

MADE AN EXPOSITION

U. S. A. Free Pass to the Candidate Man

Only Reason for His Demand Was That He Disliked Paying Fare—Case of the College Girl.

"You may have heard the story of Commodore Vanderbilt issued a pass to a candidate man," said the general passenger agent of a western line, as he gingerly fingered a dainty little piece of paper.

"No," replied the man, "I do not know anything about it."

"Well, an early country acquaintance of mine had known years before he was a millionaire, was in New York one day and thought he would like to see the office of the president of the New York Central and was kindly received. After the conversation had proceeded for a while in a friendly way, the commodore remarked:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Is there any business in your line?"

"No," replied the caller. "I am going to Albany, and I wanted to know if you would give me a pass."

The commodore's manner changed slightly, and he was at once a strict business, looking at the request from a purely business standpoint.

"On what do you base your request for a pass?" he asked.

"I have rendered the road any service, or am indebted to you in any way?"

"No," replied the man, "it does not owe me anything. I have not had any feelings with it."

"Then why do you ask a pass?"

"Well, as I told you, I am going to Albany, and I don't want to pay for the trip if I can ride free. It just occurred to me that you might furnish transportation if I asked you for it."

"My friend," remarked the commodore, "you are the first man who ever asked me for a pass and told me the truth about it. You shall have a pass, and, calling a clerk, he handed him to furnish his earlier with transportation."

"I have had a parallel experience to that of the commodore. This note is from a student at one of our high schools who had no knowledge before the receipt thereof. It was written before the summer vacation returned and while preparations were going on in the seminary for the closing term. It asks me if I will not lend enough to furnish the writer transportation to her home in Kansas. The letter is nicely worded, there is nothing bold or unadvisable about it, but its receipt puzzled me

considerably. I could not recall the name of that of any one of my friends or acquaintances and could not conceive of any reason why such a request should be made.

"Just to satisfy myself I dictated a note to the writer, asking her to call and see me in reference to the matter, and in the course of a day or two I had a visit from the young woman in person. She was a fine, handsome young woman. The term 'buxom' would hardly apply to her. She was altogether too cultured and refined for that. Her whole appearance indicated that she was not one to whom the financial consideration involved would appeal very strongly. The moment I saw her I knew she could not be applying on the strength of any previous acquaintance. I had never seen her before.

"You desire a pass to— I said to her by way of introducing the subject.

"Yes," she replied. "I would consider it a favor if you will be kind enough to furnish me one."

"On what grounds, might I ask, is the application made? You know we are in the habit of treating these matters as purely business transactions. Have you any business reason to advance as the basis of your request?"

"Well, no. I do not think I ever thought of the matter in that light. Indeed, I do not think I should have ever thought of applying for a pass had not several of my classmates been provided with them, and I did not see any reason why, when they had them, I should not have one too. Their parents are as rich as mine, and I could see no reason why they should ride free and I pay. I wanted to be on an equal footing with them."

"Do you know on what grounds they received their passes?"

"Oh, the father of one is a railroad director. He got his daughter her pass. Another is the daughter of a large manufacturer who ships train loads of goods over the road. Another is the daughter of a general superintendent. She travels free."

"And your father?"

"Oh, his money is in other kinds of investments. He is not a railroad man."

"Well, you see, your case is different from any of those you have mentioned."

"Yes, I know it is, but I want to do away with some of the difference. I do not want to pay when they can ride free."

"You would hardly think it reasonable to ask for free transportation for the whole school you attend, would you?"

"I never thought of the reasonableness. All I thought of was that unless I could get a pass I would have to pay, while some other girls could ride free."

"But if I should give you a pass you would be riding free and some other girls would be paying. There would be a difference between you and them still."

"Oh, yes, but I do care about that kind of a difference. I want to be always classed among the most fortunate."

"Well, you are candid about it, anyway. I like that. Strictly speaking, you are not entitled to any pass, and I should turn down your application with a cold refusal, but owing to your candor I suppose I shall have to make an exception in your case."

"She got her pass."—Chicago Post.

His Opinion.

"Do you mean to say that you have walked all the way from the town in which you last played?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "I always walk when there's an opportunity. The trouble about the drama of today, sir, is that

EVERYBODY WILL MOVE

Government Offices Will Invade New Building Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving day, November 28, is the date set by Dominion Architect Fuller for the removal of the several government offices from their present quarters to the new administration building. From the old postoffice building will go Governor Ross and his staff, Comptroller Lithgow and force, Tax Collector Smith and Legal Adviser Newlands. The entire gold commissioner's office will also move on the same date.

NOTICES ARE SENT OUT

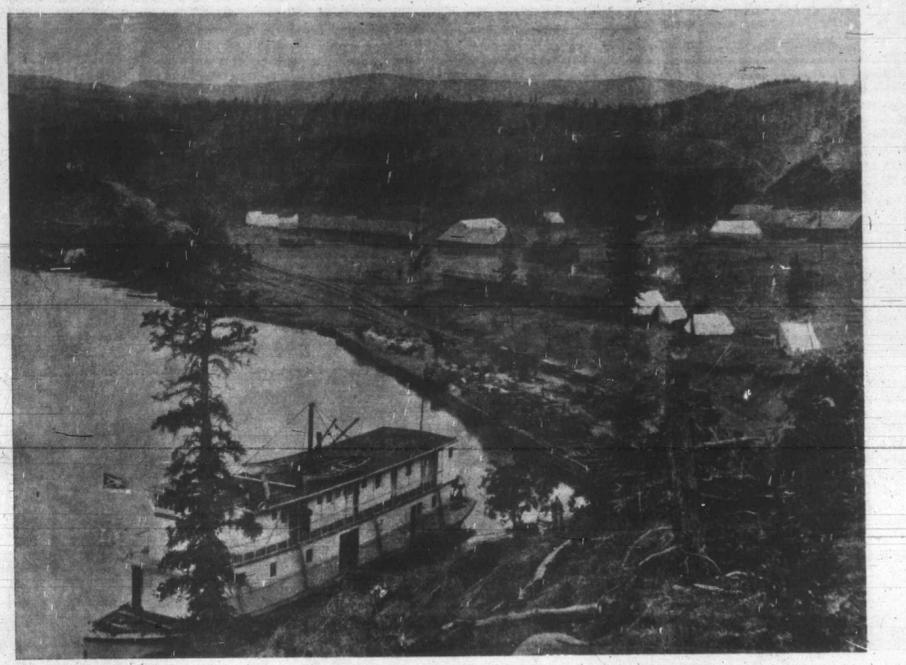
Rate Payers Notified That Their Tax is Overdue.

Assessor E. Ward Smith Saturday last mailed about 3000 notices to the rate payers of the city notifying them that he was now ready to do business in the tax line and that up to the 30th of the month specially fine bargains in receipts could be had at his office—a sort of bargain sale in which each customer would be given five per cent discount for the remainder of the month. In a fit of absent mindedness the poet, laureate of the

Arizona Kicklets.

We have the names of at least three critics in this town who are hankering for our job as postmaster and are waiting to see us bounded. We are in love with the job and intend to hold on to it, and if there is anybody in this territory who can beat us at pulling wires—and mending fences we will doff our hat to him when he has us on our back.

Mr. J. B. Williams, our esteemed fellow townsman, is about to remove to Santa Fe, N. M., to open a palace of poker and drinks. We have found him a square man on the deal and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new field to which he is going. He is something of a liar and knows very little about



MILES CANYON, 1898.

There Yet.

Brighter—Yes, sir, I'm dealing in gilt edged investments now.

Blither—What are they?

Brighter—Gold mines. There's money in them.

Blither—You're right. I lost a lot of my money in some of them.—Philadelphia Press.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

government offices ground out on his typewriter the following ode to the notices, presenting his fragile brain child to the assessor with his distinguished considerations:

Go, little leaflet, go,
Bearing an honored name,
Every place that you have went
They're glad that you have came.

Beats all tarnation. The new drink at the Pioneer.

a gun, but these are faults which can be overlooked in almost any community.

We understand that Lawyer Moss is telling different parties around town that we threatened his life last Monday. What we did do was to visit his office and hold a gun on his chin and warn him not to pester us with any more libel suits, but no threats were made. Indeed he caved in so quickly that no threats were necessary. We have nothing against Lawyer Moss and hope he may live for a hundred years yet.

Interesting.

"Did you have an interesting literary club meeting, Alice?"

"Oh, yes; every woman there was working on a new pattern of Battenberg lace."—Indianapolis Journal.

We made a holy show of ourself on Apache avenue the other day when a stranger got the drop on us and held a revolver to our ear. Yes, we bent down as he commanded, and we repeated the apology he so kindly worded for us, and we expect to lose 50 subscribers by it. However, we had rather be a live editor than a dead idiot. When a man who means shoot gets the drop on us, we are his nut for the time being and don't propose being laid away in our own graveyard.

The editor of the Lone Jack Banner calls us a liar in his last issue, and intimates that we don't care to meet him face to face. We shall be in Lone Jack Monday afternoon, and if the editor of 'The Banner' doesn't take to the woods half an hour before our arrival, and remain shivering among the bushes until we leave, we will pay over \$100 to any charity he may name. He's a squirt gun man, and we've let him live on just to bother the flies. M. QUAD.

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