



THE happiness of our lives depends much less on the actual value of the work done than on the spirit in which we do it.—H.R.H. Prince Leopold.

"Pigs is Pigs"

BY E. P. BUTLER, IN FARMER'S MAGAZINE

MIKE Flannery, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Co., leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated, and at last Mr. Morehouse had talked himself speechless. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box, across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a rough but serviceable cage. In it two spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

"Do as you like, then!" shouted Flannery. "Pay for them, an' take 'em, or don't pay for them an' leave them be. Rules is rules, Mister Morehouse, an' Mike Flannery's not goin' to be called down for breakin' of them."

"But, you everlastingly stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a flimsy printed book beneath the agent's nose, "can't you read it here—in your own printed rates? 'Pigs, Domestic Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'" He threw the book on the counter in disgust. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they properly boxed?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly, frowning furiously. Suddenly he turned to Flannery, and forcing his voice to an artificial calmness, spoke slowly, but with intense sarcasm.

"Pigs," he said, "P-e-t-t! Twenty-five cents each. The are two of them! One, two! Two times twenty-five are fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents!"

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

"An' I don't take fifty cents," he whispered in mockery. "Here's the rule for 'u. 'Whin the agent be in anny doubt regardin' which of de charges applies to a shipment, he shall choose the larger. The consignee may file a claim for the overcharge. In this case, Mister Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pigs them animals may be, an' domestic they be, but pigs rules says plain as the nose on yer face, 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, thirty cents each.' An', Mister Morehouse, by me arithmetical knowledge, two, times thirty comes to sixty cents."

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely.

"Nonsense," he shouted, "confounded nonsense, I tell you! Why, you poor, ignorant foreigner, that

rule means common pigs, domestic pigs—not guinea-pigs!"

Flannery was stubborn. "Pigs is pigs," he declared, firmly. "Guinea-pigs, or Dago pigs, or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company an' to Mike Flannery."

The nationality of the pig creates no differentiability in the rates, Mister Morehouse! 'Twould be the same was they Dutch pigs or Roo-shun pigs. Mike Flannery," he added, "is here to tind to the ex-



Neatness is the Prevailing Characteristic of this Ontario Farmstead.

—Home of Jas. Tamblyn, Durham Co., Ont.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dr. Sir," said the reply, "your letter of the 16th inst., addressed to this department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up your matter with our agent at Westcote. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You have, therefore, your letter regarding the proper rate on the consignment should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly and gave his arguments in full, quoting a page or two from the Encyclopaedia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

With the care that characterizes corporations when they are systematically conducted, Mr. Morehouse's letter was numbered and O.K'd, and started through the regular channels. Duplicate copies of the bill of lading, manifest, Flannery's receipt for the package, and several other pertinent papers were pinned to the letter, and they were passed to the head of the Tariff Department.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned.

shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the door sill.

Mrs. Morehouse jumped, guiltily. She never used ink. She had not seen the ink nor moved the ink nor thought of the ink, but her husband's tone convicted her of the guilt of having borne and reared a boy, and she knew that whenever her husband wanted anything in a loud voice the boy had been at it.

"I'll find Sammy," she said, meekly.

When the ink was found, Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly, and he read the completed letter, and smiled a triumphant smile.

"That will settle that crazy Irishman," he exclaimed. "When they get that letter he will hunt another job, all right!"

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope, with the card of the Interurban Express Co. in the upper left hand corner. He tore it open eagerly, and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A6754. The letter was short.

"Subject—Rate on Guinea-pigs," it said. "Dr. Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. He wrote six pages of choice sarcasm, vituperation, and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

He looked through the papers carelessly.

"Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter. 'Agent, Westcote. Please advise my consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.'"

Miss Kane made a series of curves and angles on her notepad and wrote with pencil poised. The head of the department looked at the papers again.

"Huh! guinea-pigs!" he said.

"Probably starved to death by this time! Add this to that letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present.'"

He tossed the papers on the stenographer's desk, took his feet from his own desk, and went out to lunch.

When Mike Flannery received the letter, he scratched his head. "Give prisint condition," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Now, what do them clerks be wantin' to know, I wonder! 'Prisint condition, is it? Them pigs, prase St. Patrick, do be in good health, so far as I know, but I never was no veterinary surgeon to Dago pigs. Mebbey them clerks wants me to call in the pig docter an' have their pulses took. Wan thing I do know, however, which is my glorious appietes for pigs of their size. Ate? They'd ate the brass padlocks of a barn door! If the Pady, by the same tokm, were as hearty as these Dago pigs do, there'd be a famine in Irelaod." To assure himself that his report would be up-to-date, Flannery went to the rear of the office and looked into the cage.

The pigs had been transferred to a larger box—a dry goods box.

"Wan—two—tree—four—foive—six—seven—eight!" he counted. "Sivin spotted an' wan all black. An' well, an' hearty, an' all eatin' loike—ragin' hippypho—musses." He went back to his desk and wrote.

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say Dago pigs is pigs because they are pigs and will be till you say they ain't which is what the rule book says state your jollyin' me you know it as well as I do. As to health, they are well and hoping you are the same. P.S.—There are eight now the family increased they are all good eaters. P.S.—I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage while they like shall I put in for same?"

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again and became serious.

"By George!" he said, "Flannery is right. 'Pigs is pigs.' I'll have to get authority on this thing. Meanwhile, Mike, I'll take this letter:

"Agent, Westcote. Regarding shipment guinea-pigs.—File No. A6754. Rule 83, General Instruction to Agents, clearly states that the agent shall be liable for consignee at all costs of providing, etc., required for live stock while in transit or storage. You will proceed to collect same from consignee."

Flannery received this letter next morning, and when he read it he grinned.

"Proceed to collect," he said, softly. "How thin clerks do loike to be talkin'!"

He talked Mike through the two dollars and twenty-five cents of Mister Morehouse! I wonder do them clerks know Mister Morehouse? I'll get it. Oh, yes! 'Mister Morehouse, two and a quarter, please. Certainly, my dear friend, Flannery, Delighted!' Not!"

Flannery drove the express wagon to Mr. Morehouse's door. Mr. Morehouse answered the bell.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "so you've come to your senses at last, have you I thought you would! Bring the box in." (Continued next week.)

W. B. PO

NO ALUM

E.W. GILLES

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