

## JAIL EXPERIENCES

Dilapidated Gentleman Tells Stories of Arrests.

PROFIT FROM STAY IN CELL.

He Learns That He Has Some Rights, Though Sentenced to Imprisonment, and Young Lawyer Helps Him Collect From Authorities.

By M. QUAD.  
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"In my wanderings to and fro," said the dilapidated gentleman as he pocketed the quarter extended to him and bowed his thanks, "it has happened that I have seen the inside of several country jails. In each and every case I was sentenced as a tramp, and the time was for various periods. In some states they have given up trying to grapple with the tramp problem; in others they are alert to lay hands on him and try



IN IRONS FOR REFUSING TO WORK.

to cure him with a dose of jail life. "I took in the country jail as part of the program," continued the wanderer with a smile, "and I got it all. The first time I was arrested I let things slide. The constable maltreated me, the justice of the peace abused me, and the jailer half starved and put me at the most menial work. The jail was little better than a pigpen and the food hardly fit for hogs.

"When I had served my time and been kicked out I posted myself as to the law, and my next arrest resulted in a surprise party. I refused to do any work, and the low upheld me. I refused to eat the fare furnished, and the law compelled the jailer to better it. I demanded bedding and heat, and the jailer had to comply. He was glad enough to see the last of me, but I had scarcely tramped into the next county before I was picked up again. This was in Ohio, just over the Michigan line, and, although it was five years ago, I have no doubt they are talking about me yet.

**Attacked by a Farmer.**  
"I was plodding along the highway about sundown when a farmer jumped over the fence and pitched into me. He had got in three or four blows before I landed him one that knocked him down. Three other men came to his rescue, and I was handcuffed and kept in a barn all night.

"Next morning I was arraigned before a country justice, and without even asking me to plead and refusing to let me consult a lawyer he sent me up for six months. The charge was vagrancy, resisting arrest and felonious assault on an officer, all rolled into one and a happy combination. Only one of the men who aided in my arrest testified against me.

"I was bundled off to the country jail in a hurry and upon my arrival was placed in a dark cell and fed on bread and water, and it was two weeks before I had the run of the ward. Then it so transpired that a young lawyer who happened to run for the legislature visited the jail on business, and I got speech with him. The result was that he took up my case, and the end astonished several people.

**Made Profitable Settlements.**  
"In the first place, while the man who had assaulted me was a constable, he did not seek to arrest me in the regular way, but only after the assault. Under the law, therefore, I had a right to resist. The charge against me was vagrancy, and I had \$15 in my pocket. I should have been taken before a justice forthwith, but instead I was locked up in a barn until next day. We had that constable so scared within two days that he fairly begged me to take \$100 and call it square.

"We then went for the justice. He had not given me the show allowed by law and on four different points had rendered himself liable to reproval. He came to me with tears in his eyes and \$75 in his hand, and I let up on him.

"Then it was the jailer's turn to toe the mark. He had no legal right to shut me up in a dark cell. No law gave him the privilege of substituting bread and water for my prison diet. He had been abusive and tyrannical and had kicked me, and that was assault. The law specified what food he should furnish his prisoners, but he had substituted what he pleased.

**Case Got Into Politics.**  
"He tried to make me saw wood and scrub out the corridors and had put me in irons because I had refused, and yet I was clearly within the law, I had him up on six different charges,

but before the case came to trial I settled with him for \$250.

"I had been sent to jail without the option of a fine. I was taken out on a writ of habeas corpus and admitted to bail and was therefore free to appear in court.

"The case did not end when the jailer squared up. Three or four politicians saw that my lawyer was making too much capital out of it, and they set out to down him. The result was that it became a political contest of interest to all in that legislative district, and after a mud slinging campaign and a close vote my lawyer triumphed over all and came out with flying colors. The district was upset politically for the first time in eighteen years, and all because of a tramp.

**Experience In New Jersey.**  
"My last jail," continued the dilapidated gentleman, "was in New Jersey and only last June. My arrest came about in a rather singular way that is, it would be accounted singular outside of New Jersey. I had been walking all the forenoon, and about 12 o'clock I sat down by the roadside to rest and have a cold bite. Pretty soon a farmer came along leading a bull, and just as he reached me the bull broke away, knocked the man down and jumped into a field and gored a calf.

"Although I offered my services to help capture the bull, the farmer insisted that I was to blame and had me arrested. It was claimed that my presence excited the animal to mischief, and on the ridiculous charge I was sent to jail for fifteen days. I told the jailer at once that I should stand on my legal rights as a prisoner, and, though he sulked over it, he carried out his part of the contract to the very last day.

**Wrongfully Held Eight Hours.**  
"My sentence of fifteen days expired at noon of a certain Wednesday. Jail and prison sentences always expire at that hour, the same as insurance policies. This jailer probably knew the law better than I did, but in order to get even with me he kept me until 8 o'clock in the evening. It was then raining heavily, and I refused to go out. He had me flung into the street and added a kick by way of farewell and probably thought he had seen the last of me.

"Next morning I began a suit against him for false imprisonment and on top of that another for assault and battery, and he had hardly consulted a lawyer before he was on hand with an offer to settle with me for \$150. I closed with him at that, and I think the lesson was one to him good.

"Yes, I've been in jail, and perhaps I shall bring up behind the bars again, but I shall accept it all as in the day's work and stand by my rights.

"Thank you again for the coin. You have delivered the cash, and I have delivered my story. Best and safest principle in the world to work on. Saves all bookkeeping, prevents misunderstandings, and there are no long drawn accounts to go over. I'm sure of a bite to eat and a bed tonight, and if you haven't got the worth of your money I'll bear on a little harder next time."

**Approved.**  
Philip was a conceited youth. One evening he chatted upon some friends and picked up the new Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which lay on the table.

"What do you think of it, Philip?" asked the host.

"Well," was the reply, "so far as I have looked it seems to be correct."—Success Magazine.

**Stands High.**  
"Would you say the presidency or the judiciary is the noblest institution in the land?" asked the interrogative person.

"Without intending to cast a slur on either the presidency or the judiciary," answered the opinionated person, "I should say that pay days hold that enviable eminence."—Buffalo Express.

**Futile.**  
"Usin' profanity to a mule," said Uncle Eben, "don't generally accomplish much 'cep to give de mule a chance to show off his superior dignity."—Washington Star.

**Light Needed.**  
"This is the twentieth anniversary of my marriage."  
"That so?"  
"Well, is that all you have to say?"  
"Look here! Are you fishing for sympathy or congratulations?"—Houston Post.

**Well, Rather!**  
Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm)—With all your city education, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow from.

The Boy—Sure I do! It's the under side!—Puck.

**Must Be Up to Date.**  
"She has a model husband."  
"1910 or 1911?"—Detroit Free Press.

**"Did We but Know."**  
Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts We'd have far less conceit. Nor would we hold our chins in air When we walked down the street.

Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts Our overweening pride Would seem so senseless and absurd We'd steal away and hide.—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts, We'd all be busy, too, Explaining how we can afford To live the way we do.

Did we but know our neighbors' thoughts, If all were understood, The chances are that we would seek Some other neighborhood.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## BOWSER'S ERROR.

He Was Certain He Could Find a White Woodchuck.

HIS WIFE HAD HER DOUBTS.

"Naturalist" Was Eager to Prove He Was Right, So He Went to the Country in Quest of Curiosity, but Farmers Fail to Help Him.

By M. QUAD.  
[Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.]

WHEN Mr. Bowser didn't rush away from the breakfast table the other morning to catch the car Mrs. Bowser looked at him closely to see if he was ill, and, detecting no signs, she asked: "Don't you go to the office today?"

"No. There's a little outside matter to keep me busy."

"You are not going to paint or white-wash?"

"No."

"And you are not going to look at an airship?"

"Certainly not. I am going to make a trip to the country. I could have told you last night, but I thought this morning would do. You know I am a member of the Naturalists' club?"

"I know you belong to five or six different clubs."

"Well, the Naturalist is one of them. For the last six months we have been having a rather hot dispute with a like club in England, and I am hoping to settle it today."

"Why, how can you settle it? If it's anything about animals or birds or fish, what can you know?"

**Knew About Natural History.**  
"I don't like that tone," replied Mr. Bowser as he flushed up. "If I hadn't known a little something about natural history I shouldn't have been invited to join the club, nor would its president have come to me the other day to ask my opinion."

"On what?"

"As to whether a certain bone was the hip bone of a lion or the jawbone of a shark I may know a thing or two even if my name is Bowser."

"Of course you do," replied Mrs. Bowser, "but it's news to me that you are a naturalist. What specimen are you going out to look for?"

"The English club contends that there is no such thing as a white woodchuck in the whole world. We contend the woods are full of them."



EXPLAINS TO FARMER'S WIFE.

I am going out and have a farmer kill me one, and the pelt will be sent over the water as proof."

"We had woodchucks on our farm when I was a girl, but I don't believe there were any white ones. They are a gray brown."

"What you saw when you were a girl has nothing to do with the case in point. You were paying more attention to dolls than to woodchucks. I have seen a hundred of them."

"You'd better look at our natural history book and see before you go."

**His Word Settled It.**  
"Mrs. Bowser, you seem determined to quarrel about this matter. I have said there are white woodchucks. That ought to settle the point. If it doesn't, then I will bring the pelt of one and hold it under your eyes. If it was a case of trying eggs or mashing potatoes I would give into you, but when it's a question of woodchucks I take a back seat for no human being."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Mrs. Bowser as he departed, and she took down the natural history and failed to find that a white woodchuck had ever been seen on earth.

Mr. Bowser took no gun with him. He proposed to hire a farmer to dig out and kill the game he was after. He rode eight miles on a suburban trolley car and then dropped off at a farmer's door. The man of toil was in the field, but the wife was on hand to answer questions. As Mr. Bowser walked up the path she figured that he was a chicken buyer and that she might work some odd hens off on him, and she was disappointed when he greeted her with a good morning and added:

"Madam, I am a naturalist, and I am out here looking for a specimen."

"Is it subscription books?" she asked.

"Oh, no."

"We don't want any photographs enlarged."

**Woman Never Saw One.**  
"A naturalist, madam, is one who studies animals, birds, fish and so on. What I am after is a woodchuck."

"Oh, I see."

"A white woodchuck." "But I never heard of one. We have woodchucks here, but no white ones. The pesky things ate up our field beans last year."

"But, madam, there must be white woodchucks," persisted Mr. Bowser. "Are all horses, cows, sheep, dogs and chickens the same color? Of course not. They may be white or black or gray or brown. The color would be monotonous even to the animals themselves."

"Well, I never saw one," answered the woman, "and you'd better go to the field and ask my husband."

Mr. Bowser made his way down to where a couple of men were at work, and when one of them asked what he wanted he replied:

"An hour or so of your time, for which I will pay well, I want you to kill and skin a white woodchuck for me."

Both men laughed outright.

"Is it so very funny?" asked the naturalist.

**Could Find Green Possum.**  
"Well, yes, I don't know but I could scare you up a green possum and a blue coon, but I don't think I could find you a white woodchuck. That is something I never saw nor heard of. Did you, Jim?"

The query was addressed to his hired man, who was a German, and he shook his head and replied:

"I hear of some crazy folks, but not of white woodchucks. I guess dot mans means a red skunk!"

"I ask you, sir," said Mr. Bowser, ignoring Jim and addressing the farmer, "if there are no white woodchucks in this locality?"

"And I say that I never heard of one."

"But do you claim that all woodchucks are the same color?"

"I don't claim anything about it."

"No interest in the thing, eh?"

"Not the slightest. Whenever I can kill a chuck I do so, and that ends it."

"Then, sir, you are a wooden headed farmer, sir, and I have wasted my time."

With that Mr. Bowser departed and walked to the next farm and made inquiry of a farmer mending a hoe.

**Telephoned to the Constable.**  
"A white woodchuck? Say, you don't mean a pink rabbit, do you?"

"There are white woodchucks. I want one. I am willing to pay you well for your trouble."

"Must be your day off, stranger," said the farmer as he turned to his work. "I'm a little bit obliged, but I can't spare no time today to talk with lunatics. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next farm."

But they didn't. When Mr. Bowser had explained his mission the farmer entered his house and telephoned to the constable, a mile away, that there was a suspicious stranger hanging around, and the naturalist headed back for the terminus of the car line and home. He had been gone four hours, and he was tired. He expected to hear from Mrs. Bowser at once, but it was not until he had slept for two hours and woke up that she quietly said:

"I got to thinking after you went away, and it came to me that what you wanted was a maroon colored fox! If you feel like it tomorrow you can go again. Perhaps you may also find a terra cotta squirrel!"

**The Rural Uplift.**  
"Has your family been of much assistance to you in running the place?"

"I should say so," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Food has been so high that the summer board season would have been a failure if it hadn't been for mother and our son Josh."

"They saved the expenses of help?"

"No, sir. But Josh is a right good hand in a poker game, and the way mother picked up bridge was something amazin'."—Washington Star.

**After a Victim.**  
"How did that city feller come to run his automobile in the creek?" asked Pa Farms.

"I guess he was 'nottin' in the road fer him to run over," said old man Acres, "and so he tried for a fish."—Buffalo Express.

**Modest Desires.**  
Most people are very meek in their demands—wanting only a red hot time in this old world and ice enough to keep the next world cool!—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Question of Locality.**  
First Lady Guest—Were so comfortable here and the poor men home working hard. I'd just love to see my husband smoking now, wouldn't you?

Second Lady Guest—Good heavens, no! My husband's dead!—Exchange.

**Adding Insult to Injury.**  
First Hen—Stopped laying?  
Second Hen—Yes; they expect us to lift the mortgage for the auto that runs over us.—Harper's Bazar.

**Good Evening.**  
Lights turned high.  
Papa's very high.  
Little brother's there,  
Perched in a chair.  
Resting in my lap.  
Cat taking nap.  
Enter Mamma Mudge  
With a plate of fudge.  
Sweetheart's sitting there;  
I am sitting here—  
Both on the settle.  
Papa's in the stove.  
Very late at night.  
No relief in sight.  
"Truly, I must go."  
"Must you really, Joe?"  
"Awfully glad you came.  
Won't you come again?" says she.  
Now, ain't that a dicensa  
Of an evening for me?  
—Chicago Record-Herald.



DEPARTMENT OF MINES

"Coal Mines Regulation Act"

Notice is hereby given that the following constitute the Board of Examiners for the Corbin Colliery during the year 1914:

Appointed by the Owners—Harry Massey.

Alternates—David Brown, James Quinn.

Appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council—David Brown.

Elected by the Miners—J. Kirkoski.

Alternates—Fred Oliver, Richard Garbutt.

All persons interested may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary of the Board, Mr. David Brown, Corbin, B.C.

Note—Alternates act as Members of the Board in the absence of those regularly appointed or elected to act thereon.

Dated the 30th day of December, 1913

RICHARD McBRIDE,  
Minister of Mines.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES

"Coal Mines Regulation Act"

Notice is hereby given that the following constitute the Board of Examiners for the Hosmer Colliery during the year 1914:

Appointed by the Owners—James Maltman.

Alternates—Alex. D. McAllan, William Rankin.

Appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council—Samuel Richards.

Elected by the Miners—John Loskoski.

Alternates—Mike Jasbee, J. D. Mialek.

All persons interested may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary of the Board, Mr. Samuel Richards, Hosmer, B.C.

Note—Alternates act as Members of the Board in the absence of those regularly appointed or elected to act thereon.

Dated the 30th day of December, 1913

RICHARD McBRIDE,  
Minister of Mines.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES

"Coal Mines Regulation Act"

Notice is hereby given that the following constitute the Board of Examiners for the Michel Collieries during the year 1914:

Appointed by the Owners—William Robinson.

Alternates—Thomas Cunliffe, W. Whitehouse.

Appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council—R. L. Spruston.

Elected by the Miners—James Mercer.

Alternates—John Price, Michael D. McLean.

All persons interested may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary of the Board, Mr. R. L. Spruston, Michel, B.C.

Note—Alternates act as Members of the Board in the absence of those regularly appointed or elected to act thereon.

Dated the 30th day of December, 1913

RICHARD McBRIDE,  
Minister of Mines.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES

"Coal Mines Regulation Act"

Notice is hereby given that the following constitute the Board of Examiners for the Coal Creek Collieries during the year 1914:

Appointed by the Owners—David Martin.

Alternates—William Wilson, William Lancaster.

Appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council—James M. Stewart.

Elected by the Miners—William A. Brown.

Alternates—Henry Fox, William Hunter.

All persons interested may obtain full information by applying to the Secretary of the Board, Mr. James M. Stewart, Coal Creek, B.C.

Note—Alternates act as Members of the Board in the absence of those regularly appointed or elected to act thereon.

Dated the 30th day of December, 1913

RICHARD McBRIDE,  
Minister of Mines.

FERNIE LAND DISTRICT

District of South East Kootenay

Take Notice that May Blake, of Seattle, Washington, occupation stenographer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 8726, G. 1, thence 7.52 chains south, thence 64.6 chains east, thence 3.46 chains north, thence 35.85 chains west, thence 4.06 chains north, thence west to point of commencement.

May Blake,  
Name of Applicant.  
I. Newton Dally, Agent.  
Date, October 17th, 1913. N14

FERNIE LAND DISTRICT

District of South East Kootenay

Take Notice that Q. A. Myers, of Corbin, B.C., occupation guide and timberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 11951, thence North 14 chains, thence west about 26 chains to the East boundary of Lot 7136, thence South 14 chains, thence East to point of commencement and containing about 26 acres more or less.

Quincy A. Myers,  
Name of Applicant.  
Date, October 15th, 1913. N14

To

The Kootenay River Land Company, Spokane, Wash.

Take Notice that by order of His Honour Judge Thompson, dated the 22nd day of December, 1913, it was ordered that the Writ of Summons hereunder mentioned be served upon you, The Kootenay River Land Company, by publication in the Fernie Free Press newspaper, for a period of three (3) consecutive issues, and that such publication be held to be due service of the said Writ of Summons upon you the said Kootenay River Land Company, and that you, the said Kootenay River Land Company, do have eight (8) days from the date of the last publication of the said advertisement within which to enter appearance to the said Writ of Summons.

Dated this 23rd day of December, 1913.

A. Macneil,  
Solicitor for the Plaintiff hereunder mentioned.

In the Supreme Court of British Columbia between:

Peter Backs

Plaintiff,

and

The Earl of Ranfurly and Dudley Alexander, The Kootenay River Land Company and the Baynes Lake Land Company, Limited.

Defendants.

Writ issued the 9th day of September, 1912, and amended the 9th day of December, 1913.

The Plaintiff's claim is for damages sustained by the Plaintiff in consequence of the defective irrigation system provided by the Defendants to Sub-divisions of land purchased by him from the Kootenay River Land Company of Spokane, State of Washington, which has transferred all its rights, title and interests in and to Lot 132, Group One (1), Kootenay District—of which the said subdivision of land purchased by the Plaintiff forms a part—to the Defendants.

D26-3

COURT OF REVISION

Fort Steele Assessment District

Notice is hereby given that a Court of Revision and Appeal, under the provisions of the "Taxation Act" and the "Public School Act," for the Fort Steele Assessment District with respect to the Assessment Rolls for the year 1914, will be held at the Government Offices, Fernie, B.C., on Monday, the 26th day of January, A.D. 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, legal time, and at the Government Offices, Cranbrook, B.C., on Wednesday, the 28th day of January, A.D. 1914, at ten o'clock in the forenoon legal time.

Alfred Clement Nelson,  
Judge of Court of Revision and Appeal.

J9-2

Some Election Strategy

Toronto, Jan. 4.—A piece of election strategy which is believed to be without precedent became known today, when local officials of the Dominion Alliance were notified that envelopes containing dollar bills were sent to voters at Arnprior and Bracebridge, where polling on a local option bylaw is to take place tomorrow. The effect of this money going into the possession of the voters is that any person who has a list of those to whom money was sent can challenge their right to take their oaths at the polls.