

## SOME MIXED METAPHORS

### BULLS THAT HAVE BEEN MADE BY PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

—“Harvest Coming Home to Roost”  
—“Red Herring Misses Fire”  
—“Ironbound in Red Tape.”

Speakers who are given to frequent public utterance have need of a ready wit to guard against that enemy of the improvisator, the mixed metaphors. Some excuse may be found for lapses of this nature, says a writer in The Christian World (London), especially when a man's ideas must be uttered without time for formulation, but what will be thought of the writer who states in the biography of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, this fact: “Japan has leapt from rung to rung of the ladder of national greatness, and promises to be as given to the whole East, rousing, vitalizing, developing what has lain in the valley of dry bones for many centuries?” It could not be expected, says the writer, that the discussion of so contentious a measure as the Education bill now agitating the British Government would proceed very far without provoking our more picturesque rhetoricians to the exercise of their gift for mixed metaphor. He goes on to give some examples:—

#### HERE'S A DANDY.

“A few days ago, if we may believe the Manchester Guardian, Bishop Knox explained at a meeting at Halesowen that Mr. McKenna's sword, being hung up in a tight corner lest it should burst, pretended to be dead until it got up and trotted home on the friendly back of the Bishop of St. Asaph.” Perhaps the reporter has somewhat condensed the Bishop's oratory, but in any case, as The Guardian remarks, the grimness of political strife is relieved by such pleasant pictures as this, which “combine in one canvas all that is best in the study of still life, of the subtlety of the animal world, and the beauty of human helpfulness.”

“But it is in political debate, especially in the House of Commons, that the mixed metaphor flourishes most luxuriantly. The flood-gates of irreverence and intemperance are stalking arm in arm throughout the land.” This bill effects such a change that the last leap in the dark was a mere “fish-tail.” “I can not indorse the phantom that the honorable member has evoked.” That is the marrow of the Education Act, and it will not be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It is founded on a granite foundation, and speaks in a voice not to be drowned in sectarian clamor. For all these charming combinations of ideas we have to thank members of the Lower House. Even politicians of Cabinet rank have made valuable additions to the collection. Thus, the late Mr. Ritchie, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, once asserted that “the question of moisture in tobacco is a thorny subject and has long been a bone of contention.”

#### FISHING AT TREE TOP.

“His immediate successor in of-

ice, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, remarked at the Liberal Union Club's dinner last year, that the harvest, which the present Government had sown was already coming home to roost. Sir William Hart-Dyke has two conspicuous ‘howlers’ to his credit—the description of Mr. James Lowther as having gone to the very top of the tree and landed a big fish, and the comforting assurance that his Government had got rid of the barbed-wire entanglements and was now in smooth water. Among other political examples of mixed metaphor are the prediction ascribed to a labor member, that if we give the House of Lords rope enough they will soon fill up the cup of their iniquity; an Irish Member's complaint that a certain Government department is iron-bound in red tape, and the confident assertion at a recent Liberal meeting that “though the Tories keep dragging the Home Rule red herring across our path, it misses fire every time.”

#### FIGUREHEAD AND RUDDER.

Another instance is given from a parliamentary descriptive report. Thus:—

“The debate in the House of Lords has, I think, finally cleared the air. We know at last whither the country is being steered. There is the figurehead with his hand on the rudder; there is the man that moves the figurehead. The figurehead is Mr. Balfour; the man is Mr. Chamberlain. Truly, the picture of Mr. Balfour as a figurehead with his hand on the rudder, is one that even ‘F. C. G.’ might find it difficult to draw with pen or pencil. Not, however, in the gallery, but in an editorial sanctum was committed to paper the desire that some of the seed sown by a certain prominent economist might not fall on deaf ears.”

#### FRAUDS UPON RICH MEN

##### MILLIONAIRES WHO HAVE BEEN FLEECEED.

The Story of an Amazing Swindle in London Told for the First Time.

The Frenchman Lemoine, who, it is alleged swindled Sir Julius Wrencher, the well-known South African magnate, out of \$220,000 by pretending to have discovered a process whereby artificial diamonds could be made which were indistinguishable from the real gems, has had many predecessors. Indeed, the fraud with which he is charged is nearly half a century old, having been invented so far back as the year 1861 by a man named Gatwick, a Clerkenwell goldsmith, says London Tit-Bits.

Gatwick's method of procedure was the now familiar one of enclosing certain ingredients in a clay matrix, which was then baked in a crucible. When taken out and broken open, after having first been allowed to cool, a fine diamond was found inside, lying like a kernel in a nutshell.

The gem was always a genuine one. But it need hardly be said that it had in no sense been ‘made’

by Gatwick, as was pretended. The trick consisted in having two matrices, the one containing the diamond being secretly substituted for the one containing the supposed diamond-producing ingredients at some convenient time or other in the course of the experiment. Gatwick netted several large sums from credulous dupes, but eventually met with his deserts, being shot dead by a Kimberley miner whom he had defrauded of \$3,000—all his savings.

#### THIS HAPPENED IN 1873.

Two years later there appeared in San Francisco an individual calling himself Professor Venner, who performed for his own profit a clever variation of the same trick. That is to say, instead of pretending to make diamonds, he professed to be able to manufacture at will any quantity of gold. The dupe, as in the above mentioned instance, saw a mysterious powder placed in a clay matrix, and a nugget of gold presently taken out.

So often did the self-styled ‘professor’ perform this operation that he became known throughout the length and breadth of America by the sobriquet of ‘Gold Brick Teddy.’ Amongst other people he swindled were Mr. Mackay, the Nevada ‘Silver King’; Mr. Crocker, the well known Californian millionaire, from whom he obtained no less than \$300,000; and Mr. Flood O'Brien, the mining magnate.

After the States got too hot to hold him, ‘Teddy’ went to Paris, where he swindled a wealthy French financier out of \$90,000; and thence journeyed to London, where he got into communication with Mr. Street, the well known Bond Street jeweller. It speaks volumes for the clever scoundrel's plausibility that he actually succeeded in imposing, for a time at all events, upon even that astute expert.

Indeed, Mr. Street confessed afterwards at the magisterial inquiry into the charge preferred against ‘Teddy’—which was that of obtaining money by false pretences—that he at first really believed the prisoner's story. Later, however, when it was suggested that he should find \$200,000 for experimental purposes,

#### HE BECAME SUSPICIOUS

And communicated with Scotland Yard, with the result that ‘Teddy's’ projected raid upon the pockets of English millionaires was nipped in the bud by a sentence of imprisonment.

A very elaborate scheme, having for its special object the swindling of American millionaires visiting London, was unearthed by Scotland Yard detectives in 1890. As no prosecution followed the details were never made public, but the writer can vouch, from personal inside knowledge, for the truth of what is here for the first time set forth in print.

The gang of sharpers numbered in all nearly a score of individuals, and to each was allotted his own special role, which he practised until perfect. The next step was to establish a bogus club in a fashionable West-end thoroughfare, to which prospective victims were to be decoyed.

So far the plot differed not very materially from other similar ones which have been initiated over and over again, with more or less suc-

cess, in most of the capitals of Europe. But what raised this one altogether out of the commonplace was the fact of the bogus club being given the name of one which the Prince of Wales (as King Edward then was) was well known to be in the habit of frequenting, and of which, indeed, he was actually a member.

Moreover, one of the sharpers was ‘made up’ so as to exactly resemble His Royal Highness, while others played the parts of men of standing in society who were notoriously his close personal friends; one, for instance, being got up as Lord R—, another as Baron H—, and so on.

It may perhaps sound incredible that astute men of the world should have been deceived by play-acting such as this. Yet that many were so deceived, and that completely, is

#### AN UNDOUBTED FACT.

For this the stage setting was partly responsible, the ‘club’ being luxuriously furnished. But apart from this, real genius was shown by the decoys, who, so far from appearing anxious to introduce the victims they had marked down, were wont to raise all sorts of difficulties as to introductions, credentials, and so forth.

Not unnaturally, strategy of this kind disarmed suspicion, and made the dupes more anxious than ever to secure admission through portals so jealously guarded. Once inside, they were quickly relieved of as much hard cash as they could be induced to part with at baccarat. But even then none ever ‘squealed.’ Indeed, most of them returned to America without ever realizing that they had been the victims of foul play, and happy in the consolation that, even if they had met with a stroke of exceptionally bad luck, they could at least boast that they had had the honor of playing cards with the (then) future King of England.

In all the gang is believed to have cleared more than \$1,250,000 ere it was discovered and broken up—a consumption largely due to Detective-Inspector Arrow, now Chief of Police at Barcelona, Spain, who stumbled quite accidentally upon the fringe of the extraordinary conspiracy.

Perhaps, however, after all, the bogus invention dogde has conjured more money out of the pockets of credulous millionaires than has any other single species of fraud. A good example of this class of trick was that engineered by

#### THE NOTORIOUS KEELEY.

Who obtained altogether something like \$10,000,000 from cute Yankee capitalists for the perfection and exploitation of his mysterious motor. Nor was he ever brought to book, but persevered in the deception till his death, when his ‘mysterious’ force that drove his ‘wonderful’ machine was found to be nothing more uncommon than compressed air, conveyed by slender hollow wires from a secret underground chamber to his laboratory.

Wells, of Monte Carlo fame, was another pastmaster in the same line of business, obtaining large sums from wealthy investors on the strength of his marvellous ‘inventions,’ which sums he promptly proceeded to squander at the gaming-tables.

The names of many others, too,

## Foodle's Babies

IT ALL happened because Fuzzy had lost his ball. Fuzzy was our little Airedale terrier, you know, and the loveliest doggie ever seen. And the ball Fuzzy lost was the one he would take to the summit of the hill, which began right in front of our house, and there start it rolling. Down the slope would go the ball, and after it Fuzzy. The terrier would try his best to catch the ball in his mouth, but as it usually traveled much faster than Fuzzy he rarely caught up to it until the bottom of the hill was reached.

When Fuzzy missed his ball somewhere he was a sorry little doggie, indeed. He whined and fussed all day long, until each of us vowed we'd buy him another ball without delay. But

carried one puppy after another. After he'd laid them down carefully, he paused a while. Then he started to roll one of them down the hill. ‘Course, the puppy didn't like this one bit. But Fuzzy was determined he'd have some sort of a ball. All the way down the hill rolled the puppy, whining and clawing the air. Fuzzy was having great fun, when, all of a sudden, back bounded Toodies to her babies! Was she angry? I should say so! Toodies was hopping mad—and who can blame her? The way she scooped Fuzzy was too amusing for anything.

“First of all,” said Toodies, scowling, “there was no bone, and you know it! And then you've no more sense than to treat my babies in this



FUZZY AND THE PUPPIES

somehow we'd forget, and that was how Fuzzy came to do the very funny thing with Toodies' babies.

Toodies, the English setter, was quite friendly with Fuzzy. And so when Fuzzy probably whispered to Toodies that there was a nice bone hidden in the yard, I suppose Toodies thought it no harm to leave her three babies for a short time in order to look for that bone. And I've no doubt she thanked Fuzzy heartily, in dog language, for the kind information.

Anyway, Toodies was coaxed away from her children for a sufficient space of time to enable Fuzzy to accomplish his purpose.

And what do you think this terrier's strange plan was? You'd never guess! Right to the top of the hill Fuzzy

way! What if you have no bone? That's no reason why you should make balls out of puppies!”

If Fuzzy was as much ashamed as he appeared to be, he must have felt sympathy for him, too, and the very next time we passed a store we purchased a ball for him, so that he need no longer attempt rolling puppies down hill.

SHAPES WHICH WILL RAISE ITSELF. A small figure of pith, bedecked with clothes by gumming on it silk floss or other light stuff, and glue on the base of it half a marble or half a leaden bullet, fastened by its flat side. However you may knock the little man about he will always rise to his feet.

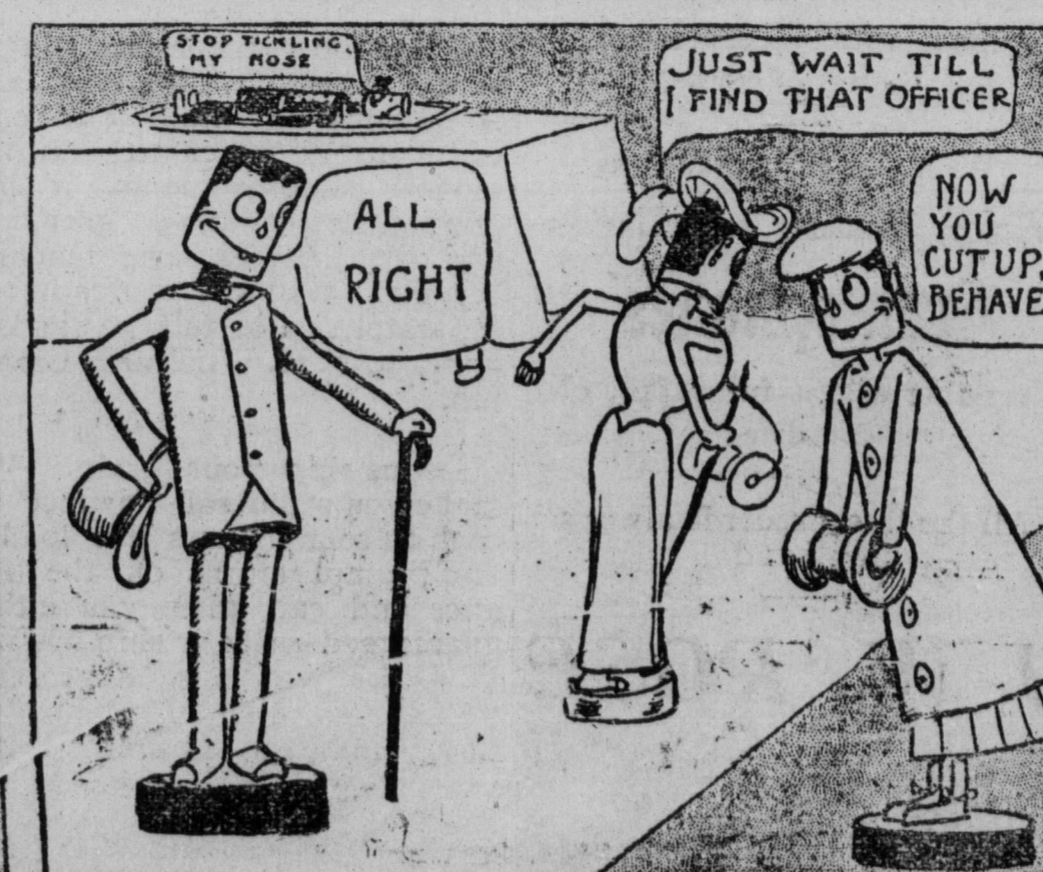
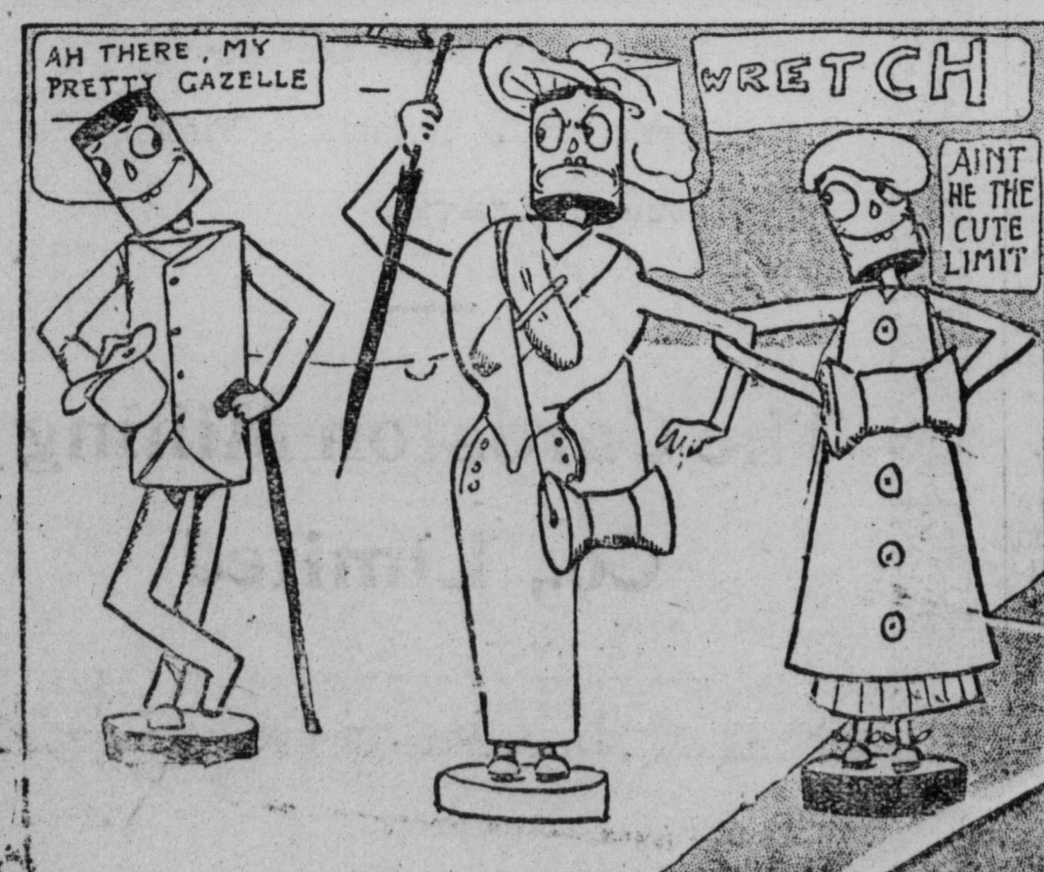
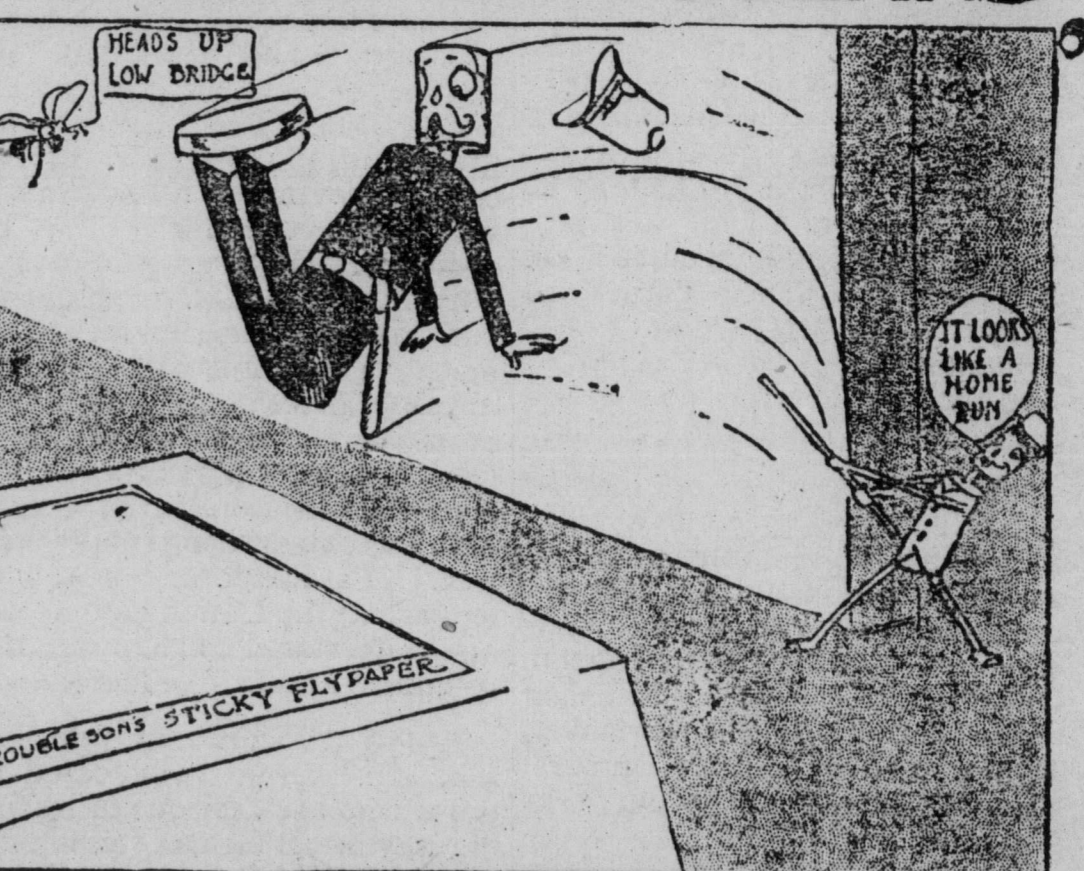
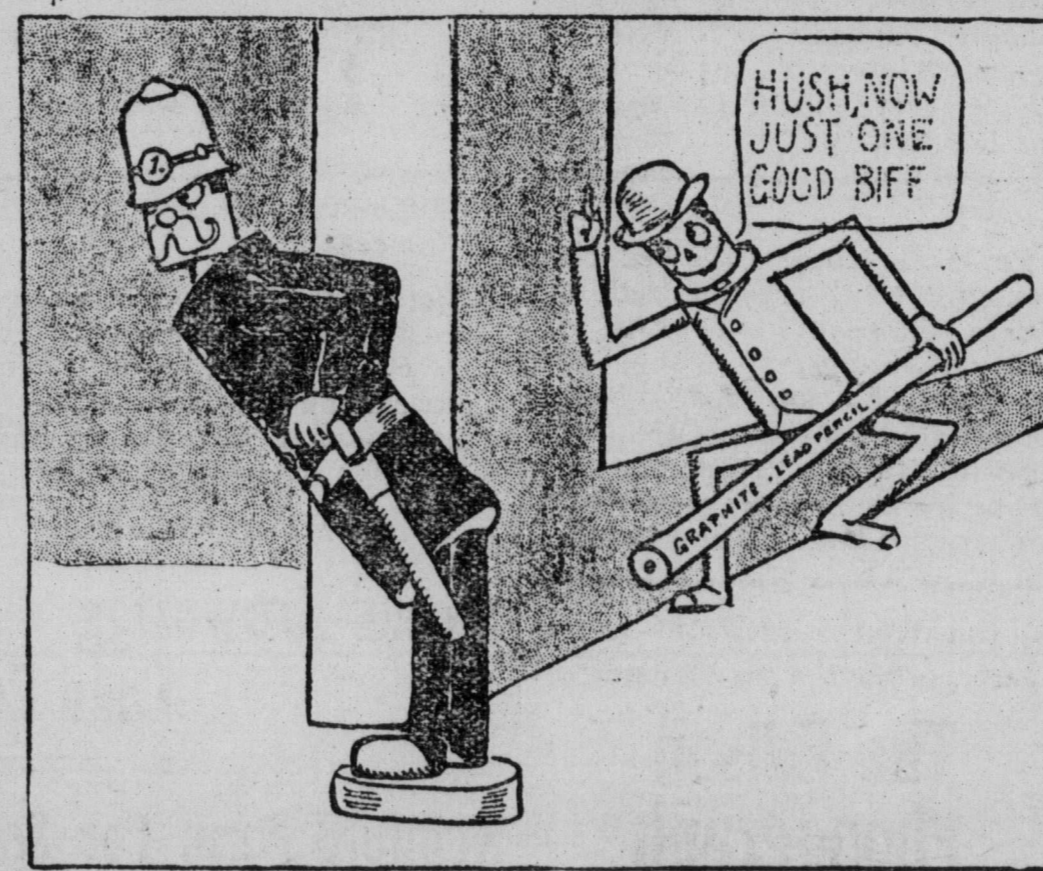
might be mentioned. And still the game goes merrily on. Only the other day a well-known London financier was victimized by a plausible scoundrel who claimed to have discovered what is just now the golden dream of all marine engineers, a reversible turbine. More than \$50,000 was secured by the self-styled inventor, who directly afterwards dis-

appeared, leaving behind him a \$2 model and a bundle of worthless plans and drawings.

There would be less trouble in this world if people were permitted to be happy in their own way.

Any man who sits around and waits for an easy job is a grafter at heart.

## THE FLIRT, THE SPORT, THE COP AND THE CHAPERON IN TOYLAND



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