

### A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Up a certain crooked city street, through which I often pass, there is a narrow little window, set with tiny panes of glass. Where it seems to me the moments must in sweetness slip away, for a little candy-maker stands at work there every day. He wears a cap and apron which are picturesquely French. There are snowy flour and sugar scattered all about his bench. In fact, I almost fancy, seeing things so spick-and-span, that this little candy-maker is a little candy-man!

But how queer a candy man can be I never really knew. Till I happened to be passing when the mid-day whistle blew. And thought to stop and stare a bit could hardly be a crime. Just to see the kind of candy he would eat at luncheon-time.

Then the sight was so surprising that my vision seemed to fall. For from underneath his sugared bench he drew a dinner-pail. And, as if he didn't care at all for any sort of sweet, this candy-maker fell to eating bread and meat!

Now don't you think that such a taste was something very strange? Consider what a diet he could easily arrange. On solid things like taffy-balls, for instance, he could dine. For luncheon, candied violets—so delicate and fine! And on leaving in the evening, when the honeyed day had fled, he could take a box of creams to eat before he went to bed! I wonder, now, what you and I would like if, we were French, we molded candies all the day behind a sugared bench?

## A STRANGE CLEW

BY "The Captain."

When I was quite a young man I counted among my close friends a private detective. The two of us were enjoying a quiet smoke and chat in his cosy little office one day when the door opened and his boy ushered in a lady client. She was apparently under twenty and was quite fashionably attired. Her form was tall and slender, and her face exceedingly attractive; but it bore traces of some sudden and overwhelming affliction, for her eyes were red with weeping.

"Mr. Banks, the detective, I presume," she queried, turning, after a quick glance at me, toward my more mature companion.

"At your service, madam. Pray be seated."

"I am in sore trouble, sir," she said, in tremulous tones, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "Death has suddenly robbed me of a father, and the prison, if nothing worse, threatens to take a dear cousin from me."

"That is very sad," my friend said, sympathetically. "But compose yourself, my dear lady; we may yet avert the latter half of your trouble."

"Oh, sir! Heaven grant that you may, for my cousin, whom they suspect of the murder of my poor father, was to be my husband," she said, the seriousness of the case quite overcoming her natural modesty. "But he is innocent; I know it. I feel it, in spite of the evidence against him. Oh, believe me, sir, Harry is as innocent of this dreadful deed as I am!"

"My dear young lady," said Banks, encouragingly, "before hearing the first detail of your case, I am convinced that he is. My belief in feminine intuition is based upon the solid foundation of experience. Be calm, therefore, and let me have the story from the beginning."

The circumstances she related were as follows:

Her father, Thomas Kempton, was the proprietor of a large furniture factory. He was a man who paid strict attention to business, and was in the habit of remaining in his office after the factory had closed for the night and the men had departed, in order to finish up his large correspondence.

One of the clerks in his employ was a nephew, a fine young fellow, strong of body and generous of heart, but not free from the follies of youth. Harry Stanton was a graduate at college and a thorough athlete, and, being yet scarce twenty, he had not outgrown his youthful enthusiasm for sports, clubs and semi-incidental late suppers with the boys.

Now the old are not always so tolerant of the ways of the young as recollection should make them, and so it happened that the frequent transgressions of the uncle's office rules by the nephew caused between the two considerable friction. On the evening of the tragedy there had been quite a serious quarrel, and the young fellow had left the presence of his employer in hot-headed haste and with angry words.

One hour later, and half an hour after the factory was closed, Mr. Kempton was found dead in his private office. He was seated in his chair, his head falling forward on his desk before him. A clasp-knife had been used to accomplish the deed, and this lay on the floor in a pool of blood at the murder man's feet. On being cleansed and examined the fatal weapon was instantly recognized by the clerks as young Stanton's.

The safe had been rifled of its valuable contents, and there was evidence that the assassin, in making his exit through the general office, had stopped to open Stanton's desk and remove such things as the young fellow, in making a permanent departure, would be likely to take.

So much in substance had by interrogatory promptings been drawn from the girl, when Banks said:

"And now tell me what steps have been taken."

"Poor papa's head clerk has employed a detective—a Mr. Gregg—who, after looking into the case, started off in pursuit of my cousin, whom he believes to be the assassin."

"Um!" came from Banks, as he gazed into the fire. "Then young Stanton has disappeared?"

"Yes, 'tis all a strange combination of circumstances, and I trust, sir, you still believe him innocent."

"My dear young lady, a professional opinion based on the merits of the case would be rather premature. For the present you must draw what comfort you may from my faith in your intuitions. If you desire it, I shall proceed at once to the factory in order to secure some further data."

"Has this desk of Stanton's been

touched?" I inquired presently, pulling out the upper drawer.

"The contents had not been materially disturbed," responded the head clerk. "Detective Gregg simply noted the missing articles and the bloody finger marks on the paper where it had been lifted to get at some old letters Stanton used to leave lying round the bottom. The whole matter seemed so clear to him that he was here scarcely ten minutes before he started off in hot pursuit."

"Um!" said Banks in his peculiar way, and then he proceeded to go through the contents of the drawer. Being slightly acquainted with one of the clerks, I stepped up to him for a moment's conversation. When I returned to my friend's side he was pocketing a sheet of paper which he had been examining with his microscope. A quick glance at his face showed me that he had hit upon a promising clue.

"I think we have seen sufficient," he said immediately, and in a few minutes we were on our way back to town.

"Found something, Banks?"

"A mere trifle," he responded, "but mum's the word, my boy, even for you. A little spice of mystery, you know, will sharpen your interest."

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we again entered the factory office, Banks carrying a package about fifteen inches square.

"You will oblige me by gathering all the employees of the factory together in this office, Mr. Williams," said Banks, addressing the head clerk. "Let the outer doors be locked, and when the men are all in here see that the office door is securely fastened also. I wish to try a very interesting little experiment."

"I observe that you use a typewriter," he went on, after Mr. Williams had given orders to have the men called. "Will you kindly remove the ribbon or if you have an unused one, better still."

This being brought Banks proceeded to untie his package. Removing the outer wrapper, he laid bare a plain cardboard box, the cover of which he was on the point of lifting, when he looked up to see the eyes of all present gazing upon it with eager curiosity.

In five minutes the men—looking somewhat mystified—were all assembled, and everything ready for the next step.

"Now, men," he said, addressing the gathering, "as little more can be done in the matter of the murder until we hear from Detective Gregg, Mr. Williams here has kindly consented to allow me this favorable opportunity to put to the test a little theory which it is said that in China all holders of public offices, and especially soldiers, are known by their thumbmarks. The arrangement of the grooves and furrows on the skin, it is claimed, is alike in no two individuals. As each man's name is called he will please step forward, press his left thumb upon the typewriter ribbon, and then make an impression upon this strip of prepared glass."

Banks eyed each man keenly as he came up in answer to his name and did as requested.

"Now," said Banks, lifting the mysterious package, "I have here a small magic lantern through which I propose to put the slide bearing the impressions. It is now dark enough, I fancy, and—yes—the back of that large calendar yonder will serve excellently as a white surface. Oblige me, Mr. Williams, by turning its face to the wall. Thank you."

While speaking my friend had busied himself in preparing the lantern, so that matters moved absorbingly and without delay.

"To make the test a little more interesting," he continued, "I will first show you the thumb-mark of a gentleman whom I have a great desire to meet. We will compare the others with this one."

On the disc of light thrown upon the wall appeared a peculiar arrangement of lines, jagged, running and ending in the same place.

Presently Banks pushed the long slide in and stopped at number one. For a few seconds he allowed it to show out beside the first. It exhibited a conformation entirely different. He then superimposed them, and placed the figure on the moving slide directly over that on the stationary one. The result was a confused net-work of interwoven lines.

Quickly he hurried through the list, treating each in the same manner and allowing the dissimilarities to speak for themselves. Presently one of the thumb marks fitted so nicely over the

stationary one that not a single variation could be observed; there was no crossing of the lines, and no blur. I noticed a commotion in the back part of the room. Then came a yell from Banks.

"Seize him—John Trasker—the murderer! Don't let him escape, men!"

Before a hand could be raised to stay him John Trasker had plunged headforemost through the window and was flying with terror at his heels down the street.

Ere the doors could be opened and a hue and cry raised he had secured a long start. As it was only dusk outside, and there were few houses near the factory, he was still in view, however, and the men tore after him with cries of "Stop the murderer! Stop him!"

Presently a clatter of hoofs was heard and a horse and rider dashed past, then and gained rapidly upon the flying fugitive. Seeing he would be shortly overtaken if he kept the road, Trasker climbed a stone wall and dashed across a meadow.

With a leap the rider cleared the saddle; with a single bound he went over the wall, and almost before the other pursuers realized what was happening John Trasker was struggling to free his pinioned arms from the iron grasp of his muscular captor.

"Why, if it isn't Stanton!" cried Mr. Williams in surprise as he and the others came up.

Arriving at the factory, Trasker broke down and made a most abject confession. He had planned to remain behind that evening to rifle the open safe. Overhearing the quarrel between uncle and nephew, he saw how it might be used to his advantage. On his way through the general office he looked through Stanton's desk and secured his knife. Returning after the deed, to complete the evidence against the young fellow, he had left the incriminating thumb mark. As for Stanton, his story was very simple. He had returned to the premises last evening with a view of apologizing to his uncle, but, pride overcoming his good intention, he had gone away without entering. Shortly afterward, meeting a friend who lived some twenty miles from town, he had been tempted by the prospect of a day's shooting to accompany him home.

Three o'clock that afternoon, and just after they had got back from the woods, the first information of what had occurred reached him, and, borrowing his friend's mare, he started for the factory, with what result has already been made known.

Banks received a check and abundant thanks from his charming young client, and some fifteen months later an invitation to the wedding.—New York News.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Near Pontefract, France, lives a banker who has a museum of old doors. They are from old houses, castles or abbeys, that have some historic interest.

South Africa is to enter the paper-making world, it having been found that a kind of grass which grows there makes an excellent grade of paper. British manufacturers are already putting up mills there.

The South American negroes have a queer way of decorating the graves of their dead friends. It is the custom down there to make a border around the grave of the medicine bottles used during the dead one's last illness.

A blind man named Green made a curious defence at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate-glass window worth £15. He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question, he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding a waste ground. He was astounded when he heard the sound of broken glass. The jury acquitted him and he was discharged.

Three of the five women on the Revolutionary war pension roll are New Englanders. They are Hannah Newell Barrett of Boston, Mass., aged 103, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Noah Harrod, who served two years as private with the Massachusetts line; Esther S. Damon of Plymouth, Vt., eighty-nine, pensioned as the widow of Noah Damon, who served in the Massachusetts line from April, 1775, to May, 1780; and Rhoda Augusta Thompson of Woodbury, Ct., aged eighty-two, pensioned by special act as the daughter of Thaddeus Thompson, who served six years as private in Col. John Lam's New York regiment.

An engineer named Knorr, a German who has become a naturalized Russian, built four of the great bridges on the Trans-Siberian Railway including the big Yenisei and Obi bridges, which cost, respectively, \$2,350,000 and \$2,000,000. They were great engineering feats, and brought him international fame in his profession. But he was pursued by a curious fatality. A writer in "The A. T." says: He had five daughters, who were famous in Russia for their beauty, and whom he loved dearly. Just after his first bridge was completed one of them died; and as each of his three succeeding bridges was built, another died. He would not build a fifth bridge.

### In Chicago.

"Why do those men look so much alarmed?"

"They have just read in their morning papers that the woman who had five husbands is free again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Abstainers and Insurance

### A Prohibitionist Leader on Life Insurance Premiums.

By I. K. Funk.

It is true—It seems now after years of battling a recognized fact—that total abstainers as a class are longer lived by from 20 to 30 percent than are moderate drinkers, "square deal, no more, no less," as Roosevelt would put it, entitles them to a cheaper rate of insurance.

Several years ago a petition was sent to a leading New York life insurance company requesting the organization of a total abstinence class which would secure to total abstainers the increased profits which accrue from their habits of self-denial. Before submitting the petition, I had it signed by Abram Hewitt, Senator Frye, John Wanamaker, Booker T. Washington, Senator Tillman and other prominent Americans. The request was granted. This was a distinct advance, but it does not go far enough.

Is it not wholly reasonable to ask that the expert actuaries of our best insurance companies figure out carefully from the now recognized facts the average rate of longevity of total abstainers and adjust premiums accordingly? I understand that this change is being agitated by leading insurance companies, but that it is opposed in certain directions, largely because it will necessitate an increase in insurance rates for moderate drinkers. If that is the mathematical and logical result, the moderate drinker should have the courage of his habit and take his medicine like a man. He surely would not ask others to help foot his liquor bill.

Rufus Choate once said that justice deems worthy of careful notice even the trepidation of the balance, but this is a case where one side of the balance well-nigh kicks the beam. It is not a rare thing to find men today who can be counted on to do the right thing in the teeth of opposition, even when their bread depends on their popularity; luckily in this case longheaded selfishness and right doing are on the same side. Conscience is also contagious, and few things will make more money for insurance companies than the successful encouragement to the general conscience to add a cubit or two to its growth.

## The Passing of the Chinese

### How Nature is Solving the Problem of the "Yellow Peril."

By W. S. Harwood.

HE prediction is that in fifty years—perhaps less than fifty, if the present laws remain in effect and are rigidly executed—the Chinese population of the United States will become practically extinct. From 1890 to 1900, they fell away from 126,778 to 119,550, a decrease of nearly eight thousand, or more than six percent. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, more than four thousand voluntarily left the port of San Francisco for the land of their birth, the total deported and returning voluntarily being 6020. A very large majority of these Chinamen were advanced in years, and went home to die.

A generation ago, there were in San Francisco from thirty to forty thousand Chinamen. The Chinese consul-general there told me that, counting men, women, and children, there are now not 10,000. The same proportionate decrease is seen in other places. It should be borne in mind that the total number of Chinese now in the United States includes 26,707 in Hawaii and 3116 in Alaska, so that, at the beginning of this decennial period, there were living in the United States proper only 89,000. A generation ago, there were at least 150,000.

According to the most liberal estimate, there are not more than one hundred and fifty legal Chinese wives in San Francisco. But the number of Chinese women is estimated at between one thousand and two thousand. Of such female children as are born to the lowest class, a large proportion are sold for immoral purposes by their parents, thus still further reducing the possibilities of an increased population.

The main adult population is male; is unmarried, or, at least, wifeless in America; and is rapidly approaching old age. Thus by 1930 or 1940, the main Chinese life in America will have become extinct.—World's Work.

## Trades Unions in Japan

By the Late Lafcadio Hearn.

LET us suppose, for instance, that you wish to have a good house built. As a general rule you will apply to a master carpenter. You cannot select and hire workmen; guild regulations forbid. You can only make your contract, and the master carpenter, when his plans have been approved, will undertake all the rest—purchase and transport of material; hire of carpenters, plasterers, tilers, matmakers, screenfitters, brass-workers, stonecutters, locksmiths and glaziers. For each master carpenter represents much more than his own craft guild. He has his clients in every trade related to house-building and house-furnishing, and you must not dream of trying to interfere with his claims and privileges.

He builds your home according to contract, but that is only the beginning of the relation. You have really made with him an agreement which you must not break, without good and sufficient reason, for the rest of your life. Whatever afterward may happen to any part of your house—wall, floor, ceiling, roof, foundation—you must arrange for repairs with him, never with anybody else.

Should the roof leak, for instance, you must not send for the nearest tiler or tinsmith; if the plaster cracks, you must not send for a plasterer.

The man who built your house holds himself responsible for its condition, and he is jealous of that responsibility. None but he has the right to send for the plasterer, the roofer, the tinsmith.—From "Japan; An Attempt at Interpretation."

## Live Up to Your Name

By S. M. Crothers.

NOT only do a man's friends, but particularly his enemies, insist that he shall live up to his name. It is a wholesome discipline. In a new country two or three houses set down in a howling wilderness are denominated a city. It is a mere name at first, but if all goes well, other metropolitan features are added in due time. I remember a most interesting visit which I once made to a university in a new commonwealth. The university consisted of a board of regents, an unfenced bit of prairie for a "campus," a president (who was also professor of the arts and sciences), a janitor, and two unfinished buildings. A number of the village children took courses, which, if persisted in for a number of years, might lead to what is usually termed the higher education. One student from out of town dwelt in solitary state in the dormitory. The president met me with great cordiality, and after showing me "the plant," introduced me to the student. It was evident that they were on terms of great intimacy, and that discipline in the university was an easy matter, owing to the fact that the student body was homogeneous.

Now it would be easy for one under such circumstances to laugh at what seemed mere pretentiousness. "It was nothing more than a small school; why not call it that and be done with it?" The reason for not doing so was that it aimed at being a university. Its name was a declaration of purpose. "Disperse not the day of small things." The small things may be very real things; and then they have a trick of growing big before you know it.—Atlantic.

### "EYES AND SEE NOT."

#### Simple Affairs of Everyday Life That Pass Us By.

How many buttons have you on your waistcoat? This is no "catch," just a simple question, but if you can answer it without counting, it will show, says Pearson's Weekly, that you possess powers of perception above the average. It is a fact that nine men out of ten cannot tell off-hand how many buttons there are on the garment which they put on every morning and take off every evening. This exemplifies how many persons fail to cultivate their powers of observation. One could multiply such instances to almost any extent. It is safe to tell almost any man, except an architect, that he does not know how many steps there are in any particular flight in his own house, even though he has climbed those stairs thousands of times.

It is not that man has not the faculty of remembering such things. That he does possess this is shown by the feats of memory each performs daily in his or her special line of occupation.

A cook will carry in her head hundreds of different recipes, a shipping clerk hundreds of addresses, a shepherd can recognize an individual sheep out of a flock of several hundred. The mischief is that so few persons train their observation outside their own particular lines. Perhaps nowhere is this better exemplified than in courts of law.

In a recent murder case a man suspected of the crime was seen by three different persons. One, a laborer, said that the individual was rather short and stout, had a beard and mustache, and wore a dark suit of clothes and a derby hat. A second witness, a woman, declared that the man was above medium height, had a black beard and whiskers, but no mustache, and wore a cap. Of his clothes she was not sure, but thought they were light in color.

The third witness, another laborer, was positive that the man was short, thin, elderly, had a gray beard and mustache, and wore a brown coat and corduroy trousers. Luckily for the cause of justice it turned out that the "suspect" was innocent—for it would have been a pretty hard matter to identify him by such descriptions, to the satisfaction of a jury.

With a view to throwing light on this subject of the conflict of evidence, an interesting experiment was recently tried at Berlin by Professor Von Liszt. He arranged a quarrel in his classroom between two of his students, the other twenty-three students to have no suspicion that the event was "gotten up."

At the time appointed the quarrel took place, amid tremendous excitement. The professor finally put a stop to it. A week later he lectured on "Evidence," having in the meantime taken the testimony of those who had witnessed the made-up quarrel.

Out of these twenty-three well-educated young men the testimony of no two was exactly alike. No fewer than eight different persons were named as the originator of the fight in which, actually, but two had been concerned.

The actual firing of a pistol was accurately described by nearly all, but there were four separate versions of the period of the quarrel at which it was fired. The professor's way of quelling the disturbance was described in eight different versions.

"You are like most persons," Professor Von Liszt told his students, after reporting the result of this inquiry. "You look but you do not see. It is not wilful perjurers who impede the course of justice—such persons are few—but careless people like yourselves, who have not trained the eye to report to the brain."

### The Longest Span Bridge.

There is now under construction across the St. Lawrence at Quebec a cantilever bridge when completed will contain the longest span of any bridge yet erected, not even excluding the great cantilevers of the Forth Bridge in Scotland. The structure is of the cantilever type, and consists of two approach spans, of 210 feet each, two shore arms, each 500 feet in length, and a great central span, 1800 feet in length. The total length of the bridge is 4220 feet, and although in extreme dimensions it does not compare with the Forth of Scotland, which is about one mile in total length, it has the distinction of having the longest span in the world by ninety feet, the two cantilevers of the Forth Bridge being each 1710 feet in length. The total width of the floor is eighty feet, and provision is made for a double track railway, two roadways for vehicles, and two sidewalks. In a cantilever of this magnitude the individual members are necessarily of huge proportions, the main posts, for instance, being 325 feet in length, and each weighing 750 tons.—Scientific American.

### Things Wrongly Named.

Titmouse is a bird.  
Catgut is a sheepgut.  
Sealing-wax has no wax.  
Blind worms have eyes and can see.  
Irish stew is unknown in Ireland.  
Rice paper is not made of rice or the rice plant.  
Kid gloves are not made of kid.  
German silver is not silver, nor of German manufacture, it having been made in China for centuries.—Chicago Post.

With the withdrawal of the training ships Northampton and Cleopatra from the active list, the other day, the last shred of canvas disappeared from the British Navy.

A new use of vanadium is announced in a forthcoming invention by Wilhelm von Siemens. It concerns a vanadium glow lamp.