

# At the Other End

By CLAUDE PAMARES

Mr. Felix Bradbury sat in the smoking room of a hotel and smoked a cigar. Last week he was Mr. James Taylor; the week before that he was Mr. Hiram Brown. Mr. Felix Bradbury changed his name and his habitation as often as he thought the police had discovered him.

Sometimes they hustled him around pretty lively, and again they let him rest and take on flesh. This was one of his resting spells, and yet he was not quite happy. His funds were at a low ebb, his partner was in Sing Sing on a ten year sentence, and nothing in his line seemed to turn up.

Mr. Bradbury's specialty was cracking cribs. With him "crib" meant anything with a roof on it—dwelling, store, bank or warehouse. He was also a fair hand at the confidence game and had been known to rob half a dozen guests of a hotel the same evening. Taken all in all, he was a good all round man, and it wasn't his fault that luck was against him. Even if his money was low he was making a big bluff by dressing well and ordering the best the menu afforded. Mr. Bradbury was wondering how much the next detective who arrested him would demand for letting him go again when one of the bell boys suddenly appeared and said:

"You are wanted at the telephone, sir."

The gentleman of the Jimmy gave a start of surprise and then proceeded to the instrument in the next room. Few knew of his presence in the city, and they would hardly chance calling him up over the wire. The problem was soon solved, however. In answer to his hello a girl's voice started off with:

"So I've got you at last, have I? I've been trying for half an hour. Are you coming home this evening?"

"I don't know," was the doubtful reply of Mr. Bradbury, who instantly



THEN ON THE TABLE LAY THE BIG BULGING ENVELOPE.

realized that a mistake had been made, but had a natural curiosity to hear more of it.

"But you must come. Papa is in a great stew. He meant to go down today and deposit some bonds in safe deposit, but has sprained his ankle and is laid up and swearing at a great rate. The safe has got out of kilter and can't be unlocked, and there are \$30,000 worth of bonds lying around loose. You must come up for the night and take them down in the morning. It may be a week before papa can get out. You know mamma is in bed, and I can't leave her. And you will come?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. Where are you?"

"At home, of course."

"Well—er—you know"—stammered Mr. Bradbury, with his heart in his mouth as he thought of those bonds and realized that he didn't know where the other end of the wire was located.

"If you don't come papa will have a fit. Have you got a cold that your voice sounds so husky?"

"Yes, a bad cold, but I will get up there. It may be late, and you'd better leave the front door unlocked."

"You mean the side door."

"Yes; the side door. Leave it unlocked."

"Have you been losing your key again?"

"It's either lost or mislaid. You can leave the door unlocked and all go to bed. Sorry for the governor. He shouldn't try to be so spry. Goodby."

Somewhere within a few miles of Felix Bradbury was a house in which there were a sick mother, a father laid up with a sprain and a girl of eighteen or twenty the sole protector. In that house were \$30,000 worth of bonds ready to be had for the taking, and it is needless to say that the man of many names felt his mouth water at the prospect. At the same time he cursed fate because he didn't know the location of the house and couldn't see how he was going to find out. Two minutes later Providence came to his assistance. Providence does assist the wicked as well as the good, at least on occasions.

Two young men sat down near him, and he heard one call the other Bradbury. So there were two Bradburys, and the bell boy had summoned the wrong one. A little later there was talk of the country, and within half

an hour the crib cracker had his case at his fingers' ends. The girl had telephoned him from a few miles out of Boston. He could reach the country seat within a few hours by train.

Mr. Felix Bradbury bought a quarter cigar on the strength of his prospects and made for the depot. The girl's brother wouldn't be troubled to take those bonds to the safe deposit in the morning.

In the country house Miss Bessie Bradbury sat up until 11 o'clock. It was at that hour before her father ceased swearing at the stars on which he had slipped, at the doctor who told him to be quiet for a week and at the family burglar proof safe for getting out of order.

"Will probably will come on the midnight train," she mused as she saw that the side door was left free for him to enter, "and I am going to give him a scare about those bonds. If I lead him to think that the house has been robbed, maybe it will scare his hoarseness away."

There were old bonds in the safe and out of it. There were silver mine bonds worth 1 cent on the dollar for the pictures on them, and there were coal oil bonds worth 3 cents a pound as paper rags. The elder Mr. Bradbury had invested in his time. It was no trouble at all for Miss Bessie to hunt up thirty \$1,000 bonds, worth altogether 30 cents, and put them in the envelope in place of those issued by Uncle Samuel. The latter she carried up to her room with her, and by and by the house grew quiet. It was then that Mr. Felix Bradbury approached to reap the ripening grain. He had the girl's word that the side door would be left unlocked. He found it so. He entered noiselessly, turned on his dark lantern and proceeded to business.

What more fitting place in a house for bonds than the library! Only now and then is a man mean enough to hide them in the oven of the cook stove before going to bed. On the way to the library Mr. Bradbury stopped to partake of a glass of wine and a cold lunch in the dining room. His appetite was good and his prospects all that could be desired. He expected to have to spend some time in search, but no sooner had he entered the library than there on the table lay the big bulging envelope.

At 7 o'clock next morning Miss Bradbury's papa was swearing again. He swore so hard and so continuously that it was ten minutes before she found out that the house had been robbed during the night. The bonds were gone! The burglar had entered by the side door, which she had been silly enough to leave unlocked. She had been promised a trip to Europe. Now she couldn't have it. She had been promised an auto. Now her father would see her riding in a wheelbarrow first. He was going on to check off other pains and penalties when she laid the good bonds under his nose and told of the joke she had put up on Will. While she was telling it the young man arrived.

It required considerable Sherlock Holmesing to clear up the mystery, and the problem had not yet been solved when the telephone rang and Miss Bessie was called by a servant. It was the same voice as on the previous evening; only there was an aggrieved tone to it.

"Well, what is it?"

"I found the side door unlocked."

"Yes?"

"I found the bonds on the library table."

"Yes?"

"I have tumbled to your little joke."

"Yes?"

"And if I commit murder while cracking my next crib you may know that you drove me to it. Goodby!"

Why She Left.

Mistress—But, bless me, why are you leaving us, Mary? I'm sure I do all the work. The General Servant—Yes, ma'am, but I don't like the way you do it.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

Her tongue runs as if it was hung in the middle and wagged at both ends.

Don't try to come your dumb Isaacs over me—I, e., mislead me, pull the wool over my eyes.—

I'll do it in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail.

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Barney Bernard in "The Rollicking Girl."

**Keats' Epitaph.**  
Shortly before his death Keats left strict injunctions that his headstone should bear these words:  
Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

For nearly forty years a simple gravestone bearing these words marked the spot where Keats lay—the graveyard of the English church in Rome—but in 1859 Joseph Severn, whose hand Keats held when he died, wrote to Mr. Dilke, father of the present Sir Charles Dilke, suggesting the following epitaph, which was subsequently adopted:  
This grave contains the mortal remains of

John Keats,  
A Young English Poet,  
who died at Rome, Feb. 23, 1820, aged 25 years.

His short life was so embittered by discouragement and sickness that he desired these words to mark his grave:  
"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Time having reversed this sentence, his friends and admirers now inscribe his name in Marble.  
1859.

**Odd Auction Incident.**

"A Pittsburg millionaire once saved me from the commission of a dreadful error," said an Atlantic City auctioneer. "We put up a lot of second-hand art books, books with colored plates, one rainy day, and among the lot was a set of Audubon's 'Birds of America.' I knew little about books—the useful arts are my line—and I was quite ready to let this set go for \$25 when my Pittsburg friend, happening in, bid \$500.

"Of course the books went to him, but after the sale he told me he didn't want them.

"Take them back," he said, "and ship them to New York. You can get \$1,500 for this set. It is a first edition."

"Sure enough, the set brought \$1,700 in New York two months later. It had been forwarded to me through a shipping clerk's error, and I'd have let it go for nothing had it not been for the knowledge and kindness of this Pittsburg millionaire."

**Rio de Janeiro Emulsion.**

A firm in Rio de Janeiro recently sent out the following advertisement about olive oil: "Our olives oils have guaranteed of fits quality. Diligently fabricated and filtrated. The consumer will find with them the good taste and perfect preservation. For to escape to any counterfeit is necessary to require on any bottles this contemare deposed conformably to the law. The corks and the boxes here all marked with the fire."

**His Part.**

In the English "Cap and Gown" is told the following story of Oxford life. It is called "Hauled by the Dean." The dean, who had rebuked Mr. Brown for having assisted at the ducking of a fellow student, asks the offender, "What part did you take in this disgraceful affair?" and Mr. Brown replies meekly, "The left leg, sir."

**A Facetious Convict.**

"This confinement," said the long faced prison visitor, "must distress you greatly." "Yes," replied the facetious convict, "I find the prison bars grating." "Ah, life to you is a failure." "Yes. It's nothing but a cell."

**No Chance to Grow.**

Mrs. Newwed—Dear me, these eggs are very small. Grocer—They are indeed, mum, and I'm sure I don't know why. Mrs. Newwed—Oh, I dare say it's because you take them out of the nest too soon.

If your spirits are low, do something; and, if you have been doing something, do something different.—E. E. Hale.

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# SELECTIONS

A \$10,000,000 PRIZE.

You Can Earn It by Discovering a Simple Chemical Formula.

If any ambitious young man would like to earn \$10,000,000 next year he has a chance. The world will gladly pay him that or even more if he will show how to make India rubber cheaply. All he has to do is to reverse a well known chemical reaction.

Any freshman chemist can do it—on paper. This is all there is to it:

CSHS—C10H16  
Isoprene—Caoutchouc.

It has been known for sixty years that heating caoutchouc gave isoprene, but nobody knows how to reverse the process.

It is not impossible. In fact, it has been done on a small scale, for isoprene allowed to stand a long time in the laboratory has spontaneously changed into caoutchouc. If, then, one could accelerate and complete the process the main difficulty would be overcome, for isoprene can be made from turpentine.

Then, says the Independent, the rubber industry would be transferred from the forests of Brazil to our own pine woods, provided, of course, the manufacture were cheap enough.

Chemists can do a great many things that they do not because it does not pay. They can manufacture quinine artificially, but the process is too expensive to be profitable.

On the other hand, Germany has snatched from India an industry worth many millions a year by the discovery of an economical process for the manufacture of Indigo. It is cheaper and better to make it than to raise it.

Such will probably be the case with rubber, although its present high price is not likely to last much longer. The jump in price came from the sudden demand caused by many new uses.

The natives of Brazil could keep us in gum shoes and rain coats by their slow process of tapping the trees, catching the juice in little clay cups and boiling it down over a wood fire, but now that the world is using 60,000 tons of rubber a year and is calling for more all sorts of expedients have been practiced.

Rubber goods were weighted and adulterated until they cracked and crumbled at a touch. Old rubber was carefully collected and reworked, but it never could be made to regain its youthful elasticity and vigor.

The increased demand has been met in various ways. It was found that nearly all paints with milky juice, such as the poppy, contained caoutchouc—at least in small quantities—and from some of them it could be profitably extracted.

Instead of waiting for the caoutchouc to rise slowly, like cream, from the milky juice or collecting it by rude and dirty methods of coagulation, the centrifugal separator was introduced and a much purer product quickly obtained. Countries possessing suitable tropical colonies established extensive rubber plantations.

The Para rubber tree begins to yield when six or seven years old, and already the cultivated rubber is becoming an important factor. Within seven years it is expected that the product of the trees now planted in Ceylon and the Malay states will reach between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds a year and in double that time will be five times as great, or as much as is now yielded by the Amazon forests.

**The Butcher of the Terror.**

The world only knows Danton as the embodiment of brutal ferocity, or as he liked to call it, "audacity." There has, however, just been published for the first time the inventory of the sale of his household effects after his execution, which throws some of the better light of simplicity upon the character of the butcher of the Terror. Whatever else he may have been, Danton appears to have been no money making revolutionist. He lived with his father-in-law in a poor sort of house at Sevres, and his effects are set down at twenty cows, two pigs, twenty fowls, twenty-one pairs of pigeons, some lace, half a dozen hams, an old coach, "a stud," consisting of an old donkey, and furniture that the sale price showed to be poor. Not much to lose a head for.—London Globe.

**A Short Way With Rivals.**

The ameer of Afghanistan, who will witness a military demonstration in which 25,000 troops will take part when he visits India during the winter, was married, while he was still little more than a boy, to seven wives, each the daughter of a powerful chief. He now has four wives, the eldest of whom is a shrew whose fierce outbreaks his highness is said to bear with almost Christian fortitude. She has killed with her own hands three of her slaves whom she caught flirting with her august lord, and she disfigures those whose physical attractions might appeal to him. In appearance the ameer is a broad, rather clumsily built man, with a tendency to stoutness.—Onlooker.

**Paris Literary Haunt Gone.**

The Librarie Nouvelle of Paris has just closed its doors. It was founded in 1849, at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de Grammont, and had a brilliant career. One of its finest productions was the first collected edition of the complete works of Balzac. During the second empire and the first years of the third republic the place was frequented by all the noted literary men of the epoch, who chatted and turned over the books.

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Saxony Yarn 5 cents.  
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