

BETZVILLE TALES

Orone McDooble and Andrus Gobbl.

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ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

Old Andrus Gobble, of Betzville, was one of the shrewdest men in town, but twice in his life he made mistakes. Once was when he lent money to Orone McDooble, and once was when he thought he could work the money out of Orone.

It seems that a couple of years ago a syndicate of prominent Betzville agriculturists decided to build a telephone line, and when they went to Orone he said he would be glad to go into it, and he subscribed one hundred dollars, but when the time came to pay up, he did not have the money, so he went to old Andrus Gobble and began talking a loan out of him. Old Andrus refused at first, but Orone has a harsh, grating voice, like the rough edge of a rasp file, and after he had talked to old Andrus awhile Andrus felt his ear drums giving away. Every time Orone said a word it was like rasping a file across Andrus's ear drums, and in a few minutes his ear drums were rasped down so thin that they palpitated painfully, and they were hardly any thicker than a sheet of tissue paper. Old Andrus saw that if Orone coaxed a few minutes more his ear drums would be worn quite through, so he told him to shut off his voice and he would lend him the money. So Orone did, and Andrus made the loan.

Then he started right in trying to collect, but he had a hard job of it. Orone did not have any cash, nor anything to attach. All he had was the

and Orone's grating voice would grate up the horse-radish. Old Andrus Gobble used to stand by and weep, and he was never exactly sure whether he wept most for joy or whether he was weeping a plain horse-radish weep. He would stand there and the tears would run down his face in streams. The fact was that he was weeping a full quantity of horse-radish weep, and a full quantity of joy weep too.

And that was why old Andrus Gobble over-reached himself, as I said. The human body should consist of two thirds water, and an average man perspires two pints per day, but old Andrus hustled so over his horse-radish job that he was perspiring about a gallon a day right along, and he was weeping a gallon of joy tears and three gallons of horse-radish tears, and he was losing a good deal more water than any man could afford to lose. Even the teeth, which are the driest part of a man, contain ten per cent. of water. Old Andrus began to feel that he was getting pretty dry, and he took to drinking water copiously, but to save his life he couldn't drink five gallons of water a day. Three gallons was all he could possibly manage, and that left him two gallons short every day, and no man of the age of old Andrus Gobble can afford to shrink two gallons a day any length of time. In three weeks he was so dry that he rustled when he walked, like an autumn leaf, and he kept getting dryer and dryer. Two or three

BEGIN WAR ON D. A. R. HEAD

Friends Resent Dismissal of Miss Gerald and May Sue Mrs. Scott, President General.

Washington.—A controversy that may develop into an issue in the annual convention has cropped out in the Daughters of the American Rev-



Mrs. Matthew Scott.

lution, as a result of the action of the president general, Mrs. Matthew Scott, in dismissing Miss Agnes Gerald, a clerk at the organization's headquarters, for alleged insubordination. Miss Gerald's relatives and friends assert that they will have the entire anti-administration contingent in the fight they intend to make on Mrs. Scott. Some of Miss Gerald's relatives threaten legal action for damages against Mrs. Scott. The young woman, it appears, was dismissed because she refused to answer a question put to her in the transaction of the organization's business at headquarters by Mrs. Amos G. Draper, editor of the genealogical department of the society's magazine. Miss Gerald and Mrs. Draper, it seems, had not been on speaking terms personally for three years.

ALARM CLOCK FEEDS HORSES

Manchester Man Arrange Timepiece So That Animals Are Given Meals Automatically.

During the cold of two weeks ago, George Howe of Center Hill, Manchester, began to wonder how he might have his horses watered and fed early in the morning and at the same time how he might be able to stay snugly wrapped up in bed.

The result was an invention—a practical invention—which is operating daily and well at the Howe stables. Mr. Howe has rigged up an ordinary alarm clock, with a big gong. At the same time the key, which when set at 5:30 operates on the back of the clock and unwinds a cord which, attached to a double leverage light wire, releases a weight. This weight in turn slides several quarts of oats into each stall and removes the covers of the water pails.

Thus by simply loading his invention with water and oats and winding the alarm clock, Mr. Howe sleeps until he wishes to get up, while every morning regularly, on the dot, his horses hear their breakfast gong and by the time they are on their feet and ready, their morning rations are awaiting them.

Moreover, all the horses are fed simultaneously and there is no jealous neighing because one horse is fed before his neighbor.

STIRS IRE OF CONGRESSMEN

Justice Wright, Who Sentenced Gompers and Mitchell, Orders Lawmakers to Explain.

Washington.—Justice Daniel Thew Wright, the Washington jurist who sentenced labor leaders Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison to jail for contempt of court, has established an attempt precedent that may stir up all



Justice Daniel T. Wright.

kinds of judicial and legislative strife and now has United States Senator Reed Smoot of Utah as an opponent.

Justice Wright recently ordered the house and senate committee on printing to appear before him and show cause why they should not award the contract for certain government supplies in the usual manner.

The congressmen are incensed over what they term a usurpation of their authority.

THE RETURN VISIT

"I understand that you have some visitors from the country at your house," said Mrs. Wilson, cheerily, when she met Mrs. Warburton waiting for the car on the corner. "That makes a pleasant change."

Mrs. Warburton coughed—one of those noncommittal coughs that may mean almost anything.

"Yes," she said, "they are relatives of my husband from down in the country, where we stayed part of last summer. They came up to do some fall shopping and, of course, camped down on us."

"Of course," chirruped Mrs. Wilson. "It's a case of turn about. Now you have a chance to repay them for your delightful stay on the farm. I think it's so nice to have a big house and—"

"You just try having a big house some time and see how you like it," suggested Mrs. Warburton, grimly. "Not that these aren't the nicest people in the world," she said, hastily, recalling Mrs. Wilson's predilection for retelling gossip, "but it was rather unexpected, if the truth must be told. When I invited them last summer in a general sort of way I certainly never expected five of them to come piling in on me after telephoning from downtown."

"Five?" said Mrs. Wilson, elevating here eyebrows.

"Five," repeated Mrs. Warburton. "My husband's brother and his wife and the three girls. What do you think of that? And me just breaking in an immigrant maid that never saw a gas range until last week!"

"You can talk all you like," went on Mrs. Warburton, "about paying up for visiting on the farm by entertaining your country relatives in town, but let me tell you they get the best of it."

"Why, I don't see—" began Mrs. Wilson.

"Of course you don't," retorted Mrs. Warburton, decisively, "because you've never been through it. When James and I were in the country in June with little Bobbie these people never had to do a hand's turn for us. At least they didn't seem to feel called upon to do anything to entertain us and we were satisfied to be let alone to wander around in the woods or sit in the shade while they went on with their work as though we weren't on earth. The only time they put themselves out was when they got up a picnic if they had never thought of it. We went tramping off to some creek in a wagon without springs and sat down to a cold lunch in the damp woods, eating stuff overrun with ants and fighting mosquitoes, and little Bobbie fell into the creek and was dried out behind a blackberry bush."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Wilson, peering anxiously up the street for the missing trolley car.

"Yes, but when they come up here and pile in on top of us we have to turn everything upside down to entertain them," went on Mrs. Warburton, bitterly. "Oh, yes, bless you! Like most women from the country, the girls want to go trailing about gazing in at the windows of the big stores. So I have to pilot them around. You know I detest shopping—I don't go downtown once a month. Honestly, I've been in some of those stores so often in the last few days that I believe the house detectives are keeping an eye on me, expecting to see me pick up a waist or a pair of shoes."

"Why, you poor thing!" said Mrs. Wilson, sympathetically.

"But that isn't the worst," continued the indignant hostess. "Oh, dear, no! James has to come in for his share of it. After dragging me all over town every day until I'm tired out, they have to haul us both out to a theater nearly every night. Why, I need a rest cure."

"You can hardly blame them, though," argued Mrs. Wilson. "They don't have big stores or theaters at home, you know."

"That's not my fault," snapped Mrs. Warburton. "Why should I be made to suffer for the shortcomings of the rural districts? Country people think that city people live in a whirl of excitement and have nothing on their minds except racing downtown to shop in the daytime, tearing home on crowded elevated trains to eat a pick-up dinner and dashing back downtown again to the theater. I declare, as James says, I'm all in!"

"Why, you poor dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson. "You must be really fagged out!"

"Well, I am," admitted Mrs. Warburton, "but don't mention a word to anybody, because they're James' relatives and really they're the nicest people in the world."

"When they are at home," suggested Mrs. Wilson, motioning to the motorcar.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Warburton.

Won by Diplomacy.

In 1747 Mr. John Brown was invited to become the pastor of a church at Hingham. There was but one opponent to his settlement, a man whom Mr. Brown won over by a stroke of good humor. He asked for the grounds of his opposition. "I like your person and your manner," was the reply, "but your preaching, sir, I disapprove."

"Then," said Mr. Brown, "we are agreed. I do not like my preaching very well myself, but how great a folly it is for you and me to set up our opinion against that of the whole parish." The force of this reasoning appealed to the man, and he at once withdrew his objections.



CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

Out in San Francisco Sherlock Holmes yawned as he read a wireless message, which conveyed to him the fact that an airship had been stolen in Pittsburg. He put on his overcoat, lighted a "two for 50" cigar, walked leisurely out of the house and moved slowly toward the "municipal air-craft landing." Just as he reached this place a majestic bird swooped down and settled almost at his feet. Sherlock Holmes glanced casually at this vessel, then, addressing its captain, he said, blandly: "When did you leave Pittsburg?"

The captain turned white. "Leave Pittsburg?" he blustered. "Why, I've never been there in my life; I'm from Denver."

Sherlock Holmes placidly took a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket and approached the captain. "My dear sir," he remarked, softly, "before making your assertion you should have been thoughtful enough to cleanse your craft of its inch-thick coating of soot."

Just a Raise.

"Now look at Mrs. Scribbler's husband," said the poet's wife, bitterly. "Last week when they were short he pawned his watch. He always has something to 'put up' on a rainy day."

"Well, my dear," laughed the jolly bard, as he edged nearer the door. "I always have something to put up on a rainy day. Don't forget your own little hubby."

"You? And what did you ever put up on a rainy day?"

"Why, my dear, an umbrella."

And then he darted down the street so fast he dropped three odes and a rondeau.

Real Magnet.

"Uncle Rufus," said the young colored man, "how wud yo' hab lakted to been body servant to Geawgo Washington?"

"Go 'way, boy," responded Uncle Rufus, with a broad smile. "Go 'way I'm heah. Ef Ah had to be body servant Ah'd ruther be one foh President Taft."

"Think yo'd lak him best, eh?" "Yea, boy, en' think ob dem fat possums arriving at de White House almos' ebry day."

Rather Discouraging.

"Yes," whispered the lovelorn girl, the big tears shining in her eyes. "I told pa you were a traveling man and showed him your card. He wrote 'K. O. T.' in one corner."

"What in the deuce is that?" asked the surprised young man. "Some secret order code?"

"No, I am afraid not. It means 'keep on traveling.'"

A HOT ONE.



Miss Oldgirl.—On my birthday papa gives me a rose for every year of my age.

Miss Caustique.—In a year or so he'll have to buy a whole greenhouse.

Get One.

These be the days
When wild winds hector
The man without
A chest protector.

More Practical.

"You send me violets every morning," said the beautiful girl.

"I do," responded the ardent lover, "no matter what the cost."

"Quite so. Now, why not send up a bunch of asparagus to-morrow instead? It would be just as expensive and would make a big hit with pa."

They Look Alike.

"One should never judge by outward appearances," said the moralizer.

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "The coat of an honest man and that of a grafter may be cut from the same cloth."

With a Diamond.

"A proposal of marriage is something to be whispered in love's low, sweet tones."

"Yet by its very nature, it is a ringing declaration."

First Catch Your Hair.

The barber (to customer whose hair is standing on end as he read paper)—Would you mind leaving that murder, sir, while I'm brushing your hair.—The Sketch.

Congratulations.

Trotter—So you are married at last, old man. I'm very glad to hear it. Bilkins—Oh, you are, eh? Say, what have I done to you?"

No Luck There.

"Is your cook good at sauces?" "Is she? You just ought to hear her!"

GIRL WHO LOOKED BEHIND.

The girl who looked behind her
With shy and timid glance,
Such wondrous grace entwined her
She set my heart a-dance!
Then, like a nymph affrighted,
She vanished in the throng
And left mine eyes delighted,
My fancy fraught with song.

The girl who looked behind her,
And fled on frightened feet,
Though memory hath shined her,
I never more may meet.
Another man may fester
The heart that fled from me—
But who could love her better,
Whose love more faithful be?

The girl who looked behind her
Oh, may the future bring
Far fatter things and kinder
Than any bard can sing;
Though I may never greet her,
I pray my song may find
The lass who made life sweeter
For him she left behind!

—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.

A SHORT TRAIN.



Muriel.—Her train is rather skimpy, isn't it?

Myrtilla.—Yes, I guess it's one of those limited trains that you see advertised.

Sticky.

"Stick to the farm," says Taft. It's a good lunch, we say so, too. Stick to it like a black land farm in rainy weather sticks to you.

Eye for Business.

There was a mighty collision between the sturdy warriors of the grid-iron and teeth flew around the field like grains of corn.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little man in the grand stand. "That's the best I have seen for a long time."

The crowd was disgusted.

"And you stand there and laugh when a score of men are losing their teeth?" they demanded savagely. "Are you a brute?"

The little man laughed all the louder.

"No, I'm a dentist," he said simply.

Current Gossip.

Mrs. Kretser—I've heard lots of people say your friend, that rough-looking Smith, treats his wife shamefully, and I believe they speak the truth.

Mr. Kretser—Well, I don't. If anything, I believe that Smith treats his wife too well. He has told me himself that he is up before her every morning and gets her breakfast.

Mrs. Kretser—He told you he got her breakfast, did he? Well, I guess he was right. His poor, little, peaked wife looks as if he got all her meals.

Work for the Tailor.

"But, darling," murmured the lovelorn youth, "every night for two weeks I have been on my bended knees before you. Have you no pity?"

"I certainly have, Horace," spoke up the pretty flirt, as she reached for her hand bag; "here's a whole quarter. Go have your trousers pressed. After so much bending they must be baggy at the knees."—Wasp.

Wasted on the Air.

"You look sweet enough to kiss," said the impressed man.

"So many gentlemen tell me that," coyly answers the fair girl.

"Ah! That should make you happy."

"But they merely say that," she replies. "They merely tell me the facts in the case and never prove their statements."—Lila.

A HOT ONE.



Mr. Boozer (2 a. m.) My dearsh—the scientists claim—hic—hic—that alcohol is a—hic—food. Mrs. Boozer.—You must have had a very hearty meal.

Lying Among Them.

"I like to lie among the leaves," The bold muck raker cried; "The pages of your latest book show that," his foe replied.

Heard All Right.

Stage Manager—Now, you must give those lines in trumpet tones. Will you remember? Actor—I can't forget those trumpet tones the way they're drummed into me.