

ST. JOHN

# PLAYING "RAFFLES" SOCIETIES LATEST SPORT



## Will This Sensational Amusement Become Popular in America?

"BURGLARY" is the latest sport.

It is a high society diversion, indulged in by the wealthiest men and the most beautiful women of England—by the nobility, in fact.

They call it variously "Raffling," "Rafflezing," and "Raffleizing." Derivation, from Raffles, the name of a gentlemanly burglar, popular in recent fiction as the only known antidote to "Sherlock Holmesing," which had such a long run in fiction, but, in fact, never amounted to more than the ennobling of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Difference between "Raffling" and plain burglary is that when you "burglar" you keep the goods; when you "Raffle" you return them. It is more sensible to keep them, of course, because the joke lasts longer and you enjoy it more. "Raffling," begun as idle sport in England, has advanced within a month to the dignity of practical, high-class "burglary."

American society, including Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, Fifth Avenue in New York, and Walnut Street and Germantown in Philadelphia, has been nervously awaiting the adoption of the fad in this country; but the older and more experienced leaders do not look for any very pronounced activity in it until the Newport season opens, when the more or less al fresco life will afford many attractive opportunities and the faddists will really need the money.

IT SOUNDS so grotesque, in the summary, that it looks like newspaper exaggeration—one of those hare-brained impostures upon credulity at which the most credulous must smile. Don't smile. Every item of the statement is literally true, up to the expectation of the indulgence in "Raffling" by society people on this side of the Atlantic.

And any one acquainted with the kleptomaniac episodes which have enlivened the history of wealthy circles here during the last five years will understand what apprehension the advent of the practice is regarded by those who know the enthusiasm with which European novelties in amusement are taken up by bored Americans.

It is thrilling, risky, delightful—and, if the society Raffles prefer, profitable. Innocently enough begun, there is always the temptation to retain the loot after danger of discovery in the act of "burglary" has passed.

How many are likely to resist, with the precedent established that, if the "Raffling" be not traced to them, they keep the loot and go scot free, while, if it be traced to them, they return it with a laugh and go scot-free anyway?

Oh, no one who is well-to-do, much less wealthy, would do any such thing! No? Well, as a matter of fact, that is exactly what Raffles has developed into within a single month.

### BEGUN BY THE NOBILITY

The first case occurred in England during the Christmas holidays. It was the most bizarre "Raffling" perpetrated by the most romantic group of people in all Great Britain. And it set the awe-inspiring seal of nobility upon a practice which England's laws from immemorial times have been framed to repress.

It is difficult for the nimble, clear-eyed American mind to understand the manner in which the Englishman is prone to take his literature. America when it read "Sherlock Holmes" remarked, "Pretty darned good stories"; and when it saw "Raffles," "Pretty darned good play."

That was all. Stories and play were diverting impossibilities, the realization of which never entered into the logical scheme of reader's and player's life.

But England, reading "Sherlock Holmes," exclaimed: "By Jove, shouldn't wonder what most of these things did happen!" And, seeing "Raffles," Englishmen ruminated: "Fancy we had better send away the plate for safe keeping."

The American never dreamed of "Raffling" in reality;

the Englishmen had nightmares over it. Naturally, the nightmares have begun to come true. Now, however, that they have come true, the American may do by wholesale what the Englishman is doing by retail.

The marquis of Cholmondeley—"Chummy," you know, when you know him—is hereditary lord great chamberlain of England. On Coronation Day he carries the king's clothes to him and waits around until his majesty departs to be crowned.

Then the lord great chamberlain has the right to hustle a moving van up to the palace and cart off the royal bed, arm chairs, shaving mug, beer stein, padlock, cigarette ends and anything else his majesty may have been thoughtless enough to leave lying around loose. So the marquis of Cholmondeley is a very important court functionary.

His castle is near Chester, and he had a large party of guests there over the Christmas holidays. Most of them had the habit of sliding a turban hand over their watch pockets.

### PROFESSIONALS PROFITED

Not, of course, on account of the marquis' hereditary habits when he was alone in the king's bedroom; simply because common professional "Raffles" in great numbers had lately been profiting by the technical instruction supplied in popular literature. A week or so previously they had used the up-to-date auto to clean out Lord Longdale's hunting box at Melton Mowbray; before that they gave professional attention to the home of Marshall Proude's daughter, the wife of Colonel Beaton, at Brookley Hall.

While the marquis of Cholmondeley was entertaining his visitors in the hospitable English fashion which leaves everybody alone to do as he pleases, the duke and the beautiful duchess of Westminster, whose wealth amounts to \$10,000,000, and includes ownership of the most fashionable district of London, were the hosts of another house party at Eaton Hall, one of the most splendid residences in the United Kingdom.

The duchess was formerly the entrancing Shalagh West, daughter of the entrancing Mrs. Cornwallis-West, whose charms fascinated King Edward while he was prince of Wales; she was the granddaughter of the entrancing Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, whose charms fascinated the impeccable prince consort of Queen Victoria. She is the sister of the lovely princess of Pleas, whose inimitable beauty won her a royal hand as well as the royal heart.

When the duke was a boy, bearing the courtesy title of Lord Belgrave, he met little Shalagh West, and promptly informed his mother, the Countess Grosvenor, that there was the girl he was going to marry when he grew up. For some years it was regarded by the two families as an altogether charming romance of childhood.

But as adolescence came the possibility of its realization assumed the aspect of a distinct menace in the eyes of the old duke of Westminster, to whom the lad was to succeed. He put his ban upon lovely Shalagh. That sent the unhappy heir of the dukedom to South Africa to solace himself by killing off the Boers. And it left lovely Shalagh to be made love to by Lord Captain Wood.

That was very improper of Captain Wood, who suddenly found himself sent to the front in Africa. The same thing happened to a captain named Urish a few thousand years ago.

After Captain Wood was comfortably killed by the wicked Boers, the old duke conveniently died. Then the young duke married the girl, and Major Atherton, of the Royal Lancers, didn't name him as co-respondent in the divorce suit, either. Everybody admitted that a baffled lover had to have some solace while he was an African exile. Altogether, it was a regular Ouida romance and thoroughly satisfying to the British public.

With such hosts and with the sporting instincts stirred up by the gaiety of the season and the presence of Guy Brooke and Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who are the most daring of the bold in finding amusement for themselves and their friends, something was likely to turn up before the party dispersed.

It did turn up—at Cholmondeley Castle the morning after a lively Christmas night. When the lord great chamberlain of England and his guests came down, drag-

ging, to break their fast, they discovered that the dashing Raffles had been there over night and, leaving, had defied every Sherlock Holmes, amateur and professional, in Great Britain.

The magnificent two-headed racing cup which Lord Cholmondeley won at the Southdown Hunt meet with Scotch Owl was missing. So were many valuable necklaces and other articles, together with a quantity of the lord chamberlain's best wines and cigars.

On the principle that a fair exchange is no robbery, Raffles had deposited in place of the Southdown Cup on the big oak table a huge lump of coal. Raffles had "lost" the place under the very nose of the solemn Cholmondeley portrait—the ancestor who, under Henry VIII, hauled away the bed of the royal polygamist, gazed glumly across the way at the other earl of Cholmondeley who, as commander of William IV's horse grenadiers at the battle of the Boyne, gave occasion for the song which has stuck in Ireland's throat ever since.

Lord Cholmondeley and his guests called for the police. Scotland Yard hastily rushed to the scene of crime.

crime its most obtuse Lestrades, who discovered the necklaces twisted around the chandelier and proved, by the slight and touch method, that Raffles came in a motor car, and when he went ripped the lodge gate almost to splinters. After that the Lestrades walked around looking intelligent, while the lord chamberlain put the lump of coal in the plate closet as a clue.

He was writing a telegram to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for help, when the duke and duchess of Westminster, Guy Brooke, Sir Edward and Lady Stewart-Richardson, Colonel and Lady Muriel Grenfell, the Hon. Ivor and Mrs. Gouet and Mrs. Wyndham arrived in one of the duke's motors. They learned of the "burglary" with horror, and they overwhelmed the earl with commiserations. He showed them the coal.

### A BRILLIANT JOKE

"Oh, Cholmondeley," remarked Westminster, "would you exchange it for your Southdown Cup and the other things this Raffles made off with?" "Would I?" exclaimed the earl. "Oh, would I?" "Well, here's the cup, and the other trash and your wines. We've smoked the cigars, but I can offer you a cigarette."

England laughed over it for nearly a month. It was a most brilliant joke. It stayed brilliant until a real Raffles turned up at Melton Hall, where Mr. and Mrs. Montagu were entertaining a very exclusive house party. Mrs. Montagu owns a diamond tiara which cost \$10,000; but she does not possess it. It left her possession while the house party was in progress. Scotland Yard turned up, as usual, and the guests discovered the robbery solely from the appearance of the detectives, who, by no means of disguise, could impersonate gentlemen.

The Melton Hall robbery, after a long time passed with no arrest of professional burglars and a concerted endeavor to keep its details from publicity, has been universally attributed to some genuine Raffles, maintaining his or her position in society and taking advantage of the opportunity.

## Up to Date Art in Love Letter Writing

Our lips, like our souls, shall cling together in an abandon of joy through all eternity.

YOU are in love! The divine passion is rippling around in your heart and raging through your veins. You must tell her about it. You snatch your pen, and dash off a letter in which you voice all your burning ardor, all your undying affection, all your throes of longing, all your intensity of craving.

Far be it, oh! The best you can do is light another cigar and kick the varnish off the feet of the desk, and chew the end of the fountain pen until there's a half dollar gone for a new rubber

cap, and it's half-past 12, with the old man chortling about your being late every morning for a week, and you are muttering, bitterly:

"Sure! Same old thing. Born speechless with tongue, pen or typewriter in the presence and the absence of the whole eighty-seven girls I've been in love with—and this is the eighty-eighth. The good old 'Ready Letter Writer' for mine once more."

Well, don't. There are better things.

which, though calm and serene amid the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offense when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness. Dear madam, your charms have lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished—your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced."

That was the style of the late Benedict Arnold, with which he won the obstinate heart of pretty Peggy Shippen. It is the style of every "How to Propose" book ever compiled, calculated to betray the hopes of the fondest lover as heartlessly as the original author betrayed the trust of his native land.

Abandon all of them, and take to the real thing, supplied under oath and served up sizzling, beside the country sausage and the griddle cakes of your lonely boarding house. And never fear that Laura will recognize them. They come too often, and in a fiery variety that is too infinite.

"I cannot leave this letter without telling what I think—that I love you more than all the world—am sick without you. I am loving you today, and all day yesterday felt the thrill of your love. I hope you feel mine. I am worrying about you today, but loving you intensely. I love you all the time."

Remember that! Well, it was printed in big type in the papers of last November, while a Washington jury was agreeing that Mrs. Bradley had a perfect right to perforate Senator Brown.

"One moment, when I reflect on the bitterness in my life, I am filled to overflowing with anger and re-

## Scarcity of Wood for Lead Pencils

MAKING lead pencils is one of the leading industries of this country, and the wood of the red cedar tree is necessary to the pencil industry. Red cedar is a tree of comparatively moderate requirements as to soil and moisture, and, while it grows better under favorable conditions, it is a hardy tree and is found naturally, and can be planted, on the bluffs and among the sand hills of the semi-arid plains.

Like most trees of simple requirements, red cedar grows slowly, and, as is usual with slow-growing coniferous trees, its wood is fine-grained and valuable. Indeed, no other American-grown wood has the distinction of being regularly sold by the pound, and very few are so well-nigh indispensable for any purpose as is red cedar for pencil wood.

Red cedar originally grew in quantities sufficient for lumbering throughout the eastern portion of the United States south of the Ohio river, but very much of it has now been cut and marketed. It is no wonder, then, that pencil manufacturers are deeply concerned as to their future supply of pencil wood, as they observe the rapid removal of the red cedar forests.

Enough cedar to fill daily ten rooms of the Chalmers 10 by 10 by 20 feet each is required for the 25,000,000 pencils manufactured each year in the United States. Although the pencil trade, by paying higher prices, secures the best product of the larger trees, it is by no means the only market. A red cedar post is exceptionally durable and so much in demand that many thousands of dollars' worth of red cedar are sold at post sites, rather than hold it twenty years longer, when, at an age of sixty years, an ordinary stand of 30 trees per acre would yield eight times as much for pencil wood.

In other words, it does not pay to invest money in growing 30 cedars to the acre if the trees are cut off the age of forty years for posts, while it does pay a sum equal to 80 cents for every year of the investment period if the same trees are allowed to reach sixty years and then sold for pencil wood. The annual profit from 30 trees per acre cut at sixty years for pencil wood would be 80 cents, and that from 40 trees per acre would be 60 cents.

## Fish That Banish Malaria

RECENT discovery of a species of fish in Australia that feeds on the larvae of mosquitoes, and so reduces the prospects of malaria, is a discovery of science that deserves notice.

This particular fish belongs to the family of teleosts, a small kind of carps, and is known as the mosquitofish. It is found in the ocean and in rivers of the temperate and tropic zones.

There are fourteen principal kinds of teleosts, and they are found in different parts of the world. They are small fish, and are very common in the tropics. They are found in the ocean and in rivers of the temperate and tropic zones.

The mosquitofish is a very small fish, about 2 inches long. The name is due to the brilliant blue color of the fish, the male has yellow and black stripes. It feeds on the larvae of mosquitoes, and is found in the ocean and in rivers of the temperate and tropic zones.

Then when I think of you in the winter of my discontent made glorious summer, my heart leaps to go forth to you in words and kisses. My darling! There is no woman's heart stronger or truer or bigger than mine is to love you and admire you and worship you.

Don't you recognize it? Why, that's some of the lightning-freighted atmosphere which Mrs. Bradley, waited toward the senator prior to shooting him. Could you, could any one—Ovid, Byron, Alfred de Musset, even the encyclopedia—beat this?

"Is it a sin to confess to you that I adore you, Juliette, that you are the star of my dreams? If the force of a true love is acting in a direction that it should act, am I to blame? If you, the dearest, the sweetest little girl, have all that I seek, let me admire you, let me say that you are mine—that I am yours."

Or this? "Is there any reason for you to complain when I see in you the angel of a veritable heaven, now that your love seems to have been delivered to me with its purity that was given by God?"

How do you like this?

"Our lips, like our souls, shall cling together through all eternity."

Or, oh! say this!

"Destiny will bring to us an eternal happiness. You will be the most beautiful and brilliant star held in the firmament, and a veritable love will be our heaven. You are now my sublime ideal. You come like Venus from the country of the historical Helena. You are like the Venus Citera in beauty and like a goddess in the sublimity of your constancy."

### ZELAYA'S BLAZING TORCHES

Antibal Zelaya, the nephew of the president of Nicaragua, shows these blazing torches at Miss Juliette Hero, a pretty Greek model of New York city, while he was learning his lessons at Columbia College.

She sued him for breach of promise while folks were arranging for Mrs. Bradley's acquittal down in Washington. She thought they ought to get her a verdict of about \$100,000.

Now, just suppose you could cook up letters that your girl would value at \$100,000!

Here are some pulsating passages from letters which a New York woman alleges were written to her by an admirer who claimed her as his "soul mate":

"Now, dear little, lovable, loving woman, go down into your sweetness of heart and take 'Cosmos' face between your tender hands, look at the tears of loyal love in his eyes; believe his honest, whole-souled love and loyalty and kiss his lips. They, with all of his soul, body, mind and spirit, are yours."

"Ah, sweet, sweet thing that you are, how miserable you can make me! But like a faithful dog—a position I never dreamed it possible for me to accept—much less willingly assume—like a faithful dog, I lick the hand that inflicts the pain. \* \* \* Soul of my soul, do you think it will ever be otherwise?"

"This soul craving for you tears me to pieces. Think of me kindly. For, however you may feel, however you sweat, dear thing that you are, may think, I will always be for you and with you."

Don't you think a new "Ready Letter Writer for Love" might be compiled from the burning missives that are being read continually in our courts?