

BUYING A CLAIM

By TIMOTHY W BARLOW

Billy Watkins was a terrible sort of a fellow. Indeed, he was too terrible to ever make anything of himself. He had some capital and started a business of his own. Any one who is experienced in business knows that some...

Billy paid me a big salary to be a lawyer between him and persons who wanted something. But in spite of all I could do they would get past me to Billy himself, and the concern was...

Of course the inevitable red flag came in time. After we were sold out I loaned Billy \$200 for present expenses. When I loaned it I never expected to ask for it. Billy said that when he got on his feet again he would pay it, and I knew he would...

I applied for a payment of my loan. Billy had given me such an opportunity that he hadn't anything with which to pay his just debts. He sold some belongings for a matter of \$20, which he gave me, and when I was obliged to apply to him again...

One day a very nice looking lady called on me and asked for Billy. I said that he was in the hospital. I didn't know of either of these sales or I wouldn't have accepted the sale. The sale of his overcoat brought pneumonia, and Billy came out of a hospital more deeply in debt than before.

"All right," I agreed, wondering what it all meant. She pulled a little checkbook out of a reticule and wrote a check for the amount, and I assigned my claim on Billy to her. Being a woman I didn't suppose that she would do anything mean in the premises, though after I had made the transaction I was sorry for it.

"I didn't get Billy after that for some time. Indeed, I didn't care to meet him for the more I thought about the woman's buying a claim against him, the more I believed she had done it to secure some revenge. I feared to hear Mr. Parnell apologize for having used the expression 'WHY say'..."

"Where the deuce have you been keeping yourself?" he said. "I've been waiting to see you to tell you of the fact I've had. Not long ago an old dame of mine who once refused me a claim against me had been transferred to her for less than it was worth when I was welcome to the difference. Well, it was as long as I liked. Well, I took this for a hint to ask again, and I did with the desired result. We were married next month, and I wish Washington Street."

How Gold Pens Are Made.

Metallic iridium, used so extensively for the points of gold pens, is made from the powder obtained in the wet way from platinum ore by heating to a high heat in a sand crucible and then adding stick phosphorus. The iridium, which cannot be melted alone, is thus fused in the form of an iridium phosphide. To remove the phosphorus the phosphide is heated with lime, and the iridium is left in the form of a hard white mass. It is now so hard that it cannot be filed or cut and is broken up into small pieces for soldering to the points of gold pens.

Furniture Casters. Many furniture casters are made of leather. Discs of the required size being cut out and cemented and compressed to form the wheel. The wheel is then put into a lathe and turned rounding on its face. Discs of metal are clamped on each side of the wheel to serve as bearings for the axle that runs through the wheel.

Corrected in Rome. Thackeray was much pestered by the autograph hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album, and often refused those who asked him to do so, sometimes rather brusquely.

Albert Smith. Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote: "I know that Albert wrote in hurry. To criticism I scarce presume. But yet methinks that Lindley Murray instead of 'who' had written 'whom.'" W. M. THACKERAY.

Expanding the Inspiration. "Isn't inspiration a queer thing?" "I suppose so. What about it?" "Why, a few weeks ago I had a red-hot squabble with my wife over a dressmaker's bill, and when I came down to the office I was mad enough to chew spikes. Then I sat down at my desk and wrote a little poem on 'Help the Erring Brother With a Single Kindly Word.'" And, say, those verses, born in bitterness and nourished by anger, have been copied in the leading newspapers all over the country. How's that?"

Parnell's Apelogy. Mr. Parnell, on April 10, 1878, characterized a statement made by Henry James as "a legal quibble" worthy of the honorable and learned member of the House of Commons who had just preceded him.

Disconcerting. "What does this nation need?" asked the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific, if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her arms about me, giving me a bears' march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

A Kicker. "I have just discovered why it is customary to waste a turkey," said the man who thinks the world is against him. "To improve the flavor, of course." "No, it's to make it as slippery as possible when I come to carve it." Washington Street.

She Took to the Road

By BERTHA L. TOMLINS

All civil wars are terrible, but all civil wars are full of romance. This is because people divided and trying to kill one another bring greater grief than when they fight a foreigner. Gertrude Milbank, the daughter of a country gentleman of Devonshire, found herself at the time Cromwell, founder ruler of England under the title of lord protector her father and two brothers having been killed fighting for their king—an orphan and without any one to lean upon.

Placed in that age two professions were practiced by gentlemen, one of which is now obsolete, while the other has been relegated to the criminal classes. These were highway robbery and piracy. The highwayman was a popular character, while Morgan, the most brutally bloodthirsty of pirates, died in England unpunished for his many crimes.

Six Hits With No Runs. Baseball has some funny freaks, but none ever beat one which a writer recalls happened in a game in Indiana on May 30, 1890, when the Anderson club got three triplets, a double and two singles in one inning, and yet they didn't score. Ireland, the first batter, hit for a triple and tried to score on a short passed ball, but was tagged out.

The Friends We Might Have Made. The most pathetic phase of life is a realization of the friends that we never make, the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more. Who ever contemplated the loss of friends that he might have made by just releasing a little of his self-centered reserve? We appreciate the persons who always greets us as meeting day after day. It is so easy, so simple, to spread the halo of happiness about us that we often overlook it and go through the world thinking that every smile and every good impulse we have is not worth while unless bartered away for something in exchange.

Climbing to Church. The only way of reaching the old parish church at Wilby, in Yorkshire, from the town is by means of 100 stone steps, probably as curious an approach—and based—on their admission—that to a place of worship as any in their churches had not been cleaner kingdom.

Poor Mrs. Youngbride. "I don't believe the story, do you?" "What story?" "About Mrs. Youngbride. They say that she went into a tailor's shop the other day and, seeing a side of spare ribs on the counter, she remarked, 'Why, I didn't know you kept spare-ribs here.'" Boston Transcript.

The Soft Answer. "Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son; your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late. Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Motto. It is only the thinking man who says things worthy of utterance. Some talk the living day, yet say nothing. Hang this motto on the wall of memory. "Speak little; say much." The pessimist. Bookkeeper to boss Mr. Grouch. "I'm going to get married, Grouch. Glad to hear it. You won't be so all-fired anxious to get home early." Business.

The Elephant's Palette.

An elephant's palette is very delicate, and the animal is whimsical in selecting or rejecting morsels of food. A writer tells of an incident humorously illustrative of the whims of a tame elephant belonging to the police of Dhurbri.

Three-quarters of a pound of rice was placed within each tube of plantain stem the day while the elephant was being fed. One offered it a small sweet biscuit. It was taken in the trunk and almost immediately thrown on the ground. The man, thinking that the elephant had behaved rudely, picked up the biscuit and inserted it in a parcel of rice within a plantain stem. This was placed in the beast's mouth, and at the very first crunch it showed its disgust by refusing the whole mess. The small biscuit had disgusted the animal, and for several minutes it tried by its inserted trunk to rake out every atom from its tongue and throat.

How Japan Greets the New Year. In Japan the new year is welcomed with far more energy than in this country. Let a man's energy be ever so defective, he is expected to rise at 4 a. m. and don new clothes to meet the auspicious morning.

Baseball has some funny freaks, but none ever beat one which a writer recalls happened in a game in Indiana on May 30, 1890, when the Anderson club got three triplets, a double and two singles in one inning, and yet they didn't score.

The Friends We Might Have Made. The most pathetic phase of life is a realization of the friends that we never make, the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more.

Climbing to Church. The only way of reaching the old parish church at Wilby, in Yorkshire, from the town is by means of 100 stone steps, probably as curious an approach—and based—on their admission—that to a place of worship as any in their churches had not been cleaner kingdom.

Poor Mrs. Youngbride. "I don't believe the story, do you?" "What story?" "About Mrs. Youngbride. They say that she went into a tailor's shop the other day and, seeing a side of spare ribs on the counter, she remarked, 'Why, I didn't know you kept spare-ribs here.'" Boston Transcript.

The Soft Answer. "Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son; your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late. Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Motto. It is only the thinking man who says things worthy of utterance. Some talk the living day, yet say nothing. Hang this motto on the wall of memory. "Speak little; say much." The pessimist. Bookkeeper to boss Mr. Grouch. "I'm going to get married, Grouch. Glad to hear it. You won't be so all-fired anxious to get home early." Business.

A Village Enigma

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press

It was three years after Mrs. An drew Wakefield became a widow that things began to happen to disturb the peace of mind of the town of Hooperville. Mr. Wakefield had been a man without ambition or energy and addicted to intoxicants, and the main support of the couple had been the earnings of the wife with her needle.

Mr. Wakefield sometimes complained because he was not met on even terms by the best citizens, but the wife never complained of her lot. If she expected a merchant's wife to associate with her dressmaker on terms of equality she never gave utterance to that fact. And never, that any one could recall, did she ask to be considered a martyr or find fault with her husband.

Waal, is Mrs. Wakefield an enigma? "Folks say so." "Mebbe she is. She strikes me as a woman who is waiting for something to happen." "Something finally happened. It wasn't anything of great importance—just the death of Mr. Wakefield."

When the money came the widow set about getting even with Hooperville. There was no malice in it, but just a sense of satisfaction. A bridge over the river had long been unsafe, but the taxpayers had hung off about repairing it, trusting that the Lord would divert all the accidents to other bridges.

The Savage Club's Founder. Sir John Hare in a diverting speech at the Savage Club told this reminiscence: "Of Andrew Halliday, the founder of this club, perhaps I may be forgiven if I tell you a little anecdote, which may or may not be known to you."

A Comb in the Claw. Many birds possess a useful comb in the claw of the middle toe of the foot. This has been noticed in owls, nightjars, herons, bitterns, cormorants, gannets, etc. It has been explained as a means of holding the prey securely.

The Intelligent Bohemian Life. Corot, the French landscape painter, was a model of consistent bohemianism of the best kind. When his father said, "You shall have \$80 a year, your plate at my table and be a painter or you shall have \$4,000 to start with if you will be a shopkeeper," his choice was made at once.

Deming Him a Favor. Perturbed Deming—What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish and now after the fish you give me the soup. Waiter (confidentially)—Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was 'kib time you had that fish. London Sketch.

In Easy Going Trinidad.

The hotel in Trinidad is the antithesis of the bustle of the port and the delirium of the drive. An old darky in faded livery, "Methuselah," totters out and looks at you. Coolly clad figures in rocking chairs on the porch meditatively absorb their drinks without even doing that. After a time a clerk appears and you sign the register.

Barnum's First Show Venture. P. T. Barnum launched his career in the show business by exhibiting a remarkable negro woman, believed to be 100 years old and said to have been a nurse to George Washington. An old bill of sale was exhibited, properly dated, concerning Joyce Heth, then aged fifty-four years, and evidence was also furnished that she was nurse to George Washington. Everything seemed so straightforward to the young man that he was eager to become the proprietor of this novel exhibition.

The Most Security. What security is there best suited to "the average man" possessing (1) safety, (2) stability, (3) profit and (4) convertibility? Traveling in a circle, we come back to our original point of departure—real estate. First mortgage bonds based on the highest class of improved income producing real estate in a large city with a large margin of safety and an absolute first lien returning 6, 5 1/2, and 6 per cent on the investment are to my mind the ideal investment for "the average man" and indeed for all others.

The Intelligent Bohemian Life. Corot, the French landscape painter, was a model of consistent bohemianism of the best kind. When his father said, "You shall have \$80 a year, your plate at my table and be a painter or you shall have \$4,000 to start with if you will be a shopkeeper," his choice was made at once.

Deming Him a Favor. Perturbed Deming—What on earth is the matter with you this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish and now after the fish you give me the soup. Waiter (confidentially)—Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was 'kib time you had that fish. London Sketch.

He Does, He Does. A man tells a girl he would give all he has in the world to make her happy, and then he grows when she marries him and holds him strictly to his word. New York Tribune.

An amary man opens his mouth and says his own. Color.