BLUFF WAS CALLED

Unique Manner in Which Young Lawyer Won the Admiration of the Judge.

Judge Jarrott of the Seventeenth Judicial district, before whom Grant Woodward was tried and convicted of jury bribing, tells this story to the Kansas City Star of the first time he came to Kansas City and tried a case before the late Judge White of the criminal bench:

"I was quite young then," said Judge Jarrott; "in fact, I was what might be called a green country lawyer, who had never been to the city before. I had been told that Judge White was a tartar, so you can imagine that I was somewhat nervous when I appeared before him defending one of my own country boys who was come to the city and got into trouble.

"A panel of twenty-four jurors had been selected, and all of them had qualified as being unprejudiced. As you know, after the state's attorneys have made their challenges and turned the list over to the defendant's attorney, a 'reasonable' time is allowed the defense to strike off the names of men it does not care to have on the jury. Twelve of the panel had taken seats in the jury box, while the remainder occupied chairs near by.

"Before the list was handed to me Judge White looked over his glasses and scowled.

"'Young man,' he said fiercely, 'I don't want you to delay this court by taking two or three hours to make your challenges. By a "reasonable" time is not meant all forenoon.'

"'Of course, I was frightened, but I acted on a thought that came to me like a flash.

"'Your honor,' I said, 'I have no desire to delay the court. The twelve men who happen to occupy the jury box will be satisfactory to me. I don't know any of them and they don't know me.'

"'But, your honor,' exclaimed the prosecutor, 'I want a few moments in which to make "challenges."'

"'Can't have it,' said the judge. 'If the defendant is willing to take his chances the state surely should be equally as willing.

"The case was tried and I won it. I cleared my client. Judge White came down from the bench and walked to where I was standing.

"'Young man,' he said, 'you're a poker player, aren't you?'

"'No, judge,' I answered bashfully; 'I haven't played any poker since I became a lawyer.'

"'Nonsense,' said Judge White. 'A man who calls a bluff like I made at you a little while ago is bound to be a poker player of the first water.'

"These things kill a man—a scorching sun, suppers and cares.

Foundlings in Demand

NOT ENOUGH OF THE LITTLE CASTAWAYS TO BRIGHTEN LONELY HOMES.

It is surprising to discover what a rushing mail order business for babies could be transacted. Inquiries for babies come to the State Charities' association and the Guild from all over the country. Recently the mayor of a flourishing Massachusetts city wrote for a baby, including plans and specifications for the same, which included "blue eyes, light hair, girl, anywhere from 15 months to two years old."

From a colored family in Pittsburg was received a request for "a boy anywhere not over two years, not black, that be least colored."

From as far west as Denver and as far south as Alabama come the requests, and if investigations proved the parties to be really responsible the foundling does his first traveling. Unless the child is legally adopted it is always under the supervision of the organization that indentured it. Rarely does it happen, however, that the child is taken away, even if it is not legally adopted. Legal adoption is an expensive affair for parents of moderate means—the class that usually obtain their children—and the matter of drawing up the necessary papers is often omitted. But the foundling is to the satisfaction of its foster parents regularly adopted and treated as such.

Only one instance is on record where a child was returned as unsatisfactory. That was when a woman, angered by the visit of one of the state charities agents, who called to make inquiries as to the care that was being taken of the child, resented the investigation, and sent back the infant.

That the foundling never quite gives up the hope of discovering who his real parents were is shown in many a pathetic incident in the office of Mrs. Dempsey, the superintendent of the child welfare bureau of the United Hebrew Charities of New York, foundlings for the past 20 years have been kept in her.

Often a man, sometimes prosperous looking, offerer with the stamp of the toiler upon him, will ask to see the book of the infant hospital for a certain year. Beginning his finger down the page of entries, he will pause at a name and ask if there is any record of a parental inquiry after the child's admission to the hospital.

It is the foundling come back, seeking the lightning hope that he may, after all, find his mother really living.

But the foundling never does find out. And so, even if he rise to be governor or manufacturing magnate, he is beyond everything else, pathetic to the end.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Were Not Seeking Death

INNKEEPER DISCOVERS HIS WATCH ON YOUNG COUPLE WAS ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY.

Arthur Farwell, the musical composer, whose development of American Indian music is attracting attention, tells a story of how he had once been taken for an intended suicide.

"While living in Boppard a few years ago," he said, "I went to Coblenz to attend a concert. A German musician, a young woman, accompanied me, and there would be no story if we had not missed our train home after the concert. We waited in a cafe until 3 o'clock for a later train, only to find that it did not stop at Boppard.

"There was a strange reluctance on the part of the inkeeper to whom we applied for quarters to admit us, but he finally gave us rooms at the opposite ends of a long hall. For the rest of the night he tramped the length of the hall, hatching first at my door and then at hers. We were laughing over this in the morning when the proprietor entered the breakfast room. He seemed much surprised at our exhibition of spirits.

"'You are happy this morning,' he said, pointedly. 'You want to do no longer.'

"We stared at him in amazement.

"'Want to die!' I exclaimed, finally. 'What do you mean?' We never wanted to die.

"'Then you are not Lebensmude?' he said. 'Ach Gott! I watched all the night for nothing.'

"He finally explained that Coblenz was just then in the midst of one of the periodical epidemics of suicide. Three couples had taken their lives within a week, and he had taken us for another life sick pair."—New York Tribune.

CASHIER STOLE IMMENSE FORTUNE

And Now Is Pardoned After an Imprisonment of Three Years.

Something over three years ago the National Bank of Dover, N. J., was looted. William N. Boggs, the cashier, participated in the looting. He shared in the peculation being, it is said, $200,000. He didn't run away with the boodle, but faced the responsibility for his crime and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Last week, after having served three years, he was pardoned by President Roosevelt.

It is said that Boggs was a tool of others. So is the boy on the street, entering upon a criminal career, the tool of adepts in crime. So is the criminal the tool of necessity at times, or of passion and evil instincts. Every lawbreaker is the tool, or victim, of circumstances. We are not arguing from this that every lawbreaker should be set free, but our citizens do not point out a reason why Boggs should have been absolved. So long as "eminent and model man" thieves like cashiers and bank tellers are dealt with leniently by the law and then added to escape the full penalty contained in the legal sentence imposed, so long will banks be looted. Five years for a theft of $200,000 is certainly a light punishment, but when pardon follows this and the culprit escapes with three the penalty is a farce.

How Farmers Are Swindled.

"While agricultural departments of the national government and of the various states are doing good work and their investigations and experiments have been of great value to farmers, gardeners and stock raisers," said a retired farmer the other day, "bands of sharpers take advantage of every official announcement made by the authorities.

"For instance, the department announces the discovery of an insect that destroys the cabbage. Within twenty-four hours the sharpers are advertising a powder that will destroy these insects. A disease appears among the cattle. The sharpers are ready with a remedy. Or the appearance of the elm pest. In every locality in the country appear smooth-talking gentlemen who claim to be able to prevent damage to the trees by this insect. People believe them and pay them money, only to have their trees killed by the very methods which the sharpers claim will save them from destruction by the pests.

"The national agricultural department at Washington has announced recently that the seventeen-year locusts will appear this year, and following this there have suddenly sprung into existence several unique methods of destroying these insects, or of preventing their ravages."

When Jefferson Interviews St. Peter.

Joseph Jefferson is a firmly established favorite at Yale, where he annually delivers an informal address before the undergraduates on the afternoon preceding his evening performance of the Rip Van Winkle theater, says the New York Times. Last year Mr. Jefferson was taken by a senior to "Mory's," the orthodox chophouse that is one of the landmarks of Yale. The rooms are mellow with age and rich with tradition and are generally conducive to reminiscence. Mr. Jefferson was discussing the life to come and was asked by his student host:

"Mr. Jefferson, it is said that we shall have the same character of work in the next world as on earth. Do you expect to be an actor in heaven?"

"Well," replied Mr. Jefferson, "I'll tell you. I am afraid that if I reach the golden gates St. Peter will shake his head and say: 'For heaven's sake, Joe, change your roles.'"

Love doesn't laught at the smith who repairs automobiles.

MEN OF GERMANY AND AMERICA

Conditions Are Widely Different in the Two Countries.

In Germany it may be said that the tendency is to make better workmen; in America and England the tendency is to make better men. The Anglo-Saxon policy is to "cast the bantling on the rock" and let him work out his own salvation through temptation. In Germany the policy is quite the reverse; the workman is protected from disciplining temptation and ruled a thousand ways by the governments instead of being allowed to rule himself. American discipline is from within, German from without.

The German workman is without hope even in religion, for, it is rare that a German workman is ever seen in church after confirmation; there is little or no chance for him to rise; he has no hope before him no possible career in politics, nor any hope of becoming a Carnegie or a Huntington. Consequently he is without ambition to do his work faster or by better methods; he is content to do what his father did, without thinking, though the all seeing government is making herculean efforts through its scores of technical and industrial schools—the best in the world—to stir him from his stolid and precedent-bound lethargy.

The German workman is slow, says the Outlook, therefore his wages are small. It is less expensive, in Germany to hire more than it is to install expensive machinery. Therefore in all sorts of German manufacturing establishments one sees clouds of workmen bending their backs to benches which in America are borne swiftly, noiselessly and more cheaply by electricity or steam.

WHEN THEY GAVE LAND AWAY

Nebraska Soil Not Always as Valuable as It Is Now.

"Bertie is our broad pearlies are in Nebraska," said a Boston starch of that state, to a group in the Democratic clubroom at Washington. "I have seen the time when men were glad to give away all the real estate they had and counted themselves fortunate if they found someone to take it.

"It was during a long and dry drouth year. I met a scrubby-looking team one morning making toward the East. The man in the carriage was one of my acquaintance, and he was on the way back to Illinois his old home. We talked on, and he told me how every dollar he had in the place had piled up and happened it I'd take his quarter section of land a few farming implements and all of his prosperous assets.

"'My next neighbor,' he continued, grown cheerful at the thought, 'was a Dutchman. I proposed to trade my team and tools and remaining farmer's outfit for his quarter section. I'm sure if he would also accept the deed of quality acres, half of my land.'

"'He took you up on that?' I remarked.

"'Yes,' answered my friend cordially. 'You see, the Dutchman could not call upon his family in the United States to join him in Nebraska. They would not