

CARL DUNDER

America Was a Great Place, But He Can't Understand the People.

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1938

"Sergeant," began Mr. Dunder as he entered the police station the other afternoon with an anxious look, "I vash in America for 12 years, but mebbe I don't catch on yet. It vash a great country for business, but dere vash some queer peoples around."

"What has happened?" asked the sergeant.

"Vhell, I vvas in bed. She vvas after midnight, and I vvas asleep. Somebody rings my doorbell ten times, and I wake oop and put my head out of der window and say who you are and what you want? It vvas a man and he looks oop and says:

"Vvas your name Johnson?"

"No, sir, my name vvas Dunder."

"Dunder, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"But it ought to be Johnson. If I walk a mile and ring dot bell to find Johnson, I don't like to find Dunder. It



vvas a mean trick on a man who loves his country. You vvas too fresh, and if you come down here I'll fix you out!"

"He evidently made a mistake in the house," explained the sergeant.

"Yes, mebbe he did, but it don't seem right to me. I like to be Johnson to oblige somebody, but how can I be when I vvas Dunder? Nobody can be two mans, can he? Some other night, when I was dreaming avhay, somebody rings dot bell and wakes me oop. I look outt and find a man, and he says:

"Vhell, I vvas here."

"Und who vvas you?" I ask.

"My name vvas Shones."

"But I don't know you."

"Dot makes no deference. My name vvas Shones, and if you ever like to see me I vvil be around."

"That was only a trifling thing," said the sergeant. "Jones evidently labored under some mistake."

"But I can't make him outt," insisted Mr. Dunder. "If he vvas Shones, and if he likes to do some business mit me, why don't he come by daylight? All vvas strange and queer in dis country. Two days ago a man comes in my place and looks around and says:

"Vvas your name Schmidt?"

"No—it vvas Dunder. Vvas you looking for Schmidt?"

"Oh, no."

"Vvas you looking for Dunder?"

"No."

"Vhell, how vvas it?"

"It vvas all right. I shust ask if you vvas Schmidt."

"But how if I vvas Schmidt?"

"Den you vvas not Dunder!"

"Mebbe you can explain about dot, sergeant!" said Mr. Dunder, as he



pounded on the desk. "Can somebody come und talk to me like dot and make me all upset? Don't I have some law on him?"

"I should say the man was a dry sort of a joker."

"If he vvas dry why don't he buy some beer to vet oop? If he likes some shokes why don't he laugh? I shall damage dot man if he comes some more. I vvas gone home der other day because I don't feel vhell, and I vvas sitting by der door when a man comes along und says:

"How about dot money?"

"Vhat money?"

"Dot \$20,000 you found in der alley?"

"But I don't find him."

"Don't you? Vhell, I belief you vvas a hustler, but I guess I vvas mistook."

"I like him to come in und explain, but he won't. He says he vvas in a big hurry and can't stop. Sergeant, I don't find no \$20,000 in der alley."

"No?"

"Und why does he come und ask me?"

"I presume he wanted to know."

"Vhell, I don't make him outt. Nobody loses \$20,000, and nobody finds \$20,000, and yet dot man asks me about it. I vvas so excited I don't sleep all dot night. Und how about dot man und a brick? I vvas in my place when he comes in mit a parcel. He looks all around und says he vvil lock der door und be secret. He walks on tip-toe und speaks in whispers. He puts dot parcel on a table und takes off ten papers und says:

"Mr. Dunder, how vvas dot?"

"It vvas a brick."

"Did you ever see one before?"

"Lots of times, of course."

"Vhell, I vvas surprised about dot. If you ever see one he vvas a curiosity. He vvas made of clay, und he vvas used to build walls. You can't burn him oop like wood, und he last 10,000 years."

"Well?" queried the sergeant.

"Vhell, how vvas dot?" demanded Mr. Dunder. "Don't I see some bricks before? Don't I know all about bricks? Must dot man lock der door und speak in whispers to show me a brick? How vvas it dot souch things vvas in America? Two night ago some one kicks on my door und makes a great noise und scares me awful bad. When I look outt a feller says:

"Hello, you—vvas you asleep when I kick on der door?"

"Of course I vvas. Vvas der some troubles?"

"I guess not."

"No fire—no robbers?"

"No."

"But why you kick on my door?"

"To see if you vvas asleep or awake."

"Vhell, sergeant, I don't haf no gun nor dynamite und I can't kill him, but I like you to put der law after him. It can't be right to speak to me like dot. How vvas it only last night? I vvas on my doorstep, smoking my pipe, when a stranger comes along und walks into my house und sits down und



pounds on der wall und cries out for somebody to come along quick.

"Who you vvas?" I says.

"Hash Brown."

"Und what you do here?"

"I vvas an orphan."

"But why you come in my house?"

"Because she vvas an orphan asylum."

"You vvas mistook!"

"Oh—ah—I see. Vhell, a gold cure vvas shust as good, und you hurry oop dose fried oysters!"

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder, as they looked at each other, "can you understand how she vvas?"

"Why, it's just our way, you know," slowly replied the officer.

"Und I must be mixed oop all der time?"

"I don't know about that."

"But I knows! Look at me, sergeant! America vvas a great place, und I like to live here. I shall be mixed oop no more. I shall protect myself. When I go home I shall find a man in my place. He vvil look all around und say:

"Do you know my name is Brown?"

"He likes me to say no, so he can say because it ain't Black, but I don't do it—ha! ha! ha! I smile a leetle und reach for my club, und I smile some more und move along, und in shust one minute more—pop! bang!"

"And—and what?" asked the sergeant.

"He vvas lying on dot floor, und der coroner says he vvas so dead he don't know what hit him! Yes, sir—dot vvas it, und nobody won't bother me no more, und I vvas all K. O. Sergeant, good day!"

After Dark in Munilla.
All you maidens, fair to see;
You with eyes a la Chinese,
You with Malay blood so free,
You that disp in Japanese,
You who grew on Spanish tree,
From my presence do not flee;
You are different, you'll agree;
Stop und hear my earnest plea—
You all look alike to me.
After dark.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Much Publicity.
"I broke my engagement with Miss Pinky."
Sicklen—No!
"She was going around telling everybody that I was dead in love with her."
—Chicago Record.

M QUAD'S FUN

COPYRIGHT 1898

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

I was sitting with Col. Tom Davis in front of the "Big Four" ranch house, when one of his men who had been off among the hills to help turn back a bunch of lost steers rode up to make his report.

"Wall, kurnel," he began, "we found them steers over among the Jackson hills, and of all the purty sights I ever did see this one beat 'em all."

"What particular sight do you refer to?" asked the colonel.

"Why, the munit them steers cotched sight of us, und went every head and tail and they made a break. Thar' was about 500 of them, and they kept together like cavalry. It was mighty purty, kurnel—mighty purty."

"Well, you brought them home?"

"No, kurnel, we didn't. They headed into the hills with the four of us arter them, and I tell you it was a purty sight to see. The first to go down was Tom Beaver."

"How do you mean?"

"He got ahead of 'em on the left, and his hoss stumbled. The hull drove went right over Tom, and I never seen no purtier sight in all my life. When we gurt up to him we couldn't find so much as one of his boots. Hoss and man was jest clean trampled into the airth."

"Well, what next?" asked the colonel.

"Then Black Pete got ahead of 'em on the right, and he was millin' 'em around when his hoss struck a gopher-hole und pitched forward. Them steers was atop of him in no time. I've seen some purty sights in my time, Kurnel Davis, but I never seed anything to beat that. I jest had to holler. We found a piece of the saddle, but we didn't find nuthin' of Pete."

"Any more of the boys wiped out?"

"Jim Kosko, sir. Jim took a short cut and headed off the bunch, and he'd a-turned 'em if his hoss hadn't got bogged. They went over him like a sheep over a hog. Purtness wasn't no name for it. It was jest splendidous, sir. I couldn't find nuthin' of Jim when I got to the bog."

"And so you brought the cattle home alone?" carelessly queried the colonel, as he knocked the ashes of his cigar.

"No, sir. Before I could overhaul 'em they struck Tiger river. It was 20 foot deep at that spot, with a high bank on t'other side, and every last infernal steer was drowned. I've seen some purty sights in my time, kurnel, but of all—"

"Do you think we can save any of the hides?"

"Not a one, sir."

"Five hundred steers, three horses and three good men gone, eh?"

"They are, sir."

"Well, it's too bad, but we can't help it. You'd better get breakfast and then turn in for a rest."

When the man had gone I asked the colonel if the news could be true, and he calmly replied:

"Of course. Glad it wasn't a cloud-burst up Sassafras valley, or I might have lost ten men and horses and all my drove. Out in this country you are always glad of what don't happen."

THE OTHER SKATE.

"Among the things I can't make out," said the New York drummer, "is what becomes of the odd roller skate. It's a matter I've figured on for several years, but have as yet received no satisfactory explanation."

"What do you mean?" was asked.

"Well, when I am taking a weel in New York I can hardly walk a block without coming across a boy who is pushing himself along on an old roller skate to his right foot. I start out on my trip and visit 40 towns in the interior of the state. In each town I run up against a boy and a roller skate. I get around to Buffalo and he is there. I take a run down to Cleveland, and there are lots of him. I skip over to Toledo, and I find him as soon as I leave the depot. I switch over to Detroit, and lo! he is there. I took the boat from Detroit to Buffalo one night, and sure as you live that one-skate boy was aboard the boat shuffling around! I have found him at Cape May in July, and in the Catskills in August."

"And the odd skate?"

"As I said, that's what bothers me. It is always the right-foot skate he wears. What has become of the left? Why doesn't the boy put on both? What particular comfort does he get out of scuffling around on one foot? Is that other skate lost, strayed or stolen? Is it minus a wheel and waiting for repairs—ever waiting? Was there a pair of skates originally, or did the boy trade a hunk of gum and a broken jack-knife for the one skate? I can understand why panics and wars and calamities occur—I know something of geology, natural history, astronomy and physics—but I can't solve the mystery of the one-skate boy and I've tired of trying."

About the Size of It.

The Dude—But awfter all, I weally suppose but for youah birth you would be me equal, dancher know.

The Engineer—Undoubtedly. Had I not been born, I suppose I would be a nonentity also.—Boston Journal.

BIG DAY FOR ST. LOUIS.

The Cruiser Nashville, the First Sea-Going Vessel Ever Seen in That City, Enthusiastically Greeted by Many People.

St. Louis, May 11.—The third-class cruiser Nashville, the first sea-going war vessel that ever came up the Mississippi river this far, is now riding at anchor off St. Louis. She arrived at 12:50 yesterday afternoon and dropped anchor in midstream, saluting the city with 21 guns, which were responded to by battery A, Missouri national guard, and the whistles of all the river craft and along shore factories, as well as the shouts of tens of thousands of people who crowded the levee and the tops of the buildings and lined the sides of the great Eads bridge. The harbor boat City of St. Louis, with the reception committee of prominent business men, the mayor and city officials on board, steamed down the river and met the Nashville 12 miles below, at Jefferson Barracks. Off the barracks, which is a military post, the Nashville hove to long enough to fire a salute of 21 guns, which was answered by a battery on the bluff, and several hundred soldiers on shore added their shouts to the noisy welcome. All along the river from the barracks to the city the shores were lined with people who waved flags and fired salutes from guns of all descriptions.

BUILT IN A DAY.

Mountain View, Ok., the Western Terminus of the Rock Island Extension, Becomes a City in 24 Hours.

El Reno, Ok., May 11.—The town building record in Oklahoma is now held by Mountain View, Washita county. On Monday the townsite was prairie. On the same day it was surveyed and platted and a large portion of it sold and settled upon, the Washita river was bridged and a vast quantity of accumulated freight moved and located; the town was organized and officered and all lines of business and professions started. The town in one day became a settled city of 800, with W. H. V. Yates as mayor, Senator G. W. Bellamy as treasurer and Col. John Kerfoot as police judge, with a full complement of councilmen and minor officers. Some of the lots sold as high as \$900 within 30 minutes from the time the surveyor drove his stakes. Mountain View is the western terminus of the Rock Island extension across the famous Comanche and Apache country.

ABOUT DEWEY'S HOME-COMING

The West Is Making a Strong Effort to Have the Admiral Cross the Continent from San Francisco.

Washington, May 11.—The effort begun in the west to have Admiral Dewey return by way of San Francisco is being supplemented here. The representative of one of the large transcontinental railroads called at the navy department yesterday and stated that if Admiral Dewey returned by way of San Francisco this road proposed to place at his service an entire train, the finest that ever crossed the continent, and make it subject to his wishes as to the places and time of stops on the way east. It was urged also that this would give practically the whole country an opportunity to join in the reception of the hero of Manila, instead of restricting it to the stretch between New York and Washington.

A DOUBTING PROFESSOR.

Oscar W. Morgan, of Drake University, Accused of Heresy Because He Does Not Believe the Scriptures Are Inspired.

Des Moines, Ia., May 11.—Drake university, the Iowa college of the Christian church, endowed by ex-Gov. Drake, has a heresy scandal. Prof. Oscar W. Morgan, of the chair of Biblical languages and history, does not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and has said as much to the classes under his charge. He says freely that he considers the Jewish people a race in whose affairs the hand of God has been ever present and manifest, but he does not believe that the recording of their history was done by direct divine inspiration. The divinity students asked for his removal.

Packers Want Miles Removed.

Washington, May 11.—Much pressure, it is said, is being brought to bear by the beef packers to have Gen. Miles relieved of the command of the army as a punishment for bringing discredit on the American meat throughout the world. The action of a committee of the German reichstag in favoring a bill discriminating against American meats is pointed to as a result of Miles' course.

Miss Smith's Judgment Satisfied.

Kansas City, Mo., May 11.—Miss Martha Smith is now in possession of every bit of Dr. Howard S. Lowry's property, valued at \$15,000 or \$16,000. He deeded all of his real estate to her yesterday and she went to the courthouse and satisfied the \$25,000 judgment by signing the records. This finally settle the most sensational breach of promise suit ever brought in the circuit court.

Gen. Howard Re-Elected President.

New York, May 11.—The seventy-fourth annual meeting of the American Tract society was held here to-day. Gen. O. O. Howard presided. The society has had to retrench expenses during the past year, the total disbursements showing \$382,771 and leaving cash on hand of only \$643. Gen. Howard was re-elected president.

THE CROWD TOO GREAT.

Terrible Jam at St. Louis Thursday to See the Warship Nashville Results in a Panic.

St. Louis, May 12.—A vast concourse of people filled the levee from ten o'clock yesterday morning until five o'clock in the afternoon eagerly awaiting an opportunity to be ferried out to the gunboat Nashville anchored in mid-stream. The privilege of transportation had been granted to but one ferry company in order that the Nashville may not be overcrowded. This company's wharf boat was jammed. At noon the jam was increased. Suddenly a small child was pushed off the wharf into the river. Instantly a policeman followed and as the water was shallow the child was soon rescued. The excitement, however, caused a panic, and several men were shoved over the edge of the wharf and waded out. At least 25 women fainted and were in danger of being trampled, but the police succeeded in carrying every one out of the jam. Nobody was injured. Several children fell into the water during the day, but were rescued before they got beyond their depth.

AN UNUSUAL OFFENSE.

Alonso Armstrong, of Linden, Mo., Under Arrest for the Alleged Violation of One of the Postal Laws.

Kansas City, Mo., May 12.—Alonso Armstrong, of Linden, Mo., assistant in the post office of which his daughter is postmistress, was arrested on the charge of having committed an unusual offense against the government. Some time ago he wished to buy some merchandise by mail order. The stamps required amounted to \$1.48, and these he purchased from himself, and inclosed in the letter with his order. He claims to have put the money for the stamps in the cash drawer at the time the stamps were taken out. There is no discrepancy in the post office accounts, but this allegation and fact will not get Mr. Armstrong out of the difficulty. The law explicitly forbids the purchasing of stamps for use in lieu of currency by any one having the custody of them. The penalty is a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$500.

Pittsburg Miners Called Out.

Pittsburg, Kan., May 12.—Acting upon instructions from President Mitchell, of the national organization, W. T. Wright, president of district No. 14, has issued a call for a suspension of work in the mines of the Western Coal & Mining company, the Kansas & Texas Coal company, the Central Coal & Coke company, and the Southwestern Improvement company, on next Saturday. President Wright said that only the four companies would be called out now, but would not say that a general strike would not occur before the fight is ended.

Results Have Been Uncertain.

Washington, May 12.—Gen. Greely has made the first authoritative statement as to the progress making in the development of wireless telegraphy under the auspices of the United States signal corps. The important conclusion is reached by Gen. Greely that the wireless system is not likely to supplant the ordinary method of telegraphic communication. The results so far obtained have been uncertain.

Eight Over an Election.

Wichita, Kan., May 12.—A report from Alva, Ok., which is authoritative, states a pastor of the Methodist church and Gen. Hardwick had a fist fight in the street there, both participants appealing to their friends to allow them to fight to a finish. The marshal finally separated and arrested them. The fight grew out of the recent election, which was a bitter one, between the church and saloon element.

Have Dropped Mayor Jones.

Toledo, O., May 12.—The Lucas county delegates to the republican state convention have dropped Mayor Jones and practically united on Noah H. Swayne, of this city, as a candidate for governor. All that remains is Mr. Swayne's consent, which, it is understood, will be given. Mr. Swayne is an ardent supporter of President McKinley.

Sunday School Jubilee at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., May 12.—A grand jubilee of all the pupils of the Protestant Sunday schools in Kansas City is to be held in the Convention hall on the afternoon and night of May 26. More than 12,000 pupils and 1,000 teachers and officers of Kansas City Sunday schools will take part in the demonstration.

Date for the Chicago Meeting.

Chicago, May 12.—The Civic Federation of Chicago has selected June 25 to 29, inclusive, as the dates for a national conference in Chicago to discuss trusts. The call for the gathering states that its purpose is "to consider the subjects of trusts in their relation to economic conditions generally."