

SPIES IN GREAT HOTELS

CLEVER DETECTIVES WATCH FOR CROOKS.

Many Smart Scoundrels Who Make Big Hotels Happy Hunting Grounds.

I dare say it would shock many a guest at our great hotels to be told that he is in a network of spies as complete and cunning as any devised by the Russian secret police; and that even the ablest gentleman who passes him the salt or the waiter who brings him his soup may be a detective in disguise.

continued the London hotel manager who made this startling statement to the writer, that the knowledge need take the edge off his appetite or cause him a moment's uneasiness, if he has a clear conscience and has no dealings on the sponges. The spies will soon sum him up, and won't trouble him at all; but there are probably some among his fellow-guests on whom they have a very watchful eye.

The fact is, and it may as well be known, that almost every large hotel in London (and elsewhere) has its staff of spies, whose presence is indispensable in the interests of the hotel and its guests. The chief of the staff is a very wide-awake and experienced detective who has an intimate knowledge of the "crooks" who make big hotels their happy hunting-ground—cardsharps, thieves, and swindling gentry of all kinds, who are about the cleverest scoundrels in the world.

ARE "CALLED AWAY."

These men, as I dare say you know, are almost invariably well-dressed, gentlemanly fellows, with all the appearance of men of wealth and with considerable skill in ingratiating themselves with their fellow-guests—and potential victims. They have to be very clever, however, to blind the hotel-detective, who, if he doesn't know them at sight, knows the type well enough to keep a very keen eye on their movements.

Usually a tap on the shoulder and a word or two whispered in the ear are enough for these rascals. They may have just announced in the billiard-room that they intend to stay at least a month, somehow they are unexpectedly "called away," and within an hour the hotel knows them no more. These are, of course, the crooks who are immediately spotted by the detective, and who have short shifts; on those whom he suspects but is not sure of he keeps the eye of a lynx, and at the first suspicious sign off they go too—quite quietly, with no fuss, but as forcefully as if they had been shot out.

And it is not only the professional crooks, who hail from the Continent and America, that the detective is on the watch for. He is responsible for the morals of everyone in the hotel, from the guest who wanders innocently into a room not his own, and wishes to take away a souvenir of his absurd blunder to the waiters, chambermaids, and cellarmen, who have mixed ideas as to the rights of property. They are all on his list, and they must be very cute to hoodwink him.

Oh, no, he doesn't work alone; he works through a score or more pairs of eyes as well as his own. He

has a staff of assistants among the employees of the hotel, of every class from waiters to porters; and so secret is the system that these auxiliary detectives are unknown as such to their fellows and even to one another.

EYES EVERYWHERE.

You can imagine the difficulty of being dishonest under such conditions of secrecy and mystery; for there are eyes literally everywhere, and some of them are almost sure to be those of a spy, whose duty it is to report the most trifling deviation from honesty.

In some hotels the system is carried to such an extent that the most harmless-looking guests, and even their visitors, are shadowed in their goings and comings until their perfect respectability is placed beyond doubt; the corridors are patrolled by stealthy feet at night to ensure that there is no night-walking with felonious intent; and I have even heard that at one hotel there is a detective hall-porter, with a skill in portrait-sketching, who keeps a record of the features of every new guest for future possible reference.

JAPANESE CADETS.

Their Military School Exercises Include Hand to Hand Conflicts.

"In the Japanese military school," writes Gen. Kuropetkin in McClure's, "where I saw a Spartan system of education, the exercises of the cadets with pikes, rifles and broadswords were not approached by anything of the kind that I had witnessed in Europe—it was fighting of the fiercest character.

"At the end of the struggle there was a hand to hand combat, which lasted until the victors stood triumphant over the bodies of the vanquished and tore off their masks.

"In these exercises, which were very severe, the cadets struck one another fiercely and with wild cries; but the moment a prearranged signal was given, or the fight came to an end, the combatants drew themselves up in a line and their faces assumed an expression of wooden composure.

"In all the public schools prominence was given to military exercises, and the scholars took part in them with enthusiasm. Even in their walks they practised running, flanking and sudden, unexpected attacks.

"The history of Japan was everywhere made a means of strengthening the pupils' patriotism and their belief in Japan's invincibility. Particular stress was laid upon the country's successful wars, the heroes of the past extolled, and the children were taught that none of Japan's military enterprises had failed."

NATURE'S LITTLE SHIP.

While man makes the largest ocean vessels, Nature makes the smallest. This is a species of jelly-fish, found only in tropical seas, which has a sail. The part of the fish under the water looks like a mass of tangled threads, while the sail is a tough membrane, shaped like a shell, and measuring quite five inches, and sometimes more, across. The fish can raise, or lower, this sail at will. Wise sailors, at this curiosity alone, for each of the threads composing its body has the power of stringing the results of which are very painful and often dangerous. This power defends it

Growth of a Crab

THERE was once a boy who saw a crab. It was a big crab, but not a very big crab. The boy, however, had never seen any but very little crabs, so he was much frightened. And he ran away to his father, crying:

"Oh, father, I saw a crab on the beach that's as big as a dog!"

Of course, the father, who was a sailor, wished to see the crab. So he made his way toward the ocean. While going down the street he saw the village policeman, to whom he said:

"Come along and have a look at the giant crab that's as big as a dog."

Immediately the policeman hurried from the shop, without pausing to remove his apron. As he darted across the street after the others he called to a hunter passing by:

"Don't miss seeing a giant crab that's down on the beach. It's as big as an ox."

The hunter, very much excited, joined the butcher, and they hurried forward to overtake the others.

When the party came in sight of the beach the policeman pulled out his revolver, the sailor brandished a huge knife, the butcher swung a great meat cleaver in his hand, while the hunter cocked his rifle. No doubt, this savage crab was dangerous, and it was best to be well prepared to meet danger.

Then, when the boy pointed out the

innocent crab, which had been the cause of all this disturbance, the members of the group nearly swooned with chagrin. Truly, they were shocked. The hunter blamed the butcher, and the butcher blamed the policeman.



HE SAW A BIG CRAB

and the policeman blamed the sailor, and the sailor spanked the boy, insisting that he alone was to blame. As a matter of fact, each was to blame—except the hunter, and he probably would have done as did the others had he met any one whom he might have told of the giant crab. You see, it is much better to stick to the plain truth, even though a few ornaments might make the tale ever so much more fascinating.



A Donkey's Work

WHEN Sir Clifton, Lady Robinson and Lady Decies gave a garden party not long ago, in England, they enlisted the aid of their friend, Jessie, who is only a donkey, but a mighty nice, clever donkey. Besides, as the party was for the benefit



JESSIE COLLECTED MONEY

of Our Dumb Friends' League, who labor to help animals, the noble ladies were sure Jessie would assist them. And so Jessie did; for she went about the assembled guests collecting money in behalf of the fund. She gathered ever so much in this way, mostly because every one likes Jessie so well.

The Laplanders are the shortest people in Europe, the average height being under 5 feet.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

A set of chess men used by Sir Walter Scott has been presented to the Edinburgh Corporation Museum.

At a recent sale of pedigreed Clydesdales at Perth, 84 animals were sold for \$22,875, or an average of \$271.

In Glasgow there are no fewer than 20,140 unoccupied houses, shops and offices, representing a rental of \$1,653,410.

Two Montrose men who saved a Mr. Stewart from drowning were awarded \$120 each by the National Lifeboat Institution.

The Highhouse coal pit at Auchinleck has been re-opened after a lengthy cessation due to a fire which occurred on July 22.

The gate money drawn at eight football matches played in various parts of Scotland on a recent Saturday totalled up to \$9,735.

Fifeshire colliers have been greatly worried by big fires of late, and another broke out in a 9,000-ton bing at Leven Pit a week ago.

Dupplin Castle, in Perthshire, is to be the scene of a brilliant ball, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the fund for Perth's new infirmary.

The number of visitors to the Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh last year was 543,567, an increase of more than 22,000 over the previous year.

Johnstone town council last year sold 14,000,000 cubic feet of gas, as registered in the penny in the slot meters, and 800,000 for gas engines.

Berwick, one of the largest corn centres in the Kingdom, reports sales amounting to \$945,000 last year, this being the second best record in twenty years.

Peter Burns, packman, was found drowned in Inveraray harbor. He travelled all over Argyllshire with his pack, and was well known in the rural districts.

John Anderson (55), residing with his son-in-law in Leith Walk, Leith, was found dead in the house, having apparently strangled himself with a piece of rope.

Mr. John Cameron, cattle dealer and grazier, died at Kieletor Farm, Killin. He was a prominent and well-known figure in agricultural circles, and was 77 years of age.

The Edinburgh coopers, who are on strike, are to ask trade unionists the world over to boycott the beer of the brewers who will not agree to the demands of strikers.

On Douglas estate, Lord Douglas and party, out on Moorhead recently, shot 210 brace grouse, 19 black game, and 13 hares, beside snipe and golden plover.

A cattleman named Joseph Ruthenford, at East Park, Carlaverock, Dumfries, was seriously injured by being attacked by a shorthorn bull, which finally knocked him through a fence so that he escaped.

The first afternoon concerts of the twenty-third season, promoted by the corporation were held recently in Glasgow. Since 1890 over three

million persons have attended the concerts at the City Hall.

While engaged in cleaning the bottom of H.M.S. Magnificent, one of the vessels of the home fleet at present lying at Cromarty, a diver named Newton, belonging to Paisley, had his life line fouled and was drowned.

The Hon. Mrs. Cassidy, county Galway, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Scott, and great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, dropped dead while walking with her husband and father at Abbotsford House. She was 30 years of age.

At a meeting of Dundee Old-Age Pensions Committee, it was reported that it was likely that at least 1,000 persons would apply at once for a pension, and that every year 600 or 700 persons would become eligible, and of these probably 150 might apply.

FRIVOLOUS MADRID.

Spanish Capital a Spendthrift Town and Devoted to Gossip.

The note of Madrid is frivolity. It is a spendthrift town. Nowhere

do so many people of modest means keep carriages, or at least ure them. The automobile has supplanted a new outlet to an old passion, says the London Times.

Nowhere do so many people who cannot afford to have a motor driver, or to buy regular supplies of petrol (which, to be sure, is both dear and bad in Spain), keep an automobile. Therefore they turn out now and again for a short run at high speed to their own glorification and the danger of the public. As for that public, it lives in the streets and in a perpetual state of talk.

What London or Paris news comes through to Madrid, except telegrams, is mostly gossip. Important matters appear to interest the Madrilenos little. What did interest him was when a young person appeared on horseback in Hyde Park in a Directoire costume. Feather headed and light heeled, the Madrilenos is, on the other hand, good natured and easy to live with.

Madrid women dress well, even very well, and the charm of the Spanish woman is never denied. Modern Madrid is sometimes supposed to be modelled on modern Paris, but the writer's view is that there is nothing Parisian about Madrid, except the skin.

Paris works desperately hard, is intensely interested in serious things and producers, thinkers and men of intellectual and scientific eminence. Madrid certainly does not work hard, does not appear to be much interested in anything but frivolity, and few of her greatest men, even statesmen, are much more than names.

ALL IN THE GAME.

A poor lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter:

"Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

"You'll have to work hard if you hope to win old Banker's daughter." "I'll have to work a good deal harder if I don't win her!"

A CASE OF NERVES IN TOYLAND

