

THEFTS IN HOTELS EASILY DETECTED

Traps to Catch Guests That Have the Souvenir Fad.

The concerted action of the house detectives of all the large hotels in America has carefully traced the points from two erstwhile excellent stories, the first, narrated by Adele Ritchie, who, when asked once if she had ever been in Kansas City, replied, "I can't just remember, but I will look among my towels and see," and the second, the more pathetic narrative of the young man who was obliged to break off his engagement because as he left the dining room of a large hotel with his fiancée a number of forks and spoons fell from the sleeves of her gown, for the house detectives have devised a "system" whereby the man or woman who wants to take a souvenir from a big hotel finds her path beset with almost insurmountable difficulties.

The matter is carried on with the greatest artfulness. There are no "hurt feelings," no bones broken, no arrests made.

The house detectives simply extract the unrightfully attached articles as painlessly as they extract the points from old stories, and in the great majority of cases the frustrated "borrower" never knows at all what happened to him.

First the detective is provided with a complete list of everything which is owned by the hotel—every particle of linen, silver, soap, etc. Then he delegates the responsibility for the care of them to various head waiters, waiters, housekeepers and chambermaids.

Then he gets a list each day of new arrivals and of those who have remained a few days or are preparing to leave. From these lists of occupied rooms the detective calculates the areas where trouble might possibly brew and into these he goes with his subdivided lists and a checking up book.

The chambermaid is required to give an exact accounting of every piece of linen she has supplied to the man or woman who is about to leave. This is in turn taken to the laundries, where a balance is made of those sheets, towels, etc., which have come out of each room. If there is a precise balance the matter ends there, but woe to the woman who believes that the towels she placed carefully in her locked trunk will not be "missed."

Her trunks and bags on their way downstairs are simply carried to the basement floor as if by chance, and there the house detective, with the aid of a skeleton key, goes through them in search of lost hotel linen.

It is very gently removed and checked up on the housemaid's list, and the trunk is carefully repacked and re-

locked. Nothing is left to give warning that the search has been made, and nothing is ever by any remotest chance said to the departing guest.

She is sent cheerily on her way rejoicing and is usually perplexed at all reason to account for the fact that the towels and pillow cases that she knows well she put into her trunk have mysteriously disappeared.

Do you suppose for a moment that this is an extreme case nor even a rare one? It happens on an average once a day in every large hotel in New York and with almost an astounding frequency in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

And in the case of silverware the matter is almost as simple, though remedying these thefts requires taking into your confidence at least the man who pays the bill, for every waiter has had his eye trained to count up the silverware while he is placing the finger bowls, and if so much as one small spoon is not where it should be it is unquestionably placed upon the bill. The hotel graciously leaves it to the discretion of the escort as to whether or not the culprit shall be told. But at least it does not permit him to be enlightened only by the belated method of a leaky sieve.

Again, the head waiter will assure you that this happens, not once or twice, but ceaselessly.

"Many a woman that thinks she's got away with it would be surprised to know that it is down in black and white on her escort's check and that both he and the hotel know just how many spoons and forks she is taking home with her," said one general head waiter, who viewed the business with considerable indulgence. — New York Times.

He Heard Plenty.

Farmer Parsnip had a good day at market. His cattle fetched good prices, and so he bought a nice piece of cloth to have made into a suit of clothes. But on his homeward way he lost it, a misfortune which annoyed Mrs. Parsnip very much. Overburdened with her grievance, she told a neighbor about it the next day, strongly condemning her husband's carelessness. A week later she met Mr. Parsnip.

"Good morning, Mr. Parsnip," said the neighbor. "Heard anything yet about your cloth?" Parsnip smiled sadly. "Yes," he said solemnly and mournfully, yet philosophically. "I have—morning, noon and night!" — London Mail.

Up Two Stumps.

Little Johnny was in the habit of wanting more victuals put upon his plate than he could eat. His papa decided to break him of the habit. One day as Johnny insisted upon being served until his plate was well filled his papa said, "Johnny, if I give you this you will have to eat every bit of it or I will punish you." Johnny promised that he would, and bravely did the little fellow try to do so, but in vain. It was too much for him. He would try again and again and then look sorrowfully at his papa. Finally, laying down his fork, he said:

"Papa, if you was me which would you rather do, get a licking or bust?"

Murder in Germany.

Germany distinguishes between two kinds of murder. One, premeditated and intentional, is punishable by death; the second, intentional homicide without deliberation, is punishable by penal servitude for from five to fifteen years. Dueling in Germany is a misdemeanor of a special kind. Who kills his opponent in a duel is not charged with murder or manslaughter, but with dueling, the punishment for which is detention in a fortress for fifteen years. — London Chronicle.

Didn't Owe Them Anything.

In the course of an educational lecture the speaker made this assertion: "We owe much to heredity and environment."

When he had finished and the audience had arisen a man whose knowledge of the dictionary was limited walked up to him and remarked: "You said in your speech that we owe much to heredity and environment. Now, I never heard of that firm before, and I know I don't owe them one cent."

Devotion Tested.

"Are you sure that young man loves you?" asked the cautious mother.

"Yes," replied Gwendolyn.

"Have you sung, played, recited and painted in water colors for him?"

"Yes."

"Then, my child, if he still desires to marry you, do not doubt his affection."

CRAFT ON THE GRIDIRON.

When the Carlisle Indians Outwitted Harvard's Highbrows.

In football a full field run from kick-off to touchdown is a rare play. It was made by a Carlisle Indian, who covered the long distance in a game against Harvard, Oct. 31, 1903, and did so by the craftiest, wildest stratagem ever perpetrated by a redskin upon his pale faced brother.

The first half had closed with the Indians in the lead five points to none. Harvard opened the battle by sending a long kick to Johnson on Carlisle's five yard line. The Indians quickly ran back to meet Johnson and formed a compact mass around him. Within the recesses of this mass of players Johnson slipped the ball beneath the back of Dillon's jersey, which had been especially made to receive and hold the ball. Then, the ball thus secretly transferred and hidden, Johnson uttered a whoop such as Cambridge had not heard since the days of King Philip's wars, and instantly the bunch of Indians scattered in all directions. Some ran to the right and some to the left, some obliquely and some straight up the center of the field, radiating in all directions like the spokes of a wheel.

The crimson players, now upon them, looked in vain for the ball, dumfounded, running from one opponent to another. Meanwhile Dillon was running straight down the field so as to give his opponents the least opportunity for a side or rear view and conspicuously swinging his arms to show that they did not hold the ball. Thus, without being detected, he passed through the entire Harvard team, excepting the captain, Carl B. Marshall, who was covering the deep backfield.

Obedient instructions, Dillon ran straight at Marshall. The latter, assuming that the Indian intended to block him, agilely sidestepped the Carlisle player, and as he did so he caught sight of the enormous and unwieldy ball on the back of Dillon. Instantly divining that here was the lost ball, Marshall turned and sprang at Dillon, but the latter was well on his way and quickly crossed the line for a touchdown.—Parks H. Davis in St. Nicholas.

LARGEST KNOWN ICE CAVE.

Wonders of the Frozen Grotto in the Dachstein Mountains.

A few years ago some members of the American Speleological society discovered in the Dachstein mountains some caverns which are among the largest in Europe. One of these grottoes, the longitudinal axis of which is fully 6,000 feet long, moreover turned out to offer additional interest by its truly enormous ice masses and was found to be the largest known ice cave in the world.

Though a scorching sun may be burning outside on the bare mountain rock, there is always an icy wind blowing through this underworld, freezing everything within its reach. Only sometimes, when the outside temperature ranges between 32 and 41 degrees C. and a comparatively warm rain penetrates through the fissures of the rock, entering right into the cavern, will there be a temporary calm and distinct melting of the ice.

The Dachstein ice cave comprises several domes filled with ice, which communicate with one another through a number of frozen galleries. An crevice 80 feet deep and 116 feet in width traverses the floor of the cavern 165 feet from the entrance. Gigantic ice pillars were found to tower on both edges of this chasm, in the depth of which there unfolds a fairy-like scenery. Beyond the abyss the cavern widens out into a mighty dome (Triban dome, as it is called), where a plain ice sheet reaches from one wall to the other, carrying ice stalagmites of the most fantastic shapes.—Scientific American.

A Hopeless Job.

Gordon Le Suer in his book on South Africa tells an excellent story about Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes was very careless in the matter of dress. On one occasion an old and favorite coat of his was sent to be cleaned and mended. Soon after it came back just as it had been sent, together with this note from the cleaners:

"Dear Sir—Herewith the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes' coat, uncleaned and mended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons."

Wanted the Solids.

Tommy went out to dine at a friend's house one evening. When the soup was brought Tommy did not touch his, and the hostess, looking over, said: "Why, Tommy, dear, what's the matter? Aren't you hungry tonight?"

"Yes," replied Tommy, "I'm quite hungry, but I'm not thirsty." — Judge.

Subtle Scheme.

First Jeweler—Aren't you afraid to leave those diamonds in a front window at night? Second Jeweler—Not with my scheme. Just before I go home I put in a little sign on them reading, "Anything in This Window to Cent's." — Chicago News.

Verbal Brand.

"How do you manage to keep such a clean record with so many of your cranky relations?"

"Just use 'soft soap.'" — Baltimore American.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
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WEDGWOOD'S MASTERPIECE.

It is His Reproduction of the Famous Portland Vase.

Sir William Hamilton was an authority on Roman and Grecian antiquities. His fine collection of them and his great book on the subject prove that asserted by Wedgwood, who wrote in a wood about that much admired work of ancient art (the Barberian vase) in these terms: "Except the Apollo Belvedere, the Niobe and two or three others of the first class marbles, I do not believe that there are any monuments of antiquity existing that were executed by so great an artist." This is about the highest commendation that could be bestowed, and when we consider that such a work, so soaringly eminent, was successfully imitated by one of our own artist potters it is surely a ground for national gratification.

The original vase came into the possession of the noble Italian family of Barberian, hence its name. It was acquired by Eyles, the antiquary, and then by Sir William Hamilton, who brought it to England in the year 1754. It is, in turn, sold to the Duchess of Portland. Her descendant, the fourth duke, deposited it in the British museum, owing to which fact it is best known to Englishmen as the Portland vase. It was lent by the duke to Wedgwood to make his copy from. The body of it had been much disputed, but he found that it was glass. He was not a glassblower, but had invented his wonderful jasperware by that time and decided his copy should be made of that substance. It was a tremendous task and took some three years in the making. He had Wedgwood and others. The cost was never recouped by the subscriptions.

It is justly esteemed to have been Wedgwood's masterpiece. It has been reproduced by his successors and by other potters, but, of course, they have not the same market value as those made by the great Josiah himself.—W. Turner in Westminster Review.

WOMEN ARE BAD LOSERS.

That is Why, It is Said, Stock Brokers Fight Shy of Them.

Nobody loves a stock broker, least of all his customers. This affords a touching, if somewhat subtle, reason why he does not want any women speculators on his books.

There is another reason. I hate to mention it, but you will get it from me. Women are not good losers. At times under stress of great speculative losses I am told they become lachrymose. The one stock broker of my acquaintance who catered to women speculators is now in a madhouse. They were all long of Steel at 50 the time it broke and all the water squeezed out of it in that death was wept back into it by these women. It was an economic disaster.

Stock brokers carry home with them all the troubles of their customers, and this poor fellow was no exception. He used to lie awake all night picking at the counterpane and grieving over beauty in distress. Finally he went crazy. They have given him a set of the stock broker's books up there in the asylum, and it would break your heart to see him. Jeanne d'Arc and Harriet Beecher Stowe are long of Copper; Catherine de Medicis and Mrs. Brown are short of Rubber; Maria Theresia and George Eliot are pyramiding in Steel. Every now and then somebody is straggled out and then there are dreadful times. Charlotte Corday's Cleopatra's, Mme. de Staël's and the mother of the Gracchi's margins are exhausted. He calls to them for more. They weep. I cannot go on. Women have much to answer for.—William Van Antwerp in New York Post.

Gibbon's History.

It is said that when Gibbon sat down to write his great work, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he proposed writing it in French. But David Hume, a close friend, on hearing this wrote him a letter of remonstrance in such strong and stirring language that he was very too glad to relinquish his fancy. There is an excellent foundation for the story of Hume's letter to Gibbon, and beyond that the immortal history was written in our own language. — New York American.

Evolution of Wealth.

Originally the process of accumulation comes by the feller who spends less than he receives. Eventually he is what is called a capitalist. If all were either improvident, vicious or incompetent civilization would speedily decline, therefore the real benefactors of the race are those who accumulate. Some of us have the capacity others have not. That is an inexorable law of nature which cannot be altered.—Charles C. Cregelius in Leslie's.

RUPTURE EXPERT HERE

Secley, Who Fitted Czar of Russia. Called to Brantford.

F. H. Secley of Chicago and Philadelphia, the noted truss expert, will be at the Kelvin Hotel and will remain in Brantford this Monday only, Jan. 12th. Mr. Secley says: "The Spermatic Shield as now used and approved by the United States Government will not only retain any case of rupture perfectly, affording immediate and complete relief, but closes the opening in ten days on the average case. This instrument received the only award in England and in Spain, producing results without surgery, harmful injections, medical treatments or prescriptions. Mr. Secley has documents from the United States Government, Washington, D. C., for inspection. All charity cases without charge, or if any interested call he will be glad to show same, without charge or fit them if desired. Any one ruptured should remember the date and take advantage of this opportunity."

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA BIG SPORT

Two Englishmen Have Been Doing Lions and Tigers In African Jungles.

Such diverse subjects as children and wild animals provide some striking illustrations of the wonderful development of modern photography.

One of the days when a photographer tells a youngster to laugh and look happy, in order to secure a good picture," says a London photographer. "A child in its normal condition of high spirits, and even naughtiness, is better for my purpose than any amount of goodness faked up for the occasion," while animals are no longer snaphotted at the Zoo, with strong iron bars to protect the camera and operator, but in their native haunts, and are even made to photograph themselves.

Cameras are set instead of traps, and the ingenuity of the hunter of game leaves the camera is illustrated by the manner in which pictures were taken of some wild deer. An old well-weathered box was placed on a log, in a little clearing, baited with cabbage leaves and turnips. It was left until the deer fed around it without suspicion. A hole was then cut in the box, and the camera placed within it, a string from the flashlight stretching across the feeding place. When they came to feed, the deer trod on the string, and several unique photographs were the immediate result.

But this was tame business compared with the daring photographic feats of Mr. Cherry Kearton and Mr. Albert Wyndham. The latter returned to this country a short time ago with a collection of photographs showing a wounded African lion and lionesses in the African jungles sought refuge in a thicket. Ultimately Mr. Wyndham and his companion—the latter armed with a gun—came up with the wounded beast, who with a savage roar turned on the operator. "She seemed about to spring," says Mr. Wyndham, "as my companion shot her, standing at five yards, clean between the eyes. The camera clicked at the same instant, and at about the same distance. The animal, which rolled dead at our feet, proved a beauty, measuring from nose tip to tail tip eight feet 11 1/2 inches."

How to take cinematograph pictures of a lion is thus graphically described by that intrepid photographer, Mr. Cherry Kearton, whose pictures of wild life in the Indian jungle and the swamps of Borneo have proved such an attractive feature of the music halls. Mr. Kearton on one occasion photographed a lion at fifteen yards after the natives, by whom he was accompanied, had given him a running fight for about half a mile. The animal charged into some bushes, and thinking it would make a short cut Mr. Kearton dashed after it with his camera.

"I looked into the bush," he says, "and saw the lion's tail rolling round. Following up the tail, I became conscious of two great eyes and a mouth wide open, revealing a terrible set of teeth. The animal was growling fiercely, and I came to the conclusion that I must look it straight in the face and not flinch. I did so for several seconds, and backed with my camera. After several seconds of agonizing suspense, on glancing out of the corner of my eye, I was overjoyed to see the natives charging with their spears. The lion at that moment sprang out, but was knocked down within four yards of me. It sprang up again, however, and laid out four men. The fact that one of my men threw a spear clean through the lion's body and through the arm of a man the lion had plunged down will show you with what force the native can throw this weapon."

In one respect, at any rate, the

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BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

photographing of wild animals might be compared with the photographing of children, for in each case strategy is required. "The best results," says one of the most successful photographers of children in the London "are obtained when the youngsters are allowed to run about the studios as if it were their own nursery, entertained with games and toys, the fact that they are to be photographed being carefully concealed. Immediately a child notices that its photograph is to be taken it puts on a strained, unnatural expression which results in a bad likeness."

"Again, the most delightful and picturesque photographs of children are obtained when the youngsters are dressed in any old garments. The photographer of to-day is well aware that elaborately-dressed children seldom make a good picture. Usually children come to the studio in stiff and starched dresses. These I proceed to shed by degrees, as various poses are suggested, and often the last photograph in a case of tiny mites is nature unadorned. I prefer almost any dress or the absence of it to what is known as the 'Sunday best.'"

That's the Reason!

"I cannot understand why my second husband is so fastidious," confessed a woman to her bosom friend. "He scarcely eats anything. My first husband, who died, used to eat everything I cooked for him."

"Did you tell your present husband that?"

"Yes."

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Her Choice. Ethel—Strange that Kitty should have married Tom. She told me positively that she liked Jack better. Marie—Well, she felt more sure of being able to boss Tom.—Boston Transcript.

Not Appreciated. "I've just been telling my daughter it is wrong to play the piano Sunday. Don't you agree with me?"

"But why Sunday especially?"—Lippincott's.

Explained. "I heard her praising the conduct of a little boy just a few minutes ago. Whose boy is it?"

"Hers."—Detroit Free Press.

Industry pays debts, while despise increaseth them.—Benjamin Franklin.

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- good with meals
- good between meals
- good for everybody

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FRIDAY, JA

The Case

NOW that the... at hand, the... of the... glad to be able to... traveler, which is a... cloth, soap, shoes... other articles that a... call form and without... cult to get along... other use when not... man or woman on a... and will be an attrac... a bedroom or a bath... The practical tip... suggestion. This is... and is an excellent... embroidery, which is... gift to an unusual... just as much as the... client will be in the... other material can be... of being... threads. Each separ... color will do, and the... every cotton or silk... on the favorite of... background on which... work.

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