

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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and as she stood holding it by the long stem its cool petals lightly pressed her lips.

"You may have it—in exchange," she said. He bent down to her, and she fastened her rose in place of the white one in his coat. She did not ask him, directly or indirectly, who had put the white one there for him. She knew by the way it was pinned that he had done it himself. "Who is it that every morning brings me these lovely flowers?" she inquired as she bent over her.

"Mr. Winby," he returned. "I will point him out to you. You must see him and Mr. Bodeffer, who is the oldest inhabitant and the crosser of Carlow."

"Will you present them to me?" "No; they might talk to you and take some of my time with you away from me."

Her eyes sparkled into his for the merest fraction of a second, and she laughed. Then she dropped his lapels, and they proceeded. She did not put the white rose in her belt, but carried it.

The square was heaving with a jostling, moving, good natured, happy and constantly increasing crowd that overflowed on Main street in both directions and whose good nature augmented in the ratio that its size increased. The streets were a kaleidoscope of many colors, and every window opening on Main street or the square was filled with eager faces. By 9 o'clock all the windows of the courthouse in the center of the square were occupied. Here most of the damsels congregated to enjoy the spectacle of the parade, and their swains attended, posted at elbows of less vantage behind the ladies. Some of the faces that peeped from the windows of the dark, old, shady courthouses were pretty, and some of them were not pretty, but nearly all of them were rosy checked, and all were pleasant to see because of the good cheer they kept.

Here and there, along the sidewalk below, a father worked his way through the throng, a licentious debauched cherub on one arm, his coat (borne with long enough) on the other, followed by a mother, with the other children hanging to her skirts and tagging exasperatingly behind, holding red and blue toy balloons and delectable candy bafons of spiral striped peppermint in tightly closed, sadly sticky fingers. A thousand eyes went the other way, the street lined with the morning polish but dimly shone and unattractively looked by the arm to blushing maidens bought recklessly of peanuts, of candy, of popcorn, of all known sweetmeats, perchance, and forced their way to the lemonade stands, and there, all shyly, silently slipped the crimson stained ambrosia. Everywhere the hawkers dined, and everywhere was heard the plaintive squawk of the toy balloon.

In the courthouse yard, and so shining in the very eye of the law, two swarthy, shifty looking gentlemen were operating with some grocery walnut shells and a pea what the fanciful or unsophisticated might have been pleased to call a game of chance, and the most intent spectator of the group around them was Mr. James Bardlock, the town marshal. He was simply and unadornedly and earnestly interested. Thus the eye of the law may not be said to have winked upon the nefariousness now under its vision. It gazed with strong curiosity, an itch to dabble and, it must be admitted, a growing hope of profit, the game was so direct and the player so sure. Several countrymen had won small sums, and one, a charmingly rustic stranger, with a peculiar accent the said that him and his girl should now have a smooch on time off his wrinkles, though the lady was not manifested had pocketed \$25 with no trouble at all. The two operators seemed depressed, declaring the luck against them and the Plattville people too brilliant at the game.

It was wonderful how the young couples worked their way in arm through the thickest crowd, never separating. Even at the lemonade stands they drank holding the glasses in their outer hands. Such are the sacrifices demanded by etiquette. But, observing the gracious outpouring of fortune upon the rare rustic just mentioned, a youth in a green tie disgorged his arm for the first time in two hours, from that of a girl who looked upon him with fond, uncertain smiles and, conducting her to a corner of the yard, bade her remain there until he returned. He had to speak to Hartley Bowdler, he explained.

Then he plunged, red faced and excited, into the circle about the shell manipulators and offered to lay a wager.

"Hot on there, Hen Fentress," thickly objected a flushed young man beside him. "I see your turn."

"In first, Hartley," returned the other. "You can hold yer horses, I reckon."

"Plenty for each and all, gents," interrupted one of the shell men. "Place yer spoodles on de little ball. Which is de nex' lucky gent to win our money? Gent bets four sixty-five he seen de little ball go under de middle shell. Up she comes! Dis time we wins, Plattville can't win every time. Who's de nex' lucky gent?"

Fentress edged slowly out of the circle, abashed and with rapidly whitening cheeks. He paused for a moment outside, slowly realizing that all his money had gone in one wild, blind whirl—the money he had earned so hard and saved so hard to make a holiday for his sweetheart and himself. He stole one glance around the building to where a patient figure waited for him. Then he fled down a side alley and soon was out upon the country road, tramping suddenly homeward through the dust, his chin sunk in his breast and his hands clinched tight at his sides. Now and then he stopped and bitterly hurled a stone at a piping bird on the fence or any lowly life in the fields. At noon the patient figure was still waiting in the corner of the courthouse yard, meekly twisting a coral ring upon her finger. But the flushed young man who had spoken thickly to her desecrated drew an envious roll of bank bills from his pocket and began to bet with tipsy caution, while the circle about the gamblers watched with fervid interest, especially Mr. Bardlock, town marshal.

From far up Main street came the cry, "She's a-comin'! She's a-comin'!" and this announcement of the parade proving only one of a dozen false alarms a thousand discussions took place over old fashioned silver timepieces as to when "she" was really due. Schofield's Henry was much appealed to as an arbiter in these discussions, from a sense of his having a good deal to do with time in a general sort of way, and thus Schofield's came to be reminded that it was getting on toward 10 o'clock, whereas, in the excitement of festival, he had not yet struck 9. This, rushing forthwith to do, he did, and, in the elation of the moment, seven or eight besides. Miss Helen Sherwood was looking down on the mass of shifting color from a second story window of the courthouse, and she had the pleasure of seeing Schofield's emerge on the steps beneath her when the bells had done and heard the cheers (led by Mr. Martin) with which the crowd greeted his appearance after the performance of his feat.

She turned beamingly to Hartless. "What a family it is!" she laughed. "Just one big, jolly family! I didn't know people could be like this until I came to Plattville." "That is the word for it," he said, resting his hand on the casement beside her. "I used to think it was desolate, but that was long ago." He leaned from the window to look down. In his dark cheek was a glow the Carlow folks had never seen there, and somehow he seemed less thin and tired than usual; indeed, he did not seem tired at all, by far the contrary, and he carried himself upright, when he was not stooping to see under the hat, though not as if he thought about it. "I believe they are the best people I know," he went on. "Perhaps it is because they have been so kind to me; but they are kind to each other, too—kind, good people."

"I know," she said, nodding. "I know. There are fat women, women who rock and rock on piazzas by the sea, and they speak of country people as the 'lower classes.' How happy this big family is in not knowing it is the lower classes!"

"We haven't read Nordan down here," said John. "Oh! Tom Martin's favorite work is 'The Descent of Man,' and Miss Tibbe cares most for 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Beulah.' And why not?"

"It was a girl from Southeast Cotton-bridge, Mass.," said Helen, "who heard I was from Indiana and asked me if I didn't hate to live so far away from things."

"There was a pause while she leaned out of the window with her face aside from him. Then she remarked carelessly, 'I met her at Winter Harbor.'"

"Do you go to Winter Harbor?" he asked.

"We have gone there every summer until this one for years. Have you friends who go there?"

"I had once. There was a classmate of mine from Boston."

"What was his name? Perhaps I know him." She stole a glance at him and saw that his face had fallen into sad lines.

"He's forgotten me, I dare say. I haven't seen him for seven years, and that's a long time, you know, and he's 'out in the world,' where remembering is harder. Here in Plattville we don't forget."

"Were you ever at Winter Harbor?" "I was once. I spent a very happy day there long ago, when you must have been a little girl. Were you there in?"

"Listen!" she cried. "The procession is coming. Look at the people!"

The parade had seized a psychological moment. There was a fanfare of trumpets in the east. Lines of people rushed for the streets, and as one looked down on the big straw hats and sunbonnets and many kinds of finer head apparel tossing forward they seemed like surf sweeping up the long beaches. She was coming at last. The boys whooped in the middle of the street. Some tossed their arms to heaven, others expressed their emotion by somersaults; those most deeply moved walked on their hands. In the distance one saw over the heads of the multitude tossing banners and the moving crests of triumphal cars, where cohorts were shining in purple and gold.

There was another flourish of music. Then all the band gave sound, and, with the blare of brass and the crash of drums, the glory of the parade burst upon Plattville. Glory in the utmost! The impetus of the march time music, the flare of royal banners, the smiling of beautiful court ladies and great silk umbrellas, the swaying of howdahs on camel and elephant and the awesome shaking of the earth beneath the elephant's feet and his devastating eye (every one declared he looked the

alarmed Mr. Bill Snoddy, stoutest citizen of the county, fall to the face as he passed him, and Mr. Snoddy felt not at all reassured when Tom Martin severely hinted that it was with the threatening glance of a rival; then the badinage of the clown, creaking in his donkey cart; the terrific recklessness of the spangled hero, who was drawn along in a cage with two striped tigers—the delight of all this glittering pomp and pageantry needed even more than walking on your hands to express.

Last of all came the tooting callopes, followed by swarms of boys as it executed "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

When it had gone Miss Sherwood's gaze relaxed—she had been looking on as eagerly as any child—and she turned to speak to Hartless and discovered that he was no longer in the room. Instead she found Minnie and Mr. Willets, whom he had summoned from another window.

"He was called away," explained Lige. "He thought he'd be back before the parade was over and said you were enjoying it so much he didn't want to speak to you."

"Called away?"

Minnie laughed. "Oh, everybody sends for Mr. Hartless."

"It was a farmer name of Bowdler," added Mr. Willets. "His son Hartley's drinking again, and there ain't any one but Hartless can do anything with him. You let him tackle a sick man to nurse or a tipsy feller to handle, and I tell you," Mr. Willets went on, with enthusiasm, "he is at home. It beats me, and lots of people don't think college does a man any good. Why, the way he cured old Fie!"—Miss Briscoe interrupted him.

"See!" she cried, pointing out of the window. "Look out there! Something's happened!"

There was a swirl in the crowd below. Men were running around a corner of the courthouse, and the women and children were barking after them. They went so fast and there were so many of them that immediately that whole portion of the yard became a pushing, tugging, squirming jam of people.

"It's on the other side," said Lige. "We can see from the hall window. Come quick before these other folks fill it up."

"They followed him across the building and looked down on an agitated swarm of faces. Five men were standing on the entrance steps to the door below them, and the crowd was thickly massed beyond, leaving a little semicircle clear about the steps. Those behind struggled to get closer and leaped in the air to catch a glimpse of what was going on. Hartless stood alone on the top step, his hand resting on the shoulder of the pale and contrite and sobered Hartley. On the lowest step Jim Bardlock was standing with sheepishly hanging head and between him and Hartless the two gamblers of the walnut shells. The journalist held in his hand the implements of his profession.

"Yes; give up every cent," he said quietly. "You've taken \$80 from this boy. Hand it over."

The men began to edge down closer to the crowd, giving little, swift, desperate, searching looks from left to right and right to left and moving nervously about like weasels in a trap.

"Close up, there," said Hartless. "Don't let them out."

To be continued.)

Beaverton Happenings.
Regular Correspondent.

The picnic given by Beaverton school was a grand success and both young and old enjoyed it.

Mrs. Katie Fleck, formerly of this town, is very ill at the hospital in Portland.

Mrs. J. C. Still, of Raleigh, was in town Friday.

Mr. Alberts, the proprietor of Beaverton flouring mill, is building a nice house within a few blocks of his mill.

John Huber, while enjoying the picnic Friday, struck his hand on a piece of broken glass, and cut it quite badly.

The commencement exercises of the Beaverton public school were held in the town hall Wednesday evening, May 25. The class consisted of seven, as follows: Hazel Squires, May Clemo, Martin Albert, Anna Bougher, Jessie Rolfe, Buelah Titus and Floyd Tefft.

All interest is now centered in our local base ball nine. Their latest victories, were Saturday 21st Pacific University of Forest Grove 11, Beaverton 15, and Sunday 22d, Scholls 7, Beaverton 9.

The game with Pacific University Saturday was quite spectacular especially the first five innings, which were a complete shut out for Pacific University. During the sixth and seventh innings Beaverton weakened a little and allowed Pacific University to score several times. During the eighth and ninth innings the home team again recovered and it was only by the hardest work that Pacific University was able to score. Higgenbotham, Evenden, Cady and Allen played an especially good game for

the home team. Higgenbotham making a long drive into right field which was good for a home run and brought in three tallies besides his own. The team work for Pacific University was superior to the home team's but their inability to hit Higgenbotham's "horrible" curves, as they described them, together with the good individual playing of the home team resulted in their defeat. The Sunday game was almost the same story for five innings but for the remainder of the game Scholls did fine and succeeded in tying the score. During the ninth inning the home team made a trick play on second base and put a man out. This provoked Scholls and they refused to play off the tie so the umpire gave Beaverton the game 9-7.

A condition confronts us, not a theory. In certain counties the number of voters registered this year is not as great as two years ago; consequently the state committee urges republicans to do their utmost to see that each and every elector who has not registered avails himself of the opportunity provided by law, namely, that of having six freeholders certify that he is qualified to vote. We suggest that every precinct committee man go among the voters of his precinct and acquaint them with this law, and on election day that he be at the polls ready to secure the required six freeholders. Have your precinct committeeman assure each unregistered voter that there will be no trouble in securing the six freeholders at the polls on election day; but of course the precinct committeeman must see to it that he has the six freeholders in readiness to certify. This is very important. If the republicans of the state are in earnest in their desire to have the first gun fired off this presidential year heard all over the United States, thereby giving encouragement to our republican brethren for the November contest, they will go to the polls and vote whether registered or not.

We estimate that the counties behind two years ago in registration are, Gilliam, 7; Harney, 75; Josephine, 106; Klamath, 211; Lake, 99; Lincoln, 145; Marion, 232; Morrow, 5; Tillamook, 158; Wasco, 31; Wheeler, 6; and Yamhill, 450.

It will be a downright shame if Oregon fails to elect Judge Moore, for example, our nominee for supreme judge, by a considerably larger vote than Judge Bean's two years ago; and it will be a shame if any of the county's nominees are defeated in consequence of republicans not voting.

Silkworm Culture.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., is investing the possibilities of silkworm culture in the United States. It is hoped that it may in time be developed to such an extent as to prove of benefit to those members of families whose time is not altogether occupied in other ways, and also to other persons in a small way as a side issue. To persons wishing to experiment, and who can furnish proper food for the worms, the Department is distributing free of charge a small quantity of silkworm eggs and also a manual of instructions. The proper food for silkworms consists of leaves from the different varieties of white mulberry tree and the Osage orange. The paper mulberry (with the fuzzy leaves) is not suitable, nor is the common red mulberry. As the season is now open, applications for the eggs should be made at once, and must be accompanied by a statement as to the number and kind of mulberry trees or the amount of Osage orange which the applicant possesses; otherwise the eggs will not be sent. If the variety of the mulberry is not known to the applicant, a sample of large leaves should be sent to the Department. The Department of Agriculture buys the cocoons which the worms spin, paying for them (after they have been dried) 75 cents to \$1 a pound according to their quality. The work will prove an interesting pastime for women and children who can devote to it odd minutes during the day.

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A fir near the H. McCormick Lumber Company's mill in McCormick, Washington, has furnished the material for the office of the Washington commissioners at the St. Louis exposition. The tree was forty-two feet in circumference about 350 feet high and 300 years old. The tree was sawed off above the section wanted; then the inside was dug out until the walls were only twelve inches thick. They were then sawed vertical into sections, about five feet wide. It required two men working twenty-five days to do the work and load it on the cars. When it reaches St. Louis it will be fitted up for an office.

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