

A CLEVER RUSE

By JOHN TURNLEE

A gentleman boarded a North river boat at New York one afternoon, went to the purser's office and engaged a stateroom, giving his name, Edgar Rawlins. He was followed by a man who was given a room near him and whose name was entered as Thomas Brown. In the evening as Mr. Rawlins was coming out of his room he was met by Mr. Brown, who said:

"Beg pardon, sir! Have you a bunch of keys?"

"I have."

"I have left the key of my suit case at home. Would you kindly let me have your ring that I may see if there is one on it that will fit my lock?"

Mr. Rawlins produced his keys and handed them to Brown, who went into his stateroom. He remained there several minutes, then returned and thanked the man who had favored him, regretting that he had not found a key that would serve his purpose, but he was just as much obliged.

Mr. Rawlins forgot this seemingly unimportant episode, making a journey to Chicago and returning within a week. The day after his arrival at home he went to his private safe, opened it, put away some papers that he had taken with him on his journey and was about to close it when he noticed that a drawer in which his wife kept some valuable jewels was partly open. He pushed it back in place, then, he knew not why, pulled it out far enough to enable him to look within.

It was empty!

He examined every other drawer in the safe to see if the jewels had been placed elsewhere, then called his wife and asked her if she had removed them. She said she had not. A thorough search of the safe was made, but the jewels were not found. There had been no breaking into the house, so far as was known, and if there had been the safe could not have been opened and locked again without the key, which Mr. Rawlins always kept in his possession, and there was no duplicate.

The loss of the jewels was a mystery. If the lock had been picked it must have been done by some one who lived in the house. Yet there was no one there who had the mechanical skill requisite to pick a lock and no one suspected of having the slightest desire to perpetrate a theft. The inmates consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins, a son twenty-one years old, steady as a clock; a daughter eighteen and the servants, who had been with the family many years. Both the son and the daughter had their friends, who, with other guests, had been where the safe was kept in a hallway at the rear of the house on the second story. No person except a friend of the family was known to have been there during the limit of time when the jewels must have been taken.

No hope was entertained of regaining the lost jewels, but it was finally decided to employ a detective for the purpose of making an effort to solve the mystery. Edward Joyce was sent to the house by the agency applied to, and, after a thorough examination of every one in the house, set about looking over the premises. He tested every lock of both door and window and found all in good order, though no one could touch for the window on the second story having been locked.

In the rear of the house was a grape arbor not quite so high as the second story windows and about ten feet from the house. Any one, by climbing the arbor, could reach a twelve foot ladder on it and thus reach the window. The detective, by means of a magnifying glass, discovered foot-marks on the side sills and one of the sills had been freshly broken. The window near the arbor opened into the hall in which stood the safe.

The detective, after making an examination of this route to the safe, declared that the house must have been entered by it and the robbery committed at the same time. But he was no nearer to how the safe could have been unlocked and relocked than before. A theory was advanced that the thief had gone to Mr. Rawlins' clothes, stolen the safe key and replaced it after committing the theft. But Mr. Rawlins, when at home, slept with his bedroom door locked and was not at home when the jewels were taken.

Mr. Joyce's next step was to call for the safe key. On receiving it he slipped it through his fingers and noticed that it felt as if it had been waxed. Bringing a powerful pocket microscope to bear on it, he asked Mr. Rawlins if it had been out of his possession. The reply at first was "No," but presently remembering that he had loaned his keys for a few minutes to a man on the boat to try if any of the keys would fit his suit case lock Mr. Rawlins told the story of the loan. The detective handed him his key and said:

"The problem of how your safe was opened is very plain. As to your recovering the jewels, that is another matter. When the man who borrowed your keys carried them into his stateroom he took an impression with wax of your safe key. He doubtless knew or learned afterward who you were and where you lived. With a safe key made from the impression he had taken in wax he opened your safe and took the jewels."

The lost property was finally recovered and the detective's theory confirmed.

JAPAN'S FAT WRESTLERS.

Outside of the Arena Eating is Their Most Important Task.

The most envied men in Japan are the wrestlers, who are fat and bulky. The first requisite of a Japanese wrestler is that he be fat. Their stomachs are their proudest possessions. The fatter the man the more money they will bet on him, even though a bad bet can throw him clear out of the ring. As a fat wrestler walks down the street a crowd gathers around him, hoping that he will turn into some restaurant. If he does they gather in the doorway to watch him eat. They would rather hear a Japanese wrestler eat that go to a three ring. A wrestler never disapproves them—he plows through as if he were eating nothing, turning everything under except a few radish skins and turnip tops. It is unbelievable how much noise they make when eating, by smacking their lips, sucking up their tea with the open exhaust and picking their teeth with the cutout of the champion eaters. They eat all the wrestlers—have long hair, but instead of letting it hang down on their shoulders, as one would naturally expect, they do it up in knots until they look like a gigantic bow tie. Whenever you see a man in Japan going around with a large sized waist on his head, you may know that he follows the ancient and honorable profession of wrestling. Their wrestling consists of the man standing upright in the ring making a rush at each other and trying to push each other out. Every time two wrestlers come together they give a prodigious grunt. When one of them finally succeeds in pushing the other out the crowd bursts forth into mighty applause, while the victor modestly puts his stomach to show where the prize is due.—Homer Croy in Leslie's

COLOSSAL CANOPUS.

If It Were Our Sun It Would Take Over Eight Hours to Rise.

Of all the twenty first magnitude stars the inherent glory of Rigel and Canopus is the greatest. Only one is farther than they, while the other sixteen are very much nearer. Estimates give the light of Rigel as equal to that of 22,000 suns and that of Canopus as 55,000. Assuming that their general surface brilliancy is the same as that of the sun and recalling that Rigel has at least 22,000 and Canopus 55,000 times the light of the sun, the square root of these figures gives us Rigel's diameter as 150 and Canopus' 235 times that of the sun.

Whereas the sun's diameter, as seen in the sky, measures one-half a degree, Canopus', at the same distance, would measure 117 degrees of the 180 that reach from horizon to horizon, and its disk would cover 33,225 times the sky area occupied by the sun. Canopus would be nearly eight hours in rising.

With such a globe brought so near all life on the earth would instantly perish, seas would be converted into steam, and the very mountains would melt with fervent heat and flow like molten iron. Beside such facts our corner of the universe seems diminutive, dull and insignificant.

These two marvelous orbs have been found among a group of twenty to which they belong. Out of the million million stars known to exist only twenty, for aught we know, might yield similar specimens. Nothing proves that such worlds are rare.—Scientific American

The Critic Scored.

"I have just sold that picture for \$2,000," said the jubilant artist. "I congratulate you on your ability," replied the critic.

"Thank you. It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Makes a difference? I don't understand you."

"I mean that it makes a difference when a man succeeds. Up to this time you have never uttered a word of praise or encouragement to me. Two or three times you have made slighting references to my ability as a painter. Now that I have sold a picture for a good price you begin to see that I have artistic talent."

"Oh, I'm not congratulating you on your artistic talent, but on your ability as a salesman."—Chicago News

Sir Galahad.

The most conspicuous of the Knights of the Round Table was Sir Galahad, the son of Lancelot and Elaine. The familiar words, "There Galahad sat with many faces, yet maiden meekness in his face" sufficiently indicate the qualities for which the knight was famous—to wit, lion hearted courage combined with humility and meekness of spirit, the strength of the oak with the soft beauty of the lily.

Well Spoken.

Mother—You know what a party is, don't you, dear? Boris aged four.—Yes, mamma. A party is where you go and stay a little while and pass your snorer back for some more and stay another little while and then go home.—Boston Transcript.

The Way It Worked.

Scroggins—Well, do you still belong to the High Thinking cult? Nutley—No. While I was busy repeating "health, wealth, success," the fellow just below me grabbed my job.—Puck.

One Thing Settled.

"I understand Jones has just fallen into a little money." "That so? Besides buying a car what do you suppose he will do with it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Few men have been admired by their servants.—Montaigne.

Bluffed Savage King Mtesa.

When the well known African trader Dr. Robert Felkin was staying with the bloodthirsty King Mtesa of Uganda many years ago the king, out of gratitude for his visitor's medical treatment, wished to cut off his head. On Dr. Felkin representing that the treatment was not finished and that if interrupted it would cause Mtesa's death the latter granted him a reprieve until he was quite recovered. Then the execution was determined upon. Ensi Pasha, who was a friend of Dr. Felkin, had instructed him most accurately about the state of affairs in Uganda and had revealed to him an important state secret—namely, where Mtesa's powder store was hidden. Dr. Felkin remembered this at the right moment and as a last resort threatened that if Mtesa killed him he would bring down a flash of lightning upon his powder store. Mtesa replied incredulously, "Tell me where it is," whereupon Dr. Felkin whispered in his ear, "It is concealed under your tunic."

Mtesa turned pale and allowed Felkin and his companions to live. The lightning maker's authority increased when next day a flash of lightning happened to strike near the harem.

A Frank Philosopher.

Charles Elliot Norton in his Harvard lectures on the history of art used often to describe a meeting between Thomas Carlyle and the philosopher Mallock. "Mallock was a wise man," he would say, "but his views differed from Carlyle's, and hence, though they were true views, Carlyle deemed them false and pernicious. We should all cultivate a broad outlook, so as to escape from the narrow intolerance of a Carlyle. When Mallock called on Carlyle he talked in his tunic way for two straight hours. Then he rose to go. At the door Carlyle, who had smoked the whole time in grim silence, took his pipe from his mouth and said mildly:

"Well, goodbye, Mr. Mallock. I've received you kindly because I knew your name, but I never want to see you on ye again."

Steel Points.

The expression "well tempered" or "finely tempered" steel is generally misused. It is usually taken to indicate steel of extra hardness, whereas the reverse is the case, though very few people are aware of the fact.

The greater the degree of tempering the softer the steel. The steel worker measures the degree of tempering by the color of the metal. Thus the hard set, namely the least tempered—steel is light straw in color, while the soft set kind is white.

Between these extremes, commencing from the hard end of the scale, are the following shades: Straw, dark straw, light bronze, bronze, dark bronze, light blue, blue, dark blue. Tempering steel is a very delicate business and one calling for that sense of what is "just right" which is found in good cooks.—London Answers.

Brutalities at Sea.

Naval punishments were brutally severe in the seventeenth century. They marooned that is, they set a man ashore alone on a desolate coast or island and left him to starve, to be destroyed by savages or wild beasts. They keelhaunted—that is, they dragged a man naked by yardarm whips under the bottom of the ship and drew him up raw and bloody with the harsh wounding of barnacles and spikes adherences only to be submerged afresh ere the unhappy miscreant could fetch a full breath. They nailed a man to the mainmast by driving a keel through his hand. For murder (that was often manslaughter) they tied the living to the dead, back to back, and threw them overboard.

Push.

"Push" says a modern philosopher, "should be the big word in the vocabulary of every heathen. There is no such thing as a pull applied to wheels. The engine never pulls a train, but pushes it. The coupling of the engine always extends behind that of the car following and does actually shove it forward." But the pessimist will not be alienated. He only shifts to "Who's back of him?"—Pittsburgh Sun.

Dancing.

The art or exercise of dancing can be traced back to the early Egyptians, who ascribe that invention to their god Thoth. Beyond a doubt dancing is much older than history. It began in connection with religious rites and was performed in honor of the deities that were worshipped.

Thoughtfulness.

Little Maud was suffering from an aching tooth. She called her mother to the sofa on which she was lying and said:

"Mamma, if I should die please don't forget to put my dolls in mourning."—Chicago News.

Fatal Flattery.

Art Connoisseur—Where did you get hold of this daub? Friend—I picked it up in a studio, said something nice about it out of politeness, and the artist gave it to me. Art Connoisseur (sadly)—You can't be too careful.—Judge.

A Ready Compliment.

She—Some day I want to show you our family tree. He (looking at her admiringly)—I should like to see it. I am sure it must be a peach.—Somerville Journal.

Beware so long as you live of judging people by appearance.—La Fontaine.



James A. Harris Republican Candidate for the Assembly in the First District.

James A. Harris, of Penfield, the Republican nominee for the Assembly in the First District, is being given assurance of strong support by the voters in the district. He is widely known, having lived all of his life in Penfield. His supporters declare that he is gaining strength every day.

Mr. Harris was born September 29, 1876. He attended the district schools in Penfield, the Webster High School and had two years of Summer School work in the College of Agriculture at Cornell University. For eight years he taught school in Penfield and Webster. He served as School Commissioner for the First District of Monroe for nine years, being elected first in 1902 without any opposition. Porter Downs was nominated for this office as a candidate against Mr. Harris, but withdrew. In 1905 M. M. Francis, of Honeoye Falls, was nominated by the opposition, but he withdrew leaving a clear field for Harris. He was elected in 1908 for a third term, receiving a majority of nearly 2,000 over Theodore Zornow, of Pittsford, who was the Democratic candidate.

In 1912 Mr. Harris was appointed Justice of the Peace in Penfield to fill a vacancy and last fall he was elected to the same position. He is a farmer, much of his land being devoted to fruit trees. He has been a lifelong Republican and is the representative of the First Election District of Penfield on the Republican County Committee. Adv.

Penalties of Fashions.

Men of fashion must have felt exquisitely uncomfortable in the days of heavier hats weighing ten times as much as the heaviest hats of today. Sir Algernon West remembers wearing about 1850 a pair of dove-colored trousers with two fluted stripes down the sides and buttoned under the foot with broad stripes of the same material. Wellington boots which were sine qua non with a man of fashion in those days and a coat so high in the collar that the back of the hat rested on it. Indeed every hat had a crescent of cloth on the back of the brim to prevent the rubbing of the heavier imitation beaver of which the hat was made, for silk hats were not then invented.—London Spectator.

Specializing.

During the short seven years of her life little Florence Louise had become duly impressed with the prevalence of specialists in the medical profession. One day returned from a visit to a small playmate, she calmly announced:

"Here's a swollen button."

"Are you not worried about her?" she was asked.

"Oh she will get along all right."

Florence Louise complacently replied:

"They sent for a regular button doctor."—Judge.

A Marine View.

Driven to it by stern necessity, the old sailor had taken the job of running an elevator.

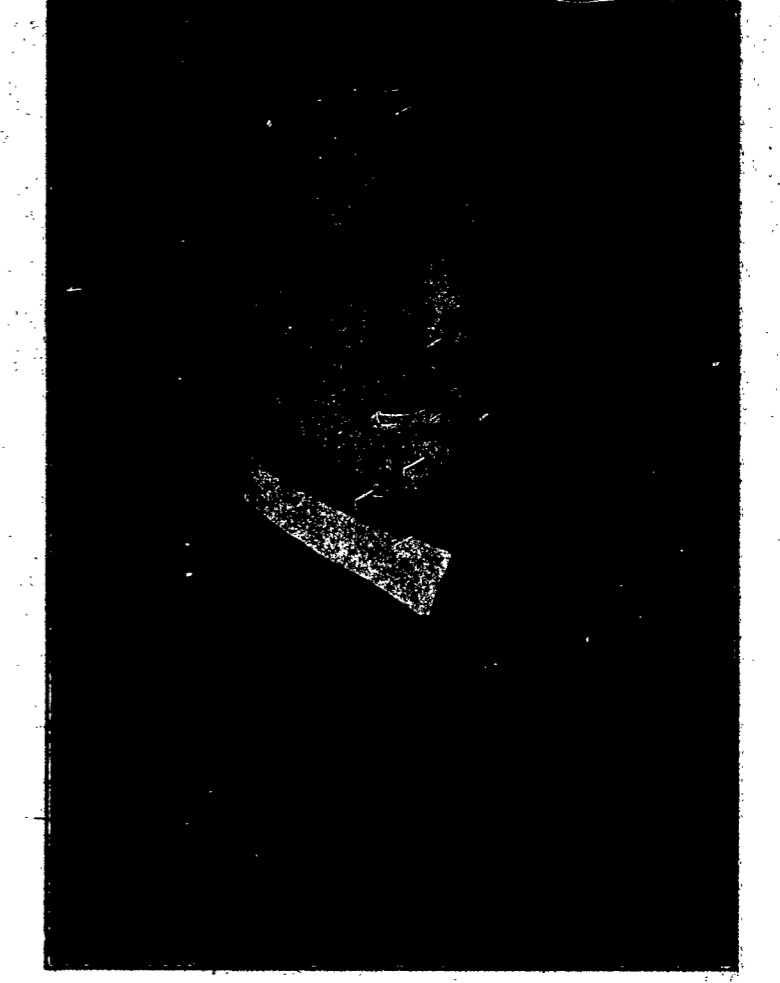
"Vast there, my hearty," he said to the fat man who was stepping toward the side of the car. "I'll have to ask ye to stand amidstships. This craft has a heavy list to port."

Breaking It Gently.

Sweet Girl (affectionately)—Father, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you? Papa (fondly)—Indeed, I would not, my darling. Sweet Girl—Well, then, father, I'll marry Archie Stoneybroke. He is quite willing to live here.—London Telegraph.

College Life.

"Has your son been to college long enough to learn the ropes?" "Oh, yes, indeed; long enough to know that the ropes mean strings on his dad. You ought to see the letters he writes home for money."—Florida Times Union.



CHAS. J. BROWN Republican Candidate for County Treasurer.

Charles J. Brown, the Republican nominee for County Treasurer, has served one term in that office with credit to himself and to Monroe County. Probably in no other department of the county government is the average taxpayer more interested than the financial. It is to the County Treasurer that our county taxes are paid and it is essential that the Treasurer be a man of proved honesty and personal financial status so that the taxpayer may feel secure at all times. The administration of the Treasurer's office under Mr. Brown has been careful and efficient and such as to guarantee him a re-election by a handsome majority. A life-long resident of the town of Brighton, he is one of the county's most substantial business men ready to give of both his time and his money for every deserving public cause. Adv.

Vote for Martin H. Glynn for Governor