

### A Thinking Job

By MARCUS DROWNE

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John Riggs worked for years in a safe and lock factory. He was a good workman but that was a time when prices of skilled labor were not regulated as they are now by means of a union, and the firm that John worked for was not overgenerous. Year after year passed, and children were getting their knives and forks at John's table, but his wages were just the same as when he had no children. At last John often applied to Mr. Scapton, the president of the safe and lock company, for a raise of salary and Mr. Scapton, a fine looking and rather benevolent appearing old gentleman, would say:

"We're paying you just what we can at any time get a man to do your work for, and we'll continue to pay you your wages just as long as you do your work well, and when you find you can do better elsewhere we won't object to your improving your salary by leaving us."

John didn't see ahead so far as the age that was coming, when Mr. Scapton's business would either be merged with that of other safe builders to make prices what he wanted them to be, or when his laborers would band together to make him pay them such wages as they might demand. He didn't like this situation, but he couldn't help it, so he worked on and fed and clothed his children as best he could.

But one day John fell ill and remained ill for months. His wages were stopped, he had no money to pay a doctor, and he saw his children ragged and hungry. This was a bitter period for him, but he got well in time, and, going to Mr. Scapton, asked to be permitted to go to work.

"I'm sorry, John," said the gentleman, "but we were obliged to fill your place, and now that it is filled it would be an injustice to turn out the man who fills it. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Maybe," John replied, "but it's mighty hard. I wish I was a capitalist like you, Mr. Scapton. Then if I got a-5 my business and my income would go right on."

"That's the difference between an ability to think and manual labor," replied the safe maker. "I'm busy now and must ask you to excuse me."

The gentleman had put a flea in John's ear. He concluded to do a little thinking. He knew more about safe and locks than Mr. Scapton, and before he had done thinking he had thought out a plan to compel that very fat man to listen to him.

A few days later John called on a firm that owned a Scapton safe and told them that he would prove to them that a consideration that their safe was worthless. He would open it without even any tools. They engaged to pay him a price provided he succeeded. He stipulated that he was to work alone and without any watchers. They agreed to this, locking him in a room with the safe, first having searched him. John worked in the dark, so it would not have been easy to learn his progress even if any one had been present. He remained in the room an hour and when he called and they entered the safe was open.

They asked John who he was, but he wouldn't tell, and since he had done nothing dishonest they couldn't compel him to tell. He pocketed a ten dollar bill and the next day went to another firm using the same kind of safe and made \$10 more. This he kept up, doing a lucrative business.

Very soon letters began to pour in to the Scapton Safe and Lock company that there was something the matter with their locks. Each customer who wrote stated that their Scapton safe clock had been picked by a man who accomplished the feat without the use of tools, but as none of them could tell how it was done there was nothing to be said. Then the orders for safes made a rapid decline. The company's business was at a standstill. But when John Riggs heard that they had begun to discharge their workmen he walked into the office of Mr. Scapton, well dressed and prosperous, looking for an interview.

"Why, John," said his former employer, "you have been making money."

"So I have, Mr. Scapton."

"How have you done it?"

"Following your advice. When I saw you last you told me there was a great difference between thinking and manual labor. I bired myself out to John Riggs for a job of thinking, with good results."

"Well?"

"I've been picking your locks at \$10 apiece."

Scapton was astonished. "How do you do it?" he asked.

"That's my secret. Is there any demand for secrets today, Mr. Scapton?"

"How much do you want for yours?"

"Five thousand dollars and my old place at double salary."

John's secret was bought, and he was engaged. But he executed a written contract drawn by a lawyer. Then he opened the safe before the president's eyes.

He had pared the nail of his index finger on the right hand until the blood vessels were exposed. Then by pinching the sensitive wound on the combination lock he could distinguish the movements of the tumblers as they fell. For more than an hour he worked, and at last there came a sharp click, and he swung back the door of the safe.

### The Two Pies.

Ruth, who has been married just two weeks, lives in a little flat and there keeps house for her husband and mother. She has read a little and is wise beyond her nineteen years. On Sunday after their dinner had been served by the wife she went to the kitchen and returned with a pumpkin pie.

"What's that?" asked the L. and M. "I made a pumpkin pie yesterday," his wife answered timidly.

He attacked the confection with a knife and fork, but could not make much headway and was about to declare himself when Ruth announced: "I have another in the pantry, dear. Your mother sent one over yesterday."

She then produced the second pie, which was as tender and appetizing as the first had been tough and unsavory. "That's something like it," he said patronizingly. "Of course you couldn't expect to become expert at once, my dear."

The girl laughed. "You're eating the one I made now," she said. And in her diary for the day is written: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—Portland (Me.) Express.

### The Hip Joints.

The cop and ball socket and the air tight valve were first used in the human body if our hip joints and arms were not provided with air tight sockets we should get too tired to continue our work for any length of time in holding these limbs together by muscles. It is the pressure of the air which holds them in place, and thus all physical effort is avoided. In the various air tight joints and sockets there is found in the human body one may find nearly all the mechanical principles involved in the air brake or the use of compressed air for a thousand different things. Some may aver that nature did not discover ball bearings, a mechanical device which has revolutionized the vehicular world. But the principle is almost developed in the ball of the leg bone and the socket of the hip, which are made so smooth and are so well oiled that they slide backward and forward with practically no friction.

### Marrying For Votes.

Marrying for votes was a device of old time British election agents. As the law stood before the reform act of 1832 widows of freemen or married again made their second husbands freemen and therefore voters. At election times widows were consequently paid handsomely to go through a formal marriage with a voteless barometer, who, for a consideration, solemnly agreed to support the candidate. The pair were married the man voted according to instructions, and then he and his wife, standing on either side of a tombstone, said: "Death us do part." With this literal fulfillment of the matrimonial vow they regarded their marriage dissolved. At the last election in Bristol before 1832 a hundred women gave votes to men.

### A Literary Light.

A short time ago a well known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the non-canonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles and light literature. "Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then, brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

### Acres and Bible Letters.

It has sometimes been stated that there are more acres in Yorkshire than there are letters in the Bible. A person bearing the statement for the first time is inclined to doubt it, but it is true, all the same. Authorities differ as to the exact acreage of the county, one giving it as 8,828,848 and another as 8,771,848. But the number of letters in the Bible is said to be 8,500,480, so the acres beat the letters, with something to spare.—London Notes and Queries.

### On the Wrong Side.

A temperance missionary in Glasgow left a few tracts with a young woman one morning. Calling at the same house a few days after, he was rather disconcerted to find the tracts doing duty as curl papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. "Well, my lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left you, but," he added in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye ha' patterned them outside instead of inside your head."

### The French Horn.

The French horn, or cor de chasse, is regarded by some musicians as the sweetest and most mellow of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was little else than the old hunting horn, which for the convenience of the mounted hunter was arranged in spiral convolutions to be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The Germans still call it the waldhorn—that is, "forest horn."

### No Occasion For Alarm.

Sall a nervous lady to another lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply. "Anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

### He Didn't.

"Do you believe in signs?" "No. A dentist's sign reading 'Teeth Extracted Without Pain' tell the other day just as I went under it and knocked out two teeth of mine."

### A Mud House

By EVELYN B. EMERSON

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Among the Boers of South Africa forty years ago lived a farmer named Van Wyk. He was very poor and poor that he could not choose a desirable piece of a decent house to live in. Indeed, his farm was a circular depression, and when it rained his cattle it was flooded and his crops were ruined. As for his house it was but a hut and was plastered with mud.

But Van Wyk had not always lived thus. There was when he had a daughter and the eldest daughter Katherine was educated at the best she could to keep her well dressed and having furbies that she had worn in better days made them over successfully that Katherine was called on Sundays made a very good appearance.

Some distance from the Van Wyks lived a prosperous farmer named Grooter that is he was considered prosperous for that region though his farm produced only a fair living for himself and his family. He had a number of daughters and but one son, therefore he was anxious that his children should marry with those who were well to do. He had saved a small down for each of his daughters and, as for his son Hans, he proposed to leave him his farm. But he required from any girl his boy should marry a dowry equivalent to its value.

Unfortunately Hans met Katherine at a dance at one of the neighboring farmhouses, and one glance at her pink and milk face, her robin's egg eyes and the two hemp colored cables that hung from the back of her head to her ankles put all ideas of his father's plan out of his head. He danced with her several times during the evening and when the two separated there was one of those cases wherein the young hearts rush together like a couple of electric sparks.

When farmer Grooter heard of his son's love affair he called the boy to him and said: "Hans, do you mean by making love to a girl who lives in a cabin plastered with mud? You certainly can't marry her for if you do I will give this farm to you and you and your mother will have nothing to live upon."

Hans was irritated by his father's making no reply. People with whom we are angry do not make us more angry than by listening to what we say and giving us no word in return. Hans went away determined that nothing should separate him from the girl he loved even to the surrendering of his inheritance, but he did not see how he father could be persuaded to give her to one who could not support her. So the matter went on, as such matters usually do, with hard feeling between Hans and his father and opposition enhancing the attachment of the young couple. Grooter never lost an opportunity to sneer at the mud cabin to which his son's beloved lived and since the rest of the family considered Hans would demoralize himself by taking a wife out of such a home they were constantly taunting him about his mud haired girl who lived in a mud plastered house.

One day the little Van Wyk children prospected the mud plastering for plumbings. From a part of it that had given away they pried out some queer looking stones. Whether they wanted them for jackstones or for some other childish game, they certainly wanted them and did not spare the plastering. When their father came in and saw that they had mud rents in the wall he raved them soundly and asked them why they had done so, whereupon they showed him the stones they had pulled out.

Farmer Van Wyk forgot the danger to the plastering in the stones they were rough and did not possess either the appearance or weight of common stones. He studied over them a long while, then borrowed a magnifying glass and examined them with care. Then he called his wife and told her that the plastering of their cabin was sprinkled with diamonds.

The next day before the dawn had hardly broken he went to the place on his farm where he had taken the clay to plaster his cabin and, digging up the earth, found that it was full of the same kind of stones. He could not believe his eyes. Taking one of the diamonds to an emery wheel, he ground one side of it and exposed a white surface. Then he ground different parts of it, being intersecting planes and, holding the stone up to the light, produced flashes like the rainbow.

Not long after that Farmer Grooter came over to Van Wyk to congratulate him on his good fortune and to say that, his son being bent on marrying Katherine, he would like to know if it was her father had for the Van Wyk and heard from Katherine, he would be lovelier had been a better at being a girl who lived in such a home and his eyes kindled a wild thought.

"This mud house," Grooter made no reply, but went over to tell his son that he might marry Katherine, and Hans forced him to admit that her humble abode was a splendid dowry. Van Wyk's square shaped farm is now the site of Kimberley, one of the great diamond mines of the world.

### Temple Theater.

The four star acts on the Temple Theater bill this week, opening Monday afternoon, March 21. are: "At the Waldorf," the largest and most gorgeous musical comedy in vaudeville, with a company of 20 people; Robledillo, the great South American performer, who is the star-line attraction of Ringling's circus; Lillian Shaw, the famous "Ghetto Girl," and Mr. and Mrs. Allison in the Swede comedy, "Minnie from Minnesota," while the remaining acts on the bill such as Oscar Lorraine, the protean violinist, Jarrow, the humorous trickster, Apdala's animals, and the Telescope pictures, will give \$2 worth of entertainment at the usual low prices charged at the Temple.



Pierre of the Plains at the Cook

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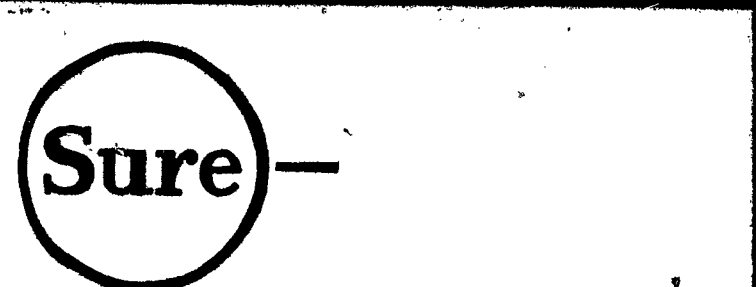
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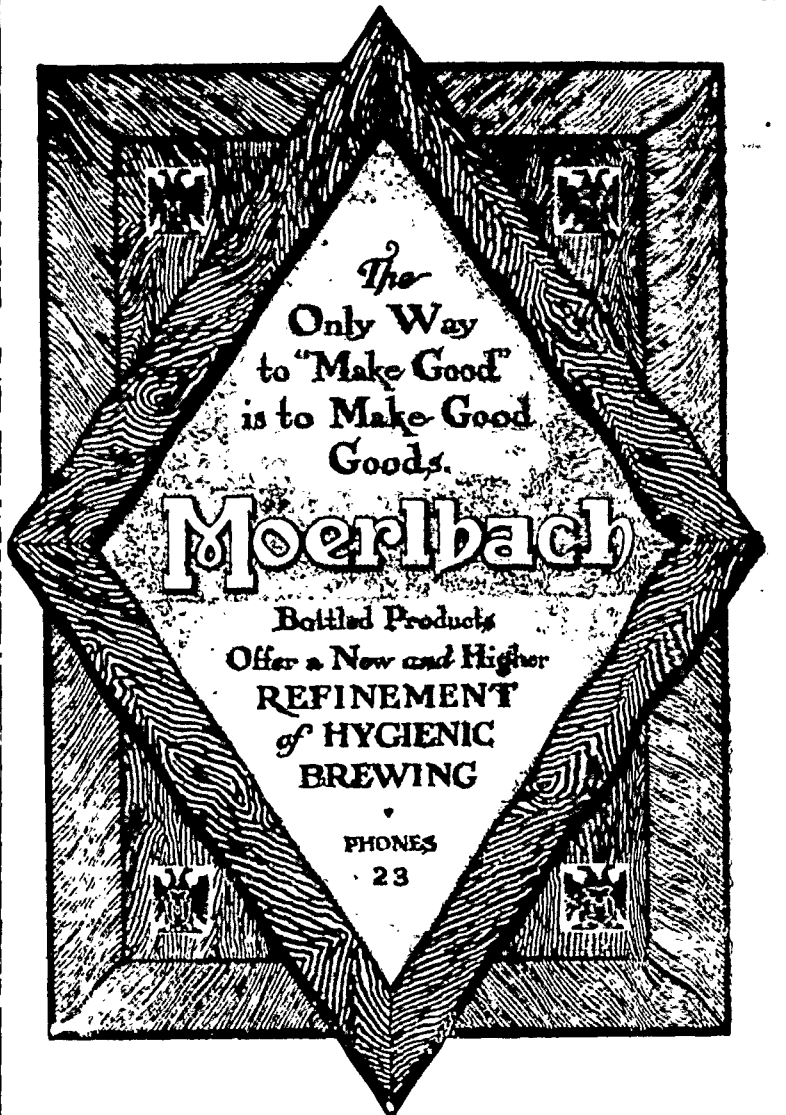
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