

THE HOTEL CLERK ON SOCIALISM

HE DRAWS THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE NON-PROFESSIONAL RADICAL AND THE PROFESSIONAL KIND.

"It's been a great month for the Democrat, taking it all around," said the Hotel Clerk.

"You'll have to show me," said the House Detective.

"Nobody ain't been around handling me any apparatus tips or honest emeralds. From whom I eat, it looks like the customary relations between Labor and Capital is still being preserved—capital keeps all the capital and labor doin' the bulk of the laborin'."

"Don't be a pessimist, Larry," advised the Hotel Clerk.

"Just wot is a pessimist?" asked the House Detective.

"A pessimist," said the Hotel Clerk, "is a party that can only see his cockles as it's going down for thinking how bad it'll taste if it should happen to come up. After awhile he's apt to slough off his last two syllables and get to be a plain pest."

"I was saying when you interrupted that it's been a great month for the Democrat. And so it has. Just look around. Discovering that most eating had a bad effect on the wage-earners because it made them full bloated and rocky, and gave them skin diseases and independent feelings, a radical election, the packing house philanthropists thoughtfully jacked the price up until now the Pomeranian poddies of the rich have been driven to eating second grade porter-houses and the children of the working classes are depending on tallow candles and fond memories for their animal fats."

"That was the beginning. Next, the Duchess of Marlborough—your Duchess and mine, Larry, as the papers have said, although she don't know she's mine, and is not advising the fact if she does—twas her who gave things an uplift by coming away from her dinner ere the seventh course had been served, and hurrying into her simplest dress, and coming over to that grand place of the proletarian, the Waldorf-Astoria, and telling a breathless audience how her heart beat in accord with the movement of the free play of the poor with the congested quarters, and would beat a good deal harder, only the diamond stomacher she was wearing in Her Grace so snug. Whereupon, she cast a loud applause, and a simple collation was served at \$9 a plate, but at that you weren't allowed to take the plate away with you. Then they balanced the books and found there was something like one-hundred-and-fifty left over after paying the expenses, and so the recording secretary was instructed to take the money and buy helpful literature for the poor with it. I presume the starving man who hadn't anything to eat for a couple of weeks got Mrs. Robber's Hundred Ways to Cook an Egg, and the family that just came in the ship from a tenement-house fire was made happy by a neat copy of Barriers Burned Away. That's the way the truly rich usually administer to the wants of the truly poor."

"These here play-like philanthropists gitime a gawwin' pain," said the House



A MEETING OF THE UNEMPLOYED

Detective. "Just look at the beast some of them phony Socialists put up when the cops gave 'em the hard end of the night sticks down to Union Square after that bomb went off."

"I was just coming to that," said the Hotel Clerk. "That would have been another forward step in the Uplifting Cause of the young party if the bomb hadn't got so nervous and premature. You remember they advertised it as a meeting of the unemployed. If it was one of the unemployed, I'd be too busy looking for a job to attend, and if I had a job I wouldn't have the time either, because one of the worst things you can do to a job is to go off on a busy Saturday afternoon and leave it unattended. When you got back, you're liable to find the boss has put on an understudy. But be that as it may, they got together a large crowd."

"At the start-off everything looked

lovely. The heartless police were there with their brutal clubs, and several unemployed gentlemen and ladies were starting up the Marseilles in several hundred different keys, and one whole-souled patriot had sacrificed his last flannel undershirt so the inspiring red flag would be ready when needed. But the bomb sort of precipitated things. It was a quaint little conceit, made of rusty wire nails and broken lamp chimneys, flecked here and there with nitro-glycerine. The member of the Entertainment Committee who had it in charge made it according to one of Aunt Emaline Goldman's favorite recipes in the Household Hints of the Anarchist's Home Journal. But there were here a typographical error, and here, or else he's stirred the kumcutton in the wrong way, because just as he was getting ready to touch her off and fill the vicinity full of fine-cut

cop and shredded bystander, she sort of exploded on her own hook, and before the police could reassemble the young gentlemen they had to borrow a bucket. I understand that some of our most prominent young dillitantes socialists, belonging to the best families, were very much put out over the faux pas."

"I dunno wot Forepaugh had to do with it," said the House Detective, "but I do know if I wuz still on the force and had been down there, there'd a' been one of them busted harp designs in white roushubs sittin' on the piano in the front parlor of some amateur Socialist's late residence the next afternoon."

"You don't want to be confusing the non-professional Radical leader with the Professional Kind," said the Hotel Clerk. "There's a world of difference. The Professional is apt to be a gentle-



NO BOY OF HIS SHALL EVER GROW UP TO BE A BRUTAL FULL-BACK

man who formerly combined two callings—cigar-maker, or something like that, in the day-time, and bar polishing at night. Finding the strain was too much for him, he has now given up the day work. He has a constitutional hatred for the capitalistic group, especially such as are engaged in the manufacture of bath tubs and soap. He feels that any man who shaves his neck regularly is a foe to the common people. He generally comes from somewhere else, and knows just as soon as he lands that this country is wrong, and will have to be done over again right away."

"On the other hand, the amateur was born here, but can't remember anything of real importance that the United States has been able to pull off. He shows his abhorrence for the false conventions of the plutocratic breed from which he sprang by wearing bone

collar buttons, and long hair, and living in a settlement club.

"I know a chap named Willbert Schuyler-Jones, that used to be a shining example of the class, which was pretty easy, because Willbert had been a shine from his birth. He wasn't very fervent mentally. But the Socialists thought the world and all of him, even if he did have a brain like a small recent sack of the mixed contents. It seems that it counts them 10 for game when they can snag off a convert with rich kin-folks and a lyphen for a party-pin to hold the loose ends of his last name together. And Willbert was right there with the rich relatives. I think maybe that was what helped to make a Socialist of him. You don't feel so poor if all your family is poor, too. Willbert was where he could smell wealth all the time and yet never taste it. So he hopped in and quit patroniz-

ing the barber, and began to preach the doctrine that all the property of the well-to-do ought to be chopped up among the nothing-to-dos.

"As I was telling you, Willbert was no intellectual prodigy. He was one of those mustard aridities. When he tried to think hard you could see his gills lift up and down. He was tall and pale yellow, with great shoulders, like a sprig of Michigan celery. He carried himself well, but he had a light load. To teach him his letters I'll bet his parents had to feed him on educators' crackers and alphabet soup. But he used to come in to see me with him limp collar, and his head like a brush arbor, and tell me it wouldn't be long until they began cutting up all wealth into equal slices the same as pie in a quick flash."

"You know how it is, Larry. The stout party who can't lean over to pick up his overalls without rubbing all the skin off his stomach against the floor always says that no matter what fashion may demand, he'll never let any blamed tailor put corsets on him. Fond Father looks at little Master Ethelbert, aged 8, who's got a nine-inch chest, bulged-out forehead and convex lenses to his eyes, and announces that no boy of his shall ever grow up to be a brutal fullback on the Yale team. A lady carries with a face like a meat pie, and a figure like a soup-joint, reads about how the new Countess Gladys Vanderbilt Schachny arrived at her husband's ancestral estates and found a powerful brood of milk-eyed Hungarian cows established in the front parlor of the baronial castle, and she lays down the paper and looks in the glass and says, thank goodness, no foreign problem is ever so sure."

"Willbert told me that all wealth should be divided."

"But one day I saw in the papers where a case of great-mole had died, and left him nine hundred millions, or some such pleasing amount. For weeks I sat around waiting for him to bring me my share in a bundle. But he didn't come. It was about a month after that that I met him. He stopped his touring car to speak to me. He was dressed up like all the meddled axes in the world. He carried his pocket handkerchief up his cuff, and when he wanted to say that he laughed, he said he guffawed. Yes, it was as bad as that, and that's as bad as they ever get, and still live. He spoke very severely of Roosevelt. He said this party Roosevelt was stirring up discontent among the lower orders and unsettling vested rights. He invited me to go riding with him. He said he was going to hang around with the car in the hope that he might get a chance to run over Upton Sinclair. This morning I read in the sociol note that he'd just led his 890th successful progressive expedition. At the time I see him I expect he'll be carrying loggertoes, and have Harry Lehr's picture in his watch."

"Larry, there appears to be one thing in the world that'll tempt even an amateur Socialist."

"Wot's that?" asked the House Detective.

"Temptation," said the Hotel Clerk.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD SPORT

"NOW KID," said the Old Sport, who had accompanied his son on the training trip. "Now that you've left college and got out to stab the world in the face, I want to hand you the tip that your educational course isn't ended, not by a long shot. There are entirely too many guys plugging along in this old dump of a world with the idea that they finished their education when some long-faced professor handed them a roll of sheepskin and they stood up in a black nightgown and a mortar-board cap and spit out a bunch of swell gab about the rosy future, but the wise guy is the kid who is next to the dope that this world is a earthly existence from a paddling cloth around a shroud, is nothing but a term of school days with mighty few vacations."

"And I don't care whether a kid is taking a course in economics in the knowledge factory, or a course in baseball strategy from the athletic coach, or a term in pin pool at the corner cueemporium if he won't get his schooldays before the undertaker gets on the job it's the toboggan for the '50, Kid, just because you were invited as being ready to come by your baseball coach in the knowledge factory, and subsequently picked up by a big league club and hustled into the big leagues in slugs and goods, where you have copped a few press notices by slapping the leather out among the palms and chameleons, just because the war correspondents with the team have the fans nursing the dope that you're a find and they hand you the merry mitt when you too the plate in the opening game and get it into your knob that you're a finished product, and all you have to do henceforth is to show the goods you've got in the opening game, and a new supply. If you get to sustaining the dope it's back to the Wheat Belt for you."

"You can take it from me, Kid, that your schooldays are just now beginning. And your future success depends entirely on how much new knowledge you get under your lid each day. This is equally true in any business, from baseball clear down to saving sinners or safe-blowing. I won't attempt to hide the fact that you have glittered some on the training trip, but I have been looking you over, and I'm going to tell you something that the war correspondents aren't telling the fans. You may make a grand and glorious get-away stacking up against a bunch of pitchers who haven't warmed up to the season's work, or have a chance to get next to your punk points, but at your present valuation you wot assay two dollars to the ton on the Fourth of July. In the gladsome Springtime, before the buzzards begin to twitter, phenoms spring up like mushrooms, and they usually last just about as long. The ones who stick are as scarce as facts in a political speech, and they are always the guys who keep right on going to school and storing new dope in their cortex. In spite of the dope cut out by the war correspondents at the front, a training trip has never uncovered a good ballplayer. He doesn't get an opportunity to show the goods until he's come to a pinch, when the real test is on. So along about next Fall, when the frost is on the pumpkin, it will be time enough for you to figure up just where you stand in the game."

"I don't want to hand myself a pat on the back, but I think you'll agree with me that during your college career your old dad handed you a bunch of advice that was instrumental in keeping you from wasting the golden opportunity of your youth. Had it not been for your old dad you would probably have passed up your baseball coach and tied up to the line of dope handed out by the moss-back professors who are perpetrating the system of leaguery, instead of concentrating your undivided attention on an education, and cope that is thoroughly up-to-date, and cope the coin. In that case

you would today be burying your identity among a lot of musty old volumes in a law office, instead of getting your picture in the papers and having the public standing with bated breath waiting to get a look at your pile."

"There's nothing to it, Kid, there's no other profession in the whole batting order of jobs that can point to a man like Hans Wagner, who can retire to the back woods and paper his chicken-house with signed contracts that were sent him to fill in at his own figures. Hans isn't quite as ornamental as a May Howard poster, and he probably doesn't know a Greek pronoun from a brand of prehistoric chewing tobacco, but if he was put on the block in open market, I'll gamble that he'd bring a figure that would make a bunch of trust magnates look like cheap pikers."

"Aw, I dunno, Dad," answered the Kid. "I'd matter wif Charlie Schwab, or Bill Bryan, or dis bug Hughes? Lawin' ain't sich a mun job, Dad."

"Well, you take it from me, Kid, that one of these big stiffs who are holding down a brain job could float around the Great White Way for a million years, and there wouldn't be a single guy stand-

In Which He Shows Why Phenoms Which Bloom in the Glad-some Springtime Fade in the Midsummer Sun

"It may have been all right enough away back in the Dark Ages for old Bulwer Lytton to hand out the dope that 'in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail,' but let me hand you the tip that in this enlightened age the wise guy is the kid who always keeps his eyes on this little word so it can't sail in and put it all over him when he isn't looking. In paddling down the stream of life, if you see the rocks ahead you're a blamed sight more apt to get through without getting dumped out into the wot."

"That's why I am handing you the dope that there are breakers ahead for the kid who gets it into his knob in the gladsome Springtime, that he is 'bailing on a sea of endless delight,' and thinks it's a cinch to make port by drifting with the swelling."

"I took a swing around the Southern training camps this Spring, and I saw a lot of kids who were tickled like a dog with two tails to work because they found that they could make the big league pitcher's Spring offerings into the tall timber. The space writers had no designs on Baron Munchausen's laurels when they sent out the dope that this new man or that new man was bumping the leather

business with a straight ball. He gets set for it and goes after it like a wood-chopper mauling rails, and soon as the pill leaves the pitcher's digits, and under these conditions any husky dub with a clear eye and a clean swing can make the outfielders hunt the fence. But let him stand there facing an uncertainty, until the ball breaks three feet in front of his mug, after which he has to decide and pull off the stunt in the fractional part of a second, with a short chop instead of a Wheat Belt swing, and you'll find that the grass out around the flag pole isn't getting trampled so much, and the fielders will be taking on weight from inactivity."

"Another thing, Kid, the hitters who haven't got a weak spot are almost as scarce as ice cream sodas in Hades. A few might make a grand get-away in the opening series, and he may swing

a fair imitation of a candidate practicing for the ping-pong championship. And right there, Kid, is the solution of a lot of exploded phenoms. It isn't, as the dope goes, a case of lost batting average, but it is simply a case of being found out. It is the same old story of a chain being only as strong as its weakest link. And that is why I am handing you the dope not to get a more run up the back of your vest to make room for your chest to expand until you have demonstrated that the pitcher can't get your goat. And let me tell you that you can't show this much before using time for each pitch. As a sample of this, look at Buck Freeman. Buck butted into the big leagues and lost so many balls right at the jump that the factories had to work overtime. They couldn't build fences high enough to keep Buck's swats in the same county as long as he caught them coming over about the belt line, and he got away with it with such frequency that the outfielders used to climb the fences when Buck came up. But after the pitchers got next to the ones, Buck's batting average took an alum bath, and he beat it back to the

hit the hay, so you'd better beat it to the rest. This high society game is all right when the snowballs are in season, but take it from me that the guy who is trying to pile up a line of credit in the opening series, is more apt to be clinking with the calico in the Merry Widow Waltz, or be coughing up chin music to a select coterie of pals when the clock hits the double-figure across the plate. It might have been all right enough at the time for old Bill Shakespeare to hand out that dope about 'tolling upward in the night,' but you know Bill wasn't such a hot nut on baseball, or his dope falls a little shy when it comes to working up a rep in the diamond game."

"Going to bed, too, Dad?" asked the Kid.

"No," replied the Old Sport. "I'm not much on the 'early to bed' gag myself, because I've discovered by looking over statistics that nine-tenths of the people who pass out in the diamond game, and I don't care to expose myself to the danger needlessly. But that's a chance that the ballplayer has to take, so good-night, Kid."

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN OLD SPORT

"PUNK!"

"AW, GIT 'IM A PADDLE."

"WY DON'T DEY CAN DAT GUY?"

"NOTCHU HIT'TIN' AT?"

"COULDN'T HIT A BALLOON WIT' A BASS FIDDLE."

"HISSED A MILE."

"CARRY IT UP TO 'EM."

"BUTTEN!"

"BACK TO DE BUSHES, YU DUB."

"THE GUY WHO IS DISHING UP THE SLANTS FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE DIAMOND, DIGS UP HIS WEAK SPOT, AND IT'S ALL OFF WITH THE NEW FIND."



Big Figures for Potatoes.

It will surprise a good many people to learn that in 1904 we raised 27,842,000 bushels of Irish potatoes, worth \$182,580,000 at the average price of 67 cents a bushel, according to the records of the Department of Agriculture. The distribution by states was:

State	Bushels	Farm value
Nevada	418,000	\$2,822,000
Pennsylvania	22,988,000	15,568,000
Michigan	1,000,000	6,700,000
Wisconsin	22,750,000	15,277,000
Illinois	13,308,000	9,047,000
Maine	1,110,000	7,500,000
Ohio	11,822,000	8,114,000
California	11,300,000	7,652,000
New Jersey	8,400,000	5,628,000
Minnesota	8,900,000	6,000,000
Missouri	7,134,000	4,838,000
Kansas	6,900,000	4,650,000
Indiana	7,308,000	4,776,000
Colorado	7,000,000	4,650,000
Idaho	4,450,000	3,036,000

ing on the curbstone who would twist his neck to rubber the second time. But just let the husky guy who alarmed the lecher out of the lot with the bases full hit the pike that evening, and I'll gamble that the traffic squad will have to be called out to open up navigation in that neck of the woods. And you don't see many instances where the combined population of forty-seven precincts will plant themselves in front of a bulletin board and bust their thorax yelling over the daily dolings of a bunch of politicians or long-faced professors. I'll bet you won't butt into one man in a thousand who can tell you who is the president of Cornell University, but every piker in the universe knew when Hughes Jennings was baseball coach.

"I notice a tendency on your part to puff out like a pouter pigeon whenever some dub of a reporter happens to turn loose on the public a stream of hot air

against the whiskey ads, but when they hand the fans the bunk that these early Spring sluggers are going to scatter so much brilliancy around the circuit that the fans will have to wear smoked glasses, then they are usurping the prerogative of the politician and overworking the kab market. Let me tell you that the Wheat Belt is splattered with husky guys who can grab a cudgel and pound the pellet all over the country when it is fed to them where they want it, over the heart of the plate with no breaks, but on a major league circuit they'd stand just as much show as a sky-torrier in a sausage factory."

"How do you dope that out, Dad?"

"The reason is as plain as a wart on a debutante's nose. During the Spring frolic a guy totes the pan with the most certain assurance of doing

around the circuit on the initial trip and create a bigger sensation than a chicken at a coon camp-meeting, slaming the best that the pitchers can dish up clear out of the pasture and being the real terrible kid in a pinch. He may get away with this stunt for some time, but along about the period when the wise guys up in the press box are yelling their heads off heralding glad tidings of the 'new find,' a guy who is dishing up the slant from the middle of the diamond outguesses him and daps up his weak spot, and it's all off with the child wonder and another fond dream of fame and fortune is busted. The news that the new hitter 'can't hit a high one on the inside' flies around the circuit like a scandal in a country village, and, therefore, it only requires a sling shover with control to make the new find look like

bushes." Ty Cobb was the king pin with the big stick in the American League last season, but Eddie Plank, of the Athletics, hands him a crossover fling that he couldn't hit safely in a million years. Hans Wagner, the husky swatter of the National League, looks foolish in front a slow, fade-away delivery, dashed up by a pitcher with a good change of pace. Tim Jordan and Harry Lumly, of Brooklyn, can hit 'em a mile when they get them where they want them, but you'll notice that the old pitchers aren't feeding them there any more. So, Kid, if you want to stick in a country village, and, therefore, dig up your own punk points and get your pitchers to feed 'em to you in practice.

"But now, Kid, it's time for all good ball players who want to keep their batting eye from going on the blink to

HANS WAGNER PAPERING HIS CHICKEN-HOUSE WITH CONTRACTS THAT WERE SENT HIM TO FILL IN AT HIS OWN FIGURE.

There was once a lumbie polyp at the bottom of the sea. The polyp was contented as a polyp well can be. If was following its calling in a humble industry when a mollusk drifted by it just about the time the sun was setting. And the polyp for the mollusk formed a gustatory treat. Picked its shell. And observed that later on it and the mollusk both would meet. Soon the mollusk met the starfish and the starfish met the polyp. Till the shell about the mollusk came to pieces at the joints. Then the starfish and the mollusk; when along there came a skate. With an appetite for starfish, so it sailed right up and ate it. And the whale observed that it had patience and could well afford to wait. Soon the skate was swallowed piecemeal by a laddock swift and bold. But the skate was contented—and it had the laddock's soul. Then a halibut was hungry, and it chased the skate and ate it. And it overtook and ate it ere it journeyed very far. And the whale picked its tail. And remarked that some one's system soon was to get a jar. And the halibut serenely capered off upon a lark. Till the gay career was ended in the stomach of the shark. Then the shark supplied a swordfish with its muchly needed feast. And the swordfish, in his shipwreck at that little banquet ceased. And the whale picked its tail. Saying that it wanted supper when the wind was in the east. Came a leaping, jumping tarpon where the shark was swimming. And the tarpon said for swordfish it acknowledged quite a whim: So it fed upon the swordfish, with enjoyment and with vim. Then the whale took in the tarpon. Just as nicely as could be. (Though this isn't zoological, the moral you can see.) And the whale picked its tail. And commented that there's nobody big enough to swallow me!"