

The house sent me a magazine kodak, and one day I attended Mayor Bailey's court. I was received with open hands, and offered a chair besides the Mayor's desk, which I declined with thanks; saying I was in a hurry and would stay only a short time outside the railing. After the hearing was in progress for some time I quietly slipped my camera from my pocket, pointed it at the assembled officers and took a couple of snap shots. No one noticed me at this, for I took a quiet sneak.

Talk of raking over the coals! of roasting! Well the paper simply did them all up to a crisp, and then crushed them. I spent a whole day in getting the full benefit of my vocabulary on paper. Such a pile of manuscript had never before gone out to the post office at R——. After this I spent my time in bidding my friends goodbye, until the papers arrived.

With the arrival of the papers came a new man, and as the Fusilade was rushed into my recent office. I quietly stepped on the train on which the papers came, and I was off; letting my relief and old Bailey to take care of themselves.

Frank bravely stood his ground and stayed in the place, contrary to my wishes. They tried to bribe him to give evidence in their favor, so as to bring a suit for criminal libel against the paper: but he having an ax to grind he got some sweet revenge, and let them stick in the hole they had dug for themselves.

There was an open revolt in R—— that day, and lynching talk was not uncommon.

The Mayor and his accomplices in defrauding the people and robbing the city treasury, were ignominiously bounced, while those who had lent a helping hand in the good fight for justice, were fabulously rewarded, not alone by the publisher but also by the citizens in general.

JAKIE '04.