

Breakfast Table Chat.

(By H. E. Westgate.)
"There is one reason, and only one," said a friend of mine the other day, "why I like to live in a large city. It makes me better satisfied with life when I can look about me and see so much suffering. Not that I enjoy seeing other suffer, you will understand, but because I can only measure my own wealth and happiness by comparing it with the poverty of others."

A woman—a very pretty woman—was walking down Brigham street, one morning, or rather, she was being led by a bulldog. There was not a doubt in my mind that the dog was well bred, even if he did insist on fighting every other canine which came along. What a comical sight, a beautiful woman being led by a homely bulldog. As I watched, I heard the pretty woman's endearing pleadings to the animal, a feeling came over me which was akin to sympathy. In fact, I believe the most of us are inclined to lose patience with the womanly woman, so called, who bestows her attentions upon dogs in general, and bulldogs in particular. Let us draw the curtain.

Frank James, the reformed desperado and outlaw, receives \$50 every time he appears in the play. "A Fatal Scur" considers that the company gives matinee several times a week. It will be seen that Mr. James will soon have a sufficient sum to tide him over the few years remaining to him. The \$50 is paid in cash, too, before the curtain goes up. The manager was somewhat short of funds while in Salt Lake. It is said, and tenderly he took the misadventure and opened it, and with genuine pleasure were the sixteen pages and three "postscripts" read and reread.

"General Delivery" was the sign that caught the young man's eye as he entered the postoffice. He was neatly dressed, evidently less than 20 years of age, and there was a look of expectancy on his face as he walked up to the window. "Is there anything for me?" he asked, giving the clerk his name. A dozen letters or more were sorted over and the last proved to be the one expected. It was from his mother, his dear old mother, who never forgets to write once a week. Tenderly he took the missive and opened it, and with genuine pleasure were the sixteen pages and three "postscripts" read and reread.

A letter from mother, a missive of love. Almost a message from heaven above. Breathing a prayer for her boy, far away, changing his life from darkness to day; telling of home, of sister and brother, bringing glad tidings, this letter from mother.

Letters which told as but mothers can tell. Of friends who were ill, and friends who were well. Noting events of the swift passing years, jotting down smiles, blotting out tears; telling of home, of sister and brother, bringing glad tidings, this letter from mother.

Says the hotel clerk: "Good evening, Mr. Jones. Glad to see you. A room with bath, did you say? Yes, sir, here you are; the same one you had when you were here the last time, about a month ago. Fr-r-r-r-ont boy! Show the gentleman up to 231. See that he has a pitcher of ice water and everything he wants."

"Why, hello, Smith! Glad to see you. Room with bath and a call at 7 o'clock. All right, we will take care of you. Let the boy have your grip and he will show you up to 216. Fr-r-r-ont boy! Show the gentleman up and then hurry back and take a pitcher of ice water to 224 and some writing paper to 42."

"How are you, Brown. Awful glad to see you. With did you get in? Yes, indeed, it is nasty weather, but no worse than we had this time last year. Let's see, you were here on the 29th last season, a day earlier than this. How's business? Believe you told me that you were thinking of investing a small sum in that Get-rich-quick mining stock. How did it pan out? You don't say! Well, that was too bad, but better luck next time. A small room for a dollar, you say; all right, old man, here you are, and it's all right at twice the price. Good night, Brown; see you tomorrow."

Oh, he's a Wiley Wiser, is the hotel clerk. He talks religion, politics, horse racing, baseball and golf. He tells stories, listens to stale jokes, pats his fellow on the back and tells him he's a good fellow while he is keeping his eye on him to see that he doesn't steal the register or a box of matches. He listens to every body's troubles, keeps his own to himself. He sympathizes with the afflicted and divides his toothache medicine and cure with all who suffer. He eats whenever it is convenient, sleeps occasionally every once in a while, and is always good natured. He may possibly receive \$5 a week, but he earns \$50. And with all his faults we love him still, for many's the good story that he has passed off to the reporter at times when stories were few and far between.

"See that man standing by the window?" asked an officer of the law as he approached the night clerk of the Kenyon hotel one evening recently.

The clerk looked toward the window.

"You mean that big fellow, that 260-pounder over there, with the peaceful countenance and an honest-looking face?"

"The very same," said the officer.

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud. I have a warrant for his arrest on a serious charge. When I went to nab him he gave me a song and dance about being the manager of some theatrical company, and said you would vouch for him. Of course I knew he was trying to string me, but for fear I might be making a mistake, I agreed to let him enter the office and stand by the window where you could see him, while I asked you privately whether or not you could identify him."

The clerk chuckled, poked the officer in the ribs, and replied:

"Why, that man over there is known from ocean to ocean as 'Big Bill Bittner,' or 'Honest Bill,' as some call him. He certainly is a well-known theatrical manager and you will do well not to make him any serious trouble about this affair."

At this point in the conversation "Big Bill" walked over and joined the circle. Cigars were passed at the expense of the officers, and all three men agreed not to tell the story.

"That description of me was perfect, though," said "Bill," "all but the hair. Some one is going around robbing people, evidently, and because he is very near my double he has an easy time getting me into all kinds of trouble. I pity him, though, if we ever meet."



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