

TALE OF A TYPEWRITER.

THE WAY IN WHICH SOME ARE IMPOSED ON.

People who get Their Work Done for Nothing—A Young Lady Tells Progress of People With a Lot of Nerve—A Systematic Sponging Process.

It was in a Prince William street office last Friday afternoon, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the click, click, of the keys of a typewriting machine, as the slim white fingers of the young lady operator flew over them with a rapidity that was a trifle bewildering to one not familiar with the intricacies of that useful instrument. It was after six o'clock when the toiler laid down the last page with a sigh of relief.

There were over twenty of them in all and every one was a model of neatness and good workmanship. Yet there was something in the young lady's face and manner that betokened anything but that satisfaction which comes with the consciousness of work well done. There was something decidedly spiteful in the way she handled the innocent pages that led the observer to ask what the trouble was, and then the whole story came out.

"Well," said the type writer with a grim smile, "considering you appear to be a person who is able to appreciate a tale of woe occasionally I don't mind telling you mine. Were you ever imposed upon? I have been. I am imposed upon daily and I'm getting sick and tired of it.

"I am employed in this office at a regular salary. It isn't an awfully large one but I'm glad to get it. I'm not saying a word about my employer. He is all right. It isn't his fault he isn't able to pay higher wages. Its his acquaintances that I'm kicking about.

"You would hardly believe how many men—and women too—there are in St. John who get their type writing done for nothing. It is an honest fact that there are scores of them who carry on quite a respectable correspondence which doesn't cost them a cent.

"You see my employer's work does not keep me busy half of the time—if it did he would have to pay me a larger salary—and there is hardly a day that some one of his friends does not come in with a "bit of work which he wonders if he could not get done as a little accommodation." That "bit" of work often takes up a whole hour or more of my time—it was some of it that kept me so late tonight—and I ought to be paid, but these fellows never think of any recompense other than a careless "thank you" and sometimes you don't even get that. If I were a professional typewriter the work I do in this way would amount to an average of \$2 a day.

"By the time these people have visited several offices as they come to this one, they manage to get their correspondence taken care of very nicely. My employer has been away a week but the bumping nuisance still goes on. They drop in and ask for a little favor just the same. Why one day this week I wrote five business letters of two large pages each for one man and three for another besides copying a paper for a lady to read at a club meeting. Now that's almost more than human nature can endure, and yet if I were to ask any one of these people for the smallest or most trifling service they would look at me in amazement and complain to my employer that I was getting too fresh. As I said before I have nothing against Mr. — and yet I must say that it is certainly not to his credit that his cousins, brothers, friends and acquaintances belong to the class who are always trying to get work of this kind done for nothing.

"There are dozens of others in the city who are subjected to the same annoyance and we have frequently discussed some means of stopping it but all plans have come to naught. Besides the extra work it imposes on us we have a feeling that it is keeping some one else from earning an honest penny, for these people are all well able to pay for their correspondence. The other afternoon a man come in here and dictated two letters to me. Then he asked me to write it on some of our plain stationery, after the work was done I supplied him with envelopes and then he said "just put stamps on them please and I'll return them tomorrow. Could n'ave go farther.

Racing With a Locomotive.

At the time when England was ridiculing its early efforts at railroad travel America was laughing over a race between a horse and a locomotive, in which horse power won. In those early days Peter Cooper built the locomotive 'Tom Thumb' for the Baltimore road, and ran a race with a gallant grey horse owned by the stage proprietors, Messrs. Stockton & Stokes. The horse was attached to a car on the second track. The race is thus described in 'Forty Years on the Rail' by Mr. George.

Away went horse and engine, the snort of the one keeping time with the puff of

the other. The grey had the best of it at first, getting a quarter of a mile ahead while the engine was getting up steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, and the race was neck-and-neck, nose-to-nose. Then the engine passed the horse, and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But just at that moment, when the grey's master was about giving up, the hand which turned the pulley that moved the blower slipped from the drum. The safety valve ceased to scream, and the engine, for want of breath, began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band on the wheel. The horse gained on the machine and passed it, to his great chagrin. Although the band was presently replaced and steam again did its best, the horse was to far ahead to be overtaken, and came in winner of the race.

MEASURING A CYCLONE.

Science in Debt to a Kansas Hencoop and a Hitching Post.

"When I saw by the papers," said a man from the West, "that all the weather sharks was getting out their thermometers an' barometers an' spirit levels an' sich to measure an' determine an' otherwise size up that cyclone 't was chargin' toward us from down the coast, it reminded me of th' time I measured a cyclone with a hitching post an' a hencoop. I wasn't intendin' to do anything o' th' kind, me knowing no more o' th' art an' science o' measurin' cyclones 'n what you do o' navigatin' a Kansas mule, but did it unintentional, an' did it prosper so I understand.

"O' course I had my cyclone cellar all fixed so I could leg it fer cover ef I see a cyclone blowin' my way. Bein' a bachelor, I made it jest a snug fit fer one. I didn't put in much time on it, fer I callated I wouldn't want t' use it fer a spell, an' then wouldn't need it fer more'n bout a minute an' a quarter at a time.

"But I thought ef I ever did have t' use it

when th' minute an' a quarter was up I'd probably come out o' the cellar feeling like a stranger on my own farm, fer likely everything portable'd be blown into th' nex' country or State, as the case might be. So jest by way o' fixing th' location o' my farm before it got blown out o' reach, I put in a green cedar hitchin'-post, exactly six inches in diameter with th' bark peeled, an' sunk it ten foot in th' ground with four foot stickin' up. 'Twas a nice round post, an' I had a heap o' trouble gittin' it out thar' where wood is so scarce.

"Well, that post was a great consolation to me, an' I'd often stop work just to look at it. One day I was buildin' a hencoop one o' these little affairs with boards on th' side an' slats in front an' rear' built on th' plans an' specifications of a peaked roof. I'd jest got it finished when I looked at the hitchin'-post. Well, sir, I see th' liveliest kind of a cyclone bearin' down on that post an' I jest give one squeak an' dropped on the ground behind the hencoop, which was lyin' on its back, with th' peaked edge toward th' cyclone like a wedge of cheese. O' course, it was a silly thing t' think that crazy hencoop could be any protection, but I hadn't time t' git to th' cellar, an' I jest flopped behind that coop like a drowin' man grabs at a straw.

"Well, sir, I hedn't teched th' ground when the cyclone bust with fury on my place, an' I could see my house an' barn, an' live stock, an' sods an' dirt, an' pretty much my whole farm, sailin' away in th' cyclone, t' drop down like a visitation o' heaven on some other critter's place that didn't want 'em nobow. An' in th' middle o' all th' jumble, I'm fliessed ef I didn't see the blamed hitchin'-post snapped as clean off as a buzz saw cut an' scootin' along in th' cyclone like all possessed.

"I wa'n't hurt a mite, ner even moved, but th' heels o' both my boots was rippen off while I laid thar. Th' ole hencoop thet didn't weigh more'n fifteen pounds didn't even shiver, an' when I got up and looked aroun' I'm blaimed ef 'twarn't thet

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of these imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to our laboratory system. None of them, like it, provides for a facsimile business community where the students perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter school. All of them use the same old bookkeeping sets of the text-book, disguised with a little so-called "business practice" or "office practice" which consists merely in making out a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is no actual business about them, as any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Currie Business University,

117 Princess St., - St. John, N. B.

Box 50. Telephone 991.

the only thing left o' all my goods an' chattels an' real estate.

"How do I account for it? I couldn't until a weather-sharp that was followin' th' cyclone come up. I told him all about it an' showed him th' hitchin' post stump an' th' hen-coop't prove it. He measured 'em both in every different direction, an' calulated fer th' best part of an hour, an' then he says thet how I was saved was th' hencoop, bein' with its edge toward th' cyclone, hed jest split it in two like a knife, afore the cyclone got a chance t' git a good grip onto it. He said th' cyclone pulled itself together an' got down t' business agin jest whar my heels was stickin' up, an' that accounted for my losin' part o' my boots. Then, from measurin' me, an' weighin, an' measurin' the hen-coop, an' measurin' th' stump o' th' hitchin' post he could tell t' a dot jest how fast that cyclone was flyin'. Fer he said ef't hed been goin' jest a mite slower, it couldn't never a' snapped off a six-inch green cedar hitchin' post, an' ef't hed been goin' jest a shade faster, it'd got a purchase on th' hen-coop. An' he told me, too, that ef I'd a' spread th' sides a' thet hen-coop a sixteenth of an inch more when I made it, th' cyclone'd a' got a holt o' it, an' I'd been revolvin' aroun' th' earth in space. He shook hands with me, an' said me and my hen-coop an' my hitchin' post hed rendered immortal aid t' science, an then he lit

cut on the track o' thet cyclone. I got thet hen-coop yet, too, b'gosh, an' I kin show it t' anybody 't don't believe me.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD SMALL BOY.

His More or Less Unconscious Imitation of the Practising Singer.

"I have lived at one time and another," said a city dweller, "in various parts of the town, but I have never yet lived in a neighborhood where there was not somebody practising vocal gymnastics, either in learning to sing or in keeping the voice in trim and I have never yet lived in a neighborhood where this did not appeal to the sense of the humorous or the grotesque in the heart of the neighborhood small boy. That irrepressible youngster may play all day in the street and pay no attention to the sounds made by the greater number of persons practising on the piano, but let the singer start up and the small boy is dazed by an ungovernable impulse, to start up too. The singer rises to a high key and holds on to it in a loud and long drawn note; the small boy echoes it with an exaggerated sweep of tone, keeping, very likely right on at play meanwhile. And he does just the same thing again when the singer reaches that high note. It isn't necessarily mocking, it may be only the natural boyish response to any appeal that has dash and sweep and vigor in it, but this is how the singing practice is always received, and no practising singer ever pays any attention to it."

