

4/19/1913 Judge



DON'T try to tell me that a man's appearance doesn't count—that his clothes, his roll and the cut of his hair and whiskers don't mean a lot for success or failure. We've proven it out. That is, Montague has, Montague Pipp is his name, and he's my business partner. We're lawyers, or try to be. We were just about down and out, financially, mentally and—especially financially—when Montague hit onto the scheme. The long and short of it was we weren't getting business, our office rent was three months overdue, and we weren't eating enough to keep us from getting thin. This is speaking metaphorically, for it would take a surgical operation to make Montague any thinner. He would grow fat on famine, while I have more than once used myself as an anatomical chart (in private, of course) when studying out what sort of bones patient had had broken in an accident for which we wanted damages.

"Down and out!" exclaimed Montague that morning, his fat, apple-like face flushed red with his idea. "Not on your life we ain't down and out! Look here!"

I had noticed one of his coat pockets bulging, and I gave a gasp when he pulled out a roll of bills as big as his fat fist.

"Look here!" he repeated.

"God save us! That isn't yours?" I demanded.



"Mine—all mine!"

I looked at him accusingly.

"If it's robbery or murder, I wash my hands clean of it," I protested. "How much is there?"

"Eight dollars," he replied calmly, enjoying my excitement.

"Eight?"

He had unrolled a five-dollar bill and three ones, and now he explained to me that all the other bills were stage money. They had looked real enough for a minute or two, and I sank back with a groan. Then Montague began talking excitedly.

"Now you listen to me," he began. "I've solved the problem. We don't have enough business to keep alive on—and why? It isn't because the business ain't around, is it? It's because the other fellow gets it. People haven't got confidence in us, that's all. And why haven't

HOW MONEY TALKED

By JAMES OLIVER CUKWOOD

they got confidence? Because we ain't prosperous enough. That's it. You've got to have money to make money, even in the legal business. There was that client we lost yesterday, for instance. If I could have pulled this roll out of my pocket when he was here, wouldn't we



have got his business? You bet we would! "Clever young chaps, those fellows must be," he would have said. "They're winners!" Yessir, nine out of ten people will have more respect for this bogus roll, which they think is real, than they would for our souls if they shone as white as snow. How much money you got?"

"Six dollars," I replied dejectedly.

"Loan it to me—and follow me," he commanded. "I'm going to get this firm more advertising during the next two hours than it's had in the last year."

The first thing Montague did was to buy two ten-cent cigars with gold bands. He produced his roll carelessly, and the clerk's eyes fairly popped. It was an unlawful-sized roll. It was the kind that's tucked away in national bank safes. Colonel Buzzard, the town's big merchant, was in getting his morning's cigars, and I saw him take a hard squint at the roll. When Montague and I turned carelessly, he smiled at us for the first time in his life. I figured it out, along with Montague. He knew we had money to spend.

"Fine morning, boys," he said. "Try one of these Crescos, will you? How's business? Good?"

"Fine!" we said, in one voice, accepting his cigars. And then Montague added: "We've settled three important cases out of court this week. Not a word



of scandal, not a line in the newspapers—and we're celebrating by taking a half day off."

And then we plumped into it for fair. Right in front of Sanders' ice-cream and candy emporium, we met the two Misses Whipple and Miss Genevieve Hall. Their fathers are the richest in town, and they are the three handsomest and most-sought-after young ladies in our part of the State. How that roll—even though it was bogus—did give Montague nerve! We knew the young ladies only in an offish sort of way, but, before I could prod him or pinch him or catch him by the arm, Montague was lifting his hat and saying,

"Won't you young ladies come in and have some ice cream with us? I know—it's early in the day—but we always take an ice cream after breakfast instead of a drink—and we'd awfully enjoy your company."

They went in, and Miss Hall wasn't very much pleased. None of them was very affable, until Montague, mighty careless, drew a handkerchief from his coat pocket, and—plump! that fat roll fell out on the floor! He didn't seem to notice it, and one of the girls called his attention to it, and he picked it up—giving them plenty of time to see the size of it—and then dropped it carelessly into his coat pocket again.

"One of these days we'll learn to use a bank, William," he said to me.

It was worth going a long distance to see the change that came over the young



ladies after that. Even Miss Hall was affable, and, when we left, the two Misses Whipple invited us up to call on them some evening!

For two hours that morning we used that roll—and spent a dollar and fifteen cents! Then we went to Telfer's big "no credit" restaurant, and Montague said to me: "Now we'll see!"

We ordered a good dinner, and, when we had finished, we went up to Telfer, who was in the cashier's cage, and Montague pulled out the roll that made everybody's eyes pop, and said to Telfer, who was smiling soft as jelly.

"Do you mind if we just turn in our checks hereafter, Mr. Telfer, and pay you every Saturday? We like to square up everything on Saturday, and if it isn't too much inconvenience to you?"

"Not at all, not at all!" bubbled Telfer. "It's against our rules, but now

"How Money Talks" 4/19/1913 Judge

and then, you know—now and then we make exceptions. Will you have a smoke on me to-day, gentlemen?"

Early in the afternoon I left Montague to continue his good work alone, while I returned to the office. When he joined me at four o'clock, I had exciting news for him. Colonel Buzzard, the big department-store man, had called upon me personally and had given us a piece of business which he wanted accomplished "without any court proceedings or newspaper notoriety."

It was the first proof of the value of Montague's scheme, and I was quite happy when, at six o'clock, I went to the house where I roomed. Along about eleven o'clock that night I was wondering why I had not heard from Montague, when I was called to the telephone out in the hall. A shiver ran up my spine when they told me I was connected with Harper Hospital.

"Mr. Pipp is here," the voice at the other end said, "and he wants you immediately."

Half an hour later I was at the hospital. I asked for Montague, and they took me up on the second floor, half way down a hall, and through a door. There, propped up in a nice, clean bed, his face bandaged, one arm in a sling, and one eye covered with a poultice, was Montague. And he was not alone. Three young men and one girl were there, and I recognized them all. They were reporters.

"Three thousand two hundred dollars," Montague was saying, "mostly in bills of large denomination. Make it strong that I will give one thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of one or both of the robbers. I don't care about the money. I offer that reward whether the money is recovered or not."

The reporters were rising. I didn't dare speak until they had gone.

"Robbed!" I gasped.

Montague nodded and told me a frightful story of the assault, his manly defense, his final undoing and the loss of the big roll.

The next morning and afternoon every paper in town had a thrilling account of the robbery, with two or three column heads. The *Morning Star* came out like this:

ROBBED AND LEFT FOR DEAD

MONTAGUE PIPP, MEMBER OF THE WELL-KNOWN LEGAL FIRM OF PIPP & SHAW, GIVES FIERCE BATTLE TO THUGS

Overcome and loses \$3,000 in bills

push of bills out of his pocket and said, "Here's your six dollars."

"But I thought you were robbed"——

"Sh-h-h-h!" he cried softly, placing a warning finger on his lips; then he placed his mouth close to my ear. "Will you swear on your life never to whisper a word if I tell you the truth?" he asked.

I swore, holding my breath.

"I was hit by an automobile!" he whispered tragically. "I was flattened out, tossed up and knocked down, and when I came to, the benzine buggy was making off for dear life. I couldn't miss a chance like that, William. I took my roll out into a back lot and burned it; then I came and lay down in the gutter and groaned until I was hoarse in the throat, until some one heard me. Understand?"

Does advertising pay? Come around to Pipp & Shaw's and see. We've got a new office now, with big plate-glass windows, a telephone and a stenographer. And we've each got bank accounts that go three times above the three thousand we lost. But that's not the best of it. Advertising pays in more ways than one. Of course we went to call on the Missed Whipple, and we've stuck ever since. It's going to be pulled off in a double affair, early in the spring.

A Bad Sign

SHE was going to purchase a trunk, small and cheap. So she made, from the street car, a wild, flying leap

(Although she had just paid her fare); For she saw, "Trunks, Two Dollars!" a big window sign.

But below, in wee letters, there lurked one more line—

'Twas, "Less Than the Prices Elsewhere!"

—Anna Mathewson.

Work and Play

First employer—How long has Gotrox's boy worked in your office?

Second employer—About half an hour. He has been with us six months now.

Untold

Baker—Are you going to have the wedding bells peal forth when you marry Miss Oldgirl?

Young Hardup—Not much, old man! Mine will be an untold agony.

His Point of View

Sabbath-school teacher—And Jacob wrestled with the angel.

Bobby Thickneck—Which threwed, teacher?

A Great Convenience

"Parcel post is a great thing."

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