

# BETZVILLE TALES

## Miss Petunia Scraggins and the Clothespins

By Ellis Parker Butler  
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.  
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

For a great many years Miss Petunia Scraggins of Betzville sent her washing away from home to be done, but it was not in order to appear stylish, as some of our invidious citizens have hinted. It was because she was so modest that she couldn't bear to look upon a naked clothespin. The mere sight of six dozen pale, nude clothespins in a basket always overcame Petunia so that she became weak and trembled and had to go and lie down on the red-plush sofa and sniff at the uncooked camphor bottle.

But when adversity overtook her and she couldn't afford to have her washing sent out, she saw there was nothing to do about it, and that she must do her own washing. For three weeks she hunted high and low for some kind of lady-like clothespins that she could put skirts on and that would ride side-saddle on the clothesline, but she could not find any of that sort, and she didn't know what in the world to do. Then she tried putting skirts on the two-legged clothespins any way, but although they looked all right in the basket, the way they behaved on the clothesline was perfectly scandalous. Skirts were never in the world meant to ride a-straddle. And a



It irked Miss Petunia almost to death to go out and hang up a towel and hear the loud cheers as she stuck the clothes-pin on the line.

clothespin was never intended to do anything else. Miss Petunia couldn't so much as hang out a handkerchief on the line without being shocked and blushing like a mile a minute.

It didn't make the least difference that Miss Petunia was not sparing of clothes. A well-informed stranger who visited our town stated in the hearing of some of our best citizens that he had never seen, anywhere in the world, as well groomed and outfitted clothespins as Miss Petunia's. They were fully robed in skirts and underskirts and general trousseau stuff, including stockings, and yet when they were stuck on the clothesline they looked like reckless creatures whose acquaintance one would not care to make.

The thing that worried Miss Petunia most was that Sim Wiggins, who owns the lot next to her humble home, built a grandstand on it, facing Miss Petunia's yard, and sold seats every wash day at ten cents a seat. The grandstand was always crowded on wash days by spectators come to see Miss Petunia's clothespin ballet, and it was not at all a nice crowd. The best society all stayed away after they heard what kind of a show it was. It irked Miss Petunia almost to death to go out and hang up a towel and hear the loud cheers as she stuck the clothespins on the line. The audience got so it knew each individual clothespin, and gave them all names, and when their favorites appeared and began to dance in the breeze they just went wild. And Sim Wiggins used to sell peanuts and lemonade, and parade up and down before the grandstand as proud as if he had thought of the show himself. It riled Miss Petunia dreadfully.

At last the crowd got to be so noisy that the city council met and considered the bad effect the clothesline ballet was having on the public. They appointed a committee of censors, and the next Monday the committee went around and censored Miss Petunia's

week's wash and declared it injurious to the morals of the community and ordered her to discontinue it. They said she still had the right to use nude, unadorned clothespins if she wished, but she couldn't bring herself to do that, and it looked for awhile as if she would have to discontinue wash-day, and so she would if she hadn't happened to hear that the best society elsewhere was wearing divided skirts for horseback riding.

For awhile Miss Petunia was doubtful about divided skirts. She was a little old-fashioned and she feared they might not be modest, but when she spoke to the city censoring committee they said the divided skirts were perfectly proper and suitable for the most well-bred clothespins to wear. So she set to work and made a complete outfit of divided skirts for her clothespins. Sim Wiggins sold a few reserved seats for the first appearance of the divided-skirts, there being some curiosity about them among those who had never seen them, but the next Monday the grandstand was as empty as a church on Fourth of July.

It is wonderful how a little thing like clothes changes things. Formerly

## CALLING ON ROSINA



GOLLNICK is a bachelor. He had been dining with the Tessdales, and over the coffee Tessdale produced the letter.

"Most curious thing, this letter," Tessdale said. "Good paper, written in the most extreme fashionable stilted hand and with the assurance of one who expects to be understood. Says she knows I'll be glad to hear she has come to Chicago and expects to remain permanently, and hopes I will come to see her, with graceful references to our former friendship. Signed 'Rosina Hitch'—and I don't know and never knew any Rosina Hitch! I never even heard of a human being named Rosina!"

"And I believe him," corroborated Mrs. Tessdale, a trifle defiantly, catching Gollnick's eye. Gollnick hastened to resolve his face into a picture of trust and faith. "Certainly!" he said. "How extraordinary!"

He fingered thoughtfully the note which Tessdale had passed over. Then the idea struck him.

"Of course," he said to Tessdale, "it wouldn't be proper for you, a married man, to pay any attention to this note. You couldn't do it, you know. Could he, Mrs. Tessdale? Your role is to treat it with a cold reserve if not a suspicious contempt. But it would be entirely correct for me to answer it, Tessdale? Now, wouldn't it?"

"I'd kind of like to get to the bottom of the mystery," confessed Tessdale. "I'd like to know who Rosina really is."

"Go on and answer it," urged Mrs. Tessdale, who was cheerfully without scruples when Tessdale was not concerned.

Thereupon Gollnick answered the note on Mrs. Tessdale's best stationery. His was a beautiful note, considered from all points. It was the acme of polite interest, of courteous pleasure in the fact that Chicago was from now on to be blessed with the presence of Rosina Hitch, of deftly vague references to the mysterious past days when they had known each other, of intimations that the writer would be charmed to pick up again the thread of their acquaintance. And Gollnick signed it with Tessdale's name.

"I have to!" he insisted. "She wrote to you, didn't she? She doesn't know me, does she?"

"She's welcome to know you," said Tessdale, "for all of me. All right, let her go!"

So Gollnick mailed the letter on his way home that night. Three days later Mrs. Tessdale telephoned him that there was an answer, and Gollnick hastened to his friend's house. He was beginning to feel an eager interest in Rosina Hitch. Gollnick always said that a person could be judged by the way he or she wrote a letter, and Rosina's letter had been very nice. The second one was even more so. She said she'd be glad to see Tessdale the next evening.

"I'm going!" Gollnick announced.

"But you don't look like me!" objected Tessdale.

"What difference does that make?" demanded Gollnick, with malicious cleverness. "You say Rosina never set eyes on you!"

Sometimes, much as he liked Gollnick, Tessdale was greatly irritated by him, and this was one of the times.

"Don't you get me into any mix-up!" he growled. "Not that he wanted to call on Rosina himself, but somehow he felt that Gollnick was too superabundantly joyful in his freedom to do so."

"I'm going!" Gollnick repeated.

He really dressed very carefully for that call. It was an adventure and he was excited. Not since his college days had he been so excited. He did not go so far as to say that Rosina was tall, with waves of dark hair and large eyes, but he felt assured she was charming. She must be, from those notes.

The address Rosina had given was on a very good avenue, and it was a modestly impressive house. As Gollnick waited in the inviting reception room his satisfaction grew. He knew at once that Rosina's family was the right sort. He rose to his feet as he heard her coming.

With the Colosseum doing a zigzag waltz before his startled eyes, Gollnick found himself holding the hand of a plump, motherly woman of 60, with her hair parted and smoothed down. It surely was a basque she had on—nothing more modern!

"Why, where's Tommy Tessdale?" the nice old woman asked at once. "I haven't forgotten what he looked like, though I haven't seen him since he was a boy, when I visited his mother. I went through the seminary with his dear mother, and she was my best friend! Has anything happened?"

As has been said, Gollnick is a very clever man. He looked straight into the kindly eyes of Rosina Hitch, the old-fashioned woman with a fad for new-fashioned stationery.

"I came in Tessdale's place," he said. "He—he was detained by business. He will be very glad to see you, Mrs. Hitch. He and his wife."

"Fancy Tommy Tessdale married!" beamed Rosina Hitch, sitting down. "Tell me all about him."

A. J. BERCIER, D. D. S. E. T. BERCIER, D. D. S.  
**Bercier & Bercier,**  
DENTAL OFFICES  
Corner Court and Vine Sts.  
One Block South of Postoffice.  
April 8-8-09.

## FIGHTS ALL NIGHT WITH MAD SISTER

### CLEVELAND WOMAN HAS DESPERATE BATTLE FOR LIFE WITH INSANE RELATIVE.

### TWO ALONE IN BIG BUILDING

#### Would-Be Slayer Declares Spirits Ordered Her to Kill Kin—Death of Son Is Cause of Her Hallucination.

Cleveland, O.—Alone in the Republic building with her sister, who had gone suddenly insane, Miss Eliza Warren battled all night for her life and was rescued in the morning only after she had received stab wounds which required treatment in a hospital. Miss Warren has a dramatic studio and her apartments in the building.

The last person had hardly left the building for the night when her sister, Mrs. Marian Sutton Story confronted Miss Warren with blazing eyes and the exclamation: "Eliza, I must kill you. The spirits tell me to."

"I knew in an instant she was crazy," Miss Warren told her friends. "Her eyes shone with insane light."

"She had no weapon then, and after a short struggle I succeeded in overpowering her. For a long time I was compelled to sit on her, so determined was she to carry out the command of the 'spirits.'"

"After a while she grew quieter and I relaxed my hold. But not for long."

"I must kill you, Eliza," she said. "I will die to-night. To-morrow father and brother will die. We'll all join George in heaven. The spirits told me so."

"Again I succeeded in controlling her. But now she talked, talked, talked, and of George, and what we would do in heaven."

"It was about 12 noon, and except for her mutterings, quiet. Across the hall a clock struck between what seemed ages. I wanted to scream out for help, but knew no one could hear."

Four times during the night, according to Miss Warren, she had to sit on Mrs. Story in order to control her. Toward morning she was unable to cope with the insane woman, whose strength seemed doubled.

Finally Mrs. Story, she says, broke



"Her Knee Pinned Me Down."

away and, grabbing a penknife, advanced on her.

Miss Warren tried to open the door, which was locked, but, unable to turn her back on her sister, couldn't do it. Finally she closed with her attacker, in a last struggle to obtain the knife.

This time she was overpowered and hurled to the floor.

"Her knee pinned me down," says Miss Warren, "and then I felt something enter my side. I screamed with all my might, but no one came. I screamed again. Still no one answered. Then, just as I was about to give up, I heard steps, the glass in the door fell in and I was saved."

Before Mrs. Story was removed to jail Miss Warren had her brought into her room at the Huron Road hospital. "I forgive you, Mollie," she said, "but I can't understand why you did it."

Dr. C. H. Clark, superintendent of Newburg hospital, says Mrs. Story is a woman with an impressionable mind.

"The death of her son and an attempt to communicate with him through spiritualistic mediums caused her insanity," he said. "False hearings came to her and she suffered the hallucination of being commanded by spirits."

**Giri's "Rat" Saves Her Life.**  
Champaign, Ill.—Score one for the fantastic feminine. The prevailing styles in hair dressing undoubtedly saved the life of Miss Frances Thurman of Urbana, for when a glass showcase ten feet square, weighing more than 100 pounds, fell upon her head she was only jarred and frightened. The young woman was dusting a case in a photograph gallery when it fell, but the force was broken by her coiffure. The case itself was sadly damaged, the glass doors breaking.

**Morton H. Thompson**  
Attorney at Law  
Notary Public  
General Practice.

Special Attention Given to Collections and Claims.  
Office in Building formerly occupied by E. B. Dubuison, Landry street, Opelousas.

## BOY AERONAUT IN FOG STRANDED IN SWAMP

### STRUGGLES THREE HOURS TO ESCAPE DROWNING AND DISCARDS MOST OF CLOTHING.

New York.—Sailing through the air enveloped in an impenetrable fog so dense that he completely lost his bearings, Frank W. Goodale, the Toledo boy aeronaut, was stranded on the Jersey meadows the other afternoon and almost drowned in a marshy spot near Kingsland, where he and his machine landed.

Discarding his clothing and dismantling his machine, that progress might be easier, Goodale, though absolutely ignorant of his whereabouts, did heroic work for three hours and by sheer grit and energy managed to



Did Heroic Work for Three Hours.

propel his flying machine several miles over marshlands and streams, until he eventually reached Kingsland, where he collapsed and was attended by a physician.

Goodale has been exhibiting at an amusement park for several weeks, and his engagement ended there on the day of his adventure. He was told to appear the next day at Hillside park, near Belleville, on the outskirts of Newark. Goodale determined to fly the eight miles between the two parks. He got away from the amusement park about 4:30 o'clock.

After five minutes of flight Goodale ran into a dense fog, and in the gloom lost his way. He directed his machine close to the earth, and found himself near Homestead, N. J., where he inquired of several men the direction of Newark. They shouted to him that he was headed in the right direction. He encountered dense gloom again and rightly determined that he was passing over the Jersey meadows.

The fog and dampness deflated the gas of Goodale's machine, and it began to sink. Then, without warning, the engine stopped and Goodale and his airship descended violently on the marsh land.

Goodale said afterwards that he sank in the mud and water up to his waist, and only by the exercise of all his strength was he able to save himself from drowning. He drew himself up on the airship, cast off his leggings, shoes and clothing until he was all but disrobed.

## WHALE SWIMS OFF WITH BOAT

### Newly-Married Couple Are Rescued After Exciting Chase of Twenty Miles.

Seattle, Wash.—Mrs. and Mrs. John Greenleaf, who has been spending their honeymoon living in a houseboat, were given a fast ride of 20 miles behind a young fin-back whale near Port Angeles.

The houseboat was erected on a float made of eight logs, each 80 feet long and fully a foot thick. The boat was securely anchored in a little cove by two heavy cables. To prevent its breaking away in case of storm, chains were hung from the logs to anchors buried in the sandy beach.

It is believed the whale was playing at night in the cove and, coming up under the float, became tangled in the loose anchor chains. Unable to free himself, the big fish set the heavy float careening until the cables parted.

A little after sunrise fishermen saw the float and the houseboat swaying as if it were by an earthquake. Then the raft and all started for the ocean. The fishermen were unaware the boat was occupied until they saw the frightened groom and his bride clinging desperately to the sides of the house. They cried out for help and the fishermen headed their launch toward the rapidly disappearing float and followed at full speed.

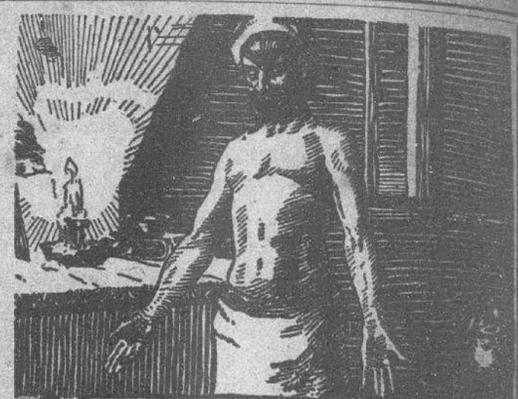
About twenty miles off in the strait of Juan de Fuca the float came to a standstill. The fishermen soon came up and rescued Greenleaf and his wife.

The whale, barely thirty feet long, had become pinched between two logs and was dead.

**Use for Empty Sirup Barrels.**  
Europeans have discovered that American sirup barrels, once used, are better than new ones. They are used especially for the pickling of meat and if of hard wood, even in the United States, bring better price than new ones.

**Taken Up.** By the undersigned in Opelousas, one bay Billy, about two years old, star in forehead, left hind foot white, brand indistinct, about;

**K C**  
Has been ranging about my neighborhood, in the corporate limits of Opelousas, for two weeks.  
The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay costs and take same away.  
A. J. BERCIER.



## Prayer

By Wilbur D. Webb

"When the evil days come not."—Ecclesiastes xii, 1

Let me fare forth as once I went  
Far out across the flowered field,  
Beyond which hills and haze were blent,  
And find the wonders there revealed,  
Let me but once more taste the tang  
Of winds that sweep from spiny laes,  
Of marvel winds that one time sprang  
Across the endless miles and miles.

And let me count the castled clouds  
That rose with arch and parapet,  
And people them with knightly crowds  
Adorned in armor jewel-set,  
Let me I pray, once more look up  
Into the hollow of the night,  
And dream that it is Time's great cup  
Which pours down's wine of living light.

And I would drowse within the shade  
The never-silent trees have sung,  
And hear the whispered tales they made  
In what is now an alien tongue,  
Would watch the dew gems on the rose  
Blown ruby-like upon the breeze,  
And know they were the sunset glows  
The fower had made bold to seize.

And let me read again the book—  
Each meadow was a page outspread,  
As was the darkened forest nook  
And blue sky bending overhead,  
And I would know the songs again—  
The songs that marked the other years,  
Before the world of streets and men  
Benumbed my heart and dulled my ears.

Let me go forth as once I went,  
Glad, careless, thoughtless of it all,  
My soul steeped in a deep content,  
My heart timed to the robin-call.

But now the meadowland is blurred,  
The singing brook to-day is dumb,  
The trees they whisper not a word—  
Ah, now the evil days have come!



(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

**See H. W. Perry & Co.**  
For Watches, Hand Painted China, Clocks,  
Cut Glass, Jewelry, Silverware.  
Fine Watch Repairing A Specialty.  
Corner Main and North Streets, Opelousas, La.

## MARKET PRICES

Can be Obtained daily when farmer has the service of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company in his residence. Not only that, but your family can engage in social conversations with neighbors and friends in the evening, making farm life one of pleasure and satisfaction. This Company is offering an ideal farmers telephone line rate and full information can be had by addressing our nearest office or writing direct to headquarters, Nashville, Tennessee.

Our lines cover the entire states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, and the Southern portions of Indiana and Illinois.

## CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

(INCORPORATED) MAY 14-11  
R. M. HOLLIER, Parish Surveyor  
J. J. NAFF  
U. S. Land Office at New Orleans, La.  
July 25, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that Henry H. Holden, of Turkey Creek, La., who, on May 23, 1902, made Homestead entry No. 30, 300-10, 075, for 80 acres of land, section 10, township 2 north, range 1 west, Louisiana Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof of said claim in the Land Office at Opelousas, La., on the 23rd day of August 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: W. G. Galle, Station Stationer, T. F. Ekinson, Parson Vidrine, all of Turkey Creek, La.  
WALTER L. DUNN, Register.

**HOLLIER & NAFF**  
SURVEYORS  
Office: North Side Court square, Opelousas, La.

The Opelousas Gulf and Northeastern Railway has on sale round trip tickets from Opelousas to Mineral Wells, Texas and return until Oct. 31, 1909.

For further information see local agent or  
J. W. Jordan, G. F. & P. A.

**Dudley L. Guilbeau**  
LAWYER.  
Opelousas, Louisiana.

Office: Garland Building, Room formerly occupied by R. Lee Garland.  
Feb 6-1y.

Advertising is the merchant's opportunity for reaching a large number of people and telling them the message of value.

**Opelousas Ice & Bottling Works.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Ice and Carbonated Drinks**  
From pure bottled Artesian water is ready to fill all orders in any quantities desired. Prices furnished on application. Correspondence solicited.  
OPLOUSAS, LA. A. MORESI, President

**THE CLARION—\$1 PER YEAR**