

# THE GRAND PROMOTOR

By M. QUAD

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Major Crofoot stood looking out of one of his office windows with his hands thrust deep in his pockets and a look of meditation on his face. He was meditating about his landlord. He was now \$70 in arrears for his room and board, and when he came home to dinner he might find his trunk in the hall.

Then, too, here at his office he expected every day to be hounded for office rent long in arrears.

In the midst of his meditations the major felt a touch on his elbow, and he turned around to behold his landlord with hand outstretched and to hear him say:

"Major Crofoot, your back rent of this office now amounts to \$60. Come down!"

"Only \$60!" smiled the major after swallowing hard for half a minute. "Why, I thought it was near a hundred! It won't take me over five minutes to fill out a bond in your name. I shall make one for \$500."

"No bonds—no checks—no promises—the cash in hand!" warned the landlord.

"Have you lost confidence in me?" asked the major, with a worried look on his face.

"I lost it long ago, sir."

"I am sorry—very sorry I was going to fill you out a bond of my Egg Forcing company, and the bonds stand at a premium, and you can take one over to the bank and sell it at par and carry the gold home in your pocket."

"No bonds," repeated the landlord. "Well, Mr. Blake, I have just sent a thousand dollar bill over to the bank to get changed. If you will sit down for five minutes the boy will be back."

Mr. Blake sat down. There were several looks of doubt on his face. After one minute he was uneasy and shuffled his feet. After two minutes he was more uneasy and got up and walked to the door and back. After five minutes he looked out of the window to see if the major's boy was coming on the run with the handful of money.

Mr. Blake waited for twelve minutes and then rose and said:

"Major Crofoot, I believe you have lied to me!"

"I am getting uneasy myself," was the reply. "Do you think it possible, Mr. Blake, that the boy cribbed the money and has run away with it?"

"I think it possible that this office will be vacant within an hour." And Mr. Blake stalked out of the room and downstairs, while the major sat down to his desk and said to himself with a great sigh of relief:

"Well, that is off my mind for another three months. Mr. Blake is not the man to climb four flights of stairs for a few dollars back rent."

Forty minutes had passed away and then the landlord, a deputy sheriff and two husky men entered the room, and a legal paper was served on the major, who read it and replied:

"Gentlemen, have you called to see about investments? I have a large list of them and none that pay less than 5 per cent."

The landlord and the others paid no attention to this statement, but seized the furniture and carried it downstairs to the sidewalk. The task was quickly over. There was only the old desk, an old swiveled chair and two common chairs with lame legs. There was also a small coal stove which had been deathly cold nearly all winter.

The major was a man who felt that it was cheaper to be frost bitten than to buy a quarter of a ton of coal.

He made no objections to the removal of the furniture, but followed downstairs and calmly took a seat at his desk and began writing out a protest. The landlord and the men went away, but a crowd gathered and there was a block of the sidewalk. Pretty soon a policeman came up and asked:

"Is this an eviction for nonpayment of rent?"

"It has that appearance," was the reply, "but, it being a warm, balmy day, I shall continue to do business as usual."

"But you can't," was protested. "This crowd has got to be dispersed. If you don't find a room somewhere to move your things into I shall have to call the patrol wagon and have them carried to the station house."

"I will look for a room, sir," said the major, with proper dignity. "If I find one I shall hope that you will come around soon and let me show you my list of investments. There is some that I sell to policemen only."

The major rose up and walked half a block and then to the shop where his clothes cleaner did business. He went in and told the men how he was fixed. He was a German, and, having heard his story, he said:

"But you vhas owing me a bill of \$4 and I can't get her."

"We will call it \$8," said the major, with a liberal smile, "and I will pay you next week."

"You always say next week when I comes about my bill."

"But next week I shall probably sell \$10,000 worth of stock."

"Vhell, maybe you vhill," said the cleaner, after taking two minutes to think it over. "If you vhas in my shop I don't have to climb your stairs and you can't go out by der roof when you expect me to call."

And so Major Crofoot, grand promoter and with millions of money in the bank or elsewhere, moved into the humble shop and amid hanging suits and the smell of benzine is continuing his joyous career.

### One Sided Advice.

A witty young doctor, being called to attend a very pretty lady and finding little the matter with her, humorously suggested marriage as the only cure.

"You are single, are you not?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, but doctors only prescribe remedies; they do not take them," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### BUSINESS MAXIM.

Here is a mighty good business rule that was laid down by Ruskin: "If you can't pay for a thing don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it don't sell it. So you will have calm days, drowsy nights and all the good business you have now and none of the bad."

### Three Fears.

For most men life is a modified reign of terror. Three fears get up with them in the morning and go to bed with them at night. They do not confess to one another that they are afraid, but their wives know.

At night, after the children have been sent to bed, they sit by the fire, the average man and his wife, and face their three fears:

- First.—The fear of the loss of the job.
- Second.—The fear of bad health.
- Third.—The fear of a dependent old age.—American Magazine.

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