

Hardware.

Cassidy Sulky,
Bonanza Gang and
Oliver Chilled
Plows
AT
EZRA W. THAYER'S.

THE QUAIL SEASON

Is now here. He sells
that new smokeless
Ammunition and rents
a good Gun for 50 cts.
a day.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

PERSONAL.

K. T. Boyd of Glendale, is stopping at the Gregory.

Sheriff Draie of Pinal county came over from Florence yesterday morning.

Ed Metcalf came down last night from a tour of the mining camps along the north and south road.

Major R. Allyn Lewis left last night on a business trip to San Francisco. He will return to Phoenix in time to vote.

R. Graham came down from Frog Tanks yesterday. He says a large force of men is at work on the Agua Fria dam.

William Cavilland, lately at Keefer's drug store, will leave this morning for Prescott to take a position with Harry Brisley.

There were registered at the Lemon hotel yesterday Warren Price, Franklin, Ky., and Miss R. Higgins, Healdsburg, Cal.

Capt. Jones, the well known mining man, is in from his claims on the Hassayampa distributing rich specimens among his friends.

Chairman Kibbey of the Republican Territorial central committee left last night for Tucson on a political mission. He will return tomorrow night.

Editor Harrison of The Advance, the leading Congregationalist journal of Chicago, who has been visiting Phoenix for several days, left last evening.

W. W. Wall left yesterday morning for Florence where he will meet special land inspector, R. H. Connors, who is investigating Arizona land titles.

O. L. Sturtevant will leave this evening for Santa Ana, Cal. He says he can make \$2 in Phoenix to \$1 elsewhere, but that his wife is determined to go to Santa Ana. Mr. Sturtevant will revisit Phoenix next summer on his way back to Iowa.

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MAKING A LIVING.

Queer Ways of Doing It in a Large City.

Two men, one carrying a tripod and camera, the other carrying a high stack of photographic plates, bound around by a shawl strap, halted in front of a grocery in Blue Island avenue.

"You get them out in front and I'll be ready for them," said the man with the camera, as he spread his tripod in the gutter and took aim at the front door of the grocery.

The other member of the firm went inside and said to the grocer: "We're going to take a picture of your store. You'd better come out in front with your family and the clerk. Of course you'll want to be in it."

"Why are you going to take a picture? I didn't order one."

"That's all right. You don't have to pay anything unless you want to. Get everybody out in front."

The grocer yelled up-stairs to his wife, who came down with the two little girls close behind her. When she heard what was to be done she insisted on going back to "prim," but the man at the camera objected.

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DR.

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CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

"Hurry up; get in position," he shouted.

His partner grouped the family in the front door and said: "Every one stand still."

There was a click. The man at the camera said "All right," and slid in a panel. Then he and his partner gathered up their outfit and moved on.

Four days later the partner of the man who had worked the camera came into the grocery and displayed a dozen handsome photographs.

"We got a good picture," said he to the grocer. "That's a very good picture of you."

"It is a purty good picture," said the grocer, closing one eye and surveying the photograph with admiration.

"Those will be nice souvenirs to send to your friends and relatives."

"I didn't order any pictures."

"Certainly not, and you don't have to take them unless you want to, but I should think you could find use for a dozen of them."

"What are they worth?"

"I'll let you have them for two dollars and a half."

"I didn't order 'em and I don't care much for 'em, but I'll give you two dollars."

"That's pretty cheap, but I'll take it."

It is thus that some street photographers make their money. They know that every business man is flattered when he sees himself in a photograph standing in a proprietary attitude in front of his establishment.

This is but one of the many unusual ways of making money in a large city. There are small and trivial demands which are multiplied by a large population, so that it often becomes profitable to furnish a supply. A professional cockroach exterminator would not seem to be a public necessity, yet the cockroach man in Chicago makes a good living. There are hotels, restaurants and apartment buildings always ready to pay him a good price to come with his insect powder and patent blower and fill all the cracks and corners of the building with a poison which will kill the pestiferous little animals. In some instances he makes a yearly contract and agrees to keep the premises clear.

The professional ratter agrees for a certain sum to turn loose his ferrets and kill all the rats in a building. There are several "ratters" who are employed by the janitors of the big downtown buildings. In wholesale dry-goods and grocery houses the "ratter" is an important man. He and his ferrets clean the premises of rats and mice and save much property from destruction.

The soap artist makes a good living. He works principally in saloons and barber-shops, making ornate designs on the mirrors with a piece of white soap. He is a rapid workman and is good on fancy letters. For a quarter of a dollar he will convert a large mirror into a gigantic picture with pale effects, and usually he will spend the money with the house. Of late these journeymen artists have begun to use water colors for their mirror decorations. The bright colors give a more startling effect and can be easily washed off at any time. At least two theaters employ men to decorate saloon mirrors with gay advertisements.

There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant. The "idea" man goes into the place and says: "Why not put out a sign that you'll give a dish of ice cream free to every red-headed man. It would cause talk."

If the restaurant man adopts the suggestion the "idea" man will expect to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soaps and patent medicines and submits it to the proprietors. If they like it he names his price. At the big retail stores he drops in and confides new and startling schemes for advertising. He goes to the theatrical manager, and says: "Here, wouldn't this be a good catch line?"

Day by day he pokes into other people's business, and is well paid for it, because, after all, there is nothing more valuable than ideas of the right kind.

The professional entertainer who goes to evening parties and cheers up the guests has never made a decided success in Chicago. There are a few of these entertainers who find some employment, but the only attempt to establish a bureau where they might be employed at any time was a failure. In 1893 Burr McIntosh, the actor, established such a bureau and engaged a large number of competent musicians, singers and readers, who were to be let out to parties and receptions at so much a night. Mr. McIntosh had made a success as a parlor entertainer in London and was anxious to introduce the British custom in Chicago. He was well patronized by a few ultra-society people, but the others neglected his bureau and entertained themselves in some manner.

An eccentric gentleman goes from office to office teaching the latest Parisian style of hair-combing. He has not been as successful as another enterprising person who deals in crests and coats-of-arms. It is related that a wealthy and hard-headed business man with a good, old-fashioned name something like Ferguson was visited by a dapper gentleman, who carefully unwrapped a framed water-color painting

Tailoring.

A HASSAYAMPER

Is one who drank from Arizona's famous river in very early times.

He is tall, rugged, strong of voice, long of beard and clad in rough boots, slouch hat and blue jeans.

We never see one without wondering how he would feel and look in a handsome new suit made by

NICHOLSON THE TAILOR.

ing of a shield bearing certain heraldic symbols.

"Well, what's that?" asked the merchant.

"The Ferguson coat-of-arms, which you have a right to use," was the reply.

"I have traced the genealogy of your family and have proofs that you are a lineal descendant from Lord Rupert Ferguson, who distinguished himself as a friend and counselor of the duke of Buckingham."

"That may be true enough, but I don't care a continental about it. My father was a farmer in Ohio, and my grandfather used to own a flour mill in Pennsylvania. I never got any further back than that and never cared to."

The visitor went away much disappointed.

But the hard-headed business man happened to mention to his wife and daughter that the coat-of-arms had been offered him and they importuned him to purchase it no matter what the cost might be. Therefore the Ferguson family has a coat-of-arms and a family tree, the two costing Mr. Ferguson no less than fifty dollars. It is said that the same gentleman who approached him has made extensive researches for other wealthy gentlemen with the invariable result that somewhere in the dim past he has found a family coat-of-arms.

A Chicago woman is supporting herself and deriving a good income by instructing housewives how to make angel food. She goes from house to house, and when employed as an instructor goes into the kitchen with her pupil and makes a practical demonstration of her skill. Sometimes a second or third visit is necessary, as the housewife is not considered apt until she bakes a successful cake under the watchful eye of the instructor. This woman receives two dollars from each pupil.

A colored woman living in a remote region of the west side supports herself managing a dish-washing circuit. Along the street where she resides are about twenty families, who have given her the contract to wash dishes for them. She goes from house to house and covers the circuit three times a day. Her rates are fifteen cents a week for a family of not more than three, but the families are generous and give her something extra so that her income is considerably more than three dollars a week.

The connoisseur who collects cigar stamps and puts them into a basket flourishes only in big towns. Then there is the man who reseats chairs, the man who polishes up metal signs, the wandering plumber who repairs leaks at non-union rates, and the woman who is introducing preparations for the complexion. The latter takes the "lady of the house" into the kitchen, induces her to steam her face over a pan of hot water and then applies various creams, powders and perfumes. When the lady of the house has been done up in white enamel and is afraid to smile for fear she will break her face, the agent departs leaving the house strewn with advertising matter.

But of all the queer ways of making a living two boys on Fifth avenue had the queerest. It was so queer that it smacked of swindling.

A well-dressed little man at the Randolph street corner stopped for a moment to allow a car to pass. While he was standing there a boy edged up behind him and hooked to his coat tail a card on which was printed in black letters:

SOLD.

As the man went across the street several persons saw it and turned to laugh at him. The second boy was waiting across the street. He ran up to the man and said: "Mister there's a card hooked to your coat behind. Let me take it off."

"Goodness me!" said the little man, "how did that get there?"

"One of them tough lads put it on, I guess."

"Confound them! Well, here boy, here's a dime for you."

"Tanks, mister."

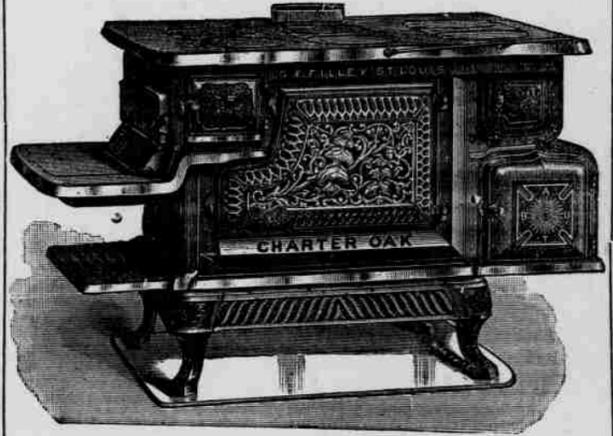
Two minutes later the good little boy hung in on a fat man and his partner on the other side of the street intercepted the fat man and collected a nickel. He had to ask for it, but he got it.

A man would be a brute to refuse a nickel to a poor boy who has done him a great service.—Chicago News.

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Standard Manufacture.
Largest Stock



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