

The Trickiness Of the Ladies.

What! Shall exposure stop at politics and finance? Are the shames of the dices the only shames? Is the sign of the dollie the only wicked portent? Not so—a thousand times not so! If we are to have exposures let us expose all. Let us guilty one escape.

Scene: A private residence. Time: The present. Chinese lanterns sway from ribbons of silk and the parlor is full of company. An affected young person seats herself at the piano and begins to play "The Voice That Breathed." A Pale Male totters forward with a lady on his arm. She wears a long veil, long gloves and a long train, and she is on the arm of her long suit.

And as they slowly advance, impleasable at Fate, unto the Pale Male's eyes, let us shut our eyes and think a thought or two. Three months ago and these two were strangers. If you had taken the lady into a corner and whispered "John Jones" into her ear her face would have remained blank of any look of joy or expectation. Meanwhile John Jones was living his life, seeing no danger, fearing no evil, drawing his \$25 every Saturday afternoon and knowing that it was his to spend as he pleased.

"How did you get them, ladies?" "Oh! Oh!" cries a young man looking at a photograph in an ecstasy. "She has such a way with her!" He presses the picture to his heart, dresses himself with care and rushes out to his doom. "Ah!" moans another young man. "The way she feters her eyelids when a fellow kisses her!"

He, too, dresses with care, and he, too, rushes out to his doom. "Ha!" cries a third young man. "The way she puts her arms up and fixes her back hair!" He dresses with care and he rushes out to his doom. "Mmmmmmm!" exclaims a fourth. "The way she closes her eyes and opens her mouth every time she kisses!"

And he rushes out to his doom. The next morning each of these young gentlemen buys a diamond ring, and for young ladies breathe hard with pride and satisfaction. Pride and satisfaction at what, mademoiselles? At your skill in cooking? At your knowledge of housekeeping?

At your ability to make your own dresses? At the fact that you know how to economize? No, no, no! You know why you breathe so hard with pride and satisfaction, and as you hang your heads in confusion and guilt, a ringing voice exclaims again: "How did you get them, ladies?"

III. Let us look now behind the scenes. Yes, we will don the coats of invisibility and we will see for ourselves a sight or two. Here is a young lady dressed for the evening. Below, a young man is waiting for her. As he waits she looks at herself in the glass, and time and again she beautifully opens her fan, looks at an imaginary young man over the top of it, drops her eyes and slumbers "Oh, George, I think you're something awful!"

This is a fair one practicing her wiles. Here is another young lady looking at herself in the glass. She smiles, chirps, assumes a look of indignation and cries "Why, will, how dare you! Why, Charles, how dare you! Why, John, how dare you!" Fair and false and practicing her wiles.

Another. This girl, carefully watching herself in the mirror, gives herself the facial expression of one who hears the angels sing, and she murmurs "Oh, Fred, I could just die where you are playing the violin!" She is practicing her wiles.

Oh, let us leave while yet we may, for if our coats of invisibility should forget their office we ourselves would be clutched, doomed and lost forever. We leave them then; but we pay them a flying visit a month later, stopping at each place for a moment to note that each girl is wearing a sash on the third finger of her left hand. And as we leave they, they start, shiver in alarm and press their fingers in their ears while a shrill voice exclaims: "How did you get them, ladies?"

IV. Thus we have come to seek the situation of marriage, and what do we find? Would any of these young ladies, think you, get up early in the morning, light the kitchen fire and get her husband's breakfast? Would any of them wash on Monday from on Tuesday, bake on Wednesday, sweep on Thursday, dust on Friday, and bake again on Saturday? Would any of them save her husband's money, keep chickens, paint the piazza roof, dig a garden, balance the kitchen, sit the ashes and carry up the coal?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! This thing has gone too far; our young men are no longer safe and the question has become a national one. Having already expanded far beyond the terms of inquiry originally intended, we close. These things we leave to you. We leave to you the question of marriage, and what do we find?

Elmer—Papa gave me a bushel basket full of candy last night. "Candy?" What did you do with it? Elmer—Nothing. I fell out of bed and woke up.

SUPERSTITION OF CROOKS.

Many Times Their Capture Is Traced to the Thing They Feared.

"It seems to me there never was a real famous crook in the country that had not a foolish fear of some kind," said a well-known detective recently. "Superstition has helped me several times to land crooks that I believe I should never have caught any other way. A house in which a mysterious murder had been committed, was entered and property to the value of several hundred dollars stolen. I was put on the case and became satisfied that the job had been done by a well-known negro character. I arrested him, but he stuck to his claim of innocence and I really had little evidence that would hold in court, though I was sure of my man. He resisted all my efforts to trap him, however, until I began to question him, as though he was suspected of murder. When that fellow found out he had actually been in a house where so brutal a crime had been committed, he immediately gave in and made a full confession. I was at a loss to understand the reason for his action until I questioned some of his friends, and then I learned that it had always been his fear that some day he would get into a house where a violent death had taken place. He had repeatedly said he knew if ever he did he would surely get caught. When he found he had done what he had been in fear of he gave up all hope of escaping his just sentence."

Stranger than the whims of this burglar, however, were that of Perry, probably the nerviest train robber that ever lived, and Alonzo J. Whiteman, the famous forger, whose escape from an express train, going forty miles an hour, startled everyone. Perry dressed himself in perfect keeping with his work, old clothes, slouch hat, mask and all, but he did insist on having his shoes polished until they fairly shone. Just why he alone knew. Whiteman in a burst of confidence once said he attributed his downfall to the use of a new and strange pen.

The fear of Friday seems to hold crooks of almost every kind, with the possible exception of burglars. They apparently have no objections to helping themselves on Friday, but men who are charged with murder have always dreaded Friday as they would their doomsday. A fellow named Latham, who was charged with murder in Des Moines, Ia., when the judge set his trial day for Friday, begged to have the day changed, and the judge granted the request.

"One of the very strangest ideas I ever heard of," said a man who was formerly a policeman in the West, "was that of a well-known highwayman named Lang, who committed hold-up after hold-up, always getting all the plunder he could carry. He repeated attempts were made to catch him, but they all failed until one night two men caught him asleep. When he awoke to find himself a captive, instead of attempting any resistance, he accepted his arrest as something he might have expected. 'I might have known better,' he said disquietedly. 'I have never gone out on a job before without carrying a live toad in my pocket. This is the first time I ever had, and I deserve to be caught.'"

Boarding Houses and Disease.

In the opinion of Lancet there has of late years been a remarkable increase in the popularity of the boarding house as a place of permanent residence for the middle classes. This custom has long been the rage in America, and recently in England the number of such houses has largely increased. This fact has, doubtless, helped to swell the cry about the decay of the home. The increase being indisputable, more care than ever should be taken to make these houses healthy. They are by no means always so. It has been pointed out that these buildings contain many insanitary features, that often the lighting and the ventilation are bad, and that almost always the rooms are far too small. The present day earnest solicitude for the proper housing of the poor and working classes is one of the most promising aspects of modern civilization. Indeed it is a necessity for the well being of the race that so far as is possible all should live under healthy conditions. While however, it is a matter of national concern that those who live by the work of their hands, and the poor generally, should be enabled to pass their lives in good sanitary dwellings, the fact must not be forgotten that the health and the comfort of the dwellers in boarding houses and lodging houses are worthy of some consideration. It goes without saying that there are boarding houses and lodging houses, and in articulating certain defects characteristic of some of these establishments there is no intention to cast aspersions on all. Drains and the plumbing are the chief sources of danger to health, for it seems inevitable that most boarding houses are of old and in some respects obsolete, construction. Often there is a lack of conveniences, and they are badly situated, ill constructed and unhygienic from all points of view. Facilities for bathing are in many boarding houses and lodging houses very inadequate. A house containing, perhaps, fifteen people will possess one bathroom, the bath being constructed of unsuitable material and hot water being difficult to obtain.

Elmer—Papa gave me a bushel basket full of candy last night. "Candy?" What did you do with it? Elmer—Nothing. I fell out of bed and woke up.

How Mr. Tabtale's Wish Came True

"Please what?" grumbled Mr. Tabtale. "I'm not doing anything, am I?" "Mr. Tabtale! Please!" "Mr. Tabtale! Please!" "I want you to put the piece of mistletoe back in your pocket and keep it there!" Whereupon, with a certain sheepish, hand-dog air, Mr. Tabtale did as he was bid and turned sulkily the very next moment. "How the wind blows outside!" she cried. "Mr. Tabtale eat tight but glowered angrily at the blowing wind. "Listen!" she cried. "He couldn't very well refuse this simple command, but he looked as if he would if he could. "It's whistling down the chimney!" she laughed. "Oh, I love to hear it whistle down the chimney! Don't you? Shall I put another piece of wood on the fire, Mr. Tabtale? Oh, I love to see it blaze! Don't you-u-u-u?"

"I like all the good old Christmas customs," mumbled Mr. Tabtale. "So do I!" she exclaimed. "Mince pie and plum pudding and brandy sauce—and—Mr. Tabtale! Please!" "Please what?" demanded Mr. Tabtale. "Please what?" "What is that in your hand?" "Nothing." "Let me see, then."

He showed her that exceedingly portable piece of commodity with a spiteful sort of eagerness, immediately thereafter laughing shortly and bitterly like a man who is draining the dregs in his cup. "How bluey the fire burns!" she cried. "One would think that one had sprinkled salt on it. "Pernaps one has," uttered Mr. Tabtale faintly. "Oh, Mr. Tabtale's Please!" "How now?" exclaimed that harassed young gentleman, nudged almost to a degree. "I've got nothing in my hands! Law! Funny if I—"

"No, no, I don't mean that," she gently protested, "I mean the salt." "What salt?" "On the fire, you know. "A awful bad luck!" she cried. "Almost as bad as spilling it, though, of course, it one spills it accidentally and throws a pinch over one's left shoulder!"

"Do you really believe in all that?" "Why, of course I do. Don't you-u-u-u?" "Certainly not!" "And don't you believe in cracked mirrors?" "Stuff!" "Nor in crickets?" "Nonsense!" "And don't you believe in dogs howling at the moon, Mr. Tabtale?" "I wouldn't believe them under oath!" he cried, and she laughed so immoderately at his wit that his iron will softened and he looked almost genial again.

"Wait!" she cried. "I've got something for you." She ran out of the room and ran back bearing a wishbone. "I saved this from the Christmas dinner," she exclaimed. "I saved it special for you, Mr. Tabtale. Now we each make a wish and pull, and the one who breaks off the largest piece has his wish fulfilled." "I don't believe it for a minute," grumbled the contumacious Mr. Tabtale. "Oh, but it's true!" she cried. "The wish always come true! Always!" "Not it!"

"Really and truly it does! Oh, really and truly, Mr. Tabtale! Now pull!" They pulled, the bone cracked and broke and the larger piece had undoubtedly broken off in Mr. Tabtale's hand. "There!" she cried with rounded eyes. "Now you'll get your wish!" He sheepishly drew forth his bit of mistletoe. "Oh, Mr. Tabtale! Please!" she cried. "Why?" he demanded with heat. "Isn't this part of my wish?" "Oh, no!" she implored, "you mustn't!"

He put the mistletoe back in his pocket exclaiming triumphantly: "I know it!" "Knew what?" she asked. "Silly superstition!" he exclaimed in the sourest irony. "Oh, of course I'll get my wish! Oh, of course!" They sat in silence for a minute, he mutely gloating on his victory, and she pensive and thoughtful. "How many berries did it have on it?" she breathed at last. He took it from his pocket for the third time and as he began counting the berries she knelt down to put another bit of wood on the fire. She was a long time in getting that bit of wood exactly according to her wishes, but just before she got up Mr. Tabtale saw a light and he slipped the bit of mistletoe in her pocket.

"Did you count?" she began as she arose to her feet and somewhat inconclusively she ended, "Why Mr. Tabtale! What on earth do you mean?" "Call me Tommy!" he said. "I wished for it!" "Didn't I tell you?" she cried. "Oh, it always comes true! Didn't I—why, Tommy!" "I wished for a hundred!" said No. 8.

Tommy, unexpectedly, starting on "Dear!" she murmured, as they started fairly together on No. 4.

BUSINESS CUSTOMS IN MEXICO.

Methods of Displaying and Selling Wares in Different Shops.

In the more extensive stores of the cities the similarity of arrangement, stocks and methods of doing business is more readily explained by the clannish manner in which the trades and industries are controlled by the people of various nationalities.

The French are supreme in the dry goods business of Mexico. Across the entire width of every dry goods store in Mexico runs a broad counter, not many feet distant from the door, says Modern Mexico, and the customer never gets beyond the barrier. Ranged behind it is the inevitable array of clerks, so numerous as to be touching elbows, but smoking cigarettes and nearly always supremely indifferent as to whether the customer is waited upon or suited or not.

Almost every grocery store in Mexico is owned by Spaniards, and there is never an iota of originality in the interior arrangement. Behind the zinc covered counter are ranged the shelves and pyramids of dust covered bottles of liquor. At one side is the inevitable tiny barroom. The clerks are always Spanish boys in their shirt sleeves and grimy hands, and they slam each piece of silver upon the counter to test its metal with the same vindictive motion. They do a big business in a day, although it merely takes a hundred sales to aggregate a dollar.

Everything is bought in Mexico of the day's supply or even for one meal. At a grocery store in Mexico you can buy a cent's worth of sugar, or tea, or coffee. The Spaniards lead no customer with one cent escapes, and he breaks a package of cigarettes to sell a penny's worth with the same apparent alacrity that he pours out a centavo glass of Mexican firewater.

During the hours when the clerks are not busily engaged waiting upon customers they employ their time weighing out the small one and two cent packages of the various classes of staples, deftly doubling and fastening the old newspaper wrapper without a sign of a string. When the rush comes, just before meal hours, these boys hop from one side of the store to the other, grabbing the ready made packages with the greatest alacrity and filling the many wants of the cooks in short order.

And so it goes through all branches of trade. Look in at a shop where they sell milk. Compare it with the next one you encounter. The price of milk will not only be the same, but the vessels that hold the white fluid and the dippers and the measures will be identical. You cannot find a pulque shop among the 887 that the capital boasts that is not gaudily decorated without with allegorical pictures and within with china plates. There is not one in which the waiters behind the bar do not stick their fingers inside the glasses and immerse a large part of their hands in the barrel of pulque each time they serve their thirsty customers, and as invariably the fingers remain in the glass and in the pulque until the copper equivalent is in evidence on the other side of the counter.

Customs in Morocco.

Of the elevating influence of women in the American sense Morocco knows nothing, according to Budget Meakin, author of "Life in Morocco." There they are, in effect, so many goods and chattels. That a woman should be fat and comely is the highest thought a Moor has on the position of women. If a girl is to be married and is thought to be too thin, she is put through a course of "stuffing," just as if she were a turkey meant for the Christmas market. This consists of swallowing, after each meal, a few small sausage-shaped boluses of flour, honey and butter flavored with aniseed or something similar. A few months of this treatment gives a marvelous rotundity to the figure, thus greatly increasing her charms to the native eye.

Liquor drinking is one of the results of European penetration of Morocco. The taste for strong drink though still indulged comparatively in secret, is steadily increasing, the practice spreading from force of example among the Moors themselves, as a result of the strenuous efforts of foreigners to inculcate this vice. As yet it is chiefly among the higher and lower classes that the victims are found, the former indulging in the privacy of their own homes and the latter at the low drinking dens kept by the scum of foreign settlers in the open ports.

As a people, the Moors are already well inclined to anything that gives life. The same writer says: "Nothing delights them more, as a means of agreeably spending an hour or two, than squatting on their heels in the streets or some door-stoop, gazing at the passers-by, exchanging compliments with their acquaintances. Native 'swells' consequently promise-made with a piece of felt under their arms, on which to sit when they wish, in addition to its doing duty as a carpet for prayer. The most public places, and usually the cool of the afternoon, are preferred for this pastime."

English-Grown Beet Sugar.

The beet sugar industry is to be given a fair trial in England. Three thousand acres on the Isle of Axolme, in Lincolnshire, are to be utilized for the purpose. A site for the first factory has been secured at Orston Ferry on the Trent. It is estimated that the enterprise will bring to the growers £45,000 a crop. The farms will be worked on the co-operative system. —London Tit-Bits.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

He tossed a collar box with surprising accuracy from the chest of drawers into the capacious gladstone that lay on the bed and whistled "Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?"

The collar box was followed by various other useful articles, and the Gibson Girl sassed off almost imperceptibly into the National Anthem.

Mr. Seamore frowned. "I'm sick of frock coats and top hats," he said; "I'm sick of London drawing rooms and pretending to be a tremendous swell on £200 a year; I'm sick of artificiality and humbug; I want to live and—"

"And what's the name of the girl?" interrupted his friend. Mr. Seamore put his foot thoughtfully upon a pile of shirts in order to press them down. "Isn't it rather a pity to talk now?" he said.

It was the same afternoon. Honorable Charles Duguid had left his chum to finish packing, and arrayed in all the panoply suitable for an afternoon call was taking tea at the residence of Sir Phillip Farebrother, the most celebrated of the present engineers.

Lady Farebrother was out and he was being entertained by Phyllis. Phyllis was seated at the piano playing odds and ends of things as they came into her head. Charles Duguid called to mind that Robert Seamore had been whistling tunes out of a popular piece all the morning and the notion set him thinking.

"Strange thing that Seamore should suddenly take it into his head to cut off to India, isn't it?" he said, carefully. "What did you say?" asked the girl, stopping the music and swinging around on the music stool. There was surprise in her voice and something more than surprise.

"He's going to turn tea-planter." "So many people go to India, don't they?" "Heaps of people." "I do hope he'll be successful." "So do I."

"Let me see, do you take sugar?" she asked, balancing a lump aloft in the silver tongs, with a charming smile. "No thanks." She put the lump in his cup and then another, and he bore it uncomplainingly.

"Is your tea quite as you like it?" she asked. "Yes here?" said the man. "Yes, I'm—I'm here," said the girl tremulously.

The place was Victoria Station, the hour was ten minutes short of eight o'clock in the morning, and the boat train was almost ready to start. "You came to see me off?" he asked.

She nodded. "It was unkind of you not to—"

He looked at her wistfully, eagerly, as if he was trying to read her innermost thoughts. "I thought it was best to go," he said under his breath. "And without saying a word of good-by!" she whispered in a voice that was so near choking that he clutched at the little gloved hand and pressed it.

Did she really care for him after all? "There's Mr. Duguid," she said. "He's looking for you?" "You must get in, sir," said the guard. "Right you are, guard," said Bobbie Seamore almost cheerfully. "So you came out to see me off at this unearthly hour," he added, taking the girl's two hands.

"Yes, I wasn't in bed till 3 o'clock." It was amazingly easy to talk lightly now. Even separation is a small thing when one understands. "Officious porters were bringing carriage doors." "I have signed a contract for a year," he said in a crisp, decided way. "At the end of that time I shall come back to you. Will you wait?" "Yes," she said, clearly, and without hesitation. "I shall wait for you to come back."

Methods of "Hotel Beats."

"It is only with some new trick which displays especial ingenuity that a 'hotel beat' can hope to prosper these days," remarked a New York hotel clerk recently, "and even then his chances of escape are small. The strength of many of the schemes resorted to by this class of swindlers is in their being so devised that a hotel man will give them the benefit of the doubt for fear of offending a regular patron. Take, for example, the game of the torn note. It is played somewhat as follows:

"A gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, accompanied by a lady, arrives shortly after luncheon on Saturday afternoon, and the manager, summoned by one of the officials, is informed by his guests that they only wish to stay until Monday, but would he, in the meantime, reserve the best suite of rooms for them." This is, of course, done, and on the Monday morning the gentleman presents himself at the bureau with a letter, in which is enclosed half of a one hundred dollar bill. Only half, the manager was told, had been posted—merely for safety's sake—but, as he would see in the letter, the other half would arrive in the afternoon, but he would have to leave by an early train to keep an important appointment.

The bill amounts, say, to \$40 for the two days, but the manager courteously agrees to accept the half note and give full change for the value of the whole note on condition that he be permitted to open the letter which is to arrive in the afternoon, and, of course, permission is at once granted. It is scarcely necessary to say that the other half note never makes its appearance, and the swindler moves on to some other hotel, to repeat his ingenious trick once more. The adventurer is able, if his plans work out well, as they seemingly frequently do, to obtain good board, the while increasing his capital.

"Another plan is for three confederates to take up their abode at the same hotel, and each engage a room in close proximity to his fellow travelers. They all, however, contrive to make a display of luggage, and are invariably well dressed, for a prosperous exterior is half the battle to the hotel adventurer.

Once comfortably installed, one member of the party regularly takes his meals with his fellow travelers, with the result that at the end of a week's stay his bill merely amounts to the cost of his bedroom, while his companions' accounts are naturally considerably larger, as between them they include the cost of living for the trio. The day before the hotel accounts are due to be sent in, the three conspirators hold a conference, which invariably ends in the same way—the man with the smallest bill agrees to leave at once, always, however beforehand taking the simple precaution of packing his fellow swindlers' belongings in his own trunk.

Now, as he invariably settles his account, no suspicion is aroused, for the special staff of detectives who patrol large hotels day and night, sending in at frequent intervals reports of the luggage brought in by visitors, still see that the wily 'rent-free' swindler's companions have their luggage in their rooms. The luggage—that is to say, the boxes and trunks—is there, and weighs a considerable amount, but all valuables have been carefully extracted beforehand, to be replaced by all sorts of heavy and worthless objects, such as bricks, stones, or lumps of lead, fastened to the sides of the boxes, to prevent any fear of them being displaced by shaking.

"The two other swindlers shortly afterward stroll out of the hotel, ostensibly for a short walk, but in reality never to return. And the week's expenses of the wily trio, which are invariably considerable, merely amount to the cost of one bedroom for a week and two secondhand and inexpensive boxes, which can be bought for a mere song."

Ancient Manuscripts in Shoe-leather. In 1903 the German government sent an expedition under the lead of Dr. Alfred Grunwaldt, one of the directors of the Berlin Museum of Ethnology, to Turfan, in the extreme east of Chinese Turkestan, says Harper's Magazine.

The great find at Turfan consists of the enormous number of about 800 fragments of manuscripts, more or less extensive, written in an alphabet which is a modification of the Syriac script that goes by the name of Estrangelo. The modifications of this alphabet are quite serious. Some of the Syriac letters are wanting; others are modified in form; and there are also some new letters.

These manuscripts are written for the most part on paper, but one is on silk, and a few are on white kid. These last were found in old shoes, being cut in the shape of a foot, and laid on the inner soles of the shoes, so as to strengthen the foundation. They are all written carefully and distinctly, with calligraphic chapter initials. Each page, in the manner of modern books, has at the top a heading, stating the contents of the page, in yellow, green, blue, or red. Some few contain miniatures of exquisite workmanship. The lines are in general very short; this is a noticeable peculiarity of the entire collection.

The texts are throughout of Manichaean origin; the 800 fragments are remnants of the long-lost Manichaean literature. Such as they are, they contain the sole remnants of the Manichaean Bible. Our knowledge of Manichaean literature is up to this time was at second hand: reports of Oriental writers and Christian Church fathers.

"It is the incidental music," he replied with a smile.