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TALES OF THE TOWN

And Yet There's Money in Hosiery.

During the races J. B. MacDougal, the well known dry goods merchant, was a frequent visitor at the Meadows and seemed to enjoy the fun as well as the crowds that were always present and taking a chance at putting a dollar in the pool, trusting to get at least ten dollars in return, which they seldom ever did. One day while waiting for the races to begin, MacDougal sat talking to a friend and, naturally enough, the conversation drifted into a discussion of the profit and loss in the dry goods business. In singling out the things on which good money was made, Mr. MacDougal emphatically declared, "There is no money in hosiery," and went on to explain why there was not. But before the conversation had been completed the first race was on and the betting got lively. Near the brace of business men sat a rather fastidious woman, who seemed to be as modest as a basket of chips, but the prancing steeds excited her nerves and she soon picked a winner and lost no time in getting her money in action that she could make her trip to the races profitable as well as enjoyable. Quicker than a flash she yelled for a boy, and down she went to her stocking, pulling out a roll of bills that would have made a faro bank dealer look like two bits with a hole in it, and soon she had backed her judgment with her money. The other fellow looked at Mac and said: "I thought you told me but a moment ago there was no good money in hosiery?" "There is always an exception to every rule, but I would not advise you to go into those hose looking for either good or bad money," came from MacDougal. It was, however, one on the dry goods prince, and the two lost no time as soon as the racers had come in in getting downstairs where all mistakes are cheerfully drowned.

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A New Marrying Bureau

Four shotgun weddings have been reported by the prosecuting attorney's office for the past week. In other words, four young men who had trifled with young women's hearts and succeeded in dragging them to ruin under the guise of love, were forced to either marry the girls or be sent to the penitentiary for a number of years, or take a chance of getting light holes blown through them by their enraged parents and relatives. The industry of leading young women to ruin on the part of gay young men is becoming altogether too common and should be squelched out immediately, if not sooner. A few years ago the industry of old men carnally knowing little girls, some not more than 10 years of age and others not yet over the age of consent, became quite common, and before it received a severe set-back a number of old whelps and reprobates had been given 20 and 25 years in the state penitentiary. God intended men and women for

each other, but He did not intend men to make criminals out of themselves and wretches out of the women, and He laid down a great moral law governing such associations, and the man who wilfully violates His moral law should be severely punished by the statutory law of the land. It is very doubtful if even marrying a wronged woman compensates her for the wrong or expiates the man's crime, but marrying her is better than leaving her to drift through the world with the mark of shame on her face. Prosecuting Attorney Macintosh is giving such gay lotharios all they need, and his actions are meeting general public approval.

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Why Man Gives Up His Seat.

There are those who say that a man who will not give up his seat in a street car to a lady is a human hog. But sometimes I have my doubts about it. I have seen ladies(?) take the seat of a tired, worn-out man without as much as a thank you. I have seen women accompanied by two or more kids who have allowed the aforesaid youngsters to spread themselves over as many seats, while men, foot-sore and stiff, swayed on the straps. There are ladies for whom it is a pleasure for even a tired man to give up his seat, and there are those whom it is positively a shame for a man to be deprived of comfort for. It depends a great deal on the woman whether or not a man should give up his seat, no matter what may be said on the subject.—Yerkes.

Generally speaking, the lady for whom "it is a pleasure for even the tired man to give up his seat to" is some pretty girl, dressed in the height of fashion, who looks at her victim on entering the car with a beaming countenance and smiling lips, gives him the idea that, she think, "he is the only man in all the world for her." The fellow, forgetful of his "tired feeling," clutches for the strap in the top of the car and bowing like a society ape at a kangaroo ball at the fair one with "take my seat, it's a pleasure." The girl who has done nothing but eat ice cream and suck bon bons all day takes the seat, smiles again with thanks. Then the fellow goes on the outside of the car to watch her from afar, under the belief that he has made a great hit with her.

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Had Red Hair Only.

The latest thing in the shape of an Irish story is being told by Dr. Allen P. Mitten, the deputy customs collector of this port. You may have heard it, but perhaps the other fellow has not, so here goes: "An Irishman just from Dublin wanted to become a naturalized citizen, and with that on his mind, went to a judge to 'be born again,' as it were. 'Have you ever read the Constitution?' asked the judge. 'Naw,' promptly came from the would-be American citizen. 'Have you read the Bible?' again quizzed the judge. 'Naw,' as abruptly came from the Irishman without qualifications. With a puzzled look on his face, the judge, in des-

peration, again asked, 'Then what have you read?' 'I have red hairs on the back of my neck, your honor, please.' The answers were not very satisfactory, but the Mick is all the same doing duty as a policeman." The story was told for the benefit of ex-Gov. John H. McGraw, and he seemed to have enjoyed it hugely.

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Sack and Trousers Mixed.

A man of Southern birth and training was telling a crowd of admirers one day this week of an amusing incident that came under his observation while he was in the South, and as usual a Negro was the amusing incident. The story is worth repeating and runs like this: "There was a certain Negro on a farm who was inclined to run about a great deal at night, which, of course, meant that he was very sleepily-headed. One morning he was called by the overseer for work. He did not get up at once as he should have and was soon as sound asleep as he should have been at midnight. The other hands had all gone. The place of work was fully two miles from home. It was cotton picking time and early rising at that season was common. When the man did not show up the overseer passed along again and made another vicious yell for him. In a frightened condition, he jumped out of bed and snatched up, as he thought, his cotton sack, and after running the entire two miles, discovered on arriving at the cotton field, that he had an old pair of trousers instead of his cotton sack, hence he was compelled to return to his quarter house for his sack and a thrashing as well."

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Griffin's Sunday Britches.

"That's pretty good," said a Northern man of the admiring group, "but I have just returned from Enumelaw, a King county town, where Judge Griffin lived for a great many years, where he was storekeeper, postmaster and general information bureau for that community. When the judge lived up there and was postmaster the trains were very irregular, and it kept him up a great deal of his time to get the town mail on the passing trains. He slept over the postoffice and when the train was late at night he did not pull off his clothes, but lay across his bed with the mail sack at his side, and when the engine whistled for Enumelaw he got up and jumped out of the window and ran to the station and hung his mail sack on the arm, which would be snatched aboard by the mail clerk without the train stopping. One evening Mr. Griffin had been repairing his Sunday trousers while waiting for the train. As usual the train was late and soon he had fallen asleep. The whistle in the course of time awoke him, and, snatching his mail sack in the darkness, made a bold rush for the depot. He hung his mail sack in its accustomed place and in a few minutes more was undressed and snoring away in his little bed. The next morning he had no sooner opened his eyes