

# New Stories By O. HENRY

**HOW IT STARTED.**  
 "You had better move your chair a little further back," said the old resident. "I saw one of the Judkins go up into the newspaper office just now with his gun, and there may be some shooting."  
 The reporter who was in the town gathering information for the big edition, got his chair quickly behind a pillar of the hotel piazza, and asked what the trouble was about.  
 "It's an old feud of several years' standing," said the old resident, "between the editor and the Judkins family. About every two months they get to shooting at one another. Everybody in town knows about it. This is the way it started: The Judkins live in another town, and one time a good-looking young lady of the family came here on a visit to a Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown gave her a big party—a regular high-toned affair, to get the young men acquainted with her. One young fellow fell in love with her, and sent a little poem to our paper, the Observer. This is the way it read:  
 To MISS JUDKINS  
 (Visiting Mrs. T. Montcalm Brown).  
 We love to see her wear  
 A gown of simple white.  
 Nothing but a rose in her hair  
 At Mrs. Brown's that night.  
 The fairest of them all  
 She stood, with blushes red;  
 While bright the gas-light shone  
 Upon her lovely head.  
 "That poem, now, was what started the feud."  
 "I don't see anything wrong with the poem," said the reporter. "It seems a little crude, but contains nothing to give offense."  
 "Well," said the old resident, "the poem was all right as it was written. The trouble originated in the newspaper office. The morning after it was sent in the society editor got hold of it first. She is an old maid and she didn't think the second line

quite proper, so she ran her pencil through it. Then the advertising manager prowled around through the editor's mail as usual, and read the poem. Old Brown owed the office \$17 back subscription, and the advertising manager struck out the fourth line. He said old Brown shouldn't get any free advertising in that office.  
 "Then the editor's wife happened to come in to see if there was any square perfumed envelopes among his mail, and she read it. She was at the Brown's party herself, and when she read the line that proclaimed Miss Judkins 'The fairest of them all' she turned up her nose and scratched that out.  
 "Then the editor himself got hold of it. He is heavily interested in our new electric light plant, and his blue pencil jumped on the line 'While bright the gas-light shone' in a hurry. Later on one of the printers came in and grabbed a lot of copy, and this poem was among it. You know what printers will do if you give them a chance, so here is the way the poem came out in the paper:  
 To MISS JUDKINS  
 (Visiting Mrs. T. Montcalm Brown).  
 We love to see her wear  
 Nothing but a rose in her hair.  
 She stood with blushes red  
 Upon her lovely head.  
 "And you see," continued the old resident, "the Judkinses got mad."  
**QUEEN'S**  
 At 8 p.m.  
 My queen came forth.  
 I squeezed her hand.  
 I won her on the spot.  
 At 11:30 p.m.  
 I squeezed my hand.  
 My fourth queen came.  
 I'll wed her on this spot.  
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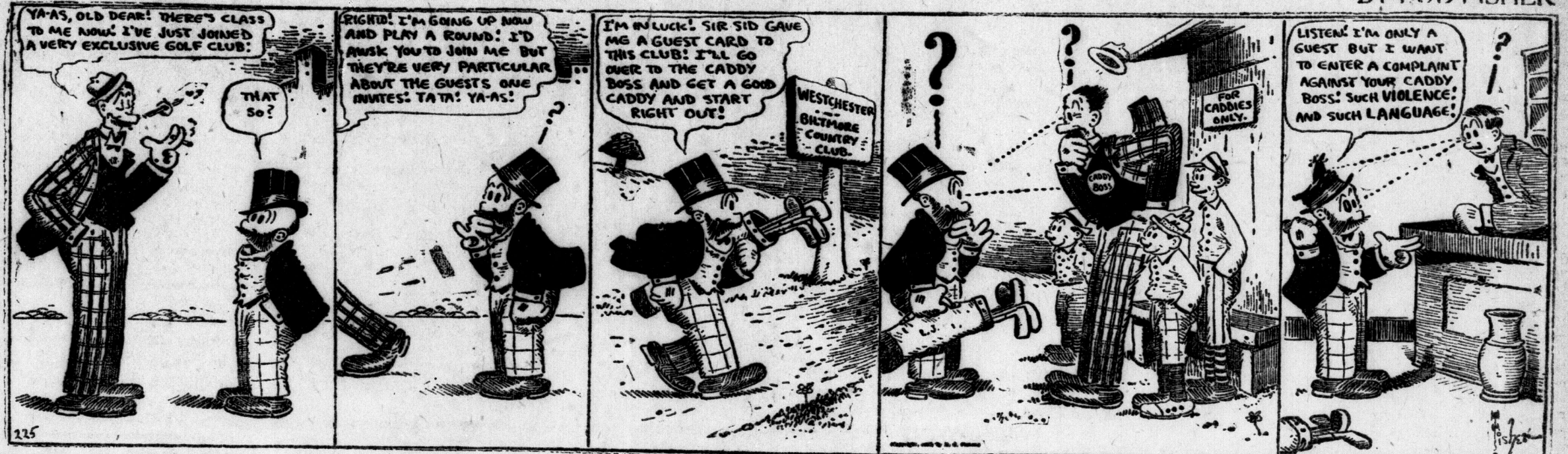
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This Is Some "Feat" for Casper.

BY JIMMY MURPHY

