The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY..... Dec. 13, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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DUEL UNDER WATER.

Swede With Bale Hook Fights and Wounds Rescuer.

RESULT OF TOO MUCH RUM.

Submarine Scrap Stirs Surface of New York Bay—Peacemaker Finds Combatants In Deadly Embrace on Bottom of Aqueous Arena.

Armed with a bale hook and ten feet under water Alexander Anderson, a powerful longshoreman, put up a fight against saving his life which makes Victor Hugo's famous submarine duel in the "Toilers of the Sea" lose a lot of its glare as a thriller. Anderson was rescued despite his struggle to die, but he sent his captor to the hospital, and Anderson himself may succumb to the blows he received as he and his rescuer occasionally arose to the surface.

The duel took place in the East river, off the foot of Hamilton street, Brooklyn. Anderson, who had just arrived from Sweden and who is thirty-eight

SWUNG HIS HOOK SAVAGELY DOWNWARD.

years old and built like a man of iron, became suddenly crazed as a result of too much rum. Darting out of his lodging house, 60 Summit place, he ran almost to the water's edge, shouting at the top of his voice.

Near the foot of Hamilton street he seized a bale hook and stood his ground, mumbling and shrieking in his Swedish dialect and brandishing his weapon.

Robert Stevens, thirty-five years old, living at 435 Columbia street, was the first to get near him.

Anderson knew of Stevens' prowess and evidently did not relish a combat with his powerful frame. He had enough sense left to know that he'd have a better chance in the water with Stevens, who is six feet tall and muscular, so Anderson jumped in the river carrying his hook with him. Stevens followed. He dived directly where Anderson's form was last seen.

No one knows just what happened under the water. Several persons who gathered on the pier say that every few seconds an arm or a leg would appear above, and once Stevens' face arose, showing a great gash down the right side. Once Anderson reached the surface and swung his hook savagely downward. A stillness followed, and only bubbles showed that life remained below the water. In a few seconds Stevens came up and feebly cried for help.

Charles Walsh, who had arrived during the struggle and was vainly trying to learn the cause of the excitement, jumped in. He found one of Stevens' hands clutching the Swede by the neck. Anderson was unconscious, and Stevens was fast losing the little strength that remained. Walsh tied a rope about Anderson's body, and he was pulled ashore. Several men jumped into the river and dragged Stevens to safety.

Stevens' face and head were a mass of cuts and bruises. Blood poured profusely from a deep cut in his face, and his arms and shoulders were bared of their clothing. Anderson showed effects, too, of the fearful contest under water. His face was battered and bruised, and both his eyes were closed.

An ambulance of the Long Island hospital was called, and both men were given medical attention. Dr. Doyle said that Anderson may die as a result of his injuries.

Stevens told the police that the man bit and gouged him with the hook and that several times he was about to give up. He says he overcame Anderson only by wrenching the hook from his hands. Anderson without the weapon was no match for him.

Hunt Deer In Automobiles.

Hunting deer and bringing in the game in automobiles is the latest in Sullivan and Orange counties, N. Y. Dr. Leroy Culver of Jersey City, with his National, and Dr. W. B. Kelley of Port Jervis in his Ford machine went to Cahoonzie, seven miles from Port Jervis and got two deer. They started with the carcasses for Port Jervis to be first in with their game, but Dr. Culver's machine balked and was towed up the grade by Dr. Kelley's Ford, Dr. Culver and a friend pushing from behind.

John Smith, Clerk.

By Frank H. Sweet.

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ONCE there was a man. He was a clerk in a bank at $45 a month. His name was John Smith. At a directors' meeting one day after the discounts had been passed upon and the portly directors were laboriously getting up to go the president, who had the ablest and most expansive vest of any of them, stopped them. "By the way," he remarked, "I have a note from John Smith—one of our young men, you know; some of you know him—but I guess I have lost it. Anyhow, he wants his salary raised. Says the business of the bank is four times what is used to be and his work has increased accordingly. Says with increase in the amount of money handled comes increase in the strain on his integrity. Seems to think he ought to be paid for not robbing us. Besides, he says he can scarcely keep his family on his salary. I suppose I can answer it without calling another board meeting," he concluded facetiously.

"Tell him he oughtn't to have such a big family," suggested one. "Quote the law against embezzlement to him," said another, and so on, as they buttoned their overcoats and went out about their businesses.

By and by John Smith got a note like this, signed by the president and written on the note paper of the bank, bearing the imposing array of directors' names in neat engraving at the head of it:

Mr. John Smith:

Dear Sir—In answer to yours of even date I am instructed by the board of directors to say that they cannot agree with your view of the case. It is true that your work has largely increased with the growth of the bank under its present successful management, but it is no more than you are able to do and no more than we can find others to do for the salary we now pay you. The other phase of the matter you present—that we should pay you for the moral wear and tear incident to resisting temptation to steal as well as for the physical and mental work you do—has no weight.

Our relations, however pleasant personally, are purely a business affair on both sides. We pay you so much money for so much work. Your honesty is presumed. If you should prove dishonest, we would discharge you and the law would send you to prison.

With your family affairs we have nothing to do, but I may suggest to you that careful economy in small household expenditures will result in an annual saving which will perhaps surprise you.

Without referring especially to you—for I never endeavored to pry into your private affairs nor inquired how you lived—I may say that, in my opinion, the prevailing tendency of young people nowadays is to live too high instead of being careful to lay up something for a rainy day. Yours truly, etc.

The directors hadn't been in session long the next day when John Smith opened the door, handed in a slip of paper and walked back to his desk. There was silence for a minute, then a murmur; thenathe clerks outside heard a clatter of moving chairs in the board room, and then the door opened and two or three voices called "Smith!"

"In a moment," answered Smith, cheerfully laying a blotter between the leaves of the book he had been writing in and carefully tucking the pen behind his ear as though he were making his toilet.

"What do you mean by this," they demanded when he appeared in the di-

JOHN SMITH HANDED IN A SLIP OF PAPER.

rectors' room—"telling us there is only $9,647.80 available cash and suggesting that we get some for the counter?"

"It's so," responded Smith, "and I thought you ought to know it before the money is all checked out. The bank oughtn't to have to close its doors in the middle of the day."

"But, according to your statement of yesterday and your showing of today's business, there ought to be $250,648. Where is the quarter of a million? We were just discussing an investment for it."

"I've invested it myself," responded Smith coolly, "in a safe place—$250,000 of it. The other 20 cents I took for street car money. I took a quarter of a million away with me last evening."

"You what?"

"I stole it, in plain English. When I got this response to my note to the president I—but really I must renew my suggestion about the advisability of getting some cash on the counter. You are very short, and you ought to attend to it at once."

Two of the directors drew their checks on other banks and sent them out, although the signatures were very shaky, and then, quite at his ease, Mr. Smith leaned up against the carved mantelpiece, read the president's note refusing his request for an increase and went on:

"When I got this note it set me to thinking whether, as our relations were a purely business affair, I couldn't do better than go on as I had been doing. There was $250,000 in convenient shape that I could get my hands on. I might have skipped to Canada with it, but I don't like the climate. I took the money away with me and concealed it"—pausing for a moment and smiling down in their eager faces—"in a place known only to

"ON THE WHOLE, I THINK I HAVE MADE A GOOD SPECULATION."

myself. I shall give myself up, and as our relations, in the language of the president, have been 'personally pleasant,' I will save you the expense of a trial by pleading guilty. The maximum sentence for my offense under the laws of the state is ten years in the penitentiary. With the commutation off for good behavior it will be about eight and a half years. It will be dull, but I shall not be idle. I have never had leisure to cultivate the graces of the mind. I have a taste for music. I will cultivate it. I will learn a modern language or two. When I have served my term and am clear of the law I will come out of prison thirty-nine years old, with a cultivated mind and a comfortable fortune of $250,000 awaiting me. I can afford to go away, to travel in foreign countries and enjoy life. Of course I lose the interest on my $250,000 while I am in prison, but if I were to live on air and go naked and save all my salary I wouldn't have one-fiftieth as much at the age of thirty-nine. On the whole I think I have made a good speculation. Don't you?"

The opinions of the directors were not very coherent just at this moment. They made various appeals to him, on the confidence they had had in him, on the good name he bore, on the dishonor he would incur, etc., but he responded that all these had not helped him to an increase in salary and relentlessly quoted the language of the president's note to him that "their relations were purely a business affair on both sides." Finally he said:

"Our relations have been personally pleasant, and I have no unconquerable desire to spend the next eight and a half years in jail. I will make you a proposition. If you will sign a bond not to prosecute me and publish in the daily papers a set of resolutions setting forth that, whereas your valued and trusted employee, John Smith, by the receipt of a legacy from a deceased relative has been relieved of the necessity of further service, resolved, that you part with him with extreme regret, etc.—if you do this I will bring back $125,000 and content myself with the other $125,000. The interest will make up a good part of the loss to me."

It was hard to give up $125,000 and hitch it to a set of resolutions complimenting the thief, but it was a choice between getting half the loaf or nothing. Was the satisfaction of sending him to prison for eight and a half years worth $15,000 a year to them? They figured on it and agreed that it wasn't.

They accepted his proposition, drew up the bond and signed it.

"You can get the resolutions in shape by tomorrow," he said, "and have them ready when I bring the money. It would scarcely be delicate for me to be present when they are adopted."

"Couldn't you bring it today, Mr. Smith?" asked the president, in a perspiration.

"No. I haven't time to go after it. The work at my desk always keeps me busy until the hour for closing the bank. You will have to trust me till tomorrow, and as by signing the bond you have committed yourselves to the compounding of a felony I guess I can trust you—even as a purely business affair."

They were all on hand early next day. Smith, the cashier said (not without some surprise at hearing the president inquire for him as "Mr." Smith), had gone out to get his lunch.

He was asked for half a dozen times before he came. Every few minutes the door of the directors' room would open, a perspiring face would be thrust out, and Smith would be inquired for. Then the face would be withdrawn, and the directors would fall to discussing whether, after all, Smith hadn't taken their bond and given them the slip. At the stroke of 12 the door opened and Smith walked in. He picked up the resolutions, read them with approval, and, with a "Thank you, gentlemen; this is handsome," he handed a package to the president, saying:

"Here's your money."

Then he took his former stand by the mantelpiece and watched their eager faces while they bent over to count it. A hundred crisp $1,000 bills, then $25,000, some of it in small denominations; $25,000 more yet, and then, to their amazement, another hundred $1,000 bills.

"Why, it's all here. You've brought it all back."

"I never meant to steal it," said Mr. Smith coolly. "I made you believe I did merely to convince you that you were conducting your bank on the wrong principle in keeping a man on a starvation salary with a fortune within his grasp. I wanted to make you understand that there is something more in the relations between a bank and its trusted employees than cold business. I suppose you have no further use for me. I am ready to turn over my books as soon as you name my successor. He will find them all right. Good day."

He walked back to his desk. Pretty soon they called him in again, and the president made a little speech. He said the lesson had been an unpleasant one, but they were disposed to take it in the spirit in which it was given. Perhaps he was right.

They had no desire to punish him, but—here he hesitated and stammered a little—they were also unwilling—that is to say, they had no desire—to keep a

WATCHED THEIR EAGER FACES WHILE THEY COUNTED IT.

financier of his capacity in the humble place in which he had hitherto been employed. Therefore one of their number, Mr. Wilkins, who was the agent of an insurance company at a salary of $4,000 a year, had decided to resign that position and would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor.

They had thought to keep the whole matter a profound secret. It was not a good thing for the public to know—that is, not good for the bank and its officials nor perhaps for John Smith.

But there were too many in the ring, and after the first dazed feeling of consternation and resentment had passed the humor of the situation grew more apparent. Some of the directors had intimate friends; some of them even confided business matters to their wives. The president himself under a ban of strict secrecy related the story to a fellow clubman who was president of another bank.

Rumors of it began to float out to the public—not the whole story, but enough of it to intimate that a man of extraordinary business capacity had been employed in the bank, so extraordinary that even the president had recognized it and helped him to a position offering greater opportunities.

In time some of the rumors crossed into another city and found the ear of the insurance president. He looked over a few late entries in the company's books and found that John Smith was doing remarkable work for them.

Now, extraordinary men are scarce in all kinds of business, so much so that the insurance president soon went down and personally interviewed his agent. He found him a quiet, self possessed man of good business capacity, but not showing evidence of anything unusual. But the power was there. The president knew that from the business being done, and, besides, there were rumors in the air. Coming from such sources, they stood for a good deal. What he did not know was that these same mysterious rumors were almost wholly responsible for the ex-bank clerk's sudden popularity and patronage. Given a clear mind to grasp things, after all, it is often opportunity that does all the rest. When the insurance president left John Smith had been advanced to a far more responsible position, with a corresponding increase in salary. After that his rise was rapid.

Two years later the bank president resigned, and the directors came together to elect his successor. Oddly enough, their thoughts went almost unanimously to their former clerk. His honesty had been tried, and his business foresight was a matter of common talk on the street. They offered him the position, and he accepted.

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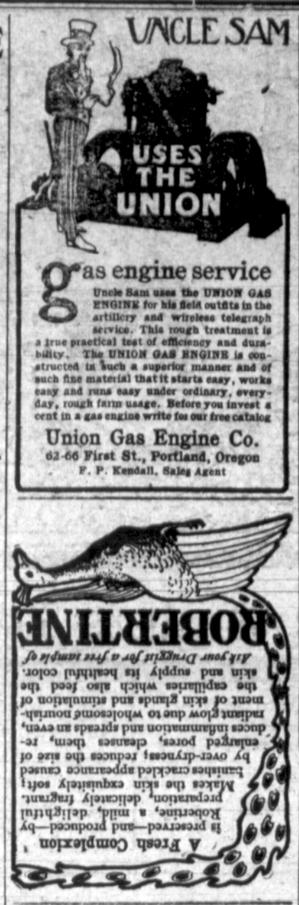

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