

IN GLAD CONTENT.

The world, they say, is getting old and weary as can be! But write me down as saying it's good enough for me!

Caught Per Telephone.

A PROPOS of bank note thieves," said Inkster, my detective friend, "did I ever tell you how I caught one with the assistance of a girl? Well, here is the yarn:

Ring-r-r-ring! goes the telephone bell in a Liverpool bank. "Well, who are you?" asks the attendant clerk.

"Mr. Silvertown, of Silvertown, Sons & Co., Princes street, London," comes the answer. "Is Mr. Golden in?"

"Yes," says the clerk. "Then ask him to speak to me at once, please," requests Mr. Silvertown.

"Are you there? Ah, how are you, Silvertown?" "Dreadfully worried and annoyed, and I want your assistance. One of my most promising men, Cecil Hampton, has gone away on his holidays, and as a large number of notes are missing, I fear he has absconded."

"Well," queries Golden, "how am I likely to be of any use in the matter?" "Among the notes," answers the London banker, "there are two thousand-pound notes, and, as I expect he has some relations in the States, that will be his destination. It is quite likely that he will call at your bank with the notes and a plausible story, and ask you to cash them."

"I suppose I am to have him arrested out of hand, then?" interrupted Mr. Golden. "No; nothing of the kind!" testily answered Silvertown. "You must get him into your office and give him a thorough good lecture and \$500. Please do not interrupt. Tell him to go out of the country and begin an honest life. Tell him also that it is entirely owing to the position his father holds in the world of politics, and my respect for him as a man, that I give him this chance. I will not blast the lives of his father and his family for the son's speculation. Don't talk to me about condoning a felony, or give me any ethical definition. I consider that, apart from giving the youngster another chance after his first misstep, it is infinitely preferable to marking the family with shame for the rest of their lives."

"Is this the opinion of your partners?" asked Mr. Golden. "No," answers Silvertown; "they know nothing of it as yet; but, if they did, I am convinced they would agree with me. I will remit the \$500 to you, and you will send the recovered notes by a trusty man, whom I will recoup for his out-of-pocket expenses."

"Very well, I agree," said Golden, at length. "And if, as you suspect, he comes to us, I will do as you desire. But give me a description of the man, so that there can be no mistake, and I will instruct my tellers how to act."

"Thank you, Golden," said the London banker; "I knew you would help. The lad stands about five feet ten inches tall, 25 years old—but looks more like 30—rather sallow skin, with very dark hair and short, pointed beard. He has a very slight limp, owing to some accident to his left ankle when a boy."

"That is a very good verbal portrait," said Golden, "and I think we'll not mistake him. I'll ring you up after he has been here, and report progress."

"Kindly do nothing of the kind," said Silvertown, "as I am going to Brighton this afternoon, and will probably be there a week or two. I will telegraph to you either to-night or to-morrow morning, telling you where I am staying, as the place is pretty full up. I understand; then you can write me at the address given. Thank you very much for falling in with my view of the case. Good-day!"

"Good-morning," answered Golden, and the conversation ended.

Mr. Golden proceeded to describe Hampton to all the clerks at the counter, and ordered his luncheon to be sent in in order to be at hand if the thief turned up.

At luncheon time, when the bank was very quiet, Hampton walked in and boldly asked a teller to change the two notes.

"I am one of Silvertown's men," he said, "and on the firm's business."

"Certainly, sir," said the teller. "Will you just endorse them as usual?" As Hampton was writing his name on the notes, the teller gave a sign to the watchful commissionaire, and also sent a junior for his principal. Mr. Golden was soon behind the counter and addressing Hampton across the intervening mahogany.

"Please walk into my office, Mr. Hampton; I wish to speak to you. Don't attempt to escape, as the commissionaire will prevent it at a sign from me."

Once inside the office and the door closed, he dropped into the first chair and shamefacedly buried his face in his hands.

"Well, young man," said his captor, "you have soon launched yourself on the sea of iniquity, and in a most skill-

COMMANDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



Frederick De L. Booth-Tucker, who is now visiting this country, succeeded to the command of the Salvation Army of America after the secession of Commander Ballington Booth and his wife several years ago. Before that time he was in command of the work in India. On his marriage to Emma Booth, daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, Mr. Tucker assumed his wife's name, and has since called himself Booth-Tucker. The commander is tall and spare. His long hair is gray and his blue eye is full of humor. In the pulpit he talks more of the "heart-to-heart" fashion than with any attempt at oratorical effect. His illustrations are usually humorous, but none the less effective. He is a firm believer in the "hallelujah" methods of conducting religious meetings, and an "Amen" shout from the audience usually finds a response in the pulpit. In the executive department of the army work and the extension of the relief work he has been fully as successful as his predecessor. He was born in England fifty-two years ago.

ful manner. When you gave way to the temptation and purloined the notes you did not think that they would be so quickly missed. Nor did you think that a shrewd business man would be quite likely to hit upon the route you would take, and by telephoning—yes, you may well start—to the bank you would probably call at to change the notes, have you arrested, and your father, brothers and sisters disgraced, within very few hours of your theft being discovered. It is entirely owing to the latter contingency that Mr. Silvertown has instructed me to hand over to you this bag of \$500 in gold in exchange for the notes.

"The sole condition he makes is that you leave England and attempt an honorable career abroad. If you remain in England you will be prosecuted, with the result you may easily anticipate.

"Do you accept the terms?" he asked. "Yes, sir," answered Hampton. "I am very grateful to Mr. Silvertown. I am truly sorry I have done what I have done, but with the help of the money lent to me I will keep straight."

Mr. Golden handed the bag to the younger man and received the notes which he casually compared with the list of missing notes received, of course, from Mr. Silvertown by telephone.

Golden accompanied Hampton to his office door, and warmly shook him by the hand, and wished him good luck and success in his new life.

"Where do you come in, you ask?" said Inkster, pausing in his narrative. "Well, you see, I don't appear until near the end, which will probably be rather a surprise to you."

There happened to be a very smart but rather curious young lady in the telephone exchange, and it also happened—by accident, let us say—that she heard the telephonic conversation between the bankers. Whether it was the result of her suspicious nature or woman's intuitiveness is quite immaterial, but she made up the London banker herself and asked them if they had heard distinctly when talking to Liverpool.

The bankers were surprised at the question, and said they had not spoken to Liverpool that day.

"I must have mistaken the number," she quickly answered. "I beg your pardon for troubling you."

Then she rang up the detective office and detailed the supposed conversation to the chief, who laughingly called out to me:

"Here is your man, Inkster, and run to earth by a telephone girl."

"I was in Liverpool at the time after a troublesome gang of forgers," interpolated Inkster.

On being told what Miss Telephone had said, I was soon in a hansom and being quickly driven to the bank. The cab pulled up with a jerk, and just as I alighted Hampton walked out of the premises into my arms.

The roll of notes were very clever forgeries, of course, and he would have been amply repaid for his labor had he received \$500 cash for them, but he will not be allowed to visit the States

for a very long time yet.—Indianapolis Sun.

TRAINED ALLIGATORS TOW HIS BOAT.



Jefferson Lee, who lives on the St. John's river, in Putnam County, Fla., has the most extraordinary team in the country. It is a team of alligators that Mr. Lee uses to tow his boat up and down the river when he goes to market. Mr. Lee has to go six miles down the river to his postoffice, and it is a hard pull against the current coming back. He noticed how swiftly alligators swam, and it occurred to him that it might be a good idea to turn the alligators that abound in the St. John's river to some account. He captured a pair of young gators and raised them in his yard. He taught them to swim and drag a weight behind them, and he also taught them to turn either to the right or left by pulling ropes fastened to their teeth on either side.

When the alligators were big enough he put a harness that he had constructed on them and harnessed them to his boat. They swam well and pulled the boat through the water at a good speed. By pulling on the reins that passed through the mouths of the gators, Mr. Lee was able to turn his strange water team in any direction he pleased. Mr. Lee's success has created great interest among all of his neighbors, and now many alligators are being trained for duty as sea horses.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"Do you use any fiction in your paper?" "Well, we publish the weather indications."—Town Topics.

Some publisher is missing a golden opportunity in neglecting to bring out "The Love Letters of Brigham Young."—Ex.

"Why are the feelers of a butterfly like the seeds in a California orange?" "Give it up." "Because they're antennae."—Ex.

Was One: Mrs. Empeck—You acted like a fool when you proposed to me. Empeck—That wasn't acting, my dear.—Town and Country.

Charles Loveday—Um, ah, Er, er, er! Er—! he! he—! Jeweter (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement-rings here, Henry.—Tit-Bits.

Fred—I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours. Ed—You don't mean it? Where did you fall? Fred—I fell asleep.—Tit-Bits.

Molly—My little sister got the measles. Jimmie—Oh! So has mine. Molly—Well, I'll bet you my little sister got more measles than yours has.—Tit-Bits.

"What is the difference between the cannibals and Mark Twain?" "The cannibals enjoy cold missionary, while Mark Twain likes the missionaries hot."—Life.

On Board Ship: "Can I bring you up some luncheon, sir?" "What! Lunch already? Why, it doesn't seem more than fifteen minutes since breakfast came up!"—Life.

How She Proves It: "Maggie says she's a Daughter of the Revolution." "Can she prove it?" "Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Right Up in Line: "Same old presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I suppose?" "Not much; we've worked in an automobile collision and plantation rummage sale."—Detroit Free Press.

Not an Asylum: Visitor—It must be very convenient to have an asylum right in the heart of your city. New York Policeman—Asylum! That is the Stock Exchange.—Ohio State Journal.

Strong-willed: Kind Lady—It must be hard to get along without working! Tramp—Indeed it is, ma'am; yet have no idea how strong de temptation ter go to work is, sometimes.—Brooklyn Life.

Twofold: Sniffs—There is more sin in Chicago than any other city on the face of the earth. Snuffs—I beg leave to differ. Snuffs—I defy you to name another with more sin in it! Snuffs—Cincinnati.—Ex.

Distigue: "She comes of a grand old family, I believe?" "Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the Tower during the reign of the fourth Edward!" "How perfectly lovely!"—Detroit Journal.

"How much does a member of the Legislature get in this State?" inquired the tourist. "His salary," answered Farmer Courtnessel, "is three dollars a day. Nobody knows how much he gets."—Washington Star.

Suited to a Tee: Fox (to bear)—Come over to-morrow, and we'll play a game of golf on the links, Bear.—All right. I don't know what the game is, but if there's any job you can put up on the lynx I'm in with you.—Boston Herald.

His Training: "How did Spudkins get his appointment as Brigadier-General?" I never knew that he was connected with the army?" "Oh, yes, by marriage; his brother-in-law is a United States Senator."—Fown and Country.

A Great Preface: Publisher—I fear your book is too short; it consists of only forty pages. Author—Oh, I explain all that in the preface. Publisher—What length is it? Author—Five hundred pages, sir.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples, and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, mum. Teacher—Why? Tommy—Cos wouldn't be necessary.—Tit-Bits.

Their Favorite Diet: "The bulls and bears in Wall street are all carnivorous animals," remarked the horse editor to the snake editor. "Indeed?" "Yes; they are fond of spring lamb with United States mist sauce."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Innocence (finding poker-chips in her husband's pockets)—Dear me! Isn't George too thoughtful for anything! I told him to buy something to amuse the baby, and here he has brought home these pretty colored disks.—Philadelphia Record.

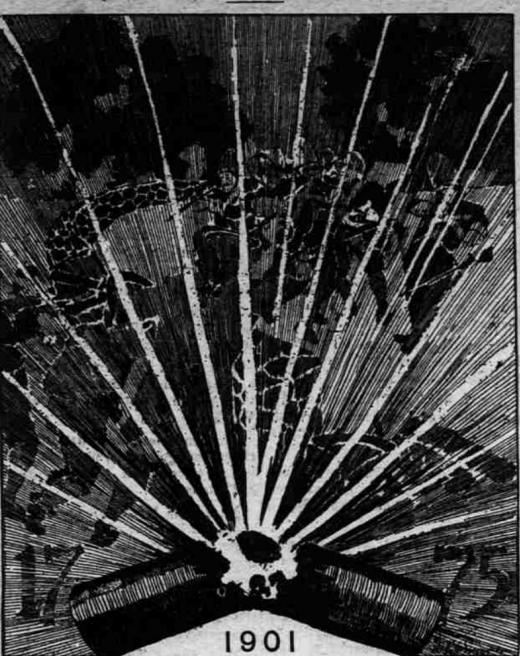
A Philosopher: Wife—There's a burglar down cellar, Henry. Husband—Well, my dear, we ought to be thankful that we are upstairs. Wife—But we'll come up here. Husband—Then we'll go down cellar, my dear. Surely, a ten-room house ought to be big enough to hold three people without crowding.—Detroit Free Press.

The Bliss of Ignorance: Nagger—Did you tell the President about your appointment when you were in Washington? Noodleman—No, but I saw his Secretary. He told me that the President had remarked when the matter of my appointment came up that I was "persona non grata." Nagger—And what does that mean? Noodleman—Why, it's Latin for "no person greater." Rather high praise, coming from a man of his distinction, eh?—Richmond Dispatch.

Body Shorter at Night: The human body, it has been found, is shorter at night than in the morning, due to the weight of the body compressing the intervertebral cartilages. During sleep, or while in a recumbent position, the pressure being removed, their natural elasticity enables them to resume their normal size, consequently the height of an individual will vary from three-eighths to half an inch between morning and night.

A woman's sympathies are aroused when any one else on earth gets sick, except her dressmaker.

X-RAYS APPLIED TO THE FIRECRACKER.



THE FOURTH.

Hail to "America, land of the free!" Holding her honors on land and on sea! Reaping her victories, kindly and true. All in the name of "The Red, White and Blue!" Hail to the spirit of justice and truth! Hail to America's spirited youth! Hail to her enterprise, courage and skill! Hail to her upright persistence and will! Hail to her loyalty! Hail to her brave, Determined endeavors her dear States to

When danger assails them! and hail with a cheer Her glorious old banner her sons bold so dear! Hail to our "National Holiday!" Hail! For never in hearts shall its joyousness fall! Hail to its advent, and even its noise! Hail to the house the boy who shot it off! Hail to her joy! Hail to her brave, Determined endeavors her dear States to

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POWERLESS FOURTH.

The boys had planned such a particularly jolly Fourth that when Mrs. Reynolds became so ill on the very morning of the 3d and the doctor sternly announced if a firecracker exploded within a mile of the house the boy who shot it off would be guilty of murder there was wrathful indignation in the breasts of the junior patriots.

"Say, fellows, what do you think of it anyway?" demanded Ned Thursday in a tone of fierce display.

"Think of it!" exclaimed Sam Prentice, shaking his fist at the cloud of dust which enveloped the doctor's antiquated rig. "I think it's a mean shame."

"What are we going to do with our firecrackers, I'd like to know," Will Brown asked angrily, "and the skyrocket and Roman candles and the cannon?"

"Plague take it, anyway," scowled Jack Loring, hitting the tree against which he was leaning a blow with his clenched hand. "We might just as well have stayed in the city."

"I tell you what, fellows," interrupted Ned. "I wouldn't mind so much spoiling the Fourth if it was only Mrs. Sawyer, or any of our mothers, or Miss Hattie's mother, or even old Ned's mother, or Mrs. Reynolds. I don't believe she's sick at all."

"Nor I," added Jack impressively. "She's just done it to keep us from having a good time. Don't you remember last summer how she spoiled the yacht race by tumbling into the river and splashing the sails?"

"I wish your Uncle George was here now. He'd tell us what to do, for I don't think that, other George, the father of our firecrackers, care the least bit that his little boy can't have rockets and firecrackers," and Will lay down upon his grass and pounded the soft turf with his vigorous heels.

"Of course he doesn't," agreed Sam mournfully, "or he wouldn't have let it happen. I think he's a mighty mean father, that's what I think."

"Oh, perhaps it's because he's been a man for such years and years that he's forgotten all about chopping the cherry tree and being a little boy himself," explained Ned magnanimously.

"I say, fellows," Jack began excitedly. "I bet you George Washington will help us yet. Isn't he the father of his country and wouldn't my father or Ned's father or any of our fathers have to have us lose a good time? I tell you, George Washington cares as much about it as they do, and I'm going to write to him and tell him that we can't shoot off any firecrackers, or cannons, or rockets, or torpedoes, or do anything at all to give him a rousing send-off, just because an old woman says she's dying."

"I don't believe George Washington cares anything about us," Sam interposed abruptly.

"I don't believe he does, either," supplemented Will.

"Well," said Jack, "I intend to write him a regular letter and tell him just how it is. I thought I'd say that we came all the way from Chicago to shoot off a cannon for him on the Fourth of July, and didn't he feel sorry we couldn't do it, because Mrs. Reynolds went and got sick at the last moment and the doctor said we'd be hanged if we did. And then I'd say 'Good-by, from your sorrowful little boys, Jack and Ned and Sam and Will.'"

"Even if we did write to him, how could we send it, I'd like to know," asked Sam.

The question was a bombshell. It staggered Jack.

"I never thought about it, but, say! We'll take the letter on the cherry tree in the back yard, and when he comes around at night to cut it down with his little hatchet he'll find it and read it and—"

"How do you know he'll come around to cut it down?" interrupted Will.

"How do I know it? Because every Fourth of July he's a little boy again, you know, and, of course, he'll want to use his little hatchet. Hurrah for George Washington!" and the enthusiastic spokesman tumbled off the fence in his efforts to wake the country echoes.

Four pairs of sturdy legs dashed along the road with lightning speed and nothing remained of the morning's convulse but a battered rail and a cloud of dust. The blotted paper tacked so conspicuously to the bark of the cherry tree was pa-

"Oh, yes, and so do I. You're Ned and the tall boy is Jack, and Sam is the smallest, though he's not very small, and Will is the other one who was going to shoot off the cannon in my honor. Too bad about that, wasn't it? But come up under the trees where it is shady until we get acquainted with each other." Washington threw himself down on the grass and leaned his white head against a huge trunk.

"Let me see," consulting his watch, "it is just five minutes of 12, so we'd better start the balloon."

"Oh, are we really going to have a balloon?" asked Ned excitedly.

"Well, you see," answered Washington, "I thought that cannon had to be replaced somehow, and as we couldn't make any noise I wanted something in my honor and so I decided on a balloon." They both end in smoke anyway. There it is," he added, dragging the huge paper structure from behind a tree. "Isn't it a beauty? Now each boy take one side of it while I get it lighted."

There was more formality in the little company. The lads laughed aloud in glee and when the fuse caught fire and the tissue globe slowly sailed away over the river each small voice added its share to the rapturous hurrah by the general. "Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

"There!" exclaimed Father George with satisfaction. "Now I feel duly honored and at the same time hunger for more. Somewhere in these woods, boys, Martha has spread a lunch for us, and a kibitz to the first fellow who finds it. There was a general scamper through the trees, quickly followed by a triumphant shout from Ned and Sam, who had approached the dainty feast from opposite sides. A snowy tablecloth was spread upon the ground and held fast by its glistening pebbles, while on it was laid every picnic delicacy that could delight the heart of the small boy.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ned; "we've found it."

"True for you," answered the general, appearing through the opening. "But Martha herself has left us, I see. The dear girl is rather nervous on the Fourth. Eat what you like, fellows. Every man is his own master."

"They needed no more urgent invitation and soon made sad havoc in the greasy table arrangements. George Washington was no longer a formidable myth, but a flesh and blood personage, as real as they. When luncheon was finally demolished they lay down under the trees and listened to the thrilling tales of sad woe and encounters with the Indians and the sufferings of the ragged continental in winter quarters at Valley Forge.

Toward the close of the afternoon George caught a horse that was wandering at will through the woods and, jumping on his back, dashed impetuously down the rustic steps leading to an abandoned cave, to exhibit practically the escape of Mad Anthony Wayne.

"That's how he did it, boys," exclaimed the general, slowly mounting again. "He just brandished his sword aloft and none of the British dared follow. I must leave you now," he added, "for I promised Martha to return at 6. Have you had a good Fourth?"

"The best I've ever spent," shouted Ned emphatically.

"Me, too," chimed in Will, Sam and Jack.

"What, without fireworks?" queried the general, incredulously.

"I've learned more patriotism," answered Ned, "than I've ever learned with a whole box of firecrackers."

"Good!" exclaimed the general, "that's the right sort of a Fourth of July. Wait a minute and I'll row you to the edge of the farm. I have a boat down the stream and we'll call our trip 'Washington crossing the Delaware.'"

He hurried away and soon returned with a light skiff, which he propelled cleverly toward the bank.

"Jump in, boys, and away we go. Now sing for all you're worth. Mrs. Reynolds can't mind music.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Good-by, boys," he added, giving his hand to each in turn at the farm landing. "Watch for me next Fourth of July around the cherry tree. And the brave general rowed away in the sunlight to the echoes of

"Three cheers for George Washington, the father of his country—first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his little boys."

"Why, Uncle George," exclaimed Ned in astonishment as the four lads entered the supper room an hour later. "I thought you weren't coming till next week."

"Is that why you spent the Fourth away from the house, you rascals? What have you been doing, I'd like to know?" Ned looked at Jack and Jack looked at Sam. Then he turned to Sam and Sam asked loudly for butter, while Will was closely occupied studying old china. Seeing no help at hand Ned coughed bashfully and muttered quickly: "We've been in the woods."

"Had any fireworks?" continued Uncle George mercilessly.

"No," was the laconic reply, "Miss Hattie's desultory remark: 'The hero's way is as hard as the transgressor's.'"

The Society Lunch Counter. "I wonder what makes that homely Claire Jones so popular?" "Oh, she runs a Welsh-rabbitry."

