WHEN BUDDY BUTTED IN

BY SEWELL FORD

PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE RELATES A SOCIETY INCIDENT INVOLVING BORROWED JEWELRY

HOW about him, eh?—the two-spot of clubs in billiard cloth and buttons at the door. There's no tellin' what the studio 'll have next—maybe a sidewalk canopy and a carriage caller. Swifty Joe's gettin' ambitious. Me gettin' mixed up with that Newport push has gone to Swifty's head like a four-line notice does to the pompadour of a second-row chorus girl. First off he says it's a shame I don't have a valet.

"Say," says I, "don't it keep me busy enough remindin' you that I'm still able to wear my own clothes, without puttin' on an extra hand?"

But after this last stunt he broke out again; so we compromised on Congo. I thought Swifty'd had him made to order, uniform and all; but he says he found him, just as he stands, doin' the stray act over on Sixth-avenue. He'd come up from New Orleans with a fortune-tellin' gent that had got himself pinched for doing a little voodoo turn on the side, and as Congo didn't have much left but his appetite, I put him on the pay-roll at two per and found. And say, I'm stung at that. To look at him you'd think a ham sandwich would run him over; but he's got a capacity like a shoplifter's pocket. For three days I tried to feed him up on the retail plan, and then I let out the contract to a free-lunch supply concern.

Sure, it gives the joint kind of a swell look, havin' him on the door, and if it didn't act the same on Swifty's head I wouldn't kick.

On the dead, now, I don't care so much about loomin' up in the picture. There's them that it suits down to the ground, and that shows up well in front; and then again, there's a lot of people gets the spotlight on 'em continual who'd be better off in the shade. I'm a top-gallery boy, by rights, and that's where you'll find me most of the time; but now and then I get dragged down into the wings with a note. Yes, yes, I'm just back after one of them excursions.

You see, after we'd shunted Sadie's Baron buck onto the goulash circuit, where he belonged, and Sadie and Pinckney had got over their merry fit and skipped off to wake up another crowd of time assassinators, at Rockywold, or some such place as that, I says to myself, "Shorty," says I, "you stick to the physical culture game and whittle out the by-plays."

That's just what I was doin', too, when an A. D. T. shows up with a prepaid josh from Pinckney, givin' me a special invite to run out and help 'em celebrate.

"Any comeback?" says the boy.

"No, sonny," says I; "you can cut the wire."

Say, Pinckney means all right, and he's done me some good turns; but that don't put me in his class, does it? Nay, nay! says I. Here's one dinner party that I ducks. And with that I gets busy on one of my reg'lars who's being trained to go against two months of foreign cookin'. I hadn't more'n finished with him, though, when there comes another yellow envelop. This one was from Sadie, and it was a hurry call. She didn't say much; but I could see heel prints of trouble all over it.

"Me for Rockywold," says I, chucking a collar in a suitcase and grabbin' a timetable off the rack.

Yes, that was different. Maybe I'm a jay to cast myself for any such part; but since Sadie an' me had that little reunion, I've kind of felt that sooner or later she might be let in for a mix-up where I'd come in handy, and when it was pulled off I wanted to be within hail.

Course, I wasn't layin' out no hero act; like showin' up with a can of gasolene just as the tank ran dry, or battin' the block off'n a villyun in a dress suit. I was just willin' to hang around on the edges and make myself useful generally. Not that I'm followin' the she-male protectin' business regular. But with Sade it's another thing. We used to play in the same alley, you know; and she don't forget it, even if she has come into a bunch of green money as big as a haystack.

She was on hand when I dropped off the smoker, sittin' in the Rockywold station rig and lookin' for me with both eyes. And say, what a difference it makes to clothes who wears 'em! "It's bully of you to come, Shorty," says she.

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "I guess good judges wouldn't call it a medal play. What's loose?"

"Buddy," says she.

For a minute I was lost, until she asks if I don't remember the youngster. "Oh, sure!" says I. "That kid brother of yours, with the eight-karat ringlets and a girly kind of face? The Sisters used to dress him up in a Fauntleroy suit for the parochial school fair and make him look like a picture of an Easter card. Nice cute little chap, eh?"

"He was cute once—ten or twelve years ago," says Sadie. "He isn't as cute as he was. He doesn't wear ringlets now—he likes rings better. And that's why I had to send for you, Shorty. I couldn't tell any one else. Oh, the little wretch! If it wasn't for mother I'd cure him of a lot of things."

Well, we had some family history on the way out, beginnin' with the way Buddy'd been spoiled at home, takin' in a few of the scrapes Sadie had helped him out of, and endin' with his blowin' in at Rockywold without waitin' for a bid from any one. Seems he'd separated himself from the last stake Sadie had handed out—nothin' new, same old fool game—and now he wanted a refill, just as a loan, until he could play a tip he'd got from a gent he'd met in a beanery.

"And I just wouldn't stand for that," says Sadie. "Those bookmakers are nothing but swindlers, anyway. I know, because I bet ten dollars on a race once, and didn't win."

Say, I had a lithograph of Buddy and his beanery tip goin' up against an argument like that. Of course, it wa'n't more'n two minutes before Sadie'd got her Sullivan up. She offered Buddy his choice between a railroad ticket home to mother, or nothing at all. Buddy wouldn't arbitrate on those lines. He said he was a desperate man, and that she'd be sorry before night. Sadie'd heard that before; so she just laughed and said the steamer ticket offer would be held open until night.

She didn't see anything more of Buddy for a couple of hours, and then she caught him as he came up from the billiard room. Bein' an expert on such symptoms, she knew why he talked like his mouth was full of cotton; but she couldn't account for the wad of bills he shook at her. Buddy could. He'd run across a young Englishman down there who thought he could handle a cue. Buddy had bet hot air against real money, and trimmed his man.

"That wasn't the worst of it, though," said Sadie. "After I had got him up to my rooms, he pulled out the money again, to count it over, and out came a three-inch marquise ring—an opal set with diamonds—that I knew the minute I put my eyes on it. There were her initials on the inside, too. Oh, no one but Mrs. Purdy Pell!"

"Tut, tut!" says I. "You can easy square it with her."

"But that's just what I can't do," says Sadie. "She loves me about as much as a tramp likes work. She tells folks that I make fools of her boys. Her boys, mind you! She claims every stray man under 25, and when I came here she had three of them on the string. Goodness knows, I didn't want them! They're only imitation men, anyway. And it was her ring that Buddy had in his pocket."

"Maybe he didn't lift it," says I.

Sadie swallowed a bit hard at that; but she raps out the straight goods. "Yes, he did," says she. "He must have sneaked it out of her room as he went down stairs. Think of it! Stealing! He's done a lot of foolish things before; but I didn't think he would turn out a crook. The Lord knows where he gets that kind of blood from—not from the Sullivans, or the Scannells, either. But I can't have him put away. There's mother. And he won't mind a thing I say. Now, what shall I do, Shorty?"

"Where's Buddy now?" says I.

"Locked in my clothes closet, with his hands tied and a gag in his mouth," says she. "Oh, I can handle him that way, big as he is; and I wasn't going to take any more chances. But it's likely that Mrs. Pell has missed her ring by this time and is raising a howl about it. What's to be done?"

Say, there was a proposition for you! And me just a plain, everyday mitt juggler that don't take thinkin' exercises reg'lar. "Guess you've pushed the wrong button this time, Sadie," says I. "But I'll stay in your corner till the lights go out. Is anyone else on?"

"Not a soul," says Sadie.

"That's some help," says I. "First we'll have a little talk with Buddy."

I couldn't see what good that would do; but it was up to me to make some kind of a move.

When they'd landed us under the porte-cochere—yes, you'd call it stoppin' at the horse block—I sails in like I'd come alone, and hunts up Pinckney.

"What's all this about me bein' needed up here?" says I. "Goin' to make me Queen of the May?"

Say, he had a lot of language corked up in him.

"By Jove, Shorty!" says he, "that's a clever idea. We'll do it."

"Yes, you will—not," says I. "You'll cut it out. I ain't no wine agent, and I left me rag doll to home; so if there's any funny stunts expected, you tell 'em I've put on a sub. Oh, sure, I'll stay to dinner, but as for leadin' any cotillions, change the card."

He give his word they wouldn't spring anything like that on me, and then he called up a waiter that looked like a New York Senator in knee pants, and had him show me up to my quarters so I could get me gas light clothes on before they unlocked the dinin' room doors. After I'd made a quick shift I slid over into the next wing, followin' directions, and found Sadie.

"Mrs. Pell's on the warpath already," says she. "She's having it out with her maid now. Come in."

She'd dug Buddy out of the wardrobe and had him propped up in a corner.

"Better unstopper him and take off the bandages," says I.

And say, he had a lot of language corked up inside of him! It wasn't very sisterly, either, and most of it would have sounded better at a race track; but I shut the transom and motioned to Sadie to let him spiel away, never chippin' in a word, only standing one side and lookin' him over.

As far as the outside went, he was a credit to the family—one of these slim, clean-cut youngsters, with a lot of curly red hair, pinky-white cheeks, and a pair of blue eyes that had nine kinds of devilry in 'em. I could figure out how mother might be able not to see anything but good in Buddy. Hanged if I could get very sore on him myself, and knowin' how he'd been cuttin' up, at that!

"Well," says I, when he'd got out of breath some, "feel any better, do you?"

"Huh!" says he, givin' me a squint sideways. "Some cheap skate of a private detective, eh! You can't scare me that way, sis. Chase him out."

"Buddy," says I, "give up the rings."

"How'd you know there was more than one?"

"Give up," says I, holdin' out me hand.

He did it, like a little man. There was two besides the marquise; one an emerald as big as a lima bean, and the other a solitaire spark that could have been shoved up for three or four hundred. You see, a woman like Mrs. Purdy Pell generally has a collection of those things lyin' around on her dressin' table, and I knew if Buddy'd got any he'd made a haul.

"I'm ashamed of you, Buddy," says I.

"You needn't be," says he. "I guess you'd do the same if you had a sister that wanted to see you starve in the streets. Oh, you needn't screw up your eyebrows, Sadie. It's so. And if you don't cough up a thousand and let me go, I'll swipe anything in sight. I can stand being pinched if you can afford to have me."

Sadie threw up her hands at that, and began walkin' up and down the room. "Do you hear that?" says she. "That's the kind of a brother I've got."

"It's something awful," says I. "Just hearin' him talk makes me feel shivery. It beats the band how wicked some of these cigarette desperadoes do get. Don't, Buddy, or I'll faint. I wouldn't dare stay in the room if your sister wa'n't handy to tie you up again in case you started to cut loose."

"I've a good notion to push in your face," says he.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Shorty," says Sadie.

"I won't," says I; "but I'm scared stiff."

Just about then, though, Buddy seemed to have got a bulletin over a special wire. He was gazin' at me with his mouth open and a pucker between his eyes. "What Shorty?" says he. "Say, you ain't Shorty McCabe, are you?"

"Not to you," says I. "I got to draw the line somewhere, and with bad men I stands on my dignity. I'm Professor McCabe, sonny."

"Holy cats!" says he. "Honest, professor, I didn't mean a word of it. I take it all back. Why, say, I saw you when you put out the Kangaroo in two rounds."

"Then you've had a mighty liberal education," says I.

"Gee!" says he, lettin' off some more surprise, and bracin' himself back in the chair like he was afraid of falling off.

Well, say, I've been rode to my dressin' room on shoulders, and welcomed home from fights by mobs with brass bands; but for a gen-u-ine ovation I guess Buddy's little stunt came as near bein' the real thing as any. Dewey comin' back from the Philippines, or Mr. Get There Hadley landin' in St. Louis with the Standard Oil scalps, wa'n't in it with me bein' discovered by Buddy Sullivan. I couldn't get the key to it then, but I've mapped it out now. Most of his enthusiasm was owin' to the fact that ever since he was fifteen Buddy'd based his claim to bein' a real sport on my havin' come from the same block as he did.

Anyway, it was a lightning change. From being a holy terror, Buddy calmed down to as peaceful a young gent as you'd want to meet. If I'd just shake hands with him once and call it square, he'd follow any programme I'd a mind to plan out.

"Only don't let her send me home to ma," says he. "Say, they get up at six in the morning there, and if I don't crawl down by seven ma lugs up toast and eggs, and talks to me like I was a kid."

"Well, where'd you like to be shipped?" says I.

"Aw, come now, professor," says he. "You don't have to be told that. There ain't but one place where a fellow like me can really live. You get sis to put me back on Broadway with a few hundred in my clothes, and I'll kiss the Book that she won't hear from me for a year."

"But how about this jewelry collectin' fad of yours?" says I.

"Ah, I wasn't going to carry it off," says he. "I let her see I had it on purpose. I'll be good."

Well, Sadie was willin' to let it go at that, and we was just gettin' this part of the mix-up straightened out lovely, when there came a suspicious rap at the door.

"Quick!" says Sadie. "They mustn't see Buddy, or you either, Shorty!"

So Buddy was pushed into the closet again, an' I dodged behind a tall dressin' mirror in the corner.

Then she opens the door, and in comes a red-eyed girl with lumps in her throat. She said she was Mrs. Purdy Pell's maid.

"Mrs. Pell's missed some rings," says she, "and we've been havin' words over it. I told her there was a suspicious-looking young man in the house that I'd seen comin' out of your rooms, awhile ago, and she told me to ask you if maybe you had missed some things, too, ma'am."

"Ask Mrs. Pell to step over here for a minute," says Sadie.

The maid goes out, and then Sadie comes over to where I am.

"What's doing?" says I to her, after the maid had left.

"Did I hear my cue?" says I.

"I don't know," says Sadie. "I've got to give that jewelry back to the silly thing first; then we'll see."

So I handed the trinkets over, and it wasn't long before Mrs. Pell shows up. And say, the minute them two came together the mercury dropped about thirty degrees. Bein' behind the glass, I couldn't see any of the business, but I could hear the dialogue, and that was enough.

"Here are your lost rings," says Sadie.

That's her, every tick of the watch. If she was tackled by a gyasticutus, she'd grab it by the horns.

"Oh!" says Mrs. Pell, gatherin' 'em in. "And may I ask how it happens that you have them?" Her voice was cold and sweet, like a frappe.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," says Sadie.

"I'd rather not wait that long," says Mrs. Pell. "I prefer to know now."

"You ought to be satisfied to get them back," says Sadie.

"Perhaps," says Mrs. Pell; "but I'm just a little curious to know how they got away. My maid thinks the person who took them is still in the house."

"If I listened to all the things my maid says—" begins Sadie.

"There are maids and maids," says Mrs. Pell. "I can trust mine. She saw the man. More than that, Mrs. Dipworthy, she thinks he is hidden in your rooms."

"She must have seen my brother," says Sadie, "or Professor McCabe."

"It's quite possible that this is so," says Mrs. Pell; "but, nevertheless, I shall insist on having the officers sent for."

"Why," says Sadie, "I might have taken them myself, you know, just as a sort of little joke."

"Indeed!" says Mrs. Pell in a polite assault-and-battery tone. "Then perhaps you will be willing to confess as much to the other guests? Will you?"

And that was a facer for Sadie. She'd been keeping a stiff lip up to this, but she came to the scratch wabbly in her voice. "You wouldn't want me to do that, would you?" says she.

"In justice to my maid, I must," says Mrs. Pell.

"Well," says Sadie, "if you're mean enough for that, I suppose I—"

But, say, I couldn't stay under cover any longer, with her bein' pushed down the chute in that style. I was wise to her game, all right. She meant to stand up and take all that was comin', even if it put her down and out, just to keep the hooks off that kid brother of hers. And me loafin' back of the ropes with me hands in me pockets! I'd been a welsher, wouldn't I?

"Did I hear my cue?" says I, steppin' out into the limelight.

It was a tableau, for fair. Me and Mrs. Purdy Pell didn't do anything but swap looks for a minute or so. I can't say just how pleased she was; but I've had better views. She wasn't any dainty lily of the valley sort. She was a good deal of a cabbage rose, I should say, and carried more or less weight for age. She had an arm on her like a forequarter of beef. I don't wonder that Purdy Pell skipped to Europe and didn't put in any answer when the proceedin's came up.

"Are you the one?" says she.

"No, he isn't," says Sadie, speakin' up brisk, and givin' me a look like she hoped I could make some sort of play.

"That's right," says I; "but it was me brought your finger sparks back to light, ma'am."

"And where did you find them?" says Mrs. Pell, turnin' the third degree stare on me.

I puts on a wise look and shakes me head. "That a professional secret," says I, "which I can't give up yet."

"Oh, you can't!" says she. "This is interesting."

And with that she begins to size us up, one after the other. Oh, she had us tied to the post, with nothin' to do but chuck the knives at us. For a gallery play, it was the punkiest I ever put up. Here I'd come splashin' in with both feet, like an amateur life saver goin' to the rescue, and I hadn't done anything but raise the tide.

Sadie didn't have a word to say. She was just bitin' her lip, and gettin' white about the mouth from the mad in her. And say, maybe Her Stoutness didn't enjoy watchin' us squirm. She was gettin' even for every look one of her Willie boys had ever wasted on Sadie.

"We'll see if you two can be induced to confide your precious secret to the police," says she. "I mean to find out who stole my rings, no matter what you may ask me to do."

She hadn't more than sent in that shot before the closet door opens, and Buddy comes out, blinkin' like a bat.

"It's all over now, ain't it?" says he.

"It is now," says I, and looks to see Mrs. Purdy Pell begin to holler, "Stop, thief!"

But it was a case of being off the alley again. Say, I'm glad I wasn't backin' my guesses with good money that night, or I'd come home with my pockets wrong side out. Ever see a 180-pound fairy, with a double chin, turn kittenish? That was her.

"Why, Mr. Sullivan!" she gurgles, throwin' him a chorus girl goo-goo glance.

"Hello, Dimples!" says Buddy. "Oh, they were your rings, were they? Then it's all right. I just borrowed 'em to scare sister into a cat fit and make her open up, just for a josh, you know."

"Why, why!" says Mrs. Pell, lookin' twisted, "is Mrs. Dipworthy your sister?"

"Sure," says Buddy. "But say, Dimples, you're the very girl I was wanting to see most. I've got another sure thing, good as a title guaranty, for the Croton stakes, and if you'll back it for me we'll make a killing. What do you think about it, eh?"

"Oh, you reckless boy!" says Mrs. Pell, tapping him on the cheek. "But you did give me such a lovely tip at the Aqueduct, and—and we'll see. Come, I want to talk to you," and she put out a wing for him to take.

As they drifted down towards the terrace Buddy turns and gives us the sassy wink over his shoulder.

"Looks like we'd lost our job, Sadie," says I.

"The silly old moss agate!" says Sadie.

Then I goes down and reports to Pinckney, and puts in the rest of the evenin' bein' introduced as the gent that set the Baron Patchouli up in the shoestring business. I felt like I'd opened a jackpot on a four-flush; but Pinckney and the rest seemed to be having a good time, so I stuck it out. In the morning Buddy goes along back to town with me.

"Say, professor," says he, pattin' a roll of twenties in his trousers pocket, "I wouldn't pass this along to any one else, but if you want to connect with a hatful of easy coin, just plunge on Candy Boy."

"That's your beanery tip, is it?" says I. "Much obliged, Buddy, but I guess after the bookies get all you and Mrs. Pell are goin' to throw at 'em, they won't need mine."

You know what a great moral lesson I pushed home that time, eh? Candy Boy wins, heads apart.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPORT

CNOTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.

up more brackets against your hitters of the mollycoddle age than he could ever pull off in the old days of bluff. So it will take a thundering lot of cast iron proofs to shove it into me that the game is any better today than it was 15 year ago.

"In the old days a guy had to be there with the grit and nerve to stick in the game. He had the bluff handed to him so blamed strong that if he wasn't there with the same brand of goods he was mighty glad to chase himself back to the wheat belt. Why, McGraw, Kid Gleason, Jennings and that old Baltimore bunch used to sit in front of the clubhouse and file their spikes where the visiting players could see them, then, as the other guys came out, they'd hand them something like this: 'You'd better look out for us today.' 'When I come down your way you want to give me a clear track and not get in the way. Now, that bunch never hurt any more players than any other team, but you can take it from me that little by-play before the game and the monumental bluff they hung up as they skated into a bag copped many a game for that bunch.

"But you can take my tip that if that bunch would trot out on the lot today and pull off some of their old stunts, half of them would be run in for rowdy conduct, and the whole blamed outfit would be suspended for conduct unbecoming a ballplayer and a gentleman. In place of handing it to them for being the greatest aggregation of ballplayers ever gathered together under one tent, as the papers did in those days, they would be roasted as a bunch of thugs in this mollycoddle age. Why, McGraw can't even shove himself onto the coaching lines now without having an editorial printed about rowdy ballplaying in all the leading papers of the universe, and they chase Jennings and Kid Gleason into their street clothes every time they show their mugs off the players' bench."

"Well," interjected the manager, "isn't it taking a step forward to suppress the rowdy element in any public entertainment?"

"Rowdy element? Yes," replied the Old Sport. "But let me tell you that the rowdy element are the weakkneed dubs who haven't self-control enough to stand in the face of a stiff bluff without jumping their governor-belt. Take it from me, you never see the guy who is handing out the bluff starting a row, it's always the other guy. And this blamed slush that you call progress and clean baseball is simply a bunch of legislation to protect the soft-shelled slobs who are shy on backbone and self-control. Take my tip that the guy who ought to be

legislated out of the public eye is the dub whose knees begin to shiver like a dish of gelatin when some tough mug begins to hand him the gaff. What we want in American sports is a blamed sight more of that 'don't-give-up-the-ship' spirit that Lawrence splattered through American history up on the lakes in the days before the mollycoddle germ got busy on the supports of the Nation. And you can take it from me that anything which tends to discourage this spirit and nurse the mollycoddle germ is a step in the wrong direction.

"No, old man, you can't show me where there's any progress in smothering the principles that have a tendency to inject nerve and pluck and self-control into human nature, let the mollycoddle public yell rowyism till they're blue in the face if they want to. There's entirely too blamed many guys who don't see the connection between the lessons taught in the rough manly sports and the demands made upon human nature in the ordinary walks of life in this old lump of a world. Let me tell you that John Paul Jones, that most American of all American heroes who didn't know when he was licked over in the English Channel, was a tough mug in private life who would have been beneath the notice of a lot of your mollycoddles of this progressive age. And I've got a good strong hunch that a guy like Jones would pull off about the same kind of a stunt in business life that he did on that old raft of his in the English Channel. Now, I want to hand you the tip that the tendency of this age of alleged progress is to bring up a bunch of kids who are licked before the battle starts, and largely on account of this mollycoddle yell about rowdyism and the rough element."

"Oh," interjected the manager, "I guess you're strong for the tough mugs."

"No," replied the Old Sport, "but I've got a mighty strong hunch that there's a lot of good derived from contact with the rough element. The guy who has learned to look a tough mug in the eye without getting palpitation of the heart isn't going to run up the white flag of the quitter when he butts into difficulties in ordinary life. It gives a guy the grit and nerve to plaster his back up against a wall and play the string out against all odds that can find room to pile into him. Teddy Roosevelt got his by rubbing into the rough element on the plains of the wild and wooly West.

"And let me hand you another tip. This thing you call progress in baseball has put the physical condition of the players on the blink. Here in this age of progress you're compelled to lug about 25 players around the country in order to have a full team in condition to jump into the game every day, when in the old days a manager was blamed lucky to have even a few extra pitchers sitting on the bench. Now a pitcher works one game a week, and half the twirlers on a team put their whips on the bum doing that. You carry two or three extra catchers, and they take a fit if they have to work a couple of weeks straight tied up in pillows, big mitts and cages, when one catcher used to work every game in his bare hands, and he'd go in on crutches if necessary.

"You've got to take your whole bunch down South now in order to get them in condition, and they come back with a lot of bum whips and clear under the table from overwork. Half the team is out from lack of condition. Now, in the days when ball teams weren't made up of gymnasium trained athletes, when they were pulled out of the stone quarries and saw mills and had to hustle back there to earn their pie and cake through the Winter, the guys who dished up baseball to the public were never out of condition. Your educated player from the knowledge factory who never done a hard day's work in his life may tone up the social standing of the game all right, and your gymnasium trained athlete may have social standing and a more picturesque appearance than the husky guy who has been earning his bread in a stone quarry, but take my tip that your can absorb a blamed sight more physical culture through the butt end of a sledge hammer in a stone quarry than ever showed its mug in a gym. And take it from me that the player who has been swinging one of these physical culture tools in the open air all Winter will put it all over the guy who has been punching a wind bag and shooting marbles in a physical culture emporium.

"No, old man, you can preach progress all you want to to a bunch of these up-to-date mollycoddle sentimentalists, but when you come to an old back number moss-back like me you want to lug along a bunch of cast iron proofs to show me, because it's pretty hard for me to see it."

Vacant Lots Association.

Kansas City Journal.

The Philadelphia Vacant Lots Association, which was organized during the panic of 1893 as one means of supplying food and work for families without employment, has since been maintained. Last year the investment of $5800 contributed by the friends of the movement, and the use of vacant and otherwise unproductive land, yielded no less than $54,000 worth of vegetables and fruit for worthy and industrious men and women.

FURNITURE IN ORGON IN 1850

A Glance Over Rockers and Chairs at the Rooms of the Oregon Historical Society.

AMONG the records on file at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society at the City Hall, in Portland, are to be found copies of the Western Star, a paper published at Milwaukie, Oregon Territory. In the copy of November 21, 1850, is the first advertisement of the furniture trade by Richmond & Cleaver, furniture manufacturers. Their firm was the first to promote this industry in the Oregon Territory. Their "ad" sets forth, that being located in the timber, they will be able to furnish articles in their line at the lowest prices to be found anywhere in the territory.

Their business continued for some years, and much of the furniture used by the early settlers of Oregon Territory was furnished by this factory. It was customary at that time for persons desiring furniture to leave their orders and set a time some weeks later when they would call for them. These articles were usually carried on the back of the owner to his humble home many miles away through the interminable wood and thick jungle of the forest primeval.

One of the chairs made at this factory can now be seen at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society, and is well preserved, though it was in constant use for more than 50 years. There are a number of other chairs exhibited here that were made in Oregon in the early 50's, and some that came around the Horn that were of earlier origin. There is one in particular that was a part of a set purchased in Philadelphia by Nathaniel Folsom in 1774. These chairs of early history were all made by hand, and so perfectly constructed as to be able to withstand the ravages of time much better than chairs of modern manufacture.

Among the relics is an old rocker, commonly known to the trade as a "Boston" rocker, which was made in Portland by J. B. Garrison in 1853. Mr. Garrison was then conducting a factory in that city. There are a number of other antique pieces of furniture on exhibition at the rooms of the society, but none of Oregon production except chairs, the other articles having been brought around the Horn by some of the early settlers or traders.

Mr. Cleaver, known throughout the West as Joe Cleaver, continued the manufacture of furniture principally chairs, for many years after his first venture in Milwaukie. At one time he had a factory at Portland, and in later years at Baker City, where he died some years ago. Mr. Cleaver was a splendid workman, and there are many of his chairs now in use in Oregon. Besides being a chairmaker of no mean ability, he was personally a most interesting character. Possessed of a splendid memory, he had a fund of early reminiscences and was a most delightful conversationalist. I have spent many pleasant hours an eager listener to his recital of personal recollections and adventure, which was to me intensely interesting.

Oregon, by virtue of its natural advantages, wood and water-power, and from its isolation from any other source of supply, early encouraged the transforming of its resources into a merchantable product, and thus started an industry that is today one of the foremost in the Northwest.

Following in the path blazed by these early pioneers and attracted by the opportunity for a wider development of this industry, came men who had been schooled in the workshops of New England and Europe. From the early history of the Northwest the trade was continuously supplied by local factories until the advent of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, when the cheap rates inaugurated by this road made this the dumping ground for the large Eastern factories, and for a time threatened the annihilation of the furniture industry on the Coast. The large quantities of manufactured furniture were dumped on the market at prices that made it impossible for the Western factories with less improved machinery and a very much higher wage scale, to compete.

For a time it looked as though the industry was doomed, and the factories that up to this time had paid large dividends to their shareholders were actually running at a loss. But the pluck and energy of these pioneers came to the rescue. More modern plants were equipped and new methods adopted to meet the changed conditions, so that in the course of a few years they had regained their old prestige and finally drove their Eastern rivals from the field, and have for years held undisputed the market for such products as they manufacture.

While the original incorporators of these pioneer institutions have most of them passed to the beyond and a number of these institutions have ceased to exist, others have taken their places. The industry has continued to grow, so that today the small beginning started in the early '50's now represents an investment of millions and is not rivaled by any other industry in point of value of its manufactured products or in the number of its army of skilled workmen. These receive constant and remunerative employment and have become a large factor in the growth and upbuilding of the Northwest.

Among the names that stand out as mile stones in this enterprise are those of Hurgren and Shindler, both of whom are now dead. They operated the first important factory in Portland and continued in business for a number of years until they burned out in a general conflagration that practically destroyed the business section of Portland in 1873.

The early factories did not confine their output to any particular branch of the business, but aimed to meet all the requirements of the trade, including mattresses and upholstered furniture. They so continued until keen competition forced them to confine themselves to special lines. This evolution was characteristic of the early Eastern as well as the Western manufacturer. The successful factories of today are those who have limited the variety of their output. Variety on account of a limited market was a necessity to the early manufacturer, but competition has now made a segregation of products the price of success. This condition has made necessary the establishment of large jobbing houses, where all of these products are assembled and augmented by additions from Eastern factories, lines not made on the Coast. In this way the retail dealer has the advantage of a home market, which in point of assortment is equal to that of the most favored trade conditions.

While Oregon has always held her original prestige as a manufacturer and jobber of furniture, there are now also large factories at Chehalis, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane, their combined output aggregating many millions in value and giving employment to thousands of skilled laborers. So mutual has been the interest of employer and employe that in the building up of this industry no friction has existed, and strikes have been unknown. There have uniformly existed a friendly feeling and a just recognition of the interests of manufacturer, jobber and retailer, which have done much to add to the prosperity of all.—W. H. Beharrell in the Northwest Furniture Review.