KILN CLUB

ner Talks to Mem- Swagger Set.

BONE'S UNDOING

Bankrupt—What Hap- Bebee and Others the Real Things

[Copyright, by T. C. McClure.]

said Brother Gard- rose up in the club the other "I has been lookin' last half hour to Brudder Shinbone not yere. I didn't would be yere. Brud- ken into dis club his first appear- a swallertailed his plug hat and de anteroom. It at Brudder Shin- swagger. welcome de brudder t show no hostil- swagger folks, I him a fair show.

D TO BE SWAGGER?"

ow. Doorin' de year sed him on varus held my peace. I come, and I waited o come has come. der Shinbone am not He am not at home t in de city tonight. e de spot on which , but it am fur, fur t to make any mys and so I will plainly Brudder Shinbone has truck de pike. nows why, and some why. De explanashun dder belonged to de had a box at de wife gin high teas hat, and his wife had de parlor floor. He club, and his wife for etery Sunday, twenty and thirty an play come along Pen in de thirty cent

one was a barber at and no tips. Could wagger? I figgered it he figgered it out and t ahead and tried it. dat he has died de His household goods for debt, his wife am hin's to do, and de am busted higher'n a ejoiced ober it. I am object lesson. dest members of dis wn Bebee. Up to six was as steady as an anybody had dun told elser make a ass of have laughed de lim- He skined $10 a ly amusement he was wine to de circus once ths ago his brudder in left him $250 in cash. y got yere I wanted to aside and talk to him. he looken. He seemed was gwine to say, and Some others started in y didn't git fur

If Brudder Waydown I know he hain't. I m sittin' in his lonely head tied up in a wet e achin' throbs, and it shall nebber see him sittin' all alone by his h awhile he fetches a boss. For six months down went in for de e lined clubs; he went wore patent leathers; diamond pin; he prome- down in front of banks. s glit clocks, lace cur- ice cream. De Bebee wath. Dey reached de

Bebee Family.

ar am people who reach stay up dar. Dar am ch it to take one look n fall backward head come down wid an aw- Bebee fam'ly reached n. Mebbe you heard de k ago. I has told you Waydown is, but whar e? She helped her hus- ger. She liked it. She om de pinnacle wid him, right up and run away man, a man wid mo' m. Yes, she's gone, and down may groan like two

and it won't bring her

arch under de stove and s and stools in de hall find Brudder Comealong ght. You can't find a dise hall who am fo'ty and still gwine ober de o' miles an hour. What's ou ax. Nuffin much— t same swagger bizness. mealong blacked stoves ewashin'. Sometimes he eek, sometimes $112. He shun of bein' level head-

ed. He was mighty likely to go to the theater, and de man wid rugs to sell on de installment plan called at his cabin fo' hundred times a year and couldn't make a sale. On our dan twenty different occasions I have held Brudder Comealong up as a safe man to follier.

"Waal, what's happened? Three months ago he found a passel of papers in de street, and de lowt rewarded him wid $300 in cash. We all knowed it, and we all complimented him. Didn't seem to be a case for advice. Noisely doubted dat de brudder would make de best sort of use of dat money. We was all lookin' to hear dat he had bought a Texas oil well and doubled his capital when de surprise cum. He walked in yere one night and presented sich a picture of gorgeousness dat some of us nigh fainted away. I can't remember all he had on, but he was spleniferous. We dasn't hardly tech him wid de tips of our fingers. Instead of buyin' an oil well or a silver mine he had started in to be swagger. It was hard to credit at first, but we soon found it was so.

"It hain't much use in gwine ober de pertickiers. It was plug hats and gold headed canes and high teas and theater parties till de bump come. De bump allus comes, and it generally comes mighty sudden. In dis case de landlord, de butcher, de grocer, de ice cream man, de coal man and six or eight other creditors arrived and pulled de bell at de same time, and fifteen minits later de tragedy had been played. De swagger bizness had tooken a skate. Mrs. Johnsing was lyin' in a ded faint on de floor, and Brudder Comealong was headin' south-southwest by compass p'int. Nobody kin say if he will ever return.

He Condemns White's Undoing.

"One mo' case. We took into dis yere club two years ago a humble man by de name of Nicodemus White. He was gentle and mild. He was industrious and sayin'. If he couldn't airn $2 a day he tried to airn one, and his wife went out washin' to help things along. No frills on dat fam'ly. Jest went right along like an old fashioned clock, allus dere and allus to be depended on. If any one had suggested to Brudder White to rent a postoffice box or attend a vaudeville show he'd have almost fallen dead in his tracks. Ober and ober I said to myself dat he was a man to tie to and dat his advice and example would allus be good.

"Den comes de surprise. In diggin' a cellar he finds a glass cah wid $250 in gold in it. We was all of us prepared to hear dat he had mince pie extra for breakfast next mawnin', but not for what actually follered. De White fam'ly jest run wild. Dey galloped and rantered and cavorted. Dey figgered dat dar could be no end to dat money. Dey reveled in gilt clocks and fried oysters and rode in taxicabs, and dey was beatin' de Rothschilds all holler when de bump stepped in. Nuffin left of dat gorgeousness today—no home, no furniture, no job. Cleaned up and cleaned out, wid de hull fam'ly threatenin' suicide. Dey have had their swagger and am payin' de penality.

"My frens, don't do it. Dar am some games you kin beat wid buttons or peanuts, but de swagger game is one dat takes money. You've got to have it or de bump will come. Let's break de meetin' in two and go home and think it ober." M. QUAD.

Amateur Strategy

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Perceval's den in Berkeley hall was hung with the usual conglomerate collection of trifles on which college youths pride themselves. Strangely enough, however, though otherwise complete, it lacked one of the essentials—indeed, a vital essential—of a student's room decorations. There were no photographs.

The other fellows had pictures of girls in evening gowns, girls in street costume, girls in golf garb, girls on horseback, girls afoot—always girls. But not a girl's picture adorned Perceval's den except one lonely small miniature, and that stood far withdrawn, hidden on the back of his desk.

Randolph Chase hauled it out on one occasion before Perceval could reach him with a detaining hand.

"What a queer little girl!" Randolph said.

"Put it back," Perceval said shortly, his face aflame.

But the other fellows crowded behind Randolph and looked at the picture over his shoulder.

"Such a mop of hair and such a little face!" said one of them.

"Put it back!" Perceval's tone rasped with irritation. "Put it back, Randolph!"

Randolph, after one glance at the younger man's countenance, set the miniature back on the desk hastily. "Oh, if you feel that way about it," he apologized.

But the next night when he was alone with Perceval he said: "I don't want to be inquisitive, but I was awfully interested in that girl's face. Who is she?"

Perceval was standing at the window, looking out upon the elm bordered street, where the big electric lights cast great shadows.

"That," he said without looking around—"that girl, as you call her, is Mrs. Perceval Moore."

"What!" Randolph's tone expressed extreme incredulity. "You surely don't mean"—

Perceval whirled around. "That I am married? Yes."

Randolph whistled. "Well, of all things!" he said. And after that there was silence.

Then Perceval came over and flung himself into a chair opposite Randolph. "I've simply got to tell somebody, Chase," he said. "I'm in an awful fix, and she's the dearest and truest and best little thing in the world."

Randolph reached over and picked up the miniature again. "She truly looks it," he said after he had studied it for a long time.

Perceval choked a little before he answered. "She's an angel, Randolph."

"Then what's the matter?" Randolph questioned.

Perceval leaned forward.

"I've deceived her. She doesn't know that I am in college. She thinks I am earning a good salary in business."

"Well, son," said Randolph Chase, "it seems to me that sort of deception is a kind that a girl can forgive easily enough. I guess she won't be wildly indignant when she finds that next year—it is next year that you come of age, isn't it?—you'll have a big pile of money coming to you. Any girl would be tickled to death to find that."

Perceval shook his head. "Not Annabel," he declared. "Isn't her name dear and old fashioned, Chase?"

"Yes," Randolph agreed. "But why will she object to a million, Perceval?"

"Because she will say that I lied to her," Perceval said slowly, "and Annabel can forgive anything but a lie."

"Out with it!" Randolph probed. "Tell me the whole story. It must be a queer one, and if you don't mind my saying so, old man, she must be a queer girl."

"That's just what she is," said Perceval. "I met her last year at the beach. She was such a quaint, queer little thing that she attracted me. She always wore white, and I would find her sitting on the sand singing little songs to herself. There was an old sea captain to whom she talked a good deal, and I got him to introduce us.

"Well, she had read a lot of books on social equality, and she just simply didn't have any use for the gilded youth with money. What Annabel wanted was a man who worked, preferably with his hands, but, failing that, one who lived in the thick of the fight for existence. And she meant it too. And that is where I fell.

"I was head over heels in love with her," continued Perceval forlornly, "and I simply wouldn't let her go. So I let her believe that I was working my way up in business. The first lie was simple enough and looked like one of those things that could be squared easily enough afterward. But, oh, Chase! I had to back that lie up with details on details until I had lied to her at least ten lies to the hour. Well, we were married before I left in the fall. I wasn't of age, and she wasn't, and she wouldn't leave home until I could support her without hampering my business career.

"I knew I had to come back to college or get dad down on me, so I told her to stay," groaned Perceval. "But I made her marry me for fear something might come between us, and I couldn't stand that. Randolph. But think how I'll appear to her, for I've lied in every letter, telling her how business was, and all that."

The young fellow's voice broke. Randolph held out a sympathetic hand.

"She'll forgive you, all right," he said. "But you sit right down tonight and confess, old man. It's not only the right thing, but the best policy, to be perfectly frank with her, and if she's in love with you she'll forgive you."

But Perceval shook his head. "I don't dare," he said huskily. "I am so afraid I'll lose her. Randolph, and she is the dearest thing in the world."

"You have said that before," Randolph remarked patiently. "I think you are making an awful mistake, but it will have to work itself out if you won't take any advice."

Then he went to his own room and smoked another pipe on it, and after that he wrote a letter.

And in three days came a letter to Perceval. "Dear boy," it began, "I must come to you at once. Things at home are in a dreadful state. I will tell you when I reach you. I know you haven't much for us to live on, but I have a little money in the bank that I have saved from my allowance, and I shall follow this note at once. Expect me on the 10:30 a. m. Friday.

"ANNABEL."

"And this," said Perceval desperately as he showed the note to Randolph, "is Thursday. What am I going to do with her when she gets here, Randolph?"

Randolph smiled inscrutably. "Find some rooms in a cheap quarter and set up housekeeping."

Perceval's face brightened. "And go out every morning and make her think I've gone to work? You are a genius, Randolph."

It took the two men several hours to find a little furnished apartment that would seem suitable for a young couple with little money. Perceval grumbled disconsolately. "I hate to put my jewel in such a setting," he said.

"Tell her the truth," Randolph again advised, "and you won't have to put up with such cheap things."

But Perceval refused. The next morning he met Annabel at the station, and together they went to the little cheap apartment, and here Annabel wept on his shoulder.

Her account of the trouble at home was somewhat vague, but she was enthusiastic over the thought of her housekeeping. "It will be lovely to work for you," she said.

But Perceval found it anything but lovely. He hated to see her soft white hands in the dishwater. It made him wince to see her bending over the flaming stove, and even the joy of her presence could not take away his sense of infinite guilt.

And so he grew thin and pale and worn.

"You are working too hard," Annabel said one night. And when he shook his head drearily his little wife crept out to the janitor's room and telephoned to some one.

"He is punished enough," was her queer message. "Can't you have him go to his old quarters tonight and have it over?"

The next night Perceval said to Annabel: "I have an engagement with Randolph. You won't mind if I leave you, will you, dear?"

"Of course not," she acquiesced. "I can get along just this one time."

Randolph told him that he wished to borrow some of Perceval's books. "I knew they were in your rooms, and I thought you wouldn't mind coming over," said he, "so I took the liberty of asking you to desert your wife for one evening."

As the two men entered the luxurious quarters Perceval sighed. "To think of my condemning Annabel to such hideousness as that apartment we are living in!" he said, leaning down to turn on the low electric lamp on his study table.

The light flared up and showed the cozy room, the little fire already lighted in the open grate, the blue flame burning under the brass teakettle.

"Why, what?" Perceval demanded, like the big bear in the fairy tale. "Who has been living in my room?"

From behind a tall screen came a little figure in white.

"Oh, Perceval!" cried Annabel and threw herself in his arms.

And when Randolph had explained that he had taken chances and had written the truth to Perceval's little wife and Annabel had explained that she had known he was going to school and not to work ever since she had come to him, and, oh, didn't he know that she would love him if he was rich, Perceval drew a long breath of happiness.

"I don't deserve it," he confessed, with his eyes shining, "and we can't live in these rooms, Annabel. But I am going to take my chances with dad, and when he sees what a dear little, queer little thing you are he will give in, and if he doesn't I can earn my living like a man now that I am square with you, sweetheart."

BOWSER SAVES COAL

Believes Heat Can Be Preserved and Recipe Is Free to All.

GETS MATERIALS FOR JOB.

After an Explosion and the Loss of His Eyebrows He Threatens Wife—She Calms Him and Tells Her Hubby He Is Not Well.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.]

IT was midafternoon, and Mrs. Bowser sat sewing and thinking that it had been a whole week since Mr. Bowser broke out in a new spot, when the basement bell rang and the cook came up to gasp out:

"It's here, mum!"

"What is here?"

"Something to bring on an earthquake such as they had in Italy."

"Nonsense! Is there anybody at the door?"

"There is, mum. It's a red headed boy, and he's got a horse and wagon and some barrels and wants to know where he shall put 'em. I asked him if they were bombs, and he said he guessed they were. If they be, then I quits my job. I had a sister blown up

"IT'S HERE, MUM."

by a bomb, and I shall never forget how her arms and legs and yells went shooting up sky high."

Mrs. Bowser went down to the door and met the red headed boy and asked him if there wasn't some mistake.

"Not if your name is Bowser," he replied.

"But what have you got in the wagon?"

"A barrel of sand, another of lime and something in a bag. Boss got the order by telephone."

"Is it to fix a cellar with?"

"Mebbe 'tis, but I can't say. You see, I don't enjoy the confidence of my boss altogether. There are times when he seems to doubt me."

"Well, if you are sure they are for this house you may put them down cellar. I remember telling Mr. Bowser some time ago that there were holes in the concrete bottom, and I guess he intends to have them filled up."

The boy had a tough time getting the barrels down cellar, but he accomplished it at last, and when Mrs. Bowser told the cook that it was nothing but stuff for concrete that female ceased to tremble and have visions of dismembered bodies sailing through the air. Mr. Bowser arrived from the office at the usual time, and the first thing he asked was if the barrels had come up. He was informed that they had, and then Mrs. Bowser asked:

"You are going to get somebody to concrete over the holes in the cellar, aren't you?"

Coal and Wood Giving Out.

He made no answer until seated at the dinner table. Then he assumed a look of wisdom and asked:

"Mrs. Bowser, how long do you suppose the hard coal supply of the United States is going to last?"

"Why, I saw something about that in the papers the other day, and I believe it was estimated that in 120 years the last ton would be mined."

"Yes, those figures are correct. By that time the wood will also be gone, and we shall be a fireless nation. Think of that—not even enough fire to warm up our chicken soup!"

"But won't Yankee ingenuity have invented a new fuel before we have reached that date?" asked Mrs. Bowser, with considerable anxiety.

"Ah, ha! So you have heard, after all! It does me good to hear you asking such a question. Now, I know that you will be in sympathy with my latest move. First, Mrs. Bowser, we must husband the supply of coal and make it last just twice as long. Next we must invent a substitute. I shall only deal with the one problem at present."

"Is that what the stuff in the barrels and bag is for?"

"Exactly, my dear. When I get an idea into my head I want to go to work at it at once. For a thousand years science has been at work on this tremendous problem of how to save coal and still extract the same amount of heat and power. Let me tell you that 44 per cent of the heat is wasted. It is drawn up the chimney and dissipated in the air. Think of that—44 per cent, or nearly one-half! What if that 44 per cent could be saved?"

"You don't think you can do it, do you?"

"I do. Yes, ma'am. Samuel Bowser is going to do that very thing. I've got it all figured out. Within a week a nation will be blessing me—coal bills cut half in two from Maine to California; steamers crossing the oceans with half their coal bunkers empty; all coal miners getting at least three holidays a week. Mrs. Bowser, do you see how the thing is going to work out?"

"But I wish—wish you wouldn't experiment," she stammered.

"W-h-a-t! You talk that way instead of encouraging me! You wish me to keep hands off and leave some one else to reap the glory!"

"But you will blow some one or something up and then lay the blame on me."

"Woman, don't be an idiot. I have never blown anybody or anything up, and I have never blamed you. I'm not that kind of a man. I can't understand your position at all, but that makes no difference. I shall go ahead just the same. Mrs. Newton didn't want Sir Isaac to lie on his back in the orchard, see an apple fall to the earth, instead of shooting into the air, and thus discover gravitation, but he paid no attention to her and gave the world one of its greatest sciences. I am now going up to get an old suit on and experiment. If I succeed, and I know I shall, you needn't try to sneak in and take any of the credit."

"I've—I've got a dollar saved up, and I'll give it to you if you won't experiment," she said in a last desperate attempt.

Mr. Bowser turned on her, but he couldn't speak. He simply looked the contempt he felt for such attempted bribery and passed upstairs to change his clothes. He was down in fifteen minutes and took a dive down cellar and was soon heard pounding away at the barrels. The cook heard him, but she had seen cement before and knew there was nothing about it to explode. When the barrels had been unheaded their contents were mixed in a heap with the stuff from the bag. Then the water was poured on and a hoe used to make a bed of mortar. Something like half an hour had passed when Mrs. Bowser came down cellar to ask:

"You won't fool with the gas meter, will you?"

"Fool! Fool! Woman, I want you to understand that I'm a man that doesn't fool with anything! Go back upstairs! You'll get none of the fame or glory out of this!"

His Eyebrows Singed.

Five minutes later she heard him open the door of the furnace and shovel in some of his compound. Ten minutes after that an acrid smell began to permeate the house. She shut off all the heaters, but it continued to puff out until she had to open the windows. She started down cellar to ask what was the matter, but ere she had made the descent there came a great puff of flame that shot the furnace door open and carried Mr. Bowser off his feet, and then she flew upstairs, and he followed, choking and gasping and feeling for the eyebrows that had been singed off. When they had reached the front door and thrown it open and stood in the vestibule she asked:

"What did you do to the furnace? Hear it roar! The house will be burned over our heads!"

"It's—it's that durned compound!" he managed to reply between his gasps.

"But turn in the fire alarm and get the engines out!"

Fortunately for them a fireman who was on relief happened to be passing, and he came running in and clattered down cellar and up and down again with a pail of water from the kitchen, and after about twenty minutes he appeared, wiping his eyes, and announced that all danger was passed, but that they had better keep doors and windows open for an hour yet. Then he added, as if an afterthought:

"What blamed idiot poked that stuff into the furnace?"

"I—I was trying to save half the coal," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Better pump some sawdust into your head and save half your brains, old man!"

It was half an hour later, and the house had become habitable again, when Mr. Bowser stood up stiffly and began:

"Woman, this is the dead line! I knew that you would"—

"There, there," interrupted Mrs. Bowser as she held up a finger, "don't try to say it! You are not well tonight. Some other time." M. QUAD.

H. Henshaw, traveling freight agent for the Southern Pacific, was in town the latter part of last week.

WINSOR

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