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MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1908.

**THE JUNIOR PARTNER.**  
 By Madeline Lewis.  
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It was just one of those advertisements which hundreds who have answered them in vain term heartless "Young lady stenographer and typist wanted in a business office. Must be quick and accurate. State salary wanted."

Of the thousands who read it and the scores, if not hundreds, who answered by letter was Kitty Burnham, daughter of a widow living in one of the suburbs of the city. She had seen and answered many such before. There was grave need that the little income left by the father should be eked out in some way.

She had little hope when the answer was sent off in its blue envelope that it would be heard of again, but to her great surprise and almost to her consternation she received a curt message asking her to call. To make her way to a business office, to be questioned by the abrupt manager, to be tested as to her qualifications and perhaps told that she wouldn't do at all—all this was a nightmare to her. Then she must state the salary wanted. That in itself showed a want of fairness on the part of the firm. It was taking advantage of the applicants.

Kitty spent an hour figuring, so much for street car fare daily, so much for lunches, so much left at the end of the week out of the sum she had made up her mind to ask. It would be only a pittance, and yet she must take it and hope for advancement. No man, old or young, could put himself in the place of a girl of nineteen applying for a situation for the first time in her life and being ushered through an office where a dozen men were at work into the sanctum of the manager. She expected to meet an ogre and to be shouted at. She had only entered the door when she would almost have given her life to be flying down the street. Next moment the feeling disappeared. There was no ogre. There was no shouting. A kindly faced man of forty-five looked up from a letter he was writing and greeted her thus:

"Ah, Miss Burnham, I was expecting you. Please sit down, and I will be through in a moment."  
 The kind words rallied her, and three minutes later she was answering questions and saying to herself that the man probably had a daughter of his own and was sparing her as much as possible. She had heard over and over again that there was no sentiment in business and that the woman who took a man's place in an office must expect to be treated like a man, but here seemed to be proof to the contrary.

"My name is Mr. Gray, and I am the junior partner in the firm," said the man when he had finished his letter. "As this will be your first place you

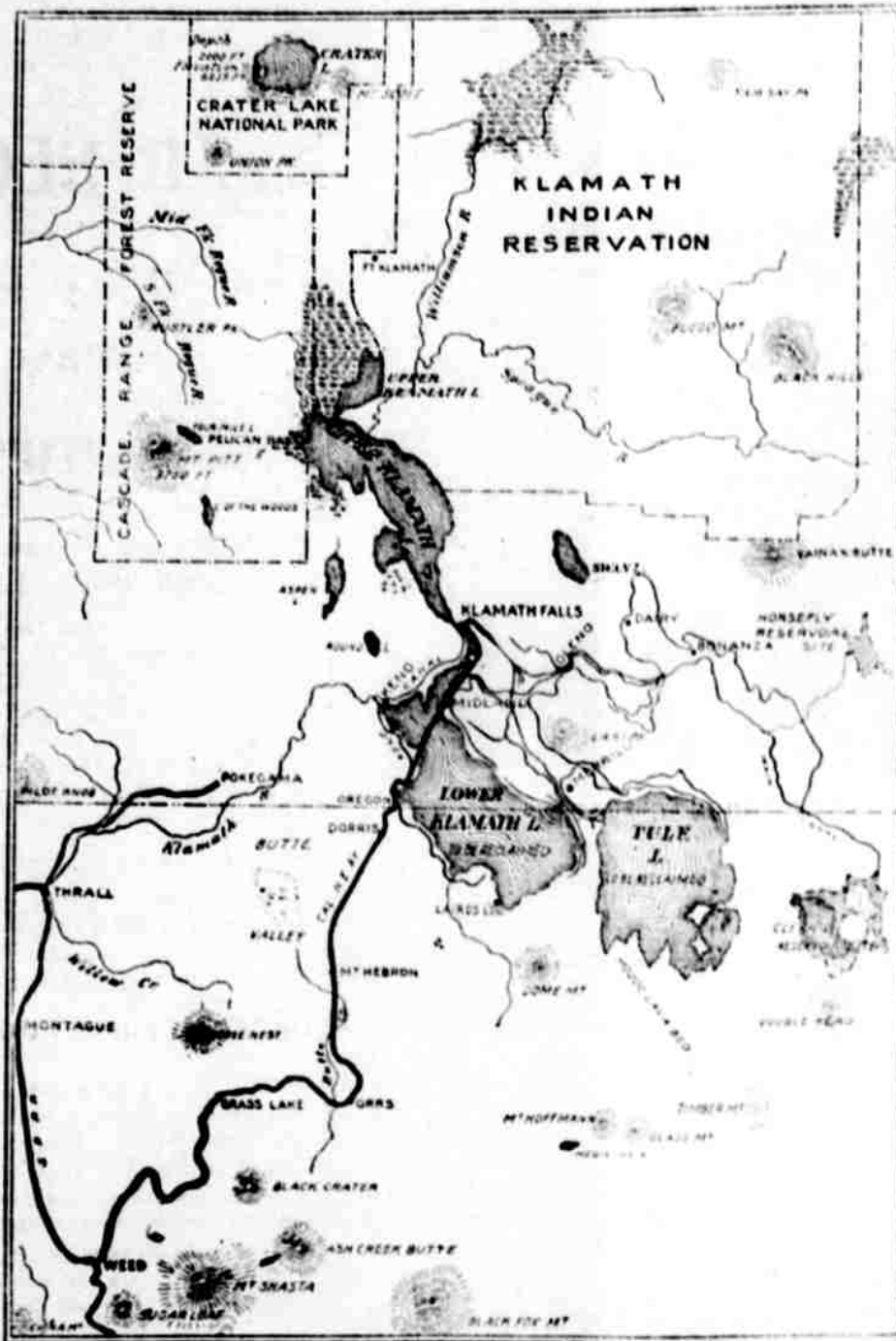
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Oregon's richest soil.

**ABEL ADY**

80 per cent. vegetable matter. Klamath's greatest bargains at \$20 per acre and upwards. Easy Terms.

**THE KLAMATH COUNTRY**



cannot expect the salary of an experienced girl. What figure do you think will be right?"

"I—I had thought of \$8 a week," she replied, "but if you think that is too much I'll take \$6!" She didn't want to run away now. She wanted the place, and she didn't want the firm to think her too grasping.

"Let me see as to your stenography," said Mr. Gray, with a smile. "No need to be a bit nervous. Just imagine that you have been here for weeks."

He was not a lightning dictator. He did not tramp up and down the room and interrupt himself every moment to substitute words. In a quiet, easy way he dictated a letter, and when it was finished he nodded toward the typewriter in the corner, and the girl sat down and transcribed her notes.

"It couldn't be better," he said as she handed him the sheet. "Today is Wednesday, but as I am a bit hurried you might come tomorrow instead of waiting till Monday. As to the salary, you will be worth \$10 a week to start on. Good morning, Miss Burnham. About 8:45 in the morning, please!"

Five minutes later she was on her way home to tell her mother the good news, and five minutes later Mr. Gray was saying to the head clerk in the outer office:

"Mr. Benson, I have a new stenographer coming in the morning—Miss Burnham."

"Yes, sir."  
 "It is her first place."  
 "Yes, sir."

"She is to be treated as a lady. Please see to it that there is no fishing for introductions by the young men. If she does not bring her lunch with her she will go out alone. Should I encounter her in the elevator or on the street I shall lift my hat to her."

"I understand, sir."  
 Mr. Benson returned to the outer office and communicated the news. The young men of the bookkeeping staff winked at each other and smiled. They were made up of the average young man, no better or no worse. One of them went beyond winking and smiling. He said to the man at his elbow:

"Listen to that, will you! The old man's got a private stenog and a good looker, and we must not even wish her good morning. Got to just raise our hats and look down at our toes."

The "old man" had come into the house years and years before as a lumbly employee and worked his way up to a junior partnership. He had never married, and so far as any one at the store knew he had no near relatives. His home had always been a boarding house or a hotel. When he had come into the firm it was predicted that he would marry within a year, but he had made no change whatever. The boys had winked and smiled over the message from the inner office, but all of them knew that the junior partner had a deep seated respect for womanhood, and in turn they respected him for it.

For weeks and weeks after Kitty Burnham had taken her place it might have been said of the "old man" that he hardly knew that she was in the office. The work was done quietly and without mistakes. There was hardly any conversation outside of business matters. When the first month was up he quietly informed her that her salary was raised to \$12 per week, and her simple "Thank you, sir," seemed to cover the occasion. There were no introductions to the clerks and no invitations to lunch. In one case out of a hundred the girl was being given a fair show. She instinctively recognized the fact and was grateful for it.

One night after a hard day's work the "old man" sat alone in his room in a family hotel and indulged in a reverie for the first time in years. He found himself thinking of a home, of wife and children, of some one to kiss him goodly in the morning and welcome him home at night. And presently there came creeping into that reverie a face that startled him. It was the

face of his stenographer.

He rose like a guilty man and waved the vision away, with a laugh. But it would not depart for good. He went out on the street and walked about, but he seemed to see that face. He fought to put away the idea of wife and home, but when it still clung he said to himself that he was getting nervous from overwork and ought to take a week off. Next day when he dictated his letter Kitty noticed a change in his voice, and she marked that he avoided looking her in the face. There was some subtle change in him, and it worried her a little.

That reverie came back to the junior partner and that face came back in connection with wife and home, and finally he welcomed them. Why shouldn't he have a wife and home? He was rich enough now, and he was longing for a change from his lonely existence. At the office he was the man of business; at his own room he was the man of reveries.

By and by there came a legal holiday, and the office was closed. At such times the "old man" usually hung about for half a day anyhow, but on this occasion he did not go near the store. Instead, he took a train for the beach and saw the sea for the first time in years. Without really planning it he soon found himself in the suburb where Miss Burnham lived. He had carried her address in his head for days and days. He walked by the house. He would have laughed at the idea that he hoped to see her. At the gate he almost halted, as if he would enter and pay a call, but he caught himself just in time.

An hour later, in a seaside park half a mile away, as he sat alone on a bench with his reverie strong upon him, a young man and a girl took a seat back of him. A bush hid them from sight, but his heart gave a leap as he heard a well known voice. It was saying:

"No, Walter, there is no occasion for jealousy on your part. Mr. Gray is one of the nicest men I ever met, but he is an old bachelor and has never thought of love. Besides, he is at least forty-five, while I am only nineteen. The idea of my marrying a man old enough to be my father! Why, it's perfectly ridiculous!"

There was more conversation, but the junior partner heard nothing further. He rose softly and tiptoed away some distance. Then he sat down on another bench and held his face in his hands until the ache ceased. He forty-five, she nineteen! Old enough to be her father! Old bachelor and never thought of love! A ridiculous idea! Walter was young. Youth mated with youth.

And the reveries and the dreams and the face passed away to return no more, and the boys at the office said that the "old man" was pitching into work as if he wanted to get something off his mind.

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Dealers in Furniture and House Furnishings. At the Bridge on Main street

Incorporated November 28, 1900

Statement of Condition

**Klamath County Bank**  
 Klamath Falls, Oregon  
 DECEMBER 31, 1907

**RESOURCES**

Loans and Discounts ..... \$340,530.80  
 Bonds and Securities ..... 63,525.84  
 Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures ..... 14,745.18  
 Cash and Sight Exchange ..... 166,247.69  
**\$585,049.51**

**LIABILITIES**

Capital Stock, fully paid ..... \$100,000.00  
 Surplus and Profits ..... 21,753.11  
 Due Other Banks ..... 32,000.94  
 Deposits ..... 431,295.46  
**\$585,049.51**

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
 ALEX MARTIN, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1908.

C. H. WITBROW, Notary Public for Oregon.

**OFFICERS**

ALEX MARTIN ..... President  
 E. R. REAMES ..... Vice-President  
 ALEX MARTIN, JR. .... Cashier  
 LESLIE ROGERS ..... Ass't Cashier

Pioneer Bank of Klamath Basin

**THE OFFICE**

E. H. DuFAULT, Proprietor

Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars



Caters to the better class of trade, with nothing to offend the most critical. You'll notice the difference when you try it. Just the place to drop in for a refreshing beverage when you need a stimulant. Pure liquors of all kinds for family trade a specialty.

**Ready for Inspection**

Our line of Carpets, Matting, Tapestry, Linoleum, Art Squares, Table, Lounge and Stand Covers, is ready for inspection. Something entirely new

Also Silk Floss and Feltolene Mattresses—Brass and Iron Beds—Adjustable pencil woven wire Springs, the only thing for hot weather.

Polished Oak Dining Sets and all oak Rockers.

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Phone—Store, 61 Residence, 155

CHAS. E. WORDEN President A. M. WORDEN Cashier FRED MELBAM Vice-President

**The American Bank and Trust Co.**



**CAPITAL, \$100,000.00**

Cor. 5th and Main Street