

# WHEN BILLY WENT PLAIN.

The Story of a Man Who Reformated and Was Tempted.

By WAYNE S. BOROUGH.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

O'Neill stepped to the door of the saloon, holding his glass so he could see the colors of the sunlight through the liquor. The street was comparatively deserted, for when cowboys were in town it was customary for the inhabitants to betake to needed duties indoors. The color of the liquor proving satisfactory, O'Neill's hand dropped from its significant position on his hip pocket, and his eyes swept the street.



IN A FEW MOMENTS HE WAS IN THEIR MIDST.

readiness to meet possible objection to his playfulness. "Patterpat won't dance. He's joined the little party of Mennonites up country and gone plain. Ain't you heard? Billy ain't frivolous any more."

"We're going to give him a drink first," significantly. "There won't be any trouble then. You used to know Billy."

The figure at the counter straightened. "Why, of course, of course," he conceded. "A good drink will be oil for Patterpat's feet. I did used to know Billy. The only trouble with him was that all his brains and fun and everything was just in his feet, and with them gone plain there couldn't be no Patterpat any more. We'll oil 'em with Billy's special liniment."

As they fled out a newcomer from Texas looked discontentedly at O'Neill. "Any special inducement 'bout that Patterpat's feet?" he inquired. "I've been pretty comfortable sitting on the counter. We have dancing down to Texas."

"Better go back there," curly, "or stay sit on the counter if you like. As to inducement, there ain't only one dancer, and that's Patterpat. I've been to Frisco and to Kansas City and to Chicago, and I've seen dancing—least ways, what they called dancing. But I've never seen but one Patterpat. Only he has to be limbered up with great jags of whisky first. Then his legs are all wheels and parabolas and rickshaws and scintillates. Now you stay right here and I'll saunter out to the middle of the street. That's him coming yonder and beginning to dodge already. That's the way he likes to do, and we had to round him like we would a wild mustang and then fill him up."

Billy Patterpat was a block and a half away, coming on slowly and looking from side to side for some avenue of escape. The gradual spreading of the cowboys across the street brought up memories of past experiences, and his eyes had begun to grow troubled and full of apprehension. At length he stopped and looked back, but it was too late now. Several of the cowboys were near their mustangs, and as he turned they swung into their saddles and dashed up the street. In a few moments he was in their midst, struggling and protesting, his eyes big with terror of what he felt was coming.

"Don't you give it to me, gentlemen!" he pleaded. "I'm plain now, and it would not be right. I ain't danced in six months and ain't tasted a drop. Don't you make me now."

"Don't," he repeated dully: "I don't want it. If I smell I can't stop then. You and me's been good friends. O'Neill, and I've danced and—drunk a lot for you. Let me off this time. And—and if you don't mind, I'd like to say why."

"Oh, let the poor devil make his confession, O'Neill interposed one of the cowboys good naturedly. "You know how 'tis with Patterpat? If he smells, as he says, he won't stop easy. It'll be two months before he sobers up. Let him start in right."

Billy shot the speaker a grateful look. "It's like this," said, with a pathetic eagerness in his voice. "Six months ago I happened to be up in the country, and I saved a girl's life. She was caught by a bear, and—I suppose I acted some brave. Anyhow, she and her folks thought so and took me in. Since then I've been there, and I ain't tasted a drop and I've been feeling that maybe I could make something of myself sometime, like I used to think—a long while ago."

There was a little catch in his voice, then he went on in lower tones: "She and the girl was to be married. I came down today for a ring and license. They believe in me up there, and I've joined in with them, and—his eyes suddenly becoming steady and aggressive at a giggle from one of the cowboys, "if 't ain't for the whisky I believe I could be a good man again—a better man than you could ever be, Danny. But, of course," his voice again dropping and his hand reaching mechanically toward the bottle, "this will finish it up. Over there they don't have anything strong to drink, and—and they never suspected I was that way. When they find this out it'll be over with us. I'll run through myself soon's I can, and—and the girl and they'll feel sorry. But you'll have your dance carnival, so we won't all lose. Now you can give me the bottle, O'Neill."

But O'Neill was holding the bottle up between his own eyes and the sun. "Seems a pity to spill such good stuff," he said regretfully, "but it's got to be." Then in a louder voice: "Here, you fellows, see that stone over 't'other side the street? Well, every one who's got a bottle shy at that, and the one who breaks into the most pieces will go with Billy to see about the ring and license. Then we'll all club in for a present, and—"

Billy's head went up suddenly. His eyes were moist. "No, no," he protested. "I don't want no present, gentlemen. I've been working hard up there and have got some ahead. I'm all right long's I can keep away from that stuff."

"Shut up, Billy," O'Neill retorted ungraciously. "Tain't you. It's a present for the bride. And I reckon we'd better make it two of our best ponies. They'll be handy's anything up among them Mennonite farmers. Now, fellows, one, two, three and crash!" And with the last word a half dozen or more bottles, delivered from as many unerring hands, crashed on the stone.

As soon as the bottles had been smashed the boys began to take measures for the procurement of a wedding present. O'Neill was appointed collector. One chipped in a ten dollar note, another a bag of gold dust, another a gold watch chain (to be melted down), a fourth a United States gold double eagle, and so on to the last, who said:

"Fellers, I hain't got no dust, no bills or no coin. But I tell you what I have got, and I think you'll all allow it's appropriate for a wedding."

"Well, what is it?" asked O'Neill. "My boy Jim has learned to walk." "Your boy Jim wouldn't do for no wedding present."

# FORECASTS MADE FOR 1910

Men of Prominence Predict a Brilliant Year.

MARKED ERA OF PROSPERITY.

South Pole to Be Reached This Year and Air Travel in Five Years, Says Professor Willis Moore—Much Progress in Aeronautics—Real Help For Poor Women.

Predictions of continued prosperity and a continuation of the wonderful march in progress are contained in the following symposium of New Year's greetings from some famous men and a prominent woman:

By JOSEPH G. CANNON, Speaker of house of representatives. The year 1910 has closed with the people prosperous. They are earning more on the average than they ever earned before. I see no reason for a change during the new year.

By JAMES BRYCE, British ambassador to United States. The twentieth century will be renowned for commerce, for progress in the manner of living, for the successful extraction from this world of all the boons it offers to those who are willing to go after them. Every nation will strive for commercial supremacy, and this means that every one of its citizens will have to work toward this end. The competition that will follow will be but an incentive toward progress. The era of prosperity before us will be more substantial than any in the past.

By WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief of United States weather bureau. If I were to make a forecast for the coming year and longer I should predict that within twelve months the south pole will be reached and that within less than five years passengers will be carefully tucked away in aluminum compartments, with air cushions and electric lights and heat, and glide through the air at the rate of 200 miles an hour over the route followed by Peary, encircle the globe and return to civilization without having landed.

By MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT, Prominent woman suffrage leader. As the old year died some of the traditions that women have clung to died with it. A new awakening has come with the new year. This enlightenment will make slow but gradual progress with the women of the nation.

The more fortunate woman has awakened to the fact of her obligation to the self supporting woman not only in the way of charity, but in methods that do away with the necessity of charity. The woman who has everything is beginning to realize that she has it in her power to enforce conditions wherein women less fortunate may benefit by her influence. The woman suffrage movement is producing this effect. The anti-women, who are unable to appreciate this, are still satisfied with the subordinate position of the sex in general—praiseworthy, perhaps, in some respects, but far from an elevated standard.

If the suffrage bill, as now promises, shall pass the legislature I should say, as the greatest boon of 1910, that the wise men of the United States have at last realized their inability to stand alone in the government of the country and that the extended help of the wise women is grateful to them.

By ORVILLE WRIGHT, Famous aeronaut and inventor. We are of the opinion that the new year will see much progress in aeronautics not only in America, but in all the civilized nations that have taken up the art of flying. Better motors, greater speed and improvement in details are some of the things we expect in almost certain also that flying will be taken up by amateurs to a great extent during the next few months. Two big events that will arouse world-wide interest will be held in America—namely, the Gordon Bennett international balloon race and the Gordon Bennett flying machine cup event. Both of these will add much zeal to the flying business and are sure to put aeronautics on a stronger basis in the United States.

My brother and I will probably be busy manufacturing aeroplanes in 1910. We expect to do little if any flying ourselves and will devote what time we have to the scientific end of the business in the hope of bringing our machine to greater perfection. One other thing that we expect to do in the new year is to build some racing machines. We have never built a machine especially for speed. The one we built for the United States government was faster than our others, but it was not designed for speed as much as for capacity and long distance flying. But our intentions are to build a machine especially designed for racing.

By Brigadier General JAMES ALLEN, Chief signal officer of U. S. army. The new year should be signalized by the perfection of the inventions and discoveries which have so far added to the world's material and moral advancement. One of the possibilities of the near future is that the peace of the world may have to be preserved by the best aerial navy.

Sarcastic. A pompous looking lawyer once chartered a hansom cab, and on reaching his destination he only gave his driver the shilling required by law. The driver looked at the coin and bit his lip. Then in the most courteous manner he said: "Do step in again, sir. I could ha' drove ye a yard or two farther for this ere."—London Fun.

Reckless Driving. "What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a silig." "Reckless driving." "Horse?" "No; nail."

# IN TIME OF PERIL.

A Story of Russian Love and Adventure.

By ARTHUR D. BRADFORD.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

It is a wild country north-west from Est Ussa, toward the Obdorsk mountains, with poor roads and few stopping places for travelers and deathly cold to fight. At sunset it was below zero, and at midnight, when they were a hundred and fifty miles on their journey, it had fallen 20 degrees more.

With the speed at which the automobile was going the wind was like needles at first and then paralyzing into numbness. But Helga Plenavik was covered deep in the furs, and her man Ivan bent his fur capped head and urged the machine forward at reckless speed in view of the desperate nature of the journey. Since starting they had not once spoken.

As they climbed the mountains the snow that at starting had been only a white blanket grew deeper and yet deeper, but with a crust which at their high rate of speed bore up the machine. As they flew on particles of ice and snow were thrown to either side and trailed out into a whirling cloud behind.

Then suddenly, an hour or so after midnight, as they were nearing the summit of one of the lower ranges, there came a solitary howl, a long distance away apparently, but sounding clearly across the snow. Ivan's bent head rose quickly, but it was not until an answering howl came from a distance that he realized the danger.

"What is the matter, Ivan?" she asked. "Is the machine broken or the snow too deep?" Ivan did not answer for a moment. When he spoke his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural. "No, Miss Helga," he mumbled. "I am only giving the machine its full power. It has been going several hours, you know, and the running is hard."

"Yes, I know that," looking at him curiously. "But why have you stopped at this bleak spot to power up? There must be at least fifty more miles in the machine." "We may need a hundred, with power for a terrific spurt of speed if necessary."

"But why?" "Listen!" A third howl quivered menacingly through the silence of the solitude and night, nearer, yet from still another direction. Ivan's voice, even in its muffled indistinctness, had seemed strangely tense, and she had wondered. The howl, sharply re-enforced from the same direction as the first and second, explained.

"Wolves!" There is no sound so calculated to strike terror into a stout heart as the howl of a wild animal crying from hunger. Men who have escaped from prison, flying for their freedom and for their lives, subject to every danger, have said that this cry, especially in the twilight when all is still, has gone further to take away their courage than any other cause. The cry of the wolf has in it a dismal wail that renders it more dreadful even than the deep roar of the lion.

"Timber wolves, starving and so fierce and gaunt that the fastest race horse in the country would be only a tortoise in their path. You"—He was interrupted by a startled exclamation, stifled. For a moment the voice had forgotten its disguise. "Alexiff!"

The man bent a little lower over his work; then he rose suddenly, erect. Concealment was no longer of use. "Yes, Helga," he said. "Why are you here?" "To serve you. Ivan is a brave man, but he has his own interests. My only interest is you."

been a society man, true, with no apparent object but to spend my income but you are more to me than society Helga—more than estate, everything. "When I suspected this fearful journey your father is sending you on, it which he dared not trust your own man with the secret, I determined to substitute myself in Ivan's place and be near.

"You are a brave girl, Helga, for that is in the blood of your race, but you may thank God that we have the best automobile in the country and that the summit of this ridge is only ten miles away. On the other side it will be less obstructed by snow. Better the risk from terrific speed than from hungry timber wolves. I believe we shall escape the animals, but it will be against a hundred possible accidents. There, now, we are ready."

He sprang into the automobile and threw it forward with a bound, as a race horse touched by the spur. And as he did so there came a wild series of howls circling them from all sides. Helga raised a fur robe to shield her face. Alexiff bent forward to the cutting wind and flying particles as before, but with ears open and eyes keen.

A mile through the hissing wind—two miles—five—and then shadowy forms were seen sweeping toward them on either side and even gaining on them from behind. The snow was deeper here, and in some places the crust gave a little, causing them to sway from side to side, losing speed.

A dark form rushed down upon them in front, bounded into the air, and the speed at which both were going carried the car entirely under him before the animal touched the snow to check himself. Other dark spots appeared and in an instant seemed to sweep down upon them and passed. One got his claws upon the box in front and tried to scramble into the car. Alexiff struck him off with his fist.

"Helga," he cried, "you must take charge of the machine now and give her speed, speed, speed. Never mind risk." He caught up a short iron headed staff and swung it to the right, the left, in front, and with every blow a wolf fell back struggling upon the snow.

He was a powerful man, and it required but a single blow accurately placed. Another five minutes, with his arms rising and falling like pendulums, or, rather, like steam hammers, and then the automobile swept over the summit and dropped upon the down grade. "Now speed, Helen," he yelled as he struck a wolf back upon the snow even before its feet had touched the car. "There are a hundred of the brutes crowding upon us. Faster! More speed! More speed!"

A wolf was climbing into the car from behind, another on the left, a third rising into the air in front. The muscular arms rose and fell three times, and the animals began to fall behind. A mile farther, and Alexiff's hand touched Helga's shoulder. "Slow a little now," he said. "We have distanced them, I think, so will just try to keep ahead. You may get back under the furs."

She returned to her seat, covered herself with the furs and for a time was in a partial swoon. The danger she had passed was too much for her. She could not get the savage beasts, their long jaws and sharp teeth, their hungry eyes, out of her mind. Again she saw them climbing into the automobile and again she saw the brave man who had fought them raining blows upon them.

It had seemed to her every moment that he would be overpowered, and that meant a frightful death, not only to him but to her. All this made him to her what he had never been before. He was not only a hero, he was her protector—he had saved her life.

Six hours later they swept into Akakia, through the turbulent streets and on to where a mass of Russian cavalry and infantry were about to reduce a monastery which had advocated revolt. Poltemeh sprang forward to stop the automobile, soldiers moved in front, but Helga held up something which glittered in the sun, and at the sign they all fell back. She went straight to the officer commanding.

# How the Trick Was Done

Showing the Ingenuity of an Able Emissary.

By HELEN INGLEHART.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"Mrs. Chapellier?" "Yes." "His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."

The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced: "Mrs. Chapellier!" "The government," said the minister, "appreciating your past services, is desirous of adding to the amounts already paid you another 50,000 francs."

"And I doubt not the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount." "Can you leave for London tonight?" "I can go anywhere at any time."

"Very well. I will explain." The minister cast a look about the room, habitual with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone. "The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sublime porte at London by which the Sultan grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the Sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges, but we are too late."

"Sir Bradford Chichester, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British-Turkish treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."

Mrs. Chapellier reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron la Brun, the French minister. "In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichester will be present. Have you costumes?"

"Everything except appropriate jewelry. I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood." "Where shall I send them?" "No—Fortman square." "Very well. I shall expect you at 8."

At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichester. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would gladly take a wealthy wife. She manifested so much interest in seeing his country seat, the Dunes, on the Irish channel and some 200 miles from London, that he, thinking to benefit in the matter of a courtship—should he deem such desirable—arranged a house party to go there to remain till the 13th, when he must return to the city to be ready to sail on the 14th. Of course Mrs. Wood was invited.

The next day a small number of guests assembled at the Dunes. It was winter, but the house was cheerfully lighted and logs blazed on every hearth. Sir Bradford devoted himself to the young widow. There are women who possess the knack of carrying an impressive man quickly off his feet. Such was Mrs. Worthington Wood. She administered, so to speak, a love potion. There was in it a reason—to cause her victim to feel that he could never aspire to possess her. Eyes that shot a spark to kindle passion, feigned innocence to excite reverend.

telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had he not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was he winced. There was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses. "Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes me some reparation?" All banteringly agreed that he did. "Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till tomorrow morning."

All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key. The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, during him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought it advantageous to marry. Nevertheless he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.

Amid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage. The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.

The widow rallied him continually. "Aren't you going to give me one moment alone?" "Be comforted! I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I visit." "Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the banterings she gave him, much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.

The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musing. It contained his possible ruin, and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days. "Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to bedevil me. Nonsense! I have a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight—More nonsense! Who's to come?" Thus he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, oh, if he only had the key!

He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancifully he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and toward morning he went to sleep. He was awakened by his valet bringing hot water. After a glance at the safe, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said: "I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."

Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that he was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to get the treaty was to break into his safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.

Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mrs. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted. "Well?" he said. "I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key." "And how much time do you think we will gain?" She handed him an item cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to London for men to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skillful had gone up. He had offered the latter £1,000 if they would do the job in three hours. "That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."

**SOMETHING NEW!**  
**A Reliable TIN SHOP**  
For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.  
Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.  
**PRICES THE LOWEST!**  
**QUALITY THE BEST!**  
**JOHN HIXSON**  
NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.