

THE MAN WITH THE SUIT CASE

A Story For Thanksgiving

By MARTHA V. MONROE

"Jim, I heard you are going to be married."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Oh, I heard it a month ago! I think it was on Thanksgiving day. I dined with the Atwaters. They said Clara Webster was just the girl for you, you being impulsive, she steady and cautious."

"Did they say that?"

"Yes."

"Listen, I have a little story to tell you. On the very day, Thanksgiving, that these persons were attributing these traits to us a little drama was being enacted."

"My friend Billy Smithson invited Clara and me to spend the Thanksgiving week end at his house in the country, which he opened for the occasion. The affair was got up to celebrate our engagement, for Billy is an old chum of mine, and his wife is an intimate friend of Clara's."

"Clara and I were to go up on the train together, but just as I was about to leave the office to call for her a job came into the office which nobody but I could do, and I was obliged to remain over till the next day. I telephoned her to go on and I would arrive the next day. I reached the house the next afternoon to find the guests gone out on an automobile ride. Billy had got up for them. There were three carloads, and they were not to return till 7 o'clock. About 6 I dressed for dinner and was going downstairs when I met a man coming up with a suit case in his hand. Presuming he was one of the guests who had just arrived, I went on down into the library, thinking no more about him and amusing myself till the auto party returned."

"This was the evening before Thanksgiving. The next day we were getting ready for the feast when Clara took me off into a quiet corner and said to me:

"Will, I have a very unpleasant communication to make. On returning from the auto-ride yesterday several of the girl guests used articles of jewelry. Several boxes in which the jewels were kept were found in the closet in your room."

"Naturally I was a bit upset by this information, but the principal cause was that Clara didn't say this with my hand in hers or her arms around me, but sitting apart, and instead of adding that she felt just absolutely confident that I was not a thief she looked very gloomy and waited for me to say something."

"Clara, I said astounded, 'do you mean to say that you have the slightest suspicion that I stole these jewels?'"

"It is the burden duty of every one," she replied, "to consider an accused person innocent until proved guilty. And as you dance I feel obliged to do what I can to influence the others to give you every opportunity to clear yourself."

"It was not so much the position in which I was placed that troubled me as the snapping of the cord that bound me to Clara. In a twinkling my feelings toward her were changed from attraction to repulsion. And yet what fault could I find with her? What right had I to expect her to believe me innocent in face of such proof against me and before I had brought forward any proof in my favor? She was simply acting on that trait in her character for which those persons you have mentioned on that very day were giving her credit."

"This change in my feelings toward her for awhile overrode every other. Then the gravity of my position rushed upon me with full force. But what could I do? Ignorant as I was of how the jewelry boxes got into my closet, I didn't see that I could do anything but leave the house."

Rise of Joseph Pulitzer.

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the village of Makó, near Budapest, in Hungary, on April 10, 1847. His father was a Jew, his mother a Christian. At the age of sixteen he emigrated to the United States. He landed without friends, without money, unable to speak a word of English. He enlisted immediately in the First New York (Lincoln) cavalry regiment, a regiment chiefly composed of German and in which German was the prevailing tongue.

Within a year the war ended, and Pulitzer found himself, in common with hundreds of thousands of others, out of employment at a time when employment was most difficult to secure. At this time he was so poor that he was turned away from French's hotel in New York, for the lack of 50 cents with which to pay for his bed. Twenty years later he bought French's hotel, pulled it down and erected in its place the Pulitzer building, at that time one of the largest business buildings in New York, where he housed the World - Alleyne Ireland in Metropolitan.

Pan Picture of Lord Lister.

In Dr. Wrench's biography of Lord Lister, the discoverer of antiseptic treatment of wounds, the author says of the great surgeon:

"He was ever gentle, courteous and firm. Trying as are the exactions and responsibilities of an important surgical post, Lister was never known to speak a sharp word to house surgeon, dresser or any one in his service. His scientific spirit and discovery attracted the curiosity of the students and young graduates of Edinburgh; his personal nobility won their hearts; his art of winning their loyalty was by inspiring enthusiasm and giving encouragement. Often in the middle of a trying operation, wrote one of his pupils, a gentle smile bestowed on us young students when we were honestly trying to do our best as assistants was most encouraging. Many of the students afterward confessed that their contact with Lister was the best and purport influence of their lives."

Music.

Music is a job lot of vibrations furnished to hotels and restaurants for the purpose of adding to the discomfort of the guests. Music is also used for other purposes. It comes in pianos, harps and organs and sometimes, though rarely, in human voices and phonographs. Babies often furnish music when least expected and at hours not always approved of by respectable people.

Music at one time was called a heavy cloak. But she is now mostly clothed in rags and is known as flossy in short, music has run the scale from classic to class.

Like eggs and other historic cold storage, music is now kept in cans. Handmade music is gradually being superseded by the factory made article. At one time music, singular as it may seem, was used to make music. Now it is used to make a noise.—Life

Worth Looking At.

A man who was something of a gourmet ordered a dinner for himself and his party which, from the menu, should have been very palatable, but apparently it was not so. Course succeeded course, and toward the end of the meal the host could restrain himself no longer. He called up the waiter and expostulated. "I ordered a good dinner, and we have waited patiently for some satisfactory dish. The soup was a failure, the fish was a disappointment, the entree unentable, and I am sorry to tell you that during the whole dinner there has been nothing worth looking at." The waiter looked troubled for an instant, and then, brightening up, said, "If you wait a moment, sir, I will bring you the bill."

Servants in Bogota.

The domestic problem is reduced to a minimum in Bogota. Good domestics are plentiful and cheap. Five to ten dollars a month is high pay. In the houses of the well to do the servants are well treated and lead happy lives. They have ample quarters of their own, centering round their own patio and enough of the old patriarchal regime survives to make them really a part of the family.—"Columbia"

Method in Her Singing.

The Caller—Who is that singing? The Hostess—That's our new maid. She always sings at her work. The Caller—What a happy disposition! Mercy, how loud she sings! The Hostess—Yes. When she sings loud she's breaking something.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Lucky.

An editor who started about twenty years ago with only 55 cents is now worth \$100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$99,995.—Editor and Publisher.

Advance Information.

"Was it a case of love at first sight?" They call it that, although before they met she had heard that he was wealthy, and he had been told she was an heiress.—Detroit Free Press

Enough Said.

She—Do you know Mr. Boreleigh the author? He—No. But I have a nodding acquaintance with his works.—Boston Transcript

A man of honor never purchases happiness at the expense of another's sorrow.

TWORIVAL SYSTEMS

By EDNA WARFIELD

Mr. Penfield was the proprietor and editor of a newspaper called the Union. He had his own notions as to how a newspaper should be conducted. His plan was to please as many persons as possible. Miss Williams was a "new woman" who was supporting herself by teaching. Mr. Penfield met her and was attracted to her largely on account of her force of character and intellectual abilities. Miss Williams was attracted to Mr. Penfield largely on account of admiration for a man in power, for he was a man of authority, having under him subeditors, clerks, printers, etc.

There are as many kinds of newspapers as there are kinds of men. Mr. Penfield's policy was with a view to making his paper pay or what he considered the best method of making it pay. Miss Williams' idea of a newspaper was an intellectual engine to mold opinion. That is what she supposed Mr. Penfield's paper to be, because she supposed that to be what newspapers are for. They became engaged.

One of the triumphs of the Union was the election of the governor of the state, for it was generally conceded that the paper's brilliant advocacy of the governor's side and stinging condemnation of his opponent and his principles had secured the election. But when the campaign was over the Union returned to its independence, which meant that it was at liberty to please the greatest number, thereby securing the greatest circulation and consequently the greatest income from advertisements.

A question of moment came up, in which the governor took a decided stand. It was supported by many and opposed by an equal number. Miss Williams supposed that her lover would stand by the man if he thought him right and oppose him if he thought him wrong. One day an editorial appeared in the Union, written in the style of the editor in chief. It read as follows:

It is perhaps too early to discover whether the governor has acted wisely in the matter or whether he has been indiscreet. No one will doubt that he has been influenced by the nearest motives, though there are those who will deny this, considering that his object is to fill his pockets. Even these will admit that his previous record has been free from making money by virtue of the official position he has held. There is but one charge against him that has never been satisfactorily answered, and this is balanced by many acts that have redounded to the welfare of the state. Those who support the governor's policy have the satisfaction of knowing that in the many important political questions with which he has been identified he has usually been right. Only in two cases has he been wrong.

When Miss Williams read this leader the blood came into her cheek and an ominous light flashed in her eye. Was this molding public opinion? She had not informed herself of the matter in question and, having no opinion on it, was free to be influenced by the man whose intellectual strength had won her. Great was her disappointment. Later in the day she took up the Sentinel, a paper that had bitterly opposed the governor's election, and read in an article a clear, logical argument as to why the governor was right on the question at issue and calling on all good citizens to support him.

That evening when Mr. Penfield called on his fiancée he found that she had gone to spend the evening with an aunt. Since she left no message for him he was misled and did not call again for a week. Two days after his article on the governor's policy an editorial appeared in the Bee under the head of "On Both Sides of the Fence," quoting from his own editorial and comparing it with the one on the same subject in the Sentinel.

Never had Mr. Penfield seen himself so ridiculed in the columns of any of his competitors. So stinging were many of the phrases used that every body would say, "That's the painfullest sting the Bee ever gave. Ha, ha!" Inquiries were made at the Bee office as to who wrote the article, but no information on the subject was given out. Mr. Penfield was not seriously troubled about the article. He had his policy and considered it the only policy on which a newspaper should be run, but he began to feel uneasy about his fiancée. He expected to meet her casually, but did not.

One morning the Bee appeared in a new dress, and the first article on the editorial page was an announcement that Miss Elizabeth Williams had bought the paper and would thenceforward be the editor in chief.

When Mr. Penfield saw this announcement a light was turned on in his brain that revealed several things. He knew that by his attempt to please everybody he had disgusted his fiancée. He knew that Miss Williams had written the article ridiculing him in the Bee. And he was destined to learn that there were more ways than one of running a newspaper.

When Mr. Penfield met Miss Williams again neither of them referred to their past relation; they met as proprietors and managers of two different newspapers. The editress adopted a policy of not troubling her readers with her own opinions, but when she did it was after mature consideration and investigation, and it usually turned out in the end that she was right. She gradually drew away from her rival and former fiancée, though both were successful under their own peculiar methods.

Agencies of Gout.

An English nobleman in a London club one evening gave some of his fellow members a picturesque description of the gout.

"You lie in bed," he said, "with the gouty food stretched out, and you feel as though the sole of it was pressed against the bars of a red-hot fire. In the middle of the furnace is a fellow with a gun loaded to the muzzle with red-hot needles. Presently he fires the gun at your foot, and you feel the red-hot needles travel up your leg and come out at the knee, not all at once, but like the animals that went into the ark, two by two. When the last couple of needles have finished the course you find yourself sweating with fear and wondering how long it will be before the fellow fires the gun again. Presently you find he is under contract to fire it every five minutes, and you get ready for the discharge, but you can never be said to get accustomed to it, because the blackguard loads it with a new kind of red-hot needle every time and sometimes adds half a dozen red-hot corkscrews. That's the gout."

The Spider and the Bee.

A correspondent of Country-side was sitting one day upon an English moor, watching a large heather spider as it crouched expectant in its web. Suddenly he saw the spider firmly grip the web with its feet and shake it with all its might. After awhile it repeated the operation, and soon the bee flew near the web-the spider gave this warning signal. It did not want any such visitor. If a bee happened to get entangled in the web the spider at once cut out that part and so rid itself of its unwelcome guest. That any creature can weave a web more intricate than a fisherman's net and, moreover, that it should possess the instinct or reasoning power to put the web in the best place and there patiently await its prey suggests that the border line between instinct and reason is far from distinct.

The Word Lady.

Connected, no doubt, with the cheapening of the word "lady" has been the practical disappearance of the "gentlewoman." The distinction between the two was brought out in the seventeenth century rules of civility, which declared that "in visiting a lady it is not enough to salute her, but her gentleman also, if she be then present." At the beginning of the nineteenth century "one who has marked with tentative observation the late vicissitudes in kingdoms and governments and, with a precision almost prophetic, foretold what would happen" advertised in the Times his readiness to "give such advice to persons of fortune as may prove of the very utmost importance to them." "When a lady requires an interview," said the advertisement, "a gentleman will give her the meeting"—London Mail.

Joseph Didn't Get It.

It is related that Napoleon ordered from Breguet, the famous Paris watchmaker, a watch for his brother, Joseph, who was at the time king of Spain. The back of watch was blue enamel, decorated with the letter "J" in diamonds.

In 1813 Napoleon was present at a military parade when a messenger arrived bearing a brief dispatch, in which it was stated that the French army had been completely defeated at Vittoria. It was manifest that Spain was lost. Always severely practical, all that Napoleon did, after glancing at the dispatch, was to turn to his secretary and say, "Write to Breguet and tell him that I shall not want that watch."

It is believed that the watch was eventually bought by the Duke of Wellington.

Alliterative Tongue Twisters.

A novel competition was held at a very Bohemian West End club recently for the best alliterative gem that would tie knots in the tongue of the most careful speaker. The following are some of the best of the "tongue twisters" sent in:

A growing gleam growing green.
The bleak breeze blighting the bright blossoms.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared sickly six sickly silly snakes.
The prize was won by the sender in the following:
Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.—London Sketch.

Some Names.

Surnames are not what they seem. For instance, Lind is derived from a Teutonic word meaning a "snake." The apparently quiet and harmless surname, Wren, comes from a word which denotes "rapine." Fish, though such an innocent name in appearance, originally meant "impetuous."

Easy Problem.

A negro wished to deposit some money in the postal savings bank and the clerk asked his age. "Well, boss," he replied, "I don't know—jus' how old I is, but I was born in March an' you kin count it up for yo'self."—Every body's.

His Selection.

"She told me to kiss her on either cheek."
"And you?"
"I hesitated a long time between them."—Lehigh Burr.

Ignorance.

"Pa, what's a contretemps?"
"I don't know, I've never learned the names of all these automobile parts."—Judge.

HE FLEW HIGH

By ALBERT L. FORD

"Mr. Wilson," said Billy Morehouse, standing meekly before a stern looking man with nutron chop whiskers and beetling brows, "I have come with your daughter, Jennie's consent to ask you for her as my wife."

The gentleman looked at the young man before him, evidently framing a sentence to crush him. When it came it was like a bolt from heaven. "You, a steplejack, marry my daughter? Do you think me a fool? What kind of a business is yours anyway? You risk your life for \$50, perhaps, and when you've done it once you do it again. You go up a spire in the presence of a gaping crowd. Do you suppose they would be watching you if it were not for the probability of seeing you tumble down and get mashed into a jelly? And what kind of a life would your wife lead? She would be in constant expectation of seeing your battered remains brought home in a wagon."

"Marry my daughter! No, sir."

Billy hung his head and said nothing for a few moments. Then he looked up and asked:

"I'll abandon the ancient and honorable steplejack business for some other would you give your consent?"
"The occupation is ancient and not dishonorable," was the reply. "If you want my daughter—and she wants you or she wouldn't have sent you to me—you'll have to look up in the matter of an occupation. My son-in-law must fly higher than being a steplejack. It's too late for you to study a profession, but you may yet make a business man of yourself. There are many occupations far more commendable than that of climbing steeples."

"It doesn't do for a man to waste his time learning to do things and then abandon them. Suppose I should become proficient in something as I am in climbing steeples and you should not be satisfied with it, and then I learned something else, and then—"

"You engage in something above steplejacking and you may have Jennie, provided it pays you enough to support her."

"All right, Mr. Wilson—I'll try to fly higher than steplejacking."
The last words were not heard by the elder man. He had no confidence in Billy's ability to make a living at anything except the line he had fallen into and felt perfectly safe in agreeing to give his daughter to him provided he could support her by a more acceptable occupation.

Six months passed, and Mr. Wilson heard nothing more of his would be climbing son-in-law. He kept an eye on his daughter and was reassured at not seeing any evidence of dissatisfaction on her part. He was congratulating himself that she had forgotten the steplejack man when one day she said:

"Papa, I want you to take a walk with me this afternoon."

"A business man take a walk in the afternoon? What are you thinking of, sweetheart?"

"It's Saturday afternoon, and there's no need of your going to your office, for there is no one there."
The gentleman was persuaded, and the two sallied forth. Jennie suggested that they take a trolley ride into the country. This they did and finally found themselves in open ground. They strolled about for some time when suddenly Mr. Wilson, shading his eyes from the sun with his hands, said:

"What a big bird that is over there!"
"I think it's coming this way."
The bird did come that way, growing larger and larger as it neared them.

"Why, it's an aeroplane!" remarked Mr. Wilson.
"So it is," chimed Jennie.
They watched it sailing along high up in the air, its two great wings extended, looking for all the world like a soaring eagle. It passed a thousand feet over their heads, turned and swooped downward like a seagull after a fish, passing not more than fifty feet above them.

"Hello, Jennie!" cried the aeronaut.
"Hello, Billy," replied Jennie.
"What does this mean?" exclaimed the father, bridling.

Billy turned again and, passing within ten yards of them, replied:
"Why, you told me, Mr. Wilson, that if I wanted Jennie I must fly higher than steplejacking, and I'm doing it. There's no steple higher than several hundred feet, and I've been up several thousand."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the father. "Jennie," reproachfully, "how could you bring your father out here on purpose to make a fool of him?"

"I didn't, papa. I brought you out here to show you that Billy has got the better of you. I want Billy, and Billy wants me. Now, do be a good, sensible papa and take Billy into your business and let us be happy."
"H'm! This was your doing. I know your tricks and your manners." Then to Billy, "Take that ungodly great bird back to where you got it and tomorrow morning come to my office."
Mr. Wilson was partly right. After his interview with Billy the two conspirators put their heads together and devised a scheme which Jennie, knowing her father's disposition, believed would be the best way to attack him. Any attempt to force him would have resulted in failure. It was the utter want of sense in the plan that conquered.

Billy is now running his father-in-law's business.

Medical Specialists in England.

What makes a doctor a specialist? Can any physician or surgeon with money behind him take a house in Harley street or neighborhood and practice as a specialist? He can do so, but it by no means follows that he will be recognized as a specialist by the profession.

To win the professional status of specialist a man must hold or have held a professorship at a medical school or an appointment at a hospital in connection with the disease or group of diseases in which he professes to specialize.

Further, he must conform to certain rules of professional conduct. He must not take a less fee than 1 guinea—2 guineas is the rule in London, and some charge 3 or even more—for a consultation, save in extraordinary circumstances. He must not see a new patient except on the introduction of the patient's own medical man, if called to a case the patient's medical man must be present or the specialist will decline to see the sufferer.—London Tatler.

Public Health.

Diseases and epidemics used to be counted as "acts of God" in the old legal phrase. It has taken modern sanitary science to discover that the most of them result from acts of man and that a good portion of the rest may be controlled by the exercise of man's power over nature. The United States government has been a pioneer among the nations in demonstrating the power of modern sanitation to save life. It sent Waring to Havana. He made it a city of health and laid down his life in so doing. It took a fever smitten tropic wilderness, its noxious jungles steaming under a torrid sun, and the death rate of the Panama canal zone is today an example to the most salubrious regions of the world. The whole history of modern sanitation tends to drive home public responsibility for public health.—St. Louis Republic.

A Fairly Good Reason.

Sir William Meredith, chief justice of Ontario, and Mr. Hellmuth are mutual fathers-in-law, the lawyer's daughter having wedded the son of the knight. During a rather tedious argument on a case which Sir William was hearing Mr. Hellmuth was proceeding to elaborate on a certain point of law which he thought had an important bearing on the issue. But the chief justice thought otherwise. He was impatient. For awhile he listened to the lawyer's argument; then he leaned back with an air of boredom and interrupted with: "Mr. Hellmuth it seems to me that this is not relevant. What reason is there why I should be compelled to listen to all this?" Mr. Hellmuth's mouth had just a suspicion of a smile around its corners as he answered: "Reason, my lord? Why, \$3,000 a year."

Canals of Venice as Sewers.

One by one the illusions of life are shattered. Who has not heard of the gondoliers of Venice, the sweet singers whose voices are wafted across the waters as they guide their graceful craft through the canals of the street-less city? "I used to think how poetic it was," said a returned traveler, "but I found the real reason for their singing was a very practical one. Venice has absolutely no sanitary regulations, and the little canals are just so many sewers into which is dumped all the garbage from the houses. There is no system of plumbing, and the refuse is simply thrown from the windows, so unless you let the householder know you are passing by you are apt to get a douche of dirty water or garbage."—New York Tribune.

Took It Good Naturedly.

Four-year-old Tom was expressing his sorrow and anger at the act of a neighbor who had drowned four "beautiful little kittens." "She might have given them to me," said the boy. "Never mind, Tom," said grandfather: "we have lovely kittens of our own. We have a nice little boy kitten"—"That's me," said Tom proudly. "And a lovely little girl kitten"—"That's mister Ella," said Tom, pointing his spoon at his sister. "And the dearest old cat in California!"

"That's grandma," said the youth exultantly. Grandma glowered for a second of time, and then she burst out laughing.—Los Angeles Times.

Sad Awakening.

"I shall never marry," said the young man with a pointed beard. "Because you are an artist?" "Yes. I painted a picture of the girl to whom I was engaged. She said that if that was the way I thought she looked it was better for us to part."—Washington Star.

When \$5 is \$7.50.

Five dollar gold pieces of 1834, with E. Pluribus Unum on reverse side, are quoted at \$7.50 in the lists of coin collectors, provided they are in good condition.

Woodpeckers.

Each woodpecker in the United States is worth \$20 in cash when the value is estimated on the value of the good that this bird does to trees.

Mental Training.

An educated man is a man who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it whether he wants to do it or not.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

It is not by attending to our friends in one way, but in theirs, that we can really avail them.—Margaret Fuller.