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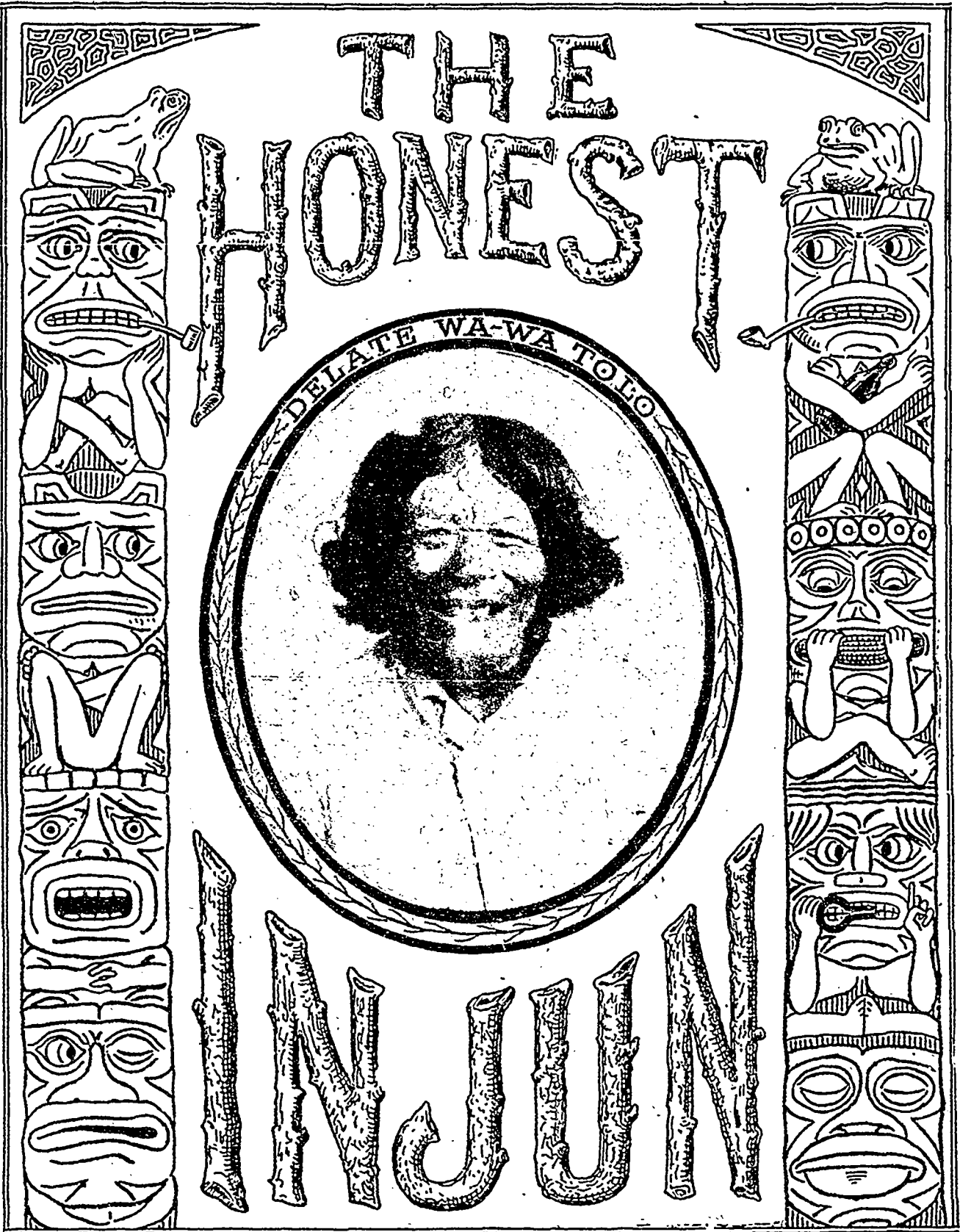
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VOL. I.

OCTOBER 23, 1897.

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VOL. 1.

VICTORIA, B.C., OCTOBER 23, 1897.

No. 1.

THE HONEST INJUN

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY.

DAVID FALCONER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Annual Subscription, Canada and the United States, \$1.00.

Great Britain and Foreign, \$1.50.

SALUTATORY.

It is customary and proper in this place, for a new publication to declare its intentions, and it is usual to explain that it comes to the front "in response to an urgent popular demand"; that it will "stand forth with drawn sword prepared to smite the wrong doer, be he high or low—the opulent president of a railway syndicate, treacherously corrupting the legislatures of his country, or the obscure hod-carrier who substitutes butcher knives and fire irons for the rod of correction in his own home circle."

But these salutatory promises are soon forgotten, and, though the hod-carrier may catch it every time, the wealthy wrong doer is permitted to walk erect and unmolested if he be a steady advertiser, and on the right side of politics.

Therefore the HONEST INJUN makes no rash promises at the outset which might seriously hamper his movements as an advertising medium later on. His object is not to overthrow wickedness in high places, purify politics, or regenerate the earth, but to furnish home made humour and stolen jokes at a merely nominal price for the amusement of the public; striving to make each succeeding issue an improvement on its predecessor, and to gradually build up a creditable humorous publication which will be warmly welcomed wherever it goes.

If, however, by means of judicious and good-natured ridicule he sees a chance of effecting good without injury to himself, he will not lose such opportunity; but will sail in boldly; and it may be, accomplish

more with a few lines of fun than do the serious journals of the country with their weighty columns of solemn denunciation.

Readers subject to attacks of humorous inspiration are appealed to for short contributions. These must for the present be gratuitous, but, to each contributor, the paper will be sent regularly as a slight recompense.

It is not necessary to say any more. Aware of his responsibilities, sanguine of his possibilities, and hopeful of his durability, the HONEST INJUN rises up on his hind legs, takes off his hat, and makes his best bow to the people of this city and province.

EDITORIAL.

From reports brought down by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Wild Swan* it appears that Prof. David Starr Jordan's electric apparatus for branding seals on the Alaskan islands has not been a success, and that he has resorted to the good old fashioned red-hot iron to burn the hair and skin off the unfortunate seals, so as to render their pelts commercially worthless. The stench of the burning it is said rises to heaven, whither it is extremely unlikely that the learned Professor will ever follow it.

It will be remembered that when elaborating his seal branding scheme he posed as the inventor of an electric apparatus which would not only burn the hair off the backs of the animals, but penetrate into the flesh, and destroy the roots, so that it would never grow again. All this it would accomplish painlessly, and the newspapers published illustrations showing how simply the thing could be done—one man with the steam engine and dynamo in a wheelbarrow, another manipulating the painless depilatory apparatus on the seal's back, the seal reclining on

his elbow with the satisfied expression of a man getting an easy shave, and presiding over the scene, Prof. David Starr Jordan, gratified benevolence and good will towards seals beaming through his spectacles. But, now, it seems that he has started home from the islands, leaving six able bodied fiends to carry out the branding of the helpless brutes with hot irons, and the painless electric apparatus is in quiet possession of an Esquimaux who is using it for exhibition purposes. Verily if Great Britain and the United States would "grub stake" Professor David Starr Jordan and supply him with enough branding irons, he would speedily bring about a peaceful settlement of the sealing dispute by removing the innocent cause of it.

Here is a press telegram from Madrid which is fresher than any we have seen for some time: "The news received here from Havana yesterday that the chief Cuban rebels had surrendered has been received with expressions of profound relief in political and financial circles. Spanish funds rallied one per cent. to-day, and Cuban stocks four per cent. Official despatches continue to represent the separatist movement as completely checked. The press censures the conduct of the United States authorities in allowing Cuban exiles to make a demonstration from Florida." The above dispatch is dated May 5th 1893!

Money seems to be no object to the British capitalist, at least so far as mining is concerned. He is now paying \$3,500,000 for the Le Roi mine. If the mine had been offered to him for \$3,500, when it was a good "prospect," he would have turned up his nose at it. It is true that it has been paying a regular dividend of \$25,000 per month under present management, but will it continue to do so if the manage-

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ment be changed, and positions found for the sons, nephews, cousins and other incapable relations of the new directors? Spread Eagleism is supposed to be a characteristic of the American, but in mining, he is intensely practical. He refuses to employ a manager merely because he is a B.A., F.G.S. or L.M.N.O. P.Q.R. but will pay ten or twenty thousand dollars per annum to a man with whiskers on his hands who wears overalls and chews tobacco, provided he knows ore when he sees it, and can pick up a lost lead without tunneling a whole mountain. In fact he prefers that his manager will turn out bullion rather than long winded technical reports faultlessly printed on Irish linen paper.

The discovery of the Klondyke gold placers will, without doubt, stimulate railway construction, and draw a large population to that inhospitable region in the immediate future. Then it is quite likely that still richer deposits of gold will be found farther north, and another stampede take place to the new diggings. In this way the north pole will be reached in two or three years without a dollar of aid from governments or scientific bodies. Four more stampedes will do it. And as man moves north there will be no need for his physical being to adapt itself to an increasingly lower temperature. He will not require to grow thick fur like the polar bear, or become encased in fat like the walrus. No. Science will be right after him with glass roofed towns, heated and illuminated by steam and electricity, he will travel over the country in warm, upholstered cars, wash his gravel with Pears' soap, and eat strawberries and cream on New Year's day. He can easily afford it. Money will be no object.

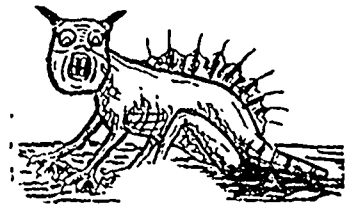
And some enterprising barber will have secured the North Pole, and be using it as a sign for his new shaving parlors.

A REMARKABLE MEMORY.

"How old are you, Johnny?"
 "Six."
 "Ever been ill?"
 "Yes."
 "Often?"
 "No."
 "Have you ever had the doctor?"
 "Yes."
 "How often?"
 "Just once."
 "How long ago was that?"
 "Bout six years ago."
 "What was the matter then?"
 "I was getting borned."

OUR CITY WATER.

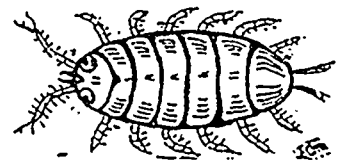
We have, for some months, been engaged in making a careful examination of Victoria city water, and have captured a fine collection of wild beasts and reptiles, all of which are unknown to science. When Lord Kelvin and other members of the British Association were in town the other day they viewed the animals with amazement and said they never saw anything like them. The eminent scientist made a handsome offer for the lot, and was much disappointed when told they were not for sale. We give below portraits of the principal specimens, which we have named according to our best judgment with the assistance of an amateur naturalist, who lives up near Saanich:



The above cut represents the "Zootoca Vivipora," familiar to householders. He inhabits Elk Lake. He causes much loss to farmers by chewing the hoofs and horns off the cattle and pigs which bathe there in large numbers during the hot summer months.

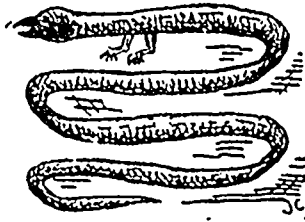


The "Ptyodactylus Gecko" shown above is a good average specimen. He was captured by one of the boys in the City Transfer Stables last month, and safely edged in a coal oil can after a severe struggle. He is not generally known about town because he will not pass through an ordinary pipe. He has a strong appetite and lives principally on frogs and tadpoles for which Elk Lake is justly famous.



Here we have the "Hippocampus Brevis," a mild mannered insect. Boiling water kills him instantly. If collected and carefully dried he may be sold for medicinal purposes in Chinatown at four bits a pound, thus helping the thrifty householder to pay for his water rates. The "Hippocampus

"Brevirostris" would prove a valuable fish food if it were possible for any kind of a fish to live in Elk Lake.



Now we come to the "Delander Acuticosta," of which the above is a speaking likeness. He is more to be dreaded than any other member of the collection. Of course he comes from Elk Lake. When taken into the human system he causes much uneasiness by destroying the coats of the stomach with his sharp beak and claws. After destroying the coats of the stomach he starts in on the waistcoat. He is not affected by boiling water and seems to thrive on vermifuge, bitter aloes, poison oak, etc., but sulphuric acid in heavy doses before breakfast will knock him cold even on a hot day.



The above cut is a very successful representation of the "Manticora Latipennis." Born in the mud he remains quiet for ten days. Then he begins to grow legs, wings, claws and other apparatus necessary in his business. His food consists of decayed vegetable matter of which there are immense deposits in Elk Lake. When full grown he leaves the water and goes ashore to hunt grasshoppers. If grasshoppers are scarce he turns his attention to field mice, chickadees and even wood-peckers. In appearance he closely resembles the common alligator. A member of the British Association expressed the opinion that he was in fact a bona fide alligator and would grow to a length of fourteen feet if transplanted to a tropical climate. He was particularly interested in this insect and offered six bits cash on the nail for a healthy full grown specimen. He said further:

"Though I have frequently seen mention made in your daily papers of extraordinary reptiles coming through water pipes and coupled with such announcements a good deal of abuse of your town council for not making an effort to procure a supply of pure water for the city, yet I think that the discovery of a job lot of insects and reptiles such as we have seen to-day, all of them entirely new to science, entitles each member of the council to a leather medal accompanied by a neat

speech from scientific bodies on both sides of the Atlantic. The inconvenience of drinking water containing alligators, hornbugs and snails or whatever they may be called is slight, and the danger to life may be averted by taking a "corker" of Leith whiskey or sulphuric acid on an empty stomach in the morning; but even if a life should be lost now and then, it is nothing compared to what science has gained by the discovery of so many new species." He also said he heard it stated that each member of the council owned a distillery, and therefore wanted to discourage water drinkers and start them drinking whiskey before breakfast, a practice which would inevitably lead to family disturbances and general demoralization. This, he said, was absurd, as the town was not large enough to support so many distilleries. He heard that the water was so full of mud and organic matter that it was not fit to bathe in. He said he *did* find the water pretty thick but got over the difficulty by standing around after bathing until he got thoroughly dry and then brushing himself off with a whisk broom. He went into the whole question very thoroughly and expressed his intention of coming out next spring and camping at Elk Lake for the purpose of studying the habits of the reptiles. "Meantime," said he, "catch all you can, and tell the boys at the livery stables and breweries to save all rare specimens, and I will pay spot cash for them when I come back. I've got a little scheme in my head. I believe they can be fixed up with a little vinegar and whole peppers, and then sold for clam chowder, or put up in cans and exported to China; but mum's the word," and with a wink full of deep meaning he started off towards the Provincial Museum.

The opinions of such a man carry much weight, and when he comes back next spring the results of his experiments will be awaited with deep interest by our citizens. Meantime there is in the public bosom a deep distrust of Elk Lake water. Citizens of Victoria are used to the reptiles, but they frighten the unscientific stranger. A year or so ago a strong prohibitionist came from the East to deliver lectures, and organize a temperance crusade. On the evening of his first lecture he was found by a member of the committee holding on to an awning post on the south end of Government Street. "Shay, ole boy, lemme two bits. No ushe preach temperansh thish town—people can't drink, hic, water—watersh full of alligatorsh—swallowed two thish mornin'—whiskey'll kill 'em, bet yer life—Less have nother drink—Let her go, old socks. Hooray! hooray! Haven't hic, enjoyed myself so much since I

left home," and he subsequently refused point blank to come back and lecture on temperance until the city found some means of procuring a supply of pure water.

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CHOLLY'S OPINION OF B.C.

I've been in this wretched country faw yeahs—it seems like faw centuries. The guvnaw gave me two thousand pounds to start a milk rawnch out heah in Bwitsish Columbia, but I met an old chum at Winnipeg on my way out—an awfully good ewristian—and he was flat bwoke. He said the guvnaw was "dotty" to think of going into the milk rawnch business in Bwitsish Columbia because there was no population. He knew of a wathing good pwoposition in Southern Manitoba—a stawch factory—it would pay surpwising dividends—so I decided to go into it and took Tom in partwnership. But befaw starting to see the place Tom insisted on showing me aound Winnipeg, and you know what that means. By jove, we had a scorching time, and we met lots of awfully jolly chappies (all Old Country fellahs, you know) and they all had splendid schemes for making lots of dollahs but the twouble was they were all flat bwoke, and you know a fellah cawn't start any kind of enterprise without capital. But befaw we left town we met a fwend of Tom's, an awfully good sort, and he stwongly advised us not to buy the stawch factory—said the last man lost ewvery dollah he had in the world in it. He knew of a chawnce to buy an interest in a coal mine near Moosejaw or some such beastly place, for three thousand dollahs—there was a fortune in it almost immediately, so we decided to go in and win. But a fellah named Smithers—I daresay you know him—he's awfully well up in geology and that sort of thing. This Smithers begged us not to touch the coal mine with a barge pole. He said it wasn't coal at all, only lignite or something of that kind, a fwend o' his knew all about it. He knew of a bettaw scheme—to start a steamboat on the Red River and carry freight. But on the first twip the engineer got beastly dwunk, and while Tom and Smithers and I were unload-

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ing the fweight—beastly hard work, by the way—the whole thing blew up and came pweicious neah killing the lot of us. The engineer got three fingaws blown off in the explosion—wish it had been his bloomin' head—and then sued us faw damages. So you see we lost the whole bag of twicks, and had to pay the engineer two hundred dollahs faw blowing off his own fingahs besides. So at last I got jolly sick of Manitoba and came out heah to Bwitsish Columbia. And mind you all this time I had a lot of twouble to keep the guvnaw in the dark, dating letters ahead and having them mailed at Vancouver. He thought I was running the milk rawnch—and, by jove, how the boys did laugh to heah the letters I wote home about the numbah of cows I had, and my new system of making buttaw. And the old gentleman's letters to me would simply paralyze you—just listen to this:—

Willow Grange, Diddlesbury,
23rd August, 1897.

My Dear Son:—I am highly gratified to hear by your last letter (just received by this morning's post) that you are doing so splendidly with the Dairy Farm. Though I was confident it would prove a successful venture, if economically managed, I frankly admit that I did not think it was in you o make it pay so handsomely from the tart as you have done.

I send you enclosed bank draft for two hundred pounds, making in all six hundred and fifty pounds since you went away; and while on the subject I would earnestly counsel you against "spreading out" two quickly. While I do not doubt you have invested the money judiciously, and that it will increase the profits immensely, as you show by your figures, yet it is safe to pursue a cautious course in any branch of business, and the sooner your "ranch" (as you call it) pays its own expenses the better. By the way, old Tom White (who is an authority on Jersey cattle) says you will have to exercise great care in the winter or you will lose your whole herd. He thinks it would have been safe to get some hardier breed, better adapted to the climate, even though inferior as butter producers.

I have not time to write you at length, as I must catch the mail in a few moments.

Your mother and the girls send love and best wishes for your success. All are in good health.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN JENKINS.

P.S.—I have written to Leishman, Smith & Weston, solicitors, etc., of Vancouver, to help you with suggestions at any time and to advance money should you require it for prompt investment.

But that postscript did the business. Of course I called on Leishman, Smith & Weston and gave them a song and dawnce, but young Weston had been helping me to paint the town wed for months and he let the cat out of the bag—said I had not yet purchased the rawnch or something of that kind. By jove, the guvnaw was hopping—wouldn't send me another pound if I starved to death. Then a tailor fellah I owed a bill to commenced to dun me at my boarding house, and that got the landlady down on me. When I told her I expected a remittance from

home she became awfully disagreeable—said that game was played out and demanded her money at once. And the worst of it was that all the fellahs I knew were broke and I couldn't borrow a dollah anywhere. By jove, I was never in such a beastly fix in my life. Some of the chaps helped me to sneak my belongings out of a back window at two o'clock in the morning, and a fellah I knew shared his room with me, but my word, we had an awful experience. Sometimes for days we would have nothing to eat until we got an invitation to dinnah. At last I had to go to work in a lumbah yard at six bits a day and * * * *

(To be Continued.)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

In the present issue of the HONEST INJUN there are many things that might be made better. One of the insects in the city water article has lost his stomach—he moved when his photo was being taken—and there are a lot of other matters that will be better regulated in our next number. If necessary the paper will be enlarged to make more room for stolen jokes, and other changes will be made to avoid sameness or weariness to the reader. It is intended to make the "INJUN" bright and readable for the general public and a swift and valuable medium for advertisers. We will get there after a while.—Ed.

Bride—Here's a telegram from papa. Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say?

Bride (reading)—Do not come back and all will be forgiven.

"How much have repairs cost you since you've been riding the bicycle?"

"Repairs to what—myself or the machine?"



**YE PHILOSOPHER
HYS MEDYTATIONES.**

In ye cityc medytatione is impossible. I have fledde from ye rattle and jar of towne life, and mayde my abode in ye mountains—rather would I listen to ye howling of ye wolves and cayotes than to ye abominable noises made by man in his everlasting strife to overreach his fellow man. Life is a perpetual struggle to overreach—ye man who fayles to overreach hys neighbour gets it in ye neck; yea, he fayles miserably. I have been thayre myself.

Now, lyfted, as it were, above ye world and its doings, I can look downe

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calmly on ye goings on of ye miserable creatures who inhabit it for a day, and then go out into ye darkness which no man can penetrate. I can judge ye meanness of theyre aims, ye pettiness of theyre ambitions—to grabbe a few dollars from others more simple. to get a seat in ye Legislature, to become a Cabinet Minister!—a Premierell

Nothing on earthe is so pitiful as the striving of man for things which are in themselves of no value and therefore of no endurance. I refer to ye struggle of ye sordid. Yet theyre reward is immediate, and they never lack a square meal. But ye poet, ye painter, ye musician, who alone can produce work for ye ages, they walk on theyre uppers and after they are dead of starvation ye world spends uselessly on tombstones and anniversary celebrations vast sums which serve but to convict it of its own idiocy. Hadde one-thousandth part of these sums been invested at ye proper time in corned beef and cabbage ye lives of ye poets, artists and musicians might have been prolonged, and coming generations not robbed of what should have been theirs. Verily, post mortem approbation is of all approbation ye most sickening.

When Robert Burns was dying he had much trouble to get eighteen pence worth of oatmeal on 'tick. After he was dead ye world spent more than a million dollars for champagne alone with which to drink hys health on ye anniversary of his birth; and yet we have ye nerve to walk upright and respect ourselves. We cannot see that ye gods are laughing at us.

There be many other thyns that want regulating, but it is hopeless to expect that they will ever be regulated. We cannot live without dollars, and we cannot get dollars but by striving and overreaching, and we cannot strive and overreach without giving our whole mind to it. Therefore we have no mind or time left with which to medytate and size things up. Ye aim of ye average man is to become a two-penny-half-penny M.P., a legislator, a premier, reflecting not that in a few short years hys body will be dust and hys name mud. What, then, shall a man not cherish ambition? Yea, let him cherish ambition, but let it be to devote hys few years, and hys trifling ailities, to ye lessening of suffering on earth, both brute and human, and not to ye temporary advancement of hys own insignificant personality.

To refer to politics (of which I have ever cherished a deep and abiding contempt) it hath always appeared to me strange and unaccountable that so much of ye time of ye country should be wasted in chewing ye rag. Six shrewd business men would get through more work in a week than ye Dominion Parliament accomplishes in a whole session. How is this? Because each honourable member hath a right to bray and delighteth only in ye sound of hys own braying. Thys is not remarkable, but it passeth ye most ordinary comprehension, that hys constituents should applaud him instead of requiring him to attend strictly to theyre business. From ye front doare of my cabin I can look on ye valley and see ye farmers going about theyre works. They rise in ye morning atte 4 of ye clock and work till dark, so I believe, though I have not yette turned out earlie enough to see them start in. Ye joys of a farmer's life are best sett

forth by ye poet who riseth somewhate later than ye farmer and doth not work quite so hard. As a matter of fact ye farmer's life, if he be industrious, is one of drudgerie, with nothing at ye end of it but stiffe joynts, a balde hedde and a large familie (ot ye which all make tracks from ye olde home as soon as they are abel to runne). And talking of earlie rising I make bolde to saye, after much pondering and long observatiōne, thatte it is an evil habit conceived and brought forth in greed and selfyshness. No honest man will admit that he liketh it. Of course he will say it is necessary, and assuredhe so it is, but it is necessary only because of compytitiōne. If alle handes would go to work atte 8 of ye clock and quite atte 5 theyre would be lesse of wrynkles on ye farmer's neck and more of ye fatte on hys ribbes. But if Smyth riseth atte 4 or ye clock Jones is oblyged to do likewise or gette left. It hath been frequentlie put forth that man should rise with ye sun, and go to rest with ye same; but, if ye inhabitants of Norway followed thys rule they woulde have to worke twenty-four hours a day in ye summer and stay in bedde alle winter. Ye foolishness of ye notion is manifest.

Watts—I wonder if dyeing one's hair is really as dangerous as the doctors say?

Henry Peck—You bet it is. An old uncle of mine tried it once, and in less than three months he was married to a widow with four small children.

THE KLONDYKER.

We're from the West, the glorious golden West,
Where the skies are always blue,
And all we had to do
Was to gather in gigantic golden nuggets as they grew,
Or jump a claim without a moment's warning,
For three jolly prospectors we are;
We search for golden spar,
We wash the river bar.
Oh! three jolly prospectors we are, we are,
And we're going to jump a claim to-morrow morning.

We got our grub-stake from a simple man
Who thinks he'll get a lump
Of all the claims we jump;
He's liable to get it where Jim Corbett got the thump,
For we'll sell the lot without a moment's warning;
For three honest prospectors we are,
We search for golden spar,
We wash the river bar.
Oh! three honest prospectors we are, we are,
And we're going to salt a claim to-morrow morning.

The city men came prowling round the camp.
They think they know a trick,
They fancy that they're slick;
They've got the notion they can go through us almighty quick,
But we go through them without a moment's warning.
For three artless prospectors we are,
We search for golden spar,
We wash the river bar.

Oh! three guileless prospectors we are, we are,
And we're going to hold the stage up in the morning.

A pugilist once came into the camp;
He thought he'd have some fun,
And see prospectors run;
He'd really quite forgotten that we'd each a little gun,
And we hope his funeral will be a warning.
For three peaceful prospectors we are,
We search for golden spar,
We wash the river bar.
Oh! three pious prospectors we are, we are,
And we'll all attend the service in the morning.

—Norman Norcross.

"Harold," she murmured, as her head pressed against his stalwart bosom. "Harold, do I not hear the beating of your fond heart?"

"Not exactly," said Harold, blushing slightly. "I didn't mean to tell you; but, you see, I'm temporarily obliged to carry one of those three dollar watches."

Boy—Mamma, do angels fly?
Mamma—"I believe so, my dear! Why do you ask?"
Boy—"Cos I saw pa kisse Maria this morning, and call her an angel; and I'm sure she can't fly!"
Mamma—Oh, ah! You're wrong, my boy; she'll fly to-morrow!

LITERARY TRIBULATIONS. OR THE IMPLACABLE MRS. DOYLE.

The literary path is so stony—the poverty, not to say destitution, of young beginners so invariable, and so generally known, that I deem it unnecessary to make lengthy explanations, or to apologize for being "flat-broke" in a town of Northern California in the winter of '91. My landlady, a corpulent and good-hearted Irishwoman, took a painfully motherly interest in my affairs, from the moment I came under her roof; despite my attitude of reserve, and a certain large air of independence which I assumed, but was far from feeling inwardly. She knew I was hard up, because I had stipulated for permission to use a double-barreled oil stove, and was "baching" in my bedroom.

"Which paper de yez be wroitin' for?" she inquired one day. "Sure I knows a young man that worruks for the Citizen—a printer he is—he rooms wid Mrs. Doyle, a friend o' moine—at her house I mane—an' he says thim reporters gits paid riglar by the wake—ivery Saturday noight." And she eyed me narrowiy, and with somewhat of suspicion.

Having just been compelled to "stand her off" for a week's room rent, I thought that our respective positions of debtor and creditor gave her the right to question, and obliged me to reply; so, in a more lofty tone than circumstances seemed to justify, I explained the difference between a mere reporter and a literary man, said explanation being received with vague doubt and dissatisfaction. She evidently had a poor opinion of literature as a means of livelihood, and having

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 11 Store St. and 40 Johnson St.
 Clothing to Order, Underwear, etc.

been for some time in almost daily receipt of rejected manuscript. I was much inclined to agree with her. A few days later, upon my return from town, she met me in the hall and openly attributed to my stove the midnight oil which I had been burning in the production of "priceless manuscript," at the same time making it clear, with much unnecessary elaboration, that though quite willing to "foind" the lodgers in oil for their lamps, she expected them to buy what they used in their stoves for cooking purposes. This imputation that I had robbed the lamp to feed my stove pained me unspeakably for several days, and spoiled a thrilling situation in a tale of the early days which I was then engaged in writing at "cut rates" for an obscure eastern periodical, ensuring, as I believe, its ultimate rejection. The hours I kept, or didn't keep were also a continual source of annoyance to the intensely practical Mrs Driscoll.

"I don't think it do be healthy for a young man to lay in bed so long in the mornin'," she said after having dislodged me, with some difficulty, at half past eleven. "Yez should be out gettin' the air this fine day, and mebbe ye moight shtrike a job." I made no reply to this last sinister hint, because I now owed her for two weeks' room rent and had not the slightest idea where any immediate relief was to come from. It is true I had a number of manuscripts yet to hear from: "The Ultimate Displacement of the Workingman by Labour-Saving Machinery," "Can There be Evolution Without Re-incarnation?" "Utility versus Sentiment," "The Hold-Up of the Butcherville Stage," also a small assortment of poems, various as to theme, but uniform as to inferiority, (as I am now persuaded) and several bloodthirsty storyettes, sent out at random to the most unlikely papers and periodicals.

A week later, having carelessly left the door ajar, Mrs. Driscoll entered my room and caught me in the act of using the soap dish for a sugar basin, and drinking tea out of a richly gilt mantel vase from which I had temporarily removed a bunch of impossible artificial flowers. One look of incredulous amazement and she was gone, leaving me blushing like the red, red lobster. The atmosphere of the room grew unbearable. I started out. On the way past the door of her room I heard these ominous words: "Well, in-dade, Mrs. Driscoll, I'd trow him out—shure he'll nivver pay yez a cent in this worruld," and I knew that my landlady and her friend, Mrs. Doyle, were holding an inquest on me. On reaching the post office I received a familiar package, accompanied by this letter:

"The editor of the Salesladies' Companion regrets * * * * * I read no farther—it was not necessary. Mechanically stowing "The Hold-Up of the Butcherville Stage—A Talk of the Early Days," in my coat pocket I drifted abstractedly to the free public library, and read a single tax journal upside down for twenty minutes. It was clear that something must be done. It was not so clear what that "something" should be. I suddenly thought of a Christmas story which had been refused by two of the three local papers. It was now being sat upon by the editor of the third and last—an evening daily only just started. I

would go and ascertain its fate, though n my then crushed state, utterly hopeless of its acceptance. From cherishing high ideals—from feeling awed by the responsibilities attaching to the noble profession of letters—responsibilities transcending those of the statesman and legislator—I had come down to writing blood and thunder fiction, at cut rates, for obscure publications, utterly indifferent—so that it brought me a few paltry dollars—whether it caused virtuous but romantic salesladies to clope with gamblers and frontier desperadoes, or small boys to resent the paternal rod with buckshot and midnight incendiarism. Thus will chill pe.ury repress our noble ire, and the goading finger of necessity prod us off our perch. Ruminating somewhat thus I started out, and on reaching the office of the *New Era* found the editor seated at his desk busily wielding a pair of long scissors

"Good morning, Mr. Stebbins," I said, with a cadaverous attempt to be playful. "Have you any rejected manuscript for me? My name is Smith. I sent you a story the other day, "Faro Jim's Christmas."

"Ah, indeed, so you are the author of 'Faro Jim's Christmas.' Well, I have looked it through and I may say that I am pleased with it, but I have partly arranged to take our Christmas story from a young lady writer—a niece of one of the directors."

"So, though you prefer my story, you must refuse it because I am not a niece of one of the directors."

"Not so fast, Mr. Smith—I haven't refused it yet. But, supposing I strain a point and use it, I am afraid our ideas of remuneration may not agree. We are only just starting and cannot afford to give contributors such high prices as those paid by the old established journals. Will you, for instance, be willing to accept ten dollars for your story?"

"Twenty dollars would just about pay me pick and shovel wages for the time I have spent upon it."

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Smith, but you must look at it from my point of view also. I am offered several very good stories for nothing by young and ambitious writers who are anxious to see their work in print, and you are, I fancy, a young beginner yourself, so of course your name has not the cash value possessed by that of an old and popular writer. I have also my friends here to fall back upon," and he held up the scissors.

I could see that he wanted the story, and though I would gladly have accepted five dollars for it when the hostile face of Mrs. Driscoll appeared before my mental vision, yet I summoned up sufficient fortitude to "stand pat" for fifteen dollars, which, after some further haggling, he agreed to pay.

Then: "Can you pay me now, Mr. Stebbins?"

"Certainly not, until after publication."

"If a grocer sells a barrel of sugar must he wait until it is all used up before getting his money?"

"I don't know about sugar, but the invariable rule among newspapers is not to pay for matter until after it has been published."

"Well, this is only the fourteenth—eleven days to Christmas. Do you want to find a post mortem author on your door step in the morning?"

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"Well, no, I can't say that I do."

"Well, then, strain a few more points and let me have the fifteen dollars now."

Mr. Stebbins was a good-hearted man though an editor. He smiled to himself and handed out a ten and a five dollar gold piece.

I insisted on wringing his hand until he made a face, and then groped my way out to the sidewalk, where I had much difficulty in containing myself. I wanted to turn hand-springs and climb telegraph poles.

Having changed my fifteen dollars into small notes and silver, so as to make the sum look as large as possible, I made my way back to Mrs. Driscoll's lodging house. Then, going up to my room, I started boiling a saucepan of rolled oats. (It may be mentioned, en passant, that the national debt of Eng-

land is not larger than the sum which contemporary literature of the baser sort owes to rolled oats, and condensed milk.)

Presently the measured footfall of Mrs. Driscoll, of late of more terrible to me than "an army with banners," approached. It stopped at my door, as I expected it would, and in reply to a firm rap-tap, I said, "Come in!"

Mrs. Driscoll appeared, not hostile, but radiant with smiles, to my complete amazement.

"Shure I've got a job for yez, Mither Smith—a soft, gintale job. Kelly's bar-keeper—hum that slapes up stairs—says they wants a noigat man, jist to find bar and slop round a little, and elane the cuspidoors. A choild cud do it. The pay is shmall—four dollars a wake—but, shure, there's no worruk in it, and if ye kape yer oyes open, ye kin knock down a thrille ivery blissed noight, and divil a sowl the woiser. Shure I'm jist as plased as if ye gimme a twinty dollar bill. If ye'll come wid me, I'll take yez up, and make ye acquainted wid the young man—he's in his room now—an' ye can go right to worruk this blissed evening."

When I politely declined this "soft, gintale job," Mrs. Driscoll's countenance fell fourteen degrees and she became speechless with amazement. Then, flushing darkly red, with honest wrath, she broke out in gasps:

"Shure I think it's not for thim that can't pay their way to turn up their nose at honest worruk."

"One moment, Mrs. Driscoll. How much do I owe you?"

"Ye owes me three wakes' rint tomorrow, Mither Smith, an' its aisy figgered at a dollar and six bits a wake."

"Well, here's your money, Mrs. Driscoll," and, as I carelessly pulled out all my wealth she nearly fell to the floor. "And say, Mrs. Driscoll, it's very kind of you to take so much interest in my affairs, and I'm more than obliged, but you needn't trouble to hunt any jobs for me in future; I'll get along very well now, I think."

With many incoherent apologies, she backed from the room, looking by turns from me to the money in her hand, as if to make sure she was not dreaming, and I heard her calling upon the saints and wishing glory to the Most High as she, wonderingly, made her way back to her quarters.

On my way out to do some shopping I again heard the voice of Mrs. Doyle in the landlady's room, and being exceedingly curious to learn what she thought of me now that I had honourably discharged my indebtedness, I paused at the stairhead to do a little justifiable eavesdropping.

"Take my addwice, Katie," said the worthy lady, wrenching the cork out of a bottle of Schlitz beer with much emphasis, "an' kape yer oye on that lad Shure, how d'ye s'pose he cud iver come by all that money honestly, and him sittin' up all noight, an' layin' in his bed all day. Take my tip for it, he's a forger, or a counterfeiter, or something o' that kind. Shure ye can't tell what thim crooks is up to—an' mark my worruks, if ye don't trow him out, he'll be gettin' ye into throuble yet."

But Mrs. Driscoll declined to "trow me out," nor did I ever during my three months' stay in that town "get her into throuble," as predicted so confidently by her friend, Mrs. Doyle.

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