

# Banker Lingar's Son-In-Law.

BY JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY.

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Upon the promotion of William Farnley Faldis to the position of receiving teller of the Thirteenth National Bank he began to show signs of the widening of his horizon. He spelled out his middle name in full and acquired the art of appearing at ease in a dress suit. He narrowed his social orbit until he felt justified in classifying himself as exclusive, and then he discreetly fell in love with the daughter of Abel Lingar, the president of the bank.

Fortunately for him Miss Lingar was not beautiful of face, and there was neither symmetry nor grace in her figure. These gaps in her structural charms made his love course easy.

In visiting her father's bank her keen eye fell on Faldis. He was rather pleasing in appearance, with light blue eyes, a blonde mustache and a pink and white complexion. He could sing all of the popular and sentimental songs. He sang the sentimental ones for her and before the end of the season he was calling her Ethyl when no one else was in hearing.

When he asked her to marry him, she gave him her hand and their secret troth was plighted. All that remained to be done was to obtain the consent of Abel Lingar. Here Faldis' training was a hindrance and not a help to him. He could not disassociate Ethyl's father from the president of the Thirteenth National Bank, and he could not summon sufficient courage to ask President Lingar for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

When he arose in the morning his resolution was fixed, but at night he returned fretfully to his couch with the dreaded task still ahead of him. Whenever he would put himself in the presence of Ethyl's father it was only to discover the great president of the Thirteenth National Bank and he would retire in deferential confusion.

One evening when closing his accounts he found they were wrong. There, in his own handwriting, was a false entry of \$20,000. Over and over the books he went, but the studied examination only confirmed the awful evidence that he was short \$20,000.

At the sight of President Lingar stalking majestically through the counting room of the bank to his private office, Faldis shook with terror. It suddenly occurred to his overwrought mind that perhaps the bank had an unexplained surplus of \$20,000. With the impulse of this vagary he rushed off to the office.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lingar," he faltered, "but—er—has—there an overplus of \$20,000?"

"What?"

"Has anyone made an error?"

"An error? An error of \$20,000?" thundered Lingar.

The cold, accusing manner of Lingar sounded the depths of Faldis' abjection. The reaction was instantaneous. The pale blue eyes of the teller ceased to waver in their glances and became as fixed and steady as those of the president. No longer cringing, he straightened up defiantly.

"Did you say there was an error of \$20,000?" said Lingar in slightly softened tones.

"I did not, but there is an item of that amount in my books which I am unable to explain."

"You are ill, Faldis. Take a rest of a day or so. Johnson will take your place."

Faldis went back to his cage. A few minutes later Johnson, the assistant cashier, entered it. Faldis had on his hat and was buttoning his overcoat. Johnson did not notice that Faldis' overcoat was bulging at the breast.

"Go through my accounts carefully, Mr. Johnson, and find the mistake, I am ill."

Faldis walked slowly out of the bank. A thick jawed, athletic looking man stepped quietly out of the office from behind Lingar, and followed like

ing pulse his eyes flashed with a quick glare of triumph.

"We will not lose it," he cried. "He had the money in his pockets when he walked out of here this morning. He cannot get away. I put a shadow on him the moment he stepped out of the bank. I judged that thief rightly."

Late that night, Lingar and Johnson were going over the books when a knock came to the door of the bank. At a signal to the watchman, the door was opened, and the thick-jawed, athletic looking shadow entered. He had a bandage over one eye.

"What's this?" cried Lingar.

"He had me done up."

"Who—what?"

"Your man, Faldis. He hired a half dozen Inter-State Detective agency men to slug me."

"And he got away?"

"Of course, but our office and all of our men are notified and every depot



A thick-jawed, athletic looking man followed Faldis.

is watched. Oh, he can't get away for good."

When Lingar was alone in his carriage driving home, he gave way to his anguish and groaned aloud. He was realizing the enormity of the theft that had at first stunned him. When he reached home the butler who swung open the door for him was in a flurry of excitement. He took off his hat and gloves and overcoat and threw them, rather than handed them to the servant. He strayed into the parlor and drawing room and had reached the wide door to the library when he stopped, tottered and clutched the portieres for support.

"Faldis!" he shrieked.

The butler, who had hovered near, rushed to his side.

"Robber! In my house! Quick, Percy, sound the alarm!"

"No, no, papa, wait. Listen to me."

"Ethyl ran to him and put her arms around his neck, while the quick hands of the butler were obeying the master's orders."

"My daughter—my child—are you interceding for this thief?"

"Yes, but we will confess all. Now can you not forgive us?"

"We will confess! We! what do you mean? What part can you have in it?"

"What part have I in it?" she said slowly. "Do you think, papa, that I am insensible to my own heart's desire? I had the eager part of one who loves. He has robbed my poor, dear papa, I know—robbed him of his darling daughter." And, running to Faldis, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him repeatedly.

The clanging of a brass gong sounded in the street, followed by a rush of feet up the steps. The butler threw open the door and four policemen in uniform rushed in.

"What's the matter, Mr. Lingar?" asked the sergeant of the police.

"Arrest that man."

Ethyl swooned in Faldis' arms.

"Wouldn't you better have an explanation first?" asked Faldis coolly.

"Explanation? What can you say in explanation?"

"Let us excuse these officers first."

Lingar looked at Faldis for some time, then turning to the police he asked them to step out in the hall for awhile.

"You are a man of sense, so listen. I did not take the \$20,000, although it looked bad for me. I didn't propose being made an innocent victim, and I provided against it. My first provision against it, you have discovered at the bank, I believe. The second was to get rid of your detective so that I could put the money away safely for future emergencies. The third careful thing I did to save me from the penitentiary was to marry your daughter."

Lingar stared at him dazed and vacantly, but waited for him to continue.

"Now I hardly think that you want to put the bank to the expense of a quarter of a million dollars just to make a convict of your son-in-law."

"But the money! Where is it?"

"Oh, that is put away where no one but me can get it, all except \$1,000 that I paid to have your detective taken off my trail. I can turn over to you \$249,000, or I can keep it."

Lingar was silent, his brows contracted.

"Of course, you have not talked much about this for the sake of the bank. I have not mentioned it even to my wife. So you see we can still avoid publicity."

Without a word to Faldis, Lingar walked slowly out to the hall. The policemen went away. He returned to the library. Ethyl had recovered.

"Oh, papa, you will forgive us, won't you?" she sobbed.

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shadow on the footsteps of Faldis. A few hours later Johnson entered the president's office with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"I find that this item of \$20,000 is merely a clerical error, Mr. Lingar," he said.

"Then there is nothing irregular in Faldis' accounts?" said Lingar, brightening up.

"Nothing—that is nothing in this connection. I have not brought the figures up to date yet."

"Then do it. I'll wait."

Johnson returned to the president's office late that afternoon with trembling hand and quivering lip.

"What is it, Mr. Johnson?" cried Lingar, springing from his chair.

"Faldis is short \$250,000 on to-day's slip."

Lingar gasped, but with his return-

"What else can I do, my child?" he said, taking her in his arms.

And Faldis stepped up to take the outstretched hand of his relenting father-in-law.

## PRINCE HENRY'S AUTOGRAPHS FEW

Many Efforts Made to Get Them, but Few Were Successful.

Prince Henry, while here, was naturally asked often for his autograph, but it is estimated that not more than 100 persons succeeded in getting it. Most of the requests came by mail.

The prince, who had met the autograph fiends on the other side, decided to give his autograph only to certain individuals. These were the president of a society or club of which he was the guest, and one or two of those nearest him at table. To this rule he persistently adhered.

At all the dinners at which the prince was a guest, in this city and elsewhere, requests for his autograph were sent to him in large numbers, most of them in notes addressed to him through the presiding officer. Not a few of these requests were made personally.

The prince always took pains to inform whoever presided at the dinner of the rule he had made, and left it to him to explain it to the applicants. In accordance with the rule he made for himself, he always wrote his autograph on the menu card of the presiding officer, and of those nearest him at table, sometimes extending it so that perhaps five or six persons had the favor shown to them at the head table.

Had he complied with all the requests made, it was said by a person who was with him and knew about his mail, he would not have had time to do anything else throughout his visit but write his signature.—New York Sun.

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## WHY WASHINGTON'S LEGS SHINE.

Misapprehended Zeal of Agent for New Kind of Polish.

One of the points of interest in the financial district is the bronze statue of Washington in the front of the United States sub-treasury on Wall street, says the New York Press. It is invariably pointed out to visitors, and almost invariably the question is asked:

"Why do they polish only the knees and not the whole statue?"

Mentor and guide has to shake his head, and admits that he does not know.

It appears that some years ago a peddler with some new kind of polish came to the sub-treasury and extolled the virtues of his compound to one of the guards. "Why," he said, "I could even polish up that rusty old statue out there in a jiffy."

"Go ahead," said the guard.

The agent went to work with a will and in a few minutes had succeeded in taking off the beautiful dull oxidizing from the legs of the statue as far as the knees. Just then Mr. Muhleman, the deputy assistant treasurer, came up and told the agent found himself sitting at the foot of the steps, while Mr. Muhleman lectured to the surprised guard in forcible language on the vandalism of indiscriminate polishing.

But not even the variability of the New York climate has been sufficient as yet to restore to the polished parts their old dull beauty.

## HAS A CURIOUS TRANSFORMATION.

The Axoloti Becomes Another Animal in Certain Localities.

Naturalists have long been familiar with a new-like creature, breathing by gills and lungs both, and inhabiting the lakes of Mexico and other American waters. This is the axoloti. It was also discovered that in certain localities this creature, which by the way breeds freely in Mexico, sheds its skin, casts off its gills and its tail fin, develops another color of body and leaves the water to become a land newt. Under this latter guise it is known as the amblystoma.

Naturally, the explanation of this curious transformation rests on the fact that the axoloti is really the young or tadpole stage of the amblystoma form, but the peculiarity here is that in its first stage it should breed and multiply and continue to reproduce axolotis, as if it were a perfectly mature animal. The occurrence of such cases points out to us one way in which species can be evolved, for, had we not been acquainted with the relationship of these forms, nobody would have hesitated to describe them as two essentially distinct animals.

How Trade Is Hampered.

An example of the way in which foreign trade is hampered by the variety of weights and measures in vogue in different countries is given by the United States consul at Amsterdam. A firm in Holland received a cable offer from New York for 2,900 barrels of potatoes. This, of course, is the usual measure for the sale of the comestible in North America. The message, however, was a conundrum for the Dutca firm. In the first place, there was a question as to how many pounds went to a barrel, and in the next the Dutch pound differs from the American weight. The cable was the eventual resource, but a whole day was lost before the answer could be wired. The American consul points out that had the offer been made in kilograms every business man in the commercial world would have instantly understood the offer.—London Daily Financial Times.

## The Uncle of His Nephew.

The potency of football in giving prominence not only to the player, but to all his relatives was amusingly illustrated in the case of the well-known anti-expansionist, William Lloyd Garrison. At an evening reception Mr. Garrison was introduced to a noted athlete.

"I am pleased to know you, Mr. Garrison," said the athlete. "I presume you are a relative of the famous Harvard quarterback, 'Billy' Garrison."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Garrison in mock indignation. "All my life I have been known as the son of my father; must I in my old age be known as the uncle of my nephew?"

# Country Road on St. Joseph River, Michigan.



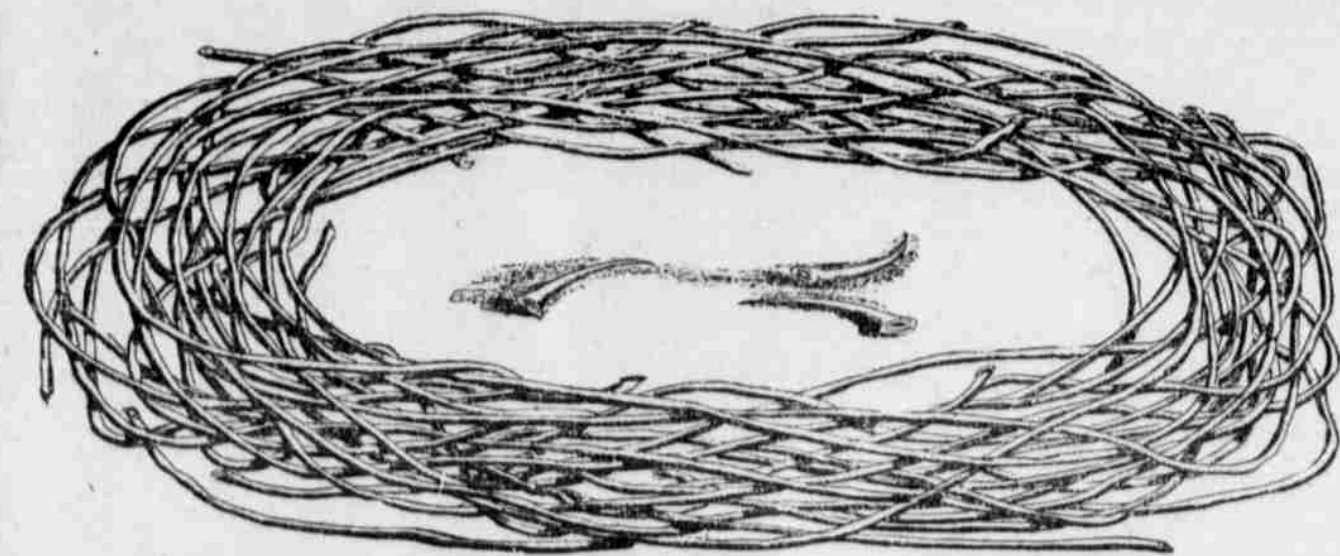
To the dweller in the country, in the western states, at least, this picture will be recognized as typical of the beauty of the average country road. Particularly at this season of the year are these scenes a source of delight to the worshipper of nature. The worker in the hot and dusty city may be pardoned if he pauses to ask himself whether all the joys of living are monopolized by his kind.

# Christ's Crown of Thorns Preserved.

So many conflicting stories have been written from time to time about the Crown of Thorns that I may be allowed to make an authoritative statement on the subject. In the first place, I may venture to say that within my personal knowledge I doubt if twenty people in the whole of Christendom ever saw it, and even know where it is kept. In the United States, outside of myself, my wife and our daughter, who was too little to remember, I do not believe that a single individual ever saw the Crown of Thorns, unless Mgr. Ireland, who is a Sulphician as well as the keeper of the crown, was lately granted the favor of seeing it. If any one would like to know the reason why I was

thus favored I may reply that the crown, which was entrusted to the care of two members of my family almost five hundred years ago, is today through some accidental circumstances in the keeping of my first cousin, the archbishop and dean of the canons of Notre Dame of Paris. A general error is that the crown is made of thorns, some pretending that while others claim it was made of it was platted from blackberry, white thorn or even of wild rose. The crown which I saw, and which is claimed to be the authentic one, is made of bullrush, through which thorns are inserted. According to the gospels of Matthew (xxv., 17), John (xxix., 2) and Mark (xxvii., 29), "the

soldiers platted a crown of thorns," but the text does not mean, so my cousin, the archbishop explained to me, that thorns were used exclusively. The crown was of a size to fit an ordinary head (its exact diameter is twenty-one centimeters and about three inches in thickness), yellowish from age and entirely made of bullrush, of the kind used in the Orient to make fruit baskets; that is, small round bullrushes, two or three feet in length. As to the three remaining thorns, as far as I could judge, they belonged to a variety of parasite thorny bushes quite common in Asia Minor and Northern Africa. They were about three inches long.—Dr Melite E. Charter in New York Press



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There is one curious coronation coincidence which should not pass without notice. Of all the Edwards that have sat on the English throne not a single one has been crowned with

his queen in Westminster abbey since Edward I. and Eleanor were crowned there together. Moreover, that coronation was the first that took place in the present abbey. Edward II. had no queen when he was crowned, Edward III. was a boy at the time, Edward IV. was unmarried and Edward V. was never crowned at all. Edward IV. was crowned when he was but 16 years of age. So the only precedent is of good omen; for Eleanor was the most devoted wife that ever was queen. She it was who sucked the poison from her husband's wound and it was her husband who set up a cross at every halting place of her coffin until it came to Charing Cross where the memory of the chere reine is immortalized.

They are talking of running Rev Charles M. Sheldon for mayor of Topeka, Kan. Mr. Sheldon is the author of the book called "In His Steps," and about two years ago edited the Topeka Capital for a week to show how he believed Christ would run a newspaper.