

"Street Carring" Some Vocation, Conductor Says

BY W. R. P.

"Here, lady, only put six cents in the box, lady. Oh, lady! Now see," said the street car conductor, turning to me, "that is what I have to put up with all day. You see, six cents, don't you? Well, I have to go to her, and make her give the extra cent to me. And he went up to where the woman was seated. He came back triumphantly.

"She didn't question me," he said. "She knew she hadn't put all the money in. That's what happens to me a hundred times a day. If she had told me she had only six cents, I would have put the other cent in myself. But she tried to put something over on me, so that's what it makes me mad." He turned and punched a transfer.

"Gee! A carman has a hard life. Here's another thing people try to do. They get on, giving me a transfer. That's all right. But when they are ready to get off, they come back and ask for another transfer, saying they forgot to get one when they got on. They expect to get another free ride on the company. That's the reason for that rule which says that transfers will only be given when you get on.

"Shopping" Transfers.

"Oh, yes; the ladies always try to get a little shopping between transfers. That is common. They ain't a chance to catch them if the conductor who gave them the transfer gave them lots of time on it. Then transfers always get us conductors in trouble. People who don't use a transfer, will ask for one, and then try to palm it off on a crowded day. At the time they get away with it, too. When there's a big crowd getting on, I don't have time to notice that it is a day or so old. These crowds mean many times people try to get by on less money, too. People will get a nickel changed into five pennies, and add one of their own, dropping all six into the box. It is hard to count them. That's why those little folding doors are on the fare box, so I can clear them every once in a while, and see just how much a fellow puts in. I guess as many men as women try that trick. More men try the old transfer trick, while more women try to do a little shopping between transfers."

"You'd be surprised to see the kids, big kids, who are under six years of age. Fond mothers take a delight in trying to beat the company. In fact, that is one of the most

Rich Woman Spends Xmas Eve In Jail

Swindling of Dearest Friends to Play Santa Claus Charged.

(By International News Service.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—This is the story of one who wanted to be Santa Claus and landed in jail.

Mrs. Ruth Ruickholdt, reputed member of one of the most prominent families of New England, spent the night swindling in a cell. A charge of grand larceny stands against her. Her husband, according to the police, is Dr. Charles A. Ruickholdt, of New Haven, Conn.

Police Inspector Coughlin, who is her chief accuser, declares that Mrs. Ruickholdt broke down just before being locked up last night and confessed having swindled her dearest friends.

Mrs. Ruickholdt's arrest was made at the office of the Adams Express company, shortly after she had signed for a package addressed to Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell is one of her friends and is said to be a member of the Tiffany family, of jewelers. Inspector Coughlin approached Mrs. Ruickholdt just as she was going for the package.

For fully two hours the New Haven woman insisted that she was Mrs. Mitchell. Under relentless cross questioning in the hands of the police official, she finally broke down, according to the police, and confessed a series of swindles.

She told the police, of having telephoned, Dec. 2, to Mrs. Eliza Sharp, a wealthy resident of Derby, Conn., asking her to send her \$1,000, claiming to be Mrs. Sharp's cousin, Mrs. Charlotte Sharp, of Providence, R. I.

"Financial difficulties," is alleged, was her excuse for the "S. O. S."

Mrs. Sharp sent the money.

Orders Jewelry.

A few days later the jewelry store of Stone & Berry, New London, Conn., received a long distance call. The caller was Mrs. Ruickholdt, who this time represented herself, according to the police, as Mrs. Alfred Mitchell. She ordered a diamond ring and a gold, open-faced, diamond-studded watch, asking that both be sent to the Broadway office of the Adams Express company.

A strange intuition prompted the jewelry clerk, who took the order over the telephone, to call the Mitchell home. He learned that Mrs. Mitchell was in Florida. The police were notified. The jewelers sent a

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Human Nature Unolds Before Ticket Window

BY W. R. P.

Of the trades and professions by which Memphis people earn a living probably one of the most interesting is that of railroad ticket seller. He sees all of human nature—poor of every class and description. He has some amusing experiences.

"Yes," one ticket seller said, "it's a great life. My day is full of interesting experiences. The other day a man, quite evidently of some sort, and yet wearing expensive clothing, withal it was a trifle 'noisy,' came up to me.

"'Gimme a stateroom in a sleeper to New York for tomorrow night,' he said.

"'Sorry, but all drawing rooms on tomorrow night's train are reserved,' I said.

"'Well, then gimme one on tomorrow's train to Chicago.'

"'They are all taken, too.'

"'Well, I'm a son of a gun. Can you gimme one to San Francisco?'

"'Fortunately I had one for the latter named point, or I am afraid the rich poor man would have asked for one to Paris. That is a uniform condition. The workman who had sense enough to save when he was getting a large salary, has decided that now is the time to see the country. It made no difference to this man where he went. All he cared about was to go. However, all laborers are not in his fix. Every day just now many very poor men come in and timidly ask the price of a ticket to some nearby city. It is plain to see that they have failed to find work in Memphis, and have decided to skip out.

"The ticket seller smiled.

"'You know,' he said, 'one of the funniest scenes we ticket men see is the old farm couple, who, having slaved all their lives, now want to spend some of their savings seeing the world. They have never traveled. They have generally planned an itinerary of their trip, and have the money all ready. The man's roll is big enough to make the greatest crowd in Memphis stare, and he flashes it unthinkingly, or possibly with a hidden desire to 'show off.' They wander about the station, with awe plainly written on their faces. When they wait for a train, they stay close to the track entrance, even if they are several hours ahead of time.

"'No,' he said in answer to a question. 'We practically never issue the wrong ticket to a person. It would cause much trouble, and the conductor would probably require the cash payment if the purchaser got as far as the train. But it is for that reason that the gatekeeper insists on seeing your ticket before you get on the train. If a mistake has been made, it can be rectified at once.

"There are always people buying tickets because they have been notified of the death and funeral arrangements of some loved one. These are the hardest kind to sell. Frequently the grief is filled with tears, and they are plainly having a hard time controlling their grief. Then there is the hopeless look on the faces of those who have been told to go West for their health. Many of them know their cases are hopeless, and the others hope for the best, but all realize the dread nature of the disease.

He sighed.

"'Yes, I guess there is more tragedy than comedy in my work after all. I was thinking about this fellow who came into the station, anxiously seeking the way to a certain address. Later they reappear, with a daughter

package—but there was nothing in it. In Mrs. Ruickholdt's room at the fashionable Murray Hill hotel, where she registered as Mrs. M. E. Porter, police say they found innumerable packages containing articles purchased at a prominent sporting goods house here.

The police theory is that Mrs. Ruickholdt wanted to show her friends with Christmas gifts, and asking the money, resorted to round about ways to obtain them.

DAILY THOUGHTS IN RHYME

BY JAMES GABELLE.

PHOTOPLAY AT THE POLE.

The photoplay show holds full sway On North Pole avenue, And Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Ray Now rage in each igloo.

Admission alone is a reindeer bone Or a gallon of walrus oil, And the owner, 'tis clear, has never a fear That the sun his goods will spoil.

The photoplay has come to stay, The natives are for it strong, With interest bright they watch all night— And the nights are six months long.

The fact that a woman can vote doesn't seem to have made the least impression on the walrus. They still refuse to believe that she knows enough to tip, and continue to treat her as an object of charity or mild contempt.

SALE OF COLLATERAL.

Notice is hereby given that under the powers contained in Note of H. A. Decker, dated January 7, 1920, payable to the order of the undersigned, in the sum of five thousand unpaid and past due thereon, the undersigned, will, at 12 o'clock noon on

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1920, in front of the Washington Garage, at the southeast corner of Fourth and Washington streets, in Memphis, Tennessee, offer and sell to the highest bidder for cash, for the satisfaction of said unpaid balance, the following described personal property, now stored by the undersigned in said Washington Garage:

One (1) Ranger truck and trailer, factory rigging No. 304, said truck being Motor No. 10877 N. and said trailer being Model S, factory No. 3.

The proceeds of said sale will be applied as in said note as provided.

This Dec. 26, 1920.

BANK OF COMMERCE & TRUST CO., BY L. A. THORNTON, Cashier. M'KELLAR, KYSER & ALLEN, Attorneys.

ter, or an erring son, and buy a double ticket to some country town. One never sees these girls, who have run away from home, get into Memphis. If they are not brought here in automobiles, they are accompanied by a man who buys all the tickets, and takes pains to keep them out of sight. But the start of the trip home is sad. Sometimes they start home of their own accord, but generally someone comes for them.

"Then I see most of the criminals who are being taken from one point

to another, and recognize him. "It is a curious thing that a good many rich people leave the buying of tickets to some servant, which is a dangerous thing to do. Besides, it makes our work harder. If, due to some unforeseen reason, a change in route is advisable, the servant has to go to a phone and call his employer. And we have to ask more questions, and have to put up with more delays.

"Well, all in all, I am satisfied with my job. It sure does teach me human nature in all of its phases and moods," he concluded.

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