

A Serenade Wasted

Mistaken Efforts of a Village Callithumpian Band

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Widow Rowell entered Em Bevis' "department store" and darted a sugary smile in the direction of the stout, grim featured proprietress.

"Howdy do, Em?" she inquired in dulcet tones as she fingered the neatly arranged piles of white shirt waists on the counter.

Mrs. Bevis' heavy features did not relax. If possible her thick eyebrows drew together in a deeper frown and her square jaw was thrust out in a manner distinctly aggressive.

"Huh," was the substance of her greeting.

"You got any white illusion?" inquired the widow sweetly.

"Illusion? No, never heard of it," was the grim reply.

"It's thin lacy stuff—they make wedding veils of it sometimes," sniggered Mrs. Rowell.

Em Bevis stared and the two apple checked young clerks giggled from the gloom of a corner.

"I've got mosquito netting—mebbe that'll do," suggested Em with a sour smile.

Mrs. Rowell's snail cheeks flushed and her little dark eyes snapped; her small gray head poked forward very much like that of an angry turtle—still, she smiled.

"No, thank you, Em, it would be too coarse; mebbly you've got some Brussels net?"

Without a word Em Bevis brought forth a box and ungraciously produced the desired material. People often wondered how it was that Em Bevis over kept any customers, she was so unconvincing and disobliging, but her stock was well selected for a country store, and the nearest competitor was at North Quincy, ten miles away.

Hetty Rowell fumbled the net with her work worn hands and asked the price.

"Seventy-five," snapped Em.

"Dollars?" questioned the widow Rowell patiently.

"Cents!"

"Give me five yards."

The widow purchased a bunch of white flowers from one of the giggling girls and then ambled toward the door.

"Five yards is kind of scant for a wedding veil," remarked Em acridly.

"It's more'n some folks 'll ever get to have," returned Mrs. Rowell with dignity as she closed the door.

"Say, Mrs. Bevis, do you suppose she's going to get married?" tittered Ruby Allen, the plumpest of the two clerks.

"I don't know who'd have her," retorted Em Bevis.

"There's old Mr. Silne in the bank, I've heard he's real sweet on her."

It's more'n some folks 'll ever get to have," returned Mrs. Rowell with dignity as she closed the door.

"Say, Mrs. Bevis, do you suppose she's going to get married?" tittered Ruby Allen, the plumpest of the two clerks.

"I don't know who'd have her," retorted Em Bevis.

"There's old Mr. Silne in the bank, I've heard he's real sweet on her."

goals you read about. Any truth in the story that she and Ananias are going to be married tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" echoed three feminine voices, and Rachel Terry added impulsively:

"Sure enough—she's just bought her wedding veil!"

Lem Roberts clapped a mighty hand on the counter.

"Let em look out, then," he cried jocularly. "I'll get the callithumpian band together, and we'll serenade em!"

Em Bevis laughed harshly.

"You going to callithump the Widow Rowell?" she asked incredulously.

Lem nodded his untidy head.

"As sure as aigs is aigs," he assured her as he went out and slammed the door.

Nobody laughed. The two girls stole back to their work, and Em Bevis rattled the money in the cash drawer. Her face was like a thunder cloud.

"I shall be the first to tell it," she muttered angrily. "Nobody's going to surprise me by telling me that Ananias Silne's going to marry Hetty Rowell."

The news spread like wildfire in the village, and by nightfall there were only two persons in Quince Harbor who had not heard of the coming wedding and the serenade that was to follow in accordance with Quince Harbor's time honored custom of welcoming a bride with the discordant blare of horse fiddles, tin horns and broken wind instruments. These two persons were the Widow Rowell, who was sewing busily away on yards of white stuff, and Ananias Silne, who was in his own room practicing on the cello.

"I wish to the land he'd quit playing 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms,'" sighed Mrs. Rowell as she thrust'd her needle. "Makes me feel real sentimental, and I didn't ought to get that way."

However, contrary to her desires, the old sailor, who now occupied a porter's position in the bank, continued to saw away at his cello, holding fast to the same old tune.

At breakfast the next morning Ananias fixed his bulging blue eyes on his landlady and asked in his ready voice:

"I hope you didn't take any offense at my playing that there tune over and over last night?"

"I don't see anything to get offended at," purred Mrs. Rowell, suddenly looking very turtle-like. "Most likely the lady was worked up over the way you played it—playing off the key makes most anybody fidgety."

"Hem!" said Ananias fiercely attacking his egg. Then as a diversion he added, "This here egg's some scorb-ed, Mrs. Rowell."

"'Tis? Let me take it away!" Whereupon the widow caught up his plate and in a twinkling had shot the egg into the fire. "It's too bad that the last egg I've got in the house," she added, smiling sweetly at his dismayed countenance.

"Drat the woman!" he muttered as he drained his coffee cup and folded up his red bordered napkin.

Ananias returned to his duties at the bank, and Hetty Rowell resumed her stitchery on billows of filmy white.

After supper that night Ananias retired to his room, where he twanged monotonously on his cello. Mrs. Rowell, feeling somewhat lonely, lighted all the lamps in the house as was her custom when depressed in mind, for naturally she was a sociable soul, and once more she stitched at the white lacy material "such as brides wear."

brightly lighted background of the front ball.

It was the Widow Rowell in customary dress of black cashmere, wearing an ample white apron. Her spectacles were pushed up on top of her smooth gray hair.

"Who they callithumpin?" she called in a tone of intense curiosity.

"You!" shouted somebody.

"Me?" screamed Mrs. Rowell incredulously. "What for?"

"For getting married to Ananias Silne," was the reply, followed by a ripple of laughter.

"Oh," said Mrs. Rowell in a queer voice. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure. Won't you come in and have some wedding cake and refreshments?"

A hearty cheer went up from the band, and instruments were dropped as one by one the callithumpians went into the house. When the door had closed behind the last one the curious



"BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE IN LOCUST STREET."

crowd lingered, the boldest spirits mounting the piazza steps and peering under the partly drawn shades into the house.

The callithumpian band was surprised at what met their concerted gaze. The parlor and adjoining sitting room were glistening as of an festive air. Scrupulously neat and clean they were, and the lamps were shining brightly. The widow's low sewing chair was drawn close to the table, and on the floor were billows of starched white material. In her workbasket, topped by a large "tomato" pushbutton, were bits of lace and filmy net.

"I guess we got here too soon," muttered Lem Roberts awkwardly as Mrs. Rowell put away thimble and scissors with a businesslike air. "but they said you had the wedding veil bought."

"It certainly looks like it," snapped the widow, with sudden acidity, as she turned and faced the serenaders. "It's a wonder a poor widow woman can't buy a few yards of net to mend her parlor lace curtains without that busybody, Em Bevis, putting a wrong view to it. Seems like weddings must be in her mind. You better go and callithump in front of Em Bevis' house. She'd be pleased to death to have you."

The members of the band stood awkwardly in the doorways watching the widow as she shook out the neatly mended curtains. She glanced up sharply, and a twinkle came into her gray agate eyes.

"So long's you're here, boys, you might as well help me hang these curtains."

They worked manfully until presently the snowy draperies were hanging in stiff folds before the three windows.

In silence each callithumpian ate a slice of Mrs. Rowell's famous plum cake and sipped glasses of root beer. Then they tiptoed out and returned to the furniture wagon.

The impatient crowd had thinned by this time, but there were enough curious ones to note the dejection of the callithumpian band.

"Well?" they asked impatiently.

Lem Roberts glanced sharply across the street, where several women were gathered. Prominent among them he descried the large form, wrapped in a pink knitted shawl, of Mrs. Em Bevis.

"There wasn't any wedding," he said loudly. "Seems the widow was buying net to mend her parlor curtains, and some contracted busybody up and told me it was her wedding veil!"

The little group of women suddenly broke up, and the forms scurried down the street. The crowd scattered to their homes with amusing stories to tell, and Leander Petty's wagon creaked down Locust street to its stable.

In the sitting room Mrs. Rowell smiled in a gratified manner as she overheard Ananias once more attacking the wedding march.

"I expect if that old goose was playing a dirge, some gossip like Em Bevis would come inquiring for the corpse," she muttered.

But Ananias, happy in his ignorance of what had happened downstairs, played his wedding march until Mrs. Rowell grew very serious.

"I reckon there's some hidden meaning in his playing that over and over again. Maybe I'll be prying wedding veiling again—who knows?" she smiled at last.

SLEW 18 PERSONS

SPENCER TELLS OF SLAUGHTER ENDING WITH SHOOTING OF DANCER. IN ALL-NIGHT THIRD DEGREE

Crime After Crime Unfolded by Former Convict, Who, Apparently Ready to Hang, Bares Complete Story of His Life.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—"Henry Spencer," confessed slayer of Mrs. Mildred Allison Rexroat, added two more to the list of murders which he says he committed, bringing the total to 18.

Spencer, a man of many aliases, burglar, highwayman, bigamist and drug fiend, was put through an all-night sweating behind locked doors in the office of Chief of Detectives John J. Halpin in an attempt to gain further details of his crimes and additions to his long list of victims.

With morning the interrogation of Spencer ceased. He was placed in a cell at the detective bureau, and Captain Halpin and Assistant State's Attorney Michael Sullivan went to their homes to sleep an hour or two. The stenographer departed with reams of notes for transcription.

It seemed probable, according to Mr. Sullivan, that "Spencer" would not be turned over to the Dupage county authorities for the Rexroat murder, but that the Chicago officials will hold and prosecute him for the murder of Fannie Thompson, the young woman "Spencer" says he killed in a rooming-house at Twelfth street and Michigan avenue.

Calmly Tells of Slaughter. Spencer says he killed Mrs. Rexroat because she was trying to "do him out of money, the same as she did that farmer Rexroat, and he thought he would simply put her out of the way to save trouble." He related in the most nonchalant way of murdering his other victims.

He amplified his story of the murder of one of his wives. He said the woman's name was Nellie, but refused to tell her surname.

"I went to New York six years ago and went to inspect the art gallery which Helen Gould had installed in the Martha Washington hotel for women," he said. There I met Nellie, Miss Gould's maid. We were married three days later. I had told her I was a wealthy traveling salesman.

"One day we took a ride up the Hudson river to West Point. In a secluded spot I struck her twice with a hammer, killing her instantly. I took \$500 from her clothes and returned to Chicago."

Tells of Many Thefts. "A few days later I robbed a clothing store and stole 45 suits, which I sold to a Jew at Archer avenue and Eighteenth street. Then for a while I stole bicycles, getting about 183 of them. Then the police of the Thirty-fifth street station made it too hot for me and I beat it out of town."

While the police believe Spencer is the real murderer of Miss Rexroat, they are inclined to doubt part of his tale of wholesale slaying.

A telegram from Sheriff Franz of Berrien county, Michigan, says that he knows nothing of the supposed murder of two girls at Paw Paw lake.

"Spencer didn't kill anyone there since I have been sheriff," he said. Newspaper files in Detroit and Grand Rapids contain no record of such a crime.

Detroit police, also, report that no woman had been murdered on Belle Isle during the last summer.

Prison Record Verified. Spencer's penitentiary record, however, has been confirmed. He was known, according to dispatches from Joliet, in the state penitentiary under five different names during two terms he served there. He was received as Henry Skarpus, alias Henry Burke, alias James Burke, alias James Burkenholder, alias Henry Spencer.

Spencer says Mrs. Rexroat was trying to extort \$300 from him. He said he made an appointment with her at the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago terminal Thursday night, accompanied her to Wayne and there shot her while walking along the tracks.

"I was going to marry her and take her to New York and kill her, but I thought that was too much trouble," explained Spencer.

Thaw's Plea Denied. Washington, Oct. 7.—The state department denied the application of Harry K. Thaw, who claimed that his deportation from Canada infringed upon the treaties between the United States and Great Britain and asked an investigation. The state department will take no further part in the matter.

HENRY SPENCER



Henry Spencer, alias James Burke, arrested in Chicago for the murder of Mrs. Mildred Allison Rexroat, confessed his guilt of that crime, and then told of a long list of other murders which he said he had committed. The police believe he killed Mrs. Rexroat, but doubt the rest of his story.

Too Innocent for Pa. The young man who thought he knew how to manage old men told the girl whose father he had just interviewed on a matrimonial topic that he believed everything would be all right.

"We took to one another at once," he said. "He even went so far as to borrow \$10 from me. Surely, he can't refuse to let you marry me after that."

"Don't be too sure," she said. "You don't know pa."

The next day he found that he did not, indeed, know pa.

"You made a mess of it with that \$10," the girl told him. "Pa says that you are too easy, and that I had better look for somebody more worldly minded."

Recipe for Happiness. Do not give up. Do not allow the black waters of melancholia to close over you. Hold your head high. Live your life beautifully in the face of failure, loneliness and contempt. Happiness is high art. Be a great artist. —Helen Woljeska.

How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community

By J. O. LEWIS

Help Yourself by Helping Your Town.

THE attitude you maintain toward your home town—its business men and its institutions—is reflected in the success or failure of the same.

The success and happiness of every citizen in any community lie in the interest he takes in that community and the good work he can do to assist in its upbuilding. EVERYTHING YOU DO TO HELP IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF YOUR OWN COMMUNITY YOU DO JUST THAT MUCH TOWARD YOUR OWN PERSONAL SUCCESS. No man can live and prosper unto himself alone, for you are interdependent, and, realizing this, as good citizens, you should unite and pull together for the common good, and, doing this, you will prosper as a community and as individuals.

NO TOWN CAN STAND STILL. IT MUST EITHER GO FORWARD OR DECLINE, AND IT IS UP TO YOU TO SAY WHICH IT WILL BE.

Some towns hustle and grow—that is, the people hustle and the town grows. They get the habit of boosting until every citizen becomes a booster, and pretty soon its reputation spreads and it becomes known far and wide as a good town, while others lapse into a state of innocuous desuetude—an easy rock along manner—that soon classes that particular place as a dead one.

If you are knocking and complaining stop it. Nothing hurts a town more. If you cannot say something good don't say anything, and, above all, don't knock. If you are not a booster become one.

The success of the retail merchant depends on the patronage of his home people, the home jobber is largely dependent on the success of all, while the success and happiness of the people depend on the success of the business men.

Now, one of the greatest injuries you can do your home town or community—to the business men who are dependent on your patronage—is to order your goods from mail order houses or patronize merchants in other towns. Every dime sent from your community to a mail order house is removed entirely from local circulation. Its principal aid interest are both gone, whereas the money spent with the home merchant goes immediately into circulation and in due course comes back to you.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY ARE BEING SENT TO MAIL ORDER HOUSES FROM THIS COMMUNITY, THUS DEPRIVING HOME MERCHANTS OF THEIR RIGHTFUL PATRONAGE.

And yet, no matter how much the home merchant is dependent on the patronage of his home people, he is supposed to give and to aid in every work undertaken for the material betterment of the town, and he does, being often coerced into giving by the demands of his customers, fearing to offend them because of the fear of loss of their patronage.

UNLIKE YOUR HOME MERCHANT, MAIL ORDER HOUSES PAY NO TAXES OR PRIVILEGE LICENSE TO DO BUSINESS IN YOUR COMMUNITY. NEITHER DO THEY CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, PUBLIC ROADS, CHARITIES OR ANYTHING ELSE, AND, ABOVE ALL, THEY GIVE NO EMPLOYMENT TO ANY ONE IN YOUR FAMILY OR HOME TOWN.

You want your schools kept up, your churches supported, your streets kept in repair, your town properly policed and protected by a good fire fighting equipment, etc. In other words, you want your town to prosper, be well run and the people to be happy and contented. YET IF YOU ARE SENDING YOUR MONEY TO OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS YOU ARE DEFEATING THE VERY OBJECT FOR WHICH YOU STRIVE.

Now, this town building is a serious matter—a great big proposition—and if you are not treating it—its business men—fairly you are not treating your self fairly. You are undermining the very foundation of your well being.

To be continued under the title, "THE FARMER AND THE MERCHANT"

MRS. MILDRED REXROAT



Mrs. Mildred Allison Rexroat was the dancing teacher whom Henry Spencer murdered near Chicago.

Truly Horrible. "Oh, Henry," she said when she had thrown off her wraps and flung herself into a chair. "I'm so mortified."

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I met Mrs. Biggles at the reception, this afternoon, and she seemed so nice that I stood there before the crowd for half an hour and talked to her. When we were leaving her chauffeur drove up in an old four-cylinder car and after she had taken her seat in it she called out right before everybody that she would expect me to call on her soon."

The Church. According to the London Telegraph, the Bishop of London, speaking at the Mansion House, said that many people nowadays had a false idea of the church. "The popular idea was that you had only to put threepence in the slot, or rather in the offertory, and you got a handsome vicar, two good-looking curates and a peal of bells."

Anomalous. Queer thing, wedlock! You find yourself attached to a woman, and go and get tied to her. When you find you're tied to her, the attachment disappears.—Judge.