

OUT FOR OFFICE.

The Names of Many of the Candidates for County Honors.

The nominations made by the late democratic county convention have caused the republicans to look around for candidates for their ticket.

For county judge the present incumbent, H. McCulloch from present indications will have a clear field.

For the official place occupied for so many years by Commissioner B. P. Knight, a host of aspirants have already appeared.

For the office of coroner, the nomination of John Drexel has secured H. K. Burkett a walkaway in the convention.

For the legislature the labor of a couple hours inquiry elicited names enough to make nearly two tickets.

Among the many who are mentioned are George B. Lane, one superintendent of the Omaha schools; John H. Erol, the Sixteenth street hardware dealer; Christian Specht, the cornice man; Frank E. Bailey, the brick manufacturer; Tom Brunner, the grocer; Erick Peterson, of the South ward; Frank Lawton, and Dorsey B. Hour, the expressman, all of this city.

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RAILWAYS AND COMMERCE.

THE SENSATIONAL ANTI-MONOPOLY FIGHT.

NEW YORK, October 22.—John T. Davison, of Liverpool, England, member of the firm of Davies, Atkinson & Co., filed a bill of account today against his partner, John Atkinson, whose alleged delinquency to the amount of \$200,000 of the firm's money was announced a few days ago.

THE EASTERN COTTON WAR.

NEW YORK, October 22.—The Erie's reduction of passenger rates to the price of the Lake Shore went into effect today.

THE INHABITANTS OF TARANTULAS, SCORPIONS, AND HORNED TOADS.

Los Angeles Correspondence Brooklyn Eagle.

For fear your readers may not have any drawings to this thirteenth part, let me mention another of the native productions, which, though not often found in the City of Angels, are frequent enough all through the country around it.

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How the Commercial Traveler Works Up His Trade on the Road—The Influence of Wine and Cigars on the Country Merchant.

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"Ah, there's one of my colleagues doing the thing up brown," said a commercial drummer, as he stood at the desk of one of Boston's swell hotels paying his check, at the same time pointing to a table where a young, stylishly-dressed young man and one of more mature years were seated, enjoying an elaborate dinner.

"Nothing slow about him," he continued, as he saw the waiter bring a couple of bottles of champagne to the table mentioned. "He is a good one, I tell you."

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Oh, he travels for the large New York woolen house. They do a big business in Boston, and that elderly gentleman you see with him is one of their best customers."

"Rather reversing the order of things, isn't it, for a customer to take a salesman out to dinner?"

"Don't make any mistake of that kind, my boy," said the drummer, "I won't say anything for that dinner, but I assure you that my friend the drummer wouldn't listen to such a proposition. No, no; it is the same old story. The merchant is being worked in the regular way."

"You speak as though it were a common occurrence for drummers, who as a rule don't get princely salaries; to set up their customers regularly \$10 or \$20 dinners. Certainly they can't do that unless their employers foot the bill."

"Their employers don't foot many bills of that kind, you may be sure, that is, not if they know it. One of our salesmen, when he was fresh at the business, made a trip out west and spent a small fortune for wines, dinners, and cigars. He had heard the boys talk about doing this sort of thing, and, of course, thought it was all right. When he got back from his three months' trip he put in his expense bill: 'To treating customers, \$300.' Well, perhaps he didn't get a dressing down from the firm. You should have been there to hear the fun. The senior member, one of those good old fellows, told him he must be a fool, and asked him if he thought he was sent out to keep country merchants supplied with wine and cigars. He had to stand the racket himself, and you may be sure he never got caught in such a racket again."

"His customers, I suppose, got no more dinners as his expense, and more to in treating our customer. Not much."

"Oh, yes, they did, just as many as ever. Only they didn't appear on his expense bills any more."

"Paid for them himself, eh?"

"Well, n-o-o, not exactly," was the response, accompanied by a sly wink. "We drummers, I know, are a pretty fresh, innocent lot, but we don't go quite so far as to spend all our salary and more to in treating our customer. Not much."

"Perhaps I didn't quite follow you, but I understood you to say that the one of whom you spoke continued to spend money for the purpose mentioned and yet didn't charge it to the firm. How then did he escape paying it himself?"

"Have a sign," said the commercial man, as he nonchalantly lighted one himself and tossed the match away, "and come over here and sit down while I tell you about it."

Comfortably seated, he went on: "You see, a drummer's life is peculiar in many respects. In the first place it is a roving, roving sort of an existence. I am always keeping him on the go. Whatever success he achieves is due to his own individual exertions. The competition in almost every line of trade is intense, and if a man wants to sell any goods he has got to make himself solid as the boys say with his customers. The only way for him to do this is to make himself popular. Now popularity in nine cases out of ten is due to an off-hand good-fellowship and liberality that drummers as a rule must possess in order to succeed. It is absolutely essential for him to be liberal with his customer, and occasionally invite them to dinner or to the theater. He must do this even with his old customers, and when he wants to catch on to a man whose rival is selling it is even more essential. Well, now, of course the drummer can't stand the expense of these rackets out of his salary. They would soon eat it up. How, then, does he fix it?"

"The only way obviously is for him to catch onto some extra source of income. And this, as a matter of fact, is what most of us do. Whether the means that we take to do this are always just what any one would call perfectly square is a question. However, I'll give you my idea of what they are on the strict 'Q. T.' you understand, and you can judge for yourself."

"Suppose now, for example, that I travel through the western part of the state or in Rhode Island or Connecticut. Of course I pass over the same road very often, and in time come to know all of the conductors, baggage-masters, and other railroad employes very well."

"The conductors, baggage-masters through the train, recognize me, stop and shake hands, and, after a little chat, passes on, never thinking to ask me for my ticket. I don't think of it either, and the result of it is that next time I go over the road the same ticket answers my purpose. Now, who shall profit by this mistake? Not the firm, certainly. I charge the fare on my expense bill and pocket the profit, see?"

"Or suppose again, that I have a few hundred pounds of extra baggage. I know the baggage-master well. Perhaps he has smoked more than one of my cigars, or taken sundry drinks with me. At all events we are good friends. I go to him and say: 'Look here, old man, I've got a little extra baggage; what is it going to cost me?'"

"Oh, not a great deal; a few pounds perhaps."

"Well, I guess we won't charge you anything for it."

"Much obliged. Have a smoke? And I have over two or three cigars."

"Now, clearly, the fare ought to pay for that extra baggage, and you can rest assured that it does, too."

"In the course of a year it foots up to quite a snug little bill."

"Then there is the old racket of having your letters sent to the Fifth Avenue hotel, and stopping at some cheap up-town hostelry. This, however, is something that the more respectable members of the profession rather look down upon. It's rather low, you know. But now, here's another question. Suppose I have a friend, as very often happens, in some of the towns where I have to stop two or three days, and they invite me to stay with them. Must I charge the firm the regular bill for expenses? Rather a delicate question, isn't it? We generally do, though, all the same, and, as I think, properly."

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"Oh, he travels for the large New York woolen house. They do a big business in Boston, and that elderly gentleman you see with him is one of their best customers."

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