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Deacon Punderson's Circus

Or How He Became a Convert

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Deacon Punderson drove his rattle-trap old buggy up to the blacksmith's shop and stepped nimbly to the ground. Celia, his pale, pretty daughter, sat in the buggy gazing at the flaming circus posters pasted on the sun bleached boards of the old shop.

Jim Brayton came out of the shop, wiping his hands on his leather apron. A quick glance flashed from his brown eyes to Celia's appealing blue ones, and each of them nodded brusquely to the other.

"Hello, Jim! Susie's cast a shoe. You better shoe her all around. I reckoned on waiting another month before doing it."

"It isn't any time soon," remarked Jim dryly as he deftly unbuckled straps and released the white mare from the shafts. "All her shoes are loose. When she comes down the street sounds like them Spanish castanets I heard at a show in New York."

"Hum," said the deacon reflectively. He was not in the least offended at the remarks of the young blacksmith. Deacon Punderson was rich enough not to mind gibes at his stinginess. The possession of his untouched money seemed to require him for the contempt of his fellow men.

"Hum," he repeated, casting a cold gray eye up at the gay posters. "I been wondering, Jim, what yore pa would have said to see them ungodly posters hanging up there on the shop."

"Very likely he would have said he was glad the circus was coming," grinned Jim as he led Susie into the shed and hitched her.

"Tut, tut. Yore pa was a deacon, Jim. He didn't set no store by circuses. It's a blight on the community having all them painted, and bedizened men and women cavorting around."

"Then you're not going, deacon?"

"No. I ain't, and what's more, none of my family's going."

"Oh, pa!" cried Celia with agitation. Deacon Punderson glanced severely at his daughter and then pointed his stump of a whip up at the posters.

"Daughter," he said solemnly, "do you want to go and gaze on human beings decked out with paint and feathers riding around a ring on four horses? Do you want to see clowns turning tumblesaults? Do you want to go and gaze on—gaze on the animals shut up in cages when God made 'em to roam the world and eat and drink where they would? It's a sinful sight—it is!"

The deacon sighed feelingly. Celia looked pale and red by turns, and her eyes wandered between her father's fat face and the strong countenance of Jim Brayton at the anvil. Jim smiled at her through a shower of sparks as he hammered and shaped Susie's shoes.

"If I kept a circus," went on the deacon, pleased at the silence with which his remarks were received. "I'd open all the cage doors and free all them poor prisoned animals. Go, I'd say to 'em, go, you poor creatures that the Lord made, and enjoy yore freedom! Then I would go home and sleep quiet and peaceful, knowing I had did my duty," he ended piously.

"While you was sleeping peaceful those poor dumb animals would most likely be prowling around your hen-house and pigsties. I don't suppose you'd mind contributing a few fat hogs and one or two crows so's the circus animals could go free," remarked Jim blandly as he finished Susie's left fore foot.

"Hum," said the deacon absently. "Hum," and he walked across the road to talk with a passing friend.

"You heard what he said, Jim," she called softly. "There's no use in my trying to go."

"Fiddle, dear," returned Jim. "I'll fix it so that the deacon will let you go with me. And what's more, I believe he will let us get married."

"Jim!"

"Yes, ma'am," grinned Jim, clapping a shoe on Susie's foot. "If my ideas don't miscarry the deacon 'll make up his mind to let you get married."

"Oh, Jim!" quavered, timid Celia. "You know, father says if he didn't have me to keep house for him that Mrs. Howell would marry him right off, and she is just so bossy, you know."

"I know it's just what your father needs, Celia," Jim bucked Susie into the shafts, bucked the straps and came back to pat Celia's hand. "Trust me, Celia dear. Don't forget that I said we would go to the circus."

"Hum," said the deacon, wheeling suddenly and crossing the road toward them. "Going to the circus, hey? Well, the only circus Celia 'll get to see this year will be home."

The next morning the circus crept quietly into town and camped on the baseball grounds near the railroad station. In spite of his bitter opposition to amusements of this character the deacon went forth and personally examined the contents of the various tents and cages, only to return to a non-day dinner and regale Celia with an account of the sufferings endured by the imprisoned animals.

"Pa, you ain't going to the circus?" cried Celia as her father appeared in the sitting room after supper dressed in his best clothes.

"No, I ain't," roared the deacon angrily. "I'm going to walk around outside the field with Mrs. Howell. I been telling her my views, and there's objects, illustrations, to be pointed out to her feeble female perception."

"It might be a good idea if Jim and I went inside the tent, and then we could tell you and Mrs. Howell the rest of it," suggested Celia with sudden spirit.

"You'll never go to no circus without my consent, Celia," said the deacon, and, putting on his hat, he stepped briskly out of the house.

Celia, dressed in white, waited by the gate for Jim Brayton to come along. She would not go to the circus with him without her father's consent, and she would tell him so, though she resented the deacon's unnecessary harshness. She was no longer a child.

Jim came and talked earnestly with her, and Celia laughed and cried and protested, but in the end Jim had his way and went into the farmyard, where he fussed around for awhile. When he returned to the gate the deacon and Mrs. Howell were returning from the circus grounds.

"There was such a crowd, we couldn't see a dum thing," chortled the deacon.

"I wish sometimes I wa'n't a church member," muttered Mrs. Howell. "I was tempted to run away from the deacon and go inside. The music is enticing."

"Hum," said the deacon weakly. "I s'pose you're going across lots, Nettle?"

"Yes," sighed the widow, crossing the deacon's yard and passing through a gate into his hayfield, where the haystacks loomed large in the very faint light of a young moon. The deacon followed her, and Celia and Jim were close behind the old couple.

"By the way, deacon," said Jim suddenly. "I suppose you heard that one of the animals got loose from the circus tonight."

"Good Lord, no!" shouted the deacon. "What was it?"

"The ferocious black jaguar of the Amazon."

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" squealed the widow shrilly. "It may be in this hayfield it may be in my front yard. If it have clung in through my pantry window. What shall we do?"

"Keep calm," said the deacon nervously. "What is that?" He jumped aside as something brushed his heels.

"Only the cat, father," said Celia in a muffled tone. Jim's arm was around her closely.

"We better go into the house," said the deacon firmly. "This is no place for tender wimmen, Jim."

"There's no call for us to go in, deacon. We're not tender wimmen," retorted Jim. "What is that?"

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" screamed the widow, and this time with reason, for something long and black came loping out from the shadow of a haystack.

The Widow Howell cast aside her bonnet and, regardless of dignity, fairly galloped across the pasture only to meet the running black form, or another one like it, face to face.

"The bull 'circus is loose!" she screamed hysterically and averted to the right.

The deacon was running as valiantly in the opposite direction, and somehow Jim Brayton was running too, here and there over the field, and whenever he neared one of those lumbering black bodies it grunted and darted forward with renewed speed. Celia leaped helplessly against the gate and cried and laughed.

Once when Jim fled past her he called over his shoulder. "How do you like your pa's circus, Celia?" and Celia cried, "Oh, Jim, please stop them!"

"That was easier said than done, but it happened that when the deacon was running madly around one particular haystack pursued by a snuffing black animal—or perhaps pursuing it—the Widow Howell left her own haystack and joined the protection of the doughty deacon. Unfortunately she went in the opposite direction, with the inevitable result of a violent collision.

When they sat up and groined at each other it was Jim Brayton who came up and spoke in surprised reproof.

"What under the sun is the matter, deacon? By the way you and Mrs. Howell have been chasing those hogs of yours looks like they'd run off fifty pounds of fat."

"Hogs!" repeated the deacon amazedly. "You said it was a black jaguar."

"I didn't," evaded Jim. "I asked you if you had heard that one broke loose today. But they caught it again. When your hogs ran through into the field I guess you thought it was one of those poor circus animals out for a breath of air."

"Hum!" growled the deacon. "Let me help you, Mrs. Howell," said Jim gallantly.

"Go away!" said that lady crossly. "I'm wore out. Jabez Punderson. Here I've been tearing around your hay lot just like one of them circus wimmen. And I'll tell you one thing, it can't be no worse to look on at a performance like that than it is to take part in it, and I'm going tomorrow night."

"You won't go alone, Nettle. I shall go with you as your natural protector, soon to be," consoled the deacon.

"And Celia and I'll go along, too, so as to sort of announce our engagement," said Jim boldly.

"Hum," said the deacon doubtfully. "And we're going to get married next month, deacon. Of course if you'd rather we didn't go to the circus we will stay at home, only we kinder hate to have to tell all the folks that the only circus we saw was the one you gave us in the hay lot."

"Hum," growled the deacon resignedly. "I guess we better all go, Jim. Somehow I don't seem to want no toristry as a circus performer. I'd rather be an onlooker."

Points for Mothers

The Small Daughter's Hair.

The modern mother has learned wisdom in many ways, not the least of which is the arrangement of her small daughter's hair. She no longer tortures the little one whose locks hang limp and straight with curlers in an attempt to rectify nature's mistake. Instead she accepts the mistake—in fact, does not even look upon it as such—and makes the modern little girl look just as pretty minus curls as she would with them.

Most of us remember the days when every well brought up child had her front hair either cut into a fringe straight across her forehead or else pushed back painfully and tied tightly on the crown of her head.

Today we realize that nature knows what suits little girls a great deal better than do other mothers.

Take that chubby mite, for instance, who has fluffy hair that will never grow very long and that can't help running into little curls. A middle parting would make her look too puritanically demure, thinks her mother.

So the division comes a trifle to one side, giving scope for the services of a big bow that tucks the heavier portion of the hair. This "almost middle" parting always suits a round faced child.

In a new evening style for an older girl the hair is parted for about two inches on the brow and brushed softly back behind it. A piece of satin ribbon is passed round the head, hiding the divisional line between the parting and the brushed back hair.

The ribbon ends are safely pinned together and concealed either by one of those tortoise shell clasps that we growwise find so useful, or by a plain enamel buckle to match the ribbon. Then, unless the little lady has a head of very exquisite shape, the hair with its ribbon-trimlet is neatly looped at the back, giving almost a turban effect.

There is still another style that always suits the long faced and high browed child, and if she has hair of the kindly sort that you can twist into curls with your fingers so much the better. Make the side parting very low on the forehead and don't "scrape" the hair into that charming bow, which should never be made up and mounted on a slide.

By the way, if your little girl's hair refuses to curl, please don't resort to rags or pins! It is ten times easier to one that straight hair is becoming to her face, so try the effect of a loose plait over each shoulder, or supposing that the hair is too thin for this—keep it cut rather short just above the shoulders.

A Nursery Party.

Great fun results when invitations are sent out to a "nursery rime lucky hunt." Naturally the little people know all the old familiar rimes, and if they do not the sooner they get about learning them the better. The hostess will find many things that she needs for her party in the shops. The purchases are hidden about in as many rooms as possible, and then when the children arrive the hunt begins. Somewhere in the room should be displayed nursery rime pictures, but care must be taken that no words are visible.

Presently, when hunting is successfully over, the children sit down and a gayly colored lucky bag or basket is placed in the middle of the room. Now each pair of small feet have to move across the floor until they stand by this most attractive thing, but this is done in turn. The child whose name is first called holds out the result of her hunting, perhaps a tiny animal, and then says over the rime with which it is connected. This means that hands may draw out a tiny bag or box of sweets from the lucky bag or basket, and the wise hostess suggests they shall not be opened at the moment. The presence of these things prevents anything like shyness on the part of the children, who are only too eager to draw. Everybody who does not succeed in saying the rime correctly the first time is given another chance. The singing of a nursery rime ditty means that small hands may have two journeys into the lucky bag.

Many animals, birds and insects may be hidden by the organizer of a "nursery rime lucky hunt"—cat, dog, the black sheep, white horse, cow, bull, horse. Sheep of ordinary hue must not be forgotten. Cocks, hens, robin redbreast, demure Jenny Wren, blackbirds, crows, may all be safely hidden in the same room with charming kittens. The cat, the rat, the mouse, the pig, all make their bows in the pages of nursery rime. A quaint little pill suggests the enterprising Jack and Jill; a toy clock or a mouse, Dickory, Dickory Dock; a tiny fiddle, Old King Cole; a toy cupboard, Old Mother Hubbard; silver bells or cockleshells, Mary, Mary, quite Contrary; a horn speaks of Little Boy Blue; a spoon, the one that the dish ran away with; a spider, Little Miss Muffet; a miniature pie, a Little Jack Horner. There are, indeed, many things which any hostess can obtain most easily. The smaller the article, the easier to hide. The tiny animal figures to be purchased for a penny at toy shops answer the purpose most excellently.

LOBBY IS EXPOSED

Col. Mulhall Refused to Divide with Playwright Barry.

GO T \$50,000 FOR HIS STORY

Astonishing Accusations Are Made Against Public Men—Says Congressman Watson Drank Cocktails While Talking Temperance and McDermott Held Out Labor Men.

Marion M. Mulhall, Republican politician of Baltimore, whose expose of the work of the lobby of the National Association of Manufacturers was published in several newspapers, it is learned, sold the statement for \$10,000.

Richard Barry, a widely known playwright, author and newspaper correspondent, says that Colonel Mulhall broke an agreement to give Barry half the amount for making the deal. Barry has sued Mulhall in the supreme court of this state, and supreme court Justice Giegerich issued an attachment for \$5,000 against any property of Mulhall's that could be found here.

Astonishing Accusations.

Here and there in the statement of the self-proclaimed corruptionist are accusations of astonishing hypocrisy against widely known men. He says, for example that in 1908, when James E. Watson, running for governor of Indiana, was making radical temperance speeches and denouncing all drinkers, Watson slipped into his room at the Claypool hotel, in Indianapolis and drank six cocktails that Mulhall had ordered and placed in a closet for him so that not even a bell boy would be the wiser. Previous and subsequently the N. A. M. made large presents of cash to Watson. He says that ex-Representative L. H. Garrison, another strong temperance advocate, won an election in the second Maine district in 1906, by making Democrats so drunk they couldn't get to the polls, the money being supplied by the N. A. M. He charges that Representative McDermott of the Fourth Illinois district, elected as a labor union spokesman, was always in the pay of the N. A. M.

lobby and that the beef and other trusts supplied the cash for him to win campaigns. He says that ex-Representative Gardner of New Jersey after a fight surrendered to the lobby and became a subservient agent. These are only a few of the details of the long story which Mulhall puts forward as an account of the underground operations of the N. A. M. in secretly controlling the government.

McDermott Discussed.

Mulhall discuses Representative James T. McDermott of Chicago at great length, says that he posed as a friend of labor although sold out all the time to the lobbyists; that McDermott let the lobbyists use his frank, arranged a scheme by which the press and messengers of the house would spy and collect advance news of legislation for the lobbyists, let the lobbyists use his own room in the capitol for an office, solicited and received money and even forged a check that had been contributed to his campaign fund by Harold McCormick of the Harvester trust.

One of the most startling pieces of information handed out by Mulhall was a statement that the Manufacturers association was directly responsible for the tariff commission during the Taft administration, with the object of forestalling revision of the then existing tariff.

Lobby Committee to Investigate.

The senate lobby committee said that Mulhall would be ordered to substantiate under oath all the charges made against statesmen in connection with the alleged \$10,000,000 lobby. The committee also declared that every man named by Mulhall should be summoned before it and if necessary its powers would be widened.

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Holdup Men Wreck Train; 20 Are Hurt

Vandalia Cars Are Ditched at Caseyville, Ill.

Twenty persons were injured, six probably fatally, when a west-bound Vandalia passenger train struck a spreading rail at Caseyville, Ill., and five of the seven cars of the train were hurled into the ditch.

Two of the women most severely injured were taken in a dying condition to a private home in Caseyville. The others were taken to East St. Louis in a special train which was rushed to the scene of the wreck with doctors and nurses.

The two women are: Mrs. E. D. Wicks, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. A. C. Jewell, Peotone, Ill.

Railroad officials believed the wreck to have been the work of holdup men. Police of this and surrounding cities are searching for two suspects.

The wreck occurred about two miles north of Caseyville. The engineer failed to notice the spread rail until within twenty feet of it. He threw on the brakes and jumped just as the engine struck the bad rail. The engine and two baggage cars staid on the track.

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