GRAND PRESENTATION SALE

BY ZUNDER & HARRIS, 1520 Douglas Street, Omaha.

$500 Worth of Useful Presents to be Given Away to Our Customers, Consisting of

1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Watch, Max Meyer & Bro's. celebrated special movement.....$125.00
1 ladies' Solid Gold Watch, set with diamonds..... 100.00
1 quadruple plated Tea Set, gold lined, 5 pieces..... 75.00
1 Sewing Machine, with all attachments..... 60.00
1 Piano Lamp, oxidized silver complete..... 50.00
1 Music Box, 8 airs and musical chimes..... 50.00
1 Mantel Clock, with French gilded dial and bronze ornament.. 25.00
Smoked Pearl Opera Glass.... 20.00
$500.00

A ticket given with every purchase of $1, which entitles the purchaser to an interest in each of the presents which will positively be given away Tuesday evening, July 1st.

Notwithstanding above beautiful gifts, we shall continue our Popular Low Prices.

SPECIAL BARGAINS for this WEEK

LOT 1—$1.28.

Consists of ladies' dull dongola, button Shoes, solid leather, worked button holes, all sizes, actual value $1.75, Our price this week $1.28.

LOT 2—$1.45.

Consists of ladies' genuine hand turned dongola button shoes, sizes 2½ to 4, actual value $2.50; our price this week $1.45.

LOT 3—$1.95.

Consists of ladies' genuine hand turned button shoes, dongola, kid, opera and common sense styles, sizes 2½ to 7, actual value $3; our price this week $1.95

LOT 4—$2.95.

Consists of ladies' genuine hand turned button shoes, fine dongola kid, opera and common sense styles, sizes 2½ to 7, actual value $4.50; our price this week $2.95.

LOT 5—88 Cents.

Consists of ladies' fine toilet slippers, beaded front with beaded satin bows, actual value $1.50; our price this week 88c.

LOT 6—95 Cents.

Consists of ladies' hand turned Oxford ties, with patent leather tips, actual value $1.50; our price this week 95c.

Misses' fine kid and goat, button shoes, Reynolds Bros. and P. Cox's make, good value at $3.50; our price this week $1.45.

Misses' genuine goat, button shoes, spring heels, sizes 11 to 2, actual value $1.75; our price this week $1.15.

Misses' pebble button shoes, sizes 11 to 2, actual value $1.35; our price this week 98c.

Infants' button shoes, actual value 35c; our price this week 18c.

Infants' button shoes, genuine kid and goat, hand sewed, actual value 75c; our price this week 48c.

Children's goat and dongola shoes, Rochester make, actual value $1.25; our price this week 95c.

Geo. W. Ludlow and P. Cox's children's genuine kid, button shoes, French kid button hole fly, sizes 8½ to 10½, actual value $2; our price this week $1.25.

Boy's B calf seamless button shoes, worked button holes, solid leather throughout, actual value $1.75; this week $1.35; sizes 11 to 2.

Boys' B calf seamless button shoes, worked button holes, solid leather throughout, sizes 3 to 5½, actual value $2; our price this week $1.45.

Boys' B calf shoes, congress and lace, actual value $1.50; our price this week $1.15.

Men's B calf shoes, actual value $2; our price this week $1.45.

Men's A calf shoes, congress and lace, all styles, actual value $2.50; our price this week $1.85.

Men's calf shoes, genuine McKay sewed, actual value $2.50; our price this week $2.50.

Men's genuine French calf shoes, strictly hand sewed, sold elsewhere at $7 to $8; our price this week $5.25.

Men's working shoes 85c, 95c, $1.15, $1.35, $1.45, actual value 25c to 75c per pair more than our prices for this week.

Special prices on entire stock of ladies' misses' and children's, men's, boys' and youth's shoes this week.

Please bear in mind we are not quoting prices on inferior makes, but reliable goods which we will guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

The following letter explains itself as to the genuineness of the magnificent gifts above mentioned—

Office of Max Meyer & Bro.
Omaha, Neb., Mar. 17, 1890.

Messrs. Zunder & Harris:

Gentlemen—We hereby warrant every article sold to you this day, to be exactly as represented, and you can guarantee everything and we will hold ourselves responsible.

Respectfully,
(Signed) MAX MEYER & BRO.

It will be a mistake to purchase anything in the line of shoes or slippers before seeing us.

Zunder & Harris 1520 Douglas

Zunder & Harris 1520 Douglas

Zunder & Harris 1520 Douglas

OLD HUTCH RESOLD THE COAT

A Characteristic Anecdote of the Parsimonious Millionaire.

TALMAGE TEARS HIS BOOKS.

Is the Brooklyn Divine a Vandal—Crane Couldn't Imitate Himself—Mark was Moving—"Our Mary's" Debut.

Current Anecdotes.

Rather a good story is told of "Old Autch," the Chicago millionaire. He is a man of the extraordinary parsimonious habits, despite his vast fortune, and it is his boast that he never loses an opportunity for making a penny. Not long ago his son developed a large and impressive scheme. He went to a prominent Chicago tailor with one of his father's old overcoats on his arm. The newest coat at that time in possession of the millionaire had been in service about twelve years, and was shabby beyond redemption, writes Blakely Hall in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. The son had a beautiful new beaver coat built for his father. It was lined with silk and handsomely finished. The tailor charged him $70 for it. The coat was thrown in a heap on a chair near one of the windows, and the following day, as the son was walking down town with the wary old operator, he asked him to step into the tailor's a minute, while he tried on a new coat. While the son was trying on the coat, amidst a terrible and strained silence on the part of the employes, Old Hutch wandered around the shop, and finally pulled the newly-made overcoat from the chair, straightened it out, and looked it over. Then he slowly put it on, and found that it fitted him perfectly. He walked up to the tailor and said:

"What is the price of this coat?"

"Well," said the tailor, who had agreed on seventy dollars as the price of the coat with the son, and who had already received thirty-five dollars from the young man as part payment for the coat, "I don't think I care to sell you that coat, Mr. Hutchinson."

"Why not?"

"It was made for another man, and left over on my hands. I should think you would prefer to have one made to order."

The old man scented a bargain, and after haggling around for half an hour, secured the coat for twenty-five dollars, paid the cash, gave his son the old overcoat to carry, and proceeded down to the board of trade. Two minutes after he had entered the building, a broker approached him and said pleasantly:

"That's rather a neat looking coat you have on, Mr. Hutchinson."

"Well, yes," replied the old man, with a look of gratified pride, "it is rather comfortable. What would you say it was worth?"

"Well," said the broker thoughtfully, "I should say that the garment cost about sixty-five or seventy dollars."

"I paid twenty-five for it."

"Give you thirty," said the broker promptly.

"I'll take it," said "Old Hutch," peeling off the coat at once. "Here my son, give me my old coat."

I met Congressman James H. Blount of Georgia in the Fifth Avenue hotel the other night and he laughed heartily over the report that Mr. Bullock was likely to join the democratic party says a New York Star reporter.

"Yes," said he, "Bullock is a good fellow and a gentleman. He was governor of Georgia in the cruel days of reconstruction. We might have had a better executive, and we might have had a worse one. Let me tell you a story about him. Under the laws then in existence, he had the right to appoint all the local magistrates, and of course some of them in the back counties were pretty hard cases, ignorant and partisan to the last degree. One day a friend of mine, a most distinguished lawyer, went before one of the governor's magistrates for the purpose of arguing a case, and knowing the man, the lawyer carried along with him a pile of law books and a mass of legal authorities to persuade the magistrate that his conclusions were right. When the jurist had concluded his argument, the magistrate looked at him gravely and said:

"'Look yere, Mr. Lawyer, you can read all of dem books if you want to, but tom'me tell you dat my wife and I settled de decision on dis question dis mornin' afore breakfast.'

"Need I add," said the eloquent congressman from Georgia, "that the decision of the magistrate and his wife made 'fore breakfast' stood as the judgment of the court?"

Several years ago, before he became a member of congress, Representative Crisp of Georgia was a judge, writes a New York Tribune correspondent. While traveling one day on his circuit the trace which fastened his buggy broke, and the judge spent half an hour of his valuable time in a vain endeavor to repair the damage. While he was venting his anger on the trace and the world in general, a negro came along. Mr. Crisp told him of his trouble. The negro let out the trace, cut a hole in the leather, and the job was done.

"Why on earth didn't I think of that?" remarked the judge more to himself than to the negro.

"Well, don't you know, master, some folks is jest natur'ly smarter than t'other," said the colored man.

"Perhaps you are right," admitted the judge; "but what shall I give you for fixing the trace?"

"'Pears to me 50 cents would be 'bout right marster,'" was the answer.

"What! Fifty cents. Why, you weren't three minutes doing it."

"Oh, marster, you don't suppose I charge you 50 cents for doing jest dat. I only charge you a quarter for the job. The other quarter is for knowing how to do it."

The judge admitted there was some philosophy in the explanation and paid for both services without another murmer.

The Critic is authority for the statement that Mr. Talmage, if he needs a quotation in the midst of writing a sermon, seizes the volume that contains it and tears out the desired page with ruthless hand. Then, taking his shears he cuts out the particular pages he needs, and, pasting it on his manuscript page, tosses the book aside. There is scarcely a book in his library that is not so mutilated.

"But what do you do when you wish to refer to such a passage again?" a reporter asked him.

"I never want to refer to it again," he answered sententiously. "When I have used it once, I am done with it for good."

No real lover of books would do this, and the devotee of the library would hesitate to number in his list of friends one who could so wantonly abuse the volumes that should be a man's most trustworthy companions. One becomes suspicious of the whole philosophy of such a vandal.

Some years ago the late Robert Craig the most extraordinary mimetic genius known to the stage, played an engagement at the Boston museum. Many old theater-goers will remember his lifelike imitations of Dickens, Jefferson and others, the most extraordinary of all perhaps being his impersonation of Stuart Robsen as "Jim Baggs." One evening Robson who had just arrived from his country home at Cohasset, dropped into Craig's dressing room for a chat. The night was warm and Mr. Craig, who had many changes of dress to make, seemed much fatigued. His imitation farce "A Dress Rehearsal," was in progress, and Jefferson and Dickens had just been given to the boisterous applause of a crowded house.

"What comes next, old fellow?" said, Robson.

"My imitation of you?" replied Craig, as he proceeded to array himself for the character of "Jim Baggs," and I wish it was over for I am really tired out."

No sooner was this said than a merry idea struck Robson. He stepped quickly to the door, bolted it, and approaching Craig, said: "I can relieve you my friend," and in a few minutes was dressed in the vagabond costume of "The Wandering Minstrel." Scarcely was this completed when the call boy rapped at the door. "You are called for the stage, Mr. Craig," and before the actor could recover from his surprise, Mr. Robson tripped briskly from the room, and in a moment was face to face with the vast audience. Robson imitating Robson was certainly a novelty. He was received with great favor and left the stage followed by the most rapturous applause, not one among the audience discovering the trick that had been so covertly played. In speaking of this incident Robert Craig, who used to tell the story with much humor, laughingly added, "The highest compliment I ever had was paid me on that occasion, for seated in the dress circle was an old gentleman who told Mr. Field, the manager, at the end of the performance that my imitation of Dickens was fair, Jefferson so so, but Robson not a bit like him. 'I have seen that comedian time and again, and I tell you Craig's imitation is vile, utterly vile, sir.'"

Robert Mantell who is doing the "Corsican Brothers," tells this story:

I have to have a double who represents my twin brother and is made up to represent me as closely as possible. Before my production of the play the play the double was never allowed to say anything as it was supposed that the difference in voices would betray the illusion.

It seemed to me, however, that if the double could be permitted to speak in a voice imitating my own it would heighten rather than lessen the effectiveness of the representation. With this in view, I assigned to my double the line, "Look, Mother!" at the point where my ghost is supposed to appear to her and Louis.

The young man who played the part of my twin brother did this very well; but with an exaggerated idea of the magnitude of his importance. After we had done this some time it occurred to me that a change in the line would increase the effect. I told him I was about to make a change in a line in his line.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I think it would be better, instead of saying 'Look, mother!' to say 'Mother—look!'"

"Great heavens!" he replied, with real agony in his voice, "more study; more work."

On one occasion Clemens was standing against a lamp post and holding a cigar box under his arm, says the Boston Transcript. Mrs. Capt. Edward Poole, a very beautiful woman, and as bright and witty as beautiful, came along and stopped and held out her hand, saying, "Why, Mark, where are you going in such a hurry?" "I'm m-o-o-v-i-n-g," drawled Mark, at the same time opening the cigar box, disclosing a pair of blue socks, a pipe and two paper collars.

He had never cared for the ladies, was, in fact, a fish out of water when he happened to be near them. While employed on the Daily Alta, having secured employment there after leaving the Call, he called at a dressmaker's establishment, and for ten minutes addressed a wax figure of a lady before discovering his mistake.

"One of the greatest instances of devotion I ever saw," said an old Virginian to a reporter for the St. Louis Republic, "outside of a dog for his master, is that shown by Jubal Early's nigger Joe. Joe is an old negro about seventy years of age who was born a slave in General Early's family, brought up with 'Jube,' became his body servant, served all through the war with him as watchful as a mother of her babe. After the war Joe was informed he was free. 'I'se free?' said Joe with a look of contempt. 'I'se not free. I belongs to Mas' Jube till I dies.'"

Early is very fond of his servant and has told every shopkeeper in Lynchburg to let Joe have anything he wants and send the bill to him. Joe follows his master around on certain occasions like a dog. When Early lets the mountain dew of old Virginy get the better of him Joe will say:

"Mas' Jube, you mus' come home."

"Why, you —— nigger, who are you talking to? Who's boss, anyway?'.

"Well, Mas' Jube, when you's sober you's boss, but when you's drunk I'se boss."

"Well, Joe, you're right. When I'm drunk you're boss."

And Early will resign himself to the faithful old darkey's care.

Representative Mills, the great tariff advocate and agitator, in talking to a group on the floor today related an amusing incident of experience with some of his colored constituents. He delivered a speech last year, by request of his fellow-townsmen, in the opera house at Corsicana, Tex., his home, says a Washington letter. His theme, of course, was the tariff, and Mr. Mills described in his usually vigorous manner, and with a plentiful use of adjectives, the vicious character of the tariff. Next day the congressman was in his front yard, which abounds in plants, flowers and shrubbery. He was standing near the front fence, but concealed from view by the foliage. Two stalwart colored men walked slowly by, and one of them remarked:

"Dis hyars whar our congressman, Mr. Mills lives."

"Dat so?" queried the other. "Nice place, ain't it?"

"Yaas," was the reply, followed with the query: "Was you down dar at de op'ra house las' night and heerd him speak?"

"Yaas; but what's dat tar'f he bin talkin' 'bout, anyway?"

"I dunno," replied the other; "but I tell yer dis: From what he say 'bout it if I meet dat tar'f I bin giv' it de road, sho's you born."

At the deathbed of William B. Astor, father of John Jacob, after everything pertaining to the numerous personal estate was supposed to be arranged, the dying man suddenly said: "John, what did we do with that six millions of registered United States is?"

"We have forgotten them, father," replied the son.

"What would we better do with them, John?"

"I think, father, they'd better be given to the girls"—his sisters.

"That's a good idea, John. Hurry a man to Washington specially, and have them transferred before I die."

This was done, says the New York Press, and the incident is a suggestive pointer as to the vastness of the property held and to be disposed of.

A good story is told of Prof. Jowett at Oxford. A boredom to which that famous town is subjected is the constant crowds of tourists, principally Americans, which infest the place day and night, and every day and every night of the year, says the London News and Post. For these objectionable individuals numerous guides have, of course, been appointed, but as there is a smart competition among these ciceroues for public favor, one imaginative man hit upon the following plan by which he could at least always be sure of showing to the crowd of gaping Yankees that followed him one of the live lions of the place. It so happened that Jowett was very busily engaged on his famous translation of Plato at the time, the guide we are speaking had learned that the learned professor's study window looked into the broad street. Coming with his menagerie under these windows the guide would begin: This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol college, one of the very heldest in the huniversity, and famous for the herudition of its scholars. The head of the Balliol college is called 'the master.' The present master of Balliol is the celebrated Prof. Benjamfu Jowett, regius professor of Greek. Those are Prof. Jowett's study window, and there"—here the ruffian would stoop down, take up a handful of gravel and thrown it up against the panes, bringing poor Jowett, livid with fury, to the window—"ladies and gentlemen, is Prof. Benjamin Jowett himself?"

"Our Mary," as Americans delight to call Mary Anderson, may marry or may not, as future inclination seizes her, but at all events her past is assured. Her history reads like fiction. John McCullough found her a poor girl in Louisville, and wrote of her gifts and ambitions to his friend John W. Norton, then manager of a St. Louis opera house. Her opening night in Louisville she played Juliet to a $40 house, but she convinced Norton that in the green Kentucky girl a great actress was concealed. General Sherman, then a resident of St. Louis, was present by Norton's invitation. After the performance he was taken with others behind the scenes and was introduced. Mary at this time was awkward, but a perfect vision of beauty. General Sherman kissed her in his fatherly way and predicted a great future for her. A half hour later Norton asked his judgment about the budding actress. "My dear boy," said the general, "she doesn't amount to anything. There is nothing in her. She will never amount to anything, no matter how long she lives." Two months later, when all the country went wild over her, he saw his mistake and acknowledged it frankly.

Without doubt the most tragic duel ever fought in the vicinity of the metropolis was the deadly contest between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, says the New York Herald. Historic as it is, stories not given in the books are being retailed about it. Fitz Greene Washington, a great-grandnephew of the father of his country, has an account of the affair from his grandfather, Captain Fitz Hughes. The captain learned after the start where the fighting ground had been located, and was rowed across the North river by a couple of slaves. When he arrived the antagonists had taken positions. Hamilton and Burr were to fire twice or thrice. At the word of command Hamilton fired at Burr, and Burr fired in the air. At the second firing Hamilton fired in the air, and Burr shot Hamilton. Hamilton thought Burr meant to kill him, as he meant to kill Burr, but when he saw the discharge in the air he changed his tactics, as did Burr, and with fatal results. This is said to be the true history of the duel by these two great men.

SALT LAKE NOTES.

Activity in Utah's Capital Surprises Eastern Visitors.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 22.—[Special to THE BEE.]—For a week past we have had Italian skies, and the air has been so mild as to entice every one, so it seemed, out on the street which, accordingly, presented a very animated appearance. The stir and movement on the principal business streets is a surprise to visitors from the east. Mr. George Woodard from Omaha expressed this in about the following words: "I used to think Omaha the best place in the world, and, indeed, I have met with a good deal of success as a contractor and builder in Omaha. But I expect to carry on a rushing business in Salt Lake City for the next ten years, and at the end of that period I shall retire from circulation. This town is going to advance right along, and I have no doubt in a short time its population will have trebled." It would be easy to produce many more testimonials of this sort, in proof of the real and persistent boom of this city. For instance the remarks of Mr. Mike O. Maul, an undertaker of Omaha who has come here for his health: "Why, I never was so surprised in my life. I have always supposed that Salt Lake was a mere village, but here you have a thriving city full of life and business. I declare if people were not dying so fast in Omaha I should come out here and drop a few dollars in the real estate myself. I think you will have a great city here inside of a few years. You have everything to make one."

I met two gentlemen from one of the smaller towns of Iowa containg not over seven hundred inhabitants. One is the president of one of the most successful Iowa banks. He told me that he had come out to benefit his wife's health, but seeing the evident signs of prosperity, he had commenced buying real estate to the amount of $25,000 in a few days. The experience of the other was similar. And these are only samples of hundreds that are coming here every week.

The tearing down of old houses previous to building new ones has commenced, and the work is carried on extensively. Some very beautiful buildings have been finished, or almost finished, quite recently, the winter having but slightly checked building operations. One of them is the future home of the Bank of Salt Lake. It has a most artistic front of red sandstone. Another has a lovely gray sand stone front of beautiful design. Both are on Main street and to these might be added the new Deseret bank building near the temple and others on Main street. On First South street, several fine buildings have been finished during the winter, and on Second South street several are near completion now. But the most important part of the building boom is yet to come. Teams and men are busy excavating the ground for the East Side mammoth hotel, and operations have also been commenced on West Temple street for the clearing of the ground for the mammoth West Side hotel. The churches are also moving, and that in an almost literal sense. The first Congregational church sold out their lot on Third South street for $50,000, and around for a good site to build a fine church. The Methodists will probably follow their example. As a sample of the daily transfers of real property. I note the following: Lot 3, block 72, plat A, $49,000; 16½x100 feet lot 8, block 76, plat A, $29,891; 50x100 feet lot 1, block 77, plat A, $50,000; 6x10 feet lot 5, block 63, plat A, $10,850.

On Saturday (March 14) of last week, the transfers reached $337,804, but on the two preceding days there was a falling off from the daily average, so that this is not an indication of the regular rate which, however, may be stated to reach nearly $1,000,000 per week. The foundation for the board of trade building is being laid, and the work is now carried on with energy. The outlook for a prosperous season is bright and encouraging. Visitors continue to stream in, many stay, and the population is growing fast in numbers. The next census may show a population about treble that of the last one.

THIS TRAMP HAS CULTURE

But He Knows the Way of the Craft.

FROM WINDVILLE TO OMAHA.

Mr. "Brogan" Made the Journey in Midwinter With Precious Little Money in His Clothes—Arrested for a Vag.

A Relic of Better Days.

There are hotels in Omaha which are not graced with rotundas lined with luxuriously upholstered seats, and in which no bediamonded clerk calls "Front." In such a hotel the lounger met a rather "rocky" member of society who one day had been a respectable and well educated man, but dissipation had left its impress on his face and his shaking hand. The name he assumed was Brogan. He had nothing to say about his antecedents, but stated that he had recently come from Chicago to Omaha without a cent. Being asked how such a feat could be accomplished in winter he said:

"When I struck Chicago I had sufficient cash to live through the winter; but liquor and an encounter with "thugs" limited my stay to a week; I was held up. This is how; I believe I must have been drugged, for I was aroused to consciousness in an alleyway by feeling a strong arm encircling my neck, which poked me into a horizontal position. Dazed and incapable of making any defense I was at the mercy of the 'thugs,' who quickly relieved me of my cash and valuables, with the exception of a 'V' which escaped their clutches."

I felt bad at my misfortune, of course, yet as I had escaped a slugging and had a 'V' left, I consoled myself with more drinks, and prolonged the spree for another day. The following morning I awoke to the realization of my miserable plight, a big head and not a solitary nickel to buy a cure or a cup of coffee. Disgusted with myself and surroundings I shook the dust of the Windy City from off my feet and drilled westward without any, as yet, determined purpose, but with a feeling of relief that I was getting away from the scene of my misfortune. After a brisk walk of a dozen miles or so, I gradually began to shape my line of action. I determined to go to Omaha. I hadn't a cent left, yet as I recoveaed from the despondency brought on by the vile rot gut my spirits and hopes arose in proportion. When hungry I sought petty jobs to earn a meal. Some placing me in the category of tramps required me to saw wood or do some other little job before supplying my wants. In other cases I struck men who had been on the road at some time themselves, and knew it was easily possible for a weak mortal to get out of cash. From these I would get a meal without being required to work for it. I didn't wear out my shoes much by tramping or 'drilling' as it is termed. I was fortunate in jumping box cars and on the fourth day found myself in the Bluffs. Here I got my first back-set. It was night when I arrived and my only recourse was to seek shelter at the police station. In the morning I had to appear before the justice on a charge of vagrancy. The judge questioned me pretty closely. I was a 'vag' inasmuch as I was penniless, yet as I answered all of his questions satisfactorily he gave me liberty on condition that I would get out of town in two hours.

"Can you get to Omaha in two hours?" he asked.

"I expect I can," I answered, though I didn't know where the br.dge money was to come from.

On leaving the station I was confronted by a full-grown blizzard. Dazed and almost paralyzed by the blinding snow and cold, I staggered along. Stumbling over a pile of coal on the sidewalk the thought struck me that here was a chance of earning enough to get over the bridge and perhaps for a meal and a bed, or 'doss' as the 'hoboes' term it.

"On making enquiries I found it belonged to a printer on the second floor."

"Do you wish to have your coal put away?"

"Yes."

"How much do you charge?"

"I don't know what it is worth, as I don't follow the business; but I shall be satisfied with the usual price."

"I'll give you 35 cents."

"All right," and I tackled the job and quickly finished it, pricked on by the biting blast which pinched my unprotected hands and ears. I then completed my journey to Omaha.

Next morning I was again penniless, but I thought I might be able to hunt up another coal job to supply my immediate wants. Before I had hustled an hour I struck a job which put a dollar in my pocket.

Outside labor has not as yet opened up, yet I find it is possible to live if one only hustles around lively. Some people imagine that if a man wants to work he can get a job for the asking. I would like to see how they would act if they found themselves dead broke in mid-winter, in a strange city.

A tradesman has a show, but a man without a trade, no matter what his qualifications, is judged by his dress, and unless perfectly presentable is at once set down as a "bum," even if he gets a chance to speak and state his case. He is a "bum" and his story a bum's yarn. Pope, says "Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow, and all the rest is leather and prunella."

Now, "Dress makes the man, the want of it the 'bum,' and all the rest is tootle, tootle, tum."

And poor Brogan faded into the gloaming to hunt up something to eat.

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