

STORIES FOR CHILDREN

WHEREIN IS RELATED HOW LITTLE ANDREW COOLEY GOT EVERYTHING HE WANTED TO EAT



"HI, THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

For Sparing the Life of Porcupecker, That Queer Bird Gave Him the Golden Mushroom That Cures Indigestion and Brought Him a Big Fortune

ANDREW COOLEY was a poor boy who lived in a country village and had to do odd jobs around among the neighbors to help support his aged and widowed mother. He rarely had a full meal except when he helped Mr. Gipp's garden...

Mr. Henry Gipp was a millionaire and a man with a bad case of dyspepsia, who while he had everything that heart could wish for, never enjoyed eating, for no matter what he ate it always gave him a stomach-ache the very worst way. He lived on gruel and liver pills. He was too fat to take enough exercise and he never felt hungry when he sat down at his dinner table...

Well, one day Mr. Gipp was starting out on a little stroll around his immense property, when he came upon Andrew eating his lunch. "I would give a million dollars," said Mr. Gipp, "if I could eat pie and pickles and drink milk on top of them. I envy you your stomach, my lad, for you are fortunate not to have spoiled it as I did mine. It is a terrible thing to have your stomach go back on you, do you know it?"

Off to the Wizard

"I envy you the things you have to put into yours," said Andrew, finishing a pickle and drinking the last of his milk. "I can't get enough to eat half the time," he added, as he licked his fingers to get the last taste of vinegar. "But as for your played-up stomach, that's easily cured, I guess. All you have to do is to go to the Wizard Ramsey, who can fix it good as new, I'll bet a red apple."

"Where can he be found?" asked the millionaire, eagerly.

"I'll show you his house," answered Andrew, "as I am going over that way now."

He took Mr. Gipp to the house of Mr. Ramsey, and introduced him to the wizard, saying:

"Mr. Gipp, this is Mr. Ramsey, the wizard I told you about."

"I am not a wizard," said Mr. Ramsey, laughing. "I am only a doctor. People say I am a wizard because I cure cases that all the other doctors have given up, but I don't do it by magic at all. It is only skill and learning that do it. What is the matter with you?"

Mr. Gipp told him all about his poor stomach and spoke of Andrew's wonderful feat of eating pie and pickles and milk. He said:

"I'd give a fortune to have that boy's stomach, I would."

"That's easily managed if Andrew will let you have it. I can exchange your stomach so that you'll have his and he yours if he'll agree to the exchange."

"What'll you give me?" asked Andrew.

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Mr. Gipp.

Andrew agreed and the clever doctor took out and exchanged their stomachs right then and there. Mr. Gipp gave Andrew the money and it was understood that each was to keep the stomach he had for six months. Mr. Gipp told Andrew how to feed his new stomach so that it would not pain him more than usual and what pills to take when it hurt like anything, and asked him to take good care of it while he had it. Andrew said he didn't care what Mr. Gipp did to him, for he knew it would stand a good deal of hard treatment in the way of feeding and six months would not hurt it a bit.

Mr. Gipp hurried home as fast as he could to try Andrew's stomach and the appetite that went with it, which already was making Mr. Gipp hungry, although Andrew had had his lunch only a couple of hours before, but some boys are that way, they can eat between meals. Funny, isn't it? He told the cook to send up some pie, some anchovies, some wine jelly and some pickled cauliflower. "Sure the master bees going crazy!" said Euphigenia, the cook; "for he'll kill himself sure if he be 'atta' all that mess!" But she went them up and Mr. Gipp sat

down and ate them all. Then he sat around waiting for the pain that usually came, and when two or three hours passed with no sign of trouble he got up and danced with joy. Then he went and ate some chocolate eclairs, some ice cream, five bananas, a lot of fruit candy and a cup of coffee. He felt fine and so he waited until supper time without eating any more.

Now began a lovely time for Mr. Gipp, for, as he was a millionaire, he could buy all the nice things he wanted to eat, which is more than most people can do, and when he saw something delicious in a confectioner's window he just went in and bought and ate it. He had a broad grin on his face all the time, but once in a while he would wonder what Andrew was doing with his old played-out stomach, and then he'd look grave, for nobody could tell what a boy would put into himself who had ten thousand dollars to spend for food and who had never really known what it was to be well fed before.

This used to keep the millionaire awake at night sometimes, but on the whole he had a perfectly lovely time, for with all his fine taste he now could use a brand new appetite and a digestive apparatus that was one of the best ever made.

Nothing delighted him so much as the habit Andrew's appetite had of wanting something to eat in the middle of the night, and it was with a pleased and delighted smile that he would push the button about 2 o'clock A. M., and demand a chicken sandwich, a glass of Hochstetter-gursteln Rhine wine and a stuffed olive, and he had to raise the cook's wages in a month or she would have left right in the middle of the night, and so he would have had no breakfast. He used to go around looking for German or Italian picnics in order to get in on the feasts of good things, and all the hotels and restaurants looked upon him as the very best customer in all the town. So that it was how he passed the time and he enjoyed every one of the five meals which he ate every day.

Meanwhile Andrew was enjoying himself, too, in somewhat the same way, although Mr. Gipp did not expect that he would. The very first thing Andrew did was to throw away the list of things that he must eat and those he must avoid which Mr. Gipp had given him. He determined to find out for himself just what things the millionaire's dyspeptic old stomach would stand, and so he did not want a guide book. As soon as he got his ten thousand dollars he went right to the town, taking a fast train so as to get there quick, and then he went to the biggest and most expensive restaurant.

First Expensive Meal

He ordered everything that seemed to sound good when he read the name on the menu, and when it was brought he ate it. Sometimes he didn't exactly like the looks of the dishes he had this ordered, as when they brought him a couple of swart's Dog Biscuits for lunch. The waiters were amazed, and the proprietor came to see the boy, and then he asked him if he was sure he had money enough to pay for all the things he had eaten. Andrew handed him a thousand-dollar bill, and gave the waiter a ten-dollar tip, so they all thought he was a foreign prince who had been excited from his own country on account of his appetite being liable to produce either a famine, or a revolution.

About an hour after he had finished he felt that Mr. Gipp's stomach was about to rebel and act up, as it were, and instead of taking one of the pills that the millionaire had given him he resolved to take some exercise. He knew that was the trouble with Mr. Gipp, and so he went out, and taking hold of the back of an automobile, he told the machinist, or chauffeur, who steers it, to go like anything

leys odd dishes like hot-beer-and-eggs-with-vinegar, in Polish huts frozen-cabbage-and-cream, in Turkish kiosks, pepper-and-taffy, and everywhere that he traveled he found similarly strange methods of preparing food, so that for a long time he kept finding new and wonderful dishes. As soon as he had tasted everything in one country he would move on to the next and wherever he went he never left until he had sampled all. Sometimes he liked the dishes, but half the time he didn't, yet eat them, just the same. He often walked for hundreds of miles just for exercise and thus he found himself many times in out-of-the-way places where he discovered dishes that no one had ever heard of even in the very next country. He made up his mind that when he got through he would go home and start a "Restaurant of all Nations," where people could try all of these queer messes that he had tasted, for there is nothing stranger than the different things different nations eat and the ways they fix their food.

Well, by and by Andrew reached distant Tibet, a land into which only two or three white men have penetrated, but he kept on walking, and as nobody stopped him he went farther into Tibet than anybody ever had gone before. There he ate some strange and unsightly dishes, and when he had reached the end of the bill of fare they told him that he had tasted everything to eat that they had except porcupecker.

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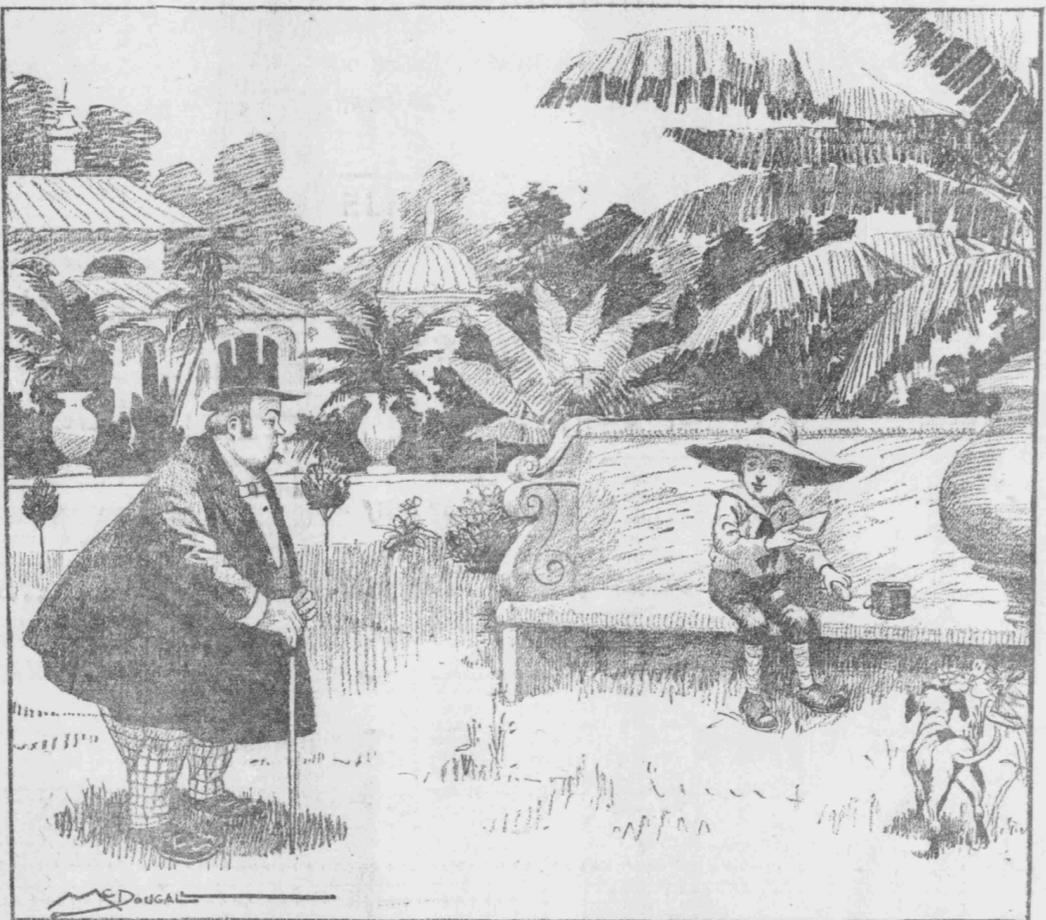
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"I WOULD GIVE A MILLION DOLLARS," SAID MR. GIPP

They said the porcupecker was a cross between the porcupine and the woodpecker and was a very dainty dish indeed, but very expensive, so that nobody but the Emperor ever was allowed to eat one.

Andrew took his gun and went out at once to hunt for a porcupecker. These animals live high up in the tallest trees and peck holes in the bark like woodpeckers, but they look more like porcupines than birds. He was out for two days before he saw one up in a pinwheel tree, so called because it has pinwheel leaves, and it was so high in the tree that the gun would not carry the shot up there. He fired a dozen times before he found this out, and as the porcupecker paid no attention to him, but pecked away unconcernedly throughout all the firing, he got an axe and began to chop the pinwheel tree down, for that was also a form of exercise.

When the porcupecker felt the blow of the axe on the tree trunk he looked down and saw what Andrew was doing. He was frightened almost to death, for he knew that on the ground he couldn't escape, as he is a poor runner. He came down some distance and called to Andrew:

"Hi, there!" he said; "what are you doing to my pinwheel tree?"

"I am chopping it down," replied Andrew.

"Did you think I was playing lawn tennis?"

"But you mustn't do it," said Porcupecker angrily. "I can't have you coming here and destroying my property this way. I'll have the law on you."

"Don't care," said Andrew, "as long as I have you to eat. That's what I'm after."

Then the porcupecker saw that he couldn't bluff any longer, and he began to cry, so that his tears showered down upon Andrew, who thought it was raining. He stopped chopping for a moment, and the Porcupecker's wails reached him. He said:

"Say, don't be crying down on me like that. I haven't any umbrella nor maskintosh with me and I will catch cold."

"Oh, hard-hearted boy, would you de-

and then he showed him a big hole where the rain had washed out the earth under a ruined wall of some ancient temple of days long past. It was about big enough for Andrew to crawl through after the porcupecker, and when he got inside he found himself in a sort of cellar, where the gold was piled in heaps, as far as he could see, as high as a man's head. There was gold enough there to fill a train of freight cars, and there's no telling what it was worth, for Andrew never let on to anybody.

While he was looking at it, with his eyes just bulging and wondering how much it was worth, Mr. Gipp's stomach began to pain most horribly, and the pain twisted Andrew all up. He couldn't help groaning as he doubled up, and the porcupecker, in surprise, asked him what ailed him.

"Oh, a little stomach-ache, that's all," he replied, for he didn't want the porcupecker to think his stomach was weak after he had bragged about it so much.

"Ha, and you, who have stomach-ache, were thinking of eating porcupecker! Why, even the Emperor, strong man as he is, has pains in the bread basket whenever he eats one of us. But, as you spared me, I will tell you another secret. Do you see the mushrooms that grow yonder on the heaps of yellow gold?"

Andrew now saw that the gold was all covered with golden-colored mushrooms, large and fine-looking, that made his mouth water in spite of his pain, for he was very fond of them, and this was a brand-new variety.

He reached down and gathered a few. They were very fat and large enough to make an elegant dinner with joy.

"They are magnificent!" he cried.

"They have a wonderful property, beside being very tasty, indeed," said the porcupecker. "They will cure the very worst case of dyspepsia in one minute. No matter how many years it has lasted, it goes as soon as you eat one of the Aurifungus

at once that he could get all the gold he wanted (even if he didn't want any) by curing millions of their dyspepsia. He went back to his hotel just as soon as he had helped the porcupecker up the tree again and said good-bye to him, and he got a lot of carpet-bags, which he took to the ruins and filled with mushrooms to dry. Then he got a cart and loaded it with gold and went back to his home. He hired a train of camels to carry all his bags of mushrooms and the gold and got away from Tibet without being interfered with by the Emperor.

When he reached Turkey he hired a special train to England, because he had to, as he carried bags, you see, and then he went to Constantinople. I've never had a chance to write Constantinople as one of my stories before, and it's so long that I'll never use it again, I think. He got a ship and came home just as the six months had expired. He knew Mr. Gipp was worrying, and he telegraphed him that he was coming, and his stomach was all right. Gee! but Mr. Gipp was pleased, and yet he felt rather sad, as he now would have to give Andrew back his stomach, and he had had so much fun with it that he hated to do it.

Returns to Mr. Gipp

When the lad arrived Mr. Gipp was there to meet him, and welcome him to his stomach home from their travels. The doctor was there, too, and Andrew was glad of that, for he intended to take the doctor into partnership with him in his great dyspepsia cure, as he considered himself largely responsible for his good fortune. When they saw him and noticed how healthy he looked they were surprised, and then, when they went to Dr. Ramsey's office to exchange their stomachs, once more, Andrew said: "You may keep my stomach as long as you want, Mr. Gipp, for I am perfectly satisfied with yours," they almost fell out of their chairs in their amazement.

"Hasn't it troubled you a good deal?" asked the millionaire.

"Not a bit! It's a good, all-around, reliable old stomach, and I'm sure you could ask for a better one. I've been using everything from peanuts to plum pudding ever since I went away, and never had but one little ache."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have been eating peanuts and plum pudding with my old stomach?" cried Mr. Gipp, looking a little frightened.

"Yes, sir, and pickled eels, Siberian lizards, boiled in turpentine, and Yuletide horsefish, with Tartar sauce, as you well replied Andrew, "and they all agreed with me, too. If you want it back to see if I am telling the truth, let the doctor go a work."

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Gipp; "that's the case, I fear you have been teaching it too many new tricks for us to risk taking it back, and so I'll stick to yours, if it's all the same to you."

"Just as you say," replied Andrew. "It's all the same to me. Any old stomach will do for one who has done of his of Aurifungus Spondulix." Then he told them all about the mushrooms, and gave one to each to eat, and both felt its effect instantly, just as if they were needed inside.

Makes a Fortune

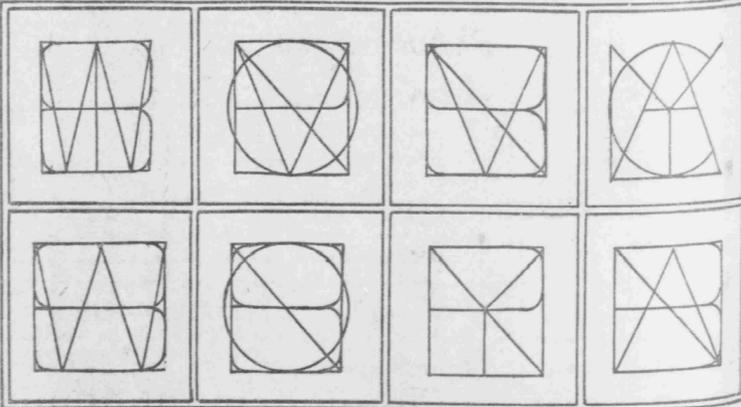
Well, Andrew went into partnership with Dr. Ramsey just to have something to do and not be eating all the time, as he had done in the past, for that would be a poor occupation for a lad over 19 years of age. They had all they could do. All the millionaires flocked to them just as soon as it got out that they had these wonderful mushrooms, and among other wealthy patients I was treated and cured, so that if you will kindly ask me to dinner some night I will show you what one can do with a genuine Aurifungus Spondulix appetite.

Andrew never had a chance to go back to Tibet and get the rest of the gold, but if he had gone he wouldn't have found any left, for not long after he was taken to the Emperor of Tibet when he was out hunting the animals, and the Emperor wanted all the gold away. The Emperor didn't find any Aurifunguses, for Andrew had taken them all, though he promised that never again would he eat a porcupecker nor let any Tibetan do it either, and he struck the mark off of every hotel and restaurant bill of fare in all his dominions.

So, even if you should go there, you can never eat any.

WALT McDOUGALL

THE MONOGRAM WORD PUZZLE



The monograms last week spelled the names of American actors and actresses. They were Hackett, Russell, Adams, Olcott, Hopper, Drew, Jefferson and Goodwin. This week the monograms spell the names of American statesmen.

How th... (Edward B... Old Bud... source of th... mountains... there for a... just a comfort... tended it w... was Bud's... mountain... one of the... the ground... March... Bud had... lived down... the holding... had a S... mountain... triangular... than two... the wood... of land on... lings that... weed-grow... supported... seed sown... fell there... around as... and S... wanted a... feud beca... status of... root on the... about him... Bud Jack... collector of... Louis and... legs came... to look at... Loc... hav... in s... wit... A M... W... incom... the r... you d... upon... Good... W... Foun... 19 st... 25 st... 30... most... \$1.65... In de... 15 33... 40 col... 25 col... Fine... the... far... tee... ver... glo... P... G... in... the... glo... ba... Lad... Lad... S... W... C... AN... NOT