

Morning Scenes at the Market Place Show Quaint Phase of City Life



CONCLUDING THE BARGAIN



SOME OF THE CUSTOMERS

WHEELS of business start their revolutions extremely early in the day. The restless sleeper who thinks that the early and rest disturbing wheels of these revolutions, the beginning of the working day, deceives himself. He has only to display the most difficult of heroism, the sacrifice of the last morning snooze, and journey out into the early, early morning to learn that while one part of town sleeps another part is up and doing, preparing for the creature comfort of the sleeping fellow citizens.

It is conspicuously true that the earliest activity is aroused by the need of feeding the city. Witness the milk wagon, universally synonymous with "early morning." These earlier workers, too, have to do with the important business of feeding the city. They, too, call up a mental picture of the country house in which the flickering light of candle—or lamp—tells that some one is up and about and preparing for the trip "to town" to take in the produce for the sustenance of the city folk. And again, even before the travelers, themselves, are up and making ready for their trip, some one else in the household has been busy preparing for them the meal that precedes the trip. So again it is the one who feeds the household who is first about.

It would not be safe—because possibly it is not entirely true—to say that the earliest of the city places to show signs of activity was the market place, but certainly it is true to say that this is one of the most interesting of the city's early morning hubs and quite picturesque to warrant a Herculean effort and an early morning trip down.

Possibly you did not know that Omaha has a market place?

By the way, if you have not arisen with the definite purpose of visiting and seeing the market, it would perhaps be as well to feign ignorance of the way in which the market supply is brought to the city. Information that you have seen the farm wagons coming in with their load of early morning stuff cannot often be explained away with the plea:

"Oh, I was on my way to an early morning train."

It, instead, makes one liable to the suspicion of a festivity prolonged beyond the conventional and proper hour.

Neither will the excuse that you were restless and heard the wagons of the country folk passing on their way down town satisfy the inquisitor who likes

to tease.

Furthermore, these incoming wagons of fresh garden stuff are but a part of the interest of Omaha's market place, for she has a market place, and one most typical, too, inasmuch as in it home products, representing the surrounding truckster industry, and imported products, representing the fruit and vegetable wealth of west, east and south, are mingled and offered to the bidding housewives' minions—the peddlers.

At this market it is not the consumer who inspects and purchases from the array of foodstuffs, but it is the wagon merchant who wishes to sell to madam, who does the bargaining.

This market place differs from the famed market places of this country in that the display of goods is different even as the purpose of the market is different. In the wee small hours these country producers who have arisen while it was yet night, come clattering into the city, their wagons filled with fresh and dewy garden stuff. The commission men's men who also have risen while dawn was still an anticipation pass on the wagon load with quick and expert eye, appraising and purchasing. The country stuff is arranged on the broad walk, which is really the porch of the commission house warehouse, in heaps and baskets. The producer pockets his returns and lets his horses amble back to the day's work of getting ready more foodstuff for other market days.

To the array of garden stuff—baskets of bright red tomatoes; baskets of beans, wax and green; baskets of green peas, mounds of green corn, mounds of cabbages, hills of potatoes and islands of cucumbers—the commission people add walls of boxes. In these boxes are the contributions of California, Texas, Colorado, Arkansas, Louisiana, Michigan and other states to the breakfast, luncheon and dinner tables of Omaha. Then the watermelons are rolled out and piled up among the baskets and the boxes and the mounds of garden stuff and the market place is ready for the hucksters.

These wagon merchants are not slow to arrive and

soon the streets are filled with the wagons of the peddlers. This is the scene which most visitors catch: Lines of wagons backed up to the sidewalks which front the group of commission houses at the corner of Eleventh and Howard streets; sidewalks banked with boxes, heaped with baskets and piled with mounds of garden stuff; hordes of shirt-sleeved men gesticulating, chattering, pushing boxes here, rolling melons there, loading baskets into wagons, bargaining, buying, selling. It is an exceedingly busy

scene and in an incredible short time the sidewalks have lost their cargo and the wagons have been filled with their loads of edibles.

Other purchasers venture into this market place. Sometimes the housewives of Little Italy, Greece or some other of our Mediterranean citizens don their headkerchiefs and vie with the hucksters for the choice fruits. If you are lucky and strike a day chosen by these citizens of ours for their marketing you will catch a glimpse of old worldism which will quite re-



ON THE WAY HOME

EARLY MORNING ECONOMISTS

ward you for the loss of sleep the trip to the market entailed. Watermelons are carried as the Bible women carried their pitchers of water, balanced on the head. Arms are filled with husk-sheathed ears of corn, the green salad treasure or bright-colored carrots vie with tomatoes for the favor or reason of their color.

Sometimes a hill housewife with preserving or canning ambition persuades her accommodating husband to neglect his morning paper and journey to the real source of the city's vegetable supply. You then have a complete picture of the contrasting ways of different nations—the laconic, imperturbable salesmen, the chattering hucksters, the anxious housewives and the bewildered, embarrassed, obliging husband.

But, to return to the real business of the market place, when the drivers have settled their accounts with the purveyors, the procession starts for the uptown residence districts. It isn't a procession for long, for each man has his own particular route. Then up among the homes rises the well known call:

"Ve-ge-ta-a-ble, nice, fresh ve-ge-ta-a-ble."

The sleeper turns and looks at his watch, smells the fragrant aroma of the breakfast coffee, yawns and reluctantly makes ready to begin his day's work.

A New Airship Serial by
Herbert Quick
Author of "DOUBLE TROUBLE"

VIRGINIA
of the
AIR LANES

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The wonder was that he had not made Silberberg and Shayne walk the plank, subdued the crew, put Aunt Marie off at some safe place and flown in the captured and perverted Roc to some verdurous, languorous, senescent tropical island, there to—

Miss Snares awoke from a nap and was glad to assure herself that the ecstasy with which she had contemplated the commanding of the Roc—and herself—by the young bandit, was one of those inversions of feeling to which, in dreams, we are so prone. She rose, pressed like a bird before the mirror, and sat down to think. The voices of her uncle and aunt and Mr. Silberberg came to her ears from the main saloon. Opening her window for air, she noted that the roar of the wind from the earth had ceased, and knew that they had reached the calm area, of which Willet had spoken, in the middle of the "low."

They would probably have an easy landing in Chicago. And then?

One thing was certain; she would not live longer with the Shaynes. They were too sordid, too hard, too cruel. They looked upon her too much as an animal to be sold. They had insulted, some one. They had insulted her by acting as if she could care anything for the young fellow who had saved her. And she would—not—stay—with them—any longer!

These words she emphasized by rhythmically clenching and opening her hands. She was quite fiercely resolved. She would leave them and teach school or paint miniatures—or something.

Oh! If she only had just one relative in the world save Aunt Marie!

Stay! The thought struck her of her

"A bandit!" said Aunt Marie, "an assassin!"

"A beggar!" repeated Virginia, in lofty scorn. "Why, even if he were one, in rage and a novel, he'd be worth a million like you! An assassin! Why, he's the purest, noblest man in the world! If he ever draws a weapon, it's against a society that has driven him out from it by its villainous. A bandit! And if he is, what are you? You rob by syndicate, assassinate by general managers and superintendents, and make beggars by votes of shares! I loathe you, and I—I— I admire him as much as I loathe you. As between bandits like you and bandits like him, give me the brave man rather than the coward!"

Mr. Shayne, restored, rose, stood, and was advancing upon Virginia with reproach in her eyes, when Willet interrupted the scene by announcing their successful landing. They passed constrainedly into the tower, went down to the street, and to Shayne's Chicago hotel in a motor car, all in silence. Virginia bowed and retired. Silberberg shook hands solemnly with his host and hostess, as in the presence of an affliction too great for words, and left them.

In the morning two letters were taken to the Shayne apartments—one for Mr. Shayne from Silberberg, saying that "under all the circumstances" he thought it better to leave them and go to New York, where his business really required his presence.

The other was a short, tear-stained missive of gratitude, penitence and farewell from Virginia to her aunt.

"You have been as kind to me," it ran, "as any woman can be to a person she can not love. You have never loved me, Aunt Marie, and you will never see me again. I blush to be obliged by your unjust suspicions to say one thing more. I am not going to say one. You have misjudged me terribly. I don't even know where he is. I shall never know!"

And so it was, that while Carson stayed on with Mr. Craighhead at the institute, Virginia, with fluttering heart but steadfast purpose, fled southward to kinship whose very existence she was obliged to assume. Young Mr. Carson, a prisoner of the perfect system of the Slatery Institute, had caused all this, and knew nothing of it. So it has ever been since lightning, and pages, too—rolled through the land and left trouble behind the easements from which beamed ladies' eyes. Methanos and mechanical flight hadn't made a particle of difference.

Craighhead and Carson walked through a stately peristyle, to a low building called the laboratory, but termed by the patients the "shot-tower." Theodore was astonished

at the throng assembled for the "shot" treatment, of which he had as yet no conception—men of all sorts, anxiously watching the clock, like school boys fearful of being tardy. They formed in two columns, resting on two aisles, across the farther ends of which stood two desks, exactly alike. All along their coats over their right arms, disclosing axils in their shirts at the left shoulder.

Craighhead, with Carson and Bascom following, sent back ripples of disorder along the line by offering bets as to whether Carson was himself or Wylie. Two young men, easily classified as new-hatched physicians, stationed themselves like sentinels at the desks; the clock struck, there was a jostling at the rear caused by late comers, at which the serious young doctors frowned fiercely; the lines moved forward; and the men, as they passed the physicians, seemed to undergo some sort of operation, performed by means of glittering instruments, of which Theodore caught glimpses like lightning playing about those shined shirt sleeves. Once beyond this ordeal the patients threw on their coats and passed on to an imposing, smooth-shaven man to the left, who gave to each a handshake, and something the sort of a benediction that the populace gets at a presidential reception—excepting that the president is not in the habit of looking at the tongues of his constituents, nor of feeling their pulses, save in a way purely figurative.

Theodore found himself in the human current, and drifted with it. On closer view, he saw that the doctors pricked the patients with little, glittering weapons; but he reasoned that it could be nothing very severe. More than any of the others, however, Craighhead seemed to shrink from it.

"Any locomotor ataxia germs on that stabber?" he queried, "or cancer—or any of the extras of the curriculum?"

The doctor frowned as he reached for a syringe.

"What did I tell you?" asked Craighhead, as the physician received the inquiry with professional aloofness. "No more humor than a head-driver's unlan-ouch!"

With this sincere protest against the stab of the needle, Craighhead passed on, and Carson took his place. The doctor looked searchingly in his face, seemed puzzled, and reached to another region of the tray for a syringe.

"You should have rolled up your sleeve, or cut it," said he sternly. "Roll it up!"

Theodore rolled up his sleeve, whereupon, with an expertise quite startling, the man of medicine pinched up a bit of the brown flesh, shoved in the needle, pressed down the piston; and Theodore was "hot." With a stinging in his arm, and wondering as to why of it all—though he knew by

this time that he had dropped out of the night sky into full membership in a drink cure establishment—he passed on.

The imposing, smooth-shaven man was the great Doctor Witherpoon. He met each patient with a standardized smile, clasped each hand with a grip of absolute uniformity, and said: "Good morning, Mr. Bascom"—or whatever the name might be. "And how is the appetite this morning?" And the tongue, please. Pulse regular, I observe. Have you had your constitutional this morning? Improving nicely, Mr. Bascom. Good morning!" But he met Mr. Craighhead with a frown instead of a smile.

"Please stand aside, Mr. Craighhead," said he; "I wish to talk with you."

"Who's having the seminar, or the Grand Viceroyship with the title of Emeritus Superintendent of Dope, O' Hustrissimo?" inquired Craighhead. "Or wasn't my joggly dog right?"

Doctor Witherpoon was holding out his hand to Theodore, smiling the standardized smile, somewhat hardened at the Craighhead's irreverence.

"Good morning, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Allow me," said Craighhead suavely. "Let me present Mr. Carson—Wylie of Yphen Court, Yde Park Terrace, London. The bets are even as to whether Mr. Carson—Wylie came in a day coach and a trace last evening, or dropped from an airship in the night and was ticed by old Tige, whose hon-sot back terrifies all who do not know that his is a case of vox, et praeterea nihil. Mr. Carson, Doctor Witherpoon. Tell the doctor the secrets of your all-important canal, Mr. Wylie. Know each other."

"Paraphrasing a Departmental Ditty, 'Red and ever redder grew the doctor's shaven gill,' as he stood in horror and indignation contemplating this lost creature, so far below the ordinary D. T. victim as to stand and so brave him, here in his hold, his vassals near—in the very laboratory. The patients stared in amazement. The great doctor could scarcely credit his own impression, he was so outraged and upset. Yet, never for a moment did the iron discipline relax. The doctor looked at Mr. O'Grady, who like a silent and substantial ghost, floated forward, waited Mr. Craighhead to an inner door which closed behind him as the portals of the inquisition might shut in some doomed heretic.

"Good morning, Mr. Wylie," said the doctor, "and is the appetite better? Put out your pulse, please. Tongue very regular, considering last night. My Wylie. Don't omit your exercise; and no more nights in the greenhouse, Mr. Wylie! Good morning!"

If any one noticed the transposition of tongue and pulse in the ritual, nobody al-

lowed himself the luxury of a smile; and the routine of the great drink cure went on. Carson departed, now fully resolved to escape.

He went with Mr. Evans for a long walk through the country town. Mr. Evans' pleadings had made him reluctant to run away—he saw the Evans family dying one by one of inanition if he did—but he must get away. He might appeal to Doctor Witherpoon; but he felt that the unconvincing story of his arrival must be received with incredulity by that great man's thoroughly practical mind. The departure of Carson would throw the books out of balance. A credit item of one man was demanded. Theodore supplied the man. The accounting department would refuse to adopt the incredible notion that he was Carson, who had dropped from the clouds, thus forcing the corollary that Wylie had vanished into thin air.

He allowed these things so to depress his spirits that he was glad of the arrival that evening of Mr. Craighhead, from whose excited manner Theodore surmised that something unusual might have happened.

"You," said he, "are a Latinist, Mr. Wylie?"

"Not a very profound one," replied Carson. "We engineers are stronger in the modern languages, you know."

"A mistake," replied Craighhead. "I've made a specialty of the educational value of the dead ones. Sort of sympathy with 'em, you know. Maybe you can give me the passive form of the Latin verb possum, however? Possum, meaning 'can.'"

"Possum," repeated Carson. "Why, it hasn't any passive."

"It hasn't?" groaned Craighhead. "Stung again! But I must have the passive of possum for the motto of my armorial crest. 'Possum' 'can,' passive 'to be cannot'—my highest achievement. Fair youth, look upon me!"

Obeying Carson, noted that he still wore the evening waistcoat, the colored shirt, the frock coat, and the checked trousers; and that he had thrown himself into a despairing attitude with his fingers entangled in his hair.

"In me," he went on, "you see the world's most asymmetrical character. To be one vocation have I ever been true—tinware! To that am I ever attached. Fired from the kindergarten, for what? For becoming bored by basketry and piling straw, and heading a revolt. I never finished night save matters better never undertaken. I was six months shy, to coin a word, of graduation at the village high school. At the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute I was expunged from my maligna mater. The diploma to which I am almost entitled would paper this room. I thought expulsion

from Rat Mort the limit; but now, I am canned hence because I am corrupting the morals of the inebriates! It is not the height, the crown, the apex of infamy, me ultra rays of the spectrum of disgrace! I sympathize with Mr. Tomlinson of Berkeley Square. I see in his post-mortem career a prophecy of mine own! But, old sport, what a wonderfully and unsurpassably complete structure it makes of my character!"

"It is too bad—" began Carson.

"Too bad!" interrupted Craighhead. "Ow, down! put it that strong, owid chomp! But it is pronouncedly unpleasant, doesn't y' know?" And then with tragic intensity he concluded: "In the world's fields of highest endeavor, many are called, but few are chosen. My unique claim to distinction, sir, is in this, that, whatsoever ta-ra-ta-ra the bugles blow, I, Craighhead, remain the Great Uncalled! Me for the blind beggars and the tomato-can hat—Happy Hooligan Craighhead, minus the happiness. Begone dull fun! Tears, happy tears! And, O, ye, O, ye! Great jumping genuflections, what a world!"

"But!" ventured Theodore, in a sincere desire to comfort his friend. "you've had the treatment, you know?"

"True, Bilibaz-Zophar—say, I will dub thee Elihu, for you have not been cured of your right to call yourself a Hoolige or Ollie still—true, I have had the treatment; its dish-water is in my veins, its dope in my assimilative system. The Witherpooner truth, so well adapted to the second reader grade, must remain in whatever vermiform appendix the volume of my brain provides for the retention of platitudinous ponderosity. I shall lose my sense of humor. I shall become bourgeois, un-Ishemianized, Philistine, crass. I must go forth and roll folks like any other good citizen. Would that the chance might present itself ere I depart for home, by George! That reminds me—I have no home!"

This was delivered in exactly the tone in which one might announce the leaving behind of a handkerchief or cigar case. Quite as a loss what to say, Carson said nothing; Craighhead, meanwhile, smiling as if at a new and amusing thought. Into this silence entered Mr. O'Grady. Mr. Evans and a slender person of about Carson's size, who at once began the courting of imaginary game on the wall paper, slapping his thigh and laughing at every failure.

"This," said Mr. O'Grady, introducing the indoor huntman, "is Mr. Wylie, Mr. Craighhead. 'The one man I ever loved turns out to be—oh, ye gods! both a teller of truth and a victim of regular habit! The last straw, and no julep!"

(To Be Continued.)