## A BEAR

If I were a bear, And a big bear too, I shoudn't much care .If it froze or snew. I shouldn't much mind If it snowed or friz-I'd be all fur-lined With a coat like this! For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap, And brown fur knickers and a brown fur cap, I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws, And brown fur mittens on my brown paws. With a big brown furry-down up to my head, I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

## GOOD GRAFT.

About seven o'clock in the evening, on February fifth, which was election day in Camville, Mr. Roscoe Critz was sitting in his cane rock-ing-chair in front of the sheet-iron stove in his dining room.

On a hard chair at the other side of the stove Professor Plato Ham-mond, principal of the Camville Public School, who had reached the venerable age of seventy-six, was re-peating for the thousandth time why he had not been able to take part in the Civil War, being then but nine years old, and Mr. Critz had mo-

mentarily fallen asleep.

His totally bald head fell forward and he had just uttered the first "G-r-r!" of a snore, when his nephew Sammy burst into the room. "Uncle Roscoe! Uncle Roscoe!" Sammy cried excitedly. "You won! Your whole ticket was elected!"

Mr. Critz came awake with a jerk.

"My goodness gracious, Samuel! dreadful! Ain't you foolin' Mr. Critz exclaimed, pulling me?" at his little white goatee nervously Behind Sammy now appeared Mr. Ira Binzer, whose occupation was practically nothing but who sang bass in the choir. He was excited,

"No, sir, by hecky!" he declared. Roscoe, and no foolin' about it. They just got the ballots all counted and it's a landslide—mayor and council and town clerk all elected."

ear. "Whose mare?" "You've been elected mayor,"

shouted Mr. Critz. "Mayor! Elected, I say. Mayor!" "May Irwin? Yes, I've heard she

was a good actress, too," said Pro-fessor Hammond, nodding his had. "I never saw her, but folks say so." 'My goodness gracious!" exclaim-

"Grand!" said Mr. Binzer. "Just grand! The ladies are gettin' up a perade right now, and Mis' Critz is headin' of them." "Land sakes!" Mr. Critz ejaculat-

He was undoubtedly greatly per-turbed by this unexpected electoral political boss of Camville. For twelve no reason to think he would not continue to be so elected forever. If Mr.

Critz had thought anything else he would not have gone into politics.

To be boss of Camville, or any other place, was the last thing the gen-tle and plump little man desired, but his wife, Mrs. Emma Critz had pestered him until he got up an opposition ticket, hoping it would be deep-

ly snowed under.
Mrs. Emma Critz had succumbed to the prevailing hair style and had had her hair bobbed, and her first experience in Obert Duff's barber shop had aroused her ire. Obert Duff had succeeded his father, Orlando Duff, as Camville's barber, and back in 1888 Orlando Duff had decorated his ceiling with pictures cut from the Police Gazette. Some of these were portraits of John L. Sullivan but most of them were picvariety then prevalent.

"It was all well enough, I dare say, Roscoe," Mrs. Critz had said, when there was just men lyin' there in the barber chair and lookin' up at councilmen has got to come in on it all them ladies' legs, but it's real embarrassin' when a lady has to go there to get a hair cut or a facial massidge. And he wun't scrape them off. He was real sassy when I ask-

ed him to." "I don't see whut I can do about, it, Emmy," Mr. Critz said.

"You can get an ord'nance passed forbiddin' ladies' legs on barber-shop ceilin's, I should think." 'Now, Emmy, not whilst Obe Duff

is mayor and's got the city council with him," Mr. Critz told her. "Well and indeed!" exclaimed Mrs.

Critz. "Then it's about time you wake talk things over." up and elected a new mayor, Roscoe Critz, and I wun't give you a mite of peace till you do." Nor did she, and Mr. Critz, for the

He was going to make the campaign on the slogan, "No legs on barber-shop ceilings," but Mrs. Critz objected the deadliest character. that that slogan would alienate the entire male vote, and said the anti-leg effort should be a whispering campaign among the ladies of Camville and that Professor Plato Hammond—who had told Mr. Critz he was willing to be defeated for for the office of mayor—should run for the office of mayor—

on the platform of "A Bigger and Better Camville."

And now not only was Professor Plato Hammond elected but the three aldermen and the city clerk had gone in with him. By this unexpected and undesired success Mr. Critz had become the boss of Camville and it was now his duty to make Camville "bigger" and "better" as promised.

The interest of Mr. Ira Binzer in

all this was because Mr. Critz had promised him the appointment to the position of chief of police if the ticket won, and a few evenings later when the three new councilmen, the new mayor and Mr. Critz met in the dining room to consider a program, Mr. Binzer was present.

Now that he had been elected mayor Professor Hammond had assumed an air of dignity and had had his long beard trimmed, but even so he was not much help. As he heard practically nothing that was said, he confined himself to placing the tips of the fingers of his two hands together, looking gravely at the ceiling, and repeating, "Most reasonable! Most reasonable!" whenever he was appealed to. It was evident that as a mayor Professor Hammond was going to be a total loss, and it made Mr. Critz perspire to discover that he was not only to be boss but may-

"My goodness gracious!" Mr. Critz exclaimed when the talk had gone on for half an hour and nothing had been accomplished. "We ain't gettin' nowheres. Gentlemen, we told these folks we'd give them a bigger and better Camville, and seems as if we ought to do it, but I declare I don't know how we're to go about it."

"What we're up against, it looks legs on Obert Duff's ceilin' with all like," said Mr. Binzer, who had a your graftin' and stuff." face like a horse, "is a proposition. That's what I say it looks like. I critz. may be wrong but that's what I say." "Sa For a moment Mr. Critz became red in the face.

"Proposition!" he cried. "If you can't say nothin' better'n that, you might as well say nothin' at all. My gracious! Here we elected Plato and

voice from the next room.

Sammy, appearing in the doorway.
"Now Willie Lunk and me, we were talking about how you said you were going to make Camville bigger and "I hope they be," said Mr. Critz, "but to get down to this graftin' better, and Willie Lunk he has been in Chicago and New York and every-"You carried the town by a mee-jor- where, and he says the trouble with ity of six votes as slick as a whistle, this town is there ain't any graft in

because that's how to get things done, Uncle Roscoe. Willie says that's almost all you read about in the city papers—how the grafters are doing things and buying parks and making sewers and everything to make the place bigger and better, and—"

"Well, my goodness gracious, Sam-my," Mr. Critz said, wiping his speced Mr. Critz. "He ain't ever goin' to tacles, "I guess I know that as well hear anythin'; I'm goin' to have a as Willie Lunk knows it. I'm able to terrible time. Ira, how is Emmy read the newspapers as well as the next person, I should think. Trouble is, I ain't had no experience in that sort of thing and I don't know just how to go about it."

Ira Binzer got up and opened the stove door to spit into the fire. He slammed the stove door.

He was undoubtedly greatly per-turbed by this unexpected electoral triumph which had made him the seems as if, if it ain't all permegated with corruption and one thing and years Obert Duff, Camville's only another. I'm willin' to be permegat-barber, had been elected mayor al-ed that way if you say so. Roscoe. barber, had been elected mayor al-most unanimously and there had been We got to do the best we can for the town, all of us."

> "Most reasonable! Most reasonable!" said Mayor Hammond, tapping his finger tips together. "Sammy most generally talks sense, Roscoe," came from Mrs. Critz in

the next room. "Well, I got myself into this job of boss of politics," Mr. Critz said, "and I am to do the best I can at it. I sort of hate to rob folks the good idea and it's the only one we've good idea and it's the only one we've

the taxpayers, and Willie Lunk says they never care. They expect it, fices. I guess, Emmy, you and the Uncle Roscoe. They like it, Willie ladies can keep you're eyes shut when

savs. "Well, I guess maybe they do, the way they put up with it," agreed Mr. Critz placidly. "I guess maybe, men, we'll have to start in graftin' and see tures of chorus ladies of the plump whut we can do that way for a bigger and better Camville. I'll do the best I can at it and I guess maybe Willie Lunk can help us out some, knowin' about it like he does. You

the same as me and Plato and Ira." "Yes, if you say so, Roscoe," said Mr. Wulk, whose sudden elevation from odd jobs and cordwood sawing seemed to have stunned him, and the other two councilmen, Mr. Tever-sham and Mr. Gollick, agreed.

"All right, fellows," said Mr. Critz. "I guess Emmy has some cider and cookies she's waitin' to pass round, and afore we meet next I'll try to he was not a little worried. think up some sort of graftin' to start things agoin'. If you see Willie Lunk tomorrow, Sammy, you might to know is what I get out of this." ask him to sort of drop round and

As a matter of fact Willie Lunk to be right considerable." was the misguided son of a wealthy

to play with, and Willie Lunk had robbed the baby.

In the hand bag Willie Lunk had found only seven cents, a nursing bottle, three hairpins and a recipe for prune whip, but the mother had come from the store in time to see Willie making off with the hand bag and that was why he was now in hiding. No one was hunting for him but he imagined that all the police forces of America were on his trail.

Willie's devilishness consisted in pulling his cap over one eye, letting a cigaret hang listlessly from his lip and spitting unrough his teeth. With this he sported and attitude of world-weary cynicism which he expressed by saying of averyone whose pressed by saying of everyone whose name was mentioned, "Aw, rats, bo! Take it from me, that guy's nothin' but a dirty crook."

said when Willie came to the house, "I guess Sammy told you what I wanted to see you about; we've got to get started at this graftin' business before the folks begin to get impatient over nothin' bein' done, seems editorial of Editor G. W. Jones bore as though, and me and Ira Binzer thought maybe you could help us

"Yeah? Is that so!" said Willie Lunk sarcastically. "Well, I'll tell you about that Binzer guy; you take it from me, that guy's nothin' but a dirty area! See 2" but a dirty crook. See?'

"You don't say!" said Mr. Critz.
"I'm real glad to hear you say so,
knowin' about such things like you do. I guess maybe if he is we can do some first-class graftin' when we get goin' right. Now—"
"Roscoe Critz," came the voice of

Mrs. Critz from the next room, "don't you go and forget them chorus-girl "No, I wun't, Emmy," said Mr.

"Say! What about them chorusgirl legs?" asked Willie. "What's the dame peepin' about? What's that celin' to her?"

It's sort of why I come to be the Boss Tweed of this town," Mr. Critz explained. "Emmy, she's sort of dis-gusted with that ceilin' of Obe's was, and then a look of consternation came upon his pinkly cherubic countenance.

"Uncle Roscoe!" countering the major's chair. But I reckon we ain't goin' to have made the major's chair. But I reckon we ain't goin' to have made the major's chair. ain't goin' to have much trouble, town council meets I aim to pass an

"Yes, Sammy; whut is it?" asked ord'nance forbiddin' legs on ceilin's."
Mr. Critz patiently.
"Why, now, Uncle Roscoe," said me," said Willie, "them councilmen

"I hope they be," said Mr. Critz, in jail, or both.
"but to get down to this graftin' "Thus already businessin'?" asked Willie Lunk.
"Hey?" queried Mr. Critz. "The ceilin'?"

"I don't know whut you mean, Sammy," said Mr. Critz. "We're busy about politics, Sammy, and you you've got to graft, haven't you? Mr. Duff did not come, and about you've got to graft, haven't you? and town clerk all elected."

"Well, land's sakes," said Mr. Critz with irritation. "You don't have to be so cheerful about it—it's bad enough as it is. Plato," he shouted at Professor Hammond, "you're elected mayor!"

"What say?" asked Professor "What say?" asked Professor Hammond, putting a hand behind his "What say?" asked Professor is to get graft in the government, "Whote many and you hadn't ought to interrupt us."

"Yes, I know, Uncle Roscoe," Sammy, and you hadn't ought to interrupt us."

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"Yes, I know, Uncle Roscoe, "Sammy and you hadn't ought to interrupt us."

"Yes, I know, Uncle Roscoe," Sammy and you ha

Willie rubbed his thumb against his forefinger in the sign that means "Money! Come across!"

"I say, 'Come across, and old Critz will forget it," Willie explained. "There's your graft if you ain't just talkin' through your hat. Leave him have his legs on his ceilin' if he comes across right, see?" "Roscoe!" came the voice of Mrs.

Critz from the next room. "Roscoe Critz, you wun't do nothin' of the kind! Them legs has got to come down." "Now, Emmy," said Mr. Critz pleadingly, "don't you interfere in

this." this."
"I will, too, interfere," said Mrs.
Critz, coming to the door with her ord'nance sidetracked?" Mr. Binzer sewing in her hand. She was a large plump woman and she quite filled the doorway, and her usually placid face showed her disapprobation. "Roscoe," she said, "us women elected Plato Hammond to get them pictures off Obe Duff's ceilin', and off they've got to come! That's my word, and

it's a word with the bark on it." "Now, Emmy," said Mr. Critz patiently, "whut we promised when election was goin' on is one thing, and whut we have to do to get this graftin' business under way is quite way these grafters have to do."

"Oh, pshaw, Uncle Roscoe!" Sammy said. "You don't rob nobody but up with one thing and another if they want to have crooks in gov'ment of-fices. I guess, Emmy, you and the

you go to get your hair trimmed off."
"Well, of all things," exclaimed
Mrs. Critz. "I'm goin' to go and get Mrs. Keech and go down and tell Obert Duff this very minute!" Mr. Critz waited until he heard the

front door slam, and then he heaved a sigh. "That's how politics is," he said sadly; "bustin' families wide apart. Now we got Emmy against us. Howsoever, a man's got to do his duty; women don't seem to understand

these things.' "Say, listen!" said Willie from the depths of his cynicism. "Women, bells; you got to treat 'em rough, see?"

"Well, I don't know as Emmy is as dumb as some," Mr. Critz said,

Willie Lunk, whose knowledge of graft had so impressed Sammy Critz, was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the chapters was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the chapters was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the chapters was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the chapters was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the chapters was not a citizen of Camville. He was temporarily making his home in the chapters was not a citizen of Camville. He was telling to the drug store out, Willie," Mr. Critz told him. "I sake of the peace he loved so well, went through the motions of bring- Hotel, and he had never been in Chi- citizen of the town. I sort of figure man can't understand a woman noing forward a Reform Party ticket. cago or New York. He was not the best job would be to make you much of a crook but he liked to watchman to the fire house. It don't think he was a hard-boiled tough of pay much but when we get to graft- nothin' would do but I elect Obert in' in good shape your share ought out of office to get them legs off his

The fire house of Rescue Volunteer

which to play pinochle and poker. A-door at the side opened on the stairs that led to the second story, which was used as a town hall. Here was one room used as a council room, and three other smaller rooms, one for the town clerk, one for the chief of

As Mr. Critz explained to Willie. the duties of the watchman were neither arduous nor difficult. He could have a bed in the fire house, need sweep out only once or twice a week, must keep up the fires and, un-less someone beat him to it, clang the fire alarm when a fire broke out As Mr. Critz, as boss of Camville, meant to make his headquarters in the mayor's office, it would be handy to have Willie, as advisory grafter, right in the building, particularly as "Well, now, Mr. Lunk," Mr. Critz Mrs. Critz now threatened to be an-

tagonistic. When Friday came the Camville Weekly Eagle gave the result of the election the headline display deserveditorial of Editor G. W. Jones bore the title, "A Bigger and Better Cam-

"The election of Professor Plato Hammond as mayor carries with it, ye Editor understands, a circumstance of much greater importance to our little city. We hear that Mr. Roscoe Critz, having managed the campaign for a Bigger and Better Camville, becomes the political boss ofour town and has already begun work in that important position. Mr. Critz promises to drag Camville out of our town and has already begun long floundered, and to introduce here the same up-to-date grafting methods that have made New York, Philadelphia and Chicago huge and pros-

"We have it on good authority that Mayor Hammond and the three newly elected members of the council are thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Critz in this praiseworthy effort, and that Chief of Police Ira Binzer will house and graft adviser to the new administration. Mr. Lunk is known in metropolitan underworld circle. Willie the Rat."

On an inside page was a brief item to the effect that an ordinance would be adopted at the next council meeting prohibiting the exhibition of chorus-girl and other female legs on barber-shop ceilings under penalty of five hundred dollars fine, sixty days

"Thus already," added the Eagle,
we find Boss Critz and his henchmen busy in the interest of a Big-ger and Better Camville."

All day Saturday Mr. Critz sat in his cane rocker in the mayors' office over the fire house waiting for Obert

he been up to talk graft yet?"
"He ain't been nigh me," Mr. Critz
said. "Land knows that piece George Wash'n'ton Jones had in the paper ought to be plain enough of a hint to him.'

"Well, Satid'y is sort of a bad day for him, Roscoe," Mr. Binzer suggest-"Busiest day Obert's got, everybody gettin' shaved for Sunday. "Don't look right, somehow, Ira," Mr. Critz said. "Wouldn't doubt a

mite that Emmy and that Keech woman has gone and put him up to somethin'. I guess maybe you'd bet-ter go down and tell Obert whut's whut.

asked. "There's ten of us ought to get a share out of it, countin' Willie Lunk," Mr. Critz said, pulling at his goatee. "A dollar apiece ain't a mite too much, the way I look at it. You tell Ober right out clear and plain he's got to hand over ten dollars if he wants to keep them pink papers on

his ceilin'." Mr. Binzer hesitated. "I sort of feel like we hadn't ought to splurge out too heavy right at the start," he said. "Dollar is a lot of money, Roscoe. Seems like fifty cents would be sort of more reasonable till we get folks used to it."

"I don't know but whut that's good sense," Mr. Critz agreed, "but you tell Obert I ain't goin' to put up with no nonsense; he's got to graft us five dollars or peel off them pictures, or take the consequences when council meets."

Mr. Binzer departed on his errand but in half an hour he was back, and he did not look any too well pleased. Mr. Duff received him with anything but cordiality. He had stated flatly that he was not going to pay any graft whatever.

"He wun't, wun't he?" snapped Mr. Critz. "That's how he talks, is it? You go on back and tell him the price has gone up to ten dollars, Iess I come and put it right in your Ira Binzer! And if I've gotto wait til Monday it's goin' to be twenty. I ain't goin' to be trifled with, I tell "Things get so mixed up in my "Things get so mixed up in my you whut !"

"Well, now, maybe 'tain't as simple as all that," said the chief of po-"Seems like there's a nigger in-

to the woodpile."
"Nigger?" inquired Mr. Critz.
"Aunt Emmy," explained Mr. Binzer. "She's been down there. She "Aw, forget it!" said Willie Lunk.
"You give me a pain! What I want to know is what I get out of this."
"The' sin't so many offices to hand"
"The' sin't so many offices to hand"
"The' sin't so many offices to hand"
"The was not a five to five here. She to five no graft to nobody. Don't you do it,' she said to him. "Things has come to a nice hand."
"They sin't so many offices to hand"
"The was not a five five house.
"The five ho pass if folks has to give graft to

old him, boss.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. ed down to eight.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. ed down to eight.

week only."

"Whut's he buyin' chocolates for?"

"Whut's he buyin' chocolates for?" how. They don't know their minds asked Mr. Critz suspiciously. "Whut minute after another. First did he say about it?" one

Mr. Binzer told him. "She said, if it came right down to it, it was the female vote licked Obert, and she did not expect to live to see the day when the ladies of Camville couldn't

when the ladies of Camville couldn't critz that he had not swayed an increase handle you like a hen handles a worm.

"She told Obert that her and Mrs. Keech and the Ladies' Garden and Poetry Club was takin' a firm stand against graft and corruption in any and all forms, and would stand back of him if he'd fight you."

With Mr. Binzer, Mr. Critz proceeded to visit Councilmen Wulk and Teversham. They found them equally staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and a Birger and a live staunch for graft and of him if he'd fight you."

"Whut did he say to that?"
"He said he'd fight you," said Mr.
Binzer, and Mr. Critz was silent. He had no false ideas regarding his wife's influence with the ladies of Camville. On the other hand he was of the opinion that women had no business meddling in politics—af-ter election was over. He went over with the outlook.

Mr. Wulk, the odd-jobs man, Mr. Critz was sure of. Mr. Teversham ran the cigar store and no ladies of Camville yet smoked cigarets, which should make the female influence negligible with him. Mr. Gollick, whose profession was whitewashing and paper-hanging, was the only doubtful man, and Mr. Critz resolved to make sure of him beyond any doubt. Of the three holdover members of the council Mr. Critz believ- wouldn't. ed he could count on the vote of Mr. Vidder because Obert Duff had once cut off a piece of his ear while cut- told him. ting his hair and Mr. Vidder had never forgiven Mr. Duff for that. But even without the vote of Mr.

Vidder, if Mr. Golick remained faithful, the ordinance prohibiting unclad the graft money. I guess we got chorus ladies' limbs on barber-shop you beat, Emmy." ceilings could be carried, for in case of a three-to-three vote the mayor

At home neither Mr. nor Mrs. Critz met Mr. Critz. sure of the removal of the pictures ring meant business. from Obert Duff's ceiling.

An annoying thought came to Mr. Critz as he ate his pie that Mr. Gollick might be the key to the situain some way not clear. Mr. Gollick was a paper-hanger and his would be the job of scraping the barber-shop ceiling and putting new paper on it if it came to that, but Mr. Critz could not see how an enlightened self-interest would lead Mr. Gollick to do anything but vote for the ordinance and get the job, or forgo the job and take the graft money. He decided to see Mr. Gollick that evening

As Mr. Critz got up from the table someone knocked on the kitchen door. Mrs. Critz got hastily out of her through the crowd to the table.

"Tain't for you—I'll go," she said, and a moment later Mr. Critz heard the fresh young voice of Essie Keech. "It's all right, Aunt Emmy," the

daughter of Mrs. Critz' right-hand ber shop full of water."
woman said. "It's fixed, and—"
"My goodness gracious!" exclaim
"My goodness, hush!" exclaimed ed Mr. Critz. "Is that whut then Mrs. Critz. "Roscoe is in there, lis-

"Come in, Essie; let a person have a look at you," Mr. Critz called, and shop."
when she came to the door he beamed. "If you ain't gettin' better-look-in' every day that goes by! Whut was it you was sayin' was all right, Essie?" ed upon her. "My! My!" he exclaim-

In what he said about Essie growing prettier Mr. Critz was right. Simple and sweet, Essie Keech would have been a find for any motion-pictur producer.

'Oh, I couldn't tell you what I was talking about, Uncle Roscoe!" she said. "Mother wouldn't like me to. It's politics, Uncle Roscoe."

"Well, if it's politics you might as well speak right out," said Mr. Critz. "I'm the political boss of this town and the sooner folks knows it the better it'll be for 'em. It's goin' to be a pretty serious thing for folks to get the town-hall ring down on 'em, I can tell you! We ain't goin' to have no pity for them that op-poses us, and you can tell your ma so. It don't do no good for you to keep back no secrets, Essie; we've got underhand methods to find out

everythin'." "Don't you tell him a word!" snapped Mrs. Critz. "Find out everything! Why, Roscoe Critz, you can't even find a clean undershirt un-

"Things get so mixed up in my bureau drawers, seems as if," said Mr. Critz mildly ,and he went forth to converse with Arthur Gollick and to brace him up if he seemed to be weakening.

On the way he stopped to get Chief of Police Binzer and found him in

over to the drug store to buy him one

"I guess maybe he's got his eye on some girl," said Mr. Binzer, "but he ceilin', and now she's goin' to leave didn't say much. All he said was them on it just to upset plans I went and made. Whut else did she say?"

that in his opinion Druggist Colson was a dirty crook but eighty-five cents was cheap for them Dainty

bers of the company as a place in head and made you think you and as Willie Lunk now appeared, which to play pinochle and poker. A amounted to more than you was," the boss grafter and the promoter of a corrupt police force went to see Mr.

Gollick Mr. Gollick was not a little surprised by the visit. He assured Mr. Critz that he had not swayed an inch

ly staunch for graft and a Bigger and Better Camville. In addition, one of the holdover aldermen told Mr. Critz he was to be counted on as a recruit to the graft ring, and Mr. Critz would have been well pleased, if he had not found his wife, when he reached home, seemingly equally satisfied

Of Mr. Binzer and Mayor Hammond he had no doubt. The city council consisted of six members, and three had been elected on his six and med as she worked an med as she worked, and was too cheerful to please Mr. Critz, and when he visited Obert Duff's shop he found Obert stretched out in his barber chair snoring placidly.

A final check-up in the afternoon showed that the four aldermen—out of the total of six-were still true to the graft ring, and Plato Hammond could always be depended upon.
At dinner Mr. Critz asked Mrs. Critz if she meant to attend the council meeting but she said she

"I dare say there'll be enough folks at council meetin' without me," she

"We got it all tied up," Mr. Critz-informed her. "Wun't be nothin' to it but jammin' the ord'nance through if Obert Duff don't come across with

"Well, it's a good thing to know when it's no use fightin'. Things mostcast the deciding vote.

"Whut did Obe say about scrapin' matter whut folks does. If I'm off them pictures?" Mr. Critz asked.

"I asked him that, too," Mr. Binand let me know how it come out."

"Well, we'd better go home and get our food," Mr. Critz said. "You stop in and tell Obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know whut to make of a good seat far up front. Mr. Binzer, the stop in the stop in and tell obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know what to make of a good seat far up front. Mr. Binzer, the stop in and tell obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know what to make of the stop in the stop in and tell obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know what to make of the stop in and tell obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know what to make of the stop in the stop in and tell obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know what to make of the stop in the stop in and tell obert the price of graft has gone up to ten dollars. I don't hardly know what to make of the stop in the stop his new star gleaming on his coat,

"He ain't come across, Roscoe," he said anything about the matter, but "He ain't come across, Roscoe," he Mrs. Critz kept her lips firmly set. said. "I been goin' up to him every Mr. Critz wondered if she had not be-minute or two but he don't shell out. come an anti-graft and anti-pink. And I guess you'll have to set along-fanatic, willing to deceive Obert Duff side of Plato and sort of run things." Mr. Critz advised Mr. Binzer to into thinking she was more powerful Mr. Critz advised Mr. Binzer to than she was, thus lulling him into stand around where Mr. Duff could inaction until the ordinance was see him in case he decided to come passed, and thus at one blow defeat- across with the graft money at the ing her husband's graft and making last minute, when he saw that the

The meeting began stormily with cheers and hisses as Mr. Critz took a chair beside Mayor Hammond, and by the time Mr. Critz asked, "Mr. Town Clerk, is there any ord'nances to take up?" the confusion was most

annoying. "Hammer on the table with that mallet." Mr. Critz shouted in Plato's ear, and when Mayor Hammond said "Hey?" Mr. Critz himself took the gavel and beat upon the table violently.

"Folks," he said in the moment of silence, "we got an ord'nance here regardin' pictures on barber-shop ceilin's-"But before he could say more his nephew Sammy came squirming

"Uncle Roscoe! Uncle Roscoe!" he cried in great excitement. "Aun Emma and a lot of ladies have go out the fire pump and they're pump ing the attic over Obert Duff's bar

women is up to? Folks, counci meetin' is adjourned. Obert, the ladies is wreckin' you

Nothing more he said was heard being lost as the crowd emptied it self into the street. They found Mrs Critz, Mrs. Keech and a dozen othe Critz, Mrs. Keech and a dozen of the ladies of the Camville Garden an Poetry Club working the handles of the pump, while Essie Keech an Willie Lunk, on the roof of the she back of the barber shop, poured stream of water into the attic.

When Obert Duff unlocked the barber has found that not only the

ber shop he found that not only th offending pink pictures but the ceiling itself had fallen. There was n longer any sense in passing an or dinance; the first graft scheme of M Critz was ruined. "For the land's sake, Emmy!" M Critz said when he was at hom

again. "Town'll have to pay for new ceilin' for Obert, seein' Willie a town employee and went and too the fire pump out. It's goin' to coe the town thirty or forty dollar Tha's no way to do." "Well, Roscoe, we got them legs o that ceilin' and we put a stop to you graftin' off of Obert Duff," said Mr Critz, "and I guess us ladies is sa isfied, if you ain't. I dare say the Camville Garden and Poetry Ch

can give an oyster supper and rais enough to buy Obert Duff a new cei in', even if whut we had to pay Wi lie Lunk did about empty our trea ury. Mr. Critz looked at Mrs. Cri sharply. "Whut say?" he demande "Whut did you pay Wilie Lunk?" "Well, Roscoe," said Mrs. Crit "we sent Essie Keech around to so of get on the good side of him, ar when she had him buyin' candy f

to let us take out the fire pump."
"My goodness!" exclaimed M
Critz. "Just think of that! Why, Critz. ain't nothin' but a dirty crook!' There was a knock on the door, as Willie the Rat entered. His cap w pulled over one eye and a cigar hung from his lower lip. He turn his head toward the stove and sp

her, we had her give him ten dolla

through his teeth, at the same tir tossing a small roll of one-dollar bi to Mr. Critz. "Say, boss, there's your graft," said. "If it wasn't for me y wouldn't get nowhere, see? I show 'em down, see? But, say, you list to me! You look out for the dame They ain't nothin' but a lot see? crooks!"

Mr. Critz counted the money put it in his vest pocket. Mrs. Cr.

(Continued on page 3, Col. 4.)