

## Jeff Never Was Very Much Good at Spelling Anyway

*By "Bud" Fisher*



# Policy

**ONE** hears a good deal about War Policy and Peace Policy--but the Policy we're chiefly interested in is **PRICE POLICY**---that cuts right at "the cost of living."

Someone recently said that the clothing business had outgrown the old merchandising traditions. We agree with "Someone" whoever he was—our idea is that it's a foot's policy to **"Get all you can for what you give"**—that's an old "Robert Baron" tradition. Our policy has always been **"Give all you can for what you get"**—and this has become known to thousands of men throughout the land who have helped us to the wonderful success that has built up the largest Tailoring Service in the Dominion. The best business better we've got is our **ONE PRICE, not cutting prices and skimping quality**—but rather giving men full value, and a little bit more, for their \$15.

## ONE PRICE TO ALL

## SUITS MADE-TO-ORDER

**Don't Envy Them--  
Learn From Them--**  
their money's worth. That's all there is to economy—getting full value for your dollars—merely a low price doesn't count—and extra value does—

**Our Extra Value at Our Low Prices Makes a Double Bargain.**

**Out-of-Tow Men** Our special system for tailoring by mail is perfect — simply follow directions. Send for samples, self-measuring chart and style book. Special attention to hard-to-fit figures is a hobby with our Mail Order Cutters. Just put your name and address, and the word "samples" on a postal and mail it today to Mail Order Dept. 415 St. Catherine St., East, Montreal.

**"Mill-to-Man" Tailoring Service**

No More **\$15** No Less

**English & Scotch Woollen Co.**

## Four Montreal Stores

261 St. Catherine West, 904 Mt. Royal Avenue, East, 1740 Notre Dame West, 415 St. Catherine, East,  
near Bleury. near Papineau. near St. Henri Depot. near St. Hubert.

"Muriel," said the old gentleman sharply, "that young man you had in the drawing room last night is full of comprehension. All I had to do was cough when the other chaps remained too late, and they would take the hint and depart. Did this one say anything when I coughed last night?" "Yes," replied his beautiful daughter. "He said the next time he called he was going to bring you some cough drops."

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The way to success is not a chute, but up a ladder.

## O. Henry's Masterpieces

**Selected By O. Henry Himself as His Best Work**

## "THE HEAD HUNTER"

When the war between Spain and George Dewey was over, I went to the Philippine Islands. There I remained as bushwacker correspondent for my paper until its managing editor notified me that an eight-hundred-word cablegram describing the grief of a pet carabao over the death of an infant Moro was not considered by the office to be war news. So I resigned and came home.

On board the trading vessel that brought me back I pondered much upon the strange things I had sensed in the weird archipelago of the yellow-brown people. The manoeuvres and skirmishings of the petty war interested me not; I was spellbound by the outlandish and unreadable countenance of that race that had turned its expressionless gaze upon us out of an unguessable past.

Particularly during my stay in Mindanao had I been fascinated and attracted by that delightfully original tribe of

content, to the intermittent soft drip from the ends of the severed neck arteries. And you show your teeth and grunt like a water-buffalo—which is as near as you can come to laughing—at the thought that the cold, acephalous body of your door ornament is being spotted by wheeling vultures in the Mindanaoan wilds.

Truly, the life of the merry headhunter captivated me. He had reduced

take your adversary's head, to basket it at the portal of your castle, to see it lying there, a dead thing, with its cunning and stratagems and power gone—there is a better way to foil his plots, to refute his arguments, to establish your superiority over his skill and wisdom:—

The ship that brought me home was captained by an erratic Swede, who changed his course and deposited me, with genuine compassion, in a small town on the Pacific coast of one of the

Stamford filled the empty street with his roaring laughter.

"You, too!" he cried. "And all as quick as the popping of a cork. Well she does seem to strike agreeably upon the retina. But don't burn your fingers. All Mojada will tell you that Louis Devoe is the man."

"We will see about that," said I. "And perhaps, whether he is a man as well as the man."

I lost no time in meeting Louis Devoe.

I lost a lot of time in meeting Louis Devoe. That was easily accomplished, for the foreign colony in Mojada numbered a dozen; and they gathered daily in a half decent hotel kept by a Turk, where they managed to patch together the fluttering rags of country and civilization that were left them. I sought Devoe before I did my pearl of the doorway because I had learned a little of the game of war, and knew better than to strike for a prize before testing the strength of the enemy.

[illegible]

"MOST WOMEN ARE ONLY VERY BIG CHILDREN, AND MOST MEN ARE ONLY VERY LITTLE ONES"

breathen in grim as the head-bunters.  
Those brown, flinty, relentless little men,  
never seen, but chilling the warmest  
noonday by the subtle terror of their  
concealed presence, paralleling the trail  
of their prey through undergrowth,  
under the ferns, under the tree-tops, adown  
bottomless chasms, into uninhabitable  
jungles, always near with the invisible  
hand of death upon the back of the  
victim, and which signs as a beast  
or a bird or a gliding serpent might  
make—a just cracking in the awful  
sweat-soaked night.  
And from the screening foliage of  
a giant tree, a whisper at even from  
the rushes of a water-level—a hint of  
death for every man and every beast  
that passes me, greatly, those little fel-  
lows of one idea.

You have your hut in which you live  
and carry out the destiny that was de-  
creed to you. Spiked to the jamb of  
your bamboo doorway is a basket made  
of green vitex, plaited from young  
time, as vanity or pride or love or fear,  
which may move you, your family  
creep forth with your sneakiness and  
take up the silent trail. Back from it  
you come, triumphant, bearing the sev-  
ered, gory head of your victim, the sev-  
erest deposit with pardoning hands.  
The basket at the head of your door, I  
say, may be the head of your enemy, your  
friend, or a stranger, according as com-  
petition, jealousy, or simple sportive

In any case your reward is certain. The village men, in passing, stop to congratulate you, as your neighbor on weaker planes of life stops to admire and praise the begonias in your front yard. Your particular brown maid lingers with fluttering bosom, casting soft glances at the evidence of your lowliness for her. You chew betelnut and listen

[illegible]

and she looked like a pearl about the size of a pea. She turned her head and her long neck protracted but a willingly disdaining, proving gaze, and then went inside the house humming a light song to indicate that she valued she placed upon my existence.

Small wonder: for Dr. Stamford (tho' most disreputable professional man I have known) was a friend of mine, and he was singing zigzagging along the turf strewn tunelessly singing the word *au* of the *Lange Syn* to the air of Muzer's Little *Coal-Black* Coon. We had come from the ice factory, which was Molada's place of wickedness, where he had been playing the white with frost, that we dragged with strings out of old Sandoval's ice-coats.

I turned in sudden rage to Dr. Stanford, as sober as the verger of a cathedral. In a moment I had become aware that we were swine cast before a peer. "You beast," I said, "this is half you doing. And the other half is the fault of this cursed country. I'd better have gone back to Sleepytown and died in the wild orgy of currant wine and buns than to have had this happen."

A sort of cold, unsmiling, and almost akin to fear-like expression came over his face. I found a man so perfectly poised, so charming, so deeply learned in the world's rituals, so full of tact, composure, and hospitality, so endowed with such a sense of humor, and yet with such a haughty power that I almost overstepped the bounds in probing him, in turning him on the spot to find the weak point in his armor. I was not to be disappointed. I left him whole—I had to make better my knowledge to myself that Lord Devoze was a gentleman who gave his time to his countrymen to give him them. He was a great merchant of his country, a wealthy importer and exporter of goods, and he was a member of the United office, surrounded by works of art and evidences of his high culture. I directed through glass doors and windows

In pon he was slender and hardy. His small well-shaped head was covered with thick, brown hair, trimmed short, and he wore a thick brown beard, also cut close and to a fine point. I had never seen a man like him before.

Before long I had become a regular and welcome visitor at the Greene home. I shook my wild habits from me like a worn-out cloak. I trained for the conflict with the care of a prize-fighter, and the self-denial of a Brahmin.

"You are a good fellow, Green," I said to you with no sonnets to her eyebrow. "You are a splendid fellow, Green," I said to you as some as a November plippin, and no more mysterious than a window-pane. She had whimsical little theories that she had

Chloe had a father, the Reverend Imer Greene, and an intermittent mother who sometimes pally presided over a twilight teapot. The Reverend Horner was a burr-like man with a life-wave. He was writing a concordance to

Chloe gave no sign of bestowing lively blithe affections upon either of us. For one day she let out to me an inkling of what she preferred in a man. It was tremendously interesting to me, but not illuminating as to its application. I had been tormenting her for the dozen years with the statement and catalog of my sentiments toward her.

"Tommy," she said, "I don't want a man to show his love for me by leading an army against another country and blowing people off the earth with cannons."

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