

TOYS OF YESTEREAR.

Pray, where are the toys of the yesterear? The jumping jack with its spring rail. The fuzzy dog and the stringless top. The drum with its sticks and unsung head. The Noah's ark with its wooden crew. The building blocks with the letters on? The child has toys that are bright and glad. But where, pray, where have the old friends gone?

THE SPENDERS A Tale of the Third Generation By HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright by Leshop Publishing Company. CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED. "Look here, Uncle Peter, you've been telling me right along I did have my father's head and my father's ways and his nerve, and God knows what I didn't have that he had!"

"I was fooled, wasn't I?" "What's the use of tryin' to crawl out of it? You did fool me, and I own up to it; I thought you had some sense, some capacity; but you was only like him on the surface. You jest got out or two little ways like his, that's all—Dan'l J. now was good stuff all the way through. He might 'a' guessed wrong on copper, but he'd 'a' saved a gateway stake or two, and he'd 'a' picked back for Montana to make his pile right over—and he'd 'a' made it, too—that was the kind of man your pa was—had 'a' made it!"

"Your pa had the head, I tell you—and the spirit—" "And, by God, I'll show you I've got the head. You think because I want to live here, I'm going to stay by them. I've won my play, that I'm like all these pinheads you've seen around here. I'll show you different—I'll fool you."

"Now don't explode! said the old man, wearily. "You're just a good fellow—I'll say that for you; you got a good heart. But there's lots of good men that ain't good for anything in particular. You've got a good heart—yes—you're all right from the neck down."

"See here," said Percival, more calmly. "Listen: I've got you all into this thing, and played you broke against copper; and I'm going to set you out—understand that?" "The old man looked at him pityingly. "I tell you I'm going to get you out. I'm going back there, and get things in action, and I'm going to stay by them. I've got a good idea of these properties—and you hear me, now—I'll finish with a bank roll that'll choke Red Bank Canyon."

"Fouts knocked and came in. "Now you go along uptown, Uncle Peter. I want a few minutes with Mr. Fouts, and I'll come to your place at seven."

which and bit a generous semi-croche into it. "I don't see how you can eat, Uncle Peter. It's so horrible!" "I don't myself; it ain't a healthy appetite—can't be must be some good 'n' fifty cents of me—'s'poon—from all this broom! And now I've come to poverty and want in my old age. Say, son, I believe there's just one thing you can do to keep me from going any more. If we can save out enough by good luck to keep us decently, so your ma won't have to take boarders, you nor me you go and lose that, too. Don't, no, mortgage the On. I may be sort of superstitious, but somehow, I don't believe Wall street is your game. Course, I don't say you ain't got a game—of some kind, but I don't believe it's Wall street."

"Well, it ain't much—of course I wouldn't expect you to do all them things you was jest braggin' about back there—about gold—to work the properties and all that—you would do it if you could, I know—but it ain't that. All I ask is, don't play this Wall street game any more. If we can save out enough by good luck to keep us decently, so your ma won't have to take boarders, you nor me you go and lose that, too. Don't, no, mortgage the On. I may be sort of superstitious, but somehow, I don't believe Wall street is your game. Course, I don't say you ain't got a game—of some kind, but I don't believe it's Wall street."

"I don't believe it is, Uncle Peter. I won't touch another share, and I won't go near Shepler again. We'll keep our money in the bank."

CHAPTER XXV. THE NEWS BROKEN, WHEREUPON AN END IS MADE.

At seven Percival found Uncle Peter at his hotel, still in abysmal depths of woe. Together they went to break the awful news to the unsuspecting Mrs. Bines and Psyche. "If you'd only learned something useful while you had the chance," began Uncle Peter, dismally, as they were going out at seven, "how do you do tricks with cards, or how to sing funny songs, like that little friend of yours from Baltimore, you was tellin' me about. Look at him, now. He did with anything but his own ability. He could tell you every time what card you was thinkin' about, and do a skit dance and give comic recitations and imitate a dog fight out in the back yard, and he'd be married to one of the richest ladies in New York. Why couldn't you 'a' been learnin' some of them clever things, so you could 'a' married some good-hearted woman with lots of money, but no—Uncle Peter's tones were bitter to excess—"you was a rich man's son and raised in idleness—and now, when the lady says come, you can't even take a white rabbit out of a stove-pipe hat!"

"To these things managements Percival paid no attention. When they came into the crowd and lights of the Higatower, he sent the old man up alone. "You go, please, and break it to them, Uncle Peter. I'd rather not be there just at first. I'll come along in a little bit."

So Uncle Peter went, protesting that he was a broken old man and a chamber of God's green earth. Mrs. Bines and Psyche had that moment sat down to dinner. Uncle Peter's manner at once alarmed them. "It's all over," he said, sinking into a chair. "Why, what's the matter, Uncle Peter?" "Percival has—"

"Mrs. Bines arose quickly, trembling. "There—I just knew it—it's all over!—he's been struck by one of those ter-

rible automobiles—Oh, take me to where he is!" "He ain't been run over—he's gone broke—lost all our money; every last cent."

"He hasn't been run over and killed?" "He's ruined us, I tell you, Martha—lost every cent of our money in Wall street."

"Hain't he been hurt at all—not even his leg broke or a big gash in his head and hand?" "That boy never had any sense. I tell you he's lost all our money."

"And he ain't a bit hurt—nothing the matter with him?" "Ain't you more hurt than you or me this mornin'?" "You're not fooling his mother, Uncle Peter!" "I tell you he's alive and well, only he's lost our money and his health and his own."

Mrs. Bines breathed a long, trembling sigh of relief, and sat up, looking at her son. "Well, no need to scare a body out of their wits—scaring his mother to death won't bring his money back, will it? If it's gone, it's gone."

"But ma, it is awful!" cried Psyche. "Listen to what Uncle Peter says. We're poor! Don't you understand? Percy has lost all our money." "Mrs. Bines was eating her soup desultorily. "Long's he's got his health," she began. "And we windin' up in the poor-house," whined Uncle Peter. "Think of it, ma! Oh, what shall we do?"

"Percival entered. Uncle Peter did not raise his head. Psyche stared at him. His mother ran to him, satisfied herself that he was sound in mind and limb, that he had not treacherously donned his summer underwear, and that he felt all right. Then she led him to the table. "Now you sit right down here and take some food. If you're all right, everything is all right."

"I'll try to attempt at his old gayety he began: "Really, Mrs. Crackerthorpe—'but he caught Psyche's look and had to stop. "I'm sorry, sis, clear into my bones. I made an ass of myself—a regular fool right from the factory."

"Never mind, my son; eat your soup," said his mother. And then, remembering that saying of your pa's, it takes all kinds of fools to make a world. "But there ain't any fool like a damn fool," said Uncle Peter, shortly. "I've been a tellin' him."

"Well, you just let him alone; you'll spoil his appetite, first thing you know, if you tell your soup how, before it gets cold."

"If I only hadn't gone so heavy," groaned Percival. "Or, if I'd only got tied up in some hole for a few weeks—something I could tide over."

"Yes," said Uncle Peter, with a cheerful effort at sarcasm, "it's always easy to think up a lot of holes you could get into—some different kind of a hole besides the one you're in. That's all some folks can do when they get in one hole, they say: 'Oh, if I was only in that other one, now, how slick I could climb out!' Ain't ever met a person yet was satisfied with the hole they was in. Always some complaint to make about 'em."

"And I had a chance to get out the week ago."

"My son can do anything he makes up his mind to," declared Mrs. Bines. "He's the best the boys ever do."

"They talked until late into the night of what he should 'lay out' to do. Meantime the stronghold of Mauburn's optimism was being desperately shaken. In an evening paper he had read of Percival's losses. The afternoon press of New York is not apt to understate the facts of a given case. The account Mauburn read stated that young western millionaire had beggared his family."

Mauburn had gone to his room to be alone with his bitter news. He had begun to say that Psyche's note of release came. While he was adjusting this development, another knock came on his door. It was the same maid who had brought Psyche's note. This time she brought what he saw to be a cablegram. "Excuse me, Mr. Mauburn—now this came early to-day, and you wasn't in your room, and she says it's from Mrs. Ferguson for it'll just now."

He tore open the envelope and read: "Maie twice over to Lady Cassethorpe. Mother and some doing. "HINKIE!" Mauburn felt the rock foundations of Manhattan Island to be crumbling to top. For an hour he sat staring at the message. He did not talk to himself. Then he hurriedly dressed, took the note and the cablegram, and sought Mrs. Dremler. He found that capable lady governed by a spirit of the old receiver's bits of news with the aplomb of a resourceful commander. "Now, don't go seedy all at once—you've a chance."

"Hain't it all, Mrs. Dremler, I've not. Life's isn't worth livin'—" "Tut, tut! Death isn't either!" "But we've been so nicely set up, everything so nice, it is, it is, it is, the climate, the sun, the internal cropper, and knocked everything on the head. I say, you know, it's beastly!"

"Hush, and let me think!" He paced the floor while his matrimonial adviser tapped a white kidded foot on the floor, and appeared to read plans of new battle in a mother-of-pearl paper-knife which she held between the tips of her fingers. "I have it—and we'll do it quicky!—Mrs. Wybert!"

Mauburn's eyes opened widely, and Mrs. Dremler, the old receiver, has spoken to me her three times lately. She's made a lot more money than she had in this same copper deal, and she'd a lot to begin with. I wondered why she complained so continually of her, and I don't see now, but—" "Well!" "She'll take you, and you'll be as well set up as you were before. Listen, I met her last week at the Critchley's. She spoke of having seen you. I could see she was dead set to make a good marriage. You know she wanted to marry Fred Milbrey, but Horace and his brother would not let it off. I understand she's after him. Let's ask me. Now it's after him, so run along."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) A NATURAL CONCLUSION. College Professor in a Fickle Case Under Reasonable Consideration. It is a lamentable fact—but one apt wholly devoid of humorous possibility—that spotless rectitude, through some wanton trick of irresponsible chance, may be destroyed by the selling under false colors, says the New York Times.

There is an elderly gentleman, professor in a western university, who is a paragon of all virtues, great and good. Every one who comes in contact with him is benefited. He is distinguished by his rigid abstemiousness as observed by him. His achievements in his line of work, excellent in themselves, are the more noteworthy by having been acquired in the face of his delicate eyesight. To his intimates it is also well known that the professor, in earlier years, displayed remarkable will power in overcoming the effects of extreme perturbation. The excellent professor was returning home at early dawn one day, soon after college opened, from the bedside of a sick friend. As he proceeded hastily across the campus, his thoughts busy with his friend, he stumbled; although he managed to recover himself, his spectacles were broken and lost. Quite helpless without these aids to vision, he got down on hands and knees and began to feel carefully in the grass. While his search went on there approached a young man, a freshman not yet acquainted with all the faculty. To him the distressed professor appealed for aid. "Young man," he said, nervously, "will you lend me the k-l-i-n-d-i-n-a to help me locate my glasses?" The youth gazed indignantly down at the scandalized spectacle of a red-faced, elderly party violently pawing at the earth. "It appears to me, my elderly friend," he said, severely, "that you've already located about all the glasses you need!"

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

PLEDGE MONEY FOR Y. M. C. A. Associations Subscribe at Illinois Convention for State Work.

Aurora.—The executive committee of the Illinois Y. M. C. A. pledged \$4,000 by individual delegates and various associations for carrying on the state work. The largest sum from an association was pledged by that of the University of Illinois. Five were elected to the state executive committee as follows: L. W. Messer, George Webster, H. M. Manchester, Chicago; A. J. Elliott, Peoria; and Prof. Helroy Morris, Urbana college. Invitations were received from Springfield, Rock Island, Quincy and Decatur for the meeting of the convention for the Aurora Y. M. C. A. meeting is to be decided by the executive committee.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION ENDS. New Building Planned for Aurora That Will Cost \$75,000.

Aurora.—The thirty-fourth annual state convention of the Y. M. C. A. closed. A large amount of business was done during the year. The 600 delegates representing the different associations in Illinois. The prospects are bright for the erection in Aurora during the coming year of a \$75,000 building for the Aurora Y. M. C. A. The project was launched at the business men's banquet the other night, at which prominent capitalists of Aurora promised their support. The

Circuit Court Decides Against Edward Kinnear—Will Appeal.

Decatur.—Edward Kinnear, suing for his share of the estate of his aunt, the late Mrs. Ann Beman, had an odd experience in the circuit court when he was declared not entitled to the share which had passed to his niece and nephew. Mrs. Beman was an eccentric character who maintained her old home place of 40 acres until it was surrounded by the city's growth. When she died she left no direct heirs and the property had grown to enormous value. Kinnear had disappeared years ago, serving in the army and navy. In settling the estate he was declared legally dead, having been absent seven years. Then a Decatur lawyer wrote to him, but he did not establish his claim within the year required by law. When the case was finally decided the court ruled that although Kinnear was declared legally dead, he was alive, yet he was not entitled to his share of the property. The case will be appealed.

FIGHT FEDERAL CROP REPORTS. Society of Equity Contends Government Bulletin.

East St. Louis.—The Society of Equity contended the crop bulletins issued by the agricultural department and recommended that congress order

SPEAKER CANNON'S BOYHOOD HOME ONE.



Bloomington.—The most interesting landmark in Douglas county has been torn down. This was the boyhood home of Speaker Joseph Cannon. The house was known far and near. It was always a point of interest to the residence for so many years of the congressman. Speaker Cannon sold

the property 25 years ago to Thomas Gasman and he has demolished the structure to make way for a modern home. The house was out of date and no longer an ornament, but the fact that it was a point of interest to the residence for so many years of the congressman. Speaker Cannon sold

MANIAC TAKES LIFE IN ASYLUM. Cuts Throat with Razor in Presence of Two Attendants.

Elgin.—Thomas E. Merrick, of Chicago, an inmate of the Northern Illinois hospital for the insane, rushed past two attendants, snatched up a razor and slashed his jugular vein before they could interfere. He died within a few minutes. Merrick was committed to the asylum a week ago from Cook county, suffering from suicidal mania. Recently he was discharged from a private sanitarium near Davenport, Ia.

They Scalded to Death.

Chicago.—Edward Penak, two years old, 237 Twenty-fifth place, died at his home as the result of being scalded. The child was left alone in the kitchen of the house by his mother, and while waiting for a table he seized the tablecloth, and in pulling it overturned a kettle of boiling water. The hot water fell on the child's face and body and he was fatally injured.

Was Killed by Stone.

Renault.—Official inquiry into the death of Anton Merlenbach, who died at his home, six miles southeast of here, awaits the return of County Attorney Roy E. Gauen, who has been in Springfield undergoing treatment for his eye. Sheriff Thomas Ruch said that he has had no arrests and did not expect to make any immediately. "I have a strong suspicion as to who threw the stone that killed Merlenbach," he said, "but I have no evidence which would justify me in arresting him. When the prosecuting attorney returns the matter will be taken up and then action will be taken."

Deaths in the State.

Lincoln.—Marcella Keene, aged 67 years, died at his home in Atlanta. He leaves six children. Litchfield.—Miss Edith Shipnough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shipnough, died at the family residence. Litchfield.—John Bailey, for 45 years a resident of Nokomis, died in St. Francis' hospital in this city, aged 89 years. Carlinville.—Patrick Whalen, one of the oldest residents of Staunton, died at his residence at that place, aged 85 years.

Fear of Operation Fatal.

Litchfield.—The sight of a physician's operating table in St. Francis' hospital, this city, affected Mrs. Mary E. McGowan of Raymond, that she was stricken with heart failure and died a few minutes later.

Private Banker Bankrupt.

Freeport.—Lynn Booth, a private banker at Ashton, Ill., filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States court here. His liabilities are more than \$12,000 and his assets \$11,000. He has \$100 in cash on hand.

Killed by Flat Blow.

Kewanee.—Edward Duthover was killed here by a flat blow on the head delivered by Bruno Sacy. Sacy says that Duthover was attacking Mrs. Sacy in her front yard. Mrs. Sacy confirms this story.

Case of Dire Necessity.

Drugs.—It can't open my store for you at this time of night unless it is a case of extreme necessity. De Lash.—Well, less case 'xtreme as I have seen. I have seen a lot of the directly 'as' but where I have Cleveland Leader.