

THE FREE LANCE.

"His good blade, carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."

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MY FRIEND THE POLICEMAN.

SOME years ago, when I was located in a western city, not far from the Pacific coast, acting in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent for an eastern publisher, I met with many queer and strange incidents and still stranger people.

I was what is commonly called a roust-about and was shifted around, to suit the manager, from one town to another.

Having arrived in the city whereof I am now writing, I set about to make as many acquaintances as it was in my power so to do. It was not long before I was personally acquainted with the greater part of the business people. This being accomplished I besieged the city building until I got on the good side of the mayor and the greater portion of the police force. The paper I represented was a sheet which gloried in scandal and sensation; this was the proper and almost indispensable thing to do, for the reason that a good many officials were inclined to suppress my sheet. More so especially if I happened to touch on any of the councilmen or other officials in too critical a manner.

This was no uncommon occurrence; for if there is any one thing that sells a paper, it is the berating of a public