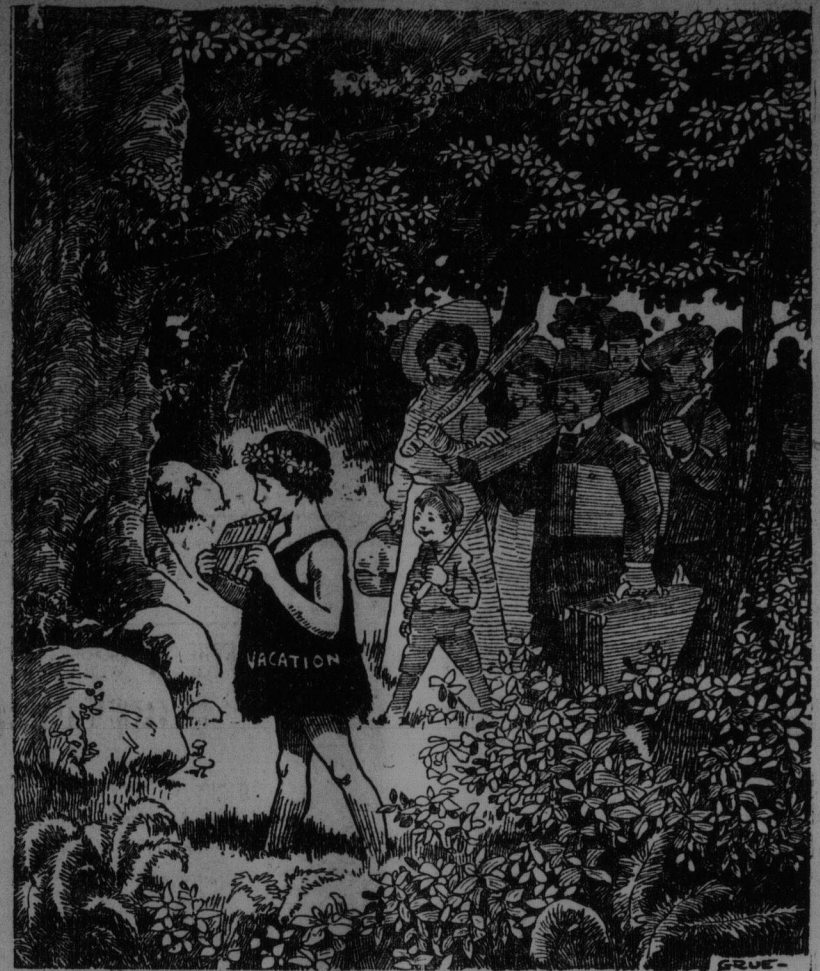


The Pied Piper Of Summertime



cleaned up a cool million in money if the blamed trolley company hadn't built their line seven miles off in the other direction.

"It was getting' in this real deal that convinces him the sod district wa'n't any place for a gent of his abilities. So he sold out his options on the site of Eucalyptus to a brick makin' concern, and beat in for 12nd street with a capital of eighty-nine dollars cash and this great director scheme in his head. The brass plate had cost him four dollars and fifty cents, one month's rent of the upstairs coop had set him back thirty more, and he'd been livin' on the rest.

"But look here, Tutty," says I, "just what sort of enterprise do you think you can direct?"

"Any sort," says he, "anything from running an international exposition, to putting an icecream parlor on a paying basis."

"Don't you find your modesty something of a handicap?" says I.

"Oh, I'm modest enough," he goes on. "For instance, I don't claim to invent new methods. I just adapt, pick out lines of proved success, and develop. Now, your business here—why, I could take hold of it, and in six months' time I'd have you occupying this entire building, with classes on every floor, a solarium on the roof, a corps of assistants working day and night shifts, and—"

"Yes," I breaks in, "and then the Sheriff tacklin' a foreclosure notice on the front door. I know how them boom methods work out, Tutty."

But talk like that don't discourage Tutwater at all. He hangs onto his great scheme, keepin' his eyes and ears open, writin' letters when he can scarp up money for postage, and insistin' that sooner or later he'll get his chance.

"Here is the place for such chances to occur," says he, "and I know what I can do."

"All right," says I, "but if I was you I'd trail down some payin' job before the paper inner soles wore clean through."

"Course, how soon he hit the bread line wa'n't any funeral of mine exactly; but he was a hopeless case anyway; and somehow I got to hikin' Tutwater more or less, and wishin' there was some plan of applyin' all that hot air of his in useful ways. I know of lots of stiff with not half his brains that makes enough to ride around in taxis and order custom made shirts. He was gettin' scedder every week, though, and I had it straight from the agent that it was only a question of a few days before that brass plate would have to come down.

And then, one noon as we was chinin' here in the front office, in blows portly and faced, stary eyed old party who seems kind of dazed and uncertain as to where he's goin'. He looks first at Tutwater, and then at me.

"S'pose you and me and many of 'em," says I. "What'll it be?"

"McCabe was the name," says he; "Professor McCabe, I think. I had it written down somewhere; but—"

"Never mind," says I. "This is the shop and I'm the right party. What then?"

"Perhaps you don't know me?" says he, explorin' his vest pockets sort of aimless with his fingers.

"That's another good guess," says I; "but there's lots of time ahead of us."

"I—I am—well, never mind the name, I am—well, brushin' one hand over his eyes. "I—I've mislaid it."

"It's no matter," says he, beginnin' to ramble on again. "But I own a great deal of property in the city, and my head has been troubling me lately, and I heard you could help me. I'll pay you well, you know. I—I'll give you the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Wha-a-a's that?" I gasps. "Say, couldn't you make it Madison Square Garden? I could get rent out of that."

"Well, if you prefer," says he, with-out crackin' a smile.

"And this is Mr. Tutwater," says I. "He ought to be in on this. What'll yours be, Tutty?"

"Say, for a minute or so I couldn't make out whether the old party was really off his chump or what. He's a well dressed, prosperous lookin' gent a good deal on the retired broker type, and I didn't know but he might be some friend of Pyramid Gordon's who got strayed in here to hand me a

Josh before signin' on for a course of lessons.

Next thing we knew, though, he slumps down in my desk chair, leans back comfortab' like a sort of contented, smiles a batty, foolish smile at us, and then closes his eyes. Another second and he's snorin' away as peacefully as you please.

"Well," says I to Tutwater. "What do you think of that, now? Does he take this for a free lodgin' house, or Central Park? Looks like it was up to me to ring for the wagon."

"Don't," says Tutwater. "The police handle these cases so stupidly. His mind has been affected, possibly from some shock, and he is physically exhausted."

"He's all in, sure enough," says I; "but I can't have him sawin' wood here. Come, come, old scout, I'll help in his car, you'll have to camp somewhere else for this act!" I might as well have shouted into the safe, though. He never stirrs.

"The thing to do," says Tutwater, "is to discover his name, if we can, and then communicate with his friends or family."

"Maybe you're right, Tutwater," says I. "And there's a bunch of letters in his inside pocket. Have a look at 'em."

"They all seem to be addressed to J. T. Fargo, Esq.," says Tutwater.

"What?" says I. "Say, you don't suppose our sleepin' friend here is old Jerry Fargo, do you? Look at the address label inside the pocket. Eh? Jeremiah T. Fargo? Well, say, Tutty, that wa'n't such an idle dream of his, was it? He's got the garden. Guess he could if he wanted to. Why this old party owns more business blocks in this town than anybody I know of except the Astors. And I was for havin' him carted off to the station! Lemme see that 'phone directory."

A minute more and I had the Fargo house on the wire.

"Who are you?" says I. Oh, Mr. Fargo's butler, well, this is Sherry McCabe, and I want to talk to the man. Sherry old Jerry. He's here. Eh, his sister? She'll do. Yes, I'll hold the wire."

I'd heard of that old maid sister of his, and how she was a queer old girl; but I didn't have any idea what a cold blooded proposition she was. Honest, she'd do. Yes, I'll hold the wire."

"Jeremiah again, hey?" she squeaks. "Now, why on earth don't he stay in that sanatorium where I took him? He's wanderin' off, and I've been sent for to hunt him up. You just tell him to trot back to it, that's all."

"But see here, Miss Fargo," says I. "He's been trottin' around until you can't tell him anything. He's been snorin' away here in my office, dead to the world."

"Well, I can't help it," says she. "I'm not going to be bothered with his kind of talk. I've got two sick cats to tend to."

"Cats?" says I. "Say, what do you mean?"

"Oh, hush up!" says she. "Do anything you like with him!" And she hangs up the wire, bang up the receiver at that, and leave me standin' there at my end of the wire lookin' silly.

"Talk about your freak plutes," says I to Tutwater, after I've explainin' the situation. "If this ain't the limit! Look what I've got on my hands now!"

Tutwater, he's standin' there gazin' hard at old Jerry Fargo, his eyes can't tell him anything. He's at high pressure speed. All of a sudden he slaps me on the back and grips me by the hand. "Professor," says he, "I have it! There is an opportunity!"

"Eh?" says I. "Old Jerry? How?"

"I shall cure him—restore his mind, make him normal," says Tutwater.

"What do you know about brushin' out batty folks?" says I.

"Nothing at all," says he; "but I can find some one who does. You'll give me Fargo, won't you?"

"Will I?" says I. "I'll advance you twenty to take him away, and charge it up to him. But what'll you do with him?"

"Start the Tutwater Sanatorium for Deranged Millionaires," says he. "There's a fortune in it. May I leave him here for an hour or so?"

"What for?" says I.

"Until I can engage my chief of staff," says he.

"Say, Tutty," says I, "do you really mean to put over a bluff the size of that?"

"I've thought it all out," says he. "All right, blaze ahead," says I; "but I'm bettin' you land in the lockup inside of twenty-four hours."

What do you think, though? By three o'clock he comes back, towin' a spruce, keen eyed young chap that he introduces as Dr. McWade. He's picked him up over at Bellevue, where he found him doin' practice work in the psychopathic ward. On the strength of that I doubles my grubstake, and he no sooner gets his hands on the two sawbucks than he starts for the street.

"Here, here," says I. "Where you headed for now?"

And Tutwater explains how his first investment is to be a new silk lid, some patent leather shoes, and a silver headed walkin' stick.

"Good business!" says I. "You'll need all the front you can carry."

And while he's out shoppin' the Doc and me and Swifty Joe higs the patient up to Tutwater's office without disturbin' his slumbers at all.

Well, I didn't see much more of Tutwater that day, for from then on he was a mighty busy man; but as I was drillin' across to the Grand Central on my way home I gets a glimpse of him, sportin' a shiny hat and white spats, just rushin' important into a swell real estate office. About noon next day he stops in long enough to shake hands and say that it's all settled.

"Tutwater Sanatorium is a fact," says he. "I have the lease in my pocket."

"What is it, some abandoned farm up in Vermont?" says I.

"Hardly," says Tutwater, smilin' quiet. "It's Cragwoods; beautiful modern buildings, formerly occupied as a boys' boarding school, fifteen acres of lovely ground, finest location in Westchester County. We take possession today, with our patient."

"But say, Tutwater," says I, "how in blazes do you—"

"I produced Fargo," says he, "Dr. McWade has him under complete control and his cure has already begun. It will be finished at Cragwoods. Run up and see us soon. There's the address. So long."

Well, even after that, I couldn't believe he'd really pull it off. Course, I knew he could make Fargo's name go a long ways if he used it judicious; but to launch out and hire an estate worth half a million—why he was makin' a shoeleather start look like a sure thing.

And I was still listenin' for news of the grand crash, when I begun seein' these items in the papers about the Tutwater Sanatorium. "Millionaires Building a Stone Wall," one was headed, and it went on to tell how New York plutes, all sufferin' from some nerve breakdown, was gettin' back health and clearin' up their brains by workin' like day laborers under the direction of the famous specialist, Dr. Clinton McWade.

"Aha!" says I. "He's added a press agent to the staff, and he sure has got a bird!"

Every few days there's a new story bobs up, better than the last, until I can't stand it any longer. I takes half a day off and goes up there to see if he's actually doin' it. And, say, when I walks into the main office over the Persian rug, there's the same old Tutwater. Course, he's slicked up some fancy, and he's smokin' a good cigar; but you couldn't improve any on the cheerful countenance he used to carry, even when he was up against it so soon. What I asks to see first is the five millionaires at work.

"Seven, you mean," says Tutwater, right out this way. There they are, seven; count 'em, seven. The eighth man is a practical stone mason who is bossing the job. It's a good stone wall they're buildin' too. We expect to run it along our entire frontage."

"Got 'em mesmerized?" says I.

"Not at all," says Tutwater. "It's the treatment McWade's idea, you know. The vocational cure, we call it, and it works like a charm. Mr. Fargo is practically a well man now and could return to his home next week if he wished. As it is, he's so much interested in finishin' that first

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THE GLASSING OF TOWERS

By Sewell Ford.

Maybe that brass plate had been up in the lower hal of our buildin' a month or so before I takes any particular notice of it. Even when I did get my eye on it one mornin' it only gets me mildly curious. "Tutwater, Director of Enterprises, Room 37, Fourth Floor," is all it says on it.

"Huh!" thinks I. "That's goin' some for a nine by ten coop under the sky-line."

And with that I should have let it drop. I expect. But what's the use? Where's the fun of livin', if you can't mix in now and then. And you know well, am.

Well, I comes pickin' up the stairs one day not long after discoverin' the sign, and here on my landin', right in front of the studio door, I find this Greek that runs the towel supply wagon usin' up his entire United States vocabulary on a strange gent that he's backed into a corner.

"Easy, there, easy, Mr. Poulykopoulos!" says I. "This ain't any folk where you can smoke up the atmosphere with language like that. What's the row, anyway?"

"No pay for five weeks; always nex' time, he tells, nex' time. B-r-r-r-r! I am strong to slap his life out, me!" says Pouly, thumpin' his chest and shakin' his black curls. They sure are fierce actin' citizens when they're excited, these Marathoners.

"Yes, you would!" says I. "Slap his life out? Gwan! If he handed you one jolt you wouldn't stop runnin' for a week. How big is this national debt you say he owes you? How much?"

"Five weeks!" says Pouly. "One dollar twenty-five."

"Sufferin' Shylocks! All of that? Well, neighbor," says I to the strange gent, "has he stated it correct?"

"Perfectly, sir, perfectly," says the party of the second part. "I do not deny the indebtedness in the least. I was merely trying to explain to this agent of cleanliness that, having been unable to get to the bank this morning I should be obliged to—"

"Any sort," says I. "And in that case allow me to ask you to the price of peace. Here you are, Pouly. Now go out in the sun and cool off."

"My dear sir," says the stranger, followin' me into the front office, "permit me to—"

"Ah, never mind the resolutions!" says I. "It was worth riskin' that much for the sake of stoppin' the riot. I know you'll pay it back. Let's see, which is your foot?"

"Oh, ho!" says I. "Then you're the enterprise director, Tutwater?"

"And your very humble servant, sir," says he, bracin' his yellow Panama lid off with a full arm sweep, and throwin' one leg graceful over the back of a chair.

At that I takes a closer look at him, and before I've got half through the inspection I've waved a sad farewell to that one twenty-five. From the frayed necktie down to the runner shoes, Tutwater is a walkin' example of the poor debtor's outh. The shiny seams of the black frock coat shouts of home pressin', and the limp way his white vest fits him suggests that he does his own laundry work in the washbowl. But he's clean shaved and clean brushed, and you can guess he's seen the time when he had such things done for him in style.

Yet there ain't anything about the way Tutwater carries himself that signifies he's down and out. Not much. He's got the easy, confident swing to his shoulders that you might expect from a sport who's just picked three winners runnin'.

Rather a tall, fairly well built gent he is, with a good chest on him, and he has one of these eager, earnest faces that shows he's alive all the time. You wouldn't call him a handsome man, though, on account of the deep furrows down each side of his cheeks and the prominent jut to his eyebrows; but, somehow, when he gets to talkin', them eyes of his lights up so you forget the rest of his features.

You've seen chaps like that. Gen'rally they're cranks of some kind or other, and when they ain't they're topplers. So I puts Tutwater down as belongin' to the crank class, and it wa'n't long before he begun livin' up to the description.

"Director of enterprises, eh?" says I. "That's a new one on me."

"Naturally," says he, wavin' his hand, "considering that I am just in the field. It is a profession I am creatin'."

"So?" says I. "Well, how are you comin' on?"

"Excellently, sir, excellently," says he. "I have found, for the first time in my somewhat varied career, full scope for what I am pleased to call my talents. Of course, the work of preparin' the ground is a slow process, and the—er—ahem—the results have not as yet begun to materialize; but when opportunity comes my way sir—Aha! Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Well, then we shall see if Tutwater is not ready for her!"

"I see," says I. "You with your hand on the knob, eh? It's an easy way of passin' the time, that is, providin' such things as visits from the landlord and the towel collector don't worry you."

"Not at all," says he. "Merely pettin' annoyances, thorns and pebbles in the pathways that lead to each high enterprise."

"Say, it was almost like hearin' some one read poetry, listenin' to Tutwater talk; didn't mean much of anything, but sounded kind of good. At the end of half an hour I didn't know any more about his game than at the beginning. I gathered, though, that up to date it hadn't produced any ready cash, and that Tutwater had been on his uppers for sometime."

He was no grafter, though. That dollar twenty-five weighed heavier on his mind than it did on mine. He'd come in and talk about not bein' able to pay it back real regretful, without even hintin' at another touch. And little by little I got more light on Tutwater, includin' some details of what he called his career.

There was a lot to it, so far as variety went. He'd been a histry professor in some one-horse Western college, had tried his luck once up at Nome, had canvassed for a patent dishwasher through Michigan, done a ballyhoo trick outside a travellin' tent show, and had given bump lectures on the schoolhouse circuit.

But his prize stunt was when he broke into the real estate business and laid out Eucalyptus City. That was out in Iowa somewhere, and he'd have

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section of the wall that he will probably state that month good, and so see for yourself what they are doing."

"Well, well!" says I. "Seven of 'em! What I don't understand, Tutwater, is how you got so many patients so soon. Where'd you get hold of 'em?"

"To be quite frank with you, McCabe," says Tutwater, whisperin' confidential in my ear, "only three of them are genuine paying patients. That is why I have to charge them fifty dollars a day, you see."

"And the others?" says I.

"First class imitations, who are playing their parts very cleverly," says he. "Why not? I engaged them through a reliable theatrical agency."

"Eh?" says I. "You salted the sanatorium? Tutwater, I take it all back. You're in the other class, and I'm back in you after this for whatever entry you want to make."

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