

Obliging Jordan.

By W. F. Bryan.

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"Well, sir?"
George Jordan swung around in his office chair and regarded Sidney Harlan with a portentous frown.

"I though I told you not to bother me again about Vera until you had money enough to support a wife."

"You did," asserted Sidney, "but, you see—"

"I don't see you," broke in Jordan, "and I have had an eye on you, too, sir. You have some \$8,000 in the bank, drawing 3 per cent. I offered you an opportunity to invest it at 10 per cent, and you refused."

"But, you see, I thought—"

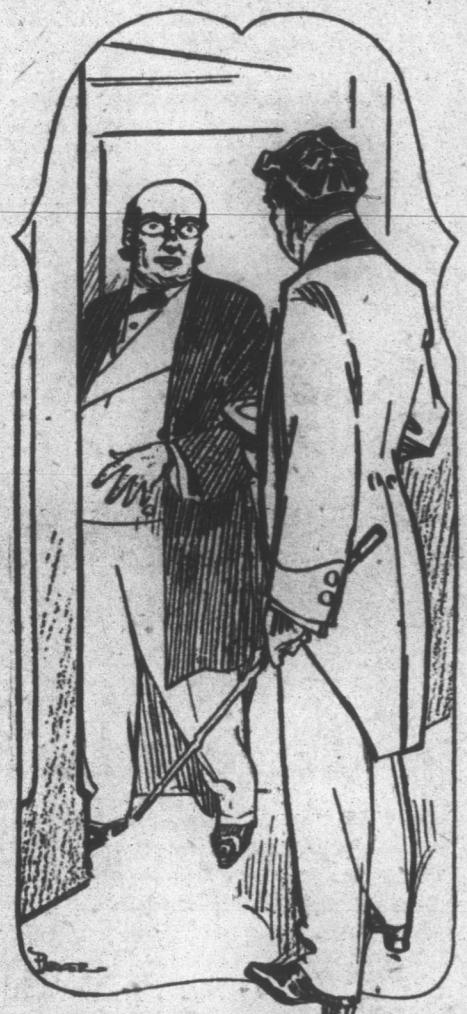
"That's the trouble. You don't think right!" thundered Jordan. "You are afraid to risk it in a speculation which, I believe, will do better even than the 10 per cent I prophesied. Then you hang on to that absurd farm which is bound to be valuable some day because it is on the water front."

"It is valuable already," interrupted Sidney. "In a year from now—"

"It will be worth just as much as it is worth today and will be the same five years hence. A paltry bank account and a hundred acres of your farm, and yet you insist that you are entitled to come here and bother me about Vera every six months. It's absurd. It wastes my time."

"But this time"— broke in Sidney pleadingly.

"Last time it was the rumor that a trolley line was to be built, and you wanted to cut your farm up into building lots. You're dippy about the value of that land. I've got 200 acres more



"YOU'RE PAYING TWICE WHAT THAT LAND IS WORTH."

than that I'll sell you for your \$8,000 cash. That's about \$40 an acre."

"I'll take you," agreed Sidney as he drew out his check book. "Will you have the transfer made out at once?"

Jordan stared incredulously. It seemed too good to be true. Though he was a rich man, Jordan was terribly pressed for ready cash with which to swing certain deals, and this \$8,000 would solve several financial problems.

Rising, he led the way across the hall to the offices of his lawyers, instructing them to make out a deed to Harlan, and the latter sat down to wait for being assured that it would require but a few minutes.

The clerk did not explain that a similar deed had been drawn up only a few weeks before, when Jordan had sought to sell the ground for half of what he was getting from Harlan.

The deal had fallen through, and it only remained to recopy the document with the new name and terms. In twenty minutes Harlan owned the property and an office boy was on his way to the bank with the check for Jordan.

Harlan followed Jordan to his own offices, but at the door the elder turned.

"If you think you have won my admiration with any such grand stand play as this," he said brutally, "you have made a mistake. You're paying twice what that land is worth just to call my bluff. That's not the sort of man I want for a son-in-law. I want a man who can drive a bargain, not one who can be fooled the way you have been."

"If you will let me explain"— began Harlan, but, with a laugh, Jordan shut the door between them. He was still chuckling over the incident when a card was brought in, to be followed by a sharp, eager-looking man, a local real estate agent.

"Uncommon cheerful you look," commented the newcomer as he took a chair uninvited.

"Just been turning down my daughter's suitor and getting rid of a lot of useless real estate by lending it on him," responded Jordan, with a chuckle. "That's the seventh time I've told Harlan that he couldn't marry Vera."

"And you sold him that parcel of land out by the lake?" asked the other man.

Jordan nodded. "And at forty an

acre," he said, with a grin. "Got rid of the whole 200 acres. He's an idea that some of these days the land is going to be worth something. I knew he had \$8,000 in bank, and I let him buy the lot for just what he had. I bet he can't even pay the taxes."

"You haven't delivered the deeds yet, have you?"

"Did you think I was going to give him a chance to cool off?" demanded Jordan. "That's not my way of doing business. I just took him across the hall and had the deeds drawn and turned over to him. The money is in the bank by now."

"And you can't possibly get it back?" asked the other man anxiously.

"I couldn't be forced to take it back," was the answer, followed by a rumbling laugh. "I've put that parcel on poor Harlan so tight that it's going to stick. What's worrying you about it?"

"Jordan, Harlan didn't tell you that he had given forty acres of his land to the Mower and Reaper people, did he?" asked the agent.

"They're going to take a site on the other side of the river," said Jordan. "I picked up a few acres cheap just the other side of their plant. They employ several thousand people, and there will be a fortune in sites for homes for the workmen."

"They were planning to build over there," said the visitor slowly, "but the cost of the land was run up when it was discovered who wanted it. Then Harlan came along and heard of the deal and gave them forty acres outright and looked to the other sixty to make his profit. Now you've made him a present of 200 acres for \$40 when I came to offer you an even \$100 an acre."

For a moment Jordan's face paled. He knew the ground, and he knew that the 300 acres were about all that could be used by the factory and the town that would arise near by.

It would be impossible to pick up any more land, for Harlan's holdings were on a peninsula, and the Jordan tract was immediately behind that. On the other side of the road was a marsh that it would scarcely pay to fill in. Harlan had the game in his own hands.

The visitor took his departure when he found that Jordan had no land to sell, and the old man was left alone to think things over. As the result of his cogitations he reached for the telephone and called up his house.

"Is young Harlan there?" he asked when he heard his daughter's voice in answer. "Tell him to wait," he added. "Ask him to stay to dinner. We might as well settle when you two are to be married."

"I wanted to let him in on my information," explained Sidney when Vera demanded light on the peculiar message. "It seems that he wants his son-in-law to be able to do him, and I did him—just to oblige."

"And you'll sell the land back to him?" urged Vera.

"Not a bit of it," asserted Harlan. "He wouldn't really like me if I did."

Effect of an "H."

A cockney whose name was Ogtone, which he, following the usage of his class, pronounced Hogtown, settled at the beginning of the last century in the city of New York, where he did business as a trader. His prefixing of the "h" was the occasion of a postoffice story which Dunlap, the author of the "History of the Arts of Design," tells.

Before the clerks of the postoffice knew Ogtone he called day after day to inquire if, there were "any letters for John Hogtown."

"None, sir," was the invariable answer.

"Very strange," said he, feeling uneasy about the goods he had ordered from England and the bills of exchange he had remitted.

One day after the usual question, "Any letters for John Hogtown?" his eye, following the clerk, noticed that he was looking among the letters beginning with H.

"Oho!" cried he. "What are you looking there for? I said John Hogtown."

"I know it, sir, and I am looking for John Hogtown, and there's nothing for you."

"Nay, nay!" shouted John. "Don't look among the hatsches. Look among the hoses."

And among the O's were found a pile of letters addressed to John Ogtone, which had been accumulating for many a week.

He Obeyed Orders.

Years ago when Clemenceau was the mayor of Martre and at the same time a deputy he opened a dispensary in the quarter, where advice was given free, for Clemenceau is a specialist in skin diseases. One day he noticed that he had just one hour in which to get his luncheon and go down to the chamber, where he had to interpellate the government. He called his assistant and said, "How many more patients are there waiting?"

"Six," replied the man.

Four of these six had their cases diagnosed, and Clemenceau, after another glance at his watch, said, "Tell the other two to undress at once. It's only two more minutes to wait."

One entered, and Clemenceau wrote out a prescription in the twinkling of an eye.

The last man came in as naked as the day when he was born. Clemenceau eyed him for a minute and then said: "You are suffering from no skin disease. What have you come here to worry me for?"

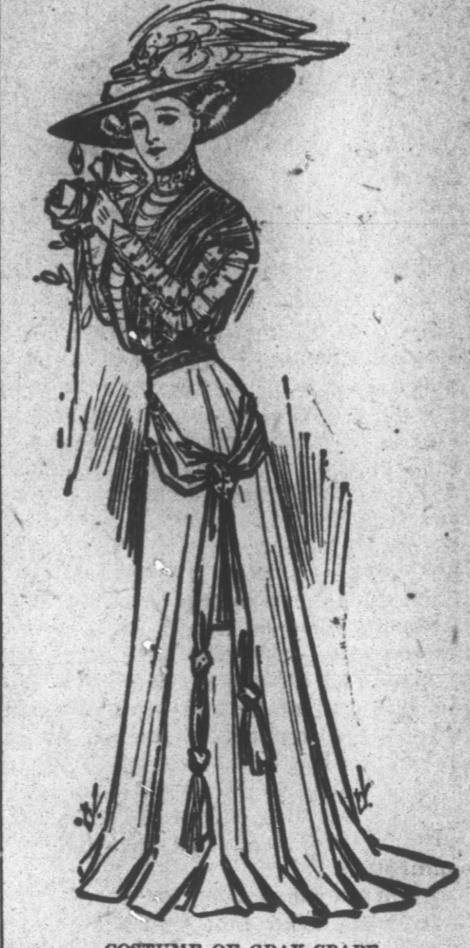
The man looked at him aghast for a minute and replied: "Skin disease? I never said I had a skin disease. Your man came in and told me to undress, M. le Depute, and I did so. All I wanted to ask you was to use your influence to get my sister a place in the postoffice in Algeria."

Clemenceau smiled, took his name and did use his influence.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A New Model.

This costume is a combination of the jumper and modified directoire style. It is in a smoke gray shade of crepe de chine, with sash of gray satin caught together over the left hip with a fancy embroidered ornament in silver



COSTUME OF GRAY CREPE.

bullion. The ends of the sash are weighted with long silver bullion tails.

The gumpie is of white chiffon, with trimmings of gray satin buttons and simulated buttonholes of the same material.

The hat of black velvet is trimmed with white satin and white wings.

The Girl With Red Hair.

If your hair is golden brown or of the color that lovers of "fine writing" call "the Titian tint," which means it is red, you may make it still more attractive by wearing a jet coronet with bands of cut jet to weave in the puffs on the back and sides. The hair must puff out until the head resembles the top of a rain barrel adorned with hoops of onyx. A woman of prominence in Vanity Fair at the party the other night confided to a friend that three yards of cut jet trimming had been needed to produce the striking effect achieved in her coiffure. The hair was waved and parted and came down low on each side of her forehead. Then came a wreath of puffs topped by the coronet of jet. Then came a monstrous braid of hair coiled around the head, and in and out was woven the cut jet. Close to the neck was a row of clinging ringlets, and small jet headed pins kept these embellishments in place.

Dressy Directoire Hat.

One of the new exclusive shapes of the directoire mode is in the lines of the shepherdess. In this instance it is developed in a royal purple velvet combined with satin, which forms numerous small pipings on the upper



THE SHEPHERDESS SHAPE.

brim. The crown, which is large and low, is trimmed with huge white wings posed flat against the front and sides.

Streamers of purple velvet ribbon hang from the back of the crown over the wide brim and are knotted and brought forward to hang over the shoulder to the waist line.

A Silk Season.

Silk will be very much worn this season. Not the kind of taffeta we used to wear. Nobody wants to rustle now; we do not want to look starched or to shine; we must look as willed and clinging as is possible. As the demand for silk is greater the weave will be improved. We find rich, heavy liberty satin and dull silks in the shops like those that were worn in our grandmothers' days. Silk costs more now than it did, but it wears better. It is now a material for the street as well as for church and other occasions for simple dressing.

The man looked at him aghast for a minute and replied: "Skin disease? I never said I had a skin disease. Your man came in and told me to undress, M. le Depute, and I did so. All I wanted to ask you was to use your influence to get my sister a place in the postoffice in Algeria."

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WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

President Roosevelt, returning to Washington from Oyster Bay to resume his final season's work as president, informally dedicated the new Union station, the "presidential station." During the absence of the chief magistrate from the capital the finishing touches have been put upon the great railway terminal. It has been called the "presidential station" because, for the first time in an edifice of this kind, special apartments have been set aside for the use of the president when he is beginning or ending a railroad journey.

The Presidential Station.

Although the new station has many points of distinction, being, for instance, the largest and costliest railroad terminal in the world, its most notable novelty is the presidential suit. No other ruler of a republic has ever had such facilities. Indeed, no foreign sovereign has had apartments of equal luxury and convenience.

The presidential apartments occupy the eastern end of this marble masterpiece and extend the full width of the building. At the southeast corner is the main entrance to the suit—an arched carriage portal of simple and imposing architecture. The nature of the quarters is indicated only by sculpture over the doorway, representing the seal of the United States, surrounded by flags. If preferred, entrance or egress may be had on the east front, where several doors open from the apartments to a corridor or portico spacious enough to permit half a dozen carriages to be drawn up.

The Reception Room.

The main entrance opens on a vestibule. This communicates with the main reception room, from which open most of the doors on the east front. This reception room is high ceilinged, almost as large as the historic east room at the White House and suggestive of that salon in its general dimensions. It has a mosaic floor, and the fresco ornamentation and other decorations, which are very elaborate, are in blue and gold.

The train shed and concourse. Through a vestibule at the north end the presidential suit communicates with the train shed and concourse. This concourse is 754 by 130 feet, large enough, it has been said, to accommodate the entire standing army of the United States. Trains enter this \$20,000,000 station on thirty-three tracks. The presidential specials will use the track at the eastern end of the yard nearest the state suit. That will require but a short walk from cars to carriages for the presidential party.

Capitol Improvements.

Alterations and improvements in and about the capitol and the house office building which will cost about \$150,000 are being made under direction of Superintendent Elliott Woods, who is rushing the work so that it shall be completed before congress convenes Dec. 7.

For years the inadequacy of the elevator service on the house side of the capitol has been a source of constant complaint during sessions. Throughout the last session this lack was greatly increased by the occupancy for the first time of the house office building, the tenancy of whose rooms by representatives, committees and clerical forces made a lot of travel through the tunnel and more than doubled the number of passengers carried daily in the southwest elevator.

New Elevator Being Built.

When congress adjourned the intention was to install another elevator on the house side, running the shaft through the small room in the west corridor at the south end of the lobby formerly known as the speaker's room and to keep this elevator exclusively for use by members and newspaper men. It was found, however, that to locate the shaft there would necessitate too much cutting away of the foundations of the building, and another scheme was devised.

Representative Jenkins, chairman of the committee on judiciary, agreed to vacate the judiciary room on the south corridor, gallery door, and to take in lieu the speaker's private room for executive committee work and a large room in the office building for hearings. Workmen are now cutting an elevator shaft through the judiciary room, which will give entrance from the ground floor on to the east hall, just inside the south capitol entrance, which will connect on the basement floor with a branch tunnel linking the office building and the capitol, for the convenience of newspaper men, clerks and others.

House Postoffice to Be Moved.

The house postoffice will be moved to the office building, and the space thus vacated will be partially used by the new shaft. The old (present) elevator serving the southwest corner of the capitol will be closed to the public and reserved for members and the press exclusively.

The speaker may or may not retain the rooms formerly used by the ways and means committee on the house floor, south corridor. Additionally two rooms on the first floor of the house office building, southwest corner, will be at his disposal.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE?

Let Them Assist in Bearing the Legitimate Expenses of the Campaign to This End.

TO THE EDITOR:

There are no secrets in this Campaign. Strictly practicing what he preaches, Mr. Bryan would not win victory with tainted money paying the election expenses.

Not a dollar is to be accepted which requires any promise, either express or implied, other than for HONEST, IMPARTIAL GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Bryan will enter the White House absolutely free from entangling alliances, free to serve all classes of honest citizens alike, or he will not enter at all.

Hence the course is plain. The campaign of Bryan and Kern must be conducted by the people.

The people must pay the necessary campaign expenses if they want public servants who will serve their interests.

Special interests and favored classes, having secured "SWOLLEN FORTUNES" by purchasing favors in the past with MILLIONS CONTRIBUTED TO CONTROL ELECTIONS, stand ready to give MILLIONS MORE FOR CONTINUED FAVORS. But that class never gives a dollar unless it buys a pledge.

Mr. Bryan says, from March 4th, 1909, "LET THE PEOPLE RULE."

This can come only if the people pay their own bills, and control their own elections.