

MADE RESPECTABLE

By R. W. KEENAN

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"Well, sir, what are you doing here?" A man in pajamas stood looking at another who was covering him with his revolver. They were in the dining room of the former, and the latter had taken the family silver from the sideboard.

"I am about to remove your silver," "Are you a married man?" "I am."

"Children?" "A boy and a girl."

"Suppose I should break into your house at night and rob you of your children?" "I would kill you."

"But suppose you were in my present position and I in yours?" "I would afterward hunt you down and kill you."

"That is what society will surely do to you; it will get you at last and punish you."

The burglar looked surprised. He was not used to having his victims thus argue with him.

"I am not doing this for my own benefit. I am doing it for my children. If I didn't they would starve. Indeed, they were starving when I commenced it, and that is the reason why I commenced it. Having started in, I must keep it up."

"I would advise you to drop it." "I would be glad to take your advice, but I know well that what you say is true. But when I drop it the wolf comes back to the door and he will not be driven away; he will have all I have. I can't bear to see them die, and when they are dead what is the world to me? The evil day comes, but by taking your property I may put it off for some time."

"Suppose," said the householder, "you could get word and keep it?" "You might as well suppose you could shoot me without getting hurt your self."

"You have a terse way of putting things. You should have been a lawyer."

"I am as terse as many of them, especially those who make fortunes by selling financial kings how they may get the public and keep out of jail and I am as honest as some judges who interpret the law for the benefit of these same financial kings."

The man in the pajamas started. "How," continued the burglar, "would the great robberies of the hundreds of millions in the wreckage and absorption of the small concerns, by the large ones have been accomplished except by the rulling of these same judges?"

"It was how the ruin of the man in the pajamas to be impressed."

"I know a lawyer," he said after some thought, "who will take your case and serve you as well as these others have served the big financiers."

"I should have to take your silver plate to pay his fee, and likely he would take the fee and let the case take care of itself."

"That I'm not sure but that you would conduct it better than he. However, I may as well pay the fee myself in money as in my plate, much of which consists of heirlooms which I can't replace. I will see that your lawyer is paid. Permit me to call for your plate, and when you are tried I will see that you go free. Then I will provide a way for you to earn a living without risk."

A RISING FINANCIER.

He Has the Right Idea and the Nerve If He Can Only Work Them

The old man was perched upon a high stool, flaring up the day's sales of dry goods, groceries and hardware. When his son came in with a rush.

"Bay, pop," exclaimed the young man, "if I can buy a \$300 horse for \$100, will you take a chattel mortgage on him and help me out with the cash?"

"What kind of a horse, my son?" inquired the father cautiously. "Bay, four years old, sixteen hands high, weighs a thousand pounds and is sound in wind, limb and bottom."

"That sounds good to me, my son, and I want to do all I can to help you along in the world." And he reached down into the safe for his roll. "How much do you want?"

"A hundred and forty-nine fifty." The old man gasped and caught hold of the desk.

"What?" he exclaimed. "A hundred and forty-nine fifty I've got half a dollar."

Slowly the old man shoved the roll back into the safe.

"My son," he said softly, "you are wasting time trading horses. What you ought to do is to go into the loan and trust business."—W. J. Lampton

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Stringing Gold Beads.

"We used to string gold beads on a slender gold chain," said the jeweler, "but now we don't unless ordered. The gold used in the chain is harder than that of which the beads are made, and so the chain wears the beads in their perforations and channels out little worn places at the ends of the perforations in the circumference of the beads and so makes them less perfect. And, however slender the chain may be, beads strung on a chain do not fall and lie in curves always smooth and graceful. So now usually we string gold beads on a silk cord, a material of perfect smoothness, flexibility and adaptability; on a silk cord the string of beads falls gracefully. To be sure, the silk wears out sooner than a gold chain would do, and if strung on silk the beads should be restringed once or twice a year, according to how much they are worn, but for stringing gold beads a silk cord seems to answer the purpose most perfectly."—New York Sun.

A Paradise For "Old Women." Talk of growing old at sixty and one recalls a society in which to acquire age was to acquire recognition and social happiness.

Lady Mary Montagu discovered this haven for the elderly among the Venetian nobility of the early eighteenth century. "I can assure you," she wrote home to Lady Rich in 1710, "that wrinkles or a small stoop in the shoulders may gray hair itself—is no objection to making new conquests."

A woman fifty and thirty is only fooled upon as a new girl and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your indignity may think about the matter, but it is a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women, and I am content to be in significant at present in the design of returning when I am fit to appear no where else."

High Winds and Skyscrapers. Speaking of the effect of high winds upon the skyscrapers, the superintendent of buildings in New York city said: "Observations have been made on several tall buildings from time to time as to the effect of wind. We find there is a slight movement to almost every building. In the case of some of the tallest, this movement frequently amounts to as much as eight or ten inches horizontally. It is shown by the plumb lines. However, there is no noticeable vibration and whatever movement there is gradual and can not be felt. This does not affect in any way the safety of the structure, as these buildings are designed to withstand the necessary effects of the wind as well as to support the weight of the building itself and its contents."

The Amateur Tailor. The university does not at all the helpless and unpractical person of popular caricature. There was, for example, the Mr. Goodhart of Trinity who, we are told, in "Eligways and Byways to Cambridge" was an object of special admiration to his fellow-student. He was, in fact, a kind of admirable Crickton, not only a man of great intellectual power (all fellows of Trinity must needs be, for these fellowships are the blue ribbon of the university), but excellent at all athletic pursuits and able to do successfully whatever thing he set his hand to. It is recorded that on one occasion a bet was laid that he could not make himself an entire suit of clothes and wear them for a month without their amateur origin being detected. Goodhart won.

Joe Sticks. The composition of the candles called Joe sticks, which are used in all the religious ceremonies of Buddhism, for a long time remained a mystery, the preparation of the sticks being intrusted to certain persons chosen from a limited class. Not long ago, however, a French chemist learned the manner of making Joe sticks in Indo-China. A stem of bamboo is rolled in a preparation containing fourteen different odoriferous drugs, two of which are significant as showing a knowledge of chemical and physical properties. These are acetic, which serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice, and camphor, which causes them to burn steadily without being periodically extinguished.—New York Press.

Overprecious. They are too precious, these kids. We met a little fellow on the street the other morning and seeing books under his arm, started conversation with: "Well, well—are you going to school now?" "Sure I am," sneered the infant. "Why wouldn't I? I'm over six."

"And do you love your teacher?" "Go, go! That old hen's too old for me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Know the Brand. "Is that a Landseer, Mr. Croesus?" asked the visitor, pausing before the painting. "No," replied the host, "reckon it is a Durham. See how broad it is between the horns, and see the color and curl on its forehead. That's a genuine Durham sure."—Exchange.

Different Now. "He seems to be quite a big man in politics now. I suppose he has grown over his old habit of stooping for bribes?" "Oh, yes. They tried them up to him now."—Puck.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

Old Mottos—Square Dealing. Andrew C. Court. Agent for Dayton, Ives Johnson and Portland and other makes of Bicycles. Lawn Mowers Sharpened and Repaired. 16 Portland Avenue.

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Right to the Point. Frank Finnegan, a Chicago newspaper man, was once sent to interview Charles T. Yerkes. In the outer office of the traction engineer he was presented with a card like this:

Mr. ... wishes to see Mr. ... About ... Mr. Finnegan filled it out, and it was taken to the private office, where the rich man read: "Mr. Finnegan wishes to see Mr. Yerkes about two minutes." He got his interview too.—Chicago Post.

The Only Road. Some young divinity students were trying to drag Bishop Willberforce into a discussion as to which was the best road to heaven. "Well," said the bishop, "there is only one road to heaven that I know of, and that is to turn to the right and go straight on."

One of the Regulars. "He's a pessimist." "Worries over his bad luck, eh?" "Oh, even optimists do that. This fellow's regular pessimist. He worries over other people's bad luck."— Toledo Blade.

Some Fall. "You were in on the ground floor of the scheme?" "No; I was in the cupola. When the bottom dropped out I fell clear into the subcellar."—Exchange.

Mud Baths. Meeker—This paper says that mud baths will cure rheumatism. Seeker—Nonsense! I've run for office three or four times, and it didn't do me a bit of good.—Chicago News.

Not Easy. "What is the hardest work you do?" "My hardest work," replied Senator Ferguson, "is trying to get into my photograph and talk like my speech when I get back to my home town."—Washington Star.

FATHER Koenig's NERVE TONIC. To be Watched: From St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Joseph Bahl, March 18, 1910—My son was very ill from nervousness, could not sleep, had to be watched all the time as I was afraid he would hurt himself. I tried two doctors who treated him for 4 weeks without any result. But after taking 10 bottles of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic I can testify that my son is entirely cured, next God, I have to be thankful to the Tonic for the astonishing results. Benedictione Convent, 1118 W. 11th St. Chicago, Ill.

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