

O. HENRY'S LAST AND BEST SHORT STORIES

THE CHAMPION OF THE WEATHER

The Story of a Man Who Used a Jimmy to Pry Conversation's Lock Off.

Copyrighted by Doubleday, Page & Co. to be published in book form after Sept. 15.

If you should speak of the Kiowa Reservation to the average New Yorker he probably wouldn't know whether you were referring to a new political dodge at Albany or a bit of land in the Kiowa Reservation...

"Pound New York rather different from the Panhandle, didn't you, Bud?" asked one of the hunters. "Can't say that I did," answered Bud. "Anyway, not more than some. The main trail in that town which they call Broadway is plenty traveled, but they're about the same brand of horses that tramp around in Cheyenne and Amarillo. At first I was sort of rattled by the crowds, but I soon says to myself, 'Here, now, Bud, they're just plain folks like you and Gerome and Grover Cleveland and the Watson boys, so don't get all flustered up with conversation under your saddle blanket.' And then I feel calm and peaceful, like I was back in the Nation again at a ghost dance or a green corn pow-wow.

The Jarr Family

Mr. Jarr Heads a Conspiracy to Extract Sunshine From a Grouch.

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By Roy L. McCardell.

THE conspirators, among his steady customers, who had resolved to give Gus, the saloonkeeper, a taste of his own medicine - a sure-fire remedy - stood lined up at the bar pointedly ignoring each other.

"Well, fellers, it's good to see all us old friends here mit each other, yess?" "Friends?" replied Mr. Jarr acidly. "The only friend I got is what money is in my pocket. There isn't much, there, but I'm laying bets that there isn't one in this bunch but would knock me in the head for it, if he thought he would get away with it!"

"If I stood next to a man at a bar he'd edge off and give a Baldwin-Ziegler look as if he suspected me of having the North Pole concealed on my person. I began to wish that I'd gone to Abilene or Waco for my pseudo; for the Mayor of these places will drink with you, and the next citizen you meet will tell you his middle name and ask you to take a chance in a raffle for a muscle box.

"Don't go showing off!" said Mr. Jarr harshly. "We aren't going to quit you. This place is convenient for us. That's why we deal here. But why bring a fake friendship into it? You have the stuff to sell and we have the money to pay for it. That's all we want, and you want."



THAT'S THE KIND OF A CANTER SAYS! "Well, sir that galoot turns his back and walks off stiff, without a word, after all my trying to be agreeable! I didn't know what to make of it. That night I laid a note from Summers, who'd been away from town, giving the address of his camp. I go up to his house and has a good, old time talk with his folks. And I tells Summers about the actions of this coyote in the catty and desires interpretation.

left off in your discourse on the weather." "The fellow looks at me and tries to grin, but he sees I don't and he comes around again." "Well," says he, "it was rather a nice day, some warmish, though."

Notes That Crossed In the Mail

From Mrs. Stanley Carter to Mme. Simone Legende. DEAR MADAME LEGENDE: I have followed with much interest the different booklets and advertisements of your beauty preparations of this sort. In fact, I have all ways laughed at people who "bite" on any bait that's thrown them.

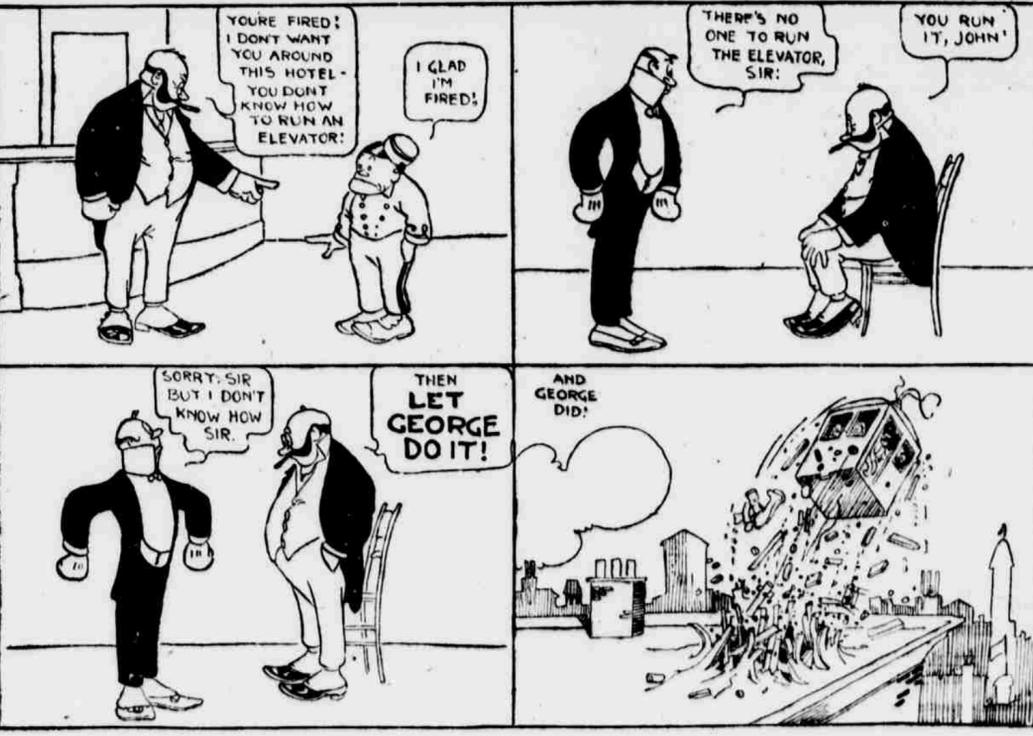
From George Holt (Lawyer) to Mme. Simone Legende. DEAR MADAME: I wish to inform you that my client, Mr. Stanley Carter, is about to bring suit against you for the sum of five thousand dollars. She claims you have ruined her personal appearance for at least six months' time. The items she sets forth are as follows:

From Mr. Stanley Carter to Mrs. Turner. DEAR BLANCHE: I have written you in desperation, to ask you to remonstrate with your sister. I have, by turns, pleaded and commanded-but I've failed. She seems suddenly to have taken leave of her senses! She eats the strangest combination of foods, indulges, or rather overindulges, in exercises that borders on the grotesque and, except when she appears in public, rigs herself up in weird and wild looking apparatus!

A Desert Shrine. THE necropolis at Bahrein, the centre of the Persian gulf pearl fisheries, is one of the oldest places of man's handiwork in the world. The tombs stretch for miles into the interior of Bahrein. The origin of this desert sepulchre is to a great extent a mystery.

Let George Do It! By George McManus

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"Them Was the Happy Days!" By Clare Victor Dwiggin

