

White as the White

IN WHICH THE PHYSICAL CULTURIST BREAKS A PROFESSIONAL ENGAGEMENT

NOTICE any gold dust on my back? No? Well, it's a wonder there ain't, for I've been up against the money bags so close I expect you can find eagle prints all over me.

That's what it is to build up a rep. Looks like all the fat wads in New York was gettin' to know about Shorty McCabe, and you see, you see, I'm no sooner take hold of one down and outer, awat the high livin' out of him, and fix him up like new with a private course of rough house exercises, than he passes the word along to another; and so it goes.

This last was the limit, though. One day I'm called to the phone by some mealy mouth that wants to know if this is the Physical Culture Studio.

"Sure as ever," says I.

"Well," says he, "I'm secretary to Mr. Fletcher Dawes."

"That's nice," says I. "How's Fletcher?"

"Mr. Dawes," says he, "will see the professor at faw o'clock this afternoon."

"Is that a guess," says I, "or has he been havin' his fortune told?"

"Who is that," says the gent at the other end of the wire, real sharp and sassy.

"Only me," says I.

"Well, who are you?" says he.

"I'm the witness for the defense," says I. "I'm Professor McCabe, P. C. D., and a lot more that I don't use on week days."

"Oh!" says he, stammerin' down a bit. "This is Professor McCabe himself, is it?"

"Well, Mr. Fletcher Dawes requires your services. You are to appear at his apartment at faw o'clock this afternoon—faw o'clock, understand?"

"Oh, yes," says I. "As plain as a dropped egg on a plate of hash. But say, Buddy, you tell Mr. Dawes that next time he wants me just to pull the string, I'll that don't work, he can whiskie, and I ain't there, he'll know I ain't comin'. Got them directions? Well, think hard, and maybe you'll figure it out later. He's a real smart one."

"Who was the guy?" says he.

"Some pinhead up to Fletcher Dawes's," says I.

"Hully chee!" says Swiftly.

"Funny, ain't it, how most every one'll prick up their ears at that name? And it don't mean so much money as John D.'s or Morgan's does, either. But what them two and Harriman don't own is divided up among Fletcher Dawes and a few others. It's because Dawes is such a free spender that he's better advertised. Anyway, when you say Fletcher Dawes you think of a red-faced gent with a roll of the hundred dollar bills offerin' to buy the White House for a stable."

"But say, he might have twice as much and I wouldn't hop any quicker. I'm only livin' once, and it may be long or short, but while it lasts I don't intend to do any better for any one."

"Course, I think the job I got as the secretary chap closes the incident. But around 3 o'clock that same day, though, I looks down from the front window and sees a heavy party in a fur-lined overcoat bein' helped out of a shiny benzin wagon by a piece of velvet, and before I'd done the job he was headed for where he shows up in the office door.

"My name is Dawes, Fletcher Dawes," says the gen who comes in.

"I could have guessed that," says I. "You look somethin' like the pictures they print of you in the Sunday papers."

"I'm sorry to hear it," says he.

"But say, he's less of a prize hog than you'd think, come to get near forty-eight around the neck, I should say, and about a number sixteen collar. You wouldn't pick him out by his face as the kind of a fellow that would have holdin' a mortgage on the old homestead, though, nor one you'd like to sit opposite to in a poker game—even about a quarter of an inch apart, him bean ears buttoned down close, and a mouth like a crack in the pavement."

He goes right at tellin' you what he wants, says he, a little out of condition and thinks a few weeks of my trainin' was just what he needed. Also

feelin'; and when he come to reckon up that I'd handed him two hundred dollars' worth of punches without breakin' his arms' length. "What's the word to have me do it every day."

If it hadn't been that I'd chucked the bluff myself I'd scratched the Dawes proposition. But I ain't no hand to wretch; so up I goes next afternoon with my gym suit in a bag, and gets my first lesson in the Brastronia, where the plute hangs out. And say, if you think these downtown twenty-five day joints is swell, you ought to be amuggin' into one of those uptown apartment hotels that's run exclusively for trust presidents. Why, they don't have any front doors at all. You're expected to come and go in your bubble, but the rules lets you use a cab between certain hours.

I tries to walk in, and was held up by a 200-pound special cop in gray and gold, and made to prove that I didn't belong in the baggage elevator or the ash hotel. Then I'm shown in over the Turkish rugs to a solid gold passenger lift, set in a velvet armchair and shot up to the unimpeachable floor.

I was lookin' to find Mr. Dawes located in three or four rooms and bath, but from what I could judge of the size of his ranch he must pay by acreage instead of the square foot for he has a whole wing to himself. And as for hired help, they was standin' around in clusters, all got up in hairy blue and silver, with muses as intelligent as so many frozen codfish. Say, it would give me chills from the soul to have to live with that gang lookin' on!

I'm shunted from one to the other, until I gets to Dawes, and he leads the way into a big green room with rubber mats, punchin' bags, and all the fixin's you could think of.

"Will this do?" says he. "And if you'll chase out that bunch of employment bureau left-overs we'll get down to business."

"Say, says I, "I thought you might need some of my men to do."

"I don't," says I, "and while you're mixin' it with me you won't either."

"But," says he, "I thought you might sluts the door. I open the window

and when he come to reckon up that I'd handed him two hundred dollars' worth of punches without breakin' his arms' length. "What's the word to have me do it every day."

If it hadn't been that I'd chucked the bluff myself I'd scratched the Dawes proposition. But I ain't no hand to wretch; so up I goes next afternoon with my gym suit in a bag, and gets my first lesson in the Brastronia, where the plute hangs out. And say, if you think these downtown twenty-five day joints is swell, you ought to be amuggin' into one of those uptown apartment hotels that's run exclusively for trust presidents. Why, they don't have any front doors at all. You're expected to come and go in your bubble, but the rules lets you use a cab between certain hours.

I tries to walk in, and was held up by a 200-pound special cop in gray and gold, and made to prove that I didn't belong in the baggage elevator or the ash hotel. Then I'm shown in over the Turkish rugs to a solid gold passenger lift, set in a velvet armchair and shot up to the unimpeachable floor.

I was lookin' to find Mr. Dawes located in three or four rooms and bath, but from what I could judge of the size of his ranch he must pay by acreage instead of the square foot for he has a whole wing to himself. And as for hired help, they was standin' around in clusters, all got up in hairy blue and silver, with muses as intelligent as so many frozen codfish. Say, it would give me chills from the soul to have to live with that gang lookin' on!

I'm shunted from one to the other, until I gets to Dawes, and he leads the way into a big green room with rubber mats, punchin' bags, and all the fixin's you could think of.

"Will this do?" says he. "And if you'll chase out that bunch of employment bureau left-overs we'll get down to business."

"Say, says I, "I thought you might need some of my men to do."

"I don't," says I, "and while you're mixin' it with me you won't either."

"But," says he, "I thought you might sluts the door. I open the window

and when he come to reckon up that I'd handed him two hundred dollars' worth of punches without breakin' his arms' length. "What's the word to have me do it every day."

If it hadn't been that I'd chucked the bluff myself I'd scratched the Dawes proposition. But I ain't no hand to wretch; so up I goes next afternoon with my gym suit in a bag, and gets my first lesson in the Brastronia, where the plute hangs out. And say, if you think these downtown twenty-five day joints is swell, you ought to be amuggin' into one of those uptown apartment hotels that's run exclusively for trust presidents. Why, they don't have any front doors at all. You're expected to come and go in your bubble, but the rules lets you use a cab between certain hours.

I tries to walk in, and was held up by a 200-pound special cop in gray and gold, and made to prove that I didn't belong in the baggage elevator or the ash hotel. Then I'm shown in over the Turkish rugs to a solid gold passenger lift, set in a velvet armchair and shot up to the unimpeachable floor.

I was lookin' to find Mr. Dawes located in three or four rooms and bath, but from what I could judge of the size of his ranch he must pay by acreage instead of the square foot for he has a whole wing to himself. And as for hired help, they was standin' around in clusters, all got up in hairy blue and silver, with muses as intelligent as so many frozen codfish. Say, it would give me chills from the soul to have to live with that gang lookin' on!

I'm shunted from one to the other, until I gets to Dawes, and he leads the way into a big green room with rubber mats, punchin' bags, and all the fixin's you could think of.

"Will this do?" says he. "And if you'll chase out that bunch of employment bureau left-overs we'll get down to business."

"Say, says I, "I thought you might need some of my men to do."

"I don't," says I, "and while you're mixin' it with me you won't either."

"But," says he, "I thought you might sluts the door. I open the window

and when he come to reckon up that I'd handed him two hundred dollars' worth of punches without breakin' his arms' length. "What's the word to have me do it every day."

If it hadn't been that I'd chucked the bluff myself I'd scratched the Dawes proposition. But I ain't no hand to wretch; so up I goes next afternoon with my gym suit in a bag, and gets my first lesson in the Brastronia, where the plute hangs out. And say, if you think these downtown twenty-five day joints is swell, you ought to be amuggin' into one of those uptown apartment hotels that's run exclusively for trust presidents. Why, they don't have any front doors at all. You're expected to come and go in your bubble, but the rules lets you use a cab between certain hours.

I tries to walk in, and was held up by a 200-pound special cop in gray and gold, and made to prove that I didn't belong in the baggage elevator or the ash hotel. Then I'm shown in over the Turkish rugs to a solid gold passenger lift, set in a velvet armchair and shot up to the unimpeachable floor.

I was lookin' to find Mr. Dawes located in three or four rooms and bath, but from what I could judge of the size of his ranch he must pay by acreage instead of the square foot for he has a whole wing to himself. And as for hired help, they was standin' around in clusters, all got up in hairy blue and silver, with muses as intelligent as so many frozen codfish. Say, it would give me chills from the soul to have to live with that gang lookin' on!

I'm shunted from one to the other, until I gets to Dawes, and he leads the way into a big green room with rubber mats, punchin' bags, and all the fixin's you could think of.

"Will this do?" says he. "And if you'll chase out that bunch of employment bureau left-overs we'll get down to business."

"Say, says I, "I thought you might need some of my men to do."

"I don't," says I, "and while you're mixin' it with me you won't either."

"But," says he, "I thought you might sluts the door. I open the window

and when he come to reckon up that I'd handed him two hundred dollars' worth of punches without breakin' his arms' length. "What's the word to have me do it every day."

If it hadn't been that I'd chucked the bluff myself I'd scratched the Dawes proposition. But I ain't no hand to wretch; so up I goes next afternoon with my gym suit in a bag, and gets my first lesson in the Brastronia, where the plute hangs out. And say, if you think these downtown twenty-five day joints is swell, you ought to be amuggin' into one of those uptown apartment hotels that's run exclusively for trust presidents. Why, they don't have any front doors at all. You're expected to come and go in your bubble, but the rules lets you use a cab between certain hours.

I tries to walk in, and was held up by a 200-pound special cop in gray and gold, and made to prove that I didn't belong in the baggage elevator or the ash hotel. Then I'm shown in over the Turkish rugs to a solid gold passenger lift, set in a velvet armchair and shot up to the unimpeachable floor.

I was lookin' to find Mr. Dawes located in three or four rooms and bath, but from what I could judge of the size of his ranch he must pay by acreage instead of the square foot for he has a whole wing to himself. And as for hired help, they was standin' around in clusters, all got up in hairy blue and silver, with muses as intelligent as so many frozen codfish. Say, it would give me chills from the soul to have to live with that gang lookin' on!

I'm shunted from one to the other, until I gets to Dawes, and he leads the way into a big green room with rubber mats, punchin' bags, and all the fixin's you could think of.

"Will this do?" says he. "And if you'll chase out that bunch of employment bureau left-overs we'll get down to business."

"Say, says I, "I thought you might need some of my men to do."

"I don't," says I, "and while you're mixin' it with me you won't either."

"But," says he, "I thought you might sluts the door. I open the window

and when he come to reckon up that I'd handed him two hundred dollars' worth of punches without breakin' his arms' length. "What's the word to have me do it every day."

If it hadn't been that I'd chucked the bluff myself I'd scratched the Dawes proposition. But I ain't no hand to wretch; so up I goes next afternoon with my gym suit in a bag, and gets my first lesson in the Brastronia, where the plute hangs out. And say, if you think these downtown twenty-five day joints is swell, you ought to be amuggin' into one of those uptown apartment hotels that's run exclusively for trust presidents. Why, they don't have any front doors at all. You're expected to come and go in your bubble, but the rules lets you use a cab between certain hours.

I tries to walk in, and was held up by a 200-pound special cop in gray and gold, and made to prove that I didn't belong in the baggage elevator or the ash hotel. Then I'm shown in over the Turkish rugs to a solid gold passenger lift, set in a velvet armchair and shot up to the unimpeachable floor.

I was lookin' to find Mr. Dawes located in three or four rooms and bath, but from what I could judge of the size of his ranch he must pay by acreage instead of the square foot for he has a whole wing to himself. And as for hired help, they was standin' around in clusters, all got up in hairy blue and silver, with muses as intelligent as so many frozen codfish. Say, it would give me chills from the soul to have to live with that gang lookin' on!

I'm shunted from one to the other, until I gets to Dawes, and he leads the way into a big green room with rubber mats, punchin' bags, and all the fixin's you could think of.

"Will this do?" says he. "And if you'll chase out that bunch of employment bureau left-overs we'll get down to business."

"Say, says I, "I thought you might need some of my men to do."

"I don't," says I, "and while you're mixin' it with me you won't either."

"But," says he, "I thought you might sluts the door. I open the window

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

he throws out that I might come up to the Brastronia and begin next day.

"Yes," says I. "I heard somethin' like that over the phone."

"From Corson, eh?" says he. "He's a chump. Never mind him. You'll be up tomorrow."

"Say," says I, "where'd you get the idea I went out by the day?"

"Why," says he, "it seems to me I heard somethin' about—"

"Ah!" says I, "suckin' in his breath through his teeth and levelin' them blue steel eyes of his at me. "I suppose you have your price?"

"No," says I. "I'll make one, just special for you. It'll be ten dollars a minute."

"Say, what's the use? We saves up till we gets a little wad of twenties about as thick as a roll of absorbent cotton, and with what we got in the bank and some that's lent out, we feel rich as a platter of gold. Then we bump up against a really truly plute, and we feel like panhandlers workin' a street in Honesdale. He'll give us ten dollars a minute gallery play, I thought I was goin' to have him stumped."

"That's satisfactory," says he. "Tomorrow at four."

"That's all. I'm still standin' there with my mouth open when he's bein' tucked in among the tiger skins, and I'm bought up by the hour, like a bloomin' fat massage artist! Feel I feel like I'd lost in a gas pipe."

"But," says I, "I had my ear stretched out and his eyes bugged all the time, begins to do the walk around and look me over. I was a new wax figure in a museum."

"Ten Plunks a Minute, Hully Gee!" says I.

"Hully chee!" says he.

"Ah, what to be reminded that I've broke into the bath rubber class? G'wan! Next time you see me, probably at the beach, I should say, with my tag. Get the mitts on, you South Brooklyn bridge runner, and let me show you how I can hit before I lose my teeth in your orange hair."

Swiftly says he ain't been used so rough since the time he took the count from Gans; but it was a relief to my

THE HON. JOHN F. CAPLES: A TRIBUTE

His First Law Partner, Judge J. C. Moreland, Tells of His Splendid Qualities as Man and Advocate.

THE friendliest tributes to the memory of a friend from the pen of Judge J. C. Moreland, was published in the last issue of the Pacific Christian Advocate. Judge Moreland and the late Judge Caples were partners in the practice of law in the early days in Oregon, each being the first partner of the other.

"The death of John F. Caples removes a conspicuous figure from our midst, and one which is well remembered by many thousands throughout the Northwest. For more than 40 years he was prominently known in this region, and many an eye will grow moist to see the news of his departure. I first became acquainted with him in Vancouver, Wash., in August, 1864, and from that time until his death we were intimate friends. For nearly six years I was his partner in the practice of the law, and learned to know his many good qualities, and to appreciate his great abilities."

"Judge Caples, as he was familiarly known, was a man of broad and tender sympathy, of genial manners, and intensely human. He was full of life and humor, and his broad face was never at ways wreathed in smiles. He was a general favorite, and at but few gatherings which he attended, could