

Appropriate Future Punishments



The employer who never praises or appreciates the work of his employees, but never loses an opportunity to find fault.

A PROFESSIONAL CALL

BY ALFRED DEUTSCH.

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The young doctor had been called out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning to attend to the wounds of a man who had been hurt in an accident. He had just done so once more when the servant again called him, saying that there was a woman outside who wanted him to go with her immediately. He was rather impatient at this, as he was torn out of a very pleasant dream. He had been dreaming that he was on a sea voyage with his wife.

Now he had no wife and no money, but the ocean had been so calm and the dream wife so beautiful that he muttered something between his teeth about people calling on doctors at outrageous hours.

He stumbled on the dark stairs, sneaked past the concierge, who was offended at all these nightly disturbances for which he received no tips, and found a woman waiting outside in a face.

He entered the carriage, the door of which slammed behind him, and the horse started off in a slow trot.

"Who is sick?" he asked.

"My daughter, doctor."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has swallowed poison."

The doctor was rather startled.

"But then we must hurry. Where do you live?"

The woman gave the name of a street in a far away district.

"Good gracious," he said, "and then you come to me, when there are a hundred doctors closer by?"

"I know it," the woman replied, "but my daughter would have none but you."

He was rather touched at this. Who could this girl be who would have no one else touch her? Undoubtedly he must have met her somewhere, and she was young and pretty and had fallen in love with him.

The carriage stopped in front of a large tenement house evidently inhabited by people of small means. The concierge, dressed in a ragged petticoat, came out and opened the door. He followed the woman up four flights of dirty, shaky stairs and together they entered a room filled with the odor of cheap perfume.

In a corner stood an old wooden bed, and in this a young, pale girl was lying. The little lamp burning in front of the image of some saint was the only light which fell upon the clear-cut features.

The doctor lit a lamp standing on a table and came closer to the bed. His heart was beating, he could not guess who the girl could be. But as the rays of the lamp fell on her face he recognized her—

"It is she!" he exclaimed, "the girl who had drunk a solution of phosphorus, but evidently had not swallowed very much, and her condition was not serious. She had already drunk a quart of milk and the doctor sent the older woman to the drugstore with a prescription."

The girl looked after her as she left and said calmly: "My mother."

As soon as the door had closed behind her she sat up in bed and seized the hand of the young doctor, who felt rather embarrassed at the situation. He had met her four or five times previous in the "Cafe Gaudemus" and been quite

taken with her manners. She was employed as a maid and, though he was rather inclined to think her a little flighty, he had no absolute proof of this.

Why had Bertha sent for him. He had certainly never spoken of love to her, and the poison affair seemed rather mysterious. Was there some plot against him behind it? Any way he would be very careful.

The sick girl spoke to him in her most childlike voice.

"Please do not be angry with a poor girl, doctor, but listen to what I have to tell you."

He sat down on a chair close to the bed and looked into her pretty face.

"I only played this little game to get you to come. I sent mother for you because I knew that you would come. The story is simply this. I told you once in the cafe that you must not think that everybody is as bad as they appear. You were always good to me, but when I told you this you laughed at me. You did not believe me, but took me to be a girl like all the others. I was hurt at this, and you remember how I said to you, 'Before I become a bad girl I will jump into the river or take poison,' and still I saw the sarcastic smile on your lips. But now, doctor, the temptation was too strong for me, I could not bear the poverty any longer, and I listened to the words of a young man who cares, or says he cares, for me until I nearly followed him. But then I thought of you and my words to you. I wanted you to know that I did a pure girl."

In a second he understood the whole drama, she had called him to bid him goodbye before killing herself. He looked across the table, the bottle with the poison was still there, he could reach it with his hand—and she saw that he understood.

"It is all over," she said, "I know that I cannot battle against temptation any longer. Please let me keep my word, doctor. It will be better for me."

He thought over her words and recognized their truth. There was no escape for a girl of her character and occupation. He heard her mother coming up the stairs outside and seizing the bottle he poured out a tablespoonful of the fluid and gave it to the girl.

In the door he met the mother.

"Just let her sleep," he said, "she is sick."

He felt a bill pressed into his hand and found himself in the dark room next to the stairs. He struck a match and put the money on the mantel shelf, then the match went out. He was fumbling in his pocket for another, confused at what he had done, when the sound of voices reached him. He could catch some of the words.

"There was nothing to do with him. He believed everything and really thought that she gave me poison."

"Too bad to spend time and money for nothing," the mother said.

He could hardly believe his ears. So he was no murderer, after all. The thought made him feel immensely happy. But the money, it was his, he had well earned it. And he went over to the mantel, put the bill in his pocket and hurried down the shaky stairs.

Undoubtedly.

From the Chicago News.

"If women ever break into politics," said the fussy old bachelor, "every spouter will be a ring candidate."

"How's that?"

"Why—er—an engagement ring candidate," he explained.

Same Old Wink.

From the Chicago News.

New rival—So this is a prohibition town now? I hear that Judge Bourbon keeps an eye on the drug stores, too.

Native—Yes, he keeps an eye on them to see that they don't close until he gets out of court.

Comparison.

Detroit Free Press.

He—Did you see the pleased expression on her face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter?

She—No; I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face.

Mr. Stott has discovered, or will discover, that in his case a nomination was not equivalent to an election.

PACKERS AFTER WESTERN MARKET

EFFORT TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE BIG LIVESTOCK YARDS IN KANSAS CITY HAS STARTED A WAR—SHIPPER ARE FIGHTING THE BATTLE.

(By George M. Longan.)

Kansas City, May 13.—The packers are in control of the stockyards in every cattle market in the central west with the exception of the yards in Kansas City, which are controlled by rich Boston stockholders. As a result of this, the packers are hitting the Kansas City yards at every opportunity. Consequently the Kansas City prices are below where they should be for such a big market.

There is nothing to be said in favor of the ownership by the Boston stockholders. If the packers owned the stockyards they probably would not discriminate in favor of the other markets, Chicago, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Louis and Fort Worth. As it is, although Kansas City has all the outside buyers, it takes them all to keep up the market prices here to make a respectable showing with the other markets. In fact, it is Kansas City's fight for life as an open stock market.

Only One Open Market.

The outside buyers, that is, the men who ship east and the wholesalers and small packers, have their opportunity in Kansas City only, of all the other yards. For instance, with the yards and other receipts from the ownership of the St. Joseph yards, a new buyer can be frozen out there by Swift, who is in control, in a very short time. He boosts the price, and from receipts for yards the price can make it up, but an advance in prices in Kansas City would be all loss to the packers. It has not been such a long time ago that Armour followed up a big Boston buyer named Squire until Squire could not buy anything in any market except Kansas City. In fact, Squire failed a short time afterward.

Commission Men Wouldn't Care.

The commission men understand the situation and would be willing to see the packers take control of the Kansas City market without a fuss. It would help the market here without doubt, and the commission men say they would about as much as the packers. As the Boston stockholders, of course, the only way the packers can gain control will be to force the price of stock so low that the Boston people will sell out in fear that the market will be ruined. This tendency of the packers, of course, is the fact that all the outside buyers are concentrated at these open yards and that the more the packers lower prices the better it is for them. They buy and ship east and the result is that the supply, being not enough to keep even the Kansas City packers running at full capacity, holds up the price and swings against the packers.

The Morris Plant.

The coming of the Nelson Morris company will be another factor, however, that will work in favor of the Kansas City market's fight to keep clear of the packers. The Morris plant will be one of the largest here and will be in operation this fall. Morris was kept out of Fort Worth by the Swifts and Armour and the understanding is that he came to Kansas City about half through revenge. With him needing 3,000 cattle, 12,000 hogs and 10,000 sheep, and a supply short for all the packers here, the packers will have still more trouble in gaining control of the market here.

The stockmen of the central west are greatly delighted over the victory over the railroads in securing return transportation for shippers, but the stockmen say that this must not be all. They demand better rates and are determined, as was shown at the Denver stock meeting last week, to go after the heads of the roads and get still more important concessions. With the cattle market in the condition it is, the stockmen must have everything they can get to make expenses lighter. The principal reason the return pass was abolished was that the privilege was abused. Passes that were not transferable carried one man to a market and another man back to the starting point.

Receipts and Prices.

Here are the receipts for last week:

	Cattle	Sheep
Kansas City	27,073	18,275
Chicago	31,700	62,000
Omaha	19,100	18,500
St. Louis	15,450	9,000
St. Joseph	6,000	12,500
Total this week	117,323	120,275
Same days last week	150,373	133,000

A feature of the cattle market here is the demand for fancy yearling steers and heifers. Mixed lots are selling as high as \$10.00.

Another instance in which much was expected of the county court happened yesterday afternoon, when a bucolic appearing man walked into the office and asked for Judge Webster. Finding him out, he said he was very sorry, that he

There was an increase in sheep receipts over a week ago and prices ruled weak to 5 cents lower. The bulk of offerings were clipped Texas sheep that brought \$4.00 on Monday and \$4.50 at the close Friday. Woolled western lambs sold up to \$6.70, against \$6.75 last week. Clipped ewes and wethers ruled about 10 cents lower and brought \$5.15 to \$5.35. Not any of the offerings were choice, and Texans were not fat. Eastern markets show a similar decline and dressed meat men were more particular in regard to quality. One or two loads of fair spring lambs were on the market, bringing \$6.75 to \$7.25. There was some inquiry for stock sheep and several bunches of lambs brought \$5.50.

QUEER QUESTIONS ASKED THE COURT

The county court of Multnomah has about come to the belief that it is something in the line of a bureau of public information. It has been gradually forced into this belief against its will by the opinion which others seem to have formed of it. Queries are ever arriving from eastern points which should have been directed to a Columbia river bureau of information instead of the county court.

Writing from Knoxville, Tenn., W. M. Sexton, a real estate dealer and money broker, wishes to know all about the Lucky Boy mine. He is the very latest eastern correspondent of the county court bureau. Judge Webster looked surprised when he read the communication and promptly turned it over to Jay H. Upton, clerk of the court.

In his answer Upton frankly admitted that the Lucky Boy is a good mine, but vaingloriously declared it cannot hold a candle to his own mine. In fact Upton is of the firm belief that in a short time he will be in the Rockefeller class. He has a number of friends who also look on the future as rosy, but when Judge Webster heard the mine had

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New Orleans Cotton Market.

New Orleans, May 13.—Middlings, 18 1/2; sales, 150 bales; f. o. b. 250 bales.

"I'm afraid," said the female customer, "that the milk you serve contains water."

"Impossible, madam," replied the milkman. "Why every time it rains I cover my cows with rubber blankets."

SHE wants the best and generally gets it. Papa thinks she's all right.

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been painted carmine in his clerk's letter he simply threw up his hands and groaned.

Another instance in which much was expected of the county court happened yesterday afternoon, when a bucolic appearing man walked into the office and asked for Judge Webster. Finding him out, he said he was very sorry, that he

wanted to learn from the judge what time the best left for the Dallas. "I don't know," answered Upton, "but if you will wait a week I will go over the Cascades on the Charles R. Spencer with you, and then we can find out all about the time the boats come and go."

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One of Bede's Jokes. From the New York World. "What's that for?" asked J. Adam Bede, when he was talking on a financial proposition. "It's for a sinking fund," said Representative Landis. "Sinking fund?" repeated Bede. "That must be the sort of fund with which the Russians build their battleships."