

THE SPENDERS A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright by Lathrop Publishing Company.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"You hear that, Billy? The court reserved decision. Mr. Arledge has to buy so many gold cigarettes and vintage and trousseurs, and belong to so many clubs, that he wants the court to help him choose a poor grocer out of his money. Say, Billy, that could fine me for contempt of court, right now, for reservin' his decision. You bet Mr. Arledge would 'a' got my decision right 'n' on the griddle. He 'a' told him: 'You're the roughest kind of a crook I ever heard of fur wantin' to lie down on your fat back and whine out payin' for the grub you put in your big right hand.' I'd tell him, 'and now you march to the lock-up till you can look honest folks in the face,' I'd tell him. Say, Billy, some crooks are worse than others. Take Nate Leverette, for instance. Nate set up night and day for six years inventin' a process fur sweatin' gold into ore; finally he gets it; how does it, anybody knows, but he sweat gold 18 inches into the wall, and he had a few holes he salted he gets rid of all right, then of course they catch him, and Nate's done 'time' now. But say, I got respect fur Nate since readin' that piece. There's a good deal of a man about him, or about any common burglar or sneak thief, compared to this duck. They take chances, say nobles' in their work, they do. This fellow won't take a chance and won't work a day. Billy, that's the meanest specimen of crook I ever knew, bad none, and that is crook is produced and tolerated at a place that's said to be the center of culture and refinement and practical achievement. Billy, he's a pill!"

"That's right," said Billy Brue, promptly throwing the recalcitrant Arledge overboard. "But it ain't none of my business. What I do snoop around, is havin' a grandson of mine livin' in a community where a man can't act like that. It's actually let in their houses by honest folks. Think of a son of Daniel J. Bines treatin' folks like that as if they was his equals. Say, Dan! had a line of faults, all right, but a God! He'd a trammed ore for two twenty-five day any time in his life rather'n not pay a dollar he owed. And think of this lad making his bed in this kind of a place where culture and refinement and to them ways; and that name; think of a husky, two-fisted boy like him lettin' himself be called by a measly little gum-dropper name like Percival, when he's got a right name, Pete. And he's just as bad—give him a little time; and Fishy engaged to a damned fortune-hunting Englishman who the bargain. It's all Highbee said it was only it gets double. Say, Billy, I been thinkin' this over all night."

"The mighty worryin', ain't it, Uncle Peter?"

"And I got it thought over to cases."

"Sure, you must 'a' got it down to cases."

"Billy, listen now. There's a fellow down in Wall street. His name is Shepler, Rulon Shepler. He's most the biggest man down there."

"Sure! I heard of him."

"Listen. I'm goin' to bed now. I can sleep since I got my mind made up. But I want to see Shepler in private to-morrow. Don't walk me up in the morning. But get up yourself, and go find his office—look in a directory, then ask a policeman. Shepler's a busy man, but you tell the clerk or whoever holds you up that Mr. Peter Bines wants an appointment with Mr. Shepler as soon as he can make it—Mr. Peter Bines, of Montana City. Be there by 9:30 so's to get him as soon as he comes. He knows me, tell him I want to see him on business soon as possible, and find out when he can give me time. And don't you say to anyone else that I've seen him or sent you there. Understand? Don't ever say a word to anyone. Remember, you be there at 9:30, and don't ask him what hour he'll be convenient for him. Now get what sleep's comin' to you. It's five o'clock."

"At noon Billy Brue returned to the hotel in dead Uncle Peter slushin' his heavy breakfast."

"I found him all right, Uncle Peter. The lookout acted suspicious, but I saw the main guy himself come out of a door—I'd seen his picture in the papers, so I went in to him and said: 'Mr. Peter Bines wants to see you, like that. He took me right into his office, and I told him what you said, and he'll be ready for you at two o'clock.' He knows me, tell him I want to see him on business soon as possible, and find out when he can give me time. And don't you say to anyone else that I've seen him or sent you there. Understand? Don't ever say a word to anyone. Remember, you be there at 9:30, and don't ask him what hour he'll be convenient for him. Now get what sleep's comin' to you. It's five o'clock."

"At two o'clock, you say?"

"Yes."

"And what's his number?"

"I forgot; I can tell you, though. You go down Broadway to

last old church—say, Uncle Peter, there's folks in that burin' ground been dead over 200 years, if you can go by their gravestones. Gee! I didn't see anybody'd been dead that long. Well, I'm talkin' about yourself. Both you ma and Pishy, but I don't know if it than you have. Why, your ma sets her name in the papers as a philanthropist along with that—how do you know? Well, she's the well-known club woman—that Mrs. Iselen Wyomanson that always has her name spelled out in full! Your ma is gettin' public recognition fur her money, and look at Pishy. What's she got, and done while you been laixin' about? Why, she's got engaged to a lord, or just, as good, Look at the prospects she's got! England and have a title, but you! Really, son, I'm ashamed of you. People over there'll be sayin' 'Lady What's-her-name? Oh, yeah! She's got a brother, but he don't amount to shucks—he ain't much more'n a three-spot. He can't do anything but play-back and drink like a fish. He's thrown away his opportunities—that's what they talk and counts will be sayin' about you behind your back."

"I understand you didn't think much of me, did you?"

"Well, of course, he wouldn't be much in Montana City, but he's all right in his place, and he seems to be healthy. What knocks me is how he does it. He's got a good deal of money, but he's got 'em honest, I bet. He must 'a' got caught in an explosion of freckles some time. But that ain't over here, he's got the goods and Pishy'll get 'em delivered. She's got something to show fur her. But what you got to show? Not a blasted thing but a lot of stube in a check book and a little fat. Now I ain't makin' any kick. I got no right, but I do hate to see you leadin' this life of idleness and dissipation when you might be makin' something out of this. You got a mark on your forehead, he left his mark over there in that western country. Now you're here settled in the east among big people, with a hard-earned money and chances to do something, and you're just layin' down on the family name. You wouldn't think near so much of your pa if he'd laid down before his time and your own children will say you have said: 'Poor pa—he had a good heart, but he never could amount to anything more'n a three-spot; he didn't have any stuf in him.' They'll be sayin' that on the level, you see. I want to go through life bein' just known as a good thing and easy money, do you?"

"Why, of course not, Uncle Peter. I don't want to look around some at first—fer a year or so."

"Well, if you need to look any more, then your eyes ain't right. That's my say. I ain't sayin' you to go west. I don't expect that you'll do it."

Percival brightened.

"But I ain't tryin' to nag you into doin' something here. People can say what they want about you, but you can't do it, stubbornly, as one who confesses the most arrogant bigotry, 'but I know you have got some brains, some ability—I really believe you got a whole lot of 'em, and you ought to take your place right at the top. You can head 'em all in this country or any other. Now what you ought to do, you ought to take your place in the world—get your mind on that, you see, and day—swing out to get action—and set the ball to rollin'. Your pa was a big man in the west, and there ain't any reason as I can see of why you be just as big as he was in the portion here. People can talk all they want to about your bein' just a dub—'I don't believe 'em. And there's London. You ain't seen ambitious enough. Get a down-hill pull in New York, and then branch out. Be a man of affairs like your pa, and like that fellow Shepler. Let's be somebody. If Montana City was the top, that's that's no reason why New York should be too big."

Percival had walked the floor in deep attention to the old man's words.

"You, Uncle Peter,"

he said at last. "And you're right about what I ought to do. I've often thought I'd go into some of these big operations here. But for one thing I was afraid you'd say it, and I didn't, didn't know the game very well. But I see I ought to do something. You're dead right."

"And we used more money, too,"

he said at last. "I was reading a piece the other day about the big fortunes in New York. Why, we ain't one, two, three, with the dinky little money, but we're millionaires. How do you say? You don't want to be a piker, do you? If you go in the game at all, play her open and high. Make 'em take the ceiling off. You can just as well get into the million class as not, and I know it. They needn't talk to me—I know you have got some brains. If you was to go in now it would keep you straight and busy, and take you out of this pig-head class that only spends their pa's money."

"You're all right, Uncle Peter! I certainly did need you to come along right now, and see to it that I should get the fortune, pa, to me, it's now I'll get to work and roll it up like a big snowball."

"That's the talk. Get into the hum-drum, and show these folks you got something in you besides hot air, like the sayin' is. Then they won't always be askin' you 'your pa was they'll be wantin' to know who your pa was. You can have the biggest steam yacht afloat, two or three of 'em, and the best home in New York, and pass on to the next generation, and Pishy'll be able to hold up her head in company with there. You can finance that proposition right up to the hilt."

"By Jove! but you're right. You're

a wonder, Uncle Peter. And that reminds me—

"I gave it hardly any thought at the time, but now it looks bigger than a mountain. I know just the things to start in on systematically. Now don't get me wrong, but I've got a big deal on in Consolidated Copper. I happened on to the fact in a queer way the other night. There's a broker named Nelson H. Greene, formerly of the firm of Greene & Greene, banker, who's got a big deal on in Consolidated Copper. He does most of Shepler's business; he's supposed to be closer to Shepler and know more about the inside of this business than anybody on the street. Well, I ran across him in the cafe the other night and he was wearing one of those gait'ers would do but I should die with him, so I did. It was the night you and the folks went to the opera with the Oldsters. Relpin was full of lovely talk and cautiously told me about the stock, and another rise in Western Trolley, and a bigger rise than either of them in Union Cordage. How that you can do Shepler's business and find out the stock had made you talk I don't see. Anyway he said—and you can bet what he says goes—that the Consolidated is going to control the Relpin's supply of copper inside of three months, and the stock is bound to kille, and so are these other two stocks; Shepler's back of all three. The insiders are buying up now, slow, and cautiously, and so as not to start the stock, and the stock is bound to April at the latest. The others may go beyond that. I wasn't looking for the gas at that time, so I didn't give it any thought, but now, you see, there's our chance. We'll plunge in those three lines before they start to rise, and in on the ground floor."

"Now you'll get 'em delivered. She's got something to show fur her. But what you got to show? Not a blasted thing but a lot of stube in a check book and a little fat. Now I ain't makin' any kick. I got no right, but I do hate to see you leadin' this life of idleness and dissipation when you might be makin' something out of this. You got a mark on your forehead, he left his mark over there in that western country. Now you're here settled in the east among big people, with a hard-earned money and chances to do something, and you're just layin' down on the family name. You wouldn't think near so much of your pa if he'd laid down before his time and your own children will say you have said: 'Poor pa—he had a good heart, but he never could amount to anything more'n a three-spot; he didn't have any stuf in him.' They'll be sayin' that on the level, you see. I want to go through life bein' just known as a good thing and easy money, do you?"

"Why, of course not, Uncle Peter. I don't want to look around some at first—fer a year or so."

"Well, if you need to look any more, then your eyes ain't right. That's my say. I ain't sayin' you to go west. I don't expect that you'll do it."

Percival brightened.

"But I ain't tryin' to nag you into doin' something here. People can say what they want about you, but you can't do it, stubbornly, as one who confesses the most arrogant bigotry, 'but I know you have got some brains, some ability—I really believe you got a whole lot of 'em, and you ought to take your place right at the top. You can head 'em all in this country or any other. Now what you ought to do, you ought to take your place in the world—get your mind on that, you see, and day—swing out to get action—and set the ball to rollin'. Your pa was a big man in the west, and there ain't any reason as I can see of why you be just as big as he was in the portion here. People can talk all they want to about your bein' just a dub—'I don't believe 'em. And there's London. You ain't seen ambitious enough. Get a down-hill pull in New York, and then branch out. Be a man of affairs like your pa, and like that fellow Shepler. Let's be somebody. If Montana City was the top, that's that's no reason why New York should be too big."

Percival had walked the floor in deep attention to the old man's words.

"You, Uncle Peter,"

he said at last. "And you're right about what I ought to do. I've often thought I'd go into some of these big operations here. But for one thing I was afraid you'd say it, and I didn't, didn't know the game very well. But I see I ought to do something. You're dead right."

"And we used more money, too,"

he said at last. "I was reading a piece the other day about the big fortunes in New York. Why, we ain't one, two, three, with the dinky little money, but we're millionaires. How do you say? You don't want to be a piker, do you? If you go in the game at all, play her open and high. Make 'em take the ceiling off. You can just as well get into the million class as not, and I know it. They needn't talk to me—I know you have got some brains. If you was to go in now it would keep you straight and busy, and take you out of this pig-head class that only spends their pa's money."

"You're all right, Uncle Peter! I certainly did need you to come along right now, and see to it that I should get the fortune, pa, to me, it's now I'll get to work and roll it up like a big snowball."

"That's the talk. Get into the hum-drum, and show these folks you got something in you besides hot air, like the sayin' is. Then they won't always be askin' you 'your pa was they'll be wantin' to know who your pa was. You can have the biggest steam yacht afloat, two or three of 'em, and the best home in New York, and pass on to the next generation, and Pishy'll be able to hold up her head in company with there. You can finance that proposition right up to the hilt."

"By Jove! but you're right. You're

President of Bankers' Association, Tallula—Nelson H. Greene, recently elected president of the Bankers' Association of Illinois, is only known in business circles and also is prominent as a member of fraternal orders. His popularity is shown by the fact that for ten years he has been mayor

Central Illinois Conference. Abington.—The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the Christian Advocate, recently held a conference at Central Illinois conference. Addresses were also made by the Rev. Edwin M. Randall, D. D., general secretary of the Epworth league and the Rev. David D. Thomson, D. D., editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago. Rock Island was selected as the place for the next session.

The anniversary address before the Women's Home missionary society was delivered by Mrs. Mabel Hilliard, superintendent of the deaconess' training school, of Des Moines, Ia. An address was also made by the Rev. Benjamin S. Hayward, superintendent of Porto Rican missions. Bishop John W. Hamilton delivered his lecture, "People of Quality in Boston." The proceeds of the lecture go to the relief of San Francisco Methodism.

In connection with the conference the lay association held its annual meeting, presided over by Charles W. Spalding, former banker of Fairbury, presiding. The address of the day was delivered by Dr. Thompson, of Chicago. Addresses were also given by L. R. Steppleton, of Galesburg, and S. W. Hedgesford, of Joy. Officers were elected as follows: President, Charles W. Neitz, Fairbury; secretary, M. Sheriff, of well, of Kankakee.

Shelbyville—Martin Quigley, who on Sunday, September 20, shot and killed Benjamin Brophy, was arraigned for his preliminary examination. He waived the examination and was confined in Joliet for embezzling \$231,267 of the university's funds. The former banker asks for an accounting, as he asserts he turned over to the Park and university officials property valued at more than \$415,000. Gov. Deneen, who is made a party defendant to the suit, is one of those for whom a demurrer was filed.

Urges Duty on Church Members. Chicago.—Vote first, pray afterwards, was the kernel of the advice given by Bishop Joseph F. Berry, of the Methodist church. In an address before the Rock River conference in session at the Park avenue church, he said every man should attend the ceremonies rather than prayer meeting if both came on the same night. He protested against the lethargy of church people in civic affairs, and in burning words put forth suggestions for the betterment of the world.

Mayor Dunne Chosen President. Chicago.—Mayor Edward P. Dunne was elected president of the League of American Municipalities for the ensuing year, after a closely fought contest with Mayor E. Clay Timmons, of Baltimore. The contest culminated in the closing session of the convention and was the only exciting feature of the three days' gathering of municipal officials from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Aged Man Killed. Hillsboro.—John Livingston, aged 67 years, a resident for a great many years of Kortkamp, a mining town just east of here, was run down and instantly killed by a passenger train from St. Louis, operated by a number. The old gentleman, who was a well-known and a very prosperous farmer, was somewhat deaf and evidently did not hear the train coming.

Prepare for Fall Festival. Carlinville.—Residents of Bunker Hill, 20 miles south of this city, are making preparations for a carnival to be held at that place November 8 to 10. The business men of the city have united with the Domestic Science club in the effort. Suitable prizes will be offered for all kinds of farm products.

Governor Inspects Road. Bloomington.—Gov. Deneen, President Edmund James of the University of Illinois, who is president of the state highway commission, together with 400 others, rode through Illinois in mud roads, inspected a sample mile of crushed stone road which was built by the state commission near McLean.

Took Employee's Horse; in Jail. Hillsboro.—Henry Wilson, a farm hand working for J. C. Hope, near here, was arrested for taking the horse and buggy of his employer and, after driving about 12 miles southwest, disposed of the property. He was arrested, brought to this city, bound over to the grand jury and placed in the county jail.

Teachers Complain of Salaries. Chicago.—That the minimum salary paid to the public school teacher in Chicago is a "paltry proposition" and that the maximum salary provided under the present schedule is too small to allow the teacher to live comfortably was the consensus of opinion in a meeting of the school management committee of the school board. In the face of this acknowledgment the school trustees declared themselves powerless to increase the pay of the teachers because of the "deplorable condition of the school finances."

Homestead Forger Falls Into Trap. Kewanee.—Horace Creel, who escaped from Stark county jail at Towson, where he was confined on forgery charges in 1904, was caught while visiting at his father's home. He has been in hiding in Iowa for two years.

Delay in Elgin Police Chief's Trial. Elgin.—At the hearing of the charges against Police Chief James W. Youngs September 25, a few unimportant witnesses were called and the proceedings were adjourned for a week.

Illinois State News Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

President of Bankers' Association, Tallula—Nelson H. Greene, recently elected president of the Bankers' Association of Illinois, is only known in business circles and also is prominent as a member of fraternal orders. His popularity is shown by the fact that for ten years he has been mayor



Nelson H. Greene.

of this city. Mr. Greene is a member of the firm of Greene & Greene, bankers, and manages the business of the firm. He also is interested in many local enterprises. He is 33 years of age and a native of Tallula.

Shelbyville—Martin Quigley, who on Sunday, September 20, shot and killed Benjamin Brophy, was arraigned for his preliminary examination. He waived the examination and was confined in Joliet for embezzling \$231,267 of the university's funds. The former banker asks for an accounting, as he asserts he turned over to the Park and university officials property valued at more than \$415,000. Gov. Deneen, who is made a party defendant to the suit, is one of those for whom a demurrer was filed.

Urges Duty on Church Members. Chicago.—Vote first, pray afterwards, was the kernel of the advice given by Bishop Joseph F. Berry, of the Methodist church. In an address before the Rock River conference in session at the Park avenue church, he said every man should attend the ceremonies rather than prayer meeting if both came on the same night. He protested against the lethargy of church people in civic affairs, and in burning words put forth suggestions for the betterment of the world.

Mayor Dunne Chosen President. Chicago.—Mayor Edward P. Dunne was elected president of the League of American Municipalities for the ensuing year, after a closely fought contest with Mayor E. Clay Timmons, of Baltimore. The contest culminated in the closing session of the convention and was the only exciting feature of the three days' gathering of municipal officials from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Aged Man Killed. Hillsboro.—John Livingston, aged 67 years, a resident for a great many years of Kortkamp, a mining town just east of here, was run down and instantly killed by a passenger train from St. Louis, operated by a number. The old gentleman, who was a well-known and a very prosperous farmer, was somewhat deaf and evidently did not hear the train coming.

Prepare for Fall Festival. Carlinville.—Residents of Bunker Hill, 20 miles south of this city, are making preparations for a carnival to be held at that place November 8 to 10. The business men of the city have united with the Domestic Science club in the effort. Suitable prizes will be offered for all kinds of farm products.

Governor Inspects Road. Bloomington.—Gov. Deneen, President Edmund James of the University of Illinois, who is president of the state highway commission, together with 400 others, rode through Illinois in mud roads, inspected a sample mile of crushed stone road which was built by the state commission near McLean.

Took Employee's Horse; in Jail. Hillsboro.—Henry Wilson, a farm hand working for J. C. Hope, near here, was arrested for taking the horse and buggy of his employer and, after driving about 12 miles southwest, disposed of the property. He was arrested, brought to this city, bound over to the grand jury and placed in the county jail.

Teachers Complain of Salaries. Chicago.—That the minimum salary paid to the public school teacher in Chicago is a "paltry proposition" and that the maximum salary provided under the present schedule is too small to allow the teacher to live comfortably was the consensus of opinion in a meeting of the school management committee of the school board. In the face of this acknowledgment the school trustees declared themselves powerless to increase the pay of the teachers because of the "deplorable condition of the school finances."

Homestead Forger Falls Into Trap. Kewanee.—Horace Creel, who escaped from Stark county jail at Towson, where he was confined on forgery charges in 1904, was caught while visiting at his father's home. He has been in hiding in Iowa for two years.

Delay in Elgin Police Chief's Trial. Elgin.—At the hearing of the charges against Police Chief James W. Youngs September 25, a few unimportant witnesses were called and the proceedings were adjourned for a week.

Central Illinois Conference. Abington.—The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the Christian Advocate, recently held a conference at Central Illinois conference. Addresses were also made by the Rev. Edwin M. Randall, D. D., general secretary of the Epworth league and the Rev. David D. Thomson, D. D., editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago. Rock Island was selected as the place for the next session.

The anniversary address before the Women's Home missionary society was delivered by Mrs. Mabel Hilliard, superintendent of the deaconess' training school, of Des Moines, Ia. An address was also made by the Rev. Benjamin S. Hayward, superintendent of Porto Rican missions. Bishop John W. Hamilton delivered his lecture, "People of Quality in Boston." The proceeds of the lecture go to the relief of San Francisco Methodism.

In connection with the conference the lay association held its annual meeting, presided over by Charles W. Spalding, former banker of Fairbury, presiding. The address of the day was delivered by Dr. Thompson, of Chicago. Addresses were also given by L. R. Steppleton, of Galesburg, and S. W. Hedgesford, of Joy. Officers were elected as follows: President, Charles W. Neitz, Fairbury; secretary, M. Sheriff, of well, of Kankakee.

Shelbyville—Martin Quigley, who on Sunday, September 20, shot and killed Benjamin Brophy, was arraigned for his preliminary examination. He waived the examination and was confined in Joliet for embezzling \$231,267 of the university's funds. The former banker asks for an accounting, as he asserts he turned over to the Park and university officials property valued at more than \$415,000. Gov. Deneen, who is made a party defendant to the suit, is one of those for whom a demurrer was filed.

Urges Duty on Church Members. Chicago.—Vote first, pray afterwards, was the kernel of the advice given by Bishop Joseph F. Berry, of the Methodist church. In an address before the Rock River conference in session at the Park avenue church, he said every man should attend the ceremonies rather than prayer meeting if both came on the same night. He protested against the lethargy of church people in civic affairs, and in burning words put forth suggestions for the betterment of the world.

Mayor Dunne Chosen President. Chicago.—Mayor Edward P. Dunne was elected president of the League of American Municipalities for the ensuing year, after a closely fought contest with Mayor E. Clay Timmons, of Baltimore. The contest culminated in the closing session of the convention and was the only exciting feature of the three days' gathering of municipal officials from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Aged Man Killed. Hillsboro.—John Livingston, aged 67 years, a resident for a great many years of Kortkamp, a mining town just east of here, was run down and instantly killed by a passenger train from St. Louis, operated by a number. The old gentleman, who was a well-known and a very prosperous farmer, was somewhat deaf and evidently did not hear the train coming.

Prepare for Fall Festival. Carlinville.—Residents of Bunker Hill, 20 miles south of this city, are making preparations for a carnival to be held at that place November 8 to 10. The business men of the city have united with the Domestic Science club in the effort. Suitable prizes will be offered for all kinds of farm products.

Governor Inspects Road. Bloomington.—Gov. Deneen, President Edmund James of the University of Illinois, who is president of the state highway commission, together with 400 others, rode through Illinois in mud roads, inspected a sample mile of crushed stone road which was built by the state commission near McLean.

Took Employee's Horse; in Jail. Hillsboro.—Henry Wilson, a farm hand working for J. C. Hope, near here, was arrested for taking the horse and buggy of his employer and, after driving about 12 miles southwest, disposed of the property. He was arrested, brought to this city, bound over to the grand jury and placed in the county jail.

Teachers Complain of Salaries. Chicago.—That the minimum salary paid to the public school teacher in Chicago is a "paltry proposition" and that the maximum salary provided under the present schedule is too small to allow the teacher to live comfortably was the consensus of opinion in a meeting of the school management committee of the school board. In the face of this acknowledgment the school trustees declared themselves powerless to increase the pay of the teachers because of the "deplorable condition of the school finances."

Homestead Forger Falls Into Trap. Kewanee.—Horace Creel, who escaped from Stark county jail at Towson, where he was confined on forgery charges in 1904, was caught while visiting at his father's home. He has been in hiding in Iowa for two years.

Delay in Elgin Police Chief's Trial. Elgin.—At the hearing of the charges against Police Chief James W. Youngs September 25, a few unimportant witnesses were called and the proceedings were adjourned for a week.



HE BEGAN TO WORK.

and taking out some folded sheets and several check books. "Of course, I haven't it all here, but I have the bulk of it. Let me figure a little."

He began to work with a pencil on a sheet of paper. He was busy almost half an hour, while Uncle Peter smoked in silence.

"It struck me the other night when I might have been getting a little near to the limit, so I figure, a bit then, too, and I guess this will give you some idea of it. Of course the last ain't mine; it includes Mark's and Psyche's. Has been a mark for every bridge player between the Battery and the top, and I guess the ma has been punting on her indigent poor, a caution—she certainly does hold the large golden medal for amateur cross-country philanthropy. Now here's a rough expense account—of course only approximate, except some of the items I happened to have." Uncle Peter took the statement and studied it carefully.

Pat Hightower Hight... \$42,582 75
Keop of horse, and extra horse... 1,000 00
Chartering steam yacht... 2,500 00
Expenses running... 10,000 00
Expenses running... 10,000 00
Incidental... 887 25
Total... \$66,970 00

His sharp old eyes ran up and down the column of figures. Something among the items seemed to annoy him.

"Looking at those 'incidental' items took those from the check books. They are pretty heavy."

"It's an outrage!" exclaimed the old man indignantly, "that there \$12,500 to the right of the company! How'd it come you didn't have a Western Union frank this year? I s'posed you had one. They sent me mine."

"Oh, well, they did me one, and I didn't bother to ask for it, and young man answered in a tone of relief. "Of course the expenses have been pretty heavy, coming here stranger as we do, and another reason."

"Oh, that ain't anything. Of course you got to spend money. I see one of them high-toned gents that died the other day said a gentleman couldn't ever live on less'n \$12,000 a day and expenses. I'm glad to see you ain't out under the limit none—your right into his class just like you's always lived here, didn't you? But,



DEATHS

Lincoln—Asa Atkins Brown died at his home on Third street, this city. He was 78 years old and leaves a wife.

Centrailla—Hugh Bailey, the oldest locomotive engineer in Illinois and for 45 years in the service of the Illinois Central, died at the age of 80.

Havana.—The remains of Miss Lucretia Deane, who died here from Chanute, Kan., for burial.

Homestead Forger Falls Into Trap. Kewanee.—Horace Creel, who escaped from Stark county jail at Towson, where he was confined on forgery charges in 1904, was caught while visiting at his father's home. He has been in hiding in Iowa for two years.

Delay in Elgin Police Chief's Trial. Elgin.—At the hearing of the charges against Police Chief James W. Youngs September 25, a few unimportant witnesses were called and the proceedings were adjourned for a week.