

JEEMS' HONESTY.

He Goes Into the Real Estate Business.

AND STAYS FOR SIXTY DAYS.

But at the End of That Time His Straight Life Falls Upon Him, and the Other Member of the Firm Loses Out, Via Knockout Drop Route.

By M. QUAD.

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I WAS on the circus grounds in a town in Ohio, and while I was watching a sharper throw the three cards about and deceive the guileless as to which was the queen a man beside me whispered:

"Ah-um! I had thought the world honest and full of brotherly love."

"And it gives you a pain to discover your error?" I replied.

"Believe me, it does."

He was a large man of middle age and a serene countenance. You saw at a glance that he had no wickedness in his soul. He was a man that would



"AT LUNCH I GAVE HIM KNOCKOUT DROPS," never trade jackknives with a boy and give the little fellow a raw deal. I trusted him at once.

"Ever up against green goods?" I ventured to ask.

"You refer to the verdure of the pasture, I take it," he replied, "and I will reply that I have dealt in hayseed."

"Most men have a motto to guide them."

"Yes, and I have one. It is, 'Honesty is the best policy.' Ah-um!"

"And mine is, 'There is a sucker born every minute.'"

He sighed and rolled up his eyes, and during the minute's silence that followed the man of the suits caught Uncle Rubie for a five dollar bet. Then the good man said:

"Son, I cannot believe you have ever dealt in consumption cures."

"Nay, nay. Take another look at the back of my neck and observe the scars and callouses of a son of toil. I rise with the lark and lie to my labors."

"It warms my heart to hear this. You have a name?"

"Yes. I bought one awhile ago for convenience sake. It is Jeems—just Jeems. And yours?"

"Jones—just Jones."

Two Kindred Souls.

"They will both serve. In our wanderings around the world we may accidentally do something that we should be ashamed to have our mothers know. See?"

"Thoughtful and considerate young man! But I judged you to be such. Ah-um! In saying my backwater a few weeks ago I strained my back and am now laying off to give it a rest."

"And in splitting rails last month I loosened the rivets of three or four of my ribs and must take a vacation to let them tighten up again."

"And meanwhile?" queried Jones.

"Should a business opening present itself I shall take advantage of it."

He gave my hand a cordial squeeze and led me away to one of the circus wagons, and as we found seats on the tongue he said:

"Jeems, we all have our limits—all except Wall Street."

"I believe you."

"Ah-um! Alas, that I should be obliged to confess it—my limit on honesty is a sixty day one. At the end of that time I am overcome with a desire to do the other fellow. I may go as far as to say that after restraining myself for the period named I would even rob a church. How is it with you? Give me your confidence."

"My limit has never been over thirty days, and it has given me a weak heart to go that long, but if there was a big thing on hand I might struggle with thirty days longer. If I died under it my wealth could be used in teaching the Chinese to chew plug tobacco instead of steeping it with their tea. Have you a thought that has been working overtime in the back of your head?"

They Go Into Partnership.

"Ah-um! Jeems, there is the real estate business."

"It beats green goods if properly conducted."

"There is Lake Erie."

"And there is much real estate under it."

"Ah-um! Jeems, I observe that you catch on to ideas with great alacrity."

"The syndicate we are to form is the Lake Erie Real Estate Syndicate."

"Ah-um!"

"For the sale of water lots by the foot or acre."

"Ah-um!"

"So much down and the balance in installments."

"Jeems, you have surely been there! Can you write a glowing and convincing advertisement?"

"I have made the Uncle Rubes buy shares in a mere hole in the ground."

"We need a thousand plunks, Jeems."

"I have my five hundred here."

"And about our honesty with each other? Shall it be for the sixty days? Shall it be a gentleman's agreement?"

"It shall."

That was all. We opened an office three days later. I wrote the advertisements for the newspapers.

They glowed.

They were gold plated.

They appealed.

They convinced the men who had never yet been convinced that real estate was more profitable than bank stock.

The Getaway.

I spoke of the views over the lake. I warranted the fertility of the soil. I wrung in the cool breezes. I spoke of the delights of fishing from your own back door. I said that the property had never been in market before and that the price should sell every foot of it within thirty days. There was a lot more, of course, and when just Jones had read it over he sighed and said:

"Jeems, I was not mistaken in you. You are an honest young man. I am almost inclined to buy two of these lots myself."

The public fell. It always falls if the advertising is right. There were nibbles and then bites. We had a map and we had the town of New Venice laid out and all the lots numbered. We had 5,000 acres divided into thirty acre tracts for orchards, vineyards and truck farms. All were comfortably sunk under thirty feet of water, but the map didn't show that, and we volunteered no information.

The successful real estate man always leaves something to the imagination of the buyer.

No questions were asked that an untruthful man couldn't readily answer, and the police didn't bother. No buyer went out to view his lots or acres. Our advice was to remain quiet and hold for a raise. It was accepted. It is always accepted. We, of course, meant till the bottom of the lake should rise up, but we didn't say so in so many words.

There is a time for the real estate man to talk and a time for him to keep mum.

When the sixty days were up we had no more real estate. In place of it we had \$7,000 in the bank.

"Ah-um!" sighed just Jones as we sat together.

"It's been a great strain," says I. "It sure has, but thank heaven it's over with."

It was now for us to do each other if we could. He saw it in my eyes, and I saw it in his. It came to me that he was going to give me away to the police as a suspicious character and make off with the seeds, and at lunch I gave him knockout drops and saw him safely to his room. Then I drew the money and winged my way. He was a good man, but the gentleman's agreement had been for sixty days, and I had almost ruined my health to keep it.

"Ah-um!"

Frozen Pipes.

A negro, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit skin cap, shivering; the mule was trembling with the cold. According to Everybody's Magazine, two congressmen, waiting for a belated car were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the negro made no effort to depart, what ailed the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said, "Why don't you move on, uncle?"

The old negro pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied, "Cause dis yere mule won't go 'less I whistle at him, and it's so cold I can't whistle!"

Up to the Family.

If at first you don't succeed some of your relations will tell each other why you never will succeed.—Puck.

Pretty Slick.

"That fellow is too slick for me. Sold me a lot that was two feet under water. I went around to demand my money back."

"Get it?"

"Get nothing! Then he sold me a second hand gasoline launch and a copy of 'Venetian Life,' by W. D. Howells."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A High Hat.

"Really, Jane, dear," said Mr. Bobbeter to his wife as they sat down in the theater, "your hat is too high. Take it off and put it in your lap."

"Well, I like that!" snapped Mrs. Bobbeter. "If I put that hat in my lap how am I going to see over it?"—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Her Little Joke.

Wife—John, I wish you'd drop into the hardware store on your way home and get a water cracker.

Hub—A water cracker—in a hardware store?

Wife—Certainly! An ice pick, stupid!—Boston Transcript.

The Excuse Imaginative.



Fanatic—Why didn't you turn up for golf on Saturday?

Dilettante—Very sorry, old chap. I was cleaning the cat's cage when the little brute kicked me. Such a quiet bird, too, as a rule.—Punch.

Effected a Sale.

A tramp was passing a marine store, and, seeing the man at the door, he asked in a joking way, "Do you buy rags and bones?"

"You've guessed it first time, old chap," answered the man. "Get on the scales."—London Telegraph.

GREAT HOLIDAY SHOWING

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S APPAREL

This store is prepared to offer you high-grade wearables of every description. Every section of the store is aglow with holiday offerings. It will pay you to visit this store early. Our grand display of Christmas novelties will be a great help to you in making proper selections as to your Holiday gifts.

Holiday Helpfulness—Suggestions For Busy Shoppers

Silk Kimonas, \$5 to \$15

A very choice selection, all new patterns and colorings.

Ladies' Kid Gloves

\$1.50 to \$3.50

Colors of Tans, Browns, Greys and Blacks—put up in Holiday Boxes.

Ladies' Silk Umbrellas

\$3.50 to \$6.50

New line, good material and very choice handles. Put up in Christmas boxes.

Ladies' Felt Slippers

\$1.25 to \$2.00

A good selection of styles and colors—all sizes.

Ladies' Wool Sweaters

\$3.00 to \$8.00

In White, Greys and Reds. Made with Roll Collar.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

5c to 50c

A very handsome showing of Cotton and Linen Handkerchiefs in plain and embroidered effects, both in domestic and imported goods. An unusual assortment of pretty styles put up in Holiday Boxes.

Ladies' Fur Sets

\$10 to \$50

We want to call special attention to our line of Fur Scarfs and Muffs, by far the best line ever shown in this city. A set of these beautiful furs would make an elegant Christmas Gift.

Silk Waist Patterns

\$3.00 to \$6.00

Put up in Holiday Boxes. Beautiful selection of colorings.

Ladies' Hand Begg

\$1.00 to \$10.00

We have just received a new shipment for the Holiday trade.

Men's Silk Umbrellas

\$4 to \$6.50

Put up in Christmas boxes. German Silver trimmed handles. Very choice.

Ladies' Fancy Hair

Ornaments

A beautiful line of Combs and Barretts to match; also separate pieces.

Men's Wool Sweaters

\$3 to \$8

Good selection of Colors and Sizes. Special Shaker knitting process.

Merchandise of Merit

Statistics show that seventy-five per cent of money spent for Holiday purchases are for merchandise of a useful and substantial nature.

In making your selections this year remember that this store deals in "Merchandise of Merit" only, and whatever choice you make, your selection will have full intrinsic value.

Silk Hosiery, \$1 to \$1.75

A very choice Christmas Gift put up one pair in a box.

Ladies' Neckwear

25c to \$2

Put up in individual boxes, very choice styles.

Men's House Coats

\$5 to \$10

New showing of Men's Coats in Greys Tans, Browns and other novelties.

Ladies' Silk Petticoats

\$2.15 to \$10

A select line in Messaline and Taffetas, plain and changeable effects, all colors.

Men's Holiday Neckwear

Put up in Christmas boxes. Elegant selection of patterns.

Men's Fancy Shirts

\$1.00 to \$3.00

Our line of Men's Fancy Shirts were never more complete, and a better line than our "Cluett", "Arrow" or "Monarch" cannot be found anywhere—make splendid Christmas Gifts.

Men's Silk and Linen

Handk'fs, 25c to 50c

Men's Plain Linen Handkerchiefs—Silk Handkerchiefs in Plain and Fancy Borders. White Silk Initial Handkerchiefs and Silk Mufflers. A splendid assortment to choose from.

Gifts For The Entire Family May Be Purchased in Our Store

Great Holiday showing of White Blankets, Fancy Plaid Blankets, Marseilles Bed Spreads, Irish Table Linens with Napkins to Match, Home-made Comforters, Indian Robes, Leather Suit Cases, Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats and hundreds of other useful articles, all suitable for Holiday Gifts.

Make Your Selections Now. We'll Store Them For You Until You Are Ready For Them

THE BEE HIVE STORE

A Reliable Place to Trade

DALLAS,

OREGON