

I spent my first night that way. I just hanged on to that cord, and was soon snorin' away to beat the band. But, I had a hard knock when I woke up. I thought I had slipped somehow, for I was lying flat on my face. And I felt some beaut' of a bruise on my nose. But I looks around and there was all the others just scrambling on to their feet. I got wise then. That's how they wake you up. The Bartender comes along and cuts the cord. I've laughed my eyes out sometimes when I've just come in and seen him doing it. Poor guys, snorin' away peaceful, when-bang-all of them goes an awful crack. But they don't mind ; it's all in the game. Drinks start passing 'round. And soon everybody's feelin' good. We don't stick in any town long. Frisco's alright. But we get out of it soon. We goes out of the town, and swings on to a freight. Too many « spotters » around town. Get hell if you're caught. You've got to be wise and keep out of the way of the Conductor. He thinks nothin' of booting you off. He don't care if he breaks your neck. That reminds me, I was in a freight yard fight in Chicago some years afterwards. They pulled on us those beaks did, I had a peach of a thirty-two, and took a shot at one of them « cops » and I missed him, but got a poor innocent « Chink » who was walking on the road just outside the yard. I kills him stone dead. I see that fellow now when I gets some of my funny dreams. All the little devils I see are « Chinks ». Some « Chink » 'll get me some day ; I just feel it in my bones. Well those « cops » did give us some chase. They'd dropped most of us ; there was just three of us left. We had to drop the stuff we was pinchin', and run for it. We made it all right. Did the old stunt, swung on to an outgoing freighter, and beat them to it. D'ye know I've got a thousand dollars on my head, I have, I'm some tough guy all right, all right. I've led this life for years ; just roamin' from one place to another. I gave it up sometimes and tried to stick to a job in the big cities, but nothin' doin' for long. It was too tame so I ends up by joining the States' Army. It looked good to me. But there was'nt enough fighting. I was down at Mexico too. So I beats it, and hobos it to Calgary, where I enlisted for this outfit. I guess I'll beat it now.

Yep I'll have another whiskey. Sure, I can stand it ! Thanks-come 'round here to-morrow, and I'll tell you some more of the things I've been through. So long, kid ».

He had gone. I had had a laugh, and I had found a character. A type in himself, whose way of telling a yarn was inimitable. Give him what he wants to drink, and he will repay you by recounting his adventures. He is not mythical, he exists. And this yarn of his is not imaginative. It is as nearly as possible a verbatim report of what he actually told me.

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In the German nation we are confronted with the commercial and scientific ethics of the twentieth century, allied with the spiritual ethics of the fourteenth century. I think we may fairly say that the need for mutual progress is clearly demonstrated. Lest we forget.

ANON.