DENTON JOURNAL
PAGE 3

HOWARD MELVIN BENJ. H. JOHNSON
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SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 9, 1912

New Incubator Catalogue Free.
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BOLGIANO'S "SQUARE-DEAL" SCRATCH FOOD produces Eggs like this.

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Men's Felt Boots (ask for prices.)
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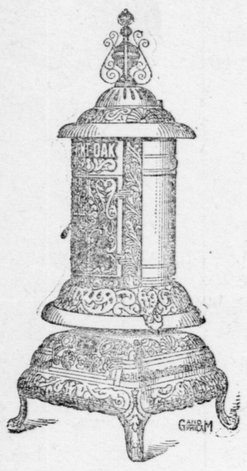
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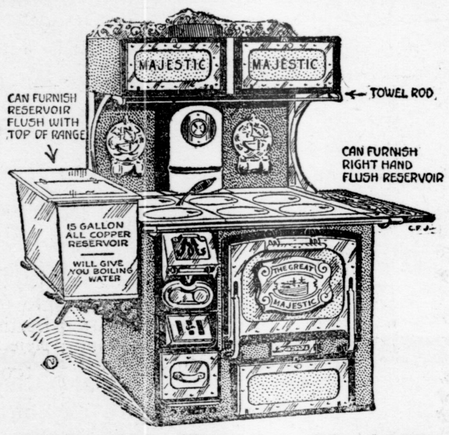

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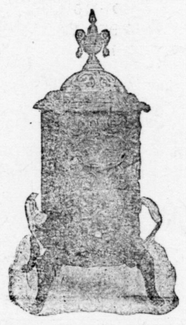
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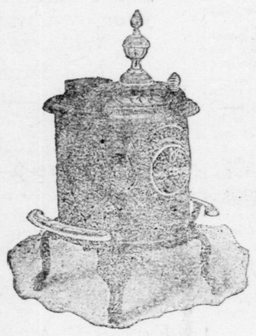
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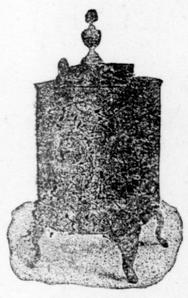
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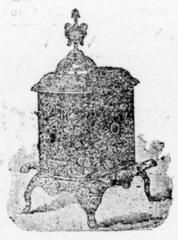
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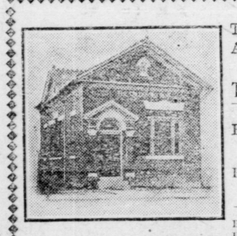
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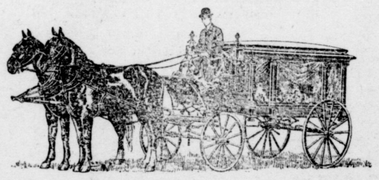
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THE ADVENTURES OF SHAMROCK JOLNES

Marvelous Deductive Powers of a Famous Detective

By O. HENRY

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I am so fortunate as to count Shamrock Jolnes, the great New York detective, among my muster of friends. Jolnes is what is called the "inside man" of the city detective force. He is an expert in the use of the typewriter, and it is his duty whenever there is a murder mystery to be solved to sit at a desk telephone at headquarters and take down the messages of "cranks" who phone in their confessions to having committed the crime.

But on certain "off" days when confessions are coming in slowly and three or four newspapers have run to earth as many different guilty persons Jolnes will knock about the town with me, exhibiting to my great delight and instruction his marvelous powers of observation and deduction.

The other day I dropped in at headquarters and found the great detective gazing thoughtfully at a string that was tied tightly around his little finger.

"Good morning, Whatsup," he said without turning his head. "I'm glad to notice that you've had your house fitted up with electric lights at last."

"Will you please tell me," I said, in surprise, "how you knew that. I am sure that I never mentioned the fact to any one, and the wiring was a rush order not completed until this morning."

"Nothing easier," said Jolnes genially. "As you came in I caught the odor of the cigar you are smoking. I know an expensive cigar, and I know that not more than three men in New York can afford to smoke cigars and pay gas bills, too, at the present time. That was an easy one. But I am working just now on a little problem of my own."

"Why have you that string on your finger?" I asked.

"That's the problem," said Jolnes. "My wife tied that on this morning to remind me of something I was to send up to the house. Sit down, Whatsup, and excuse me for a few moments."

The distinguished detective went to a wall telephone and stood with the receiver to his ear for probably ten minutes.

"Were you listening to a confession?" I asked when he had returned to his chair.

"Perhaps," said Jolnes, with a smile, "it might be called something of the

"IT IS QUITE SIMPLE," HE SAID, HOLDING UP HIS FINGER.

sort. To be frank with you, Whatsup, I've cut out the dope. I've been increasing the quantity so long that morphine doesn't have much effect on me any more. I've got to have some thing more powerful. That telephone I just went to is connected with a room in the Waldorf where there's an author's reading in progress. Now to get at the solution of this string."

After five minutes of silent pondering Jolnes looked at me with a smile and nodded his head.

"Wonderful man!" I exclaimed. "Already?"

"It is quite simple," he said, holding up his finger. "You see that knot? That is to prevent my forgetting. It is therefore a forget-me-knot. A forget-menot is a flower. It was a sack of flour that I was to send home!"

"Beautiful!" I could not help crying out in admiration.

"Suppose we go out for a ramble?" suggested Jolnes.

"There is only one case of importance on hand just now. Old man McCarty, 104 years old, died from eating too many bananas. The evidence points so strongly to the Mafia that the police have surrounded the Second Avenue Katzenjammer Gambrinus Club No. 2, and the capture of the assassin is only the matter of a few hours. The detective force has not yet been called on for assistance."

Jolnes and I went out and up the street toward the corner, where we were to catch a surface car.

Halfway up the block we met Rheingelder, an acquaintance of ours, who held a city hall position.

"Good morning, Rheingelder," said Jolnes, halting. "Nice breakfast that was you had this morning."

Always on the lookout for the detective's remarkable feats of deduction, I saw Jolnes' eye flash for an instant upon a long yellow splash on the shirt bosom and a smaller one upon the chin of Rheingelder, both undoubtedly made by the yolk of an egg.

"Oh, dot is some of your detectiveness," said Rheingelder, shaking all over with a smile. "Vell, I pet you drinks und cigars all round dot you cannot tell vot I haf eaten for breakfast."

"Done!" said Jolnes. "Sausage, pumpernickel and coffee."

Rheingelder admitted the correctness of the surmise and paid the bet. When we had proceeded on our way I said to Jolnes:

"I thought you looked at the egg spilled on his chin and shirt front."

"I did," said Jolnes. "That is where I began my deduction. Rheingelder is a very economical, saving man. Yesterday eggs dropped in the market to 28 cents per dozen. Today they are quoted at 42. Rheingelder ate eggs yesterday, and today he went back to his usual fare. A little thing like this isn't anything, Whatsup. It belongs to the primary arithmetic class."

When we boarded the street car we found the seats all occupied, principally by ladies. Jolnes and I stood on the rear platform.

About the middle of the car there sat an elderly man with a short, gray beard, who looked to be the typical, well dressed New Yorker. At successive corners other ladies climbed aboard, and soon three or four of them were standing over the man, clinging to straps and glaring meaningly at the man who occupied the coveted seat. But he resolutely retained his place.

"We New Yorkers," I remarked to Jolnes, "have about lost our manners, as far as the exercise of them in public goes."

"Perhaps so," said Jolnes lightly, "but the man you evidently refer to happens to be a very chivalrous and courteous gentleman from old Virginia. He is spending a few days in New York with his wife and two daughters, and he leaves for the south tonight."

"You know him then?" I said, in amazement.

"I never saw him before we stepped on the car," declared the detective, smilingly.

"By the gold tooth of the witch of Endor!" I cried. "If you can construe all that from his appearance you are dealing in nothing else than black art."

"The habit of observation—nothing more," said Jolnes. "If the old gentleman gets off the car before we do, I think I can demonstrate to you the accuracy of my deduction."

Three blocks farther along the gentleman rose to leave the car. Jolnes addressed him at the door: "Pardon me, sir, but are you not Colonel Hunter of Norfolk, Va.?"

"No, suh," was the extremely courteous answer. "My name, suh, is Ellison—Major Winfield R. Ellison, from Fairfax county, in the same state. I know a good many people, suh, in Norfolk, the Goodriches, the Tollivers and the Crabtrees, suh, but I never had the pleasure of meeting yo' friend, Colonel Hunter. I am happy to say, suh, that I am going back to Virginia tonight, after having spent a week in yo' city with my wife and three daughters. I shall be in Norfolk in about ten days, and if you will give me yo' name, suh, I will take pleasure in looking up Colonel Hunter and telling him that you inquired after him, suh."

"Thank you," said Jolnes; "tell him that Reynolds sent his regards, if you will be so kind."

I glanced at the great New York detective and saw that a look of intense chagrin had come upon his clear cut features. Failure in the slightest point always galled Shamrock Jolnes.

"Did you say your three daughters?" he asked of the Virginia gentleman.

"Yes, suh, my three daughters, all as fine girls as there are in Fairfax county," was the answer.

With that Major Ellison stopped the car and began to descend the step.

Shamrock Jolnes clutched his arm.

"One moment, sir," he begged, in an urbane voice in which I alone detected the anxiety—"am I not right in believing that one of the young ladies is an adopted daughter?"

"You are, suh," admitted the major from the ground, "but how the devil you knew it, suh, is mo' than I can tell."

"And mo' than I can tell, too," I said as the car went on.

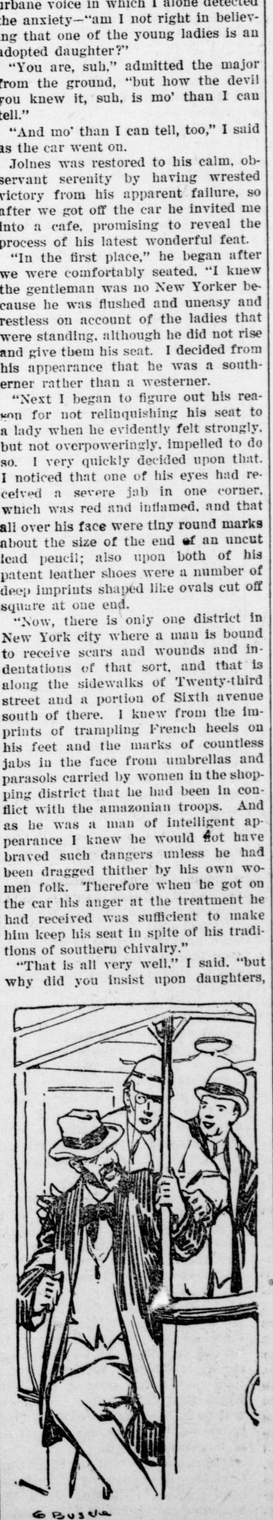
Jolnes was restored to his calm, observant serenity by having wrested victory from his apparent failure, so after we got off the car he invited me into a cafe, promising to reveal the process of his latest wonderful feat.

"In the first place," he began after we were comfortably seated, "I knew the gentleman was no New Yorker because he was flushed and uneasy and restless on account of the ladies that were standing, although he did not rise and give them his seat. I decided from his appearance that he was a southerner rather than a westerner.

"Next I began to figure out his reason for not relinquishing his seat to a lady when he evidently felt strongly, but not overpoweringly, impelled to do so. I very quickly decided upon that. I noticed that one of his eyes had received a severe jab in one corner, which was red and inflamed, and that all over his face were tiny round marks about the size of the end of an uncut lead pencil; also upon both of his patent leather shoes were a number of deep imprints shaped like ovals cut off square at one end.

"Now, there is only one district in New York city where a man is bound to receive scars and wounds and indentations of that sort, and that is along the sidewalks of Twenty-third street and a portion of Sixth avenue south of there. I knew from the imprints of trampling French heels on his feet and the marks of countless jabs in the face from umbrellas and parasols carried by women in the shopping district that he had been in conflict with the amazonian troops. And as he was a man of intelligent appearance I knew he would not have braved such dangers unless he had been dragged thither by his own women folk. Therefore when he got on the car his anger at the treatment he had received was sufficient to make him keep his seat in spite of his traditions of southern chivalry."

"That is all very well," I said, "but why did you insist upon daughters, and especially two daughters? Why couldn't a wife alone have taken him shopping?"


SHAMROCK JOLNES CLUTCHED MAJOR ELLISON BY THE ARM.

"There had to be daughters," said Jolnes calmly. "If he had only a wife and she near his own age he could have bluffed her into going alone. If he had a young wife she would prefer to go alone. So there you are."

"I'll admit that," I said, "but, now, why two daughters? And how, in the name of all the prophets, did you guess that one was adopted when he told you he had three?"

"Don't say guess," said Jolnes, with a touch of pride in his air; "there is no such word in the lexicon of ratiocination. In Major Ellison's buttonhole were a carnation and a rosebud backed by a geranium leaf. No woman ever combined a carnation and a rosebud into a boutonniere. Close your eyes, Whatsup, and give the logic of your imagination a chance. Cannot you see the lovely Adele fastening the carnation to the lapel so that papa may be gay upon the streets, and then the romping Edith May dancing up with sisterly jealousy to add her rosebud to the adornment?"

"And then," I cried, beginning to feel enthusiasm, "when he declared that he had three daughters"—

"I could see," said Jolnes, "one in the background who added no flower, and I knew that she must be"—

"Adopted!" I broke in. "I give you every credit. But how did you know he was leaving for the south tonight?"

"In his breast pocket," said the great detective, "something large and oval made a protuberance. Good liquor is scarce on trains, and it is a long journey from New York to Fairfax county."

"Again I must bow to you," I said. "And tell me this—so that my last shred of doubt will be cleared away—why did you decide that he was from Virginia?"

"It was very faint, I admit," answered Shamrock Jolnes, "but no trained observer could have failed to detect the odor of mint in the car."

The Sacred Crocodiles.

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient sites. Of the various cities of crocodiles the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Pliny and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service." This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and luxuriant palm trees grow almost into forests. Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe, and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Moeris, which was then 450 miles in circumference. This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was buried in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed "labyrinth" at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.

A Pertinent Question.

Speaking of common sense, Dr. Faulkner, head of the Vineland (N. J.) hospital, told the following story:

A queer looking building had been erected on the outskirts of a small town. It was shrouded in mystery. All that was known about it was that it was a chemical laboratory. An old farmer, driving past the place after work had been started and seeing a man in the doorway, called to him:

"What be ye doin' in this place?"

"We are searching for a universal solvent—something that will dissolve all things," said the chemist.

"What good will thet be?"

"Imagine, sir! It will dissolve all things. If we want a solution of iron, glass, gold—anything—all that we have to do is to drop it in this solution."

"Fine," said the farmer, "fine! What be ye goin' to keep it in?"—Everybody's.

A Personal Application.

When one of the large benefactors of Harvard college library was a business man in Lawrence a customer of his firm contracted a debt which ran along for a year or more without any signs of settlement. Several letters, says the Boston Herald, failed to bring about liquidation.

One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, Harvard's benefactor saw something which gave him an inspiration, and he went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

Mr. —:

My Dear Sir—I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y. M. C. A. on "The Sinner's Balanced Account." I inclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture. Yours truly, —.

A check came by the next mail.

Suicide and the Weather.

Suicide is most frequent in summer, when the air is clear and the sun shines. In Europe the maximum of suicides is reached in June and the minimum in December. Yet there are fewer suicides in the torrid than in the temperate zone. In the United States, in all seasons, there are more suicides on sunny days than on cloudy days. Some theorists reason that fine weather aggravates the mental depression of the unhappy by its contrasting sunshine. In dark weather there are few suicides and fewer in time of war or following some great catastrophe. During the first three months that follow a devastating earthquake there are fewer deaths by suicide than before the cataclysm.—Harper's.

Scull and Skull.

"Sculls" and "skulls" are really one word in origin, and both at various times have been spelled capriciously with a "c" or a "k." Pepys, the diarist, tells how he went on the Thames at one time "in a scull," at another in a "skuller." The origin of the word is "skulle" or "sculle," a bowl or goblet. While the cranium was obviously bowl-like in shape a distant resemblance to a bowl was also detected in the scooped out blade of a "scull" as opposed to the flat blade of an oar proper.

A Strike.

Mrs. Nulywed—You don't love me any more. I know you don't. Nulywed—But, my dear, you're very much mistaken. I adore you. Mrs. Nulywed—No; you don't. No man could love a woman so badly dressed as I am.—Paris Rire.

A Snob.

Thackeray designated a snob as a being on a ladder who is quite as ready to kiss the feet of him who is above him as to kick the head of him who is below.