

Curious Adventures of John, Mary and Beauty

BY EDWARD TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

An Automatic Umpire.

"Now I'll tell you what I want to know," said the curious little person who passed John in to the ball game.

"Well, what I want to know," exclaimed John in amazement, "is what that funny thing is doing back of the catcher. I never saw that before."

"You never will see it before," said John's new friend. "The slate is arranged so that you can see it only from behind. It looks like a talking machine," said John.

"It ought to," explained his host. "Before we became highly civilized we had five boys to act as umpires. And my gracious! How they did act! They'd call a ball a foul, a foul an out, and perform in a most ridiculous manner. Then the players would say rude things to the umpire, throw mud things at him, and carry on so that all the 'hotter-than-thou' people—and some rather nice people, too—said horrid things about the brutality of the game. What do you suppose we did to them?"

"Called them mollycoddlers," said John. "I would. It's a ripping name to call the fellow who doesn't think as you do. What I knew what it meant."

"No such a thing," declared the other. "We got an orator who didn't know base ball from knitting to read off a list of umpire decisions for a talking machine. Now when games are called a button is pressed and the automatic umpire is right on the job. He doesn't care what is said to him, no nobody says anything."

"But the muttonhead just called that foul by catch a safe at first!" cried John in dismay.

"Why not? It works out in the end as fair for one side as the other and saves umpires' wages."

"Now what I want to know is, can you write?"

"Of course I can."

"And read?"

"Sure."

"Then you won't do," declared John's companion. "We are looking for an editor for the paper we are going to start to support the policies of her Serenity. An editor who can't read won't do the least little bit in the world. He'd get reading the papers which oppose the policies of the princess and get all stuffy about it."

John was about to ask the meaning of the lovely word his friend had used when a page from the grandstand came to inform him that the princess desired him to bring to her the umpire. She wished to see how it worked.

"I wish I'd seen how she works when I had a chance," growled John.

"I suppose if I go down on the field and try to take away that automatic thing the players will roughhouse me. I haven't got even a putty blower with me."

"Sir John!" called Beauty, "are you going to do what I ordered or shall I have to send you to jail?"

John scrambled down the bleachers to the field and asked the player at bat if he could carry off the umpire for the princess. "Yes, and never bring it back!" declared a batter who had just knocked the ball over the right field fence and been declared out on strikes.

Mary was sitting by Beauty's side when John lugged the machine up there and whispered to her brother that Gobe-mouché had been appointed prime minister and that the princess perfectly loved on him.

"But that fellow is no better than a talking machine!" declared John.

It was an unfortunate remark. Beauty had just pressed a button which started the umpire going and a loud, monotonous, persistent, undeviating flow of phrases resulted: "Play ball! Strike one! Safe! Out! Go to the bench! No back talk! Foul! Side out!"

These phrases and a few others were repeated over and over and nothing could stop or alter them.

"Foul!" screamed Beauty in delight. "Where's that little person I told to start a paper for me?"

John hastily summoned the person.

"Never mind your old paper!" cried Beauty when the man appeared. "Here's the editor for me—editor and paper all in one. Buy a million of these and I'll give you some phrases that will melt the wax that's on your nose. Put one on every corner, keep 'em going night and day, and then we'll see if my policies—hello, here's Gobe-mouché."

The new prime minister winked at John and whispered, "Her Serenity feared her party was getting away from the people, so she gave me a job. But it won't last long. She'll fire me just as soon as I have to tell her that the trouble in the people are getting away from her party. See you later."

"My lords and ladies and gentlemen," said Beauty in her best manner, "this is Gobe-mouché, our new prime minister. Whatever he says—if I've said it first—stand for so long as it takes good to me. Whenever I give a new policy I'll try it on Gobe-mouché, and if it doesn't poison him it will be good enough for anybody. To be sure, he needs the money and may swallow a harder pill than some others without making faces at me."

"But observe, my lords and ladies and

gentlemen, any one who does make faces at my policies proves that he already has so much ill gotten-gain that he is—he is—"

"—What's that you said he was, Gobe-mouché?"

"He's a predatory pirate," said Gobe-mouché, winking at John.

"That's what he is," declared Beauty with satisfaction. "I said it first, but I couldn't remember it."

"Now clear the grounds and lock the gates, Gobe-mouché and I are to play a game of diablo and we must excite public interest by including the public. Lady Mary your hair is coming down and you look horrid. Go to your room and do your homework or your teacher will report you no good and I'll have to stand you in a corner. See that the photographers have good places for their cameras. Come, Gobe-mouché."

For a week or two the entire people were so engaged guessing whether her Serenity or Gobe-mouché played the best game of diablo that lessons were neglected and mending got so far behind that some of the best families in the land appeared with holes in their stockings. Everyone talked of Gobe-mouché as the probable successor to the throne, and the sporting goods shops sold nothing but diablo sets.

This state of affairs distressed John so much that he went to Gobe-mouché with a complaint.

"This is getting to be a beastly bore, Gobe-mouché," said John.

"It's all very well for you and Beauty, because you are having all the fun you want, but what about the rest of us who don't happen to care about diablo?"

"Calm yourself, Sir John," replied Gobe-mouché. "It's all off. Her Serenity and I have played our last match. I'm fired."

"What for?" asked John.

"For good," replied Gobe-mouché. "I told the Princess that I had a parrot which could call the cat so naturally that all I had to do was to put a saucer of warm milk near the fireplace when the cat was hungry and the parrot would hop upon the mantelpiece and call the cat, which never failed to come if it saw the milk."

"And the Princess asked for your resignation?"

"Shorter, Sir John! Shorter and not so pretty. But it was all a ruse, anyway. As soon as I got a job the people kept reminding me of my promise to make candy and soda water free if ever I was in office."

"Why didn't you?" asked Sir John, delighted with the notion.

"I spoke to the princess about it," Gobe-mouché continued, "and she said it was the best policy any of her cabinet had ever brought forward. In fact, she ordered me to go ahead."

"But, Sir John, you as a cabinet officer, know what our troubles are! As soon as ever I told the soda water and candy rascals to stop charging the impudent things refused unless I bought 'em out. Demanded the worth of their silly goods, the brats!"

"However, it was that parrot that settled me. Come along and help me get out my paper."

John had been disappointed at not having a newspaper to run for his base ball game friend, so he willingly went with Gobe-mouché to his editorial rooms.

"First," said Gobe-mouché, "you write an editorial about what a bore to government my resignation was and I'll write one about what a good minister you are. Let's see, you're minister for finance now, aren't you?"

John had not been writing more than half an hour and was almost ready to begin when a reporter rushed in and gasped: "If it hadn't been for the day and high tide a ferryboat would have come near bumping into its slip."

"With all on board?" shouted Gobe-mouché.

"Of course; they hadn't landed yet."

Gobe-mouché's pen flew; there was a dreadful racket of typewriting and printing machines, and just as John was about ready to begin again Gobe-mouché, wiping his brow, which was all red from ink smears, threw a paper down on his desk.

John in amazement read a page-wide head in various colored inks, seeming to announce a ferryboat catastrophe with all on board lost.

"Press on the street buying 'em faster than we can print 'em," Gobe-mouché panted. "They have to read the first print to learn that it was only a night-hatched disaster."

"But our readers can't read fine print, so they get just as much satisfaction out of it as if all on board were lost, instead of being on board. Circulation's booming. Run up to the new prime minister's and send in a hot story on his reception."

John was pleased to be sent to the new minister's house, for he was a fellow who had all the new tricks and an uncommonly fine soap bubble making outfit.

"I'm going to run my office on strictly practical lines," he said to John.

"Whenever I think of a new policy for the princess, I'll blow soap bubbles. If it doesn't bust before it lands on the carpet I'll know it's something to stick to through good and evil results. Have a pipe."

John was soon blowing bubbles contentedly, but Mary was having a hard time because Beauty was in one of his most engaging moods.

"See here, Lady Mary," she exclaimed in a voice which would have needed no telephone to carry it into "My princess here, and ruler, I mean to rule."

"Now what are all those ill-behaved little brats doing around the lemonade bowl?"

"I suppose they are drinking lemonade," replied Mary, a little tartly. "Anyway, they are not my guests nor yours, so I suppose we will do very well to let them do what their hostess invited them here to do."

"Nothing of the kind!" declared the princess. "I don't like lemonade, and I want them all chased out to the back lot and be made to climb trees. I like to climb trees, and it will do their lungs good. Chase 'em!"

"I won't," answered Mary. "They've got on their best frocks and they're too old to climb trees."

"Stand pat, your serenity," said Gobe-mouché, coming up. "They are stuck up little aristocrats and it will tickle the common people to see 'em climb trees and tear their frocks."

"What's the news?" asked Princess, seeing that Gobe-mouché had an extra in his hand.

"War?" replied Gobe-mouché.

"What for?" asked Princess, becoming interested.

"To use those bows and arrows. Do you suppose the taxpayers bought those beautiful bows and arrows to decorate oozy corners with?"

"I thought we'd give an archery tournament," said Princess. "It would be just as much fun and we'd get our arrows back."

"Great idea," said Gobe-mouché. "We'll give the tournament on the border, and

WHICH STORE IS BEST?

How to Determine to Your Own Satisfaction

IF YOU read many advertisements, all glowing with praise of the house that pays for their appearance in the paper, you should not be expected to be anything less than bewildered. Which store is best—where can I get the most for my money?—that's your question. If you should ask an unbiased friend the question he would probably say that this is most easily determined by making comparisons. Compare stores, compare qualities, compare prices, compare service—when these comparisons are made you'll come pretty near knowing. We know what these comparisons will prove—know full well. They will prove that Hartman's claim of lower prices is founded upon facts, that Hartman's qualities are actually superior and that service pre-eminently the most generous, helpful and satisfactory. Try it—for your own sake—try it. Begin to make your comparison with the prices quoted below.



Solid Oak Sideboard 13.75



Large Base Burner 23.89



Solid Oak Dresser 12.75



Double Heating Base Burner 31.50

Fine Base Burner 16.75

You never before saw a Base Burner of equal character sold at the price at which this one is offered. It is a splendid heater, has automatic feed, patent duplex shaker grate and many other improved features.

Carpets

Reversible, cotton chain Carpet, yard..... 50c

Fine Brussels Carpet, all worsted, yard..... 85c

Velvet Carpet, all wool surface, yard..... 99c

Lace Curtains and Portieres

Lace Curtain, double corded, stitched edge, pair..... 1.69

Tapestry Portieres, 3 yards long, pair..... 3.40

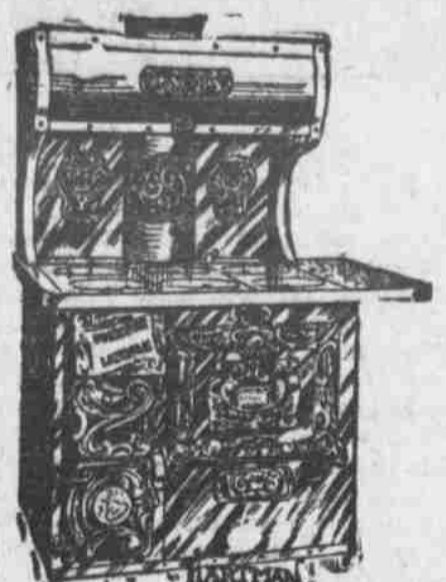
Couch Covers, Extraordinary Fabrics..... 2.98

Rugs

Brussels Rug, 12x18, Aniline dyed..... 15.75

Best Axminster Rugs, high soft pile, 12x19..... 28.50

Wilton Velvet Rugs, all worsted, 12x19..... 26.75



This 6-Hole Steel Range 26.75

A Generous Credit To All.



Complete Outfit Consisting of Bed, Springs and Mattress 12.75

Let Hartman Feather Your Nest

Credit Terms Made To Suit.

Excellent Oak Heater 4.75



Elegant Solid Oak Rocker 5.89

This Rocker is made of best selected solid oak. The front posts are ornamented with an elaborately carved design. The back is set with springs and it has a large upholstered cross section at the lower part of the back and deeply tufted. The upper part of back has broad leather straps, secured with oxidized brass fasteners. The front is hand planed, as shown in the illustration. This Rocker is upholstered throughout in guaranteed Nantucket leather, which is guaranteed by us, and has wearing qualities of genuine leather.



Hot Blast Heater 5.85

22 GREAT STORES THROUGHOUT THE U. S.

HARTMAN'S

1414-1416-1418 Douglas Street

Tersely Told Short Stories

Practicing by Ear.

HEN Grover Cleveland was practicing law in Buffalo, one of his friends was a young lawyer who was forever pestering him with questions about legal matters. One day he had a large case to look up for himself. Even Cleveland's patience had an end. One day as his friend entered he remarked: "There are my books. Help yourself to them. You can look up your own case."

The lawyer looked at him in amazement.

"See here, Grover Cleveland," he said indignantly. "I want you to understand that you and your old books can go to thunder. You know very well that I don't read law. I practice entirely by ear."

Everybody's Magazine.

A Robber Reformed.

Some of the peculiar traits of the Kurds of Asia Minor are described by a traveler: "If it were possible to imagine two colors more distinct than black and white, it would be possible to imagine two characters more widely differing than that of the Arab and Kurd. The pure Kurd is the most unsophisticated and glib person in the world so long as you keep away from the material issues; his respect for a man who can read and write is almost pitiable. The Kurds are, on the whole, blunt and somewhat unsmooth, silent and quite incapable of falsehood. If they do wrong—and they often do—they admit the fault in the simplest and most unaffected way. I had a muleteer who was honest, civil and incurably idle. 'Did you ever kill a man?' I asked him one day. 'Yes; sixteen on the Klazart road, when I was a deserter from the army,' came the reply in a voice absolutely unmoved. 'You were a robber?' 'Yes; but now, praise be to God, I am married and a muleteer.'

A Seductive Noise.

F. Augustus Hellens, in the course of a dinner on board his yacht Revolution, said of a certain mottled birding reform: "Oh, yes, it would be a good thing if it

could be done, but there is no possible way to do it. Ask these reformers how they are going to put their ideas in operation and they give you answers that are about as practical as the little boy's method of coaching the mule."

"There was once, you know, a mule in a large field that refused to be caught by its owner. Round and round the field the mule galloped. The owner tore along behind, red and angry, swinging a halter in his hand and swearing passionately.

"The mule would let him draw very near, almost near enough to throw the halter over its head; then it would kick up its legs merrily and run like the wind."

"A boy, his face wreathed in smiles, watched the unequal chase for an hour or so. Then he entered the field and said: 'I'll tell you how to catch that mule, mister, if you'll give me a nickel.'

"'All right,' panted the man. 'Here's your nickel. Now tell me.'

"'Get behind that thick hedge over there,' said the boy, and make a noise like a carpat.'

—Boston Globe.

On the Job.

Amusing epigrams are common enough, but it is not often that a tombstone inscription is meant to carry a business advertisement. A West Virginia man tells of a singular one which may be seen in a cemetery of Wheeling. It was the idea of a widow of a man named Perkins, a partner in a commercial house known as "Perkins & Parker." Soon after the decease of her spouse, Mrs. Perkins married Mr. Parker, her late husband's business associate.

The inscription read: "Sacred to the memory of James Perkins, for thirty years senior partner of the firm of Perkins & Parker, now Parker & Co.—Harpers' Weekly.

Hannibal's Mean Man.

"Coming home on the Minnetonka," said a St. Joseph girl, "we took up a collection for the widows and orphans of sailors, and Mark Twain prefaced this collection with a talk on meanness. He urged us to be gen-

erous in our offerings—not to be like a certain mean old man from Hannibal.

"The meanest man I ever knew," he said, "lived in Hannibal. He sold his son-in-law the half of a very fine cow, and then refused to share the milk with the young fellow on the ground that he had only sold him the front half. The son-in-law was also compelled to provide all the cow's fodder, and to carry water to her twice a day, her mouth being at the front end. Finally the cow butted the old man through a barbed wire fence, and he sued his son-in-law for \$50 damages."

—Kansas City Journal.

A Slap.

Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania is one of the most original men in public life. He is fond of a good horse, a good cigar and a good story. The last frequently is his own invention. At a cabinet meeting, just before he retired from the office of attorney general, he consulted the president with the following couplet, apropos of a question as to how things were in his native city.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
She took it to Pittsburgh,
And look at the blamed thing now.

—Chicago Tribune.

Promised Another.

It was in a Washington Sunday school, the sweet girl teacher had been telling her class of bright-faced youngsters about the life of Christ, and at the conclusion of her recital she told the children that she wanted each one to promise to try to live like Christ for the ensuing week.

"How earnestly you are," she asked, "will earnestly try to live as did the Savior until we meet here again next Sunday?"

Every little listener raised an affirmative hand save one—a chubby girl, the pride and joy of the teacher's heart.

"Why, Stule?" said the teacher in a pained tone. "I counted on you so." Tears of disappointment crowded to Stule's eyes. "Dear Miss Kate," she almost sobbed, "I should love to do what you want, but I have promised sure to be like George Washington."

—Washington Herald.

The Missing Surname.

A player for many years associated with the late Richard Mansfield related that one day in Philadelphia, as he was standing by

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, and Purifies the breath. A superior dentifrice for people of refinement.

Established in 1866 by S. H. Lyon, D.D.S.