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THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Of course it's art," Percival agreed; "er—all—hand painted, I suppose!"

"Sure! that painting alone, letters and all, cost $450. I've just had it put up. I've been after that place for years, but it was held on a long lease by Max, the Square Tailor—you know. You probably remember the sign he had there—'Peerless Pants Worn by Chicago's Best Dressers,' with a man in his shirt sleeves looking at a new pair. Well, finally, I got a chance to buy those two back lots, and that give me the site, and there she is, all finished and up. That's partly what I come on this time to see about. How'd you like the wording of that sign?"

"Fine—simple and effective," replied Percival.

"That's it—simple and effective. It goes right to the point and it don't slop over beyond any, after it gets there. We studied a good deal over that sign. The other man, the tailor, had too many words for the board space. My advertisin' man wanted it to be, first, 'Higbee's Hams. That's All.' But, I don't know—for so big a space that seemed to me kind of—well—kind of flippant and undignified. Then I got it down to 'Eat Higbee's Hams.' That seemed short enough—but after studying it, I says, 'What's the use of saying 'eat?' No one would think, I says, that a ham is to paper the walls with or to stuff sofa cushions with—so off comes 'eat' as being superfluous, and leaving it simple and dignified—'Higbee's Hams.'"

"By the way," said Percival, when they were sitting together again, later in the day, "where is Henry, now?"

Higbee chuckled.

"That's the other thing took me back this time—the new sign and getting Hank started. Henry is now working ten hours a day out to the packing house. After a year of that he'll be taken into the office and his hours will be cut down to eight. Eight hours a day will seem like sinful idleness to Henry by that time."

Percival whistled in amazement.

"I thought you'd be surprised. But the short of it is, Henry found himself facing work or starvation. He didn't want to starve a little bit, and he finally concluded he'd rather work for his dad than anyone else.

"You see Henry was doing the Rake's Progress act there in New York—being a gilded youth and such like. Now being a gilded youth and 'a well-known man about town' is something that wants to be done in moderation, and Henry didn't seem to know the meaning of the word. I put up something like $180,000 for Hank's gilding last year. Not that I grudged him the money, but it wasn't doing him any good. He was making a monkey of himself with it, Henry was. A good bit of that hundred and eighty

"THEN I JOUNCED HANK."

went into a comic opera company that was one of the worst I ever did see. Henry had no judgment. He was too easy. Well, along this summer he was on the point of making a break that would—well, I says to him, says I: 'Hank, I'm no penny-squeezer; I like good stretchy legs myself,' I says; 'I like to see them elastic so they'll give a plenty when they're pulled; but,' I says, 'if you take that step,' I says, 'if you declare yourself, then the rubber in your legs,' I says, 'will just naturally snap; you'll find you've overplayed the tension,' I says, 'and there won't be any more stretch left in them.

"The secret is, Hank was being chased by a whole family of wolves—that's the gist of it—fortune hunters—with tushes like the ravening lion in Africa's gloomy jungle. They were not only cold, stone broke, mind you, but hyenas into the bargain—the father and the mother and the girl, too.

"They'd got their minds made up to marry the girl to a good wad of money—and they'll do it, too, sooner or later, because she's a corker for looks, all right—and they'd all made a dead set for Hank; so, quick as I saw how it was, I says, 'Here,' I says, 'is where I save my son and heir from a passel of butchers,' I says, 'before they have him scalded and dressed and hung up outside the shop for the holiday trade,' I says, 'with the red paper rosettes stuck in Henry's chest,' I says."

"Are the New York girls so designing?" asked Percival.

"Is Higbee's ham good to eat?" replied Higbee, oracularly.

"So," he continued, "when I made up my mind to put my foot down I just casually mentioned to the old lady—say, she's got an eye that would make liquid air shiver—that cold blue like an army overcoat—well, I mentioned to her that Henry was a spendthrift and that he wasn't ever going to get another cent from me that he didn't earn just the same as if he wasn't any relation of mine. I made it plain, you bet; she found just where little Henry boy stood with his kind-hearted, liberal old father.

"Say, maybe Henry wasn't in cold storage with the whole family from that moment. I see those fellows in the laboratories are puttering around just now trying to get the absolute zero of temperature—say, Henry got it, and he knows nothing about chemistry.

"Then I jounced Hank. I proceeded to let him know he was up against it—right close up against it, so you couldn't see daylight between 'em. 'You're 25,' I says, 'and you play the best game of pool, I'm told, of any of the chapples in that Father-Made-the-Money club you got into,' I says; 'but I've looked it up,' I says, 'and there ain't really what you could call any great future for a pool champion,' I says, 'and if you're ever going to learn anything else, it's time you was at it,' I says. 'Now you go back home and tell the manager to set you to work,' I says, 'and your wages won't be big enough to make you interesting to any skirt-dancer, either,' I says. 'And you make a study of the hog from the ground up. Exhaust his possibilities just like your father done, and make a man of yourself, and then some time,' I says, 'you'll be able to give good medicine to a cub of your own when he needs it.'"

"And how did poor Henry take all that?"

"Well, Hank squealed at first like he was getting the knife; but finally when he see he was up against it, and especially when he see how this girl and her family throwed him down the elevator shaft from the tenth story, why, he come around beautifully. He's really got sense, though he doesn't look it—Henry has—though Lord knows I didn't pull him up a bit too quick. But he come out and went to work like I told him. It's the greatest thing ever happened to him. He ain't so fat-headed as he was, already. Henry'll be a man before his dad's through with him."

"But weren't the young people disappointed?" asked Percival; "weren't they in love with each other?"

"In love?" In an effort to express scorn adequately Mr. Higbee came perilously near to snorting. "What do you suppose a girl like that cares for love? She was dead in love with the nice long yellow-backs that I've piled up because the public knows good ham when they taste it. As for being in love with Henry or with any man—say, young fellow, you've got something to learn about those New York girls. And this one, especially. Why, it's been known for the three years we've been there that she's simply hunting night and day for a rich husband. She tries for 'em all as fast as they get in line."

"Henry was unlucky in finding that kind. They're not all like that—those New York girls are not," and he had the air of being able if he chose to name one or two luminous exceptions.

"Silas," called Mrs. Higbee, "are you telling Mr. Bines about our Henry and that Milbrey girl?"

"Yep," answered Higbee, "I told him."

"About what girl?—what was her name?" asked Percival, in a lower tone.

"Milbrey's that family's name—Horace Milbrey—"

"Why," Percival interrupted, somewhat awkwardly, "I know the family—the young lady—we met the family out in Montana a few weeks ago."

"Sure enough—they were in Chicago and had dinner with us on their way out."

"I remember Mr. Milbrey spoke of what fine claret you gave him."

"Yes, and I wasn't stingy with ice, either, the way those New York people always are. Why, at that fellow's house he gives you that claret wine as warm as soup.

"But as for that girl," he added, "say, she'd marry me in a minute if I wasn't tied up with the little lady over there. Of course she'd rather marry a sub-treasury; she's got about that much heart in her—cold-blooded as a German carp. She'd marry me—she'd marry you, if you was the best thing in sight. But say, if you was broke, she'd have about as much use for you as Chicago's got for St. Louis."

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME LIGHT WITH A FEW SIDE LIGHTS.

The real spring comes in New York when blundering nature has painted the outer wilderness for autumn. What is called "spring" in the city by unreflecting users of the word is a tame, insipid season yawning into not more than half-wakefulness at best. The trees in the gas-poisoned soil are slow in their greening, the grass has but a pallid city vitality, and the rows of gaudy tulips set out primly about the fountains in the squares are palpably forced and alien.

For the sumptuous blending and flaunt of color, the spontaneous awakening of warm, throbbing new life, and all those inspiring miracles of regeneration which are performed elsewhere in April and May, the city-pent must wait until mid-October.

But spring is not all of life, nor what at once chiefly concerns us. There are people to be noted; a little series of more or less related phenomena to be observed.

One of the people, a young man, stands conveniently before a florist's window, at that hour when the sun briefly flushes this narrow canyon of Broadway from wall to wall.

He had loitered along the lively highway an hour or more, his nerves tingling responsively to all its stimuli. And now he mused as he stared at the tangled tracery of ferns against the high bank of wine-red autumn foliage, the royal cluster of white chrysanthemums and the big jar of American Beauties.

He had looked forward to this moment, too—when he should enter that same door, and order at least an armful of those same haughty roses sent to an address his memory cherished. Yet now, the time having come, the zest for the feat was gone. It would be done; it were ungraceful not to do it, after certain expressions; but it would be done with no heart because of the certain knowledge that no one—at least no one to be desired—could possibly care for him, or consider him even with interest for anything but his money—the same kind of money Higbee made by purveying hams—"and she wouldn't care in the least whether it was mine or Higbee's, so there was a lot of it."

Yet he stepped in and ordered the roses, nor did the florist once suspect that so lavish a buyer of flowers could be a prey to emotions of corroding cynicism toward the person for whom they were meant.

From the florist's he returned directly to the hotel to find his mother and Psyche making home-like the suite to which they had been assigned. A maid was unpacking trunks under his sister's supervision. Mrs. Bines was in converse with a person of authoritative manner regarding the service to be supplied them. Two maids would be required, and madame would of course wish a butler—

Mrs. Bines looked helplessly at her son, who had just entered.

"I think we've—we've always did our own buttling," she faltered.

The person was politely interested.

"I'll attend to these things, ma," said Percival, rather suddenly.

"Yes, we'll want a butler and the two maids, and see that the butler knows his business, please, and—here—take this, and see that we're properly looked after, will you?"

As the bill bore a large "C" on its face, and the person was rather a gentleman anyway, this unfortunate essay at irregular conjugation never fell into a certain class of anecdotes which Mrs. Bines' best friends could now and then bring themselves to relate of her.

But other matters are forward. We may next overtake two people who loiter on this bracing October day down a leaf-strewn aisle in Central park.

"You," said the girl of the pair, "least of all men can accuse me of lacking heart."

"You are cold to me now."

"But look, think—what did I offer—you've had my trust—everything I could bring myself to give you. Look what I would have sacrificed at your call. Think how I waited and longed for that call."

"You know how helpless I was."

"Yes, if you wanted more than my bare self. I should have been helpless, too, if I had wanted more than—than you."

"It would have been folly—madness—that way."

"Folly—madness? Do you remember the 'Sonnet of Revolt' you sent me? Sit on this bench; I wish to say it over to you, very slowly; I want you to hear it while you keep your later attitude in mind."

"'Life—what is life? To do without avail
The decent ordered tasks of every day;
Talk with the sober; join the solemn play;
Tell for the hundredth time the self-same tale
Told by our grandsires in the self-same vale
Where the sun sets with even, level ray;
And nights, eternally the same make way
For hueless dawns, intolerably pale—'"

"But I know the verse."

"No; hear it out;—hear what you sent me:

"'And this is life? Nay, I would rather see
The man who sees his soul in some wild cause;
The fool who spurns, for momentary bliss,
All that he was and all he thought to be;
The rebel stark against his country's laws;
God's own mad lover, dying on a kiss.'"

She had completed the verse with the hint of a sneer in her tones.

"Yes, truly, I remember it; but some day you'll thank me for saving you; of course it would have been regular in a way, but people here never really forget those things—and we'd have been helpless—some day you'll thank me for thinking for you."

"Why do you believe I'm not thanking you already?"

"Hang it all! that's what you made me think yesterday when I met you."

"And so you called me heartless? Now tell me just what you expect a woman in my position to do, I offered to go to you when you were ready. Surely that showed my spirit—and you haven't known me these years without knowing it would have to be that or nothing."

"Well, hang it, it wasn't like the last time, and you know it; you're not kind any longer. You can be kind, can't you?"

Her lip showed faintly the curl of scorn.

"No, I can't be kind any longer. Oh, I see you've known your own mind so little; there's been so little depth to it all, you couldn't dare. It was foolish to think I could show you my mind."

"But you still care for me?"

"No, no; I don't. You should have no reason to think so if I did. When I heard you'd made it up I hated you, and I think I hate you now. Let us go back. No, no, please don't touch me—ever again."

Farther downtown in the cozy drawing-room of a house in a side street east of the avenue, two other persons were talking. A florid and profusely freckled young Englishman spoke protestingly from the hearth-rug to a woman who had the air of knowing emphatically better.

"But, my dear Mrs. Drelmer, you know, really, I can't take a curate with me, you know, and send up word won't she be good enough to come downstairs and marry me directly—not when I've not seen her, you know!"

"Nonsense!" replied the lady, unimpressed. "You can do it nearly that way, if you'll listen to me. Those westerners perform quite in that manner, I assure you. They call it 'hustling.'"

"Dear me!"

"Yes, indeed, 'dear you.' And another thing, I want you to forestall that Milbrey youth, and you may be sure he's no farther away than Tuxedo or Meadowbrook. Now, they arrived yesterday; they'll be unpacking to-day and settling to-morrow; I'll call the day after, and you shall be with me."

"And you forget that—that devil—suppose she's as good as her threat?"

"Absurd! How could she be?"

"You don't know her, you know, nor the old beggar, either, by Jove!"

"All the more reason for haste. We'll call to-morrow. Wait. Better still, perhaps I can enlist the Gwilt-Atcelston; I'm to meet her to-morrow. I'll let you know. Now I must get into my tea harness, so run along."

We are next constrained to glance at a strong man bowed in the hurt of a great grief. Horace Milbrey sits alone in his gloomy, high-ceilinged library. His attire is immaculate. His slender, delicate hands are beautifully white. The sensitive lines of his fine face tell of the strain under which he labors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PLUMP AND PETITE.

Our country has many authors,
Whose books we love to read;
It also boasts of artists
Whose pictures are fine indeed;
But, if you'll look closely, you'll notice
In every celebrity,
Be it an artist or author,
A peculiarity.

We love Mr. "So-and-So's" latest book,
The heroine is so sweet;
To look at the illustrations
Is just a perfect treat;
But now I'll tell you the trouble
That stares at me always, so grim,
The girl of both artist and author
Is always tall and slim.

Oh! what can we do, my sisters,
Who are under five feet three,
Or, who (in horror I write it)
Are nearing obesity?
Is there no one to sing our praises,
Or to call us neat and trim?
Is she always to be foremost,
The girl who is tall and slim?

Yet the future must hold a champion
Who will cry to the world: "I repeat,
The girl whom I admire
Must always be plump and petite."
Yes, a time must come, my sisters,
When all the praises from him
Will not be forever directed
To the girl who is tall and slim.
—Dorah H. Holzmar, in Times-Democrat.

These Explanations.

Senator Foraker, at a dinner in Washington, quoted with a laugh an extravagant and incredible statement that he had read in a magazine. When some one attempted to explain, he said:

"The thing is preposterous, and all the explanations in the world won't alter its preposterousness. These explainers. They are never at a loss, are they? They remind me of old James Scarlett of Rainsboro.

"There was nothing which James Scarlett of Rainsboro could not explain.

"One winter night he was reading a volume of the Seaside Library to his family gathered about the fireside. With his spectacles on his nose he droned along like that:

"'Gwendolen de Vere Hastings lowered her limpid blue eyes, and Lord Algernon Mannering took her slim white hands in his, and crushed her to him in a passionate embrace.

"'At that moment, five minutes past 12 sounded from the castle belfry, and—'

"But here young Miss Scarlett interrupted.

"'No clock could strike five minutes past 12,' she said.

"'Certainly it could,' James snorted. 'It was five minutes slow.'"

"Patent Pending."

Although Miss Hobbs had lived her whole life in a New Hampshire village, she saw no reason why her horizon should be narrowed or her circle small, relates Youth's Companion.

At the age of sixty she was relieved of the last of her family cares by the death of a paralytic; she then promptly joined the Society for Dispelling Gloom, and began correspondence with eight other members in different parts of the country. She began to send orders by mail to one of the Boston shops, and at last announced her intention of going to the city for a day or two.

In the care of a Boston niece, Miss Hobbs made a tour of the shops, but she intended to reserve her purchasing for one that "had done so well by her through the mail."

"I've got a list of things they've advertised, special," said Miss Hobbs, and when they reached the desired shop she consulted the slip of paper held tightly in her hand; then she looked benevolently over her glasses at the young man behind the counter.

"Whereabouts shall we find that 'patent pending' I see advertised on that new darning-egg your folks sent me?" she asked him. "It's such a curious name, I'm all of a whew to see it."

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

Succeeds Dr. Corbus.

Dr. James L. Greene, for many years superintendent of the Nebraska state hospital for the insane at Lincoln, has been named as the successor of Dr. J. C. Corbus as superintendent of the insane hospital at Kankakee. Dr. Greene is a native of Indiana and is 43 years old. Gov. Mickey, of Nebraska, said Dr. Greene was easily the foremost alienist in the state and

DR. JAMES L. GREENE.

that he was recognized as one of the leaders throughout the west. Dr. Greene has paid particular attention to finding employment for the insane. He has succeeded in establishing a farm at the Nebraska institution twice as large as that at Kankakee, where the financial investments amount to $1,500,000 and the annual expenditure exceeds $400,000.

Lincoln Dynamite Outrage.

Lincoln.—A dynamite bomb hurled at the Commercial hotel in this city tore an immense hole in the ground, broke windows in near by buildings and drove the guests in a panic to the street without waiting to dress.

The bomb was exploded under the window of Mrs. Viola Page, an employe of the hotel whose husband had objected to her working there. Mrs. Page had a warrant sworn out for the arrest of her husband, although there is no positive evidence to indicate the identity of the bomb thrower. Page was held in bonds to keep the peace.

Constables Go on Strike.

Sterling.—All of the constables in Sterling township went on a strike, owing to the refusal of Whiteside county to pay constables and justices for fees earned. Charles Leimbach was found guilty of a felony and fined and was to have been taken to the county jail. The justices of the peace refused to issue a mittimus, and for a time it looked as though Leimbach would escape. Finally a private citizen volunteered to pay the expenses and he was taken to jail.

Graduates in Meeting.

Champaign.—The second session of the Graduate School of Agriculture, held at the University of Illinois under the auspices of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, has an enrollment of 85 students from 22 states from Maine to California, and as far south as Alabama. There are also three students from India. One student is a professor in the University of Budapesth.

Wheat Crops Are Good.

Trilla.—The farmers of this vicinity have begun threshing their wheat crops. Wheat raising in this vicinity has not been carried on to any great extent for some years, and while the present yield is not so large as in other places, yet the growers are well satisfied with the results of their labors and no doubt will put in a larger plant next year.

Killed by Engine Explosion.

Jacksonville.—A threshing engine exploded on the farm of Charles Johnson, west of the city, killing Roy Caldwell, nine years of age; fatally scalding Roy Libbey and slightly scalding three others. The cause of the explosion was probably due to a break in the boiler, allowing the water to be forced into the firebox.

Child Crushed Under Car.

Galesburg.—While a crowd bound for Chautauqua was clambering onto moving cars the four-year-old son of Attorney C. W. Welsh was caught in the jam and thrown under a car, which crushed his life out.

Baby Fatally Burned.

Decatur.—Dolly Covey, the 18-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Covey, was fatally burned by overturning a bottle of carbolic acid. The upper part of the child's body was burned to a blister.

Sunday Closing at Kilbourne.

Kilbourne.—At the request of the business men and clerks of this place, the village board passed a Sunday closing ordinance, the same taking effect July 8. Only restaurants, drug stores and livery stables may be kept open on Sunday.

Pana Merchant Dead.

Pana.—Florin Neo, a retired business man an influential citizen, died, aged 72 years. He was a native of Germany and had been a merchant for the past 25 years.

Much Trouble at Tampico.

Sterling.—The return of the mayor of Tampico has resulted in more entanglements than ever. When Mayor Kemp desired to enter the city he was arrested on a state warrant charging him with illegally arresting John Blacklund and Herbert Dennison, temperance aldermen of the village, and also for falsely imprisoning them in the city hall. With Mayor Kemp, his marshal, James Daley, and the assistant marshal were also arrested on the same charge, having acted on the orders of the mayor when he ordered his police force to arrest and bring in the temperance men into the council.

Saloonkeepers Fined.

Jacksonville.—The state's attorney arrested Edward Tobin, Thomas E. Lane, Timothy Keating, Frank Lohman and O. C. Henry, all saloonkeepers, on the charge of keeping open their places of business on Sunday. Keating and Lohman pleaded guilty and paid their fines and costs amounting to something over $23 each. Lane and Henry promised to do the same. Tobin sold his place of business and left the city before the warrant was served.

Suicide While Demented.

Peoria.—Suffering from a sudden attack of dementia during which she wandered from home and to the railroad yards a mile away, Miss Mary Murphy, a teacher in the Peoria public schools, committed suicide by throwing herself under the wheels of a switch engine in the Peoria and Pekin union yards. Her head was cut off and her body otherwise mangled. No cause is ascribed for the act except poor health.

Bucket Brigade Saves Town.

Chicago.—Formed into a bucket brigade, the citizens of Wauconda, Ill., a small summer resort, saved the village from destruction by fire only after the flames had inflicted a money loss of more than $30,000.

Calls for help were sent to neighboring towns, but before any arrived the fire had burned itself out.

Two Killed in Freight Wreck.

Harrisburg.—W. H. Wheeler of Louisville, Ill., was crushed to death, and James Thompson of Morris City, was probably fatally injured in a car of lumber which was wrecked here. The men were in charge of the commissary department of the Big Four construction gang, and were sleeping in the car on a side track.

Domestic Tragedy at Elco.

Cairo.—Because of the alleged acquaintance of his mother with Drew Beasley, aged 35, 18-year-old Harrison Lentz, it is charged, shot and killed Beasley with a double barreled shotgun at his home in Elco, this county. It is said that Mrs. Sarah Lentz, mother of the boy, is prostrated with grief.

Alleged Wife Abandonment.

Girard.—On the complaint of his wife, Mrs. Annie Whitis, Alfred Whitis of Nilwood was arrested and brought to this city by City Marshal Robert Turner, charged with wife and child abandonment. He was bound over to the September term of the circuit court.

Celebrate Wedding Anniversary.

New Windsor.—Mr. and Mrs. William W. Phares, of this place, were married 60 years ago, and their children held a celebration in honor of the event. Mr. Phares is 85 years old, while his wife is seven years younger.

Suicide Attempt Unsuccessful.

Pawnee.—Leslie Cuphers, a farm hand, unmarried, who works for Edward Jones, near this city, attempted to kill himself by slashing his throat. He will live. It is thought he is unbalanced mentally.

Epworth League Chooses Chicago.

Danville. — The Illinois Epworth League in convention here selected Chicago as the next meeting place. Charles W. Neils, Fairbury, was elected president.

Stroke of Paralysis Fatal.

Whitehall.—Thomas McCann, one of the best-known business men of Greene county, was stricken with paralysis at his home in this city, and died.

Are Parents of Triplets.

Virginia.—Mr. and Mrs. John Holliday, living near Newmanville, in the eastern part of Cass county, are the parents of triplets, all girls.

Small Fire at Petersburg.

Petersburg.—Jacob Dums' restaurant was set on fire by sparks from fireworks. The fire was extinguished before any damage was done.

Death in Harvest Field.

Assumption.—While working in the harvest field for Denis Caton, six miles west of Asumption, James Nichols, aged about 48 years, was overcome by the heat and died from the effects while in a wagon on the way to the house.

Chicago Firm Burned Out.

Chicago.—The plant of the E. J. Noblett Manufacturing company, cabinet makers, was destroyed by fire. One million feet of lumber stored in the rear of the factory was burned. The loss is estimated at $150,000.