

Two Sisters

By ETHEL HOLMES

Margaret and Belle Whitcomb were sisters, and when they reached a marriageable age the matter of a career was discussed between them.

"I believe," said Margaret, "in the entire equality of woman with man."

"I believe," said Belle, "that a woman who marries should be her husband's partner in every respect."

"I am going into business," said Margaret, "and shall show the world that a woman can run a big business as well as a man."

"If you can secure the management of a business," her sister supplied.

Margaret was twenty years old when she secured a position as typewriter and stenographer, a sort of secretary to a friend of her father's who managed a large manufacturing business. She thus started with every advantage. Johnny Hartwell, an office boy, fifteen years old, started in at the same time as she. One day he said to her:

"Miss Whitcomb, I'd like to make a deal with you. Teach me stenography, and whenever you have to be absent for a time I'll do your work for you."

Margaret agreed. She taught Johnny stenography, and he remained at the office after business hours, practicing typewriting on her machine. He kept his word, and when she was unable to do her work he did it for her. As for Johnny, he was never absent from business. What he did for Margaret he did for any one else in the office; he helped them all and learned something of the duties of each.

When Johnny was nineteen years old some one was needed to go somewhere to straighten out something. Margaret would have liked to go, but she was not very well at the time. Johnny was tough as a nut and was sent. He had learned so much about the business that he found it very easy to undo the snarl. He succeeded so well that he was thereafter used to go about undoing snarls and accomplishing objects. Pretty soon it was generally understood that when the head of the concern stepped out Johnny would step into his place.

Meanwhile Margaret was gaining nothing in a business way. Unfortunately for her success, a certain man wanted her to marry him. Whenever she was discouraged in carrying out her agreement with herself she felt like yielding and marrying her suitor. Johnny married, and when a little girl came to him he remarked:

"By crackey, now I've got to hump it, sure enough, to put stuffing into the kid!"

And he worked twice as hard as ever before.

Margaret within eight years occupied four different positions. But, not being any nearer a business manager than before, she retired. Going into Johnny's office one day, she said to him:

"Johnny, years ago you and I started in this business, I having every advantage of you. Now you are at the head of it and I'm out of the race. Is it because I am a woman and you men won't give us a chance?"

"In this particular case," was the reply. "It is because when I came in here I at once became absorbed in my work. When I wasn't at work I was miserable. I was four years younger than you and had four years' advantage. I never had to be away from business. I was so eager for work that I did some of your work and some of every one else in the business. In this way I learned it. When some one was need-

ed for a purpose I was the best equipped for it. Perhaps you thought if you failed you could marry. I felt that if I failed I couldn't marry. When I did marry I realized that the responsibility of a family was on me; if I didn't succeed the wife and the kid would starve. If you could have been absorbed as I was and stood the racket of training as I did perhaps you might have got where I am today. But you couldn't be absorbed, and you couldn't stand the physical requirements."

"Thank you very much," said Margaret, and she went away to procure her trousseau. When her first child came she remarked:

"I should have been at this business instead of the other eight years ago."

Meanwhile her sister Belle had married a successful business man. There was friction at first because she thought her husband did not tell her enough about his affairs, but several children engaged her attention, so that when he talked to her about his business she was glad when he had finished.

But one day he brought a man home to dinner, with whom he told his wife that he was intending to enter into a large business deal.

"If you do," said his wife, "you'll be swindled."

"What makes you think that?" asked her husband, surprised.

"There's something about his nose I don't like."

The husband laughed.

Six months passed. One day her husband said to his wife:

"Do you remember, dear, a man I brought home to dinner, whose nose was not to your taste, and on that account you pronounced him a rascal?"

"I do."

"Well, your remark was the feather that turned the scale. I did not make the deal. He has swindled every one who trusted him and decamped."

"That was to be expected."

"On account of his nose, I suppose."

"Johnny has cut another tooth," was the irrelevant reply.

A Rip Van Winkle Story

By OSCAR COX

Mr. Rip Van Winkle Stone went to sleep in the province of Marne, France, after a tramp, in the middle of July, 1895, and slept the twenty years his great-great-grandfather had slept in the Catskill mountains, in America. Like his progenitor, he was on a height and could look down on a broad expanse of country. It was the same season as that in which he had commenced his slumber, so he didn't realize that he had slept a couple of decades.

"What a peaceful scene!" he remarked. "It makes me feel like taking another nap."

Hearing a buzzing sound above, he looked up.

"My good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Have whales from the sea got into the air?"

A Zeppelin was swimming along lazily. Mr. Stone watched it till it passed out of sight, wondering what it could be. Beneath him, running from northeast to southeast, was an ill defined zigzag line. He didn't remember having seen it when he went to sleep. While he was wondering how it came there he saw a flock of birds rising from the other side of a hill and come toward him. As they approached they grew larger and larger, and when they passed over his head he saw men on them.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with me? First, the world seems turned upside down and whales swim where the birds should be. Next, men ride by on the backs of birds."

A party of men in uniform rode up in an auto to a point near where he was gazing, and one of them brought

binoculars to bear on the country below. They were a German general and his staff. Stone spoke French pretty well and hailed them.

"Hello, you fellows! What are you doing cavorting in uniform in these peaceful times?"

The men looked at him curiously, and one of them asked him in German who he was and what he was doing there. He said he was an American on a tramp; then, rising, he was beginning to descend the declivity when one of the officers asked him where he was going.

"To Paris," was the answer.

"I hope you'll succeed in doing so," was the reply. "We've been trying to get there for a year and haven't accomplished the feat yet."

The American started down the declivity.

"See here, my man, do you want to walk straight to your death?"

"How can I walk to my death going down into that quiet country?"

"What's the matter with you? Don't you see that zigzag line down there?"

"Yes, and I can't make out what it means."

"It means 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 of men, armed with all the implements of modern warfare."

"What are they doing there?"

"They're at war."

"You don't mean to tell me that there's war going on down in those peaceful meadows and slopes?"

At that moment came the roar of a hundred guns from a segment of the line not a mile long.

"What's that?" asked Stone.

"Cannon, you fool."

Stone didn't hear. A light breeze was setting westward. A brown cloud arose and drifted with it.

"What's that?"

"Asphyxiating gas."

"What's it for?"

"There are millions of French soldiers down there. That gas is intended to poison them so they can't fight. Wait a minute and you'll see a charge."

By this time there was so much noise that it was useless to ask any more questions, and the Yankee simply gaped. He heard the charge and saw some of it, but the foes were so near together that it seemed to him like a gigantic football game wherein the two teams were deadlocked, and whenever they moved they left heaps of men lying still. Gradually the din died down, and the Yankee found it possible to make himself heard again.

"See here!" he said. "Did those soldiers get vomited out of the bowels of the earth?"

"They came out of the trenches."

"Trenches! What are they?"

"Don't you know anything about war?"

"Yes, my father was in the great war between the states in America. I've heard a lot about war from him. But that was a war of men, not of rabbits. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, the biggest of the war. There were a couple of hundred thousand men engaged. The line must have been several miles long."

"Oh, give us a rest about your American battles! There are three or four millions of men in that line and it is 200 miles long."

"Whew!"

A flock of aeroplanes was seen in the distance. The general and his staff manifested some trepidation and descended the hill rearward to seek cover.

"I'm going home to America, where everything is as peaceful as a cemetery," said Stone to himself.

But when he had reached Paris by a roundabout way and bought a newspaper the first thing that arrested his attention was a scare head:

THE WHOLE YANKEE NATION DISCUSSING PREPAREDNESS FOR WAR.

The Evening Telegram, daily,
and the Cloverdale Courier, both
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