## THE SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE SECTION

12 Wattiville consulted his watch osten tationsly and emitted a long whistle. "By dove, we must be off." Instantly, there was a rattle of ob-

incline

"Nothing of the sort."

We won't permit it." "We're going to keep you for the afternoon.

<sup>13</sup> It say, you must have your revenge.<sup>15</sup> Wattville maintained his position until the hats and canes were delivered, and then suffered himself to be convinced

"Bully, we have the corner window reserved!" said Laqueer joyfully. "Ci-gars, and we'll each have a nice long Tower of Babel."

"What's in this thing?" said Stukey, who delivered each word gingerly as a schoolboy passes a tea cup. "What isn't?" said Harrigan reas-

suringly.

suringly. Wattiville immediately proposed un-other, in order scientifically to analyze it. Stukey did not like the tenor notes which accompanied the demand, and scanned his sporting partner with a lit-the rising concern, forgetful of his per-sonal fortunes. He repeated to himself schemidte.

" Hat up, hat down. That's it - I've got it.

Then, at the thought of the dusky bat tation assembling back of them, on Mad-ison avenue, and the amazement of the kitchens and the attics, he burst into a violent fit of coughing.

"Another Tower of Babel," said Luqueer instantly.

(preer instantly, ""And now for our revenge," said Wattiville, "Up lads, and at 'em, Heads or tails? Heads it is, Your choice, You take up? Nigger Up for yon; Nigger Down for us." ""One bell-hop for us going up with a bunch of flowers," said Luqueer's meth-odical vaire.

odical voice.

"Watch the other sidewalk, Stukey, said Wattiville. "Ha, what was that?" "A Cubeh or a Dago." "Correct,"

Nigger up on the delivery wagon," said Harrigan, marking it down, 'I say, Stukey, get busy there,'' said Wattiville in a changed, excited tone, ''See something!''

BUT Stukey was too overcome by a **D** sudden horrible thought to answer. He repeated to himself:

He repeated to himself: '' Hat up, hat down; that's it, that's right,'' He felt of his head and en-countered his hat and said solemnly, '' hat up,'' The next moment he re-moved it and gazing solemnly at it in his lap said with equal conviction. '' hat down.'' Then he replaced it, tried des-perately to puzzle out a problem that had two such perfectly satisfactory so-lutions. Intions.

hitions. "Nigger up," said Luqueer joyfully, "a mammy and two picaninnies on the other side." "Five for us," said Harrigan, "1

say, what are we playing for? A dollar

a coon?"" "Make it two," said Wattiville joy

"We re out for money and distress stukey was desperately striving to send him. "Bring on your friends, we'll take others on — all on ""

Mr. Flint and Mr. Fosdick, two gen Mr. Flint and Mr. Fosdick, two gen-tlemen with business like cordiality, im-mediately insinuated themselves as to the party, which was presently aug-mented by a military Englishman and a languid bony youth, who rather osten-tationally ran through his fingers a roll of yellow-backed bills. "At last! Nigger down," cried Wat-tiville. "Stukey, my boy, we're off." "Nigger up," said the Englishman in the back. "Two of the beggars on the box."

the box." "Nigger down, chauffeur back of the

'bus,'' said y said Wattiville,

"Hold up!

"Wait a minute."

"Wait a minute, "Nigger down it is," "And two just getting off the 'bus,"

To patronize Advertisers is to stimulate enterprise.

"My friend, Mr. Horton, if you'd like to accommodate him," said Laqueer to Wattiville, "'Mr. Wattiville and Mr. Stokey are plungers, Horton, that we're trying to accommodate in a modest

Stukey, feeling the constantly grow ing pressure behind him, continued to take off his hat and put it on again in the numost perplexity, oblivious of everything obs

"You have the best of us," he heard Harrigan say, "Five days out of six, everything is nigger down from two till Harright say.

"What's that?" eried Fosdick.

\*\*That's an opera singer, \*\*Nigger up.\*\*

"Nigger down,"

Suddenly Strikey found the right com-junction of ideas and hastily statched off his hat. He glauced at the clock, off his hat. He glanced at the clock, It was five minutes before three. The next mannent he durity perceived the shring cleany face of Mr. Jackson, peer ing carefully into the window, "Just in time," he said to himself with a gulp of relief, "shave — close shave,"

shuve

Meanwhile, the count went on broskly.

"Nigger up." \* Nigger down, a couple of brubers

ton! (). ("Ten higger ups, ten nigger downs."

"How about an Octoroon?" "Not black enough."

"There's one." "Here's a couple more."

The clock rang three and Stukey, re-lieved of all responsibility, burst into a of coughing. In five minutes,'' he said to him

"In five minutes," he said to him-self, wiping the tears from his eyes, "in five minutes, they'll come, hundreds of them, thousands of them, and all black. Big ones and little ones, thin ones and fat ones, thousands and thousands of them, marching right D O W N the ave-nue, the greatest, grandest, gloriousest hoax ever pulled off. Then, he added magnanimously: "I'll tell 'em, tell 'em all, be generons — he noble," be generous - be noble. all

All at once, in the avenue outside was a sudden stir and a craning of necks. Suddenly, above the hum and rattle of traffic burst the glorious strains.

"Oh, the black four hundred-

Are coming up the street. The next moment, the group about him was shouting like mad, throwing up their hats, shouting like bookmakers, cheering like frenzied baseball fans, cry ing

Ten, fifteen, twenty,

"Forty two, forty six, fifty." "Hundreds of 'em."

"Hundreds of 'em." "Come on with the smoke."

"Keep a comin'. "Hurray!"

" Hurrah! "

· Hurroo'

And suddenly, struggling to the front of the window through the crowd that had pressed beyond him, Stukey saw the avenue choked with the ranks of the Dixie Grenadiers Club, marching glori ously UP the street!

fully. "Two it is," said Harrigan, modding HALF un hour later, as Stukey ching all around. "We're out for blood," said Watti "ALF un hour later, as Stukey ching to the indignant Wattiville in the taxi that the sympathetic Brannigan sent whirling up town, he said in a feeble bruised voice: bruised

"I don't understand-how'd it all happen f

happen ?... 'Signal twisted, '' said Wattiville, plunged in gloom, ''Well, I compro-mised for a thousand.'' ''But I had my hat down,'' said Stukey, a little doubtfully, ''on my homor, I had my hat down,''

Stukey, a little doubtfully, "on my honor, I had my hat down." "Of course you did — so did I." said Wattiville with Napoleonic gloom; "but we were only two, and there were a bil

we were only two, and there were a bil-lion standing around us and every one had his hat on — Hence!" "How did you get out of it so changly?" said Stakey faintly. "We declared bankruptey at a thou-sand," said Wattiville; "had to do it — why, boy, do you realize I paid those black myrmidons fifty down, and ten dollars every extra time they got around the block. They'll march around there cheering and singing until the fire de-"And two just getting off the 'bus." cheering and singing until the fire de "Four, nigger down; six, nigger up." partment is called out?"



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