

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.



"IN THE WAKE OF THE HORDE OF REAL ESTATE AGENTS"

"SITTING DEJECTEDLY IN A ROW ON THE PORCH STEPS"

That man is possessed of more than his fair share of tenacity who undertakes to relieve his wife of the onerous task of hunting a new roof for themselves and their brood these September days. Perhaps he is moved to do so because he does not fancy the idea of his better half leaving the seashore or the mountains before cool weather sets in to tramp the streets looking for "for rent" signs during the warm and uncomfortable days that this month brings to most of our cities. Perhaps—

But no matter what the reason, it's ten to one that later on he will regret his generous act and register a mighty vow that never again will he be so foolhardy as to do the looking about for a place in which to set up his penates and lares.

Graham is numbered among those who have learned only through sad experience that a mere man has no more business house-hunting than he has to darn his socks following wash day.

When Graham reached his office one morning about a week before the first of last month he found among his mail this notice from his landlord's agent: "Dear Sir—The term of your lease on the apartment you now occupy terminates on the first of October. We trust that you will find it convenient to take a lease for another year despite the fact that we have decided to raise the rent of every apartment in the house fifteen dollars a month, due to an increase in taxes over last year. Please let us know your decision by the first of August, so that we may have the two months' notice agreed to in the lease to rent the apartment if you do not care to take it again. But we sincerely trust that you will remain with us."

"Well, the nerve of them!" exclaimed Graham. "Increased taxes! Why the tax rate is down this year considerably below that of last year. Of course, the property valuation has undoubtedly gone up, but not enough to justify a twenty-five per cent. raise in rents. It's bare-faced robbery, that's what it is—a regular hold up. Wait till August first to notify them! They'll get a letter this minute that'll jar 'em! Here, Jim!" And Graham sent the agent a hot declaration to do business with them for another year.

"And now," he said, as he turned to his desk, "I'll drop a line to Miranda telling her she'll have to cut short her visit with the home folks and be back here the first of September so as to hunt a new home. Too bad to spoil her plans, but then—No. I won't either. I'll do the hunting myself. Ain't I got common gumption? Miranda can have her visit out to do will be to step into the new home and take charge. And it's going to be in the suburbs. That's where Miranda's been wanting to go for four years. I'll be fine for the kid, and she can have the garden she's been longing for, even if

I have to spade it myself. Yes, sir, it's the country for us, and it's your Uncle Dudley who'll turn the trick all by his little lonely!"

Graham went at the job, as he called it, enthusiastically enough. When his friends endeavored to cable him the spending Saturday afternoons and Sundays in their company at the seashore or automobiling, he turned a deaf ear to them, and instead, consumed all his spare time tramping the suburbs in the wake of the horde of real estate agents whom he consulted. All through August he looked at houses—rows of houses—blocks of houses—more houses than he ever dreamed could possibly be for rent at one and the same time. It was flesh destroying work, but Graham had set his hand to the task, and, anyway, since he had written his wife about his little scheme he could not very well back out. However, he got a grain of consolation out of the fact that his knowledge of suburban geography was no longer hazy.

It was on the first Sunday of September that Graham found himself in a house that at the first glance seemed to be just what he had been searching for. But it was not and never had been his intention to take a house on superficial examination or appearances; he was too easy to be caught that way, he who prided himself on his keen selection to detail in all things. So he noted that the kitchen communicated with the dining room through a butler's pantry, and that the family at meal would not be put to the inconvenience of having the main passage through the room in order to answer the front door should she be summoned there at that time. He measured the space between the windows and doors in the living and sleeping rooms and found that they would accommodate the furniture nicely. The floors and the Graham carpets were the closest room in the house. The living room had the heart of the most exciting housewife. There was a gas range instead of a troublesome coal stove, the living room had southern exposure, the bedrooms got the morning sun, the owner had displayed good taste in selecting new papers, the attic between roof and upper story would operate to make the house cooler in summer, the lawn could be made as attractive as was the house itself exteriorly and inside.

The longer Graham looked minutely over the house the more pleased he became with it, and when he heard from the agent's lips that the rent was only forty dollars, he could scarcely believe his ears. Yet that was what the agent said he had said, and that settled it. Graham did not look a house further. Fearful lest some one should suddenly appear to rob him of the fruit of his holiday toil, he signed a year's lease down and wrote his wife all about the house and again assured her that when she returned to the city she would have nothing to do except to walk into the



"WHY MAN ALIVE YOU HAVE NO COLD AIR BOX"

new home and resume her throne as queen.

Mrs. Graham and the son were to return on the last day of September. That was the day that Graham decided to move the household goods. A few days beforehand he arranged with the van company to have the stuff there by four o'clock in the afternoon, and when the eventual day arrived he dispatched his brother to the house to oversee the woman engaged to clean up the place "from cellar to garret," as Graham put it, and to receive the furniture and place it properly. All the while he chuckled to himself as he worked, and it was with a pardonable glow of pride over his management of affairs without a hitch that he met his wife and heir that evening as they stepped off the life of him why a lot of people made such a fuss about having to hunt houses and move, anyway.

Thus he was running on optimistically that would bring the house in view. "Now," he cried as gleefully as a schoolboy, "I'll show—"

But his tongue claved to the roof of his mouth—his eyes all suddenly had told him that the grand illumination he had planned was not—that only a feeble light was struggling to dispel the gloom about the new house. In sheer perturbation his heart missed a beat; a minute later it sank kerpunk! when, instead of the warm welcome that he had anticipated from his brother, he heard that young man sinfully pronounce:

"Those damned vans haven't come yet!" And it was eight o'clock.

Graham swallowed a lump about the size of a Bartlett pear.

"Oh, well," he said, with forced cheerfulness. "I guess they'll be along pretty soon. Anyway, let's go in and light up and show off the house."

"Can't," said the brother. "The gas company won't turn on the gas."

"What!" shouted Graham.

"That's what I said," responded the other. "Wait around to make the deposit, was told that the last tenant had skipped without saying their last bill or that no gas would be turned on till it was paid."

"So I bought a lamp or two."

Graham seized on the last sentence. "Our grand-daddies got along with lamps," he laughed—he hoped not nervously—"and so will we for tonight, and

in the morning I'll fix things. Now let's wash up by lamp light."

"Can't," said the brother. "The old tenants forgot to pay their last water bill, too, and I had to borrow water by the painful from a neighbor so Lucy could clean up."

"Well," said Graham, desperately, "then we'll eat dinner without washing."

"No, you won't," said the brother. "You forget that it's a gas stove. Lucy couldn't cook without fuel, and before I told her she could go I didn't think about going out and buying a cold snack. Since then, I haven't dared to leave because of those vans that aren't here yet!"

Graham turned with a sickly smile to his wife.

"The best laid plans—" he began. "You dear old thing, don't worry one bit—it's fun!" said Mrs. Graham, ambiguously.

"Y-yes," answered Graham, doubtfully. "Now, we'll hunt up a restaurant."

It was nearly ten when the family returned to the new home—still no sight of the vans. At 10:30 the four Grahams were sitting patiently and sleepily and dejectedly in a row on the porch step waiting for the arrival of something on which they could go to bed. At a little after eleven their patience was rewarded when a procession of vans brought up before the house.

Graham turned belligerently toward them. The leading driver saw the fire in his eye by the light of the full moon, and he hastened to break out with:

"It's not our fault, mister. We'd just got well out into the country about eight miles from nowhere when the biggest van broke down, and we had to take out the stuff and then unpack about all the other vans and arrange everything all over again, so as we could get what was in the broken-down van in the others. If we hadn't done that and had waited for another van from the city we wouldn't have got here till morning."

"All right," said Graham, gruffly. "Now hurry the stuff into the house. We want to get to bed some time tonight."

By the aid of the few lamps that the brother had been thoughtful enough to secure the furniture was moved into the house with the production of each succeeding piece the agony of

Graham grew. When the van had broken down a lot of the furniture had followed suit, and in the hurried rearrangement of the vans' contents a lot more had suffered. The only satisfactory feature of the whole miserable business was that his wife continued amiable even when her precious mahogany work table, the pride of her heart, and her husband's last year's Christmas gift, came out covered with a multitude of scratches and one leg broken off short.

At last, the ordeal over, at 1 o'clock the family lay down upon improvised pallets upon the floor for such slumber as they could snatch before dawn, and thus closed the day that had promised so well and turned out so disastrously.

But if that had only been the end of the troubles born of Graham's little scheme!

It was well to say nothing of the week that elapsed before Graham succeeded in getting the gas turned on—by finally paying the bill for six dollars and thirty cents forgotten by the former tenants.

It was well to say nothing of the fact that as soon as Graham's face was turned stationward of a morning Mrs. Graham called in help to clean the house from top to bottom for three consecutive mornings.

It was well to say nothing of the fact that as a guide to any other men who may be tempted to be so foolhardy, it were well to tell this.

The Grahams had been in the new home perhaps six weeks when an early winter set in and the wind blew as it had not blown for years, according to the oldest inhabitant. Graham stalked proudly down cellar and lighted the furnace; he had been careful to make certain that it was a good furnace, and he felt that when the heat from it began to permeate the house, all his past failures would be forgotten. But, somehow, feed coal into the maw of that furnace as he would, the house remained as cold as the proverbial barn. Smith wondered at the cause of the mystery in silence until the clammy feeling along his spine became too strong for him.

"Why w-won't t-t-t-t-furnace heat?" he asked his wife, helplessly. For answer she pointed everywhere to the shrunken and warped green wood and the great cracks through

which the wind played at its pleasure. And when Graham was able to stand further enlightenment she revealed to him that about half the rooms in the house had not hot air registers.

Well, Graham, by threatening to burn the house down, induced the owner to install grates in some of the rooms, and by hugging close to and burning two tons of coal a week in them and in the furnace, the family managed to keep passably warm.

This comparatively blissful state was soon interrupted by the drooping of the boy. A doctor was called in.

"Let me see your cellar," he asked Graham.

"All right!" was the answer, as Graham led the way, but you'll find it as dry as a bone," he knew; he had made sure of that.

The man of medicine looked about him for perhaps a minute.

"Why, man alive," he exclaimed, "you've no cold air box connected with your furnace!"

"What?" exclaimed Graham, while a familiar sensation crept over him. "I said you have no cold air box. The furnace draws all its air from this cellar, which is damp, begging your pardon. No wonder your son is not well."

In silence Graham showed the way up stairs. Then, before they went into the presence of the family, he asked: "But what shall I do?"

"Get out," was the response.

"But the lease!" exclaimed Graham, helplessly.

"Break it!" exploded the doctor, briefly, and passed on.

That night, when the boy had been tucked in bed, Graham confided to his wife, after one or two false starts: "Miranda, we're—were—going to move."

"But the lease!" she exclaimed, in wide open astonishment.

"To—never mind the lease," answered her husband grimly. "We're going to move."

Mrs. Graham walked over to him and lowered her head close to his.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she confessed. "But," she added hastily, "it was so dear of you!" and then, after a little while, "and this time we'll hunt a house together!"

Graham sprang excitedly up. "Never!" he shouted.

And the next moment both were laughing wildly in each other's arms.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Vitagraph at the Opera House has done good business all the week, the wet weather on Monday, securing two of the finest houses it could be possible to have in one day. The entertainment is a good one, although a little wearisome to the eye, and perhaps too much of a sameness for a whole evening's amusement. It makes a welcome change from the ordinary dramatic attractions.

With regard to the remarks in last week's chit-chat, as to the proposed formation of an amateur dramatic society, several people have pointed out that there is at least one such society in the town, mentioning the Empire club, which last season did much useful work, notably their production of Me and Otis. When making the suggestion last week, Jim the Penman had not forgotten the existence of this society, on the contrary, it was through witnessing their excellent performance last season, that stirred the thought into a suggestion. But what is wanted is a dramatic and literary society, wholly unconfessional.

If the Empire club are prepared to throw open their doors to the stranger and declare themselves as not being connected with any special religious order, by that is meant not being attached to any church, chapel, or what not, whereby the eligibility of membership to the club is based on the proviso that the applicant is a member of a certain religious body, then the object with which the suggestion was made will have been served, and Jim the Penman will be amongst the

first to pass in his application for membership, and lend his aid in making the society the success it should be.

The announcement that Manager Armstrong has formed his interests in the York Theatre and Victoria Rink into a limited company, comes with but little surprise to those behind the scenes. It betokens one thing in special, and that is that a spirited campaign between the two local theatres is about to be opened for the patronage of the theatregoer. All this is very good news for the lovers of the drama and as there is plenty of room for both places of amusement, provided that only good companies are booked, it is up to the different management to see that one or other of them are not left through the enterprise of the opposition.

Already two engagements are announced by Manager Armstrong for the York Theatre, Gorton's knight of the burnt cork opening on Monday next, while exactly a week later a vaudeville entertainment under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lucifer will be given for three evenings.

From the present trend of theatrical amusements all over the world, there seems to be little doubt but that a theatre run solely on the vaudeville plan would pay and pay well in St. John. The growing desire of the average man, to take his amusements to the time of a good cigar, or a trusty pipe, undoubtedly has the effect of making many who are called on to

choose between an evening by the fire-side with the good old Nicotine, or a seat at the play without their benign presence, go plump for the former. If, on the other hand, he can take his enjoyment comfortably smoking as he is allowed to do at the music halls, then the latter secure his patronage. Yes, there is no doubt that a vaudeville theatre in St. John would pay.

Monday night in a theatrical sense was a bigger event than any other that is likely to occur in New York during the entire amusement season. There were seven very important openings, and two others to follow on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, respectively, giving the remarkable figures of nine first-class openings within a single week. These include Leblond & Co.'s splendidly cast and mounted representation of Hall Caine's "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the New Amsterdam Theatre; John Drew in Augustus Titmas' new comedy "DeLancey" at the Empire; Maxine Elliott in Clyde Fitch's "Her Great Match" at the Criterion; the Rogers Brothers in their new musical farce, the scene of which is laid in Ireland, at the Liberty; Lulu Glaser in Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert's "Miss Dolly Dollars" at the Knickerbocker; a special presentation of "The Prince Chap" at the Madison Square; the inauguration of F. F. Pictor's ambitious and important stock company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"; the beginning of Robt. Lorraine's starring tour in George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" at the Hudson Theatre; and the introduction at the Lyceum Theatre of Nat. C. Goodwin as the Frohman star in the imported comedy, "Beauty and the Beast."

It is the Nat Goodwin of old who has come back in "Beauty and the Beast" at the Lyceum—a piece of broad low comedy that is delightful beyond measure and that brings out the highest quality of Mr. Goodwin's genius. The role is an elderly nautical captain with the typical susceptibility of seafarers to the feminine sex, and he makes desperate but fruitless love to an indepen-

dent young girl who has set her heart upon marrying a much younger man, and who does so in the end. Thereupon the sea captain goes away off in quest of fresh petticoat adventures, and the piece comes to an end. The entertainment is simply delicious throughout, and the success of it is bounded only by the capacity of the theatre. Never has Mr. Goodwin made a grander hit than in "Beauty and the Beast," in which he is supported by Katherine Florence, Mrs. Goldsmith, Eva Herbert, Frank Goldsmith, Neil O'Brien, W. H. Post, Herbert Ayling and a number of others.

After an interval of three weeks, the Opera House will return to the drama on Thursday next, when G. W. Kenney and A. H. Westfall's company will produce Joseph Murphy's play "Kerry Cow," which will serve to introduce Allen Doone, who is billed as Ireland's sweetest singer.

JIM THE PENMAN.

FINAL INDUCEMENT

(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

"Speaking of that law suit of which you told us the other day, I have a story of that kind which will heat it. I was the lawyer. 'I had a case in a nearby parish in which a man was arrested for stealing a cow. He was held over for the grand jury on preliminary hearing and he sent for me. His letter ran something like this:

"Dear Sir—I am in jail and the man says I am likely to go to the pen. I did not steal the cow and I am perfectly innocent. Please get me out, if it are the last act of your life. This is not a nice place. Please do get me out. I think I can pay you sun day. I did not steal the cow. Tell the judge that. And if you get me off free I am willing to do all I can for you. If you do I will give you the cow. Yours truly, Bill Smith."

The Manufacturer

Should be able to sell lumber of all kinds cheaper than the middle man. We can and do.

Some of our manufactures are: Cedar Shingles, Clapboards, Kiln Dried Flooring and Sheathing, Crates and Boxes.

Our terms go everywhere in the city, and even if your order is small we can deliver it as we double up orders in the load.

We deliver SLAB WOOD (cut to size) at \$1.00 a load, in North End, or \$1.25 in city. Cash to be paid to the driver.

Murray & Gregory

(Limited.) Telephone 251A.

Fresh Cranberry Pies, Made from Choice Fruit. Coconut Macaroons, 10c. per dozen.

YORK BAKERY, 2 Stores, 290 Brussels Street, 565 Main St., N. E.

FRESH OUT FLOWERS

Special and prompt attention given to funeral, wedding and party decorations.

W. & K. PEDERSEN, Florists, City Market, Greenhouse—Sandy Point Road, Phone 1429.

THE ROYAL TRUST CO., OF MONTREAL

BRANCHES AT ST. JOHN, WINNIPEG AND QUEBEC.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. SUBSCRIBED, \$1,000,000. PAID UP, \$500,000. RESERVE FUND, \$450,000.

President—High. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Q. C. M. G. Vice-President—Hon. Sir George A. Drummond, K. C. M. G. Directors—R. R. Angus, A. Macdonald, E. S. Cleaveland, M. W. Moradit, E. S. Macdonald, A. T. Patterson, C. M. Hayes, R. G. Reid, C. R. Hoerner, Sir W. O. Macdonald, James Ross, Hon. R. Mackay, Sir T. G. Shaughnessy, Sir William Van Horne, K. C. M. G.

Transacts a General Trust Business. Authorized to act as Executor and Trustee under Wills; Administrator of Estates; Guardian of Estates of Minors; Trustee under Trust Deeds; Trustee for Bond Issues; Committee of Estates of Lunatics; Receiver, Assignee, Liquidator for the Benefit of Creditors; Agent or Attorney for the Transaction of Business; The Management of Estates; The Investment and Collection of Monies, Rents, Interests, Dividend, Mortgages, Bonds and other Securities; To give any Bond required by Judicial Proceedings.

Solicitors Specially Retained in Any Business, They Bring to the Company E. M. SHADBOLT, Manager, Bank of Montreal, Agent in St. John, N. B.

Parlor Lamps, Angle Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Glass Lamps, Night Lamps, Globes and Chimneys in great variety, Lanterns and Lantern Globes, Burners, Wicks, Wax Tapers, Candles, Torches, Mantles, ten different makes.

The St. John Auer Light Co., Ltd., 19 Market Square.