

THE GIBBLS

OF FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
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"Here, I say! Shut off that light!" I remonstrated, half blinded.

I heard a swift rust across the rug, and the next thing I knew I was roughly jerked from one my chair, strong fingers clutched my throat, and I found myself glaring into a frightened face.

"Jen-Jenkins!" I tried to gasp, but only a gurgle came.

I was so taken unawares, I knew it must be some madman, or a thief. Perhaps another minute, and I would wake up, but he gripped me tighter and shook me like a rag.

"How did you get in here?" he hissed.

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"And then, of course, I knew that he was crazy. Whether he was crazy in a dream or crazy with me awake, I couldn't guess. It made very little difference, anyhow, for I knew that in another minute I should be either dead or dead, and I didn't see how I could see any odds worth losing in either, you know.

But I don't belong to the athletic club for nothing, and have managed to pick up a few tricks, you know. So with the decision to chuck the dream theory, I shot my leg forward, and at the same time, that made Jenkins loosen his clutch and stagger backward.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, addressing him.

"Are you trying to murder me?" But I was so hoarse, the only word that came out plainly was "murder."

Jenkins uttered a howl. "Help, Mr. Lightbulb! Murder!"

"You fool!" I cried, exasperated.

"Come here!"

He was coming. He seized a light chair and swung it behind his head. Then he rushed me with a shout.

"Oh, Mr. Lightbulb!"

"What are you doing?" I asked, my head aching.

"As he swung the chair, I ducked low, and man and chair went crashing to the floor. But he was up again in a jiffy and at me.

"Mr. Lightbulb, sir, why don't you help me?"

"Help you? You jolly kid!" I muttered indignantly.

"I've tried to kill you!" he roared.

"I've tried to kill you?"

With a yell, he made a kangaroo jump and skinned me again.

"Jenkins uttered a howl. 'Help, Mr. Lightbulb! Murder!' he panted as I dodged again. 'Help me—wake up, sir!'

"Wake up! Wake up, indeed, when it occurred to me to make an effort to see if poor Jenkins seemed more rational now or had gone to sleep."

I tapped upon the door. "Are you asleep?" I asked softly.

A howl of positive terror came back.

"I'm a-keeping quiet," he cried, "but don't let me hear your voice again, or I'll jump right out of the window."

I shook my head, and slipped quietly into my room, where I slipped hurriedly out of the pajamas and into some clothes; then back I went to the telephone. It was on my little writing-table close to the door connecting Jenkins.

I lifted the receiver with a sigh.

"Hello, central," I began, responding to the operator. "I say, will you give me information?"

A loud shout suddenly sounded from behind the closed door, and there came a frantic double pounding of fists.

"Mr. Lightbulb—Mr. Lightbulb!" screamed Jenkins. "Oh, Mr. Lightbulb!"



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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation, indigestion, flatulence, biliousness, etc.

Some men haven't sense enough to stop borrowing when they strike oil.

Breaking Up.

"The rain was coming down in sheets."

"I noticed it was in the bed of the streets."

Richard Lightbulb, an American with an affected English accent, had just returned from a friend in China. The previous evening he had been reading a letter full of surprises to the warden.

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

And he did, and seemed to hit the thing squarely.

I knelt on the chair and craned over, while Jenkins still held the stick tightly at the point where the thing had struck.

"Get him?" I queried. "Where is it?"

"That's it, sir," said Jenkins in an odd voice. "It ain't here."

"Why, dash it, I saw you strike the beast, right where you're holding that club."

"Mr. Lightbulb, sir—Jenkins spoke a little huskily and glanced around at me queerly—"will you look under the end of this stick and see if you see what I see?"

I climbed down and examined cautiously.

"By Jove, it's the little spider!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly, sir; what's left," Jenkins took a deep breath.

"Thank you, sir—it's a great relief," he sighed.

"Eh?"

"I mean, sir, I'm glad I ain't the only one who thought he saw that other. It's some comfort."

Jenkins spoke gloomily.

"Thought you saw?" I repeated.

But Jenkins only shook his head as he gathered up the remains of the spider and consigned them to a cuspidor.

"You mean—what the devil do you mean?" I asked sharply.

"Jenkins straightened up with respectful solemnity.

"Mr. Lightbulb, sir," he began gravely, "there's a party lectures on the street corner every night at nine on the fearful consequences of the drink habit, and parades round, and pledges to abstain, and if you will accept it, sir—meaning no offense—I would be proud to get you one, too."

I stared at him aghast.

"Oh, I say, now," I murmured faintly, "you don't think it was that, do you?"

Jenkins' face was eloquent enough.

"I'm through, sir," he said sadly.

"When it comes to seeing things like that," he lifted his eyes, "No more for me, sir; my belief is, it's a warning—yes, sir, that's what, a warning—"

Addressed into a chair.

"By Jove, Jenkins!" I said, trying to get a feeble smile. "I never felt so fit for a corning still highball in my life—never!"

I took a screw on my glass and studied him curiously.

And I say, you know—better take one yourself," I added.

thing like a sob. Then I caught my name.

"Poor Mr. Lightbulb," came chokingly: "the kindest, gentlest master!"

And then, under his insane delusion, the poor beggar was grieving for me: not thinking of himself at all, you know. I felt my eyes grow a moist, somehow, and all at once my heart went heavy. Thought how long poor old Jenkins had been with me—five years was out of college, you know—five years—and remembered how devotedly faithful and attached he had always been. Poor old Jenks! It was awful his going off this way! I recalled how he had taken to seeing things, earlier in the evening, and had made me see them, too, dash it! One thing I determined, whatever had to be done with him, he should have the finest of attention.

I knew that I ought to telephone to somebody or something, but dashed if I had any idea who or where. Oddly enough, not a soul seemed to have been roused by the pistol shot, but I saw by the little clock that it was close to three—the hour in a bachelor apartment house when everybody is asleep, if they're going to sleep at all.

I decided that the best thing to do first was to get into some clothes. And with this thought I was turning away, when it occurred to me to make an effort to see if poor Jenkins seemed more rational now or had gone to sleep.

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"Mr. Lightbulb—Mr. Lightbulb!" screamed Jenkins. "Oh, Mr. Lightbulb!"

Jenkins declared for the Water Wagon.

"But this savage-looking Chinaman that you saw, Jenkins—how was he dressed?" I adopted a careless tone of inquiry.

It was high noon, and I was toying with an after-luncheon, or rather after-breakfast, cigar.

Jenkins' head shook doubtfully. "I just remember something blackish, sir, sir, I didn't have time to notice anything like clothes!"

His tone conveyed aggrieved protest. He went on:

"Just as I'm telling you, sir, I saw some one sitting there by the window and walked toward him, thinking it was you. Then, all of a sudden, I see this awful face appearing at me there in the moonlight."

"And he was smoking, you say?" Jenkins sniffed indignantly. "Free

Two of the prettiest of many wide-brimmed hats are pictured here. One is a pressed shape of Bemp faced with a changeable silk and bound with velvet. The crown is finished with a fold of velvet at the base. Two long, uncurled single catches repeat the two colors which are blended in the silk. It is the management of color that gives character and beauty to this simple and graceful shape. The shape of deep lavender hamp is of the right shade to harmonize with the facing of silk which is gray, blue and rose woven together. The feathers in blue and rose-gray combinations seem to have been made expressly for this particular hat. The narrow binding of velvet is in deep lavender.

Another hat made of a vari-colored

brad (known as sacre) shows the top crown covered with velvet in green (the prevailing tone in the brad) and a piping at the brim-edge of the same velvet. This is a simple model with much style. There is a graceful variation in the width of the brim and a clever tilt, these with the slight drop convert the shape into a background for the face. The crown is low and rather small. It is a shape which can be worn by almost any one.

Clusters of small compact roses with green and bronze foliage and small buds are mounted flat to the brim at each side. This is one of several trims which look well with this hat. It will go far before finding a hat so simple and so good.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CHAPTER III.

I Don the Pajamas.

"By Jove, Jenkins, they fit like a dream!"

I twisted before the glass and surveyed the pajamas with much satisfaction. They looked jolly right from every point. Moreover, with all their easy looseness, there was not much too much. They had a comfortable, personal feel.

Lucky thing they weren't made originally for some whale room, as Billings—oh, Jenkins! I commented nastily.

"Behind his hand Jenkins as indicated what is vulgarly known as a snicker."

"Mr. Billings, sir, he couldn't get one shoulder in 'em, much less a—"

"He's a cheek," he chuckled. "They'd be in ribbons, sir!"

I yawned sleepily, and Jenkins instantly sobered to attention. He held his finger over his right eye as if punched a pillow and rolled over on the mattress.

"All right," I said, "push the jolly thing out." And with a click darkness fell about me.

"Good night, sir," came Jenkins' voice softly.

"Night," I murmured faintly, and I was off.

Sometime, hours later, I awoke, and found my device resting for me on the table, and pulling a flame cigarette, leaned back, feeling jolly comfy. For the breeze was rippling and delicious, and the delicate silk of the pajamas kept in little whistles all the way from my heels to my neck.

I was just about dropping off, when I heard some one hurrying from the private hall leading from the bath. Jenkins himself popped into the room.

"Did you see, sir?" he inquired, and advanced quickly.

And then, before I could think about it to reply, he halted suddenly, almost, plucking forward. Then, with a kind of wheezy howl, he sprang to the wall. Next instant, I was blinking under the dazzling electric light.

MORNING ROBES ARE DAINTY

Elaborate Ornamentation Allowed on Costumes to Be Worn at Breakfast.

Breakfast robes are being made in most ornate style with flouncings and ruchings of lace, and with satin rosebuds. The dresses are completed by shoes to match and dainty little caps of lace adorned with flowers.

A charming variation of the breakfast toilet was to be seen recently in one of the shops. The foundation of the dress was white satin, veiled with pink tulle and finished with white lace. A series of flowers caught up the lace flouncings, and the cap which went with it had a fringe of lace framing the face prettily with clusters of flowers at the sides.

Some of the simple house frocks are filled in at the throat with folds of tulle in V shape, while others are made with high transparent collars of the tulle, edged along the top with a narrow band of satin. Satin, after tulle, is the principal material for the house frock this season and there are charming little dresses in crepes of silky weave, trimmed with lace and satin folds.

In length the skirt of the house frock touches the ground all the way around and the sleeves are long to the wrists.

LINGERIE EFFECT

White Lingerie frock with tulle and bands on bottom of tulle tie flaps, edged with white ball trimmings. Hat of white tulle with white roses.

Lace-Edged Dollies.

In making a set of round dollies for Christmas gifts one woman made the discovery that by stitching narrow bands in the edges with a rather long machine stitch she could very easily crochet linen thread lace on the edges, catching a loop of the linen thread in each machine stitch.

A simple wreath of scattered daisies and leaves was embroidered on each linen circle, then a two-inch edge of lace, resembling tulle, was crocheted about the edge of each. The effect is wonderfully good. The work is easily done, making a charming set for gifts.

He Sprang to the Wall.

but, your back—this you're alive—I can hear your voice! This is Jenkins, Mr. Lightbulb; yes, sir, Jenkins. They've got me locked in!"

I clapped the receiver on the hook and sprang to the door, unlocking it. Jenkins almost tumbled into my arms. By Jove, for a second I hung in the



Calling Coats.

Brocade coats are worn with cloth, silk and satin gowns for tea and calling. A favorite model for these coats is a short cutaway with a rolling collar and long sleeves. The coats are now being finished with fur collars and some of them have waistcoats also of the fur, says the New York Herald. Later handsome lace will be used instead of the fur.

Baltimore Suit.

An unusual, but extremely smart color combination was seen on a Baltimore girl the other day, says the Sun of that city. Her suit was a severe model of ink-blue velvet and severe being finished with fur collar and some of them have waistcoats also of the fur, says the New York Herald. Later handsome lace will be used instead of the fur.

Double Reports in Firing

Curious Effect Produced by Use of Maxim Silencer During Target Practice.

Taking as his text the double report noted during the firing on the recent North Carolina during the battle of the target practice, Hiram Percy Maxim writes: "Our experiments with the Maxim silencer have developed many other interesting cases. For example: If a rifle equipped with a silencer is fired from a road track having telegraph poles along the side there is a distinct double report on each telegraph pole. If the rifle is fired from an open field with a tree or a clump of bushes at say, 200 yards, there is heard a 'crack' from the clump of trees or, if several detached clumps of trees or bushes over the open field, there will be heard a 'crack' for each of them. If, instead of firing parallel with the ground, the gun is elevated and fired straight up in the air, we hear no

noise at all, except the fall of the hammer and the puff of the gases escaping from the silencer.

"The reason for this is probably as follows: In the ordinary gun the report noise is so loud that it engulfs all other sounds, and we are conscious of nothing but report noise itself. It is not until this report noise is annulled that we can hear the 'bullet' flight noise. This latter noise, being made up in the air beyond the gun, can reach back to the shooter only by reflection.

"If there is one object, we get one reflection and one noise. If there are many separate objects, we get many separate reflections and separate noises. If there are no reflecting objects, such as when shooting straight up into the air, then we get no reflected noise."

Franchise in Switzerland.

Twelve years is the voting age in Switzerland.

Combinations in Shoppers.

White canvas or glass kid uppers are familiar on patent leathers by this time, but some of the new combinations are not. For instance, tan uppers on black, black uppers on tan, white buckskin on fabric. Some of the low shoes, or the shoe part on boots with kid uppers, are of tan or black velvet or suede, stitched over with narrow silk ribbon in a diagonal effect.

Trimmed With Angora Wool.

A wool trimming seen on a small rose taffeta hat, two square double crown, is a soft roll of white angora wool braided with rose colored straw, the mingling of the fuzz of the wool and the hard, shiny surface of the straw produces an effect so mystifying that one is surprised to find on investigation by what simple means it has been produced.

Lace in a cottage now demands a town house as well.

Something Extra Good

For Breakfast, Lunch or Supper—

Post Toasties

Served direct from package with cream.

Surprises Please Satisfies

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Cocoon.

(Pamper Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan)

PRETTY GIFT FOR TRAVELER

Pincushions of Novel Designs Make Acceptable Tokens Between Parting Friends.

Penny dolls made of china are the foundation of cunning little pin cushions, which look like ballet-dancers at first sight, or on second glance it is discovered that in lieu of fluffy skirts they wear balls of brightly colored satin, silk, Poupard ribbon or tinsel cloth. To dress one of these cushion-dolls, wind a strip of inch-wide cotton about the trunk, from the waist over the left shoulder, back to the waist again and over the right shoulder and then back with stout thread. That is the basis for the fluffs of cotton—scalloped with sachet powder—which must be put on to form symmetrical half that is covered with fancy, soft linen and finally with the white silk material. When finished, the doll's hands, feet and head only are uncovered and no matter how many long pins are stuck into her, their points are scarcely likely to reach her trunk.

Pin cushions of fancy ribbon, velvet

or silk of oblong shape have three, trimmed with two square double leaves of silk which fall over both sides and, when their baby ribbon lace, or velvet, or several inches of holding needles of various sizes. At the other end of the cushion and set directly at the center of its shortest edge, are ribbon loops by which the cushion may be suspended. This is the ideal steamer or traveling pin cushion, and makes a most acceptable bon voyage gift.

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