



## I Demand Service

Hotel Victoria advertises 250 rooms for rent—"FRED VAN ORMAN, president; A. J. STOWE, sec. and manager"—Very modest CABINET—for so many rooms—especially as 50 of them are with bath.

V. Orman and Stowe certainly must have their hands full governing so large a place. I would think that the present hotel "prices" would well afford a Pres. and Sec'y-Mgr. for each room. 250 rooms are too many for two officials to look after...at least they should have a Labor Board that would look after mopping, bed-mangling and emptying of the . . . spittoons—(have it your own way). A big house like that should ought to be able to support an Attorney-General and an Ambassador whom the guests could send out for a bottle of paregoric in case they get the colic...

I'm afraid such a modest cabinet, Orman and Stowe, will never impress the yokels. Indeed it looks panicky, to-wit:

President	Fred Van Orman
Vice-Pres.	no bo dy
Secretary	A. J. Stowe
Manager	A. J. Stowe
Secy of Bouncing	000
Sec'y of Navigation	000
Sec'y of Kitchen	000
Sec'y of Veranda	000
Sec'y of Mopping, etc.	000
Sec'y of Basement	000
Attorney-General	000

You can see, yourself, that the "line-up" is weak in many important positions and in some I have not mentioned. That's just the trouble with our American hotels, they haven't enough officials. The Public (God bless him) hates to see one or two men grabbing all the money (and honor) so lavishly provided—not only that—but when a man goes to the trouble of earning "this" money, he insists that it be distributed as "broadly" as possible.

Not only that—every able-bodied worker is able to, and does support at least six Presidents, Attorneys, Bankers, Business men, etc.

Yet what do we see?

Of an evening when a laborer goes out walking, do we see a banker trotting by his side administering to his financial wants—I should say not! Do we see the banker rolling along in his "Studebutcher" keeping pace with Mr. Laborer, with a sack of quarters nestling amidst the foot-levers, lest our Hero desire to purchase a paper of "Five Brothers"—for his wants are small? No, Mr. Editor, nothing of the kind. Last week I was prowling around all week and not a single banker asked me, "Well, Slim, how you making out?" No, not one—no, not one!

How many lawyers do you s'pose dogged my footsteps to look after my legal affairs? Not one!

Didn't I stay up all night walking from one depot to another in Oshkosh, Wis., trying to dodge the strong arm of law—and where were my lawyers that I had been supporting all my life? I'll tell you frankly, Mr. Editor, I believe they were in bed.

Not one of them thought enough of his meal ticket to stay up and fight my case. They deserted me in the face of an enemy, you might say? Damn me if I ain't getting tired of sawing logs and adzing ties or raising track for their livelihood. I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to swear.

Where was my doctor when I woke up shivering in that furniture wagon? I'm asking you, Editor, where was my physician? Was he standing there, with quinine ready, to guard my health? He was not! Was the minister there to express his horror at my vocabulary and save my soul immediately I got through raving? Alas, the man of God was in a nice warm bed. What good will it do for him to come around afterward, when all that corruption has had a chance to set in? Right there he should have been—there and then with a pail of lambs' blood to clean it off as fast as I put it on.

Yes, it was marvelous language. Say, Stumpy; nothing like it ever heard before. Hot dog! Ah, the gentle rain was pouring down. Hot dawg! (Ever see a pair of self-wringing pants?) Hot Dog!! That's why I say without fear and without favor that all them 250 rooms should not be concentrated in Chicago—some of them should be moved to Oshkosh, by gosh, so that a fellow could sleep in a house at both places, on bad nights, this time of the year. Yes, the night clerk had the guts to tell me he wouldn't rent me a room for a million dollars "in them overalls." I politely inquired if he expected a working man to hire a dress suit so's to be fit to sleep "in your louse joint."

Well, 175 pounds must have looked big to him, for he murmured something about "rules" and, one reason why I didn't toss him out was because all my lawyers had gone to bed.

Now, Editor, I take the position that each and every working man is entitled to carry along with him a banker, a lawyer, a doctor and a preacher when he travels—there's enough of these professionals now to reach around. And since the worker provides them with a living, it is no more than right that he gets some service.

I, myself, as you well know, am entitled to somewhat more than and other living Wobblie because I've always been a fast worker—the "products" must show up somewhere. Really, I need a chauffeur, one who owns a car—being a great traveler. Wait a minute: I don't want the reader to get an idea that I ride on a freight train. Not me! Why even a "stock run" would be only a temptation—understand me, it might be a strong temptation. But, as to actually putting hand or foot upon the U. S. Safety Appliances, I do not think I could bring myself so low—unless—unless the train stood on a fill.