

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Items of Interest to Men on the Road.

WHAT THE INTERSTATE LAW DOES

National Union at St. Joseph—Very Fond of a Joke—The Same Old Bill—He Was Cute.

Neutrality vs Independence.

Merchant Traveler: There is no such thing as neutrality in thinking in this busy American world. The waves of social, political and commercial life beat about the life of every man. He is but a laggard and a dolt who can gaze on this great battle for human supremacy without being stirred by the fires of ambition to take an active part in its operations. To be neutral regarding the great questions of the day is to be without the elements of manhood. So likewise is it possible for men to keep neutral ground regarding those things which concern them nearly in their social and business affairs. Every occupation, almost, has its order, its club, its lodge or its association. In and through these organizations, trades and professions discover and make known to the world their desires and their achievements. Traveling men and messengers, indeed, have need of such organization. In union only can they hope to battle successfully the evils with which they are surrounded, or abolish the tyrannies to which they are subjected. Every man who carries a trunk and a bag, who sees these associations grow strong. He cannot be neutral. He must take sides with his comrades or he is against them. No human being worthy the name is without influence. It is his duty to see that his influence is cast on the right side. Wait for another to do for you what you are able to do for yourself and it will never be done. The chicken that lies in the shell waiting for some outside influence to open its door to life dies, while its enterprising brother peeks through its environment and walks abroad in the sunlight. Traveling men may not be of the same mind regarding the association for it is only a dependence of thought prohibits this, but they cannot afford to keep out of associations formed for their benefit on this account. It is there that their arguments will have the most effect. It is in the establishment of them. Out of many good suggestions is finally formed the best plan possible. Every man's ideas are worth something. Yours may be the most valuable of all. Give it a trial. If you are wrong you may be heard and speak for the good of yourself and your brother travelers. Join hands with those who are working for the benefit of the class to which you belong. Don't be afraid to criticize the workings of an association, for it is only through being purged of its faults that it can come to ultimate good, but go in-into where your criticism will have weight. Fight for the truth if you fight alone but fight in the organization and not out of it. In one you are a friend, in the other its enemy. The bigot who can see wrong in anything with which he has to do is to be pitied if not despised. Be none of these. But a fearless advocate of truth, right and justice to do far more toward correcting the evils of an order when he is a member than when he is not. Join the traveling men's associations. It is your duty. And once in is not afraid to fight wrongs either inside or out of its charter.

Fond of a Joke.

St. Paul Globe: H. B. Smith, is the way it reads upon the hotel register. Every one knows Hub Smith as a jolly good fellow who always adds cheer by his presence. He is but one of the grand army of commercial tourists, and travels out of St. Louis, selling vinegar with a side line of soaps from Chicago. One of his stock arguments is, "If I don't sell this vinegar it will sour on my hands." Hub is something of a wag, and often plays a practical joke upon some unsuspecting fellow. He was up at Detroit, Minn., about the time of the opening of the Hotel Minnesota, and it happened that Barnum's or some other show was in town the same day. Smith approached the clerk, grip in hand, and asked as to the capacity of the office safe, and gently hinted that he was the cashier of the show. The safe was inspected, and by turning out all the books, etc., was safely enclosed within. There was a confederate or two in the scheme, and when exploded the clerk said: "Cigars all around, gentlemen." Another time Hub walked into the principal hotel at Madison, Wis., (it was about the time of Jack Dempsey's fight with Jim Corbett) and with a grip in hand (the grip in Cities) and in a bold hand registered Jack Dempsey and asked to be shown a room. The clerk whirled the register around, and reading the name assigned him to one of the best rooms, and with a grin on his face, he piloted the way up. Hub remained a few moments, and coming down stairs found a half dozen fellows scanning the name, but undaunted, he approached the clerk, and asked to be shown the room. He walked down the street his confederates overheard such remarks as: "What splendid shoulders." "Look at his legs!" "Ain't he a slugger?" Returning to the hotel he went to his room, but the great center of attraction that afternoon was the hotel office, where nearly every man in town could have been seen. The joke was only terminated when Smith had to face some local newspaper reporter who presented his card just after supper.

National Union.

The session of the Traveling Men's Protective union convened in the board of trade rooms at St. Joseph last week. There was a good representation of local travelers in attendance and great interest in the proceeding was manifested.

The meeting being a preliminary one, the purposes for which they had met were explained. The association is national in character, embracing jobbers and salesmen in various lines of trade, the design being to form divisions of said union throughout the states and cities.

These divisions, having their own officers and executive board, will attain union and be subordinate and under instructions of the national union. The object and purposes of said union are the protection of honorable trade, and encouragement of honest, upright dealing among traveling salesmen, and for considering and acting upon any and all matters interesting and beneficial to traveling salesmen, such as hotel, commercial reports, collections, railroads,

social relations, etc., or any subject a member may bring up.

At the evening session the proceedings of the morning meeting were ratified and a division organized, to be known as the "St. Joseph Division." Mr. M. Williams was elected president and Mr. E. V. Kone secretary. There will be a meeting of the local union at an early date, at which the remainder of the officers will be chosen, and new members received.

The following are the officers of the national union:

- President—J. M. Coffman, Ottumwa, Iowa.
First Vice-President—John McCormick, Keokuk, Iowa.
Secretary—Treasurer—A. B. Grube, Burlington, Iowa.
Executive Committee—E. B. Kearns, chairman, Burlington, Ia., Root A. Gray, T. E. Rhodes, J. T. Rowe, S. T. Cartright, T. H. Dillon, W. P. Ripley, Eno Hulshof, A. A. Stone, Charles Englert, J. H. Thornberry.

His Name.

"I had a conductor pretty badly rattled on my last trip," said a drummer who had just "got in."

"How?" he was asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. It was rather funny, and the joke came near being on me."

Was carrying a grip belonging to another man and had his full name on it—call it W. B. Brown. Then I had purchased a hat that had been specially made for another man, but didn't fit him. It was a handsome silk hat and had his full name in the lining—call it Henry Smith. Well, I wanted to run into Chicago for a day or two, and as luck would have it, I ran across one of these return-trip excursion tickets, which I bought for almost nothing. I was busy reading in some paper, and the conductor came along, and I just handed him the ticket without looking up. He seemed a long time punching, and just as I looked up to see what the matter was he asked:

"So he had your name?"

"By George! I had forgotten the name on the ticket, and for a moment I was rattled. Then I said:

"It's on the ticket. Can't you read?"

"He looked at the ticket again and then he looked at me. I knew that something was wrong, but I couldn't think what it was."

"Well, he said at last, 'you've got me whipped this time.'"

"The ticket says Thomas Edwards, the grip reads W. B. Brown, and the lining of your hat shows Henry Smith. What in thunder is your name anyway?"

"Sure enough my hat was lying face down on the seat, and my grip had my name sure and topped. I had to laugh as I replied:

"My name is Edwards."

"Well, I guess that'll have to go," he said. I can't choose from three."

"Just the same, though, he asked what my name was every time he passed through the car. And the funniest part of it was that not one of the three names was mine."

The Same Old Bill.

In some hotels, says the Hotel World, the breakfast bills of fare are seldom or never changed. Enough is placed upon the card to include almost everything, and these are placed before the guests every day in the year. The practice has nothing to commend it; not even the plea of economy. It may be asking too much of a low priced hotel to ask a daily change of menu for breakfast, but there are other ways out of the dilemma. Different lists can be printed for different days, in the future; rotated during the week, and thus affording variety. The identical same list day after day are not becoming monotonous. Different paper, type, dishes and arrangements afford the guests not the least pleasure in the way of curiosity or surprise. He knows when he arises in the morning just what he will have. With the same bill, however, and different dishes appeared on different days the element of doubt and surprise would add to the pleasure of dining, and it might also stimulate the steward to place upon the table a new dish once in a while. With the same bill, however, no incentive for this; he and the cook will give the breakfast no thought except to carry out the old routine. It is much to be doubted whether no bill at all is not preferable to the same printed list year in and year out.

What It Has Done.

The inter-state commerce law, says the Merchant Traveler, seems to be observed more in the breach than the observance. Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City, Des Moines, Denver, Dubuque and other cities have entered complaints to the commission and have themselves in turn been complained of. The law thus far has accomplished little beyond stirring up a feeling of animosity among the railroads. The trial in progress now at Davenport may result in establishing a precedent for the enforcement of the law, but it is very doubtful if any great good will come of it in the end. Corporations are made up of human beings, and human beings are selfish and ambitious. Towns will continue to enter secret compacts with railroads to advantage themselves at the expense of the law and railroads will continue to use the parsimony of individuals and corporations to their own interests. It is only when either party discovers that a rival is getting the advantage of them that the law is brought into requisition. It depends on whose ox is gored.

Notes.

It is understood that the T. P. A. is considering the proposition of adopting a plan of life insurance.

An assessment of \$8. to close October 20, has been sent out by the Northwest Traveling Men's association. The deceased members are J. Fletcher Smith, Charlton, Ia.; Hall Taylor, Wichita, Kan.; and J. H. Fryer, St. Joseph, Mo., and B. Goldman, Chicago.

Mr. Victor L. Fried, the handsome young man who travels for the Lee-Clarke-Anderson hardware company on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad and the Elkhorn Valley railroad, was in St. Joseph Friday, Saturday. Mr. Fried has many friends on the road. He left the city Saturday for his home at Oakland for the Sunday.

F. Frederickson, city salesman with the Lee-Clarke-Anderson hardware company, returned Friday, having made a successful business trip on part of the Union Pacific and Omaha and Republican Valley roads.

Thanks. Omaha Division No. 1 of the T. M. P. U., by its secretary, H. B. Sillick, wishes to extend to Mr. E. A. Balch, proprietor of the Barker Hotel, its hearty thanks for the use of rooms for the meeting Saturday evening, September 29, and especially for the elegant supper given in his dining room after the meeting adjourned.

Regulate the Regulator. With pure blood comes good health. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and secure both. Best Remedy. Largest bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Selecting Messenger Boys.

New York Graphic: The following advertisement attracted a crowd of boys this morning:

Wanted—100 boys between the ages of 14 and 16 years, 4 feet 6 inches or over, to learn telegraph messenger service. None need apply unless well recommended, or those accompanied by parents or guardians; good positions to accepted applicants. Apply 5 Day street, 9 a. m. daily.

They collected about the door singly and in groups, long before the hour appointed. Some were neat, clean boys, who showed by their manners and attire the care of fond mothers. Others there were who looked as if they had never had the acquaintance of water, comb or brush. Still they were not the worst-looking boys, only unfortunate, with no one to care for them, who do not know how to take care of themselves.

N. P. Sanford, the superintendent of the messenger service in this city, examined each applicant personally. He is a gentleman who has about 10,000 boys a year to deal with. He can pick a good boy out, who may be begrimed with dirt, and just as often will tell a boy who comes with church and Sunday-school references that he does not want him. He is an expert in judging boys. About twenty-five passed in review before him while a reporter was present this morning.

"Your name?" he asks in a quick, sharp tone of voice.

"John May."

"What have you been doing for a living, John?"

"Helping my father." The boy was a big hulking fellow, who could not look the superintendent in the face.

"What does your father do?"

"Nothing."

"Ah! What were you doing before you undertook the severe task of helping your father?"

"Worked as a messenger."

"Yes, you were here ten days last February, then you left. Help your father. Was he doing anything then?"

"Now, sir."

"I am afraid he never will, John, or you either, or any boy that is willing to live like since last February. Good-bye, John, and the boy knew he was not wanted."

"My Sunday-school teacher says I am the best boy in her class. I never go with bad boys. My mamma says I may work as a messenger if I do not have to get up too early, and if you give me a nice place and a good salary and nice companions," said a neatly dressed but precocious-looking boy about thirteen years old. Mr. Sanford laughed and said:

"When President Green, of the Western Union dies I'll send for you. You will be old enough then, and that is about the only place I can think of now that would suit you."

"With a lot of money on his face the boy went away. Several others that followed were engaged.

"You leave here or I'll have you arrested," shouted Mr. Sanford, as a red-headed boy loomed up before him for an instant and then fled.

"He was discharged for dishonesty a year ago, but had the nerve to come in here for re-employment four weeks ago," explained the superintendent. "I chased him then, but here he is back again."

There are 1,700 boys under Mr. Sanford's charge, distributed among the various offices in the city.

EVERY one for himself and God for us all. If you do not help yourself no one will help you. If you do not speak, consumption or malaria, all the help you need you will find in Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. 150 doses for \$1. Try it.

Trying on Ladies' Shoes.

Detroit Free Press: "Talking of trying on ladies' shoes," said a clerk in a prominent shoe store, "it is one of the most delicate and arduous duties that falls to the lot of a salesman. Why, the most innocent remark may be construed into an affront, and the clerk find himself called to account. Have you ever noticed that a boot and shoe man does very little talking?"

"Do you mean in selling goods?"

"Yes. Some years ago a clerk in a New Orleans shoe store lost his life for paying a lady a compliment about the size of her foot."

"Are Detroit ladies as sensitive on the subject?"

"It requires very nice discrimination to know when to pay a lady a compliment on the size of her foot. We have some ladies come here who possess remarkable beautiful feet, and it would be worth my place if I made any remark about them. The others—just as fastidious in all respects as the former—well-directed flattery; in fact, will challenge it by depreciating their feet. Then some ladies will not allow us to put their boots on, while others will treat us exactly as if we were foot stools or button hooks."

"Are ladies hard to please?"

"Well, I should just say so. Their feet are so tender they want to wear a loose shoe, and they always buy a tight one. Then they always try them sitting down, and in the hardest work of getting them to stand up and step around. Sometimes I am nearly distracted trying to get a good fit and one that will not have to be returned. But ladies are more sensible now about their shoes than

they used to be. They wear the common sense and low heels and have more comfort."

Do not be induced to take some other preparation when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's which is peculiar.

Tomb of Romeo's Sweetheart.

London Telegraph: Those who still still take an interest in the true and tragic history of the "Lovers of Verona," whose lamentable fortunes have been immortalized by Shakespeare, will, no doubt, be glad to learn some of the latest particulars respecting the tomb of Juliet, M. Victorin Jondères, the distinguished composer and musical critic, has just paid a visit to Verona, and he states that the tomb of Romeo's sweetheart, which is at the bottom of a garden in the old cloister near the Franciscan convent, is absolutely in ruins. Above it is a kind of niche in a brick wall, which is surrounded by bits of broken columns and capitals. The niche is full of visiting cards, and hanging on the walls is a wreath with a couple of attached to it, bearing the name "Madam Juliet Shakespeare," whom M. Jondères put down as a descendant of the Bard of Avon. On the wall to the left is a portrait of "Friar Laurence," the romantic and antique ought to be hoped that his tomb is in a better state of preservation than that of his lady-love. The attention of the curators of old and famous Italian monuments or of those persons who venerate the remains of the antique ought, certainly to be called to the statements of the French composer, who has, no doubt, accurately described what he saw during his visit to Verona.

A Natural Product of California.

It is only found in the Baileu county, California, and in no other part of the world. We refer to the tree that produces the healing and penetrating gum used in that pleasant and effective cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, and coughs, S. A. T. A. King of Consumption, Goodman, Drug Guaranties and sells it for \$1.00 a bottle, or \$3 for \$2.50. By the use of CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE, all symptoms of catarrh are dispelled, and the diseased mucous membrane is restored to a healthy condition, \$1.00 a package. By mail \$1.10. Circulars free.

Colonel Scott on Lincoln.

October Century: Of all war students none was so well qualified to speak with authority on this point of military ability as the late Colonel Robert N. Scott. His intimate personal acquaintance with the prominent actors in that war, his varied personal experience of military service, and, above all, his relation to the late Lincoln, as the "Rebellion Records," gave him the right to speak with authority.

Having to call upon him some years since at his "War Records" office, the business in hand led naturally to some of the incidents of his military career. Colonel Scott showed me letters, tables and documents, then unpublished, that led him to certain conclusions in respect to certain men. Then looking up he said, with enthusiasm and vehemence: "I tell you, Mr. King, the biggest military man we had was Abraham Lincoln."

He disclaimed for him, of course, knowledge of military technique; but in respect to what should and what should not be done, and when and where, he said Lincoln "was more than right, and less frequently wrong than any man we had."

Beware of worthless imitations of Dr. J. C. Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. The genuine cures headache, piles, dyspepsia, ague, malaria, and is a perfect blood purifier. Price 50 cents. Goodman Drug Co.

Women Who Dare.

New York Letter to Hartford Post: Passing the sub-treasury recently I noticed near the entrance a number of young women whose appearance was so peculiar that it immediately arrested my attention. If the reader should ask me what I saw, I could not say, but I can hardly explain it. Perhaps it might be termed a nonchalance of free manner that indicated disregard for observation. They had a cold audacity, which, though not brazen, was bold enough to tell you, Mr. King, the biggest military man we had was Abraham Lincoln."

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Continental Clothing House SPECIAL SALE OF MENS' SUITS, MADE FROM THE CELEBRATED MECHANICSVILLE GOODS.

Light-weight Fall Overcoats.

No garment is more important for a gentleman to have in his wardrobe this time of the year when the nights and mornings are beginning to be very cool, than a Light-weight Overcoat.

LOT 1.—