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HEROISM TO ORDER

By IRVING J. LEWIS

"Mind! Phillipstein told me you could tell me how to win her. Please do it."

"Sure you can," said Mindi. "You can do anything. I said it to Pincus—I said it to you or to anybody. Go ahead, Herr Einstein, and tell Pincus Leben how to win the girl. He ought to be married long ago."

A smile crossed the great detective's face. "I have had something to do with most kind of cases, but never before was I called upon to advise in a love affair. I'll do my best, and I seldom fail. Herr Pincus Cohen, attention!"

"Zu befehl!" said Pincus, saluting. He was a member of the Rosenstein Miners and Sappers' corps, attached to the state National Guard.

"Did you ever do anything like a hero? That's what wins women," said Ignatz.

"Once I stopped a horse that was trotting down the road without anyone in the wagon, and it looked as though it would run over Miss Sarah Miner. She saw me do it, I did not think much about it. That's the nearest I ever come to doing anything brave. I can't brag about it, though, Miss Goldwasser would likely laugh at me."

"Can you swim?" asked Mr. Einstein.

"It is one thing I can do fairly well," said Pincus.

"Take her out walking along the East river some day, get a man to fall in for you, and then jump in and rescue him; it looks brave and probably will win the young lady."

the real thing," said Mr. Phillipstein, who was playing his part with much enjoyment and zeal, "I'll let go of you, go out a few feet and sit again. Then you get to dive for me, grab me by the hair and pull me ashore. I like to bet you win her sure."

And he again cried for help and pushed out and sank, gasping and yelping for help.

Mr. Cohen had gone so far as he could or dared. He was more than ten feet from shore, weighed down by his clothing, almost exhausted, and afraid to venture out any farther.

He turned and struck out for the land, disregarding Miss Goldwasser's cries to help the sinking man back of him. Mr. Cohen found he could make no headway toward shore. Then suddenly his courage left him and a little hysterical panic came upon him.

"Get me out!" he cried. "I'm losing myself. I can't keep my legs longer."

Mr. Phillipstein took two long strokes and reached the side of the scared Pincus. Supporting him with one hand he swam to land with the other. He dragged Pincus out on the bank and laid him down. The latter was fully conscious, and shame and fury because of his weakness and cowardice possessed him.

"Hero!" said Miss Goldwasser in a rapture.

"Sure, he is a brave man," said Mr. Phillipstein, as he helped Mr. Cohen to his feet. "Did you see how he jumped in for me?"

"He a hero?" Miss Goldwasser's tone was full of scorn. "Why, he even thought of his money. He saved that before he tried to get you out." She handed Pincus his roll of bills. "No, brave man," continued Miss Goldwasser, addressing the astonished Phillipstein. "You are the hero. You saved him. You are the

HUNTING IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE.



Our photograph, taken during Lord Minto's recent hunting trip in Assam, British India, shows the viceroys on one of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar's elephants waiting in a clearing made in the long grass, while the files of elephants are trying to beat a rhinoceros towards him. The grass is 12 to 15 feet high, and the clearings are made by turning 20 or 30 elephants to trample down the growth. The view shown was taken by Col. Victor Brinkley, the viceroy's military secretary, who, on the same trip, was charged by a rhinoceros and had his right arm fractured in two places while photographing the animal, which he was attempting to lead back to the viceroys.

RULES FOR PROLONGING LIFE KEEPS THE GRAY HAIR ALOOF.

Conclusions That Have Been Drawn from Experiments on the Effects of Dr. Victor Brinkley's Method of Retaining Hair of Youth Will Be Seen to Retain of Life.

BUSTLING CITY OF COLOMBO.

Center of Life in Ceylon. Probably the Most Prosperous Colony in Asia.

Steamers coming out of the Suez canal and bound for Indian and Burmese ports in the Bay of Bengal, for China, Japan, the Dutch islands and Australia, nearly all call at Colombo, which has one of the busiest little harbors of the world. The English residents are of two classes—the officials and the planters. Of the civil service so called—that is, the judicial and financial officials, there are only about eighty in all, but there is in addition a considerable foreign staff for forests, public works, and railroads, all of which are government property; and several thousand Europeans, nearly all English, live in two business centers, Colombo and Galle, or scattered over the country. Ceylon is probably the most happy and prosperous colony in Asia. The native Singapore appreciated the fact that they have the greatest security and the least taxation in their history; and there is no legislative body to quash the government. The population rapidly increases, and the products of the island are favorably known all over the world.

RICH MAN WILL HAVE QUIET.

George Douglas Miller, a wealthy resident of New Haven, is building a wall, which in some places is 20 feet high, to inclose a plot of land 200 by 170 feet at the rear of the Skull and Bones property in High street. On the plot surrounded by the wall Mr. Miller will erect a villa in which he will live when in New Haven.

He says that he intends to shut out all lustre of the street and keep the eyes of the curious from knowing what he is doing. The property is at the rear of 1785 Chapel street, where Mr. Miller's villa is located.

ANYTHING TO AVOID HOODOO.

Dressmaker Even Willing to Make Overcharge, of Course, in the Interest of Customer.

The dressmaker looked at the bill which had been made out for the little summer frock, and then threw up her hands in horror. "That will never do," she said emphatically. "Twenty for making and \$3.13 for finding. How would that appear in paper, \$23.13! Why, the lady would look upon the frock as hoodooed and would bring her bad luck. Hens, let me have the list of findings." She figured rapidly and soon had the bill \$24.37.

"There," she said contentedly, "that will satisfy her. And she will be still more pleased when I discount the change and accept an even \$24."

"But," said the girl who had made out the bill, "isn't that somewhat of an overcharge?"

"Oh, well," answered the dressmaker, "an overcharge isn't nearly so bad as an unlucky number. Besides, I couldn't very well charge her less than the real amount, could I?"

A PERILOUS FEAT.

