

STEAMSHIP FAKERS.

Cheating Card-Players Who Fleeced Passengers En Route.

Travel in Paris and Under the Gaiter of Men of Money Travelling for Pleasure—A Police Official's Account.

Just how many million dollars a year is won by a coterie of gamblers and "sure thing" men who infect ocean steamships and transcontinental railroad lines it is impossible accurately to estimate, but—

scarcely a big ocean liner which enjoys a fashionable vogue reaches port either on this side of the Atlantic or the other without furnishing a tale of high gambling carried on during the trip in the smoking room, writes a New York correspondent of the Tribune.

A great many of these tales end also with a statement that there was more or less suspicion if not actual proof of "crooked" play, and the number of instances would be much greater if it were not for the fact that the victims are selected with discretion, and are in the vast majority of cases men who would rather lose a few hundred dollars than face the publicity which would follow their accusation of unfair play. The police know nearly all the operators who fleece ocean passengers in the smoking rooms, but are seldom able to "put them where they belong." This is owing to two reasons, one of which is the difficulty of getting a complaint made against the rascals while within the jurisdiction of the metropolitan police. The other, and a more startling reason, is the accusation from Capt. Titus, the chief of detectives, who says that many of the stewards of the liners stand in with the cheaters, even carrying a supply of marked cards, and the porters do the same on the railway lines.

The "blackleg" players are divided into two classes, "deepwater gamblers" (the steamship operators) and the "cross road fellows" (the railway train gangs). In both cases poker is the principal game, the stronghold, although other games may be resorted to, by way of variety, when the suspicions of the stewards are aroused.

These men are all capital entertainers. They are the life and the soul of a travel-delighting company. They dress well and look well—better than they do in the police pictures, where they appear under the stress of disadvantageous circumstances, and in the easy, good comradery which prevails aboard ship, it is easy for them to get acquainted with the jovial "good fellow" type of man who makes the easiest victim to fleece, and the one least likely to "squall" when the operation has been completed.

John H. Allen, assistant in the bureau or records at the New York police headquarters, has made a study of the gamblers.

"We are glad to have an opportunity of airing this matter and of warning the traveling public," he remarked the other day. "Of course, the public won't heed the warning, but we can't help that. Some fools seem to enjoy being fleeced. It is only once in a while that we get a 'squeal,' and where one victim complains hundreds do not. About a year ago the president of the steamship lines indulged in some talk about stopping the swindling games, but I don't think anything came of it but talk. One of the suggestions made then might well be carried out. It was that the detective bureau of this and of other countries should furnish to the steamship lines photographs of the professional card sharps, simple but effective, for each steamer should have the 'rouge gallery.'

"The first thing these professional gamblers do when they get aboard ship, or aboard the train (they feel more secure aboard ship), is to become acquainted with the crew. They generally pass for high rollers or sports, or for first-rate business men with a load of money, who are off on a vacation and willing to pay for a little fun. One of them some time ago represented to his fellow passengers that he was the king of the Klondike, and many of them believed it. The subject of a little game was introduced by them cautiously, by suggestion more than plain hint.

"I may state that they never work singly. They work generally in couples, and only one of them is a winner. The other cues the luck and wonders at his pal's winnings just as hard as any of the real victims do, and he draws the crowd off the scent if they suspect anything wrong. But he is an expert dealer, and on his bluffman deals his partner wins every time. He throws him the cards, you see, even if he himself has nothing but a bottled flush or an ace high hand of rags and oddities. The dealer in the working combination never wins the money. The rogues will take turns about as winning—or will work it judiciously, so as to win without arousing suspicion suddenly. If the man that dealt were to win every time, then the crowd would yell 'foul' right away; but who is going to suspect the poor, innocent dealer, who has given himself the worst hand in the bunch? Usually they do not try to make but one coup on a voyage, but that one will net them from \$500 to \$600 to great many thousands. The man who represented himself to be king of the Klondike in 1900 swindled a real, bona fide mount who had been flushing his moral education on the other side. It is astonishing even to an experienced policeman to realize what amazing fools some mortals be. The king of the Klondike made a bum out of that count all right. He was stranded in New York."

RUSSIA'S CONSUMPTIVES.

Active Societies for the Prevention and Treatment of the Disease Have Sprung Up.

It is always interesting to know what our neighbors are doing, and in matters of such great importance as fighting the common enemy of mankind—tuberculosis—the actions of our transatlantic neighbors are of especial interest, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal. It appears that in Russia they are taking a very sensible view of the situation, and, instead of fighting the tubercle bacilli, they are fighting the disease with a fair promise of accomplishing more good in the end. There are no "anti-spitting," "anti-shaking," "anti-kissing," and other "consumptive" laws there, but the idea of sanatorium treatment of the tubercular has taken deep root and promises to bring forth fruit in the very near future. Already a number of active societies for the prevention of tuberculosis, with the sanatorium as the central idea, have sprung up in various parts of the empire. These societies have been brought to life mainly by the efforts of physicians with the active cooperation of intelligent laymen. The "Kieff Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis in the South," composed of lay and professional members, proposes to fight tuberculosis by education of the masses, as well as by the establishment of sanatoria. The projected sanatorium is to cost 150,000 to 200,000 rubles (\$75,000 to \$100,000), and already a single bequest of 70,000 rubles has been received. A similar society exists in Urjeff, with Prof. Degio as its president. In Warsaw, a sanatorium is being established by the "Hygienic society," and contributions to the sum of 60,000 rubles have already been received. In Odessa, under the leadership of a woman physician, a society of intelligent men has been organized for the purpose of disseminating information concerning tuberculosis by means of popular treatises, lectures, etc. Great activity in this direction is also shown by the Charokoff Medical society, and even in Siberia and other parts of the east. In Moscow, the establishment of a sanatorium by the city is in progress, and a single donation of 200,000 rubles has been made towards the project. Besides, in the nearby county of Bronitsk, a sanatorium is to be established shortly by the funds contributed by Chrapouloff (100,000-150,000 rubles). A number of sanatoria are already in successful operation in Lithuania, Finland, St. Petersburg, and other places, and many others are being projected. We can only point to this activity as an example worthy of emulation.

BURMESE JUGGLERS.

Perform Tricks So Astonishing as to Inspire the Ignorant with Fear.

A Burmese juggler recently gave an exhibition of his powers on board a steamer proceeding from Moumeia to Rangoon. The subject was a native servant of an officer, and the experiment took place on the deck of the ship, relates a London paper. There was no collusion between the experimenter and the subject, for they were strangers to each other, and were surrounded by the passengers and the crew. Indeed, so impressed with the juggler's powers were some of the Laucars that in alarm they took to the rigging by way of securing their safety. The subject was a native of Madras, and the illustration given was presumed to be one of the manner in which the dauts of Burma render their victims insensible. Whether this be the case or not, the practice of the juggler was eminently successful. He seized the neck of the patient with his thumbs, one on each side. Then he compressed the soft parts of the neck below the jaw. In a few moments his subject became insensible and fell like a log on the deck of the ship. There was much alarm naturally created, but the juggler was equal to the occasion. A handkerchief was flapped across the face of the insensible man, and he quickly recovered, although for a time he was in a dazed condition. What the juggler did was to compress the big carotid arteries which pass up one on each side of the neck and by thus limiting the supply of blood to the brain induce unconsciousness. This is an experiment which was certainly known to the ancient Greeks and it bears a relationship to a theory of sleep which for long found favor in the eyes of physiologists, who believed that sleep was due to the withdrawal of blood from the brain.

Leopoldine Dances.

Mrs. Finney—I don't see how you can manage to go to church three times on Sunday.

Mrs. Bland—I do it simply by doing no work of any kind on the Sabbath. I think it positively wicked for women to stay home and cook dinners for their husbands on Sunday.

"I suppose, then, you have a cold much at noon?"

"Oh, dear, no. I always take dinner at Mr. Bland's sister's. She's a splendid cook, and she always tries to do her best on Sundays." Boston Transcript.

Bright Prospects.

Sharp—I tell you a college education is a great thing.

Whendon—Indeed it is. Any college man can get a job as waiter if he can only understand the French menu.—Chicago Daily News.

OUR AGED LOVED ONES.

Their Attitudes, How They Should Be Treated and the Most Suitable Diet.

Character writes itself most surely on the face and a beautiful old lady is never one who has led an unlovely life. When the bright eye dims, the hair whitens and pretty dimples give place to wrinkles and furrows, it is the spirit within that makes the face radiantly attractive and gives the salubrious expression that replaces well the fresh beauty of youth, says American Queen.

Elderly people really need less sleep than the young, but they should nevertheless secure all that they can, for it is sleep that is our great restorer all through life. They also require a lighter and less hearty diet than when in their prime. They should eat less solid and rich food, and what they do eat should be especially tender and properly cooked. To masticate well is more important now than ever before and those suffering with defective teeth should at once have them filled or replaced by artificial ones.

If an aged person suffers from an acute fever, as he often does by taking cold, the system must be supported by food especially easy of digestion taken on the principle of "little and often." Broth, cream, beef tea, cream toast, hot milk, clam juice—all these are far better than any alcoholic stimulant. Solid food, no matter how nourishing, will increase the fever and try the stomach.

The commonest ailment of old age is rheumatism, one which is very hard to combat and on which there is a great diversity of opinion. By a little care the disease may be modified and in some cases quite effectually subdued. The food must be very plain and mild, no stimulants, no condiments, very little meat, and that only the best of beef and poultry. Many rheumatic subjects secure great relief by using lithia tablets, one in each glass of water. Moderate exercise should be taken without fatigue; woollen underwear and stockings should be worn all the year round, and drafts, dampness and chilly exposure rigorously guarded against.

IT WAS FORCE OF HABIT.

Young Man Invited Out to Dinner Thinks He is Eating in a Restaurant.

Take a young man who has been living civilized all through his youth and compel him to subsist on restaurant fare for two or three years and you make him a dyspeptic, a hopeless martyr, or a married man, says the New York Times.

He becomes so accustomed to reading the column beginning "small steak, sirloin, extra sirloin," etc. and ending with something that is always out, that when he gets into a place where he doesn't have to order his food and wait for it, he becomes wholly irresponsible.

One of these young men was recently invited to take dinner with a friend who lives in a suburban town. He accepted with an alacrity that was not understood until he began on the dinner.

The old passion for "home cooking" was so strong that he ate voraciously and long, to the amazement and delight of the hostess.

He complimented everything that was served, and asked himself the question, which has never yet been answered, "Why can't they do things this way in a restaurant?"

As he and his friend were chatting over the coffee he began to fumble around his saucer as if in search of something.

"What are you looking for?" asked the friend.

"The check."

Then he remembered where he was, and wished he could disappear through the floor. He says he will rehearse before he invades another private family.

A Child's Sleepless Hour.

Sometimes quite serious results follow the common habit of young children of throwing off their bedclothes at night. This is especially dangerous in cold weather, or when a child has a tendency to croup or sore throat. One of the best means of preventing the throwing off of the coverings is to make a large bag, as large as a meal bag, shaping armholes and narrowing it somewhat at the neck, and putting the child into the bag at night and fastening it securely around his neck. Make the bag out of an old blanket or some warm flannel. It will be large enough to allow sufficient freedom of movement and at the same time will prevent him kicking off the coverings.—American Queen.

Fruit Punch.

This punch is delicious and is nice to serve at teas. Sweeten the juice of six large lemons and three oranges. Put into a punch bowl with a small block of ice, add a few slices of orange, a few Malaga grapes, or preserved cherries, also enough raspberry or blueberry juice (from canned berries) to give a pretty color, as well as flavor. When time to serve pour over two quarts of some aerated table water. A large cluster of grapes is a pretty garniture. Do not open the aerated water until ready to use, as it loses its sparkle very soon.—Good Housekeeping.

Cake Filling of Nuts.

There are several good cake fillings made of nuts; for instance this, with almonds as a foundation: To two cupsful of ground or chopped almonds allow two ounces of melted sweetened chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of cream and a quarter of a teaspoonful of butter.—N. Y. Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Stenographer—"Did the baby sleep well last night?" Cashier—"I guess so. I did."—Kansas Journal.

Fell Out Again—"Tom!" I fell in love with her at first sight." Jack—"You did?" Tom—"Yes, and then I took a second look."—Sunbeam Journal.

The Lady—"Did anyone call while I was out?" The Maid—"No, ma'am." "That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an 'at home' day for."—Moonshine.

Wasn't Taking Chances.—Mrs. Kidder (at the theater): "Gracious! That villain smokes a lot of cigarettes." Mr. Kidder: "Oh! well, he don't care. He knows he's got to die in the third act, anyhow."—Detroit Free Press.

A Comment.—"Here's a painting only three feet square which sold for \$100," said the Louisville citizen. "The goodness gracious!" exclaimed a listener. "I'd paint the four sides of a two-story house for less than that!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Banks (kicking off the ashes with his little finger): "Yes; I smoke a good deal. A cigar is company for a fellow when he's lonesome." Rivers (raising the window): "You must have been hard up for companionship when you lit that one."—London Tri-Bite.

Beggar—"Say, boss, gimme a couple of cents for a night's lodging." Good-nature—"Surely you can't get a night's lodging for a couple of pennies." Beggar—"Well, gee whizz! you don't s'pose you're de whizz! you mark I'm goin' ter touch de you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Jones—"Charley fell from a street car last evening." Brown—"Oh, I'm awfully sorry." Jones—"But he wasn't hurt at all." Brown—"I wasn't thinking about Charley. I was thinking of the sufferings of those who would be told about that fall for months to come."—Boston Transcript.

MARKETING IN BRITANNY.

Picturesque Scenes of Farm Life Amid the Business Places of the Village.

There is a land where the peasants till the earth in Zouave trousers, torador jackets, covered with arabesque embroidery, and green waistcoats, around which runs a line of crimson. The women wear short, red skirts, great Medici collars, and coifs that flutter about their heads like the wings of doves. From beneath the points of their black caps the children gaze at you with wide eyes, full of the curiosity of animals.

These people live in houses built of sculptured granite, and sleep in openwork closets, carved like the monasteries of Egypt, writes the Artist Castagne, in Century.

In spite of the "Breton Interiors" and "Returns of the Fisherman," with which painters swamp the market, this race is still unknown—or misunderstood. For they should be seen, not in paintings, but in their homes, in their old-time streets, on market days, and when, in fair time, the tents are pitched in the village market places.

Pierly little horses draw to market fish, fine vegetables, and all the early produce of Roscoff. They are spread out upon the sidewalk. Chickens, cackles, goats bleat, pigs, tied by the leg, strain toward the vegetables, sniffing at the fresh greens.

Farmers, in sabots, carrying great blue umbrellas under their arms, with the two ribbons of their felt hats floating down their backs, pick their way among the Dinan china displayed on the ground—capacious soup-turens, cider jugs, and plates covered with painted flowers and grotesque figures.

The peasants converse with but few gestures; they bargain in guttural tones.

These taciturn people forget themselves in the bar-room on fair days. The taverns are full of noise. You may hear the sound of an accordion and the plaintive note of the binion (a sort of bagpipe), leading monotonous dances.

Into the harbor come boats laden with fish; other boats go out. The fishermen are full of business. Next week will occur the departure for the new country. There are women who weep.

Above all this agitation the smoke of the village chimneys mingles with the great white clouds. The quiet sea mirrors the sun.

Expert Hoarding.

A handwriting expert in Paris was attempting to identify the writing of a suspected murderer with that left behind by the criminal in the house of his victim. He produced the accused's official books and pointed out conclusively that the two hands were indubitably the same. "There," he seemed to say as he snipped his heated brow; "that shows what your real arm-patched Belleville-boilered expert can do when he tries." "Marvelous!" said the judge. "There is, indeed, but one flaw as far as I can see. The writing in these books is not that of the accused, but of his predecessor, and it was written several years before the crime was committed. You see my point?" The expert attempted a smile.—London Globe.

Stuporous Mathematician.

Once upon a time a woman entered a shoe store and asked the clerk in attendance for a pair of No. 4 shoes. "The clerk, who was wise in his business, looked at her foot and at once brought to her a pair of No. 6 shoes. "These are the size," he said, as he fitted the shoes to her feet.

"Yes," she answered, smiling with satisfaction, and a sale was made without any difficulty.

Moral—"Six into four won't go."—N. Y. Herald.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE ALPS.

Daring Feats of Camera Enthusiasts on the Summit of the Highest Peak.

Among the most daring feats attempted by modern photographers are those performed by the camera experts who carry their apparatus to the summit of the highest peaks of the Alps. The following incident is one of the many thrilling ones related by the writer of an article in Pearson's:

"We were somewhat troubled by the rising wind, which blew strongly across the crags, and our route lay up a striking-looking chimney on the exposed side of the ridge. The rest of the party decided to lower the writer over the overhanging wall of rock on our right to gain some ledges where a photograph could be taken of the ascent of the chimney. "Being lowered over an ordinary cliff in search of birds' nests with proper apparatus is a child's play compared with such a lowering as I endured that day. In the first place, an Alpine rope is too thin for such work, for one felt almost cut in half before the full strain came on the rope, and absolutely convinced that those above could not have sufficient hold to manipulate the rope in such a wind. However, the painful dangling was soon over, and a simple scramble up some broken rocks led to a capacious recess which would accommodate the camera."

PARROT AS DETECTIVE.

A Bright Bird That Knew Wines Added in the Discovery of Some Stolen Bottles.

This is a fact, says a correspondent of the Gentlewoman, though you may be inclined to feel skeptical. Some people I knew in the country had a fine cellar and a parrot of peculiar perspicacity. They taught him to know the different wines.

"Ah!" he would exclaim, as they moistened his beak with claret, "771" or, if a few drops of champagne, "99," "84," or "93," as the case might be. He never made a mistake as to the vintage.

At last my friends thought that the bird was getting uncanny. They quite longed to catch him napping, and one day to try and put him out they sent for a bottle of cheap port from the village grocer. The parrot slipped the port, and what did he exclaim but: "Best of all! 54!"

My friends tasted the wine. It was peculiarly good. To the village grocer they went, and demanded an explanation. The old man faltered and reddened, and on being pressed for the history of the wine, admitted that a butler recently discharged from the family had sold him a few bottles of 54 port from their cellars, and that the bottle in question was 54 port!

STRENGTH OF AN EGGSHELL.

An Experiment Shows That It Can Resist Great Pressure Within and Without.

An eggshell can withstand an internal pressure of 65 pounds per square inch and an external pressure of 675 pounds per square inch, according to experiments made by Albert E. Guy, reports the American Machinist.

The eggs were taken at random and the contents emptied by first boring a one-sixteenth-inch hole at each end.

The shells were tested in three ways—by pressure applied on the long axis, by internal pressure on the whole shell and by external pressure. As the eggshell is porous the difficulties met with in trying the last two tests were overcome by using an ordinary toy balloon of thin rubber.

For the internal test a one-sixteenth-inch tube, plugged at one end and with a hole drilled in the side, was inserted in the balloon. The balloon and tube were then put through holes carefully drilled in the ends and the balloon tightly tied outside the shell. The small tube was soldered to a pipe plug for connection with the pump.

For the external pressure test the eggshell was tied up inside the balloon.

THE STERILIZING AGE.

Door-Knobs, Hand-Rails and Other Lurking Places of Infection Must Be Scrubbed.

If the bacteriologists tell us we must scrub the mouthpieces of telephones once a day to get rid of dangerous bacilli, of course we must obey orders from such a source, remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. But why once a day only? The last user of the phone may have deposited disease germs in the mouthpiece. Is it not necessary to scrub after each user? Why take partial precautions? Why not be entirely safe?

Then there are the door-knobs—terrible lurking places of infection. Should we not have these scrubbed as soon as use has, possibly, made them deadly? And the straps and hand-rails of street cars—it is an old story that these are thick with bacterial colonies. If this fear of possible and impossible infection from invisible sources gets strong enough, we may get as scared as the Salemites in the days of witchcraft. At any rate, the mania promises to provide plenty of employment for those who are out of work, if not for everybody. If all the articles of daily use that need scrubbing, from the bacteriologist's point of view, are to be scrubbed, the world will get busier than it has ever been.

EARLIEST USES OF TOBACCO.

Introduced in Europe by a Franciscan Friar in 1494 in the Form of Snuff.

Tobacco was first used in Europe as a kind of rude antiseptic and preventive of infection, and in the West Indies, northern America and Africa the inhaling of the dried and powdered tobacco leaf was practiced long before the herb was known in Europe, according to a writer in the Detroit News-Tribune. The same is probably true of smoking. The use of tobacco was introduced into Europe by a Franciscan friar named Ramon Pare, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to the West Indies in 1494. He was sent ashore at Cuba in charge of an exploring expedition, and reported on his return that he had found the natives snuffing this powdered herb, which they did through a short, hollow cane. He introduced the practice into Europe, but it was not until 1560 that the plant was cultivated in Europe.

Jean Nicot, who had been British ambassador at Lisbon, began tobacco growing in France in that year, and through this circumstance the herb got its name nicotine. Snuff was first used as a relief from catarrh and stoppages of the nasal passages, and the first personage to make the use of it popular was the famous Catherine de Medici, and her son, Charles IV, also used it as a relief from chronic headache. The great Catherine's patronage caused snuff to be called "Herbe la Reine." It became enormously popular as a preventive in England after the great plague of 1660.

FARMERS IN CANADA.

Great Rush to the Northwestern Territory of the Dominion in Last Two Years.

The extent to which emigration from the United States to the north-west part of Canada has developed within the last lustrium is one of the most remarkable facts in the recent history of the dominion, says the London News. It is almost suggestive of gold "rush." Lord Burghley stated in the house of commons recently that last year the number of settlers from the states was 50,000; this year it was calculated at 200,000. This would indeed be startling if it were true. It would suggest an "outlaw" problem of vast proportions for Canada. But the facts, though striking, are not so startling as Lord Burghley indicated. The emigration began in 1897 with a modest total of 712. This handful of pioneers was followed the next year by 2,119, and since then there has been a steady increase, until the figures for the present year, so far as it has gone, stand at 24,100. We have heard much of the "American invasion" of England, but it has been the invasion of money and methods. The American invasion of Canada is a more serious affair. It is the invasion of men who will become voters and taxpayers, and who will permeate the country with American sentiment and American preferences. Perhaps the most significant feature of the matter is that there should be this great stream of immigration from the states. We have been so accustomed to regard that land as the land of the immigrant that we need to revise our impressions now that it is becoming the land of the emigrant also.

NEW ZEALAND AN IDEAL LAND

It is a Country from Which Pauperism Has Been Almost Entirely Eradicated.

"The best country I have seen in all my joggng about the world is New Zealand," said Mr. Arthur Malone, of London, visiting Washington, reports the Post. "It is true that the government is almost purely paternal, but it is such a benevolent paternalism, and the people seem to thrive under it so well that there is little room for hostile criticism. It is a country where pauperism has been practically abolished, and where every man who is desirous of a home can secure one. The government will not permit a monopoly of land, and those who had big tracts were forced to surrender them so that the poor could get farms. I do not mean to say that New Zealand is a paradise, or that its people are so far elevated above the rest of mankind that they are without the usual shortcomings of humanity, but altogether I consider that they have as nearly a perfect system of government as could be devised, and that nowhere on earth is the status of the individual better. If your American civil fields were in New Zealand a strike would be an impossibility, for they would be operated by the state, pro bono publico."

Look Out for This One!

The latest swindle is the offer by traveling salesmen of a so-called "resurrection plant," guaranteed to keep flies, roaches and other insects out of the house. They sell at 50 cents and less, if the agent is not able to get the price. It is a dear plant at any price, for it has no more virtue than a four-leaf clover.

Use of Blockhouses by Boers.

Many of the blockhouses built in South Africa by Kitchener's troops are now being used by the Boer farmers as residences pending the rehabilitation of their farms.

Great Britain's Crops.

The agricultural returns of Great Britain for 1932 show that the total under crops and grass was 32,357,765 acres—a decrease of 29,450 compared with 1931.