

# WOODVILLE BY SEWELL CABE

## A RESCUE AS TOLD IN THE LANGUAGE OF PROFESSOR SHORTY MS CABE

Y'Oh heard somethin' about it, eh? Well, long's they didn't get out pictures in the evening papers with a diagram of how it happened, we're bein' let off easy. And I ain't nursin' any grog, either. It wasn't a case of somethin' comin' along that couldn't be dodged. It looked like I went out and hunted for this.

You see, since I put the studio on summer schedule I've been plakin' for Primrose Park every Saturday about noon, to see if me estate out there's grown any durin' the week. Well, the last time I does it, I drops off about two stations too soon, thinkin' a little outdoor leeway would do me good.

It was grand scheme, and I'd been all right if I'd followed the trolley track along the post road, but the gasoline carts were so thick, and I got to breathing so much grog, that I switches off. I takes a nice lookin' lane that appears like it might bring me out where I need the place. I was headin' for, but as I ain't much on findin' my way where they don't have sign boards at the corners, the first thing I know I've made so many turns I don't know whether I'm goin' out or comin' back.

It was while I was doin' the stray act, and wonderin' where I was, that I bumps into this incubator bunch, and the performance begins. First squint I took I thought somebody'd been settin' out a new kind of shrubbery, and they were usin' it for a lot of umbrella jars that had been dumped there. But pretty soon I sees that it's nothin' but a double row of kids, all dressed the same. There must have been more'n a hundred of 'em, and they was standin' quiet by the side of the road, just as much to home as if that was where they belonged. Now, it ain't the reg'lar thing to find any such aggregation as that on a back lane, and if I'd had as much sense as a family horse at a carttail I'd a'abbed and rambled the other way. But I has to get curious to see what it's all about, so I takes ahead, figurin' on talkin' a good load of them by.

At the head of the procession was a lady and gent, holdin' some kind of exercise, and I could see by their notices somethin' familiar about the lady's back hair. She turns around just then, gives a little squeal, and makes for me with both hands outstretched. "Captain Sir Sullivan, that's you! Well, I know that Saddle was liable to be floatin' around anywhere in Westchester County, for that seems to be her reg'lar stampin' ground since she got to the States, but the country-house set; but I wasn't lookin' in to run across her just then and in that company."

"Oh, Shorty!" says she, "you're a life-saver! I've half a mind to hug you right here."

"If it wasn't for givin' an exhibition," says I, "I'd thank you for the other half. How does the life-savin' come in? And where'd you collect so many kids all of a size? Is that pop, there? And I jinks me think at the strength that I'd heard somethin' about him from Pinekey. He'd drawn plans and specifications for a new force cap for the British army, and he'd been in the British war office, of the British war office."

"Woodie," says I, "how does it?"

"Seemed to meet you, I'm suah," says he.

"Oh, splash!" says I. "You don't mean it?"

Well, say! I was a star. His get up was somethin' between that of a mounted cop and the leader of a Hungarian band, and he was as stiff as if he'd been dipped in the glue pot the day before. I'd heard somethin' about him from Pinekey. He'd drawn plans and specifications for a new force cap for the British army, and he'd been in the British war office, of the British war office."

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places as Rockywood and Apawamis Arms. Seems like he'd discovered Sadio, too, and had looked himself for her steady company. From her story it looked like they'd been takin' a little drive around the country, when they ran up against this crowd of kids in checked dresses from the incubator home. There was a couple of nurses herdin' the bunch, and they'd all been sent up the county on an excursion barge, for one of these fresh air blowouts that always seem like an invitation for trouble. Everything had gone level, and the chowder barge had got mixed up with a tow of coal scows and got bumped so hard that she sprung a leak.

There hadn't been any great danger, but the excitement came along in chunks. The crew had run the barge ashore and landed the whole crowd, but in the mean time, while she and Woodie stood by the gang plank into three feet of water and the other had sprained an ankle. The pair of 'em was all to the bad when they got to the shore, and they had to go to the nearest railroad station.

Course, Sadio had piled right out, loaded the driver to find the next place where the cars stopped and come back after the kids with all the buggies he could find, while she and Woodie stood by to see that the incubators didn't stampede and get scattered all over the lot.

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though, that I wasn't a Johnny-on-the-spot. Because I'd bought a place some where in the county, she thought I could draw a map of the state with my eyes shut. "We ought to start right away," says she.

She was more or less of a prophet too. That thunder storm was gettin' busy over on Long Island, and there was every chance of his comin' our way. It set loose a good hard rain, and the Englishman began to look worried.

"Aw, I say now!" says he, "hadn't I better jog off and hurry up that bloomin' coat?"

"All right, run along," says Sadio. "You should have seen the start of that rain. He got under way like a man on stilts, and he was about as limber as a pair of fire-logs. But then, them leather cuffs on his legs, and the way his coat hugged the small of his back, wa'n't any help. I was enjoyin' his motions so much that I hadn't paid any attention to the kids, and I guess Sadio hadn't, either; but the first we knows they all falls in and goes trottin' along behind him.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" says Sadio. "Whom! Cheese it! Come back here!"

Woodie, he looks around and sees what's comin' after him and waves for 'em to go back. Not much! They stop when he stops, but when he starts again they're right after him. He unlimbers a little and tries to break away, but the kids jumps into the double-quick and hangs to him.

I knew what was up then. They'd sized him up for a cop, and cops was what they was used to. You've seen those where in the county, she thought I could draw a map of the state with my eyes shut. "We ought to start right away," says she.

"We'll mosey down toward that," says I; "but we could make better time, Cap'n, if you'd let the party down to light-weight marchin' order. Suppose you give the command for them to shed them cork jackets."

"Why, really now," says he, lookin' around and kind of helpless, "I haven't the faintest idea how to do it, y'know."

"Well, it's up to you," says I. "Make a speech, or 'em, or somethin' that'll give 'em a lead. They acted like they wasn't more'n half alive, standin' there in pairs, and he was about as limber as a pair of fire-logs. But then, them leather cuffs on his legs, and the way his coat hugged the small of his back, wa'n't any help. I was enjoyin' his motions so much that I hadn't paid any attention to the kids, and I guess Sadio hadn't, either; but the first we knows they all falls in and goes trottin' along behind him.

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They didn't give us any more notice, though, than as if we'd been holdin' our breath. The head pair had their eyes glued on the Captain, and they were the leaders, and the rest followed like they'd been tied together with a rope. They was all girls, and I guess they'd average about twelve or thirteen years of age, and all had on aprons, but now I sees that every last one of 'em was wearin' a life-preserver. They'd tied the things on after the bumps, and I suppose the nurses had been too rattled to take 'em off since. Maybe it wa'n't a sight to see them bobbin' up and down!

and innocent XII both issued edicts of excommunication against him who used either snuff or tobacco. By the Swiss cantons smoking was considered a crime second only to adultery, and to the climate of severity against the plant Amurath was the use of tobacco a crime punishable with death.



"CUT OUT THE SNIFFLES, SADIO," SAYS I.

rippin' and noarin', and the chain-lightnin' streaked things up like the flash of one of Colonel Paine's exhibits.

"Sing to them," says Sadio. "It's the only way to keep them from being scared to death. Sing!"

"Do you hear that, Woodie?" says I. "But really, it wa'n't, says he. 'I never sing, y'know.'"

"Say, that gave me the backache. 'See here, Woodie,' says I, lookin' as wicked as I knew how, 'you sing or there'll be trouble! Hit 'er up, now!'"

That fetched him. He opened his face like he'd swallowed something bitter, made one or two false starts, and strikes up "God Save the King." I didn't know the words to that, so I makes a stab at "Everybody Works but Father," and Sadio tackles somethin' else.

"For a trio that was the limit. The kids hadn't seemed to mind the thunder and lightning a whole lot, but when that three-cornered symphony of ours is cut loose they begin to look like mice. Some of 'em was diggin' their flats into their eyes and preparin' to leak brine, when all of a sudden Woodie gets into his stride and lets go of three or four notes that sounded as if they might belong together.

have gone up in the air and howled blue murder, but they didn't even show white around the gills.

Inside of ten minutes it was all over. The shower had moved off up into Connecticut, where maybe it was wanted worse, and we got our heads together to map out the next act. Sadio had the say. She was for takin' the kids over to the well yacht club there, and waitin' until the nurses or some one else came to take 'em off our hands. That suited me; but when it came to gettin' Captain Sir Hunter to march up front and set the pace, he made a strong kick.

"Oh, by Jove, now!" says he, "I couldn't think of it. Why, I've been a guest here, y'know, and I might meet some of the fellows."

"What luck?" says Sadio. "That'll be lovely if you do."

"You come along, Woodie," says I. "So we've got our orders."

He might have been a stiff-necked Englishman before, but he was limp enough now. He looked like a linen collar that had been through the wash and hadn't reached the starch tub. His coat tails was still drippin' water, and when he walked it sounded like some one was moppin' up a marble floor.

club turned out to see the show, and the rockin'-chair skippers made funny cracks at us as we went by.

"Aho, the nursery!" says one guy. "Where you bound for?"

"Ask popper," says I. "He's got the tickets."

Woodie kept his face turned and his jaw shut, and if he had any friends in the crowd I guess they didn't spot him. I'll bet he wasn't sorry when Sadio shows up on deck and waves for us to come on.

Mrs. Brinley Cubbs was there, all right. She was a tall, lippy kind of female, ready to gush over anything. As well as I could see up gettin' up steam, and all the way down the East River, Mrs. Cubbs had the hired hands jugglin' up everything possible they could find, from chicken salad to locoweed, and we all took a hand passin' it out to that incubator bunch.

"They knew what grub was, yes, yes! There wasn't any holdin' back for a imitation cop to give the signal. The way they did stow in good things before we was enough to make a man wish he'd probably never dreamed about beef-steak, and I could see the way he had John D's pile and Jake Rile's heart. I forgot all about bein' wet, and so did Woodie. To see him jugglin' stacks of loaded plates you'd think he'd graduated from a ham-and-factory. He seemed to like it, too, and he was wearin' what passes for a grin among the English aristocracy. By the time we got to the dock at East Thirty-fourth street, there was more solid comfort and stomach-ache in a thousand years.

Sadio had me go ashore and telephone for two of them big rubber-neck wagons. That gave us time to get the sleepers woke up and arrange 'em on the dock. Just as we was gettin' the last of the kids loaded in for their ride up to the home, a roundsman shows up with two cops.

"Where do you kids belong?" he sings out. With that there comes a howl, and the whole bunch yells and makes for the door. "Hot perterator—cold termerator—alligator—Rome!"

## FALLACY OF LEGAL PROHIBITION

The Only Cure for Intemperance Is a Remedy That Makes Men Morally Better.

BY W. A. CUSICK.

IN view of the fact that the people of Oregon will soon have an opportunity to express their views on prohibition at the ballot box, it becomes every friend and advocate of the best interests of society to take a calm and dispassionate view of the subject, guided by the history of facts as they relate to the subject, unbiased by undue enthusiasm, emotionalism and Pharisaism with which they may come in contact. As rational beings we should study the results of similar efforts in the past, and profit by the experience of those who have lived before us, and if previous efforts have been barren of good results, search for the cause of failure and seek a more efficient remedy.

ture must occur sufficiently early, otherwise the opportunity is lost and the character may be formed on another and undesirable plan.

Then comes the school and church influences and teachings to complete the evolution of the moral intellectual and moral man. Nevertheless it must occur to us that in our schools as ordinarily conducted, moral expansion is too often lost sight of in the race for purely intellectual acquirements, and in consequence many brilliant minds show an alarming lack of moral ballasting influence in after years of life.

In effect deny his moral responsibility will continue impossible of enforcement.

The mania for perpetual enactment of laws, and still more laws, is the curse of our times, and goes far to explain why so little respect and attention is paid to any laws. If these enthusiastic reformers could only see to some extent the common sense understanding of human nature, they might vary their method of attack, on the "demon" by enacting a law respecting alcoholic beverages, and give such every man, woman and child should get comfortably full of whiskey every 24 hours. This would stir up a rebellion against alcoholic beverages, and give such a black eye to the "traffic" as has not received in 50 years of effort by the old method of "how not to do it."

## WANTS ALL TAXES ABOLISHED

Would Go One Step Further Than Advocates of Single Tax.

BY J. L. JONES.

THE single-taxers have the matter whittled down to a pretty fine point when they want to cut out all kinds of taxes but one. We go one step further and then jump off. We do not advocate the single tax, because we declare for the abolition of all taxes, both public and private.

show anything, and their showings are as unintelligible to the common mind as the utterances of the Delphic oracle. None but an expert can tell whether the bookkeeping is right or not, and none but another expert can tell whether the first one is right or not. It is like a row among lawyers or theologians or cats; no one or one tell what it is about or one of it, or tell what it is about or one of it.

and wages so as to collect the \$5,000,000,000 for interest and \$20,000,000,000 more for dividends.

But at the end of the first year the company will be worth \$125,000,000,000, and the people (that is us) still worth nothing. But now the company has \$125,000,000,000 in debt, and they will be \$125,000,000,000 in debt, and the people (that is us) will have to pay interest and dividends on the \$125,000,000,000 in debt to itself.