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"BIG TIM" FOUND DEAD IN MORGUE

CONGRESSMAN SULLIVAN, NEW
YORK, KILLED BY
TRAIN.

TAMMANY'S GREATEST POLITI-
CIAN GONE.

Picturesque Figure Rose From News-
boy to Great Power—Mind Gone
He Escapes From Nurses
and Loses Life.

New York—"Big Tim" Sullivan, the
New York politician who rose from
newsboy to congressman, is dead.

His mangled body was identified by
his step-brother, Larry Mulligan, af-
ter it had lain for 13 days in a local
morgue.

Sullivan, who was ill, eluded his
nurses August 31, and a few hours af-
ter was struck and killed by a train
at Pellam parkway.

"Dry Dolley," "The Big Feller,"
"Big Tim" was a sadly shrunken fig-
ure physically, financially and poten-
tially compared with what he was a
few years ago. When he was in no-
bust health he was a fine-looking, up-
standing man of some 210 pounds
weight, illness robbed him of form and re-
duced to its youthful slenderness.
He weighed scarce 140 pounds at the
time of his death. He was only 50,
and never touched liquor or tobacco,
but an attack of diabetes and an en-
croaching burden of worry and care
dragged him down.

Big Tim, the idol of the Bowery,
has been one of the most picturesque
figures in American politics. He loomed
large in the dusky background of
the city's life, the strongest political
figure in Tammany Hall. His name was
known to many thousands. He had the largest
personal following any man in New
York politics ever could command. No
man ever has been more generous to
the legion of the hopeless, the army
of the down and out. Twice or three
a year he fed 8,000 or 10,000 homeless
men, and once or twice a year he em-
ployed shoes to equal number of waste
men of the Bowery. He made mil-
lions of dollars, and no one accused
him of being anything but a man.

Congressman Sullivan died weak-
ened in the spring of 1912. He had
suffered from diabetes, but a year and
a half ago symptoms of paresis de-
veloped. Last January he became the
victim of hallucinations. His friends took
him abroad hoping that rest and quiet
in England would restore him. Sul-
livan yearned for New York and finally,
July 16 last, he was brought back
only a shadow of himself.

He had few close relations. Larry
Mulligan, a half brother, and Pat-
rick H. Sullivan, a brother. Mrs. Eu-
gene Hickey, a half sister, and her
nephews and two nieces, the children
of Mrs. Michael C. Summers, who
died several years ago survive him.

Historic Cave Used By Thieves.
Hannibal, Mo.—"Mark Twain's"
cave, south of Hannibal, where Tom
Sawyer and his companions had their
rendezvous, was the scene of the find-
ing of \$1,000 worth of plunder, which
five Hannibal boys confessed they had
stolen. The boys told the police that
they had stolen the money from a
renter's house, across the river from here, they
hid their loot in the woods and at night
conveyed it across the river in a skiff.
Seven thousand cigarettes were
found in the cave made famous by
Mark Twain.

Plans for Army Aviation.
Washington—Plans tentatively
adopted for an army aviation center
at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, which
include buildings costing about \$150,
000, are being considered by the chief
of the quartermaster corps of the
army, Major Gen. Albrecht. It also
has been proposed to buy at least two
non-rigid dirigibles, which probably
would have to be purchased at a cost
of \$125,000 each, as no attempt
yet has been made to manufacture the
larger types in this country.

Michigan Military Man Resigns.
Washington—Col. Cornelius Gar-
dner of the United States army has re-
tired and will spend the remainder of
his days on his farm in Oregon. Col.
Gardner, a long time was one of the
best known men in Michigan. He was
one of the staunch supporters of
Hazen S. Pingree and had charge of
the Pingree potato patches in Detroit
while Pingree was mayor. Col. Gar-
dner was born in the Netherlands. His
father, a clergyman, left that country
to avoid religious persecution against
the non-conformists and coming to the
United States, settled in Kalamazoo,
Mich.

John Asman and Alexander Moore
of Port Huron, who recently purchased
a stretch of beach property north of
Edison beach, announce that they will
erect a 100-room hotel for the season
of 1913.

State board of education an-
nounces the appointment of Norman
Cameron, of Chester, Pa., as head of
the department of education of the
Western Michigan normal school in
this city. Mr. Cameron succeeded Dr.
B. W. Hockenberry, who died last
year.

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton, Gregory's
house in Littleburg, but finds him absent.
She searches for him at a hotel, finding
him there. About Assistant Superintendent
of Schools, Gregory, a wealthy man,
deeply interested in charity work, and a
pillar of the church. Gregory's wife
tells him of her, but he is not interested.
From tells Gregory she wants a home
with him. Gregory's wife, a wealthy
woman, takes a violent dislike to Fran
and orders her to leave. Gregory's wife
tells him of her, but he is not interested.
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with him. Gregory's wife, a wealthy
woman, takes a violent dislike to Fran
and orders her to leave. Gregory's wife
tells him of her, but he is not interested.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.
"We'd better separate," Gregory
hearsly whispered. "We'll meet at
the station."
"No," he answered, "what would
be the use of that? You'll be here
tomorrow. No," said Grace, over-
ruling a slight indecision, "the important
thing is not to be stopped, wherever
you go. Come this way."
"But there's no chance out of that
way," Gregory returned, with the ob-
stinacy of the donkey. "And if he does
come, it won't do to seem to be
trying to hide."
"But we are hiding," Grace said de-
fiantly. "Possibly we can keep moving
about and he will go away. He's
not here yet. Why should we hide, anyhow?"
demanded Gregory, with sudden show
of spirit.
"That, she made no reply. If he
didn't know, why was the use to tell
him?"

Gregory moved on, but glanced back
over his shoulder. "Now, he's getting
back," he said in agitation. "He's
making his way toward us. He's
right, let him come!"
"In here—quick!" cried Grace, drag-
ing him to one side. "Quick!"
A voice stopped them with, "Your
tickets, please."
"Oh, no," wailed Gregory, "not into
a show, Grace. We can't go into a
show. It's impossible."
She spoke rapidly: "We must. We'll
be safe in there, because no one would
ever suppose we'd go into such a
place."

"But Grace," said Gregory firmly,
"I cannot—I will not go into a show."
The voice addressed him again:
"It's first-class in every particular.
Lady. There is nothing here to bring
the blush of shame to the cheek of the
most fastidious. See those three man-
naging ladies that have been captured
in the remotest jungles of Africa—"

Gregory looked back.
Robert Clinton was drawing nearer.
As yet he had not discovered them,
but his eyes, grown fiercer and more
impatient, were never at rest.

With a groan, Gregory thrust some
money into the showman's hand, and
he and Grace, mingled with the noisy
night-creeps, flocking under the black
tent.

Window, where sometimes I imagine I
hear a faint, far-away sound. I judge
it's from some carnival band. Take
this chair and listen attentively;
your ears are younger—now!"
Abbott did not get all of this be-
cause of the Gargantuan roar that
swept through the window, but he
gravely tilted his head, then took the
proffered ear-trumpet: "You are
right," he said, "I hear something!"
"It's the street fair," she announced
triumphantly. "But sometimes it's
louder. How fine you look, Abbott! Just
as if your conscience doesn't
churn you for disappearing without
leaving a clue to the mystery. You
needn't be looking around, sir—Fran
isn't here."

"I wonder where she is?" Abbott
smiled. "I'm directly impatient to
tell her the good news. Mrs. Jeffers-
on, I'm to teach in a college—it's a
much bigger thing than the position I
lost here. And I have a chance to
work out some ideas yet. I know Fran
will like. I used to think that every-
thing ought to be left precisely as it
is, because it's been that way so long.
—I mean the church, and schools, and
—and society. But I've made up
my mind that nothing is right, unless
it works right."

Mrs. Jefferson listened in desperate
anxiety. "A watch," she blurted out.
"Exactly," he responded hastily. "If
a watch doesn't run, what's the use of
its being pretty? And if churches de-
velop a kind of tongue instead of char-
acter, what's the value of their pray-
ers and songs? And I've concluded
that if schools don't teach us how to
live, they have the wrong kind of
curriculum and wheels. Where is Fran,
Jefferson?"

"Still," she temporized, "we can't
get along without watches, Abbott."
"No, nor schools, nor churches. But
they must have good works. Is Fran
here?"
The other bent toward him stealthily.
"Ask where Mrs. Gregory is," she
said, wonderfully significant.
"Well,"
Abbott listened. She's gone a-vis-
iting!"

"Visiting?" Abbott was surprised.
"Yes, visiting, she that hasn't been
off this place to visit a soul for ages!
I tell you, boy, times have changed
here. Maybe you think nobody'd be
left at home to visit; but Fran has
found that there is a woman in town
that she used to know, and the woman
has a mighty sick child, and Lucy
has gone to sit by it, so the mother
can't rest. Think of that, Abbott! Have
you heard that we've lost a secretary
at this place? I mean the future Mrs.
Bob. Yes, she's gone. But as soon
have thought of the courtesans being
plucked up and set in the park?"

Mrs. Jefferson drew back and said
succinctly: "Fran did it!"
Her cap quivered as she leaned for-
ward again. "Get her to tell you all
about it. We don't hear to tell you
all about it. We don't hear to tell you
all about it."

CHAPTER XXII.
The Street Fair.
Littleburg was trembling under the
heavy din of a carnival too big for it.
When Abbott Ashton, after his weeks
of absence returned to find himself at
Hamilton Gregory's house. He discov-
ered old Mrs. Jefferson in the front
room—this July night—because old
lady is on no friendly terms with fall-
ing dew; but every window was open.
"Come in," she cried, delighted at
sight of his handsome, smiling face.
He had been smiling most of the time
during his drive from Simlinton with
Robert Clinton. "Hare I sit by the

Fran gave up flight, and stopped to
look at him. A smile slipped from the
corner of one eye, to get caught at the
corner of her demure mouth. "When
you disappeared, you left me yourself.
A friend always does. I've had you all
the time."

Abbott glowed. "Still, it isn't ex-
actly the same as if I had been able to
touch your hand. Suppose we shake
hands, little friend; what do you say?"
"I don't say anything," Fran retort-
ed. "I just shake."
Her handclasp was so hearty that
he was slightly disconcerted. Was her
friendship so great that it left no room
in her heart for something greater?
"I want to talk to you, Fran, talk
and talk, just about all the long
night through! Come, let me take
you back home!"

"Home? No! Ridiculous! But I'll
tell you the best place that ever was.
The best of talking to you and I
want to do each other. Abbott, I
won't matter to you—it'll wait—at what
place I say to meet me, at about half-
past nine!"
"Half-past nine? It's not eight o'clock,"
Abbott remonstrated, glancing toward
the courthouse clock to find it stopped,
and then consulting his watch. "Do
you think I am going to wait till—"
"Till half-past nine," said Fran, non-
chalantly. "Very well, then."
"But what will we do in the mean-
time, if we're not to talk till—"
"We'll," she mumbled him. "Listen.
Abbott, don't look so sick. I've a
friend in town with a sick daughter,
and she's a real friend so I must go
to help her, a while."
He was both mystified and disap-
pointed. "I didn't know you had any
such friends in Littleburg," he remon-
strated, remembering how unkind
tongues had set the village against her.

Fran threw back her head, and her
gesture was full of pride and confi-
dence. "Oh," she cried, "the town is
full of my friends."
He could only stare at her in dumb
amazement.
"All right, then," she said with the
greatest cheerfulness. "At half-past
nine. You understand the date—nine-
ty. Of course you wouldn't have me
desert a friend in trouble. Where
shall we meet, Abbott—at nine-thirty?
Shall we say, at the Snake-Eater's?"

"Go, Fran," he exclaimed, "I'll wait
for you as long as I must, even if it's
the eternity of nine-thirty; and I'd go
anywhere in the world to meet you,
even to the den of the Snake-Eater."
"That's the way for a friend to
talk!" she declared, suddenly radiant
as the stars in the coolness of the night.
"A full Franston, now, instead of the
feeling oppressed!"
She gave a long, low, open-mouthed
laugh, she darted forward.

Abbott called—"But I can't promise
to talk to you as a friend, when we
meet—I mean, just as a friend."
Fran looked back at him, still daz-
zling. "I only ask you to treat me as
well," she said with assumed humility.
"As we're told we ought to treat our
—enemies!"

"Was she killed?" Abbott asked,
concealing his astonishment over Si-
mon's evident acquaintance with the
black tent before which they had
passed.

"Well," Simon reluctantly conceded,
"no, no, she wasn't to say killed, but
dreadfully bruised up, Abbott, very
painful. I saw it all; this carnival has
put new life into me! Get your
ticket in a jiffy, or all the seats'll be
taken. You can't stand there like that—
give me your quarter, I know how
to jump in and get first place. That
ticket agent knows me; I've been in
five times."

From a high platform before the
black tent, a voice came through a
megaphone: "The Big Show. The
Big Show. See those enormous
riding in baby carriages while La Gon-
zalez makes other lions dance the
fandango to her violin. See those—"
"Here, Abbott, follow!" called the
breathless Simon Jefferson. "Of course
we'll see what's there—no use listen-
ing to him, like an introduction in a
novel of Scott's telling it all first. You
follow me!"

Abbott laughed aloud at Simon's
ability as they pushed their way under
the tent.
"Uh-huh, now see that!" groaned
Simon reproachfully, as he looked
about. "Every seat taken. I tell you,
you've got to let your feet to get into
this show. Well, hang on to the rope
—don't let anybody gouge you out of
standing room!"

At least two-thirds of the space un-
der the tent was taken up by tiers of
seats formed of thin, and apparently
fragile, blue planks, springy to the
foot and deafening to the ear. The
hardened ground to fringed tent-cel-
ling, these overlapping rows of narrow
boards were brimming with men, women
and children who, tensacious of
their hinges, seemed each to con-
tain in his pockets the feet of him who
sat immediately behind.

The seats faced an immense cage
which rose almost to the top. As yet,
it was empty, but smaller adjoining
cages promised an animated arena
when the signal should be given.
Gregory and Grace Nor had sought
refuge on the highest seat, where they
might overlook the crowd; here, with
heads bent forward as if to avoid the
canvases, they hoped to escape observa-
tion. Thanks to the influx of country
folk, Littleburg citizens were rarely
to be seen at such shows until a later
and more fashionable hour. Gregory
was relieved to find his foremost plank
filled with strangers.

"All goes well," he said, pressing
Grace's hand. "Nobody will find out
that we have been here in."

"Watch for Mr. Clinton," Grace
counseled cautiously. "If he comes
in, stop your lover."
"They're all strangers, Grace. Provi-
dence is with us—there's Simon Jeffers-
on!" He was too amazed to think of
concealment.

"Hush! Yes—and Abbott Ashton,"
Gregory pulled his hat over his
eyes.
Into the tent streamed a fresh body
of sight-seers, Simon, swinging to the

stands in front of the tree and gives
long moan, while the bands familiar to
the street at Sandy Hook. Then he
points to a particular bunch with his
tail.

"The scent of the hound is unerring.
It has never been wrong to me."
"And you never heard of them?"
No Joy Visit.

A Glasgow Journalist who was care-
less of his personal appearance was
assigned to write something about a
show at a leading Glasgow theater.
He presented his card at a box-office.

The manager came out and looked
at the disheveled visitor dubiously.
"Did you come here to write some-
thing about the play—to work?" he
asked.
"Do you think I'd come to your
theater for amusement?" asked the
journalist as he stalked out—Saturday
Evening Post.

Paris Dress Expert.
In Paris the authors have a woman
who gets their right as to the dress of
the women they write about. She
tells them whether they have used the
right words to describe the dress and
whether the colors that are fashion-
able are named. The woman who does
this is always anonymous, and no one
has heard of her, and the author is aware
of her existence.

TRULY A VALUABLE HOUND

Visitor from Costa Rica Tells Story
Which Some People Might Find
It Hard to Believe.

At last the existence of the banana
hound has been shown to be a fact.
A man who just arrived in this
country from Port Limon, Costa Rica,
not only knows all about the banana
hound, but has a drove of them him-
self. The gentleman is Henselbach
Spottswald, and for many years the
owner of a banana plantation in Costa
Rica.

At the banana hound a new discov-
ery up here," he asked in surprise.
"My word, how singular! Why, we al-
ways have them. They are a very es-
sential adjunct to a banana plan-
tation; indispensable almost. I should
say. What is the breed? They are a
cross between a pointer and a South
American lapdog."

"It's a very necessary thing to know
when to place the bananas from the
trees, you know. When they have at-
tained a certain shade of green, then
is the time. Now it's very difficult to
have a man so thoroughly up in color
that he can determine this matter.
That is where the banana hound
comes in. He trots the groves with
a man behind him, and spots the
bananas which should be picked. He

stands in front of the tree and gives
long moan, while the bands familiar to
the street at Sandy Hook. Then he
points to a particular bunch with his
tail.

"The scent of the hound is unerring.
It has never been wrong to me."
"And you never heard of them?"
No Joy Visit.