

A Detective Episode

By ANDREW CUMMINGS

I had been ambitious for some time to try my hand at detective work. Having an uncle who was at the head of a detective bureau, I persuaded him to give me a trial. He said he would as soon as he had a simple case, for since I was not experienced he would not trust me with a difficult one.

In due time he called me to his office and said to me: "I have a letter from a woman this morning to say that Jim Harker, a crook we have been looking for, is to leave the city by a certain train tomorrow. We have him cornered, but he is going to make an attempt to break through. The reason given by the informer is that he is going in company with another woman, who is her rival. Such communications may be sincere or they may be tricks to cover a retreat. I can give you a man to assist you if you like."

It occurred to me that if I were successful my assistant would claim the credit, and if I failed he would point out where I had been mistaken. I preferred to choose my own helper and took with me Frank Walker, a chum of mine who had written a detective story remarkable for its ingenuity. He would have been glad of an opportunity to show that he could do as well in real detective work as in fiction had he not considered the case beneath his ability.

I had been shown a photograph of Harker on file in the rogues' gallery and noted his features carefully, fixing them in my mind. Consequently I had no difficulty in recognizing him when I saw him in the station in company with a fashionably dressed woman, who betrayed her anxiety for him constantly, despite her efforts to conceal it. Walker from the start manifested a disposition to take the most important part of the work into his keeping, leaving the unimportant part to me.

"I think we had better divide the watch between us," he said. "They are liable to separate, and we should have it arranged which one you will shadow. I'll take the man, if you like, and you take the woman."

I suggested that we had better arrest them, both at once, but Walker seemed desirous to make something dramatic of it and remonstrated, urging that we must first get them where they could not get away. I yielded to him, and when the fugitives entered the car we got in too.

"I don't understand, Frank," I said, "why the crook is leaving town with out disguising himself. He is an exact duplicate of his picture."

"That's what spoils the job," was Walker's reply. "It's altogether too dead easy."

A woman sat in a seat on the other side of the aisle from us who seemed to be interested in us. I whispered to Frank a caution not to appear to be watching our quarry, for I suspected this person of having noticed us doing so. Presently Frank went to the end of the car for a drink of water, and while he was gone the woman opposite came to me and said in a low tone:

"Reckon you're on to Jim Harker. I'm the party that gave the information on the bloke. Don't try to take him unless you're armed and get him where he can't shoot. He's a desperate man. The woman with him is wanted, too, but if you get him you'll do well. Don't try to do too much."

By the time Walker returned to his seat the woman had returned to hers. As we approached a town of importance just before we pulled into the station the woman with Harker got up and went to the saloon, which was at the rear of the car. A moment later Harker dashed after him, and I started to go in the other direction to the saloon when the woman who had given us the information got in my way.

"Where are you going?" she cried excitedly. "Don't you see that your man has gone out by the forward door?"

"Let me pass," I said angrily. "My friend is going after him. I'm to get the woman."

"See here," she retorted, berating me. "I've put you on to this thing, and I don't propose to have it spoiled by your stupidity. I tell you Jim Harker has gone in the other direction."

A SOPRANO-TENOR

By NORMAN THORNDYKE

After a number of ventures in a musico-theatrical way I organized a comic opera company, which I took "on the road." My singers were not such as one expects to hear at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, but were good enough for the audiences they were intended for. When I was examining candidates for my first lady's part a young woman came to me who desired the position. I tried her voice, but could not quite place it. It was not exactly a soprano nor was it exactly an alto, being between the two. Sometimes it sounded a little like a man's tenor. I did not exactly fancy it, but no other woman presented herself for the position except one who wanted too large a salary, and I engaged the applicant. Miss Winifred Ritchie she gave as her real name and told me that I was at liberty to use it on the bills.

Miss Ritchie was a very good looking young woman. She was attractive in all respects excepting that in ordinary conversation her voice was pitched rather low for a woman and seemed a trifle harsh. But this did not prevent her turning the heads of several of the male singers. Marionelli, my tenor, whose real name was O'Grady, became desperately smitten with her, and his attentions being not to her liking I was in constant dread of losing one or both of them in the middle of the season and out on the road, where I could not repair the deficiency.

The trouble with O'Grady was that he was not a man of any refinement, and no rebuff could stand him off. One day my leading lady came to me and said that if I did not find a way to relieve her of his attentions she would take the matter into her own hands.

"What course will you take?" I asked. "Will you stick a pin in him?"

"No, I'll stick nothing into him, but he'll get an eye that will keep him off the boards for a week."

I smiled at the idea of a woman repelling a lover in such fashion. Then I asked her in what way O'Grady offended her. She replied that in love scenes on the stage which they were compelled to act together he was much more demonstrative than was necessary in a stage embrace.

I had a talk with O'Grady, in which I told him that Miss Ritchie would no longer accept his attentions, and unless he would let her alone I could replace him. But my warning was not effective. In the very next performance he offended again. Nothing occurred until the curtain was lowered at the end of the act, when Miss Ritchie handed a blow on O'Grady's eye that turned it a sickly green.

I was much put out with Miss Ritchie for incapacitating my tenor and rated her soundly.

"Miss Thurlee, my understudy," she said, "is quite capable of taking my part, and I will take O'Grady's part."

"I'll take O'Grady's part. I can sing tenor."

After she had convinced me that she was serious I tried her voice and found that it was a far better tenor than so prano.

A DAY'S RECORD.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you as its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave some sure record of some kindly thing done for others as well as some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—John Ruskin.

Playing the Rests.

It is not every young student of music who is careful about playing the rests well. Indeed, a great many players seem to forget that the rests are just as much of the piece as is the punctuation in a sentence. Nowadays people do not put in so much punctuation as they used to do, but the pauses in the voice are there just the same and are readily understood by good readers and always regarded. The rests in music are like the pauses in reading that are needed to give expression to the sentences. If the player slights the rests or extends them too long the whole effect of the musical sentence is spoiled.

Official Oath in Siam.

If any form of oath is calculated to impress one, that which is prescribed to the state officials of Siam is likely so to do.

Each official on taking the oath of office has to say: "May the blood flow from my veins; may crocodiles devour me; may I be condemned to carry water to the flames of hell in vessels without bottoms; after death may I enter into the body of a slave; may I suffer the harshest treatments during all time in years as numerous as the sands of all the seas; may I be reborn deaf, dumb and blind and afflicted with dire maladies; may I also be thrown into Narak—the lower regions—and tortured by Prea Yam if I break this oath."

Submerging a Submarine.

A submarine submerges by admitting water to various tanks, making it so heavy that it will not float. When it desires to rise powerful electric pumps empty these cylinders. Breathable air while submerged is insured by air cylinders containing compressed pure air or oxygen. In the latest submarines there is machinery to purify breathed air, the carbonic acid gas being absorbed from it by potash and the purified air being cooled and reoxygenated.

Swiss Cowbells.

It is the custom of Swiss mountaineers to hang bells on the necks of their cows, and so accustomed and attached do the animals become to these bells that the deprivation of them is felt as a punishment. If any cow has been guilty of straying or unseemly behavior, a breach of discipline or any vicious trick the displeasure of the herdsman is not testified by blows, but by temporary deprivation of her bell, and this seldom fails to reduce her to order and to prevent a repetition of the offense.

Hope.

A woman took her husband to a noted alienist for what seemed to be a beginning psychosis and to decide whether he should be placed in a sanitarium. After a lengthy consultation she drew the physician aside and asked him impatiently for his verdict. He responded: "There are hopes, madam, but it is at present only a surmise."

Loyal.

"I have no patience with Dublin. He sneers at Velasquez."

"Well, I don't care much for foreigners myself, but if Velasquez is a friend of yours I don't blame you for getting sore."

Friendly Candor.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Well, he seems to think he is. He never meets me without feeling that it is his duty to tell me something that will leave me unhappy for the rest of the day."

More than twice as wide as Niagara falls and fully fifty feet higher, the falls of Genoa, in South America, are one of the great natural wonders of that continent.

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No "slacker" he—he enlists and gives his life to defend you who cannot go. He fights for you and your family as well as his. He has faith in you. He believes you will at least stand behind him in his great sacrifice. He believes you as well as your rich neighbor will at least offer your dollars just as he is offering his life.

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- District No. 1, Gravelly Run, John H. Book. District No. 2, May's Landing, John Smith. District No. 3, Cologne, Christian Schenck. District No. 4, Weymouth, Fountain Gale. District No. 5, Mizpah, John Boody. District No. 6, Du Costa, Otto Daminger.

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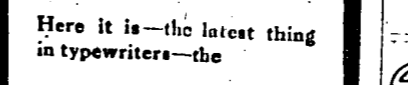
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Keep in touch with our daily advertisements in the Philadelphia Newspapers.
June is our Banner Month for important sales. Despite the ever increasing prices on all kinds of merchandise, our advance preparations enable us to offer our usual excellent values at prices below elsewhere. For the month we are conducting sales in House Furnishings, China, Glassware, Lamps, etc., Cotton Waists, Women's Undergarments and Petticoats.
Mr. Frank Tomkinson, Hammonton, N. J., takes care of all our Delivery Service in Hammonton, Rosedale, Winslow, Winslow Junction, Elm, Ancoke, Blue Anchor, Braddock, Cedar Brook, Waterford, Chestnut, Fisher, Dunbarton, Aco, Fairview Hotel, Bishops Bridge, Tansborough, Berlin, Albion, West Berlin, Berlin Heights, Millford, Marlton, Medford, Indian Mills, Atison, Barnard, Decosta, Ellwood, Egg Harbor City, May's Landing, Coloque, Germania, Port Republic, New Gretna, Tuckerton, Wading River, Lower Bank, Green Bank, Upper Bank, Batsto, Pleasant Mills, Nesso, and White Horse Pike.
N. SNELLENBURG & CO.
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TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
The Bell Directory goes to press
June 10th
Changes in listings, or changes of advertisements should be communicated to the Business Office at once.
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Atlantic City, N. J.

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We offer an assortment of clothing for men in summer weight materials; the material used in this class of clothing has advanced considerably and as it is impossible to duplicate at present prices we suggest immediate selections.
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Australia seems to have an inexhaustible supply of marble, which is found there in many colors in addition to pure white.

Fifty vocations are taught in the United States navy.

Notice of Fire Alarms. The alarm signals are as follows: 1 short blast, North of Fire Station; 2 short blasts, East of Fire Station; 3 short blasts, South of Fire Station; 4 short blasts, West of Fire Station. All blasts are to be preceded with one long blast as an alarm of fire.