THE CASE-BOOK OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Inside History of the Methods Employed in Criminal Investigation, Embracing True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

BY DAVID CORNELL

2—A Matter of Intuition

HOW THE BRUNDAGE NOVELTY COMPANY ROBBERY WAS UNCOVERED

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(Editor's Note:—In order that no annoyance may accrue through the publication of these narratives to persons involved therein, other names and places have in many instances been substituted for the real ones.)

At one time in the history of detective work, possibly, the sole function of the detective was to detect crime and criminals. This still is the function for which official detectives, those employed by city, state or nation, exist. But in this day of hectic business competition there has grown to startling proportions another use for the private detective agency; and the ways and means in which the public is learning to use and misuse the service which any detective agency places at their beck and call for $8 a day, often have little or nothing in common with the original purposes of the detective's profession.

Probably one half the business that comes to the private detective agency is "business," instead of crime. Firms hire private detectives to spy on a competitor; employers hire them to look up the conduct of employes after business hours. There are private detective agencies so unscrupulous that you can engage their operatives for almost any service, no matter how low. Then, again, there is the Burns Agency, of which I was an operative, which will not touch a piece of business that is not obviously and absolutely square. But even pursuing this policy, without wavering, they are at times led into wierd and wonderful paths of business mazes; and the work often is no less thrilling than the pursuit of vicious criminals.

The Brundage Novelty Company case was one of the most interesting jobs of any kind that I ever tackled.

On the first of September, 1910, our agency received a telephone call from the Knickerbocker Hotel. The call was: "Please pick out a man whom you know you can trust in every way and send him up here to room L 98."

The caller refused to give his name or to mention the purpose for which he wanted a detective.

"I'll explain all that satisfactorily to you after I have seen whether you have a man whom I consider capable of handling my business," was his answer to the office manager's request for more information.

"That's a queer one," muttered the manager, and he took the call in to the chief.

"Better send Cornell up there to see what it is," said the chief. "We won't touch it if it doesn't look good."

I at once took the subway to Times Square, and a few minutes later I knocked at room L 98. The door was opened by an old man of patriarchal appearance, one in whom the dreamer and the man of efficiency seemed strangely combined. He peered at me for possibly 30 seconds through the six inches of opening he had made.

"Come in," he said. After he had shut and locked the door he added: "You're from the Burn's Agency, of course. Sit down."

I sat. The old man stood before me with his hands on his hips. Usually it is the detective who stands and scrutinizes and analyzes his client, but in this case the usual order was reversed.

"How old are you?" said the old man presently.

"Thirty-six," I replied.

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Three."

"Got a picture of your wife or any of the children with you?"

I looked at him and began to smile. "Now look here, sir," I said; "so far as I understand it, you sent for a detective—"

"Young man," said he, holding up his hand in great dignity, "do not be impatient, please. Please answer my questions. Call it humoring an old man, if you will. There is a reason. Now, again; have you a picture of your wife or children with you? Do you carry one?"

More out of curiosity to see what he was driving at than anything else, I replied that I did carry such a picture, and opening my watch showed him the tiny picture of my little family that was pasted on the inside of the case.

"Good," said he. "Do you carry any life insurance?"

"You old shark!" I said, laughing. "So that's what you got me up here for? Well, that's certainly a new dodge for an insurance agent."

"Young man, young man—don't, please;" said he. "Answer my question, if you please."

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Good!" Then he drew a chair up before me, and sat down, rubbing his hands.

"I must have a decent man, a fairly good man, a man I can believe in to handle this business," said he. "That is why I asked those apparently aimless questions. A married man is more dependable than a single one; a man who thinks a lot of his family is most dependable of all—for my purpose. And a man who thinks a lot of his family will often carry a picture around with him, and carry life insurance for their benefit. Now do you understand me? That is my way of finding out if I want to trust a man."

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I believe I have been fortunate enough to find such a man at my first try. I believe I can trust you. My name is Ezra Brundage."

At first the name conveyed nothing to me.

"Inventor of the Brundage novelties," he continued, "and president of the Brundage Novelty Company, of Hoboken."

I placed him, then; I had seen his photograph in the advertisements of the Brundage novelties.

"What is it that you want me to do, Mr. Brundage?" I asked.

"I want you," said he, "to satisfy me that the Brundage Novelty Company is not being robbed."

Then he went on to explain. It seems that he had no definite reason for being suspicious. He said it was only his intuition that told him all was not right in the company. He said that a sense of wrong-doing on the part of someone in the office had impressed him several weeks before; that the impression had grown until he had begun to investigate, and though he could find no signs, he now was fully convinced that the company—and therefore himself—was being robbed.

"Intuition entirely, Mr. Cornell," he said. "But all my life I have listened to my intuition, even in my business dealings, and I find that it guards me better than anything else I know."

"Whom do you suspect?" I said bluntly.

"Mr. Cornell, I am in partnership with a young man named Gerber."

"And he's the man, is he?"

He bowed. "I am afraid so, though I dislike to say it. Mr. Gerber is a young man, and hitherto I have thought him the soul of honor—one whom it was a privilege and pleasure to associate with."

"And how do you think he's getting away with the loot?"

He thought it over for a few seconds and said slowly: "I do not know. That is what I what you to find out. He is our treasurer, and so has charge of all the finances of the firm."

"Well," said I, "are there any details you can give me? Any pointers?"

"None," he said. "But I have this suggestion to make; that you go to work in our office as a clerk where you will have opportunities for close observation."

"To watch you partner, Gerber?"

"To watch Mr. Gerber. I place the case in your hands; watch Mr. Gerber."

Back to the office I went to report to the chief.

"I thought you would find sort of a queer bird from the way he phoned," said the chief. "But business is business; he's retained us for the job, and your job is to watch Gerber. However, don't be so slow as to merely follow his suggestion about going to work in the office. Beat the old man to it; look up Gerber—after hours. You'll get more there, probably, than you would in the office."

Under these instructions I went over to Hoboken at once with another man to get a "spot" on Gerber, who was unknown to me. "Getting a spot" on a man in detective parlance signifies this process: one detective enters an office or place of business and asks for the man that is wanted. Meeting him, he makes some excuse and gets away. At the door of the place he waits for the man to come out. Across the street is another detective. When the man who is to be shadowed comes out the first detective signals to the man across the street in some unobtrusive way, and drops out. In this case Cluffer, the man who went with me, entered the offices of the Brundage Novelty Company and asked for Mr. Gerber. Having met him Cluffer merely applied for a position—and was turned down. When Gerber came out at 5 in the afternoon Cluffer, standing near the office entrance, took a paper from his pocket and began to read it—the signal we had agreed upon. Then Cluffer went back to New York, and I, whom Gerber had never seen, took up the trail. In this way all chance for suspicion on the part of the subject is eliminated.

For the next three days we "took him up in the morning and put him to bed at night." That is, from the moment when he left his house in the morning to when he retired for the night, Gerber never was out of sight of a detective.

By day, in the office, I had him under my eye, having gone to work there as a clerk. Outside of the office another man from the agency watched him, no matter where he went. Gerber didn't have a chance to make a move that wasn't reported on.

But nothing developed in this time, and I went to the chief and reported my belief that old Brundage was half cracked and that his suspicion was nothing more or less than a hallucination, a brainstorm, to put in bluntly.

"Well, don't let that worry you," said the good natured chief. "Brundage is paying the bill. He's good for it, and there's nothing more important on hand for you just at present. And, say, Cornell, don't you fool yourself too much about that old fellow having a brainstorm. He's a pretty wise old bird. Any man who can invent the scores of little things that he's put on the market, and run a successful business at the same time, is no fool, let me tell you. The thing may develop into a freak case, but believe me, old Brundage has some real reason for incurring our bill."

The fifth day of the case a roughly dressed young man came in to see Gerber. Gerber took him into his private office and closed the door, so it was impossible for me to see or hear what went on between them. But the fact that such secrecy had been observed put me on my guard, and when the young fellow came out I managed to have something to do that brought me near to him. It seems ridiculous, possibly to the layman, to mention as the starting point in an exciting case a whiff of an odor, but such was the real starting point of the Brundage Novelty Company case from my standpoint.

I caught the odor of gasoline from this young man as he swept out of Gerber's private office.

Of course the thing meant nothing at the time. It suggested nothing. The only situation opened by it was this: Gerber had some dealings of a private nature with a young man who smelled of gasolene.

At the same time, it opened up another possible clue for us to work on, for in our previous investigation we had not found Gerber in any dealings with anybody who smelled of gasolene or who might have occasion to use that fluid. As our task was to investigate all angles of Gerber's career, with a view to finding something to substantiate old Brundage's indefinite suspicions, the young man with the gasolene odor promptly became an interesting factor.

Across the street was one of our men, waiting. When the gasolene man left the building I gave Dawson the signal to follow him. My man picked up the trail like a hound, and well satisfied that the mysterious young man would be followed to his destination, I turned back to my pretended occupation.

Mind, all this work was being done without any sane or definite reason for doing it. We didn't know whether Gerber was guilty of anything, or if he was guilty, of what it might be. We were working for Brundage, who had a suspicion, and so long as he paid the bill, and we had nothing more important to do, we would continue on the job.

I suggested to Mr. Brundage that he examine the books of the company for indications of anything wrong.

"I had thought of that long ago," said he. "But Mr. Gerber has all the books in his personal charge. He locks them up every evening. To secure them for an investigation it would be necessary to make a demand upon Mr. Gerber, and this naturally would arouse his suspicion. No. We will go on as we have begun. I am satisfied. If anything is wrong it will be shown, for Mr. Gerber is not permitted to remove the books from this office."

That evening I got Dawson's report on the young man who had been in to see Gerber.

"He's the engineer of a fifty foot gasolene launch, the Nadine, that is lying in the Hudson opposite Forty-second street," Dawson reported. "The boat's owner is said to be a Mr. Russel."

"Said to be?"

"Yes; because I hung around and wormed out a description of this 'Russel' from a lot of fellows hanging around the docks, and he comes pretty close to looking like Mr. Gerber, if these fellows were right."

Still, this meant nothing so far as any case was concerned. But when I made enquiries about the office to find out if Gerber went in for motorboating, and found he had expressed himself as having an aversion to the water, the thing began to look as if there might be something in it. If the boat, The Nadine, belonged to Gerber, he was keeping it a secret, and if he had secrets they might be connected with Brundage's suspicions of something wrong in the firm.

Strange to say, as I continued to watch Gerber, I too, began to acquire a suspicious feeling toward him, just as the senior partner had done. There was no tangible reason why this should be so. His actions apparently were what they should be. But there was something wrong with the man. That is as well as I am able to explain it. He wasn't "right." I have felt this intuition—or "hunch," in detective parlance—several times in my career; and the experiences have convinced me that the detection of crime could be made an exact psychological science, that each and every guilty person carries about him certain signs—or possibly an aura—which distinguishes him from the normal being. For guilt of a crime of any sort, after all, is an abnormality.

Gerber, in his office, and in his life after business hours, apparently went along as an honest man in his position should. But the more I studied him the more I began to agree with Brundage that it was time he was investigated.

I put Dawson to work on the young engineer. Dawson rented a little motor boat, got permission to tie it up beside the fifty-footer in the young man's charge, and began to overhaul his engine, as if preparing for a cruise. This gave him an opportunity to borrow wrenches and oils from the larger boat, to buy drinks and cigars to pay for the favors, and so to strike up a close acquaintance with the man he was after.

Had that young man been strictly temperate it is doubtful if the Brundage Novelty Company case ever would have become a credit to the Burns Agency. Dawson plied him steadily with liquid refreshment in the saloons along the water front, and the young man began to talk about his employer.

"He's a queer crab," said the engineer. "He makes me keep this boat in running order day and night—makes me stay by it ready to repaint it at a minute's notice. Now what in the devil would a man want to have his boat repainted so suddenly for?"

"I couldn't guess," said Dawson.

"Then again," went on the intemperate engineer, "his name is Gerber and he makes me tell everybody that the boat is owned by a chap named Russel. Now, what would he be doing that for? I—"

He shut up suddenly then, realizing in drunken fashion that he had gone too far.

After Dawson had made this report he went off the case, being called in to the New York office. For the next week, or until September 25th, I worked on Gerber in every way I knew how, without finding a thing. On the 25th he failed to show up at the office. A telephone call to his house elicited the fact that he had left at about midnight and had not returned.

I had a hunch on the instant, and calling a taxi drove to the place where the Nadine had been docked. The slip was empty, the boat was gone. From men around the docks I found that the boat had disappeared in the night without being seen, that nobody had known it was going, and that nobody knew where it had gone.

I went back to the office and told Brundage all I knew.

"Hm!" said he, and together we went to the safe. Brundage tried to open it, he and Gerber having had the combination together. He failed. For half an hour he tried, and then he gave up and telephoned for an expert from the safe company.

When the safe finally was opened the books were placed at once in the hands of an expert accountant. He found the discrepancy within half an hour.

"It is one of the clumsiest cases of juggling I ever saw," he said. "As near as I can tell on this short examination, the cash is $15,000 short. Apparently it has been short for a long time, because I see that the juggling of figures has been going on for months."

"Hm," said Brundage. "For months, eh? I was slow, Mr. Cornell, your task is simplified now; you have only to find Mr Gerber."

Yes, that was all, but that was plenty. Here is how we laid down our theory of the situation: Gerber had gone away in the Nadine. He had probably had the boat repainted, renamed, and otherwise altered before leaving. He had left no sign of his route or destination. Our task was to comb the Hudson river up and down and pick out Gerber in his probably altered boat.

Dawson came over on the jump from the office.

"I sized the Nadine up carefully," said he. "I think I will know her even under a different name and different paint."

"Get the fastest boat for hire on the river," said Brundage. "Follow him and bring him back."

We got the Puritan, a semi-racer with a small cabin. Two hours after the discrepancy in Gerber's books had been found, Dawson and I were chugchugging up the Jersey side of the Hudson 20 miles an hour, with our eyes on the lookout for a launch that might be the Nadine. At the same time we notified all police chiefs of the towns along the river to be on the lookout for such a boat and for Gerber and his engineer. Four days of this sort of work, coupled with the efforts of the various police departments, showed us that no boat of this description was on the Hudson. The Nadine had disappeared.

I went back to the slip in Hoboken and began to work among the hangers-on along the docks. The Nadine had been under their eyes constantly, and finally one of them let drop the remark that put me on the scent.

"Wherever she went, she didn't go far," said this man. "They didn't have gasolene in her enough to run five miles, and there was no chance to get any when they slipped out at night."

If this was true the Nadine must have put in at some nearby dock to purchase gasolene if she intended to make a long trip. So far as we could find, she had not done this. There was a chance that the boat still was in the vicinity.

Working on this chance we began to search the nearby boatyards. On the second day we found her. She was up high and dry, having her keel repaired, under the name of the Gull.

But for the waterman who had observed the depletion of her fuel supply the boat might have lain there till it rotted before we noticed it, for the work of disguising her had been well done, and a boat on the blocks in dry-dock is of different appearance than a boat in the water.

I was forced to smile in admiration of Gerber when I found the Nadine. He had fooled us, and fooled us artistically. We had thought it a certain thing that he had flown away up or down the river. He had worked artistically to this end. But he had done nothing of the sort. All he had done—as I discovered when I located the engineer—was to telephone the latter to take the Nadine out at night and lay her up for repairs in the boatyard. Then he, Gerber, had flitted otherwhere, leaving us to chase away on his false, watery tracks. It was well done. It was better done than most crooked pieces of work. But like all crooks he had not stopped to consider the absolute certainty of being caught when there is plenty of money willing to be spent to effect a capture.

"Get him," directed Brundage. "I don't care how high the bills run; get that man."

After that it was only a question of time.

How is the net woven with such certainty around the hiding criminal? In Gerber's case, ten days after his defalcation was discovered, 10,000 circulars, containing his description and history and two cuts of him, were in the hands of as many trained men in all parts of the country. A thousand men, in all the large ports of the world, had these circulars three weeks later.

Gerber was not caught, however, until after three months had elapsed. Then one of his intimate friends—whom I was watching as the first person Gerber would be likely to communicate with—received a letter postmarked New Orleans, and addressed in a disguised hand. I had possession of the letter before the friend ever saw it—through a secret arrangement with the postal authorities. I opened it—and it was from Gerber. Copying the letter, word by word, I sealed it again, and sent it along to its destination. But before he ever received the letter I was on my way to New Orleans. I went straight to the general delivery window at the post office and waited. Gerber had directed his mail to be sent there. I got him that night. He came in with his hat over his eyes, and asked for a letter. When he turned away from the window I was standing before him.

"When he turned away from the window I was standing before him."

"Hello, Gerber," I said, "I came down to bring you back to Hoboken."

He stood dumb for ten seconds. Then he blurted: "How in——did you ever do it? Haven't been out of my room in daylight since I came here."

"Oh, well," I said, "you come back like a nice boy and I'll tell you all about it on the train."

Brundage didn't prosecute Gerber. He said, "Fifteen thousand dollars is a big sum to lose. But it would be harder for me had I lost faith in my sense of intuition."

$25 BONUS FOR EACH AUSTRALIAN BABE

Government's Proposed Bill Arouses Storm of Protest in Commonwealth

Labor Party Accused of Fostering Proposition to Add to Tax Burdens

Sydney, Aug. 11.—Australia is in a ferment over the federal taxation proposals, not only because of the terrific increase in the amount of the tolls, but because of the moral effect of the proposition. Tacked on to a bill providing pensions to children until they are more than fifteen years of age is a clause providing for a bonus of 5 pounds for every child born in Australia, and the parentage will not be inquired into.

Australia is gravely desirous of increasing its population and especially its native stock. Immigration, except of the very highest sort, is not encouraged, but this effort, which will be made by the federal authorities at the sessio nof the parliament reecntly convened, has brought a storm of protest from all sources.

All sorts of charges are being made against the government and against the interests which are seen behind the move to grant a pension to the children and a bonus for all children born, irrespective of their birth.

Telegrams are being published by the Sydney Herald from Melbourne, where the centre of opposition is, that the bonus for babies is a cunningly devised scheme of the militant suffragettes to get votes for women in the Commonwealth.

Labor Party is Accused.

Others charge the labor party with responsibility for the proposals, and this accusation has started all over again the fight against the organization's pension policy—termed "poisonous pension policy" by its enemies.

From all sides the cry is raized that such a bill if it became a law would be unconstitutional.

The Victorian premier has issued a statement that the federal taxation proposals will levy 8 pounds a head of the population after the pension bill for children is passed. There will be a bitter fight in parliament over these proposals, but the government and the labor party are strongest and there seems no doubt they will have their way.

The papers are publishing cartoons likening the opening of parliament to the Republican convention in Chicago, accounts of which were cabled here, telling of the discord between the president and the man who is seeking another term.

Conditions of population have been worrying Australian government officials for some time and they have taken steps to encourage the proper kind of citizens to come from other countries. This has failed to bring in the numbers desired and recourse is now taken in the act of the federal parliament by the bonus for children.

No provisions have been made so far for the pensioning of the mothers of the children, and owing to the peculiar wrding of the proposed law in not putting any restrictions on the birth of a baby scores of children yet to be born seem likely to be the storm centres, with five pounds as the goal.

Hospitals to Claim Bonus.

Reports have already come from some of the public and charity hospitals that they will claim the bonus as a recompense for their trouble.

In many communities the residents are not in a position to stand the added assessment, which these pensions will mean, owing to their bad investment several years ago in wildcat mining schemes. Bitter at the loss of that money, and still more so at the government session, they are beginning to apply that word "wildcat" to the pension bills.

If the government insists on putting its pension schemes through, the opposition in parliament will retaliate by a campaign for greater federal control of corporations, declaring that if the federal inspectors had more power over companies the public would not lose so much of its money so often.

SIR RICHARD M'BRIDE TO OPEN THE IRRIGATION CONVENTION

Program of the W. C. Irrigation Convention Which Begins Today at Kelowna

Kelowna, Aug. 10.—The programme for the Sixth Annual convention of the Western Canada Irrigation association, to be held here August 13-16, it has been announced will be as follows:

Tuesday, Aug. 13.—Evening, 8 o'clock Formal opening by Hon. W. R. Ross, president of the association. Addresses by Sir Richard McBride, Mayor Jones, Hon. Price Ellison, Minister of Finance and Agriculture, B.C.; Mr. J. S. Dennis, vice-president of the association; Mr. R. H. Campbell, Director of Forestry, Department of the Interior, Ottawa. The president's report will also be presented.

Wednesday, Aug. 14.—Morning, 9.30: Election of committees on resolutions and credentials, at 10 a.m. secretary's report, and at 11 a.m. general business.

Afternoon, 2.30—Mr. E. McQueen Gray, Foreign Secretary National Irrigation Congress, Albuquerque, New Mexico, will speak on "Foreign Government Reclmation." At 3.30 Prof. Atkinson, Montana Agricultural College, Bozeman, Montana, will speak on "The Irrigation of Alfalfa." At 4.30 Mr. A. E. Ashcroft, C.E., Engineer C. N. R., Vernon, will address the meeting on "Public Ownership of Irrigation Systems."

Evening, 8: Moving pictures of irrigation schemes. 8.20, illustrated lecture by Dr. Samuel Fortier, Chief of Irrigation Investigations, U. S. A. 9.15: Mr. R. D. Prittie, Superintendent of Forestry, Calgary, will speak on "Irrigation as applied to Forestry.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Morning, 9 a.m.: Motor excursion through Glenmore, Ellison, Rutland and Black Mountain; lunch at Eight-mile Creek, provided by local irrigation companies.

Afternoon, 3.—Professor C. I. Lewis, State Agricultural College, Oregon, will speak on "The Relation of Irrigation to Fruit Growing." 4; Mr. Wm. Pearce, former president of the association, will speak on "Irrigation and Forestry as Practiced in Foreign Countries." 5: Mr. F. H. Peters, Dominion Commissioner of Irrigation, Calgary, will speak on "The Proper Duty of Water in Western Canada."

Evening, 8: Mr. M. L. Dean, State Horticulturist, Missoula, Montana, will speak on "Apple Culture and the Baldwin Spot." 9: Mr. P. H. Moore, Superintendent Government Experimental Farm, Agassiz, B.C., will speak on "Stock and Dairying, With Special Relation to Irrigation Farming." 9.30: Mr. R. M. Winslow, Provincial Horticulturist, B.C., will sepak on "Some Climatic Conditions Influencing the Duty of Water in British Columbia.

Friday, Aug. 16.—At 9 a.m.: Election of officers will take place and arrangements made for next year's convention. At 10 a.m.: Motor excursion to Kelowna Land & Orchard Co., South Kelowna Land Co., and Okanagan Mission. At 12.30 p.m. the party will leave Okanagan Mission by boat for Penticton, where arrangements have been made for a motor trip and a banquet in the evening at the new Incola Hotel.

Other speakers at the convention include Prof. Elliott, Superintendent of Agriculture, C. P. R.; Strathmore, Alta.; John T. Burns, Executive Secretary International Dry Farming Congress, Lethbridge, Alta.; A. W. Bowser, Pres. British North American Tobacco Co., Kelowna.

TO THE HOUSEWIFE

The cook is leaving—no occasion for consternation or worry; you may summon her successor quickly by making use of the Want Columns. Domestic workers are easily reached by the Wants.

Cooks, maids, second girls, household helpers of all kinds are readily available through the Wants.

LONDON'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE IS FOR SALE

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's Residence in St. John's Wood About to be Sold

London, August 12—Th most beautiful house in London, second not even to Stafford House, although less known to society, is for sale Everything about it is stamped with the personality of its late owner, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who built the house with lavish and artistic care in Grove End Road St John's Wood.

His love of woods is seen in every door, his love of antique things in every room, his love of polished brasses in every stair, and his love of paintings and of books on every wall. It is a house, too, of charming vistas and of infinite variety. At one moment you are taken back through the ages to old Rome; at the next, by crossing a passage, or turning the handle of a polished and decorated door, your are in seventeenth century Holland, among antique ceilings and old Dutch furniture, cabinets and glass.

The vistas from the studio, from the halls and from the rooms are a revelation of the wonderful effects that may be produced by artistic arrangement. You are rarely in one room but you have a pretty vista of another beyond it. Or if it is not in a room it is the garden and the garden, with its marble fountain and its lake, full of tame carp; its avenues of ilexes, its arcade and its pergolas; its velvet lawns and its wreath of flowers and curtains of creepers, is unique and as fascinating in its way as the house itself.

Artists were so charmed with the house, and had so deep an admiration and so warm an affection for its owner that they felt it a delight to decorate the panels of the Roman hall with their own paintings. Lord Leighton's original design for the bath of Psyche is among them, with an interesting Poynter and Sargent, and original work from numerous other representative modern painters.

Loved His Mottoes

Sir Lawrence loved mottoes, as well as all other beautiful things that he gathered about him. "Sleep soundly; wake well," was the inscription that his guests and family found before them on retiring at night; and in the morning the first thing that greeted them as they came down the stairs was the further inscription on the wall, "A fair and cheerful morning to you."

In the atrium, with its Pompeian ceiling, its onyx window and its cool fountain, with walls of alabaster, is the great desk, ten feet long, with its rich woods and panel cast of old ivories at which Sir Lawrence used to write standing. From the gallery above you look down upon the studio, a noble dome of aluminum and walls of rich marble, cut as the old Romans cut it lengthwise, for support. Old Tunisian embroideries, Roman seats, Chinese chairs, Egyptian stools, have their place here; and though different periods and the workmanship of different races mark the furniture the whole effect is one of perfect harmony.

Here is Sir Lawrence's own painting, "The Death of the First Born," that he has left to the Museum at Amsterdam, and here is the grand piano, made of various woods, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, tortoise shell and mother of pearl, on the parchment panels of which great musicians, composers and singers, Melba and Paderewski, Saint-Saens and Joachim among them, have inscribed their names, with the date on which they either played on it or sang to its sweet music.

There are a great many other wonderful things—rooms with Japanese paper and prints; galleries of etchings and engravings; a garden studio with a loggia; bedrooms with delightful balconies, an oak panelled dining room looking out upon evergreen oaks in the garden.

Treasures abound on all sides.

CANADA'S FUTURE LIES WITHIN THE EMPIRE

Vancouver, Aug. 12.—That Canada's future lays within the empire was the keynote of the speech delivered to the Canadian Club at Pender Hall today by J. S. Willison, editor of the Toronto News, and in the course of his address he stated his belief that the time was coming when the political federation in the fiscal union of the British Empire would be a real issue.

Graceful East Indians.

Describing the women of India, a writer says: "Even the most withered toil-worn hag has a dignity of carriage and a grace of motion that the western woman might envy. The 'sari' is draped in an easy flowing style and adjusted as it slips back with a graceful turn of the silver bangled arm, the skinny legs move rythmically, and the small feet fall with a silent and pantherlike tread. It is the beauty of natural and untrammeled motion, and says much in favor of the abolition of the corset, for the Indian women retain their uprightness and suppleness of figure till bowed with age.

"The commonest type is the coolie woman, who undertakes all sorts of rough work, carrying heavy burdens on her head, and she is, perhaps, the least attractive, for her workaday garments are usually faded and dirty; yet, even among this poor class of burden bearers, we see many with handsome straight features and supple well proportioned figures.

"No matter how poor their garments, jewelry of some sort is worn; necklaces of gold or beads, colored glass or silver bangles and heavy silver anklets."

Haste to Reimburse.

While carrying a ladder through the crowded streets of Philadelphia the other day a big Irishman was so unfortunate as to break a plate glass window in a shop. Immediately dropping his ladder, the Celt broke into a run. But he had been seen by the shopkeeper, who dashed after him and caught him by the collar.

"See here!" angrily exclaimed the shopkeeper when he had regained his breath, "you have brokn my window!"

"Sure I have," assented the Celt, "and didn't you see me running home to get the money to pay for it?"

Consent Always Obtained.

A court of common council of London, England, found after informal investigation of charges made that "no officer of the corporation ever played golf in business hours without the consent of the head of the department."

Gray Leaved Plants.

Next to green, gray is the restfulest and most satisfactory color to be had in foliage. We now have so many hardy plants with gray foliage that we can choose one for each month of bloom and color of flower.

Among them are the silvery mitfoil, golddust, the white and purple rock cress, the woolly leaved chickweed, many hardy pinks, Siebold's day lily, Fischer's horned poppy, lavender cotton, woundwort and woolly thyme.

Some of these are decidedly silvery. Others incline to a blue cast which is most pronounced in the globe thistles and sea hollies. Such colors are so unusual in nature that it is easy to overdo them in gardens.—Country Life in America.

Birds.

Mamma—Wasn't it nice of the ravens to work for Elijah, Willie?

Willie—Huh! Elijah's got nothing on pa. I heard him tell a fellow this morning about the bird he's got working down in the office.—Puck.