

# The Seamy Side Of Life AS SEEN In City Pawn Shops.

HERE is a story as true as it is simple. In the eastern part of town there lived a boy of highly respectable parentage. He attended school regularly and stood at the head of his classes. His record was a source of gratification to his parents, and on his twelfth birthday they presented him with a watch. He prized the gift highly and to all appearances was working even harder than before over his books.

But there was another side to this young man's nature. His parents did not know he had contracted the cigarette habit. In concealing the fact from them he was exceedingly artful, and equally so in his secret association with companions who were inclined to run wild. One day he was without tobacco. His allowance had been squandered with "the gang," and he had not the courage to ask for more. Yet he must have something to smoke, so he entered a pawnshop and received \$5 and a ticket calling for the money, with \$1 interest, should be returned. The time-piece was glad to see even this youthful customer. He rubbed his hands gleefully as he deposited the watch in the vault.

The boy redeemed the watch soon, but it was so easy the first time that he pawned the gift again. Finally, on one occasion, after realizing \$5 on it, a month went by and he found himself unable to raise the amount it was in for. He was afraid the broker would sell it. What could he tell his parents if this should happen? Besides, he needed more cigarette money.

And he went out to steal. The first article of any value that offered itself was a bicycle. He stole it. He took it to another pawnshop and realized more than enough money to redeem his watch. The next afternoon he was in jail. One month later he was in the reform school. He stayed there until paroled, then returned to Salt Lake and burglarized a store. He is now in the state prison—facts that are shown by the official records.

Where the Mystic Balls of the Trade Hang Over Doors That Fairly Yawn For Their Unfortunate Victims—Like Dante's Inferno, He Who Enters Leaves Hope Behind—How the Drag Net of Misspent Lives Gathers and Holds Those "Who Get the Habit."



GOING TO SEE THEIR "UNCLE."

Take a couple of hours off one of those days and plant yourself on the edge of the sidewalk in front of any pawnbroker's establishment and keep your eyes open. Observe the ways and countenance of the hapless multitude that comes a-wooing Fortune under the sign of the three golden balls. You will find it worth while.

For "Your Uncle"—he's the fellow that gets your earthly belongings in exchange for about one-tenth of their actual value—is a busy man. The holiday trade being over, things are dull in other lines, but this very dullness is the other side of the coin that blows good to the money-worshipping broker. Numberless men and women, after struggling through the excesses of the holiday season, find themselves compelled to part with personal goods of all descriptions at all sorts of inadequate values to stay the onslaught of the hungry wolf. And your "uncle" smiles as he throws open the door and says "Come in!"

**HAWKS OF SMALL FINANCE.**  
Salt Lake has 13 pawnshops, not including a score or more of dingy unlicensed "dumps," where they will loan money in sums ranging from 25 cents to \$100 on old clothing, and finally sell it, put in cases of that kind, there is seldom any redemption. The man who pawns his coat usually has another to take its place and he argues to himself that he needs the money more than he needs the extra garment. Thus the transfer of the clothing becomes a sale, rather than a pawn transaction, and having his license as a second hand dealer, he does not have to secure a pawn broker's license, nor comply with the several severe ordinances that govern these hawkers of small finance.

**THE DOWNWARD PATH.**  
A pawnshop is sometimes a great convenience. That is, to those whose incomes are as irregular as the lives they lead. To a community it is more often a menace. It is always a natural incubator of crime, poverty, misery. The thief who goes after collateral plunder knows how and where he can dispose of it. This knowledge encourages him in his nefarious occupation. It has started many a youth on the downward path.

**REPORTS TO POLICE.**  
The police realize this fact. That is why they caused ordinances to be passed governing pawnshops. They compel each and every pawnbroker to furnish the department with a sworn

report, weekly, of all goods received, of the amounts loaned upon them, and the names of the depositors. The authorities are thus able to keep track of the pawnshop's business and frequently these reports lead to the discovery of stolen property and ultimately to the detection of the thief.

## MANY CATER TO THIEVES.

It is a fact beyond question that many pawn brokers cater to thieves—that is, they will receive, by outright purchase in some instances, goods they know to have been stolen. Such dealers are known as "fences," and, fortunately, this class is represented by a nominal percentage in Salt Lake.

But, to return to the original invitation—that of watching the pawnshop's customers. The average citizen can form no idea of the sights, pathetic and otherwise, to be encountered in one day.

## BEGINS WORK EARLY.

At 8 in the morning the broker himself arrives and goes to work on the combination of the vault. He has scarcely opened it when his clerk enters, hurriedly hangs his coat on the rack in the rear room, arranges his



"AT YOUR SERVICE, MADAM."

cuffs, smooths his hair, and begins to assort the trays of jewelry as the proprietor hands them out.

"Ought to be good today," he observes.

"Yes; it's Friday. The breakfast crowd should be out early."

The door opens. A frail, haggard woman, shabbily dressed, enters the place. From beneath a tattered cape she draws an ordinary alarm clock.

"Can't use that," volunteers the clerk.

"Don't say that, sir. It's a good clock and I-I haven't anything to eat in the house."



"SHALL I, OR SHALL I NOT?"

She takes the money and withdraws.

**AN "UNFORTUNATE" DRUMMER.**  
A fashionably dressed man was second. His eyes were bleared and his hands trembled from acute nervousness as he laid down a diamond stud. From his general appearance he was recovering from a long period of drunkenness. "I'm a traveling man," he volunteered. "I want \$50 on this stone. Got rid of my last cent last night and must leave town today, or I'll lose my job."

"Fifty cents?" inquired the clerk, flippantly.

"Say, don't kid me this morning. If



"WHAT, ONLY GIVE ME FIFTY CENTS FOR THAT?"

you don't want to make the loan, \$50."

"No offense, I'll give you \$30 on the stud."

"Good Lord! its worth \$200. I owe the hotel almost \$50."

"Can't do any better."

"All right, I'll try somewhere else."

"Hold on!" as the drummer is vanishing through the door, "don't go away mad. Let's see that again."

The clerk scrutinized the diamond closely, entered into a conference, apparently very earnest, with the proprietor, and finally concluded that if he was "sure he'd send for it," they might let him have \$40. The deal was closed and the drummer hastily sought the nearest bar for what he considered a much needed "bracer."

Before noon a carriage drove up to the door. A stylish woman stepped from it, and lowering a heavy veil over her careworn features, ventured inside. Presenting a ticket that called for a lady's watch, she said, "My son pawned this; he took it from my dresser. Let me have it."

The proprietor—the clerk is always thrust in the background at the approach of a fair patron—the proprietor rummaged amongst the thousand or more similarly described watches and in time found the one in question.

"That's it!" she exclaimed, her eyes dancing. "I'm so much obliged."

"Ten dollars and fifty cents on this, madame, if you please."

"How dare you, sir," with a withering flash of her dark eyes. "I'll have you arrested for usury!"

"But, madame, the loan is \$7.50, and the interest—"

"Interest? How dare you, sir? It was not his watch!"

Seeing the futility of argument the proprietor threw up his hands, in illy-concealed disgust, as much as to say, "Don't pay it if you want to steal it."

"Well, I'll pay you, but its an outrage. Its illegal. I'll see my lawyer."

As she re-entered the carriage, the proprietor turned and observed: "It is always a 'son' or 'younger brother' who pawns things for some women."

## PAWNED SWEETHEART'S RING.

Here came a young fellow about 24 years old. He pledged a girl's solitaire ring. The supper the evening before

had been rather more expensive than he had expected. The next young man offered a watch fob. Another had a scarf pin. Then one brought in a dog collar. The next had a lady's breast pin. A pair of opera glasses explained another's breakfast. They were all good natured fellows. The timidity and hesitancy that poverty gives the unfortunate were absent after they reached the inside. But, in each case, he looked around cautiously, in every direction, and sneaked into the place like a chicken thief.

For a man hates to confess his poverty, and many would rather be seen coming from the county jail than a pawnshop.

## A FAST LIFE DOES IT.

"They all have the habit," explained the proprietor. "A young fellow goes sporting and gets a little short. He is forced to pawn his watch; then something unexpected turns up and in goes his scarf pin or watch chain, though the watch chain is usually the last thing to go. He needs that to keep up his 'front.' He gets them out again, but it cripples him, and if there is any extra call whatever upon his resources, back comes the jewelry to us. It sometimes takes three or four years of 'hard pan' to make a young fellow realize that the 'fly move' is to get a week or so ahead of yourself in money matters."

In they came, all afternoon. They brought every kind of "soakable" and received from 25 cents to \$100, according to course, to the value.

## A REALLY PATHETIC CASE.

A genuinely sympathetic case was that of a man about 40, wearing a threadbare frock coat, whose buttons were most of them on an indefinite leave of absence, and trousers that bagged at the knees as though tied by a string. He drew a gold watch from his pocket. "How much?" he asked, leaning heavily on the counter. Everyone leans on the counter in a pawnshop—physical and financial weakness are evidently akin. The clerk examined the timepiece closely. Engraved on the back was the inscription: "Presented to H. B. T., for conspicuous bravery, Jan. 10, 1883."

"Ten dollars," remarked the clerk. "It's worth \$20," sighed the customer. "Ten dollars on engraved watches," returned the clerk.

"Then the thing that makes it dear to me cheapens it to you."

"Ten dollars," repeated the clerk, absently.

"I'll take it! I need the money."

## AS THE PATRONS CAME.

As they came in, from nobody knows where, the articles began to accumulate in a great collateral heap, ready to be registered before being put away. There were picks, shovels, crowbars, saws, sledge hammers, pistols, punching bags, boxing gloves, sweaters, Indian clubs, dumb bells, ice tongs, children's shoes, guitars, mandolins, flutes, typewriters, fancy costumes, ordinary clothing of every description—even a Holy Bible—encyclopaedias, histories, many other books; table silver, good and cheap; chafing dishes, a silver cream pitcher, fancy hat pins, umbrellas—all these are but the beginning, and not a reference in the list to jewelry, which is the mainstay of the business.

Yes, a pawn shop is an interesting place. It gives you an insight of a phase of modern life that will be new enough to be engaging and which might well occupy the attention of the uplifting and reform agencies of the community.

## "MEDICINE MAN" OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The "medicine man" of the house of representatives is Dr. Frank E. Wilson, of Brooklyn, who represents the Fourth congressional district.

Since his appointment as "physician in ordinary" to the house he has established a dispensary containing all the necessary medicines for sudden illnesses, and in addition has enough surgical instruments to perform minor operations at the Capitol should it ever become necessary.

"The medicine closet," as it is known, or "sick bay," as the members generally refer to it, is located in the office of Sergeant-at-Arms Henry Casson, and is in charge of Paying Teller W. H. Esley, who, before he began paying off members of Congress was a pharmacist. Members who are now taken suddenly ill on the floor or at the Capitol are no longer compelled to await the arrival of an ambulance before receiving treatment. Practically everything contained in the emergency ward of a well equipped hospital is to be found among the stores in the sergeant-at-arms' office. Within the short time this "sick bay" has been in operation the lives of several members have been saved, and they could be removed to their homes. Dr. Wilson, who represents the Fourth congressional district of New York, is the founder of the hospital annex to the house. He is personally known to every member, having at some time or other during his congressional service prescribed for them the "strenuous tablets."

These "strenuous tablets" are little pink affairs, but are in great demand before and after a banquet or social session of the members. One of the members of the house who occasionally has what he calls "card conversations" at his home, when not a word is said

**ONE HONEST MAN!**  
I have Nothing to SELL OR SEND C. O. D.  
An responsible business man and simply in gratitude for a wonderful restoration to perfect manhood after 15 years of physical and mental suffering from Nervous Debility, Valerian, and results of such ailments, and after spending much money on specialists, quick non-scientific and appliances found a simple, honest and positive cure the particular of which I will send free to any man, sending me his name and recent stamp.  
**BEN BENNETT,**  
Box 224, Berkeley, Cal.

except, perhaps, "two cards" or "that's good," used by Wilson's strenuous tablets as chips during the game, and then gave each of the players one as a "bracer" after they had cashed in and the game broke up early in the morning.

When Dr. Wilson entered the Fifty-sixth Congress no provision had ever been made for the treatment of sudden attacks of illness in the house membership, although there are generally two or three doctors who represent congressional districts.

Within a short time after Dr. Wilson came to Congress Representative Robertson of Louisiana was suddenly stricken with angina pectoris. He was carried into a cloakroom unconscious, and Dr. Wilson summoned. He found there was not even the simplest remedies in the house, and a messenger was dispatched to a drug store six blocks from the Capitol. Fortunately the messenger returned in time, and Representative Robertson's life was saved.

It was then that Dr. Wilson became known as the "medicine man," and he realized that it was necessary to have some medicines close at hand in the event of sudden illness of members. He introduced a resolution providing for a small appropriation for the purpose, but it went over without action. During a later session Mark Smith, the delegate from Arizona, was stricken on the floor while making a speech in favor of the admission of the territory of Arizona as a state. Delegate Smith was threatened with apoplexy, and again no medicines were at hand. Dr. Wilson was called for, and after pulling Mr. Smith through went to Speaker Henderson and urged that a small appropriation be made to purchase emergency medicines and instruments.

Speaker Henderson, who himself was subject to attacks of acute indigestion, at once gave Dr. Wilson permission to call up his resolution, and without a dissenting vote the house adopted it, authorizing the expenditure of \$1,000 or as much as was necessary for the purchase of "medicines and instruments for use in emergencies."

With the purchase of medicines, surgical instruments, antiseptics, bandages, splints and dressings came the famous "strenuous tablets." They originated with Dr. Wilson, who had been prescribing them in his practice in Brooklyn. The members who tried them found them efficacious, and their fame spread rapidly. Dr. Wilson refuses to make public the formula, but says there is nothing in them that would "hurt a child."

At the banquet given Mayor-elect George B. McClellan, on Dec. 7, his Democratic colleagues, after the last toast to Colonel McClellan had been drunk standing, "Doc" Wilson passed among his colleagues, handing each of

them one of the "strenuous tablets." The tablets speak for themselves," declared Representative Ruppert. "Every member of the delegation was in the house the next morning, looking as bright and fresh as a daisy."

So universally popular and wonderful in their effects are these tablets that about 10,000 of them were consumed in the house within a year. Of course, they are not always taken for that "day after" feeling. Whenever there is anything the matter with a member's stomach, whether it be caused from eating "jost and gross" or hot corn bread, or too much of the juice of the grape, the "strenuous tablets" are the remedy.

The reason the house is unusually proud of its "sick bay" is that the senate has one presided over by Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, and anything the senate has the house always wants. There are always hundreds of persons on the house side of the Capitol, and many times this is increased to thousands.

"Howdy" Martin, who was one of the greatest characters in Congress, from Texas, experienced much difficulty in walking on the marble floors of the Capitol. After two days' experience in sliding around he went to a local shoe store and said:

"I want to be rough shod."

"Guess you're looking for a horse-shoeing establishment," suggested the clerk.

"No, sir; I want you to get me out a pair o' them shoes with spikes in 'em, so's I can walk on them floors at the Capitol without slippin' and slidin' around."

He was indicted to try rubber heels, and that explains the reason why the floors in the corridors do not look like trails over rock.

Representative Wilson, in discussing the "sick bay," said: "The membership of the house is composed largely of men past middle age, and the confinement indoors, lack of exercise and the social conditions existing here are all conducive to sudden illness. Many are hearty eaters and are irregular in their meal hours. This usually results in indigestion and stomach derangement.

"More or less of the members become nervous, depressed, and suffer from heart and liver affections. Sometimes, too, a member drinks more than is good for his stomach, and the result is that he comes to the house feeling rather seedy. Then is when the 'medicine chest' comes in. Many of the members have learned exactly for what they need, and ask Mr. Esley for it; but generally they get some physician in the house to go to the chest and select what is best for them."

There is hardly a day that from 15 to 20 members do not patronize the "sick bay." Sometimes it is only for quinine tablets, strenuous tablets or some other

## WENT TO WORK AT HOME

The Hon. "Champ" Clark is fond of telling the following story of an old friend of his, who, in his home in Jefferson City, enjoys a local reputation for grim humor. The old gentleman in question is the possessor of a large fortune, which he has accumulated by much hard work and the closest atten-

## tion to business.

He has a son whom he wishes to train up in his father's business. But the boy was set upon leaving home and seeing the world. So he procured a position in Chicago. He soon lost the job, however, and in a short while found himself without means of livelihood.

Then he telegraphed to his father for money—in fact, he sent several urgent

## messages of this sort over the wire—

but to all his appeals he received no answer.

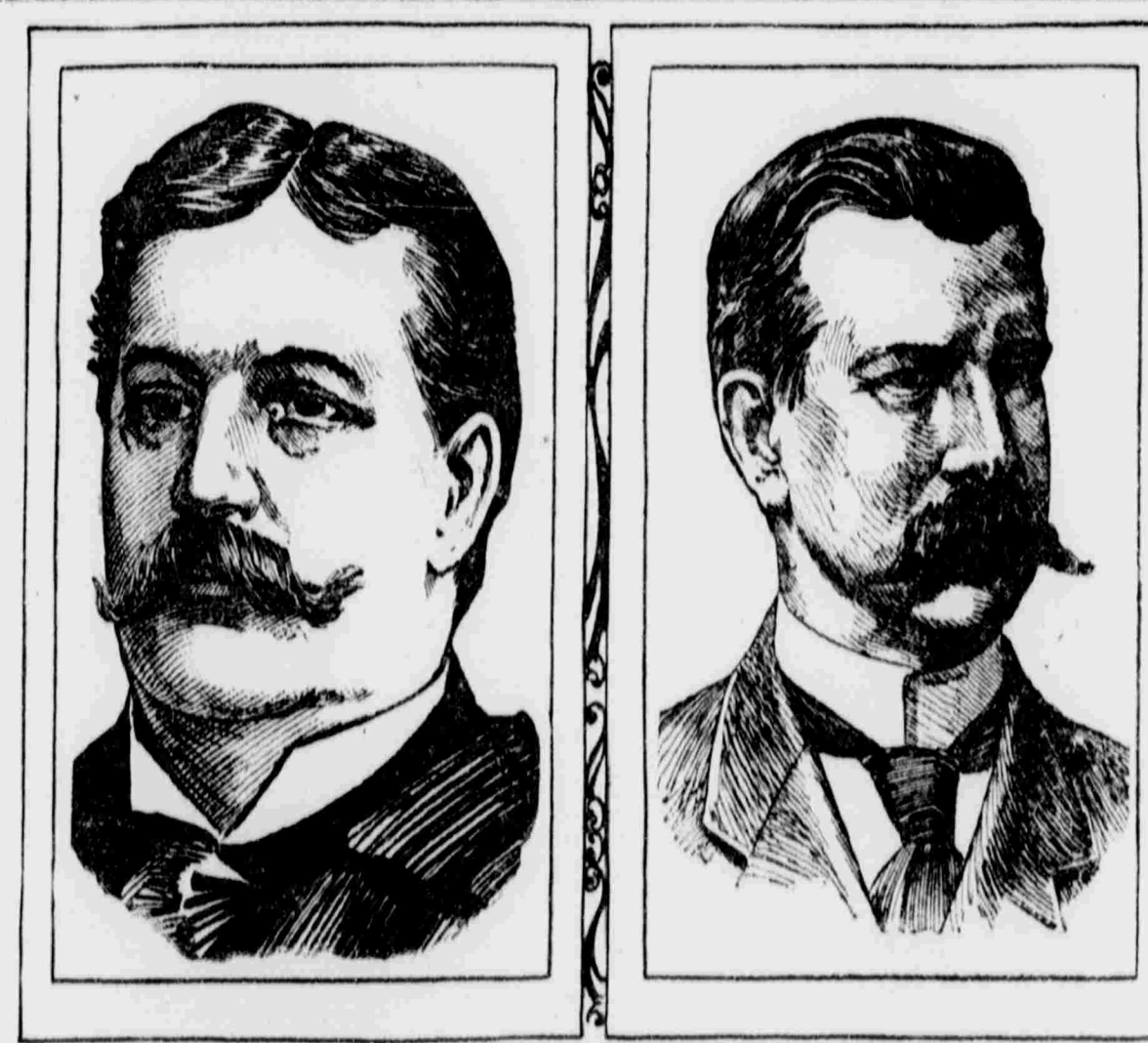
Finally, in desperation, the son of the rich man telegraphed his father in these words:

"You won't see me starve, will you?"

The old man's answer came thus:

"No; not from this distance."

Then, says Mr. Clark, the boy decided to go home and work on his father's farm.—New York Tribune.



WILLIAM H. TAFT. LUKE E. WRIGHT.  
THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR AND HIS SUCCESSOR AS GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES.

William H. Taft, selected by President Roosevelt as secretary of war to succeed Elihu Root, who returns to New York to resume the practice of law, has held many offices. He is forty-six years of age and has been successively law reporter for a Cincinnati paper, assistant prosecutor of the county, collector of internal revenue, assistant county solicitor, judge of the superior court of Ohio, solicitor general of the United States, dean of the University of Cincinnati, United States circuit judge, president of the Philippine commission and governor of the Philippines. General Luke E. Wright, his successor as governor of the Philippines, was for eight years attorney general of Tennessee. He then resumed the general practice of the law until his appointment as vice governor of the Philippines. For several months he has administered the affairs of the office to which, by the promotion of General Taft, he now succeeds.

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