

# FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hank



MOTHER USED TO PUT UP JELLY—BUT FATHER HAS ANOTHER USE FOR THE GRAPES THESE DAYS.



Signs of Fall



THE BOSS LEAVES TO DEVELOP A BUSINESS PROSPECT IN THE DUCK COUNTRY.



YOU CULTIVATE THE PERSON WHO HAS THE FURNACE IN HIS CHARGE.

MABEL HAS TO PUT ON A LITTLE MORE CLOTHING NOW WHEN SHE GOES OUT.



THE PERENNIAL OSTRICH HAS RETURNED TO ROOST.

Louis Hanken 3

## ROAD CLOSED, DETOUR

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second sleepless night Sam Oliver started in at the beginning of things. He called to mind the first time he had ever seen this woman, called to mind every impression he had recorded as he watched her that day from his vantage point on the top step of the city hall. He made that whole scene live over in his mind—flushed it on the screen—picked it to pieces, detail by detail. Then, at half past two that morning he chuckled to himself. Five minutes later he was fast asleep. Fast asleep, with all his questions answered. Fast asleep over a problem that solved itself.

At eight o'clock that morning he reached his private office. Elmer Quayle and the little Warner girl were waiting for him.

"Now, then," said Sam Oliver curtly, "suppose you show me the letter that you received from Rossiter F. Jones, the stockbroker."

"It's a good letter, anyway," said Elmer Quayle.

It was. It was a letter a week old. It congratulated Elmer Quayle warmly on his heroism—it set forth in plain and honest but well rounded phrases with what pride Rossiter F. Jones of River City contemplated that self-sacrificial act. The letter did not stop there. It went further, to remind Elmer Quayle that, though there were no strings tied to the twenty-five thousand dollars that he had in hand, yet, after all, there was a trust imposed upon him to make the money do the best it could. That meant investment—carefully considered. Not wild speculation—not that. Investment in solid security.

"Mr. Jones says," smiled Sam Oliver, "that no man should expect more than fifteen per cent in dividends upon any safe investment. He knows of one particularly safe investment that is yielding that much income. He advises you to waste no time investigating Papataking common. So far so good. Elmer, have you ever met this man?"

"I've seen him," nodded Elmer Quayle.

"Don't you think," queried Peggy Warner innocently, "that fifteen per cent is a rather small return?"

"I think," said Sam Oliver, "that his letter contains some excellent advice—which is, to keep away from sharks. Suppose you write this Rossiter F. Jones and find out all you can about his Papataking common." "I'll write him right away," said Elmer Quayle.

"When you get his answer, come to me," said Sam.

One week later, in the evening, Prosecutor Sam Oliver made his way to the bachelor apartment of Rossiter F. Jones in the Guernsey Arms in River City.

Sam Oliver, at the other's invitation, slipped into a chair and took one of Rossiter's cigars. "I was going to call upon you at your office," he said, "but I was afraid

the advent of the prosecutor there in broad daylight might make a stir."

"Well, it might," smiled the other man, with a nervous twitch of his mouth.

"I'm here on business," went on Sam. "I have a client with real money. He wants to put up his twenty-five thousand dollars on Papataking common."

"Who's your client?" queried Jones doubtfully.

"A young man of the name of Elmer Quayle," said Sam.

Rossiter F. Jones nervously flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I've been reading all about him in the paper," he returned. "As you say, he's got twenty-five thousand dollars now. But this woman, Zella Lindquist—she's not liable to have that money long."

"True," mused Sam Oliver: "he's fair game. If Zella Lindquist doesn't get it, somebody else will."

"Exactly," nodded Rossiter F. Jones. He smiled, almost banteringly. "Why not do her out of it? he suggested humorously. "Why not let somebody else get the money first?"

"Not a bad idea," said Sam dryly. He thrust his hand in his breast pocket and drew forth three sheets of paper. "Copies of the letters, Jones, that you sent Elmer Quayle," he said.

Jones stared at him. "Look here," demanded Jones, "are you here in your official capacity as county prosecutor?"

"Nothing but," said Sam Oliver.

"What's the matter with these letters?" demanded Rossiter F. Jones.

"Papataking common is the matter with the letters," said the prosecutor.

"What's the matter with Papataking common?" demanded Jones.

"Dividends," said Sam Oliver.

"She's fifteen per cent stock and she's proved herself," retorted Jones. "She's been paying dividends for one whole year."

"Out of principal," nodded Sam Oliver.

"Prove it," retorted Rossiter F. Jones.

Sam Oliver held up his hand. "Ah," he nodded. "Now we're getting down to cases. Now you're talking sense. I can't prove it."

"I thought so," returned Jones. "I can't prove it," went on Sam Oliver, "without spending, maybe, ten thousand dollars of the county's money to get my proof. But I know that what I say is true—I have direct conclusive information on the subject."

"Prove it," persisted Jones.

"Do you want me to start in?" smiled Sam Oliver.

"I dare you to start in," said Jones.

"Settled," smiled Sam Oliver. "I hand these letters with my information, to United States District Attorney Johns at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. That won't cost River County anything. But it's my way of starting in. Do you want me to begin?"

"No," said Rossiter F. Jones.

"Exactly," said Sam Oliver. "Proof or no proof, you know as well as I do that you're done if it leaks out that the federal authorities are interested in you. You're done in River City—after that you can't sell a single share of stock. If I begin, you end. That's clear. Now, listen to me, Jones. Crime in River County that I can prove—that I can indict and convict—that sort of crime doesn't worry me at all. It's the offenses that I can't prove that turn my hair gray. You have been selling Papataking common to the school teachers of this town—and it's paid them dividends, and they consider it the Bank of England. The whole town's gone crazy on Papataking common, and you know it. And this town is my town—and this thing is going to stop. River City is no place for undesirable. You're an undesirable—you've got to move on, or I'll know the reason why."

"Hell, I'll let go," said Jones. "I'm not stuck on your town, anyway. You've educated River City to the limit. I can hardly make a living here. I tell you those. How much time will you give me to get my house in order and clear out?"

Sam Oliver made a rapid calculation on a piece of paper. "Six months," he said. "provided you'll stop active trading in objectionable stocks right now."

The eye of Rossiter F. Jones brightened. "And that's all there is to it?" he demanded.

Sam Oliver energetically shook his head.

"No," he returned, "that isn't all there is to it, not by a darned sight. There's a condition to fulfill."

"What's the condition?" queried Rossiter F. Jones, warily.

Sam Oliver drew up his chair. "Jones," he said, "I told you awhile back that it would cost River County \$10,000 to convict you."

"Right," said Jones.

"River County," went on Sam Oliver, "is going to reward you for saving it expense." He drew forth his checkbook and scribbled in it a moment. Jones' eyes popped from his head. Sam waved a slender piece of paper in the air to dry it. "That's the first thing," went on Sam. "The second is that we've got a woman here who's likely to win her case. Well and good. Well I want that \$25,000 snatched from her in the very instant of her triumph. Mr. Jones," he went on, "here is my individual check to your order for \$2,000. It is yours."

"And what do you want done with it?" demanded Jones, in tones of wonder.

Sam Jones crept to the door of the living room and closed it. He had something particular to

say to Rossiter F. Jones. He said it. The saying of it lasted far into the night.

The Lindquist-Quayle breach of promise case was reached for trial late in November. As luck would have it, the jury impaneled in the case was a jury of young men. This was bad enough, but Sam Oliver couldn't help it. Elmer Quayle plunged into his own case with his customary vigor and vim, and took his jury along with him as he went.

He had it all his own way until the second morning of the trial. He had a sympathetic, winsome, winning woman on the witness stand capable of hypnotizing any 12 men all at once, either in or out of a jury box. These 12 are her story up. She was to them as she once had been to Elmer Quayle. Elmer Grindstone played her up for all that she was worth. Finally he took his seat.

"Cross-examine," he said to Sam Oliver. Sam Oliver arose. He smiled gently at the pathetically beautiful plaintiff.

"I want to bring out all the facts," said Sam. "Your counsel has introduced in evidence the letters that Elmer Quayle wrote you."

"Yes," nodded the witness.

"But he has not introduced in evidence the letters that you wrote to Elmer Quayle?"

"Love letters?" queried Sam.

The witness blushed. "Love letters," she assented.

Sam Oliver drew from his pocket a slender batch of letters. "I'm going to show you," he went on, "five letters that you've written."

"Let me see them," said the witness.

Sam shook his head. "I will hold these letters in my hand," he said. "I want you to identify your signature. I exhibit to you the name Zella Lindquist signed on number one. Look merely at the signature. Is that your signature? Did you sign that letter?"

"I did," said the fair lady on the stand.

"I'll have that letter marked for identification," said Sam Oliver. It was so marked.

"Let me see that letter," demanded Grindstone, interested. Sam Oliver shook his head and thrust the letter back into his breast pocket. "Not until I offer it in evidence," he said.

He exhibited to the witness a second letter. "Is that your signature?" he queried.

"It is," returned the witness.

Sam had the letter marked as well. He exhibited in turn, three other signatures to the witness. She identified them all.

"So much for your love letters," smiled Sam Oliver, with the air of a man who aimed to please. "Now, for another thing. You have allowed testified that Elmer Quayle presented you with an engagement ring."

"It is there upon the table," nodded Zella Lindquist.

Sam Oliver picked it up. He picked up Elmer Grindstone's magnifying glass and examined the engagement ring with care. Then holding the engagement ring in his left hand, he pointed his right forefinger at the witness.

"You will please remove your glove," he said.

The witness turned to the court.

"Take off your glove, madam," directed the court.

Zella Lindquist slowly removed her right hand glove. Sam Oliver watched her with a curious smile upon his lips. "Very good," he said at length, "and now that you have the right one off, suppose you take the trouble to remove the left."

"No," cried the witness.

"Yes," said Sam Oliver.

"This is an outrage," cried the witness.

"Why an outrage?" queried the court. "I think, madam, you had better take it off."

The witness reluctantly removed her left hand glove. "Now," said Sam Oliver, "I shall try this engagement ring upon the third finger of your left hand." He proceeded to do so, but stopped. "But," he protested in surprise, "you have another ring upon that finger have you not?"

"Yes," said the witness. "It is a ring I selected for myself."

"This ring upon your finger," he persisted, "that belongs to you?"

"It does," returned the witness defiantly. "The ring is mine."

At this juncture there was interruption. A uniformed messenger entered the courtroom and made his way to the railing down in front. He whispered to a court officer. The court officer stepped up to the bench. The court listened to him, then held up his hand.

The officer passed the message to the witness. She tore it open. No sooner had she done so than the color raced up into her neck—suffused her face. She flashed an angry glance toward Sam Oliver.

"You—thief!" she cried. Sam merely smiled. The messenger pressed forward. "Any answer, lady?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Zella Lindquist. "Hurry, hurry she scribbled an answer on the back of the message itself, replaced it in its envelope, readdressed the envelope, and passed it once more to the messenger. Then Zella Lindquist glanced once more at Sam Oliver.

"You thief," she cried again.

The court rapped for order.

"I stole them," said Sam, "to remove this ring that is now upon your finger to permit me to place Elmer Quayle's ring where it once belonged."

"Then you concede it once belonged there," exclaimed Grindstone.

"I decline to do anything of the kind," said Zella Lindquist.

Sam Oliver waved his hand. "So be it," he returned. "Now, one step further, if you please. What is your business, may I ask?"

"I have no business," returned the witness.

"But," persisted Sam Oliver, "you invest cash in stocks and bonds and then, do you not? You take a liver on the street?"

"I have no money to take flyers on the street—to invest in stocks and bonds," returned the girl.

"But surely," pleaded Sam, "at various times you have had some dealings with a broker of the name of Rossiter F. Jones?"

"I have had some dealings," conceded the witness, "with a Mr. Rossiter F. Jones."

"You told Rossiter F. Jones all about your litigation here?"

"I told him just what everybody knew—why not?"

"Who is this Rossiter F. Jones?" persisted Sam Oliver.

"He is," returned the witness, with something of triumph in her tone, "a millionaire business man in town."

The jury laughed. "A millionaire business man in town," smiled Sam Oliver; "and in the course of your dealings with him you have written him letters, have you not?"

"I may have done so," said the witness.

"Now," went on Sam, "tell me—what business relations does this Rossiter F. Jones bear toward you? I want the truth."

"He is," said Zella Lindquist, "my confidential adviser."

Sam Oliver once more thrust his hand into his breast pocket. He produced the five letters he had shown the witness at the opening of his cross examination.

"Miss Lindquist," said Oliver, "you stated a moment ago here, under oath, that the signature upon these letters was your own. You also stated, and perhaps you thought, that these five letters were love letters written by you to Elmer Quayle. You thought so, didn't you? I show them to you once again. To whom are they addressed?"

"You thief," cried the witness slyly. "You stole them. They are addressed to Mr. Rossiter F. Jones."

"I'll have them marked, and I'll read them to the jury," said Sam Oliver.

"You will not," exclaimed the woman on the stand.

"Have it your own way," smiled Sam Oliver. "I'll let the jury read 'em for themselves." He passed the letters to the jury. The jury sniffed at their insidious perfume. The jury read them. Some of the jury even blushed at them.

"Now," said Sam Oliver, "that ring."

Zella Lindquist tore the ring from her finger. Sam Oliver laid it upon the open palm of his hand.

"Now," he proceeded, "without looking at this ring, I feel free to assert that it is a betrothal ring presented by Mr. Rossiter F. Jones to you, the plaintiff in this case. Deny that if you can."

The witness couldn't. At least she didn't. And as a matter of fact, it was, "Miss Lindquist," went on Sam Oliver, "I find that in these letters that you wrote to Rossiter F. Jones you say what once you had said to Elmer Quayle. You tell Rossiter F. Jones that he, your first lover, has come into your life—has swept you off your feet. I find you loved—that you have never cared for anybody else, not even for that Elmer Quayle. I find you telling Rossiter F. Jones that he is the only man you could ever pick out to be your husband and the father of your children."

"What if I do?" cried the witness, defiantly. "I am free to marry, am I not?"

Sam Oliver nodded. "Miss Lindquist," he went on, "will you tell this jury something that you tell this jury now, if Rossiter F. Jones is the only man you ever loved—the only man you could pick to be your husband and the father of your children; how, since this Rossiter F. Jones gave you a \$1,000 engagement ring and promises you \$100,000 for your very own; how, in view of the fact that you say Rossiter F. Jones is a very wealthy man; how, in view of the fact that you state here in your letters that you never cared for Elmer Quayle—my dear Miss Lindquist, tell this jury just how you are damaged in the case at bar?"

Zella Lindquist didn't tell them—she couldn't tell them. So Sam Oliver rested his defense on her own testimony then and there. The case went to the jury. The jury came back with its verdict inside of 15 minutes. The verdict was for Elmer Quayle.

Immediately upon the rendition of the verdict Zella Lindquist stormed up to Sam Oliver and thrust her clenched hand into his face.

"You are a thief," she reiterated, "and I shall have Mr. Jones arrest you for a thief."

"Get him and let him prosecute," smiled Sam.

He left the court room. From the court room he went direct to the S. T. & L. railway station, by machine. He reached the station five minutes before the arrival of the through train bound for the west. As he leaped out of the motor car, Rossiter F. Jones darted out of the baggage room, clutched him by the arm, and drew him into a dark corner where they would be unobserved.

"Did she get my message?" demanded Rossiter F. Jones.

"She did," said Sam Oliver—and he wondered.

"Thank God," cried Jones, earnestly. "I couldn't let that girl know that I was in cahoots with you. You didn't tell her, did you?"

"I did not," said Sam Oliver, "she still thinks that I'm a thief and that I had those letters stolen from your apartment here in town."

"Thank God," said Jones again. "Why thank God so much?" asked Sam.

"Good gosh," cried Jones enthusiastically, "the girl's a peach. She's my girl. I'm going to marry her."

"Marry her," echoed Sam Oliver. "When—where—how?"

"Tomorrow morning in Chicago," nodded Rossiter F. Jones. "The tightest knot I can get tied. By gosh, prosecutor, I'm in love."

He peered out through a dirty window. He clutched Sam Oliver feverishly by the arm. "By gosh," he whispered, "there she is now. Do me a favor, Mr. Oliver. I've kept faith with you. Do me the favor to keep well out of sight."

"Done," said Sam. "I'll keep out of my sight for evermore."

"Double done," said Rossiter F. Jones.

The train pulled in. Sam Oliver, from a vantage point, watched Jones and Zella Lindquist board the train. The conductor waved a signal to the engineer. The train drew slowly out. Sam Oliver, breathing a sigh of relief, emerged from his hiding place and was nearly knocked down for his pains. The man who nearly knocked him down was Joe Lindquist, Zella Lindquist's brother. He looked about him wildly. He grabbed Sam Oliver excitedly by the arm.

"Tell me," demanded Joe Lindquist, "have you seen Zella where?"

"Yes," roared Sam Oliver, "she's on that train with Rossiter F. Jones. She's going to marry him."

"With Jones?" yelled Joe Lindquist, "with Jones—and going to marry him? Not on your life. Sister nothing. That woman is my wife."

A moment later he had scrambled over the railing of the observation platform, had disappeared into the slowly moving train. Sam Oliver stood there and watched it out of sight. Then he went back to his office. One of his assistants stopped him with a wink.

"Your client, Elmer Quayle, has got his girl inside," he said to Sam. "I told 'em they would have to wait. They shut the door on me."

"Let 'em wait," smiled Sam. "I rubbed his hands and cheeks."

"Well," he commented to himself, "we killed several birds with one stone. The undesirable are on their way. We went across lots after 'em and got 'em. Gee whizz, but it's good to be back on the main road once more."

A new system of registering employed members so that priority rights to available jobs will be assured those longest out of work has just been put into effect by the New York board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.