OUTLINES WHAT THE ROYAL VISITOR WILL WRITE TO HIS ROYAL BROTHER.

"THAT Prince Hinnery seems to be havin' a good time," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He's havin' th' time iv his life," said Mr. Dooley. "Not since th' Honezollern fam'ly was founded be wan iv th' ablest burglars iv th' Middle Ages has anny Prince injiyed such a spree as this wan. Ye see, a Prince is a gr-reat man in th' ol' counthry, but he niver is as gr-reat over there as he is here. Whin he's at home, he's something th' people can't help, an' they don't mind him. He's like an iron lamp post, st'ition'ry, ornymintal, an' useful to let people know where they are. But whin he comes to this home of raypublican simplicity, he's all that th' wurrud Prince wud imply, an' it implies more to us thin to annywan else. I tell ye, we're givin' him th' best we have in th' shop. We're showin' him that whativer riv'rince we may feel tow'rd George Wash'n'ton, it don't prejudice us again live Princes. Th' Princes we hate is thim that are dead an' harmless. We've rayceived him with open arms, an' I'll say this f'r him that f'r a German he's a good fellow.

"That's as far as I care to go, havin' lived f'r manny years among th' Germans. I'm not prejudiced again thim, mind ye. They' make good beer an' good citizens an' mod'rate polismen, an' they are fond iv their fam'lies an' cheese. But wanst a German always Dutch. Ye cudden't make Americans iv thim if ye called thim all Perkins an' brought thim up in Worcester. A German iver raaly leaves Germany. He takes it with him wheriver he goes. Whin a May-o man absconds fr'm his native counthry he becomes an Irishman an' whin he is four miles out at sea he is as much an American as Presarved Fish. But a German is niver an American excipt whin he goes back to Germany to see his rillitives. He keeps his own language, he plays pinochle, he despises th' dhrink iv th' counthry, his food is strange, an' he on'y votes f'r Germans f'r office, or if he can't get a German, f'r somewan who's again th' Irish. I bet ye, if ye was f'r to suddenly ask Schwartzmeister where he is, he'd say: 'At Hockheimer in Schwabia.' He don't raaly know he iver come to this counthry. I've heerd him talkin' to himsilf. He always counts in German.

"But I say about Prince Hinnery that f'r a German he's all right an' I'm glad he come. I hear he wrote home to his brother that is th' Imp'ror over there: 'Dear Willum: This is a wondherful counthry, an' they've give me a perfectly killin' rayciption. I've almost died laughin'. We was met forty miles out at sea be a band on a raft playin' th' Watch on th' Rhine. We encountered another band playin' th' same plazin' harmony ivry five miles till we got up to New York. I wisht I had come over on a man-iv-war. In th' Bay we was surrounded be a fleet iv tugs carryin' ripristintatives iv th' press, singin' th' Watch on th' Rhine. I rayceived siveral offers through a migaphone to write an article about what ye say in ye'er sleep f'r th' pa-apers, but I declined thim awaitin' insthructions fr'm ye. At th' dock we was greeted be a band playin' th' Watch'on th' Rhine an' afther some delay, caused be th' Delicatessen Sangerbund holdin' us while they sung th' Watch on th' Rhine, we stepped ashore on a gangplank neatly formed be th' Gov'nor iv th' state holdin' onto th' feet iv th' Mayor, him clutchin' th' editor iv th' Staats Zeitung, an' so on, th' gangplank singin' th' Watch on th' Rhine as we walked to th' dock.

"'I am much imprissed be New York. I hate it. Th' buildin's are very high here but th' language is higher. If I was to go home now, ye wuddn't know me. Afther I hear a speech I don't dare to look in th' glass f'r fear I might be guilty iv treason to ye, mein lieber. Our illustridus ancesthor, Fridrick th' Great, was a cheap an' common man compared to me, an' ye, august brother, niver got by th' barrier. I hope I'll have time to cool down befure I get home or ye'll have to lock me up.

"'They're givin' me th' fine line iv intertainmint. Ivrywhere I go, they'se music or something that does as well. I have a musical insthrument called a catastrophone in me room that plays th' Watch on th' Rhine whin I go in at night an' get up in th' mornin'. Whin I go out on th' sthreet, th' crowd cries, "Hock th' Kaiser." I wish they'd stop hockin' ye, dear brother, an' hock th' Watch on th' Rhine. (This here is an American joke. I'm getin' on fast.) I'm goin' to be took to th' opry some night this week. They've fired a lot iv la-ads out iv their boxes to make room f'r me. Wan iv thim objected but he was fired annyhow. Afterward I'm goin' to ate dinner with th' editors iv th' counthry. Won't that be nice? I suppose I'm th' first Honezollern that iver took dinner with an editor, though our fam'ly has often given thim food an' lodgin'—in jail. I wish ye was here to go with me. Ye've had more journylistic expeeryence an' manny iv th' thinge ye've had printed wudden't seem too unthrue to th' other guests. Th' newspapers has been mos' kind to me, I might say, almost too kind. I am sindin' ye a photygraft iv mesilf in me bath, took be flashlight be an editor concealed on the' top iv th' clothes press an' an interview be a lady rayporter who ripristinted hersilf as the Queen iv Ohio.

"'But th' big ivint comes off tomorrah. I am actually invited to a dinner iv wan hundherd iv th' ripristintative business men iv New York an' a few Christyans ast in afthe'rward. Hooray, hooray! Mind ye, these ar-re not odhn'ry business men. Far fr'm it. No wan gets in unless he has made at laste eight millyion marks out iv th' sivinty millyon marks in this counthry. An' I'm ast to meet thim! What fun! I bet 'twill be jolly. I'm goin' to buy me a table f'r computin' inthrest, a copy iv th' naytional bankin' act an' a good account iv th' thransactions in sterlin' exchange f'r th' current year an' whin th' quip an' jest go round, I'll be no skeleton at th' feast.

"'Ye can see be this that my life has been almost too gay but th' merrymint goes blithely on. Fr'm here I go to Bawstown where I expict to pat th' Bunker Hill monymint in th' head an' have a look at th' new railway station. Then I will take in Buffly, Cichago (pronounced Sichawgo), Saint Looey, Three Rapids, Idaho, Pinnsylvania, an' mos' iv th' large cities iv th' West, includin' Chatahooga where wan iv th' gr-reat battles iv th' rivolution was fought between Gin'ral Sigel an' Gin'ral Zollycoffer. I expict to larn a good deal about th' steel, pork, corn, lard, an' lithrachoor iv th' counthry befure I rayturn. But this buttherfly existence is killin' me. It is far too gay. I suppose whin I was younger, I wud've injyed it but me time f'r socyal fistivities has passed an' I long f'r th' quite iv home life among th' simple ryelties iv Europe. Ye'ers, Hinnery.'

"Yes, he's havin' a good time. But what th' pa-apers calls th' climax is th' intertainmint will be reached whin he arrives in Chicago. Schwartzmeister an' I will rayceive him. Schwartzmeister's fam'ly knew his in th' ol' counthry. He had an uncle that was booted all th' way fr'm Sedan to Paris be a cousin iv th' Prince. We've arranged th' programme so far as Ar-rchey road is consarned. Monday mornin', visit to Kennedy's packin'-house; afthernoon, Riordan's blacksmith shop; avenin', 'Th' Two Orphans' at th' Halsted sthreet opry-house. Choosdah, 11 A. M., inspiction iv th' rollin' mills; afthernoon, visit to Feeney's coal yard; avenin', 'Bells iv Corneville' at th' opry-house. Winsdah mornin', tug ride on th' river fr'm Thirty-first sthreet to Law's coal yard; afthernoon, a call on th' tanneries, th' cable barn an' th' brickyards; avenin', dinner an' rayciption be th' retail saloonkeepers. There's th' whole programme. They may think in Noo York they are givin' him a good time, but we'll show him what galety raaly is, an' inform him iv th' foundation iv our supremacy as a nation. That's what he wants to see, an' we'll show it to him."

"Gowan," said Mr. Hennessy. "He don't know ye."

"I bet ye he knows me as much as he knows thim," said Mr. Dooley. "To a raale Prince, they can't be much diff'rence between a man who sells liquor be th' pail an' wan that sells it be th' distillery; between a man that makes a horseshoe an' wan that makes a millyion tons iv steel. We're all alike to him—Carnaygie, Rockyfeller, Morgan, Schwartzmeister an' me."

"Well, he certainly has been well rayceived," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wondher," said Mr. Dooley, "if he thinks 'tis on th' square?"

JOAQUIN MILLER'S FIRST VERSES

HOW THE POET OF THE SIERRAS MADE HIS LITERARY START IN OREGON

THERE is only one Joaquin Miller. One is enough.

It would seem that nature never intended such geniuses to travel in pairs.

That Miller is a genius, the world has rendered its verdict.

His poetry is near to nature, and his prose is symmetrical word-painting.

Joaquin Miller's first book was printed at Portland, Or., in April, 1868. He brought his manuscript to George H. Himes, who set the type and printed a few hundred copies, which the author distributed among his friends for their criticism.

It was a small book of 54 pages, with paper covers, and one of the few remaining copies is preserved in morocco by Secretary Himes, among the treasures of the Oregon Historical Association.

The title of the book is "Specimens," and one of its most musical specimens reads as follows:

The hills were brown and the heavens were blue,
And a woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell;
While a partridge whistled the whole day through
For a rabbit to dance in the chapparal.

Mr. Miller began the book with the following preface:

"As these lines are printed only for a few friends, this is rather a letter to them than a preface. I anticipate your disapproval, not so much of the matter—your love for me would conceal that—but that I write at all, for you always insisted that poetry was out of place here, and that rhyming was a mild type of insanity.

"When I came to manhood, being thus urged, because of love and respect for you, I put it aside—put it aside as you would put aside your blue-eyed children from your hearthstone, and on the rough edge of the frontier, walled from the world by the savage grandeur of the Blue Mountains, I pursued the rugged route of my profession.

"Then I fell ill, and down in the shadows the heart hungered after the beautiful and the soul went out after the sweet ideal, a dove on waters, and brought these things. That is why I have written.

"I had intended, in connection with Minnie Myrtle, printing a book, but have not time now. I take these two pieces from the collection, which suggests the name. Specimens they are, maybe, 'of the earth earthy,' and have quartz and other things clinging to them; but I certain believe they possess some of the pure metal, else you would not now have 'Specimens.'

"C. H. MILLER.

"Canyon City, Or., April 1, 1868."

"Specimens" comprised but two poems. One was entitled "Loua Ellah," and was a tale of the Rogue River War, describing the experiences of an old frontiersman who had lived among the Indians and married one of their women. A few years later he returned to the whites, and 20 years later was in the front ranks of a volunteer company fighting against the same tribe he had formerly lived with.

In a hand-to-hand struggle that ensued the white man and the halfbreed son he had left among the Indians finished each other, and discovered their kinship at the last, and the halfbreed daughter closed the eyes of both.

One of the verses in "Loua Ellah" reads:

More that's saintly, less that's human,
Never was in mortal woman.
God had saved his best material
And had bottled all the good
He had found in realms aerial,
In the intricate creation
Of everything of name or nation,
Since an age before the flood,
And had used in her creation
That material, and that good.

The second poem in the book is entitled "Shadows," and is a brief border tale descriptive of justice overtaking roughs and assassins.

Miller's Second Book.

In his first book Mr. Miller was plain C. H. Miller. The next year he again came down from the mining camp of Canyon City, in the Blue Mountains, and issued his second book, whose title-page was as follows:

JOAQUIN,
ET AL.,
BY
CINCINNATUS H. MILLER.

Portland, Oregon:
S. J. McCormick, Publisher,
165 Front St.
1869.

This second book was printed by Carter & Himes, of Portland, and was dedicated "To Maud."

Maud was Mr. Miller's daughter, then in her charming childhood, and her father's joy. Later on, while yet a mere girl, she entered upon a romantic career by going upon the stage and afterwards marrying an actor. Her eyes were recently closed in eternal sleep at her father's home on Oakland Heights.

Ex-Governor Pennoyer still preserves the copy of the book presented to him by the poet, who wrote on the fly-leaf: "Sylvester Pennoyer, from C. H. Miller. The first copy issued."

At that time Mr. Pennoyer was editor of the Oregon Herald, and in reviewing the book he pronounced Miller a poet, said that he possessed the spark of genius, and predicted a future for him.

These are the opening stanzas in Mr. Miller's second book:

Shadows that shroud the tomorrow—
Glints from the life that's within—
Traces of pain and of sorrow,
And maybe a trace of sin—
Reachings for God in the darkness,
And for—what should have been.

Stains from the gall and the wormwood—
Dead Sea apples and myrrh—
Ghost of a soul by a hearthstone—
Blotches of heart's blood here,
But never the sound of a wailing—
Never the sign of a tear.

Glintings of day in a darkness—
Flashings of flint and of steel—
Blended in gossamer texture,
The ideal and the real;
Limn'd like the phantom-ship shadow,
Crowding up under the keel.

This modest little second book was only four by six inches in size, but it had cloth binding, and contained 112 pages, 39 of which were devoted to the story of Joaquin Murietta, the California outlaw.

This little book attracted attention to Miller, and, as was customary in mining camps, he was at once nicknamed "Joaquin." He had no objections to the title, and adopted it as his own.

When Mr. Miller came from the mountains to Portland in 1889 he brought with him a very large package of poems in manuscript. With these he continued on to San Francisco, and before long turned up in London attired in frontier garb. Leading literary men at once took him up and gave him every assistance in publishing his poems under the title of "Songs of the Sierras."

His genius was recognized at once, he was patronized, and became famous, and ever since then the products of his pen have been eagerly sought.

But no matter where he may roam, no matter how high the state of his prosperity, he never forgets Oregon and her beautiful Blue Mountains, the region where he made his start.

J. W. REDINGTON.

Annabel Lee.

Edgar Allan Poe.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.
I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.
The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.
But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

GEORGE ADE'S FABLES IN SLANG

HE DESCRIBES BRIEFLY FOUR SORTS OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

ONCE there was a Man who brought his Pleasures by the Pound. He was a Close Buyer. Any time that he unwound the Shoe-String and disgorged a One-Case Note, he was expecting to get a Return of about $1 60 or else he considered himself Stung. His Family Motto was "Get your Money's Worth."

At a Hotel he would keep the Lights turned on all night so as to Catch Even on his Bill. Sometimes on the Trolley Car he would ride two Blocks past his own House and then walk back, because he wanted to get as much as possible for his Five Cents. Once he was beguiled into paying Five for a Ticket to a Charity Ball. Rather than to be out the Five he danced from 10 P. M. to 4 A. M. He was the Man who insisted on the Third Encore at the Theater and howled for a Baker's Dozen every time he bought Eggs.

Whenever he got Enlargement of the Heart and began to spend Money on himself, he expected every one to pay just as much Attention to him as they would to Prince Henry. Once he hired a Cab by the Hour. He was sitting in a Cosy Corner slowly fighting his way to the bottom of a High Ball when a Policeman in came and told him that the Cabman was freezing to death outside.

"That's all right," was the Reply. "He's getting paid for it."

By the time he got through with a Free Lunch there was nothing left except Olives.

One Day on the Train he wanted a Snack but he did not feel Hungry a Dollar's Worth. He hated to go into a Diner and get away with only 85 cents worth of Provender. So he decided to make a Supreme Effort to stick the Company He began with Blue Points and Soup and Fish and then he was horrified to find that he had Enough. But he was cinched for a Dollar so he ordered Ribs of Beef, half a Duck, seven Vegetables, Ice Cream, Pie, Cheese and a Large Coffee. When he arrived at his Destination he was in the Baggage Car ahead. His Last Words had been, "Make the Company pay all Expenses."

MORAL: No one loses out in the Dining Car except the Stockholders.

Of How the Canny Commercial Salesman Guessed the Combination.

A Country Merchant, sometimes known as the Man behind the Face, was sitting in his Prunery one day when a Drummer came to sell him a lot of Goods that he didn't need. As the Drummer closed the Door behind him and put on his copyrighted Smile, the Temperature of the Room sank about 8 degrees. There were no "Welcome" Mottoes on the Wall and when the Drummer gazed into the rugged Map he realized that he was up against it.

But he was accustomed to warming up these Cold Propositions. He asked "How's Tricks?" and was told that the entire Works, Government and all, was going to the Bow-wows. Thinking to dispel the Gloom, he told two of the Latest and although they were Corkers and had caused many a Yokel to fall off the Cracker Barrel, they never feazed old Mournful Ike. It was not his Day to be jollied. Then the Drummer switched and tried the Sympathetic Dodge. He said that Collections had been a little Slack but he looked for Better Times as soon as the Farmers began to move their Crops. But the Face couldn't see a Glimmer of Hope.

The wise Drummer always has two old Stand-Bys that he brings out when all else failed, viz: Politics and Religion. He decided to take a Chance.

"What do you think?" he said, "I had an awful argument on the Train with a Chump who claimed that there was nothing in this Predestination Business."

"Then you believe in Infant Damnation, do you?" asked the Store-Keeper.

"Sure," was the reply.

"You can send me a Barrel of New Orleans Molasses, ten Kits of Mackerel, seven Gross of Canned Peaches and a Caddy of Oolong," said the Store-Keeper.

MORAL: One Smell of Brimstone makes the whole World kin.

Of how Gertrude Could Keep It Up Until 10 o'Clock in the Morning.

Gertrude had a Pa who wanted to know.

"It's all right to have your Harolds around the House," he said, "but why do you sit up half the Night every time one of them calls?"

"It is the Custom and it keeps him away from the Bar-Rooms," she replied.

"You may be doing it from a Sense of Duty, but you will have to show me," said her Father. "What in the Name of all Get-Out do you find to talk about? That one that's been around here lately could tell all he knows in 25 Minutes. Any time that he fills in from 8 o'clock to Midnight he certainly has to do some Vamping."

"I assure you that he is a swell Converser," said Gertrude. "I could sit and listen to him by the Hour."

"If ever I sit and listen to him by the Hour, it will be to win a large Bet," said her Parent.

That Night the Inquisitive Father got behind the Curtain and listened. Harold had a Half-Nelson on Gertie and was trying to make it appear that he thought well of her.

"I don't believe you like me," said Gertrude.

"Oh, yes, I do," quoth Harold.

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

On the 72nd "Yes, I do" there was a Shriek and Gertrude's Pa came through the Curtains, having a Fit.

MORAL: Any kind of Conversation goes in a Cinch.

Of the Two Ways of Going Out After the Pay Envelope.

A Man who had been given the Fresh Air by a Soulless Corporation was out rustling for another Job. He went around to see all the General Managers. Usually he had to sit outside and permit a beautiful Stenographer to look Holes in him. When he was finally admitted to the Sacred Presence of the Head Gazooks, he would approach the Roll-Top on tip-toe and stand there with his Hat in his Hand and beg for Work. He wanted a Job and Salary was no Object. Thereupon the Main Torch would slip him the Old One about putting his Application on File and notifying him in case anything turned up. The Morgues are full of people who have Applications on File.

After he had been Drilling from one Office to another for about a Month, he had about 250 of these vague, indefinite Promises but there was nothing doing in the Salary Line.

So he decided to try a new Tack.

"This Humble Pie doesn't seem to agree with me," he said. "I shall cut out the Apologetic and try being Nifty."

Accordingly he went to a Friend and braced him for a Century as if asking for a Match. Then he engaged a Suite at the Principal Hostelry and sent engraved Notifications to all the General Managers that he could be seen any Day between 11:45 and 12:15 on presentation of Visiting Cards.

They knew that he was a Big Gun or he wouldn't be paying 10 per for his Rooms. So several hurried over and began to Bid for him.

MORAL: Those who have tried Meekness know the Importance of being Important.

GEORGE ADE.

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