

GETTING THINGS WITH THE GOOGAN GIRLS

Converting Mrs. Pike— by HELEN SMITH DAYTON PICTURES by ANGIE BREAKSPER

A MAN in a brown leather cap waited for the elevator and incidentally studied the sign on the door opposite.

THE GOOGAN GIRLS.
Specialists.

Motor-opathy.

The elevator drew up to dock, the elevator man shouted "Going south," but the passenger had changed his mind. He wanted to know more about motoropathy.

"Come in," responded two voices to his knock.

Upon entering Mr. Pike was astonished not only at the pair of young women that confronted him in crisp interrogation, but at the bizarre atmosphere of the studio.

"Well, what can we do for you?" demanded the Goggan girls, beakily, sitting at twin desks.

"We deal only in motor dilemmas," explained Tilly Goggan. "Have you one?"

"I tried everything," Mr. Pike stated. "I sold her a carriage and she forced her to ride in the car. But she walks now."

"What recreation does your wife enjoy?" asked Tilly.

"I am happy to say Mrs. Pike is a regular home-body," answered Mr. Pike. "I can't stand for these women whose sole aim in life is gadding around amusing themselves."

"Excepting when it is sharing your amusement?" asked Tilly Goggan.

"Oh, certainly," agreed Mr. Pike. "If you wish Maria over to motorizing I'll be eternally grateful."

"Our terms are cash," said the twins, softly. "Eternal gratitude doesn't buy any automobile."

Mr. Pike took out his check book, flipping the pages.

"Go as far as you like," he said. "You see I am a stubborn man and when I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it. I've made up my mind Maria has GOT to like automobile. If I give in on this point she may forget who's boss. No



When in Trouble—Send for the Goggan Girls.

house can have two—unless, perhaps, we except the Goggan establishment," he chuckled.

"I feel as if I'd always known you girls," cooed little Mrs. Pike as she tripped between the Misses Goggan.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much. Didn't we have a awful good time yesterday at the matinee?"

"Lovely," murmured the Goggans. "But we wish you would go with us in the motor—it takes so long to get to places otherwise."

"My dear, I'm afraid of 'em. Mr. Pike is always at me to get into his automobile, but that's one thing I've always done on. Goodness knows I usually give in. I've sworn I'll die before I set foot inside one."

The Goggan's patient stopped to speak that baby would spank a Bengal tiger without temerity."

"Like most people with one idea—I'll take wild horses and then some motors to move her," sighed Lilly. "She needs a general initiation into everything that goes with the age of motors, for she is distinctly Victorian."

"We've got to get her near a car as you would teach a child to pet a pussy cat," said Tilly. "First teach her to put her hand on mamma's muff—that doesn't hurt baby—then on the nice Teddy bear—then bring on the little cat, and after

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"If I hadn't had a bad case of flat tire, and hysteria, out on Long avenue I'd look her up."

"Why—Mrs. Pike? We were speaking of you," said the Goggans as the wife of the client entered with a look of the most correct outfit of motor maid.

"Guess you thought I'd run out of gasoline and got stranded somewhere," suggested Mrs. Pike. "Well, Mr. Pike has been away on business and I've been busy entertaining company. If I had gotten into trouble of course I'd send for the Goggans. My dear, I'll have to tell

my husband about you."

Mr. Pike himself entered at that very moment.

"Hello, George," greeted Mrs. Pike, coolly.

"Your car out of commission, George?" chirped Maria. "Then allow me to take you home in mine."

"Yours?" gasped Mr. Pike.

"She's a complete motorist," explained Tilly Goggan.

"An eight-cylinder enthusiast," added Lilly.



WAS IT INDEED MARIA OR LADY WALRUS?

When they left the shop Mrs. Pike was in a daze. By some remarkable process she owned, not one, but several of the most correct outfits of motor maid.

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MRS. PIKE TAKES THE FIRST DEGREE.

"That car of yours is an old lemon, George," said Maria. "So I bought a lovely one all finished in lavender, and had it charged to you. I know you never mind paying motor bills."

"I'll send ours in the morning," whispered the Goggans.

THE BILL
Converting Mrs. Pike.....\$100

Taking Mrs. Pike to tea shops, clubs, restaurants, etc.....100
Hire of electric Victoria.....100
Two pairs cream colored gaiters reduced 50
Injuries received while Mrs. Pike was driving car.....50
"And besides," reminded Tilly, "we got our commission from the dealer on Mrs. Pike's car and also on the motor garments purchased."

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THE POST OF THE SIERRAS TELLS HOW HE LEFT OREGON TO SEARCH FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

OUR second crop in Oregon was a miracle of nature's generosity. The wheat was tall, strong, bowed down with laden heads of yellow gold.

The fruit trees had grown beyond conception the first year, and the second blossoming they were pink and white with glory, and brown and busy wild bees from the mountains made honey while we, all of us who were not teaching school, worked as hard and as happy, too, as they.

The apple trees in the autumn were red and pink and yellow with luscious fruit. We had surely come upon a land of milk and honey. The cattle, too, were increasing in the rank, rich grasses beyond all reasonable calculation.

There are nearly 20 kinds of grasses in Oregon. Some seem incredible, but our nearest neighbor, M. Wilkins, president of the agricultural society, accurately reported all these things, and the native grasses of Oregon were and still are the wonder of all countries. The abundant rains and the summer sea mist blown in forever from the Pacific over the low coast range are accountable for this generosity of nature, and the grasses, in the grades of imported stock as the years went by, gave Oregon the finest and fattest cattle in the world. Our horses became famous long before those of California were known.

Toss Wheat in Wind.

We had no mills within reach those first years; no machinery of any sort, and so had to winnow our grain by tossing it in the wind, as in olden Bible days, and let the wind blow the chaff away, while the wheat fell down on the outspread wagon sheet. This wheat, boiled, then baked, or fried, made a fine substitute for bread. But sometimes we had Indian squaws, with their stone pestles and deep stone mortars, grind wheat on shares, so as to have wheat bread for breakfast on Sunday when the preacher came, or other days of the week.

Enrolled as Chief Cook.

Left alone, I rode to where I found a party from Oregon trying to arrange to open a placer mine in a deep wooded gulch down on the Klamath river. There were 27 of them. One of them, a preacher, knew papa. Each man had a horse, blanket, pick, shovel and pan, a tin cup, a sheath knife, and long, big rubber boots. They were fairly well equipped, as equipments went in those days, with mule loads of beans, bacon, coffee, sugar and flour. They had chosen their foreman, their moderator, everything but that most important person, the cook. I said timidly to the preacher, who was moderator: "Will you let me cook and come in as a partner? I used to help mother cook."

Both Good and Bad Poured In.

Immigrants kept coming, the generous Oregonians going out each year to meet them. The congested lower end of the great valley—comparatively congested—began to empty out its

multitude up toward our way, and new cabins glistened in the morning dew to right and left and far away before us. It was a foot of vacant tillable land was left.

And what noble pioneers! Poor enough they were, most of them, as we were, but they were all industrious, honest as a rule, and as steady as oak; devout people, who always insisted on building a church and schoolhouse, however humble, the very first thing.

But, at the same time, there came pouring in on the other side into California the most depraved and evil element through the Golden Gate that ever took human form. This was the convict class from the British penal colonies—"ticket-of-leave men," some of them—almost all of them had to begin with, but doubly bad now with gold on every hand to be had in heaps almost for the taking.

Two Lads Start for California.

But go I must. The wheels of the covered wagon in which I had been born and bred were whirling and whirling, and I must be off. Many were going; boys, men, and even some families were off, or about to get off, for the newly found mines out toward the end of the world, the great and dreaded California, but I must be one of them. Another boy of about my age joined me. He was bright, precocious, comely, but ever so much beyond me in wit and wisdom. He had lived in cities and mixed with people, while I had always been afraid of both.

Sneakthief Caught.

Finally one Sunday there came along with others a bright-appearing and well-dressed man with an English sailor accent and hair parted in the middle. He sang most melodiously and with great zest. The preacher liked him, had a talk with him, and finding he was foot-loose and looking for a place, asked him to stay with us and help cook till he could do better. I was about worn out and gladly offered to let him sleep with me, as almost all the men slept double, if he would only stay and help cook for a little time, if ever so little.

Telling Truth Saved Him.

They took the terrified, half dead and helpless convict over to dinner and asked him all sorts of questions. No, the woman was not a bad woman, only not pretty. That was the only fault he would be persuaded to admit. So it was settled that Long Dan or Daniel Long, as he was afterward known, set out and bring her if he could. We would build her a cabin. The wretched man with his grave and weary eyes, and the other man, who story about the woman was true and Dan could bring her, he would have to help her cook. He meekly agreed that he would prefer to go and get her.

Sends His Gold Home.

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You may or may not know that all gold dust is not the same. First Klam-

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I fell in with a new man, a new partner of mine, on my way to the city—a great big man, body and soul, a close companion now and then as the years went by in many lands both wild and tame.

At Yreka I collapsed and knew nothing more till I found myself in the care of a kind little Chinaman, with Dr. Ream pulling me through to health and strength. In the background stood the man I had seen in the trail as I came to town.

This man Ream was one of the handsomest, most reliable men ever seen. He was the idol of the new city and strange and unusual as it may seem, he is so still. He is and has ever been of gold and diamonds of the coast of California. They offered to send him to the Federal Senate; but he protested that he did not want to go to any place where he could not see Mount Shasta.

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camp of so many men and not one single woman! And this was my first offense in the line of song.

He explained that a party of boys had been to bed, to let the poor, honest woman, who had come so far to work, have a good night's rest, as he and nearly all the other men. But I am frank to say that she had been gravely honest about her looks. She was the plainest woman I had ever seen. At least, this was my feeling at first glance. But she grew to be prettier every day as she rested, and got up great big dinners out of almost nothing.

Sends His Gold Home.

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