

His Other Self

A Forgery Within the Law

By MARY D. BLAKE

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A man was sitting on the piazza of a summer hotel in Maine when another man came up the steps and, after eyeing him sharply, advanced toward him and said:

"Mr. Pierson, I believe."

"You have the advantage of me sir."

"I have seen you several times and have been introduced to you. Are you not Richard Pierson of Chicago?"

"If you will excuse me, sir, I prefer not to tell you who I am until I learn something about yourself. Doubtless you are perfectly honest and sincere in taking me for an acquaintance but you must admit that such methods are no often taken with a sinister motive that it behooves us to be on our guard against the advances of a stranger."

"You are perfectly right. I am Mark Anderson and have often been in Chicago. There I have met Mr. Richard Pierson. If you are not he, recognize him sufficiently to be his twin brother."

"I confess," replied the other, softly, "that I have often been taken for Richard Pierson. I wish that I could say that I am, for I understand he has a fortune. When were you in Chicago, sir?"

Anderson told him that he had left Chicago but a few weeks ago, adding:

"If you are not Richard Pierson of Chicago will you now kindly tell me who you are?"

"Loving is my name—Alexander Loving."

Mr. Anderson, while he carefully refrained from appearing to court Mr. Loving, lost no opportunity of putting himself in his way. Loving at first appeared to be trying to avoid the man, but gradually gave way and suffered himself to become intimate with his new acquaintance. Finally Anderson mentioned a certain young widow—a Mrs. Markland Loving pecked up his ears.

"The man you resemble," said Anderson, "was at one time attentive to her."

Loving winced.

One morning the two men were in the writing room of the hotel. Loving was writing a letter. He had finished and addressed it and was signing another when he was called away, leaving the addressed letter on the table at which he had written it. When he returned Anderson said to him:

"Do you know that your handwriting is very like that of the man I mistook you for?"

"How do you know that?" asked Loving.

"I could not help seeing the address on the letter you left on the table when you went out."

"Are you familiar with this man?" "What's his name?"

"Pierson."

"Pierson's handwriting?"

"Yes."

"How did you become so?"

"Well, the fact is that Pierson was a suitor for the hand of a woman I know."

"And she showed you his letters?"

"She did once."

"Did she consider that honorable?"

"Well, the truth is I had heard things about Pierson, and the lady being my friend, I thought it my duty to tell her. She showed me a letter to convince me that I was mistaken, but I convinced her at last."

Loving did not seem to take enough interest in the matter to follow it further.

"I wonder," said Anderson, "if your signature is as much like Pierson's as your handwriting is."

"Were not of the same name."

"Write his name, Richard G. Pierson."

Loving wrote the name and showed it to Anderson, who studied it carefully. "I think I have a note from Pierson," he said. "I'll get it and compare the two signatures."

Going to his room, he returned with the note. It simply informed Mr. Anderson that a certain request of his could not be granted.

"Not even an expert," said Anderson, "could tell the signatures apart."

He looked up at Loving and found Loving looking at him with a changed, a cunning, expression.

"Let's drop this fencing," said the latter. "I understand what you are up to."

"Well?"

"I'm your man, but I won't have anything to do with the matter except the penmanship."

"You mean—"

"I'll write the check. You'll have to do the rest."

"You tumble too easily. I'm afraid of you."

A BAG OF GOLF CLUBS.

They Picture in a Way the Various Phases of Human Society.

Devotees of the links will be interested to learn that, in the opinion of a Philosophical student of their ancient game, a bag of golf clubs is a symbolical epitome of human society.

In the front rank you have the driver, smooth, polished, elegant, the aristocrat of the circle, to whose lot falls the showy role in the day's performance, who disdains to play his part on the level of his fellows, and must have his sphere of operations artificially raised above the plane of the common earth. The brassy is your rich commoner, substituting a barrier of metal for the tee that confers rank on his social superior. After these come the humbler cleeks, lofters and mashies, the common herd, who, like the butchers, shoemakers, and tillers of the ground among human beings, have the bulk of the work to do, and can afford no polish save what comes from keeping themselves clean, which at times is no easy task. Apart from them all stands the niblick, the good Samaritan of golf, resorted to only when the function of the niblick is to aid the golfer in the day of trouble, and his destiny, after having done his duty in that state of life, is to be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.—Argonaut.

The conspirators parted to meet in New York on a certain day in September. Anderson went first, in order to investigate Pierson's bank account with a view to determining if it would stand a draft upon it such as was used in the execution of the paper. Loving required till the time of drawing the money, but Loving refused to go to New York at all without the paper in his possession. He succeeded in convincing his pal that a proposition to perpetrate a fraud was not in the eye of the law the same as perpetrating a fraud. Indeed, there was a great difference. This removed Anderson's objections so far as to induce him to sign the paper.

When the day appointed came round, Anderson and Loving met in the lobby of a New York hotel.

"Well," said Loving, "what do you know?"

"I know that a certain lady on whom Pierson has long been sweet is in the city. Therefore it is probable that Pierson himself is not far off, though he's not so thick with her as he was."

"You mean since you broke up the intimacy between them?"

"Well, that's about it."

"How come you, a crook, prejudice a lady against a gentleman?"

"I've never been in a scheme like this before. I belong to a good family."

"Well, never mind your family. What have you found out about Pierson's bank balance?"

"He had over \$70,000 in bank yesterday."

"How did you find it out?"

"I'm in with one of the lookkeepers."

"Ah! You are! Well, did you get one of the bank's blank checks?"

"Yes. Here it is."

He produced his pocketbook and took out several blank checks. "The only risk," he said, "is Pierson's checks have printed numbers on them. The teller may notice this is not numbered."

"I'll fix that by calling for one of the bank's checks and signing it right there before him."

"Good! I never thought of that. Then you can pay me my share, and he'll think you drew the money for a special purpose."

The same afternoon the two men entered the bank where Pierson kept his account. Loving went to the paying teller's window and said:

"Goodwin give me a blank check I want some money."

"All right, Mr. Pierson." And he handed the bit of paper through the window.

Loving took it to a shelf where were writing materials and wrote the check and signed it with as firm a hand as if he were drawing his own money.

"You're a cool one," said Anderson who was trombling like a leaf.

Loving presented the check and asked for the money in \$500 bills. The two men waited till the sum was counted, then received it through the teller's window.

As they left the bank Anderson drew a long breath. "You did that splendidly," he said. "How could you keep your nerve?"

"An honest man's nerve is never strained by his conscience," replied the other. "I drew my own money."

"What do you mean?" asked Anderson, starting.

"I am Richard Pierson, the man whom your lying tongue separated from Virginia Markland. You needn't shiver; you are in no danger. I have simply got you down in black and white that you are a swindler. How you ever fooled a lady of Mrs. Markland's good sense is a mystery to me, though I admit you are as plausible a rascal as I ever met. Now go before I kick you down those steps."

Anderson lost no time in obeying the order, and Pierson, re-entering the bank, deposited the money he had drawn.

That evening he sent a card up to Virginia Markland, who was staying at one of the uptown hotels. On it was written, "I have an explanation to make." He met the lady in her parlor, but was coldly received.

"It is only recently," he said, "that by accident I have discovered who poisoned you against me. I confess that I am astonished at your having listened to a man who should be in state prison."

"To whom do you refer?"

"Edward Anderson."

"Mr. Anderson is a gentleman."

"If you think so read this."

He drew the contract by which he and Anderson were to obtain money by forgery. Then he told the story of how he acquired it.

The lady admitted that without this written evidence she would not have believed that one she had long honored with her friendship could be a common swindler. She asked forgiveness and was forgiven.

AN ALGERIAN HOTEL.

The Attempt to Describe its Attractions in English.

Things are not always as they seem, even in an advertisement. This truth dawned upon Robert Crawford when he was in Algiers, and he tells of the reason for his conclusion in "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel." Mr. Crawford, not being satisfied with his lodgings, procured a copy of the Journal des Etrangers and proceeded to look up a hotel.

After a patient investigation the choice seemed to lie between two. One, according to the notice, possessed "every English comfort" and had "large" as well as small apartments. The other—and I was strongly drawn to it—advertised as follows:

Full Glass House.
Full South.
Mile of large Park.
Tramways to and from every 15 minutes.

I found the place. To my surprise there was no conservatory or glass house of any kind and no large trees. As I pondered over the fact the solution suddenly came to me—it was a "first class house," of course. What of the rest of the advertisement? The hotel had a southern aspect and was situated in a park. As for the tramway, that was pure fiction.

Such a Bore to Dress.
A belated traveler who was compelled to stay all night in a backwoods cabin says that soon after the frugal meal a tall, gaunt youth of eighteen and an equally sallow and gaunt girl of seventeen, both barefooted, took their hats from wooden pegs in the wall and prepared to go out, whereupon the mother, taking her pipe from between her teeth, said reprovingly:

"Go 'long an' wash your feet, Levi—you and Looly, both! Hain't you ashamed to go off to an evenin' party without washin' your feet?"

They obeyed, but as Levi took the washpan from a bench by the door he said with a grumble:

"I'd 'bout as soon stay home from a party as to have to fix up for it."

Diving Birds.
Water birds which are ordinarily able to float high on the water can also sink at will by expelling the air which is enclosed within the film of feathers surrounding their bodies, thus making them heavier than water. This mechanical trick on the part of diving birds is probably familiar to all who have watched the kingfisher at close quarters and have noted the sudden contraction in the bird's apparent size as it takes the plunge. This is much more easily observed in the case of the starting, which sometimes imitates the kingfisher by plunging into water for food. The shrinkage of the bird in apparent size is very apparent when, after hovering above the surface, it turns downward to dive.—Zoologist.

The Telltale.
A college girl told how she had been cured of the ugly habit, when a little girl, of sticking out her tongue when writing. She was working on a writing lesson one day when the teacher called to her the full length of the room:

"Mary you are making capital L's when I asked for capital F's."

"How did you know that I was wrong?" the little girl asked.

"I could tell," said the teacher, "by your tongue."—Detroit Free Press.

The Best He Could Do.
Noble Sportman—Whatever it is I've shot, it makes a most unearthly row. Keeper—Yes; poor Bill ain't got a musical voice, as 'e? But I heard him say he was going to take singing lessons.—London Tit-Bits.

A Step Order.
Maud—Tom had me talk into a photograph so he can hear my voice while I'm away. Clara—How lovely! And he can stop the machine!—Puck.

The Aim of a Woman.
The police records show that young women who don't hit the side of a barn with a stone have remarkable aim with a satron.—Archangel.

SONG OF IRELAND.

A Patriotic Irish Song, as sung by Maria Jones of the

"PIFF, PAFF, POUF" COMPANY.

Andante. Musical notation for the first part of the song.

1. I am think - ing to - sigh of that cab - in far a - way, And the
2. In the old - days of slav - ry, it seem'd for many a year As if
3. May God help the dear Ol' Coun - try, the land - of my birth, And give

friends that I left so long a - go; Of the grave in the church - yard, wher
Heav'n were deaf to all their pray'rs and tears! But there came a day of wrath, and the
her the right to rule her own do - main, In the cab - in on the hill - side, let those

sings the girl I loved, Where the birds in spring-time sing so sweet and low; Of the
judg - ment was at hand, And the day of Free - dom broke a - midst their tears. There were
pray'rs be not in vain, Let them cease to sing the song of bars and chains. The.....

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in - ter and the moth - er, that have almost reach'd the end Of life's road they have traveled o'er so
dark days be - fore us on our march to the sea, But now, throughout A - mer - i - ca's great
land of rose and shamrock make a land - of the free, And by all the world at large let there be

long; They have pray'd for many a day... That Old Ire - land might be free, And that
land, Her Stars and Stripes float high, The em - blem of the free; She.....
seen, A great and grow - ing na - tion, Whose sons will proud - ly wave On.....

CHORUS.—March time.
they might live to sing the Free - dom - Song, It's a long time com - ing, the
reach - es out to all a wel - come hand, It's a long time com - ing, the
high the glo - rious ban - ner of the Green, It's a long time com - ing, the

end of Erin's wrong, The glo - rious day of freedom we have wait - ed for so long; And our

hearts and hands are read - y To help those a - cross the sea, Make the Green Flag of Ire - land, the Flag of the free!

RUWHESTER