

## THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A THIEF AND A KLEPTOMANIAC.

The Difference is Chiefly Owing to the Difference in the Social Position of the Individual—What a King Street Merchant Thinks of Kleptomania.

"If there is such a thing as kleptomania, then strike out that commandment which says, Thou shalt not steal. It that particular one of the ten can be fixed over to suit social conditions and meet certain exigencies then why not all the others? Would it not be just as reasonable to suppose that a man taking the name of the Lord in vain, an irresistible impulse to do servile work on the Sabbath day, murder or any one of the things forbidden by the commandments is a form of a disease, and in certain cases should be treated as such. No, I don't believe in kleptomania or kleptomaniacs. It was at a table in a Charlotte Street restaurant that the above remark was made by a King street merchant, when a story related by some one else at the table brought up the subject of kleptomania.

"Kleptes is from the Greek and means thief—just plain thief—though when a man or woman well up in the social scale enters a store, takes a fancy to a certain article, manages to appropriate it without the knowledge of those in attendance and evinces no desire to pay for the article thus purloined, until compelled to do so, it sounds much better to call that person a kleptomaniac. Theft, absentmindedness kleptomania; you have your choice according to the position you occupy.

"If the poorly dressed, shivering woman goes into a store and makes off with a pair of wool gloves worth about forty or fifty cents she's a thief. Ten minutes later a well dressed woman comes along sees a pair of kid gloves worth about one dollar and forty or fifty cents, picks them up in just the same way the other woman did, and with the same intention. Some people would be dense enough to put both woman in the same class. An experienced and successful merchant never does. No, the first one is a thief; officers are sent to search her house to find out if possible just how long she has been plying her trade, and what she has stolen before. She gets into the police court and every one knows she is there for stealing.

"The other woman? Oh, well, that's different! she's just a kleptomaniac. Unless she were mentally afflicted she would never dream of taking an article for which she could pay a hundred times over. Tell her in a nice tactful manner that the gloves were taken by mistake—of course it was all the fault of the clerks in leaving them carelessly near her other small parcel. Then you send the bill to her husband. A thief and a kleptomaniac require entirely different treatment.

"There are cases of absentmindedness though, pure and simple." said a King street bookstore man who carries a big stock of fancy goods "and I had an instance of it occur a few days ago. I was showing a clergyman some Bibles with a new style of binding, and while we were discussing and admiring it we gradually moved away from the bibles, down the store. He still held the Bible in his hand while he looked at some fancy goods. Finally when he was ready to go I accompanied him to the door and as he was bidding me good morning he put the book in his pocket. I didn't think anything of it for I thought perhaps he had decided to buy it. In five minutes he was back, and we were enjoying a good laugh at his expense."

A Charlotte street grocer told of a similar case that had taken place in his store that morning. A lady made some purchases and paid for them. Then she spent some time in selecting fruit. She was a customer for years, and a cash one at that. When she was leaving the store one of the clerks asked if he would charge the fruit. "Oh I paid you for it, don't you remember?" was the reply. The clerk was a little puzzled but came to the conclusion that the mistake was his. It wasn't though. For the housewife came in later in the day to explain how it had occurred. It was quite a natural mistake, and was only the result of absentmindedness.

The King street dry goods man resumed the account of his experience with shop-lifters and told of a case that was up in the police court two months ago. "We knew said he" that two women had been taking goods, for some time but we had never been able to catch them in the act. At last we caught one of them red handed. She is a woman in excellent standing in the north end church. We had the house searched with the result that a large quantity of stuff was found—it was not all ours though, for she had a wholesale stock of perlmery on hand. When arrested and taken before the police magistrate she denied having stolen but she wouldn't give any satisfactory explanation of how the

goods came into her possession. The pastor of the church to which she belonged and her husband pleaded so hard for her that finally she was let off with a warning.

"The other day one of our clerks cut off a dress length that was to be sent out of town by express. He turned his back, and in less than a minute that material had disappeared. We were all very much puzzled of course, when finally I remembered having seen a certain woman passing just about the time the goods disappeared. There was no one else around, so we came to the conclusion she had taken it. I had an officer search her house and he found the goods under a mattress. He made several other finds, among which were fifteen yards of silk and a mink tie, also from our store.

"The other day a woman—the wife of a man in business—appropriated some stockings without making any explanation. The person in attendance asked her to pay for them, and she did so without any demur. These are only a few of the things that are happening daily over the city, and every merchant loses more or less in this way. In the past these affairs have been hushed up because of the erroneous idea that publicity in such cases injured business, but now there is a distinct understanding among merchants that in future no leniency will be shown to shop lifters."

"One large firm in this city has several kleptomaniacs among its customers; the clerks know them, and sharp eyes are always kept on those lightfingered people from the moment they enter the store until they leave. The articles they pick up are charged as if they had been bought in the usual way and in every case are paid for without question. The "disease" is much more common among women than men, and the mania is usually for articles of personal use or ornament, so say those who have opportunities of watching the people thus affected."

## ADVENTURES OF A HEARSE.

A Day of Glory for Indian Warriors in Early Times at Cheyenne.

When Cheyenne was a much smaller place than it is now, when, in fact, it was so small that one had always to speak of the place as Cheyenne City or stand the chance of shooting, city life was characterized by a familiarity with the Indian which the town would now blush to own. Much of the time the warriors of the Cheyenne tribe were street loafers who had to be pushed out of the way if any one was in a hurry, but there were times when the Cheyenne warrior drew his allowance of cash from the great White Father and then he was an object of consideration until he had spent it. There was a society in Philadelphia which looked out for the Washington end of the transaction on the score of philanthropy and Indian rights and made sure that the Indian got the cash. The citizens of Cheyenne and every other town which had an Indian agent looked after the other end of the transaction and saw that the Indian restored the government funds to speedy circulation by spending quickly, if not well.

On one such pay day there was a particularly large sum coming to each Indian. Possibly some of his very shadowy rights to something which he did not use and never could use had been purchased by the Government. At any rate there was a distribution which turned each warrior loose upon the business community of Cheyenne City with something in the neighborhood of \$2,000.

In the early stages of a plains community there are not many specimens of the pleasure rig. The rolling stock is for the most part composed of for quartermasters' wagons and the almost equally cumbersome ambulances [used by the officers at the post. But it is never long before a commendable spirit of enterprise introduces a hearse. At the time of the great payment to the Cheyennes the new hearse was the only ornamental wheeled conveyance in Cheyenne City. This hearse caught the eye of a warrior with more money under his blanket than he had ever had before. From catching his eye it was no long step to exciting his desires to own that vehicle, and to celebrate in style, That's Indian nature, at least the kind of Indian that people know on the plains. It took very nearly all the money he had, but he bought the hearse and a team of six mules complete. There wouldn't have been any surplus for the Indian but for a miscalculation on the part of the undertaker in setting his price. He made allowance for the Indian's spending money a little more freely than was actually the case. However, the surplus was not lost to the general circulation of the currency. The warrior and his squaw got on the box seat of the vehicle and drove off in style. As other Indians of standing in the tribe were encountered the hearse was stopped and they were invited to get aboard. When they had filled every available inch of the roof of the con-

veyance other Indian passengers were crowded into the box and sat behind the glass panels looking solemnly out upon the world. When the hearse could not be made to hold another Indian the outfit set off at a gallop on a tour of the business houses which particularly appealed to their custom.

As their money gave out, or as they succumbed to their too great purchasing power, the first batch of Indians dropped off the hearse and fell by the wayside, but there were others keen to take their places and the vehicle passed from one Indian owner to another for a very small consideration. Never before had a hearse been concerned in such an orgie. But through it all some sort of luck looked out for it; it had fallen on disreputable uses, but it came through the wild debauch without serious damage. After the spree was over the last of its succession of Indian owners took the hearse back to the undertaker. It was an elephant on the Indian's hands; there was no use for such a wagon in the Cheyenne village, and he was willing to sell for a thousand dollars, for a hundred dollars, ten, five, two bits and a bottle of whisky on which last terms the transaction was completed. It is not of record that any of the first citizens of Cheyenne objected to being carried in this conveyance because of its lapse from sobriety for a single day of Indian extravagance.

## COOK WHO BECAME A JUDGE.

Interesting Experience in the Career of the Late Judge Erskine of Georgia.

The late Judge John Erskine of Georgia did not read law until he was 45 years old, but he soon made his way to the front, and shortly after the close of the war President Johnson appointed him to the Judgeship of the United States Court for the Northern and Southern districts of Georgia. Judge Erskine took great pleasure in relating one story which dealt with incidents in his early life and in his early life and in his later years. When he was about 16 years old he ran away from his home in Ireland. He joined the crew of a sailing vessel, but as the Captain could not make a sailor of him, he had to do the cooking, and was known to everybody on the ship as Johnny the Cook.

At the end of a year the youngster abandoned the sea and returned home. After completing his education he came to this country and settled in Georgia, where he was remarkably successful and prosperous. He had held his Judgeship a year or two when he went to Savannah to preside over the Federal Court. One afternoon he strolled down to the river to look at the vessels in port. The Captain of one of the ships came ashore and passed the Judge, giving him a sharp glance. Evidently something puzzled the Captain, for he retraced his steps and stared hard at the man, who was enjoying the scene on the river.

"Damned if it isn't Johnny the Cook!" exclaimed the bluff sailor.

Erskine looked at him, and recognized his old Captain. The two shook hands heartily, and the Captain told the other how he had identified him by the scar on his face.

"I haven't forgotten the fight in which you were so badly cut," said the veteran of the seas. "You proved yourself a man that day, and the whole ship sided with you."

A brief talk about old times followed, and then the Captain glanced at his former cook's clothes.

"You must have prospered in this country," he remarked. "What is your line of business?"

"There is a long story connected with that," replied the Judge, "and as I have to meet an appointment now, I must postpone it until I see you again. Meet me in the United States Court room to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Until then, goodbye."

The Captain promised to be on hand.

The next morning at 10 o'clock Judge Erskine was on the bench, in his black robe, dealing out justice to a crowd of moonshiners. In a few moments the old sea Captain walked into the courtroom. He glanced around in a dazed way, and was evidently disappointed in not finding the man he sought. Finally he raised his eyes to the bench. For a moment he seemed dazed. He doubted his own eyes. Erskine saw him, and beckoned to him to come inside of the railing which fenced off the lawyers from the spectators.

With trembling steps the Captain took his stand one step below the platform on which the Judge sat. Erskine welcomed him cordially, and during some unimportant routine business told the astonished sailor about his career in America and his elevation to the bench.

The story was told in a low tone, and not a word of it was heard by anybody except the Captain. The latter was so thoroughly astonished by what he saw and heard that he was anxious to get away, and he seemed to be gratified when the Judge dismissed him with an invitation to dine with him at his hotel. When the mariner reached the bottom step he faced about and gave the Judge a sweeping glance.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he ejaculated, in a distinctly audible voice. He left the

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courtroom shaking his head and looking back every other step. Even when he was outside of the building he was in the same state of bewilderment. The incident afforded Judge Erskine intense enjoyment, and he frequently referred to it.

## 1899 COLUMBIA CALENDAR.

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The Columbia Calendar for 1899 is being distributed. The Calendar is fully up to the standard of excellence set by its thirteen predecessors. It is of distinctive value for busy men and women. Engagements to be made and duties to be performed can be jotted down on its leaves, and the daily reminder will save much annoyance and inconvenience.

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The Calendar will be mailed to any address, safely packed in a carton mailing case, on receipt of five 2-cent stamps at the Calendar Department of the Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn., or a copy can be procured by applying to the nearest Columbia dealer.

## A Use for Liquefied Air.

It is reported that a new use has been found for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion among scientific men for some time. According to the Mining Reporter, a discovery was made recently by which it is now practical to use liquefied air in underground work, such as mining, driving tunnels and sinking shafts. It is said that under proper conditions the liberation of air from the liquid can be effective in generating power with which to run drills under ground, pumps, hoists, etc., while cool air can also be supplied in the deepest mines. The liquid air can also be used in freezing soft ground, making tunnel cutting less hazardous and tedious. If there is any reliability in this reported discovery, and its success can be practically demonstrated, it will make a new departure in the lines of work named, and once again make the genius of science the soul of industrial progress.

The big American publishers have had their eyes opened lately. THE FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR, of Montreal, has with a bound surpassed them all, and now has such a lead that the large American weeklies freely acknowledge its superiority and congratulate Canada on its marvellous newspaper success. This is most gratifying to all Canadians. They evidently appreciate it, too, for reports from Montreal tell us that never before was there such a rush of subscriptions.

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Tom: "Quite likely. Mine lives in the country."

Widow Casey: "Ah, Mr. Dolan when my old man died it left a big hole in my heart."

Mr. Dolan: "Mrs. Casey, would ye mind patching it with a bit out of mine?"

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