

CHAPTER XXXVI

Anderson Crow's Resignation

SOME days later Anderson Crow returned to Tinkletown from New York, where he had seen Rosalie Bonner and her husband off for England, accompanied by Mrs. Banks and Elsie, who had taken passage on the same steamer. He was attired in a brand-new suit of blue serge, a panama hat, and patent-leather shoes which hurt his feet. Moreover, he carried a new walking stick with a great gold head and there was a huge pearl scarf-pin in his necktie. Besides all this, his hair and beard had been trimmed to perfection by a Holland House barber. Every morning his wife was obliged to run a flatiron over his trousers to perpetuate the crease. Altogether Anderson was a revelation not only to his family and to the town at large, but to himself as well. He fairly staggered every time he got a glimpse of himself in the shop windows.

All day long he strolled about the street, from store to store, or leaned imposingly against every post that presented itself conveniently. Naturally he was the talk of the town.

"Gee-mi-nently!" ejaculated Alf Reesling, catching sight of him late in the day. "Is that the president?"

"It's Anderson Crow," explained Blootch Peabody.

"Who's dead?" demanded Alf.

"What's that got to do with it?"