## MECAVOR AT BEING A RECITAL OF HOW HE ACQUIRED A SUBURBAN VILLA, AND GOT AC-QUAINTED WITH THE MAJOR BY SEWELL FORD

(Copyright by Associate Sunday Maga zine., inc.) CAY, if you know how to take

things, there's a whole lot of fun Now look at the buffo combination I've been up against lately.

First off I meets Jarvis-you know, Mr. Jarvis, of Blenmont, who's billed to marry that English girl Lady Evelyn next month. Well, Jarvis he was all worked up. Oh, you couldn't guess It in a week. It was an awful thing that happened to him. Just as he's got his trunk packed for England, where the knot-tyin' is to take place, he gets word that some old lady that was second cousin to his mother, or something like that, has gone and died and left him all her property.

"Real thoughtless of her, wa'n't it?" SAVS L.

Well." says Jarvis, lookin' kind of foolish, foolish, "I expect she moant well enough. I don't mind the bonds, and that sort of thing, but there's this Nightingale Cottage. Now, what am I to do with that? 'Raise nightingales for the trade,"

SRYS T.

Jarvis ain't one of the joshin' kind, though, same as Pinckney. He had this weddin' business on his mind, and there wa'n't much room for snything else. Seems the old lady who'd quit livin' was a relative he didn't know much about

much about. "I remember seeing her only once." says Jarvis, "and then I was a little chap. Perhaps that's why I was such a favorite of hers. She always sent me a prayer-book every Christmas." "Must have thought you was hard on prayer-books." says I. "She wa'n't batty, was she?"

baity, was she?" Jarvis wouldn't say that; but he didn't deny that there might have been a few cobwebs in the belfry. Aunt Amelia-that's what he called her-had lived by herself for so long, and had coaxed up such a case of nerves,

had coaxed up such a case of nerves, that there was no tellin'. The family didn't even know she was abroad until they heard she'd died there." "You see," says Jarvis, "the deuce of it is the cottage is just as she stepped out of it, full of a lot of old truck that I've either got to sell or m, I suppose. And it's a beastly nul-

"It's a shame," says I. "But where is

"It's a sname, 'saya I. 'But where is this Nightingale Cottage?" "Why, it's in Primrose Park, up in Westchester County," says he. With that I pricks up my ears. You know Ive been puttin' my extra-long green in pickle for the last few years. layin' for a chance to place 'em where I could turn 'em over some day and count ould turn 'em over so ne day and co both And Westchester sounded right

'Say," says I, leadin' him over to the telephone booth, "you sit down there and ring up some real estate guy out in Primrose Park and get a bid for that place. It'll be about half or two-thirds what it's worth. I'll give you that, and 10 per cent ount of the fixin's. Is it a

go?" Was it? Mr. Jarvis had central and was callin' up Primrose Park before I gets through, and inside of an hour I'm a taxpayer. I've made big lumps of money guicker'n that, but I never spent such a chunk of it so swift before. But Jarvis went off with his mind casy, and I was satisfied In the evenin' I dropped

I was satisfied. In the evenin' I dropped around to see the Whaleys. "Dennis, you low-county bog-trotter," says 1, "about all I've heard out of you since I was knee high was how you was achin' to quit the elevator and get back to diggin' dirt and cuttin' grass, same's used to do on the old sod. Now here's hance to make good."

Well, say, that was the only time I mit.



I'D LANDED HIM IN A PORCH ROCKER.

the top.

miracle.

scheme to hang onto the place for a year or so, before I trics to unload. That gives the Whaleys what they've been wishin' for, and me a chance to do the week-end act now and then. Course, I wa'n't look-in' for no complications. But they come leave all wight

along, all right. It was on a Saturday afternoon that I took the plunge. You know how quick took the plunge. You know how quick this little old town can warm up when she starts. We'd had the studio fans goin' all the mornin', and the first shirt-waist lads was paradin' across Forty-sec-ond street with their coats off, and Swifty'd made tracks for Coney Island, when I comcembers Peirgrees Park

was gettin' was a couple of buildin' lots; but I'll be staggered if there wa'n't a silte of ground most as big as Madison Square Park, with trees, and shrubbery. when I remembers Primrose Park. I'd passed through in expresses often enough; so I didn't have to look it up on the map; but that was about all. When I'd spoiled the best part of an houn on a local full of commuters and low-cut highand posy beds, and dinky little paths loopin' the loop all around. Out back was a stable and goosb'ry-bushes and a brows, who killed time playin' whist and cussin' the road. I was dumped down at a cute little station about big enough for truck garden "They look more like boutonniers," says I But he goes on to tell as how

a lemonade stand. As the cars went off I drew in a long breath. Say, I'd got off just in time to escape bein' carried into Connecticut. I jumps into a canopy-top sorrey that looks like it had been stored in an open lot all Winter, and asks the driver if he

knows where Nightingale Cottage is. "Sure thing!" says he. "That's the place Shorty McCabe's bought." "Do tell!" says 1. "Well, cart me out to the front gate and put me off.

It was a nice ride. If it had been a mile longer I'd had facts enough for a town history. Drivin' a depot carriage was just a side issue with that Primrose blossom. Conversin' was his long suit He tore off information by the yard, and slung it over the seat-back at me like one of these megaphone lecturers on the rub-ber-neck wagons. Accordin' to him, Aunt 'Melle had been a good deal of a she-her-

ever talked ten minutes with Dennie Whaley without bein' blackguarded. He'd been fired off the elevator the week be-he lived neighbors to her he hadn't seen

With that I had him goin'. He was up in the air, and before he'd got over it I'd landed him in a porch rocker and chased Dennis in to dig a box of Fumadoras out

of my suitcase. "Ahem," says the Major, clearin' his

speech tubes, "I came over, Mr. McCabe, on rather a delicate errand." "If you're out of butter, or want to touch me for a drawin' of tes, speak right up, Major," says 1. "The pantry's

yours "Thank you," says he: "but it' nothing like that, nothing at all, sir. I came over as the representative of several citizens of Primrose Park, to inquire if it is your intention to reside here."

"Oh!" says I. "You want to know if Fil join the gang? Well, seein' as you've put it up to me so urgent, I don't care if I do. Course, I can't sign as a reglar. this bein' my first jab at the simple life but if you can stand for the punk per-formance I'll make at progressive such 

take to the tall timber. I'm no lady's man, not a little bit." Then the explosion came. For a minute

I thought one of them Frisco ague spells had come East. The Major turns plum color, blows up his cheeks, and bugs his eyes out. When the language flows it was like turnin' on a fire-pressure hy-drant. An assistant district attorney summin' up for the state in a murder trial didn't have a look-in with the Major. What did I mean-me, a rough-house scrapper from the red-light sec-tion-by buttin' into a nearest commusummin' trial

tion-by buttin' into a peaceful commu-nity and insultin' the oldest inhabitant? Didn't I have no sense of decency? Did

I suppose respectable people were goin' to stand for such? Honest, that was the worst jolt I ever had. All I could do was to sit there with my mouth ajar, and watch him prancin' up and down, handin' me the layout. "Say," says I, after a bit. "Sou ain't got me mixed up with Mock Duck, or Paddy the Gouge, or Kangaroo Mike, or any of that crowd, have you?" "You're known as Shorty McCabe, aren't you?" says he. "Guilte" says I.

"Guilty," says I. "Then there's no mistake," says he. "What will you take, cash down, for this

property, and clear out now?" "Say, Major," says I, "do you think it would blight the buds or poison the air much if I hung on till Monday morning? "How's thim for cabbages?" says Den-That is, unless you've got the tar all hot and the rail ready?"

That fatched a grunt out of him. "All we desire to do, sir," says he, "Is to maintain the respectability of the neighthey'd just been set out and wouldn't he life-size till Fall. Then he shows me rows that he says was goin' to be praties and beans and so on, and he's as proud of the whole shootin'-match as if he'd done borhood.

"Do the other folks over there feel the same way about me?" says I.

same way about me?" says I. "Naturally," says he. "Well," says I. "I don't mind tellin' you, Major, that you've thrown the hooks into me good an' plenty, and it looks like I'd have to make a new book. I didn't come out here to break up any peaceful commuter, but backed above on the same same When we got around to the front again, where Dennis has laid out a pansy harp. I sees a little gatherin' over in front of the cottage next door. There was three or four gents, and six or eight women-foks. They was lookin' my way, and takkn' all to once. "Hello!" says I. "The neighbors seem community; but before I changes my programme I'll have to sleep on it. Sup-pose you slide over again sometime tomorrow, when your collar don't fit so tight, and then we'll see if there's anyto be holdin' a convention. Wonder if they're plannin' to count me in?" thing to arbitrate."

"Very well," says he, does a salute to the colors, and marches back stiff-kneed to tell his crowd how he'd read the riot act to me. Now say, I ain't one of the kind to lose



GIVIN' ME THE OLD-COLLEGE-CHUM SHOULDER-PAT.

I couldn't go back on my record, either. | It was my little old Bishop, that I keeps In my time I've stood up in the ring and | the fat off from with the medicine-ball put out my man for two-thirds of the work

"Lucky he didn't see me." says I. "or he'd hollered out and queered himself with the whole of Primrose Park.

hum shoulder-pat with the other.

too late to hedge.

gate receipts. I ain't so proud of that now as I was once; but I ain't never had any call to be ashamed of the day I done it. What's more, no soubrette ever had a chance to call herself Mrs. Shorty Mc-Cabe, and I never let 'em put my name over the door of any Broadway jag par-

You got to let every man frame up his own argument, though. If these Primrose Parkers had listed me for a tough citizen that had come out to smash crockery and keep the town constable busy, it wasn't my cue to hold any debate. All the campaign I could figure out was to back into the wings and sell to some well-behaved stock-broker or life-insurance grafter.

It was goin to be tough on the Wha-leys, though. I didn't let on to Dennis. leys, though. I dian't let on to Dennis, and after supper we sat on the back steps, while he smoked his cutty and gassed away about the things he was goin' to raise, and how the flower-beds would look in a month or so. About 9 o'clock he shows me a place where I can turn in, and I listens to the roosters crowin' most of the night.

Next mornin' I had Dennis get me a Sunday paper, and after I'd read the sportin' notes I' turns to the suburban real-estate ads. "Why not own a home?" most of 'em asks. "I know the answer to that," says I. And suy, a Luna Park Zulu that had strayed into young Rock-efeller's Bible class would have felt about as much at home as I did there on my

on the sprinkler for so long I'd thought it was time for me to hunt a D. T. Institute right then. First off I couldn't make 'em out at all; but after the shock wore away I see they were dolls, dozens of 'em, hangin' all over the walls in rows and clusters, like hams in a pork shop. And, say, that was the woozlest collec-tion ever bunched together! They wa's t ordinary Christmas-tree dolls, the store kind. Every last one of 'em was homemade, white cotton heads, with hand-painted faces. Course, I tumbled. This was some of that half-batty Aunt 'Melle's

work. This was what she'd put in her time on. And she sure had produced. For face paintin' it was well done, I guess, only she must have been shut up so long away from folks that she'd sort of forgot just how they looked. Some of the heads had sunbonnets on, and some nightcaps; but they were all the same shape, like a hardshell clam. flat side th The eyes were painted about twice life-size-some rolled up, some canted down, some squintin' sideways, and a lot was just cross-eves. There was green eves. yellow eyes, pink eyes, and the regular kinds. They gave me the croeps.

When I turns around, the Bishop stands there with his mouth open. "Why.' says he-"why, professor!" That was as far as he could get. He gasps once or twice and gets out something that sounds like "Remarkable, truly remarkable!" "That's the word," says I. "I'll bet there sin't another lot like this in the

country.

country." "I-I hope not," says he. "No offense meant, though. Do you-er-do this sort of thing yourself?" Well, I had to lossen up then. I told him about Aunt "Melle, and how I'd bought the place unsight and unseen. And when he finds this was my first And when he finds this was my first view of the parlor it gets him in the short ribs. He has a funny fit. Every time he takes a look at them dolls he has another spasm. I gets him out on the porch again, and he sits there slap-pin' his knees and waggin' his head and

bin his eyes. By-'m'-by the Bishop calms down and says I've done him more good than a trip to Europe. "You must let me bring Major Binger over." says he. "I want him to see those dolls. You two are bound to be streat grants." bound to be great cronies."

"Twe got my doubts about that," says I. "But don't you go to mixin" up in this affair. Bishop. I don't want to lug you in for any trouble with any of your friends."

I was figurin' on fadin' away to the other side of the house before he showed up again; but I didn't hurry about it, and You couldn't stave the Bishop off. when I looks up again there was the Bishop, with them fat little fingers of his stuck out, and a three-inch grin on his though. He had to hear the whole yarn, and the minute he gets it straight he jumps up

"Binger's a hot-headed old--Well," says he, catchin' himself just in time, "the Major has a way of acting first, and then face, pikin' across the road right for me. He'd come out to wig-wag his driver, and, gettin' his eyes on me, he waddles thinking it over. I must have a talk with him."

right over. I tried to give him the wink and shoo him off, but it was no go. "Why, my dear professor!" says he, walkin' up and givin' me the old-college-I guess he did, too; for they were all at it some time before the Bishop waves by-by to me and drives off.

I'd just got up from one of Mrs. Wha-ley's best chicken dinners, when I hears a hurrah outside, and horses stampin' I squints across the way, and there was The Major and the girls, catchin' their breath and takin' it all in, so I sees it's no use throwin' a bluff. "How's the Bishop?" says I. "You've made a bad break; but I guess it's a bit too late to badea." and a horn tootin'. I rushes out front, and a norn tootin. I rusnes out profit, and there was Finckney, slittin' up on a coach box, just pullin' his leaders out of Dennis' pansy bed. There was about a dozen of his crowd on top of the coach, includin' Mrs. Dipworthy-Sadle Sullivan that may and Mrs. He only chuckles, like he always does. "Your figures of speech, professor, are too subtle for mel as usual. However, I that was-and Mrs. Twombley Crane, and suppose you are as glad to see me as I a lot more. m to find you." "Just what I was meanin' to spring

'Hello, Shorty!" says Pinckney. ' 'Is the doll exhibition still open? If it is, we want to come in." "They met the Bishop; see? And he'd

next." says I, pullin' up a rocker for him. We chins awhile there, and the Bishop tells me how he's been out to lay a corsteered 'em along. Well say, I might have begun the day

nerstone, and thought he'd drop in on his Well say, I might have begun the day kind of lonesome, but it had a lively fin-ish, all right. Inside of ten minutes Sa-die has on one of Mother Whaley's white aprons and is takin' charge. She has some of them fancy tables and chairs "Well, well, what a charming place you have here!" says he. "You must take me all over it, professor. I want to see if you've shown as good taste on the inside is much at more and more in awhile he was doln' guard duty, and once in awhile is you've shown as good tast. I could see some of the women-folks and before I has time to say a word about Jarvis' Aunt 'Melie, he has me by a window blind. If I'm ever guarantined, it won't be any new sensation. I won't be any new sensation. I won't be any new sensation.

I hain't more'n got that out before one of the bunch cuts loose and heads for me. He was a nice-lookin' old duck, with a pair of white Chaunceys and a frosted chin-splitter. He stepped out briak, and swung his cane like he was on parade. He was sot up in white farm

affairs, with a roof like a toboggan chute, a porch that did almost a whole lap around outside, and a cobblestone chimney that had vines growin' clear to

And sure enough, there was

Dennis Whaley with his rake, comin' as near a grin as he knew how. Well, he has mg in tow in about a min-

ute, and I makes a personally conducted tour of me estate. Say, all I thought I

been fired off the elevator the week be-fore and had been job-huntin' ever since. As for Mother Whaley, when she saw a chance to shake three rooms back and a fire-escape for a place where the trees has leaves on 'em, she up and cried into the corned best and cabhage, just for joy.

"TII send the keys up in the morning," says I. "Then you two pack up and go out there to Nightingale Cottage and open her up. If it's fit to live in, and you don't die of lonesomeness, maybe I'll run up once in a while of a Sunday to look you over." look you over. You see, I thought it would be a bright

Binger?" "Oh. he's a retired army officer, the

major is; widower, with two daughters,"

major is, whower, which the data needs says L. "Singletons?" says L. "Yep, and likely to stay so," says he. About then he turns in between a couple of fancy stone gate-posts, twists

parade. He was got up in white flan-nels and a square-topped Panama, and he had the complexion of a good liver. "T expect that this is Mr. McCabe," says he.

"You're a good guesser," says I. "Come up on the front stoop and sit by." "My name," says he, "Is Binger, Curtis

"My name, says it, is the first says it, "My hat, Major Binger, late U. S. A.?" "What, Major Binger, late U. S. A.?" says I. "The man that did the stunt at the battle of What-d'ye-call-it?" "Mission Ridge, sir," says he, throwin out his chest. "Such" That was the place," says I.

sleep because the con or speaks roug when I asks for a transfer. I generally takes what's comin' and grins. But this time I wa'n't half so joyful as I might have been. Even the sight of Mother

have been. Even the sight of Mother Whaley's hot biscults, and hearin' her singin' "Cushla Mavourneen" in the kitchen, couldn't chirk me up. I'd been keen for lookin' the house over and seein' what I'd got in the grab; but it was all off. Course, I knew I had the rights of the thing. I'd put down me good money, and there wa'n't any rules that could make me pull it out. But I've lived quite some years without shovin' in where I

some years without shovin' in where I knew I'd get the frigid countenance, and I didn't like the idea of beginnin' now.

a window bind. If in ever guarantined, it won't be any new sensation. It wasn't exactly a weddin'-breakfast kind of a time I was havin'; but I didn't dodge it. I was just lettin' it soak in, "for the good of me soul," as Father Connolly used to say; when I sees a pair of overfed blacks, hitched to a closed car-

of overted blacks, hitched to a closed car-riage, switch in from the pike and make for the Major's. "Company for dinner," says I. "That's nice." I didn't get anything but a back view as he climbed out on the off side and was led in by the Major; but you couldn't fool me on them short-legged, bagyy-kneed me on them short-legged, baggy-kneed pants, or that black griddle-cake bonnet.

tion to society; for Pinckney carts down a new gang every Sunday. I had my orfor a look. Bay, it was worth it? That was the most ladyfled room I ever put me foot in. First place. I never see so many crazy-lookin' little chaps, or bow-legged tables, or fancy tea-cups before in my life. There wa'n't a thing you could sit on without havin' to call the upholstery man in att-erward. Even the gilt sofa looked like it ought to have been in a picture. But what had me button-eved was the ders that the dolls were to be kept just as Aunt 'Melle left 'em. As Sadle's gen-erally on hand to help out, I'm ready to stand for lt. Anyways, I've bought a fam'ly ticket and laid in a stock of fancy groceries. The Maje? Oh, him and me made it up

handsome. He comes over and tells me about that Mission Ridge stunt of his But what had me button-eved was the wall decorations. If I hadn't been ridin' every Saturday night reg'lar,

## THE HOTEL CLERK ON CONGRESSIONAL HOT-HEADS BY IRVIN S. COBB

GGT T'S BEEN a quiet week in the realm of fistiana, hasn't it?" said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless, as

he laid down his paper. "I've looked through the sporting page and the Washington dispatches both, and there's no mention of Jeff having landed somebody a neat wallop or being handed one of the same by somebody."

"I thought Jeff was out of the fight game for good," said the House Detective. "livin' out there on his little combination farm-and-cafy in California, raisin' alfalfa and Scotch highballs."

"I gather that you mean the former pugillst," said the Hotel Clerk, "I was speaking of a present notable figure in the sport world, not a mere past performe?

But you said Jeff," insisted the House Detective.

Detective. "So I did," answered the Hotel Clerk, "meaning by that the Hon. Jefferson Da-vis, of Arkansas. I called him Jeff because that's the name he familiarly goes by among the great common people whom he so ably represents in the United States Senate."

"Who says he represents the great com-mon people?" demanded the House De-tective.

He does himself," said the Hotel Clerk "And I guess he's right. They're the great common people, and they must be dad-blamed common or they wouldn't stand for Jeff representing them. But

he's there with the punch." "I didn't know he was a scrapper," said the House Detective. "Who did he

"He never licked anybody," said the Hitoel Clerk, "but he's been licked by mearly everybody of importance in his own voting precinct, city, county, Con-gressional district, state and parallel of until nde He's become a strait warrior latitude. He's become a great warrior, the same way William of Orange and One-Eyed Connelly did--by a series of masterly defeats.

Chief Justice of the Suprem

6

THEY DON'T SCRAP, THE WAY THEIR PREDECESSORS DID

"The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the sovereign Commonwealth of Arkansas drops into the office of the leading physician of Little Rock to have his bruises dressed." What alis you" says the doctor, as he reaches for the arnica salve. You look as if you" this state just butted me with his head, says the Chief Justice, "Ah"." The junior Senator from this state just butted me with his human sandy hair on it.' 'Did you give it back to him?' inquired the doctor. 'Yes, indeed,' says the Chief Justice, 'I give it back to him so many times that my right arm is all tired out.' "So it goes, Jerry. It's only been a few weeks back that Senator Davis met with a leading peace officer, a District Attorney, I think it was, on a prominent corner of his prospersons

SENATOR TILLMAN'S HOT BLOOD COMES TO A BOIL

card to the public saying the foes of liberty had been folled in their efforts to destroy the champion of the masses, He's been licked at all the other weights, but he's the mass champion still. He's strong for what you might call the mass play. And he said in the card that he was still able to strike one more flerce blow for the cause of the lowly. And he is, When it comes to flerce blows, he's one of the flercest blowers you'll find anywhere.

"But Jeff is all right, Larry—he's all right, at that. He's just suited to fit into the picture of our National Legis-lature as she's at present constituted. I never could understand why they sup-press fighting here in New York and al-low Courses to star in sension all Winlow Congress to stay in session all Win-ter in Washington. They're the devil-may-care rioters, all right, those Congressmen. I don't mean the New Eng-land members. They're docile in the ex-treme. You couldn't imagine Henry Catreme. You couldn't imagine Henry Ca-bot Lodge denting a fellow-Senator's brow with a large ironstone china cuspi-dor as a mark of seeming diapleasure during debate. He might get his ascot mussed. The worst you can conceive of Henry Cabot Lodge doing, if greatly Henry Cabot Lodge doing, if greatly aroused, would be to snatch the sweat-band out of somebody's hat and dash II at his feet. It's those hot-blooded South-ern members you have to be watching all the time. They're the boys that love a scrap like a coon comedian loves a gold tooth. Only they don't scrap the way their predecessors did in the days when a statesman wore his evening clothes all day. I always think of Heury Clay as a party who stood up and talked Clay as a party who stood up and talked pleces suitable for the Sixth Reader, with one hand under his swallow-tails and the other clutching a rolled-up graduation essay, and then went out the next morn-ing before breakfast to some quiet grove where the weeping willows softly sobbed, and shot the broadcloth polanaises off of John C. Calhoun with an implement that looked something like a stomach pump. Sena.

"But it's different these times. tor Tillman's hot blood comes to or an eczema, or whatever it is Senator Tillman's blood comes to when he's irri-tated, and he takes his colleague from South Carolina firmly by the goozle and chokes him until his windpipe sticks out at the back of his neck like open plumb-ing. Senator Bailey, of Texas, takes ex-ception to the way Senator Beveridge, of Indiana's, Adam's apple fits him, and

(Concluded on Page 7.)