Bellefonte, Pa., November 7, 1913.

THE COLOGNIZING OF KANSAS.

[BY REX BEACH.]

I seems there ain't but one way to beat a faro game," said Kink, "and that's with an ax. I've tried them all, and I never had

no success but the oncet." "Did you ever break the bank," 1 inquired.

"I did-with a stick of dynamite." We were putting the final touches to the last cleanup, blowing and weighing the gold, Kink drying the wet dust and removing the black sand by blowing it in a scoop, while I attended to the scales. Mrs. Martin had gone to town for the mail, so we had inches of fuse. full chance to adventure whither we chose, and our fancies led us idly into

"The play come up like this," he continued. "I crow-hops into Tularos one day, spurning all things sordid and trivial, for I have \$400 of the realm. eight months of a thirst and a spiritual cordiality for emotion and stimulus. I am that drawed and haggard with onwee that the bartender remarks it.

"'What's doing in the way of episodes and distractions of mind in this camp? says 1.

"'Nothing,' says he, 'except faro and roulette and stud poker.' "Them devices is pueryle and

meager. I want something vigorous and man's size, something to turn my liver over I've been dead eight months. Ain't you got no opery house or lynchings or ragtime or

"'No,' says he. 'This here camp is sure a sylvan refuge for the jaded. There ain't even been a sheep herder or a chink massacred since old man Stubbs had the treemors, and now that he's took the cure the future looks dark and unengaging. There's nothing but them mercenary gambling

"I nosed around for an hour, but I never see such a stupefied camp, and, being that bulged out with hunger for emergencies, I am forced agin the green cloth to save my mental bal-

"'What's the limit to this snare?' I asks of the invalid in the operating chair, having found the layout. "'A dollar,' says he.

"Being twenty-eight years old, with much of my life's work still undone, I ain't got time to dribble along that a-way,' says 1. 'I intend to annex your bank roll quick and spend it before the coin goes out of date or the pictures is wore off of the bills, so if you've got a bundred hid out anywhere I'll roll you for it all in a lump."

"He gropes into the drawer, listless and feeble, but collects a hundred up into a pile and deals the cards. I lose the first turn. He's setting sideways in his chair and don't even onfurl his

" 'That fluke only serves to postpone the evil day for you.' says I. 'Turn them fer another bundred' Again I

"'I had figgered on cleaning you up, hitting you a belt with the surcingle and letting you go before this, but I don't begretch the waste of time. You aim to help me get some enthusiasms out of life, don't you? I appreciate your co-operation. Now I got you. Let her go.

"I coppers the bullet and lets the filly run open for a hundred each. He pushes out the top card and the next two lays -queen, ace. He drags in the hard earned savings of my last four months without a symptom of joy in his eye. Then when I sets back my chair he yawns and says:

"'If you happen into anything that will bust this monotony lemme know I'm most dead.

"Naturally I am somewhat paralyzed at having my anticipations mire down this a-way inside of three minutes. Yes. I am left at the post; and. being young, I am prone to anger. I frisks myself for loose change wherewith to continue the carnage, while my indignities rise up in my nose, but I am disappointed. I am let out complete, thinks I, till I find a lone twenty dollar gold piece in my vest pocket as I gees out the door. I turns around · "Here! You overlooked this one," says I, and I throws it at him as hard as I can. Then I likes out to the railroad track and sets on a handcar, inventing synonems for the worst words I knowed Talk about blues, I am the buman wiggle stick.

"It's along about dark when I exbanst all the bad names in three lapguages and ecall the fact that I ain't et none since morning. I goes back to the gambling room and braces Mr.

"'I'm as holler as a gun bar'l.' says 1. He hands out a dollar, tooking sour and growers, without even the compliments of the season. The reluctant way he does it offends me, but I swallers my pride for an appetizer and ambles into a grovery store across the way to buy an ontree of crackers and cheese; also a salad course of baloony sausage. After I'd substituted my own for the baloony skin I feel better. Having had the feast of reason, I crave the flow of soul. I hunger for the poets, so I eat a pound of French mixed candies with verses on 'em.

"'Are you the sport that lost the \$400 this afternoon? asks the grocery creature, full of prying indecencies. "'No, sir; I am the isospondylous, malacopterygian sucker who done so.

"Well, nothing; only that's a brace

"'A brace?' says 1.

"'Sure. It's a pheny box.'

with this supper money. No square sport will begretch a grub stake to his victims. I begin to fear that my system ain't had its till of excitations as yet-none whatever. I am going to squander that money over again, and I promise to enjoy it more the next

"'What do you mean?"

"'Um-m! says 1. "While I am looking about the store I spies some pea soup sticks. Ever seen 'em? They are split peas ground up like sawdust and wrapped in greased paper, about eight inches long by an inch in diameter. They look jest like ca'tridges of giant powder-same size, some color and everything. They're mighty handy to pack on a trip. All you do is break off a piece and boil it up. I've et cords and oceans of it. I have 20 cents left, and I buy one soup ca'tridge; also about four

"'What time does No. 10, the eastbound accommodation, pull out? I inquires of the man as I leaves

" 'Ten o'clock,' says he. "'Um-m! says I. At 9:45 I stampedes into the gambling joint, which is filled like a spade flush. My bair is mussed up, my collar open, and my eyes sort of riled and locoed. I stand around for a few minutes acting queer, twitching my muscles and licking my lips, pervous, till I see that the whole room has spotted my dishybilly. Then I edges over to the galaxy at the faro table, where my dyspeptic crook is taking good money away from some punchers.

"'Gimme a light,' says I to one of 'em, and when I have it I continues to the dealer:

"'Do you still hunger for excitement? "'I smacks my lips over it,' says he. And his eye is on me, cold as a rat-

tler, while he slips his hand into the gun drawer. "'Well, here it is!' I yells, yanking out the roll of pea soup, with the fuse hanging to it. I touches it off with the blazing match, and it begins to

"'We'll all go up in a bunch!" I screams in the tones of a busted tug whistle, giving a laugh like the ravings of John McCullough, that I heard in a phonygraph once. However, the dramatic polish of them merriments goes unheeded, because the crowd is moved by one uncommon impulse, and the sound of their hoofs is like the roar of thunder. Noise busted out of them cowmen like they'd blowed off a cylinder head. They didn't holler, but horrid discord just pizened the air.

"In a gun fight a man can hide back of the bar or crawl under the stove or into the neck of a beer bottle if he's scared enough, but sech protective stratagems is wholly vain agin dyna-



It appeared like everybody got a fair, honest start, because they all run a dead heat to the door, where they met and wedged, then clawed their way out into the night and far away. As for the dealer, a cold draft fanned my artificially fevered brow from the window through which he had departed. He ran plum out of town, wearing the window sash for a necktie. Not a soul was left to tell the tale.

"I scooped off the bank roll and step ped to the back door. There was considerable currency lying on the crap table, and silver glittered on the wheel. but I passed them by. It was not for me. I had busted the bank and was content. For all I knew the other games was on the square, and mine was only a mission of vengeance. Five minutes later I climbed into a side door Pullman on No. 10 just as she pulled out from the water tank Long about daylight a brakey collected \$2 from me. You see, it's a custom out there for to charge the blanket

stiffs a regular tariff. "What's a blanket stiff? Why, he's ding and is 'ristocratic in his predilections for box cars instead of riding a brake beam. Likewise he cavils at the blind baggage. Well, I'm jest getting fixed to count my money when we pull into a siding in the foothills and stop. I hear a voice outside.

"'Whoa, Baiaam!" "I see the head of a burro looking in the car door, inquiring and sleepy. Somehow I allus want to laugh when I look a burro in the face, he's that forsake the old life and acquire honsimple and unassuming and 'Have- esties. We'll go into business,' says "'Um-m!' says I. 'I might 'a' knowed you-used-Plum's-soap' looking, but I Mojave, declaring himself in on the

me sized up proper and has divined all my weaknesses and secret faults and is criticising me from my No. 12 feet to my No. 6 hat.

"This one is carrying a pack, and there's a man with him. The feller yanks off the pack saddle, throws it in the car, then h'ists Mr. Balaam in and clambers aboard himself. When I get a square look at him I reco'nize my old friend Mojave Mike Butters, the foot racer. He's sure a baleful and horrible sight, all poverty stricken and destitute, but I don't say nothing, just hitch back into the gloom and snore, while he puts his blankets in the other end of the car, leads the animal over and sets down. I'm holding out on him a-purpose

"We're in a big, empty furniture car with both side and end doors. Exceisior is all over the floor, which proves a godsend to Balaam, for he thinks he's struck some kind of blond bunch grass. By and by the brakeman comes projecting through and sees Mike in his corner, with the jack gorging himself, all contented and

"'How far you going?' says he. "'End of the division,' Mike an-

"'Two dollars apiece,' says he. 'We charge full fare for mules.' " 'Two dollars apiece!' says Mojave. 'I don't like your classifications, for

Balaam ain't a mule nor I ain't a "All right. Call him a mocking bird. only give me \$4."

"'I ain't got it. "'What! Well, get out of this car. G'wan, now, before I throw you out. What you mean anyhow, crawling in

here broke? "Mr. Brakeman is some wrathy, but Mike don't move, only to reach out and get Balaam by the halter. The brute is still eating succulent bunches of excelsior, dreamy and amiable, while peace and friendship look out of his brown eyes, and his tail swishes with content. All is sunshine for

"'Out you go, you blamed hobo!" says the railroad man, making for

"'Look out! There ain't going to be doors enough in this car for you!' says Mike. And, giving Balaam's halter a twist, he says, 'H'ist, boy!'

"Balaam h'isted. He throwed down his mouse colored head, and the whole back end of him come loose. He sure severed his connections and cut his home ties. His little hoofs hit the brakeman in the stummick so that the 'whoof!' like the squawk of an automobile born. The gentleman riz up. laid both hands upon Balaam's tracks blessed privilege to make the arduous and sat down hard in the other cor- path more pleasant, and we are here ner, then doubled up like he had only to conduce to them scenic effects by Mike scratched Balaam, and cious, winking at me, meanwhile chew- sweet smell. ing the juice out of another batch of shavings that growed near by.

"'You sound like you was ripe roader. 'I don't like 'em when they go "pank." .

"It seemed like the man couldn't reach no amicable settlement with his breath whatever, and it was ten minutes before he'd arranged a satisfactory working basis with it. Then he er wied out, hiccoughing cuss words and threats all hashed up like a beef stew. In mebbe half an hour he come back with his pardner, but Mike was intrenched behind Balaam. The men had sticks and tried to storm him, but that donkey's buttress was plump impregnable. Compared to him Port Arthur was as easy of access as a political meeting, and Gibraltar had signs of 'Welcome' all over it. I never see no real kicking before nor since. The air growed congested and thick with it, and there was enough hoof in the atmosphere at any minute to run a glue factory for a year Mike was acting gunner's mate, finding the ranges and aiming him like a pivot gun, while the little feller hitch kicked. drop kicked, place kicked, punted and kicked goal from the field. He kicked the sticks out of their hands, he kicked the taste out of their mouths, and if Mike had let him go he'd have kicked them so high they'd have starved before they lit. He kicked them together into a pile, kicked them out the end door and resumed his browsing. "'How's foot racing. Mike?' says 1.

crawling forth from my retreat. 'Why, bello!' says he, shaking hands. 'I've just been run out of a little town up here without my bat. Me and Balaam is going east. If you're broke, too, I'll let you ride on my ticket. He's good fer a carload.'

"'We are quitting the west ourselves,' says I, tapping my wishbone with dignity, for I feels the bank roll agin my ribs and am filled with figgers of speech.

"We," ' repeats Mike, inquisitive and suspicious 'You say "we" like ties wasn't quite so precious, being as you had money. I seen it in a book oncet that only three people is it censed to say "we"-kings, editors and men with tapeworms. I add to it a man with great wealth. Which one of a half hobo that travels with his bed- the four are you? Do you mean to say you've got money in your disreppitable person and stood by while me and

Balaam worked our passage?" "For repartee I showed a roll the size of a clothes bag and told my story. We counted the money, and it totaled \$520 to a cent, my original stake and the gambler's \$100 which I would have won from him if I hadn't

"This here is our opportunity to

don't do it, because I know he's got deal immediate. 'I was cut out for them pursuits natural. I got the abil-

"'Does it take that much of a stack to set in on this commercial venture? I inquires. 'I be'n aiming to assuage this famine fer fun that I'm bloated with.

"'It ain't no ways essential,' Mike admits, 'and I'm considerable leery of overcapitalization myself. S'pose we lay by \$200 fer business and spend the rest in wassail, thus avoiding watered stock and sech perils. I've got a scheme where that's all we need.' "'As long as it's honest it gets my

play,' says I; 'but, understand, I ain't going to corner none of the great necessities of life with this money nor queeze the widders and orphans.'

"'No; it's simply the introduction of western modes and civilization into the jungles of the decaying east. We'll open up in Kansas.'

Thereupon he gave me the blue print of a plan that assayed \$18 to the ounce, being a total rest from cowpunching. Well, it's some three weeks later that the Butters-Martin Mastodon minstrels bursts into Kansas and lays waste with delight every hamlet it plays. It costs nary a cent to see it, which same appeals to farmers of all ranks. Mike is lit up like a Dewey arch, a thousand candles strong, with a long fur trimmed overcoat, pointed yaller shoes, tan gaiters and a pearl gray felt hat. For a theatrical makeup he has John Drew run under the

"I am Papriky Carramba, the Arizona bandit. You see, I am some black, anyhow, so I incase myself in a greaser habit of speech, a bewhiskered buckskin suit and am a dangerous

"Here's the program. We open with a quartet by the niggers. Oh, yes; I near forgot the niggers! We have four Senegambians from Topeka that sing from all points of the compass to a common center. One of 'em plays Turkey In the Straw on the banjo, while the others dance. They cost us

"Well after the music the Mexikin desperado gives exhibitions of throwing the bowie and pistol practice, after which we have more music, and Mikes does 'marvelous, mystifying feats of sleight of hand too battling for the mind and too rapid for the eye.' Then we have some buck and winging by the African team, after which Mike addresses the pacified and

radiant hay diggers as follows: "'No doubt, ladies and gents, you have been delighted by our educabreath come out of him with a tional entertainment, but to give fleeting pleasure ain't our only mission. We have a higher motive. It is a one joint in his back, wrapped his abating the nuisances of life One arms around himself three times and man may like music and his neighbegan to kick like a hen with its head bor prefer the screech of a sled runcut off, while he made little gasping ner on bare ground. This one may noises like wind leaking into an old have a sweet tooth, while his friend's er and the nerve exposed; but, the little feller waggled his ears saga. dear friends, all the world loves a

"'We admire the jassamine and would fain preserve the fragrance of the rose Let us have done with the enough to pick,' said Mike to the rail. sordid scents of the stables and imported cheese and tickle our tonsils with the breath of forest flowers. That, ladies and gents, is our sacred errant amongst you. We are the distributing agents of the Kansas Cologne company, unlimited. Remember, we have nothing to sell; we only advertise the perfumery so that you can buy direct from your local druggists. We simply charge a nominal price to cover the cost of the bottles and the hand painted labels, giving you the contents as free as this program,

which ain't yet over. " 'To conclude this evening's entertainment I propose to spar three rounds with Senor Carramba, demonstrating in a refined and gentlemanly manner the blows with which I won the title of middleweight champeen of the world. This is not a brutal exhibition, but a clean and scientific lesson in that greatest domestic accomplishment, the "man and womanly art of self defense." It is indorsed by the leading society ladies of the great cities and has received the highest encomiums from prominent divines. While we are changing costume the four Moorish gentlemen will pass amongst you with free samples of the cologne. After you have smelled it they will offer for sale the few remaining bottles Remember, four ounces for the ridic'lous sum of 50 cents, hardly enough to cover the cost of the hand painted labels. Only those parties retaining bottles will be allowed to remain during the pugilistic

"Well, sir, you never saw the likes. You'd 'a' thought their sense of smell had laid out in the wet and got rusty They couldn't get enough of it; four ounces for four bits-ridic'lous cheap. too, when you consider that it stood us \$8 an ounce in Topeka-that is, the real stuff that the coons carried around did, but of course the four ounce botwe filled them with filtered water and soaked the corks in real cologue dur-

ing the afternoons when we wasn't busy. Yes, sir, they sure did like the smell of them corked up water bottles, and we was doing well.

"'Quick sales and small profits is our motto, says Mike. We make 49 cents a battle, which is small enough, and we sail out of a place as quick as possible. All it takes to run the biz is a barrel of spring water and a little eight dollar cologne to smell up the corks with. It's a secret process.

"We used to drink Kansas cologne with our meals, it was that harmless, and I guess we disposed of several thousand of the 'few remaining bot-Nobody ever left the show betles.'

[Continued on page 7, Col. 1.]

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