

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

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CONTINUED

He turned abruptly and left us. We followed him slowly toward the steps. At the bottom he stopped and faced me again.

"You're a better man than I thought," he said. "If you'll bury the hatchet, so will I. I take back what I said to you not because I'm afraid of you, but because I respect you. What say? Will you shake hands?"

The surly, arrogant expression was gone from his face. In its place was a puzzled, somewhat inquiring look.

"No hard feeling on my part," I cried gladly. We shook hands. Jasper Junior slapped me on the back. "It's a most distressing, aristocratic habit I'm getting into, knocking people down without rhyme or reason."

"I darsay you had reason," muttered Colingraft. "I got what was coming to me." An eager light crept into

down in my hair. You see, it gave him a chance to explain how you got in the back, and I have been obliged to listen to intermittent lectures on the many art of self defense all afternoon, first from him, then from Jappy. I have a headache and no means of defense. He admits that he deserved it, but I am not surprised. Colly is a sporting chap. He hasn't a mean drop of blood in his body. You have made a friend of him. So please, don't feel that I hold a grudge against you for what you did. The funny part of it all is that mamma quite agrees with him. She says he deserved it! Mamma is wonderful, really, when it comes to a pinch. She has given up all thought of "putting a foot outside the castle." Can you have luncheon with us tomorrow? Would it be too much trouble if we were to have it in the loggia? I am just mad to get out of doors if only for an hour or two in that walled-in spot. Mr. Poopen-dyke has been perfectly lovely. He came up this morning to tell me that you have not sneezed at all and there isn't the remotest chance now that you will have a cold. It seems he was afraid you might. You must have a very rugged constitution. Britton told Blake that most men would have died from exposure if they had been in your place. How good you are to me. ALINE T. P. S.—I may come down to see you this evening.

I shall skip over the rather uninteresting events of the next two or three days. Nothing of consequence happened unless you are willing to consider important two perfectly blissful nights of sleep on my part; also I had the pleasure of taking the countess "out walking" in my courtyard, to use a colloquialism, once in the warm, sweet sunshine, again 'neath the glow of a radiant moon. She had not been outside the castle walls literally in more than five weeks, and the color leaped back into her cheeks with a rush that delighted me. I may mention in passing that I paid particular attention to her suggestion concerning my dilapidated, gone to seed garden, although I had been bored to extinction by Jasper Junior when he undertook to enlighten me horticulturally. She agreed to come forth every day and assist me in building the poor thing up, propping it, so to speak.

As for Mrs. Titus, that really engaging lady made life so easy for me that I wondered why I had ever been apprehensive. She was quite wonderful when "it came to a pinch." I began to understand a good many things about her, chief among them being her unvoiced theories on matrimony. While she did not actually commit herself, I had no difficulty in ascertaining that, from her point of view, marriages are not made in heaven and that a properly arranged divorce is a great deal less terrestrial than it is commonly supposed to be. She believed in matrimony as a trial and divorce as a reward, or something to that effect.

My opinion seemed to carry considerable weight with her. For a day or two after our somewhat sanguinary encounter she was prone to start, even to jump slightly, when I addressed myself to her with unintentional directness. She soon got over that, however.

We were discussing Aline's unfortunate venture into the state of matrimony, and I, feeling temporarily august and superior, managed to say the wrong thing and in doing so put myself in a position from which I could not recede without loss of dignity. If my memory serves me correctly I remarked with some asperity that marriages of that kind never turned out well for any one except the bridegroom.

She looked at me coldly. "I am afraid, Mr. Smart, that you have been putting some very bad notions into my daughter's head," she said.

"Bad notions?" I murmured. "She has developed certain pronounced and rather extraordinary views concerning the nobility as the result of your—ah—argument, I may say."

"I'm very sorry. I know one or two exceedingly nice noblemen, and I've no doubt there are a great many more. She must have misunderstood me. I wasn't running down the nobility, Mrs. Titus. I was merely questioning the advisability of elevating it in the way we Americans sometimes do."

"You did not put it so adroitly in discussing the practice with Aline," she said quickly. "Granted that her own marriage was a mistake, a dreadful mistake, it does not follow that all international matches are failures. I would just as soon be unhappily married to a duke as to a dry goods merchant, Mr. Smart."

"But not at the same price, Mrs. Titus," I remarked.

She smiled. "A husband is dear at any price."

"I shouldn't put it just that way," I protested. "A good American husband is a necessity, not a luxury."

"Well, to go back to what I started to say, Aline is very bitter about matrimony as viewed from my point of view. I am sorry to say I attribute her attitude to your excellent counseling."

"You flatter me. I was under the impression she took her lesson of Tarnowsky."

"Granted. But Tarnowsky was unfit. Why tar all of them with the same stick? There are good noblemen, you'll admit."

"But they don't need rehabilitation."

"Aline, I fear, will never risk another experiment. It's rather calamitous, isn't it? When one stops to consider her youth, beauty and all the happi-



I Extended My Left Fist, and He Landed on His Back.

his handsome eyes. "By Jove, we can get in some corking work with the gloves while I'm here. I box quite a bit at home, and I miss it traveling about like this. What say to a half hour or so every day? I have the gloves in one of my trunks. I'm getting horribly seedy. I need stirring up."

"Charmed, I'm sure," I said, assuming an enthusiasm I did not feel. Put on the gloves with this strapping, skillful boxer? Not I! I was firmly resolved to stop while my record was good. In a scientific clash with the gloves he would soon find out what a miserable duffer I was.

"And Jappy, here, is no slouch. He's as shifty as the dickens."

"The shiffter the better," said I with great aplomb. Jasper Junior stuck out his chest modestly and said, "Oh, piffle, Colly." But just the same I hadn't the least doubt in my mind that Jasper could "put it all over me." It was a rather sickening admission, though strictly private.

We made our way to my study, where I mildly suggested that we refrain from mentioning our little encounter to Mrs. Titus or the countess. I thought Colingraft was especially pleased with the idea. We swore secrecy.

"I've always been regarded as a peaceful, harmless grub," I explained, still somewhat bewildered by the feat I had performed and considerably shaken by the fear that I was degenerating into a positive ruffian. "You will believe me, I hope, when I declare that I was merely acting in self defense when I—"

He actually laughed. "Don't apologize. He could not resist the impulse to blurt out once more. "By Jove, I didn't think you could do it."

"With my left hand, too," I said wonderingly. Catching myself up, I hastily chanced the subject.

A little later on as Colingraft left the room, slyly feeling of his jaw, Jasper Junior whispered to me excitedly, "You've got him eating out of your hand, old top."

Things were coming to a pretty pass, said I to myself when I was all alone. It certainly is a pretty pass when one knocks down the ex-husband and the brother of the woman he loves and quite without the least suspicion of an inbred pugnacity.

I had a little note from the countess that afternoon, ceremoniously delivered by Helene Marie Louise Antoinette. It read as follows:

You did Colingraft a very good turn when you laid him low this morning. He is tremendously interested in his prowess as a boxer or a boxer, or whatever it is in athletic parlance. He has been like a lamb all afternoon, and he really can't get over the way you whacked him. (I whack the word) At first he was as mum as could be about it, but I think he really felt relieved when I told him I had seen the whole affair from a win-

TELLING EVERYONE ABOUT IT

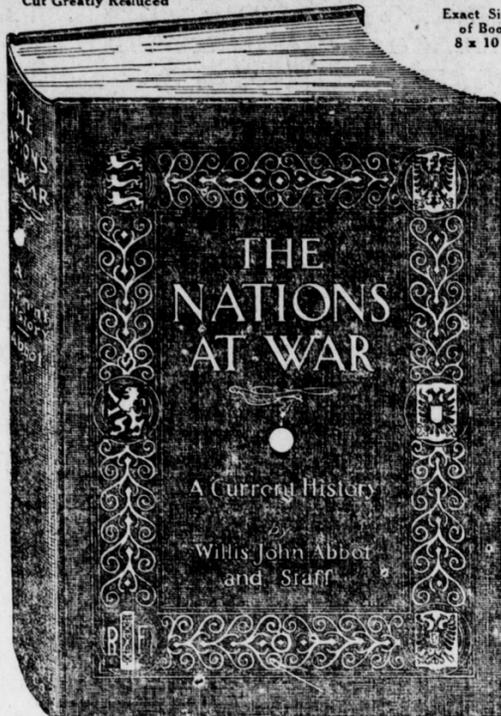
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As there may be—"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Titus, but I think your fears are groundless."

"What do you mean?" "The countess will marry again. I am not betraying a secret, because she has intimated as much to my secretary as well as to me. I take it that as soon as this unhappy affair is settled she will be free to reveal the true state of her feelings toward— I stopped, somewhat dismayed by my garrulous turn.

"Toward whom?" she fairly snapped. "I don't know," I replied truthfully and, I fear, lugubriously.

"Good heavens!" she cried, starting up from the bench on which we were sitting in the loggia. There was a queer expression in her eyes. "Hasn't—hasn't she ever hinted at—hasn't she mentioned any one at all?"

"Not to me."

Mrs. Titus was agitated. I could see that very plainly. A thoughtful frown appeared on her smooth brow, and a gleam of anxiety sprang into her eyes.

"I am sure that she has had no opportunity to— She did not complete the sentence, in which there was a primary note of perplexity and wonder. It grieved me to discover that she did not even so much as take me into consideration.

"You mean since the—er—divorce?" I inquired.

"She has been in seclusion all of the time. She has seen no man—that is to say, no man for whom she could possibly entertain a— But, of course, you are mistaken in your impression, Mr. Smart. There is absolutely nothing in what you say."

"A former sweetheart, antedating her marriage," I suggested hopelessly.

To Be Continued

TWO DEATHS END QUARRELS

Husband Shoots Wife, Then Leaps Into a Nearby River

Cambridge, Md., May 19.—J. Ennals Beekwith, son of the late John M. Beekwith, killed his wife at their home in the Cornersville Neck district of Dorchester county Monday night, and then committed suicide by shooting himself through the head and jumping overboard at Travers' Wharf, on the Choptank river.

Beekwith long had been indulging in liquor, and it is said that quarrels between himself and his wife had been frequent. A week ago his wife was visiting in Baltimore, and Beekwith, it is alleged, found her there intoxicated and with another man.

ECHO OF EARLY EDISON TEST

His Second Power Operation Closed Out for Theatre Site

Hazleton, Pa., May 19.—The abandoned plant of the Hazleton Electric Light and Power Company, installed in 1886 by Thomas A. Edison as the second power operation in the United States to use his then newly-discovered incandescent lights, was wiped out yesterday by its sale to A. J. Feeley, who will build a big theatre on the site.



HOUSEHOLD M-O-J-A TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

From the Delicatessen Shop

We were talking to the little baker on the street above to-day about business and he said, "Ach, sure it is good! Why not, when all the competition I have got is from the women who know how to cook, and dey are not so many, eh?"

In his window were little mutton pies looking as rich as Croesus and as crisp as a fat man's temper, and altogether irresistible. After we bought a half dozen of them and a pot of beautifully browned baked beans, some cottage cheese and steamed Boston brown bread our neighbor became quite confidential.

The mutton pies cost, he said, about twenty-five cents a dozen to make, and they were not all mutton but a mixture of mutton and veal or mutton and beef or whatever cold meat he had left. After the cold meat was chopped, one-fourth its weight of cracker dust was added. This he called filler and said it gave richness to the filling and kept the cost of the pies low.

The little brown crocks of beans held enough for two hungry persons and sold at fifteen cents. To make and bake them he reckoned cost about four cents, as he allowed nothing for the heat.

The oven, he explained, must always be full of foods cooking when it was started. "If it was not full of things, then all mine profits they go out mind the gas, but there are so many things dot can cook in the oven as good as on the stove dot I save all the times."

It is interesting to see success in any branch of work and this busy little man inspired us with a feeling of pleasure, but one thing he said is especially worth thinking about. That is, that women who can cook are the only ones he fears in his business. Other women must buy all their food and he can increase his business without taking a single customer from other bakers, but if a woman can make these delightfully tasty little dishes herself she will not buy them. Is this not worth your consideration when you think of the profit in so simple a thing as a small meat pie or a little crock of beans?

Baked Beans for Two
Have a bean pot with a cover, those made of unglazed fire-clay are most satisfactory. This pot should hold about one quart when full. Soak one pint of beans over night and in the morning wash them again and place in the crock, cover with warm water and add one level teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of New Orleans molasses containing a pinch of soda, one teaspoon of sugar and sufficient pepper to season. Cut salt pork in cubes and place over the beans. Put on the cover and bake five hours or longer in a moderate oven. Serve in the baking pot.

If you want this dish flavored with tomatoes, just before they are removed from the oven raise the lid and pour in three tablespoons of tomato sauce or mild catsup.

To-morrow—Smooth Housekeeping.

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