

## THE DEVIL'S DUE

By JOHN H. GARNSEY

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IN THE first place there were two men. There was no woman, save Reddy's friend, and his mother, who merely succeeded in getting killed, and does not count in the story. One of these men was condemned to die by hanging, and the other was as good as dead, for he was an imbecile. He had no mind, and shortly would have no brain, but his great, strong, god-like body was as good as ever. It was one of those punishments for overtake great and good men in this world, when this particular man stepped off a railroad train one day and at the same moment stepped clean out of himself into oblivion. Some people said that his soul had forsaken him in that instant, while others were convinced that he must have been a greatly dissipated man, for the doctors say that such calamities do not come from nothing. However, Robert Bisman had no mind now, where a year ago he had been one of the most promising young business men in the great western city where the three rules of life are "Hustle; hustle; hustle."

The other man was John Toomey, alias Frank Reilly, alias Doctor Keegan, alias half a dozen other names, and known to the police by his professional cognomen of "Reddy Jack." Reddy Jack was in every way different from Robert Bisman. In the first place he had a brain—rather a warped and twisted brain, but still a brain—and a very fertile and active one. In the second place he was small and knotty in form. In the third place, he was not god-like in appearance, for his hair was red, fiery red, and one eye had a decided cast in it, so that he squinted abominably. His days of promise were short in duration, for, having stabbed his mother one fine evening because she would not divide her earnings with him to the extent of giving him all of them, he had been tried and was sentenced to be hung. His bosom friend, her nose badly twisted from one of Reddy's caressing blows, had been before the pardon board and tried to get the sentence commuted on the ground that he was her sole support, but the board wouldn't listen, and so she cursed them and left Reddy to his fate. There was no one to care for him after the hangman had done his work, so the prison physicians understood that science might profit by his death, but they said nothing.

Then Doctor Isenberry, the prison doctor, who happened to know all about Robert Bisman's case, went to the physician having him in charge, and nearly paralyzed him with this remark:

"Let's put Reddy's cerebrum into Bisman's skull!"

Dr. John Marshall, to whom the proposition was made, stared as if he thought that ere long he would have Isenberry on his hands. That gentleman smiled and went on:

"Professor Doctor Goz of Strasburg says that he has succeeded in removing the cerebrum of a mastiff without injury to the dog's general physical health. In fact, the dog got along better than before. If this can be done with a German dog, why not with an Irish man?"

"But this means almost certain death."

"Well, it's certain death in any case. Bisman has softening of the brain, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"He'll die anyway, even though the disease is confined entirely to the cerebrum—to the front part of the head, it may be."

"He certainly will die."

"Now, the presence of that decayed brain in Bisman's head is dangerous, clearly. Suppose we took it out? He might live as an automaton, just as a chicken does when the front part of its head is removed. Well, then, why not put another brain in the place of the decayed one? It would do no harm, and it might do good. In other words, suppose we put Reddy's mind into Bisman's body?"

"Isenberry, you beat the devil!"

"Well—I'm willing that the devil should have his due—but I want to try this experiment."

The upshot of it was that the doctors agreed, and the conservator of Bisman's estate also agreed, though he was not told what the operation was; simply that it was kill or cure.

Reddy Jack went to the scaffold accompanied by a priest, at whom he made grimaces all the way. When asked if he had anything to say before the black cap was adjusted, he grinned, and made a dive at the sheriff, whom he caught by the throat and choked severely before he could be shaken loose. The black cap was forced on his head, and the drop fell, cutting a very choice and particularly vile curse in two as the knotty little neck broke. The newspapers were disappointed, because they hadn't foreseen such a sensation, and Reddy left this world with everybody's curses on his head. Then, before his body was cold, it was cut down, packed in a tank full of hot water, and whisked off to the hospital.

Six eminent surgeons, clothed in long white gaberdeens, were awaiting the arrival of the wagon, and had Bisman stretched out on one long table, while another was ready for the reception of Reddy's still warm and limp body. When the rumble of the wheels was heard, three of them com-

menced operations upon Bisman's head, and the other three received the remains of Reddy, and followed suit. Bisman's cerebrum was in a frightfully decayed state, but Reddy's was sound, and it was a matter of a very short time to exchange the brains, unite the principal arteries, and send Bisman's blood through the criminal's brain. The nerves were united as far as possible, the skull cap was replaced, and the patient, still breathing and with his pulse still beating, was strapped to a couch so that he could not move his head. Then there was nothing to do but wait. And it was a dreary wait, too. For a time it seemed as if the patient was going to be completely paralyzed, or would die. But in about ten days he moved one of his hands. The six surgeons were jubilant, and it was agreed that he would pull through in some way.

And he did. Gradually he commenced to move himself slowly, and to look about. He was stone deaf and had no sense of taste; his sight was impaired, and he seemed to have only partial control over his speech. But there was what had not been present in Robert Bisman for several months—intelligence. Developments were awaited.

When the developments came, they were unexpected and peculiar, though they might have been calculated upon in just that way. As Bisman assumed more control over his speech, the words that came from his lips were the words of Reddy Jack. He swore frightfully, called the nurse vile names when he was not trying to kiss her, and as he could not hear what was said to him, remonstrance was useless. He insisted on having beverages served at his expense to all who were around him, and when the nurse refused, he swore again. He grew strong all the time, and, about three weeks after he commenced to move, was able to sit up.

Then Doctor Isenberry resolved to test his memory, to see whether he would have to treat Reddy Jack or Robert Bisman, so he brought Reddy's bosom friend up to the room where the patient sat, and confronted him with her. She was not informed what was the object of her coming, and so looked boldly at the man with curious eyes. He looked at her slowly. He seemed to have difficulty in seeing plainly, but an intelligent look gradually came over his face. Then he looked at Doctor Isenberry, whom he recognized for the first time. The doctor whispered to the nurse to send for the other five eminent medical men at once, and when he turned from her, he saw that something was going to happen. His patient was glaring at the woman, who stood there, afraid. Then the veins in the thin neck stood out, his eyes glared, and he howled out a half-articulate curse. It was Reddy Jack's voice, and Reddy Jack's profanity, and more and more of it came. He rose from the chair—the woman shrunk back—she had recognized the profanity.

"Is it—is it—" she began, but she did not finish. With an awful yell, Robert Bisman, guided by Reddy Jack, sprang toward her and tried to seize her by the neck. Suddenly the infuriated man stopped—his head twitched back on his shoulders—his eyes rolled up in his head, and with an awful contortion he sank to the floor, dead!

So the experiment was ended, and the devil got his due.

## NELLIE REVELL Says:

JUST what tact, that most indispensable part of social life, really is even Webster finds it hard to define concretely. But perhaps one of the best illustrations of its nature came from the lips of a friend of mine, Brig. Gen. Thornwell Mullally, U. S. A. A negro, he told me, had achieved the rank of orderly to a captain of the expeditionary forces. In the latter's absence the negro was left in charge, with the warning to treat his white command with tact. Sam assured the captain that tact was his long suit, but after the officer's departure he looked up a colored friend and told him what his instructions were.

"Now," inquired Sam, "what is disagreeable tact? I got to know how to do it."

"Ah! enlighten yore intellect," replied his friend. "When Ah wuz back in de States, Ah wuz wukkin' at de Waldorf. One day, when Ah wuz shoffet to a vacuum-cleaning, Ah opened a barroom doh, and dah wuz a lady a-settin' in de tub. Ah shet dah doh quick an' sez: 'Beg yo pah-don—suh.' Dah 'Beg yo pah-don' was jes' p'ltiness, but boy, dah 'suh' wuz tact."

Once when Irvin Cobb came to see me and asked me how I felt, I told him I had a pain in my "abandon," as Tom Ryan used to say in vandeville. He came back with the information that that meant I was sick all over.

"How's the back?" he inquired, so I let him in on the secret that if I put my hand on both my pains at once, I would be doing a sailor's homprie. While he was with me, E. F. Albee, president of the B. F. Keith circuit of theaters, came in.

"Can I drop you some place?" he wanted to know of Mr. Cobb.

"No, thanks. I'm just getting over the last drop I had some place," retorted the gentleman from Paducah.

"Come on. Take a ride in my Ford," urged Mr. Albee. That was the best part of it. The man who thinks nothing of building a \$5,000,000 theater drives around New York in a Ford.

Recently a friend sent me a story to illustrate what he meant by the acme of monkey glands. It seemed, had reached even the rural communities of New Hampshire and one day the village doctor was surprised by a call from the oldest inhabitant.

"Doc," said the graybeard, "what's all this gland business I read about? Do you think you could do anything to make me live to a hundred years?"

"Well, I don't know," said the doctor, sizing the old chap up. "How are your habits? How have you lived? Do you drink?"

"Never took a drink in my life."

"Use tobacco?" "Never."

"How is your appetite? Eat much meat?"

"Nope. I'm a vegetarian."

"Married?" "No, sir. Never have and never will be."

The doctor leaned back and looked at the old man for a moment.

Then he burst out: "What the devil do you want to live a hundred years for?"

Roy K. Moulton, the columnist, has brought me many a laugh by his writings and more than once a tear. A paragraph of his which caused a lump in my throat was about a trip to the seashore.

"We were on our way to Long Beach," he wrote, "to take a swim. The car was not working properly and when we arrived at our destination after some delay we were ill-tempered. On the beach we found about seventy-five crippled children. They were in bathing suits. Some could only get around by crawling on their hands and knees. Three young girls, with soft, sweet faces pulled themselves along the sand with their hands. One little colored girl hopped along like a toad. They were all laughing and having a good time. We watched them for a while and then joined in the fun."

He did not have to append a moral, for everyone who read the paragraph must have wondered what healthy people had to become ill-tempered about.

It was amazing to one who had been shut in for five years to see how styles have changed in that time. I don't mean only clothes, for everyone would be disappointed if they didn't change three times a year.

When I left Broadway taxicabs were any color; now they've all got jaundice, while store fronts, methods of window display, the traffic-control system, electric sign messages and almost everything else, all have altered, though it probably has been imperceptible to those who have seen it happen day by day.

Even styles in musical comedy are different, and for the benefit of those who prate about "the good old days" my opinion is that present fashions are better. So far as I have been able to observe human nature hasn't changed—thank God.

The New York Sun and Globe carries a headline reading, "Uses Ax on Girl Who Refuses Him." My, aren't the men getting rough! We girls don't know what to do to please them. If he does that for refusing him, what would he have done to her had she married him?

## Selecting Outfit for Long Journey

Smartness of Clothes Is Important; Duds Should Be Conservative.

Traveling is one of the fine arts, an important phase of which is the choice of proper clothes. Particularly to the feminine nomad, smartness is imperative, notes a fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune, and yet it should never be bizarre or aggressive. Conservative, tasteful chic is what is most admired in a stranger arriving or en route, and that should be the basis of the travelling costume.

The ideal of the woman traveler is to arrive at her destination, no matter how long the journey, looking as if she had that moment left the hands of a deft and experienced maid. This sounds difficult of achievement, but to the habitues it is relatively easy. Like everything else, it requires care and consideration.

First and most important comes the choice of the actual traveling outfit. Whether the journey is to be made by train or automobile, there are two qualities essential to the smart traveling dress. It must be made of material that does not crease easily and it must be of a color that will not readily show the dust. Of course, traveling always seems to bring out a fatal defect in any shade. The dark tints form a background for light-colored dust and the light ones seem to attract soot as if by magic. Nothing is quite perfect, but beige and medium grays are as safe a choice as any.

## Chic Two-Piece Frock of Orange Silk Crepe



This is a two-piece frock of orange silk crepe with plaited skirt. The design consists of the colors blue, black, green and yellow, and is an outfit that will appeal to many young women.



Full Length, Mole-skin-Lined Coat, Suitable for Traveling.

Kasha, tweed, chevrot and English suitings are the best materials for winter traveling, and a fur-lined coat that is roomy enough to slip on over a tailored suit or a dress and a lighter weight coat is an essential.

A two-piece jumper dress with plaits on both hips, with the front and the back of the skirt plain, is ideal for traveling. Its perfection is achieved by Chanel, who has reduced all superfluous detail to an absolute minimum. A round or slightly squared neck, sometimes finished with a narrow scarf that has importance enough to be smart and is small enough not to be cumbersome, straight sleeves that are just loose enough to be comfortable, a narrow belt and little pockets for the handkerchief and powder puff, are all included by this clever designer, who never puts a vestige of trimming on a traveling suit.

## Plain Hemstitching Is Very Easy Operation

There are several kinds of hemstitching to be dealt with. For plain hemstitching draw the number of threads called for in the direction of the article you are making. If the hemstitching is near the edge, turn the hem up to the edge of the drawn thread, baste it in and hem it with the hemstitching.

Hold the wrong side toward you and with No. 60 cotton join thread secure in left-hand end. Pass needle behind from five to eight of the drawn threads. Draw the threads through and pass the needle back through the loop of thread at the bottom. This stitch should catch the material and hem, if there is one. Pass the needle behind the next group of threads and continue to work in the same manner all the way across.

When a row of single stitching is complete you can work the other side in the same way.

## Uneven Effects Shown in Styles for Spring

Uneven effects are emphasized anew in the new styles. One of the manifestations of the vogue is skirt fullness arbitrarily spotted here and there. A cluster of plaits may decorate only one side of a skirt, or circular fullness may be concentrated at one side.

Uneven neck lines and one-sided effects of scarfs and draperies, even of collars, play this same game but skill is necessary to its success. The sloping décolletage with the single shoulder strap is well established.

In balanced treatments greater emphasis on the sides may be expected. Even coats for spring that otherwise would be straight will often indulge in a side seam inverted plait. Clusters of plaits each side from the hip down will be stressed in coat and dress models alike.

## Hat of Green Fur Felt

One of the most charming of the little French hats just imported is of green fur felt. The crown is high and the sole decoration consists of a huge spike of rhinestones which is thrust through the crown, holding it in three short folds at one side.

## Roman Striped Negligee

Wide Roman scarfs are used to make a negligee that is very smart and quite different. In one instance the colors are of red, bright blue, and green and black.

## Lace Most Feminine of All Trimming Materials

When fashions are so very feminine as they are today, and when every tendency is to make them more graceful and softer in line lace is bound to be fashionable.

Lace is the most feminine of all trimmings and one that has been decidedly neglected the past few seasons.

When the craze for beading and embroidery and colorful trimmings swept the country it overshadowed lace and made it of little consideration except on the lingerie frock and the negligee.

Last season dyed laces were introduced and became very popular for afternoon wear, but made very little headway for evening. This season metal laces were brought out in much softer weaves and more interesting patterns than before, and they are growing in popularity.

Gold or silver lace, in the light weaves, gives a very rich effect, and brightened with colorful flowers of vivid satin or velvet, it makes an exceedingly youthful combination as well.

Debutantes and the younger set very much prefer the metal laces to the metal fabrics or brocades that are harder and more lustrous and more mature in feeling.

And now, metal laces and dyed laces having successfully fought for their position, the rest of the lace family is staging a comeback even in white, ecru and the natural lace tints.

Some of the newest evening gowns are featuring lace, not for the entire costume, but for trimming.

## Cape Coats Promise to Be Fashion for Spring

From present indications the cape coat will be a very elaborate coat style for spring. Quite a number of these cape coats already are being worn. A double-breasted green cloth coat was made with a short cape bordered with horizontal stitching to match. It had no fur trimming, but a silver fox was carried to complete the costume.

It is quite apparent that women this season have selected coats that are not only smart, but comfortable, too. Probably annoyed with the single button coat that blows open with the slightest gust of wind, many smart women are wearing cloth coats that button from the throat to the very bottom of the hemline.

## Yokes

Even though women have long been emancipated they still wear the yoke—with evening costumes. This is one of the newest features of this year's fashions. The yokes are usually of a different shade than that of the gown. Sometimes they are formed of the most delicate of lace.

## On the Funny Side



### A GRIEVANCE

An extremely indignant convict stormed into the deputy warden's office and demanded to be transferred to another cell.

"What's the matter with the cell you have, Omaha?" inquired the deputy.

"It ain't de cell," replied the prisoner; "It's dat eggplant I lock with."

"What has he done to you?"

"Pulled de leaf off'n de calendar, an' it wuz my turn!"—Home Friend Magazine.

### BUT AS A MEANS ONLY



"I'm surprised to hear she's an advocate of matrimony."

"Oh, yes; but only as a means to alimony, you know."

When Rover wags his tail Yes, he loves me, and I know it. And though other friends may fail, This world looks good, I tell you, When Rover wags his tail.

### Needed It Then

Coalman—When I got round with that load of coal for Mr. Jones, 'is house was on fire!

Coal Merchant—That's unfortunate! I suppose he told you to bring it back?

Coalman—No, 'e said if it was anything like the last lot I'd better chuck it on!—Answers.

### Old Play

An Englishman took an American to see "Hamlet."

"You are sure behind the times," commented the American. "Why, I saw 'Hamlet' in New York four years ago."

### NOTHING IN IT



Bug—Oh shucks, I always heard it was nice and cool around these flat-iron buildings!

Using One Hand

Oh, sad's the fate Of handsome Marie. He had his arm Around his girl.

### Toofus

At Montreal Toofus hear grand opera "Romeo and Juliet."

"Fine music," Toofus says, "I admire those music very much."

"What of Juliet?" ask Germaine, "I hear you say nothing of that lovely young girl."

"Well, that lovely young girl weigh 250 pounds."

### Dynamite!

Smith—Do you and the Mrs. ever discuss the money question?

Snythe—Yes, we try to, but we're never able to hold it down to a simple discussion!

### Bivy Dizz

Pete—Some of your wash was jumping around on the line last night.

Bog—That was probably my athletic underwear.—Princeton Tiger.

### Brilliant

Mike—Well, I answered a question in class today.

Ike—What answer did you give?

Mike—Present.

### Their Purpose

Angry and Belated Railway Passenger—What use are the figures set down in these railway timetables?

General Station Master—Why, if it weren't for them figures we'd have no way of finding out how late the trains are.

### A Go-Getter

"Is the motor car an asset to the church?" inquires a religious paper.

"Well, of course, it brings a good deal of business to the churchyard."