

A DOCTOR'S STORY

By EDWIN CONSTABLE, Jr.

I was one night called from my bed to visit a patient of whom I had never heard. I asked the person at the phone how he came to call upon me, and he could give no reason. But he said there was a young girl there who had received an injury and if he could not get a doctor for her soon he feared she would die. He had called upon several doctors and all had refused to come.

"For heaven's sake, doctor," he added, "don't leave us with a dying woman on our hands. We'll pay what we can!"

I lived on a street which, though it was eminently respectable, was not far distant from a district which was quite the reverse. I decided to walk rather than take out my chauffeur, who had driven me a good deal late at night recently and was tired out.

The man at the phone had given me the street and number, and as I proceeded I saw that I was in the worst part of the town. The house itself was neither good nor bad, the worst thing about it being its surroundings. I hesitated for a moment, then rang the bell. A woman came to the door, and I noticed that instead of hurrying me to the sickroom she looked out through the open doorway to see whether I had come by conveyance.

"Did you walk, doctor?" she asked.

"Yes. Why do you wish to know that?"

"Oh, nothing. Most doctors go about in automobiles nowadays."

This interest in how I had come increased my suspicions, especially since the call had been so urgent. As I passed through the hall to a room in the rear I noticed that there was little or no furniture in the house. Indeed, it was what we call vacant, and the people in it had come into it for a purpose. What that purpose was I could only conjecture. If it was to rob me I had no arms with which to defend myself.

"As soon as I had entered the room I saw that I had not been called to visit a patient. The only furniture in it was a rickety chair. Two men were there, and the woman who had admitted me remained without, locking the door. The two men looked me over without saying anything.

"Where is the patient?" I asked.

"There is no patient here," replied one of the men. "What we want is money. Write us a check on your bank for \$5,000, and tomorrow after we have drawn the amount we will let you go."

"And if I refuse?"

The spokesman shrugged his shoulders, and the other man felt something inside the shabby coat he wore which I supposed to be a knife. I knew that all this was to terrify me. "I haven't \$5,000 in bank," I said. "My balance is a little over \$200. If I remember correctly, I will give you a check for \$200."

The men withdrew to a corner, where they held a consultation in whispers. Presently they came to me and said that if I would make it sure they could get the money on the check they would accept the amount, and I wrote a note to a friend of mine asking him to draw the funds and give them to the bearer of the check. This satisfied them, and there seemed nothing to do but for me to sit on the rickety chair till the next morning, as much longer as was needed for my captors to get safely away.

One of the men went out; the other remained with me. I chatted with him for awhile, apparently making the best of the situation. Suddenly I snuffed the air suspiciously.

"There's ozone in this room," I said, affecting to be much frightened. If there was anything in the air it was not ozone; it was rather the want of it.

"What's that?" asked the man.

"Have you got ozone?" I asked the man, approaching him and sniffing the air as I did so. Then, putting my nose to his sleeve, I added: "You have it. Let me get out of here. I don't want to die with you."

The man looked at me, evidently somewhat frightened, and asked: "What is it, doctor?"

"Do you know what leprosy is?"

"Yes."

"Well, ozone is a similar disease though it works much quicker. In two weeks you will be a dead man."

He turned pale, but kept enough nerve to look at me with an inquiring glance that I knew was to determine my sincerity.

"Let me out," I repeated. "The disease is contagious." I kicked furiously on the door. The other man came in to learn what was the matter. I told him his friend had a disease that would carry him off possibly in a few days, and if he didn't get away from it he would come down with it himself. I persisted till I had got them frightened. Then they asked if I could not cure the disease. I told them there was an antidote, but I would have to go for it.

Following up my advantage, I made an agreement with them that they would surrender my check and call the whole affair off if I would give one of them a prescription for the medicine and they would let me go as soon as it arrived. I sent the man out with the prescription and the money to pay for the medicine. I ordered mandarin and when it came gave the patient a dose to cure him and the other a dose for an antidote. Having thus drugged them, I left, and a few minutes later the police had them in charge.

Three Cashmere Shawls as a Trove.

These have been only one instance who for 350 years sat on his throne, crown upon his head, scepter in his hand and dressed in the royal robes keeping solemn dominion over the great Charlesagne, the great Franklin ruler during his life built for himself at Aix-la-Chapelle, in France, a chapel beneath the chapel a tomb. When the monarch died in 814 his body was placed, fully dressed, with swifter and crown, in a sitting position upon a marble throne in this tomb. Nearly 300 years afterward the Emperor Otto III, and the vault opened, and it is said that the body of the great emperor was found in a state of wonderful preservation, still seated upon his throne with his sword by his side and the gospels open in his lap. Again in 1155 the Emperor Barbarossa (Frederick I.) had the vault opened, and in 1215 Frederick II. took the remains from the silent chamber over which for so many years they had kept guard and had them put into a casket of gold and silver, in which they are still kept.

Cashmere Shawls.

Cashmere shawls are of two kinds, one made by weaving small pieces and sewing them together, the other by embroidering the pattern on a plain woolen cloth. The real cashmere shawl is called pashmooa and is made from the down, not the hair, of the Tibetan goat, which is raised in the mountainous provinces of that country, but the wool or down is all carried to Cashmere for manufacture, the business being under strict government control and to such degree that no real pashmooa wool can be sold or smuggled into any other province of India. Fine shawls are made in Punjab and other provinces from goats' and sheep's wool and sold as genuine cashmere, but are of an inferior grade. In Cashmere 100,000 persons are employed in the shawl manufacture. The weavers are all males; most of the spinners are women. The weaving of a shawl of ordinary pattern occupies three weavers for three months, the more elaborate and costly for from twelve to fifteen months.

Thrilling Balloon Experiences.

Probably no aeronauts have ever survived to tell such a thrilling story of their experiences as Messrs. Glalisher and Coxwell when, in 1837, they made their record ascent of seven miles. When the balloon had reached a height of 29,000 feet Mr. Glalisher records, "I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell in the rig and endeavored to speak; he could not when in an instant intense black darkness came, and I suddenly became unconscious." Mr. Coxwell himself was on the point of succumbing to the intense cold. The heat from was all around the neck of the balloon, his hands were frozen and powerless, and as the balloon was still rising swiftly death seemed inevitable to both aeronauts. Mr. Coxwell succeeded in opening the valve to release the gas. Insensibility was rapidly coming over him, and it was only "at the last gasp" that by a happy inspiration he seized the cord with his teeth and "dipped" his head two or three times until the balloon took a decided turn downward.

State Styles For China.

Men who have wondered what becomes of the large stocks of hats, caps and clothing that remain unsold at the close of each season in this country will be interested to learn that a considerable portion of such stock is disposed of in China, where the men are adopting the dress of their western brothers. The rising generation of Chinese is particularly keen for headgear worn in America, but the styles seen there are always those that year in vogue in this country the year before. Much of the men's apparel that fails to find a market in this country finds its way to the far east. In a walk through the streets of any Chinese city one sees derbies, fedoras and caps that bear American labels. Most of the caps are of British make because many of the tourists come from London, and in selecting a cap the native has no guide except the headgear he sees on foreigners.—New York Herald.

A New Story About the Great Caliph

By RUTH GRAHAM

In the city of Bagdad many years ago, when the great old Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid was going about in disguise to see how his subjects were getting on, that he might supply their necessities, right their wrongs and be of general service to them, he one evening passed by the shop of a money changer who was looking very impatient.

"What troubles you?" asked the caliph, who was dressed in the garb of a vendor of dates and had on his arm a basket containing the fruit.

"What need to tell you, a poor date seller?" replied the other. "You have an honest and sympathetic countenance, but you cannot help me."

"Not with money surely," replied the caliph, "but with advice."

"Ah," said the money changer, "there is a great deal more advice in the world than of money! Any one can give advice. I am overruled with it, especially about my children. There's not one of my neighbors who cannot tell me just how to raise them, though I confess, those who are most aptly in their instructions have never had any children of their own."

The caliph was much impressed with this information, which was new to him, for no one would dare give him advice as to the training of his children. "Tell me your troubles," he said to the money changer, "and if I do not help you I will give you all the dates I have in my basket." So he told the caliph what grieved him.

"I change money," he said, "and I receive money in kind from others which I loan again at interest. This morning there was a man who came with a hundred pieces of gold which he wished me to keep for them. I took the money and showed a receipt for it which he had drawn up, and by its terms I was obliged to pay the gold to them all together and not to any one of them separately."

"Soon after they had gone away one of them returned saying that he wished to count the money, for he feared there were not the 100 pieces I had receipted for, because, after leaving, one of his party had said: 'That man is a fool. I gave him for my share only eighty pieces of gold, and he will have to pay me a hundred pieces.'

"I took the gold from my strong box and laid it on the table before this honest man, and while we were counting it there came a knock at the door. There stood the two other depositors, who said to me: 'If our third man comes to you and asks you to let him count the money we left you do not permit him. He is a rogue.' I told them I would be very careful and tried to get away from them but he got back to the man with the gold, but they insisted on telling me why they suspected their colleagues. And by the time they had finished and I got back to the room where I had left him he had gone with the money, having stepped out through a window into the street."

"He had not been gone long before the other two men came back and told they had an opportunity to see their funds and demanded that I should return them their deposit. I have not so much as heard of them; I must eventually lose 200 pieces of gold. They have asked me to appear before the judge tomorrow, and since I cannot return their deposit I shall be sent to jail."

When the caliph had heard this story he frowned that there should be such wrongs in Bagdad. But the matter was one of law, and the good man never interfered with legal processes except in wise judgments like Solomon's old. "I will not give you any advice," he said to the money changer, "and since I must keep my contract I will leave my dates with you. But you will see me at the court tomorrow, and I think I know a way to help you."

The money changer did not wish to keep the dates, but the caliph would not take them away with him.

The next day, when the money changer went to court, whom should he see on the judge's bench but the date vendor to whom he had confided his story. The two men who had demanded their money entered, and the judge told them to make known to him their complaint against the money changer. They told the same story as the latter, whereupon the judge called for the receipt which had been given for the gold. Having read it, he asked of the complainants:

"Where is the third man to whom the money is to be paid?"

"We do not know. He has made off with it, but that is not our fault. It is the fault of the money changer, of whom we demand the return of our dues."

"This receipt," said the judge, "compels the money changer to return the funds left with him to all the depositors and not to any one or two of them separately. Bring the other man and he will repay you."

The two men hung their heads and made no reply.

"I believe," continued the caliph, "that you are as dishonest as he, but I cannot prove it or I would send you to prison." Then, turning to the money changer, he said, "If these men trouble you again appeal the case to the caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid."

The judge stepped down from the bench, and as he went out to the street a number of slaves who were waiting for him bowed down their heads before him. The money changer asked who he was and was told that he was the caliph himself.

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