

RURality



It was in the autumn of 1904 that there appeared on the streets of Cincinnati, a youth, fresh from the rural districts of the mountainous regions of West Virginia. On a cool October evening he alighted from a Chesapeake & Ohio train at the Grand Central depot and after carefully scrutinizing the surroundings, immediately concluded he was in "town." With a suit case in his right hand and with all the inward feelings of a city-bred chap, and all the outward appearances of a green young man who had taken his first trip on the "cars," he sauntered up to Fourth street. Here he became quite bewildered at the sight of the tall, stately magnificent buildings. They were so much larger than his grandpa's barn. He scarcely knew whether to cry or call mamma, but at this juncture a cop came to his rescue and told him to move on or some one would tack a sign on him. O! Horrors, a real policeman had spoken to him. Oh! such a cruel world, thought our dear friend, Mr. J. M. Bradley, from somewhere, not yet on the map, in the State of West Virginia. Much frightened at the harsh words of the "cop" and realizing that he had to move, he goes leisurely up Fourth street as far as Walnut where he takes another stand admiring the grandeur of the gigantic Union Trust building. Now this young man had been given much fatherly advice about taking in bad dollars,

buying gold bricks and having the satchel gag worked on him. But in his paroxysms of fright he forgot all about his advice and in his lonely and deserted condition anyone who spoke friendly to him was his friend. At this juncture a stranger came along and "shark-like," taking in the situation, quickly accosted Mr. Bradley with this remark: "Friend, that's quite a large building they have over there."

Bradley: "Gosh! I should say so; that sure is a bouncer."

Stranger (snickering to himself): "The peculiar thing about that building is that it revolves once every hour, and if you wait here about forty-five minutes you will see it."

Bradley (gazing in open-eyed wonder): "Gee, I'd like to see it, but I can't wait that long."

Stranger (confidently): "You just give me 50 cents and I'll slip over and "tip" the engineer and get him to revolve it now."

Thereupon Bradley yielded to the wiles of the first shark. The stranger disappeared and Bradley waited one hour and a half and then concluded his "friend" could not find the engineer. The building is still intact and has not revolved yet, unless an earthquake has struck it since this article was written. Bradley says it was worth the price, as it probably saved him several dollars after that.