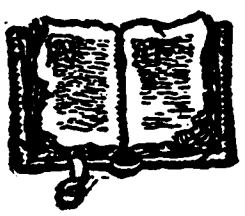
PORTLAND, OREGON
A. D. 1999

AND OTHER SKETCHES

By JEFF W. HAYES

AUTHOR OF
"TALES OF THE SIERRAS"
"LOOKING BACKWARD AT PORTLAND"
ETC.



PUBLISHERS:
F. W. BALTES AND COMPANY
PORTLAND, OREGON
1913

Dedication

TO THE CITIZENS OF PORTLAND
AND TO THE DEAR FRIENDS OF MY EARLIER LIFE
THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED

Contents

Part I.

	Page
Chapter 1, The Visitor	1
Chapter 2, The Prophecy	4
Chapter 3, More Startling Prophecies	15
Chapter 4, Old Names Revived	21
Chapter 5, Prophetess Grows Jocose	28
Chapter 6	30
Chapter 7, More Denouements	31
Chapter 8, Politics Discussed	33
Chapter 9, Strange Occurrences	35

Part II.

The Bad Man From Bodie	43
He Never Came Back	51
Where Did You Get That Oil	55
A Grapevine Telegraph Line	59
Along the Shore	63
Showing Off	67
"Knifin' de Dough"	71
A Musical Aborigine	75
"The Gentleman of Havre"	77
On the Wing	79
He Knew a Good Thing	83
Inadequate Cuspidors	87
No Jobs, But Vacancies	89
Phenomenal Telegraphing	91
His Old Kentucky Home	95
The Office at Spirit Lake	97
The Indians Were Too Loyal	99
A Governor for Fifteen Minutes Took the Bull by the Horns	101
The Seven Mounds	105
When Gold Grew on Sage Brush	111

PREFACE

IN introducing my little romance to the public, I do so with little misgivings or apologies.

The close observer will agree that the changes that are anticipated—here related as established facts—are merely the signs of the times, and that not one-half of the story is told.

One might wish to be a living witness of the great projects occurring A.D. 1999, and may possibly resent that he was not born later on in the cycles of Time, but if his heart is in the right place he can realize that there is nothing lost, and his soul goes marching onward and upward in its eternal flight.

"Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight
Thro' present wrong, the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of Man."

Part I.

Portland, Oregon, A.D. 1999

PORTLAND, OREGON, A. D. 1999

CHAPTER I.

THE VISITOR.

"Thro' the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way,
Thro' cloud of Doubt and creeds of Fear
A Light is breaking calm and clear."

MY caller was a queer little old woman. Her figure, however, was erect, her eyes bright and her voice low, soft and firm. She was becomingly dressed, in what might appear to be a Quaker garb, and a look of rare intelligence radiated her countenance.

In a deep, sweet voice, she began:

"I was born in the year of our Lord, 1828, and am, consequently, in my 86th year. I have lived a long-time, but when I glance backward, it seems but yesterday that I nestled in my mother's arms. I was born in Virginia in the year Andrew Jackson was elected President and my parents took me to Washington on the day of his inauguration. We traveled in our own vehicle, drawn by two dapple grey horses, and we had several neighbors as companions each having a conveyance of their own.

"Schools were unknown in our neighborhood and my early education was derived from my parents, principally, assisted by a maiden aunt, who spent each summer at our plantation.

"My clothes were cut out, fitted and made by my aunt, and my hats lacked any feather trimmings or other finery. The material of my dresses was generally of a slate color, and but few other shades were affected. All of our

neighbors dressed in the same way, without any affectation of style whatsoever. But enough of this.

"The musical instruments of that day were the melodeon, harp and violin. There were very few of even these, and were confined, the melodeon to the village church, the violin to our darkey's cabins.

"We read by a tallow dip during the winter nights, but there was not very much to read, our library consisting of the family Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress, together with a weekly paper published in Philadelphia, that had originally been started by Benjamin Franklin.

"It was in the year 1850 that my people began talking of going West, and tried to glean all the informaiton they could concerning the country they selected, the best means of getting there and the prospects for disposing of our plantation. It took us three years to finish all of our preparations, and on April 18th, 1853, our caravan started on the trail leading Westward.

"I was 26 years old, and at a time of life when I could thoroughly enjoy the ever varying changes of climate and scenery.

"We found the Indians very friendly, even to kindness, and we bestowed on them many cheap trinkets in return for food and skins, of which they possessed a variety.

"We made many stops on the way as we reached the then frontier settlements, now large and prosperous cities, and it was not until we had crossed the Missouri river, near Omaha, that we began anticipating trouble from the Indians. We experienced the usual hardships and vicissitudes from this cause, nothing unusual in those times, and arrived in the then little city of Portland, March 19th, 1854.

"I startled our little party, on our arrival in Portland, by announcing that the next time I crossed the Continent it would be on the steam cars.

"Long and loudly was I laughed at for my optimism, and it did really seem impossible for a locomotive to be capable of climbing those seemingly inaccessible peaks.

"Had I prophesied all that was in my mind, my friends might have thought that I was deranged. I could have said that I could see people flying through the air in vehicles shaped like birds from the Atlantic to the Pacific and that the almost impenetrable forests of Oregon would one day be entirely laid low by the woodman's axe.

"There were many other things which I could see were bound to come but I thought it wisest to keep the light of my prophecies to myself rather than give them to unheeding ears.

"What I saw in those days, however, will not compare to the marvels which come to me now, at my advanced age.

"I have given a receptive ear to the spirit which tells me what others would pronounce 'queer notions,' but which I declare to be scientifically natural. I will tell you of all these things and you may publish them to the world, and allow them to be a judge of my optimistic views. I will tell you what I see and also of what I know is sure to come, so that all who read may know and understand, and put themselves in readiness for the great events which are bound to ensue by A. D. 1999."

The old lady then, her eyes beaming with intelligence and in the most natural and unassumed manner, voiced the following prophecies:

CHAPTER II.

The Prophecy.

TAKING a note book from her bag, and adjusting her spectacles, the old lady began her remarkable relation of events to come ere the 21st century shall have rolled around:

"Of course," she began, "I may not be able to tell you all that is in store for future generations, but I will say enough to interest everybody and to warn everybody who will care to heed my admonitions.

"The era of quick transit has already arrived and people love to travel fast, and opportunity will be given all who care to adopt this pastime. Very soon the locomotive and trolley car will be altogether too slow for travel and aerial voyages, both for pleasure and business will ensue. The force used for this purpose will be varied and may be electricity, gasoline, compressed air, or perhaps still another potent agent, at present undeveloped, which will usurp the place of all others, be cheaper, safer and more reliable than any known energy. The cars will be made entirely of steel bands and so constructed that but little damage may be apprehended from a collision with another flying machine. A parachute, arranged to work automatically will be the chief protector of this winged machine and this part of the apparatus will be so constructed as to render an accident almost an impossibility. Indeed, these carriers will be so made that a party soaring in the air at a height of 500 feet will look down and express a feeling of sympathy for those who must brave the dangers besetting life on the surface of this mundane sphere.

"These air carriers will be simple, and a good bright boy can manufacture his own vehicle to take him to and from school and at a less expense per day than is now paid for street car fare, and at a lesser risk to life and limb. The grocer will make his deliveries by his air machine. The butcher boy will abandon his automobile and bring his meat deliveries by the way the bird flies. As there can be no tracks laid in the air, no one will be pestering the City Commission for a franchise to run his company's cars over a certain strata of air, but there will be cars for hire, just the same, and there will be, no doubt, long trains operated in the air not much unlike the system at present in vogue on the surface. The death dealing automobile will be a thing of the past and even the merry motor cycle will have gone the way of the equine. Railroads and railroad stocks will suffer and the roads will languish and die. Aerial locomotion will usurp the place of the steamer and the steamship, since it will be proven to be quicker, safer and less expensive. Country homes will be easy of access and, consequently, more popular and the suburbs will be peopled by an ever increasing number. There is no end to the advantages which the flying machine possesses over the present modes of locomotion and it is merely a question of solving the problem of entire safety, economy and simplicity of construction and operation, all of which will have been surmounted in A. D. 1999.

"Although the aerial navigation is itself an important feature of future progress, it is not at all the most prominent of innovations. I will tell you of the new era of building.

"Portland in 1913 was considered a beautiful city, but how much more beautiful does it look in 1999. I will endeavor to give you a little idea.

"The wooden houses have become a thing of the past and strong, warm concrete dwellings are the order of the day. These abodes although immensely superior to the dwellings of 1913 are less in cost and more adaptable for homes. Every working man has his own flying machine and his own home and should be happy and comfortable. The city is compact and the business houses are lofty and well constructed, safety to occupants being the chief care.

"Owing to the fact that there are few, if any, automobiles or other rapid methods of travel to take up the streets of our city, there was an order issued by the City Commissioners removing the hard surface pavements and authorizing the Commissioner of Public Service to sow the streets in rye grass and Kentucky blue grass, so that the city of Portland is one perpetual system of parks, where the youngster may play to his heart's content. Just imagine what a beautiful city we have and how our past day metropolis would pale into insignificance beside the picture I have drawn. Roses are planted in the streets and we are really and truly the 'Rose City'."

At this juncture the old lady paused to consult some notes which she read to herself, presently beginning again, this time with a new topic:

"Emigration flocked to Oregon after the opening of the Panama canal and under the new conditions many of these newcomers settled in and around Portland. The great territory of Alaska has been pretty thoroughly prospected and our city is the chief market for that great and wonderful country. Our population equals or surpasses that of Greater New York in 1913 and there is work for every-

one. Portland embraces the entire county of Multnomah and a portion of other adjacent counties and extends in an unbroken line from Oregon City on the South to the delta of the Columbia river on the North, East to the foot of Mt. Hood and West to Hillsboro. There are no more bridges across the Willamette river, tubes 75 feet wide at every other street taking the place of the bridges. These tubes are about a mile in length and start from Broadway on the West side and extend to Grand avenue on the East. Public docks extend from St. Johns to Milwaukie and cover both sides of the river, which is dredged the entire length of the dockage.

"Many of the hills back of the city, including Portland Heights, Kings Heights and Willamette Heights are leveled, only Council Crest with its historic traditions being allowed to remain. This gives a vast area to West Portland which is really vital to its business supremacy. Columbia Slough was reclaimed and most of the manufacturing industries are carried on at that point. St. Johns was again taken into the fold and made happy."

Again did the old lady consult her notes, making a selection for a new topic, smilingly began:

"The old Commission form of government inaugurated in 1913 proved a success in every way. The first Mayor under the Commission, H. Russell Albee, with his quartette of capable assistants, Messrs. Wm. H. Daly, W. M. Brewster, R. G. Dieck and C. A. Bigelow set the pace for their under officials who tried to emulate their superiors' good work, the public reaping splendid results therefrom. Each succeeding administration endeavored to excel the former's record and Portland has been well governed for the past 86 years. Auditor Barbur, too, gave the city the fruits of his ripe experience in municipal matters and was rewarded by being elected again and

again. When the city swallowed up the county of Multnomah, additional commissioners were necessary to take care of the increased business, and so popular did this system of government become with the people that a State Commission form of government was agitated and finally adopted. The Governor and his Cabinet, composed of 12 commissioners were moved to Portland which became the state capitol. The State Commission had the power to enact laws and possessed all the functions of a state legislature, meeting each day to pass upon matters which might come up for discussion or adjustment. The Governor serving in 1913, Oswald West declined the honor of running on a state commission basis and that privilege fell to Robert Stevens who safely guided the bark of Oregon through the breakers.

"The long list of state officials embraces many names familiar to the public in the earlier part of this century, notably, the names of Sewall, Malarkey, Coffey, Word, Selling, Lane, Chamberlain, Gatens, Bourne, Nebergall, Lightner, Lombard, Rushlight and many others whose names were highly esteemed in Portland's early history.

"The city, county and state buildings embrace five continuous blocks beginning at Jefferson Street running north, taking in Madison, Main, Salmon, Taylor and Yamhill Streets, each building being ten stories high and connected at each third story with its companion on the opposite side of the street for a distance of five blocks, making it practically one solid building five blocks long and each building ten stories high.

"There are fifteen judges of the circuit court, seven of whom are women. The sheriff and treasurer are women and there are several women serving as bailiffs.

"The name of Abigail Scott Duniway is held in much reverence by these women officials, who attribute to her

the honor of being the promoter of woman suffrage in Oregon.

"Many innovations have been made in the laws of Oregon during the last 50 years, a number of them being framed and mothered by women State Commissioners and signed by Oregon's women governors. One of these acts makes it lawful for a woman to retain her own name, if she so desires after her marriage and not making it compulsory for her to take her husband's name, so that if Miss Montmorenci marries Bill Smith, she is not necessarily compelled to assume her husband's name of Smith, but can be known as 'Mrs. Helen Smith-Montmorenci.' This act has been the occasion of a number of our high-toned girls with four syllable names marrying men of plebeian extraction, so the law works well.

"The morals of the city have wonderfully improved. There is less roystering, riotousness and lawlessness than existed earlier in the century. There is no longer a Home of Detention for boys and girls, Florence Crittenden Home, a county or city jail, or a state penitentiary, all of these institutions being done away with as they were found unnecessary, expensive and not able to deal with the situation in hand. Instead, a more Christlike form of dealing with the socalled lawless element has been inaugurated and the fruits became immediately apparent. Alleged criminals were talked to like brothers and treated like brothers, the hard spot in the hearts of each melting, when, indeed, they did become like brothers. Men on the rock pile were taken by the hand by good and true men and women and made to feel that life had something in it besides crime, and all became ready and anxious to better their conditions and their morals and the Brotherhood of Man became established on earth in its truest significance.

"And so it was in handling the social evil. None were so vile but would like to leave their sins; and a revolution for the good was started which has ever since continued. And this is the reason we have no homes for criminals, for we have no more crominals. Isn't that lovely?" and the dear old lady smiled.

Continuing, she said, "The art of 'moving picture' shows has given place to the science of 'motion picture' shows. We will say that a rendition of 'Shylock' is given in New York on Monday. The following Monday, the very same performance can be produced in Portland, with a counterpart of the actors' figures, voices, stage setting, even to the minutest particular, and it would be difficult for one seeing both performances to tell which was the original and which the copy.

"Owing to the little need for an elaborate education, children are not compelled to go higher than the sixth grade, the rest of their education being made up by practical experience later in life. This, however, does not extend to those seeking professional lives who are at liberty to use their time as they choose.

"Fourth of July, 1999, was celebrated in a way that the men and women of former days would marvel at. The air was filled with vehicles of all kinds and descriptions. They all invaded the air from the little tad of four years of age, who is riding in space at a height of five feet just within reach of his parent's arms, to the more daring air rider who soars the skies, at an elevation of 10,000 feet. There were no fireworks but there was plenty of visiting above ground and music from 50,000 phonographs was listened to. One mighty band was playing national airs, and although more than a century and a half has elapsed since the anthem was written, the 'Star Spangled Banner' was received in the usual way.

There are some new national hymns, but the olden ones seem to be the most popular.

"The Rose Festival was celebrated two weeks prior to this event. The celebration was unique and embraced a pageant in the air, the electric parade being the feature of the day. A genuine shower of roses let fall at a given signal from tens of thousands of airships filled the air with delightful perfume and the spectators with enthusiasm. The performance was given three days in succession. A reminiscent figure of the third day's parade was a picture made in flowers and exhibited at a height of 1,000 feet above the ground showing a picture of the first president of the Rose Festival, who was none other than our dear old friend, Ralph W. Hoyt.

"What might appear to the people of 1913 as very extraordinary, is the manner in which the streets of the city are sprinkled. A huge air bag with a rubber hose attachment is allowed to rise to a height of about 1,000 feet and water from the Willamette river is pumped up into it by the good old fire boat, David Campbell, which is still doing business.

"Attached to the air bag is a regular sprinkling machine and as fast as the David Campbell pumps the water into the bag it is allowed to fall on the city, the air bag, of course, frequently shifting its position to give all parts of the city an equal show for a rain storm. This process is used whenever there is a drought in Multnomah county, which, thank the Lord, is a seldom occurrance.

"Journalism has kept apace with the times and the Oregonian is still doing business at the old stand but it now occupies the entire block. The names of Scott and Pittock are synonymous with that of the Oregonian.

"The Journal has taken its place among the foremost papers of the day and it, too, covers a whole block on its

present site. It is a monument to the energy and business sagacity of Mr. C. S. Jackson.

"The Daily News proved a paying venture and is among the city's institutions.

"The Sunday Mercury has long since ceased publication on Sunday, becoming a thriving morning paper.

"The Evening Telegram grew so fast that it was compelled to move to more commodious quarters and occupies that building once known as the Portland Hotel, which ceased to be a hostelry in 1953. The Telegram utilizes the entire building which is proof sufficient of its prosperity.

"The Guide, a little sheet devoted to general information for the public is still published by a gentleman, named Stuart, and gives out correct data as in years gone by.

"Much of the good in Socialism has been incorporated in the politics of the state, and the objectionable part of the doctrines were eschewed. The best ideas of all parties now enter into politics, which goes to show that there was good in all.

"One-half of the police force are women, who dress in uniform and there is a day shift and a night shift of these women police, and the idea works well.

"Owing to sanitary conditions somewhat, but rather to a change of mind and morals, there is comparatively little sickness now prevailing in Oregon. Ever since the year 1933, when the State of Oregon passed a bill making it a criminal offense for anyone to recommend or prescribe deleterious drugs in the cure of diseases, the number of doctors using medicines have fallen off and drug stores are no longer run under that name, and the health of young and old has wonderfully improved. The science of curing broken limbs still continues to be practiced but

these surgeons acknowledge that drugs and medicines have lost their potency as a curative agent.

"Men and women dress very differently from former days.

"The tube skirt is surely a thing of the past and pictures of a 1913 belle dressed in a 'tube' is put on the moving pictures when it is particularly desirous to raise some merriment, even if it be done at the expense of one's great grandmother.

"The ladies dress in more of an Oriental style which is very becoming and which allows them more individuality of design.

"The men and boys have gone back to the old Knickerbocker style of dress and they look very natty in their new attire.

"One never sees a horse any more and that species of animal is well nigh extinct. To be sure, there are some to be found at the city parks and they are as much fondled and caressed by the youthful visitor there as was the pet lamb that Mary took to school. The horses' day as a beast of burden is over, thank God.

"There are but few of the old stock of Indians left and these are very proud. Much is being made of them by the whites, who look up to them as being the 'First families of America.' Their numbers are few and there is an effort being exerted to preserve and propagate what is left of them.

"There is a sprinkle of Chinese and Japanese in the city but the little people have long since passed the stage of 'undesirables.' They, too, have had a change of heart and have stopped all their objectionable ways and have

become as good citizens as those of the 'most favored nation.'

"The Chinamen, more particularly have fallen into the customs of the white neighbors and a much better feeling is manifest on both sides, which knocks the dreaded bugaboo about the 'yellow peril.' Both Japanese and Chinese affect the American style of dress, even to the knee pants. Just fancy that!"

CHAPTER III.

More Startling Prophecies.

THE old lady talked fast now, often stopping for a minute or so to look at what appeared hieroglyphics on her memorandum papers:

"I told you that I was 86 years old and the period that I am talking to you about is just 86 years hence, so that I am merely looking ahead 86 years instead of looking backward that length of time. Please do not confound my subject to the present time for all that I tell you is to take place in 1999 although I speak of it as having already occurred. My foresight is just as keen as my hindsight and all that I am telling you is a reality to me even if it has not yet actually taken place. But it will happen so, and just as I relate it to you.

"I forgot to tell you that the doctors will be under the supervision of the City Commissioners. They will be paid from the city treasury and all fees accruing from the public for medical service will be paid into the municipal treasury. The doctors will be paid according to their ability and civil service examination will be required ere a doctor will be allowed to practice.

"All lawyers will have their offices in the court house and will be assigned to cases as they come up in rotation. Each attorney must work for the best good of his client but all cases will have a preliminary examination before a board of three judges and unless, in their esteem, the case is a meritorious one, it will be summarily thrown out of court.

"Lawyers cannot collect fees from clients but will receive a salary paid out of the common fund, their emoluments greatly depending upon the value of their services,

the number of cases each has won, etc. This state of affairs is much appreciated by both practitioner and client and works well.

"The ministers, too, come under the supervision of the City Commission, but as it is impossible for anyone to tell how many souls they save it has been decided that their emoluments must come from their clients who are the better judge of their minister's value.

"It was in the year 1950 that it became quite observable that corn, wheat, rye and other cereals entering into the production of alcohol had lost the power to ferment and to be converted into beer, wine and whiskey. This was a startling announcement to the old topers but it was nevertheless a fact and the science of making alcohol has become a lost art.

"One would think that this would put the distilleries and breweries out of business, but man is very resourceful and immediately those in the liquor business began casting around for a substitute for their former product and a splendid one was discovered which more than filled all requirements and now, Weinhard's brewery still managed by Paul Wessinger the Fourth, and the Gambrinus brewery, with a Mr. George Leithoff, Jr., at the helm, are manufacturing a beverage which exhilarates but does not inebriate. Both of these institutions have grown to five times the size of the early part of the century and, inasmuch as there can be no law directed against the sale of their beverages, there is no license fee exacted by the city from the cafes or other resorts retailing these wares. W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., Rothschild Bros., Blumauer, Hoch & Co., L. Germanus, L. Coblentz & Co., still continue in business with new faces, the old names are still on the signs, but they, too, are selling a splendid substitute for alcoholic beverages."

The old lady paused for a minute and with a laugh remarked, "I'd like to be able to give you of the present day the recipe for this substitute but it would affect the gift I possess of foreshadowing the future and I'll have to leave it a secret.

"The lighting of the city is done by one immense electric light suspended in the air at a height of several thousand feet which illumines the city as bright as the brightest day. No deep black shadows are cast as was the case in former days, but a gentle, steady, pervading light is given and a person need not have gas fixtures or electric light fixtures in his home or place of business as the city light illumines exactly as does the sun.

"Heat is furnished by the city through a thorough pipe system and it is compulsory on all citizens to patronize the city's heat. No fuel in the shape of wood and coal is used and the loss by fire is nominal and for this reason, the premiums on fire insurance policies have been cut down to one-quarter of the former cost. The working out of this idea has materially helped to beautify the city and actually put the street cleaning department out of business.

"There being so very few horses raised the overplus of stock feed is used in the propagation of hogs and cattle and, as a consequence, the meat and milk product has greatly increased and the prices have been very much lessened.

"The disciples of Burbank, the once renowned horticulturist have been getting busy and as a result many new fruits and vegetables have been put on the market, their flavor and excellence outstripping anything known in the early twentieth century.

"We have now one universal, common language. The vocabulary is not very copious, the dictionary containing

less than 8,000 words but it is capable of expressing every idea that the human mind may evolve. This innovation has made it easy, particularly for the young scholar and student. Latin and Greek, commonly known as the dead languages are now very dead, as even the churches have given up their usage.

"High above the clouds at Fort Stevens, is erected a tower that pierces the sky to several thousand feet, and far above the cloud line. Here are half a dozen men concontantly on watch with the latest improved telescopes. Their mission is to apprize the garrison below of the approach of an enemy by sea. From their lofty height and through the modern telescope, ships at a distance of 100 miles at sea can be distinctly sighted and the alarm given to the ever-watchful garrison.

"Signals between the watchers in the lighthouse and the officers manning the guns indicate the exact location of the approaching enemy and an attack can be repelled and the greatest Dreadnaught blown out of the water at this long range at the will of the gunners. It is in this way that the entire Pacific Coast is defended, but it is pleasureable to state, that there has been no semblance of war for over 50 years and all the earth is at peace.

"Irrigation in Eastern Oregon and Washington has produced 10 times the amount of wheat formerly raised and wheat is shipped to all parts of the world from the numerous and well equipped elevators on the Willamette river.

"I must now tell you what I consider the greatest of all the world's inventions and it seems a pity that it has been bottled up so long merely to line the pockets of a few sordid railroad owners.

"The device was invented in 1925 by a young man named Wallace Going and it consisted of an apparatus

which may be so applied to a balloon or other object suspended in midair, which, when properly adjusted and at a certain height from the earth, will shake off or cast off the gravitation of the earth allowing it to suspend in space as an independent planet. The idea being one of quick transit, the balloonist after freeing his ship from the earth's attraction will hang in space till his destination rolls around to him. The earth moves from west to east, so that it will take a little more than 20 hours, at this latitude, to have New York roll around to you, but if you are in New York it would take but four hours to come to Portland, provided they are in exactly the same latitude. Do you understand me? Of course, if you started from Los Angeles, you would touch some point in the southern states and if your destination happened to be New York City, you would have to take the cars to that point. This has become a favorite way to cross the continent. It is quick and absolutely without any danger so very few travel overland by the railroads, that mode of locomotion being used almost entirely for weighty and bulky merchandise.

"When young Wallace Going approached the President of the Transcontinental Railroad with his invention, he was laughed to scorn, but the young man gave a practical demonstration ascending in his balloon and allowing the earth to pass in review before him arriving at Portland again, or rather, rolling around to Portland again 23 hours 55 minutes later. A vast sum was paid young Going for his invention, but the railroad companies stuck to their privilege of bottling it up, fully realizing the revolution it would create in business once it was established. The patent ran out in 25 years when the device became public property and now it is in general use from Alaska

on the north to Terra del Fuego on the south and there has been very few mishaps to any of the carriers.

"You can see, therefore, how the number of railroads running north and south must have increased and how the traffic across the continent has diminished.

"And still the end of the wonders are not yet," and the interesting old lady stopped to consult her memorandum book.

"You will want to know, of course, who are in business in Portland at the time I am talking about, A. D. 1999, and I will gladly answer all your enquiries, as I have a city directory for the year 1998, but it will do for our use," and the old lady took a ponderous book from her bag.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Names Revived.

"TELL me, please, who are the proprietors of the department stores in 1999?"

"Well, there is Lipman, Wolfe & Co., who occupy two blocks, one at their present location, the other being on the east side of the river. I notice the name Ramsdell is still connected with the concern and there are several Lipmans and Wolfes interested in the business. They have always kept up with the times and never grew weary in the race for the golden shekels.

"I notice, also, that Meier, Frank Company are not only in the business at the old stand, but occupy a 50-story building near where the Multnomah field once was located. This latter is a grand building and it required a special act of legislature to effect its construction. The down town store, which covers an entire block, is devoted to the heavier and coarser class of merchandise, while the new store is filled with, well, everything. Here most of the employes of this great business are comfortably housed with all the comforts of apartment life and the huge structure is a little city in itself. This building was erected as a monument to Messrs. Meier and Frank, the founders of the house, by their great grand children in 1960.

"Olds, Wortman and King are still known by that firm name and the posterity of each of the individual members of the house are represented in the business. The store is conducted on the same broad business principles which always characterized the founders of the house and which today makes it the popular place to do shopping.

"There were other department stores which came and went, but it seems that these three will 'go on forever'."

"How is it about the boot and shoe business? Do any of the old names appear?" I queried.

"Oh, yes, there are your old friends, Eggert & Young, who are still in business but they are away up town on Twentieth and Washington Streets, which is the centre of the retail business. The name of Protzman appears, yes, it is Eugene Protzman, but probably not the one you know. He is located at Nineteenth and Morrison and has a nice store.

"The Rosenthals? Yes, they are doing business at Twenty-second and Washington, and I notice the name Friendly often appears in communications from their store which would indicate that the posterity of the framers of this business are still connected."

"Who is in the furniture business away off there in 1999?" was my next question.

"You would hardly believe it but there is the old name of Ira F. Powers, who maintains an immense establishment on Twelfth and Yamhill Streets. His store is the largest one of the kind in the city.

"Then there is Mack & Abrahams whom you knew once as J. G. Mack & Co., and who were badly burned out along about 1913. I notice that they buy furniture in Turkey and other semi-Oriental countries."

"Tell me about the big stores formerly located on Front Street, I am very much interested in them, but don't make your answer read like an ad," I next remarked.

"I'll tell you about Allen & Lewis for they are yet doing business, but on a much larger scale. I notice the old sign has been taken down and carefully covered with a thick plate glass to preserve it from the elements and it has been hung back in the same old place and it really

looks familiar. They employ an army of men and women clerks and hundreds of vehicles, mostly flying machines, to carry their merchandise to their customers. This business is a monument to the sagacity, honesty, intelligence and fearlessness of Mr. C. H. Lewis, the founder of this great house. His memory is still revered by his own people and those on whom he bestowed kindness.

"The familiar name of Lang & Co., appears on a large building on Oak Street, near West Park, the founder of which was Isador Lang."

"Who is in the printing business off there on the outskirts of eternity, whose names were once familier to me?" I queried, as the old lady came to a pause.

"Well, there is the name of F. W. Baltes and Company, who occupy a whole block down near their old location, and it sounds good to me. There are, too, the names of J. R. Rogers & Company and Anderson & Company, but they are located away up town now."

"Tell me about the hotels, please; are there any of the old land marks left?" I queried.

"Very few, if any. You see, the flying machines revolutionized the hotel business and most of the finest hostelries are now out of town, several being constructed on Mt. Tabor, Council Crest and other eminences. The Multnomah Hotel is still running but the environments and surroundings have wonderfully changed, the old wooden buildings have disappeared and commodious, well-built structures have been erected instead. Space is too valuable down town for hotels, and the traveling public demand more suburban locations where there is more quiet and better air.

"Clossett & Devers are engaged in business away down on Front Street, and occupy a whole block and the odors

arising from their coffees and spices smell just as sweet as they did when you passed by their store years ago.

"Now, there is Fleischner, Mayer & Co. They have certainly kept up with the times generally, being just a little in the advance so as to set the pace for their competitors. The business is now being conducted by I. N. Fleischner the Third, M. M. Fleischner the Third, Sol and Sanford Hirsch, Mark Mayer the Third. There are grand nephews of Sam Simon connected with the firm and the old names are much in evidence.

"In the insurance business, I notice we have some of the old names yet. There is James Peter Moffatt, Jr., Rosenblatt Bros., J. D. Wilcox, Jr., John H. Burgard III., J. McI. Wood, L. Samuel III, Henry Hewitt, Edward Hall, F. E. Hart, Thos. Jordan, F. J. Alex Mayer, Frank Motter, Harvey O'Brien. It is remarkable how the sons of professional men follow in the footsteps of their fathers' business. There is Erskine Wood, who must be a great grandson of Mr. C. E. S. Wood, Robert Strong Sargent, undoubtedly the branch of Harry K. Sargent. Dan J. Malarkey, Jr., the grandson of our Dan. Russell Sewall, whose grandfather you knew well. P. J. Bannon, nephew to our own Mr. Bannon. Henry E. McGinn, who is none other than the grand nephew of Judge H. E. McGinn of the Circuit Court, the most wideawake, fearless exponent of good law in the state, I find the names of M. C. George III, John F. Logan, a grandson of our John. John Ditchburn, once known as 'Honest John,' and 'Gentleman John,' whose name is among the attorneys of 1999. Here is a list of the rest of these attorneys: J. D. Mann, Chester Murphy, W. D. Fenton, Walter Hayes, John Manning.

"All these are very familiar names to you and they all appear in the telephone directory for 1999, but I must

give you a few more whom you will remember, and the old lady read off the following list which sounded good to me: John Beck, Whitney Boise, Geo. Brice, Bronaugh, Citron, D. S. Cohen, Craib, Dolph, Mallory, Duniway, Emmons, Ferrera, Fouts, Carey, Gleason, Glisan, Hogue, Green, Hazen, Holman, Hume, C. M. Idleman, Languth, Logan, Wallace McCamant, McDevitt, L. A. McNary, Moody, Morris, G. C. Moser, Munley, Olsen, Pague, Pipes, F. J. Richardson, Giltner, Chas. J. Schnabel, Shillock, Zera Snow, S. Raynor, Stott, Sweek, Swope, Jos. N. Teal, Upton, Vaughn, Webster, Whalley, Whitfield, Williams, Ryan, Thos. O'Day, Tazwell.

"I must interrupt the routine to tell you something about the innovation in barbering," remarked the old lady, reaching for a paper in her pocketbook.

"Let's see, it occurred in A. D. 1951, that an old chemist made a discovery. He ascertained that by a concoction of sage, sulphur and some other ingredients hair can be removed from the face efficaciously and as clean as a barber could shave you. The preparation was made up into some kind of a soap and the lather applied to the whiskers and allowed to remain for three minutes when it was washed off with clean water. This process removed hair from the face without injury to the skin, doing away entirely with the services of a tonsorial artist. It is a wonderful discovery, but it had the bad effect of putting a number of good men out of business."

"I wonder how this discovery effected my friend, Frank Rogers?" I asked.

"Well," was the reply, "this occurred in 1951 and I expect that Frank was not caring much for the barber business then, as he got rich in the business prior to that time."

Continuing, the old lady said, "There are now not any more tonsorial apartments than existed in A. D. 1913 and the sphere of usefulness of that kind of talent is confined to hair cutting, massaging and such like."

The world wags on. "Why," continued my visitor, "you can leave your measure for a pair of shoes to order and you may come back in 10 minutes and find them all ready to take away with you. The same can be said about getting a suit of clothes which takes just 60 minutes to construct and be ready for wear."

"Who's in the banking business that I know, away off there on the verge of time?" I asked of my companion.

"Oh, there are many whom you know," was her reply. "At least, you will remember the names of many. Ladd & Tilton still conduct their business and I notice a number of the name of Ladd connected with the institution as I take it that the estate is still in the banking business.

"Then there is First National Bank with many familiar names like Corbett, Failing, Alvord, Newkirk, which indicates that the new generation are a branch of the former tree.

"I notice that the Security & Trust Company have officials bearing the names of Adams, Jubitz, Lee and others, but as they are all young men, they must be a later generation than you know. The same is the case with the United States National Bank, where the present officials bear such names as Ainsworth, Barnes and Schmeer. Yes, new generation, too. We have the Merchants' National Bank, Durhams, Hoyts, Watson's can be heard giving instructions from the different desks but they, too, don't belong to your time."

The old lady was getting to the end of her memorandums, but she still had lots to tell and talk about.

"I notice," she began, "'that the first class buildings like the Yeon, the Wilcox, the old Oregonian, the Spalding, the Journal, the Commercial Club and many others of the buildings that you know about are still in fine repair and have stood the ravages of time very well, but our climate deals gently with well-constructed buildings and if care is taken, they will last a long time yet.

"The Pittock building, erected on Mr. Pittock's old home site, is as beautiful as it was the day it was erected and it is certainly a credit to the city.

"The Elks' building which covers a full block, is further out on Washington Street and is a beautiful structure. Many elks heads adorn the walls of the lodge room.

"The Selling building at the corner of Sixth and Alder still stands and is in fine condition.

"The firm of Morgan, Fliedner & Boyce, erected many handsome buildings, one, particularly, in the north end, being a wonder. Joseph Boyce's name appears in the telephone directory, probably a descendant of one of the members of that firm.

"I notice that in all cases that it is a matter of the 'survival of the fittest,' and the names of the old people whose descendants are in business were noted in 1913 for their honesty and integrity.

"Sig. Sichel & Co. is a familiar sign around town, evidently the 'Footprints on the sands of time,' achieved by our old friend, Sig. Sichel.

"The name of Ben Selling can be seen at half a dozen different stores in various parts of the city.

"The name of W. P. Friedlander is to be seen over a jewelry store on Washington Street, near Sixth, evidently the descendants of the former popular jeweler.

"Another old timer's name, L. C. Henrichsen, appears over a jewelry store further up on Washington Street, the proprietors of which are the great grandchildren of the merchant of 1913."

CHAPTER V.

Prophetess Grows Jocose.

"I WANT to tell you a joke which I heard the other day that has come thundering down the ages of time and which is told about Theodore B. Wilcox when he was cashier of Ladd & Tilton's Bank, somewhere in the 1880's. This will go to show you that people may forget their Bible lessons but they never fail to remember a joke.

"A Frenchman appeared at the depository at First and Stark Streets one day with a check for $750, payable to Jean Crapo. Mr. Wilcox told the Frenchman that he must be identified before he could draw the money. 'Identified, identified. I don't know what that means,' exclaimed the Frenchman. When it was explained to him he said, 'Oh, I comprenez,' and producing a photograph of himself from his side pocket, he triumphantly informed Mr. Wilcox that he thought this would be sufficient identification."

"Yes," I said, "I remember that story. It was told by Jerry Coldwell in the columns of the Oregonian, and it is hard to believe that people are smiling over the story 120 years later."

"Another story is told of C. A. Malarkey," continued the visitor, "and I will relate it:

"Charley was visiting in San Francisco and put up at the Palace Hotel. A darkey had driven him around in his carriage viewing the city all one afternoon and as the dinner hour approached, the cab was about to be discharged when Charley remembered that he needed some neckwear and told the driver to take him to a haberdasher. The darkey drove around several blocks finally stopping

to ask, 'Where did you say you wanted to go, boss?' 'I want to go to a haberdasher,' he replied, and the driver started off again.

"He drove around seven or eight blocks, then dismounted, and in an apologetical tone said, 'Look hyar, sah, Ise driven this hyar hack for 22 years and neber gib anyone away yet; you just tell me whare it is yer want to go, sah, and Ise de boy that can take yer there.'

"I understand that this anecdote was told the other night at one of the popular lodges under the head of 'good of the order'," and the old lady proceeded to look still further into her portmanteau for other items of interest.

"Tell me," I asked, "what is the force and energy used in producing electricity? They must have found more power for there is so much of it used."

"Oh, yes," responded the old lady, "If you remember, there was a movement on foot away back in 1905 to harness the ocean's waves, but it was determined to be unfeasible. Later on, it was demonstrated that the project was a simple one and now the highway to the ocean is lined with poles carrying power developed by the ocean waves which gives an endless and inexhaustible supply and which is cheap and always reliable. This means of securing power is utilized the entire length of the Pacific Ocean, Atlantic Ocean and on all the Great Lakes, Chicago being the first city to try the experiment from the waters of Lake Michigan.

"This discovery has had the good effect of making it possible to properly conserve the nations water supply and has created a new industry. Irrigation by means of huge air tanks filled with water and allowed to rain upon parched spots is the present method of irrigating and it works wondrously well."

CHAPTER VI.

THE little old lady began to chuckle to herself and explained the occasion for her hilarity. She was reminded of some more stories which she would relate after she read me a few more of the signs that could be seen on Morrison Street in A. D. 1999.

"There is Jaeger Brothers, jewelers, G. Heitkemper, in the same business. Buffum & Pendleton's kin are located on Morrison Street and are conducting a general hat and clothing store.

"The name Honeyman is quite in evidence in various parts of the city whose antecedents are old Portland stock.

"The name Gill is seen in three different parts of the city, and all are engaged in the book and stationery business.

"L. Mayer's descendants are engaged in a wholesale grocery business away up town and are prosperous.

"Harold Von Stein Hansen is an enthusiastic leader of the Socialist party, his great grandfather being one of the leaders of that party in the early 1900's.

"There are a couple of gentlemen in business whose progenitors were favorably known. I refer to Messrs. Kraner & Stose, whose names appear on a sign on Morrison Street.

"Strange to say Broadway is the leading street of the city. The cutting away of the Seventh Street hill and the three bridges connecting Portland with the State of Washington has been a factor in the upbuilding of this thoroughfare.

"Many newcomers are in business on this street and the names would be strange to you."

CHAPTER VII.

More Denouements

BY this time, the old lady had finished her memoranda, and she now produced a small book which seemed to contain much data.

"I have not tried to adopt any system in regaling you with my story, but have taken it up by piece-meal, believing that it would be of more interest and, if you do not object, I will continue in the same way."

I assured her that I was very deeply interested and that the story would be received with much delight by all and begged that she proceed in her own good way.

"For 50 years prior to the present date, the subject of cremation has been vigorously discussed both by press and pulpit and now the people are ready to give up their ancient pagan ideas of burying the dead and have adopted the cleaner, and more economical method of cremation. Cemeteries have been turned into play grounds, tombstones removed and no vestige of the former gruesome abode of the dead is visible.

"This new order of disposing of those who have passed away was at first very bitterly opposed by members of some of the orthodox churches, but the innovation was finally conceded to be right and that it did not conflict with the teachings of any church and it has become the general custom.

"A favorite way of disposing of the ashes is to take them up in an air vehicle out over the Pacific Ocean where the urn is emptied and the ashes carried away by the four winds.

"It is strange how some people want the whole earth and would like to have it fenced off," pursued the old

lady. "When the science of practical, safe and easy air travel became fully demonstrated some property owners had the audacity to erect a sign on their buildings warning all flying machines from trespassing over their property.

"One prominent lawyer who owns property down on First Street was one who objected to having his space invaded by flying machines. He was asked how high in the air he owned and replied, 'Clear up to the sky.'

"In carrying out this idea, a railroad company recently petitioned the City Commissioners to give them an undisturbed and sole privilege of all space in the air up Seventh Street from the height of 100 feet to 500 feet and excluding all other air vehicles from trespassing on this 'right of way' up Seventh to Grant and over the Broadway bridge. I am glad to say the City Commissioners declined this arbitrary spoliation of God's free air and the franchise was refused."

CHAPTER VIII.

Politics Discussed.

"I'D like to know a little something about the politics of the city and state," I remarked, as the little old woman came to a halt.

"Well, there is lots to tell you about that," she replied. "Take it, for instance, we are going to have an election for governor next year, in A. D. 2000, and there are but two tickets in the field, one is the Progressives and the other the Socialists.

"A man named Dan Kellaher is candidate on the Progressive ticket and I think he is connected with the famous Dan Kellaher of the early 1900's, but," and here the old lady smiled, "we don't think that he will be elected and one reason is because he fails to be able to demonstrate or tell his constituents how it is possible for a man to ride 67 miles for 5 cents by the transfer system over a metropolitan street car line.

"Ralph Clyde, grandson of the boy who did not get appointed candy inspector, because his father was not elected City Cmmissioner in 1913, is running for Governor on the Socialist ticket and everybody in the state is aware that he is in the race, judging from the stacks of printing turned out at his grandfather's office bearing his slogan.

"I notice that the name of Nat Bird appears as a candidate for sheriff, but that very same thing has been going on for 125 years and I could not tell if he is the fourth or fifth of that generation, aspiring for the same office.

"It is not considered good form for anyone to propose himself for office any more and it is rather the idea of

the office seeking the man more than it is the man running after the office.

"Billiard and pool tables continue to be a favorite pastime with the young man around town, but ivory balls are no longer available on account of the scarcity of elephants which makes the use of ivory as billiard balls prohibitive. A very good substitute, however, has been found to take the place of the ivory ball.

"I notice that the Oregonian came out a few days ago and asked the question as to who were the three greatest presidents and who do you think the preponderance of opinion fell to? I'll tell you. Washington, of course, was the first, always first in war, etc. Then Lincoln was second and Grover Cleveland was third. I tell you this will greatly interest your people.

"I forgot to tell you that we had a heavenly visitor recently. No, it was not the reincarnation of any of the Apostles, but just another visit from Halley's comet. It occurred about 1985 and was a very brilliant affair. Some of the oldest inhabitants remembered hearing their grandparents telling of the appearance of a comet along about 1910 and files of the Oregonian of that year were produced showing photographs of Halley's comet as it appeared in that year and a prophecy that it would come again in 75 years. There being well-founded proofs of its previous harmless appearance, the comet did not disturb the people and its visit was enjoyed and all were sorry that they would in all probability never see it again as its next scheduled time is A. D. 2060."

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGE OCCURRENCES.

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more,
For olden times and holier shore,
God's love and blessing then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere."

"I MUST tell you of several most wonderful occurrences which have taken place since 1913," continued the old lady looking at some papers which she held in her hand.

"It was deemed necessary, about the year 1951 to increase the water supply for the City of Portland and it was ascertained that the conditions at Mount Hood forbade looking to that place for a greater supply and it was decided to utilize the, as yet, great and untouched abundance of water offered by Mount St. Helens, and three years later the pipe line was completed, and water from beautiful St. Helens was turned into the new and immense reservoirs constructed for the ever-increasing population.

"It was fortunate for the city that this new supply was projected and consummated just at this time for it was but a year later that Mt. Hood, which had been 'groaning' for some time began to belch forth from its intestines a mass of smoke and lava which bared the mountain of snow and caused much consternation among our people. The volcano continued active for several weeks, at intervals, finally entirely subsiding and it has been on its good behavior now for 25 years. Repairs were made to the pipe line and Portland, today, is getting a portion of its water supply from Mt. Hood as of yore.

"The radical changes in the methods of railroading have caused a new era in locomotion and rolling stock. Steam gave way to gasoline and that energy to electricity which held sway for a long time only to be replaced by a newer power, which is not as yet given out to the public.

"The O. W. R. & N. Company now occupy a building of their own, 20 stories high, and I notice the names of Cotton, Sutherland, O'Brien, Campbell, Buckley, Klippel, are still on the official list, all of whom are descendants of the officials who served the company earlier in the century.

"The old Wells, Fargo & Company's building still stands and that express company occupies the entire structure with no rooms to spare.

"The Hasty Messenger & Express Company, founded in 1899, is celebrating its 100th anniversary, its manager being Napoleon Traverso, whose progenitor was connected with the company in 1910.

"There has been a wonderful improvement in the present-day typewriters. As I mentioned earlier in my story, there is now a universal language with but 8,000 words. Of this number about 1,000 is all sufficient for an ordinary person and the genius of the inventor has reduced to a combination these 1,000 words in such a manner, that it is possible for a good operator to copy a sermon, or lecture, with ease, on the typewriter, from the most rapid talking orator.

"The sphere of usefulness of the phonograph has widened and it is now 'A thing of joy forever.' It seems that this splendid instrument is now gifted with almost human intelligence. Take for instance, an item cut from a daily paper and paste it on the cylinder, or disc, and without further preparation, a voice will read off the item

to you in a plain, clear tone. Paste on the disc, the 'Index of today's news' from your morning paper and start it going and the items are read off to you correctly and in good voice. Do you wonder then that I call this a great age?" and a pleased smile came to the old lady's countenance.

"Many splendid brains have been working to better the methods and increase the value and usage of the telephone, and one must 'hit the ball and hit it all the time' to be able to hold an official position with a telephone company. The result of these efforts have put the telephone to varied uses. You can now, not only talk to a person over a wire, but you can actually see them, life size and just as they are, exactly as if you were talking to them face to face.

"Telephones are everywhere, but there are no longer any 'Centrals' and no more 'Number, please,' is heard, that system becoming unpopular about 1925. Public telephones are established on each street corner, where one may call up, talk to and see the person who answers the phone.

"Much telephoning is now being done by wireless and that branch of the service has developed greatly and is used to communicate with aerial vehicles. This service has been perfected, many former objectionable features being eliminated or overcome.

"I am about to relate an occurrence which is by far the most wonderful I have yet told and it is a phenomena which startled the world, making the superstitious quake, and bringing alarm to many nervous people.

"You know that it was in 1912 that the ill-fated Captain Scott planted the flag at the South Pole, losing his valuable life in the 'get away.'

"Ice was forming at the South Pole, each year encroaching more and more towards the north and some alleged scientific men predicted that the time would surely come when the ice deposit at the South Pole would become so great and the weight so heavy, that it would result in throwing the earth off its present axis, probably tipping up old Mother Earth and reversing the positions of the Equator and the Poles.

"As the century rolled on this doctrine became much talked about and many extravagant speculations were made as to the exact time when the catastrophe would take place, the most advantageous country to emigrate to in order to insure safety, and business generally was much disturbed. It was difficult to sell or hypothecate any real estate, and money and jewels were considered of doubtful value. Continued cold weather, far into the summer months, was the usual occurrence for several years and devastating rains fell upon the earth. Street preaching was the order of the day, and at every corner an earnest man or woman held an interested crowd discussing the Last Day, which they assured the listeners was near at hand. Many people gave away their entire worldly possessions and essayed to get their soul ready for its eternal flight. As the days passed by the excitement increased, and aerial voyages to the South Pole were planned and executed by thousands of people in their air machines. In former days it was a fad to take a trip around the world latitudinally, but now all these tourists wanted to go the other way of the stuff, and make the journey longitudinally, crossing the Frigid, Temperate and Torrid zones, North and South poles, and the journey was completed, by some, in less than 20 days. The reports given out by these travelers were not encouraging and much distress of mind was manifest.

"One day a report came that the South Pole was in process of eruption and that the ice was beginning to move. This announcement spread dismay on all sides, many now accepting the evil prognostications as being true, and the excitement was intense. The street preaching became more general but this merely increased the agitation. One preacher, a benevolent looking gentleman, who was very much at ease during all this disturbing period, seemed to be able to quiet the fears of the people by simply stating that God was present everywhere, and he would sing a hymn with that title. His singing and talks were very comforting to many who listened to his words and they patiently waited for what was to come.

"The eruptions continued and every day or two more volcanoes appeared, throwing up steam and lava, breaking up and displacing the ice which now began to move Northward. The huge mass was reported to look very threatening and the many photographs taken of the phenomena only produced more excitement. For days this situation continued, and now the ice was fast disappearing at the South Pole and it was also melting in the ocean as it proceeded north to the fiftieth degree. Disastrous storms ensued and the Western hemisphere was deluged, but the ice was melting rapidly under the fire of a dozen active volcanoes. Reports from the South Pole were growing more encouraging and people were again taking heart when, one day, the Department of the Interior announced that all danger was over. Then there was rejoicing, the like of which never before shook the earth.

"Of course, the return to common sense was marked by many humorous occurrences. The people who showed the most trepidation and who gave away all their earthly possessions, played the Indian act and wanted their

presents back. Many said they were glad to begin all over again to accumulate worldly goods and the person who was thanked the most was he who had preached of the Omnipresence of God.

"A wonderful lesson had been taught everybody and that epoch marked the beginning of a truer brotherhood among mankind."

The old lady paused, and, heaving a sigh, exclaimed, "And, now my story is done. I have tried to illustrate the utter uselessness of borrowing trouble and being apprehensive without reason. I would like to have you tell your readers that it is my advice to heed the words of the poet prophet, 'Rest in the Lord, and He will give thee thy heart's desire.'

"What is my name, you ask?" here the old lady sighed again.

"I cannot tell you now, but some day you will know. I hope I have fulfilled my mission and accomplished some good.

"In leaving you I would like you to remember:

"That all of good the past hath had,
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine."

And my queer little visitor disappeared.

END OF PART I.

Part II.

Other Sketches

THE BAD MAN FROM BODIE

IT WAS not a prepossessing face that entered Jack Hamlin's office one morning in Bodie, California.

"I say, young fellow, my name is Jim Slack, and I want ter talk ter you."

"All right, go ahead, and I'll try and be a cheerful listener," responded Jack.

"I'm looking for a pardner and it struck me that you'd be the right feller for the job," and the visitor tried to smile a persuasive smile, but the attempt was a failure. The scar which began at his ear and extended down to his throat was unbecoming, and his right ear which looked as if a bite had been taken from it gave his head a one-sided appearance. His eyes possessed a shifty, uncertain look, his beard was of a reddish hue and two weeks' growth. His clothes were ragged, ill-fitting and dirty.

Fastidious Jack Hamlin took his visitor in at a glance and laughed.

"So, you'd like me for a partner, would you?"

"Yes, I heard as how you were a spikilator like, and I want ter give yer a chance ter git rich quick." He continued, "I am the owner of some of the most valyable claims in the Lundy deestrict; I own the Sheepherder, the Dutchman, the Julia Lundy and some other valyable prospects. I want yer to grub stake me and one-half of all I own is yers." Here the visitor gave Jack a furtive side glance, but presently looked away.

"So, I have the pleasure of talking to the honorable James Slack of whom I have heard so much and I am

further honored by being invited to become his partner, for the mere pittance of a grub stake?" And Jack laughed a merry laugh which did not please Slack. "You are the man that has several scalps already attached to your belt and you'd probably like to add mine to the collection, eh?"

Jim Slack winced under these insinuations, but he was hungry and he diplomatically kept his temper.

"Those were all accidents and they never could prove it different," sullenly replied Slack. "I did not come here to be joshed, but ter give yer a chance ter get rich quick."

"Very kind, indeed; here, take this and go and get a square meal, I think you'll enjoy that," and Jack tossed a gold piece to his caller. "Come again and we'll talk the matter over," and Jack returned to his work.

Jim Slack was probably the worst character in Mono county. He had been suspected of stage robbery, but so clever was his disguise that he could not be convicted. It was known that he had killed three men, an Irishman, a German, and a Chinaman, but he managed to save his neck through some legal quibble. When he was drinking, he would become almost a demon and assail friend or foe, if thwarted.

Jack Hamlin had made several thousand dollars about this time in mining speculations, and the money troubled him. He was never cut out to be an accumulator and money burnt a hole in his pocket.

"I believe I'll take a chance with you," he said, when Slack returned, "but I want a straight out and out deal. Go over and have Tom Stephens draw up the papers and I'll arrange the credit for you at the store."

No time was lost by Slack in obeying orders, and the next morning he started for his mines in the high Sierras with an outfit, the like of which he never before enjoyed.

He swore everlasting fealty to Hamlin, but the latter waived all this "cheap talk," as he called it, telling Slack he expected to hear good reports from him

Two months passed by, and a visit was projected by his new partner to Slack's mines. The latter came down from his eyrie, the twain meeting at Lundy, a little camp at the base of the mountain.

In drawing up the contract, Jim Slack had agreed to cut out liquor, and much stress was placed upon this part of the agreement.

It was quite late in the evening when Jack and his comrade started up the mountain for the mines. The location was far above the timber belt and in a spot of almost everlasting snow.

It was too dark to make any inspection of the mines that evening and a log fire was speedily burning for the weather was very cold on this July evening.

The bed was uninviting, composed mostly of wild beasts' skins, the odor of which was strong and lingering.

To Jack's surprise the first act of his host was to produce a whiskey bottle which he placed to his mouth, taking a long swig, offering the same to Hamlin.

"No, thank you," said Jack, "I don't like your brand."

"Good shot, that leaves the more for me," and the miner took another big swig.

Quiet reigned for a few minutes, when suddenly, with a demoniacal yell, Slack drew his gun and aiming it at one of the windows, emptied the six shots in as many seconds, crying out, "I got him then, didn't you see him? It was Paddy Mann, whom they say I killed last year. There, I saw him tumble over the cliff," and the now thoroughly drunken man shrieked with laughter.

Another libation was indulged in, and looking at the other window Slack shuddered, exclaiming, "Ah, there is

the Dutchman after me; what does he want? Let me take a pop at him," and again was the revolver emptied into the window, provoking much maudlin merriment from the gunner.

Hamlin laid quietly in bed all this time, feeling a sense of more security by so doing, but on the alert with his own gun if it became necessary to defend himself.

The bottle was again produced and the liquor went gurgling down Slack's throat. "That was Hans Schmidt that I finished. What was he doing around here, do you suppose?"

"Hold on, hold on," he shrieked, "here comes Ah Lim, the Chinaman, I can see him dodging behind the rocks; let me go out and pepper him."

Six shots again rang out in the air, and throwing himself on the ill-smelling bed, Slack pulled one of the skins over his head to shut out the gruesome sight his imagination had conjured up.

"That Chinaman ought to know better 'n to come round this yere cabin. I told him so, but he, too, has fallen over the slide and I'll never be bothered by him. They been coming purty thick tonight, but I've done a good job, and now I'll have another drink."

The big bottle was nearly emptied and Slack again threw himself on the bed, apparently oblivious of Jack's presence.

After a few moments of quiet, the drunken man fell into a stupor, snoring heavily. Hamlin saw his chance to escape, but he realized that he was taking desperate chances. Were he to inadvertantly awaken the sleeper, he might be number four.

Patiently waiting till the sleeper gave evidence of being soundly at rest, he made for the door, which he quickly opened and passed out, hastening with all speed for the friendly timber a quarter of a mile away.

The night was clear, the moon shining brightly, like it does in the lofty Sierra Nevada Mountains, and Jack had reached the timber belt, when an awful shriek rang out upon the air, followed immediately by six rapidly fired shots. Looking backward, the tall form of Jim Slack could be seen coming down the snowy trail, and Jack accelerated his own speed. Again and again did the pursuer empty his revolver at the fleeing Hamlin, who could not hold his distance against this man of the mountains.

The forest was growing thicker, and Jack saw his only chance for escape was to hide from his pursuer, so dodged quickly behind a huge fir tree, just as a sharp bend was made in the road.

With bated breath he waited the coming of his pursuer who passed by three minutes later, gun in hand and shrieking and cursing like a demon.

Jack watched him, following him as closely as he dared, till the little camp of Lundy was reached.

Slack pursued his way to the hotel bar room, which was crowded with the usual habitues.

It will always remain a mystery as to how the affair happened, but it is said that Jim Slack opened fire on his old enemy, Ed Clancy, who retreated, only to reappear in the rear, where he poured a volley into Slack. The latter fell, and, standing over the dying man, Clancy emptied his second gun into the prostrate body.

The magistrate of the camp was a witness of the killing, and promptly exonerated Clancy from any blame.

The following telegram was put on the wires immediately for the San Francisco papers.

"James Slack, widely known as the 'Bad man from Bodie,' was killed in a pistol fight tonight by Edward Clancy. The killing was justifiable. Slack has relatives in San Francisco."

About noon on the following day a message was received by the postmaster of Lundy reading:

"San Francisco, California, July 15.
"Please take care of James Slack's body till my arrival. I come on first train. Signed, His Mother."

Four days later, the lumbering stage coach drew up in front of the hotel, and a little, old lady alighted. She was modestly attired and possessed a sweet, gentle face.

"I am Mrs. Slack, the mother of James Slack, the man who was killed a few days ago. Where will I find his remains?"

Every hat was doffed as the old lady passed out into the back room where laid all there was of James Slack.

There were no tears in her eyes as she stooped down and kissed the dead man on the forehead.

"My poor little Jimmie," she murmured, "my poor little Jimmie."

It was decided to bury the remains at Lundy and a grave had already been dug for that purpose, over which some heartless fellow had placed a head board, bearing the following inscription:

"Jim Slack, the toughest cuss in all Mono diggin's."

"This here don't go, I tell yer," said big Bill Hall, the hotel man, "and this is what I'll do with sich a board," and seizing it threw it over the Geiger grade, where it went clankety, clankety, clankety, down 2,000 feet to the creek below.

"Who can sing a hymn in this here crowd?" enquired Bill.

"I used ter know a couple of hymns when I went to Sunday School," ventured Dick Byzicks, and one or two others owned up that they, too, knew a hymn or two and the volunteers stepped to the side of the woods to rehearse.

It was an unusually quiet day in Lundy. The bar room was closed, the first time in its history. Heads were uncovered as the little cortege proceeded slowly from the hotel to the newly made grave. Jack Hamlin walked with the little mother. A quartette of pretty fair voices sang "Rock of Ages," and "Nearer My God to Thee," Hamlin read a few passages from the only Bible in camp and the body was laid at rest.

A representative from the May Lundy mine, whose stockholders lived in Calais, Maine, called on Mrs. Slack, offering her $10,000 for her son's prospects, and after a little negotiation, the deal, was consummated, Jack Hamlin generously waiving his partnership rights in favor of Mrs. Slack.

A little marble monument marks the last resting place of Jim Slack, which bears the following legend and no mark of disrespect has ever been shown the grave:

"Sacred to the memory of James Slack, who died July 15th, A. D. 18—. Erected by his mother, who always loved her son."

HE NEVER CAME BACK

WHILE the writer was on a long journey recently he was often entertained by his old friends at their commercial clubs or other hospitable resorts and an evening of genuine enjoyment was always sure to ensue.

At Ashland, Oregon, Frank Routledge, the genial manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company tendered a smoker, at which were present some 30 telegraph and ex-telegraph men, all glad to get together for an evening.

Story telling was in order, and as most of the guests present had traveled a good deal in their time, the tales told covered every known topic.

"I'd like to know something about 'Bogy,'" exclaimed George Eubanks, an erstwhile telegraph man and now a banker of Ashland. "I have heard so much about 'Bogy's' great ability, but have never heard it corroborated. Can anyone present tell me if it is really so that he could copy 50 words behind, all night?"

"Bogy" was a character whose real name was Henry Bogardus, and he was one of those itinerant operators who are never content to remain in any one place more than a week. He made annual pilgrimages to the Pacific, and in his peregrinations would become acquainted with most every railroad operator on the roads that he traversed. "Bogy" had a way of convincing these humble knights of the key that he was a most extraordinary operator which impression assisted him materially in evading the inter-state commerce bill.

It was up to the writer to tell a story about "Bogy," as he had seen him later than any of the rest of the assemblage.

About the year 1893, "Bogy" arrived in Portland, and straightway appealed to the telegraph manager for a loan of $1, which was speedily forthcoming, for nobody could refuse "Bogy."

An hour or so later, he repaired to the operating room, where he sat down to the Walla Walla wire, proceeding to get off business on the double quick.

"Who sent for you and what's your name?" queried the chief operator.

"Oh, that's all right, young fellow, I'm Bogy, and I refer you to our manager," and the imperturbable artist proceeded sending to Walla Walla.

The manager informed the chief that "Bogy" was all right, that if he did no good he would do no harm, and to let him continue his work.

"Bogy" worked all day and evening and clear up into the night, only stopping when there was nothing left for him to do.

The soft side of a bench was a tempting bed for this weary traveler, and, as he liked to sleep near the tick of the telegraph instruments, permission was granted him to take the bench into the battery room.

Several days slipped by, "Bogy" working night and day. He certainly enjoyed working; it was a pastime with him.

Saturday came, and with it the usual pay-day and "Bogy" received his emoluments with the rest of the men.

"I want you on at 6 P. M. tonight," said the chief operator, "you will take the Associated Press news tonight."

"I'll be here when the clock strikes 6 and I'm going to show you something in the line of telegraphing the like of which has never been performed here before," and "Bogy" assumed a very important air.

He was on hand promptly and sat down to the San Francisco wire, where Billy Williamson was displaying

his musical Morse. It was coming very fast, but beautiful as an opera to listen to.

Picking up the manifold sheets, he discovered the carbons were not straight and he began to adjust them, San Francisco sending right along.

"I say," began the night chief, "when are you going to start in to copy? You are now 100 words behind."

"Cease from annoying me, I often copy 300 and 400 words behind. Now, just wait till I locate my stylus and I'll show you what no other man can do," and "Bogy" began a search for the missing article.

Williamson had now sent two full sheets and the night chief was very nervous fearing an unlooked for denouement, but "Bogy" was impassive.

The missing stylus was at last found and "he" squared himself for his grand feat, much to the relief of the very much excited night chief. Fully 400 words had now been sent but "Bogy" looked wise.

"I say, my boy," addressing the night chief, "I'm going out for a few minutes, but let him send just the same. I'll keep it all in my head till I get back, and when I return you will see something in the way of telegraphing that you never dreamed of before."

Saying this, "Bogy" went out into the dark and—never returned."

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT OIL?

THE firm of Kelly, Dunne & Co. were doing business a quarter of a century ago, and the junior member of that concern, David M. Dunne, was very popular. He made friends and treated them right and they were staunch and loyal.

The Portland Ice Company bought a great deal of oil from Mr. Dunne, and notwithstanding all kinds of inducements, no one else could sell oil to the ice company.

The foreman of the ice plant swore by the Kelly, Dunne & Co. product and would treat with much brusquesness any drummer who had the hardihood to come to him to dispose of oil. He had full charge of the works and was held strictly accountable for the welfare of the plant.

Dr. Charlie Plummer, who was manager for a competitive house, had tried in vain to introduce his wares but the erratic foreman was unswerving in his loyalty to Dunne.

A bright young man, named Tony Neppach, a crack salesman, was employed by Plummer and it was Tony's duties to crack all the hard nuts.

"I want you to go to the Portland Ice Company and sell them some oil," said Plummer to Neppach one day.

"You will see that I will do it," responded Tony and off he put.

"Don't come around here with your oil, I don't want it and I don't want to talk to you on the subject. I am satisfied and that's all there is to it," vociferously declared the foreman.

"Yes, but you are talking to an oil man now and my oil is far superior to the stuff you have been using," replied the placid Tony.

Much talk ensued, Tony protesting that the foreman could not tell the difference between the oil he was using and the product he was endeavoring to sell and offered to set up the cigars for the crowd if he could tell the difference, but if he failed to tell, then the foreman was to given him an order for a barrel of oil. It was the noon hour and some 50 men were witnessing the sale.

When the offer was accepted, Tony turned his back to the foreman and produced a bottle of oil from his coat pocket, poured a little in each hand which he showed the foreman, ejaculating, "Now, tell me which is your oil and which is mine."

The foreman hesitated, looking at one hand and then the other, finally touching Tony's left hand, triumphantly remarked, "Why, that is my oil." A laugh followed this from the men who saw how the oil had been manipulated and Tony told him that he had his oil in both hands.

Neppach received an order for a barrel which greatly pleased his employer.

Two weeks passed by and Tony, who had been up the Valley on a business trip, thought he would drop in at the Portland Ice Company before reporting to his house.

Entering the machine room with a jaunty, nonchalant air, he began singing in a high pitched voice, "How did you like my oil? How did you like my oil?" this to the tune of "Where did you get that hat?"

The ice plant was in a complete state of chaos, pipes being torn out and some 25 men were engaged in still further tearing out the piping. The foreman was up on a high ladder assisting in the demolishing when he espied Tony.

"There he is, there he is," he yelled and he slid down the ladder, approaching the drummer with a formidable looking monkey wrench. His language was strong, full

of epithets and he swung the monkey wrench menacingly.

Tony picked up a huge rock to defend himself, retreating backwards to the door, where he beat his way to the store to ascertain the cause of all this turbulent demonstration.

"Oh, that's so, you have been away and did not hear about it," said the undisturbed Plummer. "You see, one of the boys made a mistake and sent them the wrong oil, in fact, it was some oil which contained a good deal of lard oil, and when they turned in the cold water into the pipes it cooled off the lard and put them out of business."

The ice company lost that summer's output and litigation ensued, which helped to popularize Dave Dunne's wares and Tony in disgust jumped his job.

It was not long after this that Neppach was engaged by Nicolai Bros. as manager of their planing mill and he was given full charge of the whole business.

Nicolai Bros. owned some land down around Slabtown, a piece of which they leased to a Swede, who ran a saloon on the premises.

The Swede's lease for three years was about to expire and as he was doing a good business he became desirous to lease it for five years longer. When he applied to the firm, he was referred to Mr. Neppach as the proper person to negotiate with.

Tony saw him coming and determined to have a little fun.

Assuming a very severe air, he asked the Swede whose beer he sold, the latter explaining that he had made a reputation with San Francisco beer. "That settles it," exclaimed Tony, "you can't lease from us unless you use the home product." Some important business at this juncture engaged Neppach's attention, the Swede departed, and the incident was temporarily forgotten.

A month later, the Swede called to pay his rent and announced that he was now selling Weinhard's beer and was ready for the lease.

Tony produced a blank form and began filling it out. He dwelt at length in the preamble over the great superiority of Weinhard's beer over every known competitor, and in each sentence would have something to say about the "Celebrated Weinhard's lager beer." He incorporated in the lease a promise from the Swede that he never would drink, or allow any of his friends to drink any beverage, excepting the world famous Weinhard's beer. Never before or since has there been such an elaborate lease made up and the funny part is that the whole matter was a huge joke.

A month elapsed and Mr. Weinhard noticed his new customer. He had been seeking, without avail, the Swede's patronage, but here he was now, giving good orders without any solicitation.

Mr. Weinhard determined to ascertain the reason for this change of heart. The Swede informed him that he was obliged to patronize him in order to retain his lease.

"Would you mind letting me see that lease?" queried Mr. Weinhard.

There being no objections the lease was sent to him for his perusal.

No one will ever be able to tell what passed through the brewer's mind as he read the uncommon document, but he went to the telephone and called up Nicolai Brothers.

"I want to speak to Mr. Tony Neppach."

"That's me," said the merry Tony.

"This is Henry Weinhard and I am putting up a building on the corner of Fourth and Alder Streets and I want to tell you that you can have all the mill work there, without price. Goodby," and he hung up the phone.

Thus did Tony Neppach have his little joke, and his firm reaped an unlooked for reward for the same.

A GRAPEVINE TELEGRAPH LINE

IT WAS the Fourth of July, 1876, and the City of St. Louis was celebrating the occasion in the good old way, which is rapidly becoming merely a matter of history.

The Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company had recently opened an office in the Missouri metropolis, but the facilities were, indeed, very meagre, consisting of but one wire to Chicago, which went along the highways and byways the entire distance. The telegraph company did a good business, the wire being crowded to its fullest capacity day and night.

The advent of the new telegraph company had brought into existence a new daily paper, the Morning Chronicle, which came to fill a long felt want. The Chronicle could be supplied with press dispatches, a matter of vital moment in the introduction of a new journal, even in those days.

On the afternoon of the "glorious Fourth" some bucolic individual with more enthusiasm than good sense, shot off several insulators near Alton, breaking the wire, and as the linemen were off duty celebrating the day the telegraph company was put out of business pending repairs.

The writer was the night operator for this company at St. Louis at this time, and while regretting the unfortunate break and loss to the company, it looked like there was a chance for a holiday.

The Chronicle was informed of the situation, and the telegraph editor, who was also city editor and writer of

heavy editorials, came to the telegraph office to discuss some way of obtaining some press dispatches.

"You can't expect to get any dispatches without a wire, and there is absolutely no use hoping to get one tonight," was the report made to the editor, who was very much chagrined. He said he was up against it and he could not get out a paper unless he had some telegraph news, and what was he to do? He declined allowing the office to be closed up till the regular time, hoping against hope that the wire might come up.

It seemed cruel to keep a person from enjoying himself on the occasion of the nation's Independence day, but there was nothing to do but to remain on duty. Every half hour the editor would drop in to ascertain the prospect and it was really pitiful to observe how disappointed he was.

It grew on till 8 o'clock, with no change in the condition of the wire.

Hank Cowan, an interesting character, a fine operator, but given to drink, stepped into the office to borrow four bits.

"Come, Hank, I'll make it a dollar if you'll give me a lift for an hour."

"All right," replied Hank, "tell me what to do for I need a dollar pretty badly tonight."

Connection was made from the manager's private office to the Chicago table and I began calling St. Louis.

"Take that fellow, Hank," was the next order, and Cowan sat down at the wire.

I was doing the manipulating at the key in the manager's office and said, "Here, you are, I've a bunch of press report for you."

"Go ahead," said Cowan and I immediately began sending a lot of fictitious news.

The first item was from London and purported to be a dispatch from Queen Victoria to President Grant, felici-

tating the United States on its 100th anniversary. This was followed by one of similar import from the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany. A graphic description of the day's doings in New York City was next put on the 25-foot wire, Hank Cowan copying it in a big round hand. News from the nation's Capitol came next making an interesting budget. An imaginary steamboat explosion on the Mississippi River came next in order and then a report of a battle in some one of the Central American States, but as they are fighting down there all the time, not much chance was taken in making up this story.

A report from Chicago of the day's proceedings followed, a big fire in the lumber regions of Michigan, and then the West was supposed to be turned on. Omaha reported some Indian depredations in the Sioux country, a big strike in the Comstock mines at Virginia City, loss of a steamer at sea came from Victoria, B. C., and an account of one of Denis Kearney's sandlot speeches to his constituency in San Francisco was given, when the editor came in.

He looked over the "news" with a gleeful eye and thanked me again and again and before I could realize it, walked away with the "stuff."

I gasped as I thought what had happened, for it had been my intention to merely have some fun with Cowan and make him work for his $1.00. I told Hank that it was me and not Chicago that had been sending to him and asked his advice about confessing the situation to the editor.

"No, let him print it, it's good stuff and no one in St. Louis will know the difference," was the advice I got from Cowan and as he was much older and experienced than me, his advice was accepted.

There was no more news sent over the "short line" after this and we locked up the office shortly after.

I was impatient to get a copy of the St. Louis Chronicle the next morning, and there were all my dispatches, only more so, for the intelligent editor had freely padded them showing that he, too, was quite fertile in his imagination.

Not only were the dispatches printed, but editorial comment was made on the Queen's alleged telegram to President Grant, a scathing rebuke was given Denis Kearney and his followers, attention being particularly called to the item from San Francisco, in "our dispatches."

I was a little fidgety for a few days but as time went by and no mention was made of the hoax, I began to take more courage and laugh about it.

A month later, I resigned to come West and 'fessed up to the manager the Fourth of July joke. When the enormity of the hoax dawned on him, he laughed loud and hearty, declaring it was the most daring, venturesome and awful joke he had ever heard. I was freely forgiven for the part I enacted, but the story was not told to the paper.

This incident occurred many years ago, and in a recent visit to St. Louis, I looked up this enterprising editor, who had grown rich in the business.

He remembered the Fourth of July, 1876, and all the circumstances, but when I related the story, he laughed so heartily that he declared that 10 years had been added to his life.

It would be impossible in this day and generation to successfully carry out such a joke as is just related, press dispatches being scrutinized for the "bogus" with as much zeal by the diligent telegraph editor as he would a bunch of dollar bills in quest of counterfeits. And so it happened again that "All is well that ends well."

ALONG THE SHORE

ABOUT a dozen years ago, B. A. Worthington was appointed superintendent for the Pacific Coast division of the Southern Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at San Francisco.

In falling heir to this position, Mr. Worthington also acquired the private car of his predecessor, which had been named the "Texas." It was agreed, however, that the name of the car should be changed, as the former superintendent wanted to give that cognomen to his new car down South.

There was a very wealthy railroad man, in the East, who used to pay a member of his family $1,000 a year, in return for which this member would find appropriate appellations for each new Pullman car turned out at the shops.

Not feeling justified in invoking the aid of such an expensive person, the new superintendent decided to select a name, and as the State of California contains many poetical names to draw from, the time card for the Pacific division was consulted.

Such names as "Santa Maria," "Santa Margarita," etc., were canvassed and rejected, and the little city of "Orilla" seemed to proffer its name.

By reference to a Spanish dictionary, it was ascertained that the meaning of the word "Orilla" was defined, "Along the shore," and as the name was poetical enough and as his line of railroad ran along the shore of the Pacific Ocean, he determined to name the car, "Orilla."

This was a flattering tribute to the town of Orilla, and on the first appearance of Mr. Worthington's car in that

little city, the populace showed their appreciation by deluging the car with flowers.

The "Orilla" had been refitted throughout and was very beautiful, and all the employes of the road hailed its coming, for they liked to see it and the popular superintendent, but there are contrary spirits the whole world over.

One night the superintendent, with his private car, was coming North, attached to the San Francisco flyer, and stopped for a few minutes at San Luis Obispo, where the car inspector came around with his hammer to test the wheels of each car. Another functionary was also on duty to take the number or names of each car.

"Look yere, Chimmie, wot is dis?" and he began spelling out "O R I L L A." "Begorrah, that's a moighty funny name."

"Yes, dat's de old man's private snap" (Mr. Worthington was 35 years old at this time), "and he calls it 'Orilla'," was the other's rejoinder.

"'Orilla?' 'Orilla?' begorrah and it should have a 'G' in front of it and I'm going to put one there."

A can of black paint was produced and quite a decent looking letter "G" was prefixed to the car's appellation, completely changing its euphony.

The two worthies laughed at their alleged witticism and the "Gorilla" went Northward.

From his window in the middle of the car that evening, Mr. Worthington was a witness of the whole occurrence, but wisely kept silent. He realized if he made a demonstration, the employes would have a laugh on him and jokes travel fast with men employed on a railroad.

Arriving in San Francisco, Mr. Worthington had the car put up immediately in the shops and ordered the name erased and the less poetic name of "Surf" substituted.

Of course, surf goes along the shore, so virtually the title was not changed.

The jokers at San Luis Obispo had no joke after all, and probably will never know, unless they read this story, how it happened that B. A. Worthington so quickly changed the name of his private car.

SHOWING OFF

SOME six or seven years ago, there lived in Portland, a rather notorious young chap, named Otto Prag. He was a messenger boy, private detective, playwright, actor, candidate for councilman, friend to the newsboys, etc.

About 1907, he went to Spokane, where he pursued his various callings, adding that of candidate for United States Senator to the rest of his business qualifications. He, however, found himself "crushed" in his vaunting ambition and he took up the collection of bad debts to gain a livelihood.

Notwithstanding the fact that Arthur Green and Harry Murphy had immortalized the name of Otto Prag in the columns of the Oregonian, the young man prevailed upon the Washington Legislature to allow him to adopt the name of Arthur Prague, in lieu of his former family cognomen.

Arthur Prague, as he is known now in Spokane became a benedict some three years ago and is now the proud father of a very lively boy. This diminutive little chap is very interesting, and possessing a mercurial nature, makes the fact patent that he is in existence.

The writer was recently in Spokane for a few days, and ran across the young man of varied occupations.

"I want you to come out to my house and see my baby and my piano and take dinner with me and my wife," said the ex-playwright. "You will have a nice time and I'll feed you well, you must come."

Yielding to these importunities, a day was set and an automobile took us to the Pragues.

Introductions to the family speedily followed, and the baby, Webster by name, came in for a large share of attention. He was dandled and tossed in the air till he fairly shrieked with joy.

"Come, let me show you my $550 piano and my $250 phonograph. And here's dinner, too, and I'll tell you what I have for you to eat today. There is two kinds of soup, oyster and consomme, then there are three sirloin steaks, some ham and boulogne sausage, a dozen hard boiled eggs, tea, coffee and milk, there is three kinds of pie, mince, lemon and custard, two kinds of cake, some canned strawberries and peaches, two kinds of cheese, mashed potatoes, pickles, chow chow, apple sauce and ice cream and it is all on the table to save time."

The table was set for eight persons, but there were only four of us to partake of this banquet, including the baby. Every available bit of space on the table was covered and there was enough edibles in sight to feed 20 hungry laborers.

Arthur sat at the head of the table, his young hopeful on his right and the writer at the foot, the little wife flitting around to add a little more to her already elaborate dinner.

"I say, Hazel, I want to have our guest hear our $550 piano, please play us some rag time while we eat."

There was no use protesting and the dutiful spouse sat down to the piano and began to play, when the telephone rang and the young papa went out to answer it.

Little wee Webster set up a yell, but the mother was so bent on her rag time piece that she did not notice him.

Involuntarily the writer's hands went up into the air, as if describing the tossing up with which he had been indulging the child. This was invitation enough for the

youngster, who started for the other end of the table regardless of any seeming obstacles in the way. He bounded out of his high chair, plunking his fat little fists into the consomme, one foot kicking over the custard pie. Tea, coffee and milk were brushed ruthlessly aside, the dozen hard boiled eggs met an ignominious fate on the floor and the apple sauce and canned berries were tipped over. Halting for a moment in the middle of the table where he squatted in the center of three sirloin steaks, he proceeded to his journey's end, creating havoc and destruction in his wake. Everything seemed to be a target for the youngsters efforts, and just as he was about to spring in triumph into his guest's arms, both parents arrived on the scene of such wanton destruction. The boy had done a complete job and the tempting viands of a few moments before became immediate "candidates" for the little barrel furnished by the garbage man.

Recriminations between the "newly-weds" and apologies for Master Webster's rudeness were in order, but the occurrence was so humorous that the whilom guest is still enjoying the memories of the untouched dinner with the Prague family.

"KNIFIN' DE DOUGH"

IN THE earlier days of Oregon the State Fair at Salem was the great event of the Fall's doings, and countryman and merchant alike contributed by their presence to make the fair a success. It was a week when the old pioneer, who lived in the Grand Ronde Valley would expect to meet his former neighbor in the East, who, perchance, located in Yamhill County and, railroads being scarce, old Bob and Florrie would be hitched to the prairie schooner that bore them across the plains years before, to participate in the annual gathering in September at Salem.

More people came from Portland in those days than at present, notwithstanding the increased population.

There were no bridges across the Willamette at Portland, and ferry boats handled with ease all the travel between the East and the West Sides.

Two brothers were the proprietors of one of these ferry boats, and the husbands and fathers of the two families indulgently gave over the proceeds of one day's collection to their wives and children to spend as they wished in a day's outing at Salem. Thursday was the day generally selected and every member of both families excepting the husbands took the early train for the State Fair.

On one of these occasions, along about 1882 or '83, the members of both families were a little slow in getting started, and Capt. Robinson brought the previous day's collections, a good sized canvass bag full of silver and some gold pieces also, to the train, where he handed it to the mothers for distribution among the flock.

"How will we proceed to divide the money," was asked.

"Why, open up the bag and take out a dollar and I'll do the same." Which plan was agreed upon.

"Here's four bits for you and here's four bits for me. Now, here's a dollar for you and here's a dollar for me, and here is two bits for you and here's two bits for me." Just then one of the youngsters pulled on his mother's skirts, and down tumbled the coin, necessitating a new division.

The money was put back into the bag and the same system started over again, only to be found impracticable.

Several gold pieces gleamed in the bag, one being a double "sawbuck," as Dixie fantastically described it. There appeared to be no end to the disputes arising, when Conductor Stroud was appealed to for some of his wisdom in aiding a settlement.

The conductor had a merry twinkle in his eye when he suggested that he would be fair to both sides, but they must agree not to appeal from his method of adjustment, which was readily consented to.

Taking the bag in his hands, Mr. Stroud tied up the opening, then beginning in the middle he worked one-half of the coins as nearly as could be guessed to each end which left a place in the middle of the bag, around which he securely tied a string, thus making two compartments in the bag.

"Now, we will toss up a copper and see who has first choice."

This was harmoniously done and producing a huge pocket knife, the bag was cut in two at the point where the string was tied.

"This is what I call 'Knifin' de dough,'" laughed the jolly conductor.

Each one of the bairns was allowed to slip his or her hand in the bag and take out all it would hold.

"I wish I had a hand like a ham," cried Gordon.

"Yes, and I picked out the double eagle," triumphantly exclaimed Miss Dixie, and all were made happy.

Semi-annual dividends by our streetcar systems usually bring gladness to the already bloated stockholder, but they never can experience the exquisite joy that these two families had in "Knifin' de dough" on their annual pilgrimage to the State Fair.

A MUSICAL ABORIGINE

THE train from the East, bearing a long string of loaded coaches, had stopped at Wallula for dinner and amid the din of the sounding gong in the hand of a burly negro, the passengers alighted to partake of the Willis' bill of fare. This was an important hour in the day for the little band of Umatilla Indians who gathered around the station to sell their curios to the tenderfoot passenger.

The captain of these remnants of a once mighty nation was Hawkeye, a fine specimen of the Indian genus homo. Hawkeye leaned on the corner of the station dressed in a becoming Indian garb, looking every inch a warrior.

Some of the passengers were walking up and down the platform, among them being a man from Boston accompanied by his 19-year-old daughter, who was a most enthusiastic observer of the country they were passing through and the people whom they met.

Hawkeye soon took her notice, and after scanning him critically, she cried out, "Oh, see, papa, the noble redman of the woods. How grand he does look! What nobility is expressed in his countenance and what grandeur there is in his mein. What a life of adventure has been his and how, if he could but talk, how he could tell us of the enemies he slew in battle and how he chased the grizzly bear to his den and the panther to his lair."

The Indian was taking in all this flowery oratory, and expectorating a huge mouthful of tobacco juice, he ejaculated, "Ugh, if white squaw give Hawkeye four bits, Hawkeye will sing 'Everybody's Doing It.'"

"THE GENTLEMAN OF HAVRE"

THE little city of Bodie, California, was known during its ephemeral existence as being one of the most lawless and riotous places in the country; but James J. Hill, erstwhile president of the Great Northern Railroad is alleged to have declared that the town of Havre, Montana, on his line of road, was the toughest, wildest and the least law-abiding place in the whole country and there was not a person in the town who was possessed of any higher ambition than to carouse and indulge in all kinds of forbidden vice.

It was to this place that Eddie F. Wach, then 17 years old, was sent to fill the position of night operator for the Great Northern road.

Eddie had been messenger in the Chicago office and had readily acquired a practical knowledge of the business and it was a great day in his existence when he secured the position as night operator at Havre.

The boy's introduction to this delectable office was not such an one as to enthuse a good young man.

Beer bottles, whiskey bottles, cigarette and cigar butts, stale tobacco smoke and other equally demoralizing objects met young Wach's attention on his arrival at the Havre office, and he was besought on all sides to "join the club." The young man's refusal to partake of any of these alleged "refreshments" startled all and he became a target for all the jibes and jeers of the depot habitues and the rounders about the little city.

Young Wach took all this unpleasant demonstration in a kindly and good humored manner, never saying or doing anything to antagonize the men around him. He selected a respectable and quiet boarding place where he

would retire when off duty. When pay day arrived he would figure out his monthly expenses, sending all the money left over to his parents in Chicago. By his unobtrusive kindness, and genial disposition, he found favor in the eyes of the men of whom it had been so frequently said that there was no good in them.

Promotion came to young Wach and a few months later he was appointed manager of the office. A new spirit was soon made manifest in the Havre office and all the evidences of riotousness speedily disappeared and the room assumed a businesslike air.

For more than three years Eddie Wach continued at this post of duty elevating his fellow men by his example, never yielding to temptation which at times fairly shrieked with disappointment in not being able to make him a convert to the "Havre Club" principles. Every month the major part of his salary would be sent to Chicago and the young man would spend his spare moments in study.

A few days before he was to leave Havre, young Wach received a call from Mr. Broadwater, one of the most influential citizens of the town and the state. Mr. Broadwater, although known to Wach in a business way, had never spoken to him till this day.

"I want to tell you," began Mr. Broadwater, "that I have been watching you for the past three years and I have never seen you do anything unbecoming a gentleman and I have seen you sorely tried. I don't know of anyone else like you in our city and I want to tell you that I consider you the only gentleman in Havre. In leaving us I want you to bear away with you that distinction together with our best wishes."

Thus it was that E. F. Wach won the hearts and respect of the citizens of that little frontier town and now as he looks back from his present official position in Chicago he occasionally thinks of the time when he was called "The Gentleman of Havre."

ON THE WING

THE late Col. M. D. Crain was a man of decided personality and made warm and lasting friends. His practical jokes and queer sayings will be related as long as there is an old timer alive to tell the story.

The Colonel was a stickler for technicalities and was ready to immolate himself to his own theories.

He was in early days manager of the Bloomington, Ill., office. He was also operator and messenger.

Operator Crain would occasionally want to draw some money and he wanted to do it in the right way. So Operator Crain would write a note as follows to Manager Crain:

M. D. Crain, Manager.

I need $20 very badly today; may I draw the same?

Signed, M. D. Crain, Operator.

Then Manager Crain would reply:

To M. D. Crain, Operator.

Yes, Mark, you certainly can draw $20, as you deserve it. Signed, M. D. Crain, Manager.

After this formula had been gone through and properly signed and filed, the Colonel would draw the money, but not before.

* * * *

In the 70's there was an operator named Robert C. Hayes, who worked in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and Omaha. "Bob," as he was called, was a great operator and was in demand in emergency cases and it was no wonder that Charles Selden selected him as one of those to assist during the national convention held in Cincinnati in 1876.

The convention had been in progress for several days and everybody was tired and worn out with expectancy.

One afternoon Hayes, Tom Dudley and Bob Irwin were allowed 30 minutes for luncheon. Upon their return, the doors of the convention hall opened and a mass of excited men rushed out, yelling, "Hayes!" "Hayes!" "Hayes!" "Bob" Hayes immediately left his comrades and flew down the street.

"What's the matter?" cried Tom Dudley after the fleeing man.

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried back the fleeting Hayes, "don't you hear my creditors yelling after me."

It seems the convention had just nominated Rutherford B. Hayes for the presidency and that alone was the cause of the tumult.

Robt. C. Hayes now holds a prominent position with the Burlington road in Omaha and his friends still tell this story on him.

* * * *

George Lawton, affectionately known to the telegraph fraternity as "Old Farmer" Lawton, is a familiar figure in the Denver office where he holds the position of assistant manager.

"Farmer" Lawton has worked in Denver, lo, these many years. He loves to reminisce and his stories are good.

Back in the 70's the "Farmer" used to copy press from "Nip" Jones, at Cheyenne, for the Denver papers. "Nip" was a fast but erratic sender, his speed varying according to his mood.

"Farmer" Lawton had been "breaking" a good deal one night, when Jones petulantly remarked: "I say, 'Farmer,' how is it that some nights you take me all right and other nights you break every little while?"

"Farmer" Lawton's artless reply was, "Why, don't you see, 'Nip,' you send faster some nights than you do others."

* * * *

When Mr. A. B. Cowan was chief operator of the Chicago office he found himself, on an occasion, needing some help in the printer's room and he engaged a young Jewess, named Henrietta, to work as automatic operator. The newcomer proved to be very trustworthy, full of snap, energetic and intelligent.

Noticing her excellent work and needing still more help, Mr. Cowan asked the young Jewess if she knew of any more girls of her race that would like to go to work.

"Oh, yes," replied Henrietta, "I know many," and in a few days there was quite a sprinkling of young women of the Semitic race in the office.

Passing into the elevator one day Mr. Cowan overheard a couple of Jewesses in close conversation.

"How is it," asked one, "that so many of our kind of people get jobs here?"

"Ah, don't you know?" was the reply. "Well, I'll tell you. Don't you know A. B. Cohen (Cowan), chief operator?"

HE KNEW A GOOD THING

SOME years ago a fine looking, elderly gentleman could be seen hob-nobbing with such old timers on Front Street as Wm. Wadhams, Sylvester Farrell, Thomas Guinean and others of that generation, and he was always attentively listened to. There was so much of benevolence and philanthropy in his countenance that one involuntarily took a second look at him.

His name was Jim Winters, and he lived on a little farm down the river, where he did a little cultivation of the soil, but spent much of his time acting as a fire warden, protecting the forests from careless hunters.

One day Winters appeared in Portland and announced that he was going to quit the country and would make California his future home, and much regret was expressed by his friends over his decision.

Jim Winters went to California, locating in the Sacramento Valley, near the little town of Vacaville, where he bought a small piece of land, and proceeded to put it in a state of cultivation.

Although practically a farmer on a small scale, Jim Winters went about doing all the good he could, alleviating suffering and want as much as laid in his power. He was present at the sick bedside of friend or stranger, and Chinaman, Japanese or negro were, alike, his brothers, and would receive his care, if sick or in distress.

He did not have much to go on, but what he possessed was freely given, and Winters made many friends in that little community.

There was a Bible in the Winter's cabin and some curious friend, in looking it over, discovered that Jim's birthday was the 10th of September, and it was deemed that the proper thing to do to celebrate such an event

would be to supply his larder and other wants by donations from among the friends he had made in the valley.

Everybody seemed to have an offering to make and varied were the presents tendered.

There was a smoking jacket from Mrs. Jones whose husband he had nursed during his last illness without compensation, there was a pair of slippers from Mrs. Smith, as a recognition of services rendered her father, a box of cigars from Wing Fat, a Chinaman to whom Winters had been kind, tea and coffee from Harra Alodsta, the young Japanese who had been nursed through the smallpox, and many others who came with presents until the little cabin was full to running over.

The company gathered to pay their respects, and as each package was open for inspection, some merriment was caused by the curious presents which sometimes were offered. For instance, James Ladd tendered a present of a Boston bull pup, Mrs. Thompson gave a present of two small kittens, but it was not till a modest looking package offered by George Stroud was received that everybody was agog with expectancy.

The package was wrapped up in true express style, indicating the donor was an adept in the art of proper wrapping.

"What's in it?" was asked on all sides and many conjectures were made.

"Looks like a package of music," said one.

"It might be a new Bible, for it is paper and weighs heavy," ejaculated another, but all were disappointed.

When the package was opened a lot of old papers tumbled out, in a more or less state of dissolution, some whole and some quite dilapidated.

Everybody laughed, but seemed to regard the joke as a little untimely.

"Hold on here, my friends," cried Winters, "this is no joke. I say this is not a joke. Why, my friends, these here papers are Oregonians, and I have not seen a copy of the Oregonian for nigh onto 15 years. Yes, my friends, I appreciate all your presents, but these Oregonians are more precious than anything else."

It therefore was apparent that Jim Winters showed where his heart was, for "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

INADEQUATE CUSPIDORS

THE Chicago office of the Western Union Telegraph Company (in 1877) had been noted for the manliness of its employes, who realized that they were men and women, and for this reason entitled to the consideration of the local as well as the general officials.

It became necessary, sometimes, to have this fact impressed on the minds of those immediately in charge, who relegated to themselves authority not vested in them.

It was considered the wise thing to hire a hall, and there to meet once a week to discuss the situation, and to determine upon the most businesslike manner of procedure to meet the exigencies of any case in hand.

Platt's hall, on the south side, was selected for this purpose, and every Sunday, a meeting was held, to discuss the complaints and grievances of the employes assembled.

Wm. J. Lloyd was the presiding officer on these occasions, and he was a glorious worker in the cause.

Much good resulted from this "getting together" and it was found to be a simple matter to adjust the grievances, once they were uncovered and aired.

There was present at one of these meetings, B. E. Sunny, who was night manager for the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company. This company never had any trouble with their employes, and if one were disposed to do halfway right, he would not be censured or reprimanded by his superiors, and the office was very pleasant to work in.

"I notice we have Mr. Sunny, of the A. & P. with us today," remarked President Lloyd. "We would like to hear from him, and if he has any grievance against his com-

pany, we would like to have him state the nature of it and we promise to try and adjust the difficulty."

Mr. Sunny protested that he came to attend the meeting merely as an on-looker, and knew of nothing that he could enter a complaint against.

The president demurred at this statement, saying he could not conceive of such an earthly paradise as a telegraph office where all were satisfied and where there were no grievances.

"Well, come to think of it, there is a grievance we have that should be remedied," said Sunny. "I have spoken to the manager and superintendent, but with no avail, and the evil still continues. Our cuspidors in use at our office are not much larger than a tea cup and wholly inadequate to take care of the expectorations of a liberal user of the weed, and I have asked for larger utensils to accommodate these copious expectorations, but no relief has as yet come and I think it will require executive action to force the issue."

"The matter is referred to the Grievance Committee with request that it be adjusted at once," said President Lloyd, and the meeting was adjourned.

It is related that more elaborate cuspidors graced the Atlantic & Pacific operating room a few days later, indicating the efficacy of determined organization.

NO JOBS, BUT VACANCIES

THE following story has been told and re-told years ago, in most every large telegraph office in the country, but has never appeared in print. The incident is quaint and worthy of a place in the literature of the telegraph.

Jake Tallman was a well known itinerant knight of the key and in the course of his meanderings found himself one summer day in the City of New Orleans. Tallman was a fine operator and a good, companionable fellow, but, as the boys used to say, it was as hard to enter the kingdom of heaven as it was to obtain a position in the New Orleans office. Considerable diplomacy was therefore necessary to ascertain the entering wedge.

There happened to be a vacancy in the office about the time of Tallman's arrival and his old friend, Dick Babbitt, determined to assist in placing him.

David Flannery was the superintendent and he was a "Fine old Irish gintleman, one of the rare old kind."

Babbitt related to his friend that it would be a good stunt to go to church the following Sunday and take a seat in Mr. Flannery's pew and by some means attract that gentleman's attention to his presence. This would serve to pave the way to an introduction the following day when he could plead his cause.

Acting on the suggestion, Tallman sallied to church a little ahead of the other worshippers, and asked for, and was escorted to the Flannery pew.

A few minutes later the superintendent came leisurely up the aisle and took his seat along side of his expectant employe.

Tallman was not familiar with the order of procedure in churches, but carefully watching others and following

their example he was able to pass off as one of the most devout. In the course of the services, he handed Mr. Flannery a book, who glanced at it and put it aside, giving the irrepressible Jake a stony glare which would seem to say that the young man did not know his business, and Tallman felt rebuked but not intimidated.

The following morning Tallman called at Mr. Flannery's office and after the regular morning salutations had passed between them, he said:

"Mr. Flannery, I saw you at church yesterday."

"Oh, you are the young man that sat in my pew and tried to show me some courtesies," replied the affable superintendent.

Believing that he had created a good impression Tallman grew bolder, and said that he believed in going to church on Sunday and related an imaginary conversation in Omaha several years before. Flannery appeared interested and finally asked what service he could be to his visitor.

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Flannery, I am an operator and I am looking for a job and I understand you have a job here at the present time."

Mr. Flannery placed his spectacles on the end of his nose and giving the applicant a very severe look, which was intended as a reprimand, ejaculated in an icy tone:

"Young man, I want yees to know, that my operators are all gintlemen. We don't have 'jobs' here, but we sometimes have vacancies."

PHENOMENAL TELEGRAPHING

IT WAS in the Nation's centennial year that the writer was employed by the Western Union Company, at St. Louis, and worked, what was called in those days, the "Long Horn" wire to Texas.

The hours of labor were from 5 P. M. till lines were cleared up, generally before midnight, and all bent their best efforts in keeping business moving.

An adjournment to Sprague & Butler's rotisserie after the evening's work was performed, where a substantial spread was in readiness, was next in order, and here it was that "shop talk" was indulged in and a good time was sure to follow.

Fred B. Moxon was the pride of the office. He was still in his teens, but a master of his chosen profession. He worked the New Orleans wire, opposite the renowned Bert Ayres, the finest operator in the world, and the amount of business handled on that wire was marvelously great. Ayres and Moxon would get down to their work as if they had not a second to spare, but the effort was easy for them and neither suffered from nervous prostration.

One night there happened to be unusually heavy business on the New Orleans wire, but just at 11:55 P. M., Moxon sent his last message, remarking, "I'm off now, good night."

"Wait a second," said Ayres, "our N. Y. wire is down and we have about 100 messages to go there and you'll have to relay 'em."

Visions of a deferred lunch and a weary walk to his room on Targee Street, all alone, flitted across Mox's mind, but he had lots of friends, who were ready to help out with their services.

"I've got a scheme," cried Moxon, and the services of Sid Fairchild were secured.

"I'd like to have you cut the N. O. wire in on four different local setts," which was speedily done.

Moxon secured the aid of Charlie Day, Thomas P. Wheeler and the writer, who took their respective seats at the quartette table.

"I say, Bert, tell me just how many you have on hand," asked the St. Louis man.

"There are precisely 120, and they are all night messages, all from New Orleans and all are destined for New York."

"All right, you need not say 'night message,' omit the place from, date, all punctuations, 'sig' and cut 'em to the bone," came from St. Louis, "and mind you, hurry up," taunted Moxon.

This was probably the first time in his life that Albert Ayres was requested to "hurry up," he being used to hear the opposite, "to slow up," and his black eyes snapped in anticipation of the fun he was about to have.

His key flew open and a fire of dots and dashes ensued, which to a layman might sound like shot poured into a tin horn.

The reputation of the whole office seemed to be at stake, and all gathered around to see, what was rightly thought would be an unparalleled feat of rapid transmission.

Moxon took the first message, Day the second, Wheeler the third, while the writer handled the fourth, each rotating in this manner, filing in dates, destinations, etc., awaiting his turn to copy the next message.

The excitement was intense when it was announced that 12 messages had been received in five minutes.

There were no breaks, or interruptions, and at 12:55 A. M., precisely 55 minutes from the starting time, the

120 messages were received and were en route to New York, accomplishing, probably, the most unequalled feat of fast sending ever attempted.

The matter was kept an office secret and Moxon received much credit. It never leaked out how his tact secured ready co-operation and enabled him to cope with a difficult situation.

HIS OLD KENTUCKY HOME

WHILE traveling recently through the South, the writer was marooned for several hours near Horse Cave, in Kentucky. The Cumberland River was very high, swamping the darkies' cabins en route, compelling the colored people to take refuge on their roofs, where they waited "fo' de ribber to go down."

The negroes accepted the situation very cheerfully, many playing their banjoes and singing olden time melodies and making light of their predicament.

Almost involuntarily, I began humming "My Old Kentucky Home" and my thoughts were of the "yellow fields o' corn," when a voice behind me inquired, "Do you like that song?" I assured him that the tune was all right, but the words were a trifle silly.

"Well, I don't think so," he remarked, "the words and air are both very sweet to me, and if you'll make room for me, I'll tell you how that song compelled me to make a trip of 2,000 miles."

Space was given him and he began his narrative.

"It was five years ago that I was induced to go west by the alluring advertisements of the railroad company, who related how easy it was to speedily get rich in Colorado.

"I started with my outfit and a couple of weeks later located at Cripple Creek, then a prosperous mining camp.

"Well, stranger, I didn't like it there in the mountains, I couldn't get used to the country and the people, and the climate was so different from 'Old Kaintuck.' Why, it was just as liable to snow on the 4th of July as it was on the 1st of January.

"It was very lonesome for me and I longed to be home again with my dear old friends, and I determined to re-

main at home if I ever got back. You have no idea what homesickness is until you have had the actual experience.

"About 11 o'clock one night, I was passing a saloon near my home when I heard a phonograph playing 'Kentucky Home.'

"I entered the place and asked the bartender to change a silver dollar into nickels, which he did.

"I sat down by the phonograph and played that piece over and over and over again, till my nickels were gone, then I changed another dollar which went the same way.

"I was, by this time, completely saturated with 'My Old Kentucky Home" and the longing to return came so strong that I straightway went to my hotel, packed my trunk, paid my bill, purchased a ticket for Louisville and took the 4 A. M. train for Denver, from whence I departed for home and here's where I'm going to live and die, in spite of all inducements to show me some more favored clime.

"Yes, I love 'Kaintuck' and I love that old song you hum," and the stranger was singing his favorite air when the train pulled into Horse Cave.

THE OFFICE AT SPIRIT LAKE

MR. HUGH McPHEE, the superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Los Angeles, Cal., was night operator at Spirit Lake on the trans-continental line in his early boyhood days. Every operator that worked for the trans-continental line knows Spirit Lake because each one of them served an apprenticeship at that station.

The O'Shaughnessys kept a boarding house at Spirit Lake, the only house at this dismal place, but because young McPhee insisted upon wearing a "boiled" shirt and white collar, he found himself debarred from putting his feet under the O'Shaughnessy table. The young man, however, was full of resources and determined to do his own cooking and sleep in the office.

The first station east of Spirit Lake was then called Hades and the station west was named Satan. McPhee would get his milk and eggs from Hades and his staple groceries and meats from Satan. The names of these stations have long since been changed to something more euphonious.

The fact that there was an operator in Spirit Lake office at night induced the belated trainmen to call upon him repeatedly for orders helping them over the road and presently McPhee found he was working as much at night as he was during the day. An appeal to the superintendent was made and a few days later the train stopped at Spirit Lake and a tall young man, very dudishly dressed, stepped into the office.

"My name is Archibald Merriman and I am to be night operator at this station," began the young man. "Where can I find a boarding house?"

Young McPhee told him that he would have to take "pot luck," that there was no hotel or boarding house, but that he could share his commissary.

This did not seem to greatly enthuse Merriman, who stated that he did not know how to cook or make a bed. He was from Nova Scotia and he thought that if he could go back there he would never return.

He worked for five nights and one morning he was missing and nothing was ever heard of him afterwards.

An old Indian called "Big Thunder," but better known as "Medicine John," was a frequent visitor to this lonely depot and he suggested that the "Evil Spirits" in the lake might have kidnapped the night operator and thrown him into the lake, and inasmuch as no claim was ever made for the five days' work performed by Merriman, a matter so very unusual to the telegraph company, one is lead to believe that the old Indian was correct.

Big Thunder had purchased from Merriman a big brass watch and chain, which he carried on the outside of his coat. The Indian had also fallen heir to Merriman's plug hat which is still historical in Spirit Lake. When Big Thunder was asked the time, he would gravely open the watch, gaze for a minute at the hands and give out the information "Just half an hour." Were he asked a hundred times a day, he would never deviate from his reply, "Just half an hour."

Spirit Lake is now a great summer resort. The O'Shaughnessy hovel has made way for a very pretentious hotel, "Big Thunder" no longer gives out the correct time to enquirers and the spirit of progress is marching on.

THE INDIANS WERE TOO LOYAL

THERE are but few oases in the great Arizona desert, and that part of our glorious country offers few allurements to the American youth. Hence it was a surprise to the friends of young Clarence Vincent when he took his departure from the fleshpots of San Francisco to take up his line of march to Maricopa Wells, where he accepted the position as manager for the telegraph company at that point.

Besides the white inhabitants of Maricopa, which numbered twelve men and one woman, there were a goodly number of Indians who, following a migratory inclination, made the Wells a starting, as well as a finishing point, in their junketings on box cars and flat cars throughout the territory of Arizona.

These native sons and daughters were ardent admirers of the telegraph and sometimes of the operator of the telegraph, and male and female would cluster around the tiny office, watching young Clarence as he sat at work at his key.

Many of these aboriginies were interesting characters, and as the weeks glided by, Vincent acquired enough of the Indian tongue to make himself intelligible to the pretty maidens of the cactus territory. These shy maidens were not unlike their white sisters, and a little flattery was gratifying to their vanity, and when Vincent in his Indian monosyllabic dialect told Miss Mahala that her new pink blanket was very becoming, and when he assured Mahala's cousin, Cahecha, that the blue ribbons in her hair made her look like a queen, he entirely won their hearts.

During the two years and more that Clarence Vincent tarried at Maricopa Wells, he made the acquaintance of

pretty nearly the entire Indian tribe in that section and when he left to accept the managership of the Phoenix office he was given a genuine Indian farewell.

A year or so later Clarence Vincent had become one of the leading citizens in Arizona's metropolis; he had renounced the frontier garb worn by the denizens of the Wells, and donned in its stead a faultless tailor-made suit, and he was quite a Beau Brummel in Phoenix society, where he was thought the "proper caper" by the young ladies.

The Indians of Maricopa Wells still took advantage of the indulgence of the railroad company and pursued their migratory practices. One day Clarence Vincent started for lunch and noticed at a nearby fruit and confectionery store a crowd of some twenty-five Indians, mostly squaws with papooses swung over their backs and some young Indian maidens. He passed them by without giving them any attention, but not so the Indians; they had recognized in him the telegraph operator of Maricopa Wells, and with many guttural "Ugh, Ugh, Ugh's" they followed him down the street single file to his favorite restaurant, where they stood on guard on the outside, varying their watch by pressing their noses to the window panes in true Indian style.

Young Vincent was greatly chagrined with so much attention and consideration from his former playmates of the oasis, but he was reluctant to introduce these simple children to the select society in which he moved, and he compromised the matter by buying them one and all, a box of bon bons at the nearest confectionery store.

This incident occurred many years ago, but Mr. Vincent, now the dignified and courteous manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, of Oakland, Cal., loves to linger over the memory of the happy days he spent in Arizona.

A GOVERNOR FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES TOOK THE BULL BY THE HORNS

IT WAS ten minutes past the midnight hour; the last train for the night had pulled out, and J. Frank Howell, the night operator at Tin Cup, Ariz., began preparations for a little rest.

It was in the month of August, and the full harvest moon beamed down through the clear atmosphere resplendent and as bright almost as the midday sun. Glancing out towards the south trail Howell could see a horseman coming at full speed towards the lonely station. A few minutes later an active, fine looking man hurried in.

"I have a very important telegram to send to the Governor. I must get an answer in half an hour or an innocent man perishes. Come, do all you can and as quickly as you can!"

The speaker was Lee Henniger, the sheriff of Dos Cabezas. He had ridden forty miles since nine o'clock over the sandy desert to Tin Cup hoping to obtain a reprieve for Bob Beecher, who was under sentence to die at daybreak for murder.

A few hours previous a dying Mexican had confessed to the murder of which Beecher was to suffer. Frank Howell spent five minutes in vain to raise "Px." He knew that the night operator there was taking press reports and could not hear him. Being, however, full of resources he called up the St. Louis office and sent the following message: "Chief operator, San Francisco: Have Phoenix answer on local quickly, a man's life is in jeopardy." Signed, "Howell, Tin Cup."

It was with great joy that he heard an answering tick, tick from "Px" a few minutes later, and the following

telegram was put on the wire: "Governor Smithers, Phoenix: Information just elicited that proves that Beecher condemned to be executed at daybreak this morning is innocent. Please wire reprieve, not a minute can be lost." Signed, "Lee Henniger, sheriff."

The operator at "Px," Paul G. Tompkins, realized the importance of the message and standing San Francisco off for a few minutes hastened to deliver the telegram.

Arriving at the Governor's house, instead of finding the mansion dark and everybody asleep he was surprised to observe a big crowd of ladies and gentlemen seated on the veranda, while strains of popular music from the ball room filled the air. Tompkins quickly asked for the Governor on important business and he noticed that there seemed to be some hesitancy in sending for him. Presently a lady, the Governor's wife, came to the door.

"Won't your business do in the morning?" was asked. Tompkins replied in the negative and the lady withdrew, a gentleman appeared to represent her. "The Governor has retired," said this gentleman, "and cannot be disturbed until morning."

Tompkins inquired for the private secretary and also for the Secretary of the Territory and ascertained that both these functionaries were out of town.

"Can't you possibly awaken the Governor?" queried Tompkins.

"No. To tell you the truth about it, the Governor unfortunately drank a little too much wine and Warwick whiskey and he is dead to the world; a gatling gun would not arouse him, and he is absolutely off the face of the earth until nine o'clock in the morning," was the information given young Tompkins.

"Then this glorious territory is at present without a Governor, private secretary, or Secretary of the Territory," ejaculated Tompkins. As he wended his way back to the

office, he had made up his mind what to do and proceeded to carry out his determination.

He called up Tin Cup and sent the following telegram: "To Lee Henniger, sheriff Dos Cabezas: The reprieve is granted to Robert Beecher for ten days. Regular papers go forward in the morning mail." Signed, "H. Y. Smithers, Governor, per Paul G. Tompkins, acting Governor pro tem."

Ten o'clock the next morning Paul Tompkins appeared at the capitol, telegram in hand, which he handed the Governor, who looked a wee bit groggy.

"Good Heavens!" said the Governor. "This telegram should have been delivered ten hours ago, why was it not?" and the Governor grew very much excited.

"For the reason, Governor, that you were 'under the weather' and couldn't be wakened, and there was nobody in the city to attend to your business," replied the placid Tompkins.

"Then the poor fellow is hanged by this time, and I am guilty of the execution of an innocent man," and the Governor broke down completely.

"That would have been true had it not been that I took the liberty of usurping your place for fifteen minutes," and Tompkins showed the telegram he sent in reply.

Governor Smithers was overjoyed with Tompkins' actions and thanked him again and again, and a few weeks later he further showed his appreciation by appointing Paul G. Tompkins to a lucrative position in the Territory.

Sheriff Henniger arrived in Dos Cabezas in the nick of time. The rope was already around Beecher's neck when one of the deputies who was standing near, spyglass in hand, recognized his chief coming down the trail swinging aloft a paper which was proved to be the first and only official act of Paul G. Tompkins, acting Governor pro tem.

THE SEVEN MOUNDS

MANY solicitous enquiries have been made in the last decade relative to the whereabouts or probable fate of Aaron B. Hilliker, telegraph operator, minstrel and story writer.

Aaron Burr Hilliker was known from New York to San Francisco prior to the War of the Rebellion. His was an adventurous nature, and he assisted materially in making the path to the great West easier for the next comer. He possessed a gentle spirit and many lovable traits, which endeared him to all his friends, who were legion. The following weird story which came to the knowledge of the writer may establish beyond question the passing of Aaron B. Hilliker, and his last days on earth.

A party of thirteen left Boston in May, 1888, bound for the West. It consisted of John B. Lansing, his wife and her sister, and eight young fellows around town, well to do and of an adventurous turn of mind, the party being under the guidance of two middle-aged prospectors. These two latter personages had come to Boston to organize this party for the purpose of prospecting and developing some alleged wonderful gold mines in Southern Nevada and California.

The members of this little party were in high spirits as they pursued their journey to the far West; the grandeur of the scenery and the vastness of the country filling all with awe and admiration.

Many stops were made en route on the trip, mostly in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. At one of the stations in Colorado Mr. Lansing and his wife formed the acquaintance of a telegraph operator. He had passed the middle

age, but was hale and hearty. He appeared to be thoroughly conversant with the country, and as the party numbered the unlucky thirteen the operator was asked to join the adventurers, which he did. It is said that his singing "The Old Oaken Bucket," which was rendered in a most artistic manner, was one of the leading attractions that enabled the telegraph operator to be offered a place with the party.

It was some time in July, 1888, that a caravan composed of seven wagons drawn by a dozen horses and a yoke of oxen made their departure from Reno, Nev., bound south. No address was left with any of the merchants who fitted out the party, and it appeared as if that were to be a secret. There were two ladies in the party, properly dressed for the occasion. The ox team was driven by a man of fifty-five or thereabouts, who seemed to be the life of the caravan. He was continually cracking jokes upon his comrades, and just before leaving, he with three other good voices, sang, "The Old Oaken Bucket," which received a rousing encoure.

As the caravan paid cash for everything they obtained, the episode of their coming and going passed out of the minds of most everyone excepting the several persons that helped to outfit the party.

The caravan went due south through Carson and Jack's Valley, where they entered the sterile country once known on the maps as the "Great American Desert."

It was in June, 1907, that Eugene Burdick, mining engineer, civil engineer and prospector, residing in Tuolumne County, Cal., received a letter from Boston, which read as follows:

"I am seeking information regarding a party that left Boston in May, 1888, bound for Southern Nevada and California. I am willing to pay $5,000 for authentic information, which will enable me to establish beyond any

doubt the fate of these people. There were thirteen persons, two women and eleven men. The leader of the party was John B. Lansing, and it is of his fate that I desire to know, because a large estate is in litigation. The last heard from Lansing, was from Reno, Nev., in July, 1888."

Burdick was well acquainted with all the country leading from Reno to the south, and readily accepted the mission. His visit to Reno elicited the facts related above, and taking up the clue Burdick began his laborious task of finding the lost caravan. Carefully he followed them across mountains and desert, through what looked like inaccessible canyons, but not one item of intelligence could he learn of the missing ones.

It was on the evening of the seventh day after leaving Reno that Eugene Burdick stopped for the night at the wickiup of Shoshone Joe on the border of Death Valley. This Indian had lived in and around this neighborhood with his wife Sally for more than twenty-five years, and was a character well known to emigrants and prospectors.

A present of a few trinkets to the Indian made him quite friendly. Burdick enquired if they had ever seen a caravan of seven wagons passing that way long ago. Shoshone Joe with many "ughs," "ughs," picked up seven twigs, which he placed in the ground in a straight line a few inches apart, and then taking a stick with one sweep knocked them all down, dramatically exclaiming, "All gone."

Burdick inferred from this that the Indian knew something which might assist him in finding the lost ones. He gathered that the Indian had seen the party, and had furnished them with fresh water prior to their crossing the valley. A blinding sand-storm occurred a few hours later, and the caravan lost its way, going south of the regular trail. Shoshone Joe said, that once when he was

down the valley he could see seven little hills at a distance of ten miles, but Indian-like, he was afraid of the "Debbil," and he had never investigated.

This information interested Burdick very much, and by making a few more presents he induced the Indian next morning to come with him and locate the seven hills he had told about.

Taking a two days' supply of water and a pick and shovel, Burdick with his companion started across the valley in the direction indicated by Shoshone Joe. The route was arduous, the sand being so deep and fine not more than a mile and a half an hour could be traveled.

Five miles of this wearisome journey had been traversed when Burdick located, by means of his spyglass, the seven mounds described by the Indian, at a distance of probably ten miles away to the south, and this added fresh impetus to his efforts.

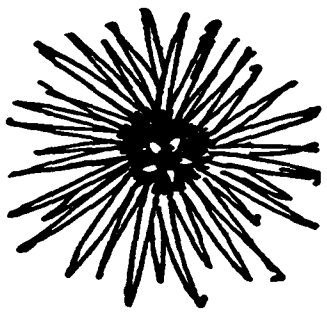
Six hours later the twain arrived at the seven mounds. A vigorous blow with the pick axe felled a mound to the earth, and two skeletons fell out into the deep sand. The relics were those of a wagon which was ready to crumble to pieces, the tires on the wheels being worn as fine as ribbons. This wagon had been drawn by an ox team, the horns and bones of which were half covered with the desert sand.

Twenty feet further along was another similar mound. It took but a little shake to bring the second wagon to the ground, and two more skeletons were exposed to view. An object that proved to be a gold watch and chain fell out into the sand, but was speedily found by the watchful Burdick. He pried open the case of the watch, and on the inside read the following inscription: "To John B. Lansing from his wife, Dec. 25, 1886."

"This is all the proof that I want," said Burdick, and bidding good-bye to the gruesome spectacle he beat a

hasty retreat. The Boston people were satisfied with Burdick's story, and the evidence that he produced, and he received the reward.

The shifting, treacherous sands now completely cover the seven little mounds, and all that is mortal of Aaron Burr Hilliker, telegraph operator, philosopher, bohemian, gentleman.



WHEN GOLD GREW ON SAGE BRUSH

HE IS a great banker and broker now, and directs the finances of a little world of his own, but as he looks out from his luxurious office on Broadway on the ever-busy throng on the streets, he grows reminiscent, and, suddenly scratching his nose, breaks out into a great laugh.

"You noticed me just now scratching my nose, didn't you?" he said, and he laughed again, "and you can't see anything to laugh about, but I remember the time when it would have cost me my life if I had attempted to do so. It is a strange story and well worth relating."

The speaker was J. Frank Howell, the noted Broadway financier and his companion a member of the House of Morgan.

"It occurred in 1881, when I was out in Nevada, and working as a telegraph operator at Beowawa, a little station on the Central Pacific Railroad. I had acquired a complete knowledge of the Chinook language, had become a fair student of Indian poker, could eat jack rabbits like an Ogallala and considered myself quite a sport among the children of the sage brush state.

"A few weeks of this kind of existence fitted me for great and more promising fields of usefulness, and when the gold excitement broke out at Yankee Blade, 125 miles down the line, I bade goodbye to Johnson Sides, Nasty-shack Jim and other of my playmates, and started on the stage for Yankee Blade in company with three other adventurous spirits.

"I will never be able to explain how it happened, but it must have been that the outlaw, Jim Slack, knew that I had drawn my month's salary and that I was aboard the stage coach, for just as we were leaving Dogtown, we

were halted by a lone highwayman, who lost no time in ordering us to throw up our hands, forming us into a line in the rear of the stage. There we were, the four passengers and 'Stub,' the driver, all with arms pointed skyward, while the merry Jim Slack rifled our pockets.

"The bandit cracked jokes with us, saying he was sorry he had to do it, but he needed the 'mon,' and he hoped that he wouldn't overlook any small change we might still have left in our jeans.

"At this moment my nose began to itch, but I knew it was sure death to lower my hand to scratch it, and what was I to do, for I could hardly stand it? I addressed the robber: 'I say, Mr. Highwayman, my nose itches me pretty badly, won't you please allow me to lower my arm to scratch it?' " I asked in a most plaintive manner.

" 'Never mind, I will do that little job for you myself,' was his reply, and taking the point of his Colt's revolver he rubbed my nose very briskly till I told him I had enough, and thanked him for his courtesy, and the passengers and 'Stub,' the driver, laughed merrily.

I never knew, till I had it done with the business end of a revolver in the hands of a stage robber, the exquisite delight of the privilege of scratching one's own nose."

FINIS