

## Miss Warfield's Good Intentions

They Went Awry Except For Herself and One Other.

By CATHERINE LONG

Edward Farrand was fifty-five years old and worth \$5,000,000, but had no roof over his head. He had tried living in a house of his own, but had given it up. It was desperately lonely and a lot of care. The servant question alone was enough to render it intolerable. He had tried living with a married friend, but the friend's wife objected to him because he was not sufficiently careful as to the furniture and let the sun in to fade her carpets. No; living with a friend didn't work either.

Then Farrand tried his club. The furniture in his room was handsome, but there was nothing else there. Most club dining rooms are the loneliest places in the world. The members who have homes don't eat there, and few of the bachelors can afford to do so. Besides, club managers, being men, have no conception of how to run a table. Everything is served by portions or half portions, and if a member orders a variety there is enough for half a dozen persons, with an equivalent cost.

Of course Farrand often turned to matrimony. A woman would not only be a companion, but would take care of a house. In other words, she would make a home of it. But, though Mr. Farrand acted on the principle in his business that whatever was desirable could only be procured by the organization of that which would produce it, he found no such provision for procuring a wife. The world, especially in America, looks on marriage as a natural mating process, which needs no organization to bring it about. There is no bureau of love, with a manager to turn out married couples. This works fairly well with young persons, but elderly men and women, who have not found or have lost an affinity in youth or have let opportunities slip by without taking advantage of them, are not provided for.

At forty Farrand settled down in a hotel. There were always persons about. This was an advantage, but the only advantage. Since he had tried every other plan, except matrimony and found all wanting, he stuck to his hotel for fifteen years. By that time he would have given all of his \$5,000,000, except enough to live on comfortably, for a home.

One morning while at breakfast, apparently absorbed in his morning newspaper, he overheard a man at another table say to his vis-a-vis:

"See that man over there?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"That's Farrand, the millionaire banker."

"That nice looking old gentleman with that complexion and white hair?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I've got to say is, if I had his money I'd never put my foot in a hotel. If business called me there I'd pay some one else to attend to it."

"Oh, he lives here! He's a bachelor?"

"What! Worth millions and no home?"

"That was all Mr. Farrand heard and more than he wanted to hear. He arose from the table, took his hat and coat from an attendant and started for his office. Usually he never left at home except in his office, but this morning he found it impossible to shut out the conversation he had overheard at his hotel. The day seemed very long to him. If he had had any one to go to he would have left business to take care of itself and gone somewhere. As it was he remained at his desk, attending to such details as were referred to him. The hour of closing was approaching and he was thinking of returning to his hotel, when a card was handed him bearing the name of Miss Caroline Warfield.

Mr. Farrand had heard of Miss Warfield as a woman devoted to charitable work, but thus far she had never called on him for a subscription, and he had never seen her. He directed that she be shown into his office and at the same time he reached for his check book to have it ready. Miss Warfield had a very pleasant face, and a smile rested on her lips that seemed very much at home there. At the same time she appeared a bit embarrassed.

"I have called," she said, "to interest you in a movement which—"

"I have heard of your excellent work, Miss Warfield," Mr. Farrand interrupted, "and I prefer that you should not take the trouble to make an explanation as to this movement. You need only tell me how much you—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Farrand; my scheme is so far out of the ordinary that I must state it. I do not need money; I wish your co-operation."

Mr. Farrand, who had taken up his check book and a pen, laid both aside and, turning in his revolving chair, assumed a listening attitude.

"You and I, Mr. Farrand," continued the lady, "belong to that class of unfortunates who, though peculiarly able to provide ourselves with homes, have no homes and no hope of homes."

The listener's expression changed from its habitual genial to decided interest.

"I have found in my work," Miss Warfield went on, "of helping the poor that I must provide that which is need-

ful for their amelioration. I have but recently organized an association for bringing together young working men and women in large cities. They need each other's companionship, and I believe that they are for the most part better off married than single, in the country, where the sexes are more readily thrown together, such assistance is not necessary, but in a metropolis—"

"My dear lady," interrupted Mr. Farrand, "why in heaven's name don't you organize such an association for the union of old bachelors and old maids?"

"You have taken a load off my shoulders," replied Miss Warfield, brightening. "The object of my visit is to interest you in just such an association."

"Please enroll me as a member at once," said Mr. Farrand with enthusiasm, reaching again for his check book. "What are the fees and dues?"

"There are no fees or dues, Mr. Farrand. The members are to meet at the homes of some one of the women members."

"Homes?" interrupted the banker. "Do unmarried women have homes?"

"There, Mr. Farrand, is where our sex have an advantage of yours. It is possible for a woman to make a home without a husband, but I am free to say that an old maid's home is not much more cheerful than an old bachelor's. Nature intended—"

"Yes, yes, Miss Warfield. When and where will the next meeting convene?"

"The next meeting, Mr. Farrand, will be at my house. There are very few of us women members who live in houses fitted for such assemblies. While I am a member of the association my object is principally to aid others. I am so absorbed in my various works that—"

"I understand. You, being a woman of means, can make a comfortable not to say luxurious, home for yourself while I, being a man of fortune, am condemned to live at a hotel. Your interest in the rest of us is all the more commendable from its unselfishness."

"Then I shall expect you on next Friday evening at my house, No. — avenue?"

"I shall most assuredly be there."

"For the present we have decided to enroll only persons of about the same grade of refinement, though we hope in time to form subsidiary assemblies covering other grades."

Miss Warfield arose to take her departure, and Mr. Farrand saw her to her carriage, that was waiting at the door. He looked longingly at the seat beside her, so longingly that she asked if he would not permit her to drive him to his hotel. He accepted the invitation, and as they were driven away he admitted to the lady that he had no private conveyance. Having no one to ride with him, he could not enjoy riding, and, as for going to and coming from his office, he needed the exercise of walking. Miss Warfield declared that she used her carriage only in her daily work for the benefit of the needy, but if Mr. Farrand would permit her to call for him occasionally at the bank she would be happy to take him for a spin in the park or in the country. To this he cheerfully assented.

When Mr. Farrand alighted at his hotel and went up to his room he did not notice its loneliness. He was filled with a new hope. The cheery smile of Miss Warfield looked at him from the bare walls, and he was picturing, not a room, but a whole home, tastefully furnished, inside in black and white uniforms moving hither and thither, an odor of flowers issuing from a conservatory, a cheerful fire burning in the library and, better than all, that trim little woman sitting at the other end of the dinner table, commending to him this or that viand which she had especially provided for him.

When the evening for the assembly came around Mr. Farrand was indisposed and unable to attend. He sent a cartload of flowers with which to decorate the rooms and a few evenings later called on Miss Warfield to express his regret that he had been prevented from being present. The lady regretfully told him that her plan had not been over-successful. The women had shrunk from meeting the men with the avowed purpose of matrimony, and most of the men had admitted that unless they could marry women much younger than themselves they did not care to marry at all.

"My dear Miss Warfield," said Mr. Farrand feelingly, "I deeply sympathize with you in the failure of your plan, which is an excellent one. If these persons have not the common practical sense to take advantage of it they alone are to blame. As for myself, having joined the association, I am not minded to resign from it. If you and I are its only members, be it so."

"I fear we are," was the lugubrious rejoinder.

"In that case I shall do the only thing in my power to save your scheme from being an absolute failure. Let there be at least one result of your admirable intentions. I being the only man in the association and you the only woman, it is obligatory upon us to show these foolish persons what they have thrown over their shoulders."

This was all there was to Mr. Farrand's proposal. Had he talked as a lover is supposed to talk he would have spoiled it all. As it was, Miss Warfield promised to take the matter under consideration and in due time gave him an affirmative answer.

Mr. Farrand now luxuriates in the home he pictured on the evening of the day he first met Miss Warfield. Maids in black and white uniform move hither and thither, an odor of flowers issues from the conservatory, and, better than all, a wife sits opposite him at table.

## THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published Weekly at Independence, Polk County Oregon, on Friday.

Entered as Second Class Matter August 1, 1912 at the Post Office at Independence, Polk County, Oregon, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor  
NINA B. ECKER, Associate

Subscription Rates: One Year \$1.50 Strictly in Advance

ADVERTISING RATES: 15c. per inch for one insertion, 12 1-2c. for two or more insertions, 10c. on monthly contracts. Readers, 5 and 10c. per line

Independence, Oregon, Friday, November 17, 1916

State by state the country is going for prohibition and the liquor interests have commenced to realize that they are powerless to prevent it. As a precautionary measure, a number of the large breweries in the country are adding the necessary facilities to their plants for the manufacture of soft drinks. The present dry states are Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington, and West Virginia. After Jan. 1, 1917, Montana, Michigan, Nebraska and South Dakota will be added to the group making 23 in all. Legislatures pledged to enact prohibition laws were elected in Florida, Utah, Texas and Wyoming so these four states will probably be "dry" soon. The territory of Alaska has also voted for prohibition. The entire state of Maryland, with the exception of the city of Baltimore, is "dry." Unless public sentiment changes, national prohibition is coming soon.

"Who Saved Oregon" is the problem that Republicans are attempting to solve. Credit has been given to the Oregonian, the Telegram, Mrs. E. B. Hanley and Ralph Williams, national committeeman. There ought to be "glory" enough in the victory to divide the honor, but the fellow who enticed enough Progressives into the Hughes camp to win a majority, deserves the blue ribbon. It was noticed that Mr. Williams always had the Progressives at the first table and they were given a liberal portion of the dark meat while when Mr. Hughes was in California, Governor Johnson, Progressive leader, ate in the kitchen, the same place that Senator Poindexter ate when Mr. Hughes was in Washington. Oregon stayed by Hughes while California and Washington didn't.

The Literary Digest took a poll of the states of New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois just before election. The result showed that Mr. Hughes would carry New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois and Mr. Wilson would carry Ohio, which proved to be true making the Literary Digest's poll the only one of consequence that came out as indicated. The straw vote, while perfectly unreliable, seems to carry weight with a large number and it is a pre-election pastime that will continue.

All the counties bordering on Mexico were carried by Wilson, usual Republican majorities in some of them being overturned. Columbus, New Mexico, where several Americans were killed when Villa "shot up" the town, went for Wilson by a vote of 634 to 326. Evidently the Mexican policy of the administration has been satisfactory to those who have suffered most because of it.

Because the West went for Wilson, the Chicago Tribune, an exponent of the principles of Theodore Roosevelt, calls it "yellow". In our humble opinion, if there is ever anything to fight about, the West will make a better showing than the East and should anybody in the East have any doubt about it, he ought to come out here and see us fight among ourselves.

The Democratic party of Indiana attempted to carry the notorious Tom Taggart thru and was defeated as it should be. The only difference between a Republican black sheep and a Democratic black sheep is that the Democratic black sheep pretends to be more respectable.

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### NOW LET'S FORGET A REPUBLICAN

Now it's over for four years. Let the victors have their little cackle, and then let's forget it. A man who can't take as well as give, has no business ever making a peep in politics. Sore spots have no business in the game.

Americans are in politics much as they are at a ball game, with the home team tied in the ninth. They forget everything but the man at bat. If he belongs to their nine they cheer him hard enough to make a home run, and if he is on the other team they damn him over the backstop.

And the minute it is over, they are all happy Americans together.

We have lined up and scrapped for all we had in us. On both sides men and women have said and done things they would not have done at any other time but in a presidential campaign or at a football game.

And now make the crow short and forget it. Things are looking "mighty fine" for Oregon. Let's be optimists and push 'em along. —Corvallis Courier.

### PROPHECY

Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President of the United States. Oregon remained true to her colors in spite of the "He Kept us out of war" fallacy. The Democrats are feeling very hilarious over the election, as it is right they should, but listen for doleful sounds from these same Democrats after the European war closes. Let them rejoice while they may. Eat, drink and be merry for there will come a time when they will pull their belts yet a little tighter. So long as the United States can furnish food to feed and ammunition to kill the hordes across the waters, times will be good in certain localities, but woe unto the workers and the farmers when this war ends. —Falls City News.

### MARSHALL TO WILSON

Dear Mr. President: "This is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough and 'twill serve." —Thomas R. Marshall.

### THE SAME TO CONTINUE

Hawley and mediocrity are in the saddle again. —Aurora Observer.