John Henry

and the Two Dippy Boys

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Whew, but my seven gee gees had let me in for a lot of trouble. My late uncle had willed me seven horses, and they had been delivered to me secretly by his old trainer, Murf Higginbottom, at Jersey City. When I returned to town to meet Clara J. and Tacks at the restaurant, who should butt in but my old friend, Dike Lawrence. Dike was half seas over and had demanded an apology for my failing to recognize him in Jersey City.

Tacks laughed half the way home, but Clara J. kept handing me the verbal ice pitcher.

"What's the matter, Peaches? surely you're not angry because the old original jag builder butted in! Dike doesn't mean any harm, believe me; and, besides, I couldn't help it—I didn't see him first," I explained.

"Oh! Mr. Lawrence didn't worry me," she answered; "I felt sorry for him, that's all."

"Then why don't you haul in the cold wave flag?" I insisted.

"Yes, but you went to Jersey City alone, and I've been begging you for six months to go over there with me and call on Aunt Debbie Williams," Clara J. complained.

"Is that all that's worrying you?" I answered. "You see, I had to go over there on business—stock business—and that's no idle dream! The first time I get hold of an evening that I really hate I'll take it over to Aunt Deb's and kill it. We'll do a society call that will make her and the parrot sit up and notice us. Come on, now, Peaches, let's tear up the divorce papers and be good friends again!"

Clara J. smiled and then I knew the storm was over.

Bright and early next morning Uncle Peter was down on our porch throwing the hooks into me about my recent Wall street deal. By failing to take advice I had lost a wad of paper profits.

"How much are you ahead, John?" he asked, delightedly.

Of course I couldn't afford to let him know that I had sawdust in the coco so I yawned and said, "Oh! about $8,000!" in a bored sort of way.

"Fine," chuckled the old gentleman; "now you take my advice and stay out of the market for a week or two."

"Sure as you live," I answered, earnestly. "Make it three weeks—I'll give the street a chance to recover from the jolt I gave it. It doesn't seem right to go down and yank the yellowbacks away from those busy boys in the Bond district, so I'll let up on them for a while, eh, Uncle Peter?"

The old man took my josh as a bit of on-the-level reading matter and said, "Leave it to me. I'll tell you when to get in again and when to get out. After that stormy drop in Westerns yesterday the market is bound to be unsteady. Walk slow, John and watch me."

I promised to be very careful and went in the house to figure out just how I stood in the matter of ready cash. After a hard dig I found that over and above home comforts I could roll up just eleven hundred dollars, enough to keep Murf and the seven orphan skates out of the poorhouse for a few days, at any rate.

After breakfast I sat down in my dope den to map out a plan of campaign and presently Clara J. came in and said, "John, how much more money will you have to make in Wall

"The Man's Name Is Murf Higginbottom!" She Said, Quietly, Looking Me Straight in the Eye.

street before you can buy that automobile you promised me?"

"Did I threaten to get one of those kerosene carts for you?" I answered. "I'm getting so absent minded. Well, just as soon as the new styles are ready I'll get a devil wagon for you, Peaches, that will burn up the barn everytime it goes out."

Clara J. didn't know exactly whether I was kidding her or not, so she laughed and dipped her oars.

An hour later she was back again just when I had my pipe burning fine and my horses had won me $89,000. I hated to wake up.

"John," she said, "I've been talking for some little time with a peculiar-looking stranger who came to see you."

"Yes," I said; "what's the answer?"

"From what he says I am led to believe that you are deceiving me," she came back at me, coldly and cuttingly.

"Deceiving you!" I repeated.

"About horse racing," she added, with falling barometer and increasing cloudiness, winds shifting to northeast, probably snow.

"The man's name is Murf Higginbottom!" she said, quietly, looking me straight in the eye.

"Murf Higginbottom!" I echoed slowly, while I got a good grip and pulled myself together.

"Yes, Murf Higginbottom!" she said, questioningly.

"Dear old Murf," I murmured; "so he did get out to see us after all. Bless his kind heart, how does he look?"

"I presume he looks as he usually does; you ought to know," she answered, haughtily.

"All the way from Kentucky to see me," I went on as though thinking aloud. "He was my Uncle Owen's best friend—Uncle Owen Henry, of Lexington, Kentucky.'

Clara J. watched me narrowly.

"Poor Uncle Owen is dead!" I said, with a sob.

"Uncle Owen is dead!" Clara J. said in astonishment.

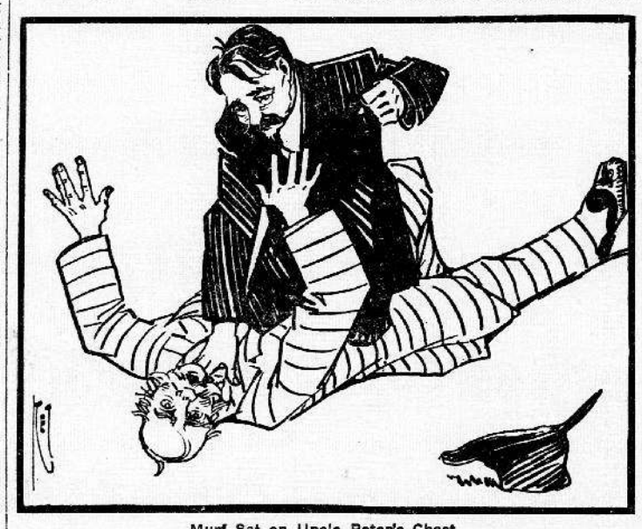
"Yes, dear, but don't cry; I'll bear the blow alone," I cut in.

"I had no thought of crying, I assure you," she answered. "Why I never even heard of this Uncle Owen before."

"Neither did I!—that is, I mean I never heard of him dying until he was dead!—a very sad case. The news only reached me yesterday, but I kept it from you and I bore up and was cheerful just for your sake, Peaches."

She didn't know just how to size me up.

"And now Murf is here," I started again. "Murf was my Uncle Owen's care for years. I wonder if Murf is



Murf Sat on Uncle Peter's Chest.

still afflicted. Did Murf say that he was on here with a string of horses?"

"He did," she said, stonily.

"Poor old Murf! A string of seven horses for me?"

"A string of seven horses for you, yes!"

"Too bad; I was so in hopes Murf was better. Did he say that Uncle Owen considered me big Casino on the Eastern tracks?"

"His very words," Clara J. said.

"Isn't it pitiful to think Murf is no better," I went on; "but he's perfectly harmless."

"Harmless!" she repeated.

"Perfectly so," I answered. "He's been that way for years. When quite a young man a thoroughbred horse belonging to my Uncle Owen kicked Murf on the head and ever since that day the poor fellow is always arriving in the East with a string of seven horses for the big Casino on the Eastern tracks. He's what we call 'coltcrazy' in medical circles. As soon as I meet him he'll tell me the horses are well, see if he doesn't."

Clara J. began to walk slowly up to the straight goods counter and I felt that a catastrophe had been averted.

"Let's go and see Murf!" I suggested, "but let me handle him. So long as I don't deny what he says about horses you'll find him the quiet boy with the gentle gaze; and if he does insist that I'm a horse owner, give him the belief smile and pass it up."

On the veranda Murf and Uncle Peter were conversing earnestly, but directly we appeared Murf arose and said, "Yo' colts are doing fuss class, suh; but I reckon yo' all best come down and look them ovah, suh! We are qua'ted only about three miles away from here, sur!"

"Didn't I call the turn?" I whispered to Clara J. "Put Uncle Peter wise to Murf's condition and tell him not to make any breaks."

Uncle Peter scowled fiercely at me and joined Clara J., while I shook Murf's hand and lied how glad I was to see him.

"This here old man is yo' uncle, suh?" Murf inquired.

"My wife's uncle," I replied.

"That's some bettah, suh; being no blood relation, it won't hu't yo' pride so much when I tell yo' all that he has lightning bugs in his hayloft," Murf said, earnestly.

"What has the old gentleman done to you, Murf?" I inquired.

"Done, suh!" sniffed Murf, contemptuously; "when I info'med him, suh, tht I had brought seven hosses on from Kaintucky for yo' all he began to froth at the mouth, suh! And when I told him that yo' Uncle Owen went ovah the final and full co'se believing that yo' all was big Casino on the Eastern tracks, suh, that old truck hoss laughed in my face, suh. I permit some few people to use their laugh on me, pussonally, but I allow no one, suh, to laugh at yo' Uncle Owen's beliefs, now that is too everlasting late to change them, suh!"

"Good old Murf, you mustn't mind Uncle Peter; he's sun-touched," I said, tapping my forehead significantly.

"Oh!" said Murf; "locoed?"

"Plum, on the horse question," I answered; "but otherwise as harmless as a kitten. He was kicked on the forehead some years ago by a roadster, and now even the mention of a horse puts him up in the air. Talk automobiles to him, Murf, and be on the safe side."

"I reckon yo' all best excuse me from any automobile talk," said Murf, earnestly. "I nevah hope to see the day, suh, when one of them foolish wagons can rise high enough in my esteem to be talked about. I'm a hossman, and from Kaintucky, suh!"

At that moment, Clara J., Aunt Martha, Uncle Peter and Tacks appeared, and it was evident from their actions that a family council in regard to Murf's supposed mental condition had just adjourned pending further investigation.

The two ladies remained at a safe distance and whispered together sympathetically from time to time, while Tacks armed himself with a rock and prepared for the worst.

But the hit of the show was Uncle Peter. He danced around Murf with a broad grin on his face and bowed extravagantly.

Murf sidled up to me. "Did yo' all say he's harmless?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Perfectly so!" I answered; "humor him, though."

Uncle Peter called me aside. "Sure he's harmless?" he asked, eagerly.

"Perfectly so," I told him; "but humor him."

The two eyed each other and began to grin foolishly. It was my cue to crack a rib, but I had to keep a straight face or lose the fight.

Presently Uncle Peter and Murf were strolling around the lawn together, the former laying himself out trying to be pleasant, while the latter kept watching his companion out of the corner of his eye.

I joined Clara J. and Aunt Martha to tell them that the visitor was as docile as a pet lamb, when suddenly an awful yell caused us to turn quickly, and we beheld Uncle Peter down on the lawn kicking furiously, while Murf sat on his chest and swatted him in the ribs.

In a moment I had pulled them apart and Murf exclaimed, "When the gentleman info'med me, suh, that he used to be a brokah in Wall street, I fo'got for the moment that he is off his dip, sur, and I plugged him one for yo' Uncle Owen's sake, suh, according to certain promises made to myself, suh! I'll be glad to see yo' all at ouah training quatahs tomorrow, suh!" and with this Murf politely doffed his hat to the alarmed ladies and strode off majestically down the road.

"I beg pardon, Uncle Peter," I said, "but on the level, I forgot to tell you not to mention Wall street to poor old Murf."

"Confound you and poor old Murf!" spluttered my surprised and bewildered relative, feeling the disturbed portions of his anatomy carefully for breakages. "The man is a lunatic. Harmless, indeed! It's my belief he ought to be in an asylum. Oh! my chest! my chest! I believe it's crushed in!"

Aunt Martha, in tears, ran hither and back in wild alarm. "Oh, Peter!" she cried; "you must put on a mustard plaster at once. Tacks, dear, run and get the mustard! Come in the house, Peter, and lie down. Oh, John, don't let that horrid man come here again!" and with this they all rushed in to spring the first aid to the injured gag on Uncle Peter.

I knew the old gentleman was more frightened than hurt, so I sat down on the wheelbarrow and treated myself to a hearty laugh.

Present a wild war whoop issued from the interior of the house and Uncle Peter came running out, clawing at his manly bosom.

"Take it off! take it off!" he yelled; "it isn't mustard. Mustard only burns; this is biting clean through to my backbone! Take it off!" and with this he threw the offending plaster out on the lawn and rushed off up stairs like one pursued by dogs.

I picked up the cause of the riot and looked it over as Tacks drew nigh.

"You said the other day that Uncle Peter was bughouse, so when Aunt Martha wanted to make the mustard plasted I gave her the can of insect powder," he said, softly.

Isn't that boy the limit?

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Needed Something to Do.

One of his friends once asked Mr. Darwin's gardener about his master's health and how he had been lately. "Oh!" he said, "my poor master has been very sadly. I often wish he had something to do. He moons about in the garden, and I have seen him stand doing nothing before a flower for ten minutes at a time. If he only had something to do I really believe he would be better."

TAKE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

Interesting Affair in the Supreme Court Making Foreign Nuns Citizens of the United States.

A very interesting affair took place the other day in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia when Justice Barnard, of that body, administered the oath of allegiance to the United States to three nuns of the Congregation of Perpetual Adoration and made them citizens of the United States. About three months ago the sisters filed application at the home of John R. Young, clerk of the court, who arranged matters so as to save the three sisters the embarrassment of appearing at the clerk's office at the city hall, as the life of these three women has been a cloistered one. While that could be done, it was not possible to waive their appearance in court to take out their final papers. They were accompanied to court by Mgr. Jas. F. Mackin and Mother Martin, Superioress of the convent, who stood sponsor of their qualifications to become citizens.

The new citizens are Marie Kamp, born in Holland; Rachelina Maresca, of Meta de Sorrento, Italy, and Severina De Giovanni, of Sicily. The sisters came to America on the Westernland October 10, 1900, and, landing at New York, came immediately to the convent in this city, where they have since resided.

The costume worn by the sisters to court was entirely of black. For a wrap they wore black cashmere shawls; long crepe veils covered small black bonnets, and hung down their backs.

The usual questions required by the law were propounded by Justice Barnard and demurely answered by the three applicants, but they were unable to refrain from smiling broadly when the court inquired if they are believers in the doctrines of polygamy. Their vows, of course, preclude marriage.

When the oath abjuring allegiance to Queen Wilhelmina by one of the sisters and King Victor Emmanuel by the other two had been taken, Mgr. Mackin escorted the sisters to Mr. Young's private office in the city hall, where the concluding formalities were arranged. The sisters then returned to the convent.

WASHINGTON'S PRIZE BEAUTY

Miss Gladys Hinckley Picked by Foreigners as the Capital's Handsomest Girl.

Miss Gladys Hinckley is considered Washington's most beautiful girl. Although Miss Hinckley has many rivals for that honor the title was conceded when Baron Rosen, Russian ambassador, globe-trotter and beauty fancier, exclaimed: "Who is that beautiful girl? I have traveled all over the world and seen many women, but she is the most perfectly beautiful young girl I have even seen."

Gladys Hinckley is of the tall, queenly type; her hair is a beautiful

Miss Gladys Hinckley

gold and her features and complexion perfect. She dresses artictically and originally. At a luncheon in honor of Miss Helen Taft, given by Mrs. Wickersham, she wore a deep blue velvet dress and a pale blue velvet hat with a $2,000 tiger skin coat.

Extra Hour for Clerks.

Department employees in Washington are quite sure there should be a limit to the zeal of lawmakers of the economic turn of mind and that the limit is just this side of tampering with the present hours for work. Under the present system clerks are through with work at 4:30 o'clock. Now some one suggests another hour in the afternoon for the clerks, releasing them just too late to join in the clothes parade on the avenue, or to do anything except go home.

Some measures of economy are to be applauded and some are to be met with disapproving silence. The extra hour of work belongs to the latter class, in the opinion of department clerks. In return for the extra hour it is proposed to give the clerks every Saturday afternoon, but as most of them take that anyway, the proposition does not sound alluring.

Statue Before His Door.

Gen. Theodore Bingham, who was removed from the police commissionership of New York by Mayor McClellan, has bought a house in Washington. For several days a real estate man took him around the city showing him houses, and finally sold him one in front of the Highlands.

While this house was being inspected the real estate man expected every moment that the general would inspect the front view from the house, take a chill and declare negotiations off. He happened, however, to close a deal for the place before discovering that it faced a statue of General McClellan, father of the famous New York mayor he so cordially dislikes.

CAPITOL'S OLD PAPERS

DOCUMENTS IN THE TREASURY MAKE INTERESTING READING.

Early Records of Nation—Canceled Checks for Millions More Than Mere Slips of Paper—Some Historic Warrants.

"Uncle Sam's Pocket Book," as the national treasury is sometimes called, contains some interesting matters besides a goodly store of the necessary and desirable cash. There are many documents, in the form of receipts, accounts, and what not, which, prosaic as they may seem when enumerated generically, possess, in a number of instances, a piquant interest, as throwing sidelights upon the development and history of a great nation and those who have figured in its making.

It was not until Miss Mary H. Brady, a clerk in the auditor's office of the treasury, set herself the pleasant task of collecting the more striking historic documents, which had theretofore, been consigned generally to dust and oblivion, that it was realized what would be done in gathering a veritable museum of documentary curios even in such an unpromising place as an auditor's office.

Miss Brady includes among her quaint documentary treasures the old mileage books showing the sums allowed members of congress in the early days for transportation to and from Washington. This traveling was done on horseback or in stage coaches, and they were paid so much a mile by the government. One of the books covers such items for the thirteenth session of congress, and one of its entries, for $963 mileage, is receipted in a faint, somewhat unsteady hand, "D. Webster." A payment was made to Henry Clay of $560 for 111 days' attendance. Congressman were then paid by the day, and their pay deducted for every day they were absent.

The quality of the paper used for these old records is of a very superior description, and, saving for the edges, which are somewhat cracked and discolored, it is still in excellent condition. Upon holding it to the light the British royal water mark is disclosed showing a crown, with the entwined letters, "G. R." below, the paper being of English make during the reign of George III. Some of these watermarks show the royal coat of arms, with the crown above it.

As a usual thing, a canceled check is a mere slip of paper, worthless and uninteresting, but when its original value reaches up into the multimillions and it covers the purchase of a country or a state, or is a record of some other huge and historic national or international transaction, it is worth a second glance, even in the sacred interests of curiosity.

There are several such checks, or, properly speaking, warrants, framed and glazed in a compartment of Miss Brady's desk, and they are not curiosities merely, but are being held by the government as evidence of payment in the cases of these mammoth business transactions. They are warrants for the payment of moneys appropriated by congress, and they date back as far as 1824, when $200,000 was paid to Lafayette by the United States "in consideration of his services in the war of the revolution." This warrant is signed by William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury, and is receipted on the back by Lafayette himself, in a small, neat hand.

One of these warrants of historic interest and importance is that which gave the emperor of Russia $7,200,000 for Alaska, under the treaty of 1867. This document is worded in an imposing style, commencing: "Pay to the undersigned envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the emperor of all the Russias."

A far larger and more important real estate deal on the part of Uncle Same is represented by the warrant covering the Louisiana purchase, the amount being $15,000,000. This transaction was made under the treaty of 1803. Four warrants, each for $5,000,000, represent the $20,000,000 which was handed over to Spain for the Philippines.

These warrants were indorsed by Jules Cambon, the French minister, representing the government of Spain, this for the reason that a treaty cannot be entered into by any country directly with a belligerent power.

But in regard to the magnitude of the sum of money involved the most impressive warrant ever issued by this government is that paid for the Panama canal. It is a simple draft for $40,000,000 made out by "J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., special disbursing agent," through whom it was paid to the French company. On the back of this document are the signatures of members of the famous firm. A little earlier was issued the warrant of the canal zone, the area of ten miles on either side of the big ditch.

Although canceled and apparently valueless from an intrinsic point of view, these warrants are, in effect, receipts, and, as their careful custodian observes in case of their loss, the government would possess no evidence of having disbursed these enormous sums.

Had No Real Money.

Charles D. Hilles, assistant secretary of the treasury, is a quiet man with a great gift for humor, and he knows about all there is to know concerning money and finance. He was sitting at a table in a restaurant with a friend one evening when one of the wealthiest men in the Capital entered and sat down nearby.

Referring to the millionaire, who is notorious for his custom of holding to every dollar, Hilles' friend said, "That old fellow's as rich as Croesus. I wonder how much money he really has?"

"None," replied Hilles dryly. "Money, you know, is a circulating medium."

Women Inventors

Praised for Great Many Useful Articles

By JOHN D. WHITE

A TOTAL number of patents approximating 6,500 have been issued directly to women. Of these a bare dozen would come under the caption of "freak" inventions, and there is not a single product of the perpetual motion crank. Dearth of whimsicalities show that practicability is a characteristic of the woman inventor.

Harriet Hosmer, famed as a sculptor, has invented the permanent magnet as a motive power. This is used in lifting large masses of metal. She also has discovered a method of transmuting limestone into marble.

A process of producing artificial marble was invented by Mme. Dutillet. Mme. Poppova has invented a rudderless airship which competent authorities pronounce a success. It has been called the "annulated dragon" from its peculiar construction. Mme. De Condray was the inventor of the manikin, useful in the teaching of anatomy.

The familiar ice-cream freezer was patented in 1843 by Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson. The model in the patent office shows that it has remained practically unchanged. Jeanette Powers invented the aquarium, and the Coston light so useful in maritime signaling at night, is named from its inventor, a Washington woman.

Lady Amherst's patent spring collapsible muff has had quite a vogue among the ultra fashionables. Miss Madeline Edison, who assists her famous father in his laboratory, has invented and marketed an automobile map.

Mary E. Walton's noise deadener, adaptable to elevated railways, and her smoke consumer, are both successful. The apiarist is indebted to Frances Dunham for the comb foundation for her bee hives, which so increases the saccharine crop. The essential feature of this invention is that all the cells are "worker" size.

Sally Rosenthal's pocket sewing machine; Betsy J. Martin's asbestos suit; and Augusta Roger's engine, that dumps its clinkers from the rear on to the track; Maggie Knight's device for making satchel bottom bags, and the Burden horseshoe machine shows a wide divergence in creative ideas. But they are all practicable.

Syllabic types, a slate and also a typewriter for the blind, a process for concentrating ores, a machine for producing ozone, a car coupler and a car wheel, contrivance for heating cars, a beehive, the self-fastening button, a collapsible collar button, a life raft, a machine for making folding bags, and underglaze painting on pottery, are a few of the inventions credited to women, each of which has contributed its mite to the progress of the race.

The honor of a few epoch-making inventions has been conferred wrongly on men, if certain historians be correct. Notably is this true of the cotton gin. These dissenters say that the honor of that great discovery really belongs to Mrs. Catherine Greene, widow of Gen. Nathaniel Greene of revolutionary fame. They say that dread of the world's adverse comment and consequent loss of social caste induced her to assume the name of Mrs. Miller, which was used in connection with the patent. These same historins say that in 1817 Mrs. Ann H. Manning perfected a mower and reaper, thus anticipating McCormick's and Hussey's inventions by 17 years.

Wife's Duty to Follow Her Husband

By SAMUEL R. RICE of Denver

Should a woman balk at the idea of living with her mother-in-law and carry her objection so far as to part with her husband on that account?

She cannot in our community, at least, maintain a valid divorce suit on the ground of being deserted by her husband.

Recently a Denver wife asked for a legal separation on the ground that her husband insisted that they make their home at his mother's. To this she would not agree, and the pair went their several ways.

One of our judges before whom the suit was filed could not see the plaintiff's side and refused to grant a decree. Instead he read the woman a lecture, saying it was a wife's duty to follow her husband and make her home with him.

The plaintiff instead of being deserted, had herself committed desertion and had no real basis for bringing the action.

Loud Church Bells Annoy Many Sick

By OLIVER CLARENCE MALROSE

The church bells whose tolling we are so much accustomed to hear seem indispensable for announcing the time of meetings and church services.

Among the Mohammedans, instead of the bell, a man, a priest, stands on top of the temple to announce the time of service.

Among the Hebrews in little Russian towns they formerly had "synagogue callers"—stentors—whose main duty was to walk from street to street to call the people to the synagogue.

But in modern times a clock or watch is found in every house and hovel, and the "synagogue caller" has been dispensed with, as every Hebrew knows the exact hours when services are held.

Why not dispense with the tolling of stupendous bells which frequently annoy the unfortunate sick in their immediate vicinity and let those who wish to attend services advert to the clock or watch?

Some Felines Not Disease Carriers

By MRS. S. S. KELLOGG

It is nothing new for any intelligent and thinking person to be told that the average prowling dog and cat is not a safe companion for children or a proper inmate of our homes, but the writer begs most emphatically to take exception to the opinion of the learned specialist who places all of these faithful fireside companions under the ban.

Take, for instance, the beautiful Persian and other fine breeds of cats which adorn so many homes these days and also are to be found in many of the fine catteries of the city.

They never see the outside of homes unless in harness or carefully guarded; must they, perforce, be banished from the face of the earth because the prowlers are dangerous?

Will the learned doctor be a little fairer and discriminate between those that are dangerous and those that are not? It would seem, were these family pets to be entirely eliminated, as if there would be a lack of the home environment of which poets have for so many years sung.

Leave us a few just a little longer, doctor, for there are many among us who love dogs and cats and need them for friends.