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Bill for the book accounts will be mailed out as usual, on or before the First day of July and the First day of December, and to all WHO PAY THEIR BOOK ACCOUNTS during the month of July as rendered July 1st, and during the month of December previous to 2 p. m., on December 20, 1913, as rendered December 1st, will be given one ticket for each $2.00 paid.

Rules for the Distribution of Prizes

For each ticket a duplicate in number will be put in a box, and on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., the box will be thoroughly shaken by any one who desires to shake it.

A boy will be chosen by those present and he will be blindfolded and proceed to draw the tickets from the box. The first ticket out shall draw the first prize, and the second ticket out, the second prize, etc.

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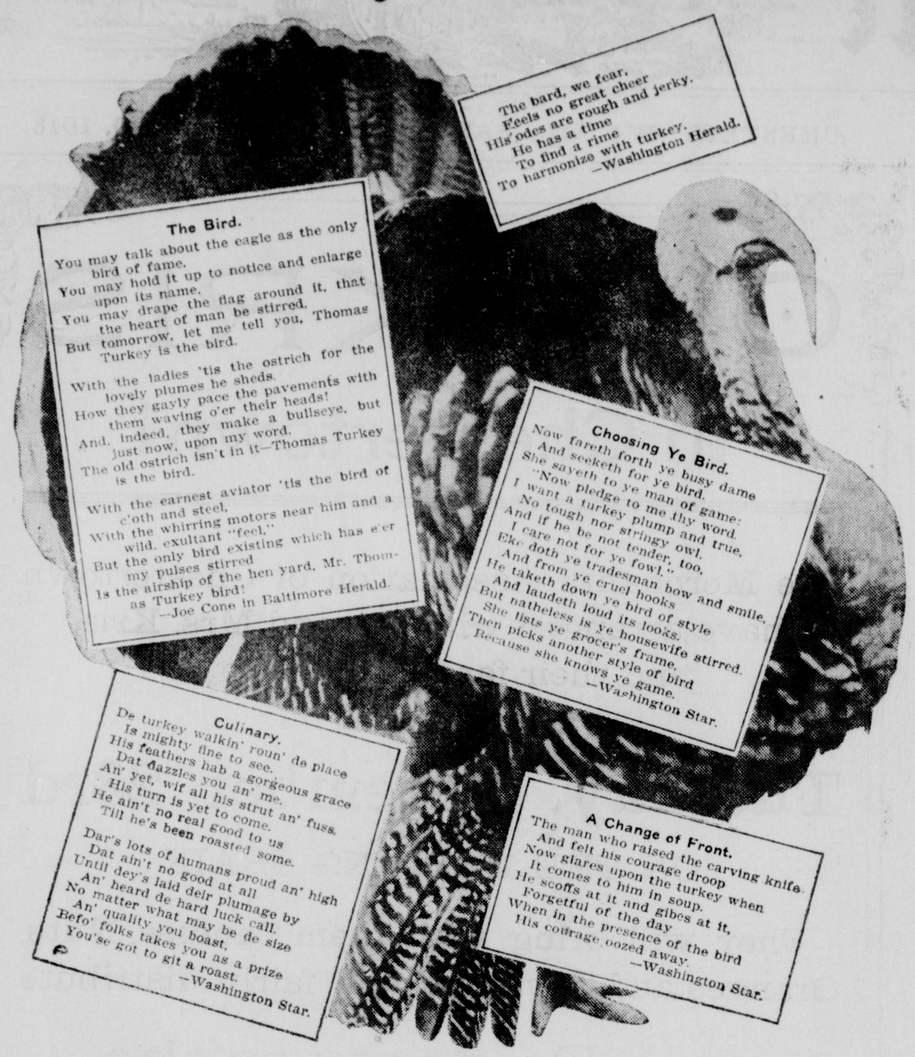
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The Turkey and the Poets



Mrs. Midgeley's Dinner

It Taught Her a Lesson

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Henrietta Midgeley raised her gold lorgnon and peered nearsightedly at the new butler, who lurked in the shadows of the doorway. "What is your name?" she asked sharply.

"'Awkins, ma'am," he replied in a hoarse, unpleasant voice.

"'Awkins—Hawkins; oh, yes," returned Mrs. Midgeley, somewhat startled. "You're English, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am, begging your pardon."

"I haven't time to examine your references now, but Major Puddiford Smith said you had—er—buttled for him and that you were all right, so I'll take his word for it. The other man—his name was Hawkins, too—he picked up and left without a word two hours ago because I objected to his spending so much time in the wine cellar."

Mrs. Midgeley thumped heavily from the room, trailing yards of pink silk and lace negligee in her wake.

Four hours later Mrs. Midgeley sat in the splendid drawing room striving heroically not to glance once more at



"HIT'S A BALLY SHAME, 'ENRIETTA," BLURTED THE BUTLER.

the golden clock on the mantelpiece. It was half past 9, and as yet not one of her invited guests had arrived.

She had inspected the brilliantly arrayed table with its cut glass and gold and silver and its priceless floral decorations, and she had warmly commended the diffident Hawkins and then had swept her lavender velvet diamonds and orchids into the drawing room, where she waited with growing uneasiness for the first arrival.

Instinctively she had felt the tentative approaches of Hawkins and knew that he was watching her with anxious eyes from some point of vantage. She knew that he must be the bearer of various fiery bulletins from the frantic Pierre in the kitchens below, which of course he dared not deliver. In spite of this soul torturing suspense she must sit perfectly still and pretend to be bored by the delay, and yet she shuddered and wished it were possible for a millionairess to stamp her feet and weep noisily. It would be a great relief!

Poor Midgeley, her husband, had never objected to that sort of thing in the old days when they had lived in a suburb of London and she, his American wife, had kept lodgers, while Midgeley himself had been underfoot man in the house of a duke. Those happy days were in the past—before her uncle in the United States had suddenly died and left her half a dozen gold mines and she had become a great heiress.

Henrietta Midgeley's favorite recreation for years had been novel reading of the paper covered, penny dreadful variety. Therefore, when, like one of the heroines in her favorite novel, she came into her own dowry of wealth there was only one thought in her mind and that was to break into society—not British society, where Midgeley's record as a faithful servant would be a barrier to any attempt at equality with his betters, but that cosmopolitan western half of the United States where every city has its own Society spelled with a capital "S." Henry Midgeley had objected to bombarding society and after a quarrel with his wife had been duly pensioned off.

She had picked out Croesus City because one of her Uncle Frank's gold mines was situated on its outskirts and because she would be the richest woman there. Henrietta made one fatal mistake in selecting Croesus City as the place for her premiere—she did not realize that in this mining city gold was such a common article that there was only one thing that counted there and that was blood. Anybody having the remotest connection with New England or the southern states paraded the fact and was feted accordingly.

Major Puddiford Smith had been the late uncle's lawyer and confidential man of business, and he assured the rich client of Mrs. Puddiford Smith's friendship.

Now, Mrs. Puddiford Smith had been a Puddiford of Connecticut, and she had combined her blooded name with her husband's plebeian though richly endowed appellation and consequently stood proudly on the top rung of the Croesus City social ladder.

A week ago she had given a dinner for Henrietta and invited all the best people in the city, and poor Henrietta had displayed all her ignorance and commonplaceness to the Crumley-Bannertons, the Leachers and the Bonways. They had smiled and talked to her, and Mrs. Midgeley had fluttered and gone away triumphant. A day or two later she committed the fault of sending out dinner invitations to all these people who had never called upon her.

If Mrs. Puddiford Smith had not been suddenly recalled to the Nutmeg State to attend the funeral of a penniless but blooded second cousin she would have discovered Henrietta's mistake and smoothed it over in her inimitable way. But she had departed the very day following her own dinner party.

Ten o'clock chimed out from the gilt clock, and Mrs. Midgeley's face grew pale. She glanced at the velvet portiere and perceived an eye peering at her. It vanished instantly, but she knew that the new butler was cognizant of the social snub she had received. The maids knew, too, and tomorrow all Croesus City would laugh at her.

Somehow Henrietta did not care, but sat drearily staring at her diamond bedecked reflection in the mirror. After awhile she arose and went into the dining room. Hawkins was busying himself near the sideboard.

"My guests did not come, Hawkins," said Henrietta in a quavering tone as she seated herself at the flower decked table. "You can clear away the other plates and bring my dinner."

Hawkins turned the light to a subdued glow, as befitted a dismal situation, and went ponderously to and fro removing the gold and silver and crystal collected at each place and making a neat pile of the hand painted favors Henrietta had taken pride in ordering for the occasion.

Henrietta Midgeley, who was sociable by disposition, found herself interested in the butler's quiet movements as he cleared away the evidences of the uninvited guests.

As he removed her soup plate she spoke to him, more from loneliness than any other motive.

"You are English, aren't you, Hawkins?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am, begging your pardon, ma'am," replied Hawkins, disappearing in the pantry.

"Are you married?" pursued Henrietta when he returned with a pair of silver dishes.

"Yes, ma'am." Hawkins' face grew pale as he dodged behind Henrietta's chair.

"Does your wife live here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I wonder if she wouldn't like a place in my house. I'm thinking of discharging that French cook. I'm sure he swore at me this morning, but I can't prove it, for I don't understand French. But he looked as if he was swearing."

"You tell me if you 'ear 'im swearin' at you, ma'am, and I'll knock 'is bloomin' 'ead off!" ejaculated Hawkins fiercely, for the moment forgetting the dignity of his office.

"Why, Hawkins, you certainly are loyal. Now, if your wife is a good cook she can have Pierre's place to morrow."

"My wife is a good cook, ma'am, thanking you, but she's money in 'er hown right and hemploys 'er own cook," returned Hawkins, with dignity.

"Goodness! And she lets you work for a living?" Henrietta was deeply interested and had forgotten her own mortification.

"She 'as pervided for me most liberal, ma'am, but she won't live with me and therefore I won't touch 'er money." Hawkins spoke with bitter pride.

"She won't live with you?" repeated Henrietta, startled. "Is she—is she ashamed of you?" She blushed as she thought of her own husband, whom she had left in London, rich, but avowedly miserable at parting from his ambitious spouse.

"She said as 'ow I 'ad not the makin's of a society gent in me, and it was so, ma'am. But she broke my 'eart."

"Just as I suppose I broke poor Midgeley's," quavered Henrietta, bursting into tears. "I left him all alone in London to go into society, and now I hate it all. Look at the way they have treated me." She forgot herself and lifted her voice above its usual low pitch. She hid her face in her jeweled hands, looking ridiculously fat and pudgy by contrast with her splendid surroundings.

"Hit's a bally shame, 'Enrietta," blurted the butler as he folded his arms and stared defiantly at his mistress.

Mrs. Midgeley screamed and arose to her feet. "Whatever do you mean? Why"—she hurried toward him and peered into his round, flushed face with its respectable yellow side whiskers and shaven upper lip—"why—why it's Henry Midgeley! Oh, Henry, Henry; I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! Let us go back to London and be happy." She fell into his outstretched arms and wept noisily, as she had yearned to do.

After awhile there shot into the room a wrathful Pierre, who flung his white cap and apron on the floor and danced upon them and howled about a spoiled dinner and a ruined reputation and demanded his wages.

It was Midgeley, the erstwhile Hawkins, who paid him his wages and bade him begone, and as the Frenchman witnessed the butler's arm steal around the lavender velvet waist of his mistress the chef's contempt got the better of him. "Canaille!" he hissed disgustedly as he fled, but the reunited husband and wife were too happy to care.

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Wigwag—My wife is a suffragette. She is going on the lecture platform.
Henpeckke—Huh! My wife doesn't need any platform.—Philadelphia Record.

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