JIMMY COON STORIES

By DR. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

JIMMY COON ON GROUNDHOG DAY.

Now you know that Jimmy Coon stays in his little House in the Hollow Tree most of the Winter, but he likes to come out a few days in the Winter to get a bite to eat. So Jimmy Coon got Bobby Skunk to help him play a huge Prank on Guy Chuck, and the Farmers, and the Farmer Boy's on Groundhog Day, which you remember was on the 2nd day of February every year.

You twould have chuckled if you could have seen Jimmy slide down the Bannisters of his front hall the night

Jimmy Coon went into the front door, and Bobby Skunk into the back door.

before Groundhog Day. For Jimmy always slides down the Bannisters, just as you do, when he is in a big hurry.

And Jimmy got Bobby Skunk out of his warm bed; and both of these Scamps started in the dark of that night to call on Guy Chuck. I wish you could have seen those two rascals, Jimmy Coon and Bobby Skunk, snickering and laughing as they planned up all their funny capers, on the way to Guy Chuck's house.

When the two furry scamps reached Guy Chuck's home, Jimmy Coon went into the front door, and Bobby Skunk into the back door.

Jimmy and Bobby didn't make a speck of noise, and just went into the front hall and the back hall of Guy Chuck's house on their tip-toes, and both lay down and took a little nap.

And early the next morning they heard Guy Chuck talking aloud to himself, as the first streaks of day entered Guy's bedroom; and they heard Guy Chuck say, "Well, it is about time for me to get up. Let me see. This is Groundhog Day. I do hope the sun will shine today. For I do so want the sun to shine, so that I can see my shadow!"

And then Jimmy Coon and Bobby Skunk heard the springs squeak on Guy Woodchuck's bed; and so they knew that he was getting up.

And those two rascals had to stuff their furry fists into their mouths to keep from laughing out loud.

And soon Bobby Skunk heard the footsteps of Guy Chuck coming down the back hall; and in a few seconds Guy stood before Bobby Skunk; and Guy was so surprised, that you could have knocked him over with a humming-bird's little feather.

And Bobby Skunk growled out in his funny voice, "You shall not pass. If any Guy passes this backdoor I will shoot him on the spot!" And Bobby aimed at the eye of Guy Chuck. And that funny Guy didn't dare to take another step towards his back door, for Bobby Skunk looked awfully warlike and dangerous. And that funny Guy turned on his heel; and walked as big as Cuff, to go out of his front door. And behold! There stood Jimmy Coon, blocking up the front hall. And Jimmy was armed to the teeth!

HOW MUSIC AIDS IN MAKING DIAGNOSIS

How music is a great value to the physician in making a diagnosis is pointed out by Dr. Ernest Zueblin, associate professor of medicine in the University of Cincinnati. Appreciation of the pitch, intensity and duration of sounds and of rythm, which must be acquired by the musician in the study of his art, are also necessary to the doctor, who is obliged to take note of these sound qualities in making many of his diagnoses.

The objective signs of disease, Dr. Zueblin says, are closely related to acoustic phenomena such as conductivity, quality, tenality, pitch, intensity, duration and rythm. The conductivity of sound, for instance, is quite different in a normal lung from one where there is fluid between the lung and the chest wall. The quality and tonality of sounds produced within the lungs or heart, or transmitted through the abdominal viscera, are essential for the diagnostician. The better the musical training the sharper the personal perception of the student, the more he will excel his competitors. In a contribution to American Medicine Dr. Zueblin goes on to say:

"The pitch elicited over an area of infiltrated lung, the one produced over a cavity of varying size, as in tuberculosis, must become a familiar sign to the student. If such differences escape the attention of the examiner, this means error in diagnosis, and possibly blunders in treatment. The high-pitched murmur in a mitral insufficiency, without any complicating cardiac dilation is entirely different from the lower-pitched, soft murmur in causes of cardiac dilation or those associated with insufficient myocardial tonus revealing a failing heart. The intensities of auscultatory sounds have their definite meaning.

"The duration of an acoustic sound cannot be overlooked, either. In pulmonary disease the deviation from the normal length, comparing the inspiration with the expiration, must always be the standard measure, as any change in the relation of these two phases will arouse the suspicion of something abnormal to be watched more closely. The interrupted or cog-wheel inspiration, or expiration, must be significant for the lack of elasticity of the air vesicles or of partial obstruction of these air-passages by inflammatory products. The duration of the different heart sounds, changing according to the distance from their point of origin, will be well considered. The overlapping of the heart sounds or of the murmurs, without any pause between, is equally valuable in diagnosis of the case."

OUR SHORT STORY

FUDDLE'S FLING

Farthingdale Fuddle was a model henpecked husband. He handed his wife his pay envelope, unopened every Saturday night, and kissed her sweetly when she gave him back two dollars for carfare and lunch money for the week. He took Fido, his wife's toy poodle, out for a half-hour airing before he went down to the office, each morning, and stayed home to mind the house the evenings his wife went to the club, and made the beds and dusted every Sunday.

But this Saturday night, when he arrived home with his salary and found a note from his wife explaining that she would not be home till late, a naughty, naughty idea came to him.

"I'll have my fling!" he thought. "I'm forty-three years old and I've never had my fling. Oh, dear, hurrah!"

And for an hour he walked about royally dropping pennies in chewing gum slot machines, without even bothering to press in the rods and get the chewing gum. Then he bought two fifty cent seats for the theatre, one for his hat and the other for himself, and recklessly left fully five minutes before the final curtain. And then—he saw a great flashing electric sign: SODA! SODA! ALL YOU CAN DRINK FOR A NICKEL!

Farthingdale Fuddle felt a delicious shiver run up and down his henpecked spine.

"Drink!" he thought. "What's a fling without drink?"

And he went into the seductively lighted place, handed over his nickel, and drank four chocolate sodas, three rootbeers, two gingerales, and four glasses of vichy water.

When staggered home deathly sick, his wife was waiting for him. She spanked him soundly and then put him to bed, where, pale and trembling and perfectly miserable inside, he murmured: "Juanita! Juanita! The life of the great white way is only a hollow sham! If I ever recover, Juanita, I promise never, never again to have another fling!"

Things Worth Forgetting

Croesus, once richest man in the world, didn't have enough kale to back the present war more than forty minutes.

There is a dispute on by Egyptologists as to whether Cleopatra was a good looker or a fright.

During the glacial period ice could be had for nothing as far south as Durango, Mexico.

A man in Superior, Wis., has counted the leaves on a large elm tree, but he didn't set it down and forgot the total next day.

The Hun is always half HUNgry.

No one knows the names of Adam and Eve's children except the two oldest boys.

People in different parts of China do not speak the same language, and they wouldn't have anything interesting to say if they did.

The Poor Crumb Who Brought the Song Bird in That Smoking Car on the 5.15.

HOW THE NEW YORK POLICE HAD TRACED "SPOT FACED" MARY

The Robbery of the Pullman Jewels At the Hotel St. Regis Started a Round-the-Country Pursuit That Proved Every Bit As Baffling As a Real Sherlock Holmes Detective Mystery.

At half past two on the afternoon of December 17, 1917, the Fifth avenue doors of the fashionable Hotel St. Regis in New York swung round and through them marched two footmen, their bearing just the proper mingling of hauteur and respectfulness expected of the service of so exclusive a caravanserie. Behind them floated, if the word is permissible of one swathed in some $50,000 worth of furs, a plainly charming lady. And behind her a third footman paced, carrying with all the proud solemnity of a baron bearing to a waiting king some treasure of apparel, a tiny pekinese.

Thus safely convoyed the lady and pekinese entered a luxurious limousine waiting at the curb and rolled away.

"Who is she, Bill," asked Footman Number Three.

"Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, daughter of George Pullman," said Number One.

"Pullman cars and millions," sighed Number Two. "Pretty near as many millions as Pullman cars."

"Ain't it funny," said Number Three, "how some people have everything!"

But Footman Number Three was doubly wrong.

When at half past seven that night Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, daughter of the multimillionaire parlor car manufacturer, returned to the St. Regis and began to dress hurriedly for dinner, she not only did not have everything, but a considerable portion of what she had thought she possessed had disappeared. To be explicit, between 2.30, when Mrs. Carolan went out and 7.30 when she came in, her diamond and amethyst necklace, a diamond studed watch, four diamond brooch-studded watches, four diamond brooches, a diamond barette, an emerald ring and two golden mesh bags had utterly vanished. With them had gone a conservative equivalent of $30,000. The thieves had, fortunately, overlooked her $200,000 pearl necklace.

The St. Regis was naturally quite as much concerned as Mrs. Carolan. In response to their appeal quickly appeared at the hotel a clean shaven, keen-faced, blue-eyed member of the detective bureau, whose name was James, better known as "Jimmy" McCoy.

Access to the Carolan suite, he found, could theoretically be gained by several windows and doors. But the windows were five stories up from the street and there was no conceivable way by which a thief could have entered or left them without cumbersome apparatus and without having been noticed by a crowd passing below.

All the doors except the main entrance were securely fastened on the inside. By this process of elimination it was obvious that whoever took the gems must have gone in by this one entrance to the suite.

The next question was how many people in the hotel had pass keys to the suite or had had legitimate reasons that day for entering with permission of the management. The housekeeper and the day maid had keys. Besides that the plumber had been in to look at the pipes, a man to fix the window shades, one to look after the heating apparatus. The regular day maid it appeared had been home, her mother having been ill. Her place had been taken by a new maid who had gone home early, pleading she was not feeling well.

Who was this new maid? Her name, it appeared, was Mary Smith. She had come to the St. Regis with the most excellent recommendations from the Gotham, equally as exclusive as the St. Regis, and other similar hotels. What did they know about Mary! Oh, Mary was a splendid girl—quiet, industrious, self-effacing and obedient, as a good servant ought to be. Her recommendations were really unimpeachable, and she was sure to be in next morning. It couldn't have been Mary. Impossible!

Mary Smith was put aside for a moment while investigation proceeded of all those who had entered the room or who had access to the room. It was speedily shown that none of them could have had any part in the robbery. Their innocence was unmistakable.

Well, Mary might be everything that everybody thought of her, but McCoy decided to satisfy himself personally about that. Where were her references? There they were, all in good order. What was her address? It then developed that the St. Regis, depending upon the references, had not taken her address and did not know where Mary lived. But the Gotham knew.

Over to the Gotham went McCoy. They remembered Mary well. She was a very good girl, sober and a hard worker and they had the address that she had given them—134 West Thirteenth street.

There is no 134 West Thirteenth street.

Now the Smith family is the largest in the world. It has been computed that within 200 years, if the family keeps growing at the rate it has in the last 100 years, 90 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States will be named Smith. And Mary is the commonest of female Christian names. There, then, was Detective McCoy up against the task of finding a Mary Smith out of thousands of Mary Smiths, and with no adequate description of her beyond that given at the St. Regis—"she was just a stocky, ordinary looking girl; she looked—well, she looked just like anybody else."

Back to the St. Regis went Detective McCoy. A bellboy who had just come in said: "Why, I remember her. She had a big red birthmark under her cheek bone on the left side of her face."

Detective McCoy brightened up visibly. While it was hard to find a plain Mary Smith who looked like anybody else, thousands of Mary Smiths were eliminated at a stroke by the knowledge of the red birthmark.

Back to the Gotham went McCoy. Out of 300 employes there one maid remembered that Mary had spoken to her of having worked at the Waldorf-Astoria. Among the several hundred employes of the Waldorf-Astoria McCoy found one remembered Mary and that Mary had "a fellow named Fred."

Another "remembered" that Mary Smith had spoken of having worked at a hotel in Philadelphia. McCoy went to Philadelphia. He went through several hundred employes and ex-employes there before he found one who "thought that he remembered" the girl with a red birthmark on her face, but he didn't think her name was Mary Smith. He had heard her say that she had worked in Buffalo.

Through Buffalo's hotels McCoy made his way on the trail of the red spot. When he had got down to about the last hotel there a housemaid said that she remembered a girl with a birthmark. Her name was Mary, but she didn't know her last name.

This Mary, the girl said had come from Paterson, N. J.

Paterson is close in New York, and before he went there—this was in February—Detective McCoy reported to Police Commissioner Enright.

"How long do you want me to stay on this job, commissioner?" asked McCoy.

"You stay on that job, McCoy, until you land Mary Smith," said the commissioner. "Stay on it if it takes all your life."

"All right, sir," said McCoy.

Then a clew led him to Passaic. From Passaic he found another that took him to Chicago. Two weeks in Chicago found the trail leading to Pittsburgh.

At the William Penn Hotel there McCoy, whose dreams now were of a lifetime spent in pursuing a red birthmark, felt that he was really "beginning to get warm," as children say. The manager of the hotel remembered Mary Smith and her birthmark well. He had discharged her, he said, for flirtations. But where did she live? While the manager did not know, but as most of his help had come from little towns about Pittsburgh—Clymer, Indiana, Dixonville and so on, he inferred that Mary had probably come from that region.

The next day found McCoy in this coal and coke section with its thousands of Polish and Slav workers. For another month he canvassed every little cabin and home. Throughout the region he became known as "that feller who is looking for Mary Smith with a birthmark."

At Indiana he began to feel that he was nearing home. There was a family here that knew Mary Smith—"Sure she had a big strawberry mark on her face." But her name was not Mary Smith. "No; she just put that on. Her name was Mary Liptak."

Mary was back in Dixonville, where she had been born—she had been there for a couple of months. Visions of New York and Broadway came before McCoy. The first train and the quickest saw him in Dixonville.

Cautiously he pursued his inquiries, fearing to alarm his quarry.

"Sure, I know Mary," said one of those whom he discreetly questioned. "Do you want to know her? I will point her out to you tonight."

That night he stood with his acquaintance on the little corner that is Dixonville's Forty-second street and Broadway. Down the street came a short, stocky girl who looked just as they had said in the Hotel St. Regis—"just like anybody."

As she passed McCoy started toward her.

She turned her head and looked at him, and he caught a full glimpse of her left cheek and—stood petrified as she vanished.

For on the face of this girl, whom he had tracked down for so many weary months, there was no red flaming birthmark! Her cheek seemed as smooth and undisfigured as any other woman's.

It is not to be denied that McCoy was depressed. Clearly and surely this was Mary Liptak, who had been Mary Smith and who had worked in the various hotels that he had visited, and who presumably had been the maid of the St. Regis. But she could not have been. For where was the one thing that identified her from countless other Mary Smiths—the scar? McCoy thought long and hard.

Up till the time that the trail had led to Dixonville every one had remembered Mary Smith or Liptak, because of her scar. In Clymer, Pa., police know her and called her "Spot Faced Mary." Yet here was Mary Liptak—but no scar! Had he been following a will-o'-the-wisp, or where in the long chain of his search had he cut into the false trail?

Suddenly an idea came to him. He knew that surgical science could remove disfigurations. Had Mary learning that she was pursued, resorted to the desperate expedient of going under the knife and risking even greater disfiguration and perhaps death to submerge her identity in all other Mary Smiths? In Dixonville is a very excellent hospital and there McCoy went. He had been right! Mary had indeed gone to the Dixonville Hospital for this very purpose. The surgeons had almost entirely cut away the spot. They had taken minute pieces of white skin from one of Mary's legs and had grafted it on the place where "the strawberry mark" had been. The operation had not been entirely finished because Mary at last lost courage, but it had been successful enough to hide, except to closest scrutiny, any disfiguration. And what disfiguration there was was totally unlike the red spot that McCoy had pursued throughout the months!

Again McCoy went through Dixonville seeking Mary—but Mary was not there. Her suspicions had undoubtedly been aroused and now before McCoy was what seemed a much harder task than ever before, because the telltale spot was gone.

What was to be done?

"Well," reasoned McCoy, "if Mary has been here for two months she has been no doubt receiving letters. Let us see where these letters came from."

He went to the Dixonville postoffice. The postmistress remembered that Mary had received a money order for $25. She looked up the order and found that it had been signed by a Felix Bedrian. Mary had signed with the name of Margaret Bedrian. The postoffice order had been sent from the Madison square postoffice in New York. She also remembered that a man named Fred Bellworth had called upon Mary while in the hospital.

McCoy came straight back to New York. Arriving on Sunday morning, he had to wait until Monday before he could interview the postmaster's assistant at the Madison square branch.

"Why, yes," said the landlady. "There was some rubbish that they put in the box in the cellar."

In the box McCoy discovered a pair of corsets and an old pair of shoes. The style of shoes had been sold by a chain of stores. To the one nearest, 171 East Eighty-second street, the detective went. The clerk remembered that he had sold the shoes to a man named Bellworth, who came into the store with a woman—"just an ordinary looking woman except that her left cheek had a little bruise."

This identified at last completely Mary as the "Margaret Bedrian" and Belworth as the "Felix Bedrian" of the long trail. And "Felix Bedrian's" picture was in the rogues' gallery.

At the Madison square postoffice next morning McCoy secured the address of the sender of the postoffice order. At that address he found that Bellworth did not actually live there, but that he paid several visits a week to his mother, an aged and very respectable woman. The house was put under guard. After two days' watching Bellworth called upon his mother and remained a half hour and came out and struck across Central Park.

McCoy and his men shadowed him to an attractive apartment house at 116 West Eighty-third street, and after a while Bellworth came out, entered a telephone booth and was heard to give his name as "Felix Bedrian" to some one who evidently asked him who was calling. When he stepped out he was put under arrest. With him McCoy and his men went back to the apartment house. They saw a woman looking down the street anxiously.

Beside her was a child of 6. They stepped close toward her, and when she turned there they saw on the left side of her face the almost obliterated birthmark!

McCoy's long chase was over.

She was placed under arrest and taken to the tombs with Bedrian. That evening Commissioner Enright wired Mrs. Carolan laconically, "We have got the thieves who stole your jewels."

Thus ended a chase that Sherlock Holmes might have been engaged in with honor. In the flat that Mary had occupied—very cozily and luxuriously furnished—they found a number of pawn tickets for jewelry. When these have been investigated, with other clues also discovered, the police expect to find the whereabouts not only of Mrs. Carolan's gems, but of perhaps $100,000 more of other jewels taken from hotels, for it is a fact that whether Mary be innocent or guilty, to paraphrase the old poem—

"Everywhere that Mary Went
The jewels were sure to go."

PEPPER TALKS

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Around two thousand years ago, a great man named Paul, wrote this phrase that has come down through the years: "I am debtor to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise."

We are all debtors. You are. I am.

There is no such thing as for you to be "free of debt." For the bigger you are, and the more you know and the greater your experience, the larger your obligations.

To grow is to owe. To be happy is to owe.

You owe somebody, maybe long generations, for your body and its health. You owe for your brain and your ability to appreciate and to discriminate between the good and the bad. You owe for the air that you breathe. You owe for the books that you read. You owe for the chairs you sit in and the cars you ride in and for the pictures and all the beauties of nature.

You are debtor to every man and woman and child that you meet. You owe for the chance that is yours, whether you use it or not.

You, who complain of the debt that the world owes you, listen! The world owes you nothing. You owe the world all that you have.

When you are inclined to find fault, remember this: you are terribly in debt.

To whom and to what? Why, to everybody and everything!

So, do not let a minute pass unused. Start to pay up. And thoough it seems discouraging, it is not—for the more you owe, the more you have to pay and the more you want to pay.

"CAP" STUBBS.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

—By EDFINA.