

# Meet Me Down On The Corner

Jack Hazard's Big Hit in Chas. B. Dillingham's Musical Play

## "THE CANDY SHOP"

JOHN L. GOLDEN.

*Allegro moderato.*  
*Whistle.*

1. Down on our block, ev - ry night a - bout eight o'clock, Was - n't it great!.....  
2. What do you say if we play kids a - gain to - day? We are a - greed.....

Aft - er the meal from the house the boys and girls would steal, To keep a "date."  
I'll get a dime and you bet we'll have a cork - in - time, That's all we need.

Cor - ner of our street, was the place where we used to meet, Was - n't it fun! So  
Soon as it's dark we can spark up in Cen - tral Park, Well I de - clare!

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each aft - er - noon you were al - ways sure to hear this tune From ev - ry - one:  
Then we can stop for a so - da at the Can - dy Shop. We'll be there.

REFRAIN.  
Meet me down on the cor - ner, Aft - er your sup - per's done,  
*mf - f*

Say you won't be late, but that you've got to keep a date, And we can have a lot of fun.

Meet me down on the cor - ner, I'll be wait - ing there for you, If the

folks'll let you go, Why I'll take you to a show, So meet me, do..... do.....

Meet Me Down On The Corner. No. 199.

### MET MATCH IN QUIET COWBOY.

#### Oregon Bad Man Found the Other Fellow Could Play His Game.

That terrible winter of 1890-91 had ended at last and the cow-punchers were gathering at Pasco for the spring round-up that was to comb the hills and draws for the scattered remnants of cattle that lived through the snow and frost. While we were all circulating around town getting ready and acquainted I was tickled to run across Charley Long. He had come up from the John Day Valley to work cattle along the Columbia. It was worth anybody's while to know Charlie. Knowing him was one of the necessities of life, in fact, if you happened to be so constituted that you couldn't keep your hands off a small, quiet man. That was Charlie—small and quiet, even after you got him started. This did not prevent him from developing all the combative energies of a crate of wild cats. He never looked for trouble and, also, he never looked the other way when trouble looked for him. We had not seen each other for quite a while, and camped down at a table in a saloon for a powwow. A bunch of boys were at the bar, properly going broke before going to work. Long would take a drink now and then with the boys, but not many, and we were letting them pass just now. Everything was as peaceful as a pan of milk. Then in came a sort of stranger with the notion that he might as well be bad as decent. He opened his game by ordering drinks for the house and looked around to see who failed to respond. Charlie hadn't stirred from his chair. He didn't seem to be even interested. Which was just what the bad gent thought he wanted.

"Come on up here!" he yelled, and this is the mildest possible version of the form of invitation he actually used. He got immediate action from several angles. Just as Charlie got on his feet the bartender lunged over and got the bad one by the neck. The boys got in front of Charlie while the bartender heaved the bad one through the door. "It's simply saving the boys the trouble of planting you," he explained. "You want to get posted before you start any of your war rigs around here. That man you turned loose on is Long, the man who shot up Hank Vaughan. Unless you're plumb crazy this ought to be hint

enough to make you hit the high spots."

It was. Charlie got loose from the boys after a while, and then he went about town with the air of a gent with something on his mind. The person he was looking for remained in seclusion until after the round-up left, and then he sent a man to Charlie to try to explain and apologize for him. The answer he got influenced him to keep out of Charlie's sight afterward. You could call Charlie certain names if you knew him well enough, but it wasn't worth while any time. If you felt like running a bluff on him you wanted to have all your little affairs straightened out. They are talking about that down around Princeville, Oregon, yet, and it's a long way back to the old trail in the days of 1885.

Hank had come bulging into Princeville with something in his system that demanded action and plenty of it. Noting an unmistakable tenderfoot about Hank gave him some exercises in the dancing line, in the course of which he shot the heels off the tenderfoot's boots. This satisfied the tenderfoot, but it no more than suggested further possibilities to Hank. He prowled over into the Palace saloon, looking for a card game. That was his favorite method of inaugurating the little affairs he enjoyed. Knowing this and likewise knowing Hank, the populace declined cards.

This didn't improve Hank's temper a bit. He was altogether misanthropic when he came into the place that happened at the same time to be inhabited by Long. The latter knew all about Hank, and seemed to be glad to have him come along, not having anything else on his mind just then. Hank was not so well acquainted with Long's reputation. When Long suggested a game, without waiting for an invitation, Hank complied with a snort of contempt. He probably figured this as his only chance and a poor one at that. Drawing out a pack of cards he sat down on the floor, and Long camped right there with him.

This aroused some hope in Hank. Taking a knife from his sheath he calmly thrust the long, keen blade through Long's trouser leg, pinning him to the floor. Long followed suit, pinning Hank to the floor through the leg of his new buckskin pants. Prudent bystanders began to edge toward the door. This was an excellent thing to do. Nobody had ever before

taken such liberties with Hank. It looked like a good bet on the subsequent burial of Long to everybody except Long himself.

Charlie didn't seem to have any better sense than to beat an ace full on kings that came Hank's way. Then the crowd got another jar. Hank pulled his knife out of the floor and went outdoors. The bunch began to wonder if the man who had faced more gun plays than he had fingers and toes had lost his nerve. It looked that way. They didn't have to marvel over it enough to notice.

Hank hunted up one of the Matlock boys and bought a fast horse from him. He also gave Matlock \$50 to hold the horse at the corner near the saloon. He said he had a killing on and might have occasion to leave in a hurry. Then he went back to the saloon. Long leaned quietly against the bar with his face to the door. He seemed to be expecting something, although wholly indifferent to what it might be.

Vaughan walked straight up to him and said: "You'd make a good shepherd, Long."

A quicker way of getting gunpowder out of a cowboy than calling him a shepherd was never invented. And the two understood each other and the situation perfectly.

"You'd make a good cannonader in h—, Vaughan," Long answered.

This appeared to suggest arid possibilities to Hank. "Let's have a drink," he advised. Everybody present with nerve enough to see the thing farther accepted. The rest got out as quietly as possible. Hank watched Long drink, and he didn't see a drop slopped on the bar from nervousness.

"Which is it, peace or war?" Vaughan demanded when they put down the glasses.

"They both sound alike to me," Long answered.

That brought the affair down to cases for Hank, and he pulled his gun and fired a shot that went over Long's head. In the rush of bartender and customers getting out of range Long let go with his 44 and cut a streak across Hank's scalp. Hank went over against a card table and Long waited. He seemed to regard the engagement as mutual in every respect.

Hank came back on his feet with a rush, brushed the blood out of his eyes and cut loose. Long came back shot for shot, but he was shy on gun-fight judgment. He hadn't been

up against the game as often as Hank and stood there still. In consequence he stopped every bullet, while he hit Hank only twice. But both of those shots came close to Hank's heart and were about all he needed.

Long got a bullet in the hand that followed up his arm, another through the body over the heart, one through the abdomen and the last through the right arm. Reeling about in the smoke he offered to fight it out with knives when they emptied their guns, but Hank had all he could carry just then.

They both got well enough to attend trial at The Dalles when arranged for shooting. They came with two revolvers apiece. Charlie had been practicing ever since he recovered sufficiently to pull a trigger. Once more Hank came up to him and asked him if it was to be peace or war. Again Charlie replied that it sounded all the same to him.

"You're the grittiest man I ever saw and I'd hate to shoot you up any more. Here's my hand and let's drink."

That also sounded all the same to Charlie, and they did. And this is the reason the bartender at Pasco long afterward threw the foolish person out after he had tried to make Charlie take a drink Charlie didn't want.

I saw my father, E. Bird, now of Leland, Idaho, cut a piece of one of Vaughan's bullets out of Long's shoulder. The lead was imbedded probably an inch, and my father had to dig it out with a pocket knife. Charlie stood it without batting an eye.

Later when the settlers began to go into the Okanogan county Charlie went up there and homesteaded a piece of land on an agreement with "Okanogan" Smith. He got into a row over it and was killed in his cabin by George Smith.

When they picked Hank Vaughan up from his horse in Pendleton fatally wounded, he asked them to take off his boots.

"The old man always told me I would die with my boots on," he gasped, "and I'm going to fool him some. When I meet him down there I want to be barefooted." They got his boots off just in time.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

For Rent.—Nice office rooms in The Herald building. Have electric lights and water. The most desirable offices in the city. Will rent singly or in suites. A. W. KNIGHT.

### Letter from Polk Miller.

Richmond, Va., June 1st, 1911. Francis Marion Bamberg Chapter, U. D. C., Bamberg, S. C.

My Dear Daughters: I have just come into town this morning, and find your letter of the 2nd of May before me. I trust you will not think me "stingy" because I send you one dollar, only, for your monument, but I make it a rule to help a little every good cause which presents itself, and at the end of the year I find myself charged up with about \$500 for such things. The churches get me for more than anything else, but as the preachers all tell us that when we give to the church we are "lending to the Lord," I never feel that I can turn Him down. So, please accept the enclosed check for one dollar, on account of the monument to the dear old boys of 1861 to '65, and if "devotion to duty, valor upon the field of battle, and honesty of purpose" availeth anything to make a man worthy of recognition at the hands of the great creator, I am sure that the Confederate soldiers who died for the cause which was dear to their hearts, got full credit with Him. I don't know whether I can ever get back to South Carolina or not, in my work. I lost so much money on the venture, in going where I was not known, I am almost afraid to try it again.

The Bamberg people were just as nice to me as possible, and I shall always remember them with pleasure, but in some of the towns I went to I think the people had an idea that I was a sort of strolling minstrel, and that my niggers were my "companions in a show!" Two of the darkies in my quartette used to belong to my people. I use them to illustrate my work and to sing like the old time negro, and they are just as respectful to me—both on and off the stage—as they were when they were slaves. My darkies are not of the "new issue, free nigger" variety. If they were, they wouldn't be with me. At Orangeburg, Batesburg, and Aiken, I lost a lot of money, but I think the people (now that they know me) would turn out largely if I went again.

Bamberg turned out well and the people treated me all right and seemed to enjoy my entertainment, and if I ever go to South Carolina again you may look out for me, for I will never pass that town if I could help it.

Remember me most kindly to all the old rebs and the Daughters of

### New Bed Needed.

"During the days of gold fever in California," said an old sea captain, "our ship was so crowded that you could hardly get a place to sleep. 'Captain,' said a man when we were three days out, 'I have just got to have some place to sleep.'"

"Where have you been sleeping?" I asked. "I have been sleeping on a sick man," the passenger said, "but he's getting better now."—Success Magazine.

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the Confederacy (God bless 'em all.) Tell 'em that they are what we fought for, died for, and live for, and I hope some day to see a monument raised to them which will eclipse anything else ever seen on this earth in the way of a memorial. When I saw the monument at Marion, S. C., I read on it the following inscription to the Confederate soldiers there: "We prosper to-day, because they taught us to suffer and grow!" How true that is, for had it not been for the fact that we suffered in the field, in the hospitals, and in the prisons, while our noble women at home suffered the hardships of assuming the cares of the family, running the home, while their husbands, sons and brothers were away, and each moment were in expectation of some dreadful tidings of wounds or death, we could not have stood the terrible days which came after the war, and known as "the days of reconstruction!" God never made nobler women, and we are to-day "prospering" through all this and we deserve it. And furthermore, we of the South will soon be the richest, strongest section of these United States—financially, politically, and socially—and we are going to control the whole country again, as we did from 1776 to 1865.

Good bye, and God bless you, and I hope you'll excuse the little bit of a dollar which I send, but it will help to put in a few bricks to the monument to our noble boys.  
Yours sincerely,  
POLK MILLER.