

The Elevator Boy Sounds a Warning

Feels It a Duty to Warn Those Who Look Down on His Profession.

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FOR the past ten years the running of an elevator in a skyscraper has come to be recognized as a profession instead of a job. An elevator boy does not appear in court and talk to the jury, like a lawyer, but he is expected to keep his dignity and be able to advise a telegraph boy or a district messenger what constitutes assault and battery or false pretenses. He does not crowd in when there is a street accident and announce that he is a doctor, but he always keeps rags, cotton batting and sweet oil on hand to render first aid to the wounded. Only jealous minded



"BUBBY, YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN THE ROOM."

people will deny that he is a professional. There could be no more deadly insult to an elevator boy than to stop him on the street and ask him if he is out of a "job."

If the profession of running an elevator ever comes to be looked upon with contempt and if the elevators themselves are ever removed from all buildings and the tenants compelled to walk the boys themselves will have been to blame for it. Taking my own experience and the investigations I have made during the last year, I feel it a duty to sound a note of warning.

What the average elevator boy has got to look out for and steel his heart against is falling in love with the stenographer and the typist. Every sky scraper holds from five to twenty of them, and the first thing they do is to make friends with the young gentleman who runs the elevator. They want his information. They want his advice. They want his candy and popcorn.

I was warned when I secured my first engagement to beware of the stenographers and typists. I was told that they had soft, sleek and insidious ways. The boy whose place I took sat down with tears in his eyes and said to me:

"Sammis, they will smile, they will giggle, they will flirt, they will sigh, they will call you 'Bobby' and pile on the soft soap, but their ways are the ways of the deceiver. When your fortune is gone they will throw you away like an old shoe."

Two weeks later, despite this warning, I was in love with the golden haired typist in room 248. I was calling her "Goldie" and she was calling me "Ducky." I was an innocent hearted boy, and how could I tell her that her hair was bleached and that she was working me for lunches and theater tickets?

I wanted to die for Goldie. I wanted to pour all my wealth into her lap. I wanted to knock the head off old Saunders for winking at her. She was in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

I bought her candy. I paid for her lunches. I sent her bouquets. I went hungry in order that she might have street car fare. We were as good as engaged for two weeks, and I was wondering whether we should take in Florida or Niagara falls on our bridal tour when the blow fell. The agent of the building had been keeping tabs on me, and he had found me careless and indifferent to the lives of my passengers.

"Sammis," said he, "your elevator wabbles. You bring up with a jerk. You run past the sixth floor. You come down with a bang. You scare the old maid on the seventh floor, and you cause the fat man on the eleventh to use cuss words. You are in love. It always acts this way. Choose between your engagement and Goldie."

"I scorn your engagement, sir!" was my heroic reply, and I went up to see Goldie and ask her if she wanted to live out at Bensonhurst when we were wed. She looked me straight in the eyes and replied:

"Bobbie, you have made a mistake in the room. The girl who is dying to wed you is four doors farther down the hall."

Through a pull with an alderman I obtained another engagement. The agent of the building seemed favorably impressed with me, but he thought fit to say:

"Young man, we want no nonsense here. Running an elevator is business. There are no less than four trusts making their headquarters in this building, and, knowing how much the people love them, they are taking no chances. Beware of the typists. Flee from the

stenographers. If you find love budding in your young heart come to me and get a good spanking."

I started in with heroic resolves, but I was a failure after the first week. A black eyed typist with much gold in her front teeth smiled at me as she went up. She laughed at me as she came down. She chuckled me under the chin on her third trip, and on her fourth she whispered:

"Sammis, it is a case of love at first sight. I can't live without you." Three days later I got the bounce. The trust magnates were complaining that my elevator wobbled and that I showed a desire to run them all down into the basement or up against the roof. I waited in the vestibule for the black eyed girl, but when she appeared and I spoke to her she replied:

"Don't ask me, Bobbie. I have only been here a week!"

Six different times have I loved, and six different times have I received the bounce. I have now ceased to love. No matter how good looking the girl who takes my elevator and no matter how sweet her smile or how delicious her giggle, I keep my stern dignity and permit of no familiarity. There are occasions when I am chucked under the chin and I hear the whispered exclamation of how sweet I am, but the elevator never wabbles by a hair's breadth.

But is it the same with other elevator boys? I ask. Alas, no. Wherever I go I find them growing careless of their duties because the sentiment of love has touched their hearts. A month ago a young man running an elevator in a prominent skyscraper confided to me that he was in love with a stenographer in the building. She was twenty-four and he sixteen, but he did not care for the difference in their ages. Indeed, he thought it better to have an aunt and a mother and a sweetheart all in one. She had patted him on the back; she had pulled his ear; she had praised his complexion. In her insidious way she was luring that boy on to his doom. I struggled with him, but it was no use. His infatuation was complete. Three days later while thinking of his darling he bumped his elevator against the roof and hurt three passengers and got the bounce. When he went to the woman of his heart for sympathy and to ask her to wait until he could strike another engagement she pretended that she had never seen or heard of him before and that he must have become intoxicated on soda water.

Today I could name twenty elevator boys who are in love. That means twenty accidents sooner or later. It also means twenty bounces. There should be posted up in every elevator in the city a notice reading:

"Any girl speaking to the elevator boy on any matter outside of business will be compelled to walk up and down stairs thereafter."

If you are about to take a public elevator look first at the boy who runs it. If he is pale faced and anxious looking and seems to have something on his mind turn your back on that cage and take the stairs. That boy is in love and is worrying as to how he can support a wife on \$3 a week.

If, on the contrary, he is chewing gum and whistling to himself step right in and be hoisted.

That boy has nothing greater on his mind than a bet on the races. I have loved and shall love again, but I have found that I owe a duty to the public. That duty is to love no more until I get through elevating an elevator. The profession is a noble one and growing nobler every day, and the true elevator boy is being recognized as the hardworking hero he is, and even if it becomes necessary to appeal to the law and a legislative investigating committee he should be protected against the machinations of the other sex. At least that is the opinion of

SAMMIS,
The Elevator Boy.

Per M. Quad.

What He Wanted.



"I'm glad you've waked up at last! I've been sitting here two full hours."

"Yes, but what do you want of me?"

"If you'll excuse me, you're sitting on my hat!"

Asylum Serenade.

Lady, I beg thee to hark to my ditty,
Sung 'neath thy sill in the full of the moon.
Wake, for the nightingale's chanting so witty
Near where the boarder is eating his prune.

Lady, I love thee a mickle and muckle.
Come, entertain me an hour or so.
I will lose money to you at penmanship—
Where will you find any lavender bean?
Lady, art dressing? Don't keep me guessing.
Stop not for hooks, and, oh, stay not for eyes!

Don't keep me waiting—I'd have gone skating
But that my tootsies are all the wrong size.

Lady, I'm only a wandering loony,
Singing his love on a talking machine;
Still if you deem that my chanson is tuney
Pass me, in mercy, a cold lima bean.
Come, if you won't; stay, if you don't;
Hunger has seized me, and there lies the rub.
Spry about, Nelly; hand me some jelly;
Toss me some provender, vittles and grub.
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Jokes From France, Germany and Austria

SHE—No, I'm sure you don't love me! Don't tell me you do.

He—But I do.

She—No, you don't, you wretch. You won't show me where you keep your money.—Sourire.

First Tramp—It's a grand thing, after all, to have no employer and to be your own master.

Second Tramp—That's all very well, but it's darned annoying not to be able to exercise the right to strike.—Cri de Paris.

Police man (to wayfarer embracing a lamp post)—Do you know where you live, anyway?

Wayfarer—Let me alone—only four more lamp posts and then I am at home.—Lustige Blatter.

"Why did you give up your white goods business?"

"Because I had to go into mourning." —Witzblatt.

"I loved her so deeply and now this confounded family trouble has come between us."

"What family trouble?"

"My marriage."—Lustige Blatter.

"Here's a cigar which I reserved specially for you."

"Well, do you know I would rather have one which you had specially reserved for yourself."—Witzblatt.

His Leaders.

The city boarder was attracted by a sign on the only store in the village. It read, "The Six Best Sellers Within."

"I'm!" murmured the city boarder. "Here is a chance to buy some current literature. Guess I'll go in."

Entering, he found the old storekeeper sitting on a herring keg puffing a cornob.

"Where are your books?" asked the city boarder.

"What books, stranger?" drawled the storekeeper.

"Why, the 'six best sellers.'"

"Ha, ha! Them ain't books, mister."

"Not books?"

"No, sir. My 'six best sellers' are soap, sugar, suspenders, salt, socks and shoes. What can I wrap you up of each?"—Chicago News.

All That Is Necessary.

"I hear you are going to start a magazine."

"Yes; I've got my plans practically all made, and we'll probably have the first number out in a month or two."

"Why, you have never had any experience as an editor or publisher, have you?"

"No, but it's a sure thing. I have a friend who can get me nearly all the automobile advertising there is going." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Rough on Algy.



Algy Jones (at the week end farm)—Look here! You know, George, I can't milk these confounded cows. The beasts keep turning around and nibbling at me.

George—Lor', sir, but you mustn't blame 'em. The critters do like a bit o' green stuff.—Sketch.

Wanted It Over.

"Say," exclaimed the man in the chair suddenly, "hurry and get through shaving me, will you?"

"Eh?" said the barber. "When you got into the chair you said you had plenty of time."

"That was before you began shaving me with that razor."—Town Topics.

Ready For Business.

"Mr. Jones, I want your daughter. She is worth her weight in gold."

"Waal, figger her out an' gimme a check. I kin use the money."—Judge.

Da 'Merrianna Girl.

I gata mash weath Mag McCue,
An' she ees 'Merrianna too!
You weel no calla me so slow
Eef som' time you an' looka see
How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me.
Moat evra two 't'ee day, my frand,
She stop by dees peanutta stand
An' smile an' mak' da googla eye
An' justa look at me an' sigh,
An' alla time she so excite!
She peck som' fruit an' taka bite.
Oh, my, she oesa look so sweet
I no care how much fruit she eat.
Me? I am cool an' mak' pretend
I want no more dan' 'er frand.
But een my heart, you bat my life,
I think of her for be my wife.

Today I think: "Now I weel see
How moocha she ees mash weeth me."
An' so I speak of dees an' dat—
How moocha playnta mon' I gat,
How mooch I make 'er evra day
An' 'wat I spend an' put away.
An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:
"You theenk som' 'rette girl weel try
For lovin' me a 'Merrianna best?"
An' eef I ask her lika dees,
For geevin' me a loetta kees,
You s'pose she geeve me wan or two?"
She tal me, "Twenty-three for you!"
An' den she laugh so sweet an' say:
"Skeddoo! Skeddoo!" an' run away.

She like so mooch for keesa me
She gona geeve me twenty-three!
I s'pose dat wat she say—"Skeddoo!"—
Ha, 'wat you theenk? Now, mebbe so
You weel no calla me so slow!
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Wickedness in the Kongo Free State.

Apparently the king of the Belgians doesn't look upon the Kongo as a place for the exercise of any freedom except his own sweet will. When the horrible features of the rule administered by the sovereign-king recently became a world scandal Leopold appointed a commission of inquiry to investigate the charges made. This commission whitewashed some of the worst evils, but nevertheless recommended certain reforms. Instead of adopting the recommendations of a commission of his own creation the king appointed a second commission composed largely of the very officials whose system had been condemned. In other words, he called upon the representatives of the system under fire and the men responsible for its evils to prepare a new report on what should be done in the way of reform.

The original idea of the powers in placing the Kongo country under the protection of King Leopold was that the official duty of the government so established should be confined to administration, leaving trade wholly to private initiative. But the government forced natives to work at the point of bayonet, so to speak. Sentries armed with repeating rifles were placed over the people to compel them to labor for private companies. These sentries were themselves natives and committed the most fiendish outrages, plundering and killing without mercy. The first commission recommended the abolition of this sentry system, but the second reported that it should be continued, with the change from repeating rifles to muzzle loading guns—that is to say, the killing would continue, only the executioners would be longer about it. In response to diplomatic protests King Leopold boldly asserted his personal ownership of the Kongo and the right to exploit it at his pleasure. His arrogance is rebuked by a large party of Belgian humanitarians as being against the enlightened consciences of all civilized peoples.

Public Insurance.

Gladstone's proposition to have the state manage life insurance is being revived in this country, especially with a view to having the individual states of the Union take it up for their own citizens. The chief arguments used for its advocates are that there will be more publicity, more honesty and an increase of benefit to the premium payer through economical management.

As to the matter of honesty and economy in state affairs, it may be said that all depends. With state insurance there will be hundreds of millions of dollars gathered into one man's hands for investment. Often the handling of this prize would outweigh all considerations of party. Ingenious politicians would find some way to introduce systems that would yield graft, and until publicity and civic devotion have made government honest, cheap and efficient talk of state insurance as an improvement upon the present seems premature.

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