

An Indignant Depositor

By A. M. PERKERSON

A lean, grizzled man shouldered his way through the anxious crowd gathered in knots in the Madison bank, and without knocking, strode into the president's private office.

"Are you the president of the bank?" he asked a dapper little man seated before a large roller-top desk.

Mr. Amherst stared superciliously over the rim of his glasses. "I am," he said with icy deliberation.

The lean man picked up a chair and set it down with a thump at the side of the desk. "Well, I want 'er talk to you."

"I'm sorry, but I'm too busy"—began Mr. Amherst.

The lean man hit the desk a blow that jarred several pens from a holder. "Your business will have to wait," he said. "You're goin' to listen."

Mr. Amherst glanced nervously toward the door, but the stranger cut off that means of escape. "Well, of course, sir, if—"

"Just listen; I'll do the talkin'," said the lean man. "I lived on a farm, Mr. Amherst, until I was 20 years old. During them years I did more work than you and your ancestors have done in a century, but I determined I'd get away from the farm, and I saved every cent I could get with that idea in view.

"One day, after ten years' savin', I found I had \$100. Think of it, ten years to save \$100. Well, I came here and got a job in a small grocery store. I knew how to work and save, and in five years I bought that store. When it was mine I worked harder than ever; I wanted to buy a bigger store in town.

"In another five years I had \$3,000, just the amount I had set my heart on. Then the bank I had my money in broke. I didn't get a cent.

"That hit mighty hard, but I kept my spunk up and started all over again. I was 30 years old then; I'm 40 now, and I've saved \$3,000 again during the last ten years.

"That \$3,000 is in this bank, Mr. Amherst, and I've come for it. I want my money."

Mr. Amherst took off his glasses with trembling fingers, and wiped them on a fine cambric handkerchief. "I assure you, my dear sir, that you will get every cent of your money. Just now, owing to some complications, we are not honoring checks, but the bank is as solid as Gibraltar."

"That's what they told me before," the lean man said slowly. "But I don't want promises. What I want is my money."

Mr. Amherst looked longingly toward the door. "But, of course, my dear sir, you can't be preferred to the other depositors," he faltered.

The lean man rose abruptly to his feet and kicked back his chair. "I've said all I've got to say; now I want my money. Now, do you understand—now!"

The lean man was glaring down fiercely. One of his hands rested on the desk, and opened and closed convulsively. Mr. Amherst noticed that it was brown and knotty, and seemed to have a powerful grip.

"I'll—I'll call the cashier and you can talk it over with him," Mr. Amherst stammered.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll get me that money yourself—three thousand dollars—or there'll be one less grafter in this world in a few minutes."

Mr. Amherst's cheeks blanched and he ran his fingers tremblingly along the corners of his mouth. The lean man suddenly took a step backward and thrust his right hand into a hip pocket.

"I'll get the money," Mr. Amherst exclaimed.

Through a passageway reached by an inner door of the office Mr. Amherst made his way to the vault, the lean man at his elbow. A few minutes later they were back in the office, and one of the lean man's pockets was bulging. Picking up a piece of paper, he scribbled a few words on it and handed it to Mr. Amherst. "My receipt."

It read: "Received from John Amherst \$3,000, sum of my deposits.—John Wilson."

At the door, he paused and looked back with a smile. "Take my advice and be honest hereafter in your banking business," he said.

A moment later the door swung open again and Mr. Amherst, pale and nervous, came out and threaded his way to the receiving teller's cage.

"How much has John Wilson got deposited here?" he asked.

"John Wilson?" the teller's expression became vacant. "I never heard of him."

For a moment Mr. Amherst stood as if dazed. Wheeling, he dashed back to his office, burst through the door and snatched up the telephone.

"Give me police headquarters!" he exclaimed.

Ragged Edges.

The prominent citizen was rather proud of his standing in the community.

"And do you know," he said, "when I first came to this town I had hardly a rag to my back."

The man who was not so prominent shrugged his shoulders.

"When I first came to this town," he said, "I actually didn't have a rag to my back."

"You are joking," said the prominent citizen.

"Not at all," said the citizen who was not so prominent, seriously. "I was born here.—Illustrated Bits.

COSTS MUCH MONEY

EXPENSE OF LAUNCHING DEBUTANTE IN NEW YORK SOCIETY.

To Do the Thing in Style Will Set Papa's Bank Account Back a Few Thousand Dollars at the Least.

New York has a tradition that all debutantes must be brought out in November and December. There must be no left-overs for January, which is the month of the ball and the dinner dance.

"In London or Paris there are sometimes six or seven dances in one evening during the season," says a writer in Vogue. "People pass from one to another, showing themselves for a few minutes here, having supper there, and perhaps appearing at another place before going home.

"In Paris I believe the dances given for debutantes are called bals blancs, and at them there are many chaperons, for a French girl as a rule is seldom left alone with a man. However, to-day I hear that the rules are less rigid than they were in the last generation.

"The bal blanc is not as tiresome, perhaps, as the reception—invariably held in New York in the afternoon—but the last-named entertainment is at least a meeting place for old friends. As a rule there are too many invited, the rooms are apt to be close and the refreshments are sometimes on too liberal a scale.

"Champagne is a wine to be taken moderately at dinner, at supper or at wedding receptions; otherwise it is not the best form to serve it before candles are lighted, when punch, orangeade and mineral waters are quite sufficient.

"The luncheon for debutantes is a new idea, and novelties are not as thick as autumnal leaves in a Valambrosa. Each city has its assembly or its series of dances, and years ago girls who came out only in this way, that is without any special entertainment being given for them, were said to have made their debuts by subscription. It was a cruel way of putting it, but at any rate every girl is now determined to have a separate entertainment, whether it is a simple tea, a large crush reception with the usual dinner and theater to the receiving party, or a dance.

"It is naturally quite an expensive undertaking, because there are so many items to be considered, especially in small households when a force of extra people must be called in to provide an awning, music, flowers, refreshments, a man to call carriages and footmen or special servants. And when in addition to this a party to the play is given, with dinner before, supper and dancing afterward, extra motors and other expenses, it is difficult to bring out a young girl well, that is to say in the best New York fashion, without spending a few thousand dollars. And this does not include gowns."

Gibbon on Fame.

Edward Gibbon, the historian, was not one to underestimate the pleasures of intellectual occupation or the value of literary fame. "I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life," he wrote in his autobiography. "I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow, and that their fame affords a poor compensation for envy, censure and persecution.

"My own experience has taught me a very different lesson; twenty happy years have been animated by the labors of my history and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character in the world to which I should otherwise not have been entitled.

"D'Alembert relates that as he was walking in the gardens of Sans Souci with the king of Prussia, Frederick said to him, 'Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably a more happy being than either of us.'

"The king and philosopher mayspeak for themselves; for my part, I do not envy the old woman.—Youth's Companion.

Will Women Abandon Love?

Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, has been writing for Harper's Bazar on "The Woman in Love." In her first two papers Mrs. Atherton discusses those women in history whose love episodes have been the most striking thing about them. In her third paper, however, not yet published, she makes some predictions concerning the place that love will take in the future. Mrs. Atherton does not go so far as Mrs. Belmont, who predicts that there will be a war between the sexes, due to the fact that men will not give women the suffrage. Mrs. Atherton believes and states, however, that from now on the love element will be a far less vital thing in women's lives than it has been heretofore. She thinks that the broadening out of feminine interests, the entrance of women into new fields, the intellectual development of women, are all factors which will fill women's lives to the comparative exclusion of that other factor which heretofore has been supposed to be "her whole existence."

His Money.

"How did he make his money?"

"Out of several important inventions."

"I didn't know he was an inventor."

"He isn't. He employs a lawyer who can draw papers that seem to mean what they don't."

PAYING THE FIDDLER

At the door of her schoolroom Miss Heath, the teacher, was met by a breathless little girl.

"George did it!" she cried. "He just grabbed it and chased around the room with it and—"

"I did not!" shouted George. "It wasn't me any more'n anybody else. Anyhow, it was broke. And if Jimmie hadn't chased me—"

"Be quiet, George," said the bewildered teacher. "What's broken, Margaret?"

"Why the—you know, the—"

"It was broke all the time," interrupted George.

"George, leave the room. Now, Margaret, what is it?"

Margaret pointed, unable to speak, to the bracket which contained the statue of the Flying Mercury.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the teacher, whose rapid glance failed to discover anything amiss.

Robert jumped nimbly on the steam pipes and with a swift movement decapitated the statue, holding the head dramatically toward the teacher.

"That's what's the matter," said he. "Them kids needn't say they didn't do it because everybody in the room saw them."

Many heads nodded a vigorous affirmative.

"Well, they needn't blame it all on me, if I did take it down, for Ernie and Jim did just as much," yelled George from the door.

The teacher waved him majestically back. As his tear-stained face was withdrawn from sight he shook a threatening fist at Robert, who still held the head in his hand.

"We won't take up any more time now," said the teacher, "but of course the fiddler must be paid. I suppose in this case that the fiddler will have to be paid by your fathers. I think a boy is pretty mean that has all the fun and leaves the bill for the fiddler to be paid by somebody else. The Mercury must be replaced by Monday. Any boy who had anything whatever to do with breaking this one must be honorable enough to pay his share toward getting another."

"Would you call laughing at them when they were chasing around having anything to do with it?" asked Robert, intense anxiety in his countenance.

"Decide among yourselves at recess," replied the teacher. "Talk it over as gentlemen should."

During recess another teacher said to Miss Heath: "You'd better go and look after your boys or first thing you know you'll have a perfectly good boy charged up to your account. I couldn't decide whether it was a riot or a carnival, but George, as usual, was 'it.'"

Miss Heath, however, found that the trouble had blown over for the time being. An noon an indignant trio stopped to talk to her.

"They say me and Ernie and Jim are the most to blame because we ran around the room," complained George, "but we wouldn't have run around so long if they hadn't jollied us and then I wouldn't have bumped against the desk and fallen down; and don't you think they ought to help pay the fiddler?"

"And, Miss Heath, don't you think that when it was George that took Merky down he ought to pay the most?" asked Ernie.

"I have nothing to say," replied Miss Heath. "I told you to decide like gentlemen. Were you three boys most to blame?"

"They say we were," said George.

"What do you think?" insisted Miss Heath.

"Well, I guess we were," said Jim. "I didn't care so much anyway. I've got ten cents and it won't cost more'n 25."

"It cost three dollars," said Miss Heath, impressively.

"Three dollars!" shrieked George. "For an old statoo with no clothes on him and one leg broke off? Why didn't you make the kid that broke—"

"There, there!" said Miss Heath with dignity. "Get a new one cheaper if you can, but that's what I paid for the one you broke."

Later in the day she found this note on her desk:

"Dear Miss Heath: If we get a statue we will break off his leg just like the other. We won't give a good one for a old one; it ain't fair. Respectfully yours, GEORGE."

The teacher wrote in reply:

"My Dear George: There was once a man named Shylock who wanted a pound of flesh from near the heart of a man who owed him some money but who could not pay. The judge told him to take it, but if he cut the smallest piece more than his pound he would be severely punished.

Break the leg off if you wish to do so. Affectionately,

"HELEN HEATH."

"We were only fooling," said George next day. "We couldn't cut it just exactly off. Jim said he bet he could, but me and Ernie said we wouldn't be in it. We're going to earn the money. I bet I won't have any more fiddlers to pay. And, Miss Heath, won't you please read us something about Skylark? He was fierce, wasn't he? Gee! Think of cutting a pound of meat off a man!"

The Contrary Case.

"That man they have just ejected from the hall is the very opposite of a confagration."

"Now?"

"He is full of fire after they put him out.—An American.

REBUKING A BORE

LIKE THE WORM, OLD GENTLEMAN TURNED AT LAST

Description of His Improved Condition Raised High Hopes in Listener, Until the Last Sentence of His Talk.

To a hotel noted for its baths for the cure of rheumatism came a woman, who at once made the acquaintance of every person, apparently for the sole purpose of telling them her imaginary ailments, hearing them tell about their own, and discussing at great length the curative properties of the springs.

She made a particular victim of an old man, who, being of a somewhat retiring, silent temperament, was extremely annoyed by her questions and oft-repeated tales of woe.

Finally, one morning, when he was taking a sun-bath on the terrace surrounded by a few congenial acquaintances, the woman approached, inflicted upon him a renewal of her tiresome conversation, and exhausted his patience. His opportunity for revenge came quickly.

"Mr. Ladd," said she, settling weakly into a chair, "we have had so many pleasant discussions about our sufferings—and yet not half so pleasant as they might have been, because I've been so frightfully racked with these terrible pains. Why, I looked into the glass this morning, and you have no idea how pale I was! I scarcely knew myself. But what I wanted to ask you was this: What do you think of these baths? Have you any faith in them. And this climate particularly, and this air?"

"Madam," replied the old man, "I cannot speak so surely about the baths, but there is no doubt about the climate and the air. I can truthfully say I feel at home here. Why, when I first came here I weighed less by more than 50 pounds.

"I could hardly raise an arm above my head. I could not speak an intelligible word. I never left my bed without being lifted from it by strong arms, and my hands were so useless that I could not pick up a knife and fork. Most of my days I spent half-conscious or asleep upon my back, and I did not take any interest in the conversation of my nurse.

"You can see now that I have a little hair. When I came to this town there was not a spear of it on my head. I needed attention night and day. I was so weak and helpless that a child of four years might have choked me to death without its being in my power to resist. That was when I first came here."

"Gracious!" cried the woman, excitedly. "You give me so much hope! How long have you been here? When did you first come?"

"Madam," answered the old man, solemnly, "I was born here."

The Nation's Skull-Making.

Scientists, like poets, can be dithrambic and rhapsodical, and lead governments into publishing works of fiction in the guise of reports of investigations. So while admitting to the full all that the American environment does in affecting and modifying the inner being, mental outlook, and social customs of the many races which come from abroad, it will be with considerable skepticism that ethnologists read the latest report of the Immigration bureau on quickly attained physical modifications, noted in immigrants to this country, or at least that portion of the report which seems to show that structural changes follow mere living in this country, owing to better nutrition, etc. Of course where there are inter-marriages and a blending of types in parents it is to be expected, and is visible to the most careless observer. But, after all, what we are more concerned with is the Americanizing of the contents of the skull. American hatters and milliners can be depended on to produce hats to fit any shape of head.

Dr. Glennon's Repartee.

Perhaps among none of the thousands who will shake the archbishop's hand and extend felicitations on the occasion of his silver jubilee in the priesthood, are there any more loyal friends than the newspaper folk. Few of the craft, when, on occasion, the exigencies of the profession have made their curiosity in affairs of state embarrassing, have not been dispatched genially and tactfully with a joke. It's the archbishop's way.

Whether he is "jollyng" a crowd of the guests at Father Dempsey's hotel, "kidding" a congregation of little newsmen or "taking down" the importance of some grave and reverend father, or "joking" the affected dignity of some captain of industry, or "teasing" the supercilious small talk of some fashionable maid or matron of society, or laying genial encouragement on the distressed and plous old lady by laughing her out of her trouble, the archbishop of St. Louis never lacks for his repartee.—St. Louis Republic.

Prepared.

Master—Joseph, aren't you ashamed to get into such a condition. Suppose anyone found you outside like this.

Servant—It's all right, sir. I always have one of your cards on me.

Reminded Him of Her.

She—What does the sea remind you of most?

He—Of you.

She—(fattered)—Why?

He—Because it's never still.

A Lucky Dog

By J. HARDING

"Come here, ye little runt, an' tell us why ye shook de gang." And with a fierce growl the big mongrel cur pounced upon the little yellow pup, sending him rolling over on his back.

"Well, lemme up, ye big tub o' nothin' an' I'll tell ye about it. Quit, I tell ye, before ye muss me ribbon."

"What d' ye mean anyway, wearin' a ribbon like one o' them swell pups? Where'd ye get it?"

"Me missus gimme that. And mebbe ye t'ink I ain't a swell pup. See that big house up on de hill? Well, that's me home, allright. Sure it is. Oh, I done made good, all right, all right. Ye see, I been a-hangin' round there a week or more. Folks didn't take to me much—at first. Threw t'ings at me every time I showed up, but I didn't care; feedin' was pretty good, so what did a few kicks amount to? Was used to that.

"Well, after I got pretty well fed up, I kinder took a shine to th' young lady o' th' house. Say, she's a pippin! She didn't hanker after my society, but of course she couldn't be throwin' t'ings at me all th' time. She gives up after awhile an' her and me has some good times walkin' round together. Sometimes she had a feller with her, but I didn't like that so well, 'cause they can throw better'n women. There was one guy I was 'fruid of, though. Stayed there at th' house—her brother, I t'ink. Heard 'im say he was goin' t' get rid o' that cur if he had t' shoot 'im. So you betcher life I stayed out o' his way.

"I was beginnin' t' think mebbe I had better hike out 'fore he did shoot me, an' was layin' awake late in th' night thinkin' 'bout it, when I saw a guy come a-sneakin' in th' gate. I'd never seen 'im before, an' he didn't look good to me. I knowed he wasn't callin' on nobody, 'cause they was all in bed by that time. So when he comes up 'bout half way in th' yard an' whistles kinder low, I lets out a yelp an' hikes fer th' front step, barkin' to beat th' band. Then I heard th' brother cuss an' say he was goin' to fix me, so I shut up.

"From under th' step I heard th' front door open, an' I tell ye I was scared some till I heard th' rattle of skirts, an' then I knowed it was me missus. She come out in th' yard an' called th' guy, 'Tom,' she says, 'is it you?'

"Hurry up, th' guy says, 'I'm 'fraid that cur has aroused them. My machine's right out here, an' we'll be away in a jiffy.'

"Well, before they had a chance t' get away, here comes th' brother bustin' through th' door—a huntin' me. But when he seen them two out in th' yard he forgot all about me.

"Elizabeth," he says, 'what ye doin' with that grip? An' who is this with you? When he seen th' guy good, he grabs 'im by th' collar an' begins a-kickin' him.

"I'll show ye show to come 'round here 'lopin' with my sister,' he yells. 'Tom Scanlon, ye dirty thief, if ye don't get out o' here in about a minute I'll have ye sent to th' penitentiary just as sure as I live!' An' don't ye know, that guy just hustled down th' walk an' jumped in his machine an' was gone 'fore ye could say Jack Robinson.

"Then th' brother turned to th' lady, an' his voice didn't sound mad like it did when he was talkin' to th' guy.

"Sis, he says, 'ye must excuse me fer buttin' in, but I just couldn't help it. Ye see, I know that feller, an' there ain't a dirtier scoundrel in th' city than he is. I thought I ought t' let ye know 'bout 'im; then if ye want t' go on, it's up to you.'

"Well, she cried a little, then she asked 'im not t' tell nobody, an' said she didn't want nothin' more t' do with th' guy if he was that sort. An' as they was a-goin' to th' house I heard th' brother say, 'An' it was all on account o' th' little dog.'

"Ye betcher life I stand ace high with th' lady an' her big brother, all right, an' what they say goes with the rest of 'em.

"But say, I gorter go. She'll be worryin' 'bout me if I ain't Johnny on the spot at eatin' time. Bring th' gang 'round some time an' I'll set 'em up."

IN THE LABOR WORLD.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners now has 185,000 members in good standing.

The Boot and Shoe Workers have paid out \$56,629 in sick benefits during the last fiscal year.

The union stablemen of San Francisco, Cal., have started a movement against unsanitary stables.

The Alaska Fishermen's Union has recently decided by vote to affiliate with the San Francisco labor council.

Union metal workers in Italy number eight thousand. Owing to trade depression the membership has fallen from 15,400.

A labor party has recently been organized in Toronto, Ontario, and it is getting into shape to take an active part in the next municipal campaign, with the exception of electing a

number of candidates from the of labor to municipal offices.

The recent convention of the Marriage and Wagon Workers' Union in Washington decided to move its headquarters to Buffalo.

A report from the International Molders' Union shows that during 1909 the receipts from all sources exceeded the disbursements by about \$11,000.

The smallest average monthly paid-up membership of the United Mine Workers of America since its organization in 1890 was in 1896, when the number was 9,617.

Of the twelve thousand saleswomen in New York department stores, one-third are wives and mothers, the greater part of these having taken positions after their marriage.

The Workmen's Federation of the state of New York has prepared a list of measures, present and to come, which will be favored or opposed by its legislative committee in Albany.

Typographical Union No. 193, of Newark, N. J., is the first union to abolish all overtime in book, news and job offices. No member is allowed, hereafter, to accumulate any overtime.

The special referendum vote taken throughout the country recently by the piano and organ workers resulted in favor of a temporary reduction of the initiation fee from five to two dollars.

The building laborers of Fresno, Cal., have been organized into a union of the International Hod Carriers and Building Laborers of America and will be affiliated with the central labor body of that city.

A charter from the headquarters of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees, empowering the car men of Manhattan to organize a local under affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, is reported to have been received.

At a recent meeting of the city of Houston, Texas, an ordinance was passed, providing that eight hours shall hereafter constitute a day's work for all unskilled labor employed by the city of Houston or labor employed hereafter by any contractor doing city work under contract.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Published by Authority of the Secretary of Agriculture.

For Palestine and vicinity until 7 a. m. Saturday: Unsettled weather tonight and Saturday.

Minimum temperature, 52.

Maximum temperature, 54.

Weather Conditions.

Two moderate depressions appear upon this morning's map. One is over North Dakota, while the other is entering Oregon. Light rains have occurred in the Pacific states, in Texas and in the North Atlantic states. An area of high pressure, central over New York, extends from the Mississippi valley to the Atlantic coast. Temperature changes have been slight in all sections of the country, except in North Dakota, where it is decidedly warmer. The weather continues cloudy and somewhat unsettled in Texas, with temperatures ranging from 44 degrees at Amarillo to 66 degrees at Corpus Christi.

T. R. Taylor,
Official in Charge

BASEBALL NOTES.

Hugh Jennings will exhibit his Tigers in Cincinnati April 11 and 12.

Manager Charlie Carr of the Indianapolis team has called off the Indians' trip to Cuba.

Frank Pfeffer of the Chicago Club recently bought a residence in Boston and will in future call the Hub his home.

At Orth, who pitched fourteen years in the major leagues, has signed with the Indianapolis Club of the American Association.

Since Arthur Clarkson quit Cleveland Eddie Grant of the Philadelphia Nationals is the only Harvard man on a major league team.

Shortstop Coffey, with the Boston Nationals last season, has been appointed coach of the Fordham College baseball squad for this season.

Chicago fans were greatly surprised at the release of Del Howard. As a utility player Del used to fit nicely with the Cubs.

Johnnie Bates is the only hold-out among the Philadelphia Quakers. John hasn't a chance for more money, as Horace Fogel is buying elephants.