

lunch, and we had to wait four more on the printer. He allowed us to take one copy of each of the four menus around to the advertisers to show them. They liked the looks of it, and we had no trouble in getting the money.

We had a little over ninety dollars apiece left. Our dinner that night came to four sixty-five, and we took the next train for the nearest live town.

Winner of \$15 Prize

PACKING AND STAMPS

By H. S. Hall of Cleveland

FOR three years I had been trying to break into the Great Central Steel Company with my firm's metallic packing. I never got any farther than the office of John Swope, the general manager, and I never stayed there very long at a time; for, while Swope was courteous enough to me, he made plain in a very few words that he not only did not wish to buy my packing, but also that he had no time to listen to my arguments.

I lay in wait for him, to meet him as he went to lunch, or in the street, or at a ball game, hoping that I might be able, by some hook or crook, to establish a more than speaking acquaintance; but after losing a lot of time began to doubt if Swope ever went to lunch, if he ever was in the street, if he ever attended a ball game. I inquired among men who knew Swope more or less intimately. No, not one of them knew of anything in which he was interested specially, except his business.

One day I dropped in at his office to see him, hoping that I might persuade him to permit me to furnish the packing for one of the new engines about to be installed in the mills the Central was then building.

No, he intended to buy Atlantic packing. He knew Atlantic packing, and he knew that it was good.

As I turned to leave I caught sight of a small, oblong piece of paper lying on his desk. It had rounded corners, was gummed on one side, and was about one-third the size of a postage stamp. I recognized it at a glance. It was a stamp hinge, a sticker used by collectors for mounting stamps in albums.

I made straight for a dealer in philatelic supplies. "What are some of the stamp collectors in this city?" I asked him.

He laughed. "Who are some of the people who smoke pipes and wear black neckties? Too many to name!"

"I want the names of the more prominent ones?"

"Well, there's Jamison of the wooden mills, Smithson of the City Reining Company, Statton of the Valley Kalk, and John Swope of—"

"Give me all the literature you have on philately!" I interrupted. And I purchased a copy of every text-book, catalogue, and pamphlet he had.

I studied my subject early and late; I quizzed my son at home; when I could I talked with collectors; I subscribed to half a dozen stamp journals; I invested a little money in a line of good stamps; I found every stamp I had noted on my list, and bought them. I was now equipped to go after John Swope for that packing order!

With my precious stamps in my pocket, I went back to L., and one day about thirty minutes before the hour for lunch walked into Swope's office. Grim and gruff as always, he looked up and nodded.

"Packing?" he grunted. "Nothing doing. You're wasting your time. But I do like your persistence."

"I just called to leave with you this booklet which I thought might interest you," I said, putting my hand into my pocket as I spoke. I drew forth a bundle of papers. A dozen postage stamps fell from among them and fluttered to the table before the steel man's eyes.

"Excuse me," I remarked, stooping over and beginning to pick up the stamps. "The rubber band has slipped from the book in which I carry these."

Swope was looking at the stamps with interest, and began turning over those which had fallen face down. "Here, here, wait a minute!" he cried. "Let me look at these. I know something about stamps. Here's a pretty one from Newfoundland; here's a good Peru; here's a— they're all good! Where did you get them?"

I sat down and talked stamps with him for half an hour. I went to luncheon with him, talking stamps; and I came back with him, talking stamps. In good faith I introduced the subject of metallic packing, and I went out of his office that afternoon carrying a contract for supply packing for all the engines that were to be installed in the new mills.

Winner of \$10 Prize

COLLECTING ON CHRISTMAS

By George Brown of Detroit

A BUNCH of us were putting in Sunday evenings swapping yarns of our early days on the road, when it came the turn of an accident insurance special.

"The first trip I ever made was when I was a kid of twenty," he said. "I was shipping clerk in an agricultural implement house in Brooklyn, New York. I was to make a collection, and, of all days in the year, I was to see the man on Christmas Day!"

"Why absent? Well, the chap I was to see was a big

farmer up in the hills of Sullivan County, and he did quite a business in farm implements among his neighbors. He had given the house a bunch of notes running four months and falling due September 1. Everyone of them came back protested. Several of the firm's traveling men had stopped off to see him and try to get some sort of settlement; but they could never get close enough to talk with him. It was quite a farm,—seven or eight hundred acres,—and when our man would get to the cornfield Mr. Farmer was doing something down in the pasture, and when he got there the quarry was somewhere else.

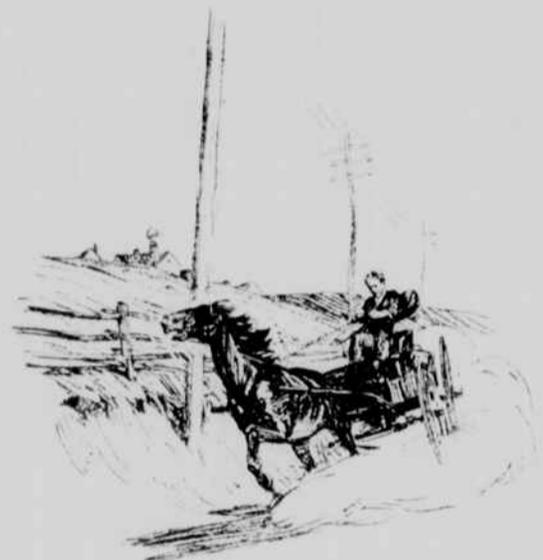
"The junior partner had charge of the collections, and he figured there was just one sure way of nailing the chap, and that was to get to the house Christmas morning. He selected me for the job because of the reputation for persistence I had earned on Thanksgiving Day.

"I don't remember the name of the village I had to get off at, but I do remember it was a mighty cold night when I arrived there. I got away all right in the morning, after the hotel man had given me all sorts of directions about the way to get to Johnston's place, which was some twelve miles distant. The only mishap I met with was that the horse ran away with me for about five miles; but he settled down when he got tired of the sport.

"I finally reached the big farmhouse, and rapped at the door.

"Johnston himself opened it, and without waiting for a word from me said, 'Come right in, Stranger. Mighty cold morning, ain't it? S'pose you lost your way?'

"I didn't commit myself one way or the other; but accepted his invitation by walking into the parlor. There was a bunch of children in the room, one a lad of sixteen or so, who was told to put the horse up. There was a big Christmas tree in the window, all decorated with shiny ornaments and tinsel. The kids were sitting around on the floor playing with their presents. The top



"My only mishap was that the horse ran away for five miles."

of the sideboard was covered with plates of cake, dishes of fruit, and bottles of homemade wine.

"As soon as he had my coat and hat hung up Johnston poured out a big glass of blackberry brandy, and, filling one for himself, said, 'Here's luck, a merry Christmas, and success to your trip!'

"We chatted for quite awhile, until he had to go to the barn to help his men tend the horses. I played with the children, and when he got back I had the littlest girl on my knee and was reading to her out of her picture book.

"'Started snowing again,' Johnston remarked as he stamped his feet on the rag rug outside the parlor door. 'Dinner'll be ready in a little while; but I'll have the wife hurry it up if you have to get away.'

"I told him I couldn't think of butting in on the family that way, and that if he'd give me a few minutes I'd like to talk a little business with him.

"'You'll talk no business to me today,' he said. 'You'll have dinner and supper with us, and a mighty good bed tonight. You can talk business in the morning.'

"'But—' I broke in.

"'There's no 'but' about it. That's the program, and I'm boss in this house!'

"'And let me tell you, Boys, I had a bully time!

"'After breakfast my host took me into the little office he had between the parlor and dining room and told me to fire away.

"'What do you think I said? 'Mr. Johnston, I don't want to talk business at all. I'm going on my way, and I'll come again tomorrow.'

"'Don't be afraid. If it's something disagreeable, spit it out,' he said. 'You're working for someone, I s'pose, and it isn't your fault if you have an unpleasant job once in awhile.'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' I answered. 'I have a question to ask; but I'll come back tomorrow for the answer, or

I'll meet you down at the village, if you have any business there.'

"'What's the question?'

"'When are you going to take up those notes of Ehrman & Wilson's? That's what they sent me up from Brooklyn about; but after the friendly way you and your wife have treated me I have nothing more to say. I'm ashamed of my job.'

"'You're all right, young man,' he remarked, to my astonishment and relief. 'I don't blame you a bit, and I admire the stand you take. Read some more stories to Nellie out of her book while I look after the cattle, and by and by we'll drive to town and I'll fix up the notes for you. I have been pretty hard up the last few months; but I got in a sum of money a few days ago, and everything is O. K. now.'

"When we got to the bank he gave me a certified check for the six hundred dollars he owed the house, and a ten-dollar bill for myself to buy something for my baby as a present from curly-headed Nellie.

"'Say, Fellows, the house thought I was some collector; but I never told the junior partner the inside of it. I just let him think it was all the result of his own cleverness in sending me there on Christmas Day.'

Winner of \$7.50 Prize

TRAVELING WITH STOCK

By G. T. Sullivan of Hartford, Conn.

SOME years ago I was traveling through such out-of-the-way places in Canada that I had to drive almost constantly. I remember that once, after driving for a week through the wilds of Ontario above Brantford, when I reached a railroad station to take a train for Buffalo the conductor of the freight refused to let me ride, as he had just been suspended ten days for carrying a man.

I was turning away in despair, when a man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I have a couple of stallions down in the train, and I'm going beyond Buffalo with them. Give me a dollar, and you can ride in the car to Fort Erie, and Buffalo is just across the bridge."

The transaction was closed without further words. He helped me climb in, and after lighting his lantern hung it on a hook in the ceiling of the car, and, arranging his cot for me, said that he would ride in the caboose. Then he jumped out and pushed the door almost shut.

I observed a stallion tied in the center of each end of the car. Unquestionably they were the most massive specimens I had ever beheld. I concluded that they must be on their way to some county fair. I was making the best of my rather queer position when the stallions began to snort and kick. I attempted to quiet one of them; but he returned my advances with a vicious kick, which fortunately missed me. I moved toward the door, and in another instant he had broken his strap and started for the other animal. Soon the other freed himself, and then a fierce battle began between the two.

At first I decided to jump; but the train was going at least thirty-five miles an hour, and I was afraid to. I opened the door just far enough to permit my body to pass through, and stood with one foot on the iron track on which the door slid, holding to the inside of the door with one hand and the jamb with the other.

One stallion seemed to be overpowering the other, and was backing him toward the door. In a few seconds they were not a foot from me. I was becoming more fatigued every minute. Then I suddenly received a violent kick on the left hand, which rendered it useless. It is impossible to recall just how I prevented myself from falling.

In the distance appeared the lights of a village. I prayed that the freight might stop or at least slow up so I could get off; but the train seemed only to increase its speed.

I now had the use of only one hand; so it was necessary to place my entire arm inside the car. Twice one of the stallions' bodies pressed my arm painfully. Then one kicked the door so forcibly that it became slightly loosened at the top.

Notwithstanding my terrified thoughts, I still clung on. Again I could see the lights of a village, and hope was renewed. Then I heard the whistle blow for the station. I felt the speed of the train slacken. The horses, now very near me, continued their fight; but I felt that in another minute I should be safe.

Just when I thought my frightful suspense was about to end I received a violent kick on the leg and was hurled from the car.

When the train stopped the caboose was probably a hundred and fifty feet from me. I called for help, as I was unable to rise. The crew hurried up, and in a minute or two had placed me on a spring bed in the caboose.

Several of the men rushed to the car to subdue the animals, and after some little time succeeded in getting them under control. Both horses were badly bruised and in no condition for show work.

I spent a month in a Buffalo hospital, nursing a badly sprained ankle, a broken bone in my hand, and several minor hurts.