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THE

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☞ GEORGE GERLACH, Secretary. W. E. WOODROW, Manager.

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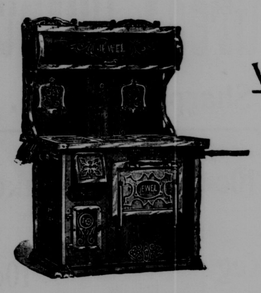

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A Flurry in Wheat

By Henry Munsing.

When pretty Dorothy Strang induced her father to take her to the metropolis she had no idea of making a great sensation in the business world. Indeed, she had no idea of making a sensation of any kind, her main thought being to see all the wonderful sights of the great city, go to as many theaters and operas as she could induce "papa" to take her to, do as much shopping as he would pay for and return home with some new hats and gowns that would paralyze the feminine portion of the town with envy and the masculine with admiration.

If anybody had suggested that this petite and vivacious damsel of 18 would break the most scientifically conceived wheat corner ever planned on the board, send the oldest and wisest of the bulls and bears scurrying for cover and make and unmake scores of fortunes, the suggestion would have been received with derision—and by nobody more skeptically than the little lady herself. But this is just what happened despite the fact that Miss Dorothy had no more idea regarding the wheat market or whattranspired onthe board of trade than her pet canary and could no more have grasped the significance of puts and calls, than she could have translated ancient Arabic.

Jerome Strang was a successful merchant and a shrewd business man. With all his hard-headed business sense he dearly loved a speculation, and it was whispered among his business associates that he frequently took a flyer in grains or stocks—and it was also whispered that he generally won.

On the occasion of his visit to the metropolis when Dorothy broke the wheat corner, truth to tell, he made the trip almost solely for the purpose of participating in the same corner, although he gave it out most solemnly in his family and to his business associates that he was making the trip to buy goods.

On the second day after their arrival he announced that a business associate to whom he had mentioned the fact that his daughter was with him, had invited them to attend the theatre with him.

"Oh, how horrid," pouted Dorothy, disturbed by visions of the thin-lipped old gentlemen with gray side-whiskers who talk perenially of business conditions, the tariff and the money market, or of fat-faced, bald-headed salesmen with huge mustaches and much jewelry, who would tell funny stories and patronize her.

"I think you will like him," replied her father. "He's young and handsome and a very well-informed and entertaining gentleman. At any rate it is exceedingly courteous in him to invite us and we must show him that we appreciate it."

Now, if Herbert Hollister had not put himself out, much against his inclination, to do his courteous act to a customer who had become a powerful factor in the great wheat deal he was engineering, and who promised to be a most valuable ally in the future deals, he never would have met Miss Dorothy, his wheat deal would not have been smashed to smithereens—and several otherthings would not have happened which did happen.

Hollister was one of the coming men on the board. Indeed he had already "come" and although well inside the thirties had engineered some very clever deals of a minor sort in which he had trimmed up the oldest and wisest of the traders and had besides been a considerable factor in some of the big deals of the past few years. His quick eye, ready judgment and lightning execution had won the respect and admiration of the "street," and it was freely predicted that he would become a multi-millionaire. Already he had acquired a very substantial fortune.

With great affairs in his head it is small wonder that he groaned inwardly at the prospect of an entire evening with a provincial maiden, probably of doubtful beauty and charms and equipped beyond doubt to converse only upon the most common-place affairs. An evening alone with the father would have promised substantial results, as Hollistsr had discovered the sound sense and far-seeing vision of Jerome Strang.

With these uncomplimentry views of each other and with mutual apprehensions of boredom did Hollister and Dorothy meet. The meeting was a shock to both. Hollister beheld the most graceful and piquant vision he had ever beheld—a jaunty little piece of femininity with all the freshness of girlhood, and country girlhood at that, and at the same time all the budding promise of a glorious womanhood; a figure beyond criticism, surmounted by a face as finely chiseled as that of a Greek goddess. But the eyes were what riveted his attention—the eyes and the mouth. Her eyes was as black as night and their depths were unfathomed, while the lips were cupid's own—and over all and through all was that saucinessor rather vitality which always drivesmen crazy.

On her part she confronted the most distinguished appearing gentleman she had ever met. Tall, straight and elegant of form, his clear cut features and fresh complexion were admirably set off by the touch of gray in his hair and mustache which, while not suggesting age gave pronounced dignity and character to the tout ensemble. He was attired in the height of fashion and carried himself with the quiet ease of a gentleman and a man of the world.

The evening was a revelation to Dorothy—from the luxurious enjoyment of the box at the theater to the perfect supper afterward. Also did it contain a new sensation to Hollister. The result was several similar evenings. In fact Hollister quite attached himself to the Strangs and found it not a bore at all to assist Jerome Strang to entertain his fascinating daughter.

One evening—fatal evening—he suggested that Dorothy might be interested in the antics of the bulls and bears, and it was arranged that her father should bring her the next day to his office from whence he would accompany them to the board and explain it all to the young woman. So on the following morning the girl found herself in Hollister's private office. Of a sudden Strang discovered that he had forgotten to deliver a message to a firm downstairs and charged out with the assurance that he would return in a few moments. A moment later Hollister was summoned to the long distance 'phone and Dorothy found herself in entire possession of the office. She seated herself at Hollister's desk. A messenger boy came tearing in and slammed down an open message.

"Want an answer right away," he snorted.

She glanced at the message while trying to frame a sentence to convey the idea that Hollister would be back presently. It was open and she could not fail to read the sententious sentence: "Will you sell 100,000 bushels of May wheat?"

In an instant the oft-repeated axiom of her father regarding business came to her: "It's always easy to buy goods; the trick is to sell them." She would show Hollister that she knew something of business. Anyway, had he not laughingly told her that she was in charge during his absence?

Reaching for a pad of paper she wrote: "Sell all you can," and signed Hollister's name to it.

He came back presently and began to rally her in his teasing way.

"Well, anyway I made a big deal for you while you were out," she said.

"And I owe you a commission, I suppose," he returned gallantly. "Well, what is it?"

A trifle peaked she shoved the message received to him.

"I answered it," she said proudly.

"You did?" he said. "And what did you say?"—still chaffing.

"Oh, I said to sell all they could," she said proudly, tapping the desk with a letter opener.

He glanced at her smiling, then thoughtfully.

"Joking aside Miss Strang, did you answer the message?"

"Certainly," she replied. "Papa always told us that it was easy enough to buy, but the trick was to sell, and the boy said he had to have an answer right away, so I just thought I would clinch the deal. Is my hat on straight, Mr. Hollister?"

But he was already out of the door grabbing his hat on the run.

"Funny," she thought. Presently her father came in and she related the circumstances to him, complaining at Hollister's abrupt exit. Jerome Strang turned fairly green as he grasped the significance of it all.

"Come, let's go to the board," was all he said, and he hustled her to the elevator and to the gallery of the great mart of trade. The scene was something fierce even to old members. To Dorothy it was pandemonium let loose. And there among the crazy, shouting lunatics, was Hollister, hair disheveled and hand in air, shouting louder than anybody.

"Mercy, what make them act like that?" asked Dorothy, putting her fingers in her ears.

"Principally you," replied her father, gravely.

After a time Hollister came to them. In answer to Strang's questioning look he said quietly: "I guess we have saved ourselves but five minutes later would have wiped us out. The message had been shown to everybody and the slump had begun. All I could do was to sell faster than anybody. A lot of them suspected a trick and covered, so I figure we will come out about even—but it was a close shave and the deal is off. No corner can obtain now."

They went back to the office. Strang had some business with the book-keeper and again Dorothy was left alone with Hollister in the private office. She felt the strange atmosphere.

"Tell me, Mr. Hollister, did I do anything bad?" she demanded.

"Well," he said, smiling a far away smile, "you broke the strongest corner in wheat that has happened in ten years and lost something like $4,000,000 for a clique of which your father and I are allied."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to."

"I am the principal loser," he said sternly, watching her closely. "I was in charge of the deal and the slip came from my office. There is only one way you can pay the damage."

"Dear me," she replied dismayed and ready to cry, "how is that?"

"By giving me—yourself," he said softly.

FRIENDSHIP.

Everybody who has made only a cursory investigation of the "purple patches" of rhetoric will remember De Quincey's essay in which he arouses the breathless horror of suspense about the vision of sudden death. The very phrase of "sudden death," as he shows by citing that general supplication—"from lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death"—expresses an idea of the grand climateric of woe and utter disaster. In the ancient world there was another evil which summed up the heights of the abhorred—the false and perfidious friend. The old writers speak of the flouts of fortune, disaster in love, the wrath of Jove, the withering palsy, and, finally, "the treachery of a friend." The treachery of the friend and the faithless friend no longer occupy much space in modern literature, and a wit says that just as no attention is paid to snake poison in Iceland, where there are no snakes, so we pay no heed to the subject of friendship in these modern days, because the thing has ceased to be.

Acquaintances, people with whom we do business, persons whose names, occupations and addresses we know, are more plentiful than ever. We stir about more than the people of olden times did or could, and we have faster mails, telegraphs, fast trains and telephones, and thus the average man is brought into some sort of contact with many human beings; but because of the swiftness of the movement, the multiplicity of the people we all must see, the distraction we are all in, there is but a remote opportunity for any one today not marooned on a desert island to become well enough acquainted with a man to be bound to him.

Another reason why men do not readily form those close relationships one with another which Goldsmith aptly described as "disinterested commerce between equals" is that in these later days married men find more and more their companions and friends in their wives. Many great and wonderful things have been accomplished in modern times, but it may be questioned if anything greater has been done than by the higher education of woman, her emancipation, her emergence from mere household drudgery, and the expansion of her interests and pursuits. Woman is now the intellectual equal of man in every respect—his companion and friend.

But after allowing for certain compensations for the loss of the old-time friendships between men, which we are led to believe really did exist because we read about them and occasionally hear our grand-fathers aver most emphatically that they actually formed such friendships, yet there can be no doubt that something has been lost from life by the "passing of friendship." There is, perhaps, no discipline in life equal for the formation of character to that which "grows" naturally and inevitably from the close communion of two honest men. Friendship means absolute frankness and openness, without reservation of thought and opinion, without evasion and shuffling; the absolute self-revelation of the man. As Cicero said, the essence of friendship is straightforwardness and sincerity. This practice of straightforwardness is a training and an uplifting to any one. And it is the more severe and salutary from the fact that it tends to drive into the background all the baser, meaner characteristics and qualities, and to bring forward all that is best and purest and noblest; for a man who is in constant contact with another human being, desirous of his respect and approval, is apt to use him as a "touchstone" or measure of what is worthy, and to say to himself when courses of action or thoughts which will not bear the light of frank examination suggest themselves, "Why this is not worthy of my friend, and he would not approve of it as the right and true thing to do."

It has been said that "a good man is the best friend, the soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen"; but every one must know thoroughly good men with whom a close friendship is impossible. Goodness is always entitled to respect, but there are some persons so self-contained, so cold and distant, or so nearly diametrically opposed to us in thought, feeling, sympathies and temperament, that any real intimacy with them is unthinkable. Henry D. Thoreau, the recluse and early leader of simple life, gave an excellent indication of the true basis for the formation of friendship:

> "Friendship is the unspeakable joy and blessing that results to two or more individuals who from constitution sympathize. Such natures are liable to no mistakes, but will know each other through thick and thin. Between two by nature alike and fitted to sympathize there is no veil, and there can be no obstacle. Who are estranged? Two friends explaining."

There are many kinds of friendships, or, as Jeremy Taylor in his famous paper, says, some are made by contract, some by interest and some by "souls." The friendship which is formed with an eye to the profit is not of a very high kind usually, and yet if the man is of such a nature that he does not afford us aid in our spiritual improvement and growth, he is a failure as a friend. As to the attachments which are made with a view to making money or any kind of mere material profit—they are not friendships in the real sense of the word, but manœuvers.

Many men and women would have friends, and wonder why they go through life and seem to be more and more alone. They should know that there is one indispensable condition attached to the gaining of friends, thus stated by Thomas Wilson:

> "Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship. A man may have authority over others, but he can never have their hearts but by giving his own."

UNPRECEDENTED IMMIGRATION.

The immigration to this country for the fiscal year ending June 30 foots up 1,027,429 people, and exceeds all previous records, says the Philadelphia *Press*. It surpasses the flood tide of 1903 by almost 150,000, and means an addition of one-eightieth to the population of the country in a single year, in addition to the natural increase by births. The more we receive of Europe's surplus population the more we continue to get. These wholesale additions of raw population, who speak not our tongue and are strangers to our habit of thought, are not regarded with entire equanimity by thoughtful observers. It has not been demonstrated how much dilution of this sort our native population can stand without being affected injuriously. The misgivings of many prophets, who thought they foresaw the deteroriation of American stock by excessive immigration, have not been realized. On the contrary, those states that have received and assimilated the greatest amount of foreign blood seem to be the most prosperous and progressive and materially the strongest states in the Union. Under our new immigration regulations a great many apparently unfit are returned to Europe, and no doubt the remainder, with many additional newcomers in the years to come, will be swallowed in the general population and all be American. The original mature immigrants pass away in a few decades, and a knowledge of the English language and a few terms at our public schools make their children pretty fair Americans, with very few Old World notions adhering to them.

Life Insurance.

For twenty-five cents you can now insure yourself and family against any bad results from an attack of colic or diarrhœa during the summer months. That is the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, a medicine that has never been known to fail. Buy it now, it may save life. For sale by Douglass Drug Store; A. L. Duffey, Hillsboro.

The Bicycle Again.

Allegations are seen in the Eastern papers of the revival of the bicycle as a vehicle for relaxation and utility. It is stated that manufacturers are kept busy in turning out bicycles to meet the increased demand, and while there is no prospect of the return of the craze of a few years ago, the revival of the sane and reasonable use of the bicycle for exercise and for personal transit from place to place is making itself manifest.

Buy It Now.

Now is the time to buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is certain to be needed sooner or later, and when that time comes you will need it badly—you will need it quickly. Buy it now. It may save life. For sale by Douglass Drug Store; A. L. Duffey, Hillsboro.