

THE STORY TELLER

BITS ABOUT BAD BOYS

Frisky little Johnnie Platt
Used to torture brother's cat,
Used to make that feline cross
Feeding it Tabasco sauce.
Later on a girl named Hannah,
Born down in Louisiana,
Came and buncoed Johnnie Platt
Naughty boys, remember that.

Davie Hill was always bad
When he was a little lad,
Used to murder pollywogs
So they never could be frogs.
No one ever cared to boost
Davie Hill of Wolfert's Roost;
When the pollywogs gave out
Davie Hill began to post,
Getting moody after that,
He became a Democrat.

Tommy Lawson played at keeps
With his chums and won great heaps
Of their marbles, one by one;
"Gee!" said Tommie, "ain't it fun!"
Then some elder, wiser boys
Played with him and got his toys.
Little Tommie sobbed "Boo, hoo!"
That ain't no nice way to do—
"Watch me go and tell on you!"
Since he told it, north and south,
It's in Everybody's mouth.

Little Johnnie Rocketeer
Hid a lamp down in the cellar;
To repay him for his toll,
Johnnie went and sold the oil.
Sold it for a dollar cool,
Then he went to Sunday school,
Dropped two pennies in the plate,
Leaving Johnnie ninety-eight.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation
By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright, by Lothrop Publishing Company.
CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Oldaker, wincing and turning to Miss Bines for sympathy, heard her say:
"Yes, do, Mr. Higbee! I do love those ragtime songs—and then have them play 'Tell Me, Pretty Maiden,' and the 'Intermezzo.'"
He groaned in anguish.

The talk ran mostly on practical affairs: the current values of the great staple commodities; why the corn crop had been light; what wheat promised to bring; how young Burman, of the Chicago board of trade, had been pinched in his own wheat corner for four millions—"put up" by his admiring father; what beef on the hoof commanded; how the Federal Oil company would presently own the state of Texas.

Almost every Barbarian at the table had made his own fortune. Hardly one but could recall early days when he toiled on farm or in shop or forest, herded cattle, prospected, sought adventure in remote and hazardous wilds.

"Tain't much like them old days, eh, Higbee?" queried the crown prince of Cripple Creek—"when you and me had to walk from Chicago to Green Bay, Wisconsin, because we didn't have enough shillings for stage fare?" He gazed about him suggestively.

"Corn beef and cabbage was pretty good then, eh?" and with sure, vigorous strokes he fell to demolishing his first deinde a la Perigueux, while a butler refilled his glass with Chateau Malescot, 1878.

"Well, it does beat the two rooms madam and me started to keep house in when we was married," admitted the host. "That was on the banks of the Chicago river, and now we got the Hudson flowin' right through the front yard, you might say, right past our own yacht landing."

From old days of work and hardship they came to discuss the present and their immediate surroundings, social and financial.

Their daughters, it appeared, were being sought in marriage by the sons of those among whom they sojourned.

"Oh, they're a nice band of hand-shakers, all right, all right," asserted the gentleman from Kansas City. "One of 'em tried to keep company with our Caroline, but I wouldn't stand for it. He was a crackin' good shiny player, and he could lead them cotillon dances blowin' a whistle and callin', 'All right, Up' or something, like a car starter—but, 'Tell me something good about him,' I says to an old friend of his family. Well, he hemmed and hawed—he was a New York gentleman, and says he: 'I don't know what-er I could make you understand or not,' he says, 'but he's got family, jest like that, bearin' down hard on 'Family'—and you've got money,' he says, 'and Money and Family need each other badly in this town,' he says. 'Yes,' I says, 'I met up with a number of people here,' I says, 'but I ain't met none yet that you'd have to blindfold and back into a lot of money,' I says, 'and you or no family,' I says. 'And that young man,' he says, 'is a pleasant, charming fellow; why, he says, he's the best-coated man in New York.' Well, I looked at him and I says: 'Well,' says I, 'he may be the best-coated man in New York, but he'll be the best-boned man in New York, too,' I says, 'if he comes around trying to spark Caroline any more—or would be if I had my way. 'His chin's pushed too far back under his face,' I says, 'and besides,' I says, 'Caroline is being waited on by a young hardware drummer, a good steady young fellow traveling out of little old F. C.' I says, 'and while he ain't such for family,' I says, 'he'll have one of his own before he gets through,' I says; 'we start families where I come from,' I says."

"Good boy! Good for you," cheered the self-made Barbarians, and drank success to the absent disseminator of hardware.

With much loud talk of this unedifying character the dinner progressed to an end; through sells d'agneau, floated in '34 champagne, terrapin conveyed by a special Madeira of 1850, and canvasback duck with Romanee Conti, 1865, to a triumphant finale of Turkish coffee and 1811 brandy.

After dinner the ladies gossiped of New York society, while the barbaric males smoked their big oily cigars and banded reminiscences. Higbee showed them through every one of the apartment's 22 rooms, from reception hall to laundry, manipulating the electric lights with the skill of a stage manager.

The evening ended with a cake walk, for the musical artists had by rare wines been mellowed from their classic reserve into a mood of rag-time abandon. And if Monsieur the Baron with his ceremonious grace was less exuberant than the crown prince of Cripple Creek, who sang as he stepped the sensuous measure, his pleasure was not less. He enjoyed to observe that these men of incredible millions had no hauteur.

"I do not," wrote the baron to his noble father, the marquis, that night, "yet understand their jokes; why should I be dull to wish that the man whose coat is of the best should also wear boots of the best? but as for what they call us promenades de gateau, I find it very enjoyable. I have met a Mile. Bines, to whom I shall at once pay my addresses. Unlike Mile. Higbee, she has not the father from Chicago nor elsewhere. Quel diable d'homme!"

CHAPTER X.

THE PATRICIANS ENTERTAIN.

To reward the enduring who read politely through the garish revel of the preceding chapter, covers for 14 are now laid with correct and tasteful quietness at the sophisticated board of that fine old New York family, the Milbrees. Shaded candles leave all but the glowing table in a gloom discreetly pleasant. One need not look so high as the old-fashioned stuccoed ceiling.

The family portraits tone agreeably into the half-light of the walls; the huge old-fashioned walnut sideboard, soberly ornate with its mirrors, its white marble top and its wood-carved fruit, towers majestically aloft in proud scorn of the frivolous Chippendale fad.

Jarvis, the accomplished and incomparable butler, would be subdued and scholarly looking but for the flagrant scandal of his port-wine nose. He gives finishing little fillips to the white chrysanthemums massed in the central epergne on the long silver plateau, and bestows a last cautious survey upon the cut-glass and silver radiating over the dull white damask. Finding the table and its appointments faultless, he assures himself, once more that the sherry will come on irreproachably at a temperature of 60 degrees; that the Burgundy will not fall below 65 nor mount above 70; for Jarvis wots of a palate so acutely sensitive that it never fails to record a variation of so much as one degree from the approved standard of temperature.

How restful this quiet and reserve after the color and line tumult of the



A CAKE WALK.

Higbee apartment. There the flush and bloom of newness were oppressive to the right-minded. All smelt of the shop. Here the dull tones and decorous lines caress and soothe instead of overwhelming the imagination with effects too grossly literal. Here is the veritable spirit of good form.

Throughout the house this contrast might be noted. It is the brown-stone, high-stoop house, guarded by a cast-iron fence, built in vast numbers when the world of fashion moved north to Murray Hill and Fifth avenue a generation ago. One of these houses was like all the others inside and out, built of unimaginative "builder's architecture." The hall, the long parlor, the book parlor or library, the high stuccoed ceilings—not only were these alike in all the houses, but the furnishings, too, were apt to be of a sameness in them all, rather heavy and tasteless, but serving the ends that such things should be meant to serve, and never flamboyant. Of these relics of a simpler day not many survive to us, save in the shameful degeneracy of boarding houses. But in such as are left, we may confidently expect to find the traditions of that more dignified time kept unaltered;—to find, indeed, as we find in the house of Milbree, a settled air of bloom that suggests insouciance, but stubbornly determined exclusiveness.

Something of this air, too, may be noticed in the surviving tenants of these austere relics. Yet it would hardly be observed in this house on this night, for not only do arriving guests bring the aroma of a later prosperity, but the hearts of our host and hostess beat high with a new hope. For the fair and sometimes uncertain daughter of the house of Milbree, after many ominous mutterings, delays, and frank rebellions, has declared at last her readiness to be a credit to her training by conferring her family prestige, distinction of manner and charms of person upon one equipped for their suitable maintenance.

Already her imaginative father is ravishing in fancy the mouldiest wine cellars of continental Europe. Already the fond mother has idealized a house in "Millionaire's Row" east of the Park, where there shall be twenty servants instead of three, and there shall cease that gnawing worry lest the treacherous north sitting current sweep them west of the Park into one of those hideously new apartment houses, where the halls are done in marble that seems to have been sliced from a huge Roquefort cheese, and where one must vie, perhaps, with a shop-keeper and materialistic janitor.

The young woman herself entertains privately a state of mind which she has no intention of making public. It is enough, she reasons, that her action should outwardly accord with the best traditions of her class; and, indeed, her family would never dream of demanding more.

Her gown to-night is of orchard green, trimmed with apple blossoms, a single pink spray of them caught in her hair. The rounding, satin grace of her slender arms, sloping to the opal-tipped fingers, the exquisite line from ear to shoulder strap, the melting ripeness of her chin and throat, the tender pink and white of her fine skin, the capricious, inclining tilt of her small head, the dainty lift of her short nose,—these allurements she has inventoried with a calculating and satisfied eye. She is glad to believe that there is every reason why it will soon be over.

And, since the whole loaf is notoriously better than a half, here is the engaging son of the house, also firmly bent upon the high enterprise of matrimony; handsome, with the chin, it may be, slightly receding; but an unexcelled leader of cotillions, a surpassing polo player, clever, winning, and dressed with an effect that has long made him remarked in polite circles, which no mere money can achieve. Money, indeed, if certain ill-natured gossip of tradesmen be true, has been an inconsiderable factor in the encompassment of this sartorial distinction. He waits now, eager for a first glimpse of the young woman whose charms, even by report, have already won the best devotion he has to give. A grievous error it is to suppose that Cupid's artillery is limited to bow and arrows.

And now, instead of the rude commercial horde that laughed loudly and ate uncouthly at the board of the barbarian, we shall sit at table with people born to the only manner said to be worth possessing;—if we except, indeed, the visiting tribe of Bines, who may be relied upon, however, to behave at least unobtrusively.

As a contrast to the oppressively Western matron from Kansas City, here is Mistress Fidelia Oldaker on the arm of her attentive son. She would be very old but for the circumstance that she began early in life to be a belle, and age cannot stale such women. Brought up with board at her back, books on her head, to guard her complexion as if it were her fair name, to be diligent at harp practice and conscientious with the dancing master, she is almost the last of a school that nursed but the single aim of subjugating man. To-night, at seventy some, she is a bit of pink bisque fragility, bubbling tirelessly with reminiscences, her vivacity unimpaired, her energy amazing, and her coquetry faultless. From which we should learn, and be grateful therefor, that when a girl is brought up in the way she ought to go she will never be able to depart from it.

Here also is Cornelia Van Geist, sister of our admirable hostess—relict of a gentleman who had been first or second cousin to half the people in society it were really desirable to know, and whose taste in wines, dinners, and sports had been widely praised at his death by those who had had the fortune to be numbered among his friends. Mrs. Van Geist has a kind, shrewd face, and her hair, which turned prematurely grey while she was yet a wife, gives her a look of age that her actual years belie.

Here, too, is Rufus Shepler, the money-god, his large, round head turning upon his immense shoulders without the aid of a neck—sharp-eyed, grizzled, fitly, short of stature, and with as few illusions concerning life as the New York financier is apt to retain at his age.

If we be forced to wait for another guest of note, it is hardly more than her due, for Mrs. Gwilt-Athlestan is truly a personage, and the best people on more than one continent do not become unduly provoked at being made to wait for her. Those less than the very best frankly esteem it a privilege. Yet the great lady is not careless of engagements, and the wait is never prolonged. Mrs. Milbree has time to say to her sister, "Yes, we think it's going; and really, it will do very well, you know. The girl has had some nonsense in her mind for a year past—none of us can tell what—but now she seems actually sensible, and she's promised to accept when the chap proposes." But there is time for no more words.

The Leland guest arrives, accompanied

in a vast cloak, and accompanied by her two nephews, whom Percival Bines recognizes for the solemn and taciturn young men he had met in Shepler's party at the mine.

Mrs. Gwilt-Athlestan, albeit a decorative personality, is constructed on the same broad and generously graceful lines as her own victoria. The fair-minded observer would accept as sufficient promise of a good third. Yet hardly could a slighter person display to advantage the famous Gwilt-Athlestan jewels. The rope of pierced diamonds with pigeon-blood rubies strung between them, which she wears wound over her corsage, would assuredly overweight the frail Fidelia Oldaker; the tiara of emeralds and diamonds was never meant for a brow less majestic; nor would the stomacher of lustrous gray pearls and glinting diamonds ever have clasped becomingly a figure that was svelte—or "skinny," as the great lady herself is frank enough to term all persons even remotely inclined to be svelte.

But let us sit and enliven a proper dinner with talk upon topics of legitimate interest and genuine propriety.

Here will be no discussion of the vulgar matter of markets, staples, and prices, such as we perforce endured through the overwinded and too-abundant repast of Higbee. Instead of learning what beef on the hoof brings per hundred-weight, f. o. b. at Cheyenne, we shall here glean at once the invaluable fact that while good society in London used to be limited to those who had been presented at court, the presentations have now become so numerous that the limitation has lost its significance. Mrs. Gwilt-Athlestan thus discloses, as if it were a trifle, something we should never learn at the table of Higbee though we ate his heavy dinners to the day of ultimate chaos. And while we learned at that distressingly new table that one should keep one's helpers and sell off one's steer calves, we never should have been informed there that Dinard had just enjoyed the gayest season of his history under the patronage of this enterprising American; nor that Lady de Muzzy had opened a tea-room in Grafton street, and Cynthia, Marchioness of Angleberry, a beauty-improvement parlor on the Strand "because she needs the money."

"Lots of 'em takin' to trade nowadays; it's a smart sayin' there now that all the peers are marryin' into business." Mrs. Gwilt-Athlestan nodded little shocks of brilliance from her tiara and hungrily speared another oyster.

"Only trouble is, it's such rotten work collectin' bills from their intimate friends; they simply won't pay."

Nor at the barbaric Higbee's should we have been vouchsafed, to treasure for our own, the knowledge that Mrs. Gwilt-Athlestan had merely run over for the cup-fortnight, meaning to return directly to her daughter, Katharine, Duchess of Blanchmere, in time for the Melton Mowbray hunting season; nor that she had been rather taken by the new way of country life among us, and so tempted to protract her gracious sojourn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ARTIFICIAL FEVER TURN

Story of One in Which a Steam Radiator Played an Important Part.

For days Mrs. Hanson had spoken tearfully to her husband about the necessity of his going to see the land lord, relates Youth's Companion. "You know how I suffered from the cold in this apartment last fall, George," she said, plaintively, one morning, "and I suppose it will be just the same this year. I know there is a cold snap coming, and unless the steam is turned on before the twentieth, I shall have to live through days of cold floors and shivers, when if you'd just tell him—"

"He can't make different rules for us just because we happen to be sensitive to cold," said Mr. Hanson, as he bade his wife good-by, "and the other people in the house seem satisfied."

"Good-by!" said Mrs. Hanson, solemnly. "I think I shall go to mother's for the day, George; it's so warm there always. But I'll be home in time for dinner, to see about every thing for your comfort, of course," and there was a good deal of constraint in the parting.

That evening, when Mr. Hanson entered the door of their apartment, he was summoned by a sepulchral voice to the parlor.

"George," said Mrs. Hanson, feebly, "I think you'll have to get a doctor. I am in a fearful fever; my head is like a furnace. I came home from mother's and lay down on the lounge in this room, and when I woke my head was like this—feel it. You know I told you I thought I'd taken—"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Hanson, cheerfully, "but I guess you haven't. Your head's hot, but mine would be if I'd gone to sleep with it almost resting on a steam radiator, as you did. I went down to see the land lord this morning and told him about you, being so cold and all, and he said he'd have the steam on before you got home, and—"

But Mrs. Hanson, after placing her hand on the steam pipe in the corner and quickly withdrawing it, set about changing the lounge to its winter angle.

A Sense of Delicacy.
"In a few years we will hear no more of grafting," said the earnest reformer. "I sincerely hope so," said Senator Borghum. "It is an ugly word of low origin. I will be glad when a substitute is provided."—Washington Star.

State Happenings.

Missouri Wheat, 30,000,000 Bushels.
Columbia—The wheat yield this year in Missouri, according to the report issued by Secretary Ellis of the state board of agriculture will be better than the estimate of thirty million bushels made in July. Secretary Ellis will publish soon the actual yield of wheat by counties.

Threshing is practically finished, and all grain is saved in excellent condition. The estimated yield per acre is 15.4 bushels.

The condition of corn is 83. This is apparently low, but is 3 points above the ten-year average. There is nothing in the present condition to cause great alarm, though continued drought would materially affect the yield.

Oat threshing has not progressed far enough to give a definite idea of the final yield. The grain is of excellent quality. The estimated yield is 18 bushels per acre.

Timothy and clover meadows will yield a lighter crop of hay than any year since 1901, but the quality is good.

Cotton in the southern part of the state has made good growth, exceeding the condition of July by 20 points. The drought has not affected it.

Fruit of all kinds is in good condition, and, while it needs rain, will make more than an average crop.

The Coming State Fair.
Sedalia—Gov. Folk has notified John R. Hippey, secretary of the Missouri State fair, that he would be here on Tuesday of Fair Week to deliver an address on Governor's day. The governor also stated that President Roosevelt and William J. Bryan would be invited through the republican and democratic state committees to attend the fair, and if the arrangement could be perfected, President Roosevelt would address the fair visitors on the Wednesday following Governor's day and Mr. Bryan would speak on Thursday.

A Whisky Barrel Explodes.
Sedalia—The explosion of an empty whisky barrel started the business portion of the city at noon. A barrel which had just been emptied was rolled out on the sidewalk alongside of a saloon. A street car conductor struck a match on the head of the barrel. The gas in the barrel ignited, blowing the barrel into fragments. The flying staves demolished the plate-glass in the windows of the second story of the saloon and tore out a section of the brick wall. The conductor who caused the trouble escaped without injury.

New Paper at Poplar Bluff.
Columbia—Dan McFarland, formerly a reporter for a Kansas City paper, has resigned as city editor of the Columbia Daily Tribune, to begin the publication of a new daily and weekly newspaper to be known as the Democrat, at Poplar Bluff. Mr. McFarland will be editor and manager of the paper. Oscar Haven, of Poplar Bluff, will be associated with him in the new publication.

Elevated by the Pope.
St. Louis—By a document from Pope Pius X., just received, the high distinction of the order of St. Gregory the Great, which gives its holder a place in the papal nobility, has been conferred upon James C. Ghio, of this city. The honor comes as a reward to Mr. Ghio for his action last Christmas in paying off all the debts of the Italian Catholic church of St. Charles Borromeo, amounting to \$7,500.

Stockman Dies in Pasture.
Moberly—Tait Terry, farmer and stockman, was found dead in the James Hammett pasture near his home. He is supposed to have suffered a stroke of heart disease.

A Sudden Summons.
St. Louis—Mrs. Mary J. Harris, Toronto, Ont., visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Deacon, at Webster Park, a suburb, died while sitting in a chair.

A Missourian Goes to Havana.
Washington—Fred Morris, of Dearing, Mo., has been appointed second secretary of the American legation in Havana, and will sail immediately.

On Complaint of a Young Woman.
Springfield—Bruce Campbell, a farmer, was convicted in the criminal court on the charge of attacking a young woman living at his house.

Big Fire in a Little Town.
Sheldon—The stores of W. D. Hughes, W. H. Westerman and L. E. Gragg were destroyed by fire. The total loss will foot up to \$20,000.

Seventh Day Adventists' Meeting.
Versailles—The Seventh Day Adventists of the Western division of Missouri held a camp meeting here. The attendance was large.

Hadley at Las Vegas.
East Las Vegas, N. M.—Att'y-Gen. Hadley of Missouri is spending a few weeks in the mountains to recuperate from an attack of pleurisy.

Woman Killed by Gasoline.
Hannibal—Mrs. George Anon, formerly Margaret Karp, was killed by an explosion of gasoline while engaged in her home duties.

Somnambulist's Death.
St. Louis—Fred Warfel, a somnambulist, walked out of a window early in the morning and was killed.



By the Way.
Upton Sinclair is evidently making socialism pay well.

Too many people have only sympathy for the deserving poor.

Fault-finding men are too apt to like everything not on the bill of fare.

"A good story" is not always a moral one, according to worldly estimate.

Because you cannot admire a man is no reason why you should hate him.

Some people seem to be about as much use on earth as a gnat in the eye.

Mansfield says all human beings are actors, but of course some are worse than others.

Harry Thaw missed his calling. He should have been a balloonist. At any rate he is a high flyer.

With dressmakers so hard to secure, that was a great risk a Nebraska girl took when she eloped in her "nightie."

It is strange that suddenly acquired wealth will do to the spelling of girls' names as against the way they are written in the family Bible.

The Longworths are certainly having a fine time abroad. I would almost be willing to be a woman myself if I could be the president's daughter.

A Kentucky man who has been appointed postmaster never tastes whisky, says an exchange. Gee, he is in a hurry to get the effect, isn't he?

The early bird with a lawn mower gets the mental anathemas of the entire neighborhood. A man who will run a lawn mower at five a. m. is no gentleman.

It's no fun to go downtown and stay out with the boys. My wife always retires, goes to sleep, never wakes up when I come home or asks questions in the morning. Darn such a woman!

Do not gossip with javeined tongue about your friends or your enemies. To knock others is to knock yourself hardest. Wise men are apt to think better of the man you are roasting than of you who do it. Speak well of your fellows, or be a clam.

A villain came in this afternoon and asked me to go to the ball game. No one but a villain would ask a man to drop work and see a game between Chicago and New York when he knows the man has to stay in the office and work.

In a Chicago barber shop where there are fourteen barbers, a deaf and dumb man who cannot ask fool questions about what you want done next gets the most money in tips. The customers are so grateful they never fail to leave him at least a quarter on the side.

Success and Luck.
Success was an earnest boy.
With dinner pail and spade;
While Luck hung about the town
Where bottle pool was played!

Success was at work each day
From daylight until dark;
But Luck with one eye alert
Lolled 'round the city park!

Ah, me! this was long ago—
But morals must not fail.
Success? Oh, he's working yet!
And Luck? Oh, Luck's in jail!

Liberal.
Struggling authors frequently meet with most surprising results in their efforts to get their work published. One of the boys was telling the other evening of a most liberal publisher who was politeness itself. He thought he would bring out the young man's book. When the matter of financial reward for the author was reached, he said, magnanimously, with a wave of his hand as though dismissing a trivial technicality:

"Oh, that's all right. If I get out the book and it has a good sale, I'll give you a copy!"

The book is still unpublished.

For instance.
No matter how small a man's salary is there is always some woman who will help him decide two can get along on it.

"Get a home," advises a thrifty editor. Not in Chicago—somebody might build a livery stable alongside during the night.

In New York city you cannot smoke on the street car, but you may smoke when you reach home. In Chicago it takes so long to reach home that it's time to go to bed when you arrive, therefore you may smoke on the car.

A red-haired artist friend of mine went out sketching the other day and was chased by a gentleman cow. The farmer upon learning that the young man was an artist and perfectly harmless, asked, earnestly: "Why didn't you tell the bull? He probably thought you were a muck raker."

Ryan Melrose