

THE GENTLE CRAFTER & O. HENRY

A MIDSUMMER MASQUERADE

"SATAN," said Jeff Peters, "is a hard boss to work for. When other people are having their vacation is when he keeps you the busiest. As old Dr. Watts or St. Paul or some other diagnostician says: 'He always finds somebody for idle hands to do.'"

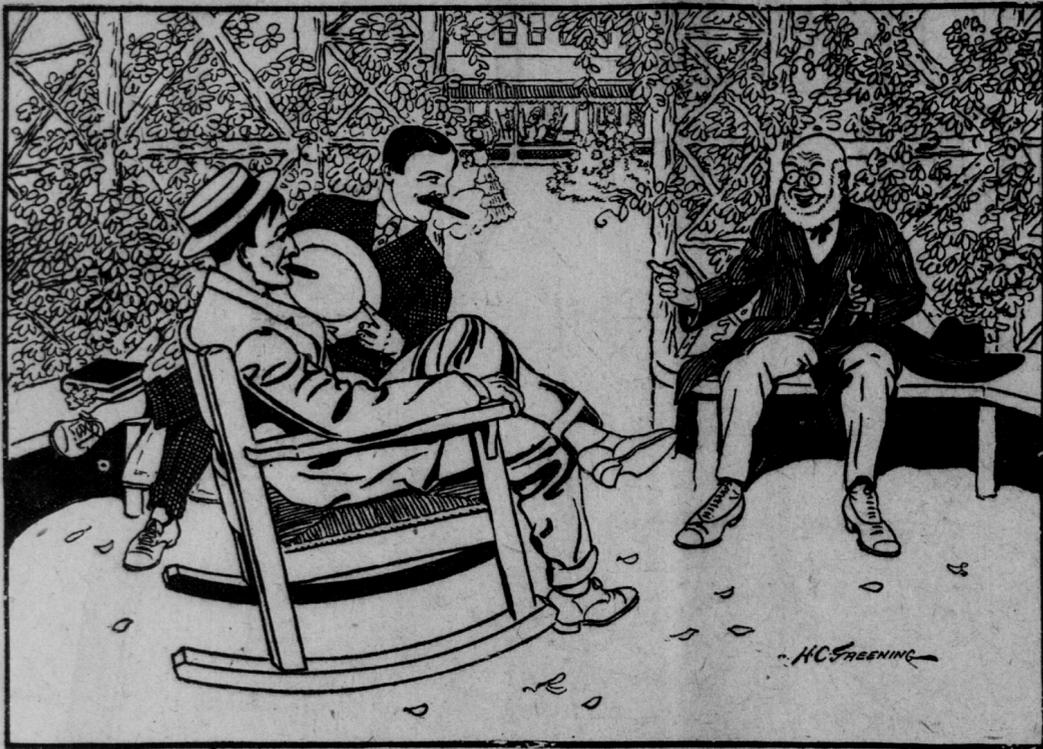
"I remember one summer when me and my partner, Andy Tucker, tried to take a layoff from our professional and business duties; but it seemed that our work followed us wherever we went."

"Now, with a preacher it's different. He can throw off his responsibilities and enjoy himself. On the 31st of May he wraps mosquito netting and tin foil around the pulpit, grabs the niblick, breviary and fishing pole and hikes for Lake Como or Atlantic City, according to the size of the loudness with which he has been called by his congregation. And, sir, for three months he don't have to think about business except to hunt around in Deuteronomy and Proverbs and Timothy to find texts to cover and exculpate such little midsummer penances as dropping a couple of loopy doors on rouge or teaching a Presbyterian widow to swim."

"But I was going to tell you about mine and Andy's summer vacation that wasn't one."

"I was tired of finance and all the branches of unsanctified ingenuity. Even Andy, whose brain rarely ever stopped working, began to make noises like a tennis cabinet."

"Heigh ho!" says Andy, "I'm tired."



"CAN YE DO IT GENTS? HE ASKS."

a scrape. I'm getting a bit too old for street work, so I leased the dog days emporium so the good things would come to me. Two weeks before the season opened I gets a letter signed Lieutenant Perry and one from the duke of Marlborough, each wanting to engage board for part of the summer.

"Well, sir, you gents know what a big thing for an obscure hustler 'twould be to have for guests two gentlemen whose names are famous from long association with icebergs and the Coburgs. So I prints a lot of handbills announcing that Woodchuck Inn would shelter these distinguished boarders during the summer, except in places where it leaked, and I sends 'em out to towns around as far as Knoxville and Charlotte and Fish Dam and the Bowling Green."

"And now look up there on the porch, gents," says Smoke 'Em Out, "at them disconsolate specimens of their fair sex waiting for the arrival of the duke and the lieutenant. The house is packed from rafters to cellar with hero worshippers."

"There's four normal school teachers and two abnormal; there's three high school graduates between 37 and 42; there's two literary old maids and one that can write; there's a couple of society women and a lady from Haw river. Two elocutionists are bunking in the corn crib, and I've put cots in the hay loft for the cook and the society editress of the Chattanooga Opera Glass. You see how names draw, gents."

"Well, says I, 'how is it that you seem to be biting your thumbs at good luck? You didn't used to be that way.'"

"I ain't through," says Smoke 'Em Out. "Yesterday was the day for the advent of the auspicious personages. I goes down to the depot to welcome 'em. Two apparently animate substances gets off the train, both carrying bags full of croquet mallets and these magic lanterns with push buttons."

"I compares these integers with the original signatures to the letters—and, well, gents, I reckon the mistake was due to my poor eyesight. Instead of being the lieutenant, the daisy chain and wild verbena explorer was none other than Levi T. Peevy, a soda water clerk from Asheville. And the duke of Marlborough turned out to be Theo Drake of Murfreesborough, a book keeper in a grocery. What did I do? I kicked 'em both back on the train and watched 'em depart for the lowlands, the low."

"Now you see the fix I'm in, gents," goes on Smoke 'Em Out Smithers. "I told the ladies that the notorious visitors had been detained on the road by some unavoidable circumstances that made a noise like an ice jam and an hearse, but they would arrive a day or two later. When they find out that they've been deceived," says Smoke 'Em Out, "every yard of cross barred muslin and natural waved switch in the house will pack up and leave. It's a hard deal," says Old Smoke 'Em Out.

"Friend," says Andy, touching the old man on the esophagus, "why this jeremiad when the polar regions and the portals of Blenheim are conspiring to hand you prosperity on a hall-

marked silver salver? We have arrived."

"A light breaks out on Smoke 'Em Out's face."

"Can ye do it, gents?" he asks. "Could ye do it? Could ye play the polar man and the little duke for the nice ladies? Will ye do it?"

"I see that Andy is superimposed with his old hankering for the oral and polyglot system of buncoing. That man had a vocabulary of about 10,000 words and synonyms, which arrayed themselves into contraband sophistries and parables when they came out."

"Listen," says Andy to Old Smoke 'Em Out. "Can we do it? You behold before you, Mr. Smithers, two of the finest equipped men on earth for inveigling the proletariat, whether by word or mouth, sleight of hand or swiftness of foot. Dukes come and go; explorers go and get lost, but me and Jeff Peters," says Andy, "go after the commons forever. If you say so, we're the two illustrious guests you were expecting. And you'll find, says Andy, 'that we'll give you the true local color of the title roles from the aurora borealis to the dual port-cullics.'"

"Old Smoke 'Em Out is delighted. He takes me and Andy up to the inn by an arm apiece, telling us on the way that the finest frills of the can and luxuries of the fast freights should

The Curious Antlers of the Deer

ONE of nature's hardest puzzles—one of her apparent extravaganzas of vitality and nutriment—is her wastefulness with the horns or antlers of the deer family. The hunter comes home from the hills with a noble head bearing a towering structure of horn. Yet had the hunter missed the shot that same magnificent rack whose points he now counts with pride would have been cast away in the spring. Immediately they grow again; grow with a rate startlingly rapid, and in six months are in their fullest glory once more.

In no animal, says the Boston Transcript, is the antler so gracefully wicked looking a weapon as in the wapiti, which is commonly—and wrongly—called in this country the "elk." "Elk" is an old world word, and the old world elk, some species of which still exist in Europe, is an animal corresponding practically to our moose. The wapiti is the largest of the true deer, corresponding to the red deer of Europe. The family is called the "elephantine" family of deer. Its members bear the wapiti of Siberia, the German red deer and the English red deer. The close relation between all the species is best shown by the fact that if any two of them are crossed the hybrid produced is fertile. This argues a common family.

The most astonishing thing about these antlers is not their design, effective and ornamental as that is, but the manner and rate of their growth. In the early days of April the new antler begins to push outward so fast one might almost see it grow. They are flabby things of cartilage, blunt ended, tender, full of blood vessels and covered with a down that is called by hunters "velvet." In 10 days they grow as many inches. They branch, and grow year by year as they did the year before, so that if one could find the antlers of one animal two years in succession they would be alike except for the additional "point" or branch of the second season. By August the antlers are full grown and beginning to harden. The wapiti rubs them against



INSTEAD OF THE LIEUT AND THE DUKE

be ours without price as long as we would stay.

"On the porch Smoke 'Em Out says: 'Ladies, I have the honor to introduce his gracefulness the duke of Marlborough and the famous inventor of the north pole, Lieutenant Peary.'"

"The skirts all flutter and the rocking chairs squeak as me and Andy bows and then goes on in with Old

Smoke 'Em Out to register. And then we washed up and turned our cuffs, and the landlord took us to the rooms he'd been saving for us and got out a demijohn of North Carolina real mountain dew.

"I expected trouble when Andy began to drink. He has the artistic metempsychosis which is half drunk when sober and looks down on airships when stimulated."

"After lingering with the demijohn me and Andy goes out on the porch, where the ladies are to begin to earn our keep. We sit in two special chairs and then the schoolma'ams and literatrors hunched their rockers close around us."

"One lady says to me: 'How did that last venture of yours turn out, sir?'"

"Now, I'd clean forgot to have an understanding with Andy which I was to be, the duke or the lieutenant. And I couldn't tell from her question whether she was referring to Arctic or matrimonial expeditions. So I gave an answer that would cover both cases."

"Well, ma'am," says I, "it was a freeze out—right smart of a freeze out, ma'am."

"And then the flood gates of Andy's perorations was opened and I knew which one of the renowned ostensible guests I was supposed to be. I wasn't either. Andy was both. And still furthermore it seemed that he was trying to be the mouthpiece of the entire British nobility and of Arctic exploration from Sir John Franklin

can women, skyscrapers or the architecture of your icebergs. The next time," says Andy, "that I go after the north pole all the Vanderbilts in Greenland won't be able to turn me out in the cold—I mean make it hot for me."

"Tell us about one of your trips, lieutenant," says one of the normals.

"Sure," says Andy, getting the decision over a hiccup. "It was in the spring of last year I sailed the Castle of Blenheim up to latitude 87 degrees Fahrenheit and beat the record."

"Ladies," says Andy, "it was a sad sight to see a duke allied by a civil and liturgical chattel mortgage to one of your first families loct in a region of semiannual days." And then he goes on, "At four bells we sighted Westminster abbey, but there was not a drop to eat. At noon we threw out five sandbags, and the ship rose 15 knots higher. At midnight," continues Andy, "the restaurants closed. Sitting on a cake of ice we ate seven dogs. All around us was snow and ice. Six times a night the boatswain rose up and tore a leaf off the calendar so we could keep time with the barometer. At 12," says Andy, "with a lot of anguish in his face, 'three huge polar bears sprang down the hatchway, into the cabin. And then—"

"What then, lieutenant?" says a school ma'am, excitedly.

"Andy gives a loud sob."

"The duchess shook me," he cries out, and slides out of the chair and weeps on the porch.

"Well, of course, that fixed the

The Hobbies Which Actors Ride

THE hobbies that are ridden by actors and actresses are many, diverse and curious, says the Chicago Tribune. Francis Wilson has a passion for books, especially for the books of Eugene Field. He has edited an edition of the works of Field, who was his close friend.

Joseph Jefferson's two hobbies were painting and fishing. He did a great deal of landscape painting. He used to carry about the country with him a big machine something like a clothes wringer in which he finished his "monotypes."

James K. Hackett loves hunting. He shoots game on Long Island and hunts big game in the far west.

Margaret Anglin collects old furniture. "She has discovered some fine antiques."

Bianche Bates goes in for horses. Lily Langtry's racing stable is that possession of which she is most proud. She has added several winners to it since her last American tour.

Maude Adams' tad is for farming. She has a model farm on Long Island and she spends much of her time upon it.

Charles A. Bigelow is a farmer when his wife makes him farm, and together they have done considerable agricultural work.

There are few better judges of old lace and china in the country than Clyde Fitch. He has a fine collection in which some of the articles have values almost as great as those attached to some of the Fitch plays.

Bianche Walsh went in for Buddhism once. She bought a fine little image of the god that is worshipped in India and she carried it around with her on her tours, setting it up in the dressing rooms in the theaters in which she played.

William Gillette has a sailing yacht, but it is so slow that he was once hailed by the captain of a schooner, who, upon being told that Gillette had left such and such a port upon such and such a date, shouted back: "What year?"

John Drew collects playbills and has many framed prizes. Some of them contain his father's name.

Augustus Thomas goes in for politics at White Plains, N. Y., where he has been "spoken of" in connection with the democratic nomination for mayor and for congress in that district.

Richard Mansfield, who is a lover of books, has a fine library. He also sup-

ports a volunteer fire fighting company at his summer home.

Hattie Williams has a collection of prize winning dogs. So has Victor Moore. Maxine Elliott pins her faith to her Boston terrier. Sport, upon which she lavishes all manner of high priced food and who thrives in spite of his diet.

Olis Skinner loves the simple life and cultivates it at a farmhouse in Pennsylvania. The house is more than 100 years old and the actor, who has made a special study of the period of the revolutionary war, has gathered many relics of that epoch.

Poker and pinocle are the card games most beloved by actors, and Nat Goodwin, whose tastes incline toward games of chance and pugilism, has ridden hundreds of miles to see a good bout. Joe Weber's tad is more pacific. He owns a houseboat which is named after his wife, and he is one of the champion houseboat sailors of the world.

The automobile has furnished a tad to many players who would otherwise be fadless. Richard Carle is one of the most devoted disciples of the touring car.

George M. Cohan is devoted to baseball. He plays upon the team that is composed of the members of his company. Cecil Lean is another baseball crank, and so is Louis Mann. The last named actor yells for the New York team, no matter where they are playing.

Lee Harrison likes the racehorses. So does William Gould. So do Fay Templeton, William Russell and nine out of ten other players.

Mrs. Fiske's tad looks to the protection of the birds. She is much interested in the work of the Audubon society. Her ideas have had practical effect, for she has given many extra performances for the benefit of the work. Olga Netherole has given extra performances for the benefit of the newer work among consumptives, and she has given a great deal of time and money to the problem of making easier the condition of sufferers from tuberculosis.

It is Marie Cahill's chief ambition to be able to establish a summer school for chorus girls, and after that to build a great home in which they may live and where they may learn dramatic art. She was in the chorus herself once and she and the members of her "long skirted chorus" always have been upon the friendliest terms.



"DUMPS THE BOOKS OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW."

I've got to steam up the yacht Corsair and ho for the Riviera! feeling. I want to loaf and indict my soul, as Walt Whittier says. I want to play pinocle with Merry del Val or give a knouting to the tenants on my Tarrytown estates or do a monologue at a Chautauqua picnic in kilts or something summery and outside the line of routine sandbagging."

"Patience," says I. "You'll have to climb higher in the profession before you can taste the laurels that crown the footprints of the great captains of industry. Now, what I'd like, Andy," says I, "would be a summer sojourn in a mountain village far from scenes of larceny, bloodshed and overcapitalization. I'm tired, too, and a month or so of sinlessness ought to leave us in good shape to begin again to take away the white man's burdens in the fall."

"Andy fell in with the rest cure idea at once, so we struck the general passenger agents of all the railroads for summer resort literature, and took a week to study out where we should go. I reckon the first passenger agent in the world was that man Genesis. But there wasn't much competition in his day, and when he said: 'The Lord made the earth in six days, and all very good,' he hadn't any idea to what extent the press agents of the summer hotels would plagiarize from him later on."

"When we finished the booklets we perceived, easy, that the United States from Passadumkeag, Me., to El Paso, and from Skagway to Key West was a paradise of glorious mountain peaks, crystal lakes, new laid eggs, golf, girls, garages, cooling breezes, straw rides, open plumb-

ing and tennis; and all within two hours' ride.

"So me and Andy dumps the books out the back window and packs our trunk and takes the 6 o'clock tortoise flyer for Crow Knob, a kind of a drier resort in the mountains on the line of Tennessee and North Carolina."

"We was directed to a kind of private hotel called Woodchuck Inn, and thither me and Andy bent and almost broke our footsteps over the rocks and stumps. The inn set back from the road in a big grove of trees, and it looked fine with its broad porches and a lot of women in white dresses rocking in the shade. The rest of Crow Knob was a postoffice and some scenery set at angles of 45 degrees and a welkin."

"Well, sir, when we got to the gate who do you suppose comes down the walk to greet us? Old Smoke 'Em Out Smithers, who used to be the best open air painless dentist and electric liver pad faker in the south-west."

"Old Smoke 'Em Out is dressed clerico rural, and has the mingled air of a landlord and a claim jumper. Which aspect he corroborates by telling us that he is the host and perpetrator of Woodchuck Inn. I introduces Andy, and we talk about a few volatile topics, such as will go around at meetings of boards of directors and old associates like us three were. Old Smoke 'Em Out leads us into a kind of summer house in the yard near the gate and took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with his mighty right."

"Gents," says he, "I'm glad to see you. Maybe you can help me out of