

LIFE STORY OF MAYOR W. J. GAYNOR OF NEW YORK

Victim of Attempted Assassination Was Strong Probability For Presidential Nomination.

Rose From Farm Boy to Head of Greatest Municipal Government in the World.

MAYOR WILLIAM J. GAYNOR of New York had served but seven months of the four year term to which he was elected when he was shot down and seriously wounded by James J. Gallagher just as he was starting upon his first vacation from the multifarious cares of his office. In that brief period he had demonstrated that he, and not Tammany Hall, was mayor of the metropolis. He had effectually disposed of the pre-election prophecies that he would be merely Murphy's

men to speak against discrimination in freight rates. He made many addresses on the topic. Mr. Gaynor was divorced from his first wife, but remarried and has a large family of children, living happily for many years at his Brooklyn home and on his farm at St. James, Long Island, where he spends much time in the summer. The farmhouse is a stately old fashioned one that fills the eye. Around it is a well kept lawn of five acres with pleasant gardens. The barn, wagon houses, henhouses, corncrib and sta-



Copyright by American Press Association. PRESIDENT MONTT, SENORA MONTT, MAYOR GAYNOR.

MAYOR GAYNOR TALKING WITH PRESIDENT AND SENORA MONTT A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE HE WAS SHOT.
[From Snapshot by American Press Association Photographer.]

man, the puppet of the Tammany chief. Gaynor himself has been indisputably the entire mayor of New York, with no overlord or understudy.

The new mayor attracted much attention throughout the country by walking to the city hall from his home in Brooklyn every morning and walking back home every evening, no matter what was the state of the weather. He made the three mile walk at a swinging gait, and despite his fifty-nine years, there were few men who cared to undertake the pedestrian trip with him as pacesetter. Having been reared on a farm, he determined to get as much outdoor exercise as possible, even though plunzed by the ballots of his fellow citizens into the midst of the activities of the most exacting municipal office on earth.

Mayor Gaynor is the son of a farmer and was born at Whitestown, Oneida county, N. Y., in 1851. After receiving his education at Whitestown and in Boston he went to Brooklyn in 1873 and worked on Brooklyn and New York newspapers while he was studying law. He was admitted to the bar in 1875. He became nationally known for his work in breaking up rings in the local Democratic party. He secured the conviction and imprisonment of John Y. McKane, the Gravesend and Coney Island boss, for election frauds. He was elected to the bench of the supreme court of New York and served two terms. Twice he declined the Democratic nomination for governor of New York. He also declined to run for judge of the court of appeals and for mayor of Brooklyn before the consolidation which made that city a part of Greater New York.

Elected Mayor in 1909.

Judge Gaynor was nominated for mayor of the greater city in 1906 and was elected over William R. Hearst, Independence League, and Otto T. Ban-



JOHN FURROY MITCHELL, MAYOR GAYNOR'S LEGAL SUCCESSOR.

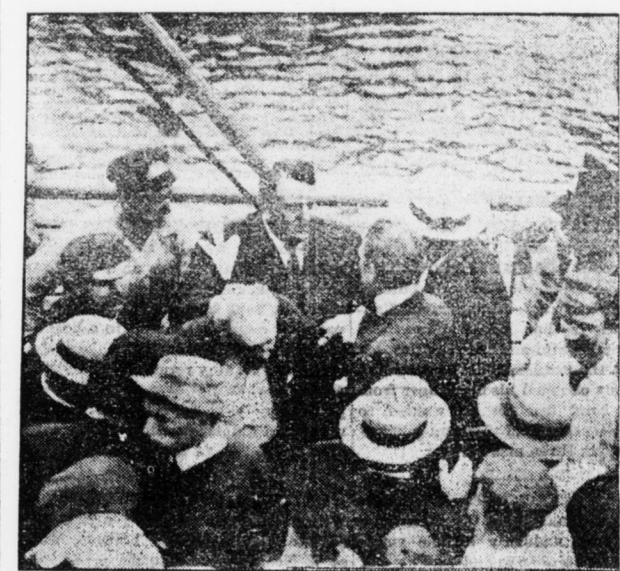
ard, Republican. He was supported by Tammany, which years before had turned him down as a prospective candidate for the same office. Mr. Gaynor was one of the first American public

men to speak against discrimination in freight rates. He made many addresses on the topic.

Mr. Gaynor takes much pride in his horses. He likes to stroll in their stalls and rub and pat them. "This one took a prize this year," he always tells his visitors, patting the flanks of a beautiful creature that bears the unromantic name of Lemons. Then he stood with his hands in his pockets and contemplated Lemons for minutes at a time.

"You see," he is fond of telling his visitors, "I was raised on a farm. I have always been fond of farm life. So I got this place to live the 'simple life.'"

Mayor Gaynor has a big library, two rooms of his house in Brooklyn



Copyright by American Press Association. "BIG BILL" EDWARDS HOLDING GALLAGHER. [Arrow on Edwards' Shoulder Indicates Gallagher.]

being crowded with books. And the books are not for ornament, but for use. His favorite reading is in the direction of political economy and history. He has a pretty extensive acquaintance with novels, but never read modern fiction very much. He is fond of Fielding and has followed the great novelists from Fielding's day.

Of late years he allowed even his relationship with the old novelists to lapse and did very little reading in that line, although he regretted it. There were a lot of old books that he read time and again. The list of those books makes a curious juxtaposition. They are "Don Quixote," the works of Rabelais, Shakespeare, "Paradise Lost," Franklin's autobiography and

AMPUTATE BY ELECTRICITY.

Paris Surgeon Has Painless, Effective Method.

Professor J. A. d'Arsonva of the College of France suggests a novel method of amputation by means of electric currents of high frequency.

Experiments on animals prove the possibility of raising the temperature to a very high degree by means of currents, apparently without pain.

After some days the members so treated fall away, leaving the stumps perfectly clean.

the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Mayor Gaynor has a liking for old clothes. Why he should want to wear a pea jacket in the house may be difficult to figure out, but he has used it as another man would use a smoking jacket. The golf cap is no beacon light to the links; Gaynor wears it not because of golf, but because of its comfort and its appropriateness to a long walk.

Unemotional, but Polite.

During his campaign for the majority it was said by Gaynor's opponents that he was a cold, unresponsive person, with little of the human in his manner, but the correspondents who visited him at his city home and at his farm painted a far different picture of his personality. One of them wrote:

"You are immediately at ease with him, not because of any effort on his part to put you so, but rather the contrary—rather because he receives you in so matter of fact a fashion that it seems like the resumption of a conversation ended an hour or so ago.

"He is neither demonstrative nor impolite. He hears what you have to say, considers it with that contemplative look and either refuses in an unemotional manner to do what you want or tells you to wait until he has got rid of the visitor in the next room. Then he goes into the next room, and despite the closed door, you can tell by the sounds that proceed from it that he is doing all the talking. While his voice is not piercing, it has a certain resonant ring to it that makes its way through doors, and there is no mistaking that slow, dispassionate, deliberate delivery for that of any other man on earth. If Mr. Gaynor had to call anybody a liar to his face it is very doubtful if his tone of voice or his freight car delivery would change an iota."

Immediately after Mr. Gaynor succeeded George B. McClellan as mayor of New York in January, 1910, the general public began to sit up and take notice that an interesting individualist was in the executive chair. As a jurist and a citizen he had criticised most caustically the police system of the city, and he soon began to get after this system in strenuous fashion. Plain clothes men were sent back to pound sidewalks in uniform. District and precinct commanders were transferred, and the police were given to understand that they were the city's servants, not its masters. The mayor "snooped around" considerably, seeing with his own eyes how the patrolmen and their superior officers were executing their duties or assuming authority which the law did not allow them. He visited the night courts and took notes, as a result of which he published a letter declaring that most of the arrests of persons brought into these courts were wholly unneeded for that the policemen making the arrests were utterly ignorant of their duties. This utterance of the mayor was in line with his well known attitude as to the government of men. He is for the least possible government consistent with order and civilization. He espouses the cause of personal liberty, and nothing makes Mayor Gaynor more indignant than the unwarranted arrest of a citizen by an ignorant or vicious policeman.

Early in his mayor's term Mr. Gaynor created a national sensation when he arose at a meeting of publishers and read a fierce denunciation of W. R. Hearst and his newspapers, charging Mr. Hearst with having falsified a city record in reproducing it photographically after certain alterations

to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that panacea racket?" "No, Jud," I said sincerely, "I meant it. It seems to me I'd swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first crop, open kettle, New Orleans sweetening. Was there a story about panacea?"

Jud was mollified at once when he saw that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the hackberry where I lay reclined.

"No, not a story," said Jud as he worked, "but just the logical disclosures in the case of me and that pink eyed snoozer from Mired Mule Canada and Miss Willella Learlight. I don't mind telling you."

"I was punching then for old Billy Toomey, on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirations for to eat some canned grub that hasn't ever moored or banded or grunted or been in peck measures. So I gets on my brone and pushes the wind for Uncle Emsley Toifair's store at the Pimienta Crossing on the Nueces.

"About 3 in the afternoon I throwed my bridle rein over a mesquite limb and walked the last twenty yards into Uncle Emsley's store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a leg of crackers and a long handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and greeneggs beside of me with Uncle Emsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Adam before the apple stampede and was digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with my twenty-four inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley's house, which was next to the store.

"There was a girl standing there—an imported girl with fixings on—plundering with a croquet maul and amusing herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry."

"I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emsley."

"That's my niece," says Uncle Emsley. "Miss Willella Learlight, down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?"

"The Holy Land," I says to myself, my thoughts milling some as I tried to run 'em into the corral. "Why not? There was sure angels in Palestine—Why, yes, Uncle Emsley," I says out loud. "I'd be awful edified to meet Miss Learlight."

"So Uncle Emsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other's entitlements."

"I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark get all left handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willella was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back at her flatfooted about how a certain lady named Eve started the fruit trouble in the first free grass pasture."

"That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willella Learlight, and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for better than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for awhile, and then I figured it out that if I dou-

THE PIMIENTA PANCAKES.

Sheep Man Outwits Cowpuncher In the Wooing of a Maiden.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1907, by the McClure company.)

While we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangle-O cattle in the Frio bottoms a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon and reclined helpless under the conversational fire of Judson Odom, the camp cook, and then I asked:

"Jud, can you make panacea?"

Jud laid down his six shooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stood over me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude.

"Say, you," he said, with candid though not excessive cholera, "did you mean that straight, or was you trying



"THAT IS A BAD HABIT YOU HAVE."

to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that panacea racket?"

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bled the number of trips I would see her twice as often.

"One week I slipped in a third trip, and that's where the pancakes and the pink eyed snoozer stepped into the game."

"That evening while I set on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth I asked Uncle Emsley how Miss Willella was.

"Why," says Uncle Emsley, "she's gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from over at Mired Mule Canada."

"I swallowed the peach seed and the two damson seeds. I guess somebody held the counter by the bridle while I got off, and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my riding was tied.

"She's gone riding," I whispered in my brood's ear, "with Birdstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheep Man's Canada. Did you get that, old Leather and Gallopers?"

"That brone of nine went in his way. He'd been raised a cow pony, and he didn't care for snoozers."

"I went back and said to Uncle Emsley, 'Did you say a sheep man?'"

"I said a sheep man," says uncle again. "You must have heard tell of Jackson Bird. He's got eight sections of grazing and 4,000 head of the finest Merinos south of the arctic circle."

"I went out and sat on the ground in the shade of the store and leaned against a prickly pear. I sifted sand into my boots with unthinking hands while I soliloquized a quantity about this bird with the Jackson plumage to his name."

"I never had believed in harming sheep men. I see one one day reading a Latin grammar on horseback, and I never touched him. They never irritated me like they do most cow men. And because I'd been lenient and let 'em live here was one going around riding with Miss Willella Learlight!"

"An hour by sun they come loping back and stopped at Uncle Emsley's gate. The sheep person helped her off, and they stood throwing each other sentences all sprightly and sagacious for awhile. And then this feathered Jackson flies up in his saddle and raises his little stowp of a hat and trots off in the direction of his mutton ranch. By this time I had turned the sand out of my boots and unplanned myself from the prickly pear, and by the time he gets half a mile out of Pimienta I singlefooted up beside him on my brone."

"I said that snoozer was pink eyed, but he wasn't. His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his eyelashes was pink and his hair was sandy, and that gave you the idea. Sheep man? He wasn't more than a lamb man, anyhow—a little thing with his neck involved in a yellow silk handkerchief and shoes tied up in bowknots."

"Afternoon," says I to him. "You now ride with an equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to shake hands with ghosts."

"Ah," says he, just like that—"ah, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I'm Jackson Bird from over at Mired Mule ranch. It looks like rain."

"Willella," says I, riding over close to his halfpenny, "your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure moiled into a twittering Willella. Let us slough off this here analysis of rain and the elements and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a bad habit you have got of riding with young ladies over at Pimienta. I've known brones, says I, 'to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willella,' says I, 'don't ever want any nest made out of sheep's wool by a tomtit of the Jacksonian branch of ornithology. Now, are you going to quit, or do you wish for to gallop up against this Dead-Moral-Certainty attachment to my name, which is good for two hyphens and at least one set of funeral obsequies?"

"Jackson Bird flushed up some, and then he laughed."

"Why, Mr. Judson," says he, "you've got the wrong idea. I've called on Miss Learlight a few times, but not for the purpose you imagine. My object purely a gastronomical one."

"I reached for my gun."

"Any coyote," says I, "that would boast of dishonorableness."

"Wait a minute," says this Bird, "I'll explain. What would I do with a wife? If you ever saw that ranch of mine! I do my own cooking and mending. Eating—that's all the pleasure I get out of sheep raising. Mr. Judson, did you ever taste the pancakes that Miss Learlight makes?"

"Me! No, I told him. I never was advised that she was up to any culinary maneuvers."

"They're golden sunshine," says he, "honey brewed by the ambrosial fires of Epeurus. I'd give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That's what I went to see Miss Learlight for," says Jackson Bird, "but I haven't been able to get it from her. It's an old recipe that's been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another, but they don't give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch I'd be a happy man," says Bird.

"Are you sure," I says to him, "that it ain't the hand that mixes the pancakes that you're after?"

"Sure," says Jackson. "Miss Learlight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro—but he seen my hand going down to my holster, and he changed his similitude—than the desire to procure a copy of the panacea recipe," he finishes.

"You ain't such a bad little man," says I, trying to be fair. "I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I'll let you dy away this time. But you stick to panacea," says I, "as close as the middle one of a stack, and don't go any further than the sirup or you won't hear it!"

"To convince you that I am sincere," says the sheep man, "I'll ask you to help me. Miss Learlight and you being closer friends, maybe she would do for you what she wouldn't do for me. If you will get me a copy of that panacea recipe I give you my word that I'll never call upon her again."

"That's fair," I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. "I'll get it for you if I can and glad to oblige." And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra in the direction of Mired Mule, and I steered northwest for old Bill Toomey's ranch.

"It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimienta. Miss Willella and me passed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emsley's. She sang some and unexplicated the piano quite a lot with quotations from the operas. I gave imitations of a rattlesnake and told her about Sanky McFee's new way of skinning cows and described the trip I made to St. Louis once. We was getting along in one another's estimations fine. "Thinks I, if Jackson Bird can now be persuaded to migrate I win. I recollect his promise about the panacea receipt, and I thinks I will persuade it from Miss Willella and give it to him."

"So along about 10 o'clock I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willella, 'Now, if there's anything I'd like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass it's a taste of a nice hot panacea smot' ed in sugar house molasses."

"Miss Willella gives a little jump on the piano stool and looked at me curiously."

"Yes," says she, "they're real nice. What did you say was the name of that street in St. Louis, Mr. Odom, where you lost your hat?"

"Panacea avenue," says I, with a wink, to show her that I was on about the family receipt and couldn't be side corralled off of the subject. "Come, now, Miss Willella," I says; "let's hear how you make 'em. Panacea is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now—pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?"

"Excuse me for a moment, please," says Miss Willella, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look and slides off the stool. She ambled out in to the other room, and directly Uncle Emsley comes in in his shirt sleeves, with a pitcher of water. He turns around to get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-five in his hip pocket. "Great postholes," thinks I, "but here's a family thinks a heap of cooking receipts, protecting it with firearms. I've known outfits that wouldn't do that much by a family feud."

"Drink this here down," says Uncle Emsley, handing me the glass of wa-

ter. "You've rid too far today, Jud, and got yourself overexcited. Try to think about something else now."

"That was all the panacea specifications I could get that night. I didn't wonder that Jackson Bird found it uphill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley awhile about hollow horn and cyclones. And then Miss Willella came and said 'good night,' and I hit the breeze for the ranch."

"About a week afterward I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimienta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks."

"Got the bill of particulars for them dapjacks yet?" I asked him.

"Well, no," says Jackson. "I don't seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?"

"I did," says I, "and 'twas like trying to dig a prairie dog out of his hole with a peanut hull. That panacea receipt must be a jockorum the way they hold on to it."

"I'm most ready to give it up," says Jackson, so discouraged in his speculations that I felt sorry for him. "But I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch," says he. "I be awake of nights thinking how good they are."

"You keep on trying for it," I tells him, "and I'll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so long, Jacks."

"You see, by this time we was on the peacefullest of terms. When I saw that he wasn't after Miss Willella I had more endurable contemplations of that sandy haired snoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that receipt from Miss Willella, but every time I would say 'pancakes' she would get sort of remote and fidgety about the eye and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would slide out and round up Uncle Emsley with his pitcher of water and hip pocket howitzer."

"One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog prairie. Uncle Emsley looked at 'em with one eye shut and says:

"Haven't ye heard the news?"

"Cattle up?" I asked.

"Willella and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday," says he. "Just got a letter this morning."

"I dropped them flowers in a cracker barrel and let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left hand shirt pocket until it got to my feet."

"Would you mind saying that over again once more, Uncle Emsley?" says I. "Maybe my hearing has got wrong, and you only said that prime heifers was \$4.80 on the hoof or something like that."

"Married yesterday," says Uncle Emsley, "and gone to Waco and Niagara Falls on a wedding tour. Why didn't you see none of the signs all along? Jackson Bird has been courting Willella ever since that day he took her out riding."

"Then," says I in a kind of yell, "what was all this zizzaparoola he gives me about panacea? Tell me that!"

"When I said 'pancakes' Uncle Emsley sort of dodged and stepped back."

"Somebody's been dealing me panacea from the bottom of the deck," I says, "and I'll find out. I believe you know. Talk up," says I, "or we'll mix a panful of batter right here."

"I slid over the counter after Uncle Emsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. I got him by the front of his shirt and shoved him in a corner."

"Talk panacea," says I, "or be made into one. Does Miss Willella make 'em?"

"She never made one in her life, and I never saw one," says Uncle Emsley, soothing. "Calm down, now, Jud, calm down. You've got excited, and that would in your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not to think about panacea."

"Uncle Emsley," says I, "I'm not wounded in the head except so far as my natural cogitative instincts run to rants. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willella for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading of the ingredients. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been sodded down with Johnson grass by a pink eyed snoozer or what?"

"Slack up your grip on my dress shirt," says Uncle Emsley, "and I'll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went riding with Willella he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you got to talking about panacea. He said you was in camp once where they was cooking flapjacks and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a frying pan. Jackson said that whenever you got overhot or excited that would hurt you and made you kind of crazy and you went raving about panacea. He told us to just get you worked off the subject and soothed down and you wouldn't be dangerous. So me and Willella done the best by you we knew how. Well, well," says Uncle Emsley, "that Jackson Bird is sure a seldom kind of a snoozer."

During the progress of Jud's story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product—a pair of red-hot, rich blue pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret boarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of slrup.

"How long ago did these happen?" I asked him.

"Three years," said Jud. "They're living on the Mired Mule ranch now. But I haven't seen either of 'em since. They say Jackson Bird was fixing his ranch up fine with rocking chairs and window curtains all the time he was putting me up the panacea tree. Oh, I got over it after awhile, but the boys kept the racket up."

"Did you make these cakes by the famous recipe?" I asked.

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't no receipt?" said Jud. "The boys holered pancakes till they got panacea hungry, and I cut this receipt out of a newspaper. How does the truck taste?"

"They're delicious," I answered. "Why don't you have some, too, Jud?"

"I was sure I heard a sigh."

"Me?" said Jud. "I don't never eat 'em."