

FOOLS OLD LANGLADY

How Major Crofoot Got Out of Paying Back Board Bill.

CREDITOR WAS DETERMINED.

But the Grand Promoter and General Organizer Was Equal to the Occasion and Came Out on the Ground Floor.

Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham. Major Crofoot, grand promoter of grand enterprises, sat in his office with must enough fire in the stove to keep the ironwork warm. He had counted the money in his pockets and knew that he had exactly 80 cents. Had his financial condition been figured it would have read:

- Assets, exactly 80 cents. Liabilities, about \$4,000. Expectations, unlimited. Nerve, same as usual. Pigeons, scarce.

Major Crofoot was waiting to promote somebody or something when



THE DOOR OPENED AND THE KNOCKERESS WALKED IN.

There came a knock on his door. It wasn't the knock of a woman suffering with the toothache and who wanted to require for the dentist upstairs, nor yet the knock of a creditor who was coming in to say that if his bill was not paid that day he would begin a lawsuit. It was a knock that bothered the major for a minute, and before he could make up his mind exactly what to do the door opened and the knockeress walked in and bowed coldly and sat down. The major recognized her at a glance as his old landlady—one of his old landladies, one of the ones to whom he was indebted in the sum of about \$30. His mind was instantly made up. He gave her no chance to refer to his perfidy in swabbing off as a debtor, but said: "I see, my dear Mrs. Russell, that you got my little note of yesterday and were here on time. I am glad to see such promptness on your part. It shows me that I have made no mistake in appointing you secretary of the Great American Economic company, capital \$25,000,000."

Wants Money Due Her. "I got no note from you yesterday," she replied. "I haven't heard from you since the day you walked out of my house, and that's two years ago. I saw you on the street half an hour ago and followed you. You owe me over \$30, and I want it!"

"No note from me! Dear, dear me! The messenger must have gone to the wrong house. I wrote to ask you to call at this hour, and all night long I was thinking of what a pleasant surprise I had in store for you. It surely must be the hand of Providence that guided you here."

"You may as well leave out the blarney and fork over my money. I have got a lawyer who will put you in jail if you don't pay."

"My dear, dear woman," said the major as he fixed himself anew in his chair, "there was a time when I was in financial straits. Such periods are sometimes referred to as a person being 'down on his uppers.' I had the opportunity, but not the opportunity. While waiting for the opportunity I wandered into your well kept caravan-sary. You cast your bread on the waters—that is, you took me in without money and without price, trusting to my honor to pay you in the future."

"I never did anything of the kind," exclaimed Mrs. Russell. "I told you the front room upstairs and board would be \$8 per week, and you said it was cheap enough. I couldn't get a cent out of you, and after four weeks you skipped out. You are a bilk and a cheat, sir, but I'll have my money and know the reason why!"

"You had confidence in me, my dear woman, when others had not, and I determined that when the time came I would repay you a hundredfold. That time has arrived. I could draw you a check for \$3,000, but I propose to do even better than that. As I said, I have just organized the Great American Economic company. I want a secretary at \$15,000 per year, and the place is yours. As you leave this office for home I will accompany you as far as the Twenty-eighth National Bank and there open an account for you to the amount of half your first year's salary. Tomorrow we will see about your horses and diamonds. I shall want you to drive to and from the office, and the larger diamonds you get the better I shall be pleased. Do you write a sloping or back hand?"

Won't Stand For Blarney. "That's nothing to do with the case," she retorted. "You owe me a bill, and I want it, and all your blarney, will go

for nothing. I shan't take any check either, but want cash."

"Mrs. Russell, do you know the value of the waste in this country every year?" asked the major after consulting a battered city directory for a couple of minutes.

"I know that such rascals as you beat me out of at least \$200 every year."

"The money value of the waste is a hundred million dollars every year. The Economic company will save as much of that waste as possible. It will gather up castoff clothing, boots and shoes, foods, played out umbrellas, bottles, tin cans and so forth. In one year we shall gather up waste to the amount of \$10,000,000, two-thirds of which will be clear profit. After the first year we shall pay 50 per cent dividends right along. I shall not only pay you \$15,000 per year as secretary, but let you in on the ground floor for a large block of stock. Among my mail this morning was a letter from King Edward of England, in which he says he will save at least a million dollars' worth of old shoes for us every year. It is the biggest, richest thing in the world. All the gold mines of Colorado put together can't equal it. Can you dictate to a stenographer?"

"I'd like to know what all this talk is about?" angrily replied the creditor. "I tell you, sir, it's not do. You played the sneak and skulked on me, and now you've got to pay that bill. Will you do it now?"

"My dear old landlady, it pains me to observe this aggressive disposition on your part. You sheltered me. You trusted me. You had confidence in me when the rest of the world turned coldly away. I am a man who can never forget a kindness, but now, when I would requite you—" "Why didn't you come back and pay up like a man?"

"Months and months ago, when the tide had turned with me and the millions were rolling in, I started for your house with a check in my pocket. I anticipated taking you by the hand and telling you how glad I was to be able to pay my debt. Almost at your door I met Jones—Jones of the cock eye—and he told me that you had married a French count and gone to Paris to set up a steam laundry. That was the sole reason why I retraced my steps. I have tried in vain to get your Paris address. Are you just in on the steamer?"

Her Last Request. "You know better. You know that you are lying to me. I ask you once more and for the last time, will you pay that bill?"

"Certainly, my dear—certainly. I only wish it was larger. Do you refuse the secretaryship?"

"I do."

"And you don't want horses and diamonds?"

"I don't."

"And you won't come in on the ground floor?"

"No, sir, nor any other floor. I'll take the money for that bill, and then I'll leave you—no check, but the cold cash."

"It is hard, woman—it is hard indeed to have one's financial honor doubted, but I must forgive you. As you will not take a check I will run upstairs and get the photographer to cash it. I suppose \$40 will straighten the matter out?"

"Yes, sir."

"If any one calls tell 'em I'll be back in three minutes," said the major as he disappeared through the door.

The landlady waited fifteen minutes and then began to shiver with the cold. She waited fifteen more and then began to walk about.

When three-quarters of an hour had passed she looked out in the hall.

At the end of an hour she kicked over two chairs, tore the calendar off the wall and knocked down the stove-pipe and went downstairs.

Some folks might have waited all winter, but Mrs. Russell knew when to let go. M. QUAD.

Innocent. Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the bar of Bristol county, Mass., half a century ago, once secured the acquittal of an old Irishwoman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the courtroom she put her hand to her mouth and in an audible whisper said:

"Mr. Coffin, what'll I do with the por-ruk?"

Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you fool. The judge says you didn't steal it."—Woman's Home Companion.

Resourceful. "Don't you know that this is not a smoking compartment?"

"Never fear. I'll hide my pipe when I see the conductor coming."—Fliegende Blätter.

It Was a Rogues' Gallery. The Governess—Did you visit the Louvre while you were in Paris, m'am?"

Mrs. Newcoyne—I forget. Did we, John?"

Mr. Newcoyne—Why, I don't see how you can possibly forget that place, Jane! That's where you had your pocket picked!—Puck.

AT GRAND THEATRE TONIGHT



The Cohanesque Chorus

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THE SHIP SUBSIDY STEAL.

Great Pressure Being Brought on Congress to Pass the Measure.

The ship subsidy grafters are making a bold attempt to pass an amended bill through the house of representatives as a substitute for the bill which passed the senate at the last session providing for a subsidy to ships, of which the steamship trust will be the principal beneficiary. These subsidy hunters are certainly the most persistent applicants for government bounty that ever pestered congress. The chief movers in forcing the passage of this subsidy bill have a claim on many Republican statesmen, for Senator Hanna when chairman of the Republican national committee promised Griscom of the American Steamship line that the subsidy bill should be passed in consideration of a large subscription to the Republican campaign fund in 1898.

It will be remembered that Mr. Babcock, who was then chairman of the Republican congressional committee, informed President McKinley near the close of that campaign that the Republicans would lose control of congress unless there was money provided to "take care" of the doubtful districts. Senator Hanna was called into the conference, and the hoodie fund was provided. Senator Hanna tried faithfully to carry out his promise to pass the subsidy bill, but the fear of rebuke by the people prevented its passage through the house. In every congress since that time the effort to pass the bill has been repeated, and President Roosevelt has recommended its passage, probably because he feels that the Republican party is in honor bound to carry out the promise made by its chairman for value received.

But the ship subsidy schemers are not relying solely upon the good faith of the Republican politicians to get a return for their investment in Republican politics with a thousandfold interest, but are now busily engaged in obtaining promises from Republican congressmen to vote for the bill. Speaker Cannon prevented the bill from being considered by the house at the last session of congress, for which he is entitled to the thanks of the taxpayers, and if he persists in this good work the subsidy schemers may yet be defeated. To sugar coat the bitter pill to better suit the public taste the subsidy grafters have renamed their offspring "subvention" instead of subsidy, but that will hardly fool the people who will be taxed to pay the bill.

The Democrats are united against the steal, and many honest Republicans will also oppose it, and if the president will keep his hands off the ship subsidy schemers will again be disgraced and right will prevail over wrong and political corruption will be again rebuked.

The Christian Sunday.

The keeping of Sunday, the first day of the week, as a sacred day in memory of the resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Ghost dates from the beginning of Christianity. It was called the Lord's day in all the churches, but gradually acquired the name of Sun-day from the Romans, who called the first day of the week dies solis, or day sacred to the sun. The first official recognition of Sunday as a holy day is in an edict of the Roman Emperor Constantine in 321 ordering that all work should cease in the cities "on the venerable Sunday," but permitting necessary farm work to be attended to.—St. Louis Republic.

A Hardship.

Favored Walter—I'm goin' to leave here when my week is up. Regular Guest—Eh! You get good pay, don't you? "Yes, 'bout the same's everywhere." "And tips besides?" "A good many." "Then what's the matter?" "They don't allow no time for goin' out to meals. I have to eat here."—London Mail.

The Danger.

A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law yet alive. "My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."—Nog Loisirs.

STAND PAT DILEMMA.

Cannon and His Cohorts Must Soon Face the German Tariff Question.

If President Roosevelt really wants to arrange our tariff difficulties with Germany, which will come to a climax in June, it will be necessary for him to call a special session of congress. The present congress is so tightly in the grasp of the stand patters that it evidently does not intend to even discuss any tariff matter, although an attempt to compromise the tariff difficulty with Germany would seem to be imperative. The German government has suggested a way to escape revising our tariff, but it will hardly be any more welcome to the trusts and combines that control congress than a general revision of rates. It is proposed to allow German exporters to fix the price of their exports and thus reduce the ad valorem rates of duty, which are assessed upon the actual value of the goods at the time of export. Such a concession would be open to constant friction and might be made to encourage gross frauds.

England, France and other countries would very naturally object to such partiality for Germany and would demand similar rights for their exporters. The modus vivendi with Canada on the tariff rates on the products of the Newfoundland fisheries also expires in a few months and unless adjusted will work serious harm to our New England fishing interests. So to continue to stand pat means to injure our own people, and yet that is the Republican doctrine that is being carried out.

But it is likely that when the Sixteenth congress meets, either in special session or at the regular session next December, it will be any more willing to go into tariff revision than the present congress is? The stand patters will still control the organization, and undoubtedly Speaker Cannon will be re-elected. This extraordinary programme of party subservience to trust greed will at least open the eyes of those Republican voters who were deceived by promises of tariff revision, and when the pinch comes from the prohibitive rates of the German tariff against our agricultural products it should lead many voters to the Democratic side of the fence.

Trust Competition.

The Standard Oil trust will have to meet serious competition in Europe, for the Rothschild interests have furnished increased capital for the European Petroleum union with the idea of controlling the European markets. The Standard Oil trust, like many other trusts, has been selling its products cheaper abroad than here, and the enlarged competition abroad will probably result in the trust selling there cheaper than ever. On the other hand, consumers in the United States will find the price forced up "as high as the traffic will bear" to pay for the reduced price received abroad.

A Hard Burial.

Some few winters ago a gang of carriage washers was engaged washing carriages on one of our northern railways when one of them remarked to his mate, an old soldier who was famous as a long bowist, "It's awful cold this morning, David."

"Cold! This is nothing," said David. "I remember when I was in Canada in 180—one of our mates died, poor chap. And you will have some idea what sort of frost it was when I tell you it froze the body so stiff and the ground so hard that we had to get hammer and chisel, make a nick in the ground and then drive him in with a pile driver. That was the only way we could give the poor chap decent burial."—London Answers.

Using the Eyes.

A scientific writer quotes Helmholtz as saying that in his work he could only liken himself to the mountaineer, painfully and slowly climbing, often obliged to turn backward, lighting later on new traces leading forward, and finally reaching the goal, only to find to his confusion that a plain road led thither, if he had only had the eyes to see. Darwin said he thought he was superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention and in observing them carefully.

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