SKYSCRAPER LIFT

Tragedy of the Elevator's Ups and Downs.

SOME ADVICE BY SAMMIS.

Don't Correct a Caller's Grammar. 'Ware the Angel—Don't Be Gay With the Boss—Don't Monkey With Wall Street Tips.

By M. QUAD.

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YOU can make a lawyer or doctor out of most any sort of boy, but when it comes down to an elevator boy that's different.

He must be born for the place and keep on growing better every day until he retires to a chicken farm on a competence.

It is easy enough to scoot an elevator up and down, stopping at the different floors. That's simply muscular action. That will take any boy along for four weeks, and then, unless he has got the stuff in his head, he must go.

I made my first mistake by correcting a broker's grammer, but it was my first and only one in that direction. Old Brown was a speculator

THE ANGEL OF THE SKYSCRAPER.

who had an office on the tenth floor. One day a broker blew in and inquired of me:

"Bub, has old Brown went up yet?"

"Old Brown has gone up, sir," I replied, with a great deal of emphasis on the gone.

That broker was worth a million dollars, and the idea of a poor but respectable boy correcting his speech made him boil over. He went straight to the agent and had me laid off for a month. The first trip he took in my cage after I came back he said to me:

"I have teached you a lesson, sonny, and I hope you will profit by it."

I made no reply. I had learned my lesson. Grammar is all right in Sunday school or at a moving picture show, but there's no call for it around a skyscraper. Any old language will do.

I didn't regard the engineer of a skyscraper as muchy much, and I made another mistake there. I hadn't held my place long when he insisted that I spend the noon hour playing poker with him. I refused, and within twenty-four hours I was sent for by the agent of the building, who said:

"Sammis, we have got to keep the engineer from being lonely or he'll quit the job."

"I'll get a jewsharp for him, sir."

"You'll have to do better than that. You'll have to play poker with him or go. We can't have him sticking your cage between floors a dozen times a day."

And so I went down every noon for an hour and let that engineer stick me at penny ante. Sometimes he won as much as 50 cents. When I had a full house he had a way of making a straight beat it. I had almost come to the conclusion that I was not born for an elevator boy when the engineer dropped dead of heart disease before me. I had held a royal flush to his pair of nines and beaten him out of 2 cents, and it was too much for his gentle spirit.

"Knocks" the Wrong Tenant.

I thought I was doing my duty when I went to the agent and told him that all signs indicated that the terra cotta man on the eighth floor was going to sneak out without squaring up his rent. The agent turned on me in a ferocious way and shouted:

"Sammis, who's running this skyscraper?"

"You are."

"Then keep your paws off or skate!"

Later on I found out that the terra cotta man, who owed three months' rent, was the agent's brother-in-law and that the lost rent was charged up to "repairs." Around a skyscraper you never know who is who and who he is related to.

Many and many an elevator boy who promised well at the start has blasted his career by falling in love with a typist and stenographer. There is no one to warn him of his danger. His mother at home fondly imagines that no female under fifty years old is employed around a skyscraper, and the car starter thinks it's fun to see a poor boy lose his heart and his job at the same time. The boy is paying strict attention to business when along comes a human angel. She's a blond. She has curly hair. She has a charming way of twisting her mouth as she talks. She calls him "Charlie" and begins a flirtation that lures him to his doom. After the thing has gone on for about three weeks some old dozer of a tenant with a heart of stone goes to the agent and says:

"Rasher, I'm going to leave this coop."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"It makes me tired."

"But tell me what?"

"That cub of a boy and that dolly of a girl! I can't stand it no longer. I thought this was a place of business, but I find it a nursery for calf love."

Then to keep the old coon from moving out the poor boy gets the bounce, and curly head giggles over it and lays for the next.

In Wrong With the Owner.

I nearly ruined my career by getting the idea that the owner of the building was a gent who wanted to know all his employees personally. He came down now and then, but always took some other elevator. I thought this was because we had not been introduced, and I put on my Sunday clothes one evening and called at the house. Need I describe the tragedy that followed when I introduced myself and offered to shake hands to show there was no hard feelings on my part? Several landscape painters have told me that they would have given much to have been there and caught the local coloring.

Many elevator boys start in with the idea that they must entertain their guests as they ride up and down. This is a sad mistake to make, especially if you try to be funny. I once tried to entertain the president of a railroad company by asking him that old gag, "Why does a hen cross the street?" He had no sooner recovered consciousness than he went to the agent and said I had tried to assassinate him, and I got a layoff for it. I once knew an elevator boy who thought it very funny to call the old women "Sis." He got along all right with a dozen of 'em, but the thirteenth put his eye out with the point of her parasol. No one eyed boy can run an elevator. He must get a place in an insurance office. They need only one eye there to sock the premiums on to you.

For the first year I was on an elevator I was excited about politics and telling what I thought about candidates. Then I happened to tell a candidate whom I didn't know by sight what the tenants of the building were saying about him, and when he got through cuffing and spanking me I had to go home for two days.

Waterloo In Wall Street.

There were many brokers in our skyscraper. I tried to get their good will so as to get tips. I even bought tickets to vaudeville shows and tried to pass them around. At last I got what I longed for. A broker winked at me to step out of the cage at his floor and whispered to me:

"Sammis, it's a sure thing! Don't give it away!"

"Never, sir."

"Buy Silver Crown at 15 for a raise!"

"Thanks, sir."

I had saved up $50, and I bought Silver Crown. I hadn't the least doubt that it would go to 30 inside of a week. It went down to 5 instead. The next time the broker took my car I looked at him reproachfully, and he smilingly explained:

"Now buy Silver Crown at 5 for a fall and then you'll hit it both ways."

I never touched Wall street after that. I took options on the huckleberry crop instead.

SAMMIS,
The Elevator Boy.

Warning to Railroad Men

E. S. Bacon, 11 Blast St., Bath, Me., sends out this warning to railroaders: "A conductor on the railroad, my work caused a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and I was miserable and all played out. A friend advised Foley Kidney Pills and from the day I commenced taking them, I began to regain my strength. The inflammation cleared and I am far better than I have been for twenty years. The weakness and dizzy spells are a thing of the past and I highly recommend Foley Kidney Pills." Carroll Drug Co.

A Dangerous Habit.

"No, ma'am," said Weary Watkins, "I am not an optimist. I am merely a philosopher. When fate shows an inclination to hand me something unpleasant I'm not at home. And I suppose I have avoided any number of industrial accidents by sternly avoiding a habit that has long been the bane of toiling generations."

"What habit is that?" inquired the farmer's wife. "Drink?"

"No, ma'am; work!"

He gained the highway safely, but the dog was a close second.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Are You Sick?

Pep-Senna produces remarkable results for kidney, liver and bladder sufferers.

If you are run down, do not fail to make a request to the Woodworth Laboratory 1161 Broadway, New York, for a sample of Pep-Senna, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, which is curing thousands. The well known saying that "delays are dangerous" applies more fully to the kidney, liver and bladder diseases than to anything else. Diseases of the kidney, liver and bladder will stand no trifling, because there is no disease so deceptive, and nothing more fatal.

Look backward and recall to memory the many sufferers, and others who have died during the past year. Have you ever stopped to think how many of them could have been made well and happy just by the use of Pep-Senna, this great health restorer? If you feel downhearted and discouraged, send for a sample to-day.

DR. WILSON AS ORATOR.

Governor of New Jersey In a Characteristic Attitude.

LABOR MUST ORGANIZE

If It Is to Secure Justice From Organized Capital, Says Woodrow Wilson.

Few public men have taken such definite ground on the question of the rights and duties of organized labor as has Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. In a letter written to one of the labor leaders of his home state recently the governor said:

"I have always been the warm friend of organized labor. It is, in my opinion, not only perfectly legitimate, but absolutely necessary, that labor should organize if it is to secure justice from organized capital, and everything that it does to improve the condition of workingmen, to obtain legislation that will impose full legal responsibility upon the employer for his treatment of his employees and for their protection against accident, to secure just and adequate wages and to put reasonable limits upon the working day and upon all the exactions of those who employ labor ought to have the hearty support of all fair minded and public spirited men, for there is a sense in which the condition of labor is the condition of the nation itself. The laboring man cannot benefit himself by injuring the industries of the country. I am much more afraid that the great corporations, combinations and trusts will do the country deep harm than I am that the labor organizations will harm it, and yet I believe the corporations to be necessary instruments of modern business."

Simple Remedy Cures Appendicitis

Sworn proof that simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-i-ka, the new German Appendicitis remedy, really does cure Appendicitis without operation, can now be seen right in Colville at the store of Carroll's Pharmacy. A SINGLE DOSE of this simple remedy will relieve wind or gas in the stomach or bowels, sour stomach, constipation and other symptoms of chronic Appendicitis.

Four Hundred Years Before Peary.

The north pole is the place of greatest dignity in the world, and the people who dwell near it "have a wonderful excellency and an exceeding prerogative above all nations of the earth." How blessed we may think this nation to be, for they are in perpetual light and never know what darkness meaneth, by the benefit of twilight and full moons, as the learned in astronomy do very well know, which people, if they have the notice of their eternity by the comfortable light of the gospel, then are they blessed and all of nations most blessed. Why then do we neglect the search of this excellent discovery, against which there can be nothing said to hinder the same?—From Hakluyt's Voyage (Sixteenth Century).

In the Wake of the Measles

The little son of Mrs. O. B. Palmer, Little Rock, Ark., had the measles. The result was a severe cough which grew worse and he could not sleep. She says: "One bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound completely cured him and he has never been bothered since." Croup, whooping cough, measles cough all yield to Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. The genuine is in the yellow package always. Refuse snbstitutes. Carroll Drug Co.

Don't Give Her Time.

"Which of your daughters will get married first?"

"Oh, my youngest. Why, she can't cook or sew or do anything useful."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Foley Kidney Pills take hold of your system and help you to rid yourself of your dragging backache, dull headache, nervousness, impaired eyesight, and of all the ills resulting from the impaired action of your kidneys and bladder. Remember it is Foley Kidney Pills that do this. Carroll Drug Co.

Can Afford To.

"Has the doctor a large practice?"

"So large that when people have nothing the matter with them he tells them so."—Pittsburg Post.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

MASON'S HEIGHTS
ACRE TRACTS

ARE the most beautiful suburban property on the market, made by nature for the future "Nob Hill of Colville."

Every tract can be watered from the finest springs. Natural shade trees, every tract sightly. Reasonable in price.

More than superb view and scenic survey of Colville and surrounding country.

Better live high in MASON'S HEIGHTS and own your home, than to live high elsewhere in a rented house.

Nurse your hope for a future advance; isn't this better than to curse in regret over a bundle of rent receipts?

Isn't it better to rear your boy on one of these acre tracts where he can have his chickens, ducks and pigeons and also a fine garden, than to coop him up in a down town lot in the dust?

Health and happiness is a better investment than disease and doctor bills.

A very few $ $ $ will put you among the very best.

Candidly---If you have not seen this property, a most delightful experience awaits you. Come in, and go out with me. I believe in it and so will you.

Get out of the Rut!
Expand! Grow!
Spread Out!

G. B. IDE

Sales Manager