

THE SLEEPING CAR PORTER.

His Job the Softest Snap on Earth.

Salaries Paid by Companies Amount to Little Compared to the Tips From Passengers.

"I've tried about all lines, and I'm going back to railroading," said Jim.

Jim was the big man among the doorkeepers. He stood outside the old man's door, and none might enter until Jim had passed upon his credentials. Jim bossed the other doorkeepers, the messengers, the minor clerks and almost the assistant manager. He was the diplomat who arranged methods of escape for his superiors when cranks beset them. He it was who lured an enthusiastic poet bent on reciting some of his productions to the old man into an elevator going up so that the old man might escape in an elevator going down. Jim was a man of great experience, an his decision to go back to railroading was the result of long thought.

"You see," continued Jim, "a handy man has a chance railroading that he don't have in any other business. A good man ought to make \$15 a trip on a sleeper. I've made \$20 and sometimes \$30. But \$15 is the lowest that any good man should make and that without much work. A porter on a sleeper has the easiest time and makes his money with less work than anybody else in the world. So I'm going back to railroading.

"There's two kinds of porters. One is the kind that works for the pay he gets from the company—that's \$20 a month on a sleeper and \$25 on a chair car. He is satisfied to take what is coming to him, and he don't want any cracks to draw money from 'em. The other kind is different. They are the porters that are out for the passengers. The passengers like them better.

"A porter has a lot of experiences. Now, you take me. I think I can spot a good man as quick as anyone. But I've been fooled. I was running on the Pennsylvania's fast Chicago train six years ago. The first people to get around one night staggered me. There was an old man with cowhide boots and a paintbrush beard at the head of a parade of six kids. There was seven berths gone, and I said to myself, 'Not a cent in sight.' 'Well,' I said to myself, 'you're up against it. Half the car a kindergarten, with a jayhawker for the teacher. I see your finish.' Golly, I was mad.

"I took the checks and showed the old man the berths. I made up my mind it wasn't worth while to bother with that outfit, and I didn't. The old man put the nursery to bed and dressed them in the morning. No help did I give! Not me. I was too busy.

"Well, we got into Chicago, and I was brushing my passengers off. The old man got the kids in shape and paid no attention to me. He was kneeling down buttoning the leggings on one when I went through. I had my brush. 'Will you let me take that broom?' he said. I handed it over. Well, he brushed every one of 'em. I took the brush then and dusted him—not much, but just a little. Well, the old man went down in his jeans, and he pulled out a roll, and he knocked me down a fever. Yes, sir! He was the best man on the train, and there I had been abusing him all the trip!

"Now, women are queer. They don't tip, you know, and a careful woman is no good.

"Now, I ran on the Southwestern Limited once, and I remember a woman. She was an old maid, I judge. She got aboard at St. Louis, and she had bundles till you couldn't rest. She was little and fussy. She began to ask questions at once. She was a terror. Every time we stopped she said, 'What town is this, porter?' I'd tell her, mighty short. I got out of doing everything she asked. I never done a thing for her. I had her sized up—oh, you, I was smart.

"Well, she got onerous at Yonkers and began to bother worse than ever. When we got into the shed, she was first off, and her bundles weren't all there. I got them at last. And then she said: 'Porter, you've been very kind to me. Very kind, indeed, porter, and I want to thank you. Now, porter, this is for you,' and she showed a bill to me. Well, I hadn't expected to get anything, and I was glad. I thanked her and shoved the bill in my pocket. When she got away, I looked at it. It was a ten.

"A buffet is the thing. When a man

drinks alone, he gives up a dime for every drink and maybe a quarter. When there's more than one, it's a quarter most surely. A bridal couple! They're the stuff! Say, the bride wants everything. She wants a drink of water. 'Porter,' says he, 'a glass of water.' That's a quarter. He wants to show off. Then she'll send a telegram home. 'Porter,' says he, 'a telegraph blank.' That's another quarter, maybe fifty. I know one couple that nettled me three fifty in a day.

"Stateroom parties are apt to be no good. They may be folks with a pull or something like that, and they demand attention. I made a run once and only got a dime out of a crowded stateroom, and they kept me on the jump all the time.

"But the main thing is that railroading is the best business. It's easy money. All a man has to do is to be lively and be on hand and not in the way. Then he'll get along. I'm going back to railroading."

At the Telephone.

Miss Binks is at one end. Mr. Giddy-boy at the other.

Miss Binks: How did you enjoy the party?—I don't get you.—O, yes, you didn't go.—You stayed home and went to bed early?—Yes, we're talking. What's that?—Wait till I shut the door; there's so much noise in the next room.—Now, what did you say?—You had a dream about me?—How nice. Tell it, won't you?—Yes, exchange, we're talking.—You dreamed you died and went to heaven. How funny! Go on.—Yes. You looked around awhile and then an angel came up.—Yes, I get that. An angel came up.—What did the angel do?—Led you to a staircase.—I thought they didn't need staircases up there. Haven't they all got wings?—Yes, exchange, we're talking.—The angel gave you a piece of chalk?—How funny!—The angel said: "Go up there to that blackboard and write thereon all your sins."—A little louder, please.—And as you were going up you met me coming down?—What's that?—I looked as natural as life? Go on.—Yes, exchange, we're talking.—What's that? You asked me where I was going? What did I say?—O, I said I was going back for more chalk?—Do I catch on?—What are you giggling about?—Is it a joke?—O, you horrid thing!—Yes, exchange, we're talking.—Goodby.

Rings off and tries to cipher out the point of the story. Gives it up.—Ex.

The Forty-Sixth Star.

During the next session congress will probably be asked to grant statehood to Oklahoma and the Indian territory. There has been talk of making them into two states, but the present feeling seems to be that the two should be united in one strong state, which will be about as large as Missouri, will have not far from a million inhabitants and will contain wealth valued for taxation at more than \$100,000,000.

The growth of Oklahoma, which was mainly carved out of the territory set aside for the Indians in 1834, has been phenomenal even for the west. The movement to open the territory's public lands to settlement began about 1879. Then arose the "Oklahoma boomers"—would-be settlers who when arrested and expelled only waited until the troops were out of sight and then calmly moved back into the coveted country.

The boomers' campaign lasted ten years. The central portion of what is now Oklahoma was finally opened in April, 1889. At the blast of a bugle at noon on a beautiful spring day began a stampede which hardly seems to have ended yet. More than 50,000 persons entered the new territory that day, and before nightfall a number of townsites had been laid out for several thousand persons each.

Another tract was opened in 1891 and the Cherokee strip or outlet in 1893. The census of 1890 showed a population of not quite 62,000. The current census fixes the present population at about 400,000. A year ago there were still nearly 7,000,000 acres of government land open to homestead entry, but that is being rapidly taken up.

The Indian word Oklahoma means "Beautiful land," and the region has been peopled by persons worthy of just such a country. Of the white inhabitants only 35 in 1000 are illiterate. More than 1500 students are enrolled in the local colleges and normal schools, and the public school pupils number 8000. There are 1000 miles of railroad in the territory. The banks have a paid up capital of more than \$1,000,000. Considering its extent, population, wealth and resources, few territories have made a stronger claim for statehood.—Youth's Companion.

Engineer Sproat who was chief on the Victorian last year, has been appointed to the position of chief of the railroad company's fleet, formerly the steamers of the C. D. Co.

CANADIAN FORESTRY

Branch to be Organized in Dawson.

An effort is being made to establish in Dawson a branch of the Canadian Forestry Association. This organization has a widespread membership throughout Canada and its objects is as its name indicates, the protection and preservation of the forests of the Dominion.

The following extracts from the constitution of the order will give all necessary information to those who may be interested in the subject:

The name of the association shall be the Canadian Forestry Association.

Its primary objects shall be:

To advocate and encourage judicious methods in dealing with our forests and woodlands.

To awaken public interest in the sad results attending the wholesale destruction of forests (as shown by the experience of older countries) in the deterioration of the climate, diminution of fertility, drying up of rivers and streams, etc., etc.

To consider and recommend the exploration, as far as practicable, of our public domain and its division into agricultural, timber and mineral lands with a view of directing immigration and the pursuits of our pioneers into channels best suited to advance their interests and the public welfare. With this accomplished a portion of the unappropriated lands of the country be permanently reserved for the growth of timber.

To encourage afforestation wherever advisable, and to promote forest tree planting, especially in the treeless areas of our Northwestern prairies, upon farm lands where the proportion of woodland is too low, upon highways, and in the parks of our villages, towns and cities.

To collect and disseminate for the benefit of the public, report and information bearing on the forestry problem in general and especially with respect both to the wooded and prairie districts of Canada, and to teach the rising generation the value of the forest with a view of enlisting their efforts in its preservation.

The Flight From Majuba.

Writing of "The Flight from Majuba," a contributor to Cassell's Saturday Journal for January gives the opinion of a survivor of that British defeat. Said the latter: "Some bitter things have been said about the bolt from Majuba hill, but I can assure you that the run away was the only chance of escaping butchery. As you know, our ammunition ran out altogether, and we were hemmed in on all sides by the Boers. Only those who were there can understand what it meant for us to run away. Some of us, for instance had come straight from Afghanistan and the command of Gen. Roberts, and after what we'd done out there didn't fancy bolting from men who weren't soldiers by profession. We didn't run, either, till we'd done all we could. I saw men who hadn't another shot left pick up stones and hurl them into the very faces of the Boers as they swarmed up the crest of Majuba; and I saw some of the Highlanders dash their tins of bully beef into the face of the enemy. I shall never forget the fight. I saw two officers escaping on one pony; but I also saw the valiant defence of the wounded which won for Corporal Farmer the Victoria Cross. I saw plenty of brave deeds both in India and South Africa, but not a single one that was braver than Farmer's."

The Alaska Traffic.

Increased Alaska traffic for the coming season is evidenced by the fact that several new vessels will be placed on the run in addition to those at present in operation. Among these will be the Pacific Coast's new liner, the Spokane, and what effect the fast service from the British Columbia city will have on the business through this city is a question of great interest.

It is claimed that the operation of four fast steamers from Victoria will overdo the business from the British Columbia side. At present the C. P. N. Co. is said to be making money on the Alaska trade, but it is said that to double the present service will be a losing proposition, financially, as the business does not warrant such a move. The marine men taking the above view of the situation feel convinced that the vessels are not to be placed on the Alaska run permanently; that the steamers, in fact, are destined for some other route, most likely the Hawaiian islands and the Philippines, from which points an immense business is expected to accrue with American rule. In connection with the advent of the

new steamers a great deal of interest has been aroused over the rumor that the headquarters of the C. P. N. Co., are to be removed from Victoria to Vancouver, where immediate connection can be made with the Canadian Pacific overland trains. This fact is said to be further evidence that the steamers will be put on the Hawaiian-Philippine-Vancouver run ultimately.—P.-I.

Interesting Incident.

The most interesting recent incident in the records of the American Society of Psychological Research is that of the face of a murdered man visibly seen by a friend 20 miles away. The story is related by Dr. Richard Hodgson of Boston, secretary of the society:

"Richard Pickering of Cleveland, O., on last November 12 was sitting before his fireplace in his home. He was thinking about an invention, when the face of his life-long friend, David Huren, appeared before him. He did not recognize it because of a difference in his friend's beard since he had last seen him, but he knew that it was a familiar face.

"All night he thought over the strange apparition, trying to fix the face and recall the name of the friend to whom it belonged. It had appeared to him several times, the first as the face of a living man and the last three or four times as the face of a dead man with the head drooping over to one side in death.

"It was not until the next morning that he learned of the murder of his old friend, and then he knew that his was the face he had seen at the exact time the murder took place.

"Mr. Pickering and the murdered man were friends for many years. They came to this country together from England when they were young men and worked together for a long time. After Mr. Huren moved from Cleveland to Willoughby he often went to Cleveland to visit his friend, and the attachment between them was very close. Mr. Pickering has lived in Cleveland for a number of years and is well known there. He is the inventor of a line of patent pressure regulators and reducing valves."

Mr. Pickering's letter in answer to one from Dr. Hodgson asking for a statement of the phenomenon is as follows:

"Yours of the 21st received with circular, etc. The newspaper account of the appearance of the face of my murdered friend, David Huren, is correct, with the exception that the face was not seen in the fire.

"It was more realistic than that. The reporter might have been impressed with the idea that I had seen him that way, and it was also an easy way to illustrate the face with me in front of the fire.

"It faded away, and it came again. 'I had no light but the fire, and the dark space showed up the face as if it had been thrown on a screen by a magic lantern and was caused to appear and fade as by dissolving views, the face being lighted up with a glow. I was not startled at all, because in that mood or invention trance, as it might be called, I am alert for catching any thing or form that presents itself or is given by the agency that helps invention. And as the face became more distinct my mind became more engrossed in the face, and the invention was obliterated.'—Ez.

Odd Engagement Rings.

Some lovers choose queer tokens of truth to give their fiancées, and the tendency nowadays is toward rings of an unusual design.

An Egyptian ring which was taken from the hand of a mummy is worn by one woman whose tastes run to the bizarre and antique.

Another iron ring was a section cut from the barrel of a pistol which was a family heirloom and had figured in more than one affair of honor.

A black pearl surrounded by tiny white pearls was given to another woman who scorned superstition. Pearls mean tears in the lore of gems.

Opals, which used to be considered unlucky for engagement rings, are now coming into favor. One superstition defying lover had 13 of these milk and fire gems set into a ring for his fiancée.

Another beautiful and unique engagement ring is a large pink pearl surrounded by diamonds. When the bride to be saw this, her superstitions vanished forthwith, and it is her boast that she has never wept since it was first put on her finger.

One young man recently had a ring made out of a horseshoe for the girl of his choice. He had long owned the horseshoe and, believing it had brought him good luck, thought a bit of the iron made into a ring would be a happy omen for the engagement.

Dr. Brown the dentist returned this morning from a trip to the outside bringing his family with him.

WHO ARE THIEVES AT NOME?

Factions Made Counter Charges at Late Election.

Saloon Men and Gamblers Carried the Day by Very Small Majority—Incorporation Scheme Lost.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

San Francisco, March 18.—Nome City is still wide open and the gambling element is running things to suit itself. An election was held there in November, and according to a letter received here a few days ago the reform element was beaten by 35 votes. There was a miners' ticket and a citizens' ticket in the field. The former wanted to incorporate the town and the latter was bitterly opposed to it. The reform element thought it would easily carry the day and rested on its oars until almost the last day. Not so with the gamblers and saloonkeepers, however. They worked morning, noon and night, and in consequence many of the reform candidates were defeated on election day.

The miners' ticket was as follows:

For councilmen—Capt. E. H. Hanson, Hank Summers, Capt. W. E. Geiger, George S. Newman, J. B. Miller, R. S. Ryan and J. H. Wright.

For school board—Miner Bruce, D. H. C. Wilkinson and Capt. Kidston.

The citizens' ticket was as follows:

For councilmen—Hank Summers, David F. Lane, R. S. Ryan, Sam Heron, Charlie Hoxsie, Ed Dozier and Capt. W. E. Geiger.

For school board—Capt. Kidston, Miner Bruce and Dr. H. C. Wilkinson.

According to the letter which brought the news there are only about 4000 people, all told, wintering at Nome, and of these only 708 cast votes. Of these 36 votes were thrown out on account of irregularity. When everything had been straightened out the vote stood: For incorporation, 320; against incorporation, 352. Had the reform element won, Capt. E. H. Hanson, president of the Nome Chamber of Commerce, was to have been mayor, but now Hank Summers, in the employ of one of the big mining companies, will fill the coveted office.

There was a hot time on the beach for a week before election. Both sides flooded the various camps with dodgers, and the gamblers and saloon men gathered their followers from far and near. Here are a couple of samples of the dodgers got out by the opposing factions. This one was issued by the reform element:

Thieves.—Look out for the thieves and firebugs if incorporation does not carry. Remember this camp contains an element which cannot be held in check under present conditions. The military do not want to arrest men, because they have no available funds for the keep of prisoners. Vote for incorporation.

This one was issued by the citizens' committee:

Grafters.—Worse than thieves, because they work under the protection of the law. Property owners of Nome, do you know what they will do to you? There is money being spent to incorporate; they expect the money back a thousand-fold. Get to the polls early and vote against incorporation, or get ready to leave Nome while you have money enough to get out, for the grafters will tax you to the poorhouse before spring.

Still another reads:

Vote for incorporation. Why? We need fire protection; we need a hospital; we need good streets; we need recognition by congress. The companies are against incorporation. Why? They look out for themselves.

The letter containing the above information concludes as follows:

"The push, saloon men, gamblers, big mt boys and others gave the candidates the double cross and beat incorporation. So much the better for the town at next election. The soldiers are now shipping the push out of here.

Moran Not Murdered.

Vancouver, B. C., March 18.—News from the north this evening includes the result of an investigation into the death of Harry Moran and Edward Foley at Cape Mudge. It was at first supposed that the two men might have been murdered by Indians, but there is now believed to be no doubt but that the men were drowned through the capsizing of their boat during a squall. The swift currents along the coast have probably disposed of the bodies so that it is unlikely they will ever be recovered. Moran, who was well connected in Chicago, had been at Nome, where it was supposed he had been very successful. It is now stated, however, that his Nome venture was unsuccessful.