

## DAILY SHORT STORY

### Pride of Profession.

When Larry Callahan left the protection of the large building "up the river" which had been his home for four years and ten months on indeterminate sentence plan, the governor had a farewell talk with him.

"Go straight, Larry," he pleaded earnestly. "You've had a good record while in Sing Sing, and you've been promised a job by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid society. You're too intelligent a man to run crooked; besides, remember, sooner or later you get caught. Larry, it doesn't pay. Keep away from the Bowery and good luck to you."

So Larry came to New York wearing his new suit, new hat, new shoes and new underwear, with a new life before him and nearly five years of discharge money in his pocket, which, with the few dollars he had had on entering, which the government had kindly kept for him, amounted to sixty-seven nineteen.

He meant to run straight; he had vowed so honestly to the pardon board. Yet it was hard that he, the cleverest pickpocket who ever went "up," who had counted his income at a good "fifty per" all the year through, should start out afresh on ten a week running an elevator. He did not want to go to work so soon, not while that \$67 reposed in his vest pocket.

So on the first evening his feet led him, almost against his will, to the vicinity of Chatham square. There he picked up some pals and

disgusted them with the information that he was going to run straight.

"Aw, come off," said one. "You, Larry, that can live on the fat of the land! I thought you had more pride."

Larry stumbled out into the night, those words ringing in his soul. Aye, that was the crux of it. It was sheer pride that led him to clip the gold repeater from the fob, to snatch the magnet's pocketbook from the inside pocket of his coat. Should he, the peerless pickpocket, throw up this old life and start running an elevator?

At that same instant, a portly, undersized gentleman with a long beard strolled by. Larry's fingers itched. His resolutions were forgotten, for the breast of the frock coat bulged with what his expert eye told him was a fat wallet. Softly he crept up, drew abreast, jostled his victim in a crowd—and the trained fingers crept over the lapels deftly, only to be seized in a sinewy grip.

That grasp was like steel. And neither spoke; only Larry and his intended victim eyed one another under the light of the street lamp. Gradually the stranger's eyes grew wider in surprise.

"Larry Callahan! O, Larry Callahan!" he ejaculated. "And to think you would pick an ex-detective for your work. O, bungler, bungler. Well, what have you got to say?" he said in a sharp tone of command. "Come, for old time's sake I'll put up a drink before I take you to the station. No, an ice cream soda," he