

Beating the Name

By M. QUAD

Copyright 1912 by Associated Literary Press

When Jeremiah Stubbs of a certain New England village insisted on naming his mouth-old baby boy Hezekiah Pontius Stubbs his wife wailed out: "Why, you've tied a millstone around his neck at the start!"

So he had. The baby had to fight whooping cough, measles, colic, and other things, while all others in the village escaped scot free.

Before H. P. S. was twelve years old he had fallen from a tree, narrowly escaped drowning, got hooked by a cow, spent two hours in a well and had been blown up with gunpowder.

One day, at the age of thirty-six, he was the attorney for the defense in a case of hog stealing. He felt that he could win hands down, but he was smashed all to bits and his client sent to jail. An hour later the defendant lawyer was seated in his little dog hole of an office when a stranger entered. He had been a spectator in the courtroom.

"You ought to go to jail in place of your client," said the stranger as he took the only other chair in the room.

"Durned if I hadn't!" was the admission.

"What's the matter with you?"

"My name."

"I believe it's Stubbs?"

"It's worse than that. It's Hezekiah Pontius Stubbs!"

"Good lands! Then you've always been a failure?"

"From babyhood up. I've tried being a schoolmaster, a writing master, a dry goods clerk, a bookkeeper, a subscription agent, a tin peddler and a lawyer—a failure in each case."

"The name may or may not be against you, but you haven't hit the right road yet. Perhaps I can help you. I am a piano manufacturer in Boston. I made up 500 cheap pianos last year, to find they wouldn't sell."

"They're good at the price, but they're square pianos, and the people want uprights. I'm going to give you a problem to solve."

"Shoot 'er off."

"It's what is the best way to get rid of these instruments. Solve that for me and I'll solve your future. I'll call tomorrow afternoon. Good day."

H. P. S. had seen no more than half a dozen pianos in his life. He had never done business. He had simply bought a dollar's worth at a time and seldom had anything to sell.

Five hundred pianos at \$200 each!

Whew!

The failure set up all night and thought and figured and figured. He was ready next day when the Boston man called with his:

"Well, how did you make out?"

"I will show you." was answered as three or four pages of legal cap were produced.

"Firstly, not one farmer in fifty has a piano in his house."

"Secondly, not one farmer in 100 has seen an upright piano."

"Thirdly, the farmer looks for something cheap."

"Fourthly, he wants time to pay for it, even if he has the cash in the house."

"Fifthly, 95 per cent of them are honest."

"Sixthly, they must be approached in a certain way."

"Seventhly, not one farmer in fifty will drive to town to visit a music store."

"Eighthly, a piano must be stood in his parlor and allowed to appeal to eye and ear."

"Ninthly, one farmer will buy a thing because another has."

"Tenthly, I am to start out at your expense and secure the name of every farmer in this county who has one or more daughters."

"Eleventhly, when I have secured the names you are to ship me 100 pianos and furnish me a rig to drive them from door to door."

"Twelfthly, the terms are to be \$300 each—\$25 down and two years to pay the balance."

"I guess that's about all," said the lawyer as he leaned back.

"Hezekiah Pontius Stubbs, draw up an agreement," said the piano man as he reached out his hand for a shake.

Two weeks later H. P. S. was looking up names of farmers with daughters and young farmers that had married within a year or two.

Another fortnight and he was driving over the same road with three pianos on his fancy wagon and saying to farmers:

"Oh, by the way, I want to store one of these pianos in your parlor for a month. I'm not asking you to buy nor rent, but just to let it sit there."

"But I don't buy, remember," the farmer would caution.

"Oh, no, no. In fact, I couldn't sell it to you. It's for a man on the Red Bridge road. It's just a case of doing me a favor."

And do you think that piano ever went out of the house? And don't you know that Farmer Jones bought one because Farmer Green did? And wasn't the Brown girl just as good as the White girl?

The 500 pianos were sold in two counties. Then a thousand more were sold. Then H. P. S. sold uprights, sheet music, guitars, harps and banjos, and today he runs three music stores and is worth looking up in the commercial agencies.

Hezekiah Pontius Stubbs has made good. He stood up fair against the name and beat it.

First Use of the Dollar Mark.

The earliest known occurrence of the \$ in print is in an American arithmetic, Chauncey Lee's "American Arithmetic," published in 1797 at Laningham. This fact was pointed out in 1899. A recent writer again calls attention to this arithmetic and then with sweet simplicity of mind, conveys the idea that this publication constitutes the true origin of the dollar mark. By this mental short cut he saved himself the drudgery of a research which, in our case, has extended over several years. After 1899 the symbol began to be used freely, both in print and in writing. On Sept. 29, 1892, William A. Washington wrote a letter on the disposal of part of the bottom land above the Potomac, belonging to the estate of George Washington. In this letter there is mention of "\$20," "\$30" and "\$40" per acre. In this article it has been established that the \$ is the lineal descendant of the Spanish abbreviation ps for "pesos," that the change from the florin cent ps to \$ was made about 1775 by English-Americans who came in business relations with Spanish-Americans and that the earliest printed \$ dates back to the year 1797. Professor Florian Cajori in Popular Science Monthly.

Finishing Her Statue.

A Frenchwoman, who is wealthy and noted as a generous entertainer of artistic folk, has herself some ambition to shine as an amateur sculptor. A Paris paper has told how this clever woman managed to have a piece of work accepted by an art jury. One day she invited a master sculptor to dinner. After the dessert she said carelessly: "Come and see my little figure. It does not come quite up to my idea."

"You pressed into the atelier, where the sculptor gave a few reparatory touches to the figure."

Some days later she invited another sculptor to dinner. Again the atelier was visited. "Not bad, not at all bad," said this artist, and generously gave the figure a few useful touches. After several sessions of this kind the good lady was "not ashamed" proudly to acknowledge the completed work as her own.—Indianapolis News.

Way Above Her.

It was during the rush hour last Saturday night. A man and a girl got on a Euclid avenue car at the public square and succeeded in getting a whole seat. The car filled up, and the standee opposite that seat couldn't help hearing a part of the conversation, which was low, but impassioned. The young man appeared to be pleading for something, the girl was evidently demurring.

"Please!" he whispered, but she shook her head. At Fortieth street she was still begging, and then she growled: "No, she said, 'I cannot! I might, Harold, but your station is too far above my own!'"

We took that for false humility, but she went on to prove that she spoke the truth for she got off at Fifty-fifth street, while he went on to One Hundred and Fifth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Choice of Constantine.

Concerning the selection of Constantinople as the seat of empire Dean Stanby has remarked: "Of all the events of Constantine's life, this choice is the most convincing and enduring proof of his genius." It was not, however, his first choice. That fell upon Naisus (Nischni, in the Balkans—his birthplace. Then he thought of another town which we know under its modern name of Sofia, in Bulgaria. The objections to both of these were that they were too close to the frontier and too far from the sea. Nicomedia and Ilirium were in turn also considered and rejected. His final choice astonished the Roman world—a mere port of call for the Euxine trade, and a provincial fortress, being hardly conceivable as a seat of empire. But Constantine had been there.—London Chronicle.

Dr. Johnson and His Dinner.

Dr. Johnson, who was a lover of good cookery, used to assert that whenever a dinner was ill got it was because of poverty, avarice or stupidity. One day he was eloquent on this subject when his hostess (Mrs. Thrale) asked him "if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner."

"So often," he replied, "that at last she called to me and said: 'Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson. Do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest is not eatable.'"

Don't You.

We kept tabs at the theater. The hero carefully said, "Don't you," the low comedian said, "Don'tcher," and the assistant varied it to "Don'tcha." The heroine was a putter. She said, "Don't chew," as if she were advising against the use of tobacco.—Exchange.

His Only Chance.

Mrs. Yeast—Going over to the hall tonight!

Mr. Yeast—What's going on?

"Oh, Professor Meeks is going to talk."

"He is? Why, is his wife away?"

Yonkers Statesman.

Was of the Jokers.

First Humorist—No, I never read my jokes to my wife. She only laughs at them. Second Humorist—You're lucky; mine cries.—Chicago News.

Double-Entendre.

"Get your teeth filled, eh? Did the dentist do a good job?"

"Well, he spared no pains."—Lippincott's.

A single day grants what a whole year denies.—Dutch Proverb.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

The way I got into the detective business was this: I was about sixteen years old and office boy for a detective bureau. Among other things, I had charge of any articles that might be useful as clues or evidence in cases worked on by the office force. These articles were kept in a cabinet that stood in the office. It was kept locked, and I had the key. The reason for its being in my possession was that I was the only one always on hand. I was naturally interested in these articles, and, having a vivid imagination, conjured up all sorts of improbable stories connected with them. There were usually one or more weapons on hand, and these were my favorites.

One day when I was alone in the office I opened the cabinet and began handling the contents. There were several buttons, a razor, two shoes, one pistol and a bullet.

The last named had been put in the day before and had killed a man; therefore I was very much interested in it, taking it up and examining it closely. On it I noticed three scratches of different depth and length, two near together, the third on the opposite side of the circumference. I took up the pistol and looking into the muzzle, noticed a bit of rust about as far down as the barrel as I could see. Then an idea occurred to me. Might not the scratches on the bullet have been made by bits of rust or other inequalities in the barrel of the pistol from which it was fired?

I knew the pistol in the cabinet had nothing to do with the bullet, for the former had been there a long while, but the pistol from which the latter had been fired doubtless existed, and if another ball should be fired from it, the same streaks should appear on its surface as on the first one.

My experience with boys has taught me that they know a lot of things a man doesn't take time to consider. For instance, a boy living beside a railroad knew every train and its number, that passed his home and a great many other things about the road of which his father was profoundly ignorant. I had shown a boy's observation in noticing the scratches on the bullet and resolved to do a bit of investigation on my own account. I had a pistol at home and that evening put a drop of water in its barrel near the muzzle. The next morning there was a rust spot where the water had been. I took a smooth bullet out into the yard, loaded the pistol with it and fired it straight up into the air. I found it when it came down and examined it. There was a scratch on it, but not well marked. I rusted the pistol in two other parts and fired another bullet, to find three scratches on it.

I called at the office of the pistol from which the bullet in the cabinet was fired had been found and was told a man living in the same house as the murdered man was suspected of the murder. A revolver had been found in the suspect's room with one empty chamber, but there was nothing to prove that the bullet it contained had done the murder, except that the bullet was of the same caliber as the pistol.

I wished to get possession of that pistol, if possible, and see if the bullet fitted it, but the pistol was not in the cabinet, and I didn't know where it was. So I went to the chief and told him that if he would get the pistol for me I would tell him whether it had contained the ball that did the murder. He asked me how I would know, and I refused to tell him, whereupon he declined to let me have the pistol, which was in the hands of one of the office force. After that I said no more about the matter.

Several days later he and the detective who had the pistol belonging to the suspect called me to them and questioned me as to what I had meant by connecting the bullet and the pistol. I told them that if they would fire a new bullet from the pistol of the suspect into the air I would tell them if the bullet in the cabinet did the murder. They decided to fire it into water. Taking me with them, they fired it into a wooden cistern eight feet high, and when it was found they showed it to me.

I looked at it and saw scratches on it to correspond with those on the bullet that had done the murder. I took the two bullets and showed the two men the corresponding scratches on each, proving that both had been fired from the same pistol. Subsequently the rust spots inside the pistol were located. On this evidence alone the suspect was convicted.

My chief told me that I was a born detective and had better follow the business. Young as I was, he took me on the force and put me on cases just the same as the other detectives. I have been successful, but I don't think any of my cases have been as neat as the one that insured my entrance into the profession. I attribute it first to the fact that I had a boy's instinct to observe what a man would pass over lightly and upon noticing the scratches on the bullet in the cabinet was fortunate in seeing a rust spot near the muzzle of the pistol there. Had that rust spot been a trifle farther down in the barrel I would not have seen it, would not have associated it with the scratches, would not have located the murderer and would not have become a detective. Possibly I might have been something better.

Picking a Pocket.

A youth from the country was paying his first visit to Manhattan and accompanied by his uncle, a New York banker, went to the theater. While waiting in the lobby before the performance the country boy hung back his coat and with hands in his pockets displayed a heavy gold watch chain. The uncle observed the act and resolved to teach him a lesson. While his attention was diverted the uncle slipped the watch and chain from the boy's vest, and they entered the theater. "What time is it?" he asked when they were seated. The country youth felt for his timepiece and found that it was gone. Allowing him to make a thorough search for it, the uncle told him he had taken it and read him a sharp lecture. "You are not in the country now, you know, where you can display valuables with impunity. You should be more careful. Let this be a lesson to you." So saying, he slipped his hand into his coat pocket where he had put the watch. To his utter dismay, he found it was gone. And when he looked to see if his own was safe he found that also had taken wings.—New York Tribune.

Tea Drinking as an Art.

Hot China tea, neither too strong nor stewed, should be drunk slowly. Some people put a clove or two in their cup of hot tea. Sugar candy is often used instead of lump sugar, and there are sugar bonbons that dissolve quickly in tea and are popular.

Some hostesses have their own sugar lumps made with special coloring and flavoring to suit their individual tastes. There are balls of white fondant strongly flavored with lemon or orange juice; others pink, flavored with rose; violet, flavored with violets, and green balls that have a maraschino cherry inside.

Tea to be iced should be made rather stronger than for drinking hot. When it has infused seven minutes pour it from the leaves and sweeten to taste and then stand it in a refrigerator for seven hours. Serve in cream glasses with a spoonful of vanilla cream on the top or else drop a small lemon wedge into the glass.—London Mail.

Where the Dogs Work.

Life is a vastly different thing to the Alaskan dog from what it is to his more fortunate brethren with us. He is the hardest working member of the community and the most important social and commercial factor in the frozen country, for without him travel and inter-communication would be impossible during a great part of the year. Almost every man in this country owns from one to five dogs. They are his constant companions, aiding him in nearly all his work. When a pup is three or four months old he is given a course of training in the harness. At the age of seven or eight months he must start in with light work and must understand and obey "whoa," "gee," "haw" and "march," which latter means go on and is commonly pronounced "mush" by all men driving dogs.—Country Life in America.

A Very Frank Lawyer.

Joseph W. Keith said that Judge Governor of Missouri had received the following application from a young attorney for commutation of sentence of death from Pemiscott county: "This was my first case as a lawyer, and I admit that I didn't know very much about defending a man for murder. I believe that if this negro had had a real lawyer to defend him he would have been acquitted. I don't believe you ought to let him hang for my ignorance."

Folk looked over the record in the case, thoroughly agreed with the lawyer regarding the manner in which the case had been handled and commuted the sentence.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Crude Cannon.

Of the early cannon, the larger ones were made by taking bars of iron and binding them together with hoops, leaving a hole in the middle. The shot consisted of scraps of iron and often small stones. If they got too much powder in the gun the barrel would explode, and there would be the deuce to pay. The enemy were not the only ones that were in danger in those days. The gunner took his life in his hand every time he applied a match to the touchhole. But, with all that, many battles in early times were decided by cannon.—Exchange.

Free Medical Advice.

Want some free medical advice? Here it is, from Dr. Strickland Goodall of London, and it is for business men who advertise and hence are busy, see? Thus: Devote one hour to each meal, avoiding all business talk. Have no fads in food. Be moderate. Probably the last is the key to the whole.—Be moderate.

Good, easy advice, don't you think?—Detroit Free Press.

All in a Line.

"He's my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affair?"

"Is an idyl."

"And your dance?"

"Papa says he is idle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wall Posted.

Teacher (in lesson on Holland)—Why, Willie, don't you know what country the geography lesson is about? Think hard. Who were the people who made war on skates? Willie—De ABE-salen league.—Judge.

Wholly Witles.

"Did you say he was half witted?"

"No; I only said he would be half witted if he had a little more sense."—Exchange.

Keeping Him Alive

By F. A. MITCHEL

The old colonel lay dying. His son, a captain in the army in the Philippines, was on his way to see his father before he died and was expected every hour to arrive. He was the apple of the old soldier's eye. They had fought together in the Spanish-American war. The colonel had seen his son wounded and carried past him to the rear, but had refrained from any further expression of grief than a "God bless you, my boy," and had pressed on at the head of his regiment. The son had recovered and after peace came had been sent to the United States possessions in the Pacific.

When it was known that the colonel had not long to live the son was notified and, having secured a leave of absence, sent word that he would start for home immediately. They told the father that his boy was coming, and for a time it buoyed him up wonderfully. But his disease was rapidly wearing him out, and he soon fell back again.

"Doctor," he said to his physician, "can you keep me alive till my son arrives?"

"I shall try, colonel!"

"But you must..."

"I can't work a miracle..."

The colonel was not satisfied. His doctor was an old man brought up in the old time school, and his patient wished for younger blood, one who if he could not defeat nature's laws could by daring and a knowledge of her workings produce some marvelous results. So the next day he called in a young man noted for his original methods and, dismissing the old doctor who had been attending him, placed himself under the young doctor's care. These were the instructions he gave him in the language he would write an order:

"You are not to attack my disease with a view to curing me. You will use every effort. Take every risk, to keep me alive till my son arrives that we may meet once more on earth. In case you succeed \$5,000 will be paid you from my estate by my son whom I shall instruct verbally to do so. If I am unable to give him the instructions you will receive the money. If I am not able to give them you will receive nothing but an ordinary fee."

Never did a young physician have a better chance to make a start in his profession. The doctor devoted himself personally day and night to his patient. Ten days remained from the time he was engaged before the captain could possibly reach the bedside of his father. Every stimulant known to the profession was administered to the invalid, but in spite of all of them he gradually sank. Eight days passed, and there was barely enough strength left in him to keep him conscious.

Then came a message that the ship in which the son was coming was making port at San Francisco.

When a telegram was received announcing that the captain had left the Pacific coast for home it was known that he would arrive on time in three days at noon. The doctor told the colonel of the time his son would be with him and urged him to nerve himself to fight death.

"He is coming," said the old soldier resolutely, "and I will hold the position till he arrives."

But twenty-four hours before the captain was due a severe storm set in, and the weather conditions have a marked effect on those struggling with disease. The old soldier held out manfully till the morning of the day his son was expected to arrive. Then he fell away so rapidly that his doctor felt obliged to administer the most powerful heart stimulant known to the profession. It revived the patient, but not for long. Then oxygen was applied and lastly galvanism.

By such means the doctor succeeded in keeping his patient alive till the hour and minute the train was due. Then came word that it was an hour late. For a moment the doctor was staggered. Then he resolved on what proved a stroke of genius. The colonel lived near an army station, and the doctor telephoned the situation to the commandant and asked him to send a detachment with firearms and blank cartridges. In half an hour twenty men under command of a sergeant were before the colonel's door.

A carriage darted up to the house, and a young man alighted and ran inside and upstairs. Kneeling by the bed, he exclaimed:

"Father!"

But there was no reply. The colonel was unconscious.

Going to the window the doctor cried to the sergeant below:

"Beat the long roll!"

The sick man heard, and a light came into his eye, a flush into his cheek.

"A volley!" cried the doctor.

Twenty rifles sounded at once.

"Turn out the guard!" cried the colonel. "The enemy is upon us!" Then, seeing his son: "My boy! My boy! I feared you would not arrive in time."

A light came into the father's eye, a tinge of red to his cheek, as his son put his arms about him and kissed him as he had done when a child. Then the old man's words became indistinct, and he closed his eyes with a faint "Good-by."

But another volley infused still more life, and the colonel lived several hours, during which he conversed with his son and gave the instructions he had promised to give concerning the doctor's reward.

Waiting For the Lightning.

Curious information on the habits of the big trees of California is given in one of John Muir's books. "These big trees," he says, "seem to be immortal unless they are destroyed by accident. There is no absolute limit to the existence of any tree. Death is due to accident, not as that of animals, to the wearing out of organs. Only the leaves die of old age. Their fall is foretold in their structure. But the leaves are renewed every year, and so also are the essential organs—wood, roots, bark, buds."

"Most of the Sierra trees die of disease, insects, fungi, etc., but nothing hurts the big trees," adds the distinguished naturalist. "I never saw one that was sick or showed the slightest sign of decay. Barring accidents, it seems to be immortal. It is a curious fact that all the very old sequoias had lost their heads by lightning strokes."

"All things come to him who waits." But of all living things the sequoia is perhaps the only one able to wait long enough to make sure of being struck by lightning.

A Scot as Grand Vizier.

In "Further Reminiscences" Mrs. Hugh Fraser tells of James Keith, a Scotsman, who served with Spain, Russia and Prussia. As general officer of the Empress Anna Petrovna he was intrusted with the conduct of some preliminaries of peace with Turkey prior to the treaty of Belgrade.

On the completion of the negotiations, which were conducted in French, the Turkish representative, no other than the grand vizier himself, a tall, red bearded personage dressed all in the sacred green of a hadji or holy man who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, arose and came round to where Keith was standing by the table. "It affords me great pleasure, sir," the grand vizier began to the astounded Keith in excellent English, with an accent tracing Scottish accent, "to have the opportunity of meeting again with so distinguished a person as yourself. You look surprised, but I will remember you, and your brother going to school. My father, sir, was the bailman of Kirkcaldy."

The Serbs' Rout.

It was upon the banks of the Maritza, near Adrianople, in 1394, that the Turks first came into conflict with the young Slavic races, the Servians, the Bosnians, the Bulgarians, Louis L., king of Hungary and Poland, with the princes of Roshnia, Servia and Wallachia had decided to conquer the sultan; a task that the Greeks had been unable to manage. The Turks were only half as strong as the allies, but the commander took advantage of the intoxication of the allies to make a sudden night attack. The Slavs were aroused by the beating of the Turkish drums. "The Ottomans were upon them before they could stand to arms. They were like wild beasts scared from their lair," says Sardud-Din.

"Speeding from the field of glory in the waste of night, those subjects poured into the stream Maritza and were drowned." The spot can still be seen on the map as Sir Sidiugh; the "Serbs' rout."

Marat and His Ugliness.

Jean Paul Marat of the French revolution is said to have been not only one of the ugliest men in all France, but to have been positively repulsive in person, habits and manners. Yet in his early career he was beyond question the most popular physician in Paris, particularly with the women. It is said that his consulting rooms were daily crowded by the loveliest women in Paris. Even when he was suffering from a loathsome skin disease, contracted while hiding in the sewers of Paris, he was tenderly nursed by one of the loveliest of his admirers, whom he eventually married.

When Edward Was Peaved.

In "King Edward in His True Colors" is this story of the late king: At Marlborough House one night in the eighties the king, who was then the Prince of Wales, was playing billiards with some of his guests. His royal highness was not in particularly good form, and after a rather bad shot one of the younger men shouted, to the amazement and disgust of the others: "I say, Wales; pull yourself together!" The prince made no reply, but, beckoning a servant, said: "Call Mr. — a carriage."

How She Struck Him.

"Oh, yes, I know Mrs. Wadleigh. I saw her last night, and she struck me as!"

"I know what you were going to say. She struck you as being about the prettiest woman in this town."

"No; that wasn't it exactly. She struck me as I was trying to get across the street in front of her new electric."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surprise All Right.

"My husband has promised to allow me to choose what I want for my birthday."

"Oh, then there will be no surprises this year."

"Yes, there will. He will be surprised enough when he gets the bill."

He Was Willing.

Friend—What was the title of your poem? Poet—"Oh, Give Me Back My Dreams!" Friend—And what did the editor write to you? Poet—"Take 'em! —McCCall's Magazine."

Two Chords.

Willie—Say, pop, what's a major and minor chord? Father—The major