

Tommy and the Telephone Steal

By MICHAEL J. PORTER

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"How would you like to own ten shares of telephone stock?"

"Ten shares; market value, 125—that's \$1,250. The dividend is what—10 per cent. annually?"

Col. Stoneman nodded.

"Not bad; not bad at all," confessed little Tommy Sharp, city attorney. "Wish I could afford 'em."

"You can," returned the colonel, settling his white vest carefully. "Just report favorably to the mayor on that new franchise of ours. He'll believe anything you say."

Tommy grinned a boyish grin. "I suppose I'd ought to throw you out of my office," he said. "But I can't. You're too big, and too imposing, colonel."

"Then it's all right?"

"Yes, it's all right. Your franchise is a steal, and I'm going to tell him so."

Tommy was still smiling carelessly, but his calmness and his lack of heroics did not deceive the colonel. The caller rose.

"Well, think it over. If you see your way—"

"Afrail I won't, Colonel."

The big man paused. "Well, there's no use of our being enemies over it," he said genially. "My car's outside. Come on and have a little ride."

Tommy rose promptly. "Go you."

He chuckled as he locked the office. "What's the joke?" inquired the telephone magnate.

"Oh, I was thinking how similar men's methods are under similar circumstances," replied Tommy. "Old Bill Hicks wanted the inside track on the garbage contract. He invited me out for a ride in that rattletrap buggy of his. I went; learned a lot, too."

"Well—I'd hate to forbid you the House, My Boy."

colonel. Human nature is always human nature. The only thing that spoiled the pleasure of the ride was the vile cigar he gave me. I couldn't give him the garbage contract, but I had to smoke his cigar."

The colonel's eyes twinkled appreciatively, and unseen he slipped his cigar case back into his pocket.

"By the way, Sharp," he said, "my wife and daughter are in the car. Don't mention this telephone affair before them. Women don't understand—business."

"Thank heaven for that!" said Tom my fervently.

Cecil Stoneman was twenty-one—and delightful. She had gone to a woman's college and returned, unspoiled, despite her own popularity and her father's wealth. Perhaps her mother deserved much of the credit. Mrs. Stoneman was a sensible woman.

Tommy Sharp, sitting in the tonneau of the big car on a turning seat, enjoyed his ride very much.

The colonel smiled wisely, if somewhat cynically, to himself as he noted how their acquaintanceship developed. Mrs. Stoneman, more elemental and withal a better judge of people than her husband, because less logical, liked Thomas Sharp. When they dropped him after two hours at his lodgings she invited the young attorney cordially, to call.

He did, and fixed firmly the good opinion Mrs. Stoneman had formed of him. After that he came to be a regular visitor. The colonel, with something of triumph and something of weariness in his smile, postponed action on his telephone company's franchise grab for a full month.

One evening he came down to the city attorney's office a certain grim determination about his mouth.

"Special council meeting tonight, Sharp?"

"Yes."

"To pass our franchise?"

"To consider it, Colonel," corrected Tommy.

"Well, where are you?"

"Against it."

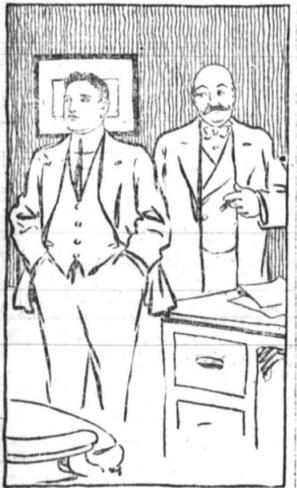
"I'm going to lay my cards on the table, face up, Sharp," said the colonel. "I'm going to talk plain talk to you. Man to man! You understand?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"I'm worth a million, Sharp."

"That's a lot of money."

"Well, it's some. And there's only one heir—my daughter. I believe she likes you. Well—I'd hate to forbid you the house, my boy."



"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've raised the ante from twelve hundred and fifty dollars to a million! That's some jump!"

Again the colonel found himself being laughed at.

The common council of Derwent passed the new telephone franchise with neatness and dispatch. Tommy Sharp got up when the vote had been taken.

"Mr. Mayor, if there are no objections, I would like to say a few words to the council."

Outside the railing Col. Stoneman, who had been leaning forward expectantly, settled back in his chair.

"The franchise is a steal," announced Tommy. "Mayor Braun, of course, will veto it."

"You bet!" said the mayor, tersely.

"And you will pass it over the veto with your two-thirds majority. So we're going to fight in the courts."

"I will get a temporary injunction to prevent its becoming operative. The case will go to the Supreme court, if necessary."

"Not on the city's money!" growled one of the councilmen.

"Then on my own, or on funds raised by public subscription. This is a personal matter with me. I'm going to beat the telephone company."

"Furthermore, you've passed this franchise, and I may have to send some of you gentlemen to jail. You gave \$10,000 to get that valve factory here—and bonuses are against the state law."

"I shall have to declare the last tax levy illegal. You can't collect a cent of it. That will bankrupt the city and beat you for re-election. The council proceedings of the meeting at which the budget was adopted are not in proper form."

Col. Stoneman knew when he was beaten, and he was sportsman enough to yield gracefully.

"Your honor," he said with a smile, "the Derwent Telephone Company has no desire to plunge the city in litigation. Mr. Sharp seems prejudiced against our new franchise. We withdraw it from consideration. It will not be presented again."

He was waiting at the door when Sharp came out.

"Young man," he said, "you have euchered me out of \$50,000."

"I'm sorry, Colonel."

"You did it fairly. We'll forget it. And I want you to come up to the house, same as ever."

"Thank you, sir."

The colonel smiled grimly. He slipped his arm through the younger man's. "The women folks are out in the machine. Come and say hello."

When Cecil Stoneman extended her hand over the side of the car, youthful audacity ran through Tommy's veins like fire. He raised the hand to his lips.

"You saw something like that in a picture show, didn't you?" asked the girl in mock reproof.

While the car sped homeward she was silent. The back of her hand, where Tommy had kissed it, she held carelessly against the soft, warm whiteness of her, where neck and shoulder joined. It gave her a feeling of exquisite content.

Bishop and Coachman.

The late Bishop Tait was driven by a coachman of the old world sort, of whom Dr. Benson used to tell this good story:

One day a clergyman who called at the palace asked him whether he still had as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime.

"There's always a goodish bit doing, sir; but it has been a trifle easier since we took young Mr. Parry into the business." Right Rev. Edward Parry had then recently been appointed bishop suffragan of Dover.

Another story he used to tell of a coachman will be new to many.

A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington, finding that the stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, spoke to his coachman about it.

"They ought to go," he said.

"That's just what I say myself, sir," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me. I go, and what harm does it do to me?'—London Tit Bits.

Her Suspicion.

He (soulfully)—There are a thousand stars tonight looking down upon you.

She—Is my hat on straight?—Harper's Bazar.

His Only Hope.

About the only hope we can see for the nine-dollar-a-week man is for him to marry a girl who is happy over trifles.—Galveston News.

COULDN'T GIVE THINGS AWAY



"Is it going to rain tomorrow?"

"It would really be a breach of confidence if I were to tell you."

"Why so?"

"I'm assistant clerk of the weather."

Make Your Room New

Mantels, Chairs, Wood-Work, and small rooms, can be quickly painted by any one with a small can of our Home Finish Domestic Paint, in all colors—15 to 25 cents.

Makes all interior wood-work bright as new.

Get it from Hardy Hardware Co., Scotland Neck.

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR IT



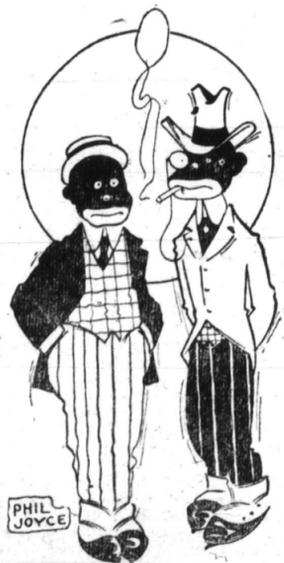
BAKER

He couldn't understand that Mr. Biggs, your wife's late husband, made everything over to her?

Heapeckett—Yes, and now she's making everything over for me.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with and especially during the summer months, viz, Chamberlain's Colic, Cooler and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by All Dealers.

THEN THE FIGHT STARTED.



"What were de trouble over at de Jones' house last night?"

"Why, Sarah give a watahmeion party an' she wanted to save de rhines to preserve, an' dey done eat rhines an' all."

Old New Furniture

Worn out chairs and furniture are made like new, at a cost of about 20 cents with one coat of L. and M. Varnish Stain.

Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc. colors.

Get it from Hardy Hardware Co., Scotland Neck.

Spring Days

Are pleasant for Driving if you have THE BUGGY and THE GIRL. We have THE BUGGY with the famous TON-DON AXLE and the other attractions can be had. Our axles wear better than any other and form an attractive part of our vehicles.

Then there is the AUTOMATIC BALL BEARING AXLE to suit those wanting something different but strong and easy.

Our REPAIRING department is unexcelled and we build anything that you desire in the vehicle line.

Also please look over our line of Harness before making a purchase. Our painter, Mr. Frank Parker, is unexcelled, he will finish any gear in any style you desire. All work guaranteed.

Good Roads will call for handsome vehicles and now is your time to put in your order before the rush comes.

Yours to please,

The Martin County Buggy Co.

Asa T. Crawford & W. L. Stalls, Managers
Williamston, North Carolina

Report of the Condition of the Farmers and Merchants Bank

Williamston, N. C., at the close of business June 7, 1911

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$170,522.31
Overdrafts	2,505.48
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	10,500.00
Due from banks and bankers	11,050.78
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	1,613.78
	\$196,592.35
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	8,000.00
Undivided profits less current expenses and taxes paid	2,633.16
Notes and bills rediscounted	1,270.16
Bills payable	30,000.00
Time certificates deposits	57,299.16
Deposits subject to check	72,196.54
Cashier's check outstanding	102.93
	\$196,592.35

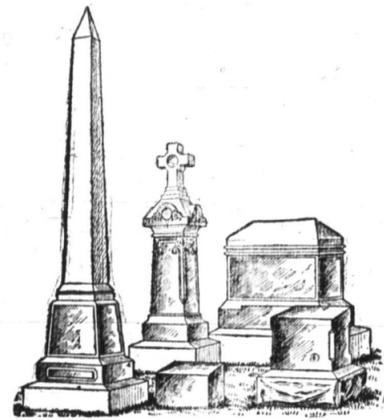
State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss.
I, Frank P. Fagan, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Correct—Attest: John D. Biggs, A. Hassell, W. H. Crawford, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 14 day of June 1911.
Asa T. Crawford, Notary Public.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Bank of Oak City

Oak City, N. C., at the close of business June 7, 1911

RESOURCES:	
Loans and discounts	\$ 5,596.28
Overdrafts	121.24
Banking house fur. and fix'trs less expenses	280.59
Due from banks and bankers	11,567.72
Gold Coins	5.00
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency and cash items	779.93
Total	\$ 18,349.56
LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock	\$ 5,000.00
Time certificates of deposit	4,856.52
Deposit subject to check	8,372.12
Cashier's checks outstanding	121.22
Total	\$ 18,349.56

State of North Carolina, County of Martin, ss.
I, B. M. Worsley, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Correct—Attest: H. S. Everett, H. K. Harrell, J. C. Ross, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13 day of June, 1911.
N. M. WORSLEY, J. P.



Monuments and Tombstones in Marble or Granite

REV. RUFUS BRADLEY, Agent
Williamston, North Carolina

"Every Little Movement Has

a Meaning Of It's Own,"

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