

GARDNER'S OPINION. President of Limekiln Club Gives Advice to Members.

DEMANDS A SQUARE DEAL.

The People Must Not Be Bunked, Says the Good Brother, and Warns Brothers Shin, Jones and Smith to Be Careful.

Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, president of the Limekiln club, as he rose in his place at the last meeting, "dar am a few words I wish to say to sartin members of dis club dis eavenin'."

Brother Shin was there, and as he bobbed up in response the president looked at him for a long minute and then continued:

"Brudder Shin, de report has reached me dat you have sold your mewl, hor-



IT'S A HUMBLE BEGINNIN' TO PEDDLER CAKES OF SOAP.

rowed \$200 of your mudder-in-law and am about to open a grocery store and enter upon a mercantile career. Am it a fact?"

"Yes, sah," was the prompt reply.

"I am glad to hear it, and I wish you success, but dar am several things you should keep in mind if you wish to climb to de top."

"In de first place, make up your mind to give all customers a squar' deal. De grocery trade am full of tricks and twists and dodges. Dar am lya' and short weights and workin' off old steak. You kin sell thirty and fifty cent tea from de same chest. You kin draw ebery gallon of kerosene half a pint short. You kin dampen your sugar and sell hie coffee for Java. By sittin' up nights and thinkin' up new swindles you kin make at least \$5 a week extra, though all de time you will knock yourself to be a liar and a swindler. As sick, you may deceive de people for a year or so, and den some maw'nin' you'll take a squar' and de sheriff will have possession."

Snearing at Honesty.

"It's got to be de fashion to sneer at honesty. It's got to be de fashion to call lya' and cheatin' business." It's got to be de fashion to look upon de people at large as a lot of pigeons to be plucked. Dar am a mighty change comin', and it hain't far away. De people am wakin' up, and if you live a year longer you'll see de chests and lars and swindlers on de run. Dar am gwine to be a return to honest old ways, and de man who don't fine de procession will have to go out of business."

"Make up your mind to git de people a squar' deal, but don't expect to git one in return right away. De people of dis country have ben lied to and swindled so long and so persistently dat dey will look upon a squar' man as a novelty until dey have tested him ober and ober ag'in. For de first year ebery customer will expect to be swindled, and he will try to swindle you in return, but arter dat you will need two extra clerks to wait on de crowd. I has ben hard put to it for de last fifteen years, but I hain't let go my belief dat we have a few honest men left in de kentry. You may not down, Brudder Shin, and I'll ax if Givendarn Jones am in de hall wid us?"

Brother Jones had fallen asleep behind de red-hot stove, but some one threw a potato and hit him in de head, and he woke up and stood up.

"Brudder Jones," said de president, "I have sometimes thought that your rather vigorous name might hamper you if you moved away to a strange town where people were not acquainted wid your ways. I took it when you first joined dis club dat you didn't givendarn for nuthin', but I sized you up wrong. I has found dat you didn't givendarn for trusts and rings and wildcat gold and copper mines, but was determined to go your way as an honest man. Dat's better, and it shows dat your old dad had his eyes open when he gib you dat name instead of Claude or Harold. I am told dat you am about to start a wood yard in Buffalo."

"Yes, sah—a small one," replied de brother.

Principle of Square Deal.

"We shall be sorry to lose you from dis club, and we shall take keer dat de people of Buffalo understand what you givendarn about and what you don't givendarn about. You am gwine to start in a humble, modest way and

gradually build up. It must be on de principle of a squar' deal. Don't try to pass off swamp ash for hickory. Don't try to ring in pine for ash. Don't chuck in old roots for straight wood. If you sell a cord of wood, deliver a cord. Dar am opportunity for rebatin' in de wood business. Jest you take notice dat rebatin' am become one of de lost arts. In about a year more some judge will send a rebater to de penitentiary, whar he belongs. It has ben discovered dat de trusts and de railroads don't own nor run dis kentry. One price to all and no rebatin'. Dey won't believe out dar in Buffalo dat an honest man has come among dem, and for de first six months you'll be looked upon as a strange animal who has escaped from some museum, but himeby you'll be accepted for what you am, and de wood will begin to roll out and de dollars to roll in. You may now not down while I ask if Pickles Smith happens to be present."

Pickles seemed to be expecting a call and was quickly on his feet and waiting for what was coming to him.

"Brudder Smith," said de president after helping himself to a glass of hard cider from de pitcher beside his elbow, "you was ober to my cabin last night."

"Yes, sah."

"You come ober dere to tell me dat you had a chance to go into business and to borrow \$2 of me to start you?"

"Yes, sah."

A Humble Beginning. "It was de soap business, soap to clean clothes, and de \$2 would buy you forty cakes and give you a start. You got de money, and I had somethin' to say to you. What I said I repeat yere. De people of dis kentry want a squar' deal in soap as well as in de Panama canal. It's a humble beginnin' to peddle cakes of soap from house to house, but if de peddler keeps truth in view it may end in a soap factory kiverin' an acre of ground. You can't blame de people at large for mistrustin' you at first. It's fur you to tell de truth and let 'em see what de soap will do. What de civilized world am aighn' for today am a soap dat will take out grease spots. Have you got it? Will it do it ebery day in de week, Sundays and holidays included? An it all soap or half mush? Am it harmless if de baby gets hold of it, or will it bring about a funerals?"

Hardships of Great Men. "Brudder Smith, I can't say dat Alexander de Great started out as a soap peddler. I don't know ancient history well 'nuff to say dat Plato or Cicero carried soap from house to house. I have never heard it said dat our Washington even used soap to take de grease spots out of his uniform arter he got through makin' us a free people, but dis I kin tell you: De honest, truthful man who am peddlin' soap from house to house today hain't gwine to be peddlin' it two years from now. He's aighn' to get a boost up de ladder. Some one am gwine to be willin' to put in capital agin honesty. Right yere and right now I'm sayin' dat I'll risk \$500 on you sooner dan put in half de amount wid a butcher who am intendin' to work off all de bones at de same price as de meat. "All you folks dat have had your ears open have heard some wonderful things in de last two or three years. De cheat and liar and swindler—de man and de men whose motto am 'De public be damned'—am on de run, and de powers dat be am stretchin' out de strong arm for de protection of de people in general. Jest at present most of our prisons have got de sign of 'To Rent' hung out. You won't have to wait more'n two years longer to find 'em chuck fall and runnin' ober, and you'll inqur for men in high places to find dat dey have changed deir postoffice address. Let us now go home."

M. QUAD.

Couldn't Touch Him.



"I tell you, sir, you're a liar!" "Sir! If I were a fighting man, I'd knock you down for that."

"I'll bet you \$10 I can prove it." "Sir, I er—never bet!" Her Dear Dear. Clara—I wish I could tell you what he says, but—Maud, wait a minute, say? Clara—Why, he says he loves me, and he has known me for days. Maud—Well, perhaps that's the reason.—Philadelphia Inquirer

Hardly a Compliment. Maid—A gentleman to see you, ma'am. Mistress—Is it, by chance, my cousin de professor? Maid—No, he doesn't look as clever as that. He looks more as though he might propose to you.—Frankfurter Blätter.

CATCHING THE TROLLEY.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Colbrook glanced at his watch and started to run. The Chester trolley

started from the public square on the half hours. He had just time to make the 11:30. Could he do that? There would be just time to speak to Enid and get back in time to take the western express that would connect in Chicago with the Overland. That would get him in San Francisco just in time to catch the Empress of China.

He wanted to tell Enid that his chance had come at last and ask if she would wait. An unexpected turn of affairs had put him in a position to speak of marriage, a thing he had not dared to even think of for at least a year yet.

He slipped down the foggy street with the easy stride of a cross country runner and smiled as he heard behind the soft patter of other hurried footsteps. The man behind would never reach the car first if that was what he was running for.

Then suddenly the steps ceased, and a moment later a mob came tearing around the corner, raising the hue and cry. Colbrook kept on. He felt no interest in a thief with Enid in Chester and the car about to start. Then suddenly a blue coated form started up before him, and he almost ran into the policeman's arms. An instant later he had ben scientifically collared and the mob had come panting up.

The last to arrive was a fat policeman, still vividly puffing from his exertions. By took a fresh grip on Colbrook's collar and, with a flourish of his club, entreated him to come quietly. For the first time Colbrook realized that he was under arrest. "Look here," he said, "you are making a mistake. I'm not the man you're after."

"I know it," agreed the officer pleasantly. "I was after a man in green pants and a red coat, but I guess you'll

do."

"I'm so sorry," she gasped. "I took a fresh grip on his club as though anticipating trouble and looked at his brother officer.

"But see here," insisted Colbrook. "I was running to catch the Chester trolley. I had to make the 11:30, and I was sprinting. I heard some one running behind me, and suddenly he must have dodged into a doorway. That was probably your man."

"Quite likely," was the cheerful response, "but a, the same you can tell that to the sergeant."

"But I have to get to Chester and back in time to catch the western express," he pleaded. "I am leaving on that for China."

"Through train?" laughed the officer appreciatively. He evidently regarded Colbrook as a humorist. "I am Jennings Colbrook," he said patiently. "I am with the Fontellon company. You can call them on the phone. Perhaps I'll have time to go out on the train if you will drop this nonsense."

"You drop yours," was the sharp command. "I know you fellows. Look out that he doesn't throw nothin' away. Rafferty." Rafferty nodded his understanding, and the trio headed a procession for the police station.

The desk sergeant was a newly promoted roundsman impressed with a sense of his dignity. Something in Colbrook's manner offended him, and he refused to listen to his plea that the Fontellon company be notified. "What's the use of botherin'?" he demanded. "Sure I recognize you as Boston Mike. What have they to do with the likes of you? Tell that to the judge when you're arraigned."

At a motion of his head Colbrook was led back to the cells, and this being his first arrest, he did not know that he could bribe the officers to get word to his employers.

His threats to have the whole matter shown up only added to the doggedness of the sergeant, and in answer to his third threat he was told that the sergeant would be back in the cells with a night stick presently if things did not quiet down. After that he could only sit in silent

despair and wonder what the outcome could be. If he did not catch the next steamer, the agents of the English company would be on the ground first. It was through his old time friendship for Garson that he had gained the early tip that led to his being promoted to be foreign salesman at more than double his old salary.

Now this mistake would cost him not only his promotion, but probably even his position, and he could only sit helpless in his narrow cell and rail at fate.

Then the grated half of the cell door was darkened by a form, and he sprang to his feet.

"I'm the bull in this precinct," announced the newcomer. "Don't throw that bluff," he added as Colbrook's eyes went up in inquiry. "You know what a bull is."

"I was always under the impression that they possessed four feet and horns," he said.

"That's a good bluff, but it don't go," said the visitor. "I guess you know what plain clothes men are by any title."

"The precinct detective? I see," said Colbrook.

"The fairy what had her leather swiped wants to know what you did with it."

"I'm sure I don't know what became of the lady's purse," he said pleasantly. This slang was more understandable.

"Stow that," admonished the detective. "I think she'll let you off, and it's a ten spot to me if you tell."

"But I tell you there is a mistake," he insisted. "Your men picked up the wrong man."

With a snort of disgust, the ward man turned away. Here was a chance to make \$10 gone through the thief's stubbornness. He was back in a minute, though, and Colbrook caught the echo of a lighter step on the stone flagging.

"The dame wants to give you the third degree herself," he said. "Don't you give her none of your lip or I'll come in there."

"I am at the lady's service," said Colbrook hopefully. He understood from the previous conversation that she could free him by refusing to make a complaint. It should not be very difficult to convince her that he was not the thief.

He started as she spoke, but some impulse restrained the exclamation that sprang to his lips.

"What was in the purse that was so valuable?" he demanded, making his voice harsh and unnatural.

"I cannot explain," she said, with embarrassment. "Some keepsake of which I am very fond. The purse was a keepsake. I am most anxious about that."

Colbrook's heart gave a leap. It was the purse he had given her that she sought, and it was Enid Sangston who was pleading with him to restore her property.

"I'll get you another purse just as good," he said, "if you will get me out of this, Enid."

With a scream she started back from the bars as Colbrook moved into the light. "You?" she gasped.

"I was running to catch a car," he explained. "It was misty, and the thief slipped into a doorway, and the mob thought that since I was running it must be I who was the culprit. Then the officer collared me and brought me here."

"I'm so sorry," she gasped. "I'm not," he disagreed. "I see the hand of fate. You see, I was running to catch a car to Chester to see you. You were in town, and I should have missed you."

"But why such haste?" she asked. "I am leaving this afternoon for China," he explained. "My chance has come at last, and I wanted to ask you to wait for me, dear. Will you?"

"I think," she said, "that we must bow to fate. I ran into town unexpectedly, and— Suppose you had caught the car and gone out there. I should not have had a chance to say goodby."

"Now we can say it over the lunch table, and there's still time for a trip to the jewelry store, too, if you will explain to the officer that I was not the thief."

That formality was quickly accomplished, and presently they were passing the desk. Colbrook leaned over and shook the sergeant's hand.

"Goodby, sergeant," he said heartily. "I am very much obliged."

"I wonder what he meant," mused that official as he regarded the bill that had been left in his palm. "Sure, I thought he'd make trouble with the chief."

Eastern Painting & Decorating Co. Experts in all the Branches of Painting, Paper-Hanging and Decorating. Satisfaction Guaranteed. All work done Promptly. Prices reasonable. New Goods arriving Every Day. We solicit business From Outside Towns. Commercial Street, near Eighth. Astoria, Oregon

Sherman Transfer Co. HENRY SHERMAN, Manager. Trunks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Planes Moved, Boxed and Shipped. 433 Commercial Street. Main Phone 222

PARKER HOUSE EUROPEAN PLAN. First Class in Every Respect. Free Coach to the House. Bar and Billiard Room. Good Sample Rooms on Ground Floor for Commercial Men. Astoria, Oregon

TRANSPORTATION. Steamer TELEGRAPH. The Only Steamboat making a round trip DAILY except Thursday between Portland and Astoria and way points. NO WAY POINTS ON SUNDAY.

The K Line. Steamer - Lurline. Night Boat for Portland and Way Landings. PASSENGERS. FREIGHT. Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at 7 p. m.

DEVYER'S GOLDEN WEST SPICES, COFFEE, TEA, BAKING POWDER, FLAVORING EXTRACTS. Absolute Purity, Finest Flavor, Greatest Strength, Reasonable Prices. CLOSSET & DEVYER. PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE SAVOY Popular Concert Hall. Good music. All are welcome. Corner Seventh and Astor.

THE CHINOOK BAR 416 BOND ST., ASTORIA, OREGON. Carries the Finest Line of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. CALL AND SEE US

TIME CARD Astoria & Columbia River R. R. Co. Table with columns for Sun. only, 40, 38, 46, 36, 40, 38, 46, 36, 40, 38, 46, 36, 40, 38, 46, 36, 40, 38, 46, 36. Includes routes to Portland, Warrenton, Gearhart, Seaside, Ft. Stevens, and Goble.

CANADIAN PACIFIC 'EMPERESS' Line of the Atlantic Quebec to Liverpool. Less Than Four Days at Sea. Empresses sails July 12-26; August 9-23; September 6-20. First cabin, \$30 up; second cabin, \$45 up; third class, \$28.75. Write for particulars. JAMES FINLAYSON, Agent. Astoria, Ore.

Colic and Diarrhoea. Pains in the stomach, colic and diarrhoea are quickly relieved by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists. You need a tonic that will put the sap of life into your system and fortify you from all diseases. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is recognized as the greatest strengthener known. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. Frank Hart.