

# THE SHEPHERD OF THE BLACK SHEEP



NEW YORK.—Reginald Montmorency, son of one of Pittsburgh's steel kings, had lost his month's allowance of \$4,000 in a forty-third street gambling house. He had also given notes for \$20,000 more. To make matters worse, Miss Daisie Twinkletons of the chorus had notified him that unless he gave her \$10,000 she would sue him for \$100,000 for breach of promise of marriage and make public his love letters.

"Old Man" Montmorency learned of his son's predicament through his wife's appeal for more money for their boy.

"Reggie is in trouble!" pleaded the mother. "We must help him."

"Yes, we must help him," said the steel king. "We must send for Roger O'Mara."

So Roger O'Mara was sent for. The situation was explained to him. The same night he left for New York.

A week later Reginald Montmorency was back at Yale. The notes he had signed, as well as the fervid love letters, were in Roger O'Mara's possession. Miss Daisie Twinkletons was devoting all her time to a Chicago pork packer. All was serene in the Montmorency household.

Roger O'Mara's work was done, writes Karl K. Kitchen, in the World.

Perhaps you have guessed it. Roger O'Mara is the shepherd of the black sheep. When the sons of rich Pittsburghers get into trouble Roger O'Mara is called upon to get them out. For 43 years O'Mara has been a detective in Pittsburgh. Thirty-four years were spent on the police force, where he was head of the detective bureau for the greater part of the time. While he has naturally taken an active part in all the big criminal cases that have developed in the Smoky City, the most interesting part of his work has been in getting the gilded youths of Pittsburgh out of difficulties.

Employed in Thaw Case.

Newspaper readers will recall how Harry K. Thaw summoned him to New York the day after the Madison Square garden tragedy. Nobody worked harder to extricate the young Pittsburgh millionaire from his difficulties than O'Mara, but of course his efforts were hopeless. Today O'Mara is Thaw's trustee and his most valued adviser.

Less than two months ago O'Mara was helping young Griscom, the son of George Griscom of Pittsburgh, out of his difficulties. Young Griscom, it will be remembered, was the fiance of Dorothy Arnold, the New York heiress, whose disappearance was and is a great mystery.

Too much money is the ruination of

of endearment. At any rate here she was in Pittsburgh demanding that he marry her. A scandal seemed imminent. Well, I went over to her hotel and had a talk with her. She was a beauty—there was no mistake about that. I asked her if the young man owed her any money. She said he did not. So I told her there were two trains out of Pittsburgh which she could take, and I would let her choose between them. One was the 9:40 train for New York, the other the 11 o'clock train for the workhouse. She said she would not take either and hurried off to the office of a prominent lawyer. Half an hour later she emerged from his office, went to the hotel and packed her belongings. One of my men reported that she had taken the 9:40 train for the east. So the next day I dropped around at the lawyer's office and asked him about his fair client. He laughed and told me she wanted him to bring suit against me for ordering her to take her choice between the two trains. "What did you tell her?" I asked. "I told her she had better choose the 9:40 for New York," said the lawyer, "for I knew you'd see that she'd take the 11 o'clock for the workhouse if she stayed."

**The Old and the New Rich.**

"Thirty and forty years ago, when I was a young man in Pittsburgh, a man who had \$100,000 was accounted rich. The young men of those days, even those who had the richest parents, had comparatively little money to spend. And, what is more, most of them were put to work by their parents. Nowadays the sons of our very rich men not only receive enormous sums to spend, but are not required to do any real work. It is no wonder they cause their parents so many heartaches. Of course there are many exceptions to what I have said. No generalization is wholly true—not even this one. But the rich young men of this country would be far and away better off—mentally, physically and morally—if their parents made them go to work and earn their own spending money. The hard-working young man rarely has bad companions.

"Sometimes a father realizes these things and cuts off the son's allowance. But mothers always take their sons' part. They will continue to send them money without their husband's knowledge. In fact, the more dissipated the son the more money the mother will send him.

**Lure of Broadway.**

"Broadway is the Mecca of the gilded youth. A young man can get into more trouble in New York in a day than he can in Pittsburgh in a month. But it takes money to get into trouble—don't forget that."

"What precisely was your connection with the Thaw case?" was asked.

"Well, I knew Harry Thaw ever since he was a little boy. I knew his father well, too. So when he got into trouble it was only natural that I should send for me. I did what I could for him, but his lawyers spoiled all his chances of freedom. He's as sane as anyone in America today. The trouble with Harry is that his parents gave him too much money and always allowed him to have his own way. He was a spoiled boy from the time of his birth!"

**Record is a Distinguished One.**

Few detectives have had so many adventures and been connected with so many celebrated cases as Roger O'Mara. He became a detective the first year he joined the Pittsburgh police force, back in 1867. In order to round up a gang of crooks O'Mara, then only nineteen years of age, had himself publicly discharged from the police force. He then joined the crooks and when he had obtained all the evidence he needed he placed them all under arrest. He was the detective who arrested Alexander Berkman, who shot Henry C. Frick, and it was largely through his efforts that Laura Biggar, the actress, was prevented from getting the Bennett millions. It will be remembered that Laura Biggar of "A Trip to Chinatown" fame, claimed she was Millionaire Bennett's widow and the mother of his child, who had died. O'Mara, retained by the Bennett heirs, succeeded in finding evidence which prevented Laura Biggar from establishing her claim.

Back in the eighties he captured "Shoe Box" Miller, the famous crook who escaped from a Pennsylvania penitentiary in a shoe box. Miller had robbed a family named Connors, living at Catfish, near Pittsburgh, of \$21,000. By torturing Connors' wife Miller succeeded in learning the hiding place of the money, and with it he fled to Canada. O'Mara tracked him all over the country and finally brought him back after one of the most remarkable man-hunts in recent times.

These are only a few of the cases in which O'Mara has figured. Since he resigned from the Pittsburgh detective force nine years ago he has been in business for himself. The greater part of his time has been spent in getting the rich young men of Pittsburgh and other cities out of trouble. This is his specialty.

"Boys will be boys," he says, but he adds that they will be better boys if their parents give them less money. A fine, kindly old man is Roger O'Mara, the shepherd of the black sheep,

# THE KITCHEN CABINET

HERE is a short cut to power: it is the discipline of doing things that are hard. Suppose we make it the rule of our lives to choose the hard things first, the hard things then will always be behind, finished, done away with.

## SOMETHING FOR DESSERT.

This is a recipe which won a prize of twenty-five dollars as the best one in a maple sugar contest:

**Maple Surprise Balls.**—Core and pare six apples that will cook tender without losing their form. When cool have some rice that has been cooked in milk until tender, flavored and sweetened to taste. Cover each apple with a coating of rice, using butter on the hands. Now set away to become thoroughly chilled. When the time comes to serve them, have a pint of maple sirup boiled to a waxy stage, and insert a fork in the center and dip in the sirup, dripping it from a spoon all over until the rice is covered. It hardens as soon as it covers the cold balls. It is better to beat the sirup until it is quite creamy before dipping the apples. Set on individual plates, fill the core with chopped nuts and sirup, after rolling the apple in browned cocoanut. This dish may be prepared by using pears or fine flavored quinces. Of course this is not a dessert one would care to prepare for thrashers in the busy market time.

**Cocoanut Pie.**—Line a plate with plain paste; fill with the following mixture: Two cups of milk, three egg yolks, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of grated cocoanut, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind and juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of butter. Bake carefully until the custard is thick.

**Chocolate Cream Pie.**—Melt two squares of chocolate or a half cup of cocoa; add four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three egg yolks, a little salt and a pint of milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla. Pour into a baked piecrust shell, cover with a meringue made with the whites and three or four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and brown in the oven. Serve ice cold.

**Pygmies are pygmies still though perched on Alps.** And pyramids are pyramids in sales. Each man makes his own stature, builds himself. —Young.

## LUNCHEON OR SUPPER MEATS.

For dishes of this sort it is better that they should be not too heavy. Cutlets, chops, sweetbreads and meats of that kind are appropriate.

**Escalloped Veal.**—Mince cold cooked veal very fine. Butter a baking dish and put a thin layer of veal in the bottom, with a sprinkling of onion on top. Then add a layer of finely-powdered bread crumbs. Dot with butter and chopped parsley, then add another layer of veal, and so on until the dish is full, having buttered crumbs on top. Pour milk into the pan until the dish seems moist, and bake slowly until it is done, with an inverted pan over it to keep in the steam. Remove the pan ten minutes before serving, and let the top brown. Sprinkle with grated cheese or parsley.

**Ham Croquettes.**—Mince cold boiled ham very fine. Mix with an equal quantity of crumbs, cold boiled rice or mashed potato. Add a little thick cream sauce to bind; roll in egg crumbs and fry in deep fat.

**Fried Sweetbreads.**—Wash and drain dry on a cloth. Lard with strips of salt pork and cook in a buttered frying pan until the pork is crisp. Serve with tomato sauce.

**Scalloped Chicken.**—Take the meat left over from boiled chicken, put in a buttered baking dish a layer of the chicken then a layer of toasted bread crumbs and hot boiled potato; moisten well with the broth thickened with flour and seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

**Veal Chops.**—Wipe the chops and make an incision and put in a few drops of onion juice and lemon juice. Dip in egg and crumbs and fry in a little butter or pork fat. Serve after seasoning well with salt and pepper.

**Deep Mourning.** The manager of the theater racked his brain in vain. "We must do something," he repeated, bitterly. "People will expect us to do something to show respect to the proprietor, now that he is dead." "Shall we close for 'the night of the funeral'?" suggested the assistant stage manager. "With this business? You're a fool, laddie, a fool. No; put the chorus in black stockings." And it was even so.

**Looked Easy to Him.** Graydon's father is dead, and the child, hearing other children talk of their fathers, began to importune his mother for "another papa." "Mamma tried to explain that she couldn't conveniently grant this wish, at the moment, but Graydon didn't consider any of the suggested reasons adequate. "It ought to be easy enough, mamma, with so many loose men all around!"

**Stupefy the Snake.** Snake charmers take snake-root and put it into an earthenware pot with a snake, and he soon becomes stupefied and seems torpid and too weak to fight or bite. They put the snake under the influence of the root before pulling his fangs.

**Youth and Age.** "Things are never just right in this world," complained old St. Chestnut to the Sedgwick Pantagraph. "When I was a young man I never could buy a buggy with a seat that was narrow enough. Now that I am an old married man I can't find a buggy with a seat that is wide enough to suit me."

**One Estimate of Philosopher.** A philosopher is a fool who torments himself during life, to be spoken of when dead. —D'Alembert.

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**The Girl's Handicap.**

In her pretty new frock sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk.

After a time one little boy came up to talk to her and to admire, in his rough little way, her bright shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice square-cut waist," exclaimed the girl, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you wish you wore a girl?"

"No sire-ee," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you haf to wash."

**PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA**

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

A man can't always depend upon a grass widow to see that his grave is kept green.

These are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Single Binder cigar, 5c.

Watch the hobbler girl trying to skip over the cobbles.

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**FOUND BEAUTY A HINDRANCE**

How a Handsome Face Seriously Hindered One Maiden From Finding Employment.

A few years ago there was a belief that the pretty photographer found more places open to her than the one of only mediocre attractiveness. But an employer who has a large office force both of men and young women said the other day:

"Experience has taught me that it is unwise to hire an extremely attractive stenographer. I find that she soon becomes the center of admiration for the men clerks. Considerable time is spent in 'jolly' and if she happens to drop a lead pencil or wants to put on her jacket, every man on the force jumps to help her. This takes too much time, and, besides, I have reason to think that the pretty girl takes more time from office hours for primping than the others."

If it so happened that you were an extremely pretty girl, but in other ways were just like other girls and

wanted to earn your living in a dignified way, and could only do it by stenography; if it also happened that you especially wanted to earn money by office work for a couple of years because at the end of that time you expected to marry and wanted to get your trousseau and help along the folks at home beside, what would you say at being turned down because you were pretty?

That is what happened to a girl who tried to get stenographic work in Washington. Her name was Miss Mary Todd and she came from a little country town with its freshness still upon her. She was taken into an office where there were 17 girls, and at the end of a few weeks she was embarrassed by frequent offers of company and of flowers from different men in the office. It made the other girls her enemies, even though she declined all such attentions, and she finally left and began to look for another job where she could work in peace.

The same experience, in so far as having the girls in the office become jealous of her, happened to a girl in Chicago. Being a sensible girl and

carrying the approbation of her companions, she dressed plainly and removed herself as far as possible from any appearance of "showiness." This was not hard, as she had a quiet taste naturally. But the next thing she did required courage. She smoothed back her light brown hair straight from her forehead in a way that was hopelessly old-fashioned. But, as it happened, she was of so unusual a type that this only gave her distinction. Her brow was low and well shaped and the hair line so good that this only served to draw attention to it. Her eyes were a wonderful blue and her teeth perfect, as they were disclosed by the sweetest and most womanly of smiles.

Her little ruse did not hide these things from the more discriminating; but fortunately, it worked with the girls in the office, who no longer considered her a rival.

**Precise.**

Mrs. Hoyle—Who was the best man at your wedding? Mrs. Doyle—There were only two in the wedding party, and so it is proper to call one the better man.