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The Fairchild Donation

By JANE OSBORN

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"Miss Monroe—I say, Miss Monroe!"
George Fairchild was impatient as he
stood at the threshold of his office
about to depart for a luncheon at a
business men's club.

"H'm?" absently b'omed Miss Mon-
roe, looking up from a folder that was
apparently more absorbing than her
employer at the moment.

"My, that must be interesting,"
George Fairchild said a little testily.
"Listen, please, to what I have to
say, and don't forget. I don't expect
to be back until three or four. In the
meantime some boys will come over
from the Boys' club. They are fitting
up their new headquarters and they've
made an appeal for old furniture and
pictures and things. No one will be
home at the house—my aunt is still
at the shore and it's Hannah's day out.

"I went over things last night in my
rooms and I put some things in the
hall between the bedroom and my
study. They are things that are pretty
battered and I'll never want them
again. Glad to get rid of them, in fact.

"In the other hall, from the study
to the main corridor, there are some
things to go to the repair man. Here's
the key to the house, and if the repair
man rings up and says he wants the
things, lock up here and go over and
show him what to take—and when the
boys come with a truck take them
along and show them their things. That's perfectly clear, isn't it, Miss Monroe?"

"Um-hum," said Miss Monroe with
lagging attention as she took the keys
offered by her employer.

"What's got into you?" asked
George. "Ever since I've been run-
ning for mayor you've seemed so ab-
sent-minded—just when I need your
help and sympathy most." There
seemed to be something of boyish dis-
appointment in this complaint—not
quite in part with Mr. Fairchild's re-
lations as employer. But if Laura
Monroe noticed it she did not show it.

"Maybe it's the weather," offered
Laura.

"You're sure you understand and
you won't forget the keys?"

"I understand all right," was Laura's
rejoinder, and as George Fairchild
closed the door she delved deeper into
the map that unfolded from a blue
leather cover.

The map that proved so absorbing
showed the various electoral divisions
and ward boundaries of the city, with
the voting population of each section
numbered in by hand. Laura had
borrowed it from a lawyer friend of
Mr. Fairchild, who supposed it was
George who had asked for it.

And now Laura was doing what
Fairchild had avoided doing all along
—going over the ground of the city
step by step—figuring out to a nicety
the votes that would be cast in each
district for her employer.

She laid hands on paper and pencil
beside her desk, drew a rough little
diagram, jotting down some figures,
did some lightning calculation in her
active young brain, and then sat mus-
ing with the map open in her lap. She
was not entirely optimistic.

Then the door opened and two
young boys of sixteen or so shambled
in, awkwardly doffing caps and edging
to the wall before speaking.

"Mr. Fairchild said he had some-
thing for us," they said.

"We're out with a truck—should we
go over to his house to get them?"

Laura explained that she would go
with them.

"You don't want to—to sit in the
truck with us, do you?" grinned one
of the boys. "It's just an old truck—
you know—without any seats. Us boys
are just sitting on the bottom."

"Of course I want to go with you,"
said Laura with a smile. "You
wouldn't want me to walk, would you?
And if I start to slip out, I guess you
boys can manage to hold me in?"

"Sure thing," "You bet," from the
two boys.

"Mr. Fairchild is so interested in
your club," Laura fibbed on the trip
to the old Fairchild homestead on the
outskirts of the city. "He was telling
me about your plans—wants to come
around and visit you some night.
After he's mayor maybe you'll want
to have him come and make a speech."

"He'll never be mayor," was the
verdict of the youngest boy, looking very
wise. "He's all right—but he isn't
pulling any votes in the Sixth ward or
in the Third. Us fellows know. I'm
sorry, if he's your boss, but, honest,
isn't he stuck up? Now, he wouldn't
do a thing like this—I mean riding
over in this truck with us."

"It's just exactly what he would
have done," lied Laura. "Why, he's
the most un-stuck-up person I know—
and you can just tell those men up
in the Sixth and Third wards that I
said so. I guess the poor girl that has
to work for him must know as well
as any one."

Laura deftly used the keys at the
Fairchild door and led the gang of four
boys—they would need all hands to
move the things—up the wide old
stairs. She made a quick inspection
of the collection of furniture in the
two passages.

"If there's anything in that bunch
there that you want," she said, point-
ing to the group that Mr. Fairchild
had picked out for his donation, "you
can have it, but it's mostly rubbish.
But here are some nice pieces—this

library table and these easy chairs and
this big reading lamp and this lounge
—and—and, yes, he said to let you
take this set of Dickens, if you like—
do you boys like Dickens?"

"Gosh, do we!" said one of the
boys. "Say, we'll eat that alive. Gee,
but this is swell furniture. Fairchild
is some prince—here, boys, let's give
three cheers for Fairchild, the future
mayor!"

And the lofty ceilings of the old
mansion resounded with the quavering
but lusty cheers from the young
quartet.

Laura detained the boys after their
last trip upstairs.

"Come on into the pantry," she said.
"Mr. Fairchild said there was a cake
or something. The cook's out, but he
had her leave it for you—thought
maybe you'd be hungry."

Greatly to Laura's relief she found
a freshly made chocolate cake in the
pantry—made, to be sure, for George
and some political cronies he expected
after dinner—but Laura cut into it
bravely and then poured out four
glasses of milk from a quart she found
in the refrigerator.

"Come on, let's sit down in the din-
ing room and have a real spread," she
suggested and when they had as-
sembled she lifted her glass of water
—there wasn't milk enough to go gen-
erously around—and proposed a toast
to her employer: "The man who isn't
stuck up," and this refrain echoed
through the rooms of the old house.

Laura let the boys out of the house
and then remained only long enough to
wash the dishes and put the dining
room to rights. She had never been
inside the Fairchild house before and
she was tempted to make a little tour
of inspection, but she was also eager
to be back in the office.

She had just time to take her place
at her desk and to settle back com-
fortably in her chair when her em-
ployer returned.

"The boys came," she said, "and,
goodness me, I think I may have made
a mistake. Did you say to give them
the things in the corridor between the
main hall and the library?"

"Great Scott, no!"

"Didn't you say something about
giving them that set of Dickens?"

"Lord, no—those boys wouldn't have
any use for Dickens."

"The boys that I saw would—and,
oh, Mr. Fairchild," said Laura with a
little tremble in her voice. "I am so
ashamed of myself. I gave them the
wrong things. It was all my fault. But
they were so appreciative—and they
gave three cheers for Fairchild—the
future mayor—the man who isn't stuck
up. I'm sorry—I'll pay for the furni-
ture and books."

"Those boys came from the Sixth
and Third wards," said Fairchild.
"They aren't cheering for me. Those
wards are going against me, sure
thing. That's why I didn't want to
waste any really good furniture on
that club house of theirs. Don't you
see, Miss Monroe?"

Laura let her pretty head hang.
Then a large tear trickled down one
cheek. George sprang to her side,
hesitated a moment, then laid a strong
arm on her shoulder.

"Miss Monroe, Laura—whatever you
did is all right. Oh, I can't keep it
from you any longer. I love you—
that's what makes it so hard, your in-
difference and your intention to
everything I say. If you cared for me
at all, you would be interested, Laura,
are you absent-minded because you're
thinking of some one else?"

Laura did not answer. She quickly
wiped the tears away and straightened
her shoulders.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But you
mustn't talk that way now—not until
after the election. Meantime just for
my sake, don't tell anyone it was my
mistake about your donation to the
boys. I liked them so much—of
course, I don't understand politics, but
I know they are all your friends."

"They're not voters," said Fairchild
conclusively.

"No, but their fathers are—and more
than that their mothers are," said
Laura stoutly. But George only smiled
incredulously.

Then election came and Fairchild,
"Fairchild, who was never stuck up,"
"Fairchild, the working boys' best
friend," was elected.

He had a phenomenal victory in the
Sixth and Third wards. No one of
his party had ever made a showing in
that section, and it was that fact, said
everyone, that swung the election
away from his influential opponent.

The next day George and Laura met
as usual in the office. Both were very
tired, but they were not late.

"You know, I've been thinking,"
said George. "I've been wondering,
Laura, whether maybe after all you
aren't a better politician than I. I
owe this whole victory to you—and
now you've got to marry me before I
go into office, to show me how to live
up to the fine reputation you've given
me."

And Laura said she would.

Way it Goes.

"Hear you had in an efficiency ex-
pert?"

"Yep."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, he comes in and looks your
establishment over. Then, for in-
stance, if you have a lot of marbles
that won't move he tells you to bore
'em, string 'em and sell 'em for
beads."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not So Shy.

"She was so shy and diffident that I
hesitated to ask her for a kiss."

"Well?"

"Her reply startled me."

"And that was?"

"To the effect that I must make it
snappy, that her mother was snoop-
ing around."—Louisville Courier-Jour-
nal.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Fifty members of the Mod-
ern Woodmen of America assembled
at the state fair grounds here Sun-
day and practically completed the new
Woodmen home which has been under
construction the past few weeks.

Pendleton.—An increase for Uma-
tilla county for 1924 of \$27,213.30 over
1923 is included in the tentative bud-
get adopted. The total cost is placed
at \$542,183.81. The general road fund
was increased to pay three special
road districts.

Hood River.—County Judge Has-
brouck Saturday announced the ap-
pointment of W. J. Kocken of Mel-
rose, as county fruit inspector, to suc-
ceed Ferris M. Green. The latter re-
signed to accept a position on the
faculty of the Colorado Agricultural
college.

Salem.—The local branch of the Sal-
vation Army Saturday raised by popu-
lar donations approximately \$80 for
the relief of the Japanese sufferers.
An effort will be made by the army
to raise \$300 during the campaign for
donations, which will be continued
here this week.

Hood River.—Professor L. F. Hen-
derson, who on Thursday of last week
celebrated his 70th birthday, Satur-
day swam across the Columbia river
from Kobeg beach. Professor Hen-
derson had planned to celebrate his
70th anniversary by the feat, but a
strong wind prevented the attempt.

Corvallis.—Hogs entered at the
Linn county fair by the college depart-
ment of animal husbandry won a
grand championship, three cham-
pionships, eight first prizes, and 10 sec-
onds. Poland-Chinas, Duroc-Jerseys,
and Berkshires were represented, a
Poland-China sow winning the grand
championship.

Pendleton.—The cost of operating
the Pendleton schools during the com-
ing fiscal year will be slightly lower
than they were this present year, ac-
cording to a statement made Friday
following the meeting of the budget
committee last night. The costs pro-
vided for in the budget adopted by the
committee, total \$134,500.

Salem.—Thomas Tallon, 8-year-old
son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tallon of
this city, was attacked by a band of
yellow jackets Friday and for a time
it was feared that the boy would die
as a result of his injuries. He was
stung about the head, arms and legs.
Physicians reported that the boy was
asleep and probably would recover.

Salem.—Local bankers, in a state-
ment issued here Friday, let it be
known that they stand ready to fi-
nance the prunegrowers of this sec-
tion in harvesting their 1923 crop.
The statement was forthcoming after
an attempt was made by a non-resi-
dent concern to contract for the Wil-
lamette valley prunes under terms not
satisfactory to the growers.

Oregon City.—While employees were
engaged in pumping water out of a
scow near the Crown-Willamette mills
a fish, measuring about 4 feet in
length jumped out of the water and
onto the scow. It was killed with a
club by E. Daugherty, night watch-
man, who believes the fish is a shark,
and that it was attracted by the light
which was being used on the scow.

Salem.—A total of 4501 loans have
been authorized by the world war vet-
erans' state aid commission under the
so-called soldiers' bonus and loan act,
according to a report prepared here
Friday and filed with the governor.
These loans amounted to \$11,241,350.
Repayments aggregated \$325,633.07,
including interest in the amount of
\$170,024.47 and principal, totaling
\$155,608.59.

Rainier.—The water shortage has
become acute in Rainier. Patrons liv-
ing on the hills are left without water
a greater portion of the day. The
water commission has issued an order
prohibiting the use of water for
sprinkling purposes, under penalty of
prosecution. The city reserve reser-
voir has not been used yet, the com-
mission deferring such action until ab-
solutely necessary.

Salem.—As a result of the flax har-
vest, which is now at its peak, and
general farming operations, there is a
labor shortage at the Oregon state
penitentiary, Johnson Smith, warden
of the institution, announces. Prac-
tically every convict in the prison,
with the exception of those serving
terms for grave offenses are working
in the fields. "We could use at least
50 more men if we had them," said
Warden Smith.

Pendleton.—During the summer
season there have been 49 fires on
the Umatilla national forest, accord-
ing to reports received in the office
of the forest service here. The fires
have all been small and the actual
damage done was only \$14.40. It was
estimated. Ten of the fires were
caused by men, and three persons
have been convicted as a result of
their responsibility for starting the
fires. Other cases are pending.

Mrs. Eva Ferraer



OREGON IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Salem, Ore.—"Last year I be-
came in an extremely run-down con-
dition, my appetite failed me and
I became very nervous. A friend
advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Gold-
en Medical Discovery as a tonic
and I was very thankful to her for
her good advice. One bottle of it
made me feel like a new person; it
strengthened and built me up into
a perfect state of health, my appetite
returned and all nervousness dis-
appeared. I have no hesitancy in
saying that Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery is the very best
tonic I have ever taken and I am
glad to have my testimonial pub-
lished if it will be of benefit to others
who have become run-down and
weak."—Mrs. Eva Ferraer, 444
Water St.

Obtain the Discovery in tablets
or liquid from your druggist or send
10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's In-
valids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Denominational Privilege.

"We were out in the park one day,
my little girl and I," writes Mrs. B.,
"when we came to a path with a sign
over it. Glancing up at the sign my
little girl said: 'Oh, mamma, we can't
go down there—it says, 'For Pres-
byterians only.''" — Boston Trans-
cript.

Formation of Mercury.

Mercury occurs native in the me-
tallo form, but by far the larger part
of it is obtained by distilling the na-
tive sulphide, cinnabar, in a current of
air so regulated as to burn the sul-
phur of the sulphide while leaving the
mercury in the metallic state.

Oldest Trade Union.

The oldest unions in the world are
the trade guilds of Constantinople,
centuries old. All workers, no matter
how humble their positions—vendors,
porters, barbers and postmen—belong
to a guild.

Essential to Progress.

Progress which will march if we
hold an abiding faith in the intelli-
gence, the initiative, the character,
the courage, and the divine touch of
the individual.—Herbert Hoover.

A World Need.

What this poor old world patiently
awaits is an alarm clock that will ring
when it's time for us to go to bed
and keep up the clatter until we do.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Superiority Brings Earnings.

You have to earn what you get. And
to earn more than the ordinary man
you must study and plan and scheme
and work and sweat and plod more
than he does.—A. C. Gilbert.

New Salmon-Packing Method.

A new method of packing salmon
for the foreign trade, which consists
in chilling the fish without actually
freezing them, has been introduced by
the fish packers in Labrador.

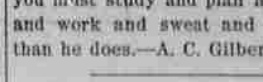
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the Sealed Package,
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sweet and snowy-white until worn out.
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with more money. Permanent positions
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P. N. U. No. 37, 1923