Cherbe

Εu

I had gow E The abreas headlig merely gineer Each 1 It ligh only of threw feet in Anyth

sixteen the tre halt b engine the ap suppli

AB self ca or par at Wi an ext stone lar p grudge she fo dignit wheth taking woms the w

The touch by o comp year. Greek 365 d behin days minu lowed calend

It v Chica alarm elothi build their

The the 1 Orego Salen fifty-t oppos

Chi dog a atab in rag itors for th

The these mint ing e yet c dema

Sea in the with' thous

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Carrier's Address

By JOE LINCOLN

Copyright, 1900, by Joe Lincoln.

THE NEW YEAR NEWS. Newsl

News! Here's the latest news! Hey! Extra! The Old Year found dead The old Nineteenth Century with him Both gone where dead years and dead centuries go.
To the tomb of the past, 'neath the

And-Extra the Second! Twin boys-a Are born to Ma Earth and Pa Time, we A New Year and Twentieth Century And here's the latest news!

This glad proclamation we bring to yo Rejoice ye and welcome them both with The tiny new Cycle and wee baby Year To greet them ye cannot refuse Oh, wring not the hands; nay, nor ring the sad knell. And tell her you're ringing the sweet New Year belle.

And here's the latest news! And here's a good luck and a share of To each of Earth's sons, be he giant or From the editor down to the "dexil" him

Here's luck and relief from the "blues! To the printer who prints and the news boy who cries, To the dealer who sells and the reade who buys. Here's a happy New Year and a share And here's the latest news!

THE JOURNALISTIC PILGRIM INTRODUCTION.

Once, in the gladsome summer days, When hens and poets prepare their lays With cash for wifey's "mountain gown,

The trolley car got off the track, And so to pass the time away The smooth Reporter said: "I say! et's fell some stories of the 'biz! Gee!" cried the "Devil," "Dat's a while ay, I'll tell mine, if he'll tell his!

le pointed to the Editor, Who, seeing he was waited for, Remarked: "Agreed! And, as at first, I'ls always best to know the worst, I'll tell the tale that's in my mind And let the rest fail in behind,"

THE EDITOR'S TALE. In his dusty sanctum, dreary, sat th journalist so weary.

Sat the worried, careworn owner o the Lonetown Nonpareil, Writing column after column, locals



MUCH LONGER MUST I TAKE SUCH TRUCK' FOR 'ADSP' For the owner was reporter, yea, and

as writing: "Peleg Sanders' sorrei

has got the glanders;

editor as well.

And soft winds through the whiske

In short, on one day like to these, Upon a flying trolley car. Drawn thitherward from near and far, There journeyed a "fair companee' To picnic by the sounding sea.



An Editor there was whose fame. Made great The Daily Whatsitsname; Beside bin rode, with careless case, A star Reporter from The Breeze, And next to him, with ink stained dress The Foreman of a city press, And next upon the seat there sat A Carrier serene and fat. While last-and much more "fresh" tha

A "Printer's Devil," too, was there. They'd wearied of the sights of home, And each had longed to view the foam-Had longed to see the bathers take Their dips and ducks and gayly break The surf with thick black dots that mak It look like huckleberry cake, But, as they journeyed, with a whack,

has been painting up his shed." "Miss Smith's cal, without a warning had a fit last Tuesday morning." "Hank Lott's got a girl in Skakit an

Long he wrote thus, never speaking, wit his rusty pen a-squeaking; Then he paused and gazed despondet round about the littered roo At the bartels of potatoes, at the basket

of tountoes, At the blithesome onions casting par gent odors through the gloom,

length he moaned, dejected; "How much longer how much longer must I take such 'truck' for 'ads?"

'Garden sass' of all descriptions gives the what folks call connictions; my eardrums ne'er more tingle with the jingle of the 'scads?'

Pumpkins, cabbages and parenips, beets and beans and what not more? a quarter lay inside!

while the time slipped by unbeeded! Then he started, for a stranger stood within the doorway wide.

stretched across his ample vect, And his clothes were in the fashion, and the rings that one saw flash on stood the acid test.

Half a page, air; you may run it for two months or more, perchance. I'll subscribe, too, for my brother, like wise for my aunt and mother.

Hard luck, Peleg." "Moses Wigginis courting, so 'tis said.'

And he sat there and reflected, till a

"Ten long years I've run this journal." and the townsfolk call me 'colonel,' And my list of paid subscriptions now has reached three ninety four. But, alas, each one is paid for in the stuff they use the spade for-

How my hungry soul would 'holler' if my eyes beheld a dollar! How my starring purse would fatten if Thus he mused, and thus he pleaded,

Tall the stranger was and portly, with hearing smooth and courtly.

And a golden watch chain, heavy,

Every fat and puffy finger would have should like," the stranger stated, insert an 'ad,' full rated;

You may make your bill out now, I will pay you in advance."

Well, the editor was figgered for a space, but quickly figure

"That will be eight fifty-nine, sir," he made answer like a flash. With what vegetables may, sir, I inquire, you wish to pay, sir?"
"Vegetables!" laughed the stranger; "I

intend to pay in cash."
"Cash!" the scribe yelled, quite dumfounded. "Cash!" he bellowed, all
astounded. "Do you mean you'll pay in money?"

Then be sat, a frozen man, While the stranger from his jacket took of bills a mighty packet And, with ease born of long practice, then to count the same began.



"DO YOU MEAN YOU'LL PAY IN MONEY?"

T'ye eight fifty. Is that plenty, or can you, sir, change a twenty?" Asked the stranger, and the troubled scribe debated what to say, or that sordid, grasping feeling, lust for gold, was o'er him stealing, And he hated ah, he hated to let nine

and that clutching, avaricious appetite for money, victous,

But he hated the sight of a paper's page, And the smooth reporter's phis to him Was the crimson rag to the bovine grim. They gave him up as a stranger rude, Who simply wouldn't be interviewed.

They gave him up, every mother's son; All, did I say? No; all but one. That one was Augustus Crust-to wit, The man who never was known to quit. He didn't give up; ah, no; not he! Though a fruitless task it seemed to be, But swore a swear that in spite of Fate He'd interview Inker soon or late, Some day, somehow, if he had to wait Till hades from and the imps could skate.

One night as he sat at his desk and thought, Pondering means for the end he sought, He heard the clang of the fire bell beat Its dread siarm o'er the empty street, And, counting the strokes, could quickly

It spoke of a fire at the Grand hotel Then, quick as the jagged lightning's An idea flashed to his teeming brain. "The Grand!" he yelped, like a frighten-

"Tie the place where that Inker And I know a chap on the Fire Brigade Whom I've leat money, which he's not paid. He'll not refuse me; be'd be atraid. My chance has come! I'm made! I'm And out he sped through the night's dim

day's work. That night, in his room on the cool third foor,
In his downy bed did the author snore
Till midnight, when, as he, gasping, woke,
He found his chamber was filled with

And beard the concrous engine's hum Quivering up from below him come, Like a fevered and agued big base drum. He leaped with fear from his soft, warm

Just as a Bangor ladder's head Broke through the window with a crash And a firemen leaped through the shat-They were not kindly, 'tis sad to say. tered sash.

He cased his mind on the tariff law; He flayed the president red and raw. Our girls and women, he said, were bold; Our olimate "beastly" and "blawsted

And when he spoke to explain his stand On journalism in this broad land, "I His scorehing sentences sifted through A verbal hase of a brimstone blue.



"MY CURSE SHALL PURSUE YOU AND THEM!" And so be writhed by the questions While ceilings blistered and rafters crack-

Until, as the roof began to fall And red flames teaped through the chamber wall Adown the ladder that he came by, With a notebook full and a man pumped

Augustus Crust to the ground did fly. Great was the scoop of that interview. And it filled a page of The Bumbaroo. Two seasoned over with "biankety

blanks" And innuendoes and sneers at Yanks. he said, with miser's whine:

you'll step out and arrange it I should like to make it fifty, but nine cents, you know, is nine.

'Very well," replied the baughty stranger, and the barroom sought he, While the editor sat chuckling, basking in a golden gleam,

alting covetous and yearning till he heard those steps returning-Heard the stranger on the stairway. Then he woke-'twas all a dream. le had simply been reposing in his office chair and dozing;

There had been no wealthy stranger, there had been no money there, the neighbors came and four him, with his "garden sass" around him, Counting types with maniac fervor and the pastebrush in his hair.

Sad the tale! He died that season, and he ne'er regained his reason Till his last dread hour was passing, when these fateful words he spoke: Oh, my friends, a ke warning speedy by my fate and he'er be greedy! If I'd taken the eight fifty, I'd have

The Editor's grim task was done, And as he finished every one shook from the lid the furtive tear. As one shakes surplus froth from beer. At length the brisk Reporter said: "We'd fain speak kindly of the dead; But, still, this shows that 'tisn't right To reach for everything in sight. Lend me your ears while I relate Was kinder far, I'm glad to state."

had it ere I woke!"

THE REPORTER'S TALE. reporter grand was Augustus Crust; His motto was this, "Get news or bust!" There never was seen the assignment

tough made him "Enough!" And this is the tale of an interview He got for The Daily Bumbazoo:

Pennson Inker came o'er the sea; A novelist great and grand was he. His books and stories were all the rage,

'I'm saved! I'm saved!" shricked the author, glad. Well, that depends," said the "brave fire lad."

ends on what, I should like to know?" Depends on whether I let you go; or, if you'd flutter that window through, bu'll kindly give me an interview For The Daily and Sunday Bumbazoo. Don't fret, dear sir, for you see you must."

And the fireman smiled through his grime and dust The sweet, smooth smile of Augustus Crust.



LEAPED WITH FEAR FROM HIS SOFT, WARM BED.

The great man raved, and the great man swore. But his feet were hot on the steaming And the window glimmered so cool and That he ground his teeth and at last com-He gave his views on the U. S. A .;

And when P. Inker next morning read The names be'd called and the things He fled, dismayed, o'er the ocean's foam On the next Cunarder bound for home,

And Augustus Crust, for his service true, Is editor now of The Bumbazoo. The glib Reporter staid his speech. And silence sat a space on each. ntil the Foreman raised his head, Gray, grim and gloomy, and he said. In tones like those a tumb might lead,

"Do you believe in spirits, friend?" The Carrier, whom this address Upset a bit, replied, "I guess do-in moderation-yes." The Foreman answered, cold and glum: mean not spirits now that come In jugs and bottles gay and bright; mean the sort who walk at night; The kind who creep, to give us chills, From stilly shades, not shady stills. List while a tale I here unfold, As Hamlet senior did of old." And then he span, in voice of gloom, This yarn of the composing room:

THE FOREMAN'S TALE. compositor old was Jehoshaphat Bings, Of the vintage of Greeley and Weed; He had toyed with the types since the days of his youth. Ere his whiskers had sprouted from

He had "set" on the Squeetuckit Banner for years And had hoped to work on in the place Till grim Death should "pi" him and all of his bones.
Were distributed back in the case.

But, alas, the brisk linotypes came there to rob Poor mossy Jehoshaphat Bings of his A new foreman came to The Banner, and

The swift Mergenthalers were bought, And Jehoshaphat Bings received notice For the worth of his service was naught.

But he stood by the case where he'd stood for so long. And, in tones like the roll of a hearse, He named every stick, stone and type in that place

" Racket Store.

Got, at length, the better of him, and | And then loaded them each with

At the barroom, sir, they'll change it, if But 'twas on the foreman and linotypes prayed for a special "kibosh" That he

"My curse shall pursue you and them!" he declared In a howl like a gale through the trees, And his gray whiskers shook with his

ors of rage, Like a field of buckwheat in a breeze. "Your name shall be mud!" But just



HE WAS FOUND WITH HIS HEAD IN A BARREL Where for years it had stiffened and

The printing house towel fell down on his head, And it fractured his skull, and he died. And there, mid the towel all broken to strings, There passed the sad soul of Jehoshaphat

Bings.

Ere dawn the night watchman awoke with a start

And the workmen remark, as they tinker | But dat redheaded substitute, he never the things,
"They've been touched by the ghost of But simply shucked his upper duds and

Jehoshaphat Bings.' The Foreman paused, as one who wakes From dreams that give his nerves the shakes. The "Devil" cried: "Dat yarn-why, say!

For ha'f a minute; hully gee I'll spring a tale dat's up ter date. No pipe dream neider; good and straight.' Then from his "Hogan's Alley" tongue This story, filled with slang, he slung:

Twould give a guy de Willies; hey?

. . . THE "DEVIL'S" TALE. Mug Haley was a good, soft t'ing, as green as green could be, When he come ter be "devil" at De Daily Hummer, see? He was so fresh he'd hardly keep from sunrise until dark,

And dem composin blokes dey see dey had an easy mark. Dey showed him where de "type lice" hid, dey played him all de tricks; Dey sent him round de town ter git "italic shoot'n sticks."

He tried ter borrer "round line rules" and buy a "square hole bit," Until Mug tumbled, and, says he, "I'm sick of bein 'It."

Well, one day come a letter ter de foreman, and it read: "Deer Sur-Ime kinder off me feed and on me bak in bed. I cant set up, and so, er corse, I cant se tipe, yer see. Me cuzzin tinks hele do fer youe; hele

substytoot fer me.' Mug Haley wan't no beauty, but his cousin, 'pon me soul, His face looked like a bull pup's, and his shape was like a pole, And when de gang all see him, why, dey

hollered: "Dis is good! Mug, he was purty soft; but, gee! his substitute's a 'pud.' Dey tried de "type lice" on him, and went off like a peach, And when de water hit him, say, ye'd

and when de place was lookin like 'twas rainin men and lead De door swung open gently, and in pop

oughter heard 'em screech!



"ME SUBSTITUTE IS TERRY MACK, DE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMP.

"Me substitute is Terry Mack, de lightweight champ," Mug says. "I wrote he tought he'd do fer yous; I'm glad ter see he hez. I'll stop and call de amberlance when I'm a goin by. You've had a lot er fun wid me; I guess

. The saucy "Devil" stooped to duck The blow which at his head was struck By the staid Foreman, horror struck, And then, to quell the rising gale, The Carrier said, "I have no

we're square. Goodby."

With which to charm you, but I've made A little ditty of the trade. Which I will sing. Then from a throat Deep, vast and hoarse as fog horn's note He sang, with all his might and main, This song:

From his "sleep of the just" and de-

A figure, diaphanous, spectral and pale, By each of the linotypes' glide. It passed its cold claws o'er each lever and bolt;

It noiselessly thumped on each key; Ah, heaven, what ghost could have whiskers like that But the ghost of Jehoshaphat B.? And the watchman, o'ercome by the hor-

rible sight. Rushed frantically forth and got speechlessly tight. The hard hearted foreman that night

dreamed a dream; He dreamed the dead typesetter came And howled in his ear, "You are hoodooed' and done, And your cursed machines are the

And when the next morning The Banner he read, In horror he gurgled for breath,

For this the bewitched Mergenthaler had As the tale of Jehoshaphat's death: Jehoshaphat Bings, who for years hax Dxxvdgtuye twgsfljhgn4h5uyetw9vd bf2

oqkqhr&@oiz. Twas but the beginning, the curse was at work. Although for repairs went the cash,

Or new machines came, it was ever the The news was all typed into hash. The foreman grew haggard, gray headed

tu

be du 8t 25 La

and thin And took, in his trouble, to drink, Until one sad morn in the shop he was found With his head in a barrel of ink,

And the linotype told of his suicide thus: "John Typer, the formemwgsgehudhfglru

That foreman is gone and forgotten, but The shade of that "hoodoo" remains, And many a linotype used in the land, Though handled with infinite pains, Has suddenly taken to printing its types All muddled and mixed and askew And tossed in a wild alphabetical mess, Like a warmed over boarding house

piled 'em on de floo



DEY SHOWED HIM WHERE DE "TYPE LICE"

"Say, gents," he says, "I likes a joke about as well as you So let's see if we can't have one dat I can laff at too. And den his fist flew out and took de foreman in de face And sent him flyin endways plum right t'rough de eight point case.

He hit de head compositor right where he holds his pipe And piled him in de corner 'nead a galley full er type; He give de fat boss pressman one er dem soft, lovin pats Dat knocked bim undernead de press

and caved in ha'f his slate. And den dat giddy substitute be shook hisself a bit And walked around dat printshop like a cyclone in a fit.

The editor sits in his sanctum And ponders and scribbles away; The reporter goes down through the streets of the town And picks up the events of the day. The typesetter fills up his galley, The pressman his labor pursues, But I sing not their praise, for this carol

THE CARRIER'S REFRAIN.

I raise To the fellow who brings us the news, Then here's to the carrier laddles And all of their jovial crews-The shouters and sellers, the merry street

The fellows who bring us the news!

The householder rises for breakfast And steps to his vestibule door; The dew of the dawn is still damp on the Yet the Carrier's been there before

The merchant steps out on the side

And longs for the editor's views: He takes but one stride, and his want is By the fellow who brings us the news. He travels the lone country byways;

He shouts to the brisk city street. O'er his route he must go, be it rain, sleet or snow Or the weltering midsummer beat. He carries the world to our doorstep. Earth's journal makes ours to peruse, And we'd stagnate and rot in our shells

were it not For the fellow who brings us the news. So here's to the Carrier laddies! Good luck to their hustling crews! The newsboy who capers, the man who sells papers.

The fellows who bring us the news! The Carrier ceased, for, there and then, Thanks to the sturdy rallroad men. The car got on the track again, And toward the sea they sped along. And as they flew the happy throng Sang loud the Carrier's merry song. And all who heard its beat and stir Remembered long the Carrier.

And now, in closing, let me pray That YOU'LL remember him too JOE LINCOLN.