

anybody. And I tell you it makes a lot of difference in the pleasure a person gets out of a thing like that, whether he's in good trim or lookin' like a clodhopper."

It was well along in the evening when the train began pulling up every five minutes or so at the numerous street stations which mark the entry of the trains into Chicago.

On arriving at the Union Station, I asked the conductor whether the Wabash trains ran out of this station.

"No, you take ——'s bus and go over to Polk Street Station."

Waiting outside the station in the midnight wind, the cupola light of the Auditorium could be seen. Arrived at Polk Street Station, the first thing apparent was that Chicago was considered a place requiring police protection. Several of the force were in the waiting-room, alert and observant of everything going on there. A big placard was posted up on the wall, warning you against pickpockets, and further saying: "Do not let confidence-men entice you outside of the station." "No pickpocket or confidence-man will entice me outside of this building to-night," said I, mentally.

A man in a long overcoat, apparently very much absorbed in his own thoughts, was sitting on a bench, and having answered in the affirmative my question whether he would be sitting there a little while, I told him to keep an eye on