

# Jethro Jones: Sales Manager

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

MISS SABINA PENNELL counted the turkeys in her flock.

Not that she expected to discover that she had any more or less than she had the day before.

But for a month she had counted those turkeys, estimated what they would bring in the market, and vainly endeavored to make that sum equal the amount she needed to pay the interest on the mortgage held on her little place by Elijah Green.

Elijah was the local money lender and note shaver. When Elijah had concluded the preliminaries of a loan with you, you began to realize why he was rich. He could find you no more different impossible agreements than any one else. Elijah owned farm after farm—all the result of his shrewdness in the money-lending line. As to shaving notes, he was credited with cutting out everything but the date and adding that to his discount.

When he induced Miss Sabina Pennell to borrow five hundred dollars from him and to give him a mortgage upon her little place, he had really acted more decently than ever before. He did not want Sabina's place. What he wanted was Sabina herself. He had proposed to her—proposed in about the time and with about as much sentiment as he usually manifested when he offered to lend one-third the value of a farm for a mortgage on the whole thing. Sabina had refused him, promptly.

She had refused him several more times, and then Elijah apparently resigned himself to his fate. But he knew Sabina's circumstances, he knew that when her father died and left her entirely alone in the world she would get into debt. So he kept track of her debts, which was not a hard thing to do when every dealer in the town was a debtor of his.

At the psychological moment he offered to lend her five hundred dollars, secured by the mortgage. He pointed out to her that he didn't need the money and wanted to invest it, and that so long as she paid the interest on it she need never bother about repaying it.

"It's just putting that much money out at interest, for me," he smiled. "And it will relieve you of worry over what you may owe so you can manage your place and make it pay for you."

When Sabina signed the mortgage notes and received Elijah's check she had her first almost-tempter feeling toward him. And when she went to him and asked him to give her a little more time on the interest, she had been really affected by his generous agreement.

"Don't let it worry you a minute, Sabina," he said. "Pay it when you can. I don't consider it a real business matter—between me and you, you know."

But now Sabina owed him ninety dollars, just for interest alone.

Now, Sabina was not the conventional maiden lady in reduced circumstances. She was not a haggard, thin, wood-wagon woman of uncertain years, eking out an existence. She was just twenty-five years old, neat and pretty, and it took all she made teaching school to keep her. She had relied on her turkeys to pay the interest at least. How in the world she should ever pay the principal of the mortgage had not occurred to her.

But Elijah, with ninety dollars interest coming to him, was not the Elijah who had so generously loaned her the money. Elijah was telling her that times were hard and money was close, and although he hated to do it, he simply had to have money to meet his own obligations. So, since the mortgage was overdue, and the interest was unpaid—why—

"I'll do the best I can to raise the money, Elijah," Sabina said. "I've got forty-nine turkeys, and when I sell them—"

"But forty-nine turkeys won't bring you over sixty dollars," Elijah said. "You'll get about ten cents a pound for them, and mighty few of them weigh more than twelve pounds."

Sabina looked out into the orchard, where her turkeys were strutting about. Elijah leaned toward her.

"Haven't you changed your mind, Sabina?" he asked.

"Changed my mind? About what?"

"About marrying me."

Sabina turned to him, with her eyes flashing.

"Well, Elijah Green! So that was why you made me let you lend me that money, and that was why you were so nice about the interest and that was—"

"No, no, no!" Elijah cried, squirming. "I never thought of that. I lent you the money because I loved you."

"And now you want your money back because you love it," she said, coldly.

Elijah arose, with an air of grossly injured innocence.

"After such an insult as that," he said, "you cannot expect me to consider the mortgage a personal matter, or one between friends. I shall have to place it with my attorney unless you make a satisfactory settlement by—by Thanksgiving day." This with a malicious glance toward the turkeys, which were pursuing the evictor of their ways, little thinking of the part they were playing.

Elijah got as far as the door, then turned. He saw Sabina looking hopelessly out of the window.

"Sabina," he said, softly. "I didn't mean that. I don't want to hurt your feelings. I want to make you happy. Haven't I shown you how much I think of you?"

"Yes," she replied. "Five hundred dollars worth, with interest."

Elijah slammed the door as he went out. At the gate he met Jethro Jones, who was turning in.

"Good morning, Elijah," Jethro said, cheerfully. "Trying to cut me out?"

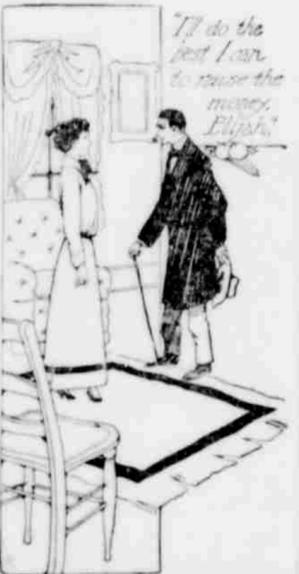
"Huh!" growled Elijah, burrowing on. So it came that when Sabina opened the door for Jethro her eyes were red and her face was pale. Jethro's prompt inquiry as to what was wrong was answered by a tumultuous account of the whole affair.

"And so you expected your turkeys to pay the interest?" Jethro stutted.

"Yes-yes," faltered Sabina.

"Well, excuse the language, but darn Elijah's skin and his skin game, too! I wish there was a way for you to trip him up."

Jethro's sympathy led him on to other statements and remarks having



nothing to do with the turkeys or the mortgage or Elijah Green, but he did not find Sabina any more responsive than she had been to Elijah. In fact she was not even as responsive. She pointed out to Jethro that if she married him people would say he simply took her out of pity because she had lost her home. Jethro went away marveling greatly at the unreasonable powers of women.

Next day he hurried up the walk to Sabina's door, while she was putting away her breakfast things preparatory to going to the schoolhouse.

"I've got it, Sabina," he exclaimed. "I've got the idea. Now, you let me sell your turkeys for you, and don't interfere with me at all, and I'll make them bring the money you want."

To this, after much persuasion, Sabina agreed. She went to her school with a lighter heart than she had had for some time. It was true that Jethro was going to do this because of his friendship for her—but then there were friendships and friendships, she told herself.

Acting under Jethro's instructions, Sabina did not sell a turkey until a week before Thanksgiving. People who called and asked for one were told that she was not yet ready to sell.

When Jethro Jones got Elijah Green to change five hundred dollars in bank notes into gold coin for him, Elijah asked:

"Like gold better than greenbacks, Jethro?"

"Yes," Jethro answered. "Gold is always money, you know."

Elijah, at his request, gave him fifty ten-dollar pieces.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"Well, I'm going to invest it in turkeys," Jethro answered. "I've bought Sabina Pennell's flock, and I thought of buying up a whole lot here and there and making a little speculation on the Thanksgiving rush."

"That's the way to make money, Jethro," Elijah smiled. "How much did you pay Sabina for her turkeys?"

"Well, I've really taken them on commission," Jethro explained. "I've got them over at my place now. In the back yard. Maybe you'd like to pick out a nice fat one for your folks."

Elijah was willing and accompanied Jethro. Into the back yard they went, and walked among the turkeys. Elijah was trying to decide which one he would have, when Jethro pulled out the package he had in his pocket.

"Gold is tolerably heavy," he said to Elijah. "I'll just parcel this around in my—"

At this he slipped, his hands flew up and the air was filled with a stinging shower of bright pieces. The turkeys ran in a mass to the scene.

"Shoo! Shoo!" Jethro yelled. "Scow them away, Elijah!"

Elijah snatched vigorously, but the

turkeys were busy, and by the time they were driven to the end of the yard not one of the bright pieces was visible.

"What do you think of that?" Jethro cried.

"Five hundred dollars in gold swallowed by those turkeys!" Elijah said. "What will you do?"

"I'll have to kill them all and get the money out of their crops."

At this moment, Henry Tuttle, whose buckster wagon had been standing down the street, drove up. With just a flicker of a wink he called to Jethro:

"Ready to sell them turkeys?"

"Not now," Jethro said. "Guess I'll have to keep 'em myself."

"Well, tell you what I'll do. I'll give you three dollars apiece for them. Turkeys is goin' up."

"Can't do it, Hen. I hate to try to use them all myself, too."

"Give you three-twenty-five."

"I don't suppose all of 'em got those pieces," Jethro said, in an undertone to Elijah. "I believe I'll take him up on that and let him have ten of 'em."

"I'll give you five dollars apiece for my choice of fifteen of 'em, Elijah declared, promptly.

"Elijah has offered me five dollars apiece for his choice of fifteen," Jethro called to Henry.

"Elijah must be tryin' to corner turkeys," Henry grinned. "Tell you what—I'll give you seven-fifty apiece for the bunch."

"Does he know about what just happened?" Elijah asked.

"He wasn't here. How could he?" Jethro said.

"I'll give you eight apiece for the whole lot."

"Turkeys are in demand, Henry," Jethro laughed. "Elijah bids eight."

"Well, I'm busy. I've got to be movin' on," Henry asserted. "I'll give you ten."

"They've got to be killed and picked for market," Elijah said. "You must remember that Jethro. I'll give you eleven-fifty apiece for 'em just as they stand."

"Elijah bids eleven-fifty," Jethro called to Henry.

"Little too steep for me," Henry decided, clucked to his horse and drove on.

"The turkeys are yours," Jethro said.

"Well, now, let's understand this deal," Elijah said. "I'm payin' you eleven-fifty apiece for the turkeys—and their contents. No monkey business about that, is there? I got the turkeys and their insides, and all, not specifyin' what is inside of 'em."

"That's the agreement," Jethro answered. "No specifications whatever, Elijah. It's a plain business transaction."

"Can I kill the turkeys here?"

"It would clutter the place up too much. You can put them in crates and haul them off."

"Well, I've got your five hundred in greenbacks in my pocket yet. Here it is, and here is sixty-three-fifty more. Is that right?"

"Right as a trivet," Jethro agreed, and the deal was closed.

That evening he turned over to Sabina five hundred and sixty-three dollars and fifty cents, telling her what he had done.

"It wasn't honest, Jethro," she objected. "You've got to give it back to Elijah."

Further discussion of this ethical point was interrupted by Elijah, who burst into the house angrily.

"You—you scoundrel!" he shouted, shaking his fist at Jethro. "You robber! You horse man! There wasn't a thing in those turkeys' crops but

brass pool checks! You swindled me. I'll have the law on you."

"Well, Elijah," Jethro smiled, easily. "Sabina and I have just been talking the matter over, and I agree with Sabina that it wasn't quite fair to make you take your own medicine. Now, if you'll agree to be reasonable and to take Sabina's turkeys for the interest that is due you, I'll give you back your money. And, of course, she'll have to have plenty of time to pay off the mortgage, because if people found out about your turkey deal they'd make so much fun of you—"

"All right," Elijah snapped. "But how's she goin' to pay the principal?"

"That," Jethro replied, dropping his arm about Sabina's waist. "Is something I'll have to advise her about when we are married."

As the gate clicked after the departing form of Elijah Green, Jethro lifted Sabina's chin again, but before kissing her he observed:

"You ought to have had me as sales manager long ago, Sabina."

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## THE LUBBOCK DRUG COMPANY

#### Notice of Stockholders Meeting

Of the Crosbyton-South Plains Railroad Company, to be held Wednesday, February 7th, 1912, for the purpose of authorizing the directors thereof to issue bonds, etc.

To the Stockholders of the Crosbyton-South Plains Railroad Company:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 28th day of October, 1911, a special meeting of the Board of Directors of said Company, a resolution was unanimously adopted calling a meeting of the stockholders of said company to be held on Wednesday, February 7th, 1912, at the offices of the Company in Crosbyton, Texas, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of authorizing the directors thereof to execute a mortgage upon the property of the Company and to issue bonds thereunder to an amount and for a period to be fixed by the stockholders at said meeting; and to authorize the directors to apply to the Railroad Commission of Texas for authority to issue such bonds; and to take such further and other steps as may be necessary under the laws of Texas for the final approval by said Commission of said bonds; and to obtain the authority of said Commissioner to register said bonds when issued in the office of the Secretary of the State of Texas.

Dated this 28th day of October 1911, at Crosbyton, Texas, 20 St [SEAL]

R. M. BASSETT, Secretary

This is the harvest time for thanks. True, there have been trials, calamities in some places, homes destroyed, losses and sorrows but taking the country over our blessings have been very many and far outnumbered the dark appalling things of life. In spite of many evils there has been as much of true sympathy, of genuine benevolence, of a cordial spirit, of brotherly love and good fellowship, we can keep our thanksgiving in the spirit of the scriptural admonition. "Be ye thankful."

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Thanksgiving day was first established in the United States by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, New England, replacing Christmas as the the great family festival, and has been gradually adopted in other parts of the country. Congress recommended days of thanksgiving annually during the Revolution, and Washington, in 1719, after the adoption of the constitution. Other days of national thanksgiving have been proclaimed, and since 1863 the last Thursday in November has been annually proclaimed by the President as a National Thanksgiving Day.

There are holidays and holidays. Christmas and New Years are cosmopolitan—are the property of no particular people, but yet are joyously observed by many. But Thanksgiving is purely an American holiday, original in conception and growing from a small beginning until it has reached the dignity of a national event.

When you ask on Hillmering & Mullen's alkali with ease and pleasure Phone 95

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