

# Her Masterpiece

By **MATIE K. NAWN**

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Coming through the hall Fred Dickson stopped to examine the long envelope lying on the hall rack. In one corner was printed "Barber's Publishing Company." He smiled in brotherly derision.

"Oh, Marge," he called. "I guess this is your manuscript. Back from Barber's," he added maliciously.

Marge went to the door of her room and called down irritably:

"Well, you needn't publish it!" "No, it would be better if they did," flung back her brother.

"It's funny," he mused, "but the things you don't want published are always getting into print, and the things you want to see in print end up in the 'masterpiece' trunk." This in reference to an old box in which his sister was wont to deposit her effusions after they had gone the rounds.

Marge came downstairs, digging her heels viciously into the carpet at each step.

"Where is it?" she asked. With an obvious desire to be as annoying as possible her brother replied, "Where's what?"

Marge treated him to an eloquent silence. Suddenly she spied the envelope and pounced upon it. Then she flung into the sitting room and flopped angrily down on the rug before the fire.

For half an hour she sat there, reading and tossing aside the pages. The loud ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded with increasing monotony through the long, conscientious perusal. Finally she sighed.

"It wasn't any good," she confided to herself. "It was too long and too prosy, and the idea was old. Still," she added in self justification, "I've seen just as bad stuff as that published."

Her mother entered the room. Marge looked up at her with grieving eyes. "It came back," she said in explanation of the pile of paper at her side, "and they'll keep coming back as long as I stay here. I'm tired of the city. If I could get away into the country where I could be absolutely alone day in and day out I could collect my thoughts."

Her brother chuckled irreverently. "I could collect my thoughts," she repeated. "My brain is just seething with ideas, but the moment I begin to write somebody interrupts, and when I get back to my work the inspiration is gone. And," she added somewhat bitterly, "here I'm elbow to elbow with the everlasting economies we're forced to practice. It's always material things that receive the first consideration—it's the coal of the gas or something—all the time. If I could get out into the country for a couple of months, for a month even, where nobody knew me, where there was nothing to remind me of the interest and the water taxes, where I could feel for once in my life that writing was a recreation and not a grind, I could write a story that would be worth while. I know I could."

Mrs. Dickson stood silent during her daughter's tirade. The look of sympathetic understanding in her eyes gave place to a harmonious twinkle. "Marge is very young," she reflected, "and she certainly was never meant to be a writer."

Marge had been a stenographer to a successful author, but had lately resigned her position, electing to support herself and keep the family in luxury by writing. Mr. Bergen wrote little stories without beginning or end, for which he received fabulous checks. It was easy. She could do it too. She had "written," but her stories had all come back, and now she demanded to be a writer.

Mrs. Dickson sighed. "You were such a good stenographer," she said, but stopped abruptly at sight of her daughter's face. She took refuge under cover of the "previous question."

"I don't see how we can manage it, dear," she said gently. "There are so many bills to be met and soon the insurance money falls due. We might let that stand for a month or so," she said, avoiding her son's eyes.

"We can't do that," he said with asperity. "Marge can write here as well as in the country. She rattles on about the 'artistic temperament' and its requirements and the 'proper environment' and all such nonsense. I've heard her at it time and again. Now, I don't know anything about the 'artistic temperament' and I don't want to, but up to date I've furnished the 'requirements' and the 'environment,' and that is where the 'artistic temperament' has got to sit up and take notice. As far as I can see, the 'artistic inability' is a constitutional inability to turn brains into money. If Marge had had any sense she would have stuck to her typewriting and stenography. She was a good stenographer."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"And," her brother went on, "it isn't too late yet. You can write your 'masterpieces' on the side," he added humorously. "Tell you what, Marge," he continued more gently, "why don't you go to work for a couple of months and save enough for this trip?"

Mrs. Dickson brightened at the suggestion.

"But I've lost my speed," said Marge disconsolately.

"There was a moment's dead silence. Then her brother strode out of the room and slammed the door.

"Don't mind him, dear," said her mother. "Men are all like that."

Shortly after lunch next day the bell rang and Mrs. Dickson opened the door. A small boy confronted her.

"They's a telephone fer Miss Dickson at the drug store. She's to call her brother up," he said and was gone.

"Marge, oh, Marge!" called Mrs. Dickson.

"Yes, mother?"

"You're to call Fred up at once. The boy just came with the message."

Marge came downstairs and took her hat from the rack.

"I wonder what he wants," she said and left the house.

Fifteen minutes later she returned, breathless. "Fred met Mr. Roberts at lunch, and he told Fred he was in an awful fix. His stenographer had been taken very ill and had gone home, and he asked Fred if he knew a good girl who could substitute until she was well. Fred told him I would help him out, and it's \$18 a week," she finished excitedly.

Her mother sighed, but there was a contradictory twinkle in her eyes. "It's too bad you haven't kept up your speed. Of course you won't be able to take the position," said her mother.

"Won't I? I guess I will! He wants me right away. It's the Mr. Roberts," said Marge lucidly.

Mrs. Dickson smiled. "And you can go to the country now, dearie," she suggested.

"Yes, if his stenographer only stays ill long enough—poor girl," she amended, feeling that her remark was more human than humane.

For a month Mr. Roberts' stenographer lay ill. When she came back, late in May, Marge packed her trunk and went into the country to "write her masterpiece."

Her letters home were frequent. In one she wrote:

"The country is glorious at this time of year. It grows lovelier each day. This morning as I sat beneath a fine old maple tree awaiting inspiration I was startled by a familiar voice, and who do you think it was? Mr. Roberts. He said he was city tired and wanted a whiff of pure country air. He doesn't know how long he'll stay. He says it all depends. I find him very congenial, although he laughs at the idea of women wanting a career. I intended working this afternoon, but he has asked me to take a walk, so I shall have to postpone work until tomorrow."

Her letters glowed with accounts of pleasure trips taken with "Mr. Roberts," but only in the first was there any mention of work.

Mrs. Dickson remarked this to her son.

"Don't worry, mother," he said knowingly. "The kid'll come around all right. She's the writing bee in her bonnet, and she's stung some, too, but a sting isn't fatal, and the treatment she's taking now will effect a permanent cure."

His mother sighed.

"She was such a good stenographer," she said ruefully.

Two weeks later Marge came home, rosy and bright, with a new happy light in her eyes.

"The vacation has done you good, dear," said her mother. "I have never seen you looking better or happier," she added reflectively.

"Did you do any writing, dear?"

"Yes, read us what you've written, sis," said Fred.

"I—I—that is—well, it isn't—in shape yet to be read," replied Marge nervously.

Fred winked at his mother.

"But can't you give us some idea of it?" he persisted teasingly.

In the evening the "city tired Roberts" called. Marge met him at the door. His first words were, "Have you told them, dear?"

Marge hesitated.

"Oh, Billy, I couldn't!" she said at last. "I tried to, but Fred was horrid and teased me about my 'masterpiece,' and mother thought I had been working all the time I was away, and I couldn't tell them then. You do it, Billy," she said imploringly.

And Billy did.

**Amateur Photographer.**

Lady (who is posing and rather tired)—Oh, my dear Mr. Oshau, haven't you yet got it all right for taking me?

Mr. Oshau (amateur photographer)—My dear lady, it'll be fine! You're just in the very attitude! Come round now and see for yourself!—Chicago Tribune.

**Past and Present.**

"I don't want to ketch none of my ceters smolch! them punk cigaretties," declared the horny handed son of toll.

"Your sentiments do you credit, sir," said the elderly boarder from the city.

"No, sir. A pipe wuz good enough for their maw, an' a pipe has gotter be good enough for them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Der German Cobbler And Cock Eyed Sam

He Is Only a Tramp, but He Put Hans Wise as to How to Increase His Business.

(Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.)

ONE day I don't have one single job of work in my shop, and I was smoking my pipe and wondering how long before I go by dot poorhouse with a tramp comes in. He vhas a man mit a cock eye, and he have a hole in one shoe. I look avhay from him and don't say nottings. He looks avhay from me and don't say nottings. It vhas two minutes before he chuckles and says:

"Everybody works but fadder, und he looks lonesome. How about dat hole in my shoe?"

"It vhas more like a shoe in a hole," I says.

"Dot vhas so. When it vhas small it don't care how much water it lets in."

"But der vhas only some excuse. Ice vhas plenty all over New England."

"But you keep still und your lee vhas half price. Dot vhas rebates. Der only man who klicks about rebates vhas der man who don't get any."

When der leeman goes avhay der milkman comes in. He has a wife und six childer, und he was never in my place before. He now has four pairs of shoes to be mended, und he smiles und says:

"So you like to run for governor, eh?"

"I do."

"Vhell, dot vhas all right. Der peoples believe you to be an honest man, und you can depend on my vote. I see by your platform dot you vhas down on trusts."

"I shall make it hot for 'em."

"Dot's right, Hans; make it hot for 'em, but at der same time don't make some mistakes."

"How?"

"Peoples vhas mistaken when dey speak about a milk trust. It vhas simply an organization to buy Bibles for the heathen in Africa. When der price of milk goes oop we buy more Bibles. When der price of butter goes oop dot vhas to furnish hymn books. Every time you buy a pound of butter or a quart of milk you are helping the heathen. Please understand dot und don't fool mit der milk und butter business."

Der milkman goes out und der fat policeman comes in. He looks at me in a mournful vhay und says:

"Hans, I don't believe you vhas any sooch man."

"How?" I asks.

"You like to take der bread out of my mouth."

"In what vhay?"

"You vhas going to be elected governor und stop grafting. How can der police force get along if you do dot? Do you like to see us all go by der poorhouse?"

"I don't like it," I says.

"But it vhas a custom. Everybody vhas used to it. Nobody complains. If a man finds me asleep in a saloon he grafts me. If I find somebody drunk I graft him. It vhas one hand wash der other, und nobody vhas hurt. Oop to dis time I make you fix my shoes for nottings. After dis I shall pay you. Go for der plumber und coal man, Hans, but give us honest men a chance."

Dot day more ash twenty peoples come into my shop mit shoes to mend, und everybody vhas my friend. Just before I shut oop in der evenings der cocked eyed tramp comes around. He sees all der shoes to be mended, und he sees der smile on my face, und he says:

"Cully, when you vhas in trouble consult a cock eyed man. Vhat he doesn't know about human nature you can't find out from der undertaker. A cock eyed man don't take a good photograph, but vhen it comes down to sell advice he vhas all dere und something to spare."

M. QUAD.

**Da Styleesin Lady.**

I tal you wat, you oughta see Carlotta—dat's my girl—when she Ees feex for holiday. I guess you never see sooch styleesiness.

She gatta a yellow seelka shirt Ees look so fine you think ces wort 'Bout twenty dollar, mebbe more. Eef you gon' buy eet een da store. So, too, she gatta purple wals 'Dat's treem' weoth pretta yellow lace An' boega golda breast peen Ees steeklin' orndram' her cheen. Eef you want, my frant! On toppa dat She gat da boega rolda hat. Weeth coupla featha, brighta green, An' whitla rouna eath blytween. Da redda, whitla, croen, you see. Ees lika flag of Italy!

Ha, wat you thinka dat for style? Ah, yes, my frant, eet mak' you smit! You can see, dot, of me. How proud I smile when first I see: You can believe how proud I feel For walkin' out weeth her, but steel I gatta—'wat you call—'deeestress' Bayeause for all dees styleesiness. You see, when she ees look so sweet I 'frad for let her een da street. I justa feela scare' dat son' Boega reecha—'sin ces gona com' An' see how stylees she can be An' steela her away from me.

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

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### CITY NOTICES.

#### NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT special assessment roll number 128, made for the purpose of defraying the costs and expenses of improving 10th street, from the south line of Commercial street to the north line of Exchange street, has been filed with the auditor and police judge and numbered special assessment roll number 128, and that the committee on streets and public ways has been appointed a committee of assessors to sit with the board of assessors to examine, correct and equalize the same, and that Saturday, the 8th day of September, A. D. 1906, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. in the council chambers in the city hall, has been fixed as the time and place of the meeting of said board of equalization. All objections to said assessment must be presented in writing.

OLOF ANDERSON,

Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.

Dated Astoria, Oregon, August 29th, A. D. 1906. 8-31-10t

#### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the assessment made for the construction of a sewer on 18th street, from a point 15 feet south of the north line of Grand avenue, to the south line of Exchange street, as per assessment roll number 125, was made by an order of the common council due and payable on the 8th day of September, 1906, by ordinance number 3277, confirming said assessment roll, that the following are the names of the persons against whom the assessment is made and the amount owing by each, to-wit:

Anderson, Geo.	\$ 7.50
Astoria Company	81.00
Bracker, Theo.	26.55
Barker, Annie	3.33
Cramer, G. P.	7.50
Cherry, Ellen S.	37.90
Douglas, Abbie A.	41.00
Dench, William	10.34
Foard, Martin	5.66
Foard, Tillie	3.34
Finnish Evang. Church, Trustees of	28.00
Gilson, Carey L.	27.99
Gronvold, Anna	18.00
Ingalls, H. H.	5.66
Kelly, Timothy J., Heirs of	8.67
Lovell, James L.	42.40
McRoberts, Geo. C.	38.02
Marine Engineers Beneficial Ass'n.	.47
Noonan, E. P.	6.00
Patten, Frank	5.84
Rahfeld, Maria	3.33
Riley, Bridget	89.00
Schernaekau, A.	36.85
Salte, A. E.	18.00
Schamberger, Joseph	17.00
Vragnizan, John, Heirs of	24.68
Wildt, Philip	10.28
Welch, James W.	41.28
Welch, D. H.	17.51
Weinhardt, Louise	3.00
Zankieh, Antone	17.00
Jonka, Pauline	46.00

By order of the common council.

OLOF ANDERSON,

Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.

Dated Astoria, Oregon, August 29th, 1906. 10t

#### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the assessment made for the construction of a drain on Melbourne avenue from the alley-way running through block 17, to a point 70 feet south of the south line of Taylor avenue, as per assessment roll number 124, was made by an order of the common council due and payable on the 8th day of September, 1906, by ordinance number 3276, confirming said assessment roll, that the following are the names of the persons against whom the assessment is made, and the amount owing by each, to-wit:

Angberg, Aleda	\$19.50
Aho, Paul	5.00
Bostrom, Hanna	8.00
Bynny, August	8.00
Erickson, John	7.00
Forsman, Charles	8.50
Holm, Andrew	6.00
Hilstrom, Mattila	14.00
Hendrickson, Henry	12.25
Hannus, John	9.00
Jakkola, Maria	6.00
Johnson, John	8.50
Jacobson, August	13.25
Jonka, John	21.00
Kaukonen, Jacob	35.00
Korpela, Matt	3.00
Kamara, Isak	18.50
Kankonen, Frans	23.00
Lahti, Lars	3.00
Luason, Helen	8.00
Mattlin, Michael	6.00
Mathsen, Henry	6.00
Nieka, Albert	17.00
Neimelin, Frank	10.50
Neimelin, Albert	4.00
Ostrom, John	15.50
Penttaja, William	19.50
Penttaja, Alex	17.50
Pentinsala Land & Trust Co.	89.00
Pentila, John	3.00
Palo, Matt	6.00
Riippi, Richard	10.00
Souppi, Jacob	3.00

### CITY NOTICES.

Soumi Temperance Society ..... 14.50  
Saarinen, Karl ..... 19.50  
Toivonen, Moses ..... 5.00  
Thompson, August ..... 15.00  
Utterberg, Ava ..... 4.50  
Winters, James J. .... 23.00  
By order of the common council.

OLOF ANDERSON,

Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.  
Dated Astoria, Oregon, August 29th, 1906. 10t

#### NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT special assessment roll number 127, made for the purpose of defraying the costs and expenses of improving Duane street from the west line of 10th street to the west line of 6th street, has been filed with the auditor and police judge, and numbered special assessment roll number 127, and that the committee on streets and public ways has been appointed a committee of assessors to sit with the board of assessors, to examine, correct and equalize the same, and that Saturday, the 8th day of September, A. D. 1906, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. in the council chambers in the city hall has been fixed as the time and place of the meeting of said board of equalization. All objections to said assessment must be presented in writing.

OLOF ANDERSON,

Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.  
Dated Astoria, Oregon, August 29th, A. D. 1906. 8-31-10t

#### NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the assessment made for the improvement of 4th street, from the north line of Astor street, to the south line of railroad track, as per assessment roll number 123, was made by an order of the common council due and payable on the 8th day of September, 1906, by ordinance number 3278, confirming said assessment roll, that the following are the names of the persons against whom the assessment is made and the amount owing by each, to-wit:

Astoria Iron Works	\$301.50
Astoria Savings Bank	120.75
Davis, C. A.	21.67
Fox, John	65.00
Kamm, Jacob	120.75
Turner, L. R.	21.67
Turner, G. H.	21.66

By order of the common council.

OLOF ANDERSON,

Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.  
Dated Astoria, Oregon, August 29th, A. D. 1906. 8-31-10t

#### NOTICE TO IMPROVE.

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COMMON Council of the City of Astoria: That said Council hereby declares its determination and intention to improve Exchange street from the west line of 9th street to a point eight feet west of the east line of 8th street. Said improvement shall be made by grading said street to the established grade to the full width thereof, constructing cement side walks on both sides thereof with corners on 8th street and with all necessary drainage. The side walk shall be six feet wide with a two foot park space between the curb and the edge of the side walk, and from curb to curb the street shall be graded nine inches below the sub grade with a sufficient crown in the center and filled in and macadamized with crushed rock to the depth of nine inches when thoroughly rolled and gutters shall be constructed on both sides of the street.

In matters of detail said improvement shall be constructed according to the plans and specifications therefor to be prepared by the City Surveyor as hereinafter provided and general ordinance No. 1901 and any matter of construction and drainage found necessary to make the improvement safe or substantial shall be done by the contractor whether specified or not, without extra charge.

That the costs and expenses of said improvement shall be defrayed by special assessment upon the lots, lands and