

HARTLEY'S CALLER.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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"Lady to see you," announced Jimmie, one of the office boys, with a deference that he showed only to Hartley, the dramatic critic, and Murphy, the sporting editor. The sporting editor could call all the baseball players by their first names, but Hartley had only to write on a slip of paper and it would take Jimmie into the much desired "show." Such small fry as editors and star reporters were not at all in the same class with a man who carried passes in his pocket every day. "I've told you a hundred times to get the name, Jimmie," was the testy response. Hartley was ill at ease with the whole world that morning. "I know," admitted Jimmie, with unembarrassed truthfulness, "but, say, Mr. Hartley, she's a peach for a fair!" "I'm not interested in fruit," was the cold response as Hartley turned to his desk. He hated all women at the moment, for he had had to do a thing which would probably cost him the love of the one woman he really did care for. He had had to tell the cruel truth about Norma Keating as an actress, and he felt that the high spirited girl never would forgive him. Jimmie, the persistent, hung over the desk. "She don't look like an actress," he declared, using the argument he knew to be most potent. "An' she's a pippin for fair!" "I can't see any one who does not stand in a card," declared Hartley as he turned to his work again, and Jimmie dashed out presently to return with a bit of pasteboard. With a start Hartley read Norma's name and gave orders that she be ushered in. It was better perhaps that since there was to be a quarrel they should meet on his own ground. Somehow, with the familiar surroundings, he felt more safe than he ever could in the parlor of the little actress' suit at the hotel. With a sternness that indifferently masked the misery that he felt he prepared to receive his caller. He had expected that she would come storming in to denounce him for his criticism and to declare him biased and unfair. He was braced for the shock and fully prepared for the sight of the dejected little woman who came timidly into his dingy office, her rich furs forming a strange contrast to the bare walls and cheap furniture. Jimmie slipped away after one last admiring glance, and then the girl raised her eyes to Hartley's and met the pity in his bravely. "I did not come to reproach you for your notice," she said, with a quick appreciation of his attitude. "It was your right to say what you pleased. I paid a big price for the special performance in order to get the metropolitan notices, and in doing so I exposed myself to every form of critical attack. "I suppose that you are expected to be severe on beginners, to ridicule them and beat them down and force them into their proper places. "You demand that we start at the bottom. I can see now that it was absurd to think that I could win favorable comment from the great men who have made their reputation more through the savageness of their attacks than through their ability as critics. "And yet you said you had not come to reproach?" he asked gently. Even in her bitterness she noticed a new note in the rich voice. It hurt him to think that he was in part responsible for that little catch of pain which would sound, try as she would to be hard and cynical. It was as if her whole quivering soul was laid bare in spite of the dress of words with which she sought to clothe it. "I did not mean to say that," she cried. "I only meant to come and ask you if you would let me have my photographs back. You and the rest of your conferees have beaten me. I am in retreat. I am going as far from New York as I can. I want to take with me everything that is mine." "You should have sent your agent and spared yourself," he reminded her gently. "I will see that the pictures are found for you. Will you sit down?" He indicated a chair as he rang for a boy, and presently Jimmie went away with instructions that Miss Keating's photographs were to be returned by the art department at once. Neither spoke until the boy had laid the package down and had departed for the outer office. Then Hartley rose and placed them on the chair beside her. "There is another one," she said uncertainly, "the one that I gave you. May I have it back, please?" "If you wish," he promised as he turned again to his desk to draw from one of the recesses a photograph with a frowning autograph across its face. "Does your anger go so deep that you are unwilling to leave me even this souvenir of a friendship that I shall always treasure in my memory?" he asked. "May I not keep it?" "To add to your sacrificial heap," she retorted bitterly. "I suppose you must have a goodly collection of those you have flayed." "I have few photographs—and few friends among the women of the profession," he said simply as he opened

a drawer for an envelope. "I had hoped to number your first among those few." He held the envelope toward her, and for a moment she hesitated. She seemed about to leave the room, but she turned and faced him again. "You told me once that you never would marry an actress," she said feigning. "Was it because—because you did not want me on the stage that you—that you wrote as you did?" "I have made no secret of my admiration for you," said Hartley simply, "and I may have made the remark you attribute to me, but it was with no desire to drive you from the stage that I framed my criticism as I did." "Can't you see," he continued passionately, "the awful position in which I was placed. If I praised your acting, I should have made my paper the laughingstock of the town. I spoke the truth I know that I should lose you. Every line of the story in this morning's paper was studied that I might speak as warmly as I dared without stultifying the paper." "It was a little better than the rest," admitted Norma, "but I thought you had been a little kind so that I would not suspect how you had induced the other critics to be so merciless." "On the contrary, I saw none of the boys," he declared. "I was far too sick at heart to mix with them and hear their ugly comments." "Was I really as bad as that?" asked the girl wonderingly. "I thought it was because I was an amateur and had the money to hire the theater and the company. They always jump upon the rich amateurs, I had heard. I thought that was it. Was I really as bad as all that?" "Don't ask me," pleaded Hartley, but the girl persisted. "You have a good voice and a good presence," he said slowly. "You have some crude ability, but that is all. You lack the spark of genius. Even money cannot buy that." "Then you think I will never be an actress?" she asked with quivering lip. Hartley shook his head, and she turned away to the window, pressing her brow to the cool pane, against which the sleet rattled angrily. For several minutes she stood thus looking out into the whirling snow and hail with unseeing eyes, while Hartley silently watched her. He would have given the world to take her in his arms and comfort her, but instinctively he realized that she must fight her battle alone. She was the one woman in all the world to him, and yet he dared not speak. At last she turned, and now her eyes were smiling, though her lips still were drawn and white. "Why struggle against unanimous condemnation? You must be right," she conceded. "I never shall make an actress, and you said that you never would marry an actress." "I'd marry you if you were Bernhardt and Duse in one," he cried, "but I rather would marry just you, dear. Will you have me? In spite of the blow that I have struck your pride can you love me?" "I hate to marry a wife beater," she said, with a wan little smile, "but, Frank, I think I'd rather have your love than to be a great actress, and I don't mind the notice—now." Jimmie, coming in with a card, turned and fled precipitately. "I used to think that Mr. Murphy had the best of it, going to prize fights and ball games," he said reflectively, "but I guess it's Mr. Hartley that has the clinch. I'd rather kiss that pippin than know the bull ball team."

NORTH SIDE NEWS

Miss L. M. Williamson, of Ilwaco, is the accredited representative of The Astorian and will take care of all items of news, orders for subscriptions and all kinds of printing.

ILWACO

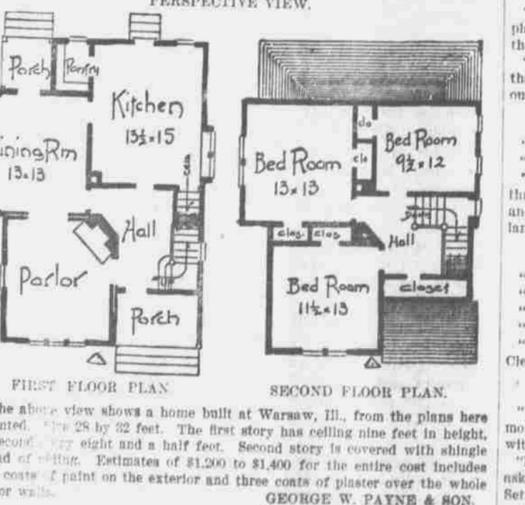
Mrs. W. B. Hawkins, who has been enjoying the past two weeks, in an outing at Collins Springs, Oregon, returned Thursday to her home in Ilwaco. J. J. Brumbach, city attorney, departed Monday for South Bend, Wash., to attend court held in that city this week. He expects to return the later part of the week. Miss Sarah Marsh, chief telephone operator in the Astoria Central office, was among the Astoria visitors to Ilwaco Thursday. She was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Howerton. Mrs. George B. Simmons, of this city is at present ill with heart trouble, although she is not thought to be in any danger she is confined to her room. E. R. Budd, superintendent of the Ilwaco Railroad, left the first of the week to make a brief business sojourn in the city of Portland. Al Simmons arrived Thursday, from Seaside, Oregon, where he has been working for the past month or two. After a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Simmons, he will return to Seaside. He informs us that he expects to leave some time this coming spring for Alaska. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morden, left the first of the week for South Bend, where they will spend a few days on business, returning either Friday or Saturday. Mrs. Bert Sprague, of McGowan, Wash., was in the city Thursday, looking after her property here. She was a guest of Mrs. Clarence Curry. A social hop was given Tuesday evening in the Ilwaco Opera House. Although this was an informal affair and gotten up in a hurry, a good time was enjoyed by those present. James Howerton, left Thursday, for Portland Oregon, to visit his wife who is at present quite ill in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Nye, arrived in the city the latter part of the week. Mr. Nye conducted the hotel bar at the Tinker hotel last summer and is well known here and at Long Beach. Mrs. Ross Williamson and baby, of McGowan Wash., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edger Hawkins, Thursday. Mrs. Williamson returned to her home in McGowan Friday, taking with her some household goods. The Ilwaco Beach is at present the scene of great activity. Many persons are busily engaged, either in laying in a supply of wood for the

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coming summer for their own needs, or in supplying the market. Some are making money picking up railroad ties and other valuable timbers. If the drift continues to come, in great quantities, as has been the case, the greater part of the population of the town can doubtless be found on the beach. The Grand ball, scheduled to come off next Monday evening, February the twenty second, in the Ilwaco Opera House, is being looked forward to with much pleasure by the people of this city, who indulge in dancing. The best music has been engaged, and the evening promises to be all that is being anticipated. Rube Rogers, received notification recently, of his assignment to an island in the straits of Juan De Fuca, where he will report for service in the U. S. Life Saving Crew. Mr. Rogers has lived in this city for many years and during his residence here has made many friends who regret his departure, and wish him success in his new field of endeavor. Mr. W. A. Fowler, assisted by his brother George has been adding some improvements to his launch which he purchased recently. He is replanking the boat, and adding a new cabin. He expects to use his motor boat soon on Youngs River, where he will be engaged in logging. Mr. and Mrs. Matt Kentila, are the proud parents of twin girls, born Tuesday evening. Mr. James Gold, was visiting relatives in Ilwaco, the latter part of the week. Gus Hines, a prosperous farmer from the Wallcut, was a visitor to the city Thursday. Wednesday morning several men left for the Nasel, where they are employed in a logging camp among them are: Daniel Markham, George Ross, Ernest Samples and Ralph Grable. Mrs. E. R. Budd, and Mrs. Frank Strauhall of Long Beach, were visitors to the city Wednesday. G. B. Johnson, general agent of the Astorian & Columbia River Railroad, was in the city the first of the week on business. Foley's Orino Laxative cures constipation and liver trouble and makes the bowels healthy and regular. Orino is superior to pills and tablets as it does not gripe or nauseate. Why take anything else? T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store. The Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month, delivered to your residence or business office.

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ONCE ON A TIME.

My baby clambered to my knee, And when her darling climb Is done she settles down and says, "Now, 'Once upon a time,'" And so I pause a moment while I search my memory store Of old folk tales, and then I start "Once on a time" once more. "Once upon a time," I say, "There was a hungry fox. And then I wander on and on And tell of all the flocks Of geese and ducks and hens he ate. Feet, feathers, heads and wings, And tell of all the nice he caught And all the other things. And everything he ever killed, Chicken or goose or dove, I separate from all the rest And make a story of. Until the stories told stretch out And all the evening through. And bring great peace and joy to the Woo lass I tell them to. "Once on a time," I sit alone When baby is in bed, When I have tucked her snugly in And kissed her tousled head And think of all the things she said And her cute ways, and then I tiptoe to her side and kiss Her tousled crown again. Some time she will grow up, and all Her charming baby ways Will be remembered only with The joys of other days. And I will think of times she clambered Upon her daddy's knee And we two sat there in the dusk As cozy as could be. And I'll remember every tale I tell so glibly now. And I'll remember all she says And how she laughs and how She looks into my eyes when she Has dared that fearful climb, And I will sigh at the thought of joys I knew "once on a time." —J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

Saving His Strength.

Mr. Bunker—I've walked at least twenty miles playing golf and— Mrs. Bunker (breaking in)—I don't doubt it, and yet you made an awful fuss this morning when I asked you to step down cellar and bring up a pair of coal for me. Mr. Bunker—Well, did you imagine I was anxious to tire myself out carrying coal when I know I had that long walk ahead of me?—New York Herald.

Very Much Alike.

Very Much Alike. Mrs. J.—Mrs. Gals was at the house this morning. She reminds me of an automobile. Mr. J.—What's the answer, my dear? Mrs. J.—She's always running other people down.

A Variation.

The biscuits are undeniably small and hard, and the steak is really like a piece of leather. "Mother never had a meal like this," says the young husband. "She didn't," asks the bride. "No, I don't see why we can't keep a cook like mother used to keep."—Chicago Post.

His Guess.

"Why don't you resign from your club and quit smoking, dear? You know such things don't do you any good." "Don't worry about me. Go ahead and get the new clothes you want. I'll try to pay for them somehow."—New York Life.

Literal Philosophy.

Backwoods Justice—Will ye, Betsy, take this yer man present for better or worse? Backwoods Bride—Law sakes, Judge, everybody knows I gatter take Bill for worse, but he's the best I kin do.—Baltimore American.

They Took First.

Visitor—Which one of your parents do you take after, Harold? Small Harold—Both of them—when we have company. Visitor—Why, how's that? Small Harold—Then I have to eat at the second table.—Detroit Tribune.

The Survival of the Unfit.

"It is a critic's duty to point out plays that are unfit to be seen," said the theater patron. "Yes," answered the manager, "so that more people may go to see them out of curiosity."—Washington Star.

The More the Merrier.

"Yes, he's her fourth husband." "Unlucky fellow!" "Not a bit of it. Each of his wives three ex-husbands pay her allowance, and she gives it all to him."—New York Plain Dealer.

Half Past.

"How much are those spectacles?" "Four dollars." "I'll take a pair." "But you've only given me 22." "I know, but I'm blind in one eye."—Cleveland Leader.

A Bachelor's Idea.

"Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?" "In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Smart Set.

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FEBRUARY TIDE TABLE

Table with columns for High Water, A.M., P.M., Low Water, A.M., P.M. for February 1909. Includes dates and tide heights in feet and inches.

Hexamethylenetetramine

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities, and avoid a serious malady. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.